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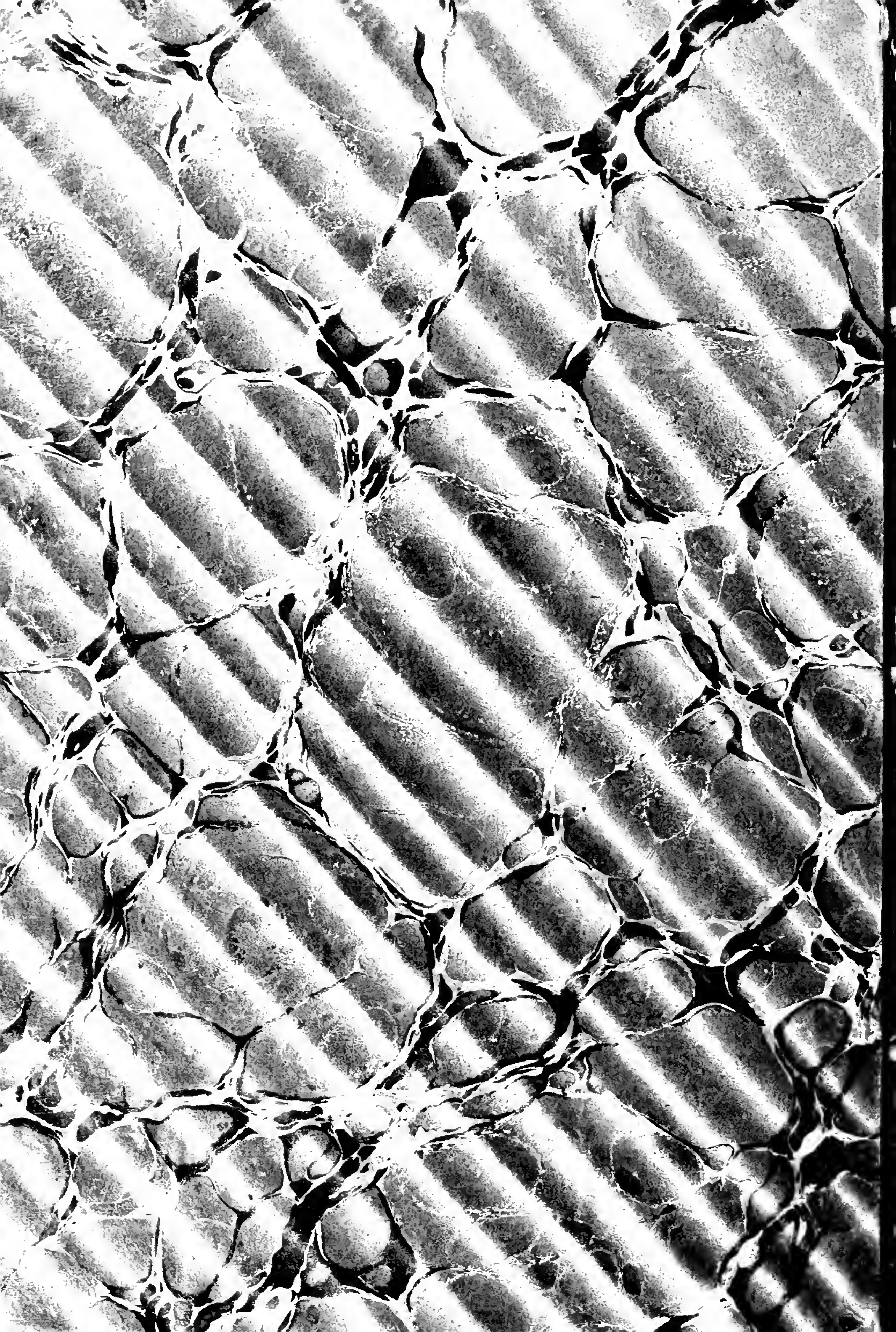

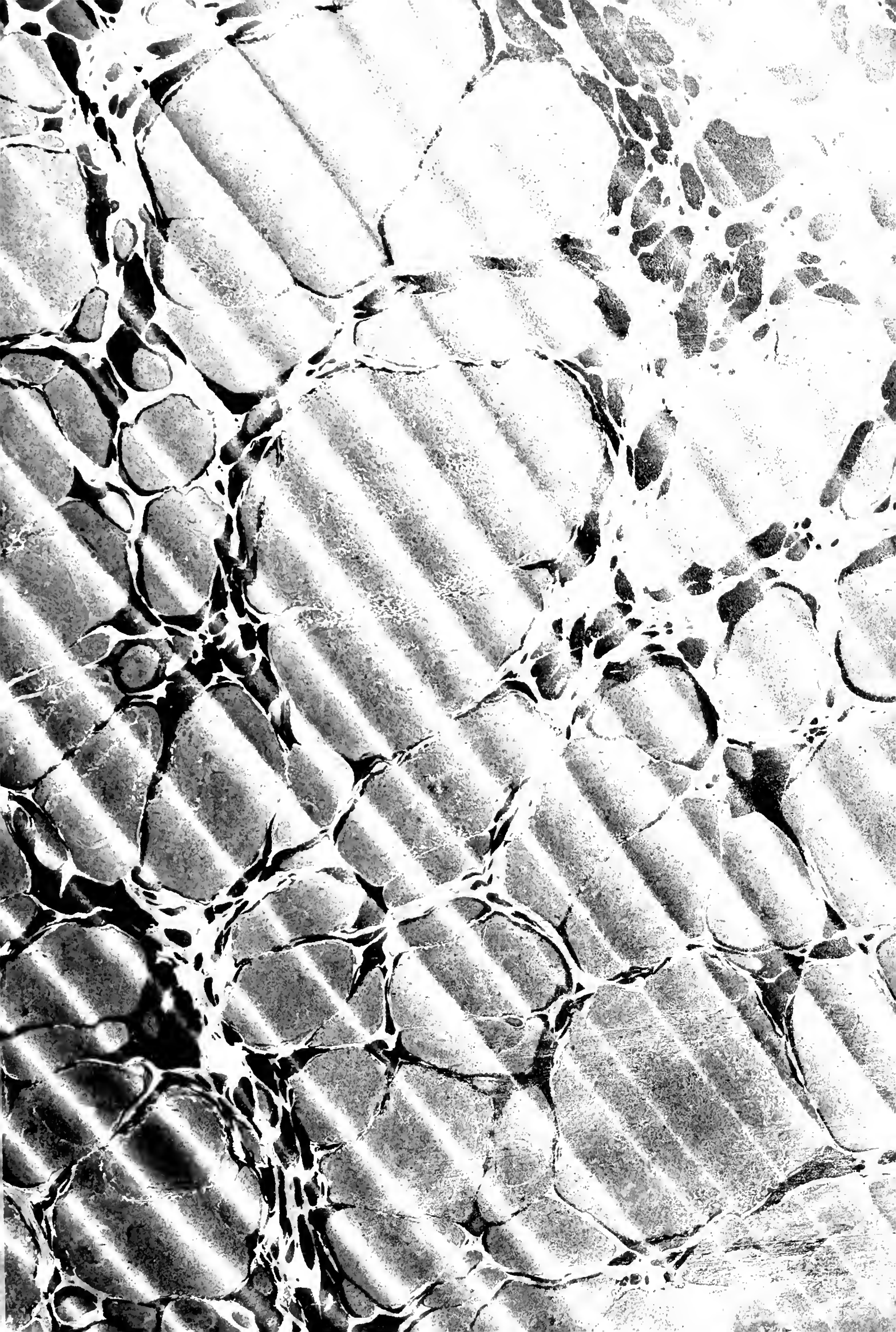

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THE LIFE

AND

EXPLORATIONS

OF

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

LL.D.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM RELIABLE SOURCES.

VOL II.

JAMES SEMPLE,
7 STIRLING ROAD, GLASGOW.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Sir Bartle Frere's Expedition, and its results—Abolition of Slavery on the Gold Coast—Expeditions sent to assist Dr. Livingstone—His Death—Some Account of his Family, etc.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S letters, received through Mr. Stanley, drew such a frightful picture of the horrors of the East African slave-trade, that our Government determined to use its powerful influence with the Sultan of Zanzibar for its suppression.

It will be as well that we should here give a brief account of how it came about that the English Government recognised Stanley in any form on the East Coast of Africa up to the date of which we are now treating.

In 1822 the attention of the British Government was called to the extensive traffic in slaves then being carried on by the subjects of the Imaun of Muscat. Instead of insisting upon the complete suppression of the traffic, the British Government, by a treaty with the Imaun, dated September 10th, 1822, recognised slavery as a domestic institution within his dominions, but declared that the traffic in slaves between the ports in his dominions and foreign countries should no longer be permitted. At that time the dominions of the Imaun of Muscat, in addition to the petty state of Muscat, comprised that portion of the East African Coast, extending from Cape Delgado, 11° south latitude, to the port of Jubb, about 1° south of the Equator, and included the large islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Monfia. By this treaty the Imaun was strictly prohibited from importing slaves from his African to his Asiatic dominions. When the Imaun, who was a party to this treaty, died, his dominions were divided between his two sons, the one succeeding to the Persian and the old title, and the other to the African territory under the title of the Sultan of Zanzibar. As the African dominions were more extensive and wealthy than the Asiatic, the Sultan of Zanzibar agreed to pay to the Imaun of Muscat an annual subsidy of £8,000 sterling. We now know that this subsidy was derived from the royalty exacted from the slave-traders.

The slave-trade within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar is carried on by the Arabs, although the Banyans, who are British subjects, furnish the money for it, and receive the largest share of the profits. For every slave landed at Zanzibar the Sultan received a royalty of two dollars. Writing of

the Zanzibar slave market, in June, 1866, when on his way to enter upon his last journey, Dr. Livingstone says:—This is now almost the only spot in the world where one hundred to three hundred slaves are daily exposed for sale in the open market. This disgraceful scene I have several times personally witnessed, and the purchasers were Arabians or Persians, whose dhows lay anchored in the harbour; and these men were daily at their occupation, examining the teeth, gait, and limbs of the slaves, as openly as horse-dealers engage in their business in England."

According to Mr. Churchill, Consul at Zanzibar, the number of slaves who passed through Zanzibar during the five years preceding September, 1867, would not be less than one hundred-and-fifteen thousand. Nor do these figures represent the full extent of the horrible traffic. Dr. Livingstone said—"Besides those actually captured, thousands are killed and die of their wounds and famine, driven from the villages by the slave trade; thousands in internicene war, waged for slaves, with their own clansmen and neighbours, slain by the lust for gain, which is stimulated by the slave purchasers. The many skeletons we have seen amongst rocks and woods, by the little pools, and along the paths of the wilderness, attest the awful sacrifice of human life, which must be attributed, directly or indirectly, to this trade of hell." Over and over again, Dr. Livingstone has told us, that more than five times the number of human beings who reach the slave markets are sacrificed. The indignant cry of Livingstone opened the eyes of our Government to the fact that, in spite of the treaty of 1822, the great majority of the slaves who passed through Zanzibar were sent to foreign parts.

With the view of putting a stop to this terrible state of matters, Sir Bartle Frere was sent by the English Government to Zanzibar, with ample powers accorded to him for bringing strong pressure to bear on the Sultan, in enforcing and carrying out the wishes of the English Government. The Envoy of England was well qualified for the duty entrusted to him.

At an early age he entered the Civil Service of India, in a humble position, and at the end of thirty years he was President of Bombay. Mr. A. G. Forster, in a recent work on Africa, says:—"His government has been most successful; and he was a man of vigorous understanding, strong tenacity of purpose, a kindly disposition, a genial manner, and sympathy with suffering." He was, as we have seen, a friend and correspondent of Dr. Livingstone, and had heard the story of the wrongs and sufferings of the African people from the great traveller himself.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, very soon, was at first very unwilling to come to terms, but as the Banyan traders, saw that the English Government were in earnest, and immediately stopped sending slaves to Zanzibar, his eyes were opened, and he submitted to the inevitable. During the negotiations an English squadron, under the command of Admiral Cummings,

anchored off the island. This vigorous and unmistakable support of their Envoy, on the part of the British Government, settled the question, and a treaty was signed, by which the slave-trade, both foreign and domestic, ceased to be recognised or supported by any of the three contracting parties. The Ruler of Muscat did not even contest the question, but submitted to the proposal of Sir Bartle Frere at once. The treaty took effect on the 5th of June, 1873. The English cruisers have succeeded in capturing several dhows laden with slaves since that date; and there can be no doubt that the traffic in slaves on the East Coast of Africa is for ever at an end. How Livingstone would have rejoiced if he had lived to know of the mission of his old friend Sir Bartle Frere and its result. But this was not to be: he died exactly one month before the treaty took effect.

Not less important in its results—and no less gratifying would it have been to him, who was emphatically the Friend of Africa, to have known—was the consummation of the abolition of slavery on the Gold Coast, on November 3, 1874. The "Newcastle Daily Chronicle" says:—

"For a long time now the British Government has been endeavouring, in one way or another, to suppress the crying barbarities of the African slave-trade. Various influences have been brought to bear on African chiefs, threats and expostulations have been used, and repeated promises of amendment have been given; but the trade in human flesh has continued briskly and to as large an extent as ever. But one, and not the least, of the advantages connected with a powerful Government like that of England, is that princes, more or less barbarous, who are within reach of its influence, must, sooner or later, succumb to its wishes, even when they are not more forcibly expressed than by means of moral suasion.

"Up to the present time the abominable traffic in slaves has flourished within the British Protectorate, in spite of the efforts which have been made for its suppression, and the native chiefs have clung to it as one of their dearest privileges. The recent conquest of Ashantee, however, has put a new face upon affairs, and has established a nearer claim over the slave-dealing African potentates.

"The necessary trouble and expense of a difficult and dangerous war, undertaken in the interests of the natives of the British Protectorate, have given the Government the right to ask, and even to demand, the immediate suppression of the trade in human flesh. It is gratifying to observe that the desired opportunity has not been lost. The Queen, through her official representative, has spoken out her mind, and the slave trade on the Gold Coast is practically at an end.

"In a speech distinguished for excellent common sense and for that simplicity of language which was rendered necessary by the occasion, Governor Strahan has explained to the native chiefs the trouble which the English

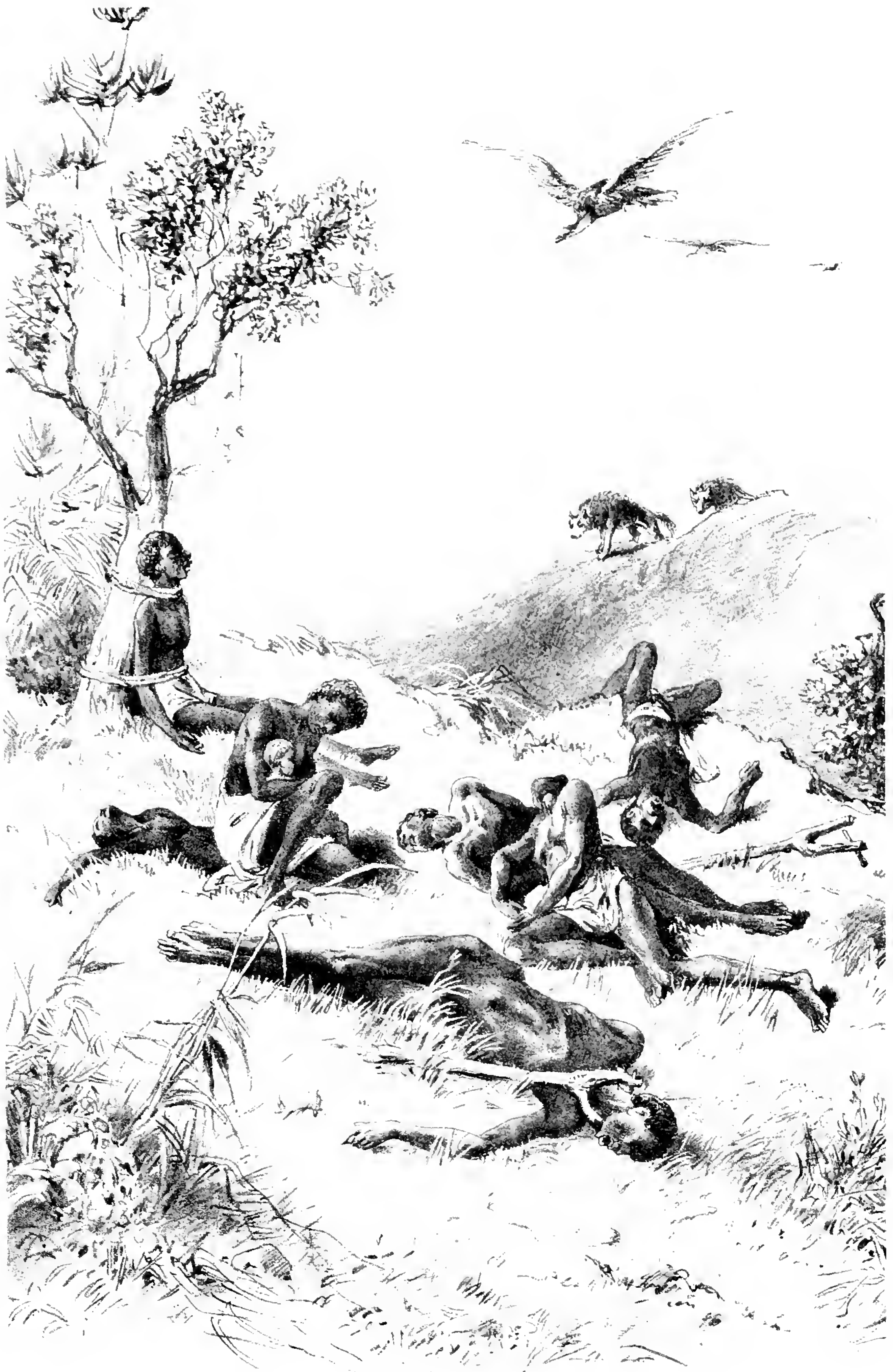
Government has undertaken on their behalf, and has pointed out the salutary fact that England is determined to put an end to the buying, selling, and pawning of slaves.

"England, as Governor Strahan explained, has prosecuted the war against the Ashantees at a cost ten times greater than all the gold there is in Ashantee, Akim, or Wassaw. She had done this not because any compensating advantages were to be obtained, but simply because she desired to protect her African subjects from wrong and oppression. Of all the money which England has expended in this war nothing is to be asked back. What the British Government has done, it has done for its own honour, and from its sense of duty to those tribes which it had undertaken to protect. But whilst it may not demand any pecuniary recompense, it did demand a variety of concessions as the price of its future protection, and the first of these is the suppression of the slave-trade.

"It was in this intelligible light that Governor Strahan placed the matter before the African chiefs in the Hall of Palaver. 'All that the Queen requires and expects from you,' he said, 'is obedience to her wishes and those of her people in England. The foremost of those wishes, and the one which required immediate and distinct expression, was that an end should be put to a trade which English people abhor.' Governor Strahan left the assembled chiefs no choice. 'It is right that I should tell you distinctly,' he said 'that if you require the Queen's protection you must do as she wishes—as she orders. When the Queen speaks in this way, it is not a matter for palaver, question, hesitation, or doubt, but she expects obedience and assent.'

"Speeches of this kind will teach the African slave-sellers how white people govern; and its effect was to be seen in the readiness with which the assembled chiefs appreciated the matter as it was put before them. They had small time allowed them for decision, but they soon arrived at the conclusion that the profit accruing from the slave-trade was not to be weighed against the advantages of British protection. In future there is to be no traffic in slaves. The slaves which are already the property of their owners will remain in their possession as long as they are treated with humane consideration, but no slave can be retained who is subjected either to hardship or cruelty. We may congratulate ourselves that the trade has been suppressed with so little demonstration on either side, and that the chiefs of the Gold Coast have seen the wisdom of acquiescing without compelling a resort to force. The circumstance will be a serious blow to the slave-trade over the whole of Africa, and we may hope not only that before long it will become a thing of the past, but that the mere holding of slaves will be suppressed also."

The following is the text of the speech delivered by His Excellency Governor Strahan at a meeting of all the kings and chiefs of the Western



STARVING SLAVES ABANDONED ON THE MARCH

and Central positions of the Gold Coast, in the Palaver Hall, on November 3, 1874:—

"Kings and Chiefs—I am pleased to meet you. Most of you present have been old allies of the Queen, and some were allies of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. In times past there were disputes between you. If I speak of those it is to tell you that all these disputes must cease for ever and be at an end. Now all of you are under one flag—the flag of England. The Queen desires me to inform you of her wishes and those of her people in England; but before doing so I will first speak of what has transpired in your history, and which has brought about the relations at present existing between you and her Government.

"Few of you probably can remember how your country was disturbed by Ashantee before Sir Charles M'Carthy's time. King Osai Totoo Quamina made war on you, your armies were defeated, your women and children taken captive to Ashantee, and you had to pay much gold as tribute. You know that then Sir Charles M'Carthy was sent from England, you also know how he pitied your condition, and gave you arms and ammunition, and supported you in every conceivable manner. Yet though he lost his life in the end the Ashantees were defeated, and were forced to retire from your country, and Osai Totoo Quamina was forced to make peace, and you had peace in the remaining years of his reign. I will not say much of what occurred during Quacoe Duali's reign, though you still stood in fear of Ashantee and its might.

"At the beginning of last year an army of forty thousand Ashantees invaded your country under a general who was a member of the royal family. This army defeated and scattered your forces, and devastated the country around with fire and with sword. This army attempted to attack the English forts on the coast. Of course it would have been easy for her Majesty's land and sea forces here to have driven back the enemy, but your country would have still been at their mercy. As your forefathers were scattered and troubled by the Ashantees, so were you by Coffee Kalcalli.

"Then the Queen sent out a general with officers, and an army composed of some of her land and sea forces to deliver you from ruin. The general attacked Ashantee on one side, and another captain on the other. The Queen's general and army fought your battles for you. This force drove the enemy out of your country, followed them into theirs, beat them in three large battles, took Coomassie, and burnt it, and forced the King to sign a treaty. In this way you were relieved from defeat and misery.

"The Queen accomplished all this without your assistance. Her Majesty sent out these men in ships from England at a cost ten times greater than all the gold there is in Ashantee, Akim, and Wassaw. Some of these officers and men died in battle, and others from disease. Now, why do I tell you all this? Is it to tell you that the Queen wants you to pay back any portion

of the money she has expended for you? Is it to tell you that you must pay for your freedom from Ashantee? Is it to tell you that as she has done so much for you, you must do what you can for yourselves, as she can do no more? Is it to tell you that as she has saved you from your late danger you are to expect no further protection from her? No. All she requires and expects from you is obedience to her wishes, and those of her people in England.

"In return for those benefits the Queen requests your aid in putting an end to a thing she and her people abhor. This thing is against a law which no King or Queen of England can ever change. I have pointed out to some of you that the English people buy sheep, fowls, and other live stock, but not men, women, and children.

"The Queen is determined to put a stop at once to the buying and selling of slaves, either within or without the Protectorate, in any shape, degree, or form; and she will allow no person to be taken as a pawn for debt. The Queen desires to make you as happy as her own people. This buying, selling, and pawning of men and women and children, is wrong, and no country where it exists can be happy.

"The Queen does not desire to take any of your people from you; those of them who like to work for, and with, and to assist you, can remain with you. If they are happy and continue to live with you on the same terms as now no change will be forced upon you; but any person who does not desire to live with you on those terms can leave, and will not be compelled by any court, British or native, to return to you. The Queen hopes to make you happy in many ways—as happy as those in her other dominions. It is right that I should tell you distinctly that, if you desire her protection, you must do as she wishes—do as she orders.

"This is the Queen's message. When the Queen speaks in this way it is not a matter for palaver, question, hesitation, or doubt, but she expects obedience and assent. I will only say, that without the Queen's money and troops you would have been slaves of a bloodthirsty people. The Queen has paid a great price for your freedom. You and those near and dear to you would have been dragged hence to form a portion of the thousands who are decapitated and sacrificed by this savage race for their customs. Your homes would have been homes full of misery. I see you to-day enjoying peace, and I call on you all to join with me in the prayer, 'God save the Queen.' My message is delivered."

About November 1872, two Central African expeditions, for the relief and assistance of Dr. Livingstone, were fitted out in this country, and sent, the one to the East and the other to the West Coast, with orders to converge, by way of the Congo and Zanzibar, on the scene of the traveller's last labours. Lieutenant Cameron, R. N., took the command of the East Coast expedition.

and Lieutenant Grandy, R. N., took command of that of the West Coast. Lieutenant Cameron's expedition very unfortunately got into difficulties, through the accidental shooting of a native by one of his followers. He was detained at and near Unyanyembe on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the bad health of the European members of the party. All of them had suffered from repeated attacks of fever, and were much debilitated in consequence. A grandson of Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, Dr Moffat, the well-known missionary, a very promising young man, fell a victim to fever at an early stage of the journey; and, recently, Lieutenant Cameron had to report the melancholy intelligence of the suicide of Dr. Dillon—another valued coadjutor—while in the delirium of fever.

Towards the end of January, 1874, a telegram from Zanzibar reported the currency of a rumour there, that Dr. Livingstone had died near Lake Bangweolo. On the 11th of February, a despatch to the Foreign Office from H. M. Acting Consul at Zanzibar, stated that letters received from Lieutenant Cameron, dated October 22, 1873, confirmed the report. "It appears," writes the Acting Consul, "from the information given to Lieutenant Cameron by the Doctor's servant, Elvant Chumah, that Livingstone proceeded from Ujiji to the middle of the northern shore of Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), and that, being unable to cross it, he retraced his steps, and rounded it to the southwards, crossing, besides the Chambese, three others rivers which flowed into the lake. He then went (so far as Lieutenant Cameron is able to make out) in search of the ancient fountains of Herodotus, eventually turned to the eastward, and crossed the Luapula. After marching for some days through an extremely marshy country, in which, sometimes for three hours at a time, the water stood above the waists of the traveller, the Doctor succumbed to an attack of dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten or fifteen days. During this trying journey, two of his men died, and several deserted. The remainder, seventy-nine in number, disembowelled the corpse, and embalmed it as well as they were able with salt and brandy. On nearing Unyanyembe, Chumah, with others, started ahead in order to procure supplies, as the party was nearly starving, and the remainder, with the body, were reported to be distant from ten to twenty days' march from Unyanyembe at the date of Lieutenant Cameron's letter. It will be seen, on reference to Dr. Livingstone's last communication to your Lordships, dated 1st July, 1872, that the account given by the Doctor's servants of his latest movements, agrees in the main with the route sketched out by the traveller himself before leaving Unyanyembe. His intention was to go southwards to Ujiji, then round the south end of Tanganyika, and crossing the Chambese, to proceed west along the shore of Lake Bangweolo. Being then in latitude 12 degrees south, his wish was to go straight west to the ancient fountains reported at the end of the watershed, then to turn north to the copper mines of Katanga, and, after

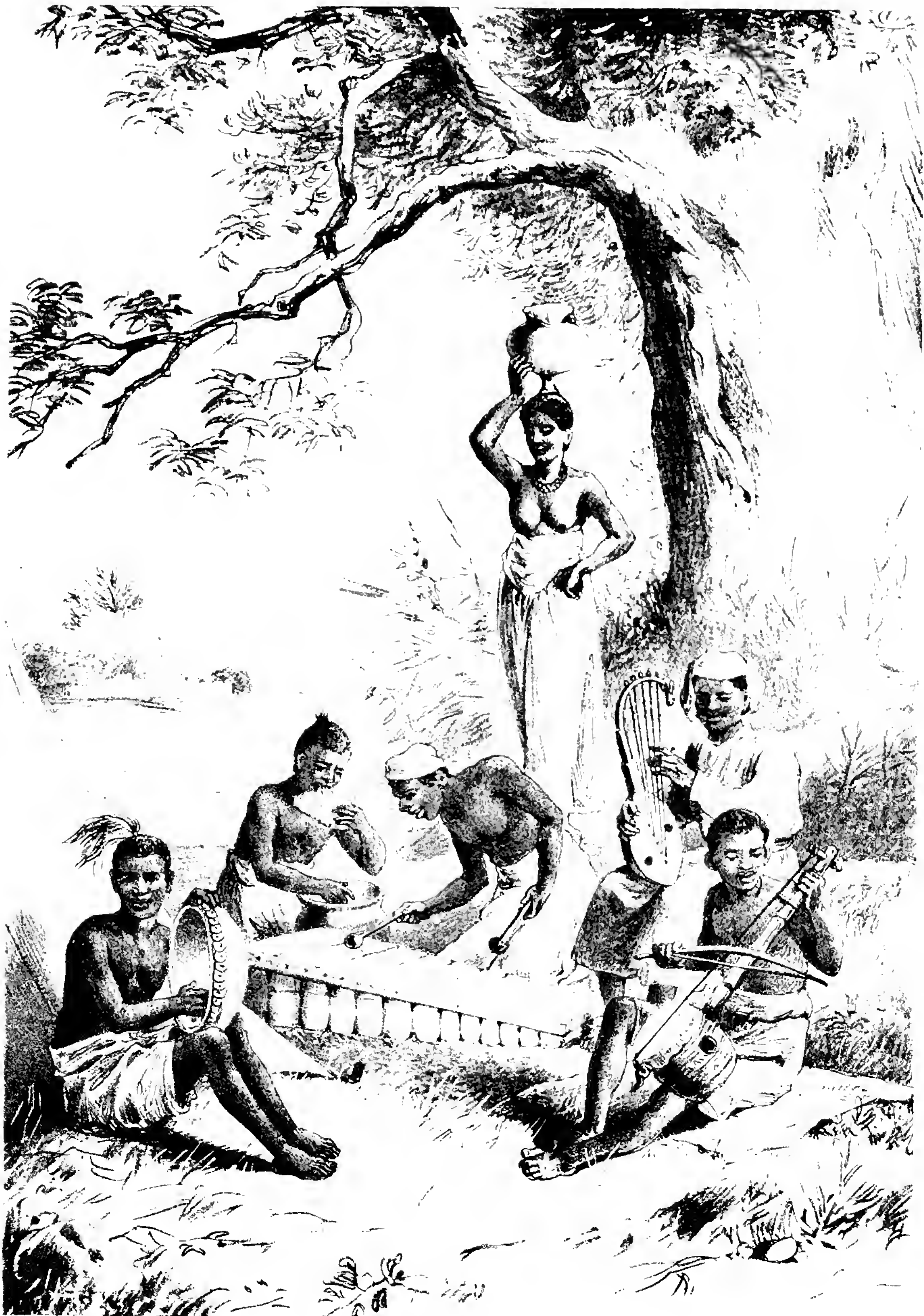
visiting the underground excavations, to proceed to the head of Lake Lincoln, whence he would retire along Lake Kamolando towards Ujiji and home. He distinctly stated that it was not his intention to return northward through the Manyueme (Manyema) country; and as he estimated the duration of the journey from Ujiji and back again at eight months, it is not unreasonable to infer that the design had been completely carried out, and that Livingstone was on his homeward journey when attacked by the disease to which he fell a victim. This supposition is rendered more probable by the fact, that when the Doctor left Unyanyembe he was well supplied with stores and provisions, and that he is reported by his servants to have been nearly destitute at the time of his death. . . . . As a mark of respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone, the flag-staff of this agency was kept at half-mast from sunrise to sunset on the 5th of January. This example was followed by His Highness the Sultan, by Her Majesty's ships of war then in harbour, the *Briton* and the *Daphne*, and by the consular representatives of other foreign powers in Zanzibar, from all of whom I received letters of condolence on the death of this eminent explorer and distinguished servant of the Queen."

Many people were unwilling to believe the story of Dr. Livingstone's death, even when told so circumstantially, and so implicitly credited by Lieutenant Cameron and the European officials at Zanzibar. He had been so often reported as dead, and he had turned up again, patiently and devoutly carrying out his self-imposed task, that it was difficult to believe that the great traveller and distinguished Christian missionary had perished when his work was all but concluded, and the civilised world was waiting eagerly for the opportunity of showing him how high was the respect and admiration which his life of heroic self-sacrifice had evoked.

We have reason to believe that the members of his own family in Scotland, hoping against hope, had refused to accept the report of his death as final. The brief letter addressed by Lieutenant Murphy to Dr. Kirk, and dated the 20th of January, 1874, from Mpuapwa, ten days' journey from the coast, in which he states that he was bringing the body of Dr. Livingstone to Zanzibar, extinguished the last ray of hope which had hitherto afforded some comfort to those near and dear to him.

When Lieutenant Murphy left him, Lieutenant Cameron, although suffering from long-protracted illness, and deserted by many of his followers, was preparing to start for Ujiji for the papers left there by Dr. Livingstone.

No higher encomium on the character of Dr. Livingstone and the genuine value of his achievements can be passed now, or in after-time, than the devotion of his native followers. In circumstances of no common trial and difficulty, they have borne the body of their loved leader across more than a thousand miles of all but pathless country. No doubt Livingstone himself would give the directions which have resulted in the preservation of his body,



MUSICIANS PLAYING BEFORE LIVINGSTONE'S TENT

with a view to satisfying his family and the world as to the fate which had befallen him; but the carrying out of his last instructions in the face of hunger and fatigue for many months, is a striking instance of love and fidelity on the part of these ignorant men, which it is to be hoped will not be allowed to pass without substantial reward.

To his infinite honour, Mr. Gladstone, within a couple of days of his resigning the highest office under the Crown—in circumstances when he might have been supposed to be thinking of nothing save the inconstancy of the party he had so earnestly served for five years—recommended Her Majesty to grant a pension of £2000 per annum to the family of Dr. Livingstone. We need hardly say that the recommendation was immediately acted upon.

The following account of the surviving members of Dr. Livingstone's family will not be without interest to the reader:—

His mother died in 1865. Dr. Livingstone took frequent opportunity of acknowledging the debt he owed to the Christian example set him by his parents. Speaking at a banquet held in his honour in Hamilton in January 1857, he said: "A great benefit which his parents had conferred on him and their other children was religious instruction and a pious example; and he was more grateful for that than though he had been born to riches and worldly honours." Although a strict disciplinarian, and somewhat stern in his manner towards his children, Dr. Livingstone's father earned the respect and affection of his family in no common degree. He was proud of his sons, and the positions they attained; and more especially was he proud of his son David, as a great missionary and successful explorer of hitherto unknown regions. The regret felt by Dr. Livingstone on his return to this country, that his father was not alive to hear the stirring story of his adventures, was reciprocated by the longing which filled the mind of the old man on his deathbed to see once more his distinguished son. The "Hamilton Advertiser," of January 10th, 1857, speaking of Mr. Neil Livingstone, says:—

"Among his last words were, 'O Dauvit, come awa, man, that I may see ye before I dee.' The old man's favourite walk in the latter years of his life was to the woods near the ancient Roman bridge near Bothwell, also a frequent resort of the Doctor's youth, and where he had carved his name, and the polemical war-cry of the day, 'No State Church,'* on the bark of a tree—wood-cuts which it was his father's delight to decipher. The letters 'D. L.'

* At that time the Voluntary Controversy was agitating the Churches in Scotland, and the "Ten Years' Conflict," which ended in the disruption of the Church of Scotland, was at its height. In his manhood, no man was more tolerant as to the question of "Creed" than Dr. Livingstone. To him all men were truly "brethren" who honestly and uprightly followed after Christ and His commandments.

have grown with the growth of the tree, and broadened by the lapse of time, as has the fame of their owner."

The family of Neil Livingstone erected a tombstone to the memory of their parents in the Hamilton Cemetery. The inscription on it is one of the most touching we remember ever to have seen. We cannot resist giving a copy of it:—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE

OF NEIL LIVINGSTONE

AND AGNES HUNTER;

AND TO EXPRESS

THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD

OF THEIR CHILDREN,

JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES,

AND AGNES,

FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

Of this family, the best known to the general public are dead.

Dr. Livingstone's eldest brother John is still alive. He emigrated to North America in early life, and settled at Listowel, twenty-five miles from Niagara falls, as a farmer and storekeeper. He is a man of energetic character, and has done much towards the improvement of a large tract of country all but unreclaimed when he entered it. Like all the other members of his family, he is respected for his humble and unobtrusive piety, and for his uprightness and worth as a man of the world. An indefatigable representative of the "New York Herald" visited and interviewed him in 1872, and treated the readers of the "Herald" to a graphic account of the old gentleman and his surroundings, when Mr. Stanley and his discovery of Livingstone were attracting universal attention.

Charles, Dr. Livingstone's younger brother, and his loved companion in the brief holiday hours of his boyhood, was educated for the ministry, and was for a good many years pastor of one of the New England Presbyterian churches. He shared the adventurous spirit of his brother, Dr. Livingstone, and, as we have seen, accompanied him on his second expedition to the Zambesi. Returning to England, he was appointed one of H. M. Consuls to the

West Coast of Africa—a position which gave him much opportunity for doing good to the heathen, which he embraced with great zeal and success. Last year, his health having broken down, he started on his return to England, but died on the passage home. Dr. Livingstone's sisters, Janet and Agnes, removed with their parents to Hamilton in 1841, where they still reside. They are both unmarried, and are held in much respect by their neighbours for their Christian character and genial worth.

Dr. Livingstone's family have resided principally in Hamilton since his departure on his last expedition in 1866. His eldest son, to use his father's words in a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, written in 1868, "wandered into the American war," and must have been killed, as he has never been heard of since the close of one of the early battles before Richmond. His second son, Mr. Thomas E. Livingstone, represents a large commercial house in Alexandria. His third son, Mr. W. Oswell Livingstone, is at present completing his medical education at the Glasgow University. His eldest daughter, who was a great favourite of her father, and to whom he entrusted the custody of his papers sent home by Mr. Stanley, resides in Hamilton, where her younger sister is at present receiving her education.

Up to the present time, the Livingstone family have done honour to the injunction of their progenitor recorded at page 2. At a time when the morals of his neighbours where of a somewhat loose description, he did not on his death-bed tell his children to strive to be distinguished, or to become rich, but *to be honest*, as all their forefathers had been. The generations of his successors, with whom the achievements of Dr. Livingstone have made us acquainted, have more than obeyed the dying counsel of their highland ancestor. To honesty they have added godliness, and from among them has come the man of all others in this nineteenth century who will stand highest with his countrymen for the noblest human characteristics—self-denial, intrepidity, and love to God and his fellow-men. His life from early manhood has been a continual sacrifice offered up for the material and spiritual welfare of a vast people, of whose existence in the mysterious heart of the African continent modern commerce and Christian missions were previously unaware.

That he should have died on his homeward journey, after nearly a quarter of a century of successful exploration in hitherto unknown countries, is a dispensation of Providence to which we must reverently bow. His fate forms one more instance in the annals of heroic effort and self-sacrifice, where the human instrument of God's great purpose has been removed in the very hour of success, when rest and peace, and human rewards and acknowledgments, were awaiting him at the close of his stirring conflict. Though weary, worn, and broken in body, we may readily believe that his undaunted spirit remained to him at the last; and he would be thankful to

God, that to him had been given a rare opportunity of preaching the gospel of his Master to thousands of benighted heathens, who had never heard of their Redeemer. This, and the certainty that, as a result of his labours, the introduction of Christianity and peaceful commerce, and the suppression of slavery among the millions of Central Africa, would be only a question of time, would reconcile him to the laying down the burden of his life far from home and kindred, among the people he had striven so nobly to serve. Of late years, the magnitude of his contributions to our geographical knowledge has all but made us forget that he was *a Christian missionary to the heathen.* From early boyhood this was his cherished ambition, and from his own published accounts, and through Mr. Stanley, we know that he never lost an opportunity of going about his Master's work.

CHAPTER XXII.

Account of the last Illness and Death of Dr. Livingstone—Funeral Procession—Burial Service in Westminster Abbey, etc.—Letter to Mr. Gordon Bennett—An Arab Prince's Opinion of Women—Domestic Life of a Central African Harem—Polygamy and Monogamy—Tendency of Slavery—Christian Missions, etc.

THE following brief account of the last moments of Dr. Livingstone, which reached England on the 29th March, 1874, was sent by the correspondent of the "New York Herald" at Suez:—

"The Malwa (Peninsular and Oriental steamer) arrived off Suez at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, having Mr. Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright on board, with the body of Livingstone.

"The great traveller had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past, although well supplied with stores and medicines, and he seems to have had a presentiment that this attack would prove fatal.

"He rode on a donkey at first, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), in Bisa Country, when he said to his followers, 'Build me a hut to die in.' The hut was built by his men, who first of all made him a bed. It is stated that he suffered greatly, groaning night and day, On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'

"His followers did not speak to or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, however, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majwara, his servant, was present. His last entry in the diary was on April 27. He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized, he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his death these men consulted what to do, and the Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were, however, afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death; and the secretary therefore removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence to ensure privacy. Here they opened the body, and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried

inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on the tree as follows :—

'DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED ON MAY 4TH, 1873,'

and superscribed the name of the head man. The body was then preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for twelve days. Kitumbo was then informed of Livingstone's death, upon which he beat drums, fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. The Nassick boys then journeyed to Unyanyembe in about six months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone's son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a few bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon, were together there. The latter was very ill, blind, and his mind was affected. He committed suicide at Kasakera, and was buried there.

"Here Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone's clothing, papers, and instruments, accompanied the body. It may be mentioned that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala he said, 'I am going home.'

"Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, is on his way home, and has letters handed to him by Murphy from Livingstone for Stanley, which he will deliver personally only. Chumah remains at Zanzibar.

"Geographical news follow. After Stanley's departure the Doctor left Unyanyembe, rounded the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and travelled south of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, crossed it south to north, then along the east side, returning north through marshes to Ilala. All papers are sealed and addressed to the Secretary of State, in charge of Arthur Laing, a British merchant from Zanzibar. Murphy and Cameron remain behind."

Surely this is one of the most affecting stories ever told ! Feeling that the marvellous physical power which had hitherto sustained him had at last given way, he turned his face homeward with feverish eagerness. But the end had come, and he knew it, and set himself to die among his followers as became a hero and a Christian. We are indebted to a daily newspaper* for suggesting how like a passage of Scripture the narrative of Jacob Wainwright, his negro follower, reads: "He rode a donkey, but subsequently was carried, and thus arrived at Ilala beyond Lake Bembe, in Bisa Country, when he said, 'Build me a hut to die in.'" The melancholy order was

* "Newcastle Daily Chronicle," March 31st.

obeyed. "The hut was built by his men, who first made him a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning day and night. On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'" And then we are told of the silent behaviour of his followers in the face of the grim enemy of man. They "did not speak to or go near him."

The language of savage tribes, when speaking under strong feeling, is frequently characterised by remarkable force and beauty; and here was a tragedy which had so moved his humble and ignorant follower, that in narrating its incidents he rises to a height of graphic simplicity.

The "Times of India" (received March 30th) publishes the following, in despatch from its correspondent at Zanzibar, dated February 11:—

"Dr Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy proceeded to Zanzibar with the remains of Dr. Livingstone, but a most melancholy misfortune happened on the way. Dr. Dillon, nearly blind and worn out with fever, commited suicide on the way down. He shot himself through the head, pulling the trigger with his toe. I reiterate my former statement, that in regard to the expedition, it is simply a march to death. They had, at the very least, a six or seven years' march before them. All the funds at their command were expended, and before six months they were short of supplies. The expedition is virtually broken up, unless Lieutenant Cameron is possessed of superhuman endurance."

There is little to add to what is already told of the last hours of the great traveller. For the last few days of his life he wished to be alone, and conversed with none but his two head men; but all his followers came to the door of his hut every morning to greet him. More than once they had to fight before they could pass on their way with the body. The donkey on which he rode at the last was killed by a lion on the way to the coast.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Malwa*, having the body, arrived in the Solent between six and seven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th April. Dr. Moffat, the famous African missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone; W. Oswell Livingstone, the second surviving son of the great traveller; Henry M. Stanley; the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and fellow-traveller of Dr. Livingstone; Mr. A. Laing, of Zanzibar; Mr. W. F. Webb of Newstead Abbey, and Mr. James Young, had been in Southampton since the preceding Saturday, for the purpose of receiving the body. Messrs. Webb and Young are the gentlemen whose names have been so happily associated with the great river the Lualaba by Dr. Livingstone, in gratitude for the many friendly services they had rendered to him, and to the great work to which he dedicated his life.

Several of the above gentlemen, accompanied by Admiral Hall, entered a tug-boat belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and steamed down the Solent to meet the *Malwa*. Getting on board, they were received

by the officers of the ship, and the eldest son of the late traveller, Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who had joined the *Malwa* at Alexandria. Jacob Wainwright, a negro follower of Dr. Livingstone, a squat little fellow, barely over five feet in height, was warmly greeted by all. He remembered Mr. Stanley, although the change in his dress and appearance puzzled him for a moment. He was rescued from slavery by Dr. Livingstone, in the valley of the Shire, on the occasion of his second visit to the countries of the Zambesi and the Shire, when a mere boy, and was left, along with several other African natives, at the Nassick School near Bombay, where he was carefully educated. When the Livingstone Search Expedition under Lieutenant Dawson was projected, towards the end of 1871, Jacob Wainwright offered to accompany it, and was at Zanzibar when the arrival of Mr. Stanley, who had successfully relieved the great traveller, rendered the expedition unnecessary. Mr. Stanley engaged him and sent him on to Dr. Livingstone along with the men and stores for which the latter was waiting at Unyanyembe. The friends of the deceased were conducted to the room where the body had lain during the voyage. "This apartment," says the correspondent of a London paper "had been draped round with Union Jacks, and the coffin covered with the Company's flag. With bared heads the deputation stood round as the chief officer unlocked the door, and then, as each peeped into what really looked like a neat little mortuary chapel, it was impossible not to feel that the gallant sailor could not have done better with the means at his disposal. . . . The short, bulky external coffin was found to be roughly made of some native wood, stained black, with a few uncouth attempts at ornamentation, though, no doubt, the best that could be done at Zanzibar. There was an inner coffin, it was said, of soldered zinc."

In the streets a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation, the friends of the deceased, the deputation of the Geographical Society, and the various public bodies in the town, accompanied the hearse containing the remains to the railway station, where a special train was waiting to convey it to London. While the procession was in progress, the church bells rang a muffled peal, and the Hants Artillery Volunteers fired minute guns from the platform battery. At Waterloo Station a hearse and three mourning carriages were waiting to convey the body and the friends of the deceased to the Geographical Society's rooms in Savile Row.

In the course of the evening the body was examined by Sir William Fergusson, who identified it as that of Dr. Livingstone from the ununited fracture on the left arm, caused by the bite of a lion thirty years ago, an account of which will be found at page 39.

On Saturday, the 18th of April, the remains of Dr. Livingstone found a resting place in Westminster Abbey—in that Valhalla of the greatest and best of England's sons, in which there is no name more worthy of the

nation's honour than that of David Livingstone—the procession and entombment of the body being witnessed by thousands of spectators.

The ceremony within the Abbey was witnessed by a vast number of people, many of whom are the leaders in science, literature, art, politics, etc. Representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, and many other parts of Scotland, were present.

The grave is situated about the centre of the west part of the nave. Through the cloisters the coffin was reverently borne at a very slow pace,

Mr. Thomas Livingstone and Mr. Oswell Livingstone bearing the foremost ends of the pall.

Dr. Moffat, Mr. Webb, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Mr. H. Waller, and the Rev. Mr. Price, and Jacob Wainwright, brought up the rear.

Following behind all was Kalulu, Mr. Stanley's boy.

The funeral service was read by Dean Stanley. The pealing of the organ, and the beautiful rendering of the musical portion of the service by the choir, added greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the service.

On the pall were placed wreaths and *immortelles*, one of which was sent by Her Majesty.

When the body was lowered into the grave, those present were permitted to see the coffin as it lay in its narrow bed. It bears the following modest inscription:—

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

19TH MARCH, 1813;

DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,

1ST MAY, 1873."

On the Sunday following the funeral, the lesson of Dr. Livingstone's life was enforced from thousands of pulpits throughout the country.

In Westminster Abbey special services were held. In the afternoon Dean Stanley preached to a crowded congregation, and alluded at some length, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to the services rendered to humanity by the great deceased.

Subsequently there was laid over the grave of Dr. Livingstone a large black marble tombstone, bearing the following inscription, in gold letters:—

Brought by faithful hands,

Over land and sea,

Here rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,

Born March 19, 1813,

At Blantyre, Lanarkshire,

Died May 1, 1873,

At Chittambo's Valley, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelise the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade

Of Central Africa,

Where, with his last words, he wrote,

"All I can do in my solitude is, May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

On the right hand edge of the stone were the two following lines:—

"Tantus amor veri—Nihil est quod moscere malim,
Quam Fluvii causas per sœcula tanta latentes."

And on the left hand edge the following text:—

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold,
They also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

The letters received from Dr. Livingstone, and published up to the time of his death, were all written in a cheerful spirit. As yet, no letter written after the shadow of death had begun to fall upon him has been given to the public. The most interesting letter is that addressed to Mr. Gordon Bennett, giving as it does so graphic an account of the daily life of a Central African family; we reproduce the bulk of it:—

"I feel that a portion at least of the sympathy in England for what simple folks called the 'Southern cause,' during the American civil war, was a lurking liking to be slaveholders themselves. One Englishman at least tried to put his theory of getting the inferior race to work for nothing into practice. He was brother to a member of Parliament for a large and rich constituency, and when his mother died she left him £2000. With this he bought a waggon and oxen at the Cape of Good Hope, and an outfit composed chiefly of papier mache snuff-boxes, each of which had a looking-glass outside and another inside the lid. These, he concluded, were the 'sinews of war.' He made his way to my mission-station, more than a thousand miles inland, and then he found that his snuff-boxes would not even buy food. On asking the reason for investing in that trash, he replied that, in reading a book of travels, he saw that the natives were fond of peering into looking-glasses, and liked snuff, and he thought that he might obtain ivory in abundance for these luxuries. I gathered from his conversation that he had even speculated on being made a chief. He said that he knew a young man who had so speculated; and I took it to be himself. We supported him for about a couple of months, but our stores were fast drawing to a close. We were then recently married, and the young housekeeper could not bear to appear inhospitable to a fellow-countryman. I relieved her by feeling an inward call to visit another tribe. 'Oh,' said our dependant, 'I shall go too.' 'You had better not,' was the reply, and no reason assigned. He civilly left some scores of his snuff-boxes, but I could never use them either. He frequently reiterated, 'People think these blacks stupid and ignorant; but, by George, they would sell any Englishman.'

"I may now give an idea of the state of supreme bliss, for the attainment of which all the atrocities of the so-called Arabs are committed in Central Africa. In conversing with a half-caste Arab prince, he advanced the opinion, which I believe is general among them, that all women were utterly and irretrievably bad. I admitted that some were no better than they should be, but the majority were unmistakably good and trustworthy. He insisted that the reason why we English allowed our wives so much liberty, was because we did not know them as Arabs did. 'No, no,' he added, 'no woman can be good—no Arab woman—no English woman can be good; all must be bad;' and then he praised his own and countrymen's wisdom and cunning in keeping their wives from ever seeing other men. A rough joke

as to making themselves turnkeys, or, like the inferior animals, bulls over herds, turned the edge of his invectives, and he ended by an invitation to his harem to show that he could be as liberal as the English. Captain S——, of H. M. S. *Corvette*, accepted the invitation also to be made everlasting friends by eating bread with the prince's imprisoned wives. The prince's mother, a stout lady of about forty-five, came first into the room where we sat with her son. When young she must have been very pretty, and she still retained many of her former good looks. She shook hands, inquired for our welfare, and to please us sat on a chair, though it would have been more agreeable for her to squat on a mat. She afterwards inquired of the captain if he knew Admiral Wyvil, who formerely, as Commodore, commanded at the Cape Station.

"It turned out that, many years before, an English ship was wrecked at the island on which she lived, and this good lady had received all the lady passengers into her house, and lodged them courteously. The Admiral had called to thank her, and gave her a written testimonial acknowledging her kindness. She now wished to write to him for old acquaintance sake, and the Captain promised to convey the letter. She did not seem to confirm her son's low opinion of women. A red cloth screen was lifted from a door in front of where we sat, and the prince's chief wife entered in gorgeous apparel. She came forward with a pretty, jaunty step, and with a pleasant smile held out a neat little sweet cake, off which we each broke a morsel and ate it. She had a fine frank address, and talked and looked just as fair as an English lady does who wishes her husband's friends to feel themselves perfectly at home. Her large, beautiful jet-black eyes, riveted the attention for some time before we could notice the adornments, on which great care had evidently been bestowed. Her head was crowned with a tall scarlet hat of nearly the same shape as that of a Jewish high-priest, or that of some of the lower ranks of Catholic clergymen. A tight-fitting red jacket, profusely decked with gold lace, reached to the waist, and allowed about a finger's breadth of the skin to appear between it and the upper edge of the skirt, which was of white Indian muslin, dotted over with tambourine spots of crimson silk. The drawers came nearly to the ankles, on which were thick silver bangles, and the feet were shod with greenish-yellow slippers, turned up at the toes, and roomy enough to make it probable she had neither corns nor bunions. Around her neck were many gold and silver chains; and she had ear-rings not only in the lobes of her ears, but others in holes made a around the rims. Gold and silver bracelets of pretty Indian workmanship decked the arms, and rings of the same material, set with precious stones, graced every finger and each thumb. A lady alone could describe the rich and rare attire, so I leave it. The only flaw in the get-up was short hair. It is so kept for the convenience of drying soon after the bath. To our northern eyes, it had

a tinge too much of the masculine. While talking with this chief lady of the harem, a second entered and performed the ceremony of breaking bread too. She was quite as gaily dressed, about eighteen years of age, of perfect form, and taller than the chief lady. Her short hair was oiled and smoothed down, and a little curl cultivated in front of each. This was pleasantly feminine. She spoke little, but her really resplendent eyes did all save talk. They were of a brownish shade, and lustrous, like the 'een o' Jeanie Deans filled wi' tears; they glanced like lamour beads'—'lamour,' *Scottice* for amber. The lectures of Mr. Hancock at Charing Cross Hospital, London, long ago, have made me look critically on eyes ever since. A third lady entered, and broke bread also. She was plain as compared with her sister houris, but the child of the chief man of those parts. Their complexion was fair brunette. The prince remarked that he had only three wives, though his rank entitled him to twelve.

"A dark slave-woman, dressed like, but less gaudily than her superior, now entered with a tray and tumblers of sweet sherbet. Having drunk thereof, flowers were presented, and then betel-nut for chewing. The head lady wrapped up enough for a quid in a leaf, and handed it to each of us, and to please her we chewed a little. It is slightly bitter and astringent, and like a kola-nut of West Africa, and was probably introduced as a tonic and preventative of fever. The lady superior mixed lime with her own and sister's—good large quids. This made the saliva flow freely, and it being of a brick red colour, stained their pretty teeth and lips, and by no means improved their looks. It was the fashion, and to them nothing uncomely, when they squirted the red saliva quite artistically all over the floor. On asking the reason why the mother took no lime in her quid, and kept her teeth quite clean, she replied that the reason was, she had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca and was a Hajee. The whole scene of the visit was like a gorgeous picture. The ladies had tried to please us,and were thoroughly successful. We were delighted with a sight of the life in a harem; but whether from want of wit, wisdom, or something else, I should still vote for the one-wife system, having tried it for some eighteen years. I would not exchange a monogamic harem, with some merry, laughing, noisy children, for any polygamous gathering in Africa or the world. It scarcely belongs to the picture, which I have attempted to draw as favourably as possible, in order to show the supreme good for the sake of the possible attainment of which the half-caste Arabs perpetrate all the atrocities of the slave-trade; but a short time after this visit, the prince fled on board our steamer for protection from creditors. He was misled by one calling himself Colonel Aboo, who went about the world saying he was a persecuted Christian. He had no more Christianity in him than a door nail. At a spot some eighty miles south-west of the south end of Tanganyika, stands the stockaded village of the chief Chitimbwa. A war had

commenced between a party of Arabs numbering six hundred guns and the chief of the district situated west of Chitimbwa, while I was at the south end of the lake.

"The Arabs hearing that an Englishman was in the country, naturally inquired were he was, and the natives, fearing that mischief was intended, denied positively that they had ever seen him. They then strongly advised me to take refuge on an inhabited island; but, not explaining their reasons, I am sorry to think that I suspected them of a design to make me a prisoner, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes, the island being a mile from the land. They afterwards told me how nicely they had cheated the Arabs, and saved me from harm. The end of the lake is in a deep cup-shaped cavity, with sides running sheer down at some parts two thousand feet into the water. The rocks, of red clay schist, crop out among the sylvan vegetation, and here and there pretty cascades leap down the precipices, forming a landscape of surpassing beauty. Herds of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, enliven the scene, and with the stockaded villages embowered in palms along the shores of the peaceful water, realize the idea of Xenophon's Paradise. When about to leave the village of Mbette, or Pambette, down there, and climb up the steep path by which we had descended, the wife of the chief came forward, and said to her husband and the crowd looking at us packing up our things, 'Why do you allow this man to go away? He will certainly fall into the hands of the Mazitu [here called Batuba], and you know it, and are silent.' On inquiry, it appeared certain these marauders were then actually plundering the villages up above the precipices at the foot of which we sat. We waited six days, and the villagers kept watch on an ant-hill outside the stockade, all the time looking up for the enemy. When we did at last ascend, we saw the well-known lines of march of the Mazitu—straight as arrows through the country, without any regard to the native paths; their object was simply plunder, for in this case there was no bloodshed. We found that the really benevolent lady had possessed accurate information. On going thence round the end of the lake, we came to the village of Karambo, at the confluence of a large river, and the head man refused us a passage across; 'because,' said he, 'the Arabs have been fighting with the people west of us; and two of their people have since been killed, though only in search of ivory. You wish to go round by the west of the lake, and the people may suppose that you are Arabs; and I dare not allow you to run the risk of being killed by mistake.' On seeming to disbelieve, Karamba drew his finger across his throat, and said, 'If at any time you discover that I have spoken falsely, I give you leave to cut my throat.' That same afternoon two Arab slaves came to the village in search of ivory, and confirmed every word Karamba had spoken.

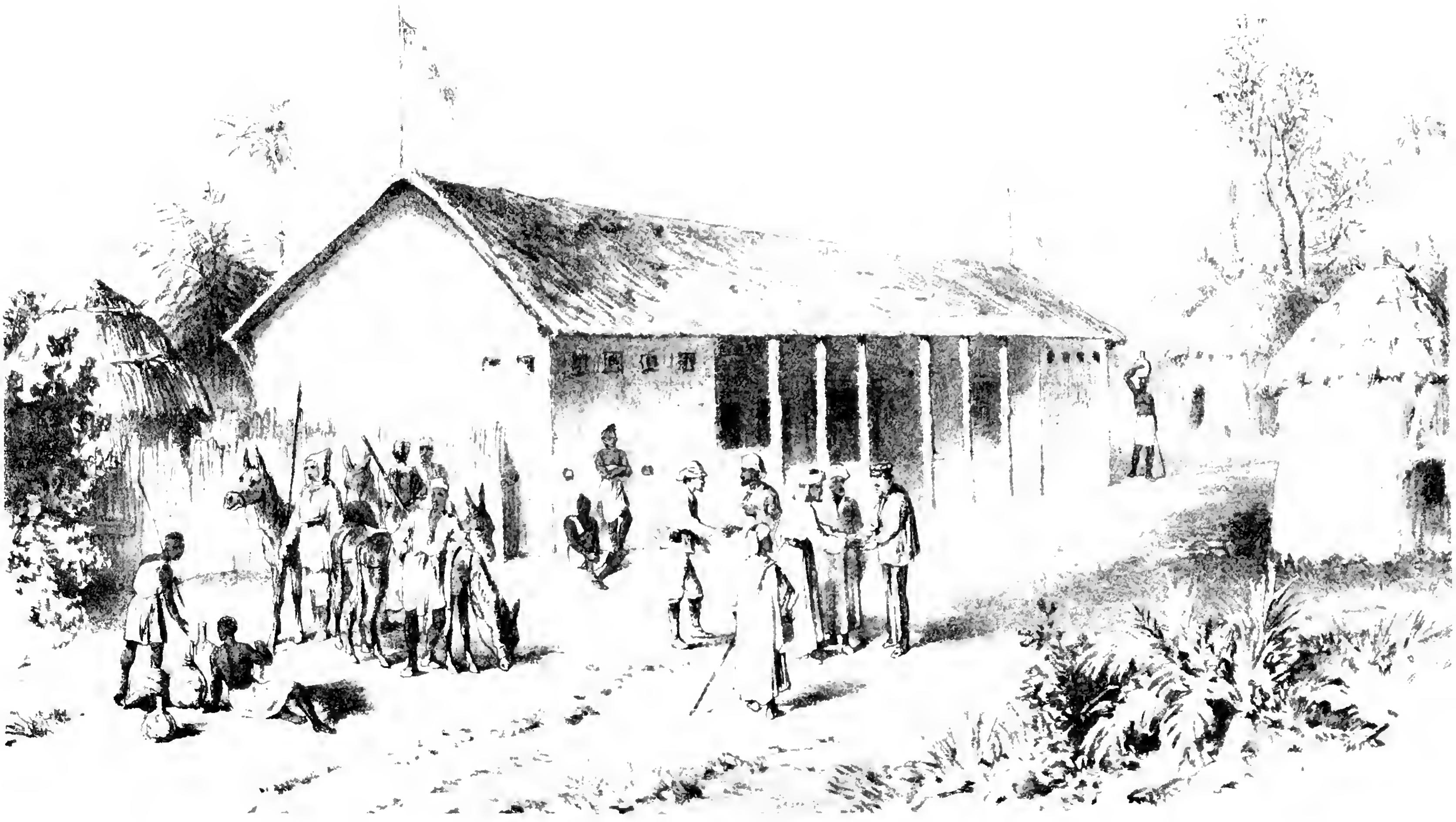
"Having previously been much plagued by fever, and without a particle

of medicine, it may have been the irritability produced by that disease that made me so absurdly pig-headed in doubting the intentions of my really kind benefactors three several times. The same cause may be in operation, when modern travellers are unable to say a civil word about the natives; or if it must be admitted, for instance, that savages will seldom deceive you if placed on their honour, why must we turn up the whites of our eyes, and say it is an instance of the anomalous character of the Africans? Being heaps of anomalies ourselves, it would be just as easy to say that it is interesting to find other people like us. The tone which we modern travellers use is that of infinite superiority, and it is utterly nauseous to see at every step our great and noble elevation cropping out in low cunning. Unable to go north-west, we turned off to go due south one hundred and fifty miles or so; then proceeded west till past the disturbed district, and again resumed our northing. But on going some sixty miles we heard that the Arab camp was twenty miles farther south, and we went to hear the news. The reception was extremely kind, for the party consisted of gentlemen from Zanzibar, and of a very different stamp from the murderers we afterwards saw at Manyema. They were afraid that the chief with whom they had been fighting might flee southwards, and that in going that way I might fall into his hands. Being now recovered, I could readily believe them; and they, being eager ivory traders, as readily believed me when I asserted that a continuance of hostilities meant shutting up the ivory market. No one would like to sell if he stood a chance of being shot. Peace, therefore, was to be made; but the process of 'mixing blood,' forming a matrimonial alliance with the chief's daughter, etc., required three and a half months, and during long intervals of that time I remained at Chitimbwa's. The stockade was situated by a rivulet, and had a dense grove of high, damp-loving trees round a spring on one side, and open country, pretty well cultivated, on the other. It was cold, and over four thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, with a good deal of forest land and ranges of hills in the distance. The Arabs were on the west side of the stockade, and one of Chitimbwa's wives at once vacated her house on the east side for my convenience.

"Chitimbwa was an elderly man, with grey hair and beard, of quiet self-possessed manners. He had five wives; and my hut being one of the circle which their houses formed, I often sat reading or writing outside, and had a good opportunity of seeing the domestic life in this Central African harem, without appearing to be prying. The chief wife, the mother of Chitimbwa's son and heir, was somewhat aged, but exercised her matronly authority over the whole of the establishment. The rest were young, with fine shapes, pleasant countenances, and nothing of the West Coast African about them. Three of them had each a child, making, with the eldest son, a family of four children to Chitimbwa. The matron seemed to reverence her

husband; for when she saw him approaching, she invariably went out of the way, and knelt down till he had passed. It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows:—Between three and four o'clock in the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Some Psange smoker lights his pipe and makes the place ring with his nasty screaming, stridulous coughing. Then the cock begins to crow (about 4 A. M.), and the women call to each other to make ready to march.

"They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be efficacious. The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black loamy soil near the banks of rivulets. This they prefer for maize and dura (*holcus sorghum*), while for a small species of millet, called mileza, they select a patch in the forest, which they manure by burning the branches of trees. The distance which the good wives willingly go to get the soil best adapted for different plants makes their arrival just about dawn. Fire has been brought home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground. All the bushes also fall to his share, and all the branches of tall trees too hard to be cut down are filed round the root, to be fired when dry. He must also cut branches to make a low fence round the plantation, for few wild beasts like to cross over anything having the appearance of human workmanship. The wart hog having a great weakness for ground-nuts, otherwise called pig-nuts (*Arachis hypogœa*), must be circumvented by a series of pitfalls, or a deep ditch, and earthen dyke all round the nut plot. The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seemed to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land he may cultivate; the more they plant, the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost exclusively on the women, and the males are represented as atrociously cruel to them. It was not so here; nor is it



VISIT OF ARABS AT KWIRARA

so in Central Africa generally. Indeed, the women have often decidedly the upper hand. The clearances by law and custom were the work of the men; the weeding was the work of the whole family, and so was the reaping. The little girls were nursing baby under the shade of a watch-house perched on the tops of a number of stakes about twelve feet or fourteen feet high; and to this the family adjourn when the dura is in ear, to scare away birds by day, and antelopes by night.

"About 11 A.M. the sun becomes too hot for comfortable work, and all come under the shade of the lofty watch-tower, or a tree left for the purpose. Mamma serves out the pottage, now thoroughly cooked, by placing a portion in each pair of hands. It is bad manners here to receive any gift with but one hand. They eat it with keen appetites, and with so much relish, that for ever afterwards they think that to eat with the hand is far nicer than with a spoon. Mamma takes and nurses baby while she eats her own share. Baby seems a general favourite, and is not exhibited till he is quite a ball of fat. Every one then takes off beads to ornament him. He is not born with a spoon in his mouth, and one may see poor mothers who have no milk mix a little flour and water in the palm of the hand, and the sisters look on with intense interest to see the little stranger making a milk-bottle of the side of the mother's hand, the crease therein just allowing enough to pass down. They are wide-awake little creatures, and I thought that my own little ones imbibed a good deal of this quality. I never saw such unwearied energy as they display the live-long day, and that, too, in the hot season. The meal over, the wife, and perhaps daughter, goes a little way into the forest and collects a bundle of dry wood, and with the baby slung on her back in a way that suggests the flattening of the noses of many Africans. Placing the wood on her head, and the boy carrying her hoe, the party wends home. Each wife has her own granary in which the produce of the garden is stowed. It is of the beehive shape of the huts; the walls are about twelve feet high, and it is built on a stage about eighteen inches from the ground. It is about five feet in diameter, and roofed with wood and grass. The door is near the roof; and a ladder, made by notches cut in a tree, enables the owner to climb into it. The first thing the good wife does on coming home is to get the ladder, climb up, and bring down millet or dura grain sufficient for her family. She spreads it in the sun; and while this is drying or made crisp, occurs the only idle time I have seen in the day's employment. Some rested, others dressed their husband's or neighbour's hair, others strung beads. I should have liked to see them take life more easily, for it is as pleasant to see the negro reclining under his palm as it is to look at the white man lolling on his ottoman. But the great matter is, they enjoy their labour, and the children enjoy life as human beings ought, and have not the sap of life squeezed out of them by their parents, as is the case with nailers, glass-

blowers, stockingers, fustian-cutters, brick-makers, etc., in England. At other periods of the year, when harvest is home, they enjoy more leisure and jollification with their native beer called 'pombe.' But in no case of free people, living in their own free land under their own free laws, are they like what slaves become.

"When the grain is dry, it is pounded in a large wooden mortar. To separate the scales from the seed, a dexterous toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted out, and then the dust is tossed out by another peculiar up-and-down half-horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied, and at each stroke the flour is shoved off the farther end of the nether millstone, and the flour is finished. They have meat but seldom, and make relishes from the porridge into which the flour is cooked, of the leaves of certain wild and cultivated plants; or they roast some ground nuts, grind them fine, and make a curry. They seem to know that oily matter, such as the nuts contain, is requisite to modify their otherwise farinaceous food, and some even grind a handful of castor-oil nuts with the grain for the same purpose. The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep. They have considerable skill in agriculture, and great shrewdness in selecting the sorts proper for different kinds of produce. When Bishop Mackenzie witnessed their operations in the field, he said to me,'When I was in England and spoke in public meetings about our mission, I mentioned that I meant to teach them agriculture; but now I see that the Africans know a great deal more than I do.' One of his associates, desiring to benefit the people to whom he was going, took lessons in basket-making before he left England; but the specimens of native workmanship he met with everywhere led him to conclude that he had better say nothing about his acquisition—in fact, he could 'not hold a candle to them.' The foregoing is a fair example of the every-day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa It as truly represents surface life in African villages as the other case does the surface condition in an Arab harem. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more towards the east coast, who have been much visited by Arab slaves, are said to be in a state of chronic warfare, the men always ready to rob and plunder, and the women scarcely ever cultivating enough of food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slavery tends. Captain Speke revealed a state of savagism and brutality in Uganda of which I have no experience. The murdering by wholesale of the chief Mteza, or Mtesa, would not be tolerated among the tribes I have visited. The slaughter of headmen's daughters would elsewhere than in Uganda

ensure speedy assassination. I have no reason to suppose that Speke was mistaken in his statements as to the numbers of women led away to execution —two hundred Baganda. People now here assert that many were led away to become field labourers; and one seen by Grant with her hoe on her head seems to countenance the idea. But their statements are of small account as compared with these of Speke and Grant, for they now all know that cold-blooded murder, like that of Mteza, is detested by all the civilised world, and they naturally wish to smooth the matter over.

"The remedy open to all other tribes in Central Africa is desertion. The tyrant soon finds himself powerless. His people have quietly removed to other chiefs, and never return. The tribes subjected by the Makololo had hard times of it, but nothing like the butchery of Mteza. A large body went off to the north. Another sent to Tete refused to return; and seventeen, sent with me to the Shire for medicine for the chief, did the same thing. When the chief died, the tribes broke up and scattered. Mteza seems to be an unwhipped fool. We all know rich men who would have been much better fellows if they had ever got bloody noses and sound thrashings at school The two hundred of his people here have been detained many months, and have become thoroughly used to the country, but none of them wish to remain. The apparent willingness to be trampled in the dust by Mteza is surprising. The whole of my experience in Central Africa says that the negroes not yet spoiled by contact with the slave-trade are distinguished for friendliness and good sound sense. Some can be guilty of great wickedness and seem to think little about it. Others perform actions as unmistakably good with no self-complacency; and if one catalogued all the other good deeds or all the bad ones he came across, he might think the men extremely good or extremely bad, instead of calling them, like ourselves, curious compounds of good and evil. In one point they are remarkable—they are honest, even among the cannibal Manyema. A slave-trader at Bambarre and I had to send our goats and fowls up to the Manyema villages, to prevent their being all stolen by my friend's own slaves. Another wide-spread trait of character is a trusting disposition. The Central African tribes are the antipodes of some of the North American Indians, and very unlike many of their own countrymen, who have come into contact with Mahomedans and Portuguese and Dutch Christians. They at once perceive the superiority of the strangers in power of mischief and readily listen to and ponder over friendly advice.

"After the cruel massacre of Nyangwe, which I unfortunately witnessed, the fourteen chiefs whose villages had been destroyed, and many of their people killed, fled to my house, and begged me to make peace for them. The Arabs then came over to their side of the great river Lualaba, dividing their country anew, and pointing out where each should build a new village and other plantations. The peace was easily made, for the Arabs had no excuse

for their senseless murders, and each blamed the other for the guilt. Both parties pressed me to remain at the peacemaking ceremonies; and had I not known the African trusting disposition, I might have set down the native appeal to great personal influence. All I had in my favour was common decency and fairness of behaviour, and perhaps a little credit for goodness awarded by the Zanzibar slaves. The Manyema could easily see the Arab religion was disjoined from morality. Their immorality, in fact, has always proved an effectual barrier to the spread of Islamism in Eastern Africa. It is a sad pity that our good 'Bishop of Central Africa,' albeit ordained in Westminster Abbey, preferred the advice of a colonel in the army to remain at Zanzibar, rather than proceed into his diocese and take advantage of the friendliness of the still unspoiled interior tribes to spread our faith. The Catholic missionaries lately sent from England to Maryland to convert the negroes might have obtained the advice of half a dozen army colonels to remain at New York, or even at London; but the answer, if they have any Irish blood in them, might have been, 'Take your advice and yourselves off to the battle of Dorking; we will fight our own fight.' The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore told these brethren that they would get 'chills and fever;' but he did not add, 'When you do get the shivers, then take to your heels, my hearties.' When any of the missionaries at Zanzibar get 'chills and fever,' they have a nice pleasure trip in a man-of-war to the Seychelles Islands. The good men deserve it of course, and no one grudges to save their precious lives. But human nature is frail! Zanzibar is much more unhealthy than the mainland; and the Government, by placing men-of-war at the disposal of these brethren, though meaning to help them in their work, virtually aids them to keep out of it.

"Some eight years have rolled on, and good Christian people have contributed the money annually for Central Africa, and the 'Central African Diocese' is occupied only by the lord of all evil. It is with a sore heart I say it, but recent events have shown to those who have so long been playing at being missionaries, and peeping across from the sickly Island to their diocese on the mainland with telescopes, that their time might have been turned to far better account. About 1868 there were twelve congregation of natives Christians at the capital of Madagascar. These were the results of the labours of independent missionaries. For some fifty years, the Malagasy Christians showed their faith to be genuine by enduring the most bitter persecutions; and scores, if not hundreds, submitted to cruel public executions rather than deny the blessed Saviour. The first missionaries had to leave the island; but the converts, having the Bible in their own tongue, continued to meet and worship and increase in secret, though certain death was the penalty on discovery. A change in the Government allowed the return of the missionaries, and a personal entreaty of Queen Victoria to the successor of the

old persecuting Queen of Madagascar obtained freedom of worship for the Christians, and peace and joy prevailed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts thereafter sent some missionaries to Tamatave, which may be called the chief seaport for the capital, where many heathen lived, and the energetic Cape Bishop slyly said that they were not to interfere with churches already formed; but the good pious man at once sent the touching cry back to London, 'Let us go up to the capital.' Sheer want of charity makes me conjecture, that if we had twelve native churches at Unyanyembe, or Ujiji, or the Tanganyika, the 'Bishop of Central Africa' would eight years ago have been in here like a shot, and no colonel's advice, however foolish, would have prevented him. It is not to be supposed that the managers of the Society named felt that they were guilty of unchristian meanness in introducing themselves into other men's labours, while tens of millions of wholly untaught heathen were usually within their reach. A similar instance occurred at Honolulu a few years ago. Mr. Ellis, the venerable apostle of the Malagasy, was working at Honolulu towards the beginning of this century, when some American Presbyterian missionaries appeared searching for a sphere of labour. Mr. Ellis at once gave up his dwelling, church, school, and printing press to them, and went to work elsewhere. Americans have laboured most devotedly and successfully in Owyhee, as Captain Cook called it, and by them education and Christianity were diffused over the whole Sandwich group; but it lately appeared that the converted islanders wanted an Episcopalian bishop, and a bishop they got, who, in sheer lack of good breeding, went about Honolulu with a great paper cap on his head, ignoring his American brethren, whose success showed them to be of the true apostolic stamp, and declaring that he was the only true bishop.

"Of all mortal men, missionaries and missionary bishops ought manifestly to be true gentlemen; and it does feel uncomfortably strange to see our dearly-beloved brethren entering into their neighbours' folds, built up by the toil of half a century, and being guilty of conduct through mere non-consideration that has an affinity to sheep-stealing. It may seem harsh to say so; but sitting up here in Unyanyembe in wearisome waiting for Mr. Stanley to send men from the coast, two full months' march or five hundred miles distant, and all Central Africa behind me, the thought will rise up that the Church of England and Universities have, in intention at least, provided the gospel for the perishing population, and why does it not come? Then, again, the scene rises up of undoubtedly good men descending to draw away stray sheep from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, at Tananorivo, the capital of Madagascar, rather than preach to the Bamabake heathen, or to the thousands of Malagasy in Bembatook Bay, who, though Sakalavas, are quite as friendly and politically one with Thovas at the seat of Government. And then the unseemly spectacle at Honolulu. It is a pro-

ceeding of the same nature as that in Madagascar, but each process has something in its favour. 'The native Christians wanted a bishop.' Well, all who know natives understand exactly what that means, if we want to cavil. 'An intelligent Zulu' soon comes to the front. I overheard an intelligent, educated negro aver that the Bible was wrong, because an elephant was stronger than a lion, and the Bible says, 'What is sweeter than honey? what is stronger than a lion?' But I did not wish to attack the precious old documents, the 'Scriptures of truth,' and his intelligence, such as it was, shall remain unsung. The excellent bishops of the Church of England, who all take an interest in the 'Central African Mission,' will, in their kind and gracious way, make every possible allowance for the degeneracy of the noble effort of the Universities into a mere chaplaincy of the Zanzibar Consulate. One of them even defended a *lapsus* which no one else dared to face; but whatever in their kindheartedness they may say, every man of them would rejoice to hear that the Central African had gone into Central Africa. If I must address those who hold back, I should say: Come on, brethren; you have no idea how brave you are till you try. The real brethren who are waiting for you have many faults, but also much that you can esteem and love. The Arabs never saw mothers selling their offspring, nor have I, though one author made a broad statement to that effect, as a nice setting to a nice little story about 'A Mother Bear.' He may have seen an infant sold who had the misfortune to cut its upper teeth before the lower, because it was called unlucky, and likely to bring death into the family. We have had foundlings among us, but that does not mean that English mothers are no better than she-bears. If you go into other men's labours, you need not tell at home who reared the converts you have secured; but you will feel awfully uncomfortable, even in heaven, till you have made abject apologies to your brethren who, like yourselves, are heavenward bound.

"Having now been some six years out of the world, and most of my friends having apparently determined by their silence to impress me with the truth of the adage, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' the dark scenes of the slave-trade had a most distressing and depressing influence. The power of the Prince of Darkness seemed enormous. It was only with a heavy heart I said, 'Thy kingdom come!' In one point of view, the evils that brood over this beautiful country are insuperable. When I dropped among the Makololo and others in the central region, I saw a fair prospect of the regeneration of Africa. More could have been done in the Makololo country than was done by St. Patrick in Ireland; but I did not know that I was surrounded by the Portuguese slave-trade, a blight like a curse from heaven, that proved a barrier to all improvement. Now I am not so hopeful. I don't know how the wrong will become right, but the great and loving Father of all knows, and He will do it according to His infinite wisdom."

No better illustration of how the great and loving Father rectifies all that is wrong, and satisfies the yearning desires of His people, as from many a heart, and from many a home, as well as from the Church militant, there goes forth the cry, "Thy kingdom come!" than that which is afforded in the results of the Madagascar Mission, to which Dr. Livingstone refers—results which have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the followers of Christ throughout the world, and given an impetus to the work of the Christian Church, which is bearing blessed fruit, not only in the widespread revival of religion, but more especially in the voluntary consecration of many hundreds of the most promising young men of our Churches to the work of Christian Missions among the heathen. A recent writer gives the following account of the Church in Madagascar, showing very clearly that not only does God make "the wrath of men to praise him," but that however intense the moral darkness which may prevail in any land, the light of the Gospel of the grace of God is sufficient to dispel it :—

"Upwards of half a century ago Christianity was introduced into Madagascar by the London Missionary Society. The missionaries found the people sunk in idolatry, without a written language, and without a literature. They taught the Malagasy men and women the truths of the Gospel, reduced their language to writing, instructed some thousands of their children to read, and gave them the Scriptures in their own tongue. A few consistent converts to the Christian faith were formed into little churches; and in addition to the Word of God, they were provided with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"In these circumstances a frightful persecution, instigated by a fanatical and wolfish Queen, was directed against the poor Christian people. The missionaries were expelled. Persecution raged from 1835 to 1857. The profession of Christianity was treated as a capital offence, and a multitude which no man has ever yet numbered were put to death in the most cruel manner for their adherence to the truth. The Church of Madagascar seemed to those at a distance to disappear from the earth; but not a few succeeded in concealing themselves and their Bibles from their cruel foes. It is now ascertained that about seventy copies of the Scriptures were preserved; and these sacred deposits, carefully guarded, became fountains of comfort and life to the persecuted but faithful remnant. In this way the Church of Madagascar not only survived the persecution, which lasted about a quarter of a century, but, in spite of persecution, gained in numbers and in spiritual strength.

"The figures which represented roughly the supposed state of matters about eighteen months ago were such as the following:— *

European missionaries . .	30	Adherents	28,000
Ordained native missionaries	50	Schools	570
Christian workers . . .	3,000	Scholars	25,000
Church members . . .	67,000	Contributions	£2,000

"The Rev. Dr. Joseph Mullens has just returned from an official visit to Madagascar. In company with the Rev. J. Pillans, he went forth in name of the London Missionary Society, of which he is the Secretary, to explore the island, and to return with such an account of the state of the people as his observation would enable him to give. The deputies explored the island, went to its capital, visited its villages, crossed some of its solitudes, sailed down some of its rivers, penetrated where no European was residing, and into some places where a European face has scarcely ever been seen; and everywhere they found little churches and Christian pastors, the most of whom are natives. They found Bible-reading as well as preaching; they found psalm and hymn singing; they found children learning to read and learning to sing. In some cases they penetrated into remote regions, where native churches, under the pastorate of native teachers, had never been visited by an English missionary. They visited, for example, Mojanga, a place on the coast where Sir Bartle Frere, when passing through those seas on his noble anti-slavery cruise, landed and found (where but a little time before only savage islanders could have been seen) Christian society, a Christian church, and Christian worship. He found them observing the Sabbath and public Christian worship, and partaking of the Lord's supper, with a decorum and propriety like what might have been seen in an evangelical church in London or in Edinburgh.

"Mr. Pillans says: Sir Bartle Frere has told you something of the two churches in Mojanga, and of their young pastor. He fully deserves the honourable mention Sir Bartle makes of him. He is a true man, a diligent teacher, and most careful of the purity of the churches. The attendance—the *ordinary* attendance—in one of the churches is about three hundred, in the other two hundred and thirty. There are fifty-six members in the two. They unite in the communion. They have six preachers and six deacons. There are sixty children in the school, of whom thirty can read well. About thirty adults can read. Six or seven Sakalavas attend worship: one was a member for a time, but went astray. In receiving members they follow the rule at the capital, of two months' probation; then the case comes before the whole church. In a similar way, if a member goes astray, he is visited and counsel given him; if unrepentant, he is dealt with by the whole church. Rakotovao, the pastor at Mojanga, told us that he had occasion to visit all the twelve churches in the district in 1871, and he found schools in them all.

"Speaking of another district, Mr. Pillans observes: We came to a line of country near the coast, where there were large towns and some exceedingly interesting churches. One of these towns, Trabonjy, is about five or six miles from the junction of the Ikiopa and the Betsiboka rivers. We went in the evening to the chapel—a large building, capable of holding one thousand two hundred or one thousand five hundred persons. The people began to flock in, and a short time afterwards the governor came in. After

shaking hands with myself and Dr. Mullens, he said, 'Let us pray,' and offered thanksgiving to God for having brought us there, saying that it was not by our guidance we came, but by God's good guidance. Next morning the governor, the pastor, and a great many elderly matrons, came and asked some of us to stay, as they wanted to hear a missionary. The governor said that every evening he had worship in his house, and the people outside were invited to come in. Here there is no Christian missionary. All this is the outcome of the spontaneous action of the people, who are constantly pleading for some one to guide them.

"Mangasoavina is the name of a town which is situated in a district separated from any other dense population by a desert region, which it took two days to cross. It is situated in a thickly-peopled 'basin,' with a terraced amphitheatre all around, along whose sides irrigating streams are conducted, which render the scene populous, rich, and verdant. In this town (says Mr. Pillans), they told us that twenty could read, and many more knew their letters. Sixteen were baptized, and formed the church in the place. There were two pastors. They have one service on the Sabbath, at which about one hundred and fifty attend. They have three Bibles, many testaments and lessons-books, slates, etc. We wanted to learn what kind of teaching the people received, and inquired what the pastors taught.

" 'To do no evil,' they said, 'and to love one another.'

" 'But what did they teach about Christ?'

" 'To observe his laws.'

" 'But what did they teach about Christ Himself?'

" 'That he was a substitute for the guilty.'

"Inquired what they taught about the Holy Spirit, but did not get any answer; one said it was a difficult subject.

"They had many questions to ask about the Bible and particular texts, some of which reminded us of questions which have largely exercised both the learned and the unlearned at home. Who was Melchizedek? Who wrote the Epistle of the Hebrews? Why did Christ call Himself 'the Son of man?'

"The wife of one of the pastors, a daughter of the governor, took a leading part in this conversation. She seemed a very intelligent woman, and an eager inquirer.

"These facts give a wonderful evidence that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. It is very true that there have been very remarkable circumstances connected with the recent expansion of the Church in Madagascar. The supreme power in the State, the Queen and her husband, the prime minister, have been on the side of Christianity; but if this circumstance be cited as largely accounting for the multitude of adherents, we have two

answers for those who put it forth, if they do so in the spirit in which Gibbon set in array his list of secondary causes, as if to exclude the great First Cause.

"In the first place, the Christianity of Madagascar stood the test of persecution to the death, and came out of the ordeal more than a conqueror; and having asserted its spiritual power under a Queen who was a fanatical persecutor, it is the less likely to sink into weakness under a Queen that is acting as the mother of her people, and whose personal example is tender and womanly as well as Christian.

"But, secondly, there is no proof that any undue interference with the freedom of the Church has been attempted by the Queen in her official or in her private character. She attended large assemblies when the deputation was in the island—as, for example, on the 9th of October last year, when she appeared on the platform at a meeting, where, after a good hour's singing of psalms and hymns, the assemblage of men on the one side and women on the other, amounting in number to fifteen thousand, were addressed by different native ministers.

"The Church has thus been spreading *spontaneously*. In the district of Sihanaka, for example, where five years ago an English missionary had gone, but was not able to continue, a church had been formed, and a large place of worship was filled from Sabbath to Sabbath; the native minister had, as a young man, learned by stealth the proscribed art of reading, by scanning the backs and the contents of letters sent to his master, a military commander. This lad afterwards became a Christian. By his force of character he was promoted to be a judge, and when a church was formed, within the last five years, he was appointed as its pastor. Since that time this church has sent out several teachers to the neighbouring villages, and many of the grown-up people have learned to read. The Word has thus grown mightily and prevailed, in a district where it was unknown a few years ago, and where there is a population of forty thousand souls.

"Thus over Madagascar the word of God is quickly spreading; soon it will be said of the island, as it now can be said of the larger portion of it, that 'the idols are utterly abolished.' There is a growing multitude of devout worshippers. The people are willing to help each other in spiritual things. Workers *there* are volunteers—some of the best preachers being of this class—men in the civil and military service of the Government; the Government itself keeping clear of the snare of mixing up things civil and sacred.

"It is calculated that a quarter of a million of people have already been outwardly gathered under the Christian standard. But as Dr. Mullens, who tells the story of Madagascar with thrilling effect, has said, reduce this number as you please, bring down the sixty thousand nominal members to twenty or twenty-five thousand men and women who know Christ—these scattered

through a thousand congregations spread over the land, present a result unexampled in modern times, perhaps unprecedented in the history of the Church."

The following is the reply sent by the Queen and Prime Minister of Madagascar to the address from the Directors of the London Missionary Society, presented by the Revs. Dr. Mullens and J. Pillans:—

"TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"GENTLEMEN—Our good friends, the Rev. Dr. Mullens, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. J. Pillans, one of the Directors, and his lady, have reached Madagascar in safety; and whilst we were in Fianarantsoa, had an opportunity of joining with Her Majesty and myself in public worship at the camp.

"On our return to the capital, they had again an audience of Her Majesty and myself in the palace, and on that occasion they presented your address, dated London, June 30, 1873, together with the various presents sent by your Society to Her Majesty and myself.

"The address has been carefully perused, and its contents duly noted by Her Majesty, and I am authorised by her to answer it.

"I have to inform you that, through the blessing of the Divine Being, Her Majesty the Queen, myself, and all the members of the Government, are well. The kingdom enjoys peace; but more than that, Her Majesty is happy to tell you, that, by the power of the Most High and the mercy of Jesus Christ our Saviour, according to the saying, 'The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord,' God has shown mercy to our Sovereign, and has enlightened her to know Jesus Christ, and has endowed her with strength, so that from the time when she began to receive the Gospel, she has led and encouraged her subjects to serve God and pray to Him through Jesus Christ, and to be dilligent in using all opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge. She has also done her best to help the missionaries of your Society, so that, during the reign of Her Majesty Ranavalomanjaka, the kingdom of Christ has made great progress in Madagascar, and the number of believers has increased more than during any period, notwithstanding the way in which the missionaries for many years contended with difficulties, and exerted themselves to the utmost. But still the Queen continues to pray God that His kingdom may advance until the joyful words shall be fulfilled which say, 'They shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

"Her Majesty the Queen thanks you, the Directors, and all the constituents of the Society, because she knows your ardent desire to benefit her kingdom by your sending missionaries and teachers to preach and teach the Gospel and other useful knowledge, from the reign of His Majesty Radama I.

to the present time. Her Majesty therefore wishes me to assure you that the missionaries and teachers sent by you to labour in Madagascar shall continue to enjoy her protection, and be allowed full liberty to preach the Gospel, and to impart useful knowledge, in accordance with the laws of the kingdom.

"Our friends, the Rev. Dr. Mullens, and the Rev. J. Pillans, have been allowed perfect liberty to travel wherever they have pleased to visit the churches of Madagascar; they have had full opportunities of making their own observations, and will be able to bring you a reliable report of the state of things here. May God protect them to reach you in safety! What they have done here has been good, and has given us much pleasure. They are worthy men, and well fitted to act as the representatives of you, our friends, across the seas. We are especially pleased with their words, saying—'We do not trade nor desire to gain anything for ourselves, but only that the people may know Jesus Christ.' These are indeed very good words, for they show both the excellence of your views, and also what will be sought by your good brethren the missionaries in Madagascar.

"Her Majesty thanks you very much for you kind message, and the good wishes for the prosperity of her kingdom; and she prays God that they may be fulfilled. She also thanks you for the presents you sent her, and accepts them as a mark of your friendly feeling towards her.

"And I, too, thank you very much for the nice presents you sent to me.

"Her Majesty also desires me to thank you for the very kind care you have taken of Rapenoelina, for he was sent by her Government that he might obtain a good English education. What you have done for him has given Her Majesty great satisfaction, as his progress is already manifest from his letters to me. Her Majesty will be pleased if you convey to Rapenoelina's teacher the thanks of herself and her Government, for his instruction and kind care has given her very much pleasure.

"May the Almighty God bless you in your useful labours for the evangelising of mankind, and may He give to the people earnest hearts to help you to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ among all nations.

"That, dear friends, is the wish of Her Majesty, the Queen of Madagascar, and myself for you all.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"In the name of Her Majesty the Queen of Madagascar,

"Your Sincere Friend,

"RAINILAIARIVONY,

"Prime Minister.

"Given at the Court of Her Majesty, the Queen of Madagascar, at Antananarivo, this 18th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1874."

The Rev. Hugh Goldie, in a series of interesting papers which have appeared in the "Missionary Record" of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, very graphically describes the Calabar of the Past and the Calabar of the Present. It is impossible to peruse the following narration of the circumstances under which a few devoted men consecrated themselves to the work of an African mission, without being solemnly impressed with the wonderful overruling Providence of God in making the very curse of Africa—the slave-trade—to operate in its redemption from a worse than Egyptian bondage. That the fatherland of those emancipated slaves whom the missionaries had gathered into their congregations, should have engaged the attention of themselves and their people, is creditable alike to the men and to the cause which they had espoused. The success which has attended their efforts, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, is full of encouragement as to the future of the whole Continent of Africa. Mr. Goldie says:—

"In entering upon the consideration of the Calabar of the Present, my thoughts naturally go back to Jamaica, the gem of the Caribbean Sea, where I commenced my work in the mission field, and where memory delights to dwell amongst the scenes and people, then all so novel to me and full of interest. From our Jamaica mission, the most successful of our foreign enterprises, the Calabar mission sprang, and its offshoot showed its vitality. Buxton's book on the African slave-trade, and the Great Niger expedition, created much interest amongst the religious community of Britian on behalf of the intertropical negro tribes, which had for ages been the victims of this traffic. The Act of Emancipation having by this time set free the slaves of our West Indian colonies, the brethren who then occupied our Jamaica mission took earnest counsel together, consulting whether something might be attempted by them on behalf of the fatherland of those whom they had gathered into their congregations, and who might, to a considerable extent, supply an agency for any such enterprise. All devoted themselves before God to an African mission, should it be undertaken; and it being resolved on, Mr. H. M. Waddell was appointed by his brethren to lead the enterprise. He set sail for Scotland, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley, sen., and three natives of Jamaica, to lay the cause before the Church at home, and solicit its support. The mission was warmly taken up in Scotland, and a great interest excited even beyond our denominational connection. All were ready to bid it God speed.

"In seeking a location on the African coast, through the agency of the late Dr. Fergusson, Liverpool, who, so long as he was able, freely spent himself in its service, it was guided into the region watered by the Calabar river. The chiefs of that part of the continent had then entered into treaty with our Government to abandon the slave-trade, and, through the hands of a countryman trading to their river, they sent us an invitation to go amongst

them. We thus entered as friends; no such calamity as that of the late Ashantee war opened the way for us; and, going on their own invitation, we could ask them to give ear to the message of divine truth which we brought to them.

"The mission embarked in a small vessel, the *Warree*, kindly supplied by a Liverpool merchant, and, after a tedious and stormy voyage, entered the Calabar river in the beginning of 1846. Mr. Jameson followed a few months after, and Mr. Waddell, after locating Mr. Edgerley and the native agents, having come across in the *Warree* to Jamaica, to give an account to his constituents of his procedure and how he had sped, I accompanied him on his return, to take part in the work of the African mission.

"On entering into the African wilderness, it was found necessary to clear the bush and build houses; for though our countrymen had been trading with the natives for centuries, the traffic had hitherto been the slave-trade, which, so far from doing anything to elevate them, was a terrible power, necessarily sinking them into utter barbarism. Land was given us at our choice on which to build, to be ours so long as we occupied it, but they declined to give us absolute property in it. They could not sell their country, they said; nor amongst themselves do they know anything of absolute individual property in the soil. It belongs to the community; each town has its part of it, and each family has its share of that which belongs to their town, which the members of the family hold so long as they occupy it. By this tenure all land is held.

"In clearing the bush off the site chosen, it was found to be a receptacle of dead bodies, thrown out unburried, as the custom was; so that an application had to be made to King Eyamba, who then held power, to prohibit the practice so far as the mission ground was concerned. Ere long, houses were erected at Duke Town and Creek Town, the principal seats of population, and, through course of time, at Old Town, Ikunetu, and Ikorofiong, thus forming five principal stations. With these are now associated a number of out-stations, supplied by native agents, the two last formed of which have been thrown into tribes beyond Calabar. From a lack of European agency, we are still unable to proceed much into the interior from Calabar, as our base of operations—a purpose we are anxious to carry out.

"As a few of the natives, in trafficking with English ships, had picked up our tongue so far, they use English words, according to their own idiom, which seemed at first most barbarous, and hard to be understood. Meetings were from the beginning held on Sabbath, for the preaching of the Gospel through interpreters. The people, of course, knew not the seventh-day rest, nor the mode of observance. They had, we found, an eight-day week, one day of which was held in special honour by them as a sort of holiday—a traditional remnant, no doubt, of the primeval Sabbath; and they could not

at once get out of their own reckoning into ours, nor, when they knew the day of divine appointment, were they ready to give it the observance required.

"At Duke Town there was special difficulty in getting public meetings for divine worship and interpreters to be our mouths to the people. King Eyamba sometimes undertook the duty, not very willingly, and was apt to fall asleep during the discourse, so that, on awakening when the time came for his interpretation of what had been said, he was utterly nonplussed. His brother Ekpenyong—Mr Young, as he was called by our countrymen—was a much more intelligent man, and after the king's death acted for some time as interpreter; but he could not be implicitly trusted to render faithfully what he heard, nor to abstain from giving his own comment, which might do away with the effect of the declaration of divine truth. For instance, on one occasion, when Mr. Anderson thought he was faithfully giving to the audience in Efik what he had just spoken in English, he learned by subsequent information that Mr. Young was giving directions about some work he wished the people to set about. On another occasion, Mr. Anderson had as his subject the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and in interpreting what was said of the condition of the former in the present life, Mr. Young added, 'I wish I were like that man.'

"At Creek Town we had in King Eyo one who was far in advance of his fellow-countrymen, and who was really desirous of promoting our object, so far as instruction in the common duties and moralities of life was concerned. He was careful to give us a meeting in his yard regularly on Sabbath, and even proposed to call in the people of his town by tuck of Egbo drum, so as to secure a large audience. Him we could trust faithfully to interpret what was said, whatever his own view of the truth might be; frequently, after doing so, propounding his own objection or difficulty with all frankness, or putting his question for further elucidation of the statements made. One difficulty was constantly coming up—a difficulty as obvious to the savage on attaining a right view of the divine character as to the sage, and as great to the latter as to the former—the existence of evil in the universe of a God infinite in goodness and infinite in power. But these difficulties and questions we were glad to hear, indicating, as they did, how the truth struck the native mind, and the line of instruction to be taken in order to convey the one to the other.

"It was felt, however, that the method of teaching through interpreters, however good they might be, was unsatisfactory, and that, to get close to the people and effectually to reach their minds, it was necessary to acquire their tongue, the Efik. To this all the agents have addressed themselves as a first duty, and all, male and female, have made the acquisition who have been long enough in the country to do so. A few notes respecting the Efik may be interesting to those who incline to the study of languages. It is a dialect

of the language spoken in Ibibio, a country which stretches between the Calabar river and Ibo, on the Niger, and from which, as formerly stated, the Calabar people have come. All the Negro tongues are divided in the gross into two great families, though all are in idiom very much one. Our language, and all to the north of us, form the one family; all south of our river form the other. Very much one in idiom, as I have said, they are in this closely allied to the Semitic tongues. Indeed, not only in the idiom of their languages, but in manners and customs, the children of Ham are much more closely allied to those of Shem than we of Japhet are to either. In the formation of most other parts of speech from the verb as a root, our language resembles the Hebrew and its allied tongues. The root with us is mostly monosyllabic, and our nouns and adjectives are commonly formed by prefixing a vowel. Thus, *bok*, to feed; *ubok*, the hand, the feeder: *no*, to give; *eno*, a gift: *bat*, to count; *ibat*, a reckoning: *sanga*, to walk; *esang*, a staff; *isang*, a journey. A participial noun may also be formed from any verb by prefixing *eri*, as, *nam*, to do; *erinam*, the making or doing; and by prefixing *andi*, a performative noun is formed, as, *andinam*, the maker or doer. In a similar manner adjectives and adverbs are formed from the verb. Very few nouns undergo inflexion to indicate number or gender; case is indicated, except in the personal pronoun, only by position. In that important part of speech, the verb, the Efik does not form its moods and tenses exactly coincident with those of the English, and it has as a peculiarity a regular negative form. Thus, *anam*, he does; *inamke*, he does not; *edep*, he buys; *idepke*, he does not buy; and so throughout.

"Finding the Calabar people without an alphabet, we of course gave them our own, so far as it was required. *l* we rejected as redundant; and the sounds represented by *j*, *l*, *v*, *x*, *z*, are not found in their language. The omission of *l* is remarkable, and a serious defect so far as euphony is concerned; yet the language does not sound unpleasantly. The collection of a stock of words was the first thing to be seen to. Mr. Waddell, with characteristic energy, set himself to do so while he and Mr. Edgerley were clearing the bush and getting a house built; and by the time he left for Jamaica he had a small vocabulary lithographed, which formed our study in our tedious voyage from thence to Calabar, on reaching which we found Mr. Edgerley had got it printed. This task of word-collecting, simple as it may appear, and especially that of acquiring the native idiom, so different from our own, we found to be of considerable difficulty. No books existing to help us in the work, we were also destitute of the professional teacher, of whose aid our brethren in Eastern missions can avail themselves. Moreover, in seeking amongst the natives the information we wished, never having had their minds turned to such inquiries, even when endeavouring to give what we desired, they frequently gave erroneous responses; and possibly, after having their

attention taxed for ten or fifteen minutes, they got tired, and answered at random, so as to get quit of the annoyance, as they deemed it, to which we were subjecting them. However, this tedious preliminary work of acquiring the language and giving it a written form, was eventually accomplished—a work which is done to the hands of those who may come after us, enabling them to attain free intercourse with the people in their own tongue at much less expense of time and labour.

"Having done this, we set ourselves to compose books, catechisms, reading-books, hymns, for use in school and church; and when we had collected the bulk of the language into a dictionary, we commenced the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Should God spare us to accomplish this, we conceived that we should have done that which would justify all the expense of the mission, and would give to Calabar a gift which would secure that, whatever became of us, divine truth would live and grow in the land. By the good hand of God upon us, our prayers have been answered, our purpose accomplished, and by the kind aid of the Scottish National Bible Society, for several years the people have been in the possession of the whole of the Scriptures in their own tongue. The Efik translation is one of the three complete translations of the Bible in the languages of the Negro race, and I believe it was the first.

"In accomplishing such work, Missionary and Bible Societies manifest themselves to be the great literary societies of the world. No literary or scientific society has ever given to any people an alphabet. This work, of importance above all others, has been taken up by the former class of societies. By them the rude speech of the savage is formed into a written medium of communication, and made to utter those sacred oracles which 'bring life and immortality to light,' by revealing Christ and salvation through Him. And it is well that the work is left to such agency, as thereby the foundations of the literature of so many nations are laid in Christian truth.

"Thus, then, was this preparatory work accomplished—stations formed, as we had agents to occupy them, with their regular means of instruction in church and school; the language acquired and written, and the Scriptures translated into it. What good can now be reported as the result of all this? Much, in many respects, to the whole of the tribe, by which it is raised from that utter state of barbarism in which we found it; though but a small part of it is yet intelligently acquainted with the gospel, and a part still smaller has received it to the saving of the soul. In evidence of this, the following beneficial changes, which have passed over the community as a whole, may be named.

"The slave-trade was abolished, as I have stated, before we entered the country, but domestic slavery still prevails, as throughout Africa, with the

exception of English settlements. This, however, in Calabar, is now much mitigated. Those entering the Church who are in the position of slaveholders give up all claim of property in their people; but beyond these, and throughout the territory, the condition of the slave is ameliorated. The King Eyo I have named frequently urged this fact upon his people as a reason why they should attend to the teaching of the mission, as they, of all people, had derived most benefit from its location amongst them. The circumstance that we are living in their midst and moving amongst them, that the mission-house is recognised as a house of refuge, and the humanizing effect of the truth even where the whole of the life is not given up to its influence, have produced this happy result, and will eventually do away with this state of society, which, though existing in native Africa in quite a different and far milder form than that it assumed in our West India colonies and in the Southern American States, is always, and necessarily, wherever present, destructive of manhood in the individual and in the community.

"The power of Egbo is gradually diminishing, and as it disappears will make room for a juster system of general government. As in patriarchal times, every man is king in his own house, and has theoretically absolute power over his dependants, who are bound together, even the purchased slaves, in a close clanship. Every village, moreover, has its king or head-man, who is supposed to attend to all the interests of the town, a great part of his time being given to the administration of justice, or, as our country-men phrase it, settling palavers. When any matter of general concernment, however, is to be settled, the heads of the Egbo fraternity meet, and determine what is to be done. The society consists of several grades, admission to each of which is got by purchase, not by right of birth. Egbo himself is supposed to be a supernatural being, who resides in the forest, and is brought into the town, carefully concealed, only on great occasions. His *idems* or representatives, however, are frequently seen running about the street in hideous disguise, and, in the higher grades, armed with a formidable whip, which they lay mercilessly on any not free person of the grade he represents whom he meets. He has a pretty large bell attached to his back, which as he walks gives notice of his approach, so that all may keep out of his way. By sending out Egbo, a tumult can be quelled speedily; and, in fact, the institution is an exceedingly rude form of general government, and is made the instrument of much oppression. To resist Egbo is death, and most Egbo laws have this terrible sanction. A man of influence can at his pleasure send Egbo to destroy the house or even village of any who may have excited his wrath, and this spoliation must be submitted to; the only redress to be had, moreover, being retaliation in the same way on the spoiler. Whatever Egbo does must be unquestioned. Every member of the society can employ its power at his pleasure, and one not free of it can, by bribe or payment to one

who is, get the use of this power to enforce any claim, just or unjust, or wreak out his malice. This instrument of oppression is gradually decaying, and the 'reign of law' in a more righteous form will by degrees take its place.

"In connection with this I may notice another step in advance, in the abolition of substitution in the case of capital punishment. Formerly, an individual having forfeited his life by breach of Egbo law could give one of his own people to die in his room, or purchase a victim for execution, and Egbo, having drunk blood, was satisfied. This custom is now abolished; every one must answer for his own deed—a happy change, which will tend to make the Egbo code less bloody. A formal pledge to abolish it, I may state, was given in writing to the representatives of the British Government, who, it is but right to say, have always been ready to second our efforts to induce Calabar to do away with its customs of blood.

"The heads of the country have laid aside the poison ordeal in the administration of justice. The people, in the depth of their ignorance not knowing God, did not recognise His hand in the visitation of sickness or death, but 'living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another,' on such an occurrence attributed it to the malice of some one, wrought out by the dreaded power of witchcraft or wizardy, and the individual on whom suspicion fixed itself, or whom the juju man on being consulted accused, was subjected to the ordeal. The method of administering it was to pound the *esere*, a kind of bean, throw it into water, and make the accused drink it. If the stomach rejected the poisonous draught, he was acquitted; if not rejected, it was sure to issue in death, and the accused was held for ever guilty. Many perished through this superstition; but now, even the appeal to the ordeal by individuals anxious to vindicate themselves from suspicion or charge of evil, is discouutenanced.

"An effective breach is made in that most unnatural of their customs, infanticide. They are desirous of having a numerous offspring, and in his prayer which the patriarch of the town made on sacrificing the goat to Ekpo before the palaver-house to provide an Egbo feast, he supplicated that children might be given them, that their town might increase. The dark superstition which Satan had taught them led them in certain cases to destroy their infants, and the strongest feeling which God has implanted in the human breast, that of the love of the mother for her new-born babe, was turned by it into hatred and loathing. Children, rescued from the terrible doom to which this superstition devoted them, are now growing up amongst us; and though the crime, I am sorry to say, is still too often committed, it no longer has the force of a country custom, the observance of which must be observed in its integrity.

"The practice of human sacrifice for the dead, which ever filled the land with blood, has for several years been abolished. The immediate occurrence

which, by Mr. Anderson's united action, seconded by our countrymen in the river, secured this took place at Duke Town. On the death of an individual of some note, a number of victims were slaughtered and buried with him, and others were penned up for slaughter. This information Mr. Anderson got from refugees who took shelter at the mission-house; and asking the aid of our countrymen, which was heartily given, he charged the authorities of the town with their deed, and demanded that those shut up should be let go. The facts, as usual, were denied; but Mr. Anderson was sure of his information, and proposed that the grave should be examined in order to test the matter. They then confessed what had been done, liberated those in bonds, and, after the heads of Duke and Creek Towns had consulted together, they resolved to accede to our constant remonstrances, and the remonstrances of our fellow-countrymen, official and otherwise, and with much ceremony proclaimed the abolition of the custom. We rejoiced in this happy issue to our efforts to bring to an end this custom of blood, which no longer pollutes our land.

"Such changes, irrespective of the higher influences of the gospel, have passed over the native community, and in themselves amply repay the Home Church for all she has expended on Calabar. The gospel has much more to do amongst the intertropical tribes of intertropical Africa than among the semi-civilised Asiatic nations. Their customs of blood, for the most part a legacy of the slave-trade, have to be extinguished; and the broken fragments of nations left by the devastations of that terrible scourge have to be united, their tribal antagonisms removed, and formed by the peace-making power of the truth into civilised commonwealths. This great work the gospel will gradually accomplish, and make a people of such as are now no people.

"To a certain extent the governmental power of Britain can aid in this result; and holding this view, the policy which the present Ministry has adopted on the Gold Coast has given me much satisfaction. There are wise and good men who would have us abandon the coast, and leave the natives to themselves, so far as our governmental influence is concerned. But for what purpose is our great power in the world given us, if not that we may exercise it for the benefit of such degraded portions of our race? Non-intervention as regards civilised nations may be a sound political creed, but surely it is misapplied when quoted to rule our conduct towards these negro tribes. If we use our great wealth, to which every clime contributes, and our great influence, which every country acknowledges, as if all owed loyalty to the British crown, merely for our own aggrandisement, do we not act much in the spirit which dictated the response, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Moreover, these tribes have a claim of justice at our hands, and that of the strongest. Britain, in by-past times, took the lead in the slave-trade. She was the principal criminal in perpetrating that crime which devastated Africa,

and sunk her tribes into the state of savagism in which we now find them. Would it be righteous in her to turn away from them, and leave them to welter as best they may out of that state of darkness and blood into which she exerted her power formerly to sink them? Surely common justice requires that she endeavour to undo the evil she has done, and use that power to save which was formerly used to destroy.

"Around our older stations, the Sabbath is now as well observed outwardly as it is in most of our British towns. Frequent meetings are held on that day and throughout the week, as most of the instruction received by the people is through the ear. We have therefore to give 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.' To Sabbath school and church service the regular attenders are seen wending their way, having now assumed a decent covering of their nakedness, and many of them with their Bible and hymn-book. In Duke and Creek towns especially, being the chief seats of population, are there respectable congregations as to number and appearance. In the latter, the audience ranges from one hundred and fifty in the season of farm-work, when the people are scattered into the country, to two hundred and fifty, when gathered into the town during the rains; in the former, the attendance may average from three hundred to six hundred. These higher numbers are about a tenth of the population commonly attributed to these towns respectively.

"Of those regularly waiting on the means of instruction, a number have come forward to profess the Christian faith, and have been received into the Church by baptism. These have been formed into four churches at Duke Town, Creek Town, Ikunetu, and Ikorofiong. The native converts in these four churches may number one hundred. A falling away from profession of the truth, or a lapse on the part of one numbered in the membership of the Church, is so detrimental to the cause of the gospel in the midst of heathenism, where Christianity is necessarily judged by the conduct of those who profess it, that a long period of trial and preparation is, as a rule, imposed on all offering themselves for baptism, that their sincerity may be tested so far as may be, and that they may thoroughly understand that which they wish to profess and the duties they desire to assume. Our congregations also regularly contribute, as an act of divine worship, of their substance. This we have to go about awkwardly, as we do not understand coin. The articles of trade brought out by European ships are our money, and these are deposited in the somewhat capacious receptacles placed to receive the offerings. It is not so much the amount contributed, as the inculcation of the duty, that is our care at present; but even the former is very creditable to our native churches.

"Of that of Creek Town, where my sphere of duty lies, I may speak more particularly. The native members number upwards of fifty, and the

congregation proper, including individuals of all ages who are in any way connected with the church, numbers two hundred and fifty. These are regularly organised, having their elders and deacons. One of the latter has lately been crowned King of Creek Town and its dependencies, under the title of Eyo VII. He long declined the dignity, fearing that, as the heathen party is still the stronger in the community, he might be drawn into something which would be inconsistent with his profession as a Christian; but as no one else could occupy the position, and as much inconvenience resulted from his declinature, he has at length yielded to the importunity of his fellow-countrymen, and accepted the honour, on the condition that he discharge the duties of his office on Christian principles. At his coronation by the British Consul, that there might be no misunderstanding, he announced in English and in the native tongue that only on these principles would he administer the power given. On the following Sabbath he was at his post in the Sabbath school as usual; his wife also, who is likewise a member of the Church, and has been advanced to the status of teacher. Let the prayers of the friends of missions be offered, that he may be enabled to make good all that he has purposed and spoken, and that his influence may be extensively for good throughout this district and in the country at large.

"All, male and female, who are received into the membership of the Church, are instructed that it is their duty to disseminate the knowledge of divine truth which they have acquired amongst their heathen neighbours, and endeavour to draw them to Christ. This duty on the whole is very well attended to. Our young men, when going to tribes beyond us in pursuit of their traffic, carry their books with them, and on Sabbath lay aside their business, and read and speak to any who may be disposed to listen. But besides this, there is a number of our young men, about sixteen, who have given themselves, as a native agency, entirely to the work of the mission, teaching school during the week, and holding meetings on the Sabbath. These are located in out-stations, and have on the whole proved themselves worthy of their office. One of these, Esien Esien Ukpabio, was some time ago ordained to the office of the ministry. Our first native convert, he became our first native teacher, and is now our first native minister. For a good many years he has commended himself as a consistent professor of the faith and an efficient instructor of his countrymen, securing the respect of those without as well as those within the Church. We expect that he will enter into a new field, among a tribe where we have yet no station.

"The last formed of these out-stations has been thrown into the Uwet tribe, beyond which Mr. Edgerley has been of late penetrating. The people of this locality were gradually disappearing from the face of the earth by the frequent recourse they had to the poison ordeal, the whole population of a village occasionally taking it, in order to destroy the dreadful power of *Ifot*

amongst them. Those who survived joyfully proclaimed themselves pure. They were thus destroying themselves, and in some places mounds of clay only remain to show where hamlets once stood. The gospel may yet be in time to save them; but they sometimes resent the interference of our two native agents, Efium Otu and Eyo Ekanem, to prevent the administration of the ordeal; and having all faith in their dark superstitions, accuse us of shielding murderers in the perpetration of their secret deeds. We trust that ere long their eyes will be opened to see that these superstitions are their destruction and to receive in the gospel light and life, temporal and eternal.

"But these native superstitions are not the only means by which the kingdom of Satan is upheld, and the evangelistic efforts of the Church opposed. The flood of strong drink poured upon the coast by our traders builds a wall of 'triple granite' in defence of that kingdom, and a formidable barrier in the way of the spread of the power of Christ. Now that, happily, the slave-trade is extinct on the West Coast—a great fact, which I think has not been sufficiently recognised, so that God may have the praise which is His due—European commerce should be only a blessing to the poor tribes. As it is, it would be well for them that they never saw a European ship. A great part of their industry is exchanged for that which is their destruction, soul and body, and which our merchants, if they were wise, must see will be a preventive to the advancement of the tribe in commercial prosperity as in everything else which is good. This traffic in the 'fire-water,' while it renders missionary operations doubly necessary, doubles their difficulty, and consequently their expense in money and life. When will Christian men lay to heart their conduct in this matter? and when will the Church affix her stigma to such merchandise, which, as much as the heathenism of the natives, stands in the way of the successful accomplishment of her great work in the world?

"The fact that the people among whom we labour are not homogeneous as to nationality, is another circumstance which impedes the realisation of the immediate results so much desired. Our population is made up of the representatives of about thirteen different tribes, the Calabar people proper being a minority in the land. These being constantly brought in from the interior, bring with them their different tongues, their maxims, superstitions, and their tribal antagonism, and cannot be operated on as one people. In our Creek Town church, nine different tribes have representatives, and the tribe most numerously represented in our little Christian community is that not of Calabar, but Mburukom, the locality of which, in the heart of the continent, we do not yet know. But this circumstance, which in the meantime delays the much-wished-for success, will, we trust, eventually be, by the divine blessing, made conducive to the more extensive and rapid diffusion of the gospel in the unknown interior behind us. Such is the happy experience of the older

missions on the coast similarly circumstanced, especially those of Sierra Leone. There, where all the intertropical tribes are represented in those rescued from slave-ships or their descendants, a native agency of teachers and ministers has been raised up, not only to supply the schools and pulpits of the colony and its dependencies, but to enter those countries whence they or their fathers came with the light of divine truth. The Niger mission, the nearest to us on the coast, is entirely manned by a native agency, and superintended by Bishop Crowther, himself rescued from a slave-ship in his boyhood. At Sierra Leone we have just learned that he lately took from there thirteen additional native agents, to plant in the various mouths of the Niger. Such, we trust, will eventually be the experience of the Calabar mission. The natives of distant interior tribes, brought into contact with the gospel in Calabar, receiving it to the salvation of their souls, and instructed so as to be able to teach it to others, will, we hope, be raised up as an agency, and that the most effective, for evangelising the unknown regions whence they have come. May God graciouly grant our prayer, and accomplish our hopes in this, that so His own promise meets its fulfilment, and 'Ethiopia soon stretch out her hands to God.'

"Situated on the margin of an unknown continent, where the power of Satan has hitherto been unquestioned, our position does not resemble that of the missionaries of the South Seas, who can stretch their influence around their little insular communities; nor of our brethren in south Africa, where long-established missions have planted their stations thickly throughout the land. We stand and gaze on a vast field, into which we have recently entered—a field which would more than absorb all denominational effort, and which, moreover, is left entirely to ourselves. Realizing these facts, let us redouble our efforts, and with all prayer and patience and perseverance address ourselves to the work, until the true light shine throughout all these widespread regions."

The Rev. Dr. Robb, of the Calabar Mission, Ikorofiong, in writing home on the subject of African Evangelisation, remarks:—"To Christianise Africa is one of the hardest tasks before the Church of Christ. The negroitic races have been allowed to sink to the lowest depth. There are greater facilities for spreading the knowledge of God among the peoples of Asia than can be found in Africa. The former is healthier far than tropical Africa; its greater populations can be largely reached by Christian literature at the very outset; and a higher class of native Christian labourers is furnished even by the first generation of its converts. We have now obtained pretty extensive information about the negro tribes, and never yet has one been found possessed of a literature, or that could be influenced or instructed beyond the reach of the living voice of the evangelist.

"When the Hamites entered on their inheritance—the African conti-

nent—after the flood, as they advanced into its virgin areas, what a herculean task lay before them! What a struggle had they with their surroundings! With miasma from its low, damp, alluvial fringe, like wet, green wood, making the fire of life to burn low—with a prodigious vegetation, which to this day they have never conquered, and with the other varied difficulties which the people of such a region have to encounter!

"There need be no doubt that much of this dispersion into the unhealthy tracts has been due to mutual violence, and not to a healthy emigration. Within small areas, as in the region of the Old Calabar and Cross Rivers, we find ten or twelve different languages, showing a jumbling together of tribal fragments, which must be due to a violent disruption and dispersion.

"And to these internal conditions we must add all that the superior races have done for so many centuries to degrade and destroy the negro tribes. Mahommedans, spreading themselves from the Mediterranean shores, from Egypt and from Arabia, have overrun the healthier regions of the large northern and central sections of Africa, inserting themselves like a wedge far to the south, preying upon the Pagan tribes, crushing them piecemeal, enslaving and selling vast numbers. And the Christian nations of Europe have come on to the scene with a busy commerce, not to bless and save, but with the offer of conveniences, ornaments, luxuries, and intoxicants, tempting them through their intense avarice to prey on one another, in order to supply the materials of the slave-trade. If we take a comprehensive and a fair view of the history and circumstances of the negro race, we shall not be surprised at their present and their past degradation.

"Now these very difficulties, these causes of negro wretchedness, are also very serious obstacles to the evangelisation of Africa. Look at the climate. On the extensive western fringe, and in many interior parts, and not less in large tracts on the eastern coast, the conditions are such as to make good working health in Europeans the rare exception, while they intensify the effects of the moral causes which make the natives inert and sluggish, without pluck, and without enterprise. Vast uncultivated alluvial tracts, in which heat and moisture force a most luxuriant vegetation; extensive lagoons of half-stagnant water; a sparse population, confining agriculture to limited areas, while the rest of the surface is covered with dense jungle and forest; and mud-laden streams, flowing lazily over long levels—all tend to produce an atmosphere laden with miasma. And no improvement can take place until the population becomes numerous enough to occupy the soil, and intelligent enough to grapple with the difficulties of the situation.

"Yet commerce faces all this peril to gather wealth. Europeans are found willing to go for trade to every part of this region of 'proved pestilence.' They have long been living at places where no missionary had ever ventured for the kingdom of the Lord. Our commerce is gathering profit where the

Church has not yet sought to gather souls. Our commerce is spreading, our manufactures and our intoxicants, among barbarians to whom the Church has not yet imparted the knowledge of salvation.

"And is it to be said that missionaries cannot go where merchants go? And that men expose their lives for commerce, but there are not zeal and conscience in the Church of Christ sufficient to carry the light of the gospel into the darkness, but that the dread of contact with men so debased and vile, and of breathing an atmosphere so pernicious to health, terrifies the soldiers of the cross of Christ? There are those who say that it is wrong to send missionaries to pestilential shores, so long as there are healthy regions that have not been fully Christianised. Christ's commission does not except unhealthy climates. If Christ's servants were expected to face other dangers—those arising from the hostility of the devil and his brood—are they to shrink from the perils of unhealthy climates? The 'wisdom of the serpent' was to guide Christians in taking proper measures to cope with the former; and may the same wisdom and good sense which we use in directing our others affairs in these regions, not serve to guide us in our evangelistic enterprises in the same? Nothing in the life and labours of our Lord and of His apostles warrants us to expect that we can escape every sort of peril in advancing His kingdom. And such dangers as these do not warrant Christ's servants to refuse the knowledge of God to any people that does not drive it away by violence.

"Our commerce instructs us. It works by relays; it studies the health and safety of its agents; it does not overwork them; it does not doom them to protracted service; it tries to alleviate the discomforts, and to lessen the dangers, that must be faced on the coast of Guinea. It profits by the teachings of experience, and is ready to adopt any expedient that will facilitate its aims. Many die in the service of commerce, but still others have hitherto been found to take their places; and we never hear the critics of commerce condemn men as foolish in risking their lives for profit, as some would blame us because we risk them for the kingdom of Christ and the salvation of the elect, that they may obtain the 'eternal glory.'

"The Church should select the fittest men and women for such a climate, and the best means known should be used to preserve them. The laws of health should be ascertained and obeyed; and the fact that there are those who have laboured steadily on the coast of Africa for fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty years, shows that others may still do the same until the divine blessing so prospers the work of their hands, that eventually Christian churches shall have been formed, and native Christian teachers raised up, to maintain and extend the enterprise.

"There can be no doubt whatever that Africa within the tropics is most unfavourable to European health. I would not say a word calculated to

produce the impression that it is not pre-eminently unhealthy. Its native people—in this region at least—are a weak and short-lived race. The 'bush' has conquered them. They seem helpless in the presence of the rank vegetation of the jungle and the forest. Too few to possess their own land, they have not the industry, intelligence, and vigour that are necessary to subdue the earth, and make it minister to their own uses and those of other countries beyond the merest fraction of its possibilities. Except the palm, whose sap is their favourite drink, and a few cocoa-nuts, our natives plant no trees. The *Elæis Guineensis*—the oil palm—which is the wealth of the region, has never been cultivated or even planted by their hands. Europeans are competing with one another for the seven or eight tons of produce obtained from this river. There are thousands of acres covered with useless vegetation, which might be planted with palm-trees so as to increase that produce; but the people laugh at the suggestion that they should plant them. This shows the utter want of industry, intelligence, and docility on the part of the people. And their region cannot be bettered in climate until a new era of intelligence and industry dawn upon it.

"If it be among the divine purposes that this most debased and grovelling race shall become a Christian people, and that this land shall smile with homes of purity, and goodness, and peace, how otherwise can the purpose pass into fact than by our facing the present peril, and going among its populations with that truth of the gospel by which the Spirit of God works His miracles of mercy?

"I look upon European and American missionaries on this coast as pioneers. Our enterprise could not, in the nature of things, be originated by its barbarous tribes, without this aggressive foreign agency. And the day is not yet come when the freed Africans of America and of the West Indies may take the work in hand, and do it as it ought to be done. Let them come—men and means—in adequate numbers and fitness, and amount, and we will gladly give them the vantage we have gained, and bid them God-speed. But we must see them, and measure their promise, and gauge their fitness in mental and moral thew and sinew for the warfare, before we can feel justified in giving over to them the conduct of an enterprise that involves such momentous issues for God's glory and man's salvation. And therefore our own Church and the other Churches into whose hands Christ has put the commencement of this evangelisation of Africa must renew rather than relax their efforts, and send the fittest men to the field, and use the best methods to preserve them and make their agency effective.

"The difficulties we have referred to should have no effect, except that of making us the more docile to the teaching of experience. We who spend our lives here, and risk them for the kingdom of Christ, are not the silly fools that some insinuate we are. The Christian Churches that send us hither with

their benediction, and follow us with their love and prayers, are not deficient in brain and sense; and this alleged deficiency is not the cause of their sending us. The true Israel must not get ashamed of the warfare with which the great Captain has charged them, by either the irony or the banter of certain literary or even ecclesiastical sceptics.

"The remarkable and preternatural greed, selfishness, and jealousy of heathen negroes on the west coast also oppose serious obstacles to our work. These ill qualities have split them into these numerous fragments, ever ready to prey upon and oppress one another. And knowing only the outcome of the bad that is in man, they regard strangers with suspicion. Their greed overmasters the consideration of what is obviously for their true advantage. This leads the tribes near the coast, with whom Europeans come into contact, to bar access to those beyond them. It leads them to oppose the advance of missions. Many years ago, the heads of the Efik people declared that they would make war on any tribe farther up the Cross River that should receive us to settle among them. They fancy that the trader will endeavour to follow the missionary, and they are jealous of the barter necessary for the existence of our agents and the on-carrying of our work. Where the British Government rules, religious liberty is secured, as far as Government influence can secure it. But in regions like the one under consideration we must conciliate the heathen; for his opposition cannot be overcome by any other force at the command of the missionaries of Christianity. It might be expected that all officials entrusted with the power of Britain and allowed to wield it, and those who handle her commercial might, should always stand by the cause of the kingdom of God. But we dare not count on this; we cannot always count on having their sympathies on our side, and therefore the agents of Christian enterprises must be careful what position they take up.

"The superstitions of Africa are an enormous hindrance to the reception of the truth. These superstitions are of the most puerile character, but they lead to bloodshed and barbarities of a shocking character.

"Although he cares nothing about the living God, the heathen fancies magical and supernatural power in others, or in some inanimate thing prepared by the hands of a professor of the black art. He can furnish you with a charm by which you can shoot a person without any kind of visible missile; or one which will destroy any person that may attempt to steal the fruit from your tree or the produce from your field, or who may break into your house in your absence. He can prepare what shall preserve life and health, or destroy it. He can discover who has committed a theft, or caused sickness and death. A man belonging to a village near this had to leave it recently to preserve his life. He was accused, along with a man of another village, of having caused the small-pox which recently devastated this region, by

some evil practices of a magical kind. Superstition in this fetish form pervades the whole mind and being of these heathens, and it pollutes and shapes their whole life. It is not a harmless folly this, but acts as a barrier to truth, shuts God out of their world, and occasions shocking atrocities. If a woman bears twins, this monstrosity will bring similar and other mischief upon the whole neighbourhood. If they work in their farms on certain days, the tutelary will be offended and their farms prove worthless.

"Every district has its tutelary—in some cases invisible; at another, a stone; here a large tree. These they call *idem*. Some preside over the farms or jungle land, some have power över fish. Those towards the mouth of the river, who live by fishing and shrimping, offer human beings to their *idem*. The same was done this year, a few months ago, by our neighbours. A man was purchased, and laid down, bound hand and foot, at the mouth of a small creek, half a mile hence, to perish by inches, in order that the fish *idem* might cause their fishing to be successful. These are a few specimens of the many superstitions with which heathens are deeply imbued, and by which their whole social life is shaped. It is easy to see that such superstitions are powerful obstacles to the truth of God; and they have enslaved the whole being of these people, and made them truly children of the devil.

"Lives thus shaped, and habits so gross and vicious as these, make men very bad, and produce a field which does not welcome the holy religion of Christ, but repels it with instinctive stubbornness. What changes are needed in such a field! What slavery to evil has to be overcome among such a people! A sensual life has irresistible attractions for men of our own country, and how much more for them! They do not feel the galling burden, and they desire no higher or better life.

"Such is a very imperfect sketch of the heathen Hamite. It is not surprising that those who have no faith in the promises of God look on the attempt to raise him into a Christian man as all but hopeless. Travellers, hunters, expeditioners, political, military and naval officers, and traders, all agree in picturing him as embruted, selfish, inhospitable, intensely avaricious, treacherous, and addicted to every vice. I consider that the picture is true; and my own experience has often led me to paint it in colours of equal or of deeper darkness. I do not wonder at the contempt and disgust with which such men are regarded, or the despair of many respecting their future. 'Can these dry bones live?' Scepticism asks this in mockery, and piety in sadness. I know no strength and no hope but in the command and promise of God. But these supply all the strength we require. These degraded races are among the 'all nations' whom we are commanded to disciple; they are of the 'every creature' to whom we have to preach the gospel; they are of the heathen whom Jehovah bids the Son ask as His inheritance. This is enough to warrant our efforts. We dare not mock God, and we dare not

think that God mocks us. It is well that no room is given us to debate or to hesitate. To all our doubts and difficulties, honest or pretended, there is the one plain answer, 'Go thou and preach the gospel!' It seems a hopeless task, you say, especially among the barbarous blacks of Western Africa. No doubt it seems so, and that so much as to try the confidence of the most hopeful. But, as a believer in God, and in the Bible as His word to His servants and their rule of duty, I have no choice but to go on in the seemingly hopeless enterprise. But it is the very reverse of hopeless. Unless the Bible is intended to mislead, to conceal God's thoughts instead of revealing them, the enterprise that aims at the conversion of the world is the most hopeful and the most certain of success of all enterprises to which we can put our hands. The Ethiopian is included in the promise of blessings to our race from the extension and universal establishment of the kingdom of God. And past experience, while it shows that the task of evangelising Africans on their own soil is most arduous, also assures us that there is nothing in them and in their surroundings that will refuse to yield to the steady and persevering zeal of Christians, and to that divine power that works by their agency."

Perhaps there is not to be met with, in the annals of missionary enterprise, anything more romantic than that of a gentleman of high professional standing and Christian worth, surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of a happy home, and in the enjoyment of the sympathy and society of a wide circle of admiring friends—relinquishing them all, in order that he might go forth into one of the most unhealthy and uninviting fields of missionary labour, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the difficulties and dangers which beset the path of the Christian missionary in Africa, and to consecrate his time, his talents, and his substance, to the amelioration of their lot, and in making provision for those frequent visitations of sickness and disease which have operated so fatally in the removal of many of our most promising and distinguished Christian labourers in the African mission field. Surely such an instance as the following is a sufficient answer to those who would lay an embargo on the Christian Church from sending forth labourers to the benighted children of Ham. Whatever may be the perils arising from the unhealthiness of the African climate, or the barbarism of many of its most degraded tribes, the Lord is able to devise adequate means, and to raise up an efficient instrumentality for successfully carrying out his great purposes of mercy to the inhabitants of the African continent. "Mr. John Thomson, for many years an architect in Glasgow, and an elder in Gordon Street and St. Vincent Street churches there, went out to Africa nearly four years ago to do what good he could in connection with mission work. It was especially his desire and purpose to erect on Cameroons Mountain, which rises to the height of twelve thousand feet, a sanatarium or health-station, similar to those which have been found so beneficial in India at Simla and on the Neilgherries,

where missionaries and other Europeans might be able to recruit their health without taking a long sea voyage. Besides incurring large personal expenditure, which he asks and expects no one to refund, in order to promote an enterprise on which he has set his heart, Mr. Thomson has exposed himself to toil and trouble in countless forms, and has undergone more than usual risk to health and life in the explorations he has undertaken with a view to the completion of the task he has set before him." In writing from Cameroons Mountain, July 14, 1874, he says:—

"It is now over three years since I left home, and in that interval it has been my lot to see a good deal of the strange and, to me at least, interesting. From an early period of my life Africa has had a strange fascination for me. The strength of this attraction has not diminished with advancing years, nor has actual contact dispelled its force; on the contrary, the little knowledge I have acquired has increased the desire to know more. Although I cannot boast of having travelled much in Africa, still, being untrammelled by any definite line of duty, I spent the first nine or ten months of my residence in it in visiting the various mission fields cultivated in this corner of the continent, making a longer or shorter stay at each according to circumstances, and making several short journeys into the interior. In this way I have been privileged to see more of the country and its people than others who have been long resident on the coast, but whose duties confined them more to one district.

"Two serious obstacles present themselves to those who would penetrate beyond what may be called the coast-line: first, the extreme jealousy of the native traders; and, second, the great diversity of languages. The first-mentioned has arisen out of the system of trading which has sprung up between the coast tribes and Europeans. The people occupying the coast and the banks of the large rivers, a short distance from their entrance into the sea, receive the goods from the ships in exchange for produce, convey them to the tribes immediately beyond, who pass them on again to tribes dwelling more towards the interior, and they again to people more remote, each set claiming the monopoly of trade in their own range. This system is defined, both in regard to white traders and the native tribes. At first, when our missionaries sought to penetrate into the interior, they were prevented, sometimes by force and sometimes by craft, the native traders not being able to comprehend that any white man could have other motive than that of trade; and now even, when they are somewhat better informed, they fear that if the missionary is allowed to get in, others may in course of time manage and 'spoil their trade,' as the saying is. Besides this fear as to trade, the feeling of jealousy operates seriously against white men getting much beyond the seaboard, the coast tribes having come to consider it an honour pertaining to them, to have white missionaries residing in their own

country. Hence, while in general willing to have missionaries themselves, in order to increase their importance in the eyes of the bush people, they wish to control their movements, in so far as to prevent them from residing permanently among the people of the interior. Although the missionaries may be allowed to make a journey of a few days, they cannot remain for any length of time. Were they to attempt to settle down, means would easily be found to compel them to return; supplies would be cut off, or the superstitious fears of the bush people would be so cunningly wrought upon as to make continued residence impossible; or failing these, violence would be resorted to even by those otherwise friendly. In this way many attempts to get beyond the unwholesome swamps of the seaboard have been frustrated. The whole seaboard of the West Coast of Africa, with little exception, may be said to be a region of swamps, the malaria arising from which is so deadly. Far away, ranges of hills or mountains may occasionally be discerned, and the poor missionary, enervated and dispirited, longs to go there, to be refreshed by the bracing upland breeze; but he must toil on where he is, or, in very favourable circumstances, he may be privileged to visit the desired region, and wander for a few days over hill and dale, every now and again coming upon some gushing brook or stream of pure, limpid water, reminding him of his 'ain countrie.' But he may not remain; he must return again to his home among the steaming swamps.

"The other obstacle to getting into the interior which I have mentioned is the wonderful diversity of tongues which exists in this part of Africa. A thorough knowledge of any one of the languages spoken on the coast is available for but a limited distance on either side or towards the interior. From my residence at Mapanja, about two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, a pretty extensive view is obtained of the country lying to the south and east; and I believe it is not going beyond the truth to say, that in that visible region seven or eight different languages are spoken, or dialects so widely different as to render oral communication very difficult. The distance of Cameroons from this is somewhere about sixty miles; there the Dualla is spoken. At Bimbia, about ten miles from this, the Isubu is spoken. Another language is spoken by the fishing tribe close by us; and here, on this side of the mountain, the Bakwelli is spoken. As to the other side of the mountain we are ignorant, except that some other language or languages are in use there. I have been informed of another small tribe of fishermen, inhabiting the skirt of the mangrove swamp lying between Bimbia and Cameroons, who have a distinct language of their own, and are otherwise quite a distinct tribe. The seaboard and the country for some distance inland seems to be peopled by detachments of tribes, or by remnants of tribes that are passing away.

"Such influences as these have hitherto prevented progress being made,

not only in extending missions inland, but in knowing anything reliable about the interior. On one occasion I met with a very intelligent native trader at Benita, who had travelled farther inland than most; and being desirous of gathering information on the subject, I questioned him regarding the tribes occupying those parts. Having not long before been travelling myself along the valleys of the Sierra del Chrystal mountains, I knew something about the inhabitants, but wished to know what people were behind these. He told me of several tribes occupying belts of country beyond each other, and parallel with the coast, all which were noted down. 'And what tribe beyond these?' 'The people with the two toes,' was the answer. 'Two toes?' 'Yes.' 'Like cows' feet?' 'No, just two toes.' Had he seen them himself? 'No; but had heard of them.' The man seemed quite serious, and did not mention the thing as a marvel, but as an unquestionable and well-known fact. Having got thus far, however, I closed my note-book. Africa is a strange, mysterious land! All along the coast commerce has been carried on for centuries, and yet little is known of that wide region within. It still remains a mystery. From my eyrie on the mountain I can see in clear weather a long range of mountains beyond Cameroons, stretching away towards the south; but what is beyond that mountain barrier is all unknown to me.

"In consequence of their being thus confined to the seaboard, West African missions are, humanly speaking, carried on at a great disadvantage, and at much cost of life and money. Of course the work *has* to be done, at whatever cost, but still economy should be aimed at. Besides loss of life, there is much loss sustained in consequence of the interruptions caused by the necessary absence of white agents in quest of health. During these absences active operations are in general carried on very feebly, if not altogether suspended; and as may be supposed, much of what has been done becomes undone, and requires to be re-done, while a great deal may be irrecoverably lost.

"In speaking of African missions, my remarks have reference to those which I have visited, although they may be very probably applicable to other misions on the West Coast as well. The missions to which I refer are those carried on by the American Presbyterian Board at Gaboon, Corisco, and Benita; by the Baptist Society at Cameroons and at this place, and by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland at Calabar. Roughly speaking, these three missions may be said to be about the same age—a little over thirty years. By referring to a good map or chart, you will see that Gaboon is the farthest south, and almost on the equator. The others are all to the north of that, and may be said to be contiguous to each other, in so far that no other missson intervenes. To begin with the American mission, and at its most southerly station. Gaboon was at one time well supplied with agents, but

has been for several years in a languishing condition from want of these. Much good work has been done, but a great deal, too, has been lost for want of being sustained, especially in connection with the out-stations. The principal station, Bavaka, is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell. It had fallen back sadly during their last absence at home; but a very cheering revival was experienced soon after they returned, and many members were added to the Church. This mission has been subject to peculiar vicissitudes. The Bible has been translated into the language of the leading tribe, the Mpongwi; but this tribe and two others, the Skekanis and Bakellis, among whom mission work was carried on, have been rapidly dying out, and are being supplanted by a powerful tribe from the interior, detachments of which have been for the last twenty years or so coming down the river and occupying its banks. Fresh interest in this southern portion of the mission has recently been awakened by the discovery of a large river, the Ogoveh, to the south of the Gaboon, on the banks of which a considerable branch of the Mpongwi tribe is located, and it is hoped that by this river access may be got to the interior, which is not unlikely if immediate advantage be taken of the opening, before the obstructive trade system becomes established. About the time of my coming to Africa, the American Mission received a considerable accession of agents—two married missionaries with their young wives, an unmarried male, and an unmarried female; of these six, not one is in the field now. All of them have gone home, some of them, I understand, not intending to return, having found the climate unfavourable to their health and consequent usefulness. With a few exceptions, the operations are being carried on by agents of long standing, some of them advanced in life and worn out with long-continued service, and who cannot, humanly speaking, continue many years longer.

"The Baptist mission occupies the Cameroons river, where two ordained missionaries are located. Not long since there were four married missionaries; at present there is only one actually on the ground, two being at home, and one having removed to the mountain here, to begin work among the Bakwellis. Another agent is located here in Victoria, as pastor of the little flock of settlers who came over from Fernando Po some fourteeen or fifteen years since, in consequence of the persecution to which they were subjected by the Spaniards. This mission was commenced with great spirit, but the result has come sadly short of what might have been expected. Not only was there a large force of ordained missionaries, but a small vessel was employed in connection with it, which brought about forty settlers from Jamaica, consisting of mechanics and persons versed in cultivating the soil. A settlement was formed at Bimbia, about ten miles eastward from this, where suitable buildings were erected and machinery for making sugar put up. Nothing was spared to make the undertaking successful, and yet little, very little, has resulted from that part of the scheme. Several of the missionaries and almost

all the settlers returned to Jamaica, the buildings fell into decay, and Bimbia has long ceased to be the merest out-station. It has lapsed to heathendom. Ultimately the school, which was continued under the care of a native agent, was given up, and the few converts removed to this place.

"For many years a good work was carried on at Fernando Po—chiefly, however, among the semi-civilised settlers, who had been drawn thither from Sierra Leone and other parts of the coast at the time the British held possession of the place; but after it was handed over to the Spanish Government, who had established their claim as owners, persecution broke out, the mission was broken up, and a few of the stauncher members of the Church, much to their credit, migrated here, and established the settlement of Victoria, in many respects a most interesting little republic, of which I have the distinguished honour of being chief magistrate. We owe allegiance to no earthly power, for Britain has disowned us, and we care not to seek the protection of any other government; and so we must fight our own battles with such weapons as we can muster, the most formidable consisting of two Martini Henry rifles and a revolver pistol. Besides the pastoral and educational work carried on here by the Rev. Mr. Pinnock, a native of Jamaica, and educated there, a mission has recently been commenced among the Bakwellis inhabiting the mountain by the Rev. Quintin W. Thomson; and higher up I have a catechist engaged, who, besides his teaching and other mission work, keeps my house at Mapanji open, and looks after my interests there. Although paid by me, he is, in so far as mission work is concerned, entirely under Mr. Thomson's control. He is a native of Bimbia, and the most thoroughly qualified for his position of all the native converts in this portion of the field.

"Cameroons has for many years been the chief seat of the Baptist mission, and a greal deal of good work has been done; but unless more effectively supported than it has been of late, I fear there will be a sad falling back. Mr. Saker, the senior missionary, has finished the translation and printing of the Scriptures in the Dualla tongue, and has, besides, done a good deal in training some of the young men as mechanics; but there are few capable of carrying on mission work—at least such is my impression. There is a large population at Cameroons to work upon, but trade influences are very powerfully antagonistic. There is only one ordained missionary at present at work—Mr. Fuller, a native of Jamaica, who came when a youth with his father and others to form the settlement at Bimbia, and is, I understand, the only one of them that has remained in Africa.

"The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland mission at Old Calabar has suffered much from such evils, but not so much as other missions. The progress made there is much wider and deeper than in those other fields. More extensive work has been done in translating and in education; but the most

hopeful feature is the great number of native agents engaged, by whose means the population is more thoroughly laid hold of. I am more and more convinced that little real progress in evangelising Africa will be made until native agents are employed to do the work, under the close superintendence of European missionaries. This method is being carried out most encouragingly at Calabar, chiefly under the oversight of Mr. Edgerley, whose taste and ability for travelling about, with other necessary qualifications, mark him out as thoroughly adapted for such kind of work. I need not dwell much upon the Calabar mission; but I may state, that although from special circumstances I was pretty well posted up in regard to it, still actual contact with the work and workers there tended much to strengthen any favourable impressions that had been formed. A good solid foundation seems to have been laid; or, to use another figure, Christianity has got rooted in the soil, and is showing signs of vigorous life, putting forth branches, leaves, and fruit, and gives every promise of becoming a goodly tree in due season. Still it should be for a long time yet carefully nourished.

"From what I have seen of African missions, it is my decided opinion that the time has come for inaugurating a new method of working, the principal feature of which should be the employment of native agents, which demands a more systematic mode of training them than has yet been attempted, except, probably, by the Church Missionary Society's Educational Institution at Sierra Leone. It must not be supposed, however, that fewer agents will be required than hitherto from home. A much larger force than ever will be needed effectually to carry on the work, although it may be in another way than heretofore; a much larger amount of money must be expended, and a much greater number of lives given, in order to win Africa for Christ. I trust that the martyr spirit is not yet extinct in the churches, and that there will be no lack of brave hearts ready to respond to the demand. Many young men have perished on this deadly coast in the pursuit of a very questionable kind of commerce; and if the lust of gain lead so many to risk their lives, surely the love of Christ and of the souls of fellow-men will yet draw many more to the glorious work of proclaiming the glad news, 'God so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'"

The following account of a conference of native Christians in South Africa, is full of interest. Major Malan, accompanied by Mr. Robert Radley, has been engaged for about two years in evangelistic labours, at Mbulu, with the most gratifying results. In writing to the "Christian," of 19th November, 1874, he says:—"I desire to praise the Lord for His presence and blessing in a conference of Christians held at Mbulu, the centre of this mission field, on Sept. 22 and 23, 1874. Very marked was the presence of the Lord in our midst. There is an annual Missionary Conference; but that is a busi-

ness meeting, and not what Christians in England understand as a conference. Like Hezekiah's conference (2 Chron. xxix. 36), the thing was done suddenly. But the Lord had prepared all our hearts, as he had theirs. I believe it was His will that I should leave the Mbulu for some months to preach His word to other tribes. I wished before leaving to gather my people *for special waiting upon the Lord.* I therefore invited them to a *two days' conference.* My field, containing *seven churches*, is about forty miles wide. We have neither post, bridges, railways, nor clocks; but as I tell my people, we have the Lord! He always arranges when His servants obey His word. He had put it into my heart to hold a regular Tuesday mid-day service for believers, so that the elders and members of the other six churches could join us once a week in prayer. This weekly meeting He had greatly blessed. The members of out-churches attended it well. Many women walked over the hills sixteen and eighteen miles to be present. I called a special meeting for prayer on Tuesday, Sept. 15, and invited all the churches to a conference of two days for the following week.

"The Lord gave us lovely weather. Our first meeting was held at one o'clock, some of our members having to come about twenty-five miles. The subject for this meeting was 'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' There was no difference between this conference and the Mildmay Park Conference, except in the numbers, the size of the building, the colour of the skin of all the saints, except two, and the tongue in which it was conducted. He who presides at conferences in England presided at the Mbulu Conference. The subject chosen of course drew all hearts to the Lord Jesus, to His person in glory, to Him alone, and round Him this band of Caffre Christians were drawn by His word and Spirit.

"We numbered about 150 or 200. I explained the command for conferences (Heb. x. 25); how they are generally conducted in England; and then I addressed the churches on 'the words of the Lord Jesus.' Addresses were alternated with prayer and praise. The selection of appropriate Caffre hymns was wonderful. The elder who spoke after me followed on the words, 'Come unto me.' He is a faithful brother, an earnest labourer for the Lord. Another faithful elder followed him, speaking on John vi. 51. I never saw such marked attention. I would gladly have continued, but many had come from far, and needed food. So, after about three hours' conference, I closed our first meeting. Many had been deeply affected. When all had gone out but one woman, who was crying strongly, I said to her—

"'Sister, there is crying for joy as well as for sorrow; are you crying for joy?'

"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'for joy, for joy!' And then she told me, that although she had known the Lord Jesus long, she had never seen Him so clearly as to-day.

"After the meeting I entertained them. Two sheep of my flock, a goat, meaties, and tea, provided for all. I made the men serve the women, a thing quite contrary to the Caffre custom; but I told them it was according to God's word, giving honour to the weaker vessel, and as we do in England. Then the younger men waited on the elder. At sun-set we met for prayer before the evening meeting.

"The portion of the word for the second meeting of the conference was, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' Silent prayer opened it. Then a hymn. I pointed out what I believe is a deep truth hidden in this whole utterance, that the first rest offered by the Lord Jesus is rest of heart in Him to the heavy-laden sinner. The rest of soul, the second rest, is the blessing of humble discipleship, obedient learning of Him. Many Christians get rest of heart in forgiveness who never find rest of soul, because they will not become humble pupils of the Lord Jesus.

"Three of the elders addressed the churches; others prayed. I had previously given out the subject, and invited those who felt led by the Spirit to speak and pray to let me know. One of the elders spoke on John xv. 4; another on the yoke of pupilship to the Lord Jesus; the third on His meekness, and our obligation to be like Him in heart before we can enjoy rest of soul.

"It was after 10 P.M. when our happy meeting ended. The members all went to the houses of friends. I had put up my elders and two teachers —seven on the floor of my drawing-room, three in my study, and one in the dining-room.

"The third meeting took place at noon on the 23d of September. It was preceded by a prayer meeting. The portion of the word was, 'My yoke is easy, my burden is light.' After silent prayer and praise, I opened the subject. 'My burden,' 'Abide ye in my love.' Is it heavy?—does its weight overpower?—this His burden? He knows that as His love abides in our hearts and we abide in His love, we shall keep His commandments, and not find them grievous.

"Several of the elders and members addressed the conference, or led in prayer.

"As many had long distances to return, and many were women, I was obliged to close, after more than three hours' delightful communion around the person and concerning the love of our Lord.

"The last address by one of my evangelists, an elder, a poor, humble Caffre, was most beautiful. He took John xiv. 1, and referring to the call the Lord had given us, 'Come unto *me*,' 'Learn of *me*,' he added His command, '*Believe in me.*' He dwelt on the love of God, the love and power of the Lord Jesus, the gift of God, the Holy Ghost, by whose power Satan was

driven out of the heart. The word of Jesus alone powerful; His word enough; believe it. 'It is written,' enough for us. He spoke earnestly, with great power.

"I gave them some refreshment—meaties and tea—and then assembled them in the garden for a short meeting of praise and prayer before parting. I told them of praise meetings in Mildmay Park garden at Beckenham; and as I looked at the glorious rocks around Mbulu, I felt there could be no fitter place for our parting.

"One of the elders then spoke. No sooner had he finished than a Caffre woman burst out into the most perfect praise that I ever heard issue from human lips—'*Egive, Inkosi*,' 'Yea, Lord, we praise Thee.' In the simplest language, so that I could understand, she blessed and praised the Lord for the joy and peace which had come into her soul in these two days' conference. For quietness, melody of voice, simplicity, perfect punctuation, and fulness of praise to the Lord Jesus, I never heard anything among Christians in England, America, or Asia, equal to the praise-giving of this Caffre sister. Yes; the Lord had come into our midst, according to His word. I felt the presence and power of the Holy Ghost in this conference as I never felt it before in my life.

"All the churches have been filled with joy and the Holy Ghost. The change in many of the faces was most marked. All said that they had never received such blessing to their souls as during these two days' gathering together round the person of the Lord Jesus. For my own part, though I never doubted the call of the Lord to me to watch over this field, I never expected such marvellous tokens of His presence and blessing as He has given me here, and I praise and adore Him the more.

How full of encouragement to every one like-minded, and with the means at his disposal, to go and do likewise. "My prayers," says he, "have been most manifestly and abundantly answered; and I find, by experience, that the more closely preachers of the gospel live, act, and speak like the Lord Jesus in all things, strictly obeying his least commands and God's word, and live a life of prayer before the natives, the more they draw them to Him and to themselves.

"And who is my fellow-labourer? On the 11th of July, 1866, I was with three companies of my regiment at Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland. I invited my soldiers desirous to hear the word to come to me without the town, to an old Roman camp there. At the appointed time one redcoat, a private soldier, Robert Radley, came. We read the first chapter of 1 Peter together. It began to rain. We knelt bareheaded, and prayed before parting. This was the first time I ever met him. Now we are companions, fellow witnesses for the gospel of Christ.

"May I ask the earnest prayers of my brethren and sisters in Great

Britain? When they are reading this, I shall probably be hundreds of miles away from Mbulu, preaching among another tribe, the Basutos. I hope to return from the Basutos, and go to another tribe, the Galekas, about the end of the year. I entreat your prayers, that the Lord will quicken me mightily for His service, give me utterance by the Holy Ghost, power in prayer, and physical strength; for my body is weak, and nothing but the manifest life of Jesus has upheld me so far. Pray for me, my beloved friends, as I do for you, and then I shall hope by and by to have some other news to give you from Africa which will cause you again to praise the Lord."

"The following additional incidents of missionary work amongst the Caffres, furnished by the Rev. John Davidson, who has just returned from an evangelistic tour among the natives, present a faithful portraiture of the mode in which aggressive missionary work is carried on in South Africa. In giving an account of his work (in which he was assisted by Ishuka and Mr. Robert Balfour), he says:—"In these days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, when so many are daily being added to the Church of such as shall be saved, and when the tide of Christian life has risen so high as to break every barrier down, we are fondly led to cherish the hope, that ere long the blessed influence will extend in copious measure to the sable tribes of Ham. The accounts of the revival which we read from time to time are very cheering, and beget the secret wish to be in the midst of it for a little, to receive a fresh baptism of the Spirit. In the prosecution of our mission, our visits were principally to those living in valleys and cloughs, difficult of access by waggon or on horse, and were therefore principally travelling on foot. The country in this part is very similar to the Highlands of Scotland. We lived among these barbarians six days, teaching and preaching the gospel of the kingdom. During that time we visited forty kraals, each having from twenty-five to thirty inhabitants. Everywhere we were well received, our message respectfully listened to, and hospitality shown us of the very best, and somewhat after the style of that shown by Abraham of old to his visitors.

"In visiting the Caffre in his native, rude, barbarous state, one cannot help observing oftentimes a striking resemblance in their manners and customs to those of the ancient patriarchs—such as killing a kid of the goats on the arrival of strangers; offering of sacrifice; practising the rite of circumcision; giving a dowry, like David or Jacob, for a wife; making the father responsible for the actions of his family, and the son doing all legal actions through the father; settling all principal questions at the gate of the kraal. As in the case of Job, one special institution is that of comforters, ariving from far and near to soothe those in affliction.

"Physically, the Caffre is a good specimen of humanity. He has a great idea of honour and dignity about him, and is very intellectual; but rigidly

A KAFFIR WAR DANCE

conservative, awfully lazy, trained from infancy to tell lies and to deceive, morally corrupt to the very core, and superstitious to such a degree as to justify us in saying that the nation is ruled by superstition. I met with a witch doctor in my visits; I came upon him in the very act of finding out the *ubuti* (poison) that had bewitched some people. On seeing me he fled into his house. We followed and told him to proceed with his work. 'No; do not speak to me, I will not dispute with you. You are the servant of God.' 'And you,' I said, 'are the servant of the devil, I think.' I made him ashamed of himself before all the people, and saved some poor innocent soul from the rapacious grasp of the vile wretch.

"When we have taken possession of our hut for the night we have plenty of visitors, many looking for a little of the fat sheep they have just given us. About eight o'clock all, young and old, assemble for worship. This over, we converse with those interested to all hours in the night. The most good is done by these conversations. One man said on leaving us, 'I am thankful that you have come to my kraal, and I will be very happy to entertain you again. I do think that if I were near any preaching place I would soon be among the professors.' And I believe that many feel in the same way; but they are ignorant of the way of salvation, and are far from any regular place of worship, and must be taught before we can expect to see them brought in as a nation. At one kraal we came on the grave of a chief who had recently died, and two men were seized and compelled to watch that grave for at least twelve months. The poor creatures complained that it was very hard to be taken from their families, and never permitted to see them. I reported the matter to the Government agent; but when he sent, the men were frightened to speak, and said that they were contented.

"At one place three persons gave themselves to the Lord—husband, wife, and eldest son. The son has been attending school for some time, and is doing well, and I believe that it is through him that the parents have been moved. We joyfully gave thanks to the Lord that even these three had been willing to say that they wished to be instructed in the way of salvation. It seemed like a pure beam of heavenly light on the dark cloud, assuring us that the ear of Jehovah is still open and a voice saying: I will give the heathen to my Son for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.'

"You will be glad to hear that a few Sabbaths ago I baptised eight persons, admitting them to the fellowship of the Church here. One man, recently from the ranks of the heathen, was among the number. He had two or three little children, who were baptised at the same time. His wife, who still holds out against the gospel, was present, and very nearly broke down when handing her baby to her husband to be baptised. It was a solemn and joyful sight to the whole Church; even the heathen present seemed to be im-

pressed, and to feel that it was good for them to be present to see eight souls publicly renouncing the world, and giving themselves to the service of God. But still all this is only like a drop in the bucket; thousands and thousands are sinking into perdition unsaved. The fields are white to the harvest, but the labourers are few. Oh, in these days of revival, surely some will be found ready to come to Africa with their simple but effective instrumentality—their sling and their stone from the brook, to help us to slay this Goliath of heathenism!"

In the foregoing accounts of missions and missionary work, we have an amount of interesting and valuable information, from which many important lessons may be derived in the further prosecution of missionary labour in Africa. Amidst many failures and discouragements, there is much to be grateful for, and much that is fitted to stimulate and encourage all who are engaged in the great work of African evangelisation. It is with much pleasure we learn from accounts just to hand, of the encouraging prospects of the Church of England Mission at Zanzibar, in reference to which Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the "New York Herald" and London "Telegraph," says:—

"As we have arrived at the English Church Mission buildings, what shall I say about the mission except the honest, truthful facts? The Right Rev. Bishop Tozer, 'Bishop of Central Africa,' in priestly purple and fine linen, is no more to be seen here, and it really appears as if the mission had opened a new life, and had begun to lift its head among the useful societies of the world. As yet I have seen no great increase of converts, but fair promise of future usefulness is visible everywhere. As a friend to the Church which has sent this mission out, I was formerly restrained from saying much about it, because I knew very little good of it; and had I not seen the erudite but undignified prelate exhibiting himself in such unusual garb to the gaze of the low rabble of Zanzibar, I would certainly have passed the Church Mission and its mistaken ways of converting the heathen in silence. Now, however, I may speak with candour. The great building at present known as the British Residency, was, in 1871 and 1872, the Episcopal Palace and Mission House. After its sale to the English Government, the missionaries removed their school to their country house, a half mile or so beyond the extremity of Malagash inlet. With the money obtained by the sale of the Mission House the superintendant purchased the old Slave Market — a vacant area surrounded by mud-huts, close to the cattle-yards of the Banians and the ooze and stagnant pools of the Malagash. On the site of so much extreme wretchedness and crime the Church missionaries have commenced to erect structures which, when completed, may well be styled superb. These buildings consist of a fine residence, a school, and a church, which, with another building, just begun by Lackmidoss the Banian, will surround an irregular square, in which palms and flowers and fruit trees will be planted.

"A view from one of the windows of the unfinished residence gives us a clearer idea of the locality the missionaries have chosen, and suggests grave doubts of the wisdom of its selection. Looking at it from a sentimental point of view, the locality is, no doubt, very appropriate, and a certain fitness is also seen in it. The British Government denounced the slave trade, and made a grand effort to crush it; and the market for the sale of slaves in old times was purchased by the mission, on which the missionaries erect a church wherein peace and goodwill and brotherly love will be preached and taught. The neighbourhood also is one of the most miserable quarters of Zanzibar; but the missionaries convey with them the power to improve, refine, and elevate, despite its extreme poverty and misery. It is all very well, we think; but if we look from the windows and examine the character of the ground into which the walls of the building have been sunk, we must see that it is a quagmire of putrid heaps of refuse and circular little pools of sink-water, which permeate through the corrupting soil, and heave up again in globules and bubbles, exhaling the vilest odour that ever offended the civilised European's sense. And if what we have seen below is not enough to conjure up in the mind a dismal prospect of sickness, pain, and sorrow, for the unhappy missionaries who may be appointed to live here, the view of the long and broad stretch of black mud, which the shallow waters of the Malagash leave behind them for hours night and day, will certainly do it. It would require the treasury of a Government to redeem the ground from its present uninhabitable state. All I can say, however, is that I can only hope that the dismal future suggested by the scenes near the mission buildings may never be realised, and that the worthy missionaries may be prosperous in the new field before them.

"Dr. Steere, lately consecrated Bishop of Central Africa, is about to arrive here, as successor of Bishop Tozer. If report speaks correctly, he intends to establish mission buildings near Lake Nyassa, in which case he will have the hearty sympathy and support of every good man; and, were Livingstone yet among us, Bishop Steere would depart with his blessing and best wishes for success. The very name of Bishop Steere suggests success. He is a practical and an indefatigably industrious man. He is devoid of bigotry, but, while devoted to his Church, he does not neglect the great fact that conversion of the heathen means more than the mere teaching of the dogmas of the Church of England. In short, he is a fit leader for the new Christian mission, because of his plain, practical good sense, his industry, his intellectual acquirements, and religion, and I heartily congratulate the Board of the Church Mission upon their selection of such a man. While we are almost certain that Bishop Steere will be able to show results worthy of him, it is absolutely necessary for the cause of religion throughout Africa that he should be properly supported by his friends at home. There must

be no niggard supplies sent to him, for the establishment of such a basis as will ensure success requires considerable resources, and the Church Mission should this time make a supreme effort worthy of their great Church."

There is nothing more characteristic of the great missionary traveller than his unwearied application and utilisation of every spare moment at his command. Nothing escaped his observation; and everything which might prove of use was carefully noted. The following suggestions on the establishment of a mission near Zanzibar, we extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Diary" just published:—

"No great difficulty would be encountered in establishing a Christian mission a hundred miles or so from the East Coast. The permission of the Sultan of Zanzibar would be necessary, because all the tribes of any intelligence claim relationship, or have relations with him; the Banyamwezi even call themselves his subjects, and so do others. His permission would be readily granted, if respectfully applied for through the English Consul. The Suaheli, with their present apathy on religious matters, would be no obstacle. Care to speak politely, and to show kindness to them, would not be lost in the general effect of the mission in the country, but all discussion on the belief of the Moslems should be avoided; they know little about it. Emigrants from Muscat, Persia, and India, who at present possess neither influence nor wealth, would eagerly seize any formal or offensive denial of the authority of their prophet to fan their own bigotry, and arouse that of the Suaheli. A few now assume an air of superiority, and would fain take the place of Mullams, or doctors of the law, by giving authoritative dicta as to the times of prayer—positions to be observed—lucky and unlucky days—using cabalistic signs—telling fortunes—finding from the Koran when an attack may be made on any enemy, etc.; but this is done only in the field with trading parties. At Zanzibar, the regular Mullams supersede them.

"No objection would be made to teaching the natives of the country to read their own languages in the Roman characters. No Arab has ever attempted to teach them the Arabic-Koran; they are called *guma*, hard, or difficult, as to religion. This is not wonderful, since the Koran is never translated, and a very extraordinary desire for knowledge would be required to sustain a man in committing to memory pages and chapters of, to him, unmeaning gibberish. One only of all the native chiefs, Monyungo, has sent his children to Zanzibar to be taught to read and write the Koran; and he is said to possess an unusual admiration of such civilization as he has seen among the Arabs. To the natives, the chief attention of the mission should be directed. It would not be desirable, or advisable, to refuse explanation to others; but I have avoided giving offence to intelligent Arabs, who have pressed me, asking if I believed in Mohammed, by saying, "No, I do not: I am a child of Jesus bin Miriam," avoiding anything offensive in my tone,

and often adding that Mohammed found their forefathers bowing down to trees and stones, and did good to them by forbidding idolatry, and teaching the worship of the only one God. This, they all know, and it pleases them to have it recognised.

"It might be good policy to hire a respectable Arab to engage free porters, and conduct the mission to the country chosen, and obtain permission from the chief to build temporary houses. If this Arab were well paid it might pave the way for employing others to bring supplies of goods and stores not produced in the country, as tea, coffee, sugar. The first porters had better all go back, save a couple or so, who have behaved especially well. Trust to the people among whom you live for general services, as bringing wood, water, cultivation, reaping, smith's work, carpenter's work, pottery, baskets, etc. Educated free blacks from a distance are to be avoided: they are expensive, and are too much of gentlemen for your work. You may in a few months raise natives who will teach reading to others better than they can, and teach you also much that the liberated never know. A cloth and some beads occasionally will satisfy them, while neither the food, the wages, nor the work, will please those who, being brought from a distance, naturally consider themselves missionaries. Slaves also have undergone a process which has spoiled them for life; though liberated young, everything of childhood and opening life possesses an indescribable charm. It is so with our own offspring, and nothing effaces the fairy scenes then printed on the memory. Some of my liberados eagerly bought green calabashes and tasteless squash, with fine fat beef, because this trash was their early food; and an ounce of meat never entered their mouths. It seems indispensable that each mission should raise its own native agency. A couple of Europeans beginning and carrying on a mission without a staff of foreign attendants, implies coarse country fare, it is true, but this would be nothing to those who, at home, amuse themselves with fastings, vigils, etc. A great deal of power is thus lost in the Church. Fastings and vigils, without a special object in view, are time run to waste. They are made to minister to a sort of self-gratification, instead of being turned to account for the good of others. They are like groaning in sickness. Some people amuse themselves when ill with continuous moaning. The forty days of Lent might be annually spent in visiting adjacent tribes, and bearing unavoidable hunger and thirst with a good grace. Considering the greatness of the object to be attained, men might go without sugar, coffee, tea, etc. I went from September, 1866, to September, 1868, without either. A trader at Cazembe's, gave me a dish cooked with honey, and it nauseated from its horrible sweetness, but at one hundred miles inland, supplies could be easily obtained.

"Expenses need not be large. Intelligent Arabs inform me that, in

going from Zanzibar to Cazembe's, only three thousand dollars' worth are required by a trader, say between £600 or £700, and he may be away three or more years—paying his way, giving presents to the chiefs, and filling two or three hundred mouths. He has paid for, say fifty muskets, ammunition, flints, and may return with four thousand pounds of ivory, and a number of slaves for sale—all at an outlay of £600 or £700. With the experience I have gained now, I could do all I shall do in this expedition for a like sum, or at least for £1000 less than it will actually cost me."

The perfect unanimity which characterises the experience of all who have been engaged in missionary labour in Africa, as to the necessity for special attention being given to the training of native converts for the work of the Christian ministry, is a subject of vital importance to the future welfare of this great Continent; and it is to be hoped that it will receive that attention from the Churches at home which its importance demands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Dr. Livingstone's "Last Journals"—Enthusiastic Reception—Eulogistic Reviews by the Secular and Religious Press—Founding of an Industrial Mission at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, as a Memorial to Dr. Livingstone.

WHILE the concluding sheets of this work were in the press, "Dr. David Livingstone's Last Journals" have been published. The enthusiastic reception which has greeted them from all grades of society throughout the civilised world, and the eulogistic tributes which have been paid, by the leaders of thought in all lands, to the memory of the heroic traveller, and to the work which he has accomplished in Central Africa, attest the depth and the sincerity of that sympathy which has been so widely felt and expressed. At a period when Materialism is making such rapid strides, and when many scientific minds are turning aside from the great truths of Revelation, it is refreshing to meet, in the columns of one of our most influential leading Journals, with such a hearty appreciation of Christian character and work as that which is evinced in the following exhaustive review of the last scenes in the life of the lamented Dr. David Livingstone. In noticing his "Last Journals," the "Daily Telegraph" observes:—

"These long-looked-for volumes are now placed in our hands, and a sentiment new to the critic, the geographer, and the journalist, must pervade the mind in opening them. Never did book of travel come before the public under circumstances of such pathos and dignity; never were any preserved so strangely, and, we may surely say of David Livingstone's work, so providentially! We have here a wonderfully rich and full narrative of journeyings accomplished over an enormous space of the unknown portions of Africa, page after page disclosing to us—for the first time, be it remembered—mighty rivers, majestic lakes, great ranges of mountains, nations of men unknown before, with a thousand strange productions, customs, rites, objects, novelties of the floral, the zoological, the mineral worlds—all so thickly cropping up in the Diary of this great Explorer that the language of wonder entirely departs from him. He has evidently lost the habit of being astonished long ere we travel in his society a hundred miles up the Rovuma; the only things

which never fail to excite his enthusiasm are the signs of good in the poor heathen people, and the hope perpetually renewed and expressed, that his lifelong labours may benefit them. But it is when we reflect upon the double chance which has preserved for us the present minute and inestimable record of these labours that the book becomes thus almost sacred—stamped as it is with the character of a treasure rescued from oblivion by what cannot but appear the direct will of Heaven. These two volumes embrace the painstaking and faithful day-by-day register of all the immense travel from the mouths of the Rovuma to Lake Nyassa, thence to Tanganyika, thence again to Lake Bangweolo, after that to the labyrinth of inland waters tied together by the Lualaba, across Tanganyika once more to Ujiji, and yet again away upon the final journey which, commenced at Unyanyembe, terminated in the Explorer's death at Ilala. Merely to name the stations along this amazing route makes a long sentence—and day by day, until his last hour, the steadfast Livingstone noted down for us everything he saw and heard of import upon that vast path, the result comprising two copious volumes, from which African geographers may drink deep for many a month to come. And all this precious treasure-house of research, from 1865 to 1873, has been saved by two memorable incidents—the happy rescue effected in the first place by Stanley, and the bold and loyal behaviour of the negroes, Chumah and Susi. To the American—now pursuing under our joint Commission the task of his friend and master—the public owes the first portion of the journals which Mr. Waller has edited so lovingly, for it was Mr. Stanley who brought down Letts' Diary, containing all the story of these marches from the Rovuma to Ujiji. The second, and if possible, more precious part, has been redeemed from the loneliness of the wilderness wherein the traveller perished, by nothing except the splendid fidelity of those very negroes for whose sake Livingstone lived and died. Could he have wished a nobler testimony to his labours? Could there have been a more eloquent comment upon this great pioneer's work? It is as if Africa herself had, from her 'darkest places, presented these precious records to us, saying, 'Do not forget him or me!' It is as if the Power whom Livingstone served had chosen this plain means of signifying approval of his labours, and stamping them as far too pure and noble to be lost—putting it into the hearts of poor, ignorant blacks to risk all in the self-imposed task of bringing back to us in England the body and the books of their Leader. Is it chance which has preserved for us every note of these brave years of toil? We might say so of other strange events, but not of the extraordinary incidents which have secured to us the possession of what we have here—the complete narrative, namely, Livingstone's last six years of wanderings.

"The exceptional character of the book as regards its origin extends to the manner in which it will be read. Who will not turn at once to the latter

part of the 700 pages in order to glean new and minute particulars of the last hours of the great and good Traveller? Obeying that impulse ourselves, we search the close of the Diary, and towards the end of the second volume the mournful chapter duly comes, which all will be most anxious to peruse. The entries in the note-book have gradually grown shorter—the mention of pain and mental weakness is frequent—the narrative brings the reader finally to Ilala; and then two pages present us with the fac-simile of the last—the very last—words legibly pencilled by Livingstone. He was unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda, and to mark on the map which he was constructing the streams which enter the lake as he crossed them. From the 22nd to the 27th April he had not strength to write down anything but the several dates. Fortunately Susi and Chumah give a very clear and circumstantial account of every incident which occurred on these days, and Mr. Waller therefore adds what they say, after each of the Doctor's entries:—

" '*21st April. Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted.*—The men explain this entry thus: This morning the Doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol, and picked up his cap, which had dropped off, while Chumah threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the Doctor said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood, there is no more strength left in my legs; you must carry me." He was then assisted gently to his shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady himself, was borne back to the village and placed in the hut he had so recently left. It was necessary to let the Chief Muanazawamba know what had happened, and for this purpose Dr. Livingstone despatched a messenger. He was directed to ask him to supply a guide for the next day, as he trusted then to have recovered so far as to be able to march. The answer was, "Stay as long as you wish, and when you want guides to Kalunganjovu's you shall have them."

" '*22nd April. Carried on kitanda over Buga, S.W.* $2\frac{1}{4}$. (Two hours and a quarter in a south-westerly direction.)—His servants say that, instead of rallying, they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long, and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveller was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable another blanket was suspended across a pole, so as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under whilst the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. The start was de-

ferred this morning until the dew was off the heads of the long grass sufficiently to ensure his being kept tolerably dry. The excruciating pains of dysenteric malady caused him the greatest exhaustion as they marched, and they were glad enough to reach another village in two hours and a quarter, having travelled S.W. from the last point. Here another hut was built. The name of the halting-place is not remembered by the men, for the villagers fled at their approach; indeed the noise made by the drums sounding the alarm had been caught by the Doctor some time before, and he exclaimed with thankfulness on hearing it, "Ah, now we are near!" Throughout this day the following men acted as bearers of the kitanda: Chowpere, Songolo, Chumah, and Adiamberi. Sowfere, too, joined in at one time.

" '*23rd April.* (No entry except the date.)—They advanced another hour and a half through the same expanse of flooded treeless waste, passing numbers of small fish-weirs set in such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the lake, but seeing nothing of the owners, who had either hidden themselves or taken to flight on the approach of the caravan. Another village afforded them a night's shelter, but it seems not to be known by any particular name.

" '*24th April.* (No entry except the date.)—But one hour's march was accomplished to-day, and again they halted amongst some huts—place unknown. His great prostration made progress exceedingly painful, and frequently when it was necessary to stop the bearers of the kitanda, Chumah had to support the Doctor from falling.

" '*25th April.* (No entry except the date.)—In an hour's course S.W. they arrived at a village in which they found a few people. Whilst his servants were busy completing the hut for the night's encampment, the Doctor, who was lying in a shady place on the kitanda, ordered them to fetch one of the villagers. The chief of the place had disappeared, but the rest of his people seemed quite at their ease, and drew near to hear what was going to be said. They were asked whether they knew of a hill on which four rivers took their rise. The spokesman answered that they had no knowledge of it. They themselves, said he, were not travellers, and all those who used to go on trading expeditions were now dead. In former years Malenga's town, Kutchinyama, was the assembling place of the Wabisa traders, but these had been swept off by the Mazitu. Such as survived had to exist as best they could amongst the swamps and inundated districts around the lake. Whenever an expedition was organised to go to the coast, or in any other direction, travellers met at Malenga's town to talk over the route to be taken; then would have been the time, and they, to get information about every part. Dr. Livingstone was here obliged to dismiss them, and explained that he was too ill to continue talking, but he begged them to bring as much food as they could for sale to Kalunganjovu's.

"'*26th April.* (No entry except the date.)—They proceeded as far as Kalunganjovu's town, the chief himself coming to meet them on the way, dressed in Arab costume and wearing a red fez. Whilst waiting here Susi was instructed to count over the bags of beads, and, on reporting that twelve still remained in stock, Dr. Livingstone told him to buy two large tusks if an opportunity occurred as he might run short of goods by the time they got to Ujiji, and could then exchange them with the Arabs there for cloth, to spend on their way to Zanzibar.

"'To-day, the *27th April*, 1873, he seems to have been almost dying. No entry at all was made in his diary after that which follows, and it must have taxed him to the utmost to write:—

"'*Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.*—They are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. From this point we have to trust entirely to the narrative of the men. They explain the above sentence as follows: Salimano, Amisi, Hamsani, and Laede, accompanied by a guide, were sent off to endeavour, if possible, to buy some milch goats on the upper part of the Molilamo. They could not, however, succeed; it was always the same story, the Mazitu had taken everything. The chief, nevertheless, sent a substantial present of a kid and three baskets of ground nuts, and the people were willing enough to exchange food for beads. Thinking he could eat some Mapira corn pounded up with ground nuts, the Doctor gave instructions to the two women, M'sozi and M'toweka, to prepare it for him, but he was not able to take it when they brought it to him.

"'*April* 28. Men were now despatched in an opposite direction, that is, to visit the villages on the right bank of the Moliamo as it flows to the lake; unfortunately they met with no better result, and returned empty-handed. On *April* 29, Kalunganjovu and most of his people came early to the village. The chief wished to assist his guest to the utmost, and stated that as he could not be sure that a sufficient number of canoes would be forthcoming unless he took charge of matters himself, he should accompany the caravan to the crossing place, which was about an hour's march from the spot. "Everything should be done for his friend," he said. They were ready to set out. On Susi's going to the hut Dr. Livingstone told him that he was quite unable to walk to the door to reach the kitandi, and he wished the men to break down one side of the little house, as the entrance was too narrow to admit it, and in this manner to bring it to him where he was. This was done, and he was gently placed upon it and borne out of the village. Their course was in the direction of the stream, and they followed it till they came to a reach where the current was uninterrupted by the numerous little islands which stood partly in the river and partly in the flood on the upper waters. Kalunganjovu was seated on a knoll, and actively superintending the embarkation, whilst

Dr. Livingstone told his bearers to take him to a tree at a little distance off, that he might rest in the shade till most of the men were on the other side. A good deal of care was required, for the river, by no means a large one in ordinary times, spread its waters in all directions, so that a false step, or a stumble in any unseen hole, would have drenched the invalid and the bed also on which he was carried. The passage occupied some time, and then came the difficult task of conveying the Doctor across, for the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitandi to be deposited in the bottom of either of them. Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitandi, they laid it in the bottom of the strongest canoe, and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chumah, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp both his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back; in this way he was deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across the Molilamo by Chowpere, Susi, Farijala and Chumah. The same precautions were used on the other side; the kitandi was brought close to the canoe so as to prevent any unnecessary pain in disembarking. Susi now hurried on ahead to reach Chitambo's village and superintend the building of another house. For the first mile or two they had to carry the Doctor through swamps and plashes, glad to reach something like a dry plain at last. It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chumah, one of his bearers on these the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot, where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and, on stooping down, he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitandi, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately for once, not a drop was to be procured. Hastening on for fear of being too far separated from the party in advance, to their great comfort they now saw Farijala approaching with some, which Susi had thoughtfully sent off from Chitambo's village. Still wending their way on, it seemed as if they would not complete their task, for again, at a clearing, the sick man entreated them to place him on the ground, and to let him stay where he was. Fortunately, at this moment some of the outlying huts of the village came in sight, and they tried to rally him by telling him that he would quickly be in the house

that the others had gone on to build, but they were obliged as it was to allow him to remain for an hour in the native gardens outside the town. On reaching their companions it was found that the work was not quite finished, and it became necessary therefore to lay him under the broad leaves of a native hut till things were ready. Chitambo's village at this time was almost empty. When the crops are growing it is the custom to erect little temporary houses in the fields, and the inhabitants, leaving their more substantial huts, pass their time in watching their crops, which are scarcely more safe by day than by night; thus it was that the men found plenty of room and shelter ready to their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay whose praises had reached them in previous years, and in silent wonder they stood round him, resting on their bows. Slight drizzling showers were falling, and as soon as possible his house was made ready, and banked round with earth. Inside it the bed was raised from the floor by sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut; in the bay itself bales and boxes were deposited, one of the latter doing duty for a table, on which the medicine chest and sundry other things were placed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, whilst the boy, Majwara, slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night. On *April* 30, 1873, Chitambo came early to pay a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the Doctor's presence, but he was obliged to send him away, telling him to come again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him, and he was not again disturbed. In the afternoon he asked Susi to bring his watch to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his hand, that it might lie in the palm whilst he slowly turned the key.

"'So the hours stole on till nightfall. The men silently took to their huts, whilst others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 p.m. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, "Are our men making that noise?" "No," replied Susi; "I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields." A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering, "Is this the Luapula?" Susi told him they were in Chitambo's village, near the Molilamo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, "Sikun gapi kuenda Luapula?" (How many days is it to the Luapula?) "Na zani zikutatu, Bwana" (I think it is three days, master), replied Susi.

"'A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, "Oh dear, dear!" and then dozed off again.

"'It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, "Bwana wants you, Susi." On reaching the bed the doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire

outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring him his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice, "All right, you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak. It must have been about four a.m. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chumah, Chowpere, Matthew, and Muanyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut. Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

"'A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold; Livingstone was dead.

"'His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up, and laid him full length on the bed, then carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night-air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable certainty that he expired early on the 1st of May. It has been thought best to give the narrative of these closing hours as nearly as possible in the words of the two men who attended him constantly, both here and in the many illnesses of like character which he endured in the last six years' wanderings; in fact from the first moment of the news arriving in England, it was felt to be indispensable that they should come home to state what occurred. . . .

"'The men have much to consider as they cower around the watch-fire, and little time for deliberation. They are at their furthest point from home, and their leader has fallen at their head; we shall see presently how they faced their difficulties. . . . Several inquiries will naturally arise on reading this distressing history; the foremost, perhaps, will be with regard to the entire absence of everything like a parting word to those immediately about him, or a farewell line to his family and friends at home. It must be

very evident to the reader that Livingstone entertained very grave forebodings about his health during the last two years of his life, but it is not clear that he realised the near approach of death when his malady suddenly passed into a more dangerous stage. It may be said, "Why did he not take some precautions or give some strict injunctions to his men to preserve his note-books and maps at all hazards, in the event of his decease? Did not his great ruling passion suggest some such precaution?" Fair questions; but, reader, you have all—every word written, spoken, or implied. Is there, then, no explanation? Yes; we think past experience affords it, and it is offered to you by one who remembers, moreover, how Livingstone himself used to point out to him in Africa the peculiar features of death by malarial poisoning. In full recollection of eight deaths in the Zambesi and Shire districts, not a single parting word or direction in any instance can be recalled. Neither hope nor courage gives way as death approaches. In most cases a comatose state of exhaustion supervenes, which, if it be not quickly arrested by active measures, passes into complete insensibility; this is almost invariably the closing scene. In Dr. Livingstone's case we find some departure from the ordinary symptoms. (The great loss of blood may have had a bearing on the case.) He, as we have seen by the entry of the 18th April, was alive to the conviction that malarial poison is the basis of every disorder in Tropical Africa, and he did not doubt but that he was fully under its influence whilst suffering so severely. As we have said, a man of less endurance in all probability would have perished in the first week of the terrible approach to the Lake, through the country and under the continual downpour that he describes. It tried every constitution, saturated every man with fever poison, and destroyed several, as we shall see a little further on. The greater vitality in his iron system very likely staved off for a few days the last state of coma to which we refer, but there is quite sufficient to show us that only a thin margin lay between the heavy drowsiness of the last few days before reaching Chitambo's, and the final and usual symptom that brings on unconsciousness and inability to speak. On more closely questioning the men, one only elicits that they imagine he hoped to recover, as he had so often done before; and if this really was the case, it will, in a measure account for the absence of anything like a dying statement; but still they speak again and again of his drowsiness, which in itself would take away all ability to realise vividly the seriousness of the situation. It may be that, at the last, a flash of conviction for a moment lit up the mind. If so, what greater consolation can those have who mourn his loss than the account that the men give of what they saw when they entered the hut? Livingstone had not merely turned himself—he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head: when they approached him he seemed to live. He had not fallen to right or left when he rendered up his spirit to God. Death required no

change of limb or position; there was merely the gentle settling forwards of the frame unstrung by pain, for the Traveller's perfect rest had come. Will not time show that the men were scarcely wrong when they thought "he yet speaketh"—aye, perhaps far more clearly to us than he could have done by word or pen or any other means. Is it, then, presumptuous to think that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer sped forth once more—that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness, and that from his "loneliness" David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he laboured to break down the oppression and woe of the land? . . . . . Before daylight the men were quietly told in each hut what had happened.'

"Thus, then, amid many another touch of pathos which this complete narrative brings, we learn that the hero died upon his knees—that he rose from his couch of mortal anguish, like the gallant and pious soldier of God that he was, to give up the ghost, praying to Heaven for Africa, for us, for himself. The attitude of David Livingstone's death-moment speaks of a faith in Heaven unchangeable, of a joy in Heaven's service supreme, of tenderness of love, of trust, of hope, of prayer for all his fellow creatures, of a mission perfected in agony and surrendered in supplication, but never so nobly triumphant as in that last crowning minute of his lonely life. The Cæsar who proudly staggered from his bed, exclaiming that 'an Emperor should die standing,' is outdone in majesty and becomingness by the attitude of this grand Scotchman who passes away in the solitude of the African wild on his knees. In days when the fruits of Livingstone's labours are gathered, and Africa, emancipated and happy, shall know all that she has owed to her friend and martyr, this beautiful and solemn thing will not be forgotten in song and picture; they will remember, when she has her poets and sculptors at last, how he 'died upon his knees,' 'witnessing' for the Africans. Notwithstanding what has been said above there do occur some tender last messages in this Diary. One is the following:—

"'My daughter Agnes says—"Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, "She is a chip of the old block." My blessing on her and all the rest.'

"After a passage of such transcendant human interest as this, which we have not hesitated to quote at length, geographical disquisitions would come like something out of tune. We prefer to confine our remarks to some of the personal traits and memorials which occur in these volumes—all of them agreeing with that impressive final scene, in portraying to us the perfect Explorer; dauntless, indomitable, sagacious, patient, gentle, intelligent, keen-eyed, full of confidence in his mission and himself. We have spoken already

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of the absence of all extravagance or expressions of surprise in these Journals. It is a consistent feature in them. There is plenty of warm appreciation of natural beauty, of vivid description, and lively interest displayed in the strange spectacles and curious people visited. But the narrative goes calm and stately as a great river, which sparkles and winds indeed about every little and large thing in its course, yet without fret or turmoil. He loved travel. At setting forth upon the Rovuma he says:—

"'Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa I feel quite exhilarated: when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives every act becomes ennobled.

"'Whether exchanging the customary civilities on arriving at a village, accepting a night's lodging, purchasing food for the party, asking for information, or answering polite African inquiries as to our objects in travelling, we begin to spread a knowledge of that people by whose agency their land will yet become enlightened and freed from the slave-trade.

"'The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

"'We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger, either from man or beast.'

"But of this danger he always makes pretty light either in expectation or arrival; and he knew, with that same quiet courage, how to impress and govern his followers far better than all the brow-beating and violent sorts of travellers. On one occasion, when the bad conduct of a sepoy, Perim, tempted him to strike the man with a cane, he enters the incident in his Diary with a 'black mark' against himself, says that it 'is degrading,' and scores up the resolution, 'I am not to do the punishment myself again.' At every other page his passion for African scenery comes out quietly but strongly; as when he reaches the Nyassa, and writes, 'It is like coming home; it is so pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, to hear the roar of the lake and dash in the rollers. I feel quite exhilarated." But Nyassa saddened him too. He says:—

"'Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake slave dhows prosper! An Arab slave-party fled on hearing of us yesterday. It is impossible not to regret the loss of Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shire, and with him all hope of the Gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly abandonment of all the

advantages of the Shire route by the Bishop's successor I shall ever bitterly deplore, but all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even the commencement of better times.'

"He notices with kindly appreciation everywhere the good traits of the negroes at Mokomba:—

"'The population is very great and very ceremonious. When we meet any one he turns aside and sits down; we clap the hand on the chest and say, "Re peta—re peta," that is, "we pass," or, "let us pass." This is responded to at once by the clapping of hands together. When a person is called at a distance he gives two loud claps of assent; or if he rises from near a superior he does the same thing, which is a sort of leave-taking.'

"And again at Mapuio's village:—

"'Clapping the hand in various ways is the polite way of saying, "Allow me," "I beg pardon," "Permit me to pass," "Thanks;" it is resorted to in respectful introduction and leave-taking, and also is equivalent to "Hear, hear." When inferiors are called they respond by two brisk claps of the hands, meaning, "I am coming."

"'They are very punctilious. A large ivory bracelet marks the head man of a village; there is nothing else to show differences of rank. . . . The morning was lovely, the whole country bathed in bright sunlight, and not a breath of air disturbed the smoke as it slowly curled up from the heaps of burning weeds, which the native agriculturist wisely destroys. The people generally were busy hoeing in the cool of the day. One old man in a village where we rested had trained the little hair he had left into a tail, which, well plastered with fat, he had bent on itself and laid flat on his crown; another was carefully paring a stick for stirring the porridge, and others were enjoying the shade of the wild fig-trees which are always planted at villages. It is a sacred tree all over Africa and India, and the tender roots which drop down towards the ground are used as medicine—a universal remedy. I like to see the men weaving or spinning, or reclining under these glorious canopies, as much as I love to see our more civilised people lolling on their sofas or ottomans.'

"He laughs pleasantly at Zeore's people, who pity England so much because there are no chilobe-peas in that benighted land; and who but Livingstone, after the hardships and provocations of the year 1866, would close his journal and begin a new one with words so gentle and child-like in their faith and purpose as these?—

"'We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Amighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

"'*1st January*, 1867.—May He who was full of grace and truth impress

His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour—for His mercy's sake.'

"And when he loses his medicine-chest in the forest near Lake Liemba, by the desertion of two of his men—a tremendous disaster—we find the incident—which, as he says, was almost like sentence of death to an African traveller—lightly and bravely disposed of by the remark that nothing happens except by God's permission, and, 'perhaps this, too, may turn out for the best by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious, charm-fearing people further south.' And then he adds with a sigh, which is as naive as it is touching, 'I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and to the heathen.' When he is very ill indeed, as at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, he hardly mentions his sickness in his daily jottings, or does so with some gracious word for the attention of his followers. These qualities, it is true, were well known of him, and equally well known is that righteous indignation against the cruelties which he was obliged to witness, travelling so constantly amid the horror of the slave traffic. On the Luongo he describes an incident in words which show what was his foremost purpose in all his African wanderings:—

"'Six men slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea "of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them." Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words "to haunt and kill by spirit power." Then it was, "Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and if on the side of the oppressors there was a power, there be higher than they!'

"A little further on we encounter an entry of strange interest; it is where Livingstone speculates on his last resting-place. He writes:—

"'We came to a grave in the forest; it was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way; it was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it; a little path showed that it had visitors. This is the sort of grave I should prefer—to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be so miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die.'

"And to this he adds, 'Poor Mary sleeps in Shupanga brae, and beeks fornent the sun.' Strange, and sad, and glad at once must appear the way in which the wish of the good Livingstone has been half granted by Heaven, half refused. His bones repose at home with the noblest of his native land

in the shadow of the Royal Abbey; and yet Africa, which holds the dust of his beloved wife, possesses his heart! That the negroes buried at Ilala; and it is quiet enough, 'after life's fitful fever,' in the gloom of the 'still, still wood,' near the great lake. Africa had his heart always; we scarcely possessed the right to take that from her. Subjoined is a specimen of the traveller's tender quickness of gratitude, even to an outcast and in the bad Manyema country:—

"'A woman (he says) with leprous hands gave me her hut—a nice clean one—and very heavy rain came on. Of her own accord she prepared dumplings of green maize, pounded and boiled, which are sweet, for she said that she saw I was hungry. It was excessive weakness from purging she mistook, but seeing that I did not eat for fear of the leprosy, she kindly pressed me: "Eat, you are weak from hunger; this will strengthen you." I put it out of her sight, and blessed her motherly heart.'

"Further on, when Livingstone has suffered for eighty days from ulcers in the foot, his medicines gone, his force failing, and, one would think, even his great heart breaking—as the hearts of the slaves do when they see the last of their native hills—we have him extracting humorous solace from a review. He copies a favourable notice of his last book from the 'British Quarterly Review,' and labels it 'A drop of comfort.' It is a little bit of well-deserved praise which the traveller has found quoted on the fly-leaf of one of his travelling-volumes, and he turns it gallantly into a moral tonic. The reviewer is happy, indeed, whose pen can thus boast that it has reinforced David Livingstone in one of his sorest straits. Yet what straits are sore for a man whose one thought and hope are thus expressed in the beginning of his Diary for 1871: 'O Father! help me to finish this work to Thy honour'? Such natures may suffer, but they cannot despair, and cannot be defeated.

"With one citation more we close our present notice. It describes, from Livingstone's own hand, that thrilling and happy hour of glad surprise when, at the end of all his resources, the traveller was lying at Ujiji in a state of illness, poverty, and depression, which probably would soon have put an earlier end to his journeying than that fixed by natural decay. It was the 24th October, 1871, and, while Livingstone was as near to despair as such a man could go, Mr. Stanley was already within a morning's march of his hut. The Doctor writes:—

"'My property has been sold to Shereef's friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef; but they would not restore stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come

by on either side; but one morning Syed bin Majid said to me, "Now, this is the first time we have been alone together; I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you." This was encouraging; but I said, "Not yet, but by-and-by." I had still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think, "This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wit's end like me." The visitor was no other than Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, jun., at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead, bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid on the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting £1,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned, and, instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles.'

"After this there is a happy silence of many days in the journals, and we all know that the rescue gave Livingstone means to renew his strength, while we owe to it the larger portion of these valuable memorials. Yet one little record more, inscribed just when Mr. Stanley has taken his departure, for it possesses an almost prophetic character. It runs:—

"'15*th March*.—Birthday. My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.'

"With this solemn and affecting passage we close our present notice of these volumes. Of David Livingstone it may, indeed, be truly said, 'being dead, he speaketh,' and the real significance of this notable publication—which

in itself is a monument of honour to the country from which the traveller drew his blood—is in the reflection that it is the last appeal of Livingstone to the British people, and the legacy to them, as his heirs, of undying hostility to slavery, of love and pity for the African continent, and its suffering, unfriended, desolate children."

The following appreciative notice of "Livingstone's Last Journals" by the "Christian World" affords another specimen of the manner in which the religious as well as the secular press delighted to do honour to the memory and to the work of the great Philanthropist:—"There was perhaps no man in whom so large a proportion of the English-speaking race took such an affectionate interest as in the heroic traveller, and to whose researches men of so many different classes and characters looked for the information which specially concerned and moved them. The trader listened eagerly to hear from him of new staples for manufacture—of new openings for commerce; the statesman watched to see whether he might discover lands suited to receive the surplus population of old and densely-crowded countries; the man of science scanned his account of new plants, new fish, new apes, new mountains, lakes, and rivers; and that portion of the community—a portion which cannot be called small—which desires beyond all else that the good tidings that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners should be carried to the utmost corners of the earth, expected from him full and trustworthy information upon that matter which, to them as to him, was the impelling motive and grand object of African exploration. . . . . Not a single entry in Dr. Livingstone's journals has been lost from the time of his leaving Zanzibar in 1866 until 'his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala, at the end of April, 1873.' He had always been careful and diligent, and it was his custom to post up at moments of leisure in the large Diary the daily jottings entered in metallic note-books which it was his custom to carry with him. But in the last three or four years of his life he had been unable, through toil, exhaustion, and distressing illness, to carry out this rule. His note-books, besides, as well as his ink and pencils, ran out, and he had to resort to various shifts to supply the deficiency. At last 'old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewn together, and his notes were written across the type with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree.'

"The faithfulness and courage of Chumah and Susi, the native attendants upon Livingstone in his last moments, entitle them to a place in one group with the master whom they so devotedly served. Africans have an intense horror of dead bodies, and it is often difficult to get them to carry corpses to the grave. But Chumah and Susi, and about half-a-dozen other followers of Livingstone, including two native girls, Ntoaeka and Halima, not only overcame this horror, but carried his remains from 'the banks of

the Molilamo,' in the centre of Africa, to Zanzibar. They were under no small temptation to bury the corpse where Dr. Livingstone had died, for the superstitious terror of the tribes on their way to the coast, all of which look upon the dead as haunting and injuring the living, would, they knew, increase their difficulties in the journey. They never wavered, however, and no company of Europeans could have conducted the matter better than those unsophisticated creatures. Chumah and Susi were appointed leaders by consent of all, and were not only appointed, but obeyed.

"David Livingstone died like a soldier in battle, 'falling on the foeman's ground.' His constitution was naturally so strong, and he had so often rallied when death seemed to have got hold upon him, that, after he was unable to stand or to sit upon a donkey, he still pressed on, carried in a litter. Through flooded country, under a continual downpour,' which 'saturated every man with fever-poison,' on he went, clinging to the hope that he might yet reach Luapula, and solve the problem of the sources of the Nile." How touching is the following entry in his Diary:—"In this journey I have endeavoured to follow, with unswerving fidelity, the line of duty. My course has been an even one, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil, were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Mine has been a calm, hopeful endeavour to do the work that has been given me to do, whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other. I had a strong presentiment, during the first three years, that I should never live through the enterprise, but it weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me—spell-bound me, I may say; for, if I could bring to light anything to confirm the Sacred Oracles, I should not grudge one whit all the labour expended. I have to go down the Central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, then up the Western, or young's Lake River, to Katanga head waters and then retire. I pray that it may be to my native home."

"Among the last words he uttered was a question to Susi, 'How many days to the Luapula?' 'I think it is three days, master.' 'O dear, dear!' said Livingstone, fearing that after all he would be too late. He then dosed off, his comatose condition being a presage of death, and at the same time obscuring his consciousness of its approach. Next morning before cock-crow he was found dead.

"The specific problem on which, perhaps, more than on any other, Livingstone set his heart in his last days was not solved. The sources of the Nile have not been indisputably ascertained, or rather it has not been settled

whether and in what manner the waters of the Nile are connected with that system of lakes which Livingstone explored. A passage in Herodotus is believed to have exerted an undue influence upon his mind, sending him in search of a mountain from which flowed four streams, when mere myth and legend had suggested the existence of such a scene. But that his life was well and gloriously spent—that a rich harvest has been the result of his exertions—admits of no question. The civilised and Christian world knows now, as it never did before, what manner of land the great African continent is, with its broad plateaus of wood and swamp, its entangled rivers, its systems of lakes, its singing birds, its musical frogs, its fevers, its leprosies, its eaten ulcers, its insects, whose mysterious nature prompts them to bury themselves in horse, camel, ox, or ass, and to kill the thing they fix on, its animal races which seem to border on humanity, going about erect in companies of ten, male and female accurately matched, and its human races, strangely near the brute, living on roots and bulbs. There are, indeed, African races which stand high in the scale among savages, stalwart men and comely women, who would not, said Dr. Livingstone, be physically unworthy of England; but one of the most remarkable facts connected with those mysterious regions is that the human and the animal tribes approach so near each other. The native African modestly pronounces the Soko—something between a gorilla and a chimpanzee—a man without the badness that is in man."

One on occasion, Dr. Livingstone received the present of a very interesting young Soko, which he describes as follows:—" Katambo presented me with a young Soko or gorilla that had been caught while its mother was killed; she sits eighteen inches high, has fine long black hair all over, which was pretty so long as it was kept in order by her dam. She is the least mischievous of all the monkey tribe I have seen, and seems to know that in me she has a friend, and sits quietly on the mat beside me. In walking, the first thing observed is that she does not tread on the palms of her hands, but on the backs of the second line of bones of the hands; in doing this the nails do not touch the ground, nor do the knuckles; she uses the arms thus supported crutch fashion, and hitches herself along between them; occasionally one hand is put down before the other, and alternates with the feet, or she walks upright and holds up a hand to any one to carry her. If refused, she turns her face down, and makes grimaces of the most bitter human weeping, wringing her hands, and sometimes adding a fourth hand or foot to make the appeal more touching. Grass or leaves she draws round her to make a nest, and resents any one meddling with her property. She is a most friendly little beast, and came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelled my clothes, and held out her hand to be shaken. I slapped her palm without offence, though she winced. She began to untie the cord with which she was afterwards bound, with fingers and thumbs, in quite a systematic way, and on

CHUMA AND SUSI

being interfered with by a man looked daggers, and screaming tried to beat him with her hands: she was afraid of his stick, and faced him, putting her back to me as a friend. She holds out her hand for people to lift her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf."

"On behalf of mankind, however, Dr. Livingstone finally attests that, if one is but civil, he can traverse Africa unhurt from shore to shore. The simple African races would, to all appearance, be reasonably happy were it not for the unmitigated and poisonous curse of slavery," of which the following charming picture of the simplicity of African village life by Dr. Livingstone affords abundant proof:—"We came to some villages among beautiful tree-covered hills, called Basilange or Mobasilange. The villages are very pretty, standing on slopes. The main street generally lies east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his clear hot rays from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drained off by the slopes. A little verandah is often made in front of the door, and here at dawn the family gathers round a fire, and, while enjoying the heat needed in the cold that always accompanies the first darting of the light or sun's rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air, and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various shaped leaves of the forest all around their village and near their nestlings are bespangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle: the kids gambol and leap on the backs of their dams quietly chewing the cud; other goats make believe fighting. Thrifty wives often bake their new clay pots in a fire, made by lighting a heap of grass roots: the next morning they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this morning scene of peaceful enjoyment is indescribable. Infancy gilds the fairy picture with its own lines, and it is probably never forgotten, for the young, taken up from slavers, and treated with all philanthropic missionary care and kindness, still revert to the period of infancy as the finest and fairest they have known They would go back to freedom and enjoyment as fast as would our own sons of the soil, and be heedless to the charms of hard work and no play which we think so much better for them if not for us." How sad the contrast:—

"In some cases we found all the villages deserted; the people had fled at our approach, in dread of repetitions of the outrages of Arab slaves. The doors were all shut: a bunch of the leaves of reeds or of green reeds placed across them, means 'no entrance here.' A few stray chickens wander about wailing, having hid themselves while the rest were caught and carried off into the deep forest, and the still smoking fires tell the same tale of recent flight from the slave-traders."

"To the last the great heart of Livingstone was fired with inextinguishable, immeasurable wrath against this diabolical system. He gives the lie to much thoughtless talk by declaring that slavery is *not* good, *not* natural, in any state of society. The man who finds himself a slave often loses his hold on life, and dies with his hand on his heart where the death pain struck him. Is it not pathetic that Homer should have said something very like this nearly three thousand years ago? We have advanced, however; for it never occurred to Pagan Homer to denounce slavery, or to plead for the slave, whereas Christian Livingstone was glad to give his life to break his fetters.

Of all the tributes which have been paid to the memory of Dr. Livingstone there is none which reflects greater lustre on his Christian heroism and self-sacrificing labours, and which is more likely to produce important results in the regeneration of Africa, than the founding of an Industrial Mission Station at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, in connection with the Free and Reformed Churches of Scotland, as a Memorial to Dr. Livingstone! The project has not only been definitely adopted, but an expedition will shortly be equipped to proceed by the Zambesi under the command of Mr. Young, the successful leader of the Search Party to the same region in 1867, who will make the commencement of a town to be called "Livingstonia," with the view of encouraging trade, suppressing slavery, disseminating the arts of industrial civilisation, and opening the southern interior of the Lake country to commerce. At a meeting recently held in Glasgow, liberal subscriptions were made towards this good purpose, including the following:—Mr. James Young, of Kelly, £1,000; Mr. Jas. Stevenson, Glasgow, £1,000; Mr. W. Mackinnon, of Balmakill, £500; Mr. P. Mackinnon, £500; Mr. Geo. Martin, of Auchendennan, £500; Mr. Jas. White, of Overtoun, £500; Dr. Joshua Paterson, £100; and Dr. Hugh Miller, £100. Five thousand pounds of the ten thousand required have already been collected; and it is to be hoped that all the Christian Churches and the British public generally will gladly take part in furthering so promising a work, for which purpose we give the following interesting particulars.

The locality of the proposed settlement will be at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. Probably on the promontory known as Cape Maclear. At this point the Shire River leaves Nyassa at a distance of about sixty miles above the Murchison Cataracts. The distance to the sea is about three hundred miles; there is also water communication for flat-bottomed vessels, drawing from two to three feet, all the way, with the exception of these cataracts, which extend over a distance of between thirty and forty miles.

With regard to the nature of the proposed Mission—In addition to the ordinary evangelistic or preaching work directly connected with the formation of such a project, it is intended to establish an industrial institution similar to that already existing at Lovedale, in which the arts of civilised life as well

as the truths of the Gospel would be taught to the people of the region. It is believed also that such a place would speedily grow into a native town, and would become a centre towards which the native population would steadily gravitate. Wherever there is protection and security the African tribes take advantage of it.

As to the method of carrying out the work.—At first there will be little demand, doubtless, for either educational or industrial teaching. After a time this will arise. The first work to be done by those who go there is to gain a footing in the country, to obtain the confidence of the natives, to become acquainted with the surrounding district, to establish communication on the river, and to acquire a knowledge of the native language. This would be work enough for a year or two. But while it is going on, if there can be secured one or two native interpreters from Cape Town or elsewhere, the teaching of the truths of the Gospel can be commenced at once from day to day as well as on Sundays.

After a little also a small school will be opened, and the work of education would be begun. Slowly the influence of this teaching, of various kinds, will begin to spread, and though no converts might be seen for some considerable time, yet afterwards, if God blesses the undertaking and no serious disaster occurs to the mission, these would make their appearance. The work would then have taken root. But it should always be remembered that progress at first in such directions must be extremely slow.

With reference to route.—The party will proceed to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, either by the Red Sea or *via* the Cape by steamer. They would carry with them two boats, one the size of a ship's cutter. It would be formed of iron, made in sections to take to pieces by screws, and similar in construction to that used by Mr. Young in 1867. The boats and goods having been landed at the Luabo mouth, they will proceed to put together the iron boat and load their goods. They would then hire fifty or more natives from a village about a mile south from the river mouth, and with their assistance as paddlers or otherwise would proceed up the river. At the lower end of the Murchison Cataracts they would leave one boat, and unscrew the sections of the iron boat, and carry it and the goods by means of porters over the cataracts, then put the boat together again and sail upwards to Lake Nyassa, and commence their work by selecting a suitable spot, either side by side with a native chief or headman who might be willing to receive them, or in any other suitable place. They will then proceed as above described. At first, and for some time to come, no other building will be wanted than huts, square or round. The latter can be built by the natives, and the former by them under the direction of Europeans.

As to the number of Europeans.—Four at least or, better, five will go—two of them being artisan and one a doctor, who will act as a medical

missionary. The latter (Mr. Black) has been already secured and although he will not be ready for a year, his place could be temporarily supplied.

As to dangers and obstacles.—It is probable that those difficulties which are most anticipated will not occur, and that others not expected may possibly arise. Amongst the chief are those which will probably spring from the natural obstacles of the country and the climate.

Communication will at first be irregular. If all goes well, it will become easy and regular after a while. In regard of climate, fever undoubtedly prevails on the coast, and on the valleys it is deadly; on the highlands it will occur to some extent, but in much less degree.

As to natives, except from accident or mistake, all along the route indicated little danger need be apprehended on this account. The necessary transport of goods for the settlement will year by year be gradually lessening. Sugar, flour, and coffee, are three of the articles most constantly wanted. In three years they should be able to grow all their wheat; in five or six they might grow as much sugar and coffee as would serve for their own use, and all they would want of the former might be manufactured in a rude way by themselves, though they had nothing better than wooden rollers and a few pots.

If, by God's blessing on this undertaking, and the exercise of every care, success is obtained, the results will be of a most momentous kind. It would be difficult to calculate the effects of such a settlement in a country where at present so little moral or social influence of a healthy nature exists. The amount of this better influence depends, of course, on the wisdom, energy, and caution, with which the scheme is developed, and also on the material support which it can reckon on at home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lieutenant Cameron's Expedition to Lake Tanganyika—Discovery of the Lukuga, the long-looked for Outlet to the waters of the Lake—Lieutenant Grandy's Expedition to the Congo District—Recall on the Death of Livingstone.

ONE of the most interesting problems which remained to be solved in connection with African geography was the system to which Lake Tanganyika belongs. Since the discovery of this lake by Burton and Speke on the 13th February, 1858, the solution of this question has exercised the ingenuity of geographers, and has given rise to various conflicting theories. Captain Burton describes the lake as occupying a position on the western extremity of the eastern third of the breadth of Africa, and as lying parallel to the Inner African line of volcanic action. The general formation suggested to him the idea of a volcano of depression, not of a reservoir formed by the drainage of mountains. Judging from the eye, the walls of this Tanganyika basin rise in an almost continuous curtain to two thousand or three thousand feet, and its length is over three hundred miles, with a mean breadth of twenty miles. Burton found the water of the Tanganyika to be deliciously sweet; yet a careful investigation and comparison of statements, led him to the belief that the lake receives and absorbs the whole river system of that portion of the Central African depression whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir. Burton ascertained that the Rusizi flowed into the lake at the northern, and the Marungu at the southern extremity, while on the eastern side he had himself descended the incline for two hundred and forty miles, until he came to the shores of the lake, and had seen that the Malagarazi and other rivers flowed into it. He, therefore, conjectured that Tanganyika had no outlet, suggesting that it maintains its level by an exact balance of supply and evaporation, and that the freshness of its waters is accounted for by the saline particles deposited in them being wanting in some constituent which renders the salt evident to the taste. But the uncertainty gave rise to endless discussion, and the solution of the question was certainly one of the most important achievements which remained for future African explorers. Some geographers maintained that the Rusizi flowed out

of the north end of the lake, and that consequently Tanganyika was the main source of the Nile. Others suggested that the outlet was from the eastern side, and that the Ruaha or Lufiji carried the waters of Lake Tanganyika to the Indian Ocean; while a third school contended that the lake had no outlet.

Dr. Livingstone added to the knowledge on the subject which we derive from Captain Burton's admirable work. But the health of the great Explorer was completely worn out when he reached the southern extremity of Tanganyika in April, 1867, and little reliance can be placed on his observations, as he says that his head was out of order at the time. He was then suffering from a severe attack of fever, and in November, 1871, he had lost all count of time. In March, 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake, at a time when he was again suffering from illness; and during the fourteen hours of March the 7th, making the voyage against a head wind, and most of the time in darkness, he appears to have passed that part of the coast where the outlet actually is. In November, 1871, he made a voyage to the northern end of the lake, and found that the mouth of the Rusizi is formed of three branches about twelve to fifteen yards broad, and six feet deep, with a strong current of two miles an hour. He ascertained that all the rivers round the northern end flowed into the lake, and thus confirmed Burton's original conclusions. Dr. Livingstone himself does not appear to have formed any definite opinion on the subject of Tanganyika hydrography. At Ujiji he observed that a current flowed northwards at the rate of nearly a mile an hour from February to November. Then evaporation is at its strongest, and the water begins to go gently south, until arrested by the flood from the great rains in February; so that there is a flow and reflow caused by rains and evaporation on the surface of a lake three hundred miles in length. At one time he seems to have thought there was no outlet, for he accounts for the sweetness of the water by the existence of this current flowing "through the middle of the lake lengthways." At another time he says that he has not the smallest doubt that the Tanganyika discharges somewhere, though he may not be able to find the outlet. The question was thus left in a complete state of uncertainty, and the larger portion of the lake was unsurveyed and unvisited, when Lieutenant Cameron reached its shores on the 21st February 1874, exactly sixteen years after their discovery by Captain Burton.

After a careful survey of the southern and unknown portion of the lake, the young Lieutenant proceeded to explore the western side, and at a distance of twenty-five miles to the south of the Kasenge Islands, visited by Speke and Livingstone, he discovered the river which forms the outlet to Lake Tanganyika on the 3d of May, 1874. This outlet, it appears, is called Lukugu, and had actually been passed by Livingstone, though in the night-time, which might account for his having somewhat hastily concluded that

the waters flowed into, instead of out of, the lake. Lieutenant Cameron proceeded for about four or five miles along the stream, the current of which runs from one to two knots per hour, but further navigation was impeded by floating grass and large rushes. In a letter to Lord Derby, from Kawele, Ujiji, May 14, 1874, Lieutenant Cameron says:—"I think, from what I have heard from the Arabs here, that the Lualaba is the Congo. One important fact mentioned by my Arab informant requires looking into. He said he met no English merchants, although he heard of them and of our men-of-war, as all the white merchants he met traded in slaves. This, if true, would point to the Spanish and Portuguese merchants on the Congo. Of the vast importance to the trading community of England of the Congo and Lualaba proving one there is little for me to say, but I will glance over the principal articles of export. The Guinea palm extends, I believe, from the West Coast to here; india-rubber is abundant in Manyema; sem sem (from which much so-called olive-oil is extracted) grows well wherever cultivated; the castor-oil plant grows almost wild; ground nuts the same; copper and gold are found in Katanga; cotton grows well, and of to or three kinds; coffee is reported to grow wild; ivory, it is well known, mostly comes from this portion of Africa; there are many sorts of fibrous substances which might be exported with advantage, and the various millets and maize grow in such abundance that they would form a profitable export; rice also grows most luxuriantly wherever cultivated. The only obstacles to a free water communication of which I know are the Yellala Falls and the rapids on the Lualaba, a short way above the Nyangwe. The Lukuga is at present obstructed with grass, but a way might easily be cut through that. The trade at present is about here entirely in the hands of Arabs who, when in Manyema, live nearly entirely by plunder, and who take the wretched inhabitants as slaves to carry their ivory and other goods. The efforts of England will, I trust, be successful in putting down the slave-trade by sea; but at present they leave untouched an equally crying evil, the internal trade, which is rapidly depopulating vast districts. In going round the lake I was constantly shown places where villages had been, and when I asked where the former inhabitants were, invariably received the same, 'Killed, or carried off for slaves.' The price of a slave is only 5 dotis (20 yards) of calico, while the hire of a passage is 5½ from Unyanyembe here, so that it is far cheaper to buy slaves than to hire porters, besides which no porters are obtainable in Manyema, and the whole trade there is carried on by means of slaves. The Arabs take with them a horde of Wagwana or free men, armed with muskets, and carry a few stores by means of domestic slaves, and the ivory, of which they obtain large quantities, is all brought by fresh-caught slaves to Ujiji. The numbers of Arabs settling in the country is constantly increasing, and they all have large numbers of slaves for domestic purposes, for cultivating their gardens, and for porters.

Many of those employed as porters only receive rations whilst on journeys, and when not travelling have to live by plunder. Of the relations between the various tribes there is little to be said; the agricultural people seldom make war on each other, unless they get mixed up with the quarrels of the Arabs, to any great extent; predatory tribes prey on all others indiscriminately, carrying off slaves, and murdering all who attempt to resist; the cattle they slaughter at once, and find a ready market for their slaves among the Arab traders and tribes with whom they are not actually warring. I am afraid that stopping the export of slaves, although it will diminish the evil in the districts around the Nyassa, from whence Kilwa draws its principal supplies, will only exacerbate it elsewhere by causing many now engaged in that trade to settle in the interior, where they will become slaveholders and traders afresh. In conclusion, let me add that, in my belief, this internal slave-trade will continue to increase until proper means of communication are opened up, and the country brought under the influence of civilisation and legitimate commerce."

Lieutenant Cameron has thus achieved the honour of solving one of the great African problems, which previous explorers had failed to solve, by his discovery of the long-looked for outlet, which all physical geographers had agreed must exist, as in no other way could the sweetness of the water be accounted for.

The further discovery of the course of the Congo will be the greatest achievement that remains to be done on that continent; for the difficulties are so serious that they can scarcely be exaggerated, and it will call forth qualities of no ordinary kind to surmount them. Cameron's first idea was to have obtained some light canoes, and to have followed down the outlet from its commencement. He subsequently appears to have determined to make direct for Nyangwe, across the Manyuema country, and to descend the great river from that point. He started from Ujiji on his lonely and chivalrous expedition, on the 20th of last May, and surely he will take the hearty good wishes of all true Englishmen with him. The undertaking will necessarily involve great expense, towards which the Council of the Royal Geographical Society has headed the Cameron Expedition Fund by a subscription of £500. Many other sympathisers have also come forward, and the amount already subscribed is £994, or, including the grant of the Council, £1,494.

Lieutenant Grandy, who, by the munificence of Mr. Young, of Kelly, was sent to try and meet Livingstone on the Congo, by penetrating from the West Coast by way of Ambriz and Bembe, has found greater difficulty of penetrating into the interior of the country by that route, and from his comparatively early recall on account of the death of Livingstone, he has been unable, apparently, to achieve any great geographical discovery. His opinion of the Congo is, that there are two main branches, the southern one

draining Angola, and the northern one being apparently identical with the Lualaba.

The expedition under Lieutenant Grandy left Liverpool on the 3rd of November, 1872, arriving at Ambriz in February 1873, where considerable difficulty was experienced in securing the requisite number of carriers. On the 23rd of March after a journey of eleven days, they reached Bembe, where they were very kindly received by the chief, who gave up a portion of the barracks for the accommodation of the men, as well as a lock-up store for stowing away their cargoes. Bembe is the most advanced port of the Portuguese, and from its command of the roads to and from the interior, is of considerable importance. The fort is in a very dilapidated state, and a rumour prevailed that the Portuguese intended abandoning it. While at Bembe Lieutenant Grandy paid a visit to the copper mines, where there seems still to be a considerable amount of ore. In his published Journal, he says:—"Formerly they had an English manager here, and every requisite machinery, but the manager died, and the Company got into difficulties, and the whole plant was eventually destroyed by fire. There is a chief at Encoge, three days south of this place, through whom communication is kept up with Loanda. The place produces large quantities of good quality coffee, and fine sheep may also be obtained; but the climate, from the greater quantity of rain that falls, is much more unhealthy. . . Paid a visit to the caves, which are in the same valley as the mines, but a mile further to the south-eastward: they are very interesting, and the rocks from which they have been scooped form a strange feature amongst the surrounding soil of slate and shale, being composed entirely of limestone. The entrance to the first cave is by a low, narrow passage, and having arrived at the end, you enter a circular vaulted chamber about thirty-five feet in diameter and forty feet high. Beyond this again is another chamber, nearly sixty feet in height, and also circular. In these caves, it is said, the natives deposited the copper ore they collected at the mines before the Portuguese took possession. Passing round to the right, after emerging from the first two chambers, you enter a second cave of greater extent, but not so singular in shape, the roof gradually sloping to the ground. We found some few specimens of malachite in the caves."

On Wednesday, the 8th March, Lieutenant Grandy left Bembe, and bade farewell to the chief, of whom he says:—"I was exceedingly sorrow at parting with the chief, who, in his kindness to our men and selves, has been almost as a brother. He pressed on me from his small store some rice, wine, bread, etc., and accompanied me to the first village, where he embraced me, and wished me Godspeed and good fortune. Our men, I am glad to state, fell in of their own free will, and one of them, acting as spokesman for the rest, thanked the chief for his great kindness to them. The chief seemed

much moved at their gratitude, and said he had never known black men thankful before."

On the 15th of April, Lieutenant Grandy reached Congo, where he had an audience of the king, by whom he was received in great state, the old king sitting on a chair, under a huge state umbrella, habited in the uniform of a Portuguese lieutenant, and surrounded by his sons and principal chiefs. He expressed himself as being very much gratified at being visited by Englishmen—hoped that many more would follow, and ended with a cordial invitation to the party to make their home in his town, which Lieutenant Grandy describes as follows:—"Congo, or San Salvador of the Portuguese, is situated on an elevated plateau fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. It has formerly been an extensive fortified city, surrounded by a loopholed wall, averaging fifteen feet in height and three feet in thickness, portions of which are still standing. There are also the ruins of an old church or cathedral at the north-west portion of the town. The Portuguese held military occupation for some years, but abandoned it in 1870, and their forts and barracks are now ruins, completely overgrown with rank grass and shrubs. The town is supplied with water from a beautiful spring, which issues in three small streams from the clay soil half way down the plateau on the east side of the town. There are very few trees near the town; bananas, plantains, and fowls are plentiful and cheap, and the farms of beans, cassava, and ground-nuts are well kept. There are three markets weekly held near the town. The Congoese are great snuff-takers, are well clothed, and a great many speak Portuguese. They are dark coloured and of average height, but not muscular; indifferently armed with flint muskets and knives, and very fond of hunting. They make free use of the knife in their quarrels, not using it as a dagger, but giving long sweeping cuts across the back, breast, and stomach. They are habitually lazy. The women are decently clothed, modest and virtuous, and exceedingly industrious. They tend the farms, look after the house, and cook the meals, whilst the man sits quietly down and smokes his pipe. Polygamy is general in the country, and a man is accounted rich according to the number of his wives, who, as soon as married, select a piece of ground which they industriously farm, the produce being sold at the markets for beads, cloth, etc. The King of Congo has two nephews, and, by the laws of the country, one of them, who shall be the choice of the people, succeeds to the throne. Failing a nephew, the people elect a king themselves. The sons of the king do not in any way participate, nor are they entitled to any of his property; but during his lifetime he can appoint them to chiefships of towns in his kingdom as vacancies occur. The King of Congo commands the roads from the interior to the coast, and levies contributions on all 'chiboukas' of ivory. He was once a very powerful chief, and, being supported by the Portuguese, was much respected; but

since they withdrew from Congo he has been gradually sinking to the level of other chiefs, and, although he keeps up an outward show of authority, he has very little power." Of the River Congo, Lieutenant Grandy observes:—"The Congo, which is one of the grandest rivers of the universe, and still awaits exploration, is navigable for steamers to a distance of one hundred and ten miles from its mouth, even in the dry season; it floods twice annually, the first and great rise taking place from 10th of September to the 23rd of December, the second from first week in March till nearly the end of June. In 1873 it only rose nine feet six inches with the first flooding, and two feet with the second. A very low run was expected at the end of August of this year, owing to the small quantity of rain which fell. There are hundreds of canoes on this river, some of them capable of carrying three tons of cargo. A very large trade in nuts and oil is carried on with them between Boma and the towns and markets above the factories. The natives are very skilful in the handling of their canoes, yet a great number of lives are lost annually through the swamping of their frail craft by whirlpools. They stand to paddle, singing the while. The large canoes have two men to steer, and six to paddle; they chose the early morning for descending the river when there is no wind. The fishermen use nets shaped like a spoon, and choose dark nights for their work, one man holding a lighted brand over the water, whilst the other dips up the fish attracted by the glare with the net."

Notwithstanding the professions of friendship by the King of Congo, he proved utterly powerless to secure a sufficient number of carriers to enable the party to prosecute their journey. Lieutenant Grandy says:—"I began to fear we never should get out of Congo; the disaffected people were constantly bringing in reports that chiefs whose towns we had to pass had sent word that they intended to fire upon and exterminate the whole party, and therefore carriers had better not come with us. These, and like stories, which it would be tedious to repeat, lost us a whole month of the best season of the year." After innumerable delays, and vexations enough to try the spirit of any Job, Lieutenant Grandy succeeded in collecting together a sufficient number of carriers, and, on the 21st June, he left Congo. Proceeding in a northerly direction, he passed through several inconsiderable towns and villages; and having crossed the Quilo and Luanga rivers, the party at length reached Tungwa, which Lieutenant Grandy declares to be by far the most populous and best-built town he had seen. "The streets are regularly laid out and cleanly; the people are ivory traders, and the whole place has an appearance of prosperity. Our interpreter said the chief had in his house chairs, tables, and every article of European manufacture that is traded with, and lives in comparative luxury. He looked upon our presents as being very insignificant. The estimated population is about one thousand six hundred. The river, which rises from a fountain about eight miles eastward of the town,

flows round three sides of it, the fourth having a background of hills, the slopes of which are cultivated. Since crossing the Quilo River, we have noticed that the natives are smaller in stature and of a lighter colour, this being especially remarkable with the Tungwa people. Banza Macoota, the residence of the king, is a large manufacturing town lying in the valley to the northward of the Tungwa; it is noted for pottery, pipes, mats, and grass cloths. The surrounding country is very fertile and well-cultivated, producing sugar-cane, corn, ground-nuts, mandioca, yams, beans, etc; poultry, sheep, and goats, are also plentiful.

The marriage customs of the inhabitants of some of the villages beyond Congo are rather peculiar:—"As soon as a young man has built himself a house, and can assure the parents of the girl that he has sufficient money to keep a wife, he can marry. Girls are betrothed at their birth, and the intended husband continues to make presents to the parents, and give cloths to the girl, until she arrives at the age of puberty, when she is handed over to him. In the event of a married man dying, if he has a younger brother, his estate and wives are handed over to him. If there is no brother, the wives go back to their parents, and the children are supported by the deceased man's family, and his property sold. They keep no account of the children's ages after they are two years old. A man is not allowed by 'fetish' to cohabit with his wife after the birth of a child until it can walk alone. In many villages there is what is called a young man's house. When a boy is about eleven or twelve years old, he leaves his parents' house for this place (only returning for his meals), where he lives with the other young men until he marries."

Baffled by the opposition of the native chiefs in carrying out his mission, Lieutenant Grandy was waiting on the Congo River for the recurrence of the proper season for a renewed attempt, for which his arrangements were completed, when he was informed of Dr. Livingstone's death; and having received a letter of recall from the Royal Geographical Society, he at once made preparations for returning to England, very much regretting the idea of leaving his work when all seemed so full of promise.

CHAPTER XXV.

Description of Zanzibar—Its Commercial Advantages and Prospects—Mr. Stanley's Interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar—Capture of an Arab Slave Dhow—Organisation of a New Exploring Expedition, under Mr. Stanley—Proposed Route, etc.

IN a previous portion of this work we gave an account of Sir Bartle Frere's Mission from the English Government to Zanzibar, and of the successful conclusion of a treaty, by which the slave-trade, both foreign and domestic, ceased to be recognised or supported by the Sultan of Zanzibar and his brothers on the East Coast of Africa. The conversation which is recorded in the following letter from Mr. Stanley, the joint commissioner of the "New York Herald" and "The Daily Telegraph," as having taken place between him and the Sultan of Zanzibar, is full of interest, and is well worthy of careful perusal and consideration. It would be well for the Sultan of Zanzibar, instead of mourning over the loss of the gains which he formerly derived from the traffic in slaves, to devote his attention to the development of legitimate traffic, by utilising those rivers debouching along the coast spoken of by Mr. Stanley. That there is an immense future opening for Zanzibar cannot be doubted, but it depends, as does the salvation of Africa, upon the relentless, the uncompromising, the final extirpation of slavery, external and internal. To Mr. Stanley also we are indebted for a most interesting word-picture of this great African Emporium, which bids fair to become the Alexandria of the Eastern Coast. In the first of two long letters, published in "The Daily Telegraph," dated Zanzibar, Nov. 15, 1874, Mr. Stanley says:—

"For the last four or five years the island and town called Zanzibar have been very prominently before the public. The rigorous measures pursued by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on this coast, and the appeals of Livingstone on behalf of the aboriginal African, have made Zanzibar a well-known name. Previous to this time it was comparatively unknown—as little known, indeed, as the polysyllabic name by which it is described in the Periplus of Arrian. The mention of Zanguebar, Zanji-bar—or, as it is now called, Zanzibar—produced very little interest. Some few people there were who remembered there was such a name in very big characters on the map of the world, occupying a large strip on the east side of Africa, seen during their school-boy days, but what that name indicated or comprehended very few knew or cared. They thought that it might be a very wild land, peopled with cannibals and the like, no doubt; for I

remember well, when I first returned from Africa, that a great number of those gentlemen who frequent clubs and fashionable societies often asked me, 'Where the deuce is Zanzibar?' There were people, however, who prospered and grew rich on the ignorance of their white brothers, so woefully deficient in elementary geographical knowledge. These were the staid old merchants of London, New York, Salem, and Hamburg, who had agents living at Zanzibar, unobtrusively collecting precious cargoes of African productions, and shipping them home to their employers, who sold them again quietly and unobtrusively to manufacturers at enormous profits. Great sums of money were made for many years by these old merchants until the slave-trade question began to be agitated and Livingstone's fate became a subject of inquiry. At this date a Committee of the House of Commons held a protracted sitting, sifting every item of information relating to the island and its prospects, its productions, commerce, etc., and the 'New York Herald' despatched a special commissioner in search of Livingstone, one result of whose mission was the publication of the name of Zanzibar far and wide. Captain Burton has also written two large volumes, which bear the conspicuous title of 'Zanzibar,' in large gold letters, on their backs; but very few copies of this work, I imagine, have found their way among the popular classes. I mean to try in the present letter to convey a description of the island, its Prince, and such subjects in relation to them, as will suit any mind likely to take an interest in reading it. De Horsey's 'African Pilot' describes Zanzibar as being an island forty-six miles in length by eighteen miles in width at its greatest breadth, though its average breadth is not more than from nine to twelve miles. The 'African Pilot' and None's 'Epitome' place the island in south latitude 6° 27′ 42″, and in east longitude 39° 32′ 57″, but the combined navigating talent on board her Majesty's surveying ship Nassau locates Zanzibar in south latitude 6° 9′ 36″, and east longitude 39° 14′ 43″. Between the island and the mainland runs a channel from twenty to thirty miles in width, well studded with coral islands, sandbars, sandbanks, and coral reefs.

"The first view the stranger obtains of Zanzibar is of low land covered with verdure. If he has been much informed concerning the fevers which trouble the white traveller in equatorial Africa, he is very likely to be impressed in his own mind that the low land is very suggestive of it; but a nearer view is more pleasing, and serves to dispel much of the vague fear or uneasiness with which he has approached the dreaded region of ill-health and sorrow. The wind is gentle and steady which fills the vessel's sails; the temperature of the air is moderate, perhaps at 70° or 75° Fahrenheit; the sky is of one cerulean tint; the sea is not troubled and scarcely rocks the ship; the shore is a mass or vivid green; the feathery fronds of palm trees, and the mango's towering globes of foliage relieve the monotony; while the gleaming white houses of the rich Arabs heighten the growing pleasure with

the thought that the 'fever may not be so bad as people say it is.' Proceeding southward through the channel that separates Zanzibar from the continent, and hugging the shore of the island, you will many times be gratified by most pleasant tropical scenes, and by a strange fragrance which is borne from the leaf-clad island—a fragrance which may remind you of 'Ceylon's spicy isle.' With a good glass you will be able to make out first the cocoa palm and the deep dark green orb of foliage which the mango raises above when the tree is in its prime, the graceful bombax, and the tall taramind, while numbers of gigantic trees of some kind loom over masses of umbrageous shrubbery. Bits of cultivated land, clusters of huts, solitary *tembes*, gardens, and large square white houses, succeed each other quickly, until your attention is attracted by the sight of shipping in the distance; and near by, growing larger and larger every moment, is the city of Zanzibar, the greatest commercial mart on the East Coast of Africa. Arrived in the harbour, you will find the vessel anchors about four hundred yards from the town, close to a few more European ships, and perhaps a British man-of-war or two; while a number of queer-looking craft, which you will style 'native,' lie huddled between your own vessel and the shore. These native boats are of various tonnage and size, from the unwieldy Arab trading dhow, with two masts leaning inelegantly and untrimly towards the bows, while the towering after-part reminds you of the pictures of ships in the Spanish Armada, to the lengthy, low, and swift-looking *mpete*, which when seen going before the wind, seems to be skimming the sea like a huge white seagull.

"Beyond the native fleet of trading Muscat dhows, Kilwa slavers, Pangani wood-carriers, and those vessels which carry passengers to the mainland, the town of Zanzibar rises from the beach in a nearly crescent form, white, glaring and unsymmetrical. The narrow, tall, white-washed house of the reigning Prince, Burghash bin Said, towers almost in the centre of the first line of buildings; close to it on the right, as you stand looking at the town from shipboard, is the saluting battery, which numbers some thirty guns or thereabouts; and behind rises a mere shell of a dingy old Portuguese fort, which might almost be knocked into pieces by a few rounds from Snider muskets. Hard by the water battery is the German Consul's house, as neat as clean white-wash can make an Arab building, and next to this edifice rises the double residence and offices of her Britannic Majesty's Assistant Political Resident, surmounted by the most ambitious of flagstaffs. Next comes an English merchant's house, and then the buildings occupied by Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, the agent of the great house of John Bertram and Co., of Salem, Massachusetts; while between the English merchant's house and the Bertram agency, in neighbourly proximity, is seen the snow-white house of Mr. Frederick M. Cheney, agent of Arnold, Hines, & Co., of New York; and beyond all, at the extreme right, on the far end of the crescent, at Shangani

Point, appears in isolated vastness the English Residency, which was formerly the house of Bishop Tozer and his scanty flock of youthful converts. If you start again from that central and prominent point, the Palace of his Highness, and intend to take a searching view of the salient objects of observation along the sea front of the town, you will observe that to the left of the water battery are a number of sheds roofed with palm fronds, and that in front of these is about the only thing resembling a wharf visible on the beach. This, you will be told, is the Zanzibar Custom House. There may be a native dhow discharging her cargo, and lines of burly strong labourers come and go—go and come—continually bearing to the Custom House bales, packages, ivory tusks, and what not, and returning for fresh burdens; while on the wharf turbaned Arabs and long-shirted half-castes either superintend the work, or, from idle curiosity, stand by to look on. Moving the eye leftward of the Custom House to a building of noble dimensions, you will see that mixture of richness of woodwork with unkempt slovenliness and general untidiness or semi-decay, which attracts the traveller in almost all large Turkish and Arab houses, whether in Turkey, Egypt, or Arabia. This is the new Palace of Prince Burghash. The dark-brown verandah, with its open lattice work, interlaced bars of wood, and infinitesimal carving—the best work of an Arab artisan—strikes one as peculiarly adapted for a glowing climate like this of Zanzibar. But if the eye surmounts that woodwork it will find itself shocked at observing the half-finished roof and the seams of light which fall through it, and the dingy whitewash and the semi-ruinous state of the upper part of the structure. A little left of this, stand two palatial buildings, which for size dwarf even the British Residency. One is the house of Nassur bin Said, the Prime Minister of his Highness; the other is inhabited by the Sultan's harem. Beyond these large buildings are not many more. The compact line of solid buildings becomes broken by unsightly sheds with thatched roofs. This is the Melinde quarter, a place devoted to the sale of fish, fruit, etc., to which new European arrivals are banished to seek residences among the few stone houses to be found there. Past Melinde is the shallow Malagash inlet—the cause, I may say the main, perhaps the only cause of the unhealthiness of the town of Zanzibar—and beyond the Malagash inlet extends the country, like a rich, prolific garden, teeming with tropical plants and trees, sloping gently upward as far as the purpling ridges of Elaysu.

"Such is Zanzibar and its suburbs to the new arrival, as he attempts to note down his observations from shipboard. Descending the side ladder, he is rowed ashore, and if he has a letter of introduction is welcomed by some 'noble specimen of a British merchant,' or an 'American merchant of thirty-five or forty years' standing,' or a British official, or by one of those indescribables who have found their way into Zanzibar, and who patiently bide for the good time that is reported and believed to be coming; for I find that Zanzibar,

instead of attracting the real merchant, has, since my last visit, but changed its European inutiles. When I was here before I met a living specimen of the happy and sanguine Micawber class. He is gone, but another fills his place. One can scarcely dare say anything good of Zanzibar, or of any other place, without attracting the wrong class of persons; and, as I am on this topic, I may as well specify what class can be benefited pecuniarily by immigration to Zanzibar. To an enterprising man of capital Zanzibar, and the entire sea-line of the Sultan's dominions, offer special advantages. A person with a capital of £5,000 might soon make his £20,000 out of it, but not by bringing his money and his time and health to compete with great rich mercantile houses of many years' standing and experience, and settling at Zanzibar, vainly attempting to obtain the custom of the natives, who are perfectly content with their time-honoured white friends, when the entire coast-line of the mainland invites his attention, his capital, his shrewdness, and his industry. The new arrival must do precisely what the old merchants did when they commenced business. He must go where there is no rivalry, no competition, if he expects to have a large business and quick returns for his money. He must bring his river steamer of light draught, and penetrate the interior by the Rufiji, the Pangani, the Mtwana, or the Jub, and purchase the native produce at first cost, and re-sell to the large mercantile houses of Zanzibar, or ship home. The copal of the Rufiji plain, accessible, as I know by experience, to a light-draught steamer, is now carried on the shoulders of natives to Dar Salaam and Mbuamajii, to be sold to the Banyans, who re-ship it to Zanzibar, and there re-sell to the European merchant. The ivory trade of Unyamwezi is brought down close to Mbumi Usagara, which is accessible in a light-draught steamer by the Wami. The ivory trade of Masai, and the regions north, is carried down through a portion of the Pangani Valley, and the Pangani for a short distance is also navigable, and furnishes a means of enabling the white merchant to overreach his more settled white brothers at Zanzibar. The Jub river, next to the Zambesi, is the largest river on the East Coast of Africa, while it is comparatively unknown. Arab caravans penetrate the regions south of it, and obtain large quantities of ivory and hides. Why should not the white merchant attempt to open legitimate trade in the same articles by means of the river? When John Bertram, of Salem, Massachusetts, came to Zanzibar, some forty years ago, there was not a single European house here. He was an officer of a whaling vessel when he saw this large town, with its splendid opportunities for commencing a mercantile business. On arriving home, he invested the results of his venture in chartering a small vessel with goods, such as would meet a ready sale in Zanzibar. The speculation turned out to be a fine one; he repeated it, and then established an agency at Zanzibar, while he himself resided at Salem to conduct the business at home, to receive the cargoes from Zanzibar, and ship cloth and other goods to his

agency out here. The business which the young whaler started continued to thrive. Agent succeeded agent as each man went home, after a few years' stay in Zanzibar, to enjoy the fruit of his labours. Boys sent out to learn the business become responsible clerks, then head agents, and subsequently opulent merchants, and so on from year to year, until John Bertram can point with just pride to his own millions and the long list of men whom he taught, encouraged, sustained by his advice, and enriched. The moral of all this is, that what John Bertram, of Salem, did at Zanzibar can be done by any large-minded, enterprising Englishman or American on the mainland of Africa. Nay; as there is a larger field on the mainland, and as he can profit by the example of Bertram, he can do more.

"Men experienced in the ways of Oriental life need not to be told in detail how people live in Zanzibar, or how the town appears within, or what the Arabs and half-castes and Wanguana know of sanitary laws. Zanzibar is not the best, the cleanliest, or the prettiest town I have ever seen; nor, on the other hand, is it the worst, the filthiest, or the ugliest town. While there is but little to praise or glorify in it, there is a good deal to condemn, and while you censure it, you are very likely to feel that the cause for condemnation is irremediable and hopeless. But the European merchants find much that is endurable at Zanzibar. It is not nearly the intolerable place that the smelted rocks of Aden have made Steamer Point, nor has it the parboiling atmosphere of Bushire or Busrah, nor is it cursed by the merciless heat of Ismailia or Port Said. If you expose yourself to the direct rays of the sun of Zanzibar for a considerable time, it would be as fatal for you as though you did an unwise thing on the Aden isthmus. Within doors, however, life is tolerable—nay, it is luxuriously comfortable. We—I mean Europeans—have numbers of servants to wait on us to do our smallest bidding. If we need a light for our cigars, or our walking-cane, or our hats when we go out, we never think of getting these things for ourselves, or of doing anything which another could do for us. We have only the trouble of telling our servants what to do, and even of this trouble we would gladly be relieved. One great comfort to us out here is that there is no society to compel us to imprison our necks within linen collars, or half-strangle ourselves with a silken tie, or to be anxious about any part of our dress. The most indolent never think of shifting their night *pyjamas* until nearly midday. Indeed, we could find it in our hearts to live in them altogether, except that we fear a little chaff from our neighbours. Another luxury we enjoy out here which may not always be obtained in Europe without expense. What think you of a salt-water bath morning, noon, and evening, just before dinner? Our servants fill our tubs for us, for our residences stand close to the sea, and it is neither trouble nor expense, if we care at all for the luxury, to undress in the cool room, and take a few minutes' cooling in the tub. Though we are but a very small colony of

whites, we resemble, miscroscopically, society at home. We have our good men, and true, and sociable men; we have large-hearted hospitable men, our peg-giving friends, our hail-fellows-well-met, and perambulating gossips. Our houses are large, roomy, and cool; we have plenty of servants; we have good fruit on the island; we enjoy health while we have it; and with our tastes, education, and natural love of refinement, we have contrived to surround ourselves with such luxuries as serve to prolong good health, peace of mind, and life, and Inshallah! shall continue to do so while we stay in Zanzibar. The above is but the frank, outspoken description of himself, that might be given by a dignified and worthy Zanzibar merchant of long standing, and of European extraction. And your Commisioner will declare that it is as near truth as though the Zanzibar merchant of long standing and experience had written it himself.

"Now we have had the Europeans of Zanzibar, their houses, and mode and law of life described, let us get into the street and endeavour to see for ourselves the nature of the native and the Semitic resident, and ascertain how far they differ from the Anglo-American sublimities. As we move away towards the Seyyid's Palace, we gradually become conscious that we have left the plastered streets with their small narrow gutters, which re-echoed our footsteps so noisily. The tall houses where the Europeans live, separated by but a narrow passage ten feet wide, shut out the heat and dazzling glare which otherwise the clean whitewashed walls would have reflected. When we leave these behind we come across the hateful blinding sunlight, and our nostrils become irritated by an amber-coloured dust, from the 'garbling' of copal and orchilla weed, and we are sensible of two separate smells which affect the senses. One is the sweet fragrance of cloves, the other is the odour which a crowd of slaves bearing clove bags exhale from their perspiring bodies. Shortly we come across an irregular square blank in the buildings which had hemmed us in from the sunlight. A fetid garbage heap, debris of mud houses, sugar-cane leavings, orange and banana peelings, make piles which, festering and rotting in the sun, are unsightly to the eye and offensive to the nostrils. And just by we see the semi-ruinous Portuguese fort, a most feeble and dilapidated structure. Several rusty and antique cannon lie strewn along the base of its front wall, and a dozen or so of dusky and beggarly-looking half-castes, armed with long straight swords and antique Muscat matchlocks, affect to be soldiers and guardians of the gate. Fortunately, however, for the peace of the town and the reigning Prince, the prisoners whom the soldiers guard are mild mannered and gentle enough, few of them having committed a worse crime than participating in a bloodless street brawl, or being found intoxicated in the street. Passing the noisy and dusty Custom House, with its hives of singing porters at work, and herds of jabbering busybodies, nobodies, and somebodies, we shortly arrive at the Palace, where we might as well

enter, and see how it fares with his Highness Burghash bin Said, the Prince of Zanzibar and Pemba. As we may have merely made an appointment with him, as private citizens of a free and independent foreign Court, and are escorted only by a brother citizen of the same rank, etiquette forbids that the Seyyid should come down into the street to receive his visitor. Were we her Britannic Majesty's Consul or Political Resident, his Highness would deem it but due to our official rank to descend into the street and meet us exactly twenty-four steps from the palace door. Were we an Envoy Extraordinary, the Prince would meet us some fifty or seventy-five paces from his gate. We are but private citizens, however, and the only honour we get is an exhibition of the guards—Beloochis, Persians, and half-castes—drawn up on each side of the door, their uniforms consisting of lengthy, butternut-coloured *dishdashehs*, or shirts, which reach from the nape of the neck to the ancles of each.

"We have ascended a flight of steep wooden steps when we discover the Prince, ready to receive us with his usual cordial and frank smile and pleasant greeting; and during a shower of good-natured queries respecting our health we are escorted to the other end of the barely furnished room, where we are invited to be seated. I have had (adopting the first person singular again) a long conversation with the Prince of Zanzibar; but, omitting all extraneous matter, I shall only touch upon such portion of our conversation as relates to a subject in which we are all interested, viz., the slave-trade, and the diplomatic mission of Sir Bartle Frere. We have all read the dispatches of Sir Bartle, relating his intercourse officially with the Sultan of Zanzibar; we have also heard from his own lips his views upon East African slavery; but none of your readers have heard the story of the Sultan himself, with his views of slavery and of the mission of Sir Bartle Frere. Without pretence of literal and exact record of what the Sultan said, I yet declare that the spirit of what he said will be found embodied in the following:—'During Majid, my brother's time, Speke came here, and travelled into Africa, and what he said about us Arabs caused us a little trouble. The Consuls too have given us great trouble. Some have written home much that is not quite true; but some time ago my brother Majid died, and by the grace of God I succeeded him. The trouble which my brother Majid endured was as nothing compared to that which has been the result of Doctor Livingstone's letters. I maintain that those letters you brought from him and carried to England were the cause of all this great trouble. Indeed, I have had a troublous time of it ever since I came to the throne. First, there was the hurricane of two years ago (April, 1872), which destroyed my entire fleet and all the ships of my people, and devastated the island and the coast. We were well off before that time, and we became suddenly poor. I had seven ships and steamers of war lost, and my people lost about two hundred ships; and if you doubt my word respecting the devastation on the land, take one of my horses and ride

out into the country that you may see for yourself. In the midst of the desolation and ruin which had overtaken us we heard that the former Governor of Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere, was coming out to talk to us about the slave-trade. Now, you white people must understand that all Arabs trade in slaves—that they have done so from the beginning. Our Koran does not say it is a sin; our priests say nothing against it; the wise men of Mecca say nothing against it; our forefathers traded in slaves, and we followed their footsteps and did likewise. But my father, Said Said, and my brothers, Thouweynee, Majid, and Toorkee, were friends with the English, and the English gave them advice and got them to sign treaties not to trade in slaves any more. To the treaty that my brothers signed I gave my consent freely when I came to the throne, for I have always been a friend to the English and to Englishmen. When Sir Bartle Frere came here we were in sore distress, and very poor. He asked me to sign a treaty that no slave-trade should be permitted in my country. When I consulted my chiefs, they held their hands out to me, and said, 'We have nothing, we are poor; but if the English will give us time—say a year or so—we are quite willing to sign that which they ask us.' I repeated to Sir Bartle what my chiefs were willing to do, and I asked him to give us time, such as they gave the Portuguese; but Sir Bartle, in his hurry to get us to sign the treaty, overlooked the distress we were in from the hurricane. Time and time again I asked that he would give us but a few months to consider and prepare for this final stroke of misfortune; but he would not listen; he was deaf to me. Continually he said to me, 'Sign this treaty.' I was quite willing to sign it, though by signing it I was losing about £4,000 a year revenue; but my people could not understand this haste of Sir Bartle Frere to get the treaty signed without giving us time to think of it. We all knew that the English could do what they wanted to do in Zanzibar; if they took the island, we were too poor and weak to resist; if they destroyed us all, we could not help it. All we could have done would have been to consign our cause to God, and submit. Sir Bartle Frere went away angry. I cannot help it; but I grieve that he should be angry with me for what I could not help. One of the things he asked me to give my consent to was that I should assist the English in putting down the slave-trade. How can I assist the English? I have no ships as I had formerly, or I would willingly do so. Soon after Sir Bartle Frere went away an English fleet came to our harbour. The English Admiral (Rear-Admiral Arthur Cumming) and Dr. Kirk came to see me about the orders they had received from the Foreign Office to stop the slave-trade. They both advised me, as friends, to sign his treaty. I got my people's consent to do so and I signed it—not because I was afraid of the English ships, for if the English came to Zanzibar, and said, 'We want this island,' I would not resist them, for I know that they are strong and I am weak—but because the English Admiral and Dr.

Kirk advised me as friends, for they knew my poverty and understood my case better than I could have told them.'

"Such is the story of the Sultan without embellishment, and I dare say that Sir Bartle Frere will endorse most of it, if not all. Now, however, that the treaty has been signed, and England's indignation at the Seyyid's first refusal to concede to her demands, has been appeased, strict justice requires, in his opinion, that the Prince shall in some measure be requited for the concession he made. This is not merely his opinion, nor is it only my definition of what justice demands, in this case; but it is the outspoken and frank declaration of several eminent English gentlemen with whom I have conversed. They say that the Prince should be indemnified, for this concession on his part, with some grant of money or aid, in some form or another, for sacrificing to England's views of what is right and wrong an eighth portion of his revenue. That the plea that England may use, that she guaranteed Prince Burghash's release from the annual subsidy of 40,000 crowns to his brother at Muscat, cannot be employed at all, as England herself had imposed this sum on the Zanzibar Sultan in order that her commerce might not be endangered in the fratricidal war which might ensue on Prince Burghash's refusal to pay this heavy subsidy; and that it is doubtful whether Prince Toorkee could ever summon sufficient force to compel Prince Burghash to pay him a single coin. With which views just men will not fail to agree. The presents which Sir Bartle Frere and his suite brought to Zanzibar for presentation to the Sultan were, again, hardly worthy of the nation, which, no doubt, intended to act generously, or of the representative of her Britannic Majesty which conveyed them, and of the Prince for whom they were purchased. Well enough, no doubt, for the petty potentate of Jobama, who ultimately received them, but not for the Sovereign of Zanzibar and Pemba, and a thousand miles of coast, with whom a British envoy was charged to negotiate. It is not common sense to suppose that any private citizen would look indulgently upon any proposition which required of him to sacrifice £4,000 a year of his income in consideration of a few petty gifts which did not exceed over a few hundred pounds in value at the most, any more than that Prince Burghash should. Yet this is precisely what Sir Bartle Frere was charged to propose by the Foreign Office in his late mission to Zanzibar. Owing to the losses incurred by him and his people during the hurricane of 1872, and the sacrifice of a large portion of his revenue by the demands of England, the Prince of Zanzibar suffers from straitness of income and ready money. He has leased the customs to Jewram Sujee, a Banyan, during a term of years, for a very insufficient sum. He is sorely troubled with the native war in Unyamwezi, which prevents the ivory from arriving at the sea. His private estates are mere wrecks of what they once were, and the real pecuniary condition of Prince Burghash may be summed up as truly deplorable. Now, a present of two condemned gunboats,

or any two vessels of war, such as the Admiralty has almost always on hand for sale cheap for cash, would be a god-send to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and a round sum of a few thousands of pounds, given to him as a sign of friendship and good-will, might obviate in some measure the necessity of the large expense which England incurs annually in her laudable endeavours to suppress the slave-trade. There are several ways of regarding such a proposition, but it will not appear outrageous to the candid reader if he reads the above facts dispassionately, and without prejudice. It is a good adage which advises that we should choose the lesser of two evils, and every body will admit that if England could purchase the hearty co-operation of the Zanzibar Sultan with a timely and needful present, in the philanthropic scheme which England has so long attempted to enforce on the East African Coast, it would be less expensive than supporting a large squadron at an expense of several thousand of pounds per annum. And now that the slave-trade is carried on inland, it is more necessary than ever that Seyyid Burghash's good-will should be secured. Without the aid that England could give the Prince, I doubt much whether, however friendly disposed he may be, he can do anything to assist in suppressing the trade for the reasons already given.

"Turning again to other topics, I may as well sketch the Prince before bowing him my adieu. He is now in the prime of life, probably about forty-two years old, of vigorous and manly frame, and about five feet nine inches in height. He is a frank, cordial, and good-natured gentleman, with a friendly brusqueness in his manner to all whom he has no reason to regard with suspicion. He wears the usual linen dress of the Arabs, with his waist cinctured by a rich belt of plaited gold, which supports the crooked dagger generally borne by an Arab gentlemen. Over his linen dress he wears a long black cloth coat, the edges of which are trimmed with narrow gold braid. His head-dress is the usual ample turban of the Arab, and completing in his person a somewhat picturesque figure. It would be difficult to choose a Prince with whom diplomatic relations could be carried on so easily, provided always that the diplomat remembered that the Prince was an Arab and a Moslem gentlemen. Politeness will always effect more than rudeness with a well-bred Arab. In whatever school of deportment these old British Admirals who, over a steely firmness wear such urbanity, are brought up, it might be recommended that diplomats charged with delicate negotiations should be sent there too, to learn lessons of true politeness. There is, however, one phase in Prince Burghash's character which presents a difficulty in dealing with him, and that is his fanaticism. Ever since he undertook the journey to Mecca, he has shown himself an extremely fervid Moslem, indisposed to do anything or attempt anything not recommended in the Koran. A prince of more liberal religious views might have had an opportunity during the late diplomatic negotiation of permanently bettering himself and his people; but

Barghash was restrained by his extreme religious scruples from asking any aid of England.

"Before closing this letter, I should like to ask the reader to accompany me as far as the ridges of Elaysu. The path which we choose lies through cultivated tracts and groves of fruit trees that stretch on either side of it, thickening as they recede, and growing intensely deep and umbrageous, even to the depth and intensity of a forest. We note the sad effects of the hurricane in the prostrate and fast-rotting trunks of the cocoa-nut palm, and the vast number of trees which lean from the perpendicular, and threaten before long to fall. We observe these things with a good deal of pity for the country, the people, and the poor unfortunate Prince; and we also think what a beautiful and happy place this Isle of Zanzibar might be made under a wise and cultivated ruler. If such a change as now visible in Mauritius, with all its peaks and mountains, and miles of rugged ground, can be effected, what might not be done with Zanzibar, where there are no mountains nor peaks nor rugged ground, but gentle undulations and low ridges eternally clothed in summer green verdure! At every point, at every spot, you see something improvable, something that might be made very much better than it now is. And so we ride on with such reflections, which are somewhat assisted, no doubt, by the ever-crooked path that darts towards all points of the compass in sudden and abrupt windings. But the land and the trees are always beautiful and always tropical. Palms and orange groves are everywhere, with a large number of plantains, mangoes, and fruit trees; the sugar cane, the Indian corn, the cassava, are side by side with the *holcus sorghum*, and there is a profusion of verdure and fruit and grain wherever we turn our eyes. Shortly we arrive at the most picturesque spot on the Island of Zanzibar—Elaysu, or Ulayzu, as some call it, every inch of which, if the island were in the possession of the white man, would be worth a hundred times more than it is now, for its commanding elevation, for the charming views of sea and land and town its summit presents, for its healthiness, and its neighbourhood to town, whence it is five or six miles distant. What cosy, lovable, pretty cottages, might be built on the ridge of Elaysu, amid palms and never-sere foliage, among flowers and carol of birds, deep in shade of orange and mango trees! How white men and white women would love to dream on verandahs, with open eyes, of their far-away homes, made far pleasanter by distance and memory, while palms waved and rustled to gentle evening breezes, and the sun descended to the west amid clouds of all colours! Yes, Elaysu is beautiful, and the receding ridges, with their precipitous ravines fringed with trees and vegetation, are extremely picturesque—nay, some short bits of scenery which we view across the white glaring bars of sunlight are perfectly idyllic in their modest beauty."

How painful to turn away from this beautiful scene, which the writer

depicts with such graphic power, to another, the horrors of which the Sultan of Zanzibar would willingly prolong, for the sake of the accursed gains which he and his chiefs have so long derived from the traffic in slaves, although it is the very root of the evil which is gnawing at the vitals of the prosperity of his kingdom, and paralysing, by its seductive and benumbing influence, all the effort and enterprise of his subjects, in developing the natural resources of Central Africa, and in bringing down to the seaboard the commercial wealth of the interior. The Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," in a communication from Mahe, Seychelles, December 16, 1874, gives the following harrowing details, in connection with the capture of an Arab slave dhow:—

"The last batch of slaves rescued from Arab clutches arrived at Seychelles on Sunday, the 23rd August, 1874. They were re-captured by H.M.S. Vulture—the same ship, by the way, that so recently conveyed the remains of Livingstone from the continent to Zanzibar. The Vulture was steaming into Majungel, a post on the east coast of Madagascar, when a large dhow was made out inshore of the ship. When the Vulture was near enough, a boat, in charge of a young officer, was sent on board the Arab, whose true character, and the nature of his cargo, were soon made known. On going below the men found a framework of bamboo constructed on each side of the hold, ranging fore and aft, in which two hundred and thirty-eight human beings were packed, tier upon tier, like bottles in a rack. The occupants of each tier were placed in the closest personal contact with each other—so much so, in fact, that, to use the men's homely phrase, they really 'were stowed away like herrings in a cask.' When taken out and placed upon the deck, their limbs were useless; they were seized with vertigo, and fell from sheer inability to stand. Some were found in a truly shocking condition. One or two young children were found crushed to death. The lower tier had been laid upon the sand ballast and was half buried. One poor woman really was buried, with the exception of her face; her mouth was full of sand, and when taken out was on the point of suffocation. The mortality among a batch of negroes must be sometimes frightful, not only on board the dhows, but also during the journey down from the interior. There was a woman among this lot who, if her statement is to be credited, was the only survivor of a numerous band. Six months since she roamed as free as air in her native village in the middle of Africa. The Arabs went with fire and sword; the village was burnt, and the greater number of the women and children were made prisoners. Then commenced a weary march of four months' duration. Fresh accessions of slaves were made as they passed along on their way to the coast. Manacled women fell by the way side, and being unable to travel, were left to die in the jungle. Young children withered like plucked leaves, and the Arabs, to these more merciful, struck off their heads and threw them aside. The woman

has survived them all, but she is alone. Of all the band captured with her, she states that she only has escaped alive to tell the sickening tale."

It is very gratifying to learn from Colonel Gordon, who is engaged in active measures for the suppression of the slave-trade at Gondokoro, that one tribe had already sided with bim, and, through their instrumentality, one thousand six hundred slaves had been captured, which had proved the death-blow to the slave-trade in that particular district.

In the following letter, written from Zanzibar, Nov. 16, 1874, Mr. Stanley gives some very important information respecting the organisation, prospects and intentions of the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph" and "New York Herald," and which was about to commence its long journey into the heart of unexplored Africa. After a humorous portraiture of the numerous applicants, of all nationalities, who tendered him their assistance and advice, he says:—

"I never knew how many kind friends I could number until I was about to sail from England. The White Star Line treated me in the most princely fashion; gave me free passages to America and back. The Peninsular and Oriental Company and the British India, through their obliging agents, showered courtesy after courtesy on me. Testimonials from hundreds of gentlemen were thrust on me, and invitations to dinner and dances, and to 'spend a month or more in the country,' were so numerous, that if I could have availed myself of them in succession years must elapse before any hotel need charge a penny to my account. But though my preparations for the journey monopolised my time and compelled me to 'decline with thanks' these manifold kindnesses, my numerous friends must believe that I am none the less grateful. I departed from England on August 15, loaded with good wishes, keepsakes, photographs, favours of all kinds. At Aden I met my white assistants, whom I had despatched from England, *via* Southampton, in charge of the boats, etc. My young English assistants had quite got over all melancholy feelings and were in capital spirits, though they entertained a doubt whether, if Central Africa were as hot as Aden, they should enjoy it very much. On my assuring them that they need fear nothing on the score of heat in Africa after Arabia, they expressed themselves relieved from their greatest fear. On the British Indian Steamer Euphrates, I was delighted to find that the Pocock brothers possessed several qualifications beyond those of sobriety, civility, and industry. I discovered that they were capital singers and musicians, having belonged to some choir in their native town, where they were justly much esteemed. The delightful weather we experienced between Aden and Zanzibar was most grateful after the intense heat of Steamer Point, and we consequently arrived at Zanzibar on the 22nd of September, almost as fresh and robust as when we left England.

"The next morning after I landed, some of my old friends of the former

expedition heard of my arrival, and I was much gratified by the good-will they manifested towards one who had been so stern to them on certain occasions when naught but sternness of the most extreme kind would have sufficed to overmaster a disposition they sometimes betrayed to be sullenly disobedient and mutinous. But they remembered, as well as I did, that, though I was merciless when they were disposed to be stubborn, I was kind enough to them when all went fair and well; and they knew that, when the rewards were distributed, those who had behaved themselves like true men were not forgotten. The report that I had come was soon bruited through the length and breadth of the island, and Livingstone's and my own old dusky comrades gathered quickly about my good host Mr. Sparhawk's house, to pay their respects to me, and, of course, to receive *heshimeh*, or presents, with which, fortunately, I had provided myself before leaving England. Here was Ulimengo, the incorrigible joker and hunter of the Search Expedition, with his mouth expanding gratefully on this day at the sight of a gold ring which soon encircled one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain which held an ornament, and hung down his broad and muscular chest; here too, was Rojab, who narrowly escaped destruction for immersing Livingstone's six years' journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, his ebony face lighted up with the most extreme good-will towards myself for my munificent gift; and Manwas Sera also, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke and my most faithful messenger, who had once braved a march of six hundred miles with his companion, Sarmine, in my service, and Livingstone's most devoted captain on his last journey; he was speechless with gratitude, because I had hung a splendid jet necklace round his neck and encircled one of his fingers with a huge seal ring, which to his mind was a sight to see and enjoy. Nor was the now historical Mabruki Speke—styled by Captain Burton 'Mabruki, the Bull-headed'—who has each time distinguished himself with white men as a hawk-eyed guardian of their property and interests—less enraptured with his presents than his fellows; while the comely, valiant, faithful Chowpereh—the man of manifold virtues, the indomitable and sturdy Chowpereh—was pleased as any with the silver dagger and gold bracelet and ear-rings which fell to his share. His wife, whom I had purchased from the eternally wandering slave-gang, and released from the harsh cold iron collar which chafed her neck, and whom I had bestowed upon Chowpereh, as a free woman for wife, was, I discovered the happy mother of a fine little boy, a tiny Chowpereh, who I hope will grow up to lead future expeditions in Africa and be as loyal to white men as his good father has proved himself. After I had bestowed presents on his wife and child, Chowpereh, having heard that I had brought a wondrous store of medicine, entreated me that I should secure his son during his absence with me in Africa against any visitation of the small-pox, and this I hope I have done by vaccination.

"Two or three days after my arrival a deputation of the 'Faithfuls' came to me to learn my intentions and purposes. I informed them that I was about to make a much longer journey into Africa than before, and into very different countries from any that I had ever been into as yet, and I proceeded to sketch out to the astonished men an outline of the prospective journey. They were all seated on the ground before me, tailor-fashion, eyes and ears interested, and keen to see and hear every word of my broken Kisawahili. As country after country was mentioned, of which they had hitherto but dimly heard, and river after river, lake after lake, named, all of which I hoped, with their aid, to explore carefully and thoroughly, various ejaculations, expressive of emotions of wonder, joy, and a little alarm, broke from their lips; but when I concluded each man drew a long breath, and, almost simultaneously, they uttered, in their own language, 'Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!'

"'But, master,' said they, with some anxiety, 'this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years?'

"'Nonsense,' said I. 'Six, nine or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to go to Ujiji, it is true; but I was only sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji, and back to the sea. Is it not true?'

"'Ay, true,' answered they.

"'Very well. And I tell you further, that there is not enough money in this world to pay me for stopping in Africa ten, nine, or even six years. I have not come here to live in Africa. I have come here simply to see these rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home.'

"'Ah, but you know the big master (Livingstone) said he was only going for two years, and you know that he was gone, altogether, nine years.'

"'That is true enough. Nevertheless you know what I did before, and what I am likely to do again, if all goes well.'

"'Yes, we remember that you are very hot, and you did drive us until our feet were sore, and we were ready to drop from fatigue. Wallahi! but there never was such a journey from Unyanyembe home! No Arab or white man came from Unyanyembe in so short a time as you did. It was nothing but throw away this thing and that, and go on, go on, all the time. Ay, master, that is true.'

"'Well, is it likely, then, when I marched so quick before, that I am likely to be slow now? Am I much older now than I was then? Am I less strong? Do I not know what a journey is now? When I first started from Zanzibar to Ujiji I allowed the guide to show me the way; but when we came back who showed you the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass, which could not lie like the guide?'

"'Ay, true, master; true, every word.'

"'Very well, then, finish these foolish words of yours, and go and get me three hundred good men like yourselves, and when we get away from Bagamoyo I will show you whether I have forgotten how to travel.'

"'Ay, Wallah, my master;' and 'they forthwith arose, and did as they were commanded.'

"The result of our polite 'talk' or 'palaver' was witnessed shortly, when the doors and gates of the Bertram Agency and former Consulate were thronged by volunteers, who were of all shades of blackness, and who hailed from almost every African town known. Wahiyon, Wabera, Wagnido, Wanyanmezi, Wagogo, Wasegubba, Wasagara, Wabehe, Somali, Wagalla, Wanyassa, Wadirigo, and a score of other tribes, had their representatives, while each day added to the number, until I had barely time to do anything more than strive with calmness and well practised patience, to elicit from them information as to who they were, what they had been doing, and whom they had served. The brave fellows who had accompanied Livingstone on his last journey, or myself, of course had the preference, because they knew me, and fewer words were wanted to strike a bargain with them. Forty-seven of those who marched with Livingstone on his last journey answered to their names, along with two hundred strangers, on whose fidelity I was willing to risk my reputation as a traveller, and nearly £1,000 sterling in advanced wages. These were finally enlisted and sworn as escort and servants. Many of them will naturally prove recreants and malcontents, braggarts, cowards, and runaways; but it cannot be helped—I have done all that I am able to do in providing against desertion and treachery. Where there is such a large number of wild people it would be absurd to hope that they will all be faithful and loyal to the trust and confidence reposed in them, or that a large expedition can be conducted thousands of miles without great loss. After the men, the armed escort, and the porters, had been secured, I devoted myself to examine the barter goods which were necessary in order to procure sustenance in the far interior. I discovered, contrary to my expectations (for it had been stated that these goods had risen in price since my departure from Zanzibar), that the barter goods were one per cent., and in some instances two per cent. cheaper than the rate at which they were purchasable formerly. Bales of American sheeting, that cost me 93dol. 75c. in 1871, I was now enabled to buy for 87dol. 50c. per bale; while the sami-sami beads, that were formerly worth 13dol. the frasilah, could now be got for 9dol. 75c. This was very much in my favour; and after long consultation with the lately returned leaders of caravans upon the present prevailing fashion of beads and cloth among the distant tribes, I ordered the necessary stock of both, which, when piled up in portable bales and sacks, present quite an imposing and indeed somewhat formidable mass. If, however, cloth and beads, and wire, are cheaper than they were two years ago, the hire of *pagazis*, or porters, is

double. In 1871, and in 1872, I employed Wanyanmezi and Wanguana at the rate of 2dol. 50c. per month each man; the same class of persons now obtain 5dol. per month, and with some people I have had great difficulty in procuring them at this pay, for they hold out bravely for a week for 7dol. and 8dol. per month.

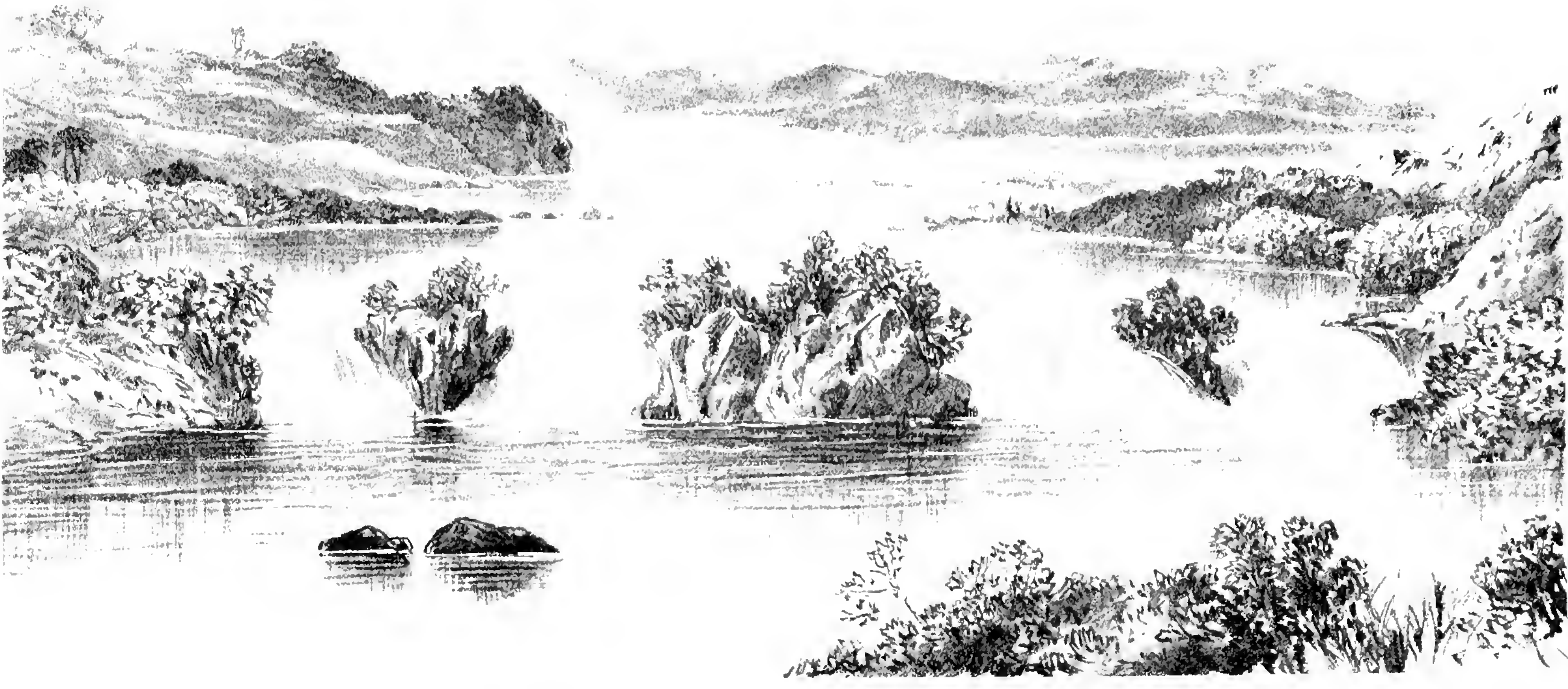
"It has grown to be a custom now for servants, porters, and escort, to receive at least four months' pay in advance. Before starting from Bagamoyo I expect that my expedition will number four hundred men. Each of these men, previous to his marching, will have received £4 pay on account, either in money or in cloth. The most prudent ask that their advance be given them in cloth. Those who take money require three days to spend it in debauchery and rioting, or in purchasing wives; while a few of the staid married men who have children will provide stores for their families. On the morning of the fourth day, when the bugle sounds for the march, I need not be surprised if I find it a difficult task to muster my people together, or if hours will be employed in hunting up the laggards and driving them on to our first camp, when very probably I shall learn that at least fifteen or so have absented themselves altogether. This, of course, will be annoying; but it is well that I know it is a probable thing, and that I am in a measure prepared for such desertion. On the second day of the march I shall probably find myself minus ten more, which will also be vexatious, and exceedingly trying to the stock of patience I have in reserve for the emergency. For several days longer there will be constant desertions by twos and threes, and fours; but the losses will have to be borne and remedied somehow. Finally, disease will break out, the result of a mad three days' debauchery, to be succeeded by small-pox, ulcerous sores, dysentery, fever, and other maladies. And about this time, too, the white men will begin to suffer strange languor of body and feverish pulse, and these, despite the rapidly-diminishing force of carriers, will have to be transported on the shoulders of men or on the backs of such asses as may be strong enough for that work. The future of the expedition depends upon the way in which we shall be able to weather this stormy period; for the outlook about this time will be sad indeed. The magnificent caravan which started from the sea four hundred strong, armed to the teeth, comfortable, well laden, and rich, each man vigorous, healthy, well chosen, his skin shining like brown satin, eyes all aglow with pride and excitement, strong in his Snider rifle and twenty rounds of cartridges, his axe, and knives—twelve stately, tall guides, tricked out in crimson *jobo* and long plumes, heading the procession, which is nearly a mile long, while brazen trumpets blow and blare through the forest, awakening the deep woods with the sounds, and animating every soul to the highest pitch of hope—this was a scene worth seeing. But three weeks from that how different will be the greatly diminished caravan; scores will have deserted, the strong will have become weak, the

robust sick, the leader will be half ready to despair, and to wish that he had never ventured a second time into the sea of mishaps and troubles which beset the traveller in Africa! These are my anticipations, which are none of the brightest, you will allow. However, when the soldier has donned his helmet, it is too late to deplore the feelings that induced him to enlist.

"Among many other things which I convey with me on this expedition to make our work as thorough as possible is a large pontoon, named the 'Livingstone.' A traveller having experience of the difficulties which prevent efficient exploration is not likely to enter Africa without being provided with almost every requisite likely to remove the great obstacles which lack of means of ferryage presents. After I had accepted the command of this expedition I began to devise and invent the most portable kind of floating expedient or vehicle to transport baggage and men across streams and lakes, so as to render me independent of the native chiefs. I thought of everything I had seen likely to suit my purpose. Zinc tubes, such as the Engineer Department conveyed to the Prah in the late Ashantee War—canvas boats such as Marcy, in his 'Prairie Traveller,' recommends, the devices and contrivances suggested in 'Art of Travel,' india-rubber boats, Irish wicker boats, and so forth; but all the things I thought of that previous travellers had experimented with seemed to me objectionable on account of their weight and insufficient floating power. It is one of the most interesting things in African travel, among chains of lakes and numerous large rivers, to resolve the problem of navigating these waters safely and expeditiously without subjecting an expedition to the caprice and extortion of an ignorant savage chief, or entailing upon yourself heavy expense for porterage. As no carts or wagons can be employed in conveying boats or zinc pontoons through the one-foot-wide paths which are the channels of overland trade in Central Africa, zinc pontoons were not to be thought of. A metal tube eighteen inches in diameter and eight feet long would form a good load for the strongest porter; but fancy the number of tubes of this size required to convey across a lake fifty miles wide a force of three hundred men and about nine tons of the baggage and material of my expedition. And what kind of boat could transport such a number and weight across such a stormy lake—such a boat, I mean, as we could carry with us, at a moderate rapid rate of travel, a distance of from one thousand to two thousand miles? After long and anxious deliberation and sacrifice of much paper, I sketched out a series of inflatable pontoon tubes to be two feet in diameter, and eight feet long, to be laid transversely, resting on three separate keels, and securely lashed to them, with two separate triangular compartments of the same depth, eight feet at the base, which should form the bow and stern of the inflatable craft. Over these several sections three lengthy poles were to be laid which should be lashed between each transverse tube to the three keels underneath. Above these upper poles,

laid lengthwise, were to be bamboo poles, laid transversely, upon which the passengers and baggage might rest, without danger of foundering. The design being fully matured the next thing to do was to find a manufacturer intelligent enough to comprehend what was required, and as Mr. Cording, of Piccadilly, had a good reputation among travellers, I tried him, and after a few moments' conversation with the foreman of the shop, I was delighted to find that he perfectly understood what unusually strong material was requisite, and every part and portion of the plan. I need only add that within a month I had in my possession the several fittings and sections of this peculiar floating craft, beautifully and strongly made, in as complete and efficient order as would please the most fastidious traveller. All these several sections, when put in the scales, weighed three hundred pounds, which, divided into portable loads of sixty pounds each, require but five men to carry the entire construction. No material can possibly equal this caoutchouc. If the strong thick indiarubber cloth is punctured or rent, Mr. Cording has supplied me with the material to repair it, and if all turns out as well with it as I strongly anticipate and hope, it must of course prove invaluable to me.

"But an explorer needs something else—some other form of floatable structure, to be able to produce results worthy of a supreme effort at penetrating the unknown regions of Africa. He must have a boat with him in which he may be enabled to circumnavigate lakes, and go long distances up and down rivers with a small but efficient body of men, while the main corps is encamped at some suitable and healthy site. And what kind of boat can be invented for the traveller such as he can carry thousands of miles, through bush and jungle, and heat, damp, and rain, without impairing its usefulness, or causing him to regard it as an incumbrance? After having considered various plans and designs, I could think of nothing better than a light cedar vessel, something after the manner and style of the Okonagan (Canada) cedar boat, but larger and of greater capacity. These Canadian boats are generally thirty feet in length, and from five to six feet in width. They are extremely light and portable, and when near rapids are taken ashore, and, being easily hoisted on the shoulders of six men, are carried to smooth waters again. But a craft of this kind, though available for short distances in Canada, would have to be constructed differently to be carried along the crooked narrow paths of the African jungle; it would require to be built in water-tight sections, each section light enough to be borne by two men without distressing the bearers. Mr. James Messenger, of Teddington, near London, has a well-deserved reputation for building superb river boats, and while enjoying a Sunday, near Hampton, I examined the various specimens of his skill and workmanship, and came to the conclusion that he would be able to suit me. I had an interview with this gentleman, and I laid my plans before him. I soon discovered that I was in the presence of a master workman, by the intelligent



LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

way in which he followed my explanations, though it was evident that he had not the slightest idea of what an African jungle path was like. He understood what I meant by 'portability,' but his ideas of that quality naturally suggested a broad highway, an English turnpike-road, or at the utmost a path over treeless fields or commons. I doubt if even now the gentleman understands the horrors of a jungle path, with its intricate and never-ending crooked curves, beset on each side by a depth and intensity of vegetation through which we must struggle, and twist, and contort our bodies in order that we may pass along with our burdens, while almost blinded by perspiration, we grope, and stumble, and halt in the sickly, dull twilight which reigns there. To convey anything very large, or wide, or high, or long, through such a tangle, is out of the question under such circumstances; and I endeavoured to describe such a locality to the boat-builder as vividly as my powers would enable me. Mr. Messenger accepted the contract to build a boat of light, well-seasoned cedar, forty feet in length, and six feet in width, in five sections, each of which was not to exceed more than 120lbs. in weight. I saw the boat after it was constructed, and before it was sawn up into sections, and her beautiful lines and the skilled workmanship lavished on her elicited at once from me unqualified approbation. Before departing from his yard I suggested to Mr. Messenger that he should weigh her as she stood, and divide her, if he found her of greater solidity than he or I anticipated, into sections not exceeding the weight named above. This boat, completed and packed with care, followed me to Zanzibar by the next mail. When I opened the packages a perfect marvel of river architecture was revealed; every bolt and nut worked close and free, and all who saw the sections admired them. In a transport of joy, I ordered the scales to be rigged up, and each section weighed carefully. Four of the sections weighed 280lbs. each, and one 310lbs.! The utter impossibility of rectifying this mistake in a place like Zanzibar made me despair at first, and I thought the best thing to do was to ship the boat back to England; but, upon enquiring for a carpenter, a young shipwright, named Ferris, was introduced to me, and recommended for his intelligence. I exhibited the beautiful but totally unmanageable boat, and told him that in her present state she was useless to me and to everybody else, because she was too heavy and cumbersome—that I could not possibly carry her, and that time was short with me. I desired him to cut her down six inches, and subdivide each section, and to complete the work in two weeks, for that was the utmost time I could give him. To effect these improvements, the two after sections had to be condemned, which would curtail her length considerably, and, of course, mar her beauty. I can now congratulate myself (good Mr. Ferris having completed his work to my entire satisfaction) on possessing a boat which I can carry any distance without distressing the porters, competent to hold twelve men, rowing ten oars and two short paddles,

and able to sail over any lake in Central Africa. I ought to state here that I do not blame Mr. Messenger for sending me such unmanageable sections, so much as I blame myself for not stopping over another month in England, to watch the construction of so great a novelty as this kind of boat must necessarily be to a Thames boat-builder. As this expedition is for a different purpose from the former one in which I discovered Livingstone, I am well provided with the usual instruments which travellers who intend to bring home results that will gratify scientific societies, take with them. I have chronometers, sextants, artificial horizons, compasses, beam and prismatic; pedometers, aneroid barometers, and thermometers; Nautical Almanacs for three years, hand leads, and one thousand fathoms sounding line, with a very complete little reel, mathematical instruments, a planisphere, and a complete and most excellent photographic apparatus, and a large stock of dry plates. I have also half-a-dozen good time-pieces, silver and gold, blank charts, and all the paraphernalia and apparatus necessary to obtain satisfactory geographic observations.

"The East Coast of Africa, from the mouth of the Juba River to that of the Rovuma, possesses hundreds of good starting-points for the unexplored interior; but the best, for many reasons, is Bagamoyo. The present expedition is a large and costly one, and promises so far to be the best organised and best equipped of any that ever left the sea-coast of East Africa for the purpose of exploration; therefore it would be a great pity if it were wrecked or ruined just as it began to set out to fulfil its mission. To guard against the possibility of such a sad collapse, I have, after much deliberation, decided to start from Bagamoyo, and to proceed some distance along the well-known caravan path, so as to give confidence to my men, and withdraw them as much as possible from the temptation to desert, and afterwards to plunge northward into the Masai Land—a country as yet untrodden by white men, and of the state of which the best-informed among us are totally ignorant. It will be a risky undertaking, but not half so dangerous as starting for that region from some unknown seaport My present intention is then to make my way westward to the Victoria Nyanza, and ascertain whether Speke's or Livingstone's hypothesis is the correct one—whether the Victoria Nyanza consists of one lake or five. All the most important localities will be fixed by astronomical observations; and whether the Victoria Lake consists of one or many pieces of water, we shall discover it by complete circumnavigation. When this work is finished, I intend to visit Mtesa or Rumanika, and then cross over to the Lake Albert Nyanza, and endeavour to settle how far Baker is correct in his bold hypothesis concerning its length and breadth. On this lake I expect to meet Gordon and his party, by whom I hope to be able to send the first reports of my travels and discoveries since leaving the Unyanyembe caravan road. Beyond this point the whole future appears to

me so vague and vast that it is impossible to state at this period what I shall try to do next."

Mr. Stanley has, no doubt, plunged, with his four hundred followers, into that abyss of silence and peril which the African wilderness really is; he has already surmounted, we hope, those difficult first three weeks of marching which he paints so graphically; and we trust that, with forces not greatly diminished, and resolution not lessened at all, he has entered upon that vast blank space upon the map which lies between the Kilima Mnjaro and the Victoria Nyanza. No one has yet visited this region, wherein the dubious Lake Manyara is said to lie, and where the Masai, reputed fierce and inhospitable, reside; but Stanley has a strong and well-equipped band, and knows how to push his way past difficulties. The original plan of the journey has been so far modified by circumstances, that, instead of attacking the great African problem from the south and east Mr. Stanley approaches it from the west and north. In doing this, he at once penetrates a country of extreme interest to geographers, and can hardly fail, while making his way towards the Victoria Nyanza, to light upon revelations of much moment. Arrived at the Victoria Lake, about which Colonel Long's recent visit has still left an immense deal to be learned, he will, we trust, be able to complete our knowledge of the discoveries of Speke and Grant; and while he contemplates far more than this large task, it is certainly enough for the present to fill all who love adventure and exploration with excited anticipations.

In addition to the expedition under Mr. Stanley, the Viceroy of Egypt, having annexed the important kingdom of Darfur, has just commissioned two parties under European command to proceed to Kobbo and El Obeid—tracing the paths, clearing the wells, and pioneering generally towards the mouth of the Sobat, and the country to the westward of the Albert Nyanza. This, together with the work already done by Nachtigall and Schweinfurth, will soon leave little that is unknown on the left banks of the White Nile. Colonel Gordon will, in all probablity, shortly be able to have his steamer afloat on Baker's Lake, where the first voyages of that little craft will enable us to map the shores of that great inland sea. To the southward upon Tanganyika, Lieutenant Cameron is at work, whether the Lualaba leads him northwards or westwards. Another expedition to Equatorial Africa, under the command of Captain von Homeyer, has left Lisbon for the Loanda Coast; while there are also three Missionary enterprises on foot, and three parties of men will shortly wend their way to Lake Nyassa, to the head waters of the Shire, which communicate with the Zambesi, the great highway of that part of Africa.

From these various efforts it is all but certain that before the year 1875 closes, immense results will have been obtained for science and civilisation. We may hope to know at last where Tanganyika drains, whither the Luapula

and Lualaba run, what is the southern connection of the Albert Nyanza; and all the important revelations—which Mr. Stanley means to make, if they are not made before he reaches the spot—will have been augmented by his accounts of that vast blank chasm in the map westward of Kilima Mnjaro, and by a final declaration as to the geography of the Victoria Lake or Lakes.

There are some, perhaps, who ignorantly say, "Well, and what then? Who will be a jot the better for knowing where these distant waters flow, and whether Livingstone died beside the fountains of the Nile or the Congo?" It matters very much to the future of commerce, and to the destiny of the Africans, which way these lakes empty, and whither those mighty channels flow. If the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika waters are united, a railway of one hundred and fifty miles is alone required to open the continent from Alexandria to the parallel of south latitude. If, again, the Lualaba comes into the Albert Lake, there is a water road from Ilala, where Livingstone died, into Egypt, opening up three more degrees of south latitude; while, if it run westward as the Congo, the Nile must yield its ancient honour to so wonderful a stream, but commerce will find a magnificent gateway at Loanda. Upon the decision of these and the cognate problems rests the question of the course which trade will take, and upon trade depends the gradual extinction of that dreadful slave-traffic which Livingstone called "the open sore of the world," an ulcer eating away the life and loveliness of this wonderful continent. Lovely it is in all its wealth of splendid scenery, its majestic rivers, mighty inland seas, flowery forests, and sunny mountains; nor can any large-minded man doubt that, when justice is done to its vast and patient populations, the entire region will not contribute richer gifts to humanity than will these industrious, glad-hearted, artistic Africans.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lieutenant Cameron Starts from Ujiji—At Kasenge—Between the Rugumba and the Lukuga—Dress of the Wabudjwa—Joins Trading Caravans—The Bambarre Mountains—Crosses the Luama—Troubles at Karungu—Leaves for Kwakasongo—Reaches Nyangwe.

IN May, 1874, as we noted in a previous chapter, Lieutenant Cameron started from Ujiji, to proceed as directly as he could across the Manyema country for Nyangwe, with a view of descending the Congo from that point to the West Coast. Having discharged such of his men as were afraid or unwilling to proceed, and after packing up a map of the Tanganyika, and a map of Dr. Livingstone's, which he had found at Ujiji, and some other small things, and despatching them to the coast, he set out for Kasenge, on the west shore of the lake, in company with a half-caste Arab, called Syde Mezrui, whom he had engaged to show him the road to Nyangwe. His journey to Kasenge was uneventful, except that the night during which they crossed from the east to the west it blew a fierce gale. They left the shore of the lake on the 31st of May, and the same day reached Ruanda, the chief town of Uguhha, which was very populous. The people formed a regular lane all the way through the town, in the midst of which they had to march. At Ruanda the traveller got extra porters to carry some of his loads, as the men of the caravan were all out of condition, on account of having been so long without marching; he also bought some goats here, as they were cheap and plentiful. The chief at Ruanda pretended to be a man of considerable influence, and independent of any control, though Cameron afterwards found that he was feudatory to Kasongo, the great chief of Urua.

The day after leaving Ruanda, they crossed the Rugumba, a stream of considerable size, flowing swiftly into the Tanganyika, and with many small particles of quartz glittering in the sunshine, brought down from the mountains of Ugoma, which ended abruptly on their right. On this march, one of the men, in crossing a small water-course, fell down, and one of the sticks, forming the cradle for his load, ran into his eye, thus completely destroying it. Owing to this, and the illness of the other men, fresh helpers had to be engaged. They then made a march of four or five days along the watershed, between the Rugumba and the Lukuga, passing many streams going towards

both, and arrived at Meketo, a fertile vale, and a scene of almost perfect rural beauty.

Whilst at Meketo, a wretch of a slave dealer brought a small boy of seven or eight years old into the camp for sale. The poor child was crying bitterly, and his master had him confined in a slave fork, one end of which he held in his hand, and twisted and shoved the poor boy about cruelly. Cameron felt inclined to thrash the master and set the slave free, but he knew that directly afterwards he would be worse treated, and therefore contented himself with turning the dealer in human chattels out of the camp. Leaving Meketo, they passed through a moderately hilly country, crossing a number of tangled streams, which it was very hard to sort into their right basins; and just as they left Uguhha and came into Ubudjwa they came upon the Rubumba, a stream which, rising close to the Rugumba, is often confounded with it, though the Rubumba falls into the Luama, and the Rugumba into the Tanganyika.

The people of Ubudjwa are tributary to Kasongo. One of the most striking peculiarities of the women is the custom they have of piercing the upper lip, and inserting in the hole an oval stone, or piece of wood, or bone, which they keep on increasing in size to a diameter of one or two inches. This sticks out in front, and gives the wearer the appearance of having a bill like a duck when seen in profile, and prevents her from speaking plainly. Another peculiar habit is that of wearing leather bolsters, tapering from centre to end like buffalo's horns, round the waist. Sometimes a dandy lady will wear two or three of the peculiar vestments, though it cannot be for decency, as the barest requisites of what is considered indispensable with most people are scarcely complied with. Some wear, instead of these bustles, belts split in the rear into two or three parts, where they serve to keep up a small piece of leather about twelve inches by eight, which, with the belt and a small patch in front, constitutes the whole of a lady's dress, with the exception of a few indespensable articles, such as anklets, bracelets, and necklaces. The largest chief in Ubudjwa was Pakwanywa, close to whose village Cameron stopped a couple of days. This chief and his wife came to visit the traveller, and although her clothing was scanty in quantity, she was very dressy in her get up, her apron being ornamented with beads and cowries. She also wore gaiters, and bracelets from wrist to elbow, tassels just in front of her ears, and several necklaces, all of good beads. Her hair was done up in a pretty fashion, and ornamented with bright steel or copper ornaments; and across her forehead, just below the roots of her hair, stripes of red and yellow were carefully painted. Altogether she had a very effective appearance, and seemed fully conscious of it, though at the same time she was a ladylike, merry body.

Two days after leaving Pakwanywa's they overtook a large body of Wamerima and slaves of Syde idn Habib, who were in front of them, and

were waiting for them to come up in order to make a formidable body to cross Manyema; and though our traveller would, for various reasons, have much preferred journeying alone, he was obliged to unite himself to the party. The next country after Ubudjwa was Uhiya, where the people wore, on the back of their heads, enormous leather chignons, with a piece like a tongue sticking out behind, and indulged in tattooing in irregular and diversified patterns. On leaving Uhiya they began to get into a hilly country, the commencement of the offshoots of the mountains of Bambarre. Here they came upon a people having other methods of personal decoration—they pierced the centre cartilage of the nose, and ran straws through; and worked their hair into ridges or tufts, with small plaits along the top of them. Wood carving was here carried to great perfection; and clay idols were common outside the village. For some reason or other, which was not very obvious, many of the villages had been lately deserted.

A very hilly road now took the travellers to Rohombo, according to the natives, the first district in Manyema; though geographically and ethnologically Manyema proper can only be said to commence on the northern side of the Bambarre mountains. The population here was very dense, and the roads were lined by black crowds, who had turned out to look at the strangers, and especially at the white man. In this district oil palms were very numerous, from which the natives made a wine which, when new, is very good and refreshing, somewhat in its taste and exhilarating influence like ginger-beer. The people climb the trees with a belt made to go round the tree and themselves, something like the Tamils in Ceylon. Salt was in very great demand here—all that the people get being brought from Ujiji by the traders, as, since the Arabs have come here, the Warua, who used to do the trading, have deserted the country. A man would cut and bring into camp a large load of firewood for a pinch of salt, the size one usually puts on one's plate.

Leaving Rohombo, they went over a rolling and fertile country, intersected by many streams, all draining to the south-west, till they reach the ascent of the Bambarre Mountains. These mountains stood up like a narrow spire, with very declivitous sides, which gave the travellers a steep climb; and then, before they could reach the top, they had to camp in a deserted village. The next morning they had another climb before surmounting the crest; and then, plunging into a mass of forest, they suddenly commenced their descent amongst numbers of ravines and gullies, all crowded with enormous trees. Some of the gorges were over a hundred and fifty feet deep, and trees growing in their bottoms towered to an equal height above the head of a person standing on the brink. It was truly a primeval forest, that had never been desecrated by the hand of man. No sun or breeze reached the dark, damp depths, and every tree seemed to try and force itself aloft into the blue heaven, to get a sight of the life-giving sun.

When they emerged from the forest at the foot of the mountains, they came upon a cultivated country, studded over with many villages. The huts in these villages were arranged in long broad streets, the walls and ends of bright red clay, with sloping roofs thatched with yellow grass. The scene was altogether unlike anything Cameron had yet seen in Africa. The people also presented a change as striking as that of the houses. The women dressed their hair into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet in front, with long ringlets, daubed with mud and grease, hanging down their backs. The edge of the bonnet-like part in front was trimmed with beads, cowries, or seeds of the wild banana. Round their waists they wore a string of the same materials, which served to support two small aprons, constituting all their clothing, and which, when going to work in the field, or fishing, they replaced by small bunches of leaves. The men, in their way, were equally peculiar, plastering their hair thickly with mud, and forming it into cones, lumps, and flat plaits, into which they inserted cowries and bits of copper as ornaments. Between the different patches the scalp was shaved perfectly bare. Some wore a cone on the top of their heads, and the side and back hair formed into long flat flakes with mud, with round holes in them, to which iron and copper rings were hung. The remainder of their dress consisted of leather aprons about six or eight inches wide, reaching to their knees.

After travelling for some time, they encamped at the village of Moene Bugga, son of Moene Kussu. Livingstone made this village his head-quarters for some months; and many of the people inquired after the "old white man," and seemed very sorry to hear of his death. The chiefs wore large kilts of fringed grass cloth, and the peculiar Manyema knife or sword slung over his shoulder by a belt of otter skin. They were attended by people carrying rattles, who proclaimed their names and titles; two, Moene Goho and Moene Boote, had dwarfs for their rattlers, and Moene Boote had also a man playing on an instrument made of different sized gourds fastened in a frame, and over them were keys of hard wood, which, when struck, gave a clear metallic sound, varying in pitch according to the size of the gourd under each key. This instrument is called the "marimba," and is known close to the west coast, from whence it reaches to Manyema. The name is the same everywhere.

From Moena Bugga's village they passed through another forest of enormous trees, coming at last to the Luama. Cameron found this river a fine stream, two hundred yards wide, and varying from twelve to fourteen feet in depth, with a moderate current. Its banks are mostly covered with fine timber, and its winding course was often visible from some of the small hills over which the path of the travellers led, forming an agreeable feature in the landscape. After crossing the Luama, they came to a flat country, intersected by many streams and water-courses, which had grooved out for themselves deep

beds in the sand and shingle of which the strata are composed. Strips of green trees mark the position of these water-courses, and the rest of the country is covered with the Manyema grass, interspersed with trees stunted by the grass fires. Until this grass is burnt down it is impossible to proceed, as it is often twelve and fourteen feet high, with stalks as thick as the thumb of a man's hand, and growing in such a dense mass that a person may throw himself against it and make scarcely any impression. Even after it is burnt down, the thicker stalks remain, and sadly impede progress.

Soon after leaving the Luama, they passed a few hills on their left, and many streams, some flowing to the Luama, and some direct to the Lualaba. Their road took them through many villages, in several of which the men belonging to the Wamerima traders stole food from the natives. At Karungu, a large village, matters came to a crisis, and a row between the traders and natives occurred. The people of the caravans rushed for their guns, and the natives threw their spears at the people nearest them. One fellow's spear fell only a couple of feet from where Cameron was sitting quietly writing. For a couple of days things were in a state of semi-warfare, the traders' people going out in bodies whenever they saw a chance, and the natives gathering together in a jungle with their spears and shields, shouting and yelling. In their numerous sorties, the traders' people caught a lot of women, children, and goats; and the natives soon found that spears, their only offensive weapons, were no match for the guns of their opponents. After several abortive attempts to settle the quarrel, peace was at length concluded. It was afterwards ascertained that people from several of the places through which the caravans had passed had joined with those of Karungu; and if there had been any equality in the way in which the two sides were armed, the traders and their party would have been in great peril.

Two days after leaving Karungu they arrived at a village called Mangarah, the chief of which was friendly with the Arabs. His son had come out to Karungu to welcome the strangers; and, on their arrival at his father's, he introduced Cameron to him in the most gentlemanly manner possible. Mangarah is one of several villages in which there are many iron foundries; a beautiful black speculum ore being obtained close to the surface throughout the district. At Mangarah they were met by an Arab partner of Syde Mezrui, who resided at Kwakasongo, and several chiefs who accompanied him. Instigated by Syde Mezrui, these men endeavoured to dissuade Cameron from pursuing his contemplated journey, by telling him the most unwarrantable tales of danger as to the road in front.

They started the next day for Kwakasongo, and after taking a couple of marches to get there, instead of one which they should have taken, reached the place. Here Cameron found no fewer than fourteen or fifteen Arabs, Wasuahali and Wamerima, settled; they had about two thousand Wanyamwesi

and slaves all armed with guns, so that they had command over the whole surrounding country. One man alone had over six hundred armed Wanyamwesi. After a week's detention at Kwakasongo, our traveller proceeded on his journey, and in three days reached Kumbwi, on the Lualaba. The first view of the river exceeded all his previous expectations concerning it. It varied from a thousand to three thousand yards in width, with a swiftly-flowing current, and many well-wooded and inhabited islands. At Kumbwi he got canoes for himself and some of his men, and went down to Nyangwe by water in one day, leaving the others to follow by land. At Nyangwe he was warmly welcomed by an old Arab, Habib ibn Salim, with whom Livingstone had stayed when he was there. Two days after his arrival, the men whom he had left at Kwmbwi came by land; and then began preparations for following the great river down to the coast.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Cameron leaves Nyangwe—Suffers from Fever—Russuna's Village—Tipo-tipo's Camp—Kasongo—Crosses the Lukanzi—Halts at Munza—Arrives at Kilemba—The Villages of Lake Mohrya—Camp burnt down—Continues his Journey towards the Coast.

DURING Cameron's stay at Nyangwe, he received considerable kindness from Habib ibn Salim, but most of the traders regarded him with suspicion and were very half-hearted in their welcome. His great object now was to obtain canoes to convey him and his party down the Congo to the Falls of Yellalla. He was told at first that he could get them at the markets, which are held every fourth day at Nyangwe; but he soon found that the Wagenya (a tribe inhabiting a narrow strip on the left bank of the river, to whom all the canoes belonged) would not sell any for such stores as he had to offer, although their unwillingness might have been overcome if he had consented to buy slaves from the Arabs, and to purchase the canoes with them. He was next advised to send men through the country belonging to the Wagenya, to get boats from the people who made them, and who lived in the jungle, about ten miles from the river. He was unable to go himself, and this effort therefore failed. At the end of three weeks he found himself with only one canoe, which had been given to him by Habid ibn Salim, and which would hold only four or five men and their loads.

Just at this time a party of Arabs and others, who had been away to the south of the river, making war and fomenting disturbances amongst the natives, principally with the view of obtaining slaves, returned and brought news that Tipo-tipo, a trader, was coming to Nyangwe to arrange peace between Russuna, chief of Marera, and the traders settled at Nyangwe. When Tipo-tipo arrived, he advised Cameron to give up the idea of going down the river in canoes, or of attempting to march along its banks direct from Nyangwe. He told him that if he would go with him to his camp, which was about ten days' march south by west of Nyangwe, guides could be obtained to show him the way to a great lake about fifteen marches west of it, where men came in large canoes, holding from eighty to one hundred people, and the crews of which wore hats and trousers. Cameron had already heard many reports concerning this lake at Nyangwe, and among

other things that the Lualaba fell into it; but now, in addition, two men, belonging to the district in which Tipo-tipo's camp was situated, assured him that they had been there, and gave the name as Sankorra; and also mentioned a small lake called Iki, situated on the River Luwembi, just to the west of the Lomami.

After some consideration, our traveller determined to go with Tipo-tipo to his camp, and thence march to Sankorra, and trust to getting boats from the trouser-wearing traders who, he hoped, would prove to be half-caste Portuguese from Cassanci, or thereabouts. They therefore left Nyangwe, and camped in a village of Wagenya, on the left bank of the Lualaba. The left bank of the Lualaba is low and swampy, with many semi-stagnant backwaters, which render it a very hotbed of fever, whilst the right bank is raised and healthy. When the traveller had got his men and stores together, and ready for the road, he found himself suffering from a heavy attack of fever, the effect of one night's exposure to the malaria. He managed, however, to struggle on for a long march, which, including an hour's halt, lasted from half-past twelve at noon to between seven and eight in the evening, although, for the greater part of the time, he was reeling about like a drunken man, from fever and weakness. For the last hour or so the path led through tracts covered with gigantic pyramidal ant-hills, which, in the partial delirium of fever, he kept on mistaking for his tent. When at last they encamped, he was so exhausted, that he was obliged to turn in at once without being able to eat a morsel of food.

Feeling somewhat better the next morning he was able to proceed on the journey, and every succeeding day he grew stronger. When they were about half-way to Tipo-tipo's camp, they halted for a couple of days at Russuna's village; but just as they came near to it, a quarrel took place between some of the Wamerima from Nyangwe and the natives, which resulted in the death of two natives. The consequences of this might have been most serious, had not Tipo-tipo possessed influence enough to restore peace as soon as he heard of the affair, and compelled the Nyangwe people to pay something to the chief. During the two days our traveller stayed at Russuna's he was an object of the most intense interest to that chief's wives, who would scarcely let him have one moment to himself, and kept on turning up the legs of his pyjamas, to see if he were really white all over; in fact, he had to use a certain amount of restraint to prevent them from undressing him altogether. All these wives of Russuna, about forty or fifty in number, live together in a small village, formed of two rows of huts, with one hut in the middle for himself and his mother, on whom devolves the task of keeping the harem. Many of the wives were really very good-looking, and, like many other ladies, seemed quite sensible of their charms.

After two days' rest at Russana's, they resumed their journey to Tipo-

tipo's camp. The country through which they travelled was exceedingly beautiful and fertile, and was filled with groves of nutmeg-trees, and large quantities of oil-palms. Everywhere they saw numerous tracks of elephants; and sometimes they heard them trumpeting in the jungles.

Cameron found, on his arrival at Tipo-tipo's camp, not so-much a camp as a neatly-built and well-arranged town. Besides the principal trader, Tipo-tipo himself, there were four or five smaller ones. Tipo-tipo, and the armed followers from Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, amounted to nearly a thousand; in addition to these, slaves and native hangers on raised the sum total to upwards of two thousand five hundred. Arrived at this place, our traveller at once sent some of his men, with guides belonging to the district, to ask permission from the chief of the country to the west of the Lomami to pass through his territory, as none of the Arabs had been allowed to pass that way, though native traders were constantly going to and returning from Lake Sankorra, which they reported as being fifteen marches distant. Cloth and beads, obtained from traders who came there from the west, were shown in confirmation of this report. The cloth and beads were of a different sort altogether from any that were brought from Zanzibar. Cowries, too, which were greatly in demand at Nyangwe, were here a perfect drug in the market, owing to the large quantities that came from the West Coast.

The traveller had not been at Tipo-tipo's camp more than two days before he received a visit from Kasongo, the chief of the district. It was a visit characterised by much parade and pomp. The first to arrive were drummers and marimba players belonging to several petty chiefs; then there came a sort of master of the ceremonies, with a huge carved stick, that looked like the sign of his office, followed by the small chiefs, each of whom he announced in due form; and at last came Kasongo himself, and two of his daughters, with a retinue of men, armed with spears and bows and arrows. A clear space having been formed, Kasongo and his daughters executed a sort of dance, accompanied by the musicians, and some singers, who chanted a monotonous recitative. A large open hut, which was the general rendezvous of the traders, and where they usually passed the day, was now spread with carpets and mats in honour of the chief's arrival; when he had finished his dance, he entered this hut. Here he and Cameron had a long palaver; at first, he said he would go himself to the chief on the opposite side of the Lomami, and try to make terms with him about the stranger's passing through to the westward; but afterwards he drew away from this promise, saying that he was too old to travel and that he could not go himself, but he would send some of his head men instead to carry on the negotiations.

Cameron waited for a day or two, and then, accompanied by Tipo-tipo, and most of the principal Arab people, he returned Kasongo's visit. He found the chief seated in a clear, open grassy plot, in the centre of his village,

looking clean and tidy, in a dress of grass cloth. He presented a striking contrast to his appearance when he had called on the white man, when he was decked out in tawdry and dirty clothes which had been made up for him by the Arabs, and when he had produced an unfavourable impression on the white man's mind. Whilst Cameron remained at the village, both the chief's men and his own who had been to the west of the Lomami, returned with the answer of the chief resident there, and which was to the effect, that no people armed with guns had ever passed through his territory, and that if any came he would resist them, and, if possible, destroy them. At the same time the traveller saw many men who declared that they had been both to Lake Sankorra and Lake Iki; and there was every reason for believing that their statement was true.

On his return, therefore, to the Arab settlement, he racked his brains to find out what was best to be done; and when Tipo-tipo told him of Portuguese traders coming to a place about two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles south-south-west from the settlement, he made up his mind to go there, and then to try to work his way back to Sankorra, thus avoiding the chief who had refused to give him permission to pass. No sooner did Tipo-tipo hear of his determination to push on in this direction than he gave him three guides, natives of Urua, under charge of Mona Kasanga, son of the chief of Kowamba (a lake on the Lualaba), to show him the road. His men now threw every obstacle they could in his way, as they were thoroughly afraid of going on through a country where no caravan had passed; some half-a-dozen deserted the day he started, and although he sent back from the place he halted at, he could get no news about them.

In addition to giving Cameron the native guides, Tipo-tipo also sent a free man of Zanzibar to accompany him for ten days on the road; but this, although intended to be a help, proved rather a hindrance, as he said every day, after about two hours' marching, that the next place at which they could possibly halt was about six or seven hours further on, and therefore they had better camp where they were. He seemed to share an opinion common among the Arabs, that a European was unable to march far or fast in Africa: he soon had this opinion, however, practically disproved.

The road along which they travelled led them close to the right bank of the Lomami, of which they caught glimpses from time to time. They crossed numerous affluents, all of which they had to ford. The country was on the whole level; here and there hollows were grooved out through the sand and pebbles, which formed the upper strata. These small valleys were always well-wooded, and many very beautiful ferns and mosses grew in them, some of the club-mosses being above twelve inches high. After journeying some days, the guides became very doubtful about the road; and as most of the villages through which they passed had been deserted by the inhabitants

from an absurd rumour that the strangers were in search of slaves, they were unable to get any directions from them. Filled with fear, the guides kept on trying to work away to the eastward, towards the village of Mona, Kasanga's father. Cameron's patience was at length exhausted, and one day, after having lost the track three times he took the bull by the horns, and walked on by himself, leaving the guides and caravan to follow him or not as they liked; of course he was pretty sure that they would not leave him altogether, but they straggled and wandered all over the country.

That night they camped in a deserted village, near a large branch of the Lomami, called the Lukanzi, the guides persisting that there were no means of crossing it. On asking where the natives of the village were gone to, he was told that they had crossed the river; he was therefore sure that there must be some way to get over to the other side, and sent the guides along a path to find if it led to a bridge. After having been absent some time, they returned and reported that the path came to an end near the river, leading only to a watering-place. He did not believe this, so went down the path himself, and, four or five hundred yards from the camp, he found a large fishing-weir bridge. The next morning, after a great deal of trouble, he got the men across; they were all in a terrible fright, as the guides had been alarming them all night with hobgoblin stories about the natives beyond the river. As soon as the whole party had crossed, Cameron took the lead again, and about a mile from the river, whilst he was passing through a strip of jungle, a native lurking near shot at him; but the arrow glanced off a leathern coat he was wearing at the time without penetrating it. He saw the fellow running off, and, dropping his rifle, he ran him down, and gave him a regular good thrashing.

In a short time a company of natives appeared on the path in front of them, and wanted to prevent them proceeding any further; but after half an hour's palaver, which ended in the traveller giving them a few beads, they became very good friends, and went on to the village of a chief four miles off, escorted by an excited mob, shouting, yelling, and playing on large wooden horns, out of which they managed to get the most hideous noises. It was said here that Kwarumba, a chief whose village lay directly on the road, was only one march distant. In the expectation of getting some information from him about the Portuguese, Cameron was anxious to proceed to meet him at once; but this somehow offended the pride of Mona Kasanga, who succeeded in causing a whole day's delay. Next morning, however, they went on their road, and after again crossing the Lukanzi by another fishing-weir bridge, arrived in the afternoon at Kwarumba's first village, which they found to be very large, and well populated. Here they halted, and immediately large crowds gathered to look at the white man. The sight was one they had never witnessed before, and it seemed to fill them with the

greatest wonder. On the following day they marched a short distance, and camped close to the village in which Kwarumba lived. In the afternoon the chief came to see his visitors; and he said that a short time before, strangers, who were not Arabs, and who wore hats and carried umbrellas, had come to the neighbourhood. Our traveller welcomed this as good news, concluding that these strangers were the Portuguese of whom he was in search.

After leaving Kwarumba's village, the guides again began to give him trouble, but he held on to his own course as well as he could, until he reached Kamwawi. Here, at first, he was well received, but circumstances afterwards proved that this reception was deceptive. He engaged guides to take him down to the chief with whom the strange caravan was stopping, and paid them in advance; and during the whole afternoon women were in the camp, selling flour, beans, and other provisions. The next morning, however, he found that his pet goat Dinah was missing, and therefore went up to the village to inquire about her. So little did he suspect that anything was wrong, that he did not even take his pistol or gun with him. He could get no answer concerning the goat, and the people began throwing spears and shooting arrows at himself and the men who were with him, so that he had to send and get all his party together in the village, and show a bold front. For some time he would not allow his men to fire in return, as he wanted to try every means to make all straight without resorting to force. However, as he found that the natives grew bolder and bolder, he at last allowed some three or four of his men to return their fire, and a native was shot through the leg. Almost immediately a party of about five hundred men came up from the road by which they had intended to go, and where they had been posted in ambush.

When the natives saw the traveller and his party begin to defend themselves they consented to a parley, although they were in such immense force. After a few preliminaries, it was decided that the chief of the village and Cameron should exchange presents, and that one of Cameron's men should make brothers with the chief, after which the caravan should go on its way in peace. But before this could be carried out, another chief, with a large body of men, came up and said to the chief of Kamwawi, "Don't be such a fool; they are a small party, and we shall be able to kill or make slaves of them all, and divide their beads and cloth amongst us." In consequence of his advice the negotiations were broken off; Cameron therefore set fire to a hut, by way of terrifying them, and threatened that, unless he was allowed to go in peace, he would burn the whole village. On this he was told that he could go unmolested to a village where his guide said the party would be received as friends, and he therefore gave orders to march for it. The natives, however, hung about them all the march, which lasted from ten in the morning till nearly six at night; and whenever the caravan passed through

a strip of jungle, they closed in and began shooting at the travellers with their long arrows.

Just before sunset they arrived close to Mkatete, the village which they had been led to expect would prove to them a haven of rest, but they were destined to be disappointed. When the guides asked as to whether the party would be received as friends or not, the only answer which the villagers condescended to give was a volley of arrows. Cameron sung out for his men to follow him, and three or four responding to the call, they made a dash through a strip of jungle and across a stream into the village. As soon as the natives saw the strangers taking the offensive they fled; and the remainder of the caravan coming up, they burnt down all the village, except four huts, which were utilised as the corners of a species of fortification. By dint of working all night, the morning saw them fairly protected. In this place, which Cameron named Fort Dinah, in memory of his pet goat, they remained five days, when the natives, finding themselves thoroughly worsted, volunteered to make peace. On leaving Fort Dinah the travellers found the people apparently very friendly—all the little children running after them and saluting them; but, at the same time, a large number of temporary huts in the villages through which they passed showed that men had come from far and wide to join in the attack on them. The chief of the village now offered to pay them an indemnity. This was refused, but presents were exchanged to show that no ill-will was borne on either side.

Leaving the valley of the Lomami, and crossing many streams flowing directly into the Lualaba itself, they pursued their way with varying fortunes. At a place called Mangwa Sanza, Cameron heard that the village of Kasongo (the head chief of Urua) was only two or three days distant, and that two caravans were settled there. He was anxious to find a guide and go there direct, but Mona Kasanga said that the man who had professed to indicate the direction in which the place lay had pointed in the wrong quarter, and that, if they took that road, they would get into trouble, and he persisted that their course lay to the east-south-east. Following this road for three days, they came to a village called Mukalombo, and there our traveller found out the reason why Mona Kasanga and the other guides had been deceiving him. Mona Kasanga had heard that, having neglected to pay his tribute, his father, together with some of his sons, had been killed, and his village destroyed by Kasongo. Dreading the same fate, Mona Kasanga was afraid to trust himself in Kasongo's clutches. Mukalombo was also the home of the second guide, and on this account he had joined with Mona Kasanga in trying to lead the white man astray. Mona Kasanga now refused to go any further, and they had to trust to the second man, Kongwe, to show the road.

Four days' marching west by south brought them to Munza, a large dis-

trict, where a good deal of iron is worked, and where they found a party of men belonging to a traveller called Jumah ibn Salim, and they promised to send a man to show the way to Kasongo's village. They also said that the second caravan, of which Cameron had been told, was commanded by a Portuguese from the West Coast. After a day's halt at Munza, they went with Ngoori, a man detailed by Kasongo to act as a sort of dragoman to Jumah ibn Salim; and after three days they arrived at Kilemba, where our traveller was most warmly and hospitably welcomed by Jumah ibn Salim. He found that Kasongo was away on an excursion to collect tribute, and punish those who had neglected to pay it. In this work he was assisted by numerous persons, both from the Arab and Portuguese caravans, who were rewarded by being allowed to make slaves of all captives they could obtain.

The day after their arrival, Kendele, as the Portuguese trader was called by the natives, came over from his camp, about a mile distant, to pay a visit to the Englishman. He said that he was soon going west, but that he must first collect his various detached parties, which would occupy about a month, and that directly that was done he should bid farewell to Kasongo, and start. On Cameron asking him if he would require any payment for allowing him to travel in his company, he said that, although he was black, he was all the same as a white man, and never told lies, and would trust to his generosity. His proper name turned out to be Jose Antonio Alviz, and he was a native of Dondo on the Kwanza. He eventually proved to be trading from Bihe, though at first he said he came from Cassange, owing to his having heard that Cameron wanted to go there.

As Senhor Alviz said he was not going to start for a month, Cameron determined to employ the time in visiting Lake Mohrya, on which he had heard there were regular lake dwellings. He found it difficult to make up his party, and in consequence of his wanting to take only half-a-dozen men with him, all tried to shirk going. At last he made his start on the 30th of October, 1874, and after marching through a pretty, but half-deserted country, he arrived at the lake. It was a mere pond compared to the giant lakes of Africa, and its visible surface was much diminished by floating vegetation; but in the clear waters were the regular lake dwellings. They were clustered together in villages; each house stood alone, though in many cases only separated a few yards from its neighbour; the intermediate space being filled up by ruined piles of former houses. He tried in vain to obtain canoes to visit these curious dwellings. One of the chief causes of his failure was the presence of a guide furnished by Fume a Kenna (the wife of Kasongo), who, exercising his prerogative as one of the royal household, used to rob all the country folks he came across. He often remonstrated with the man on this practice, and tried to bribe him to refrain; but he said it was his right granted to him by his king, and that nothing should prevent his exercising it.

The inhabitants of these lake villages were afraid to let our traveller approach them in this man's company, for fear of similar outrage; at the same time he would not have been able to see the lake at all unless he had been accompanied by a court guide. He contented himself reluctantly with getting as near as he could to one of the villages, by walking on the floating vegetation, which was quite strong enough in growth to support a man, and taking a good look at the houses, and their inhabitants, through his opera glass. The inhabitants of these lake dwellings somewhat defy the power of their suzerain, and consider themselves free from the danger of the punishments inflicted by him on his other subjects.

Cameron returned to Kilemba in two days, the second march being over five hours through drenching rain, without a check or halt of any kind. He learnt that Kasongo was still absent; and no one appeared to know exactly where he was, or when he was likely to return. Kendele, the Portuguese trader, still said he should stay a month before returning. Our traveller, therefore, endeavoured to obtain guides from Fume a Kenna, to show him the way to Lake Kassali or Ki Konja, through which the Lualaba was said to flow. Her Highness kept on promising to give him men to take him to the lake, and two or three times sent one, only, however, to be re-called an hour or two after he had made his appearance. At last, tired of waiting, and determined not to be thus befooled any longer, he set out with four or five of Jumah ibn Salim's men who had been there, and so knew the way. They arrived at Kowedi, a village about eight miles from the lake; but here difficulties arose. The river Lovoi flowed between them and the lake, and the chief of Kowedi said he had received orders from Kasongo to prevent their crossing. Hearing that Kasongo was only two marches off, Cameron sent men to find him, and obtain if possible his permission to cross the Lovoi. Unfortunately, before they could reach his camp, he had set off no one knew where, and they returned without having seen him. Notwithstanding these obstacles, he managed to get a distant view of the lake. After waiting for over three weeks, he determined to return to Kilemba, more especially as he had been very ill with dysentery, and thought that milk, with which he used to be liberally supplied by Jumah ibn Salim, who kept a large flock of goats, would do him more good than any medicine.

The day that he arrived at Kilemba, he met guides coming from Fume a Kenna, who appeared to wish to help him, whilst in reality she, in consequence of orders from Kasongo, was doing her best to thwart him. On his arrival he found that during his absence Kasongo had returned and again started off, leaving orders that the white man was on no account to be allowed to depart without seeing him, and also desiring that notice of his arrival should be sent to him at once. Kendele had all his ivory lashed and packed, and said that when Kasongo came back he would require a few days to say

good-bye to him, and that after that there was nothing more to detain them, and that they should get to Benguela, the place of his destination, in about seventy days. Six weeks elapsed (a dreary time) before Kasongo turned up, though Cameron sent many messengers to say he was waiting at Kilemba, and wanted to get away. The only thing that happened to divert his attention during this time of waiting, was the discovery that his people had stolen nearly all his beads, in the vain hope of forcing him to retrace his steps. Jumah ibn Salim, however, stood his friend, and supplied him with stores, which he expected would be sufficient to last to Benguela, or at all events to Bihe, where he would be able to get enough to reach the coast. Kasongo's advent was, however, by no means the signal for their immediate departure, for he had to swagger and talk largely about his greatness, and hold many meetings, suitably to impress the stranger with a sense of his influence and importance. One day he held a very large levee, at which all the neighbouring chiefs were assembled to do him homage, and where he made a very long speech, in which he asserted that he was the greatest man in the world, and that the only one that could at all compare with him was Mata Yafa, his friend and relation, the chief of Ulunda.

It seemed to our traveller as if they should now soon start, but Kendele first wanted an agreement made out as to what he was to receive for the work he was to do; and when this was arranged he began to give himself airs, and to find excuses for delaying their start. He said he had to build a house for Kasongo, but that it would not detain them more than a few days, as it was to be precisely similar to that in which he was living, and which he declared was finished in four days. They left Kilemba for Totela, where the house was to be built, on the 25th of February, 1875, and made a very dilatory march of four days, besides halting two or three in order to give Kendele an opportunity of stealing provisions, as he issued no rations whatever to any one. In fact, even he himself and his women lived on a portion of the plunder brought in by his people, and which he used to extort from them as leader of the caravan. Besides his own carriers, there were also independent bands of people of Bihe and Lovale, who ravaged the country in all directions, and were under no restraint whatever. Kasongo, instead of checking these ruffians, gave them liberty to do as they liked; he even encouraged them in their atrocities, if in return they would go with him when he went to punish any of his villages, either for not paying tribute at all, or whose tribute he thought insufficient. On these occasions all the males who could not escape were shot down like dogs, and the women and children were seized as slaves.

Kasongo's house was, after a time, finished; but it was built almost entirely by Cameron's men, and under his superintendence, or it would never have been finished at all. Even when the house was completed there were still more delays. A party of Kendele's men had gone to Kanyoka, a

place on the boundary between Kasongo's and Mata Yafa's kingdoms, some time before Cameron's arrival at Kilemba, and as nothing had been heard of them since, Kendele refused to start without them; so there was no leaving till men had gone and brought them back. They did not return until the 27th of May, and in the meanwhile Coimbra (Kendele's second man) was off on a slave-hunting expedition. On the 28th Cameron's camp was burnt down by the carelessness of one of his men, and he very nearly lost his journals and all he possessed. Owing, however, to the pluck and coolness of his servant Jumah, though the tent itself was burnt, everything of importance inside was saved.

Two or three days after this, they started for Lunga Mandis, ten days (short marches) south by west of Totela. Here they were detained nearly three weeks, waiting for Coimbra. When he arrived, he came in driving a string of fifty or sixty wretched women tied together with knotted cords, and all heavily laden with plunder, and several with babies in their arms. These poor creatures represented twenty or thirty villages burnt down, and a population of two hundred and fifty to three hundred people utterly destroyed. About three or four hundred more may have escaped to other villages. There were now in the caravan upwards of fifteen hundred slaves, all of them obtained by plunder and murder from a country which has only been recently tapped to supply slaves for export.

"This testimony of Cameron's as to the hardships and sufferings associated with the slave trade is borne out by some remarks of Bishop Steere, in his paper, entitled, "A Walk to the Nyassa Country." Speaking of his arrival at the River Luatize, he says:—

"When we got to the ford we found it a scene of the wildest confusion. A place had been chosen where the stream is cut up by six or seven islets, with narrow channels between. The water in some of these was nearly up to the armpits, and ran so strongly that, except for the trees laid across to hold on by, it would have been impossible to cross. Over and through these they were bringing some two hundred slaves, many of them women and children, and very many with forked sticks fastened to their necks. The noise and tumult were beyond description.

"Another day we met an oldish woman, with a slave stick still on her neck, carrying a bag of cassava root, on her way to Mataka's, having escaped from a caravan which had just turned out of our road to buy provisions, to which she had been sold by Makanjila. One of our men cut off the slave stick, and we gave her the best advice we could to avoid the caravan behind us. We also met the sick man we had seen in the hut as we went up; he said he had found that his caravan had got on so far that he had better go back than try to follow it. We offered him some food, but he said he did not want it.

"In all we met nine caravans, five belonging to Yao chiefs, and four to

coast Arabs, most of them having been two or three months on the way, and all exclaiming at the scarcity and dearness of provisions. We found afterwards at Makochero's—where we had bought most of our provisions in going up, and amongst us we had eaten some hundred fowls—that nothing was now to be had, and everything about the place looked hungry. These nine caravans would represent from one thousand five hundred to two thousand slaves, and possibly some ten thousand for the whole year.

"Here we saw some of the horrors of the slave trade, as we were close behind a caravan which had left in each day's journey one or more of its number cruelly murdered by the road side, and the very last day before reaching the villages we came upon a man lying in the path in the very act of dying of hunger and fatigue. He was far beyond all help, and we could only watch his last sighs. Surely if there can be a holy war it would be one against a traffic which bears such fruits as these. If we had the means to hire and feed some hundred or two of men to clear, and plant, and build, and defend themselves if necessary, I think this line of trade at least might be finally closed, but it would be madness to attempt force unless one had ample means, and at least the passive support of the English Government. The true cure must be the abolition of slavery itself on the coast, and I think the English Government could easily procure it. Let all present slaves be held indebted to their masters in a sum equal to their market value, to be paid in labour or in money as the two may agree, and all further comers to be *ipso facto* free. There would then be no great hardship on the owners, a fitting gift might be found, which would save the Sultan's honour in yielding to our wishes, and the presence of the Admiral for a few weeks would satisfy his people that he was only submitting to the inevitable. I heard good news at Kilwa on my return, which was that the land route northwards was stopped by war near the Lufiji. We have got beyond half measures, and no native would be surprised at fresh action. If we need a pretext, the fact that Pemba has notoriously imported large numbers of slaves under the eye of the Sultan's officials, and in direct violation of the treaty, is more than a pretext, it is substantial justification. None can find pleasure in detailing horrors, but the actual sight of such cruelties as abound on the slave routes moves one strangely."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ussambi—The Country of the Walunda—Lovale and its People—Kibokwe—King Antonio Kagnombe—Settlement of Senhor Guilherme Goncalves—Other Settlements—Bailunda—Arrives at Benguela—Reports himself at Loanda—Reaches Liverpool—Welcome Reception Everywhere.

COIMBRA having arrived, Cameron was able to pursue his journey. The caravan crossed the Lovoi on a fishing-weir bridge, and entered the country of Ussambi. Ussambi is a sort of debateable ground between Urua and Ulunda. The people say that they are properly under the rule of Kasongo, but that they are forced to pay tribute to Mata Yafa also, as his territory is so close, especially on the north-west, that if they refuse to acknowledge his claims, he can easily enter their country and desolate it. In addition to the extortions they are subjected to by these two chiefs, they also suffer from the raids of one Msiri, who has established himself at Katanga by force of arms, and now sends armed parties in all directions in search of slaves and other plunder. He sends the slaves he thus obtains to Unyanyembe and the West Coast, and receives in exchange, cloth, guns, and powder. The guns and powder enable him to retain his position, and he is also greatly assisted by large armed caravans from Bihe, commanded by confidential slaves of Portuguese, who use his territory as a safe basis from whence to start their numerous expeditions. These Portuguese are generally accompanied by a few of Msiri's own people, in order that they may be considered as acting under his commands, and thereby spreading the terror of his name far and wide; besides this advantage, he receives a large proportion of the slaves captured in these raids.

Growing wise by experience, the people of Ussambi are now congregating in large villages, well protected by wide and deep ditches and embankments, and are rapidly subdividing into a number of small and independent tribes, only bound together by the necessity of defence against the common enemy, the slave trader. The country of Ussambi is one pleasant to the eye, and well watered; woods, meadows, streams, and cultivated grounds, succeeding each other in agreeable diversity. Whilst passing through Ussambi, Cameron heard that Mata Yafa was only a few miles distant from his camp, being then on his way to Kasongo, in order to seek his protection and assist-

ance. In consequence of some unheard-of cruelty he had committed on women, an elder sister, whose rank was nearly equal to his own, had formed a conspiracy, and had driven him out of the country. He only just managed to escape with his life, accompanied by a few followers, who still remained faithful to him; and he was skulking along through the jungle, afraid to enter any village.

After Ussambi, the party came into Ulunda. The huts of the people of Ulunda are of exceedingly small dimensions, and are as a rule scattered about the country in clusters of three or four, situated in the middle of small clearings, each of which just suffices to support the one family who inhabit it. Whilst passing through this country, they crossed many important affluents of the Lualaba or Congo; and at one place the source of the Zambesi was only ten or twelve miles to the south of them.

Leaving Ulunda, they first passed through a country which is considered at present as neutral ground, but which is rapidly being colonised by the people of Lovale. Lovale is a country of considerable extent; the eastern portions are very similar to Ulunda, but, as they proceeded westward, they came upon large plains, which, in the rainy season, are nearly covered with water, and are then well-nigh impassable. From these inundations the inhabitants derive the greater portion of their wealth. When the waters are out, innumerable fishes, principally siluri (or mud fish), swarm forth from the rivers, and spread themselves all over the country. The inhabitants take advantage of the slight inequalities of level to form small dams, by which, when the floods subside, the fishes are confined, and are then easily captured by the natives, who dry them, and barter them with passing caravans, and with their neighbours. So eager are the tribes on either side for these fish, that they refuse all other articles of barter from caravans who have passed through these piscatorial districts. In order to gratify this peculiar taste of the people they were to meet on their road, Cameron and his companions were obliged to lay in a large stock of this half-rotten fish; and the effluvia arising from it made their camp nearly pestilential.

The place where they halted to buy in their fish cargo was very near the point at which Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekeletu's to Loanda crossed Cameron's; and the chief Livingstone met there was the same that Cameron saw. He remembered Livingstone well, and remembered the fact of his riding an ox. In Lovale they had a good many annoying, though not serious, troubles with the natives. These people had innumerable fetishes, and every time any fetish was offended a fine was levied, and as a stranger had no means of finding out what was fetish and what was not, these fines were very numerous and vexatious. Certain trees might not be cut down to build a camp; against others no one might rest a gun; some paths might not be traversed by a stranger; and so on *ad infinitum*. As nearly every man

in Lovale was armed with a gun, they considered themselves powerful enough to insist on all these regulations.

After Lovale, they came to Kibokwe, where the country began to get more broken and hilly; and they began to ascend towards the western edge of the basins of the Congo and the Zambesi. Here the fish which they had bought in Lovale were in demand, and Cameron soon exhausted all his stock; and if he had not been able to purchase a little cloth at a most exorbitant price, from some people of Bihe, who were out collecting bees-wax, he and his men would have starved. The only product of Kibokwe which is exported is this bees-wax. From the honey the natives make a sort of mead, which in taste is very like strong ale. At one village where the caravan halted, the chief offered the white man some in a china pint mug, which, as he was very thirsty, he emptied at once. The chief held him in great admiration, when he saw that this potent draught took no effect on his head, and followed him to the two next camps to give him some more drink before starting in the mornings. He brought a little pot with him, in which he warmed the mead, and as the mornings were then raw and cold, the beverage proved most acceptable.

Leaving Kibokwe, they passed out of the basins of the Congo and the Zambesi (the affluents of which are so interlaced with each other that it was almost impossible to determine the actual watershed), and came into that of the Kwanza. After crossing the Kwanza (which here, some distance above the falls, was a fine navigable stream) they arrived at Komanante, in Bihe, where Kendele (or Alviz) had his settlement. Although he said he was a civilised man, his establishment was little better than that of the natives, and a disgrace to the name of civilisation. Cameron was delayed a week at Komanante before he could procure a guide from Kendele to show him the road to the coast. Kendele himself remained up in Bihe, in order to dispose of some of his slaves for bees-wax and ivory; the others he retained to sell at the coast. When our traveller left Komanante, he had first to go to the town of Kagnombe, the chief of Bihe, as his guide would have been afraid to return if it had been known he had guided a white man through Bihe, without taking him to see Kagnombe. Kagnombe's town proved to be the largest he had ever seen in Africa, but Kagnombe (or, as he called himself, King Antonio Kagnombe) was a most despicable specimen of a negro. He said he had been to Loanda, but the only result of his travels seemed to be a grafting of the worst European vices on those already engrained on his nature.

The day Cameron left Kagnombe's he arrived at the settlement of Senhor Guilherme Goncalves, where he was most kindly and hospitably received, and felt as if he were once more getting into civilisation. The owner of this settlement has lived at Bihe for upwards of thirty-three years,

and his entire establishment is in a state of wonderful order and prosperity. He has planted orange-trees, vines, roses, etc., which all grow to perfection; there are great hedges of roses, thirty feet high, covered with blossoms. He is an old officer of the Portuguese navy, and a very gentlemanlike man; but he has become so completely habituated to African life, that, though he had just visited Portugal, he felt he could not live there, and was obliged to return to Bihe. From this settlement Cameron proceeded to that of Senhor Goao Baptista Ferreira, where he was also kindly received. Senhor Ferreira has travelled far into the interior (on one occasion nearly up to Kasongo's country), but being utterly uneducated, and almost solely dependent on the slave trade for his profits, he cannot fail to lower the prestige of the white man among the natives. Close to his settlement is that of Silva Porto, famous for his journey with Syde ibn Habib half across Africa. His place is now in the charge of slaves, who make frequent trips to Katanga for copper, slaves, and ivory, whilst he himself lives in comfort at Benguela.

After one day's halt at Ferreira's Cameron started for Benguela; but after only four days' marching, he was delayed by the illness of the wife of his chief native guide, and, after all, had to leave him with her, and to go on with one of his brothers. Besides the natives, he had also a black Portuguese, called Manoel, from Dondo, supplied to him by Kendele, who formed a very favourable contrast to that individual, as he endeavoured to assist the traveller in every way in his power. They now came into the lovely and fertile country of Bailunda, the chief of which Cameron visited in his village, situated on a rocky hill, standing by itself in the middle of the plain. To reach the royal hut, which was perched on the very summit of the hill, he had to pass through no fewer than seven stockades; besides this, the path was so steep in some places, that he had a regular scramble to get up. Two or three days after leaving this chief he got into a very mountainous country, and as the rainy season had set in in full force, his men began to break down; four or five of them had to be carried, and one poor fellow died. The day after his death, Cameron found that, in bringing up the rear of the caravan, he was about nine hours doing what might easily be done in three under ordinary circumstances, owing to the number of men who were unable to march, and who kept halting. On his arrival in camp, he therefore made up his mind to throw away everything he could possibly spare, and pressing on to the coast, now one hundred and twenty six miles distant, with a few of the best men, to send back assistance to the others. He accordingly threw away his boat, the remains of his tent bed, and everything but a blanket and a change of clothes.

The next morning he went on with Manoel and six other men; and after five days' stiff marching across a very rough and mountainous country, he arrived at Katombela, a suburb of Benguela. Here he was most warmly

welcomed by Monsieur Charles Cauchoix, an ex-lieutenant of the French navy, who rendered him every assistance in his power. The very day he reached Katombela, scurvy broke out on him with great violence, and by the evening he found he could neither speak nor swallow. Monsieur Cauchoix started off with him in a hammock for Benguela at two o'clock in the morning, to place him at once under the care of Dr. Cavacho, in charge of the military hospital there, to whose kind and scientific treatment the traveller in a great measure owes his life. The Portuguese governor, Major Brito, was also most kind, giving lodgings and rations to the men; and from him, and all the inhabitants of Benguela, our traveller received every sort of hospitality.

After staying about a fortnight at Benguela, a passage was given to himself and his men to Loanda on board the Portuguese mail steamer, "Bengo." When he arrived at Loanda, he landed as quickly as possible, and got up to the consul's before that official heard of his arrival. He was not a very prepossessing-looking individual at the time, but when, on the consul's coming out to him, he said—"Come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland," he caught hold of him by both shoulders and said, "Cameron, by God!" The consul (Captain Hopkins) did everything he possibly could for him; and all the other English at Loanda received him most warmly. As soon as he was able to despatch his men for Zanzibar, he started himself for England by the next homeward-bound English steamer; and, after a tedious and uneventful voyage of fifty-four days, he arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd of April, 1876, and met with a very warm reception from a large crowd on landing.

The next day he was presented with an address by the Town Council and Burgesses of that important borough. The presentation was made in the Town Hall; and the large and influential company which assembled to welcome the distinguished traveller bore ample testimony to the high esteem in which he was held. On his arrival at the Hall, he was received with loud and prolonged cheering, and every mark of respect. The Mayor, having read the address, presented it to the brave guest, who, on rising, was greeted with loud applause. He said—"I thank you, Mr. Mayor, Members of the Corporation, and Inhabitants of Liverpool, for this address, which I shall cherish as long as I live, as a mark of appreciation of the work I have been doing. I esteem myself especially fortunate that my arrival in England should be at Liverpool, one of the most important commercial communities of the world, and one more intimately connected with the continent I have been exploring than any other commercial emporium. I shall always remember yesterday and to-day as two of the proudest and happiest days of my life. The thought that the work I was doing would be appreciated by those who understand its importance has sustained me through many a

weary march and trying hour when I had no European nor friend to speak to. On my arrival in England, what I had trusted to has been nobly fulfilled. I thank you again, Mr. Mayor, Members of the Corporation, and Inhabitants of Liverpool, for the cordial, kind, and noble way in which you have received me."

Shortly afterwards the traveller was entertained at a banquet presided over by the Mayor, and attended by upwards of a hundred distinguished guests. After proposing the toast of "The Queen," which was duly honoured, the Mayor next said—"I have great pleasure in proposing the health of our gallant guest, Lieutenant Cameron. I esteem it a great privilege to have the honour of first welcoming him on his return to his native land. For nearly four years he has been exploring a country in which danger and difficulties ever attend the traveller. He went out in command of the Livingstone East Coast Expedition at a time when that distinguished traveller had not been heard of for several years, and on finding that Dr. Livingstone was dead, he determined, though in no wise bound to do so, to pursue the discoveries of that eminent man and traveller. Since then he has with great intrepidity and courage crossed South Africa from east to west; made important astronomical and geological observations; prepared a careful survey of his route; and thus achieved, under many trials, privations, and sickness, one of the great events in the history of Geographical explorations. This town cannot fail to be deeply interested with African exploration, its early history as a commercial port being closely identified with that country. Everything that tends to develop the resources of Africa is sure to be watched with interest by the merchants of this port. Such labours as those of Lieutenant Cameron must be of great commercial advantage to this country, as the more such countries as Africa are opened up, and civilisation allowed to reach the people, the better it must be for trade and commerce. But we congratulate and welcome our esteemed guest on other grounds than these. Much as we are interested in trade and its increase, we are more interested in the progress of civilisation and the spread of Christianity. Dr. Livingstone was a pioneer in promoting these blessings in Africa, and Lieutenant Cameron has been nobly following in his footsteps, and so we delight to do him honour. Englishmen are always proud to recognise courage, bravery, and self-denial, and when shown, to the honour of their country, they specially rejoice to do so. Lieutenant Cameron's acts have become history, and have added fame to his country's name. On behalf of this great commercial town, and of those present to day, I tender to our gallant guest our heartiest congratulations and a cordial welcome to his native land. Lieutenant Cameron was sustained and encouraged in his travels by the thought which he expressed in one of his letters, 'that the British public and the Geographical Society would never desert any one who tried to do his best;' and the greeting we offer to-day, and the one that awaits him in the metropolis, will prove to him that his confidence was not misplaced."

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, who was received with enthusiastic applause, said—"Mr. Mayor, Mr. High Sheriff, Ladies and Gentlemen—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind and cordial way in which you have drunk my health. It is most cheering when one comes back to one's native land, to be welcomed as I have been welcomed here. I am proud to say that I have been welcomed in a way that has surpassed anything that I could ever have expected. I thank you all most heartily. I am glad that I came to this port of Liverpool on my arrival in England, because I believe that Liverpool has more to do with Africa than any other port in the world. Nearly all the trade of the West Coast of Africa comes to Liverpool. In my journeys, as the Mayor has said, I was sustained by a belief that the English public would never desert me; and I am glad to say that I have found that my belief was true.

"I left England on the 30th November, 1872. I went out to Zanzibar with Sir Bartle Frere. I had a good many difficulties in getting men together. There were at first four of us. I left two behind—Murphy and Moffat—to rejoin us later; one of them, Moffat, a nephew of Dr. Livingstone and a grandson of the Rev. Dr. Moffat. He died before he could rejoin us; he was too young to stand the journey. Mr. Murphy rejoined Mr. Dillon and myself at Rhenneko. We then marched over country which is known, and which has been travelled by Stanley, Burton, and Speke, who have described it better than I could. We arrived at Unyanyembe; and there I found some opposition on the part of people belonging to the coast—not, however, the well-bred Arabs, who are gentlemen in the best sense of the word—but pedlars, who injured us in many ways and took away our men. The Arabs of Omau and the Arabs of Zanzibar, who are friends and countrymen of Seyyid Burghash, are in the highest sense of the word, gentlemen. There poor Dillon, one of my dearest friends, left me; he had to go home, and his sad death occurred directly afterwards. Mr. Murphy had to go back with the corpse of Dr. Livingstone to the coast. I then went on a road between that of Stanley and Burton to Ujiji, and there I met Arabs who were kind and hospitable. I remained at Tanganyika two months, going round the south end, and I am happy to say that at the end I found there was an outlet to the Tanganyika, which I always believed there must be, called the Lukuga. I am certain, from my levels and position, that the waters of the Lualaba and the Congo are the same. I saw Hamed ben Hamed, who bargained to take me down to his settlement, and to try to get me across the Loami, the lake into which the Lualaba flows. The chief on the other side, however, refused to give me a passage. I then walked away south to where there were Portuguese traders, and there I found another kind and hospitable Arab, and a subject of Portugal, named Alviz, who said he was going down the coast. In sundry ways he delayed me for upwards of six months, and during that

time I was able to go to Lake Kassoli, although I was not allowed to cross the river Lovoi, one of the affluents of the Congo. Then I followed from there the watershed of the Zambesi and the affluent of the Congo down to Bihe, till I came to the basin Quanza. There, there is one of the most magnificent natural systems of water communication in the world; and the Congo and the Zambesi could be joined by a canal of thirty miles. The richness of the country is unspeakable, and I cannot describe it; and I am sure that, hereafter, the centre of Africa, especially at this side of the Tanganyika, will be a centre of civilisation, and productive of trade. There will be new granaries for the world, new mines, new coalfields, which will be carried on when the mines in other parts of the world have been worked out. If my journey has done any good towards opening up this country, I am amply repaid."

The Mayor next proposed the toast of "The Royal Geographical Society," who had promoted the Expedition, and Mr. Tinne responded on behalf of the Society. "It has been deputed to me," he said, "as one of the oldest members of the Royal Geographical Society, to welcome the gallant Lieutenant on his landing here; and in their name, and that of my brother associates, I beg to thank you, Mr. Mayor, and my townsmen, on the hearty reception you have given the plucky traveller and explorer. Mr. Cameron has walked, as you are aware, from east to west, some three thousand miles of groud, one thousand two hundred of which are entirely new to geographers, having made most valuable observations, which will correct previous ones, and having laid down other new positions. We used to consider the interior of Africa a sandy desert; but now we find there magnificent watercourses and lakes, leading to extensive districts of great commercial value."

Lieutenant Cameron afterwards proceeded to the Exchange Newsroom, where he was received with cheering and clapping of hands, and to the Literary and Philosophical Society, where he was cordially welcomed.

Referring to Cameron's work as an explorer, and to his Liverpool reception on his return, the "Liverpool Daily Post," the day after the banquet, thus wrote—"The fascinations of African adventure have added another name to the roll of heroic explorers of whom England, more than any other country, has reason to be proud. At the early age of thirty, Lieutenant Cameron finds himself famous as a traveller and discoverer, and it was fitting that Liverpool should accord to him the hearty welcome which he formally received yesterday on his return, after so eventful an absence, to his native land. More than three years ago, the Lieutenant started for Central Africa at the head of an Expedition for the relief of the illustrious Livingstone, between whom and the civilised world all communication had been cut off. But the mission arrived at its destination too late to fulfil the purpose for which it was organ-

ised. The veteran traveller had at last succumbed to the fatigues which his vigorous frame and indomitable spirit so long enabled him to endure, and all that remained to be done was to arrange for the transport to the coast of the dead body which the natives had reverently guarded. Fortunately, also, the Doctor's papers were found, and these Lieutenant Cameron took charge of, and provided for their safe conveyance to England. The complete story of the Lieutenant's subsequent proceedings has yet to be given to the world. The first instalment will be submitted to an early meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, which has already by anticipation expressed its sense of the value of Mr. Cameron's discoveries ; and it is to be hoped that before long the whole of the interesting details will be published in a permanent form.

"What may be described as the most sensational feature of the Lieutenant's explorations relates to the Congo, the great western river whose sources have hitherto been shrouded in as much mystery as those of the more famous Nile were for so many centuries. Mr. Cameron discovered the outlet, on the west side of Lake Tanganyika, of a magnificent stream, which he identified as the head waters of the Lualaba, and the Lualaba he believes to be identical with the Congo. Unfortunately, he was unable to verify this conjecture by following the entire course of the river, but his hypothesis is accepted by the most eminent geographers as a probable one, and at least as trustworthy as that which assigns the equatorial chain of lakes as the source of the Nile. The problem will, no doubt, engage further attention, and, in these days of adventure and research, it is almost certain that the steps which are wanting to give Lieutenant Cameron's assumed solution the character of a demonstration will be followed up under conditions more favourable to perfect success. In the meantime, the Lieutenant's countrymen have substantial grounds for hailing him as a genuine hero of travel; and Liverpool especially would have failed in its duty had it been backward in recognising the services which he has indirectly rendered to civilisation and commerce on the side of the great continent with which so many of our merchants maintain intimate relations."

On the 5th of April, the following laudatory article appeared in "The Daily Telegraph:"—

"Lieutenant Cameron arrived yesterday in London—with his African honours not exactly blushing, but brown and sun-stamped upon him—and received from a circle of intimate friends and well-known geographers the hearty welcome which public appreciation will confirm. The gallant young traveller is in excellent health, and has left behind him in Loanda all ill results of his journey. What that journey has been he will himself explain at length in presence of the meeting to be held on Tuesday next in St James's Hall ; but when we add to that which is already known of it from published sources—the further details soon to be heard from his own lips—it

will be found that he well deserves the cordial greetings which have hailed his return from the silences of the mysterious continent. We may claim, perhaps, an especial right to criticise the young officer's achievement, because in an honourable and friendly sense he has performed his task in a sort of necessary rivalry with Mr. Stanley, to whom we have hastened to despatch all the particulars of the discoveries and travels of Mr. Cameron, with the certainty that no one would rejoice more in his safety than the indomitable explorer who is at this moment perhaps completing the map of Central Africa where it still remains blank. It was among the instructions of Mr Stanley to turn aside and aid Lieutenant Cameron, if any intelligence should be brought of his proximity; and, during the long lapse of time when no news arrived, the letters of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' Commissioner were eagerly scanned for any word of tidings which might reassure the friends of the missing officer.

"The paths of the two travellers, however, lay far apart; for, while Stanley was pushing northward for the Victoria Nyanza, which he has since all but completely laid down and navigated, Cameron, having finished his survey of the southern end of Tanganyika, was making across the country to the westward of that remarkable water, aiming to reach Nyangwe, Livingstone's furthest point. Had it been possible for him to follow the Lualaba from that town down towards the coast, or even so far as to the watershed he afterwards reached by land, the last secret but one of the vast continent would have been yielded up; and the traveller whose melancholy honour it was to have received and transmitted the body of Livingstone, would have figured for ever as the executor and legatee of the Doctor's scientific fame. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Cameron was obliged to quit the sure clue of that prodigious stream which Livingstone revealed to us, and to strike southwards wide of the Lualaba. He traversed, nevertheless, twelve hundred miles of a district absolutely unknown before to geography, and, crossing the water-parting of the Zambesi and the Congo, saw the streams which drain into the latter river. Finally he emerged, after a weary transit on foot in company with a trade caravan, into the western regions and the Benguela coast-line, thereby accomplishing a feat which has no equal except in the great record of Livingstone, and the adventurous journey of the Pombeiros. It is a new tribute to British pluck and patience that the young officer thus tramped nearly three thousand miles from coast to coast, and that he brought his Expedition through with but one unfortunate collision with the natives, although, of course, the latter part of his progress was materially aided in the way of passage, and sadly hampered in the geographical sense, by the Portuguese trader with whom he was obliged to link his fortunes.

"The scientific results of his bold journey are such as well deserve the first great honour which can hardly fail to await them—namely, the gold

medal of the Royal Geographical Society. We ourselves attach the chief importance to the observations made over that four hundred leagues of new region which no European foot has trodden except that of the Lieutenant. These observations, which are, like all taken by the gallant officer, extremely careful, must, together with his descriptions of the people and the face of the country, open up to us fresh scenes and perfectly novel tribes; and were it for this alone we should pay the homage of a sincere admiration to the explorer. But the most debated portions of his work are the supposed discovery of an outlet to the Lake Tanganyika, and also the identification of the Lualaba with the Upper Congo. We hope, and are inclined to expect, that one or perhaps both of these announced discoveries will turn out to be accurate, although at present a haze of uncertainty hangs over them, which cannot be dispelled by the generous and patriotic feeling shared by all alike to see our countryman's triumph rendered as perfect as possible. The Lukuga may well be the outlet of Tanganyika, but there are still two points at least to clear up about it—the first, how an effluent from such a body of water, with such a slope to descend to Nyangwe, could have so slow a current? and the next, why Livingstone's path through the Bambarre district never crossed it? So, again, if the Lualaba at Nyangwe be, as Lieutenant Cameron says, only one thousand four hundred feet above the sea, there is an end to any idea that it can find its way into the Nile, and the odds are overwhelming in favour of the theory that it runs to feed the Congo. This gives a fall of thirteen hundred feet from Tanganyika to Nyangwe, which is possible enough, but does not leave too much elevation for the further course of the Congo-Lualaba; while, if we hesitate at the immense volume of water which comes from Bemba, Moera, Kamolondo, and Tanganyika, we cannot forget that the 'Moeinzi-Enzaddi' is, in its lower course, one of the deepest of known rivers.

"On the highly probable supposition—which Cameron's journey has greatly strengthened, though not positively affirmed—that all those vast sweet-water seas empty into the Congo channel, the approximate certainty which the traveller has obtained well deserves the recognition which the President of the Royal Geographical Society is prepared to give, and the mighty Nile itself must look forward to being content with the divided glory of a sister stream. The Congo in this case will prove one of the noblest waterways on the globe; and flowing as it does through one of the fairest countries ever beheld, an immense and splendid future for civilisation and commerce seems opened up by Lieutenant Cameron's journey. We must, however, ask for special verifications of the altitudes taken at Nyangwe, and for careful comparisons of them with the levels obtained elsewhere, nor is it necessary to the correctness of this part of the Lieutenant's discoveries that the Lukuga should be the outlet of Tanganyika. We must not forget the reiterated reports conveyed to Sir Samuel Baker of a connection by water between the

Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika, though here, indeed, Cameron has Stanley on his side. At any moment we may receive from our Commisioner news respecting the exploration of Baker's Lake—the last and greatest secret yet surviving in Africa, if we except the unseen portion of the course of the Congo—and it would be curious if it arrived in time to give confirmation to the view that the Nile henceforth must rest satisfied with the two magnificent Nyanzas as its 'nursing mothers!'

"Ardently hoping, then, that subsequent researches may endorse and fulfil the considerable additions made to our knowledge by this young officer, we yield to none in our welcome to him, and publicly add our warm recognition of the fresh lustre which his courage and perseverance have cast upon the record of British work in Africa. We trust that the Government will not be behind the representatives of geographical science in marking their sense of the good service performed by Lieutenant Cameron. When it is remembered that he was out of reach of all help and knowledge for nineteen months; that wherever he has gone the people have had reason by his conduct to think well of Englishmen; and that, whether fully confirmed or not, his discoveries are certainly among the most remarkable of the generation, public opinion will not be satisfied unless he receives, at least, his promotion from the Admiralty, with such other proofs of favour as precedents allow. His services on the East Coast of Africa already gave him a clear title to the C. S. I., for which his African tramp has newly recommended him; less than these official signs of approval would be too little. Meanwhile, the interest of his passage across the wonderful continent will turn public attention with fresh fascination to Africa, destined so surely to play a splendid part in the history of the earth's development. It will make thoughtful men more and more anxious to rescue the beautiful paradise which Lieutenant Cameron will describe on Tuesday next from the slave-drivers, and to bring into the music of humanity those 'black notes' on the world's key-board which have been too long and too mournfully silent."

A special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held in St. James's Hall on April 12th, 1876, to hear from Lieutenant Cameron an account of his Explorations in Africa. The Hall was crowded in every part, and the platform was occupied by a large company of distinguished visitors, including Sir John Hay, M. P.; Sir. G. Campbell, M. P.; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M. P.; Mr. Clements Markham, etc. A number of maps, diagrams, flags, and relics, illustrative of Lieutenant Cameron's narrative, were arranged about the platform. On His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Henry Rawlinson entering the Hall, accompanied by Lieutenant Cameron and some of the leading members of the Society, the audience rose *en masse* and cheered heartily.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who was received with great cheers, said—"I

have great pleasure on this occasion—the first occasion on which I have had the honour of occupying the chair since I became President of this Society—of presenting to you so distinguished a member of a profession to which I have the honour to belong, and a gentleman who has distinguished himself so much by the journey which he has accomplished—a journey from sea to sea through the centre of Africa. I feel that it requires very little preface on my part to introduce him to you. The remarks upon this interesting journey are to come from him, and any words that I might make would only take away from the interest with which I am sure you will listen to him in his account of his interesting exploits. At the same time I must congratulate the Navy that it should fall to the lot of a member of that profession to show that pluck which distinguishes all Englishmen, but which, in my opinion, more particularly distinguishes naval officers—to accomplish so great a feat as the journey across that vast continent—a journey which occupied two years and eight months, and which, though the original object was to search for our late lamented explorer, Dr. Livingstone, eventually became a separate and independent exploration on Lieutenant Cameron's own part. I have great pleasure in introducing to you Lieutenant Cameron, and I do so in the confidence that we shall all be deeply interested by the account he will give us of his interesting journey."

Lieutenant Cameron then rose, and was received with loud cheers. In the course of his address he said—"In consequence of the shortness of the time I can do no more than give a very brief *resume* of my journey this evening. The first portion of the journey may be considered as that from the East Coast to Ujiji. The Expedition consisted originally of Dr. Dillon and myself; at Aden, Mr. Murphy, of the R.A., volunteered, and joined us afterwards at Zanzibar, and a day or two before leaving Bagamoyo, Mr. Moffat, of Natal, a nephew of Dr. Livingstone, also joined. My first great difficulty was to provide porters to carry our stores, and after nearly a month at Bagamoyo I formed a camp at Shamba Gonera to try and make them keep together, but with no good results. In the middle of March, 1873, Dillon started to form a camp at Kikoka, the farthest Balooch outpost of H.H. Syed Burghash, and a little beyond the Kingani. A few days afterwards Sir Bartle Frere came over to Bagamoyo, bringing Moffat with him. Two days afterwards I joined Dillon at Kikoka, leaving Murphy ill with fever under charge of the French missionaries at Bagamoyo. The French missionaries were most kind and hospitable during our stay, and they are doing a very good and important work in the country They have a large number of pupils, who, besides being Christianised and taught to read and write, are also instructed in the ways and means of earning their livelihood in after life.

"There was a great deal of opposition amongst the Wamerima, owing to an idea (which pursued us to Unyanyembe) that we were personally engaged

in putting down the slave trade, though the higher class Arabs were friendly to us. Moffat accompanied me to Kikoka, and then returned to Bagamoyo to assist Murphy. On March 28, 1873, Dillon and I started from Kikoka, but had to leave many loads behind, owing to the porters having got back into Bagamoyo, notwithstanding my having paid the guard at the Kingani to prevent their crossing. From Kikoka, Dillon and I marched to Msuwah, across an almost uninhabited country, with park-like stretches of open grass, clumps of fine trees, and strips of jungle, and here and there intersected by nullahs, which, after heavy showers of rain, became considerable streams. We were detained in one place some days trying to get food, which was very scarce, and the villages lay some way from the road. I went out once to look for it, but, owing to trusting to Bombay, lost the track, and had to sleep in a swamp, amid pouring rain, in consequence of which I was laid up with fever until our arrival at Msuwah. At Msuwah the country began to rise more decidedly than it had hitherto done. There was a good deal of cultivation about, but the villages were in dense clumps of jungle, and very few strangers are allowed to enter them. We formed our camp close to the village of the chief, and were initiated into paying tribute, having to give thirty dotis to a smiling old villain. From Msuwah we travelled on with an Arab caravan, till past Simbaweui, crossing the Lugereugeri on our third march, and going through a pass in the Duthumi hills, and then through a well cultivated fertile valley full of small conical knolls, and by another pass on to Simbaweui, and then across the Lugereugeri a second time. From here we followed the same route as Stanley to Rehenneko, on the other side of the Makata.

"At Rehenneko, Dillon and I halted for a month, to wait for Moffat and Murphy, at the end of which time Murphy came up alone, bringing the sad news that Moffat had died before crossing the Makata. Poor young fellow! His whole heart was in the Expedition; he had sold his all, a sugar plantation in Natal, and was willing to expend his last farthing in the cause of African exploration. Murphy himself was very ill when he arrived. After a few days' halt to enable him to recover his strength somewhat, we started across the Usagara mountains, and then passed Miunyi Useghara, up the valley of the Mukoudokwa, by the same route as Stanley to Lake Ugombo, and then across a rough waterless country to Mpwapwa. At Mpwapwa were three or four caravans of different sizes, and one of the Wanyamwezi would have been robbed if I had not interfered to prevent it. From Mpwapwa we went on across the Marenga Mkali, and to obviate the inconvenience of being without water for two days I filled four air pillows with water, which held three gallons each. After the Marenga Mkali we arrived at Moume, the first station in Ugogo, and came into the full swing of tribute paying, and were detained three or four days before it could be settled. The first day the chief and all hands were drunk, and next day the chief would only receive the tribute through

his prime minister, and he was too drunk to transact any business, and so on from day to day. There is no passing through Ugogo without paying tribute, for, although the people do not as a rule fight, if the demand is resisted they carry off all they can of their provisions and stores, destroy their houses and all they leave behind, fill up their water-holes, and retreat into the jungles, leaving the strangers to die of thirst and starvation, assured of being repaid by the stores, which are certain to be abandoned, for any losses they may themselves have incurred. This occurred two or three times when Arab caravans have attempted to avoid paying mhongo. Soon after Moume we struck Burton's route at Kanyenye, or Great Ugogo, where the same chief (Magomba) reigns as was there in his time.

"From Kanyenye we went on rising, at the end of the plain, which leads up a steep wall-like range of hills to another plateau. On this plateau we went through a range of hills formed of blocks and boulders of granite piled about in the wildest confusion, and came to Usekhe, where we camped close to the largest boulder of granite that, up to that time, I had ever seen. Here again tribute, drunkenness, and delays, and then on our march to Khoko, where some Wamerima are settled, and where we camped under one of three enormous trees—our own caravan and others accompanying it—in all, amounting to about five hundred men, camping under one tree. From here was one march to Mdabaree, the last district of Ugogo, and where we finished with mhongo for the time being. As we were a short way from where white men had passed before, the chief's head man said we had to stop till all the people had seen us; in fact, he made a raree show of us. We now entered on what used to be dreaded as Mgunda Mkali, or fiery field, but which now is far easier to traverse than it was in the days of Burton and Speke. After a few days we came to Jiwe la Singa, where there were almost as many fantastic boulders as near Usekhe, the name of the place meaning the rock of soft grass. From here we marched through a wild and uninhabited country, with much game, but very wild and scared, making longish marches on account of the scarceness and badness of the water. On July 31, 1874, we reached the village of the chief of Urgu. Here we stopped one day to buy food, as our provisions were exhausted, and for the first time, camped in a village. Our tents were crowded all day long by the natives, and at night we found that they had left many small but disagreeable inhabitants behind them.

"From here to the outlying villages of Unyanyembe, was four long marches through uninhabited country. At the end of the second we camped at a place called Marwa, where water is only to be obtained by digging at the base of a boulder, and no one is allowed to say maji—the common word for water—to fire a gun, or walk by with sandals or boots, for fear of offending the fiend in charge of the spring, and causing him to stop the supply of

water. The next morning, as Dillon and I were out on one side of the track looking for game, we saw a couple of lions six hundred or seven hundred yards off, trotting quietly home after a night out. The same afternoon we heard an alarm of 'Ruga, Ruga,' or robbers, and, going to the front, found that a small party had been robbed of some ivory and two women slaves, and had had a man wounded. Our men were in a great funk, but we managed to get them along; and about five P.M. we arrived at a large pond, camped, and fenced ourselves in. In the early part of the night a few arrows were shot into the camp, but we kept watch ourselves, and made our men do likewise, and so the rest of the night passed without further alarm. The next day we arrived at the outlying villages of Unyanyembe; and on the 5th of August we marched into Kwikuruh, its capital, and were entertained at breakfast by Said ibn Salim ibn Raschid el Lamki, the Arab governor, and thoroughly did we enjoy our good breakfast after the scanty fare on which we had been living. After breakfast he and many other Arabs escorted us to the house where Stanley had lived, and which was now lent to us by Said ibn Salim. After a couple of days we had to pay a round of visits to all the principal Arabs, and eat with all. This was a very formidable undertaking, as we had to eat something with each to avoid giving offence, and this lasted from 10 A.M. till 4 P.M. A day or two afterwards I was knocked over by fever, and Dillon and Murphy soon followed suit. About the 21st of August 1874, a letter from Sir Samuel Baker arrived in charge of some of King Mtesa's men, and I sent a letter back by them. We were delayed by fever, blindness, and other illnesses till the end of October—and also by desertion of men—when Chuma and another man arrived bringing the news of Dr. Livingstone's death, and saying that his caravan was near. I instantly sent off a large bale of cloth to assist them. When the body of Dr. Livingstone arrived, all the principal Arabs assembled at our house to show respect to his memory. A few days after Murphy resigned, and when I was on the point of starting westward, having fitted out Livingstone's men with stores for the coast, Dillon was so ill as to be unable to proceed. After he had decided to return, Murphy volunteered to rejoin the Expedition, but, owing to difficulties about stores and porters, I thought it best to go on alone. Dillon and Murphy, with Dr. Livingstone's corpse, left for the coast on the 9th of November, 1873, and the same day I started for Ujiji. I tried to steer straight for Ujiji, but, owing to the fear all my men were in of the ubiquitous Mirambo, and the desertions caused by it, I had to make a considerable detour to the south.

"A few days after I parted from my two companions, I received the sad news of Dillon's death. I reached Uganda in the beginning of December, and there found Murphy, who had lost some of his cloth, and had to send back to the Arab governor for more. After one day at the capital of Uganda, I went on west, but two marches out was met by a chief who said we could not

pass that road until he had settled some row with the Arabs at Unyanyembe. This delayed us till the beginning of January. On Jan. 5, we reached the boundaries of Unyamwezi proper, and then across a large plain and the S. Ngombe, and came to Ugara, in all three districts of which I had to pay tribute. After Ugara I came to a mountainous country—Kawendi—and running water, the first which I had seen since leaving Mpwapwa. The mountains extend to the borders of the Tanganyika; but at Ugaga we came on Burton's route, and thence, passing just to the north of the Malagarazi Valley, we arrived at the Tanganyika by a comparatively easy route. Before reaching Ugaga, however, we had a good deal of trouble, as the guides did not know the road. I was utterly lame from a large abscess on my leg, and therefore unable to take the head of the caravan and direct its course. On my first view of the Tanganyika I could scarcely comprehend it. Such was the immensity of the view that I fancied the grey lake to be sky, and the mountains of Ugoma in the distance to be clouds. However, it dawned on me by degrees that this was the lake, and nothing else. At Kawele, the capital of Ujiji, I was well received by the Arabs; and after securing the books and other things left here by Dr. Livingstone, I immediately made preparations, and got away for a cruise round the lake. In my cruise I found ninety-six rivers, besides torrents and springs coming in to the lake in the portion I went round, and one—the Lukuga—going out. This river flows to the Lurwa, and joins it at a short distance below Lake Moero.

"As soon as I could get a few stores I returned to Kasenge, the place where Speke landed on the western bank of the Tanganyika. The next portion of the journey will be from Kasenge by Nyangwe down to the capital of Urua. After leaving Kasenge we first crossed the southern end of the mountains of Ugoma (although nominally in Uguhha), and many streams flowing S. and S.W. towards the Lukuga. The first country we passed was Uguhha. The people there are distinguished by the peculiar and tasteful manner in which they dress their hair, and the elaborate tattooing on the women's stomachs. Their clothing then appeared to me to be remarkably scanty, but, compared with what I saw further on, was very ample. From Uguhha we crossed the mountains of Bambarre, and on arriving at their foot came into a completely new style of country. The huts were all built in long low streets, and rows of oil-palms were planted down the centre. The women did up their hair in the most extraordinary manner. Many of their head-dresses looked like an old-fashioned bonnet with the back out, and long ringlets hanging down their necks. The men plastered their hair with clay into cones and patches, so that they looked as if they had some sort of helmet on their heads. Between the patches of clay their heads were shaved, leaving the scalp bare. After having been detained at Nyangwe about three weeks, a party of Arabs came in from the south side of the river,

where they had been fighting with the natives, bringing news that Tipo Tipo was coming. Tipo Tipo, on his arrival, told me that if I would come down with him to his camp, some eight marches south of the Nyangwe, I should from there be able to find my way to a great lake into which the Lualaba fell. When I reached his camp I found that the chief on the opposite side of the Lomami refused to let me pass, saying that no caravan had ever been through his country, and if anybody tried to pass he would fight them. When at Tipo Tipo's camp I heard of a lake called Iki, which I believe is the Lake Chebungo, or Lincoln, of Livingstone, which is a little to the west of the Lomami and on the Lawembi. Leaving Tipo Tipo's, we went nearly south, going close along the right bank of the Lomami.

"At many places the people were very friendly, but in others, so many reports had come that no caravans came near there for any other purpose than getting slaves, that the villages were deserted, and we were often in difficulties about food. As we were passing through a strip of jungle, some people commenced shooting at us, and an arrow glanced off my leather coat. I ran this man down and gave him a thrashing, but would not allow any one to fire in return, and walked straight up to some people who were in front of us. We tried to make a palaver, in which, after a time, we were successful, and we went on with the natives as the best of friends. In the afternoon, women were about our camp selling food, and everybody seemed most friendly. Next morning, as we were packing up for the road, I missed my pet goat Dinah, and, asking where she was, I was told that she slept outside the camp. I went to look for her, and walked up into the village to ask about her; and so little did I suspect any harm, that I had no gun or pistol with me, and the man who accompanied me was also unarmed. When we made inquiries about the goat the natives began shooting at us. Some of my men ran up and brought me my rifle and pistol, and the remainder packed up all our stores and came into the village. For a long time I would not allow my people to fire. At last, as the natives were closing in, and a large body of from four hundred to five hundred men came up from the road which we had intended to go, I at length allowed two or three shots to be fired and I believe one of the natives was then shot through the leg. After this we commenced a parley, and it was proposed that my goat should be returned, and that one of my men should make brothers with the chief, and that we should exchange presents, and be good friends. While that was going on another large party came in, headed by a chief, who told the people of the village that they should not be such fools as to make peace with us, as we were a very small caravan, and they would be able to kill or make slaves of the whole of us, and share our beads and stores amongst them. When they arrived the people again began shooting at us. I would not allow my men to fire for fear of breaking off the negotiation, until the men

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closed in, throwing their spears at us. I then fired two or three shots close to some of the natives, set fire to one of the huts in the place, and told the chief that if he did not take his men off I would burn the village down. They had already burned our camp. On this he said that, if we went away from the village, we should go unmolested.

"At every slip of jungle the natives closed in upon us, shooting, and we had two or three men wounded; but it was next to useless returning the fire, as we could not see them, and, being short of ammunition, I was afraid of wasting it. At sunset we arrived close to a village called Kamatete (which I afterwards re-named Fort Dinah, in memory of the goat), and I told the guide to say that we wanted to be friends and to camp there. Their only answer was a volley of arrows. As we were unable to stop out in the night in the jungle with all these fellows round us, I called out to my men to follow me and storm the village. Four men followed me; the rest, except one or two men with Bombay, who was told to look after the stores, ran away. Luckily the natives ran the other way. When we got into the village I burned all the huts down but four, and my men, coming up, set to work to make a fortification. Here we remained five days. We were being constantly shot at, and some men wounded. We were fortunately close to water and plantations of cassava, so that we were well supplied with food and drink. The guide told me we must shoot some of the natives before we could get out of our prison, and at last I was forced to use my gun. The report of my heavy rifle they soon learned to respect. At the end of five days we made peace, they having been frightened by some of their people being killed and wounded. The natives, after the fight was over, offered an indemnity, which, however, I did not accept; but we exchanged presents as a token of friendship. The result of these various interruptions was, that I had to content myself with a distant view of the lake.

"The fourth section of the journey was from Kasongo capital to the west Coast at Benguela. We passed nearly along the watershed between the Zambesi and the Congo until we arrived at the basin of the Kwanga. I arrived at Benguela on the 4th of November. At the first camp we were delayed by people going to look for their runaway slaves. The next morning, when I was ready to start, a message came, 'No march. Kwarumba is coming up with his slaves.' Kwarumba arrived that afternoon with a string of fifty or sixty wretched women, carrying heavy loads of plunder, and some of them with babies in their arms; these women represented as many as forty or fifty villages destroyed and ruined, most of the male inhabitants having been killed, and the rest driven away into the jungle, to find what subsistence they could, or die of starvation. I have no doubt these fifty or sixty slaves represented upwards of five hundred people, either killed in defending their homes, or who had died of starvation afterwards, besides a large number rendered homeless.

All these women were tied together round their waists with thick-knotted ropes, and if they lagged on the march were unmercifully beaten. The Portuguese half-castes and black traders are most brutal in the treatment of their slaves; the Arabs, on the contrary, as a rule, treat them kindly. Slaves taken from the centre of Africa like these do not, as a rule, reach the coast; on the contrary, they are taken down to Sekilitu's country—where, owing to several causes, the population is scanty, and slaves are in demand—and are sold for ivory, which is afterwards brought to the coast, a caravan usually making a journey towards the centre and then on to Sekilitu's country, and so on alternately.

"All this country was very beautiful, with hills and woods, and marvellously fertile. Here we were beginning to rise out of the broad valley of the Lualaba; and as we came to a height of about two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, the oil-palm ceased to flourish. From this place we went on through Ulunda, which name Mr. Cooley says means wilds or forests. After Ulunda, we came into Lovate, and passed close to the sources of the Lubea and the Zambesi; beyond these we came to enormous plains, which, in the rainy seasons, are covered with water about knee-deep, and this extends across between the affluents of the Congo and the Zambesi. I passed across Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekilitu's to Loanda, and found that the people still remembered him from the fact of his having had a riding-ox. We arrived late at Kagnombe's, the chief of all Bihe. This town was the largest I had seen in Africa, being four or five miles in circumference, but a large portion of the interior was taken up by pens for pigs and cattle, and tobacco grounds. There were also three gullies, in which were sources of streams flowing to the Kokema. I had to present King Antonio, as he called himself, with a gun, and a leopard skin which I had had spread out in the hut that was given to me to sleep in. When the secretary, who could not write, called to see me, I was told I must give him something, or else there would be trouble. The next morning I went to see King Antonio, and first of all went into a small outer court, the doors of which were guarded by men wearing red waistcoats with white backs, whom he called his soldiers. Some were armed with bows, and others with spears, and a few of them with old flint-lock muskets. They only put down a stool for me to sit on, and brought in a large leather chair studded with brass nails for Kagnombe. On this I sent up to my own hut to get my own chair to sit on. After a time King Antonio arrived, dressed in a suit of black clothes and an old wide-awake hat, but without any boots, and a Scotch plaid over his shoulders, and held up by a small boy, and looking very drunk indeed. He first informed me that he was a very great man, but that as he had heard I had been so long on the road he did not want a great present, but I must remember him if ever I came back there again. He also informed me that he was not the same as any of the

other chiefs in Africa, because his name was Antonio Antonio Kagnombe, and that his likeness had gone to Lisbon, and I must not think he had not finer clothes, with gold lace and other fine things. After a while he went into an inner enclosure, and there the stools and chairs were arranged in a circle, and he went to one of his houses and brought out a bottle of aguardiente and wanted everybody to have a drink round, but he took care to have the largest sip for himself, after which there was a little palaver, and I went away to my hut, and the next morning I got away and marched over to the house of Senor Gonsalves. Here I was astonished at finding myself in civilisation once more. Remaining there one night I marched through an open prairie country, with a few bushes and trees, and intersected by many streams, to the settlement of Joa B. Ferreira, who enjoys the position of a district judge on account of his having travelled a good deal.

"Kisanji was the first place where we found that milk was to be got, although the first where we saw cattle was in Lovali. From Kisanji to the coast there are no inhabitants, the whole being a desolate tract of mountains, the marching lying through passes and over granite rocks, skeletons lying by the side, showing the severity of the march, signs of the slave trade still remaining in slave-forks and clogs lying by the roadside. After leaving the pass we went across a barren plain till we came close to the coast, and then we came upon what appeared sea cliffs facing the land, as if a continent had sunk in what is now the Atlantic, and Africa had been upheaved afterwards. At forty-five miles from the coast we sighted the sea, and our feelings were even more thankful than those expressed by Xenophon's 10,000. The main point of the discoveries I made I believe to be the connection of the Tanganyika with the Congo system. The Lukuga runs out of the Tanganyika, and there is no place to which it can run but to the Lurwa, which it joins at a short distance below Lake Moero. The levels I have taken prove conclusively that it can have nothing whatever to do with the Nile.

"The blot upon this fair country is the continuance of the slave trade, which is carried on to a great extent to supply those countries which have already had their population depleted by the old coast trade. The chiefs like Kasongo and Meta Yafa are utterly and entirely irresponsible, and would give a man leave, for the present of two or three guns, to go and destroy as many villages and catch as many people as he could for slaves. The Warna especially, although holders of slaves, would rather die than be slaves themselves. I have heard instances of their being taken even as far as the island of Zanzibar, and then making their way back single-handed to their own country. The Portuguese are the principal agents in this trade, as they are able to dispose of them advantageously for ivory and other products in many countries. The Arabs, as a rule, only buy enough slaves to act as their porters and servants for cultivating the ground round the permanent camps.

The people of Bihe, who work under Portuguese, are most cruel and brutal in their treatment of these unfortunate wretches. I would have interfered far oftener if I had not found that my interference brought a heavier punishment on the unhappy beings when my back was turned. The only thing that will do away with slavery is opening up Africa to legitimate commerce, and this can best be done by utilising the magnificent water systems of the rivers of the interior."

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, speaking on behalf of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, rose to express the high opinion which they entertained of the services rendered to geography by Lieutenant Cameron. "They considered these services not only important geographically, but equally interesting to the politician, the merchant, and the philanthropist. Although Lieutenant Cameron made rather light of his journey, it was to be borne in mind that it extended over three thousand miles, and that the gallant young officer had been continually, or with very short intervals, on the tramp for two years and eight months, exposed to all vicissitudes of climate, and to all kinds of hardship and danger, and yet his courage never gave way. The services he had rendered to geography were very important. He had not been one of those explorers who carried their eyes in their pocket. He had always kept his eyes well about him, and the observations he had made of the country were of extraordinary value. The observations he had taken, and which were now being computed at Greenwich, numbered five thousand, and were not only numerous, but elaborate and accurate. He had every expectation that the result would be that they would have a definite line laid down from sea to sea, which would serve as a basis for all further exploration of equatorial Africa.

"Among the minor objects—if he might so call them, where everything was so important—he had to notice Lieutenant Cameron's circumnavigation of the Tanganyika and discovery of the outlet by which it discharged itself into the Lualaba. Another important matter had been his identification as nearly as possible, though it was not absolutely proved by mathematical demonstration, of the Lualaba with the Congo, and one of his main objects had been to follow the course of the former river, so as to prove or disprove this identity. He had not been able to carry out that scheme in its entirety, but he had collected fresh information to render it a matter, not perhaps of positive certainty, but at all events of the very highest degree of probability, that the two rivers were one and the same. In regard to the political results of the Expedition, it was to be noticed that he had discovered a new political power, of which they had hitherto known nothing. He referred to the great chief Kasongo, who appeared to be the most powerful potentate in all equatorial Africa; and this discovery was most important in regard to the future of that country—for whatever negotiations were carried on, or whatever

measures were adopted for the suppression of the slave trade, would mainly have to be conducted through his instrumentality. He had tracked the atrocious traffic in slaves to its fountain-head, and therefore his services might be said to be not only of great importance to geography, but to philanthropy and civilisation. In making these remarks, he desired it to be understood that the Council of the Society paid all possible honour to the old pioneers of African discovery; in fact, Lieutenant Cameron was to be regarded, not as the rival of Livingstone and other explorers, but as having enlarged and followed up their discoveries." In conclusion, Sir Henry stated that, at the meeting of the Council on the previous day—having weighed the claims of the most eminent geographers of the time—they had decided unanimously that Lieutenant Cameron was entitled to the first place, and accordingly they had presented him with the principal gold medal for the year.

Dr. Badger remarked that, when he had an interview with Lieutenant Cameron in 1872, before he started on his Expedition, it struck him that he had not the necessary physique for his journey, and that he was too quiet and gentle in his disposition to have to do with the roughs and savages he was likely to meet with in Central Africa. He was delighted to find, however, that in those respects and in all others Lieutenant Cameron had proved himself equal to the task he had undertaken. He had acted throughout in the spirit of a philanthropist as well as a traveller, and he was sure that his work would be appreciated.

Sir Alexander Milne remarked that Lieutenant Cameron had done credit to the service to which he belonged.

The Duke of Edinburgh—"When I first entered the room I asked the Secretary to give me an agenda of the proceedings for this evening, and I have had placed before me a very long list of those gentlemen whom it was thought desirable should address you upon the subject of this interesting paper, but the evening is far advanced, and I find that the questions which gentlemen are set down to speak upon are liable to be changed. For instance, I may mention that Dr. Badger's speech is described in the agenda as 'Remarks on the Herbs of Central Africa,' whereas he has entertained us for some time with remarks upon the personal temper of Lieutenant Cameron. I think, under those circumstances, it would be dangerous for me to go through the full and extended list I have before me. I must, however, thoroughly endorse every word which has been said by Sir Alexander Milne, and I believe the resolution I now wish to propose to you will be unanimously accepted. Once more congratulating the naval service on the additional lustre he has cast on the profession, I beg to move that a cordial vote of thanks be given to Lieutenant Cameron for the very interesting paper of which he is the author in deed as well as in name."

The vote of thanks was carried by acclamation, and a similar compliment

was, on the motion of SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, paid to His Royal Highness for his conduct in the chair.

The proceedings then terminated.

Two days after this meeting, the following article—just and wise in its criticism and its counsel—appeared in 'The Daily Telegraph:'—"Lieutenant Cameron—we hope, after the speech of Sir Alexander Milne on Tuesday evening, that we may soon know him as 'Captain' Cameron—richly merits the honours which he has received at St James's Hall. He owns no English rival save Livingstone in the feat which he has accomplished of tramping across the African continent from sea to sea, and his discoveries in the Lualaba Valley throw an entirely new light upon the head-waters of that wonderful lacustrine system which Livingstone was the first to reveal. On the two great points, however, of the identity of the Lualaba with the Congo, and of the drainage of Lake Tanganyika by the Luvubu or Lukuga, we must frankly say that the fuller details supplied by the young traveller's narrative leave a great deal still to be discovered. Entirely sympathising with the pride felt by the Royal Geographical Society in the explorer—with whom they allowed themselves to break off contact and succour only too long—we must indicate the necessity for remembering the laws of geographical logic even in the generous flush of a first re-union. As to Tanganyika, it is a lasting pity that Cameron did not follow his Lukuga down from the lake instead of taking Livingstone's path to Nyangwe. The consequence is, that we have still nothing but the fact that the Lieutenant saw water slowly effluent just below Kasenge, and heard a chief's report to the effect that it drained the lake into Lualaba or Lurwa. The chief may have lied in order to please. The effluent may be one of the many grassy backwaters into which the Tanganyika throws an eddy; and an inspection of Livingstone's map will show that he twice crossed the track of this hypothetical outlet, which, leaving an enormous basin of water, fed, in its lower part alone, by ninety-six rivers, has yet only a knot, or a knot and a half, of current. No lake can have two active outlets, and this one certainly appears at present unequal to the task assigned to it, especially with so immense a fall in the surface between Tanganyika and Nyangwe. Again, as to the identification of the Lualaba with the Congo, it must be borne in mind that the Lieutenant has not seen with his own eyes more than a league or two of the river beyond what Livingstone beheld.

"All is still conjecture past that point where the great channel which the Doctor saw going north, was witnessed turning westward—possibly for a short bend only—by Cameron. The position of the Lake Sankorra—the nationality of the 'trousered' traders—the reported westing of the river—even the destination of the Kassabe—are matters resting entirely on native stories at present, and all know how absurdly these mislead. We must, of course, allow that the weight of probability is strong on the side of the theory

adopted by the young traveller. If his instruments did not deceive him about the elevations at Nyangwe—which Livingstone took at two thousand feet, and Cameron sets at one thousand four hundred—no water from the Lualaba can run into the Nile south of Gondokoro, which is at the same level, or even a little higher. But Schweinfurth has not so absolutely settled the Nile Basin about the Bahr-el-Ghazal that we can be sure that no great volume of water glides into the Nile amid that great wilderness of reedy swamp, where all the lakes of Africa might lose themselves. As to the mass of the element upon which so much is founded, it must be borne in mind that the Nile has no tributaries at all north of the Atbara, and loses by irrigation and evaporation vast proportions of its contents, while the Congo runs in a deep and walled channel, with so many feeders, that it is called 'the swallower-up of waters.'

"Again, deep as the Congo is, its current is commonly slow, and at the farthest point known it was found coming from the north-east, while the highly imaginative map displayed on Tuesday night at St. James's Hall represents it as running almost all the way due west between the third and fourth parallel of south latitude. Still more puzzling is the existence of that large river, the Lowa, which the Lieutenant heard of as 'joining the Congo' a little below Nyangwe. If this be, as Cameron believes, the Buri or Uelle, it is the same which Schweinfurth thought ran into the Shari and Lake Tchad, while Nachtigal holds that it is a head-water of the Benuwe or Tshadda, which flows out at Cape Nun after mingling with the Niger. We cannot help agreeing with Mr. Monteiro—who knows the Congo so well—that the geography of Mid-Africa is far from being cleared up yet. The Mayumba and Quillo are among many streams still without fountains, and the elevation ascribed to the Lualaba at Nyangwe leaves, be it remembered, not nearly a foot in the mile of fall, counting windings, for the Zaire's current, which has to pass besides over the great cataracts, or Yellalas. Our geographers must at least take care that, while disallowing the kingly claim of the Nile by figures, they leave the precipitous Congo slope enough for an outflow. The placid Nile falls more than a foot per mile between Gondokoro and the sea! These are but some of the considerations which warn us to be careful until the Albert Nyanza and the Lake Sankorra country have been investigated. The chances are certainly strong in favour of the Congo-Lualaba hypothesis, but not so strong that they should be regarded as rendered overwhelming by the gallant and meritorious journey performed on a line five hundred miles south of this supposed rival of the Nile."

Other honours have been conferred on our traveller. On the 22nd of April, 1876, he was presented with the freedom and livery of the Turners' Company. The proceedings took place at the Guildhall, London, under the presidency of Mr. Tapping, President of the Company.

An address having been delivered by Past Master Jones,

LIEUTENANT CAMERON rose, and met with a warm reception. He said—"I beg to return you my most sincere and hearty thanks for the honour which you have done me this day. In all my journeys, when alone for upwards of two years, without seeing any Englishman, I was sustained by the thought that, when I returned to England, the work I was about would be appreciated by my countrymen. I am proud to think that my hope and thought has been verified as it has been to-day by the honour which has been done me. The eloquent speech which you have heard leaves me little to say. A sailor's trade is not to talk, but to try to do what he is directed to do. The country of Africa which I have traversed, and especially to the west of the Tanganyika, is one of the richest portions of the world; and if one was only in a position to give the climate a fair chance, it would be found to be far more healthy than that noble dependency of the British Empire, India. Ivory, which has been mentioned as one of the materials of the Turners' art and mystery, is there found in greater abundance than anywhere else. At Nyangwe, the Arabs, trading amongst themselves, give thirty-five pounds of ivory for seven and a half pounds of beads, or five and a half pounds of cowries, and very often they are able to buy a tusk, irrespective of size, which may weigh from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, by the present of an old copper bracelet, or any worn-out useless thing, which may take the fancy of the natives.

"This country of Nyangwe, I firmly believe—in fact, I am sure, may be reached by the Congo; and hereafter I hope that, where my steps have been, we shall see a system of English trading-stations for the purchase, not only of ivory, but for other merchandise, for the richness of the vegetable products of the country is something beyond description. I have walked along for fifty or sixty yards under a grove of nutmeg trees, with the whole ground covered with nutmegs, and no one knew what they were worth. Besides that, there are many other valuable products in abundance, many different species of cotton and oil-producing palms. Up the valley of the Congo, to a height of two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, the country is crowded with oil-palm, and hereafter that trade alone—leaving the question of ivory altogether on one side—will well be sufficient to repay any enterprising merchants of England who embark in it. The people, in many of the countries I passed through, are very clever smiths. They have not yet advanced to the art and mystery of turning, but some of their work, executed simply with a rough hand hammer without a handle, and with no file to finish off with, might favourably compare with a great deal which is shown in this advanced country of England, where we have all the appliances of modern machinery and workmanship to help us. Now, the land which furnishes all the articles I have mentioned, is also opened

up by two of the most magnificent systems of water-communication in the world.

"The River Congo has rapids at Ilalla, about one hundred and sixty miles above its mouth; and beyond them the only other rapids that I know of are small ones, a short way below Nyangwe, near where my route quits the Congo. But I think that river ought to be hereafter called the Livingstone, for after all it was he who really discovered its sources. In the Zambesi country there is a system of lacustrine rivers, extending for a distance which makes the Congo one of the largest rivers in the world. Perhaps the Amazon and the Yang-Tse-Kiang may, in volume, be larger, but certainly the Congo is entitled to take third place among the rivers of the world. It has navigable affluents that reach north within two hundred miles of Lake Nyassa, where at present a colony in memory of Livingstone is being formed, which has been reached from the Zambesi. Where my route passes near the sources of the Zambesi, and where you see so many rivers dotted on the map, there is a sandy plain, through which, if a canal were cut for twenty or thirty miles across an easy country, the two systems of the Congo and Zambesi might be joined, and a water communication formed between the east and west coasts of Africa, with numerous navigable offsets on either side. Of course, these rivers will be broken at times by rapids, but portages may be formed for the present, and hereafter—though in days far in the future, I am afraid—locks will be formed, so that there may be uninterrupted steam communication from the east to the west of tropical Africa, by the Congo and Zambesi systems, and we shall then tap the ivory trade completely.

"By large rivers which flow into the Congo from the north, a short way in front of Nyangwe, we can get back into the country of Ulega, to which traders come three thousand miles down the Nile to trade, and from which they draw their principal supplies of ivory. Now, ascending the Congo a thousand miles, will take us into this marvellously rich country. Again, the offsets of the Tanganyika would also tap a great portion of the ivory trade which is now carried on by the Arabs trading from Zanzibar. The Zambesi, again, would form the means of obtaining ivory, if the communication were made by joining it to the Congo, and so giving access to its northern affluents. I passed numerous affluents of the Zambesi, some of which take their rise on the West Coast, and these would act as offsets to the main system. By that river, which you see marked on the map as falling into the Congo from the north, we should get close up to the sources of the Nile and the Congo systems by a very short route instead of by the long one from Alexandria up a river which is far from healthy, and is choked with grass; while the country through which I have gone may be considered as fairly healthy. Let me, in conclusion, thank you again for the great honour which you have done me."

Referring, a day or two after, to the above proceedings, one of our lead-

ing journals made the following observations :—" On Saturday afternoon the freedom of the City of London was presented to Lieutenant Cameron by the Ancient and Honourable Guild of Turners. The occasion was one of more than usual interest. The Turners are among the City Companies what Baliol was for many years among the Oxford Colleges. They boast no gorgeous hall or colossal rent-roll; they do not confine themselves to the giving of banquets; they actually contrive to spend a reasonable portion of their slender corporate income upon the encouragement of technical education; and, lastly, they exercise discrimination in the selection of candidates for the roll of their Livery. Lieutenant Cameron is emphatically one of those men to whom honour of some kind is pre-eminently due. He who has tramped across Central Africa from sea to sea deserves well of the State, even though his labours may not have added greatly to our existing stock of geographical knowledge.

"It is an oversight little short of a national misfortune that we have in England no adequate honorary rewards for any achievements save those of statesmanship, diplomacy, and war. The want, which undoubtedly exists, of some national 'Legion of Honour,' for admission to which high merit of any kind shall be sufficient passport, is at present vicariously supplied, partly by the honorary degrees conferred by the two sister Universities, and partly by the liberal, and, if we may say so, cosmopolitan spirit in which the City Companies, or the best-managed amongst them, have distributed their franchise. In the present instance, Mr. Past Master Jones, who fulfilled the post alloted at Oxford to that eminent functionary, the Public Orator, introduced Lieutenant Cameron to the Turners in conclave assembled, not, perhaps, as 'Qui unus optime de Republicâ meritus, terram adhuc incognitam penitus perlustravit'—which is about the style of Patavinity in which the Public Orator for the time being is apt to indulge upon such occasions—but, more simply, as 'a gallant gentleman who had done a good work.' What this good work is, the public already knows, and it is only fair to say that Past Master Jones, in dwelling upon the results of Lieutenant Cameron's exploits, showed himself fully sensible of their real value and importance.

"The gallant officer has not, it is true, exactly solved for us the vexed problem of the sources of the great African rivers, and of their connection with the grand system of inland seas in which they take their rise. Neither has he much that is new to tell us of the mysterious land which he has traversed—of its inhabitants and their customs, of its *fauna* and *flora*, and of its mineral products. The true importance of his achievement lies in the fact that he has shown it to be possible for an Englishman, single-handed, and to all intents and purposes unarmed, to explore this vast and wonderful continent in comparative safety; and by doing this, he has set an example which cannot but give a most powerful impulse to future discovery and research. It

is usual for a newly-elected Turner to express his sense of the honour and dignity conferred upon him by a few appropriate remarks, and accordingly Lieutenant Cameron stood forward, and with all that simple unaffected frankness, which is the chief charm of great travellers, told his story about the vast Continent which he has traversed.

"What he had to say was, as is the custom of sailors, brief and to the point. Africa is, he assured the Turners, the richest country in the world, while—if it be only allowed a fair trial—its climate will be found more healthy than that of even India itself. Its wealth, animal, vegetable, and mineral, is practically inexhaustible. It is, in short, an El Dorado, which, if only properly worked, would in a few years, and in virtue of its own inherent resources, develope into a vast and mighty Empire. He had seen, the newly-elected Turner assured his brethren of the guild, whole districts abounding in ivory and vegetable products, which only needed to be opened to commerce. He had seen nutmegs lying about as unheeded as acorns, because the natives did not know their value. He had seen gold, cotton, and oil-producing plants of all kinds. He had even known of a case in which a quantity of gold dust and small nuggets had been found in a water-hole; but the natives had not thought it worth their while to collect it, because it was in such small pieces. But, as became the occasion and the interests of his audience, the gallant explorer dwelt chiefly upon the ivory traffic, and pointed out at some length that, by availing herself of the system of large rivers connected with the Congo, England would be able 'to tap the ivory country,' and that a new impetus would thus be given to the ancient craft of 'turning.' Ivory, in short, is what Lieutenant Cameron evidently regards as the great export of Central Africa, ranking in value far above even its spices or its gold. It is, perhaps, only natural that an African traveller should take this view, knowing, as he does, the high price which good ivory commands in civilised countries, he will inevitably be struck by its abundance in that vast *terra incognita* where the elephant still roams at large. He will see huge tusks used as doorposts or props, or even lying idle, or rotting under the vertical sun, and will think with regret of the profits which could be made, if only a shipload of beads, pocket-knives, tin kettles, and the like, could be bartered against its bulk of this scarce and precious product of nature.

"There are, however, two sides to every question, and when Lieutenant Cameron invited the Turners to look at the grand prospect of 'tapping the ivory country,' it may be doubted whether he fully considered that the probable consequence of realising that anticipation would be a war of extermination against the elephant. Ivory is not, like iron or coal, a necessary of life. It is simply an *objet de luxe*, and almost the only manufactures for which it is absolutely indispensable are those of artificial teeth, plates for miniature-painters, and billiard balls. Ivory paper-knives, brush handles, napkin rings,

chessmen, fans, caskets, dice and dice-boxes, statuettes, and knick-knacks made of the same material generally, are all in their way very pretty objects; but the demand which exists for them is not a sufficient justification for hunting the African elephant from off the face of the earth. There are some animals, it is true, which would seem to be altogether proof against persecution. The merry little rabbit, the Hanoverian rat, and the common sparrow, defy all efforts to keep down their numbers, short of an absolute and preconcerted massacre. It is otherwise, however, with the larger creatures of the earth.

"Within historical times the bear and the wolf have disappeared from our English forests, and the seal from our shores. The otter and the marten cat become rarer and rarer every year, and the fox and the red deer are artificially preserved. In India, it has already been found necessary to protect the elephant; nor has this wise precaution been taken too early. Docile and tractable as the great creature is, all attempts to breed it in captivity have hitherto failed, and we have still, like the Carthaginians in the time of Hannibal, to catch our elephants as we want them. In this respect, the history of the elephant contrasts strangely with that of the camel. The last-named animal has been bred in captivity from a time to which no records reach, and the wild camel had ceased to exist probably for many centuries before Herodotus, the first great traveller, wrote his 'History.' The elephant, on the other hand, although from time immemorial he has been tamed and made to labour for man's service, still remains in his natural condition, and it is to be hoped that for centuries to come that extinction with which Lieutenant Cameron threatens him may be averted. The huge brute, apart altogether from the interest which he owes to his size, his marvellous sagacity, and the fact that he is one of the few surviving relics of the pre-Adamite *fauna*, can also claim our consideration and forbearance on the ground of his use and value. He is the natural railway of the countries in which he is found, and in Africa more especially, where the venomous tsetze fly renders whole regions impassable for cattle and horses, his services will for many centuries remain indispensable to the cause of progress and civilisation. The elephant is, indeed, to that great and unknown land what her coal-fields are to England, and it would be a barbarous and short-sighted act to wage such a war against him for the sake of his ivory as would deprive the world of his many other and more valuable uses."

A more distinguished honour awaited the gallant explorer, and was conferred upon him, when, on the 29th of April, the Queen held a council at Windsor, after which he was presented to her Majesty by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and received the insignia of a Companion of the Bath (Civil Division), in recognition of his distinguished services in Africa.

On the 3d of May, our traveller was a guest at the eighty-seventh anni-

versary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. In the course of the evening, Sir Henry Rawlinson proposed the "Travellers," and briefly recapitulated the results of Lieutenant Cameron's African Expedition. Cameron, who was much cheered, returned thanks, dwelling on some of the more remarkable incidents of his travels, and expressing confident hopes as to the future of Africa. Two days afterwards, there was a large and enthusiastic gathering of the principal inhabitants of the district of Shoreham—the district of his home—for the purpose of presenting to him a valuable silver inkstand and a sword. Returning thanks for the presentation, the gallant officer remarked that the sword, which they had done him the honour to give him, should never be drawn without cause, or sheathed without honour. He then read a short sketch of the resources of Africa, which country, he said, was the richest in the world, with no one to develope its riches.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on May 22nd, 1876, at Burlington House, for the purpose of transacting the business of the Society, and to award the medals. The chair was taken by Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., who, in presenting the founder's medal for the year 1876 to Lieutenant V. L. Cameron, R.N., for his journey across Africa from Zanzibar to Benguela, and his survey of the southern half of Lake Tanganyika, said—"I have been requested by my colleagues of the Geographical Council to present you with 'the founder's medal of this year for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery, which has been awarded to you for your journey across Africa from Zanzibar to Benguela, and for your survey of the southern half of Lake Tanganyika;' and I fulfil this duty with all the more pleasure and satisfaction that I was in the chair when we sent you forth on your honourable and important mission, and have thus had the opportunity of watching your progress, step by step, through the many trials and triumphs of your memorable journey. As Englishmen, we are proud that the great feat of traversing Equatorial Africa, from sea to sea, should have been accomplished for the first time by an officer in the Naval service of the Queen; but we wish it to be understood that it is not your success in this particular exploit, it is not your remarkable exhibition of manly courage and perseverance—though these qualities, which you possess in an eminent degree, will always secure you the well-merited admiration of your countrymen—which have on this occasion exclusively, or even in an especial degree, recommended you to the favourable notice of the Council.

"We have selected you to be our medallist, above all other reasons, because you have, amidst difficulties and dangers, in failing health, under privation and fatigue, steadily kept in view the paramount claim on your attention of scientific geography, and have thus brought back with you from the interior of Africa a register of observations for latitude, longitude, and elevation, which, for extent and variety—and we are authorised by the report of the

Greenwich authorities to add, for judicious selection and accuracy of result—may favourably compare with the finished work of a professional survey. We feel, therefore, that we may fairly hold you up as a model to future travellers, trusting, indeed, that geographical science may as largely profit by the example which you have set to others as by the results which you have yourself contributed. You have already received at the hands of your Sovereign, as a reward for your brilliant achievement, the distinction of Companionship of the Bath—which I believe was never bestowed on so young an officer in Her Majesty's naval service. You are also daily receiving proofs of the interest that your discoveries have excited among the public at large, owing to the practical benefits which the nation may expect to derive from them, both in regard to its commerce, and especially in regard to that object it has so much at heart—the suppression of the African slave trade; and I am now to offer you, in the name of geographical science, the highest honour we can confer—the founder's medal of the year. And in congratulating you on thus taking your place on the golden roll of the Geographical Society's medallists, may I be permitted to add, that having presided on five occasions at the distribution of our annual awards, it has never been my fortune to present the medal to one who, by his services, has more thoroughly earned it."

Lieutenant Cameron, in reply, said—" Sir Henry Rawlinson, I beg to thank you most heartily for the medal. It has been the one great hope that has sustained me throughout my travels, of aiding, in some degree, the objects of the Royal Geographical Society. I knew very well that I was not in Africa to play, but to take observations; and the training that I received in the service to which I am proud to belong taught me how to accomplish this. I am glad to find my observations have been appreciated, and that they are considered accurate and good. I beg to thank you for the honour that you have done me."

In the course of his annual address, Sir Henry said—" In Africa—and especially in Equatorial Africa—has been centred the chief geographical interest of the year. When I delivered my last anniversary address to you in this hall, I drew your attention to the grave—not to say perilous position of the two adventurous travellers, Mr. Stanley and Lieutenant Cameron, of whom nothing had been heard for many months, but who were believed to be pushing their way into regions of the most inaccessible and inhospitable character. With regard to Lieutenant Cameron, I may now confess that I felt more anxiety than I cared to express, knowing, as I did, that he was trying to force a passage through the savage tribes who line the lower course of the Congo, and feeling assured that he would persist in his attempt to reach the western sea-coast, appalled by no dangers, recoiling before no difficulties. Mr. Stanley's temporary disappearance did not excite the same amount of uneasiness, since his track lay in a less remote portion of the continent, and

he was better equipped for the emergencies of travel; but still, the absence of all intelligence regarding him was becoming painful, when, in the autumn of last year, intelligence was received almost simultaneously from Egypt and Zanzibar that the gallant explorer had reached the coast of M'tesa at Uganda, on the north-western shore of the Victoria Nyanza. As a full report of his travels after leaving the sea-coast has been already published in the 'Proceedings' of this Society, I need not at present follow his footsteps in any detail, but, in the interests of geography, and in recognition of his eminent personal services, it is only just and proper that I should briefly notice the main features of his journey.

"Mr. Stanley then, by taking a new line to the lake, considerably to the east of the track pursued by former travellers, discovered a large river flowing in a north-western direction, which he followed down to the lake along a course which he approximately estimated at three hundred and fifty miles. This river is named the Shimeyu, and, as far as our present means of information extend, it must be considered the true source of the Nile—that is, it is the most southerly feeder of the great reservoir of Victoria Nyanza, from which the White Nile issues. After reaching the southern shore of the lake, not far from the Jordan's Nullah of Speke, Mr. Stanley put together the Thames boat which he had brought in pieces from Zanzibar, and to which he gave the name of 'Lady Alice,' and proceeded to circumnavigate this great inland sea. He passed along the eastern and northern shores of the lake to M'tesa's capital in Uganda, taking a series of observations for latitude and longitude as he went along, and also obtaining measurements both of the depth of the lake and of its elevation above the sea-level.

"On the whole, Stanley's surveys may be held to confirm, in a remarkable manner, not only the accuracy of Speke's own work, but the correctness of the information which he obtained from the natives. The lake was found to consist of one great and continuous body of water, instead of being broken into a series of lagoons, as had been surmised by other travellers. Its general contour, indeed, as delineated by Speke, and the area which it was estimated to cover, very nearly corresponded with the shape and dimensions given in Stanley's map; and even in regard to the so-called subsidiary lake, named the Bahr-ingo, at the north-eastern corner, which Speke was held to have introduced into his map on insufficient authority, Stanley was able to identify the title in the same locality, and, indeed, he explained the original report, by showing that there really were large land-locked bays in that quarter, almost claiming to be independent lakes. The only serious discrepancy between the two accounts was a uniform difference of latitude, amounting to fourteen miles, which was due, no doubt, to some constant error either of instrument or observation. The elevation of this great reservoir above the

sea may now be definitely taken at about three thousand eight hundred feet, and the depth was ascertained by Mr. Stanley at a point near the eastern shore to be two hundred and seventy-five feet.

"Mr Stanley sent three letters to England—two *via* Zanzibar, and one by the hand of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who was afterwards killed by the Baris near Gondokoro; but we are still without his description of the south-western shores of the lake—between the Kitangule River and Jordan's Nullah of Speke—which he proposed to examine on a second excursion from his camp at Kagehyi, to which he had returned from M'tesa's capital. With regard to Mr. Stanley's subsequent movements, we are entirely in the dark. It may be assumed from some of his letters that his first object, after completing his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, would be to cross over to the other great Nile reservoir, named by Baker the Albert Nyanza, where an equally large extent of virgin territory awaited his exploration; but it is also to be inferred from the important statement with which his last letter of May 15, concludes, of his being about to enter on a tramp of three thousand miles, that he must contemplate the further prodigious feat of striking south-west from the Nile basin and opening a way to the western sea-coast between the lines of the Congo and Ogowe.

"In the case of any ordinary traveller, to attempt a march of such extraordinary difficulty through an entirely unknown country, and without any previous arrangement for relief and support, would be pronounced to be an act of almost culpable temerity, but Mr. Stanley possesses such very exceptional qualifications in his fertility of resource, his vigour both of mind and body, and the unlimited command of funds which he derives from his munificent patrons in London and New York, that his success hardly seems beyond the reach of reasonable expectation. At any rate, as a twelvemonth has now elapsed since Mr. Stanley quitted the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, intelligence must very shortly reach us, either through Colonel Gordon or by Zanzibar, of the further course of his African travels; and his friends may rest assured that, if success should attend his steps, nowhere will that success be hailed with greater satisfaction than in this country and in this Society, where his discovery and relief of Livingstone are still remembered with mingled feelings of admiration and gratitude."

Reverting to Lieutenant Cameron's journey across Central Africa—of which he gave a graphic sketch—Sir Henry observed that probably the most useful information brought by Lieutenant Cameron refers to the slave trade of the interior of the continent, the inference to be drawn from his experience being, that until superior inducements for the employment of capital are held out by the introduction of legitimate commerce, it will be in vain to expect that this odious traffic can be suppressed, or even seriously checked, by mere repressive measures on the sea-board. The geographical result of his jour-

ney had been the construction of a section of elevation across the entire Continent of Africa from sea to sea, laid down upon a line between the fourth and twelfth degrees of south latitude, of which the protraction has been verified throughout by a careful and repeated astronomical observation. He need hardly say that Lieutenant Cameron had received congratulations from almost every country in Europe on the splendid success of his African journey; and that Society, as the patron and supporter of his work, was proud to be able to participate in his triumphs. With regard to Colonel Gordon's survey of the Upper Nile not much information had been gained, and the contour and extent of the Albert Nyanza, and even the possible discharge of its waters to the south-west, remained among the unsolved problems of the African Continent.

In the evening, at the anniversary dinner, SIR HENRY referred to the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask Parliament to vote £3,000 towards the expenses of Lieutenant Cameron's recent Expedition. He also proposed "The Medallists of the year." LIEUTENANT CAMERON, in replying, was received with cheers. "He had travelled," he said, "through a country of untold richness, where the means of its being utilised lay ready to their hands, the vegetable and mineral products there to be found being beyond the imagination of any one living. Unfortunately this charming country was desolated by the slave trade, which was the great blot upon it at the present moment, and the only way the traffic in slaves could be abolished was by the establishment of legitimate commerce. He felt certain that a wise and liberal expenditure of capital, under proper auspices, would prove profitable, and, at the same time, would be the means of regenerating the natives, and lead to the abolition of the slave trade. They must not look for this to be brought about in a few days, for the idea of the slave trade was engrained in the hearts of the African race, and had been for many years, so that any amelioration of the present condition of things would be proportionately slow. He had been twitted with lowering the cause of Christianity by stating that the regeneration of Africa was only to be brought about by the extension of commerce. He had not referred to the work of the missionaries, but it should be remembered that they went to Africa, not as a means of showing the races how to get a living, but to teach them a religion which they were not sufficiently educated to understand. It was by means only of opening up the country to commerce that good would follow."

In September, 1876, the British Association for the Advancement of Science held its Forty-Sixth Annual Meeting in Glasgow; and Commander Cameron was the hero of the occasion. He appeared before the public several times, and on every appearance was received in a most enthusiastic manner. His first appearance was in the City Hall, under the auspices of the Glasgow Athenæum, when he delivered a lecture on his African travels.

There was a very large and fashionable attendance. The Hon. the Lord Provost presided, who, after reading several letters of apology for non-attendance from distinguished persons, went on to say, that he felt very highly honoured indeed in having been asked to preside that night and introduce to them Commander Cameron of the Royal Navy, the great African explorer. He was a gentleman of a good old Scotch family, and was a worthy successor of those great Scottish travellers, Mungo Park and Dr. Livingstone. Like these men, Commander Cameron made his message through Africa a message of peace, and he very often turned aside and took circuitous routes rather than push onward by force of arms, for he very well knew if blood were shed the anger of the natives would be aroused, and the path would be made difficult and dangerous for his successors. Now that Commander Cameron had come among them, after wandering two and a half years over that vast continent, and had brought with him much knowledge, he would give an account of his discoveries; and his lordship felt sure they would listen to him with attention and give him a very hearty welcome. He had very much pleasure in introducing Commander Cameron.

Commander Cameron, who on rising was received with prolonged cheers, said—"Four years ago, when he was in Her Majesty's service, he was on the East Coast of Africa as lieutenant of the ship 'Star.' Whilst there he felt there was a great deal more to be done in the way of African discovery, and acquiring a knowledge of the working of the slave trade, than had ever yet been done. He heard that people had gone from Zanzibar far into the interior, and felt that what they had done a subject of Her Majesty could do. He came home and heard a report that there was to be a Livingstone Search Expedition. He did not know his countryman, and there was no use of talking of him here, for his name was a household word in this part of the empire. Unfortunately, he did not get the command of that expedition. It was entrusted to Lieutenant Dawson, and unfortunately, just as they were starting with every element of success, they met Mr. Stanley, who had just relieved Dr. Livingstone. Owing to his reports, and some misunderstanding, they turned back, and the expedition was fruitless. Towards the end of 1872 there was a talk, owing to what Dr. Livingstone had written home, of sending out a mission to Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave trade. He was selected by the Geographical Society to go to Zanzibar and take command of an expedition to join Livingstone, render him assistance, and also place themselves unreservedly under his orders. Dr. Dillon of the Royal Navy was to accompany him. They left in December, 1872, and after an eventful passage, they arrived at Zanzibar in January, 1873, having been joined by a volunteer, Lieutenant Murphy, of the Royal Artillery. Their first duty at Zanzibar was to see if they could pick up men for their escort, every single thing in Africa having to be carried on men's shoulders. The necessities of the expedition required three hundred

porters. These had to be got in a bad season of the year, because it was in the height of the rainy season. The expedition had also to engage a certain number of men as the guard for this large body of porters. He thought, in getting Bombay to be the chief of his soldiers, he would be all right, but unfortunately he found that the days of Bombay had gone by. However, he would not talk of his men, but rather of the country through which he had to travel.

"Well, they took two months to get their stores together; and just before starting they were joined by Robert Moffat, grandson of the Rev. Dr Moffat, and nephew of Dr. Livingstone. He was but a mere boy, but he had a man's courage, and a great interest in the work in which they were engaged. As an evidence of this, it should be mentioned that young Moffat sold the plantation which belonged to him in order to risk his all in the path of African exploration in which at that time, though he did not know it, his great uncle had nobly fallen. Well, he went on with the advance part of the caravan, and passed the Kingoni River on the 20th March, 1873, leaving Lieutenant Murphy and young Moffat to bring on more of the porters, with the remainder of the stores. He and Dr. Dillon marched till they came to Rehenneko. Notwithstanding the configuration of the country was well known, they saw a good many curious things about the people. A short way from the coast one was just as thoroughly amongst savage tribes as he was in the heart of Africa. The natives carried spears shod with bone, and wore kilts made of the fibres of grass, pretty like those worn in the interior. Then the advanced caravan came to the swamp of which they had heard the most terrible accounts. Indeed, they had been told that there was scarcely any getting across it. But he had found that when difficulties were boldly faced they always became easier. They did set their face to the obstacle, and they got over this swamp without injury. But in order to pass through the mud and water they took five hours and a half to make three miles. For instance, they had to drag their donkeys out of holes, and were continually fighting and striving to get along these few miles. There were in all twenty or thirty miles of this sort of country to work across.

"On the 1st of May, 1873, Dr. Dillon and he arrived at Rehenneko, which was just past the swamp in question, on the eastern slopes of the mountains. There they formed their camp on the top of a small hill rising from the lower level, and waited for a whole month before the rest of the caravan joined them. The natives were civil to them, because they considered the travellers as very powerful, though, as a rule, the people did not bear the best of characters, having repeatedly robbed smaller parties. There was nothing peculiar about their clothes, except they wore necklaces of brass wire standing out horizontally, and long bracelets coiled round their wrists up to the elbow, these being of thick brass wire. Towards the end of May he heard that the

caravan was approaching, having got a note from Murphy saying that they were coming, and that young Moffat was ill. By and by he was told that a white man's caravan was coming in. He was very ill at the time, but he managed to hobble out in order to go and see who was coming. He saw only one man, who appeared to be Murphy. He asked him, "Where is Moffat?" and received the answer that he died on the other side of the swamp. There the large-hearted youth lay under the shade of a solitary palm tree, another martyr to the cause of travelling in Africa.

"Murphy having joined them their next work was to get on again as soon as possible, time meaning money in Africa just as much as it meant money at home. They went across the Usegara Mountains. It was very slippery, and at night they had to camp on the side of a hill sloping like the top of a house, the consequence being that frequently their things ran down the side of the hill. There was not the slightest sign of a human habitation, the only thing visible being faint indications of the footpath. Indeed, so wild was the place that one morning he saw all the men and lads starting. He heard a noise, and looking round there he saw rolling down the hill a leopard with a monkey in its mouth, which the ferocious beast had just caught. They crossed these mountains and came to a fertile valley. Here they were told by the chief they would have to buy their food. He, therefore, sent off a party of men to a place three or four hours distant to buy provisions. The day after they had gone one of them came rushing into the camp, and reported evil tidings —that all the men had been killed. He asked what was the matter, and the reply was that all the men had run away, and had lost everything. At length he ascertained that one of his men had by accident shot one of the natives. In short, they were detained here four or five days, and had to pay over £50 of cloth and a couple of guns to the natives of that country, besides having lost all the food which they had been sent to buy. After arriving at and passing Lake Ugombo he had a long march without water, and one of his men died of thirst on the way.

"On coming to Upwapwa caravans were met from Unyanyembe, and on asking news of Livingstone he was simply told that he had received the stores sent by Stanley, and had again started for the west. At Upwapwa there was a highland robber tribe called the Waderigo, a fine manly race of men, averaging about six feet in height, and the only tribe of people he had ever met in Africa perfectly naked. This tribe came down on the more peaceful inhabitants and drove off their cattle, which they sold to others living at a distance. None of the settled tribes ever resisted the Waderigos, for they got the name of being so brave that they did not care for death. They, however, never attacked the caravans, finding it rather to their advantage to sell them their cattle. The next place come to was Ugogo, a large district with numerous chiefs, every day's march almost bringing his party into the territory of a

new chief, each of whom extorted from him blackmail. To one he had to pay perhaps a hundred yards of white cloth, to another fifty yards of blue cloth, to a third twenty yards of red woollen cloth, and so on in proportion, some of the chiefs being greater extortionists than others, and nothing did they ever give in return.

"At Ugogo they were a noisy, boisterous, and thieving race; they were famous amongst the surrounding tribes for their overbearing manners, but, like all bumptious bullies when put to the push, they were about the veriest cowards that ever existed. One of the principal distinctive marks of the tribe was the extraordinary way in which they enlarged the lobes of their ears. The men were often to be seen with their ears hanging down upon their shoulders. The orifices in the lobes of the ears were used for the same purposes as pockets were by more civilised people, and in them a man would carry his snuff-box or his knife. Another peculiar feature was the manner in which they did up their hair. There was no uniformity; and the more hideous a man could render himself the greater dandy he was. Past Ugogo he met a branch of a great family, the tribes of which were called Wahumbi. This tribe did not cultivate ground or live in regular standing huts. The places in which they lived were like the framework of a gipsy's tent, and were covered with a sort of blanket when they were sleeping by the roadside. On the road he met many caravans bringing ivory to the frontier, and one caravan carried over thirty tons. Some pieces of ivory were so large that it took two men to carry them—one tusk weighing 170lbs. When on the march one day, he saw a small party of Indians running towards his camp. This party informed him that a large number of robbers were in front and intended to attack him. He was told by this party that they had lost a couple of slaves in an encounter in which their opponents wished to take a tusk of ivory from them. He saw marks on the ground of a struggle having taking place. During the night the robbers fired a few arrows into his camp, but in the morning he saw no more of them.

"In the beginning of August he reached Unyanyembe, and he was most heartily welcomed by the governor of the place, Sayid Burghash. By the higher classes he was most heartily welcomed, and they did everything in their power to assist him; but by the lower orders, who perpetuated the slave trade, he was interrupted and hindered. His men were induced to desert; some were taken from him and marched out of the place; others were laid down with fever; and being unable to look after his men, the natives used regularly to steal them. At Unyanyembe the time passed very slowly. Everything was creating despondency—his men were taken with lameness, blindness, and some were deserting. Towards the end of October, his friend Dillon was so ill, that he tried to persuade him to go back to the coast, but he would not go.

"Towards the end of October, Dr. Livingstone's servant came in, bringing a letter from Jacob Wainwright, announcing the death of Dr. Livingstone in the month of February. A few days afterwards the whole of Dr. Livingstone's party came in, bringing the corpse of their master with them. All the Arabs assembled at their house to do reverence to his memory, as, like all true and honest men, he had been thoroughly honoured and liked by all the community of respectable Arabs they had met in Africa. When Livingstone's corpse arrived Murphy resigned. Murphy and Dillon started with Livingstone's party on the 9th November to go to the coast, and on the same day he started by himself, bound for the west. A few days afterwards he heard of his poor friend Dillon's death. Dillon had been an old messmate, and one of his greatest friends, who had been with him for several years, and it was a great blow to lose him. There was nothing for it, and he had to go on. He heard that Livingstone had left a desk containing his travelling papers, and that box had to be rescued. For over two months he was kept close to Unyanyembe by his men deserting. He wished to start with one hundred and twenty men, but he had engaged between five hundred and six hundred before he could get away with the requisite number, which was about the beginning of January.

"After crossing Unyanyembe, he arrived in the eastern division of Ugara. Here he had again to pay tribute to the chiefs, although not so large an amount as he paid in Ugogo. The only sign of civilisation the natives at this place seemed to possess was a very great pride in carrying an umbrella. At the next division of Ugara, the chief said he would make him pay so much, but one of the other chief's sons, who came in, said he had given his father more, and he had then to pay the same as he had done at first. After leaving Ugara he got into the mountains, where the guides lost themselves. They were ten days wandering about the jungle and crossing rivers, and during this time they had very little to eat. Passing the River Sindy they came into Uvinza, which was famous for its production of salt.

"At length he sighted the great lake of Tanganyika. At Ujiji there was now a considerable settlement of Arabs, who assisted him to a certain extent. Safe in their hands he found the precious papers of Livingstone. He could not at that time send them to the coast, as there was no caravan, and he could not press west to the lake to follow up Livingstone's discoveries, because at that season of the year travelling was impracticable, owing to the rains. He, however, could not remain quiet. Having had a couple of boats fitted up with sails he went across to the southern end of the lake, where he kept close at work mapping. He found ninety-eight rivers, besides torrents and small temporary rivulets, running into the lake, and at last, in the begining of May, he came to a large river having a current running out of it. He found it impossible to follow up this river, for after

going four or five miles his course was stopped with vegetation. The depth of the river was three fathoms, and the width nine hundred yards; and the current was running at the rate of one and a half to two knots an hour. Passing round the lake he came across two or three trading stations of Arabs. They talked about the ivory being pretty cheap, but slaves were very dear, a slave actually costing about ten yards of calico.

"Going back to Ujiji he found a caravan about to proceed to the coast, and with it he sent four trusty men with Dr. Livingstone's journals and map, which he sent to the Consul, who received them safely. Passing Lukuga, he came to Uguhha, where the natives were chiefly remarkable for the elaborate way in which they dressed their hair, and the elaborate way in which the women were tattooed. The process of tatooing the females began when they were about eight years of age, and was finished when they were sixteen or seventeen. It took eight years or more to complete a lady's toilette, but once done, it lasted for life. Leaving Uguhha, he passed a very remarkable hot spring. In this country the upper orders were dressed similarly to those he had last seen, but the women of the lower orders were in the habit of perforating their upper lip, by inserting in it a small piece of stone or wood, which they gradually increased in size till sometimes the lip projected a couple of inches from the face. Their tattooing was of a remarkable description, and looked very much as if their faces had been scratched by a cat and then the black rubbed in.

"Crossing the Bambarre Mountains he arrived at Manyema, and at that place he was struck with the remarkable ingenuity displayed by the inhabitants in the working of the iron that was to be found in abundance in the district. He next visited Kwakasongo, where there was a large settlement of Arabs, one or two of whom were very large traders, as was proved by the fact that in the storehouse of one of the Arabs there were no less than twenty-five tons of ivory. He explained that at Nyangwe he wished to get canoes to enable him to trace the river to the West Coast, but he found that no canoes could be got. On the invitation of the Arab trader, Tipo Tipo, he marched with him to his camp, in the expectation of getting boats. On the road he passed through a remarkably rich and well watered country, where palm oil trees grew as commonly as grass—a country which simply required energy and capital to open it up. He lost considerable time through having been taken off his route by a treacherous guide, and through his having been prevented by a chief from passing through his country. This necessitated a weary tramp of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles out of his road.

"The gallant Commander then proceeded to state that in one of the villages which they were about to enter the villagers fired upon his party, and refused to allow him to encamp. He summoned his men around him, and

ordered them to fire, and one of the men was shot through the leg. Some of his men ran out of the village the one way, and the villagers out the other. According to his orders a hut was set on fire, and he threatened to burn the whole village unless his party was allowed to pass. On this threat he was permitted to pass without further molestation. He then referred to a levee held by a chief named Kasongo, and stated that one hundred and fifty chiefs met to pay respect to Kasongo. After the ceremony, Kasongo gave a great speech, congratulating himself upon being not only the greatest, but the biggest sovereign in the world. The scenery of Bailunda was about the most beautiful in existence; the variations of mountain and vale, and of river and wood, being such as required the rich imagination and brilliant descriptive power of the poet and the artist in order to give something like an impression of its beauties. Here, to his regret, he found that his men were beginning to break down, and with only three men he had to undertake the task of marching to the coast—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, which he accomplished in four days. He reached Benguela on the 4th September, 1875, just two years and eight months after leaving the East Coast. When he arrived at that place, he was knocked down with scurvy, and was told that had he been two days longer in going down to the coast, he would not have been alive."

Sir James Watson proposed a vote of thanks to Commander Cameron for his interesting lecture.

Mr. George Anderson, M.P., seconded the motion. He thought they must express the hope that Captain Cameron would live to distinguish himself by further excellent services in African exploration. If, for instance, he could succeed in assisting this country to open up those magnificent regions through that grand river, the Congo, he certainly would confer such a boon upon this country and upon Africa, as never had been conferred by any traveller before.

Commander Cameron having returned thanks, Dr. Anderson Kirkwood proposed a vote of thanks to the Lord Provost for presiding, and the proceedings terminated.

Two or three days after, the gallant traveller read a paper on his African Explorations, before the Geographical Section of the British Association; Captain Evans, the president, in the chair. There was a large attendance.

Captain Cameron said "that soon after entering the country from the east coast he came to a large plateau, four thousand feet in height, encircling Lake Tanganyika, and forming the watershed between the Congo and the streams flowing into Lake Sangora. Another table land to the south rose to the height of three thousand feet. The watershed between the two basins of the Lualaba and the Congo at that part is a large, nearly level country, and during the rainy season the floods cover the ground between the two rivers, and

a great portion of it might easily be made navigable. One thing he noticed in Africa was this system of watersheds, dividing the country into portions, each having its own peculiarity; and also that in each there was a difference in the habits of the natives. Within twenty days he crossed the Usagara Mountains and came upon a level open country, where a great quantity of African corn was grown, the stalks of which rose to the height of from twenty to twenty-four feet. In this country no animal could live except the goat, the tsetse fly being destructive to all others. The principal geological formation was sandstone. A few marches brought him to Ugogo, an extensive plain broken by two ranges of hills, composed of loose masses of granite piled together in the wildest confusion. The soil was sandy and sterile. The inhabitants of Ugogo, like their country, are rugged; but owing to having to work hard for their living, they are more industrious than those of most of the other countries in Africa. The people of Ugogo also possess large herds of cattle.

"Coming to the country of the Ugari he found a tribe almost identical with Unyamwesi. The principal streams of this district fall into the Mulgarazi. With regard to the etymology of the names Nyassa, Nyanaza, Nyara, Nykow, etc., Captain Cameron explained that the word "Nya" was virtually the verb rain. "Tanga" was the verb to mix, from which came Tanganyika, the mixing place of waters, and the appropriateness of this appellation was exemplified by the number of rivers which ran into the lake. Unyamwesi was the commencement of the basin of the Congo. He believed that the natives of Unyamwesi were of the Malay race. They had crossed a great deal with negroes, and had lost the distinctive colour and distinctive marks of the race, but their features were much the same as the dominant races in Madagascar, who wear their long hair hanging down the back. In consequence of the intermixture of negro blood the people of Unyamwesi were unable to wear their hair in this fashion, but they imitated it by twisting the fibres of trees in their woolly hair, and so making ringlets. Some who did not care for that style of adornment made themselves wigs, which they wore on high days and holidays.

"Ugaro is a large plain nearly as flat as a billiard table. The people here were different from the Unyamwesians; they had not got the same features or the same tribal marks. After passing over the mountains of Komendi, which are an offshoot of the mountains round the south end of Tanganyika, they came to a fertile land, much of it laid waste by the ravages of a neighbouring tribe. All the mountains in that district were of granite. There was there a large quantity of salt; and what was remarkable was, that the rivers ran perfectly fresh through soil which, when the natives dug wells, gave water which was full of salt. Captain Cameron reached Ujiji in February, 1875, on the same day of the year as it was first sighted by Burton. At Ujiji the peo-

ple are of a different race from those already described, as they shave their hair differently, and have not the same features. They are all expert boatmen, on account of living on the banks of the lake. Many of their canoes are fifty or sixty feet long, four or five feet across, and are hollowed out of a single trunk. From Ujiji he travelled down along Lake Tanganyika. In some places there were enormous cliffs and hollows of rugged granite lying in loose boulders; in other places the cliffs were of red sandstone, and in others a sort of limestone and dolamite. At one place he saw exposed on the shores of the lake large masses of coal, but, owing to the precipitous nature of the cliff, he was unable to get any specimens of it.

"Proceeding onward he came to the country of Ufipa, where he found that the people manufacture a heavy cloth, which they much prefer to trashy European calico. Passing down to the south end of the lake, he found it regularly embedded in cliffs five hundred to six hundred feet high, with water-falls discharging themselves down the face. Having rounded the south end he reached Miriro, where the chief is of a strikingly European appearance. There was a legend that this chief had come from the country of Wariri Wabina, the chiefs of which are said to have come from Madagascar. Travelling along the side of the lake, he came to the Lukuga, a large river more than a mile wide, but partly closed by a sort of sill, on which a floating vegetation was growing, a clear passage, however, being left of about eight hundred yards. After proceeding some four miles up the river, Captain Cameron's boat got jammed amongst the floating vegetation, which grows to the thickness of two or three feet, and it was with difficulty the boat was extricated.

"The Kasongo country was next reached, the principal characteristic of which were the extraordinary trees, of which boats a fathom wide are sometimes made. Besides these there are trees of smaller dimensions, which offer very good timber, some being white hardwood and others a sort of teak. Here he first made the acquaintance of a large forest tree, with fruit like the olive, and under the bark of which the natives obtain a gum in which they fumigate themselves. Crossing the mountains of Bambarre he arrived at Manyema, where there are numerous gorges, some being over one hundred and fifty feet deep, and from the bottom of them trees were growing, and looking up were seen towering an equal distance overhead. Turning into Manyema he found the race entirely different from anything he had yet seen. The houses were differently built, the people were differently armed, dressed their head differently, and there was no tatooing to speak of. The villages were built in long streets, thirty or forty yards wide, two or three streets being alongside each other, and a space left between the houses, which were of reddish clay, with sloping thatched roof—the only houses of that description he saw in the interior of the country. The people were armed with spears

and shields. The natives of Manyema are a remarkably prolific race, but the country is not so populous as it might be, because nearly every village is ruled by an independent chieftain, and constant wars are going on for the purpose of obtaining slaves, or killing those of the opposing party, in order to eat them, all the Manyema being cannibals.

Journeying northwards, but still in Manyema, a district was reached where iron was very plenty, and where large forges were at work. Many of the spears and knives which they turned out looked as if finished off by a file, or polished by some means, although all done by hand forging and patient labour. Just before passing the Bambarre mountains, Captain Cameron saw palms for the first time in great numbers. They were planted in rows in the centre of a street, and there were plantations adjoining the villages. The oil produced is much exported to Tanganyika and there exchanged for other articles. The Lualaba River was next reached, which is about one thousand eight hundred yards in breadth. The southern shore is occupied by a tribe called the Wagenga, who do the whole carrying business of the river, being the only canoe proprietors who take for pay the products of the country to the different markets. The young women make immense quantities of pottery in the mud and back water, which they exchange for fish.

After referring to a country between Nyangwi and Loami, where a palm oil grows in great profusion, Captain Cameron passed through Kilemba and reached Lake Kigongo. This lake is covered with floating vegetation, on which the people build their houses, cut a space round about them, and so transform their habitations into floating islands, so that when desirable they change the locality from one place to another. The principal trades were in ivory and slaves, but in many places there were coffee, mineral products, copper mines, coal, etc. Coming to the coast he passed through one of the most magnificent countries in the world to look at, possessing a climate in which any European might live. The Portuguese had been settled in this neighbourhood for a period of thirty years. He saw a beautiful grove of orange trees round one of their houses, and roses thirty feet high, while the proprietor assured him that European plants throve well. The whole of the country was one vast slave field, and the various products he had referred to were just waiting for one to come and take them. In concluding, Captain Cameron said that the way to stop the slave trade was to open up the Congo and Zambesi. Twenty-five miles of civilisation would join these two rivers, and they could then get right across the continent by water navigation. By means of other rivers we would be able to get up and tap the country where the Egyptian traders got the most of their ivory. In the country there was a vast mineral wealth, and an ordinary population, that, with education, might be rendered very industrious, instead of carrying on a continual warfare against each other for the purpose of obtaining slaves.

By a comprehensive scheme for utilising this large water communication, Africa might be opened up in two or three years, but of course much money would be wanted.

The President said that he had been asked to put a question to Captain Cameron, which he was sure, although it was one of a personal nature, was one of much pertinence, and bore very highly upon Captain Cameron's wanderings—namely, How by gentle means he was enabled to pass through Africa without coming in contact with the natives hostile to him? He thought that in the whole of the gallant Captain's wanderings, only on one occasion had he had to use force, and then it was not of a serious character.

Captain Cameron said that the answer was exceedingly simple. You must remember that a man, although a black, was as much a man as a white. The proper way for a person to get on with the natives is to behave like a gentleman himself towards them, as they can perfectly understand one being like a gentleman. He also very well knew that any force he might use unnecessarily or wantonly would retard and most likely endanger any of his successors in African travels.

Captain Verney, R.N., speaking as a naval man, expressed the pride that the Navy felt in the credit that Captain Cameron had brought upon the profession. We were accustomed to see gentlemen come home from foreign travel with wonderful stories of what they had seen and heard—stories which were come to be called travellers' stories—and which were always understood to be taken with a grain of salt. Those gentlemen who had had an oportunity of studying the surveys and observations made by Captain Cameron were convinced that more truthful and accurate observations had never been made by any explorer. Having served for a short time on the West Coast of Africa, and knowing its dreadful climate, he was aware of the great credit that this accuracy and truthfulness brought with it. There might be many who might have made such a journey as Captain Cameron, whose physique would allow them to travel through the country, but he did not think there were many gentlemen who could have travelled over such a large range of country, and at the same time carry on the same system of observation for scientific purposes of levels, etc., of the products of the country, and the habits of the people. He was very much struck with the tact that must have been required in dealing with these natives. Every little chief thought himself the greatest king on tho earth, but, when you had made their acquaintanceship, for a bottle of rum he would think you a greater man than himself. On one occasion when a native—Ja-Ja—had been dining with him, he asked him whether it really was the case that they occasionally ate one another. The chief replied that they must confess it was; and on being asked why they did so, he answered, "Habit, and because it is such a delicacy. Nothing is really so delicate and good as a little boy's ankle."

Major-General Sir James Alexander, K.C.B., referred to the manner in which Colonel Gordon, commonly Chinese Gordon, travelled safely without arms, or any army to back him, among the natives. The natives ran away when he approached a village for supplies, and he was allowed to help himself, but he invariably left three times the value of what he took in the huts of the people. The news spreading about in advance of Captain Gordon, he was enabled to go through the country with perhaps only one attendant. There was no occasion to shoot or molest the natives. As a general rule they will treat those well who treat them well, while, if their feelings are hurt or their property interfered with, they will do the same.

Mr. Stephenson was very much interested in the development of Africa at its present stage in connection with the Scottish missions. The persons forming the mission they had sent out, or assisted to send out, would make us perfectly acquainted with the Nyassa district. In connection with that a very great and important question arose. The slave trade is carried over all that district which Captain Cameron has been describing, and a great part of it was already depopulated. Quite recently the Sey of Tanganyika had made regulations throughout his dominions which would prevent the slave trade being carried on, provided he had the power to see them enforced. In connection with that matter, some gentlemen were considering that, seeing there is a lake which, with its river connection, extended to four hundred and fifty miles long from the north end of Nyassa, which could be commanded by a gunboat or steamer—that on the Tanganyika there is nearly an equal extent of lake communication, which could also be commanded by a small gunboat, and as there was only two hundred and fifty miles between the two points, whether in some way means should not be taken to co-operate with the Sey of Tanganyika, by making stations across these two hundred and fifty miles. He did not know whether it was practicable to carry it further. He was afraid that Stanley's proceedings had caused considerable difficulty in making stations about that district, but he should like to have Captain Cameron's opinion on such a scheme.

Captain Cameron said that he believed such a scheme could be carried out. When the deviation of compasses was taken into account the distance between the two points indicated would be even less than two hundred and fifty miles. The country between was a healthy upland, and there would be no great difficulty in carrying a steamer from Nyassa if they had a large party and funds at command. From Tanganyika they might force their way to the Congo system, and from the Zambesi they might get another steamer to take up that large section of lake and river in the very heart of the slave trade. Such a scheme could only be thoroughly undertaken by Government. Steamers might be established to cross Africa, protect the trader, and put a stop to the slave trade. By a properly considered system of river steamers,

we certainly should be able to attack the slave trade at its heart, but whether any Government would spend so much money on a purely philanthropic pursuit was doubtful. Perhaps a great Company might be started with a charter, such as the East India Company, and be only allowed to exercise their powers on condition of their putting a stop to the slave trade. It might be said that the day for charters was past; but such was not the case with Africa, which was three or four thousand years behind the time. The Company might work the whole of Africa in the way of trade for a number of years, but on condition of their putting a stop to the slave trade.

After some further discussion, the President moved a vote of thanks to Captain Cameron, which was enthusiastically accorded.

The meeting for working men, which annually forms one of the features of the British Association, was held the next evening in the City Hall, and Captain Cameron was the lecturer selected for the occasion; and notwithstanding that he had appeared in the same place only a few days before, a large and sympathetic audience assembled, from whom he received a right hearty welcome. Professor Allen Thomson presided.

The Chairman introduced Captain Cameron as a man whose reputation was now world wide, and who had done a great work in the cause of science, commerce, and philanthropy.

Captain Cameron then rose, and was received with loud cheers, which were again and again renewed. On the applause subsiding, he said—In November, 1872, he left England in command of an expedition sent out for the purpose of helping Dr. Livingstone in those labours in which for thirty years he had been engaged, and in which at the time of his death he had been unremittingly employed for seven years. He arrived at Zanzibar on the 3rd January, 1873, and in March the expedition left the dominions of the Sultan of that country, which lay in latitude 5° 6′ south, longitude 36° east. The first portion of the journey was to Unyanyembe, in latitude 5° south, longitude 33° east. The next stage was to Ujiji, in latitude 5° south, 30° east. Thence he went round the end of Tanganyika, latitude 8° 9′ south, 33° east, and back to Ujiji by the other side of the lake. From Ujiji he went to Nyangwi, latitude 4° 14′ south, longitude 26° 30′ east, then on to Kilemba, at that time the capital of Urua, latitude 7° south, longitude 25° 30′ east, and reached the coast at Benguela, between 12° and 13° south latitude, and 13° 30′ east longitude. On leaving the coast he first passed through an open, well-cultivated country, which was situated outside the range of mountains which began with the Drakensberg range in Cape Colony, and stretched right along the centre of Africa, finishing in the mountains of Abyssinia. In these mountains rose, on the one hand, the rivers which flow into the Indian Ocean, and on the other, the rivers which ran into the interior of the country. The portion of the range which he crossed was known as Usagara Mountains. The country

to the eastward was one of remarkable fertility. In some places he saw enormous plantations of Caffre corn; and Mr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone's nephew, who accompanied the expedition, and who, alas, was destined soon to succumb to the climate, said that the sugar produced beat anything he had seen in Natal, where he had been for some years as a sugar planter.

Crossing the mountains of Usagara he came to the country of the Ugogo, where it was necessary for travellers to conduct themselves most carefully. The people were most extortionate, and, like the majority of Africans, were thieves and liars. Every small village had its independent chief, and to each of these he had to pay tribute, representing about £40 or £50. The language of the Ugogi was very much like to the snapping and snarling of a pack of hounds; and when they got excited and angry, it was impossible to describe the manner in which they barked and snarled at each other. The greatest luxury and happiness they enjoyed was to get as perfectly drunk as they could. This they were not often able to do, as it was only after their harvest that they had the means of indulging this appetite. For three months after harvest, however, it was hard to find a man in Ugogo who was not three parts "fou." Leaving Ugogo they passed through Mgunda Karli, a hot field where fifteen or twenty years ago there were scarcely any inhabitants and little or no water. Now it was occupied by the Wakimbu, who had been forced from their homes by one of the constantly-recurring wars among the natives; and they had built villages and cultivated fields in what was formerly an impenetrable forest.

After a few more marches he came to Unyamwesi country, and entered the basin of the Nile. The Unyamwesi had been famous for many years. The Arabs formed a settlement there some thirty years ago, but before that time the Unyamwesi used to come down to the coast with ivory. At Taborah he was delayed for some months by fever and other illness—he was blind for six weeks—and it was here that he heard of Livingstone's death, and received his body and saw it sent off to the coast. He told next how his companion, Murphy, on the ground that the object of the expedition was finished, sent in his resignation. On finding that he meant to prosecute his journey, he volunteered again to accompany him. But seeing the difficulty of getting men, and that if the two went they would require double the amount of stores and double the number of carriers, he resolved to go on alone. On his way to Ujiji, which was the next stage of importance, he crossed the river Sindi on one of those grass bridges which were among the greatest natural curiosities of Africa. They were composed of grass, which floated on the surface of the water, and were sometimes upwards of half a mile long. Reeds and a kind of fern, and occasionally flowers, grew on them, and they were about three feet thick. A person could walk across these bridges at the season when they were strongest and not know that he was not on solid land; but that they

were afloat was proved by the fact that the hippopotami could be heard passing underneath.

After crossing the Malagarazi he came into the salt-producing district of Uvinza. The peculiarity of this country was that the soil was so strongly charged with salt that it was collected and yielded a large supply of that useful article. Water was first poured on it and strained through a cloth, and afterwards on this water being evaporated very good salt was got. And the curious thing was, that running through this soil were large streams of perfectly fresh water. In February, 1874, he got his first sight of the great Lake Tanganyika, fourteen years to a day from the time it was first seen by Europeans—by Burton and Speke on the journey on which they discovered that lake, as also the Lake Victoria Nyanza. The people of Ujiji, which was his next halting place, had a bad character for drunkenness, but he could not say that they were worse than their neighbours; indeed, he very often saw a sober man there. They were equally gifted, however, with those around them in the art of fleecing the stranger. Going on to describe his voyage on the lake, he said the cliffs which bordered it to the south of Ras Kungwe were as grand as those of any sea-coast in the world, but at other places the hills ran back a long way, showing beautiful valleys, covered with the palm tree and the feathery wild date; but nearly the whole of this lovely country had been depopulated by the slave traders. On the west side of the lake were mountain ranges, and in some parts of the mountain s he saw people working on terraces on the sides of the hills, just like the natives of Switzerland, and looking from the lake like flies on the side of a wall. As he approached the north end of Tanganyika the mountains began to end; and here he put into a bay, where he found a hot spring, the waters of which where slightly charged with carbonic acid gas.

On his return to Ujiji he found letters from home—the only letters he got during his journey. These letters had a curious history. They were sent on from Unyanyembe by an Arab caravan. This caravan was attacked and dispersed by Miramba's people and those who escaped abandoned everything, his letters included. A short time after the same men attacked a larger caravan, but they were beaten off, and on the body of one of them who was shot his letters were found, and brought on to him at Ujiji. To the same powerful caravan, on their return journey, he entrusted Livingstone's journal and a small botanical collection of his own. Then he started to work his way westward. The manifold difficulties he encountered were briefly touched on, and accounts given of the peculiarities of the tribes with whom he came in contact in his journey to the coast. In addition to others spoken of in former addresses, he told of a race he found in a second country of Uvinza, who carried wood carving to higher perfection than any other tribe he saw in Africa. On the walking sticks they carried were representations of the

LIONS ATTACKING A BUFFALO

heads of animals, some of them very close to nature. In other cases the heads were those of devils, which they carved with the view of saving themselves from the evil spirits.

He told next of his journey through Manyema, and of his entrance into an iron-producing district beyond. The people here were expert smiths, and worked up speculum ore into a variety of weapons and utensils. Not only was the work they turned out with the hand so fine that one would imagine that they had all the appliances of the forge, but the spears and knives were often ornamented with open iron and copper work. Having failed to get boats to enable him to follow the River Lualaba down to the west he struck southward, and after parting from Tipo Tipo he met with a chief settled on the Lomami who refused to allow him to pass, as he said no caravan with guns had ever been in his country, and if he could prevent it they never should. He said he must pass through, and eventually the chief consented to grant a passage. He told afterwards of a black fellow who knew the white traders, and who promised to speak the truth "like an Englishman," but who never spoke the truth at all. He also gave a brief account of a visit he paid to Lake Mohyra, where were lake dwellings similar to those described by Sir Arthur Helps in "Realmah." These were modern examples of those old lake dwellings, and the reason why they were erected was to protect the inhabitants from the ravages of their chief Kasonga.

At Kilemba he was long delayed, but at length, on the 4th June, 1875, he started in company with a caravan belonging to certain Portuguese traders for the coast. On the way down he had full oportunity of seeing the horrid cruelties perpetrated by the caravans belonging to the Portuguese, whose chief business in the interior was to purchase and capture slaves. In the course of his journey he passed across the watershed of the Zambesi and the Kwanza. The latter river fell into the sea at St Paul de Loanda. It was ascended for a considerable distance by vessels belonging to a Scotch firm settled at Loanda. They were only able to go up as far as the rapids; but were a steamboat put on above those rapids, there would be no difficulty in going a considerable way into the interior.

In concluding his lecture, Captain Cameron said that the country through which he travelled was one of the richest in the world. Amongst its minerals were several varieties of iron, cinnabar, silver, gold, copper, and tin; and last, though not least, coal was also to be found. Cotton grew wild in some places, in others it was cultivated admirably. On the east coast there was the best supply of copal gum in the world, and in the interior there were deposits of the same material. The great staple trade between this country and the west coast of Africa was palm oil. Now, the palm tree grew the whole distance up the Congo and the Lualaba, and was found two thousand six hundred, in some cases three thousand feet above

the level of the sea. The sugar cane, rice, and wheat, all grew without cultivation. But all that country was at present in the hands of men who, although they went there nominally for ivory, went really for slaves. What Africa wanted was labour to develop her resources, and in the meantime her labour power was being exhausted by the slave trade. Africa, by means of a wise and enlightened policy, could be opened up and civilised; and why, when everybody was complaining of the stagnation of our trade, did we not go away and open up another market on that vast continent?

The Chairman having proposed a vote of thanks, it was accorded with great applause. Captain Cameron acknowledged the compliment, and said he regarded it as a great honour to be received in so kind a manner in the city where David Livingstone had lived and wrought, and received his education.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Stanley marches from Bagamoyo to Mpwapwa—Through Northern Ugogo —Country of Urimi—Death of Edward Pocock—Conflict with the Waturu—Iramba —Arrival at Lake Victoria Nyanza—Exploration of the Lake—Visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda—Mtesa's Conversion to Islamism—Desire for Christian Teachers—Interview between Colonel de Bellefond and Stanley—Stanley's Departure from Uganda—Lake Victoria Nyanza an Inland Sea—Meetings of the Royal Geographical Society.

WE left Mr. Stanley about to plunge into the African wilderness, full of heart and hope. Since then he has been heard from again and again. From the district Mpwapwa, in the country of Usagaru, he wrote under date, December 13th, 1874, saying that he had had an unprecedentedly successful march from the Indian Ocean, and that surprisingly favourable influences had attended the Expedition ever since their departure from Zanzibar. They had suffered less sickness, less trouble, and altogether had had more good fortune than any Expedition which had ever come into Africa. The march from Bagamoyo to the place from which he was writing had only taken him twenty-five days, although, on his previous Expedition in search of Livingstone, the same march took him fifty-seven days; and it occupied Lieutenant Cameron's party four months. The outset of the Expedition was not very favourable, as nearly all the attendants were overcome by intoxication at Zanzibar; and, after disembarking at Bagamoyo, matters were not mended much. The men had not as yet expended all their advance, and the consequence was, that they betook themselves into the liquor shops of the Goanese at the port, and, after brutalising themselves with the fire-water retailed there, they took to swaggering through the streets, proclaiming that they were white men's soldiers, maltreating women, breaking into shops and smashing crockery, some even drawing knives on the peaceable citizens, and in other ways indulging their worst passions.

The march was resumed, however, on the fifth day; and, on arriving at the Kingani River, Stanley screwed together the sections of the "Lady Alice," and tested her powers of transportation and efficiency. He ascertained that the utmost she could bear in ferrying across the river was thirty men and thirty bales of cloth, or a weight of three tons, which was perfectly satisfactory to him. The "Livingstone" pontoon was not uncovered, as the "Lady Alice" proved expeditious enough in transporting the force across the river. When the ferriage was completed they resumed the journey, and long before

sunset encamped at Kikoka. The intense heat of the Kingani plains lying on either side told severely on those men who were unaccustomed to travelling in Africa, and on the natives also who had indulged their vicious propensities at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo before departure. This compelled them to remain a day at Kikoka.

"During the afternoon of this day," Mr. Stanley says, "as I was preparing my last letters, I was rather surprised by a visit paid me in my camp from a party of the Sultan's soldiers, the chief of whom bore a letter from the Governor of Bagamoyo, wherein he complained that my people had induced about fifteen women to abandon their masters. On mustering the people and inquiring into their domestic affairs, it was discovered that a large number of women had indeed joined the expedition during the night. Most of them, however, bore free papers, accorded to them by the political agent at Zanzibar; but eleven were, by their own confession, runaway slaves. After being hospitably received by the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Arabs, it was no part of a stranger's duty—unless authorised by some Government likely to abide by its agent's actions—to countenance such a novel mode of liberating the slaves. The order was therefore given, that the women should return with the Sultan's soldiers; but as this did not agree with either the views of the women themselves, or their abductors, the females set up a determined defiance to the order, and the males seized their Snider rifles, vowing that they should not return. As such a disposition, and demonstration of hostility, was not polite, nor calculated to deserve my esteem, or to win for me the Arabs' good-will, the manifestation was summarily suppressed, and the women returned to their masters." The noble mastiff, Castor, which had been presented to the traveller by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, died on the journey, of apoplexy brought on by the heat.

The next intelligence of the intrepid traveller is conveyed in a letter written by him from the Lake Victoria Nyanza, which was published in "The Daily Telegraph," Oct. 15, 1875. On account of its intense interest, we give it here entire:—

"Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi, Usukuma,
on the Victoria Nyanza, March 1.

"The second part of the programme laid before me as Commander of the Anglo-American Expedition ended successfully at noon on the 27th February, 1875. The great lake first discovered by Captain Speke—the Victoria Nyanza—was sighted and reached by us on that day; and it is with feelings of most devout gratitude to Almighty God for preserving us, amid manifold perils, that I write these lines.

"It seems an age since we started from Mpwapwa of Usagara, whence I despatched my last letter to you. We have experienced so much, seen and

suffered so much, that I have carefully to recapitulate in my mind, and turn to my note-book besides, to refresh my recollection of even the principal events of this most long, arduous, and eventful march to the Victorian Lake. I promised you in my last letter that I would depart as soon as practicable from the old route to Unyanyembe, now so well known, and would, like the patriarch Livingstone, strike out a new line to unknown lands. I did so. In our adventurous journey north I imperilled the Expedition, and almost brought it to an untimely end, which, however, happily for me, for you, and for geographers, a kindly Providence averted.

"On leaving Mpwapwa we edged northward across the Desert of the Mgunda Mkali, or the Forest region, leaving the vain chief of Mbumi far to the south, and traversed Northern Ugogo with the usual experiences attending travellers in Southern Ugogo. The chiefs practised the regular arts; fleeced us of property, and black-mailed us at every opportunity. But occasionally we met tribes more amiably disposed towards strangers, although at times we had to pay heavier tribute in other chiefs' lands. We crossed broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce, and cloth vanished fast, to enter hilly districts where provisions were abundant, the people civil, and the chiefs kind. We traversed troublesome districts where wars and rumours of wars were rife, the people treacherous and hostile, to enter countries lying at the mercy of the ferocious Wahumba on the north, and the Wahebu to the south. Thus good and evil fortune alternated during our travels through Ugogo—an epitome in brief of our after-experiences. Furious rainy tempests accompanied us constantly, and some days Nature and man alike warred against us, while on others both seemed combined to bless us. Under our generally adverse fates my command seemed to melt away; men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind ill, while many, again, deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect. The Expedition seemed doomed. The white men, though elected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely—nay, I may say heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepining they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured arduous troubles, cheerfully performed their allotted duties, and at all times commended themselves to my good opinion.

"We reached the western frontier of Ugogo on the last day of 1874. After a rest of two days we thence struck direct north, along an almost level plain, which some said extended as far as Nyanza. We found, by questioning the natives, that we were also travelling along the western extremity of Wahumba, which we were glad to hear, as we fondly hoped that our march would be less molested. Two days' progress north brought us to the con-

fines of Usandawi, a country famous for elephants; but here our route inclined north-west, and we entered Ukimbu, or Uyanzi, at its north-eastern extremity. We had hired guides in Ugogo to take us as far as Iramba, but at Muhalala, in Ukimbu, they deserted. Fresh guides were engaged at Muhalala, who took us one day's march farther north-west, but at night they also disappeared, and in the morning we were left on the edge of a wide wilderness without a single pioneer. On the roads the previous day the guides had informed us that three days' march would bring us to Urimi, and, relying on the truth of the report, I had purchased two days' provisions, so that this second desertion did not much disconcert us, nor raise any suspicion, though it elicited many unpleasant remarks about the treachery of the Wagogo. We therefore continued our journey, but on the morning of the second day, the narrow, ill-defined track which we had followed became lost in a labyrinth of elephant and rhinoceros trails. The best men were despatched in all directions to seek the vanished road, but they were all unsuccessful, and we had no resource left but the compass. The next day brought us into a dense jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which we had literally to push our way by scrambling and crawling along the ground under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout, thorny bushes, and by various detours taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded. This naturally lengthened our journey and protracted our stay in the wilderness. On the evening of the third day the first death in this dismal waste occurred.

"The fourth day we made but fourteen miles, and the march was threefold more arduous than the preceding tramp. Not a drop of water was discovered, and the weaker people, labouring beneath their loads, and undergoing besides hunger and thirst, lagged behind the vanguard many miles, which caused the rearguard under two of the white men much suffering. As the last files advanced, they shouldered the loads of the weaker men, and endeavoured to encourage them to resume the march. Some of these poor fellows were enabled to reach camp, where their necessities were relieved by medicine and restoratives. But five strayed from the path which the passing Expedition had made, and were never seen alive again. Scouts sent out to explore the woods found one dead about a mile from our road, the others must have hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died.

"On the fifth day we arrived at a small village, lately erected, called Uveriveri, the population of which consisted of four negroes, their wives, and little ones. These people had not a grain of food to spare. Most of our Expedition were unable to move for hunger and fatigue. In this dire extremity I ordered a halt, and selected twenty of the strongest to proceed to Suna, twenty-nine miles north-west from Uveriveri, to purchase food. In the interval I explored the woods in search of game, but the quest was fruitless,

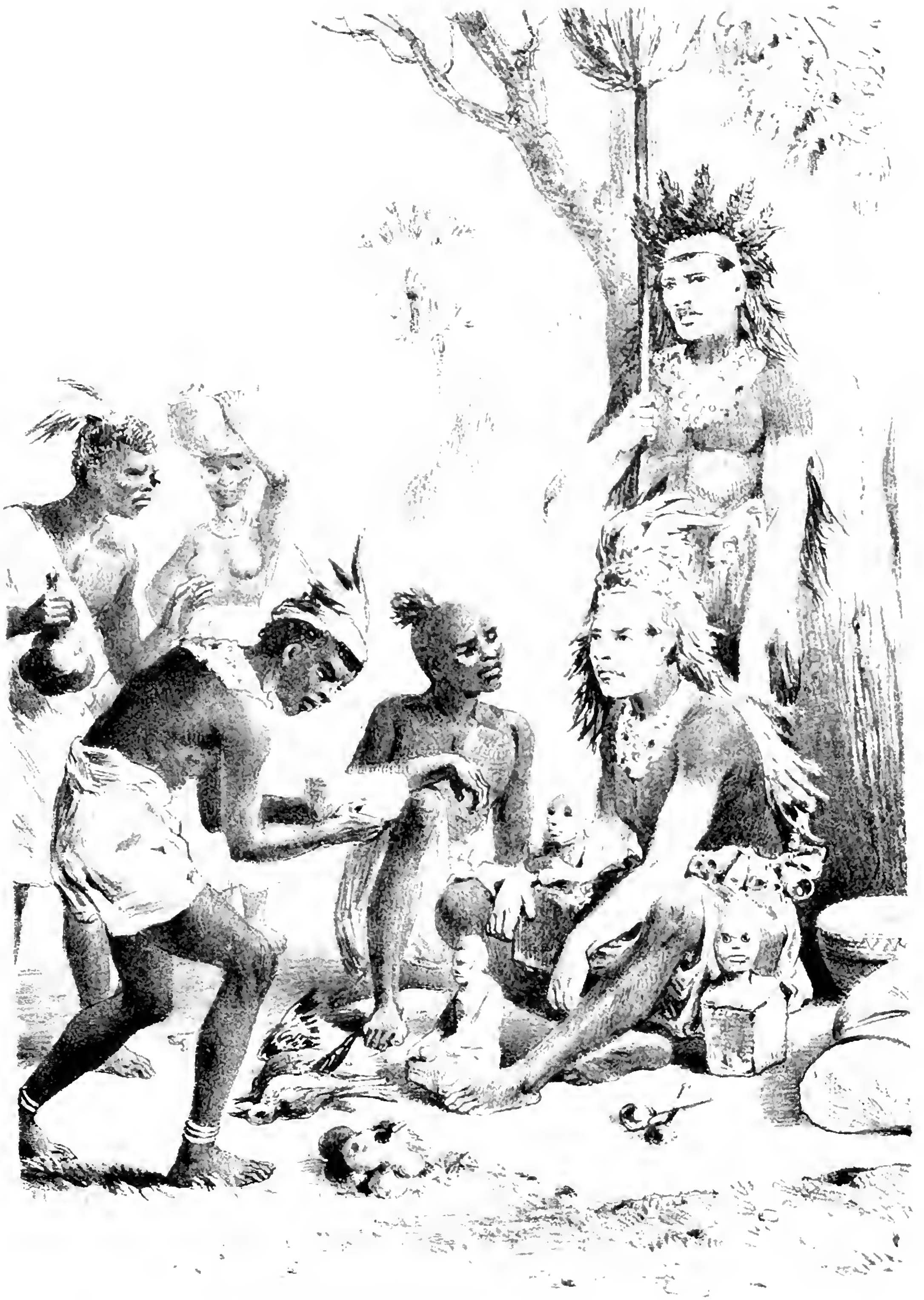
though one of my men discovered a lion's den, and brought me two young lions, which I killed and skinned. Returning to camp from the fruitless hunt, I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people that I could have almost wept if I might have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds; but I resolved to do something towards relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger. To effect this, a sheet-iron trunk was emptied of its contents, and, being filled with water, was placed on the fire. I then broke open our medical stores, and took five pounds of Scotch oatmeal, and three tins of Revalenta Arabica, with which I made gruel to feed over two hundred and twenty men. It was a rare sight to see these poor famine-stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress-trunk, and assist me to cook the huge pot of gruel; to watch them fan the fire to a fiercer heat, and with their gourds full of water stand by to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow; and it was a still better sight to witness the pleasure steal over their faces as they ate the welcome food. The sick and weaker received a larger portion near my tent, and another tin of oatmeal was opened for their supper and breakfast. But a long time must elapse before I shall have the courage to express my feelings whilst I waited for the return of my people from Suna with food, and fruitless would be the attempt to describe the anxiety with which I listened for the musketry announcing their success. After forty-eight hours' suspense, we heard the joyful sounds, which woke us all into new life and vigour. The grain was most greedily seized by the hungry people, and so animating was the report of the purveyors that the soldiers, one and all, clamoured to be led away that afternoon. Nowise loath myself to march from this fatal jungle, I assented; but two more poor fellows breathed their last before we left camp.

"We pitched that night at the base of a rocky hill overlooking a broad plain, which, after the intense gloom and confined atmosphere of the jungle, was a great pleasure to us; and next day, striking north along this plain, after a long march of twenty miles under a fervid sun, we reached the district of Suna, in Urimi. At this place, we discovered a people remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions, and utter nakedness. Neither man nor boy wore either cloth or skins; the women bearing children alone boasted of goat-skins. With all their physical comeliness and fine proportions, they were the most suspicious people we had yet seen. It required great tact and patience to induce them to part with food for our cloth and beads. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom I treated for leave to pass through their land. The permission was reluctantly given, and food was grudgingly sold; but we bore with all this silent hostility patiently, and I took great care that no overt act on the part of the Expedition should change their suspicion into hatred. Our people were so worn out with fatigue that six more poor fellows died here, and the

sick list numbered thirty. Here also, Edward Pocock fell seriously ill of typhoid fever. For his sake, as well as for the other sufferers, I halted in Suna four days; but it was evident that the longer we stayed in their country the less we were liked by the natives, and it was incumbent on us to move, though much against my inclination. There were many grave reasons why we should have halted several days longer, for Edward Pocock was daily getting worse, and the sick-list increased alarmingly; dysentery, diarrhœa, chest diseases, sore feet, tasked my medical knowledge to the utmost; but prudence forbade a stay. The rear-guard and captains of the Expedition were therefore compelled to do the work of carriers, and every soldier for the time being was converted into a *pagazi*, or porter. Pocock was put into a hammock, the sick and weakly were encouraged to do their utmost to move on with the Expedition to more promising lands, where the natives were less suspicious, where food was more abundant, and where cattle were numerous. Imbued with this hope, the entire camp resumed its march across the clear, open, and well-cultivated country of Urimi.

"Chiwyu was reached about ten o'clock, after a short walk, and here the young Englishman, Edward Pocock, breathed his last, to the great grief of us all. According to two rated pedometers, we had finished the four hundredth mile of our march from the sea, and had reached the base of the watershed whence the trickling streams and infant waters begin to flow Nileward, when this noble young fellow died. We buried him at night, and a cross, cut deep into a tree, marks his last resting-place at Chiwyu. As we travelled north we became still more assured that we had arrived in the dewy land whence the extreme southern springs, rivulets, and streams, discharge their waters into the Nile. From a high ridge overlooking a vast extent of country, the story of their course was plainly written in the deep depressions and hollows trending northward and north-westward; and as we noticed these signs of the incipient Nile, we cherished the growing hope, that before long, we should gaze with gladdened eyes on the mighty reservoir which collected these waters that purled and rippled at our feet, into its broad bosom, to discharge them in one vast body into the White Nile. From Chiwyu we journeyed two days through Urimi to Mangara, where Kaif Halleck—the carrier of Kirk's letter-bag to Livingstone, whom I compelled to accompany me to Ujiji in 1871—was brutally murdered. He had been suffering from asthma, and I had permitted him to follow the main body slowly, the rear-guard being all employed as carriers because of the heavy sick-list, when he was waylaid by the natives and hacked to pieces. This was the first overt act of hostility on the part of the Warimi. Unable to fix the crime on any particular village, we resumed our journey, and entered Ituru, a district in Northern Urimi, on the 21st of January.

"The village near which we camped was called Vinyata, and was situ-



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ated in a broad and populous valley containing, probably, some two or three thousand souls. Here we discovered the river which received all the streams that flowed between Vinyata and Chiwyu. It is called Leewumbu, and its flow from this valley is west. Even in the dry season it is a considerable stream, some twenty feet in width and about two feet in depth, but in the rainy season it becomes a deep and formidable river. The natives received us coldly, but, as we were only two days' journey from Iramba, I redoubled my exertions to conciliate the surly, suspicious people, and that evening my effort seemed crowned with success, for they brought milk, eggs, and chickens, for sale, for which I parted freely with cloth. The fame of my liberality reached the ears of the great man of the valley, the magic doctor, who, in the absence of a recognised king, is treated by the natives with the deference and respect due to royalty. This important personage brought me a fat ox the second day of my arrival at Vinyata, and in exchange received double its value in cloth and beads, while a rich present was bestowed upon his brother and son. The great man begged for the heart of the slaughtered ox, which was also given him, and other requests were likewise honoured by prompt compliance.

"We had been compelled to take advantage of the fine sun which shone this day to dry the bales and goods, and I noticed, though without misgiving, that the natives eyed them greedily. On the morning of the third day, the magic doctor returned again to camp to beg for some more beads, to 'make brotherhood with him.' To this, after some slight show of reluctance to give too much, I assented, and he departed apparently pleased. Half an hour afterwards the war-cry of the Waturu was heard resounding through each of the two hundred villages of the Leewumbu valley. This war-cry was similar to that of the Wagogo, and phonetically it might be spelt 'Hehu, A Hehu,' the latter syllables drawn out in a prolonged cry—thrilling and loud. As we had heard the Wagogo sound such war notes upon every slight apparition of strangers, we imagined that the warriors of Ituru were summoned to contend against some marauders like the warlike Waramba or other malcontent neighbours, and nothing disturbed by it, we pursued our various avocations, like peaceful beings, fresh from our new brotherhood with the elders of Ituru. Some of our men were gone out to the neighbouring pool to draw water for their respective messes; others, again, were about starting to purchase food, when suddenly we saw the outskirts of the camp darkened by about a hundred natives in full war costume. Feathers of the bustard, the eagle, and the kite, waved above some of their heads; the mane of the zebra and the giraffe encircled other swarthy brows; in their left hands they held bows and arrows, while in their right they bore spears.

"This hostile gathering naturally alarmed us, for what had we done to occasion disturbance or war? Remembering the pacific bearing of Living-

stone when he and I were menaced by the cannibal Wabembe, I gave orders that none should leave camp until we could ascertain what this hostile proceeding meant, and that none should by any demonstration provoke the natives. While we waited to see what the Waturu intended to do, their numbers increased tenfold, and every bush and tree hid a warrior. Our camp was situated on the edge of a broad wilderness that extended westward many days' march; but to the north, east, and south, nothing was seen save villages and cultivated ground, which, with the careless mode of agriculture in vogue amongst savages, contained acres of dwarf shrubbery. I doubt, however, whether throughout this valley a better locality for a camp could have been selected than the one we had chosen. Fifty or sixty yards around us was open ground, so that we had the advantage of clear space to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. A slight fence of bush served to screen our numbers from those without the camp, but having had no occasion to suspect hostilities, it was but ill adapted to shield us from attack.

"When the Waturu had become so numerous in our vicinity that we no longer doubted they were summoned to fight us, I despatched a young man who knew their language to ascertain their intention. As he advanced towards them six or seven warriors drew near to talk with him. When he returned he informed us that one of our men had stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and that we must pay for it in cloth. The messenger was sent back to tell them that white men did not come to their country to rob or quarrel; that they had but to name the price of what was stolen to be paid at once, and that not one grain of corn or millet-seed should be appropriated by us wrongfully. Upon this the principal warriors drew nearer, until we could hear their voices plainly, though we did not understand the nature of the conversation. The messenger informed us that the elders demanded four yards of sheeting, which was about six times the value of the stolen articles; but at such a moment it was useless to haggle over so trifling a demand, and the cloth was paid. When it was given to them the elders said they were satisfied and withdrew.

"It soon became evident, however, though the elders were content, the warriors were not, as they could be seen hurrying by scores from all parts of the valley, and gesticulating violently in crowds. Still we waited patiently, hoping that if the old men and principal warriors were really well disposed towards us their voices would prevail, and that they would be able to assuage the wild passions which now seemed to animate the others. As we watched them we noted that about two hundred detached themselves from the gesticulating crowds east of the camp, and disappeared, hurrying to the thick bush west of us. Soon afterwards one of my men returned from that direction bleeding profusely from the face and arm, and reported that he and a youth named Sulieman were out collecting firewood when they were attacked by a

large crowd of savages, who were hidden in the bush. A knobstick had crushed the man's nose, and a spear had severely wounded him in the arm, but he had managed to escape, while Sulieman was killed, a dozen spears having been plunged into his back.

"This report, and the appearance of their bleeding comrade, so excited the soldiers of the Expedition, that they were only with the utmost difficulty restrained from beginning a battle at once. Even yet, I hoped that war might be prevented by a little diplomacy, while I did not forget to open the ammunition-boxes and prepare for the worst. But much was meanwhile to be done. The enclosure of the camp required to be built up, and something of a fortification was necessary to repel the attack of such a large force. While we were thus preparing without ostentation to defend ourselves from what I conceived an imminent onslaught, the Waturu, now our declared enemies, advanced upon the camp, and a shower of arrows fell all round us. Sixty soldiers, held in readiness, were at once ordered to deploy in front of the camp, fifty yards off; the Wanguana, or freemen of Zanzibar, obedient to the command, rushed out of the camp, and the battle commenced. Immediately after, these sixty men, with axes, were ordered to cut bushes and raise a high fence of thorn around the camp, while twenty more were employed to throw up lofty platforms like towers within, for sharp-shooters. We busied ourselves in bringing the sections of the 'Lady Alice' inside to make a central refuge for a last resistance, and in otherwise strengthening the defences. Every one worked with a will, and while the firing of the skirmishers, growing more distant, announced that the enemy was withdrawing, we were left to complete our task unmolested. When the camp was prepared I ordered the bugler to sound the retreat, in order that the savages might have an opportunity to consider whether it was politic for them to renew the fight.

"The skirmishers now returned, and announced that fifteen of the enemy were killed, while a great many more were wounded and borne off by their friends. All my men had distinguished themselves—even 'Bull,' my British bull-dog, had seized one of the Waturu by the leg, and had given him a taste of the power of the sharp canines of his breed before the poor savage was mercifully despatched by a Snider bullet. We rested that day from further trouble, and the next morning we waited events until nine o'clock, when the enemy appeared in greater force than ever, having summoned their neighbours all round to assist them, as I now felt assured, in our ruin. Though we were reluctant to make war upon people whom I the previous day thought might still be converted into friends, we were not slow to continue fighting if the natives were determined on hostilities. Accordingly I selected four experienced men to lead four several detachments, and gave orders that they should march in different directions through the valley, and meet at some

high rocks distant five miles off; that they should seize upon all cattle, and burn every village as soon as taken. Obedient to the command they sallied forth from the camp, and thus began the second day's fight.

"They were soon vigorously engaged with the enemy, who fled fast and clamorous before them to an open plain on the banks of the Leewumbu. The detachment under Farjalla Christie became too excited, and because the enemy ran imagined that they had only to show themselves to cause every native to fly; but once on the plain—having drawn them away into isolation some miles from any succour—the negroes turned upon them and slaughtered the detachment to a man, except the messenger, who had been detailed to accompany the party in order to report success or failure. I had taken the precaution to send one swift-footed man along with each detachment for this purpose. The messenger came from Farjalla to procure assistance, which was at once despatched, though, indeed, too late to aid the unfortunate men, but not too late to save a second detachment from a like fate, for the victorious enemy, after slaughtering the first division, had turned upon the second with the evident intention to cut up in detail the entire force opposed to them. When the support arrived they found the second detachment all but lost. Two soldiers had been killed: the captain, Ferahan, had a deep spear-wound in his side; the others were hemmed in. A volley was poured into the rear of the astonished enemy, and the party was saved. With their combined forces our people discharged a second volley, and then continued their march almost unopposed to the northern and eastern extremity of the valley. Meanwhile smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, informing us that the third and fourth detachments were pursuing their way victoriously; and soon a score or more villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly the blazing settlements to the north and east announced our triumph on all sides. Towards evening the soldiers returned, bringing cattle and an abundance of grain to the camp; but when the muster-roll was called, I found I had lost twenty one men who had been killed, while thirty five deaths of the enemy were reported.

"The third day we renewed the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley, and destroy what had been left on the previous day. These came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a short resistance, they entered, loading themselves there with grain, and afterwards setting the village on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war, and were quite demoralised, so that our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation. Just before daybreak, on the fourth day, we quitted our camp and continued our journey north-west, with provisions sufficient to last us six days, leaving the people of Ituru to ponder

on the harsh fate they had drawn on themselves by their greed, treachery, and wanton murderous attack on peaceful strangers.

"We were still a formidable force, strong in numbers, guns, and property, though, for an Expedition destined to explore so many thousand miles of new countries, we had suffered severely. I had started from the coast with over three hundred men; but when I reviewed the Expedition at Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, which we reached three days after departing from the scene of our conflict, I found that I had but one hundred and ninety-four men left. In less than three months, I had already lost by dysentery, famine, heart disease, desertion, and war, over one hundred and twenty men, natives of Africa, and one European. I have not now the time—for my work is but beginning—to relate a tithe of our adventures, or how we suffered. You can better imagine our perils, our novel and strange fortunes, if you reflect on the loss of one hundred and twenty men out of a force so limited. Such a reduction even in a strong regiment would be deemed almost a catastrophe. What name will you give it when you cannot recruit your numbers, when every man that dies is a loss that cannot be repaired; when your work, which is to last years, is but commencing—when each morning you say to yourself, 'This day may be your last?'

"On entering Iramba we came upon a land where, to all strangers that appeared, the natives called out 'Mirambo and his robbers are coming.' But a vast amount of patience and suave language saved us from the doom that everywhere threatens this now famous chieftain. Despite, however, the countless medicines and magic arts that have been made and practised against him, Mirambo yet lives. He seems to make war on all mankind in this portion of the African interior, and appears to be possessed of ubiquitous powers. We heard of him advancing upon the natives in Northern Ugogo; Ukimbu was terror-stricken at his name; the people of Unyanyembe were still fighting him, and here, in Iramba, he had been met and fought, and was again daily expected. As we journeyed on through Iramba and entered Usukuma his fame increased, for we were now drawing near some of the scenes of his wildest exploits. When we approached the Victoria Nyanza he was actually fighting but a day's march from us with the people of Usanda and Masari, and a score of times we came near being plunged into conflicts, because the natives mistook our Expedition for Mirambo's force. Our colour, however, saved us, before we became actually engaged in the struggle.

"Various were our fortunes in our travels between Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, and the Nyanza. We traversed the whole length of Usukuma, through the districts of Mombiti, Usiha, Mondo, Sengerema, and Marya, and, passing through Usmaow, re-entered Usukuma by Uchambi, and arrived at the lake after a march of seven hundred and twenty miles. As far as Western Ugogo I may pass over the country without any attempt at description, since the

public may obtain a detailed account of it in my work, "How I Found Livingstone." Thence north is a new country to all, and a brief description may be interesting to students of African geography.

"North of Muanza a level plain extends as far as the frontier of Usandawi, a distance of thirty-five English miles. At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was 2,800 feet. At Mtiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was 2,825 feet. Diverging west and north-west, we ascended the slope of what was apparently a lengthy mountain wall, but upon arriving at the summit we ascertained this to be a wide plateau, covered with forest. The plateau has an altitude of 3,800 feet at its eastern extremity; but as it extends westward it rises to a height of 4,500 feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi, and Iramba—in short, all that part of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Nyanza north; and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed 3,500 feet. From Muanza to the Nyanza is a distance of nearly 300 geographical miles, yet at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than 5,100 feet above the sea.

"As far as Urimi from the eastern edge of the plateau the land is covered with a thick jungle of acacias, which by its density strangles other species of vegetation. Here and there only in the cleft of a rock a giant euphorbia may be seen, sole lord of its sterile domain. The soil is shallow, and consists of vegetable mould mixed largely with sand and detritus of the bare rocks which crown each knoll and ridge, and which testify too plainly to the violence of the periodical rains. In the basin of Matongo, in Southern Urimi, we were informed by the ruins of hills and ridges, relics of a loftier upland, of what has been effected by Nature in the course of long ages. No *savant* need ever expound to the traveller who views those rocky ruins the geological history of this country. From a distance we viewed the glistening, naked, and riven rocks, as a most singular scene; but when we stood among them, and noted the appearance of the fragments of granite, gneiss, and porphyry, peeled, as it were rind after rind, like an onion, or leaf after leaf, like an artichoke, until the rock was wasted away, it seemed as if Dame Nature had left these stony anatomies, these hilly skeletons, to demonstrate her laws and career. It appeared to me as if she said, 'Behold my broad basin of Matongo, with its teeming villages, and herds of cattle, and fields of corn, surrounded by these bare rocks—in primeval time this upland was covered with water, it was the bed of a vast sea. The waters were dried, leaving a wide expanse of level land, upon which I caused heavy rains to fall five months out of each year during all the ages that have elapsed since first the hot sunshine fell upon the soil. These rains washed away the loose sand, and made deep furrows in course of time, until at certain places the rocky kernel under the soil began to appear. The fur-

rows became enlarged, the water fritted away their banks, and conveyed the earth to lower levels, through which it wore away a channel first through the soil, and lastly through the rock itself, which you may see if you but descend to the bottom of that basin. You will there behold, worn through the solid rock, a fissure some fifty feet in depth; and, as you look on that, you will have an idea of the power and force of tropical rains. It is through that channel that the soil, robbed from these rocks, has been carried away towards the Nyanza to fill its depths, and in time make dry land of it.' You may ask how came these once solid rocks, which are now but skeletons of hills and stony heaps, to be thus split into so many fragments. Have you never seen the effect of water thrown upon lime? These solid rocks have been broken and peeled in an almost similar manner. The tropical sun heated the surface of these rocks to an intense degree, and the cold rain then falling caused the rocks to split and peel as we now see them.

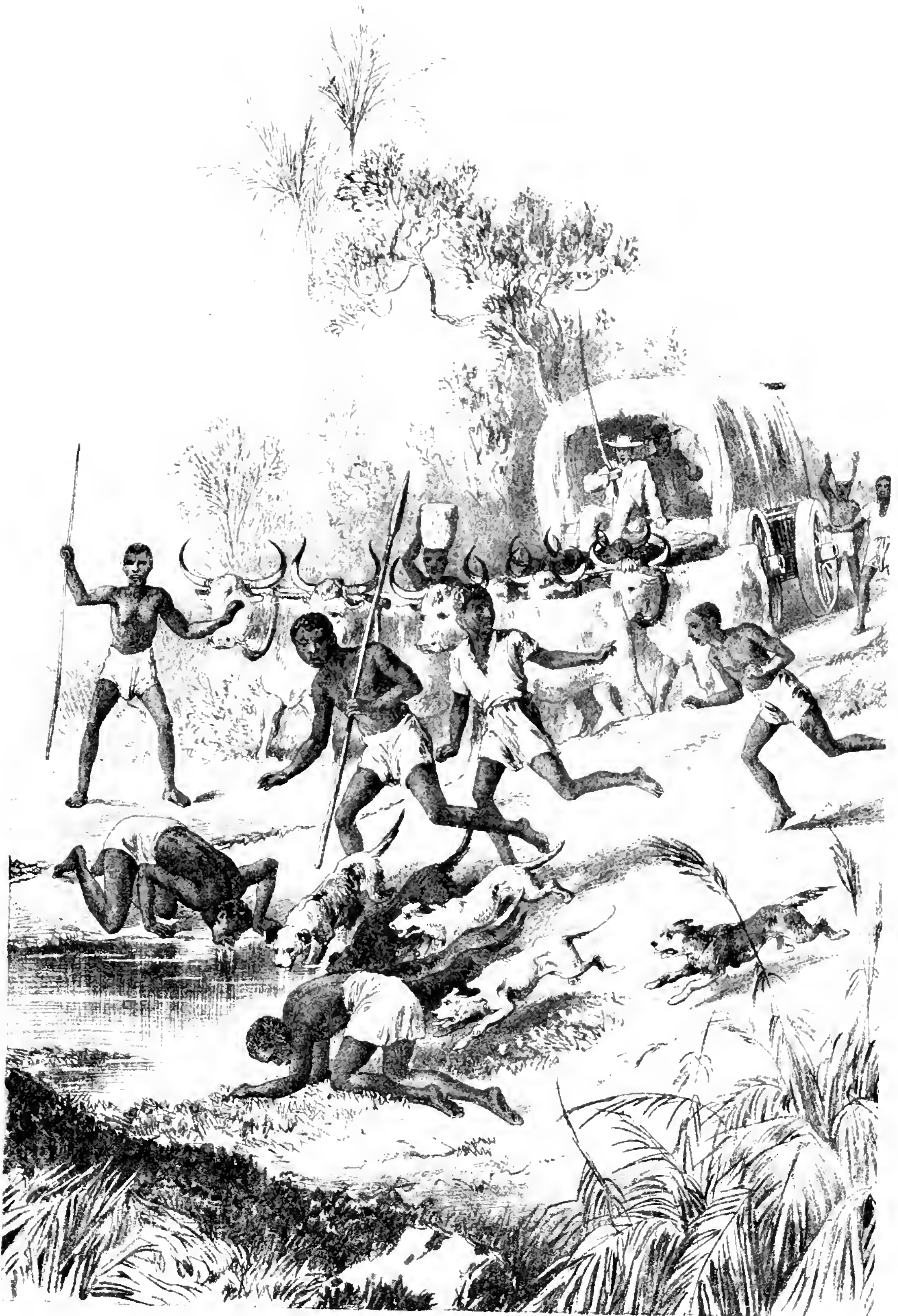
"Such is really the geological history of this country. Ridge after ridge, basin after basin, from Western Ugogo to the Nyanza, tell the same tale; but it is not until we enter Central Urimi that we begin to marvel at the violence of the process by which Nature has thus transformed the face of the land. For here the perennial springs and rivulets first unite and form rivers, after collecting and absorbing the moisture from the watershed, and these rivers, though but gentle streams during the dry season, become formidable during the rains. It is in Central Urimi that the Nile levies its earliest tribute upon Equatorial Africa; and if you look upon the map and draw a line east from the altitude of Ujiji to longitude 35° east, you will strike upon the sources of the Leewumbu, the extreme southern feeder of the Victoria Nyanza. In Iramba, between Mgongo Tembo and Mombiti, we came upon what must have been in former times an arm of the Victoria Nyanza. It is called the Lumamberri Plain, after a river of that name, and is about forty miles in width. Its altitude is about 3,775 feet above the sea, and but a few feet above the Victoria Nyanza. We were fortunate in crossing the broad shallow stream in the dry season, for during the *musika*, or rainy season, the plain is converted into a wide lake.

"The Leewumbu River, after a course of one hundred and seventy miles, becomes known in Usukuma as the Monangah River. After another run of one hundred miles, it is converted into the Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Victoria east of this port of Kagehyi. Roughly, the Shimeeyu may be said to have a length of three hundred and fifty miles. After penetrating the forest and jungle west of the Lumamberri, we enter Usukuma—a country thickly-peopled, and rich in cattle. It is a series of rolling plains, with here and there, far apart, a chain of jagged hills. The descent to the lake is so gradual that I expect to find upon sounding it, as I intend to do, that though it covers a vast area, it is very shallow.

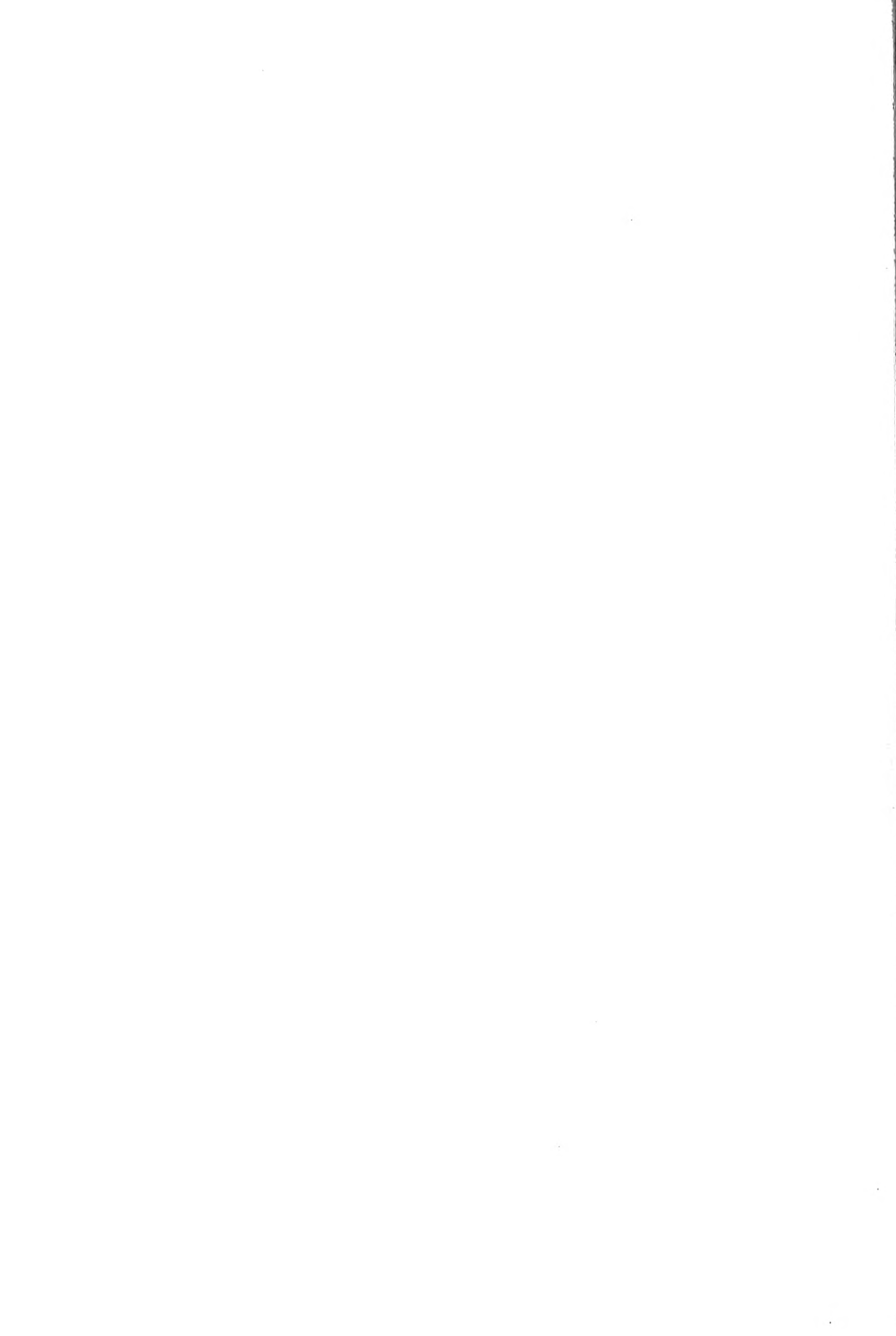
"Now, after our long journey, the Expedition is halted a hundred yards from the lake; and as I look upon its dancing waters, I long to launch the 'Lady Alice,' and venture out to explore its mysteries. Though on its shore, I am still as ignorant of its configuration and extent as any man in England or America. I have questioned natives of Uchambi closely upon the subject at issue, but no one can satisfy me—though they speak positively—whether the lake is one piece of water or more. I hear a multitude of strange names, but whether they are of countries or lakes it is impossible to divine, for the people's knowledge of geography is very superficial. My impression, however, is that Speke, in his bold sketch and imagined outline, is nearer the truth than Livingstone, who reported upon hearsay at a great distance from its shores. As soon as I can finish my letters the sections of the 'Lady Alice' shall be screwed together; the first English boat that ever sailed on the African lakes shall venture upon her mission; and I shall not rest until I have thoroughly explored every nook and cranny of the shores of the Victoria. It is with great pride and pleasure I think of our success in conveying such a large craft safely through the hundreds of miles of jungle which we have traversed; and just now I feel as though the entire wealth of the universe could not bribe me to turn back from my work. Indeed, it is with the utmost impatience that I contemplate the task of writing my letters before starting upon the more agreeable work of exploring; but I remember the precept, 'Duty before pleasure.'

"I hear strange tales about the countries on the shores of this lake, which make me still more eager to start. One man talks about a territory peopled with dwarfs, and another with giants; while a third is said to possess such a breed of large dogs that even my mastiffs are quite small compared to them. All these may be idle romances, and I lay no stress on anything reported to me, as I hope to be enabled to see with my own eyes all the wonders of those unknown countries.

"It is unfortunate that I have not Speke's book with me; but a map of Central Africa which I carried here contains the statement in brackets that the Victoria Nyanza has an altitude of only 3,308 feet above the ocean. If this statement is on Speke's authority, either he is wrong, or I am, for my two aneroids, almost fresh from England, make it much higher. One ranges from 3,550 to 3,650; the other from 3,575 to 3,675. I have not boiled my thermometers yet, but intend doing so before starting on the work of exploring the lake. I have no reason to suspect that the aneroids are at fault, as they are both first-class instruments, and have been carefully carried with the chronometers. With regard to Speke's position of Muanza, I incline to think that he is right; but, as I have not visited Muanza, I cannot tell. The natives point it out westward of Kagehyi, and but a short distance off. The position of the port of Kagehyi is south latitude 2° 31'., east longitude 33° 13'.



A RAIN POOL BY THE WAY



"I mustered the men of the Expedition yesterday, and ascertained it to consist of three white men and one hundred and sixty-six Wanguana soldiers and carriers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Ituru, thirty days ago. Over one-half of our force has thus been lost by desertion and deaths. This is a terrible fact, but I hope that their long rest here will revive the weak and strengthen the strong. The dreadful scourge of the Expedition has been dysentery, and I can boast of but few patients cured of it by medicine, though it was freely given, as we were possessed of abundance of medical stores. A great drawback to their cure has been the necessity of moving on, whereas a few days' rest, in a country blessed with good water and food, would have restored many of them to health; but good water and good food combined could not be procured anywhere but here. The Arabs would have taken nine months or a year to march this long distance, while we have performed it in only one hundred and three days, including halts. As I vaccinated every member of the Expedition on the coast, I am happy to say that not not one has fallen a victim to small-pox.

"I leave this letter in the hands of Sungoro, a Msawahili trader, who resides here, in the hope that he will be enabled shortly to forward it to Unyanyembe, as he frequently sends caravans with ivory; but a copy of it I shall take with me to Uganda, and deliver to Mtesa, the king, to be conveyed, if possible, to Colonel Gordon. Since leaving Mpwapwa I have not met one caravan bound for Zanzibar; and after leaving Ugogo it was impossible to meet one, or to despatch couriers through such dangerous countries as we have traversed. The letters containing the account of our exploration of the Victoria Nyanza and our subsequent march to the Albert Nyanza I hope to be able to deliver personally into the hands of Colonel Gordon, and in this expectation I remain, yours obediently, HENRY M. STANLEY."

"March 5.—The boiling point observed by one of Negretti and Zambra's apparatus this day was 205° 6′; temperature of air, 82° Fahrenheit. The boiling point observed by another instrument by a different maker was 205° 5′; temperature of air, 81°. Fahrenheit. The barometer at the same time indicated 26.90 inches. The mean of the barometrical observations at Zanzibar was 30.048. The mean of the barometrical observations during seven days' residence here has been 26.138."

Stanley's next letters are written from the capital of King Mtesa, in Uganda. They were entrusted to the care of Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, whom he met at Mtesa's capital on a mission from Colonel Gordon, the object being to make a treaty of commerce between Mtesa and the Egyptian Government. Subsequently, on his return, De Bellefonds' company were attacked by the Bari tribe, and out of forty-one all but four were massacred. Whether one of the survivors kept possession of the documents, or whether

they were flung aside in the forest by the Bari and afterwards found by the detachment sent on by Gordon, is not known; but their tattered, soiled, blood-stained condition when they reached England, indicated that they had been thrown away by the ignorant and superstitious savages, and had lain for some time in the African jungle. The particulars given regarding the King of Uganda and his people cannot fail to inspire all friends of Africa with the liveliest interest. Our traveller thus writes:—

"Ulagalla, Mtesa's Capital, Uganda, E. long. 32° 49′ 45″,
N. Lat. 0° 32′, April 12, 1875.

"I write this letter in haste, as it is the record of a work begun, and not ended—I mean the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza. But brief as it necessarily must be, I am sure it will interest thousands of your readers, for it solves the great question, 'Is the Victoria Nyanza one lake, or does it consist of a group of lakes, such as Livingstone reported it?'

"In answer to the query, I will begin by stating that I have explored, by means of the 'Lady Alice,' nearly the whole of the southern, eastern, and north-eastern shores of the Victoria Nyanza; have penetrated into every bay, inlet, and creek, that indent its shores, and have taken thirty-seven observations, so that I feel competent to decide upon the question at issue, without bias or prejudice to any hypothesis. I have a mass of notes relating to the countries visited, and ample means of making a proper chart at my camp at Usukuma, but I have with me at present neither paper, parallel rules, or any instrument whatever to lay down the positions I have taken. I only brought hither an artificial horizon, sextant chronometer, two aneroids, boiling-point apparatus, sounding line, a few guns, ammunition, and some provisions, as I wished to keep the boat as light as possible, that she might work easily in the storms of the Nyanza. But when I reach camp I propose to draw a correct chart of the Nyanza, and to write such notes upon the several countries I have visited as will repay perusal and study.

"I have already informed you that our camp at Kagehyi, in Usukuma, is situated E. long. 33° 13′, and S. lat. 2° 31′. Before starting on the explorations of the lake, I ascertained that Muanza was situated a few miles west, almost on the same parallel of latitude as Kagehyi. Now, Muanza is the point whence Speke observed the Victoria Nyanza, and where he drew his imaginary sketch of the lake from information given to him by the natives. If you will look at Speke's map you will find that it contains two islands—Ukerewe and Maziti. Looking at the same objects from Kagehyi I should have concluded that they were islands myself; but a faithful exploration of the lake has proved that the latter is not insulated, but a lengthy promontory of land extending from E. long. 34° 45¾′ to E. long. 32° 40′ 15″. That part of the lake which Speke observed from Muanza, is really an

enormous gulf about twenty-five miles wide by sixty-five miles long. To the noble Nyanza, discovered by him, Speke loyally gave the name of Victoria, as a tribute to his Sovereign, which let no man take away; but in order to connect for ever Speke's name with the lake which he then found I have thought it but simple justice to the gallant explorer to call the immense inlet Speke Gulf.

"If you look again on Speke's map you will observe how boldly he has sketched the Nyanza stretching eastward and north-eastward. Considering that he drew it from mere native report, which never yet was exact or clear, I must say that I do not think that any other man could have arrived so near the truth. I must confess that I could not have done it myself, for I could make little of the vague and mythical reports of the natives of Kagehyi.

"Proceeding eastward towards the unknown and fabulous distance in the 'Lady Alice,' with a picked crew of eleven men and a guide, I coasted along the southern shore of the lake round many a noble bay, until we came to the mouth of the Shimeeyu, in E. long. 33°. 33′, S. lat. 2° 35′—by far the noblest river discharging into the lake which we have yet seen. Shimeeyu has a length of three hundred and seventy miles, and is the extreme southern source of the Nile. Before emptying into the lake it unites with the Luamberri River, along with which it issues in a majestic flood to the Victoria Nyanza. At its mouth it is a mile wide, but contracts as we proceed up the channel to four hundred yards. Even by itself it would make no insignificant White Nile. By accident our route through Ituru took us from its birthplace, a month's march from the lake, and along many a mile of its crooked course, until, by means of the 'Lady Alice,' we were enabled to see it enter the Nyanza, a river of considerable magnitude. Between the mouth of the Shimeeyu and Kagehyi were two districts—Sima and Magu—of the same nature as Usukuma, and inhabited by peoples speaking the same dialect. On the eastern side of the river is Mazanza, and beyond Manasa.

"Coasting still along the southern shore of the lake, beyond Manasa, we come to Ututwa, inhabited by a people speaking a different language, namely, that of the Wajika—as the Wamanasa are called here—a people slender and tall, carrying formidable long knives, and terrible portentous spears. In E. long. 33° 45′ 45″ we sailed to the extreme end of Speke Gulf, and then turned northward as far as S. lat. 2° 5′, whence we proceeded westward almost in a straight line along Shashi and Iranbu, in Ukerewe. In E. long. 33° 26′ we came to a strait—the Rugeji Strait—which separates one half of Ukerewe from the other half, and by which there is a direct means of communication from Speke Gulf with the countries lying north of Ukerewe. We did not pass through, but proceeded still westward, hugging the bold shores of that part of Ukerewe, which is an island, as far as E. long. 32° 40′ 15″, whence, following the land, we turned north-west, thence north, until in

S. lat. 1° 53′ we turned east again, coasting along the northern shores of Ukerewe Island until we came to the tabular-topped bluff of Majita (Speke miscalled this Mazita, or Maziti, and termed it an island) in E. long. 33° 9′ 45″, and S. lat 1° 50′, whence the land starts by trending northward of east. North of Shizu, in Ukerewe, lies the large island of Ukara, which gives its name with some natives to that part of the lake lying between it and Ukerewe. It is about eighteen miles long by twelve wide, and is inhabited by a people strong in charms and magic medicine.

"From Majita we pass on again to the north shore of Shashi, whose south coast is bounded by Speke Gulf, and beyond Shashi we come to the first district in Ururi. Ururi extends from Shashi in S. lat. 1° 50′ to 0° 40′ 0″ S., and embraces the districts of Wye, Irieni, Urieri, Igengi, Kutiri, Shirati, and Moluru. Its coast is indented most remarkably with bays and creeks, which extend far inland. East of the immediate coast-line the country is a level plain, which is drained by an important river called Shirati. All other streams that issue into the lake along the coast of Ururi are insignificant.

"North of Shirati, the most northern district of Ururi, begins the country of Ugeyeya, whose bold and mountainous shores form a strong contrast to the flats of Shirati and Moluru. Here are mountains rising abruptly from the lake to a height of 3,000 feet and more. This coast is also very crooked and irregular, requiring patient and laborious rowing to investigate its many bends and curves. The people are a timid and suspicious race, much vexed by their neighbours, the Waruri, south, and Wamasui, east; and are loth to talk to strangers, as the Arab slave-dealers of Pangani have not taught them to love people carrying guns. The Wageyeya, having been troubled by the Waruri, have left many miles of wilderness uninhabited between their country and that of their fierce neighbours. But Sungoro, the agent of Mse Saba—who has prompted the Waruri to many a devilish act, and purchased their human spoils—is constructing in Ukerewe a dhow of twenty or thirty tons burden, with which he intends to prosecute more actively his nefarious trade. Nothing would have pleased me better than to have been commissioned by some government to hang all such wretches wherever found; and if ever a pirate deserves death for inhuman crimes, Sungoro, the slave-trader, deserves death. Kagehyi, in Usukuma, has become the seat of that inhuman slave-trade. To that part they are collected from Sima, Magu, Ukerewe, Ururi, and Ugeyeya; and when Sungoro has floated his dhow and hoisted his blood-stained ensign, the great sin will increase tenfold, and the caravan road to Unyanyembe will become hell's highway.

"On the coast of Ugeyeya I expected to discover a channel to another lake, as there might be a grain of truth in what the Wanguana reported to Livingstone; but I found nothing of the sort except unusually deep bends in the shore, which led nowhere. The streams were insignificant and unde-

serving the name of rivers. A few miles from the equator I came upon two islands formed of basaltic rock, and overgrown with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. One had a natural bridge of rock thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide—the other showed a small cave.

"In E. longitude 34° 49′, at Nakidimo of Ugeyeya, we came to the furthest point east of the Victoria Nyanza. North of Ugeyeya begins Baringo, a limited country, extending over about fifteen miles of latitude. Its coast is also remarkable for deep indentations and noble bays, some of which are almost entirely closed by land, and might well be called lakes by uncultivated or vague Wanguana. Large islands also are numerous, some of which lie so close to the shore-line that if we had not hugged its edge closely we should have mistaken them for portions of the mainland. North of Baringo the land is again distinguished by lofty hills, cones, and plateaus, which sink eastward into plains, and here a new country commences—Unyara—the language of whose people is totally distinct from that of Usukuma, and approaches to that of Uganda and Usoga. Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victoria Nyanza, and by observation the extreme north-eastern point of the Nyanza ends in E. long. 34° 35′ and N. lat. 33′ 43″. As I intend to send you a chart of the Nyanza, it is needless here to enter into minor details, but I may as well mention that a large portion of the north-eastern end of the lake is almost entirely closed in by the shores of Ugana and of two islands, Chaga and Usuguru, the latter of which is one of the largest in the Nyanza. While Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victorian Sea, Ugana commences the northern coast of the lake from the east, and running south-west a few miles forms here a large bay. It then trends westward, and the island of Chaga runs directly north and south for eight miles at a distance of twelve miles from the opposite coast of Unyara. With but a narrow channel between, Usuguru Island runs from the southern extremity of Chaga, in a south-south-easterly direction, to within six miles from the eastern shore of the mainland. Thus hereabouts almost a lake is formed separate from the Nyanza.

"North of Chaga Island, Usoga begins with the large district of Usowa, where we met with the first hostile demonstration—though not actual deed, as the act was checked by show of superior weapons—on the part of the natives. Thence, as we proceed westward, the districts of Ugamba, Uvira, Usamu, and Utamba, line the coast of Usoga. Where Utamba begins, large islands again become frequent, the principal of which is Uvuma, an independent country, and the largest in the Victoria Nyanza. At Uvuma, we experienced treachery and hostility on the part of the natives. By show of friendship on their part, we were induced to pass within a few yards of the shore, where a mass of natives were hid in ambush behind the trees. While sailing quietly by, exchanging friendly greetings with them, we were sud-

denly attacked with a shower of large rocks, several of which struck the boat; but the helm being quickly put 'hard up,' we steered from shore to a safer distance, but not before the foremost of the rascals had to be laid dead by a shot from one of my revolvers.

"After proceeding some miles we entered a channel between the islands of Uvuma and Bugeyeya, but close to the shore of Uvuma. Here we discovered a fleet of large canoes—thirteen in number—carrying over a hundred warriors, armed with shields, spears, and slings. The foremost canoe contained baskets of sweet potatoes, which the people held up, as if they were desirous to trade. I ordered my party to cease rowing, and as there was but a slight breeze, we still held on with the sail, and permitted the canoe to approach. While we were bargaining for potatoes with this party, the canoes came up and blocked the boat, while the people began to lay surreptitious hands on everything; but we found their purpose out, and I warned the robbers away with my gun. They jeered at this, and immediately seized their spears and shields, while one canoe hastened away with some beads its crew had stolen, and which a man insolently held up to my view, mockingly inviting us to catch him. At the dangerous example of this I fired, and the man fell dead in his place. The others prepared to launch their spears, but the repeating rifle was too much for the crowd of so-called warriors, who had hastened like pirates to pillage us. Three were shot dead, and as they retreated my elephant rifle smashed their canoes, the results of which we saw in the confusion attending each discharge. After a few rounds from the big gun we continued on our way, still hugging the shore of Uvuma, for it was unnecessary to fly after such an exhibition of inglorious conduct on the part of thirteen canoes, containing in the aggregate over one hundred men.

"In the evening we anchored in the channel between Uvuma and Usoga, in E. long. 33° 40′ 15″ and N. lat. 0° 30′ 9″. Next morning the current perceptibly growing stronger as we advanced north, we entered the Napoleon Channel, which separates Usoga from Uganda, and then sailed across to the Uganda shore. Having arrived close to the land, we took in all sail and rowed towards the Ripon Falls, the noise of whose rushing waters sounded loud and clear in our ears. The lake shoaled rapidly, and we halted to survey the scene at a spot half a mile from the first mass of foam caused by the escaping waters. Speke has been most accurate in his description of the outflowing river, and his pencil has done fair justice to it. The scenery around, on the Usoga and the Uganda side, has nothing indeed of the sublime about it, but it is picturesque and well worth a visit. A few small islets dot the channel and lie close ashore; while at the entrance of the main channel, looking south, the large islands of Uziri and Wanzi stretch obliquely, or southwest towards Uvuma. But the eye of the observer is more fascinated by the ranks of swelling foam and leaping waters than by the uneven contour of the

land; and the ear is attracted by the rough music of the river's fierce play, despite the terrors which the imagination paints, so that it absorbs all our attention to watch the smooth, flowing surface of the lake, suddenly broken into fury by the rocks of gneiss and hematite which protrude, white and ruddy, above the water, and which threaten instant doom to the unlucky navigator who should be drifted among them. There is a charm, too, in the scene which can belong to few such, for this outflowing river that the Great Victoria Nyanza discharges from its bosom, becomes known to the world as the White Nile. Though born amid the mountains of Ituru, Kargue, and Ugeyeya, it emerges from the womb of the Nyanza, the perfect and veritable Nile which annually resuscitates parched Egypt.

"From the Ripon Falls we proceeded along the coast of Ikira south-west, until, gaining the shore opposite Uziri, we coasted westerly along the irregular shore of Uganda. Arriving at the isle of Kriva, we secured guides, who voluntarily offered to conduct us as far as Mtesa's capital. Halting a short time at the island of Kibibi, we proceeded to Ukafu, where a snug horse-shoe-shaped bay was discovered. From Ukafu we despatched messengers to Mtesa to announce the arrival of a white visitor in Uganda, after being most hospitably received with fair words, but with empty hands, along the coast of Uganda. I was anxious to discover the entrance of the 'Luajerri,' and questioned the natives long and frequently about it, until, securing an interpreter who understood the Kisawahili, we ascertained that there was no such river at all as the Luajerri, that 'Luaserri,' however, meant *still water*, applicable to any of the many lengthy creeks, or narrow inlets which indent the coasts of Uganda and Usugo. From this I conclude that Speke was misinformed, and that his 'Luajerri' is Luaserri, or a still water. At least we discovered no such river, either sluggish or quick, flowing northwards; while in the neighbourhood of 'Murchison Creek' I did, indeed, find a long and crooked inlet, called Mwaru-Luaserri, or the Quiet-water—which penetrated several miles inland, and the termination of which we saw. I noticed a positive tide here, I should mention, during the morning. For two hours the water of this creek flowed north, and subsequently, for two hours, it flowed south; while, on asking the people if this were a usual sight, they said it was, and was visible in all the inlets on the coast of Uganda.

"Arriving at Beyal we were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent by Mtesa to conduct us to 'Murchison Creek,' and on the 4th of April I landed amid a concourse of two thousand people, who saluted me with a deafening volley of musketry and waving of flags. Katakiro, the chief Mukungu, or officer, in Uganda, then conducted me to comfortable quarters, to which shortly afterwards were brought sixteen goats, ten oxen, an immense quantity of bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, besides eggs, chickens, milk, rice, ghee, and butter. After such a royal and bountiful gift I felt more curiosity than

ever to see the generous monarch; and in the afternoon, Mtesa, having prepared beforehand for my reception, sent to say that he was ready to welcome me. Issuing out of my quarters I found myself in a broad street eighty feet wide and half a mile long, which was lined by his personal guards and attendants, his captains and their respective retinues, to the number of about three thousand. At the extreme end of this street, and fronting it, was the king's audience house, in whose shadow I saw dimly the figure of the king sitting in a chair. As I advanced towards him the soldiers continued to fire their guns. The drums, sixteen in number, beat out a fearful tempest of sound, and the flags waved, until I became conscious that all this display was far beyond my merits, and consequently felt greatly embarrassed by so flattering a reception. Arrived before the audience house, the king rose—a tall and slender figure, dressed in Arab costume—approached me a few paces, held out his hand mutely, while the drums continued their terrible noise, and we stood silently gazing at each other during a few minutes, I indeed more embarrassed than ever. But soon relieved from the oppressive noise of the huge drums and the hospitable violence of the many screaming discordant fifes, I was invited to sit, Mtesa first showing the example, followed by his great captains, about one hundred in number.

"More at ease, I now surveyed the figure and features of this powerful monarch. Mtesa is about thirty-four years old, and tall and slender in build, as I have already stated, but with broad shoulders. His face is very agreeable and pleasant, and indicates intelligence and mildness. His eyes are large, his nose and mouth are a great improvement upon those of the common type of negro, and approach to the same features in the Muscat Arab, when slightly tainted with negro blood. His teeth are splendid, and gleaming white. As soon as Mtesa began to speak, I became captivated by his manner, for there was much of the polish of a true gentleman about it—it was at once amiable, graceful, and friendly. It tended to assure me that in this potentate I had found a friend, a generous king, and an intelligent ruler. He is not personally inferior to Seyd Burghash, the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, and indeed appears to me quite like a coloured gentleman who has visited European Courts, and caught a certain ease and refinement of manner, with a large amount of information. If you will recollect, however, that Mtesa is a native of Central Africa, and that he had seen but three white men until I came, you will, perhaps, be as much astonished at all this as I was. And if you will but think of the enormous extent of country he rules, extending from E. long. 34° to E. long. 31°, and from N. lat. 1° to S. lat. 3° 30′, you will further perceive the immense influence he could wield towards the civilisation of Africa. Indeed, I could not regard this king, or look at him in any other light than as the possible Ethelbert by whose means the light of the Gospel may be brought to benighted Middle Africa. Un-

doubtedly the Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. There is now no daily butchery of men or women; seldom one suffers the extreme punishment. Speke and Grant left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism, submits to other laws than his own erratic will, which we are told led to such severe and fatal consequences. All his captains and chief officers observe the same creed, dress in Arab costume, and in other ways affect Arab customs. He has a guard of two hundred men—renegadoes from Baker's Expedition, Zanzibar defalcators, a few Omani, and the elect of Uganda. Behind his throne, an arm-chair of native manufacture, the royal shield-bearers, lance-bearers, and gun-bearers, stand erect and staid. On either side of him are his grand chiefs and courtiers, sons of governors of his provinces, chiefs of districts, etc. Outside the audience house, the lengthy lines of warriors begin with the chief drummer and the noisy goma-beaters; next come the screaming fifers, the flag and banner bearers, the fusiliers, and so on seemingly *ad infinitum*, with spearmen and attendants.

"Mtesa asked a number of questions about various things, thereby showing a vast amount of curiosity, and great intelligence. The king had arrived at this camp—Usavara—fourteen days before my arrival, with all that immense army of followers, for the purpose of shooting birds. He now proposed to return, after two or three days' rest, to his capital at Ulagalla, or Uragara. Each day of my stay at Usavara was a scene of gaiety and rejoicing. On the first day after my arrival, we held a grand naval review; eighty-four canoes being under way, each manned by from thirty to forty men, containing, in the aggregate, a force of about two thousand five hundred men. We had excellent races, and witnessed various manœuvres by water. Each admiral vied with the others in extolling aloud the glory of their monarch, or in exciting admiration from the hundreds of spectators on shore. The king's three hundred wives were present *en grande tenue*, and were not the least important of those on shore. The second day the king led his fleet in person, to show me his prowess in shooting birds. We rowed, or were rather paddled, up 'Murchison Creek,' visiting *en route* a dhow he is building for the navigation of the lake, as well as his place of residence during Ramadan, and his former capital, 'Banda,' where Speke and Grant found him.

"*En passant*, I may remark that Speke could not possibly have seen the whole of the immense bay he has denominated 'Creek.' It is true that from a short distance west of Dwaga, the king's Ramadan Palace, up to Mngono, the extremity of the water, a distance of about eight miles, it might be termed a creek, but this distance does not approach to one-half of the true bay. Indeed, I respectfully request geographers—Messrs Keith Johnston and Stanford especially—to change the name of Murchison Creek to Murchison Bay,

as one more worthy the large area of water now known by the former inappreciative title. Murchison Bay extends from N. lat. 0° 15′ to N. lat. 0° 27′, and from E. long. 32° 53′ to 32° 38′ in extreme length. At the mouth the bay contracts to a width of four miles, but within its greatest breadth is twelve miles. Surely such a body of water—as terms go—deserves the more appropriate name of 'bay,' but I leave it to fair-judging geographers to decide. For the position of Mtesa's capital I have taken three observations, on three different days. My longitude agrees pretty closely with that of Speke's, while there is but four miles' difference of latitude.

"The third day the troops of Mtesa were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth we all marched for the Grand Capital, the Kibuga of Uganda, Ulagalla or Uragara. Mtesa is a great king. He is a monarch who would delight the soul of any intelligent European, as he would see in his black Majesty the Hope of Central Africa. He is king of Karagwe, Uganda, Unyoro, Usoga, and Usui. Each day I found something which increased my esteem and respect for him. He is fond of imitating Europeans and what he has heard of their great personages, which trait, with a little tuition, would prove of immense benefit to his country. He has prepared broad highways in the neighbourhood of his capital for the good time that is coming when some charitable European will send him any kind of a wheeled vehicle. As we approached the capital, the main road from Usavara increased in width from twenty feet to one hundred and fifty feet. When we arrived at this magnificent breadth we viewed the capital crowning an eminence commanding a most extensive view of a picturesque and rich country, all teeming with gardens of plantations and bananas, and beautiful pasture land. Of course, huts, however large, lend but little attraction to a scene, but a tall flagstaff and an immense flag proved a decided feature in the landscape. Arrived at the capital, I found that the vast collection of buildings crowning the eminence were the royal quarters, round which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city was a circular road, ranging from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, and from this radiated six or seven imposing avenues, lined with gardens and huts. The next day after arrival I was introduced to the Royal Palace in great state. None of the primitive scenes visible in Speke's book was now visible there. The guards, clothed in white cotton dresses, were by no means comical as then. The chiefs were very respectable-looking people, dressed richly in the Arab costume. The palace was a huge and lofty structure, well built of grass and cane, while tall trunks of trees upheld the roof, which was covered with cloth sheeting inside.

"On the fourth day after my arrival news came that another white man was approaching the capital from the direction of Unyoro, and on the fifth day I had the extreme pleasure of greeting Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of the Egyptian service, who had been despatched by Colonel Gordon to Mtesa,

to make a treaty of commerce between him and the Egyptian Government. The rencontre, though not so exciting as my former meeting with the venerable David Livingstone, at Ujiji, in November, 1871, still may be said to be singular and fortunate for all concerned. In Colonel de Bellefonds I met a gentleman extremely well-informed, energetic, and a great traveller. His knowledge of the countries between Uganda and Khartoum was most minute and accurate, from which I conclude that but little of the geography of Central Africa between the cataracts of the Nile and Uganda is now unknown. To that store of valuable geographical acquisitions must now be added my exploration of the Nile sources, which pour into the Nyanza; and also the new countries I have visited between the Nyanza and the Unyanyembe road. In Colonel de Bellefonds' arrival I also perceived my great good fortune, for I now had the means to despatch some reports of my geographical discoveries, and the long-delayed letters. The day after to-morrow I intend to return to Usukuma, prosecuting my geographical researches along the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza. After this I propose to march the Expedition to the Katonga valley, and thence, having paid another visit to Mtesa, I trust to march directly west for Lake Albert Nyanza, where I hope to meet with some more of the gallant subordinates of Colonel Gordon, by whom I shall be able, through their assured courtesy, to send several more letters descriptive of discoveries and adventures.

"I might protract this letter indefinitely by dwelling upon the value of the service rendered to science and the world by Ismael Pasha, but time will not allow me, nor, indeed, is it necessary, as I dare say, by this time, you have had ample proofs of what has been done by Gordon. Sir Samuel Baker, unfortunately, appears to be in bad odour with all I meet. His severity and other acts receive universal condemnation; but far be it from me to add to the ill report, and so I leave what I have heard untold. Then, briefly, thus much remains to be said. Livingstone, in his report of the Nyanza consisting of five lakes, was wrong. Speke, in his statement that the Nyanza was but one lake, was quite correct. But I believe that east of the Nyanza, or rather north-east of its coasts, there are other lakes, though they have no connection whatever with the Nyanza; nor do I suppose they can be of any great magnitude, or extend south of the equator. If you ask me why, I can only answer that in my opinion the rivers entering the Victorian Sea on the north-eastern shore do not sufficiently drain the vast area of country lying between the Great Lake and the western versant of the East-African mountain range. From the volume of the Nyanza feeders on the north-eastern side I cannot think that they extend farther than E. long. 36°, which leaves a large tract of country eastward to be drained by other means than the Nyanza. But this means may very probably be the Jub, which empties its waters into the Indian Ocean. The Sobat cannot possibly approach near the equator; this,

however, will be decided definitely by Gordon's officers. Colonel de Bellefonds informs me that the Assua, or Asha, is a mere torrent.

"When you see my chart, which will trace the course of the Luamberri and the Shimeeyu, the rivers which drain the whole of the south and south-east countries of the Nyanza, you will be better able to judge of their importance and magnitude as sources of the Nile. I expect to come upon a considerable river south-west; but all of this will be best told in my next letter. HENRY M. STANLEY."

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to state, that the greatest depth of the Nyanza as yet ascertained by me is two hundred and seventy-five feet. I have not yet sounded the centre of the lake; this I intend to do on my return to Usukuma south."

"Mtesa's Capital, Uganda, April 14th, 1875.

"I must not forget to inform you and your readers of one very interesting subject connected with Mtesa, which will gratify many a philanthropic European and American.

"I have already told you that Mtesa and the whole of his court profess Islamism. A long time ago—some four or five years—Khamis Bin Abdullah (the only Arab who remained with me three years ago, as a rearguard, when the Arabs disgracefully fled from Mirambo) came to Uganda. He was wealthy, of noble descent, and a fine, magnificent personal appearance, and brought with him many a rich present for Mtesa, such as few Arabs could afford. The king became immediately fascinated with him, and really few white men could be long with the son of Abdullah without being charmed by his presence, his handsome proud features, his rich olive complexion, and his liberality. I confess I never saw an Arab or Mussulman who attracted me so much as Khamis Bin Abdullah, and it is no wonder that Mtesa, meeting a kindred spirit in the noble youth of Muscat, amazed at his handsome bearing, the splendour of his apparel, the display of his wealth, and the number of his slaves, fell in love with him. Khamis stayed with Mtesa a full year, during which time the king became a convert to the creed of his visitor—namely, Mohammedanism. The Arab clothed Mtesa in the best that his wardrobe offered; he gave him gold embroidered jackets, fine white shirts, crimson slippers, swords, silk sashes, daggers, and a revolving rifle, so that Speke and Grant's presents seemed of necessity insignificant.

Now, until I arrived at Mtesa's Court, the king delighted in the idea that he was a follower of Islam; but by one conversation I flatter myself that I have tumbled the newly-raised religious fabric to the ground, and, if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian mission here, the conversion of

Mtesa and his Court to Christianity would, I think be compelete. I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here, that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the ten commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of Our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh that some pious, practical missionary, would come here! What a field and a harvest ripe for the sickle of civilisation! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The Bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no Church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire White race. Such a man, or men, Mtesa, King of Uganda, Usoga, Umgoro and Karagwe—a kingdom three hundred and sixty geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the Pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black Pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at two millions. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as

Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyembe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.

"With all deference I would suggest that the mission should bring to Mtesa as presents three or four suits of military clothes, decorated freely with gold embroidery; together with half-a-dozen French *kepis*, a sabre, a brace of pistols, and suitable ammunition; a good fowling-piece and rifle of good quality, for the king is not a barbarian; a cheap dinner-service of Britannia ware, an iron bedstead and counterpanes, a few pieces of cotton print, boots, etc. For trade it should also bring fine blue, black, and grey woollen cloths, a quantity of military buttons, gold braid and cord, silk cord of different colours, as well as binding; linen and sheeting for shirts, fine red blankets, and a quantity of red cloth, with a few chairs and tables. The profit arising from the sale of these things would be enormous.

"For the mission's use it should bring with it a supply of hammers, saws, augers, chisels, axes, hatchets, adzes, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, since the Waganda are apt pupils; iron drills and powder for blasting purposes, trowels, a couple of good-sized anvils, a forge and bellows, an assortment of nails and tacks, a plough, spades, shovels, pickaxes, and a couple of light buggies as specimens, with such other small things as their own common sense would suggest to the men whom I invite. Most desirable would be an assortment of garden seed and grain; also white-lead, linseed oil, brushes, a few volumes of illustrated journals, gaudy prints, a magic lantern, rockets, and a photographic apparatus. The total cost of the whole equipment need not exceed five thousand pounds sterling. HENRY W. STANLEY."

Stanley refers in the foregoing letter to his interview with Colonel de Bellefonds at Mtesa's capital. The following interesting report was made officially to the Ministry of War at Cairo, and has reference to the same interview. It appears in the form of an "Extract from Notes made by M. Linant de Bellefonds, of the staff of General Gordon, Governor-General of the Egyptian Provinces of the Equator, respecting his visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda, and his meeting of Mr. Stanley."

"Sunday, April 11, 1875.

"We are camped at Mtesa's capital. His residence is scarcely more than a kilomètre from the house which he has placed at my disposal. But let me not anticipate events.

"This morning a constant rain, which had fallen all the night, prevented us from setting out. At eight o'clock the rain ceased, but the wind arose,

making the trees shake their leaves and branches, so that we should have been wet through at the end of a walk of ten minutes, especially under the plantain trees, the huge arms of which are perfect reservoirs of water, which discharge themselves all at once with every blast of wind, and make perfect shower-baths for the unfortunate people who have to walk beneath. The natives of the Soudan are very much afraid of rain, and suffer greatly from it. At nine o'clock, therefore, we set forth on the march. We had to traverse many ravines where the rain water had gathered, rendering the passage somewhat difficult. We waded through muddy water above our knees. At the end of an hour of this experience we came up with the estates of the mother of king Mtesa; but the rain obliged us to seek a shelter. Besides that, we wished to make our toilette before entering the metropolis of Uganda. We therefore took possession, without any scruple, of some huts upon the side of the road.

"It was noon. The rain had ceased. An emissary from Mtesa came to bring me messages of welcome on the part of the king. Our toilette was complete. My Soudan soldiers produced the finest possible effect with their red tunics, their cartridge-cases made of leopard-skin, and their white trousers. We passed in column along the high road, the trumpets and the drums beating a lively movement. In front of us the Mtongalis echoed this with their nogaras, and waved their flags. A population of more than ten thousand people surrounded us, running hither and thither, singing, shouting, and dancing about. The effect produced was one of the most extraordinary I had ever seen. We went forward along an avenue with a breadth of from thirty to forty metres, the population still accompanying us, cross low hills and gardens. By and bye we arrived at an immense square, where a compact crowd, some sitting, others standing, waited our approach in solemn silence. Upon our arrival the nogaras, in incalculable number, united in a deafening peal. We were in the residence of the Queen Mother, and messengers succeeded each other every five minutes to bring me the salaams of Her Majesty. My own trumpets welcomed them, and it was an uproar, an inconceivable *charivari*, which did not want the charm of originality. One could see the whole country was *en fete*.

"The crowd which attended our footsteps increased more and more, but offered us no inconvenience upon our road; they left the way quite free, while dancing on either side of us, or flowing in tumultuous waves of humanity across the hillocks and cultivated places. It was one of the gayest and most festive spectacles to see this crowd, in the most curious and varied costumes, swarm all over the uplands, and then precipitate themselves like a living torrent into the streets below. Along the road a multitude of women were ranged in front of the houses, evidently admiring our *cortege*. A sorcerer, covered with a thousand odd charms, came up and harangued me;

and every now and then a courier would arrive completely out of breath, from King Mtesa. He brought me the royal salaam, which, being delivered, he would hurry back again like an arrow, not daring to stop till he laid my response at the feet of the king. At last the palace of Mtesa came in sight, built upon the north face of a hill, from which it commands a grand landscape. They told me that Mtesa was following our course with a telescope. We traversed for a quarter of an hour the avenue which led up to the royal residence, and presently arrived at the houses that were set apart for our use. All these habitations have a common fence. They contain many interior courts. My abode, specially raised for me, was exceedingly comfortable. Mtesa quite fatigued me with his salutations. Happily he now began to accompany them with something more substantial, for he sent me eggs, bananas, rice, onions, sugar-cane, and two kids—materials for a repast which outdid the best dinners of Auric at Cairo.

"Monday, April 12.

"My reception by King Mtesa was fixed for this morning, but the rain, which never ceased to fall up to noon, delayed the ceremony. At two o'clock, the weather having grown favourable, Mtesa sent me a messenger to let me know that he was ready to give me audience. Having warned my camp, every one proceeded to put on his freshest dress. When we were ready my private Soudan soldiers appeared quite superb in their red jackets and their white pantaloons. I placed myself at their head, the trumpets and drums resounding. We followed an avenue from eighty to one hundred metres broad, which led directly from north to south, and ended at the palace-gate of Mtesa. This palace now appeared in front of us, built upon an eminence which overtopped those around. On either side of the avenue were gardens surrounded by enclosures, within which were the habitations of the great captains and high functionaries. At the end of twenty-five minutes' walking we came to the true gate of the palace. We passed, one after the other, five courts, full of an endless crowd of Mtongalis, soldiers, and others. The last court serves as the habitation of the Royal executioners, whose badge of office consists of a cord of banana fibres exquisitely plaited. Upon entering this last court, a perfectly frightful hubbub of music received us; a thousand instruments, each more barbarous than the others, brayed out in our ears the most discordant and deafening sounds. The body-guard of Mtesa, equipped with guns, presented arms to me.

"The king was standing at the entrance of his reception hall. I approached him, and made the Turkish salutation. He stretched out his hand, which I took; and then I saw to the left hand of the king a European countenance tanned brown. It was a traveller, and I concluded that it must be Cameron. We observed each other without at present exchanging a word. King Mtesa now rose and walked into an inner apartment, where we followed

him. It was a corridor twelve metres in length, and four metres broad, the floor of which sloped from the entrance, the roof being supported by a series of columns of palm-wood in a central row dividing it into three aisles. The central part was occupied by the king's throne. The two side aisles were filled by the great dignitaries and the chief officers. Against each column leaned one of the king's guards, wearing a great red cloak and white turban adorned with monkey skin, white breeches, and black blouse with red bands, and all alike carrying muskets. Mtesa took his place upon the throne, which was made of wood, in the form of an office sofa. His feet rested upon a stool, which again stood upon a leopard's skin, underneath which was spread a Smyrna carpet. In front of the king an elephant's tusk, brilliantly polished, served as a royal sign, while at his feet were deposited two boxes containing fetiches. On each side of the throne was placed a lance, one made of copper and one of iron. These are the attributes of Uganda; the dog, of which Speke makes mention, appears to have been suppressed. The Grand Vizier and two scribes squatted at the feet of the king.

"Mtesa possesses much dignity, and was not without a real personal distinction. His costume was elegant. He wore a white caftan fringed with red; he had stockings, slippers, a vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, and a tarboosh with a silver plate on its top. He carried a sabre with an ivory handle encrusted with silver—a Zanzibar-made weapon—and a wand. I proceeded to exhibit my presents, which Mtesa pretended scarcely to glance at, his dignity not permitting him to appear inquisitive. I addressed myself then to the strange European who was sitting in front of me at the left of the king:—'Have I the honour to speak to Mr. Cameron?' 'No, sir; I am Stanley.' 'Permit me to introduce myself as M. Linant de Bellefonds, a member of Colonel Gordon's Expedition.' We saluted each other with a low bow, as if we had met in a *salon* and not in the heart of Africa. This meeting with Mr. Stanley profoundly surprised me. He was far from my thoughts. Indeed, I was completely unacquainted with the plan of his journey.

"I took farewell of the king, who had been amusing himself with putting my soldiers through their exercise and hearing my bugles blow. I shook hands warmly with Mr. Stanley, and begged him to do me the honour of sharing my dinner. A few moments after reaching my house, Mr. Stanley arrived there. After having mutually expressed the pleasure caused us by this *rencontre*, Mr. Stanley informed me that Cameron had written from Ujiji that he had quitted that place for the Congo. Mr. Cameron, he said, had been very much troubled by the question of supplies, having exceeded the credit allowed him by the Royal Geographical Society. At Ujiji he must have left behind all his companions, and have been quite alone. Mr. Stanley spoke in the highest possible terms of Lieutenant Cameron, and earnestly hoped to see him succeed in his undertaking.

"As for Mr. Stanley, he was travelling as the representative of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald.' He had left Zanzibar four months before I met him, to explore the Victorian Lake. He had penetrated through the country of the Masai, and had certified the existence of a great watershed discharging into the lake from the eastern slope. Leaving at Usuvuma his camp and followers, he had embarked with ten men in a little vessel which he had conveyed along with him upon the Victoria Nyanza. He had followed and explored all the eastern side of the lake, penetrating every bay, gulf, and creek, and surveying the islands and the capes. I have studied the results of Mr. Stanley's explorations, which are very considerable. He has shown me his sketches of some extremely curious islands that he discovered. There are a bridge island, a cave island, and an island of the Sphynx. The first presents a natural bridge of granite, with all the appearance of a work constructed by the hand of man. The second contains an enchanted grotto, like Calypso's. The third offers the aspect of the Sphynx of Egypt. We talked together until eleven o'clock at night. Stanley is a first-rate traveller—a brave, light-hearted gentleman, a good comrade, a patient explorer, taking everything as it comes. I derived the truest pleasure from his instructive and varied conversation. He has travelled far and wide, and seen a great deal. He knows the whole world. It was four months since I had heard a single French word pronounced. It was a great pleasure, therefore, to hear Stanley talking, for, without, expressing himself with perfect accuracy, he yet talked French sufficiently well to enable us readily to converse. This meeting of two white men in the heart of Africa, was well nigh as delightful as to meet a compatriot there, and the pleasure was quite inexpressible in discovering, in my unexpected friend, a man so well known and so entirely agreeable. According to what Mr. Stanley told me, Mtesa is extremely proud of finding his capital thus visited by white men, nor does he think that the event can be accidental."

A second part of this report was afterwards forwarded to the Egyptian Minister of War; and by his authority it was transmitted to this country, and published, like all the rest of these documents, in "The Daily Telegraph." It gives a graphic and touching description of the parting scene between the two travellers:—

"Uganda, Thursday, April 15, 1875.

"Mr. Stanley is leaving us in order to accomplish the work of exploring the western side of the lake, thereafter intending to return to Usuvuma, to pick up his followers and the goods left at Kagehyi. I had arranged to accompany him as far as Usovara, the point of embarkation in Murchison Bay. We start together, therefore, this morning, I having lent one of my mules to my friend, and ordered ten of my soldiers to escort us.

"We commence the journey by rounding the hill upon which His Majesty

resides, and then bend our steps southward with a slight easterly inclination. All the way along our route we see gardens luxuriant with the banana and sweet potato. We have to cross a canal, into which all the mud of the country appears to have gathered; it has a breadth of forty metres at the point where we cross, and there is a bridge of rough-cut logs and branches thrown over it; but, though people on foot may find the passage rendered easier by this construction, it is badly adapted to our mules, which lose their balance on the smooth and shifting trunks, with the result of pitching into the mud and water. However, we managed to haul them out and to get ourselves over, and then, after two hours' march, we climb a hill with a steep incline. The road is bordered on both sides by impenetrable thickets, the hiding-place of leopards and hyenas, where certainly no one is likely to interfere much with the digestion of their prey. Arrived at the top of this eminence, the beautiful view makes us quickly forget all the fatigues of the ascent. Under our feet the magnificent lake stretches out, sparkling like a cloth of silver; numerous green islands, softly rounded and indented, shut in the bay with a girdle as of emeralds; while along the shore are masses of darker green dotted about, these being groves of huge timber trees, which bathe their roots and branches in the fresh and limpid wavelets of the Victoria. Eastwards a silvery riband hurries to lose itself in the lake; that is the canal which we have lately crossed. The scene is enchanting, absorbing! The heart must swell with pleasure within the breast of any admirer of natural beauty who gazes upon it. We feel a keen desire to descend and approach nearer to this lovely coast whose charms ravish us, and after a quick advance of less than an hour the ripples of the quiet Nyanza are breaking at our feet. Everybody stoops to drink of the clear water, and Mr. Stanley and I toast our respective countries in the refreshing liquid.

"We are here at Usovara, a hunting station of King Mtesa, who frequently repairs to the spot in order to exercise his shooting-powers upon the crocodiles. Numberless huts and gardens appear around us, and among them His Majesty has a 'shooting-box' which covers an area of several kilometres. There is a broad approach, which Mr. Stanley christens the 'Avenue des Champs Elysees,' lined on each side by the dwellings of the royal guards, and it leads to the king's abode. This approach is more than a kilometre in length, Mtesa's lodge turning out to be a collection of huts, each encircled by a fence, while all around are scattered the lodgings for his escort. Certainly, to judge by the precautions here displayed for the royal security, His Majesty must sleep rather uneasily. We examine the king's premises minutely, for there is nobody about, not even a watchman; and we take possession for a time of the best of the huts reserved for the royal suite when Mtesa comes to Usovara. Mr. Stanley has been promised by the king the use of thirty canoes to accompany him to Usuvuma and to bring back to

Usovara his expedition and equipments. The High-Admiral of Uganda in person is to accompany them, but it is already four o'clock, and we see nothing either of the fleet or the official. News presently arrives that the delay is caused by a sad domestic calamity which has befallen the chief of the Uganda Navy, and it turns out that, having arrived overnight near Usovara with all his female establishment, the admiral has had all his wives fetched back by order of the king, His Majesty declaring that it was highly irregular to make a pleasure-party of that which was intended as a matter of important service. To-morrow, they say, all will be in readiness.

"Mr. Stanley and I devote ourselves accordingly to a promenade along the lake, in the course of which we behold with admiration enormous trees, that might afford cover with their thick shade to five hundred people at once. Parisitical plants climb over the trunks and branches of these Titans of the forest, and if you make an incision into the bark or roots there exudes a resinous gum, which appears very similar to the 'mastic' that the Cairo women chew. The soil at the edge of the lake is a mineral detritus, rich in oxide of iron, and upon it grows closely a thick and soft moss, of yellowish green, composing a carpet as agreeable to the eye as to the foot.

"Friday, April 16.

"My bed last night left much to desire. It was made of dry grass, with a bag of potatoes for the pillow. Such was my simple couch, for, as I had intended to return before nightfall, I did not take with me the least thing in the way of coverlet. Mr. Stanley most kindly pressed upon me his 'engareb' and railway rug, but I could not think it right to rob him of them. Imperfect, however, as my sleeping arrangements were, I reposed soundly, and that in spite of mosquitoes and fleas, of which there were a few of the former, but perfect hordes of the latter.

"At four in the morning, the squadron which was to escort my friend down the lake made its appearance, and assuredly the vessels of King Mtesa are curious, if not imposing. Each canoe is about ten to twelve metres in length, with a beam of one or one and a half. It is made up of many lengths of hewn plank, fastened by withes of osier, the seams being caulked with bark and mud. As a consequence of this very defective method of construction, the Wagandas have never been able to make themselves masters of the island of Uvuma. As soon as any war-canoe approaches that place, the islanders rush forth into the water, armed with knives, swim to the vessel, dive under it, and cut the withes which hold the affair together. The canoe thus falls apart, and its crew perish, either by drowning, or by the weapons of the Wavumas. The shape of these Waganda canoes resembles that of the Venetian gondola. The stern has a high sheer, and forms the seat of the helmsman who steers with a paddle, sweeping it now to the right, now to the left, according to the course which he desires to take. The stem-piece is

rounded and gracefully bent into the form of a swan's neck, two antelope horns being fixed upon it, so that, what with the long curved neck and the horns, a very strange effect is produced, especially when the boat is coming on; almost, in fact, as if some antediluvian creature were gliding towards you over the waters, and raising its head watchfully on high to follow some prey upon which it means to dart. None of these craft carries sails, and, indeed, the use of the latter is unknown among the Waganda. The boats are propelled by paddles, the crew sitting two by two, and varying in number from fourteen to twenty-four, in accordance with the size of the boat.

"A considerable division of the promised fleet having now arrived, we resolved to make a preliminary excursion upon the bay. Mr Stanley ordered his vessel, the 'Lady Alice,' to be got in readiness. She is a beautiful little craft, built of cedar, and constructed in water-tight sections, so as to be readily taken to pieces and put together again. I went on board with my companion, and all the canoes started at the same time, vying with each other to be ahead. They soon outstripped us, and then set to work paddling round the 'Lady Alice,' like so many tritons. On board one of them was the admiral, and the official drum of that magnate kept noisily beating, at one time commanding the fleet to gather about the 'flag-canoe,' at another sending them off, helter-skelter, in all directions. On one side stretched the boundless surface of the Nyanza, on the other extended the shore which we had just left, presenting together the gayest and most charming spectacle imaginable. The knolls and hillocks round the lake, each covered with a robe of tender green, and bathing its base in the shining waves, suggested so many water-goddesses reclining on the sunlit grass, and dabbling their feet in the cool and limpid ripples. I, indeed, was off and away in fancy, a thousand leagues from life's realities; and both Stanley and myself sat wrapped in a long silence, trying to satiate our eyes and minds—without succeeding—upon those prodigal glories of Nature which stretched far and wide about us.

"Unhappily, after returning to camp, I was seized with a frightful attack of neuralgia, and am sadly afraid that I must have proved a far from agreeable associate for my good friend during the remainder of that day. Mr. Stanley and the Admiral of the Uganda fleet had fixed upon the following morning for their start, but that naval worthy was meanwhile in despair, not having heard a word about his confiscated wives. It was too much to be feared, indeed that his Majesty had added them pell-mell to that division of his forces in which the effective list perpetually exceeds the estimates."

"April 17.

"I have passed a horrible night. A most pitiless headache prevented me from snatching a moment of repose until daybreak. From the time when I lay down to three in the morning I tried to get sleep, reclining upon the

moss by the side of the lake, and breathing the cool air from the water. The night was glorious, and my soldiers spent most of it in chatting and joking by the shore, or taking dips in the calm surface in spite of the crocodiles; they had, in truth, a lively interest in a certain hind-quarter of mutton which they were roasting whole over a fire upon a sharpened stake. At three in the morning their banquet was about ready, and just then I rose and went back to the huts, where Stanley was sleeping soundly; shortly afterwards, fatigue overpowering my headache, I too managed to close my eyes, and slumbered till five o'clock.

"At that hour the drums woke me, striking up on board the Waganda fleet, which was assembling to convoy my friend. He and I very soon made our toilettes; the 'Lady Alice' was got ready, the luggage, sheep, kids, chickens, and everything placed on board. It only remained to hoist the Anglo-American flag, and turn the vessel's head to the far South. I went down with him to the side of his craft, and then we pressed hands together and mutually commended each other to the protection of Heaven. Stanley stepped on board and took the helm; the 'Lady Alice' curveted and danced like a highbred steed, and then darted away, with the Victorian wavelets foaming white under her bows. The flag over my friend's head flew proudly out in the African breeze, and I saluted it with all my guns. If not an imposing salvo, let me say that it never was saluted with more hearty good-will. Farther and farther flew the pretty 'Lady Alice.' We waved our hands and handkerchiefs in token of last adieu, and—I confess it—my heart was full. I felt as one that has parted with a brother, for I had already grown fond of Stanley as a fine-hearted fellow, a frank, excellent comrade, and a first-rate traveller. In his society I had forgotten my fatigues; and then, too, till I met him, I had not spoken one single word of French for four months. Our encounter had thus produced for me almost the effect of a return to my native land. His conversation—amusing, pleasant, and instructive—made the hours of our friendship pass like minutes. I do hope to see him again, and to spend many a happy day with him.

"We turned aside from the waters which had just borne him far away, and nobody seemed in the mood for chatter, so that we all followed in silence the road to Ulagala. I arrived at Dubaga at eleven o'clock, and there heard that the greater part of my soldiers were down with fever—that no provisions had been sent during my absence, and that four of our cows had been lost by the herdsmen. The chief offender received a hundred blows of the stick, as he was suspected of having sold the animals, and I wrote to Mtesa that my people were suffering of hunger. I demanded at the same time an authorization to return to Foweira; an answer to which soon came in the form of twelve cows and a quantity of eggs. My headache returning, I went directly to bed."

"April 18.

"This morning I visited Mtesa. Audience was given me in private within one of the side huts of the royal *enceinte*. I had brought with me a pair of shoes, for which the king had particularly begged; it was the only spare pair I possessed, and I presented them with concealed regret. A distinguished deputation arrived while I was there. It was composed of Wagandas, who had been brought up along with His Majesty, in number about two hundred. These personages drew themselves together in line before the king's hut, each bearing a bundle of dry reeds, which he rattled while uttering noisy compliments. Their leader, armed with two spears and a shield, ran up and down the line meantime; capering and flying hither and thither amid the most grotesque gambadoes. This exercise lasted a quarter of an hour, after which the entire company prostrated themselves flat on their bellies, and violently 'nyanzigged.' Then the chief performer, trailing himself along upon his abdomen like a reptile, humbly entered the hut, and approached to kiss the feet of the king; after which he made a dumb-show of devoted valour by wildly advancing and retiring, attacking and defending, as if in deadly combat. These signs of loyalty, it is true, looked wonderfully like an impending assault upon His Majesty, but such is the fashion; and when the troop had gone through the same movements, it withdrew precipitately.

"A man was next introduced into the presence, who led a magnificent leopard, a cord being attached to the neck of the creature. He halted in front of Mtesa, and went through various exercises common to beast-tamers. The leopard was, in truth, wonderfully trained; but I told the king that our lion-tamers go boldly into the dens containing wild beasts, quite loose, and then and there put them through all kinds of tricks. This seemed greatly to astonish him, for he had counted apparently upon quite surprising me by the sight of this tamed leopard. In the course of the audience the sister of Mtesa made her appearance. She had arranged for a special interview, in order to study at leisure the white man, and for this purpose took up a recumbent position at the feet of His Majesty. Mtesa asked me, among other things, if he could have a house of stone built for his use in Uganda. Now, the Uganda stone will not do for building, as I replied; but I explained to him the nature of mason's work, and all about lime and mortar. I told him that lime might be had from the innumerable shells which cover the soil, and that he could have a brick palace built. Upon that the dialogue thus continued:—'How long would it take to make me such a residence?'—'Ten or twelve months.' 'But, if I give you plenty of people, could you not build me one in a single month?'—'No, king! You can make a boat in a month, yet, if you were to set going ever so many workmen, could you finish it off in one hour?'—'No! I could not.' 'It is the same, then, with a house.' I then claimed from Mtesa the 'Khotarias' of Abou Bekr, who ran away; for

I could not leave about the king such rebels as would cheat him to-morrow, as they deserted their leaders yesterday. His Majesty promised to send them to my camp, whither in the afternoon he forwarded a good supply of bananas, eggs, and flour."

Stanley's next communication was written in May, 1875, after he had circumnavigated Lake Victoria Nyanza, and proved it to be what Speke, the first of modern travellers who sighted it, considered it to be, but what Livingstone doubted, one vast inland sea. The little 'Lady Alice,' dancing joyously over those pale-blue waves, after her long and unnatural journey through the thick forest, has at length settled the question for ever; and science knows now, that Speke's discovery was one of the grandest ever made in Africa. Stanley's chart of the lake, based on his voyage, presents a sea of rhomboidal outline, about two hundred and thirty miles long by some one hundred and eighty broad, the coasts of which, going eastward from the extreme south at Kagehyi, right round to S.S.W., are perfectly defined, and thickly filled in with names of districts, villages, and rivers. The result of this notable voyage is, as we have said, that the Victoria Nyanza stands displayed as one large and splendid inland sea, receiving from the mouth of the Shimeeyu, and from the west by the Kitangule, the drainage of an enormous watershed; and that the gallant Speke obtains, by the present revelation, that posthumous honour which he so well deserved. Brave as a lion, patient as a lamb, gentle and modest as he was true and good, he is now placed for ever in the first rank of the pioneers of civilisation. Stanley's letter will be read with the deepest interest:—

"Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi,
Country of Usukuma, May 15, 1875.

"By the aid of the enclosed map, you will be able to understand the positions and places of the countries mentioned in my last, and of some which I shall be obliged to describe in this letter. It is needless to go over the same ground I described in my letter from Uganda; but since I send you a map, it will be no labour lost again to sketch briefly the characteristics of the countries lying east between Usukuma and Uganda.

"Between the district of Uchambi, which is in Usukuma, and the Shimeeyu River, the principal affluent of the Nyanza, lie the pretty districts of Sima and Magu, governed by independent chiefs. On the eastern side of the Shimeeyu is Maganza, a rugged and hilly country, thinly populated, and the resort of the elephant hunters. Beyond Maganza the coast is formed by Manasu, a country similar in feature to Maganza, abounding in elephants. This extends to the eastern extremity of Speke Gulf, when we behold a complete change in the landscape. The land suddenly sinks down into a flat marshy country, as if Speke Gulf formerly had extended many miles inland, and I have little doubt, but rather feel convinced, it did. This country is

called Wiregedi, peopled by savages who have little or no intercourse with Usukuma, but are mostly morosely exclusive, and disposed to take advantage of their strength to rob strangers who visit them. Wiregedi is drained by the Ruana, which discharges itself into Speke Gulf by two mouths. It is a powerful stream, conveying a vast quantity of water to the Gulf, but in importance not to be mentioned in the same category as the Shimeeyu and the Kagera, the two principal affluents of Lake Victoria. Speke Gulf at its eastern extremity is about twelve miles in width. Opposed to the hilly ranges of Manasu and Maganza are the sterile naked mountains and plains of Shahshi, Uramba, and Ururi. The plains which separate each from the other are as devoid of vegetation as the Isthmus of Suez; a thin line only, bordering the lake, is green with bush and cane. The gulf, as we proceed west from Ururi, is shored by the great island of Ukerewe, a country blessed with verdure and plenty, and rich in herds of cattle and ivory. A narrow strait, called the Rugeshi, separates Ukerewe from Ururi. The Wakereweh are an enterprising and commercial people, and the king, Lukongeh, is a most amiable man. The Wakereweh possess numerous islands—Nifuah, Wezi, Irangara, Kamassi, etc., are all inhabited by them. Their canoes are seen along Ugeyeya, Usongora, and Uzuiza; and to the tribes in the far interior they have given, by their activity and commercial fellowship, a name to the entire Victoria Nyanza.

"Rounding Ukerewe, we pass on our left the island of Ukara, and sailing past Shizu and Kiveru, come to the northern end of Rugeshi Strait, from which we see the towering table mountain of Majita, or Mazita, a little north-east of us, the mountains of Ururi and Iramba rising in our front. I mentioned to you in one of my letters that Speke described Majita as an island, and that I, standing on the same spot, would do so likewise, if I had no other proof than my own conjecture. As we approached Majita we saw the reason of this delusion. The table mountain of Majita is about three thousand feet in altitude above the lake, while on all sides of it, except the lake side at the base, are low brown plains, which rise but a few feet above the water. It is the same case with Ururi, Uramba, and Shashi. At a distance I thought them islands, until I arrived close upon them. On the northern side of this eminence the brown plain extends far inland, and I do believe a great plain or a series of plains bounds the lake countries east, for we have similar landscapes distant or near, everywhere. In endeavouring to measure the extent of this plain I am compelled to think of Ugogo, for as we traversed its northern frontier we saw each day, stretching north, the barren thorn-covered plain of Uhumba. On leaving Iramba we came again in view of a portion of it, more recently covered with water, under the name of the Luwamberri Plain. As we journeyed through Usmaow we saw from many a ridge the plain extending north. That part of the plain lying between Ururi and the lake is, of

course, drained by the Luwamberri, the Monungul, and the Duma rivers, and discharged into the Nyanza under the name of the Shimeeyu. But north-east of the Shimeeyu's mouth imagine the land heaved into a low, broad, and lengthy ridge, forming another basin drained by the Ruana, and still another drained by the Mara, and again another by the Mori, etc. If we ask the natives what lies beyond the immediate lake lands, we are assured, unhesitatingly, 'Mbuiga tu,' 'Only a plain.'

"From Majita north we sail along the coast of Ururi, a country remarkable for its wealth of cattle and fine pastoral lands. It is divided into several districts, whose names you will find marked on the map. Molunu and Shirati, low, flat, and wooded districts of Ururi, separate this country from Ugeyeya, the land of so many fables and wonders, the Eldorado of ivory seekers, and the source of wealth for slave hunters. Our first view of it, while we cross the Bay of Kavirondo, is of a series of tall mountains, and of a mountainous projection, which latter from a distance we take to be a promontory, but which on a nearer view turns out to be an island, bearing a tall mountain on its back. At the north-eastern extremity of this bay is Gori River, which rises north-east, near Kavi—no important stream, but one that grows during the rainy season to large breadth and depth. Far east beyond the Nyanza, for twenty-five days' march the country is here said to be one continuous plain, low hills rising now and again dotting the surface, a scrubby land, though well adapted for pasture and cattle, of which the natives possess vast herds. About fifteen days' march east, the people report a region wherein low hills spout smoke, and sometimes fire. This wonderful district is called Susa, and is situated in the Masai Land. All combine in saying that no stream runs north, but that all waters come into the Nyanza—for at least twenty days' march. Beyond this distance the natives report a small lake, from which issues a stream flowing towards the (?) Pangain.

"Continuing on our way north we pass between the Island Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the 'Lady Alice' seems to crawl like a tiny insect, while we on board admire the stupendous summits, and wonder at the deathly silence which prevails in this solitude, where the boisterous winds are hushed, and the turbulent waves are as tranquil as a summer's dream. The natives as they pass regard this spot with superstition, as well they may, for the silent majesty of those dumb tall mountains awes the very storms to peace. Let the tempests bluster as they may on the spacious main, beyond this cape, in this nook, sheltered by tall Ugingo Isle and lofty Goshi on the mainland, they inspire no fear. It is this pleasant refuge which Goshi promises the distressed canoe-men, that causes them to sing praises of the bold headland, and to cheer one another, when wearied and benighted, with the cry, that 'Goshi is near to protect them.'

"Sailing between and out from among the clustering islands, we leave

Wategi behind, and steer towards two low isolated islands not far from the mainland, for a quiet night's rest; and there, under the overspreading branches of a mangrove tree, we dream of unquiet waters and angry surfs and threatening rocks, to find ourselves next morning tied to an islet which, from its peculiarity, I have named Bridge Island, though its native name is Kihwa. While seeking a road to ascend the island to take bearings, I discovered there a natural bridge of basalt, about twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth, under which the traveller might repose comfortably, and from one side see the waves lashed to fury, and spending their strength on the stubborn rocks that form the foundation of the arch, while from the other he could behold his boat secure under the lee of the land, resting on a serene and placid surface, and shaded by mangrove branches from the hot sun of the Equator. Its neighbour is remarkable only for a small cave, the haunt of fishermen. From the summit of Bridge Island the view eastward takes in all Masavi as far as Nakidimo, and discovers only a flat and slightly-wooded district, varied at intervals by isolated cones; while northward, at the distance of twenty miles or more, we remark that the land makes a bold and long stretch eastward. Knowing now, however, by experience, that the appearance of the coast is deceptive, we hoist our sail, and scud merrily before a freshening breeze, by-and-by hugging the coast again, lest it should rob us of some rarity or wonder. At noon I found myself under the Equator, and four miles north I came to discoloured water and a slight current flowing south of west. Seeing a small bay of sufficient breadth to make a great river, and no land at its eastern extremity, I made sure I had discovered a river which would rival the Shimeeyu; but within an hour land all round revealed the limit and extent of the Bay of Nakidimo. We anchored close to a village, and began to court the attention of some wild-looking fishermen, but the nude barbarians merely stared at us from under penthouses of hair, and hastily stole away to tell their wives and relatives of how suddenly an apparition in the shape of a boat with white wings had come before them, bearing strange men with red caps on their heads, except one—a pale skinned man, clad in white, whose face was as red as blood—and he, jabbering something unintelligible, so frightened them that they ran away. This will become a pleasant tradition, one added to the many marvels now told in Ugeyeya, which, with the art of embellishment inherent in the tongue of the wondering awe-struck savage, may grow in time to be the most wonderful of all wonders.

"Perceiving that our proffered courtesies were thus rudely rejected, we also stole out of the snug bay, and passed round to another much larger and more important. At its extremity a river issued into the bight, which, by long and patient talk with the timid natives, we ascertained to be the Ugoweh. In this the hippos were as bold as the human savages were timid, and to a couple of the amphibious monsters we had to induce the 'Lady

Alice' to show lighter heels in retreat than even the savages of Nakidimo had shown to us. These hippopotami would afford rare sport in a boat specially built for killing them; then they might splinter her sides with their tusks, and bellow and kick to their utmost; but the 'Lady Alice,' if I can help it, with her delicate skin of cedar and ribs of slender hickory, shall never come in close contact with the iron-hard ivory of the rude hippopotamus; for she would be splintered into matches, and crushed up like an egg before one could say a word, and then the hungry crocodiles would leisurely digest us. The explorer's task, to my mind, is a far nobler one than hunting sea-horses; and our gallant cedar boat has many a thousand miles to travel yet before she has performed her task. The still unknown expanse of the Victoria Nyanza, northward and westward, and again south-westward, still invited us and her to view its delights and wonders of Nature. The stormy Lake Albert, and the stormier Tanganyika, though yet distant, woo us to ride on their waves; and far Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo, with the Lincoln Lakes, promise us fair prospects, and as rich rewards, if we can only bide the buffets of the tempests, the fevers of the swamp and forest, and the brunt of savage hostility and ignorance till then. Shall we forego the vantage of all this rich harvest and acquisition of knowledge for an hour's fierce pleasure with the ugly but formidable hippopotamus? Not by my election or consent. Let the admirers of 'sport at any price' call it faint-heartedness, or even a harsher name, if they will—I call it prudence. Yet I have for them an adventure with a river-horse—a cowardly, dull-witted, fat-brained hippo. I can abuse him savagely in your columns—for his brothers in Europe, thank Fortune, do not read 'The Telegraph' or the 'Herald'—without fear of a civil or criminal suit for libel. I say I have a story of one to tell some day, when I have no higher things to write of, which will warm all your young bloods; and I have had another interview with a lion, or I might put it, a herd of lions, just as exciting. But these must remain untold, until I camp under the palms of Ujiji again, with half my work done, and my other half still beckoning me forward. Let us pass on, therefore, to our subject, and the place where I left off—namely, cowardlike running away from a pair of bull hippos. I am not certain they were bulls either, though they were big ones, sure enough.

"We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Mahata, where we saw such a dense population, and clusters of large villages, as we had not beheld elsewhere. We thought we would make one more effort to learn of the natives the names of some of these villages, and for that purpose steered for a cove on the western shore of Mahata. We anchored within fifty yards of the shore, and so paid out our cable that but a few feet of deep water separated us from the beach. Some half-a-dozen men, wearing small land-shells above their elbows, and a circle of them round their heads, came to the brink.

With these we opened a friendly conversation, during which they disclosed the name of the country as 'Mahata' or 'Mabeta' in Ugeyeya; more they would not communicate until we should land. We prepared to do this, but the numbers on the shore increased so fast that we were compelled to pull off again until they should moderate their excitement and make room. They seemed to think we were about to pull off altogether, for suddenly appeared out of the bush, on each side of the spot where we had intended to land, such a host of spears that we hoisted our sail, and left them to try their treachery on some other boat or canoe more imprudent than ours. The discomfited people were seen to consult together on a small ridge behind the bush lining the lake, and no doubt they thought we were about to pass close to a small point at the north end of the cove, for they shouted gleefully at the prospect of a prize; but, lowering the sail, we pulled to windward, far out of the reach of bow or sling, and at dusk made for a small island, to which we moored our boat, and there camped in security.

"Next day we continued on our course, coasted along Nidura and Wangano, and sailed into the bay which forms the north-eastern extremity of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Manyara, on the eastern side of the bay, is a land of bold hills and ridges, while the very north-eastern end, through which issues the Ygama River into the Nyanza, is flat. The opposite coast to Munyara is that of Muwanda and the promontory of Chaga, while the great slug-like island of Usuguru, standing from west to east across the mouth of the bay, shuts the bay almost entirely in. At Muwanda we again trusted our fortunes with the natives, and were this time not deceived, so that we were enabled to lay in quite a stock of vegetables and provisions at a cheap rate. They gave us all the information we desired. Baringo, they said, is the name applied by the people of Ugana to Nduru, a district of Ugeyeya, and the bay on which our boat rode, the extreme end of the lake; nor did they know, nor had they heard of any lake, large or small, other than the Nyanza. I have described the coast from Muwanda to Uganda, and my visit to Mtesa, together with my happy encounter with Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of Gordon's staff, at some length, so need not go over the same ground. The day after my last letter was written I made arrangements with the king of Uganda, by which he agreed to lend me thirty canoes, and some five hundred men, to convey the Expedition from Usukuma to the Katonga River. With this promise, and ten large canoes as an earnest of it, I started from Murchison Bay on April 17. We kept company as far as the Katonga River, but here the chief captain of the Waganda said that he should have to cross over to Sasse, distant twelve miles from the mainland, and the largest island in the Lake Nyanza, to procure the remaining twenty canoes promised by Mtesa. The chief gave me two canoes to accompany me, promising that I should be overtaken by the entire fleet before many days. I was impatient

to continue my survey of the lake, and to reach Usukuma, having been so long absent from the Expedition, during which time many things contrary to my success and peace of mind might have occurred.

"I took my observations twice a day, with a sea horizon—one at noon for latitude, and one in the afternoon for longitude—and I am sorry to say that if I am right, Speke is about fourteen miles wrong in his latitude along the whole coast of Uganda. The mouth of the Katongo River, for instance, according to his map, is a little south of the Equator. I have made it by meridian altitude, observed April 20, to be in N. latitude 0° 16′ 0″. Thus it is nearly with all his latitudes. His longitudes and mine vary but little; but this is easily accounted for. The longitude of any position can be taken with a chronometer, sextant, and artificial horizon, with the same accuracy on land as on sea. If there is any difference it is very likely to exist in the error of the chronometers. What instruments Speke possessed to obtain his latitudes I know not, but if he found the altitude of the sun ascending above 65° he could never obtain it with an ordinary sextant except by double altitude, and that method is not so exact as taking a simple meridian on a quiet lake, with an ample horizon of water. But there are various methods of determining one's latitude, and Speke was familiar with many. My positions all round the lake have been determined with a sea horizon. When near noon my plan was, if the lake was rough, to seek the nearest island or a quiet cape at the extremity of a bay, and there take my observations as deliberately as though my life depended on their accuracy. But this task was, indeed, a work of pleasure for me, and I have found a rich reward for most of my pains and stormy life on this lake in looking at the fair extent of chart-work on the blank space of my map, with all its bends, curves, inlets, creeks, bays, capes, debouchures of rivers, now surely known by the name of Victoria Nyanza. Any errors which may have crept into my calculations will be determined by competent authorities on my return from Africa, or on the arrival of my papers in Europe. Meantime I send my map as I have made it.

"The Katonga is not a large river, and has but one mouth. The Amionzi River empties itself into the Nyanza, about eight miles W.S.W. of the Katonga. Ugunga stretches to the Kagerah, situated in S. lat. 0° 40′. On the south side of the river begins Usongora, extending to S. lat. 1°. South of 1° is Kamiru, extending to S. lat. 1° 15′. Thence is Uwya, with a country folk similar in enterprise to Ukerewe's people. Beyond Uwya is Uzinja, or Uzinza, called by the Wanyamwezi, Mweri. Uzinja continues as far south as Jordan's Nullah, and east of it is Usukuma again, while one day's sail from Jordan's Nullah we pass Muanza, which Speke reached in 1858, and this brings us home to Kagehyi, and to our camp, where we are greeted joyfully by such as live, having, however, to mourn the poor fellows who, in our absence, have been hurried by disease to untimely graves. I must be brief in what I

have to say now. I did think to make this a long letter, but Singoro's slave, who carries it, is in a hurry to go, as his caravan has already started. My next letter must continue this from the Kagera River, called in Karagwe the Kitangule, and it shall describe some foul adventures that we went through, which caused us to appear in a wretched condition to our Expedition. Though our condition was so wretched, it was not half so bad, nevertheless, as it would have been had we returned two days later, for I doubt much whether I should have had an Expedition to command at all. I had been absent too long, and our fight with the Wavuma had been magnified and enlarged by native rumour to such a pitch that Wolseley's victory at Ardahsu was as nothing to ours, for it had been said that we had destroyed a whole fleet of canoes, not one of which had escaped, and that some other tribe or tribes had collected a force, overtaken us, and destroyed us in like manner—an incredible story, which had, however, so won upon a faction of my soldiers, that they had determined to return to Unyanyembe, and thence to Zanzibar. But God has been with us here, and on the lake, and, though we have suffered some misfortunes, he has protected us from greater ones.

"We had been absent from camp fifty-eight days, during which we had surveyed in our brave little boat over one thousand miles of lake shores; but a part of the south-west coast has yet to be explored. We shall not leave the Nyanza, however, until we have thoroughly done our work. I returned to find also that one of my two remaining white companions, Frederick Barker, of the Langham Hotel, London, had died on the 23rd April, twelve days before I reappeared at Kagehyi. His disease was, as near as I can make it out from Frank Pocock's description, a congestive chill—that at least is the term applied to it in the United States. Pocock calls it 'cold fits'—a term every whit, I believe, as appropriate. I have known several die of these 'cold fits,' or aguish attacks—the preliminary symptoms of very severe attacks of intermittent fever. These aguish attacks, however, sometimes kill the patient before the fever arrives which generally follows the warning. The lips grow blue, the face bears the appearance of one who is frozen, the blood becomes as it were congealed, the pulse stops, and death ensues. There are various methods of quickening the blood and reviving the patient, however; an excellent one is to plunge him into a vapour or hot water and mustard bath, and apply restoratives—brandy, hot tea, etc.; but Pocock was not experienced in this case, though he gave Barker some brandy when first he lay down, after feeling a slight nausea and chill. It appears by his comrade's report that he did not afterwards live an hour. Frederick Barker suffered from one of these severe aguish attacks in Ururi, but brandy and hot tea quickly given to him soon brought him to that state which promises recovery. Thus two out of my four white men are dead. I wonder, who next? Death cries, Who next? and perhaps our several friends will sadly and kindly ask, Who next? No matter

who it is. We could not better ourselves by attempting to fly from this fatal land; for between us and the sea are seven hundred miles of as sickly a country as any in Africa. The prospect is fairer in front, though there are in that direction some three thousand miles more to tramp. We have, however, new and wonderful unknown tracts before us, whose marvels and mysteries shall be a medicine which will make us laugh at fever and death.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

The following communication from Captain George, the Curator of Maps and Instruments to the Royal Geographical Society, concerning the height of Lake Victoria Nyanza, as determined by Mr. Stanley, agrees so closely with Captain Speke's result, that it must create a favourable impression on scientific geographers:—"Height of Lake Victoria Nyanza—The great pleasure every geographer will naturally take in the new discoveries of Mr. H. Stanley has induced me at once to look into his observations for the height of the lake. The readings of his instruments, though few, are very satisfactory. The aneroids appear to have rather a large index error, but as it is not precisely given, they must stand over for the present. The boiling-point observations, by two instruments of different makers, are to be preferred. From the fact of Captain Speke and Mr. Stanley observing near the same spot, and with the same class of instruments, their observations can fairly be compared. The same method and tables have therefore been used for both observers—viz., the Meteorological Tables by A. Guyot—with the following results:—

Captain Speke, on his map, gives........................	3,740	feet.
Mr. Stanley's observations give..........................	3,808	"
Difference................................	68	"

And this difference may be greatly reduced when the Kew verification has been ascertained.

C. GEORGE, Staff Commander, R.N., Curator of Maps and Instruments to the Royal Geographical Society."

Referring to Stanley and his work, as it is recorded in the letters he has sent home, the "Christian World" says:—"Mr. Stanley, the newspaper correspondent who was at one time treated with such supreme contempt by a section of learned society here in England, had, doubtless, certain features pertaining to his character, as well as to his culture, which exposed him somewhat to the barbed shafts of scientific scorn. But the meeting with the greatest of African travellers seems to have excited in his bosom a generous ambition; and we suspect that the jealousy provoked among the *savants* by

his discovery of Dr. Livingstone did not a little to spur him on in his new-born purpose to become himself a great African explorer. Be this as it may, he would appear to be in the fair way, should his life be spared, of doing much good work, and of rising to a position of such real eminence as few of his former detractors are ever likely to attain. When he set out on his present Expedition, Mr. Stanley had for his earliest object the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza, which still remains but very partially known. We now learn that he has reached that great reservoir of the Nile, and the account of his remarkable journey thither, across the uplands of Central Africa, has an interest not only for the general public, but also for geographers and other students of science. From Mpapwa, on the Unyanyembe road to Kagehyi, the village in Northern Usukuma where he encamped beside the Great Lake, the route chosen by him, lying far eastward of the path pursued by Speke, was until to-day a blank upon our maps. He has the merit of bringing into the light a great tract of country previously unknown to science; and this feat he has not achieved without forcing his way through fearful obstacles. We knew from the first that he must be a brave and enterprising man, not easily daunted by difficulty; but we now learn that he is the possessor of still higher qualities, uniting an organising and ruling faculty of a high order with rare magnanimity. Through deadly jungles, and still deadlier tribes of jealous and covetous natives, he had to storm his way, every mile almost costing a life. Dysentery, famine, fevers, and fighting, laid low one hundred and fifty-four men out of a force of about three hundred; and we regret to learn that among those who succumbed was the young Kentish sailor, Edward Pocock, one of two brothers who went with Mr. Stanley, and whose uncle perished with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, being at the time the great explorer's coxswain.

"If the Expedition had not been led with remarkable dexterity, it seems probable that not one of the three hundred would ever have reached the Victorian Sea; and when we read of all the dangers that beset them on the way, we marvel to learn that the stores and equipments were still ample, and that they had carried the little steamship, the 'Lady Alice,' in safety, through the seven hundred and twenty miles of African wilderness. That swift and adventurous march across the Forest Plateau, is one of the heroic deeds that will live in history. It was achieved, including all haltings and fightings, in one hundred and three days, being, for one thing, the swiftest bit of work of the kind that was ever done. Leaving his camp at Kagehyi, under Francis Pocock, Mr. Stanley explored all the eastern and northern coasts of the great lake around to Mtesa's city, at the mouth of the Victoria Nile. Returning by the west shore, he found that another of his white companions, Frederick Barker, had died. His observations, taken with great care, showed that the Victoria Nyanza lies at an altitude even exceeding that estimated by Speke—

a correction which strengthens the likelihood that it is one of the great fountains of the Nile, and makes it certain that Speke's discovery was one of the grandest ever made in Africa. Mr. Stanley calculates that the sea is two hundred and thirty miles long by one hundred and eighty broad; and in the map which he has constructed and sent home the coast-line is studded with names of districts, villages, and rivers. This map will be exhibited and discussed at the first meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. After 'settling' the south-western corner of the great inland sea, it was Mr. Stanley's purpose to transport his men and stores to the Kagera or Katongo River, on its western shore, and thence, crossing the Unyoro country, to address himself to the fresh task of solving the great problem of the Albert Nyanza, of which only a mere fragment has been mapped. At his latest writing, on the 15th of May last, he reports himself as well equipped for at least two years more. His next letter, if we are ever to hear from Stanley again, will be looked for with anxious expectancy by the people, both of England and America."

The Royal Geographical Society has again and again noticed in a very marked and flattering manner the labours of the distinguished traveller. At the opening of the forty-sixth session, the chairman, Sir H. C. Rawlinson, said, in the course of his address, which was received with great enthusiasm, "In my anniversary address of last May, I ventured to anticipate, from Mr. Stanley's well-known intrepidity and determination, that being once launched into the interior of Africa, with means and appliances of the most extensive and efficient character, it would not be long before he had resolved the doubts which have existed since the first discovery of the Victoria Nyanza as to the true nature of that great Nile reservoir—that is, as to whether it was one large sea studded with islands, as maintained by the first discoverers, Captain Speke and Colonel Grant, or whether it was a mere collection of lagoons, as suggested by Captain Burton and Dr. Livingstone, on the strength of native information. This anticipation has now been realised, and I am enabled, through the kindness of the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald,' to exhibit to this evening's meeting a complete chart of the lake, as delineated by Mr. Stanley, who for the first time has almost circumnavigated its shores. The narrative of Mr. Stanley's cruise round the northern and western shores of the lakes, which was entrusted to M. Linant de Bellefonds, whom he met at Mtesa's capital on a mission from Colonel Gordon, has been published in the columns of 'The Daily Telegraph' only this morning. The other letters, however, despatched *via* Zanzibar, and published some weeks ago, have acquainted us with all the main features of this most remarkable journey, which I proceed accordingly to recapitulate. Mr. Stanley, it appears, did not follow the high road from the coast to Unyanyembe, but struck a track further to the east, probably the same by which

Mtesa's messengers had previously travelled from Uganda to Zanzibar, and thus reached in one hundred and three days, including halts, the southern shore of the lake, distance seven hundred and thirty miles from Bagamoyo, having fought a severe battle with the natives on the way, and having also discovered and followed to the lake a new river, the Shimeeyu, which rises some three hundred miles beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and is thus, as far as our present information extends, the true southern source of the White Nile.

"Embarking at a short distance to the east of the Jordan's Nullah of Speke in a portable boat, called the 'Lady Alice,' which accompanied the Expedition from England, Mr. Stanley, with a portion of his followers, succeeded in tracing the sinuous shores of the lake along its southern, eastern, and northern sides to Mtesa's capital at Uganda. His description of this very considerable extent of new country—for we knew nothing of it before except from native information—is full of interest to the geographer, and would have entitled Mr. Stanley to a very high place among African discoverers if his explorations had been confined to this single voyage. From Mtesa's capital at Uganda Mr. Stanley followed the western shores of the lake to the River Kagera, the Kitangule of Speke, and then seems to have struck across direct to his station on the shore of Usukuma, leaving the south-western corner of the sea for subsequent explorations. His circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza covered about one thousand miles, and seems to have been verified throughout by a careful series of observations for latitude and longitude. Pending the examination of the register of these observations we cannot affirm that the positions, as laid down on the map, and which differ slightly from Speke's positions, are rigidly correct; but, for all practical purposes, Stanley's delineation of the lake may be accepted as sufficiently accurate, and as a great boon to African geography. With regard also to his hypsometrical observations, it is interesting to note that whereas there was a difference of more than four hundred feet in Speke's calculations of height for the northern and southern portions of the lake respectively—a difference which first led geographers to suspect that the lake might be composed of separate basins of varying elevation—Mr. Stanley's measurement by boiling water at his station, east of Jordan's Nullah, gave a result within seventy feet of Speke's observation near the same spot; so that the height of the Victoria Nyanza may now be considered to be determined at about three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. Mr. Stanley intended, after completing his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, to cross the intervening country to the Albert Nyanza, where he hoped, by means of the 'Lady Alice,' to make a second voyage of discovery round this hitherto almost unvisited lake; but more recent intelligence from the Upper Nile leads us to expect that he will have been anticipated in this second achievement by Colonel Gordon, or by some officers of the Upper Nile command, as it appears that a steamer has at length forced its way to a point above the principal

rapids, from whence the passage to the Albert Nyanza is tolerably free from impediment.

"Before I close this brief account of Mr. Stanley's exploration of the Victoria Nyanza—an exploration which does infinite credit to his energy and skill, and which will be explained to you more in detail by the veteran traveller, Colonel Grant, at our next meeting—I am desirous of drawing attention to the extraordinary munificence of the proprietors of the London 'Daily Telegraph' and the 'New York Herald,' in fitting out this Expedition entirely at their own expense. Such munificence far transcends the efforts of private individuals in the cause of science, and even puts to shame our public institutions, enabling, as it did, the undaunted Mr. Stanley to take the field with four Europeans and three hundred natives, amply provided with arms, instruments, and supplies, and assured of continued support, until he had fairly accomplished his work. And I may add, that the courtesy which has placed at my disposal Mr. Stanley's map of the Victoria Nyanza for the gratification of the fellows of the Geographical Society, and for the general instruction of the public, is a graceful sequel to the liberality of Mr. Stanley's English and American patrons in preparing the original Expedition. I feel assured, then, that I only express the feelings of the fellows of the Society in recording our warmest thanks to the proprietors and staff of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' for the service they have rendered to the cause of geography, and in wishing the most complete success to Mr. Stanley's further operations."

Not many days after that of the above meeting, a special meeting of the Society was held for the consideration of African questions, Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson, the President, again in the chair. A paper was read by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., on 'Mr. H. M. Stanley's Exploration of Lake Victoria Nyanza.' The theatre of the University of London was crowded by ladies and gentlemen, amongst them being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., Sir Samuel Baker, Captain Burton, Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Rev. Horace Waller, etc. etc. On the table, in front of the president's chair, was, under a glass shade, the map of Victoria Nyanza district executed by Mr. Stanley in Africa.

The President, in opening the proceedings, said they had met to discuss the question of Central or Equatorial Africa. At the last meeting he had the honour of representing to the Society how much it was indebted to Mr. Stanley for his recent circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza. On the present occasion the meeting would have the advantage of hearing Mr. Stanley's discoveries illustrated by his great predecessor, Colonel Grant. As they were also honoured by the presence of Sir Samuel Baker and of Captain Burton, they had all the great authorities on the question present, and he therefore hoped they would have an interesting discussion on this most important sub-

ject. He should only notify to the meeting that there were two subjects for discussion that evening—one relating to the Victoria Nyanza, the other to the Albert Nyanza—but the two subjects would be kept as distinct as possible. After the first discussion he should read a few extracts of letters from Colonel Gordon relative to his survey of the Nile, and his labours in the vicinity of the Albert Nyanza.

Colonel Grant, who was loudly cheered, then read his paper. He said—"The journey recently made by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the commissioner of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald,' is one of the most important and brilliant that has ever been made in Central Africa, or, indeed in any other country; for, when we consider that he accomplished it so quickly, taking only sixteen months from the period he left England, it appears at first as incredible as was his famous discovery of the late Dr. Livingstone. It is not alone the short time, but the great geographical question which he has finally settled—namely, he has confirmed Speke's discovery, that the Victoria Nyanza was one vast inland fresh water; he has navigated its shores for a thousand miles, thereby proving that its waters are continuous. In 1860, Speke and I started from Zanzibar with two hundred followers. It will give some idea of the fickle African race when I tell you that we had only forty men of the two hundred when we reached Kazeh, four hundred and thirty miles west of the sea-coast. Three-fourths had deserted us. We need not, therefore, be alarmed by the report of Mr. Stanley, that one-half of his men were non-effective. He will enlist others, or do with fewer. Months of weary delay again took place on the way between Kazeh and the hilly region of Karagweh, on account of the difficulties thrown in the way by the inhabitants. We wished to get on quickly, and tried to march near the lake, but were told that the ordinary route *via* Usui must be kept. We accordingly went that way, and crossed the watershed at two and a-half degrees S. lat. From this position we descended the northern incline of Equatorial Africa, and never left Nile-land till we reached the Mediterranean. The route may be likened to the teeth of a saw, the points being plains and the depressions swamps. We had extensive views of the lakes from these plains. The bays and long inlets of water or friths seen by us on the western and northern shores were M'werooka, Katonga, Murchison, etc. Some were completely land-locked, and twenty miles in length. I allude to the one seen near our camp at Uganda capital. It is here, probably, that Colonel Long, of the Khedive's service, found himself the other day, when he reported that Speke's Victoria Nyanza was merely a small affair of thirty miles in extent.

"The greatest river on the route between the most southern point of the lake, round its western and northern shores, is the Kitangule Kagœra, in the district of Karagweh. In appearance it has a slow, majestic, winding course, which is navigable for thirty to forty miles from its mouth; vessels drawing

twenty-five feet of water could, I believe, float at the ferry where we crossed. Speke and I had to conjecture this depth at the ferry, because we were forcibly prevented from dropping our lead-lines into it; the king would not be pleased; it was not 'canny' to take soundings. I should not be the least surprised to hear that Mr. Stanley selects this noble river as a point for exploration. With the 'Lady Alice' he can ascend this stream for the lake up almost to King Rumanika's door; or he can cross over the mountains of Ruanda and Urundi and descend to the spot on Lake Tanganyika where Livingstone and he had such a pleasant pic-nic; or he may select the Albert Nyanza as his field for exploration. All will be new to us; either route would interest geographers intensely, for the country, its people, and its animals, are all unknown. The area of the lake, according to Speke, is six hundred and forty-five geographical miles in circumference; and if we add to this the circumference of Lake Bahr-ingo, we have nine hundred and ten geographical miles. Many will remember the enthusiastic reception given in old Burlington House where Speke and I were received after telegraphing that the 'Nile was settled,' that 'the Victoria Nyanza was the source of the Nile.' Such a reception certainly awaits Mr. Stanley when he appears here; and if he should make more discoveries—which he undoubtedly will, if God spares him—there is no honour which this Society can bestow that he will not have earned over and over again. He, as an observer, a traveller in its real sense, a provider of true and pleasant pictures from unknown lands, has confirmed the discoveries made by Speke, and to him the merit is due of having sailed on the broad waters of the lake, and sent home a map, and descriptions so vivid and truthful that the most sceptical cannot fail to be satisfied. Here it may be as well to explain that some geographers never accepted Speke's lake as one great ocean, although the geographical world did. The foremost of unbelievers, and the one who appeared first in the field, was Captain Burton, the companion at one time of Speke. He did not seem to have any reason for his argument. He said there must be several lakes, lagoons—anything, in fact, except the lake. Even the late Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley made out there must be several lakes. Livingstone wrote in a very patronising tone, 'Poor Speke had turned his back upon the real sources of the Nile'—'his river at Ripon Falls was not large enough for the Nile'—and was disparaging to Speke's discoveries. The work of Dr. Schweinfurth, 'the Heart of Africa,' has fallen into the greatest blunder. About three years ago a map, constructed without authority in our map-room, was suspended from these walls, but on my protest the President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, ordered that it be altered to the delineation of the lake by Speke. This was done. Numbers of other writers and map-makers, Continental and English, have gone on disintegrating the lake from book to book, map to map, and from year to year; but I think the public will now perceive how unjust the above critics have been, how firmly

the fame of Speke has been established, and will not fail to accord him that place in their opinions which he may have lost for a time. (The Colonel here enumerated a series of maps, in which the Nyanza is divided into two or more lakes, and resumed.) It is now my place to make some comments on Mr. Stanley's journey. Starting from Zanzibar, in 1874, with three hundred followers, he made a rapid journey of seven hundred and twenty miles to the south-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, performing this distance in one hundred and three days, inclusive of halts. Through forests, across deserts and rivers, he conveyed the boat, 'Lady Alice,' in sections, and launched her on the lake. The forethought and energy required to convey this boat must command the fullest admiration, for in doing so he has navigated the inland ocean, and given us a thrilling account of its extent, its rivers and shores, and its beautiful islands. He experienced almost stunning losses and privations in his land journey. Having to travel through sterile, unhealthy regions, the want of food and water was felt severely; his men suffered from sickness—death was rife amongst them—and he had to contend against the Waturu race, who sounded their war drums, and killed twenty-one of his men. After contesting with them for three days, and clearing a way for his advance, he continued his march towards the lake. On the 27th of February last he obtained his first view of the great sea, and it can be imagined how impatient he must have been, and how hard he and his men must have worked to put the 'Lady Alice' together, to have a short trial on the lake before taking to sea in her.

"There are many questions which we should like to ask Mr. Stanley here —namely, what crew had he? who were they? how did they all manage for food? and was it ever rough weather? But we must be content with his map now before us, with its rivers, islands, and broad expanse. It seems as if the great brown plains, which Mr. Stanley speaks of as bounding the lake to the east, drank up all the rain that falls upon them, for there are no rivers on that side. Everywhere he heard of plains to the east. The mountains of Ugeyeya, are called gigantic, for Mr. Stanley says, 'We pass between the island of Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the 'Lady Alice' seems to crawl like a tiny insect, while we on board admire the stupendous summits.' There is nothing as to size or summit on the other side of the lake to compare with this description of the equatorial mountains of Ugeyeya. Having abstracted all the notes on the mountains of the east coast, we can say that there are no mountains, no volcanic cones, to be compared with them as to their height and proximity to the lake on the west coast. I therefore cannot but conclude that the fairway of the lake will be found on the east coast, and that the miles of swamps and shallow water in the west do not exist to the same extent on the other shore. But this interesting question will, I trust, soon be settled when we receive Mr. Stanley's observations on depths. No fewer than sixty islands may be counted upon Mr. Stanley's

map, dotted generally in clusters all round the shores, at distances of two and three miles from the mainland. The largest in the whole lake is Sesseh, which we made forty miles in length. Sesseh—or, as Mr. Stanley calls it, Sasse—has an area of about seven hundred English square miles; the dimensions of this one island will give some idea of the importance of this inland sea, which is probably the largest body of fresh water—at this altitude—in the known world. Regarding the altitudes taken by Mr. Stanley, we find that, in leaving the desert plain of Ugogo, he ascended to another plateau, three thousand eight hundred feet; again, as he proceeded north-west, he came on a still higher one of four thousand five hundred feet, and his greatest altitude was five thousand one hundred feet, which is the watershed between the lake and the sea-coast. This last height corresponds with the highest inhabited country Speke and I traversed in our journey—namely, the capital of Karagweh, which approaches to within fifty miles of the W.S.W. end of the lake. The height of the Nyanza above the sea was three thousand five hundred and fifty to three thousand six hundred and fifty feet by one aneroid, and three thousand five hundred and seventy-five to three thousand six hundred and seventy-five by another. A further observation by Mr. Stanley, with two boiling thermometers, made the altitude, subject to correction, similar to Speke's—namely, three thousand eight hundred and one, or sixty-eight feet in excess of Speke's observations. The difference is insignificant, and we may accept them as the established altitude of Victoria Nyanza. The area of Victoria Nyanza, as made known to us by Mr. Stanley, proves that Speke far underrated its extent. I have carefully measured the maps of both travellers with compass to ascertain their existing difference, measuring every ten miles, and the result by this rather rough means obtained is as follows:—Circumference of Speke's lake, six hundred and forty-five geographical miles; circumference of Stanley's lake, eight hundred and ninety geographical miles. If we add two hundred and sixty-five geographical miles, the circumference of the Bahr-ingo Lake in Speke's map, we get nine hundred and ten miles as one body of water—a curious similarity, in circumference, to Stanley's single lake—only twenty miles of difference. Mr. Stanley thinks the mode of spelling Nyanza is objectionable, because, he says, the natives do not pronounce it in this way. Let me first explain that, in using the expression, Lake Victoria Nyanza, we actually say Lake Victoria Lake—Nyanza signifying 'lake.' All that is necessary when using the word is to call it the Victoria Nyanza, or Victoria Lake. As to the spelling and pronunciation of the word, we find that it is sounded differently in different localities." In conclusion, Col. Grant said—" These few remarks on Mr. Stanley's journey, I may state, are made on my own authority, by request of the President of the Geographical Society, for I felt that it was not for me to come forward as the champion of Speke. He required no such

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bolstering. In fact, I should have preferred that some other and more competent hand wrote a comment on Mr. Stanley's journey. However, I have great pleasure in complying, for it has opened up to me an old love, and given me this opportunity of congratulating the Society on the great achievement before them. Who amongst us would have had his energy? Who would undertake a cruise in an open boat, and absent himself from his camp for fifty-eight days? Who would risk such danger to life, and exposure to an African sun in the month of April? Who of us are able to guide, provide for, lead, and attend to a little army successfully, and, in the midst of all this, take their observations for latitude and longitude? I think him a worthy representative of the energy which sent out such an Expedition."

Sir Samuel Baker, who was cheered, said "that, even when old African travellers were placed upon the retired list, there was a pleasure which remained to them still, and that was to watch the efforts and endeavours, and to praise the energies, of those younger travellers who were filling up the paths the older ones had cut out. He had come that evening from the south of England, at some personal inconvenience, personally to render all the praise an old African traveller could to the energy displayed by their friend, Mr. Stanley. At the same time it was such a pleasure to add his testimony to the indomitable perseverance Mr. Stanley had shown, and it was so gratifying to meet old African travellers—and they had in Captain Burton the oldest living African discoverer—that he should have been sorry not to have been present at that meeting. He had always advocated 'Fair play and no favour,' among African travellers, and although, unfortunately, there had been some little rivalry amongst them, he was perfectly certain every traveller who started from this country started with one great aim—to carry out his duty to the Society, and to represent the integrity and determination of England. Captain Burton started with Speke; when he (Sir S. Baker) was comparatively a young man, and Speke a very young man, and he had owed most of his success to the map Speke had given him. The original map was among the records of the Society, and it was not only recognised, but proved almost to the letter by Mr. Stanley. In these days of geographical triumph, they all grieved that Speke was no more; and he was sure his fellow-traveller, Colonel Grant, was only too happy to feel that this day would add to his dead friend's undying reputation. Speaking of Mr. Stanley's letters, he (Sir S. Baker) must say that everybody must be struck with the candour of his descriptions. There were people in England fond of sitting down to criticise, who said Mr. Stanley need not have fought or occasioned bloodshed. But it was most unfair for any person who had no knowledge of the state of the case or of the country, in which there was no law but the law of force, to speak or write in this way. He felt certain no person travelling for the Society would commit an act of force, except through necessity; but still

there were many people who, for the sake of cavilling, ignored the state of the country, and the difficulties travellers had to endure. When natives would not sell food it must be got, or travellers starved. If the travellers tried to take the food the natives would try to kill them, and to prevent this travellers had to use force. Mr. Stanley did so, and got his food. With respect to the difficulties as to carrying the boat surrounding Mr. Stanley, the feat was to be admired more, perhaps, than any other. He (SIR S. BAKER) and his party took out boats, but they never had any one to carry them, and never got one of them near the lake. Even when Mr. Stanley was navigating the lake in the 'Lady Alice,' he encountered much hostility from the natives." After an exhaustive address upon certain geographical points in the district referred to in the paper, SIR SAMUEL BAKER concluded amid cheers.

CAPTAIN BURTON, who was very warmly received, said he had already complimented Mr. Stanley for his undaunted perseverance; and he quoted former statements of his own in that room with respect to the Victoria Nyanza, which had now been actually proved by Mr. Stanley to have been correct. The existence of lakes to the north, north-east, and possibly to the east of the Victoria Nyanza, was still, he thought, extremely possible.

THE PRESIDENT—"The meeting is aware that it is to the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph' and the 'New York Herald,' we are indebted for the highly important and interesting particulars upon which the paper of to-night and the discussion are founded. Mr. Arnold, who is a friend of Mr. Stanley, is amongst us to-night, and I shall call upon him to acknowledge the hearty encomiums passed upon his friend."

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD said—"It is because the President does not desire to leave any blank in the records of an evening so important to geographical science as this is, that I rise to detain you a moment after hearing orators so illustrious. Since the whole discussion this evening has constituted one magnificent encomium upon the labours of my friend Mr. Stanley, it may seem good that I should tender a brief form of thanks, which I trust he may one day fill up in this hall. I thank you very earnestly in his name, and, as far as I may speak at all for those two allied journals which have been so happy as to commission Mr. Stanley, I thank you also most sincerely.

CHAPTER XXX.

Stanley Leaves the Kagera River—Encamps at Makongo—Danger from the Natives—Arrival at Alice Island—Encounter with Natives at Bambireh—Storm on the Lake—Complete Exploration of the Victoria Nyanza—Embassy from King Rwoma—Ukerewe—Camp at Usukuma—Chastisement of the Bambireh People—March across Uganda—The Gambaragara Mountain and its White People—Journey to the Albert Nyanza—Visit to King Rumanikah—The Kagera River—Hot Springs of Mlagata—Arrival in Western Unyamwezi—Letters from Francis John Pocock.

AFTER a long silence, which was occasioning some anxiety to his friends and such persons as are interested in African exploration, tidings were again heard from Stanley, in August, 1876. A series of letters arrived from him, and were published in the "Daily Telegraph." They were introduced by the following leader, which appeared in the issue of that paper for August 7th:—

"This morning we are enabled to submit to public perusal the first portion of the despatches received from the leader of the New African Expedition; and, although it is his later communications which contain the principal discoveries made by Mr. Stanley, these will not fail to be read with the liveliest interest. Few travellers have united the gift of animated narrative with such courage, resource, and self-reliance, as our joint Commisioner has shown at every stage of his remarkable journey; and we think it may be safely said that letters more picturesque, stirring, and absorbing, were never sent home by an explorer. In point of date, the despatch this morning published goes back beyond the latest intelligence heretofore received from Mr. Stanley. We printed last November the highly interesting account of his sojourn at King Mtesa's capital, and heard of him as starting thence to complete the survey of the Victoria Nyanza, which he had been the first to navigate. A letter sent from Kagehyi in June of 1875 showed that he had arrived at his southern camp, after great dangers, but he had then no time to relate them, and the brief despatch thus forwarded was the last and only tidings we had received during the whole past year. A generous solicitude was expressed about this long silence by Sir Henry Rawlinson in his recent address at the Royal Geographical Society, and we ourselves were becoming somewhat anxi-

ous, well as we knew Mr. Stanley's unfailing resources. But suddenly, as is the way with African posts, the welcome pages come in copiously again from the heart of the wilderness, and we have not only a year's good news now in one large packet, but assurance that our explorer was safe, sound and ready for new deeds of daring no longer ago than the beginning of last June.

"The present despatches recount the adventures of Mr. Stanley on his return journey from King Mtesa's, and also incidentally complete the circumnavigation of the Victorian Lake. Those which are to come will tell of his third voyage across the great Nyanza to Uganda; of his extraordinary march at the head of a force lent by the king through Kabba Rega's country to the Albert, together with all the remarkable discoveries made upon that journey; while the concluding letters bring the Expedition safely down through Karagwe to within a fortnight's march of Ujiji, which well-known spot we doubt not Mr. Stanley reached in excellent order, early in June of this present year. We shall speak at a future time of the course which he is likely to take after resting and refitting upon Tanganyika, and of the fruits of these extraordinary marches which he has made, since striking into the unknown continent from the Unyanyembe road. The present instalment of his narrative is full enough of incident, everybody will admit, to occupy attention for a day, before we come to the pale-faced tribes, the mighty mountain peaks of Kishakka, the Albert Nyanza, and the mystery of the Land of lakes. Those who love adventure will find it here—fresh, marvellous, and exciting—for fiction itself never conceived situations of deeper danger, or told of narrower escapes, than Mr. Stanley experienced upon this inland sea which he had mapped; and every one of these letters comes to us through perils and risks innumerable, the gift of a brave and faithful traveller, who has faced death in every form in order to discharge his duty to those who have commissioned him and to his generation.

"It will be seen that after quitting the northern shores of the Nyanza to rejoin his camp—left in charge of Frank Pocock—Mr. Stanley was deserted by the 'Admiral' of Uganda, and sailed alone in the 'Lady Alice' down the south-western coasts, of which we to-day present his map, completing the chart of this wonderful freshwater sea. The narrative is taken up at the mouth of the Kagera River, about which hereafter our explorer has curious things to announce. The rude reception which the Lady 'Alice' met at Makungo was but a warning of the treacherous hostility which she was to experience further down at the hands of the natives of Bambireh Island, and which might well have resulted in a massacre of Mr. Stanley and his eleven negroes. At Kajuri, a populous village of this large island, happened the ugly adventure which so nearly put an end to the New African Expedition. The escape of the explorer reads like a book of the 'Odyssey,' both for the extremity of

his sudden danger and for the skill and courage he displayed in evading it. We may leave the public to read with the absorbing interest which such a narrative will command, how the savages of Bambireh beguiled the crew of the 'Lady Alice' into their power, and then, seizing the boat, dragged it by main force high and dry on their beach, where, after exacting a payment as the price of safety, they laughed the credulity of their captives to scorn, and having seized their oars, and thus, as they thought, rendered them helpless, prepared to murder them.

"For many hours Stanley and his men preserved their calm vigilance in the midst of a crowd of bloodthirsty wretches, whose intentions could not be doubtful, since, besides the most violent threats and actions, they actually notified their purpose of butchering the crew. These facts must be borne in mind when the public come to read of the punishment which the traveller afterwards felt obliged to inflict upon that false people of Bambireh. They had stripped the boat of everything but the arms, and the crisis was imminent, when Stanley by a sudden order saved his boat, his men, and himself, eluding the savage people by the narrowest of opportunities. No one will fail to think with sympathy and admiration of the lonely white man as, in the face of hundreds of furious enemies, he is seen to accomplish that dexterous stratagem; and few will consider the bullets misapplied which were rained upon the savages to prevent them from manning their canoes and recapturing the little 'Lady Alice.'

"The instant and excited chase which the Bambireh people gave shows how disappointed they were not to shed the blood of the strangers, and a quieter temper than Stanley's might well be exasperated by the bitter cry sent after the fugitives, 'Go and die in the Nyanza.' It will be seen how nearly the gallant little craft, with her exhausted crew, did indeed founder in the very lake which she had been the first to circumnavigate; but Fate had great things yet in store for her indomitable commander, and he arrives at last safe through hostile tribes, stormy waters, tempests of thunder and hail, and imminent danger of famine, at his camp of Kagehyi. Here we see him joyously coming to land after an absence of fifty-seven days; to be welcomed with boundless pleasure and loyalty by his followers, who chaired their leader round the camp, in true African delight to see his face again. Barker had died during the interval, together with six natives, but some of the soldiers and porters had been on the eve of marching back to Unyanyembe; but Pocock was well and the camp was still unraised, and after such triumphant adventures everybody would naturally be ready to go anywhere with a chief like the 'Bana Mkuka.'

"Here, for the present, we have to leave our dauntless explorer, but the narrative of his strange adventures is not nearly at an end. The incident of Bambireh had a sequel as remarkable and exciting as the original

event itself; but of this we refrain from speaking until Stanley's account of it is before the public. Meanwhile, we may dwell with pride and unlimited satisfaction upon his completed survey of the great inland sea. The 'Lady Alice' sailed over nearly a thousand miles of water during fifty-seven days; and it proves the skilful economy of Stanley—which is one of the secrets of success in African travel—that he accomplished these voyages at the cost of a single bale of cloth. Never wasteful, and never submitting to plunder or dishonesty, like some of his predecessors, he has been able to make this wonderful journey as well as those which will be afterwards described, and to arrive in good order and with ample means back at Unyanyembe, a feat which could not have been achieved except by the strong hand. Geographical science, which has now received from our Commissioner the finished chart of the Victoria Nyanza, will find ample interest in his overland journey to the Albert Nyanza, and in the subsequent narratives; while we shall give reasons for hoping that greater fruits than even these may yet result from Mr. Stanley's fearless courage and devotion and his extraordinary capacity as a pioneer."

The first of this series of letters from the fearless traveller is as follows:—

"Mahyiga Island, three miles from Bambireh Island,
Lake Victoria Nyanza, July 29, 1875.

"This Expedition which you have entrusted to me seems destined to meet with adventures more than enough. When a boy, I loved to read books of incident and travel, especially of the Mayne Reid type, and followed their several heros with breathless interest through all their varied fortunes; but since I have been compelled lately to act the hero myself oftener than is consistent with peace of mind and a comfortable night's rest—however glorious a thing it may appear on paper—you may take my word for it, I would much rather read of the affair than take an actual share in it. As I compare my former trip to Ujiji with this journey, I am forced to admit that the former was mere child's play. The incidents we have gone through already, if faithfully related, would fill a good-sized volume, while, I may say, we have but begun our enterprise as yet.

"Continuing my narrative of our journey from Uganda to Usukuma by the western shore of Lake Nyanza, I resume it from the point where I left off in my last letter—the Kagera River, or the Kitangule.

"We had two canoes belonging to Mtesa, accompanying our boat as escort, until the dilatory Grand Admiral Magassa should overtake us with his fleet of thirty more; and the day we left the Kagera River we rested at night on a smooth sandy beach by the foot of the Usongoro plateau, at the point called Kagya. The natives were friendly and disposed to be hospitable, so that we augured well for our reception during our travels along the coast of

Usongoro. The next afternoon we camped at Makongo, and received an apparent welcome from the natives, each of whom was engaged as we landed in the grave occupation of imbibing pombe or beer by means of long straw pipes, exactly as people take a sherry cobbler or a mint julep in the United States. The chief slightly reeled as he came forward to salute me, and his eyes had that uncertain gaze which seemed to hint that he saw two white men when there was only one. However, he and his people were good-natured, and well-contented with our arrival.

"About ten P. M. we were all wakened from sleep by a furious drumming, accompanied now and then by shrill yells. The Waganda said that this was in honour of the white stranger. I did not believe them, and therefore put my people on their guard, ordered them to load their guns, place them under their sleeping mats, and arranged all my own in a handy and safe position. Except the continued uproar nothing, however, occurred during the night, but at daybreak we found ourselves in presence of about five hundred warriors, with bow, shield, and spear, who had crept quietly near the camp, and then had stood up in a semicircle, preventing all escape save by water. I was so astonished by this sudden apparition of such a large body of armed men, that I could barely believe that we were still in Mtesa's territory. There was also something very curious in their demeanour, for there was no shouting, yelling, or frantic behaviour, as we had several times witnessed on the part of savages, when about to commit themselves by a desperate deed. They all wore a composed, though a stern and determined aspect. It was a terrible moment to us. We knew not what to make of these hundreds of savages, who persisted in being silent, and gave us no hint as to their intentions, unless the forest of spears might be taken as a clear, unmistakable, and explicit hint that their object was a bloody one. We feared to make a movement lest it should precipitate a catastrophe which might possibly be averted; so we remained a few minutes surveying each other.

"The silence was soon broken, however, by the appearance of the chief who had welcomed us—though he was then inebriated—the evening before. He had a long stick in his hands, which he flourished in the face of the savages, and by this means drove them several paces backwards. He then came forward, and, striking the boat, ordered us to get off, he himself lending a hand to shove the little craft into the lake. As it glided into the water another chief came forward and asked us what we meant by drawing our boat up so far on their beach. We replied that we had done it to protect it from the surf, and were about to add more reasons, when the first chief cut the matter short by ordering us to shove off and go and camp on Musira Island, distant four miles, whither he would follow us with food, We were nothing loth to obey such good counsel, and soon put a distance of one hundred yards between ourselves and the hostile shore. As the Waganda were not yet out

of danger, we prepared our guns to sweep the beach. So dense was the crowd of armed men near the water line that we might have taken a fearful revenge had we been vengefully disposed, or had the necessity of aiding the Waganda compelled us to fire. Happily, however, our friends, not without loud remonstrance and much wordy altercation, embarked in safety, and followed us to Musira Island. Here the chief came, and learning our wants and our objects, sent for three bunches of bananas, which he presented to us, and then left us to our fate.

"In the afternoon we sighted our Grand Admiral Magassa, with a large fleet of canoes, paddling slowly to a neighbouring island, where he camped for the night. Desirous of quickening his movements, I sailed from Musira for Alice Island, distant thirty-five miles. The two chiefs of our escorting canoes accompanied us a mile or two, and then, alarmed by the aspect of the weather, turned back, shouting to us at the same time that as soon as the wind moderated they would follow us. It was near midnight when we arrived at Alice Island, and by steering for a light on shore we fortunately found a snug, well-sheltered cove. The light we discovered was that of a fire made by some Bambireh fishermen curing fish. Our men were so hungry that they proposed to seize this food, to the great alarm and terror of its owners. I restrained my people, and quieted the fears of the fishermen, by paying a double price for a quantity of fish sufficient for a day's provisions for the boat's crew.

"When daylight came we found ourselves at the foot of a huge beetling cliff, and discovered that we had taken shelter near a kind of penthouse formed by overhanging rocks, which were now blackened with the smoke of many fires. The natives of the island came down to visit us, holding out wisps of green grass as a sign of peace and good-will But though they were amicable enough, they were so extortionate in their demands that we gained nothing by their friendship, and were compelled to depart at noon, with every prospect of starvation before us, unless Bambireh (a large and populous island, south-west of Alice Island about twenty-five miles), to which I determined to sail, should furnish us with food.

"Amidst rain, thunder, lightning, and a sounding surf on all sides, we dropped anchor under the lee of Barker's Island about midnight. It rained and thundered throughout the night, and we had much trouble to keep our boat afloat by constant baling.

"At daybreak we hurried away from our dangerous anchorage before a steady strong breeze from the north-east, and within three hours drew near the comfortable little cove near the village of Kajuri, at the south-eastern extremity of Bambireh Island. As we looked on the plenty which green slopes, garnished with large groves of plantains and dotted with herds of fat cattle, promised, we anticipated an abundance of good food, ripe bananas, a

fat goat, a large supply of milk, and other things good for famishing men. But we were disappointed to hear the large number of people on the plateau above the village shouting their war-cry. Still we pressed nearer the beach; hunger gave us much confidence, and a rich tribute, we were sure, would pacify the most belligerent chief. Perceiving that we persisted in approaching their shore the people rushed down the slope of the plateau towards us. Prudence whispered to me to at least get ready our guns, which I accordingly did, and then rowed slowly towards the beach, certain that, if hostilities began, indications of such would appear in time to enable us to withdraw.

"We halted at the distance of twenty yards from land, and I observed that the wild behaviour of the natives changed, as they approached nearer, to affability. We exchanged the usual friendly greetings, and were invited to come ashore in such tones as dissipated the least suspicion from our minds. No sooner, however, had the keel of the boat grounded than the natives rushed on us in a body, seized it, and dragged it up high and dry, with all on board. The reader may imagine the number of natives required to perform this feat when I state that the boat, baggage, and crew, weighed nearly 4,000lbs. Twice I raised my revolvers to kill and be killed; but the crew restrained me, saying it was premature to fight, as these people were friends, and all would be right. Accordingly I sat down in the stern sheets, and waited patiently for the decisive moment. The savages fast increased in numbers, and the hubbub grew greater. Angry language and violent action we received without comment or word on our part. Spears were held in their hands as if on the launch, arrows were drawn to the head and pointed at each of us with frenzied looks and eyes almost bursting out of their sockets. The apparently peaceful people seemed to be now personified furies. Throughout all the scenes of civilised and wild life which I have witnessed, I never saw mad rage or cruel fury painted so truly before on human features. It led them to the verge of absurdity even. They struck the ground and the boat, stamped, foamed at the mouth, gnashed their teeth, slashed the air with their spears, but they shed no blood. The chief Shekka prevented this, reserving that pleasure, I presume, for a more opportune time, when a new excitement would be required.

"Our interpreters, in the meanwhile, were by no means idle; they employed to the utmost whatever gifts of persuasion nature had endowed them with, or fear had created, without, however, exhibiting any servility or meanness. Indeed, I was struck to admiration by the manly way in which they stated our objects and purposes in travelling on the Nyanza, and by the composure of their bearing. The savages themselves observed this, and commented on it with surprise. The calm behaviour of the crew and interpreters acted as a sedative on the turbulence and ranting violence of the savages, though it broke out again now and then, sputtering fitfully with the wildest

of gestures and most murderous demonstrations. For three hours I sat in the stern sheets of the boat, observing all these preliminaries of a tragedy which I felt sure was about to be enacted, silent, except now and then communicating a suggestion to the interpreters, and seemingly an unconcerned spectator. But I was not so. I only wished to impose on the savages, and I was busily planning a resistance and an escape. As we were in their power, it only remained for us to be quiet until they proceeded to acts of violence, and in the meantime endeavour to purchase peace, or at least to postpone the strife. Conformably with these ideas the interpreters were instructed to offer cloths and beads to the chief Shekka, who appeared to have despotic authority over all, judging from the reverential and ready obedience paid to his commands. Shekka demanded four cloths and ten necklaces of large beads as his price for permitting us to depart in peace. They were paid to him. Having secured them, he instantly ordered his people to seize our oars, which was done before we understood what they were about. This was the second time that Shekka had acted cunningly and treacherously, and a loud jeering laugh from his people showed him how much they appreciated his wit.

"After seizing the oars, Shekka and his people slowly went to their village for their noon-day meal, and to discuss what other measures should be adopted towards the strangers. A woman came near us, and told us to eat honey with Shekka, that being the only way to save our lives, as he and his people had determined to kill us and take everything we had. The coxswain of the boat was sent to proffer terms of brotherhood to the king, but he was told to be at ease, no harm was intended us, and on the next day Shekka promised he and his people should eat honey, and make lasting and sure brotherhood with us. The coxswain returned to us with triumphant looks, and speedily communicated his own assurance to the crew. But I checked this over-confidence and trustfulness in such cunning and treacherous people, telling them to look to nothing save our own wit, and by no means to leave the neighbourhood of the boat, for Shekka's next act would be to seize the guns in the same manner as he had the oars. Immediately the crew saw the truth of this suggestion, and I had no reason to complain that they paid no heed to my words.

"At three P.M. the natives began to assemble on the ridge of a low hill about one hundred yards from the boat; and presently drums were heard beating the call to war, until within half an hour about five hundred warriors had gathered around Shekka, who was sitting down addressing his people. When he had done, about fifty rushed down, took our drum, and kindly told us to get our guns ready for fight, as they were coming presently to cut our throats. As soon as I saw the savages had arrived in the presence of Shekka with our drum, I shouted to my men to push the boat into the water. With one desperate effort my crew of eleven hands lifted and shot it far into the

lake, the impetus they had given it causing it to drag them all into deep water. In the meantime the savages, uttering a furious howl of disappointment and baffled rage, came rushing like a whirlwind towards their canoes at the water's edge. I discharged my elephant rifle, with its two large conical balls, into their midst; and then assisting one of the crew into the boat, told him to help his fellows in while I continued to fight. My double-barrelled shot gun, loaded with buckshot, was next discharged with terrible effect, for, without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear, they fell back up the slope of the hill, leaving us to exert our wits to get ourselves out of the cove before the enemy should decide to man their canoes. My crew was composed of picked men, and in this dire emergency they did ample justice to my choice. Though we were without oars, they were at no loss for a substitute. As soon as they found themselves in the boat they tore up the seats and footboards, and began to paddle, while I was left to single out with my rifles the most prominent and boldest of the enemy.

"Twice in succession I succeeded in dropping men determined on launching the canoes, and seeing the sub-chief, who had commanded the party that took the drum, I took deliberate aim with my rifle at him. That bullet, as I have been told, killed the chief and two others who happened to be standing a few paces behind him; and the extraordinary result had more effect, I think, on the susperstitious minds of tho natives than all previous or subsequent shots. On getting out of the cove we saw two canoes loaded with men coming out in pursuit from another small inlet. I permitted them to approach within one hundred yards of us, and this time I used the elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sank the canoes. This decisive affair disheartened the enemy, and we were left to pursue our way unmolested, not however, without hearing a ringing voice shouting out to us, 'Go, and die in the Nyanza.' When the savages counted their losses, they found fourteen dead and wounded with ball and buckshot, which, although I should consider to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, was barely equivalent, in fair estimation, to the intended massacre of ourselves. Favoured by a slight breeze from the land, we hoisted our sail, and by night were eight miles south-east of Bambireh. A little after dusk a calm came on, and we continued on our course paddling. All night I kept the men hard at work, making, however, but little progress through the water.

"At sunrise we were about twenty miles south-east of Bambireh, and by noon were about twenty-five miles off. At this time we got a strong wind from the north-west, and sped before it at the rate of five knots an hour. At sunset we were about twelve miles north-east of Sosua or Gosua Island; and if the breeze continued favourable, we hoped to be able to make a haven some time before midnight. But about eight P.M. it rose to a fierce gale, and,

owing to the loss of our oars, we could not keep the boat before the wind. As we were swept past the island we made frantic attempts to get to leeward, but it was to no purpose; we therefore resigned ourselves to the waves, the furious rain, and the horror of the tempest. Many of your readers, no doubt, have experienced a storm at sea; few, however, can have witnessed it in a small boat. But our situation was more dangerous even than the latter. We had rocks and unknown islands in our neighbourhood, and a few miles further a mainland peopled by savages, who would have no scruple in putting us all to death, or enslaving us. If our boat capsized, the crocodiles of the lake would make short work of us; if we were driven on an uninhabited island, death by starvation awaited us there. Yet despite these terrors we were so worn out with hunger, fatigue, and anxiety, that excepting the watchman, we all fell asleep, though awakened now and then by his voice calling upon the men to bale the boat out.

At daybreak the tempest and high waves subsided, and we perceived we had drifted eight miles westward of Sosua, and to within six of the large island of Mysomeh. We had not a morsel of food in the boat; I possessed but a little ground coffee, and we had tasted nothing else for forty-eight hours, yet the crew, when called to resume their rough paddles, cheerfully responded to the cry, and did their duty manfully. A gentle breeze now set in from the westward, which bore us quickly east of Sosua, and carried us by two P.M. to an island which I have distinguished by the name of Refuge Island. On exploring this place, we saw it to be about two miles in circumference, to have been formerly inhabited and cultivated, and, to our great joy, we found an abundance of green bananas, and of a small ripe fruit resembling cherries in appearance and size, but having the taste of dates. To add to this bounty, I succeeded in shooting two brace of large fat ducks, and when darkness closed in on us, in our snug and secure camp close by a strip of sandy beach, few people that night blessed God more fervently than we did. We rested a day on Refuge Island, during which time we made amends for the scarcity we had suffered; then, feeling on the second day somewhat recovered, we set sail for Singo Island. We imagined that we were near enough to Usukuma to venture to visit Ito Island, situated a mile south of Singo, the slopes of which were verdant with the frondage of plantain, but, on attempting to land, we were met by a force of natives, who rudely repulsed us with stones shot from slings. Our cartridges being all spoiled by the late rainy weather, we were unable to do more than hoist sail and speed away to more kindly shores.

"Two days afterwards our boat rounded the south-western extremity of Wiro, a peninsula of Ukerewe, and rode on the grey waters of Speke Gulf, the distant shore line of Usukuma bounding the south view about twenty-two miles off. A strong headwind rising, we turned into a small bay in

Wiro Peninsula, where we purchased meat, potatoes, milk, honey, bananas, ripe and green, eggs, and poultry, and, while at anchor, cooked these delicacies on board with such relish and appetite as only starving men can properly appreciate, grateful to Providence, and kindly disposed to all men. At midnight, taking advantage of a favourable breeze, we set sail for Usukuma. About three A.M. we were nearly in mid-gulf, and here the fickle wind failed us; after which, as if resolved we should taste to the utmost all its power, it met us with a tempest of hailstones as large as filberts from the north-north-east. The sky was robed in inky blackness; not a star was visible; vivid lightnings, accompanied by loud thunder-crashes, and waves which tossed us up and down, as though we were imprisoned in a gourd, lent their terrors to this fearful night. Again we let the boat drift whither it might, as all our efforts to keep on our course were useless and vain. Indeed, we began to think that the curse of the people of Bambireh, 'Go, and die in the Nyanza,' might be realised after all, though I had much faith in the staunch craft which Messenger, of Teddington, so conscientiously built.

"A grey, cheerless raw morning dawned at last, and we discovered ourselves to be ten miles north of Rwoma, and twenty miles north-west of Kagehyi, at which latter place my camp was situated. We put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and, though the wind was but little in our favour at first, it soon rewarded our perseverance, and, merrily brushing the tall waves, came booming astern of us, so that we sailed in triumph along the well-known shores of Usukuma straight to camp. Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, when even many miles away; but, as we drew near, the shouts changed to volleys of musketry and waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of glad-hearted men, for we had been fifty-seven days away from our people, and many a false rumour of our deaths, strengthened each day as our absence grew longer, was now dissipated by the appearance of the 'Lady Alice' skimming joyously to her port of Kagehyi. As the keel grounded, over fifty men bounded to the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of human forms, and Saxon hurrahing. Having vented their gladness, they set me down, and all formed a circle, many deep, to hear the news, which was given with less detail than I have had the honour to write to you. So ended our exploration of Lake Victoria Nyanza."

The second portion of Mr. Stanley's despatches appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" a few days after the appearance of the preceding. "The second portion of Mr. Stanley's despatches," they say, "which we publish this morning, gives very interesting particulars of his visit to, and reception by the King of Ukerewe, and afterwards of his punishment of the natives of Bambireh, who had behaved so treacherously towards him, as described in the letter which we printed on Monday. Subsequently, escorted by two

thousand spearmen provided by King Mtesa, he reached the Albert Nyanza, on January 12th, 1876, but was prevented from navigating it, and returned by the same route, having in his journey passed the great mountain Gambaragara, and seen some of the strange white race living on its summit. Further description of this interesting tribe will be eagerly awaited. They cannot be Albinos, for there is a whole tribe of them. Mr. Stanley says they are not the light-hued Warundi, nor Arabs; and if they are Wahuma, the descendants of Abyssinians, they would not show their singular capacity for withstanding cold. As we have before remarked, Signor Gessi, from Colonel Gordon's camp, effected his exploration of the Albert three months after Stanley's visit, but, being always in his boat, heard nothing of our Joint Commissioner's excursion.

"The Geographical details of this journey are important. What Speke and Grant named Lake Windermere now appears to be one of many deep lakelets, composing the lacustrine River Kayera, which, in Mr. Stanley's judgment, rivals the Shimeeyu as the parent-feeder of the Victoria Nile and its reservoirs. The thermal springs were heard of, and volcanic cones were seen by Speke and Grant, but are now for the first time described. Our Joint Commissioner was, however, obliged to abandon the investigation of the eastern side of the Albert, and diverted his course to Ujiji, which was only fifteen days' journey distant when he despatched the last of these communications, which will be published on Monday next. It is dated April 24th, 1876, and was brought by an Arab trader, passing to Unyanyembe. It may be reasonably believed that, about the middle of last June, Mr. Stanley was safely arrived at Ujiji, when he would find letters and newspapers, giving him intelligence from Europe, the first received since the copies of "The Daily Telegraph," conveyed by the kindness of Colonel Gordon. By those papers, our Commissioner had heard of Cameron's voyage on the Tanganyika, and of the supposed discovery of its outlet; but it appears that Stanley intended to examine the matter more closely, and visit the unexplored part of the lake. Thence it was his purpose to attack the Albert Nyanza by its western coasts, where the country is quite unknown. But we have long ago forwarded to Ujiji the full details and maps of Lieutenant Cameron's journey to Nyangwe, and across the continent, and if these reach Mr. Stanley before he sets forth northward, it is probable that he will adjourn everything to the all-important task of following the Lualaba down from Nyangwe, which Cameron failed to do, and thus, in the only certain way, settling the chief of the grand problems still remaining in African geography."

"Port of Dumo, South-Western Uganda,
August 15, 1875.

"The Anglo-American Expedition has arrived at last in Uganda, but it

remains to inform you how we came here, and this, I think, will make a letter second in interest to none I have yet despatched from Africa. I closed my last budget with a description of our reception at camp by the soldiers and porters of the Expedition. When I had given briefly the news of our adventurous exploration, I demanded a report of Frank Pocock of what had occurred during my long absence. The principal item of this report was a rumour that had obtained considerable credence among them of the boat having been forcibly seized by the natives of Magu two days after we had left Kagehyi, upon which fifty soldiers had been despatched to effect our release, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. This report was, of course, false, nothing of the kind having transpired anywhere near any part of the coast washed by the waters of Speke Gulf.

"The second item was an account of our fight with the Wavuma, considerably exaggerated, and in the main false, because it described the manner of our deaths and the force that attacked us. The third was the discovery of a conspiracy to attack our camp and capture the goods of the Expedition. The conspirators were Kipingiri, Prince of Lutari, Kurrereh, Prince of Kayenzi, and the chief of Igusa. The plot, however, was discovered to the captains of the camp by Kaduma, the prince in whose village of Kagehyi the Expedition was encamped. The captains took immediate measures to defeat this treachery, distributed ammunition to the soldiers, and sent out spies. The device, however, was nipped in the bud by the death of the chief of Igusa and the contumacy of Korrereh. The fourth item was a meeting held by the soldiers and porters of the Expedition, at which it was determined that, if the 'Bana Mkuka' (the Great Master) did not return within fifteen days from that date, or the beginning of the new moon, they would strike camp and march for Unyanyembe. I arrived at camp the last day of the old moon, within one day of the intended departure.

"The fifth item was the death of Frederick Barker, ten days before my arrival. Besides him, six stout fellows had died of dysentery and fever. Young Barker's death saddened me very much, as he was a very promising young man, with sufficient intelligence to appreciate the work of exploration, and likely to continue in it out of mere love for the work. I left him enjoying excellent health, and to all appearance happy. On my return, I found a mound of stones, which his companion, Pocock, pointed out as Barker's grave.

"I could not help contrasting the colour of my features with those of my European attendant, Pocock. The latter's complexion, from living much indoors, was of the colour of milk, while mine might be compared to a Red Indian's; the equatorial sun of Africa had painted my face of an intense fiery hue, while my nose was four times peeled, and my eyes were as bloodshot as those of the most savage Andalusian *toro* that ever *matodor* killed.

"Sweet is the Sabbath-day to the toil-worn labourer, happy is the long sea-tossed mariner after his arrival in port, and gladsome were the days of calm we enjoyed after our troublous exploration of the Nyanza. The *brusque* storms, and continued rain, the cheerless grey clouds, the wild waves, the loneliness of the islands, and the inhospitality of the natives, were like mere phases of a dream, faint phantasmagoria of the memory—so little did we heed what was past while enjoying the luxury of this rest from our toils. Still it added to our pleasure to be able to conjure up in the mind the varied incidents of the long lake journey; and they served to enliven and employ the mind while the body enjoyed repose, like condiments quickening digestion. It was a satisfaction to be able to map at will in the mind so many countries newly discovered—such a noble extent of fresh water traversed for the first time. As the memory flew over the lengthy track of exploration, how fondly it gazed upon the many picturesque bays, margined by water lilies and lotus plants, or by green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus! With what kindly recognition it roved over those little green islands, in the snug havens of which our boat had lain securely at anchor, when the rude tempest without churned the face of the Nyanza into a foamy sheet! With what curious delight it loved to recall the massive gneiss rocks towering one above another in huge fragments, perpendicular and horizontal, as they had been disintegrated from the parent mass by the elements!

"At one place they reminded us of the neighbourhood of Avila and the Escurial, at another of Stonehenge; in another spot they appeared as if a race of Titans had collected these huge blocks together, and piled them up in their present irregular state with a view to building a regular structure, which should defy time and the forces of nature. The memory also cherished a kindly recollection of the rich grain-bearing plains of Ugeyeya, the soft outlined hills of Manyara, the tall dark woods and low shores opposite Namunji Island, as well as of the pastoral plateaux and slopes of Uvuma and Bugeyeya. But most of all it clung to Uganda, that beautiful land, with its intelligent king, and no less remarkable people. Here our minds received the deepest impressions, and therefore retained the fondest recollections. For in Uganda, imagination, that had hitherto been hushed to somnolence by the irredeemable state of wildness and savagery witnessed between Zanzibar and Usukuma, glowed into warm life, and from the present Uganda painted a future dressed in the robe of civilisation; it saw each gentle hill crowned by a happy village and spired church, from which the bells sounded the call to a Gospel service; it saw the hill slopes prolific with the fruits of horticulture, and the valleys waving fields of grain; it saw the land smiling in affluence and plenty, its bays crowded with the dark hulls of trading vessels; it heard the sounds of craftsmen at their work, the roar of manufactories and foundries, and the ever-buzzing noise of enterprising industry.

W[illegible]MEN FILLIN[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]KIN[illegible] [illegible]ITH [illegible]ES

"What wonder, then, if intercourse with the King of Uganda and his people induced imagination to paint this possible—nay, probable, picture—that memory should have had engraven deep on it the features of the land and the friendliness and hospitality of its people? As we follow these flights of fancy, we are reminded also almost too vividly of the scenes of terror and misfortune we have lately gone through—of our adventure with a flotilla of canoes manned by drunken natives, who persisted in following us and entertaining us at sea with their beer and intrusive hospitality; of our escape from an ambuscade of Wageyeya; of our fight with the Wavuma and battle of Kajuri; of the miserable churlishness of many a tribe, of days of starvation, tempestuous nights, and stormy days. These, and a hundred others, now happily past, treasured only in the recollection and my journal, served but to heighten the enjoyment of our rest and to inspire in my heart and in those of my semi-barbarous co-mates in peril a feeling of devout thankfulness to Divine Providence for our protection.

"I deemed it not only necessary, but politic, to remain inactive for some days, for I hoped that the dilatory Grand Admiral Magassa would appear with his canoes. Indeed, I could suggest no reason, despite our experience at Bambireh, why he should not arrive. He had been to Usukuma on a visit some months previous to my advent in the country, and he was accompanied by two of my best men, who of course would do their utmost to stimulate him to make renewed efforts to reach our camp. But when nine days had passed, and Magassa had not made his appearance, it became obvious to us all that he would not come. Preparations were therefore made to march overland to Uganda along the lake shore.

"As we were almost ready to start there came an embassy to camp from Rwoma, King of Southern Uzinza or Miveri, bearing a message from him to me. This ran according to the interpreter, as follows:—'Rwoma sends salaams to the white man. He does not want the white man's cloth, beads or wire, and the white man must not pass through his country. Rwoma does not want to see him, or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face, and big red eyes. Rwoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country Rwoma and Mirambo will fight him.' Here indeed, was a dilemma. The lake journey to Uganda was denied us, because Magassa proved recreant to the trust reposed in him by Mtesa; the land route now became impossible, because Rwoma forbad it. We knew enough of the latter to be aware that he was able to repulse two such Expeditions as ours. He possessed one hundred and fifty muskets of his own, and had several thousand spearmen and bowmen. Besides, Mirambo was but a day's march from Urima, and only three days from our camp.

"To force a passage through Rwoma's country was therefore out of the question. Even if the feat were possible, it would be bad policy, because the

party would lose too many valuable lives, without which the Expedition would become a wreck. What was to be done then? Turn away from the Albert Nyanza, and direct our course for the Tanganyika, leaving the former lake to be explored by Gordon's officers? Who, then, would explore the debatable land lying between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika? If canoes could be obtained anywhere else than Uganda, the lake route would at once resolve the problem. But what country or king could supply me with thirty or forty large craft on demand other than Uganda? I instituted inquiries respecting the maritime power of each tribe and nation bordering on Speke Gulf, by which I obtained some curious statistics; but the most valuable result of my inquiries was the information that Lukongeh, king of Ukerewe, would be the most likely person to do me the necessary service.

"Falling seriously ill, the result of exposure on the lake, by weakness added to the present anxiety, I was obliged to send Frank Pocock and Prince Kaduma to the King of Ukerewe with a suitable gift to request the loan of forty canoes to convey the Expedition to Uganda along the Uzinza coast. After an absence of twelve days Frank and Kaduma returned with fifty canoes and some three hundred Wakerewe, but they came according to the king's instructions to convey the Expedition to Ukerewe. The king's brother, who had charge of the canoes, was told by me that if Lukongeh gave me all his land, and slaves and cattle, the Expedition should never go to Ukerewe, that Lukongeh must lend me canoes to go by my road, and no other, and that I was going myself to see Lukongeh, and he (the king's brother) might return to Ukerewe as soon as he pleased. Being sufficiently restored to health I set sail for Ukerewe, and on the second day from Kagehyi landed near Lukongeh's capital. Not ignorant of the importance of first impressions, I was furnished this time with proper gifts and the choicest apparel my wardrobe afforded, as well as being equipped with the best arms the Expedition possessed.

"The second day after our arrival was fixed for audience day. When the hour had come, the crew of the 'Lady Alice' were mustered, dressed in their smartest, and the bugle sounded the order to march. Ten minutes brought us to a plain, on a knoll in which Lukongeh was seated in state, surrounded by hundreds of bowmen and spearmen. The king, an amiable, light-coloured young man, was conspicuous by his robes of red and yellow silk, and damask cloth, and though he did nothing at first but good-naturedly stare at me, I perceived that he was a man well disposed to assist me. A private message beforehand had informed him of the object of my visit, but my interpreter requested that I should be permitted to state it in person to himself and a few select chiefs. Assenting to this request, he stepped forward to a pile of stones a short distance off, whither he invited his most select courtiers and my party. Here the object was stated clearly, with everything

that concerned it, the number of canoes required, the distance we had to travel, and the presents that were to be given by me to the king should he assist me. The king listened attentively, was very affable and kind, depreciated the value of his canoes, said that they were rotten, unfit for a long voyage; he feared that if he gave them to me I should lose a great many things, and then I would certainly blame him and say, 'Ah! Lukongeh is bad; he gave me rotten canoes that I might lose my people and property. I replied, that if I lost people and property I might blame the canoes, but I should certainly not think of blaming him. At the end of the conference he said that he would give me as many canoes as I wanted, but in the meantime the white man's party must rest a few days and taste of Lukongeh's cheer.

"It were well, perhaps to enter here into a description of Ukerewe, its king and people, and into its annals, which are very curious and instructive, and well explain the history of all the black races of Africa from Kaffraria to Nubia; but I have no time nor space to do them justice. On a future occasion, if nothing between happens, I promise to attempt the subject.

"Lukongeh, the very amiable King of Ukerewe, was no niggard in his hospitality. Beeves, goats, chickens, milk, eggs, bananas and plantains, ripe and green, came in abundance to our camp; neither were large supplies of native beer wanting to cheer the crew during our stay in the land. Finally, on the fifteenth day, Lukongeh came to my tent with his chief councillor, and imparted to me his secret instructions and advice. He said he had ordered fifty canoes to depart with me to Usukuma, but he doubted much whether that number would leave his country, as his people had heard it reported that I was going to Uganda, which land no one was willing to visit. As he desired to assist me to the utmost of his power, he had been obliged to have recourse to a little strategy. He had caused it to be reported that he had prevailed on me to come and live in his country; it was therefore necessary for me to second his diplomacy. On reaching Usukuma, as soon as all the canoes had been drawn on shore I was to seize them and secure the paddles, and, having rendered the Wakerewe unable to return, I was to explain to them what I wanted. Having promised that I would implicitly obey him, he sent his Prime Minister and two favourites to assist me in the project; and after an earnest of what I had promised was given to him, we were permitted to depart.

"On arriving at our camp in Usukuma, I found only twenty-three canoes had come ashore; but though these were quite inadequate to convey the Expedition at one time, I resolved to make the best I could of even this small number, and accordingly whispered orders to the captains of the Expedition to muster up their men and seize the canoes and paddles. This was done, and the native craft drawn far on land; but the Wakerewe, on being

told why we had so acted, declared war against us, and, being as strong in numbers as we were, besides being armed with bows and sheaves of arrows, were very likely to do some damage if I did not take energetic measures to prevent them. Accordingly every soldier of the Expedition was summoned by bugle sound to prepare for battle, and having seen each one properly equipped, I drew the men in line, and quietly charging on the Wakerewe with the muzzles of our guns, forcibly ejected them out of camp and the vicinity of the port. A few harmless shots were fired, but the people of Lukongeh suffered no other injuries than a few sore ribs from our gun-muzzles. On the third day after this affair I embarked two-thirds of the Expedition and property in the canoes, and five days afterwards arrived safely at Refuge Island, two days' sail from Bambireh, and half way to Uganda.

"The mainland was about six miles off; and as, on my solitary journey in the boat, the natives of the mainland had been so badly disposed, I built a strong camp on the rocks, taking advantage of each high point as positions for sharpshooters, so that the post, during my absence, would be impregnable. I then returned to Usukuma, leaving fifty soldiers to defend my island, and after an absence of fifteen days saw Kagehyi once more. I now prepared myself to defeat the projects of Kaduma, Prince of Kagehyi, who was more than half inclined to second his brother Kipingiri in seizing on me and holding me as his prisoner until I should pay a heavy ransom, probably half of our entire property. I spoke Kaduma fair each day, made small presents to his favourite wife until the day came for departing, as I sincerely hoped for ever, from Kagehyi and Usukuma. On that day Kaduma and Kipingiri came to the water's edge with a strong force, but, pretending to see nothing of their evil intentions, we made merry and laughed while we loaded the canoes and embarked the men. When the work was nearly concluded, I proceeded leisurely to the boat, and shoved off from shore with my guns and those of the boat's crew ready. Kaduma, seeing that I was safe, went away, leaving Kipingiri to act as he pleased; and this treacherous man, perceiving himself covered with our guns, permitted the last canoe to depart without molesting it. Having seen that all was as it should be, I waved the baffled chiefs a last farewell, and followed our miniature fleet. The rotten canoes, buffeted by storms and waves, fast gave out, so that, on arriving again at Refuge Island, we had only fifteen left. Nothing had occurred on the island to mar my joy at seeing my people all safe, but much had happened to improve it.

"The King of Itawagumba, and Kijaju, his father, Sultan of all the islands from Ukereweh to Ihangiro, perceiving our islet too well garrisoned and too strong for invasion, made friends with us, and provided the soldiers with abundance of food at little cost. At my request also they furnished us with a guide from Ihangiro, who was to accompany us to Uganda; they also

sold to us three canoes. After a few days' rest on Refuge Island, we proceeded once again on our voyage, and halted at Mahyiga Island, five miles south of Bambireh, and one mile south of Iroba, which lies between Mahyiga and Bambireh. Remembering the bitter injuries I had received from the savages of Bambireh, and the death by violence and starvation we had so narrowly escaped, I resolved, unless the natives made amends for their cruelty and treachery, to make war on them, and for this purpose I camped on Mahyiga Island, sending the canoes back for the remainder of the Expedition, which in a few days safely arrived.

"I then despatched a message to the natives of Bambireh, to the effect that, if they delivered their king, and the two principals under him, to my hands, I would make peace with them. At the same time, not trusting quite the success of this, I sent a party to summon the King of Iroba, who very willingly came, with three of his chiefs, to save his people from the horrors of war. Upon their arrival I put them in chains, and told the canoemen that the price of their freedom was the capture of the King of Bambireh and his two principal chiefs. The natives of Bambireh treated my message with contempt, but the next morning the men of Iroba brought the King of Bambireh to me, who was at once chained heavily, while the King of Iroba and his people were released, with a promise that neither his island nor people would be touched by us.

"A message was also sent to Antari, King of Ahingiro, on the mainland, to whom Bambireh was tributary, requesting him to redeem his island from war. Antari sent his son and two chiefs to treat with us, who told us many falsehoods, and had treachery written on their faces. They brought a few bunches of bananas, as an earnest of what the king intended to give; but I thought that a bird in my hand would be worth a thousand false promises, and accordingly his son and his two companions were detained as hostages for the appearance of the two chiefs of Bambireh. In the meantime seven large canoes from Mtesa, King of Uganda, *en route* to Usukuma, to convey an Arab and his goods to Uganda, appeared at Iroba. The chief of the party was asked not to proceed to Usukuma until we had taken our Expedition to Uganda. This man, Sabadu, informed me that Magassa, the dilatory Grand Admiral, had returned with the boat's oars to Mtesa, and the news that I and my crew were dead, for which he had been chained, but subsequently released and sent by land, with a large party, to hunt up certain news of me. Sabadu was induced, after a little persuasion, to accede to my request.

"Two days after his arrival Sabadu sent his Wagaida to Bambireh, to procure food. The savages would not give them any, but attacked them, wounding eight and killing a chief of Kattawas, a neighbour of Antari, which gave me another strong reason why Bambireh should be punished. Accordingly, next morning I prepared a force of two hundred and eighty men, fifty

muskets, with two hundred and thirty spearmen, and placed them in eighteen canoes. About noon we set off, and, as Bambireh was eight miles distant, we did not reach the island until two P.M. The natives of the place seemed to know by instinct that this was to be a day of trouble, for every height had its look-out ready, and when they saw the force I had brought with me, no doubt many of them regretted that they had been so prone to attack peaceable strangers. Through my field-glass I observed messengers running fast to a plantain grove that stood on a low hill commanding a clear open view of a little port at the southern end of the island, from which I concluded that the main force of the savages was hidden behind the trees. Calling the canoes together, I told the chiefs to follow my boat and steer exactly as I did, and by no means to attempt to land, as I did not intend that a single soul with me should be hurt.

"I wished to punish Bambireh, not to weaken myself; besides, if a subject of Mtesa was lost, how should I present myself to him? Accordingly, I rowed straight to the port, the canoes keeping up closely; and we became hidden from the view of those in the plantain grove and of all the look-outs; then, turning west, we skirted close to the land for a mile until we came to a cape, after rounding which we arrived in view of a noble bay, into which we steered. By this manœuvre I managed to get behind the enemy, who stood revealed in all his strength. Perceiving that the savages of Bambireh were too strong for me to attack in the plantain grove, I made for the opposite shore of the bay, where there were bare slopes, covered with short green grass. The enemy, perceiving my intention to disembark, rose from their coverts, and ran along the hills to meet us, which was precisely what I wished they would do, and accordingly I ordered my force to paddle slowly, so as to give them time. In half an hour the savages were all assembled in knots and groups; and after approaching within one hundred yards of the beach I formed my line of battle, the American and English flags waving as our ensigns. Having anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the shore, I ordered a volley to be fired at one group, which numbered about fifty, and the result was several killed and many wounded. The savages, perceiving our aim, and the danger of standing together, separated themselves, and advanced to the water's edge, slinging stones and shooting arrows. I then ordered the canoes to advance within fifty yards of the shore, and to fire at close quarters.

"After an hour the savages saw that they could not defend themselves, and retreated up the slope, where they continued still exposed to our bullets. I then caused the canoes to come together, and told them to advance in a body to the beach, as if about to disembark. This caused the enemy to make an effort to repulse our landing, and, accordingly, hundreds came down with their spears on the launch. When they were close enough, the bugle

sounded a halt, and another volley was fired into the spearmen, which had such a disastrous effect that they retired far away, and our work of chastisement was consummated. Not many cartridges were fired, but as the savages were so exposed, on a slope covered with only short grass, and as the sun in the afternoon was directly behind us, and in their faces, their loss was great. Forty-two were counted on the field, lying dead, and over a hundred were seen to retire wounded, while on our side only two men suffered contusions from stones slung at us. I had now not only the king and one chief of Bambireh in my power, but I had the son of Antari, and an important chief of his also, besides having punished the Bambireh natives most severely. When our force saw that the savages were defeated, the chiefs begged earnestly that I would permit them to land, and destroy the people altogether; but I refused, saying that I had not come to do that, but to punish them for their treachery and attempted murder of myself and the boat's crew, when we had put faith in their professed friendship. It was dark when we arrived at our camp, but at the sound of our bugle lights flew all over Island-camp, where we presently arrived, and were received with shouts and songs of triumph.

"The next morning, more canoes having arrived from Uganda, I embarked the entire Expedition, and sailed from Mahyiga Island. Our fleet of canoes now numbered thirty-two, and, as we steered close to Bambireh, I had an opportunity of observing the effect of the punishment on the natives, and I was gratified to see that their boldness and audacity were completely crushed, for one bullet put to flight over a hundred of them, whereas the day before they had bravely stood before a volley. Others who came down to the shore begged us to go away, and not to hurt them any more, which gave me an opportunity to preach to them that they had brought the punishment on their own heads for attempting the murder of peaceful strangers. In the evening we camped on the mainland, in the territory of King Kattawa, who treated us most royally for avenging the murder of his chief by the people of Bambireh. After stopping with him a day we camped on Musira Island, where the Waganda, under the Grand Admiral Magassa, so shamefully deserted me. This island is nearly opposite Makongo, where the natives had thought to attack us on our first journey. But the fame of what I had done at Bambireh induced them on this occasion to bring me five head of cattle, four goats, and one hundred bunches of bananas, besides honey, milk, and eggs, as a propitiatory offering. Kayozza, the King of Uzongora, also sent word to me that he had given his people orders to give me whatever I desired, even to one hundred cattle. I told him I needed none of his beasts, but if he would lend me ten canoes to carry my people to Uganda I would consider him as a friend. Ten canoes were accordingly brought the next day to me, with their crews.

"Sabadu, the Waganda chief, earnestly requested that I would fight Kayozza, as he had committed several murderous acts on the Waganda; but I refused, saying that attacking black people when they kept the peace was not the custom with white people, and that I would not have fired upon the Bambireh folk had they shown that they were sorry for what they had done to me, with which Sabadu was satisfied. Five days after leaving Bambireh the Expedition landed and camped at Dumo Uganda, which is two days' march north of the Kagera River, and two south of the Katonga. This camp I selected for the Expedition, because it was in an intermediate situation, whence I could start on a north-west, west, or south-west course for the Albert Nyanza, after ascertaining from Mtesa which was best. For between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza are very powerful tribes, the Wasagara, Wa Ruanda, and Wasangora especially, who are continually at war with Mtesa.

"Our loss on the lake during our travel by water from Usukuma to Dumo Uganda, a distance of nearly three hundred and twenty miles, was six men drowned, five guns, and one case of ammunition. Three of the riding asses also died from being bound in the canoes, which leaves me now but one. Ten of our canoes became wrecks also. The time occupied by the lake journey was fifty-six days; but as two hundred miles of it had been traversed three times, it will be seen that we travelled in those days a great distance over water. During fifty-one days the corn I had brought from Usukuma in the canoes was almost entirely the means of sustaining the Expedition; for though we received food from Itawaguemba and Kijaju of Romeh, we had it because it was their good-will that gave it us. Excepting twenty doti of cloth presented to these two kings, no more was used, so that we lived nearly two months on the bale which purchased the corn in Usukuma. I have every reason to feel gratified at the result of this long journey by water, though the loss of my men and guns gives me serious regret, and the death of all but one of the riding asses is a calamity. On the other hand, had I tried to force my way overland through Mirambo and Rwoma, I should have been either killed or a ruined fugitive.

"After arranging the camp I intend to visit Mtesa once more, who may be able to give me guides to the Albert Nyanza, for doubtless he has several men who have traded with the natives bordering that lake. My European attendant, Frank Pocock, enjoys his health amazingly, and seems to have become quite acclimatized to Africa."

"Kawanga, Frontier Village between Unyoro and Uganda,
Central Africa, Jan. 18, 1876.

"Six days ago the Anglo-American Expedition under my command, with two thousand choice spearmen of Uganda under 'General' Samboozi, were

encamped at Unyampaka Unyoro, on the shore of the Albert Nyanza. Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, faithfully fulfilled his promise by furnishing me with force sufficient to pierce the hostile country of Kabba Rega, and to penetrate to the Albert Nyanza, near which we were encamped three days.

"But though we were successful so far as to reach the lake, drink of its waters, take a couple of astronomical observations, and procure much information respecting the contiguous countries, I soon perceived that exploration of the Albert was out of the question, unless I then and there resolved to terminate my journey. For having penetrated by force through Kabba Rega's country it would have been folly to expect that two thousand two hundred men could long occupy Unyampaka in the face of the thousands which Kabba Rega, King of Unyoro, and Mtambuko, King of Ankori, would array against them. Ever since Sir Samuel Baker and his Egyptian force provoked the hostility of the successor to Kamrasi, Unyoro is a closed country to any man of a pale complexion, be he Arab, Turk, or European. Besides, Gordon's officers in the north frequently engage the Wangoro wherever they are met, and thus the hate which Kabba Rega bears to Europeans is not diminishing. South of Unyoro extends the country of Ankori, inhabited by a powerful tribe, whose numbers have generally been found sufficient to give Mtesa measure for measure and blow for blow, and whose ferocity and singular aversion to strangers have compelled all trading caravans to keep clear of them.

"Upon considering then the chances of success along the various routes to Lake Albert, it became too evident to me that, unaided by a force of Waganda, I could not so much as reach it, and that even with the Waganda, unless the emperor assisted me with fifty thousand or sixty thousand, it would be almost hopeless to expect that we could hold our ground long enough to enable me to set out on a two months' voyage of exploration, and find on my return the Expedition still intact and safe. On representing these ideas to the emperor, he and his chiefs assured me that two thousand men were amply sufficient, as Kabba Rega would not dare lift a spear against Waganda, because it was he (Mtesa), who had seated Kabba Rega on the throne of Kamrasi. Though not quite convinced by the assurances Mtesa gave me that there would be no trouble, I entreated him no further, but accepted thankfully General Samboozi and two thousand men as an escort.

"Our march across Uganda W. and N. W. was uninterrupted by any event to mar the secret joy I felt in being once more on the move to new fields of exploration. We made a brave show of spears and guns while moving across the easy swells of pastoral Western Uganda. Game was also abundant, and twenty-seven harte-beests fell victims to my love of hunting and our necessities.

"Having arrived at the frontier of Unyoro, we made all warlike pre-

parations, and on January 5th entered Kabba Rega's territory. The people fled before us, leaving their provisions in their haste behind them, of which we made use. On the 9th we camped at the base of the tremendous mountain called Kabuga, at an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet above the sea. East of the low ridge on which we pitched our tents the Kalonga River was rounding from the north to the east on its course towards Lake Victoria; and west of the camp the Rusango River boomed hoarse thunder from its many cataracts and rapids as it rushed westward to Lake Albert. From one of the many spurs of Kabuga we obtained a passing glimpse of the king of mountains, Gambaragara, which attains an altitude of between thirteen thousand and fifteen thousand feet above the ocean. Snow is frequently seen on it, though not perpetual.

"Upon its summit dwell the chief medicine men of Kabba Rega, a people of European complexion. Some half dozen of them I have seen, and was reminded of what Mukamba, King of Uzige, told Livingstone and myself respecting white people who lived far north of his country. They are a handsome race, and some of the women are singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, and inclined to brown in colour. Their features are regular, lips thin, but their noses, though well-shaped, are somewhat thick at the point. Several of their descendants are scattered throughout Unyoro, Ankori, and Ruanda, and the royal family of the latter powerful country are distinguished, I am told, by their pale complexions. The Queen of the Sosua Islands in the Victoria Nyanza is a descendant of this tribe. Whence came this singular people I have had no means of ascertaining, except from the Waganda, who say that the first King of Unyoro gave them the land around the base of Gambaragara Mountain, wherein through many vicissitudes they have continued to reside for centuries. On the approach of an invading host they retreat to the summit of the mountain, the intense cold of which defies the most determined of their enemies. Two years ago the Emperor Mtesa despatched his Prime Minister with about one hundred thousand men to Gambaragara and Usongoro; but though the great General of Uganda occupied the slopes and ascended a long way in pursuit, he was compelled by the inclement climate to descend without having captured more than a few black slaves, the pale-faced tribe having retreated to their impregnable fortress at the summit.

"The mountain, it appears, is an extinct volcano, for on the top of it is a crystal clear lake, about five hundred yards in length, from the centre of which rises a column-like rock to a great height. A rim of stone, like a wall, surrounds the summit, within which are several villages, where the principal medicine man and his people reside. Two men of this tribe, who might be taken at first glance for Greeks in white shirts, accompanied Sekajugu, a sub-chief under Samboozi, and our Expedition, to Lake Albert and

back to Uganda; but they were extremely incommunicative, and nothing of the history of their nation could I obtain from them. Their diet consists of milk and bananas, and they were the only men of rank in the entire force under Samboozi who possessed more than two milch cows to supply them with milk while on the march. Sekajugu, to whom they were friendly, and under whom they had enrolled themselves, states that they rebelled against Kabba Rega, and to avoid his vengeance sought refuge with himself. Another specimen of these white-complexioned people I saw at the Court of Mtesa in the person of Prince Namionju, the brother of the reigning King Nyika of Gambaragara. When I first met this man I took him for a young Arab of Cairo who had chosen to reside in Uganda for some unknown reason, and it was not until I had seen several specimens of the same pale colour that I could believe that there existed a large and numerous tribe of such a singular hue in the heart of Africa, remote from the track of all travellers and trading caravans.

"Africa is certainly the 'haunt of light-headed fable,' romance, and superstition, but I shall believe ever hence that there exists some slight modicum of truth in all the statements and revelations of these simple folk. On the shores of the Victoria in Usukuma, I heard of a people far north possessing very large dogs of such fierce nature that they were often taken to war against the enemies of their masters. These people I subsequently ascertained to be the Wakedi, a tribe living north of Usoga. The same tribe also, in their various wars with Uganda, have frequently been found wearing iron armour! Again, about four years ago, when exploring the Tanganyika with Livingstone, I heard there existed a white race north of Uzige. At that time Livingstone and myself laughed at the absurdity of a white people living in the heart of Africa, and ascribed the report to the light-brown colour of the Warundi. Now, I have not only seen the country of these white people, but several specimens of themselves at various periods and in different places. Were it not for the negroid hair, I should say they were Europeans or some light-coloured Asiatics, such as Syrians or Armenians. *Apropos* of these singular creatures, I have heard that the first King of Kisbacca, a country south-west of Karagwe, was an Arab, whose scimitar is still preserved with great reverence by the present reigning family.

"Our further passage to Lake Albert was along the southern bank of the Rusango River, which winds in and out among deep mountain folds, and rushes headlong on its course in roaring cataracts and brawling rapids. Ten hours' swift marching enabled us to cross an uninhabited tract of Ankori and emerge again in Unyoro, in the district of Kitagwenda, which is well populated and cultivated. Our sudden appearance on the scene, with drums beating, colours flying, and bugles blowing, drove the natives in a panic from their fields and their houses, in such hot haste that many of our people found

the family porridge still cooking, and great pots full of milk standing ready for the evening meal.

"It had been previously agreed upon between 'General' Samboozi and myself that if the inhabitants chose to permit our peaceful passage through Unyoro, no violence was to be done to any person. But at Kitagwenda we found ourselves in possession of a populous and thriving district, with not a single soul near us to give any information. Lake Albert, on the evening of January 9th, was about three miles due west, and it behoved us, that we might not be surprised, to obtain information as to the feelings of the country towards us. Samboozi was clever enough to perceive the position, and he consented to send out two hundred men next morning as scouts, to capture a few men, through whom we could communicate with the Chief of Kitagwenda, and satisfy him that, if unmolested, we had no hostile intention, but that, if permitted to reside two months, we would pay him in cloth, beads, or wire, for whatever we consumed.

"The next day was a halt, and the scouts brought in five natives, who were sent with a peaceful message to the chief. This individual did not deign to answer us, though we knew he resided on the summit of a mountain close by. On the 11th we moved our army to within one mile of the edge of the plateau, a thousand feet below which was the Albert Nyanza. Here we constructed our camp on the morning of the 11th, and, receiving no word from the chief of the Kitagwenda or of Unyampaka, sent five hundred Waganda and fifty of the Anglo-American Expedition to seek out a locality for a fenced post, and to borrow the use of all canoes along the coast at the base of the plateau on which we were camped. In about three hours the reconnoitring party returned, bringing information that they had only succeeded in securing five small canoes, too small to be of any service to us, and that the alarm had already spread far along the shores that a large force of strangers had arrived at the lake for war purposes.

"The 12th was spent by me in endeavouring to induce Samboozi to move to the lake, that we might build a fortified place and put the boat 'Lady Alice' together, but it was in vain. The natives had by this recovered their wits, and, strongly reinforced from the neighbouring districts, they were preparing themselves for an effort to punish us for our temerity. Once we sallied out of our camp for a battle; but they, while withdrawing, told us mockingly to keep our strength for the next day. Unable to persuade Samboozi to move his camp or stay longer than the next day, there remained for us only to return to Uganda, and accordingly, on the night of the 12th, it was resolved to return and try and discover some other country where the Expedition could camp in safety, while I explored the lake in the 'Lady Alice.' On the morning of the 13th we set out on our return from the Albert in order of battle; five hundred spearmen in front, five hundred for the rear-

guard, and one thousand spearmen and the Expedition in the centre. Whether it was our compact column that prevented an attack or not I cannot say; we were, however, permitted to leave unmolested, the natives merely closing in on our rear to snatch stragglers. On the 14th, as we entered Benga in Unyoro, they rushed out from some woods to attack us, but a few rounds of ball cartridge dispersed them. On the 18th we re-entered Uganda.

"However slightingly your readers may think of our trip to the Albert, honestly I do not suppose I have ever been guilty of such a hare-brained attempt as this before. I sometimes think, though it would have been entirely contrary to orders, that it would have been better to have launched the boat and to have explored the lake, leaving the Expedition to take care of itself, to perish, or survive my absence. But I felt it would be too great a pity, and that if one road was closed there might probably be others open; so that after much deliberation with myself I resolved to return, and endeavour to discover a part of the shore more amenable to reason and open to friendly gifts than hostile Unyoro or Ankori.

"Though we made strict inquiries, we could glean no news of Gordon or his steamers; the natives of Unyampaka had never heard of a ship or any vessel larger than a canoe; and it is impossible that a vessel so singular as a steamer could approach near Usongora without the news of such an apparition becoming notorious.

"The geographical knowledge we have been able to acquire by our forcible push to the Albert Nyanza is considerable. The contour of the plateau separating the great reservoirs of the Nile, the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, the structure of the mountains and ridges, the course of the watersheds, and that of the rivers Katongo and Rusango, have been revealed. The great mountain Gambaragara, and its singular people, have been discovered, besides a portion of a deep gulf of the Albert, which I have taken the liberty to call, in honour of her Royal Highness the Princess, Beatrice Gulf. This, almost a lake of itself, is formed by the promontory of Usongora, which runs south-west some thirty miles from a point ten geographical miles north of Unyampaka.

"The eastern shore of the gulf is formed by the countries of Irangara, Unyampaka, Buhuju, and Mpororo, which coast line runs a nearly S.S.W. course. Between Mpororo and Usongora extend the islands of the maritime State of Utumbi. West of Usongora is Ukonju, on the western coast of Lake Albert, reputed to be peopled by cannibals. North of Ukonju is the great country of Ulegga. Coming to the eastern shore of Lake Albert, we have Ruanda running from Mpororo on the east to Ukonju on the west, occupying the whole of the south and south-east coast of Lake Albert. North of Unyampaka, on the east side, is Irangara, and north of Irangara the district of Toro. Unyoro occupies the whole of the east side from the Murchison Falls

of the Victoria Nile to Mpororo, for Unyampaka, Toro, Bubuju, and Irangara, are merely districts of Unyuro. The great promontory of Usongora, which half shuts in Beatrice Gulf, is tributary to Kabba Rega, though governed by Nyika, King of Gambaragara.

"Usongoro is the great salt-field whence all the surrounding countries obtain their salt. It is, from all accounts, a very land of wonders, but the traveller desirous of exploring it should have a thousand Sniders to protect him, for the natives, like those of Ankori, care for nothing but milk and goatskins. Among the wonders credited to it are a mountain emitting 'fire and stones,' a salt lake of considerable extent, several hills of rock salt, a large plain encrusted thickly with salt and alkali, a breed of very large dogs of extraordinary ferocity, and a race of such long-legged natives that ordinary mortals regard them with surprise and awe. The Waganda, who have invaded their country for the sake of booty, ascribe a cool courage to these people against which all their numbers and well-known expertness with shield and spear were of little avail. They are, besides, extremely clannish, and allow none of their tribe to intermarry with strangers. Their diet consists solely of milk. Their sole occupation consists in watching their cows, of which they have an immense number; and it was to capture some of their herds that the Emperor of Uganda sent one hundred thousand men, under his Prime Minister, to Usongora. The expedition was successful, for by all accounts the Waganda returned to their country with about twenty thousand head; but so dearly were they purchased by the loss of human life that it is doubtful whether such a raid will again be attempted to Usongora.

"I propose to rest here a couple of days, and then proceed to Karagwe to discover another road to Lake Albert.

"P.S.—Our camp on Lake Albert in Unyampaka was situated in E. longitude 31° 24′ 30″ by observation, and N. latitude 0° 25′ 0″ by account. The promontory of Usongora, due west, was about 15 miles."

The last instalment of Stanley's despatches at this time appeared in the "Telegraph" of August 14th, 1876. He thus writes:—

"Kafurro, Arab Depot, near Rumanika's Capital, Karagwe,
Central Africa, March 26th, 1876.

"Before parting with 'General' Samboozi, I received some fresh unkindness from him, which made another cause of complaint to add to that of his refusal to assist in building a fenced camp on Lake Albert. The 'General,' no doubt perceiving that his hopes of reward from me were very slim, undertook to pay himself, and accordingly refused to return three porters' loads of beads given him for carriage, appropriating them for his own benefit. By such a proceeding he became guilty of theft, and, what is worse in Uganda, of disrespect and misbehavior to the emperor's guest, thus laying himself

open to the severest penalties. My letter of complaint was no sooner received by the emperor, than a force of musketeers were despatched under Saruti, its chief, who despoiled 'General' Samboozi of cattle, wives, children, slaves, and every article he possessed; and the 'General' himself was seized, bound, and carried in chains to the emperor. Mtesa also sent a series of messages after me, imploring me to return, and promising me Sekibobo with fifty thousand men, and Mquenda with forty thousand more, to escort me back again to Lake Albert, giving me at the same time a solemn assurance that these chiefs should defend the camp until I returned from my voyage of exploration. But, though I almost wept from sheer vexation, and was extremely sorry to refuse such a generous offer, I respectfully declined relying upon the Waganda any more; and wrote back to that effect as fast as each message came in. Besides, I was too far south, being encamped on the north banks of the Kagera River, when I first learned Mtesa's intentions; and to return from the Kagera to the Katonga, and then march back again to Lake Albert, would have occupied three months, while, should Sekibobo and Mquenda prove as faithless as Samboozi, I might find, on my return to Unyampaka from the Lake, that the Waganda and the Expedition had flown. I had many other strong reasons for persisting in my refusal; and though I prosecuted my march to Karagwe, it was with a sad heart I bade farewell to my hopes of exploring Lake Albert from the east side.

"Until I arrived in Karagwe I was daily encouraged with the reports of simple natives that a country lay behind Mpororo, where we would be received as friends; but on inquiry of the gentle, sweet-tempered Rumanika, I was informed that the friendly country was Utumbi, which was quite inaccessible, owing to the people of Mpororo, who would not even let his own people enter their territory. On asking if Ruanda was accessible to travellers, I was informed that at five different times Arabs had endeavoured to open intercourse with them, but each time had been repulsed, and some had been murdered by the treacherous people. I then inquired if there were no road between Ruandi and Urundi by which I could reach Uzige. The old king smiled at the question, and said that the Warandi were worse than the natives of Ruanda. Not quite satisfied with his replies, I questioned Hamed Ibrahim, an Arab gentleman, who has done business in Karagwe twelve years, as to the possibility of penetrating anywhere westward from any point near Karagwe. His replies, though more definite and explicit, swept away almost all hope of ever again reaching Lake Albert from the east side. To test Rumanika's friendship, I then requested he would permit me to explore the frontier of Karagwe as far north as Mpororo, and south to Ugufu, a distance of eighty geographical miles, and that he would lend me guides and a native escort. To my surprise, the gentle old king not only gave me guides and escort, but canoes and the freedom of Karagwe, or, in other words, he promised that so

long as I explored, I and my people should have subsistence gratis! Thus was I assisted a second time by African monarchs in the cause of geography.

"I lost no time, you may rest assured, in getting ready. The boat 'Lady Alice' was conveyed to Speke's Lake Windermere, and the sections screwed together, so that the next day, convoyed by six of Rumanika's canoes manned by Wanyambu (natives of Karagwe), we set out for another trip. After circumnavigating Lake Windermere we entered the Kagera River, and almost immediately it flashed on my mind that I had made another momentous discovery—that I had found, in fact, the true parent of the Victoria Nile. If you glance at Speke's map you will perceive that he calls this river the Kitangule, and that he has two tributaries running to it—the Luchuro and the Ingezi. Speke, so wonderfully correct, with a mind which grasped geographical facts with great acuteness, and arranged the details with clever precision and accuracy, is, however, seriously in error in calling this noble river the Kitangule. Neither Waganda nor Wanyamba are acquainted with it by that name, but they all know the Kagera River, which *flows near* Kitangule. From its mouth to Urundi it is spoken of by the natives on both banks as the Kagera River. The Luchuro, or rather Lukaro, means 'higher up,' but is no name of any stream. Of the Ingezi I shall have occasion to speak further on.

"While exploring the Victoria Lake I ascended a few miles up the Kagera, and was then struck with its great volume and depth—so much so as to rank it as the principal affluent of the Victoria Lake. In coming south, and crossing it at Kitangule, I sounded it and found fourteen fathoms of water, or eighty-four feet deep, and one hundred and twenty yards wide. This fact, added to the determined opinion of the natives, that the Kagera was an arm of the Albert Nyanza, caused me to think the river worth exploring. I knew, as all do who understand anything of African geography, that the Kagera could not be an effluent of Lake Albert, but their repeated statements to that effect caused me to suspect that such a great body of water could not be created by the drainage of Ruanda and Karagwe, and that it ought to have its source much further, or from some lake situate between Lakes Albert and Tanganyika. When I explored Lake Windermere I discovered, by sounding, that it had an average depth of forty feet, and that it was fed and drained by the Kagera.

"On entering the Kagera, I stated that it flashed on my mind that it was the real parent of the Victoria Nile; by sounding I found fifty-two feet of water in a river fifty yards wide. I proceeded on my voyage three days up the river, and came to another lake about nine miles long and a mile in width, situate on the right hand of the stream. At the southern end of this lake, and after working our way through two miles of papyrus, we came to

A TROUBLESOME ROAD

the island of Unyamubi, a mile and a half in length. Ascending the highest point on the island, the secret of the Ingezi or Kagera was revealed. Standing in the middle of the island I perceived it was about three miles from the coast of Karagwe, and three miles from the coast of Kishakka west, so that the width of the Ingezi at this point was about six miles, and north it stretched it away broader, till beyond the horizon green papyri mixed with broad grey gleams of water. I discovered, after further exploration, that the expanses of papyri floated over a depth of from nine to fourteen feet of water; that this vegetation, in fact, covered a large portion of a long shallow lake; that the river, though apparently a mere swift-flowing body of water, confined seemingly within proper banks by dense, tall fields of papyri, was a current only, and that underneath the papyri it supplied a lake varying from five to fourteen miles in width, and about eighty geographical miles in length. Descending the Kagera again, some five miles from Unyamubi, the boat entered a large lake on the left side, which, when explored, proved to be thirteen geographical miles in length by eight in breadth. From its extreme western side to the mainland of Karagwe east was fourteen miles, eight of which was clear open water; the other six were covered by floating fields of papyri, large masses or islands of which drift to and fro daily.

By following this lake to its southern extremity, I penetrated between Ruanda and Kishakka. I attempted to land in Ruanda, but was driven back to the boat by war-cries, which the natives sounded shrill and loud. Throughout the entire length (eighty miles) the Kagera maintains almost the same volume and nearly the same width, discharging its surplus waters to the right and to the left as it flows on, feeding, by means of the underground channels, what might be called by an observer on land seventeen separate lakes, but which are in reality one, connected together underneath the fields of papyri, and by lagoon-like channels meandering tortuously enough between detached fields of this most prolific reed. The open expanses of water are called by the natives so many 'rwerus' or lakes; the lagoons connecting them and the reed-covered water are known by the name of 'Ingezi.'

"What Speke has styled Lake Windermere is one of these 'rwerus,' and is nine miles in extreme length, and from one to three miles in width. By boiling point I ascertained it to be at an altitude of three thousand seven hundred and sixty feet above the ocean, and about three hundred and twenty feet above Lake Victoria. The extreme north point of this singular lake is north by east from Uhimba, its extreme southern point. Karagwe occupies the whole of its eastern side. South-west it is bounded by Kishakka, west by Muvari, in Ruanda, north-west by Mpororo, north-east by Ankori. At the point where Ankori faces Karagwe the lake contracts, becomes a tumultuous noisy river, creates whirlpools, and dashes itself madly into foam and spray against opposing rocks, till it finally rolls over a wall of rock ten or

twelve feet deep with a tremendous uproar—on which account the natives call it Morongo, or the Noisy Falls.

"On returning from my voyage of exploration—during which time I was most hospitably entertained, so powerful was the name of the gentle Rumanika—I requested guides to take me overland to the hot springs of Mlagata, which have obtained such renown throughout all the neighbouring countries for their healing properties. Two days' severe marching towards the north brought us to a deep wooded gorge wherein they are situated. I discovered a most astonishing variety of plants, herbs, trees, and bushes; for here Nature was in her most prolific mood. She shot forth her products with such vigour that each plant seemed to strangle the others for lack of room. They so clambered over one another that small hills of vegetation were formed, the lowest portion of the mass stifled by the uppermost, and through the heaps thus formed tall trees shot upward an arrow's flight into the upper air with globes of radiant green foliage like crowns surmounting their stems.

"The springs were visited at this time by numbers of diseased persons, and males and females were seen lying promiscuously in the hot pools half asleep. The hottest waters issued in streams from the base of a rocky hill, and when Fahrenheit's thermometer was placed in these springs the mercury rose to 129°. Four bubbled upward from the ground through a depth of dark muddy sediment, and had a temperature of 110°. These were the most favoured by the natives, and the curative reputation of the locality was based on the properties of this particular water. I camped here three days, and made free use of a reserved outflow; but, excepting its unusual cleanliness, I cannot say I enjoyed any benefit. I drank about a gallon of the potent liquid, and can report this much, that it has no laxative effect on the system. A bottleful of the purest water I took away with me, in the hope that some day it may be analysed by professional men in Europe.

"It is but yesterday that I returned from the Hot Springs, and, having seen all worth seeing in Karagwe, without as yet discovering any road westward, I propose the day after to-morrow to march along the eastern shore of the lake, south or south-west, as far as practicable, with the view to follow up the interesting discoveries I have made."

"Ubagwe, Western Unyamwezi, Central Africa,
April, 24, 1876.

"We departed from the capital of Karagwe with very brave intentions and high aspirations. We had discovered that the Kagera formed a great lake about eighty miles in length and from five to fourteen miles in breath, and that at Kishakka it was still a powerful, deep-flowing stream, while reports from natives and Arabs had created curious ideas within our minds as to the fountain-head of this noble river. Imbued with the thought that

by journeying a sufficient distance along its right bank we might discover this source, we made ample preparations for crossing a wide wilderness, packed ten days' provisions of grain on the shoulders of each man of the Expedition, and on the 27th of March set out for the uninhabited land. On the second day of our departure from the Karagwe capital we came to the east side of a lake, a long, narrow, winding body of water. We marched along its eastern shore for three days, a distance of thirty-six miles; on the fourth and fifth day an obstructing ridge shut it from our view while marching, but by occasionally surmounting the obstacle I managed to obtain views of its stream-like water, still extending south and south-west.

"On the sixth day we came to Ubimba, the frontier of Karagwe, where, behind a ridge, which extends between Ubimba and the lake, we saw the extreme south end of the lake we had so long followed. From a point of observation near Ubimba we saw also a decided change in the formation of the broad valley of the Kagera. The mountainous ridges bounding the western shore of the Kagera, which, extending from Mpororo south, continue on a south by west course, became broken and confused in Southern Kishakka, and were penetrated from the north-west by a wide valley, through which issued into the Kagera a lake-like river called Akanyaru. South-west was seen the course of the Kagera, which, above the confluence of the Akanyaru with it was only a swift-flowing stream of no very considerable depth or breadth. Such a river I thought might well be created by the drainage of Eastern Urundi and Western Ubba. My attention was drawn from the Kagera to the lake-like stream of Akanyaru, and several natives stated to me, while looking towards it, that it was an effluent of the Kagera, and that it emptied into the Albert Nyanza. Such an extraordinary statement as this should not be received and transmitted from me to you as a fact without my being able to corroborate it on personal authority.

"Exploration of the mouth of the Akanyaru proves that the Akanyaru is not an effluent, but is an affluent of the Kagera. Beyond the mouth of the Akanyaru I dared not go, as the natives of Kishakka on the left bank, and Ugufu on the right bank, are a great deal too wild. I find that the long-legged race inhabiting the countries west of Uganda, Karagwe, and Uni, have a deadly aversion to strangers. The sight even of a strange dog seems sufficient to send them into a mad rage, and paroxysms of spear-shaking and bow-bending. They are all kin to the long-legged mortals of Bambireh, who sounded the war-cry at the mere sight of our inoffensive exploring boat floating on the Victoria Lake. They are so dreadfully afraid of losing their cattle, that if one cow dies from sickness the whole country is searched to discover the stranger who has bewitched the animal to death, and, if such a person be found, his life is forfeited to the purblind, small-brained natives. Human beings frequently astonish one another in all countries with their

hobbies, and by showing excessive fondness for gold, horses, dogs, cats, clothes, birds, etc., but the love which the Wasongora, Wanyankori, Wa-Ruanda, Wa-Kishakka, Wagafu, Wanyamba, and Watusi, exhibit for their cattle is an extreme, eccentric, and miser-like affection. A stranger might die in any of those countries for lack of one drop of milk. Generous and sweet-tempered as Rumanika proved himself, he never offered me even one teaspoonful during the time I was with him, and, had he given me a can, his people would have torn him limb from limb. From this excessive love for their cattle springs their hostility to strangers, which arises from a dread of evil or fear of danger to the kine. By maintaining a strict quarantine, and a system of exclusiveness, they hope to ward off all evil and sudden disaster.

"By comparing the information derived from natives of Ubimba, Ugufu, Kishakka, Urundi, and Ruanda, I am able to give you additional details of the source and course of the Kagera River, and I hold out to myself some small hope that in a few months from the present date I may be able to explore from another quarter a tract of country which, hypothetically, I believe contains the fountain-head of this river. Until that period let the following stand for the utmost of our knowledge of it. From a ridge near Mlagata Hot Springs, having an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, I obtained a view of the Ufumbiro mountains, which have a height of about twelve thousand feet. This group consists of two sugar-loaf cones and a ridge-like mass, and is situated about forty geographical miles W.N.W. from Mlagata, forming a barrier at that spot between Mpororo and Ruanda.

"The course of all the main ridges and valleys from Ruanda to the Victoria Nyanza appears to be south by west. Nay, you may say that from Alexandria to the Nyassa Lake, the central portion of Africa seems to be formed into ridges, deep troughs, basins, or valleys, the length of which is from north-east to south-west. Regard the course of the Nile from Lake Albert to Alexandria, the positions of Lakes Albert, Tanganyika, and Nyassa, as well as the Victoria Lake. Follow the course of the Mokattam range of mountains through Nubia, Abyssinia, Galla, Masai, and Usagara; trace the plateaux of Masai, Unyamwezi, Urori, Ubisa, south to the Bechuana country, and you will perceive that the general trend of almost all the rivers, lakes, mountains, basins, and plateaux, is from north-easterly to south-westerly. On a reduced scale it is even so with all the mountain ridges and valleys between the Lakes Victoria and Albert.

"It seems as if the throes which Africa suffered—during that grand convulsion which tore her asunder, heaved up these stupendous ridges, and sunk those capacious basins now filled with lengthy and broad expanses of crystal-clear water—were keenest and severest about these lake regions; for here the

mountains are higher, and the valleys deeper and narrower. We have no longer the wide, billowy plateau, the successive swells of which make travel and exploration tedious, but lines of mountains of enormous frame, separated from each other by deep narrow valleys, with a hundred geological wonders presented to the view at a glance. From Mlagata mountain, while looking towards the Ufumbiro cones, there were visible three lofty ridges separated by as many broad valleys. First was the Ishango and Muvari ridge, west of the Kagera Lake and valley, and west of this were two ridges, with the valley of Muvari between the two eastermost, and the valley of Ruanda between the two westernmost. The two latter appear to run parallel with each other from east and west of the Ufumbiro mountains, and shut in the valley of the Ni Nawarango or Nawarongo River, which, rising in the Ufumbiro mountains, flows south by west between Muvari and Ruanda, and enters the Akanyaru Lake, which is thirty by twenty miles in extent. From the Akanyaru Lake issues the Akanyaru River, between Ugufu and Kishakka, into the Kagera. The Kagera proper, coming from the south-west, also enters the Akanyaru Lake, but leaves it south of Ugufu and takes a curve north-easterly between Ugufu and Western Usui. West of Akanyaru I could obtain no certain intelligence. I have heard of another large lake lying west, but what connection it has with the Kagera, or whether it has any, I cannot learn definitely. One says that it is an arm of Luta Nzige or Lake Albert, another declares it to be a separate water. Whatever it be I trust I shall be able to discover at a later period.

"With the best intentions to prosecute my explorations along the Kagera I was paralysed by famine in Usui and the hostility of the Warundi, and was therefore obliged to abandon exploration from this side of the Tanganyika. Summing up all the chances remaining for me to do good work without expending vainly my goods and the health and energy left in me, I saw it was useless to sit down and launch invectives against the intractable natives, and that it was far better and more manly to hurry on to other regions and try Lake Albert by another route from the opposite quarter. You will perceive by this letter that I am now in Western Unyamwezi, about fifteen days' journey from Ujiji. What I propose doing now is to proceed quickly to Ujiji, then explore the Tanganyika in my boat, and from Uzige strike north to the Albert, and, if that road be not open, to cross the Tanganyika and travel north by a circuitous course to effect the exploration of the Albert.

"It may not be actually necessary to explore that lake, for Gordon or some of his officers may have accomplished the work, but I have no means of knowing whether they have done so or not; it therefore remains for me, if the feat be possible, to circumnavigate it. If it is not, I shall strike out for other regions, and continue exploration elsewhere, until my poverty of goods warns me to return. By the same bearer which conveys this letter to the coast I

send four others, which have been kept by me until I had an opportunity to send them. Three at least I expected to put in person into the hands of one of Gordon's officers; but it was not fated to be so. From Ujiji I shall send the duplicates of these letters to the coast; and, before I quite leave that port, I expect to possess other geographical items to transmit to you.

"Gordon Pasha was kind enough to send me a 'Daily Telegraph' of December 24th, 1874, and a 'Pall-Mall Gazette' of the same month, which I received in Uganda just before starting for the Albert Nyanza. In the 'Daily Telegraph' I saw a short letter from Cameron, dated May 3rd, 1873, wherein he says he has discovered the outlet of the Tanganyika to be the Lukuga. Cameron has been fortunate and energetic, and deserves credit for the discovery. But he says he has not quite circumnavigated the Tanganyika, because he did not think it worth while, after discovering the Lukuga. It may be, Cameron, by this omission, has left me something to discover in this quarter; but whether or not, the 'Lady Alice' shall not quit the waters of that lake until I have finished the two-thirds left unvisited by me on my first expedition. In the 'Pall Mall Gazette' I read a more startling statement, which deserves from me as flat a contradiction as no doubt it has received from Colonel Grant. The article stated that Colonel Long, of the Egyptian service, had declared that he had just returned from a visit to the King of Uganda, and had discovered, to his surprise, that Lake Victoria was a body of water about twelve miles in width!

"Now, I do know it as a fact that Colonel Long, or Long Bey, was in Uganda July, 1873; but if he states that the Victoria Nyanza is only twelve miles in width, he states what every snub-nosed urchin in Uganda would declare to be astounding nonsense. The width of twelve miles is what I would give to Murchison Bay—a portion of which is visible from Kibuga, one of the Emperor's capitals. If Monsieur Linant de Bellefonds, of the Egyptian service, who *discovered* me in Uganda, is now in Europe, he is requested to publish his opinion of Lake Victoria, even from what he saw of it from Usavara. The 'Pall Mall Gazette' adds that it was always the opinion of Captain Burton that Speke had exaggerated the extent of Lake Victoria. Last year I sent you a map of the southern, eastern, northern, and north-west coasts of Lake Victoria. Enclosed in this packet you will find a sketch map of the south-west coast, with which you may compare Speke's hypothetical outline of the Victoria Lake, and judge for yourselves whether Speke has been guilty of much exaggeration. "HENRY M. STANLEY."

The subjoined letters were received by the same mail which brought Mr. Stanley's despatches, by the parents of his European attendant:—

"Lake Victoria Nyanza.

"MY DEAR PARENTS—I daresay you will think it strange not hearing

anything of me. I am afraid you will hear too soon of my dear brother. I will not enter upon that, as you will know all about it. We received your letters the day after we left the coast, and were very glad to hear such news. Since then I have seen some changes, I can tell you. Sometimes without food, sometimes plenty, sometimes wet weather, at other times dry; it is a feast or a famine with everything. I have had the fever about twelve times, but thank God I have got over it. I have not had it for two months. I am now more used to the country. I have good health now to what I did. We had rough times of it after poor Ted's death. What with fighting and long marching, it almost turned me up. We arrived here on February 27th, after a journey of one hundred and three days from the coast. When I saw the lake my heart leapt within me at the sight of the water. We were coming over a large hill, and one of the natives ran back to me and said, 'Bana! Bana!' which is, 'Sir,' 'margey (water)! margey!' The master was behind, so that I saw it before him. I am the third white man that ever saw the inland sea; it is one thousand and twenty-six miles around it, plenty of fish and crocodiles, hippopotami, and birds on the shores. Plenty of islands. Me and Ted had one each, Barker one, and there are many others, which will be on the map when issued.

"Mr. Stanley was fifty-seven days gone in the boat to find the source of the Nile. He has been successful in his undertaking. Where Ted died was the very spot where the Nile flows from. It was strange that he should say what he did. In about fifteen days after that we crossed the south arm of the Nile in the boat—the first English boat ever there. When the natives at the lake saw the boat and three white men they were surprised. They are quite wild; they are naked, but civil. We travelled one hundred and seventy miles where no other white man ever was; that was where we had to fight. You will hear of it from the papers. Dear parents, after we leave here we go to a beautiful country called Uganda. Mr. Stanley stayed fifteen days with the king while going round the lake. In fact, all the countries are healthy that we are going to. We have a steamer waiting for us, with Mr. Gordon, at Lake Albert Nyanza. Our work is more than one-third done; the worst is over; all the countries we go to now have plenty of food, and cheap. I have plenty to tell you when I come home, if God spares me, which I hope He will. Frederick Barker died on April 25th. I was left with one hundred and sixty-six men. I was in charge all the time Mr. Stanley was away, but when he was gone I had no one to talk to or ask advice. When Mr. Stanley came back he was very much pleased with the way I had discharged my duty. He told me all about the trip in the boat, and many other things. He says we shall be home in about eighteen months. All the letters you or any one else has sent will be forwarded on to Ujiji, so that I shall get them there, but that will not be before December.

"Dear parents, wait with patience, and you will see me come home with honour. I expect it seems a long time to you, but it seems like yesterday to me. I am in good health and happy. My thoughts are ever on you all, and my prayers are for you. I have had trouble, but I have borne up against it. Mr. Stanley says, 'Frank, you are the coolest man and the happiest I ever saw.' I don't know the exact time we shall leave here, but the King of Uganda has sent eighty canoes and five hundred men to take us to his country. He is a Christian. Mr. Stanley said he was sorry to leave him; he is so fond of a white man. There is a French officer at his place; and Colonel Gordon farther on, with several white men with him. My dear parents, were you to see the hut I am now sitting in writing this you would say, How can you live there? but to-morrow we shall leave here, perhaps for no house at all. I have just had my evening meal of tea, boiled beef and banana. In my hut there are no less than nine black boys around me, asking me questions about England, and the boy that held Dr. Livingstone's hand is my servant, and is as faithful as any Christian. One little boy was a slave, but now free. As soon as he came with me I set him free. I saw him pulled from his mother. He is about nine years old, quick and honest. His name is Benjamin. My dear parents, keep my dog, Sailor, and I will pay for him when I come home. I should like to have him here to keep the natives away. They are afraid of the white man's dogs, but all ours are dead. I daresay you think it unkind of me not to say anything about my dear brother; but God's will be done, and I hope he is at rest. What can I say or think? All I can think, I wish he was with me now. I cannot explain to you all just now; but I hope to tell you in person some day. Mr. Stanley has made some great discoveries. I can tell you it is not all pleasure in Africa, but I hope it will soon be over, and we shall return. Remember me to everybody, and look for me in May, 1877.

"P.S.—My Dear Parents—I thought when I wrote the other sheets they would be on their way by this time, but the letters only go when there is a caravan going to Unyanyembe with ivory, so I can't say when this letter will reach you. Since I wrote the other I have had a trip of twelve days in the boat with ten men, to get canoes to convey our caravan by water to Uganda, which is only five days, and by land twenty. I went to an island called Ukereweway, about one hundred and twenty miles round it. The king is very great. I went to him. When I went near the natives were surprised to see a boat. There were thousands who never saw a white man or a boat. I was the first white man ever there. I was followed everywhere by hundreds of them. They were around the boat all day, and if I wanted them to move away I only had to get out of her. Men, women, and children, are very near all naked. They are a fine race of people; the king as fine-looking a man as I have seen in Africa. When I went to him he sat on a large stone

A DANGEROUS ENEMY

with, I should say, two thousand people around him, all armed with something. I went with nothing in my hands nor in those of my men, so that he should think we were friends. He had me to sit down beside him and my boy to speak at our feet. He looked at me and smiled; he touched my hair, and wanted me to show it all. When I took off my hat the people all laughed, but I did not mind that, as it would not do to get out of temper. Then he looked at my shoes, which surprised him very much. He laughed and talked about my dress. He had about twenty fathoms of light brass wire round his legs and large rings on his arms, beads on his neck, and a fine cloth—nothing on his head—that is the custom. A fine-made man; he stands six feet or more. His name is Lukongu. He and his people are very kind. As soon as I asked him about the canoes he said I should have fifty the next day, but I had to stop six days for them to be repaired. He gave me two fine bullocks, and sent me milk night and morning (it was fine milk), eggs, and bananas, which are very plentiful; for miles there is nothing but banana trees. The women brought me flour, but not like that at home, sweet potatoes, and tobacco. I gave him presents—a gold ring and an Albert chain, a black necklace and some cloth. I gave him a rug—one colour one side and another the other. That surprised him more than all. When I returned I had forty-seven canoes, but they went back the next day and the master with them. Dear parents, I have no more to say about the king.

"Uganda, Lake Victoria Nyanza, Central Africa,
August 14, 1875.

"My Dear Parents—I dare say you think the time long since we left home. Twelve months yesterday we left our native land. I wrote a letter two months ago, but I cannot say which will be home first. We have crossed the great lake in canoes to escape a savage country. We arrived at the lake on February 27th, 1875, and did not leave until June 19th. We then conveyed some goods and men to an uninhabited island in the sea, where I was left in charge again until the remainder of the men came. We then worked from one island to another until we fell in with some Uganda canoes that were sent to find the white man during the time Mr. Stanley was surveying the lake, and he went to an island to buy food. They took the oars out of the boat and told him to perish in the Nyanza. With our canoes and the Uganda we went there to fight, and killed about forty or more, and not one of us got a scratch. We returned to camp on a small island near it, with joy. Our comrades had made ready with songs and shouts. The next day we went to the mainland, where food was abundant. Bananas is the main food of the natives. They keep cattle, but seldom kill one, because they are their riches. They brought the white men milk, eggs, coffee, etc. As soon as we landed the natives all ran away. The King of Uganda is a fine man. Mr.

S., and Robert, his boy, brought up in the mission at Zanzibar, almost made him a Christian. Mr. S. leaves me here to-morrow to visit him—five days' journey. I have lent Robert my Bible to read to him.

"My dear parents, you would like to see our camp. It is built like a street through the forest of banana trees. There is hardly anything else here but them and tobacco, which serves for grass. If Africa was all like this I could live in it for years. Our food—that is for the white men—comes from the king. Some parts of the country grow sweet potatoes and other things, which are very nice. I never eat fruit in England so nice as bananas. Eat as many as you like, they never hurt any one. All our men live on them. I weigh nearly twelve stone; my health is good; I am strong and fat. If you were to see me now you would say I was a negro. I have not had fever since April, and then very slight. I can speak a little of the lingo, and I have better health than Mr. Stanley. There is not one man in the caravan but will do anything for me, through not beating them, and not playing with them, but keeping them in their place. If a man steals, I punish him accordingly—that is, when I am in charge; but when the great master, as he is called, is in camp, he does as he likes.

"As soon as Mr. S. returns from the king, we shall travel across to the other lake—Albert Nyanza—eight days' journey; and if steamers belonging to Colonel Gordon have not finished their work, and been taken to pieces, we shall make good way on our journey. I long to get to Ujiji to hear from you; and if the Almighty spares me to come home, I can tell you plenty I have seen—men of all colours, some savage, other more quiet. The people of Uganda go on their knees to us. They bring food for nothing. Dear parents, you must tell all the people the news. Tell Harry and all that are not married, if they get spliced while I am away, to save me a piece of cake, and to find me a wife. Tell the people all round that I send my respects. I cannot write, as I have no more paper or envelopes. I hope to spend a better Christmas than last, for I never saw it rain so hard as it did on the Eve. We lay in camp on Christmas Day, but that made no difference. All day we were drying clothes. Plain rice—we had no meat for six days—for dinner.

"That was in the country of Ugogo. Don't forget to make some wine, if possible. We expect to be home about Christmas, 1876. My thoughts are ever on you all. Brothers and sisters, remember me always, as I do you all. Pray for me that I may come home and reap the harvest of hard marches, lonely nights, and hot days, savage tribes, and hard beds. Dear parents, I thought of sending some money, but I find it will not pay. If you could find a friend to lend you a few pounds, my money shall pay it back. If I do not come, you will have the money that is due to me. George sent me a beautiful letter. You must tell him to give my respects to all friends.—I remain your loving and affectionate son, "FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK."

"DEAR PARENTS—I told you I think it will be December before we reach Ujiji, because Colonel Gordon is going to lend us a steamer as far as she is any use, and some men as far as Ujiji. The weather on the road was very changeable, which is the cause of so much illness. You think it thunders very heavy in England, but it is nothing to this. It shakes everything fearfully, and when it rains it is a complete deluge. It is now the wet season. Between the showers the sun is enough to burn the hair off your head; but we don't have to be out. I have had three months' rest, with the best of food; but it is not like the food in England. Rice is a great luxury. There is plenty of meat—goats, sheep, and bullocks—but it does not do to eat too much meat. You can buy two sheep for a piece of cloth six feet by three. The cloth is sheeting. Money is of no use—beads, cloth, and shells. For one strand of beads, which cost one farthing at home, you will get about one gallon of sweet potatoes. Bananas not very plentiful here. We get plenty of good fish.

"The natives of this part do nothing but lie and walk about all day. The women till the ground. The men wear strings of shells around their arms and a goatskin slung across their shoulders. That is a fine dress; but most of them are quite naked, but none without a weapon of defence. They dance and sing, and get drunk on their beer, called pombe. This village belongs to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and there is one man, a slave of his, called Songoria. During the time Mr. S. was away I had several presents, such as rice and sheep. I took food with him, and it is a great honour to a black man to feed with the Mosonga, or white man. Can't get on with the language much. Mr. S. can speak it as well as he can speak English; but there is fresh lingo about every twenty miles, which all our men cannot understand. The captain of our people can talk all of them. He is such a nice man: he is like a father. When we were in a desert, he went twelve miles among wild beasts for water for the white men, a turn I shall never forget. I dreamed the other night I was at home eating fine things, but I awoke and found myself in Central Africa. We have been four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. We are now one thousand three hundred and eight. That is the position of the lake. It is splendid water here, which is very healthy.

"This is an awful country to forget; you lose all understanding. If you want to remember anything you must write it down. I am sure poor Ted's death was not in my mind one hour. It is the way with everybody. Of course a thought crossed my mind very often, but not to think of it. The Lord gave me strength to bear with it. There are so many changes that you can't think of everything. My dear parents, I am not certain of this letter reaching you from here, so that I will not write to any one else until we get to Uganda. If this should get home first, you must send it round the family. If I write to one and not the other, it will not be right; but I will write again

when there is better conveyance. The letters that go from Uganda go down the Nile and through Egypt, so that I shall be sure of them going home. When you write send long letters, for only a few words would come very acceptable. I have not seen or heard a white man since I left the coast. That was on the 1st of November. Give my love to all. Kiss all the children for me. I will write more next time. Tell Harry to save me a piece of cake. I have no more to say just now, so I must conclude with love to all.—I am, your affectionate and loving son, FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK.

"Secomia, May 15, 1875."

"We reached Lake Albert, but, as we could find no place that was peaceable to camp where we could stop while Mr. S. explored the lake, as he did Lake Victoria, we were obliged to return and make ourselves content with seeing the lake, and drinking of its waters."

"Anglo-American Expedition, Central Africa,
April 18, 1876.

"MY DEAR PARENTS—My heart yearns to you and home. It is now one year and five months since I heard a single word from you. I received your letters the day we left the coast. Since then Mr. S. received some papers from Colonel Gordon at Gondokorro in Egypt; and that is all we know about our homes. God only knows what has happened. There is no one knows the Pococks here, or Cookham Woods. I wrote a letter to you and Bill when we arrived in Uganda. Mr. S. was gone to the sultan. Three months I was left alone with the goods. We were in Uganda five months—a land flowing with milk and honey. We then went to the Albert Nyanza, through Unyoro, escorted by two thousand Waganda sent by the sultan. We thought of seeing some white men at the Albert Nyanza; we reached there, and saw the lake, but had to retreat in great haste. We marched for sixteen days from two o'clock in the morning until sunset—hungry and thirsty, weary, and footsore; and when we halted we had no bed, but lay on the ground. I became very sick from fever, which I thought would have carried me off. But my time was not come. On the road we passed a fine mountain crowned with snow, and many beautiful streams feeding the Nyanza. I cannot say anything about the people. All I know, they are bad. They train large dogs to fight like tigers.

"We left Uganda on January 1, 1876, and returned to Uganda on the 17th. When we reached Uganda the Waganda left us, and we travelled on to Karagwe. We crossed the Kagera River, the main source of the Nile, and drank of its waters. When we reached Karagwe we fell in with some Arabs

—a lucky hit. We discovered a lake here eighty miles by thirty. There are also hot-water springs near the fall of the Kagera River, the springs, six in number, boiling. We left Karagwe in March for the Wilderness of Nine Days. While we were at Karagwe I visited the king, to show him the boat. He asked me, was I English? I said 'Yes.' He said, 'Speke was English, and he was a good man, so you must be good also.' Speke travelled here fifteen years ago; his name is all the rage in Uganda and Karagwe. We are now in the country of Usamberon—good people, and plenty of food. We have been nearly a month in the Wilderness, with but little food.

"An Arab has travelled with us to here; he leaves us here for Unyanyembe, and we go to Ujiji—about one month's march. The Arab will bring our letters to the coast. I hope when we reach Ujiji to find some papers and letters from home. I am sometimes lonely. I have no one to talk to but black people. Although I can talk Swahili nearly as well as English, I can't find anything in their company to amuse me. There is no comfort in this part of the globe—hot sun and cold nights. We have crossed rivers and swamps, up to our waists in mud and water, for days and days. Then, when we reach camp, there is no kind sister to make your bed; but a nigger will throw down a lump of grass as you would to a pig. Then our food is like cattle food in England. It consists of dried beans and peas, and Matama corn, such as donkeys eat. What would I give now for an old crust such as you give to sailors, or some pudding properly cooked. But no one knows about that here. If you cannot eat, go without.

"But, thank God, I enjoy good health. It is now three months since I had fever. I am strong and fat. In some places white men are thought cattle, in another they are great. There are many tribes of fine men, dressed in embogu bark cloth. Many are naked; many are dressed in skins put about their shoulders. Many have long hair, others plait it in a thousand plaits, with beads sewn on; while the people of Uganda shave all off, and carry two spears and one shield, and the people of Karagwe use bows and arrows, and the people of Usui use one spear, with which they spear a man or an ox—they don't throw it—while the people here use guns.

"My dear parents, I have no doubt you think me lost; but no; I am still alive, and hope to see you all. I cannot write to all, and you are at the head, so you must cuppa salaam ymugo—that is, give my love to all the family. Kiss the children, and give them my blessing. Names are too numerous to mention.

"My dear parents, be comforted, and fret not for me, for I have a good Providence overhead, in which I put my whole trust. No one knows of going to church here—every day is alike. The natives lay about all day, and at night sit by a great fire. Some houses are grass, some are mud with sticks. I often think are all well? Yes, they can't get ill in such a coun-

try. There is plenty of food, plenty of doctors and medicine. Here there is nothing but wild people, bad food, and an unhealthy country, hard marching through mud and water or hot sand. Are all well in grain at Ashford?"

CHAPTER XXXI

Missionary Response to Mtesa's Invitation—The Victoria Nyanza Mission—The Livingstonia Mission on Lake Nyassa—The Mission at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika—Mr. Cotterill's Expedition to Livingstonia.

IT would have been strange, indeed, if an appeal to the friends of Christian Missions and the friends of Africa—an appeal so much like the Macedonian cry of old, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," had found no quick and glad response. Only a few days after the appearance of Mr. Stanley's communication respecting the desire of King Mtesa, in the columns of the "Daily Telegraph," the following letter was written by a Christian gentleman to the Church Missionary Society:—

"DEAR MR. HUTCHINSON—My eyes have often been strained wistfully towards the interior of Africa, west of Mombasa, and I have longed and prayed for the time when the Lord would by his Providence open there a door of entrance to the heralds of the Gospel.

"The appeal of the energetic explorer Stanley to the Christian Church from Mtesa's capital, Uganda, taken in connection with Colonel Gordon's occupation of the upper territories of the Nile, seem to me to indicate that the time has come for the soldiers of the cross to make an advance into that region.

"If the Committee of the Church Missionary Society are prepared at once, and with energy to organise a mission to the Victoria Nyanza, I shall account it a high privilege to place £5,000 at their disposal as a nucleus for the expenses of the undertaking.

"I am not so sanguine as to look for the rapidity of success contemplated by Mr. Stanley; but if the mission be undertaken in simple and trustful dependence upon the Lord of the Harvest, surely no insurmountable difficulty need be anticipated, but His presence and blessing be confidently expected, as we go forward in obedience to the indications of His Providence and the commands of His Word.

"I only desire to be known in this matter as

"AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.
(Luke xvii. 10).

"Edward Hutchinson, Esq."

As the result of this generous offer a Special General Committee of the Society was convened to consider the subject. The Secretaries read the letter and then laid before the Committee the information furnished by the travels of Speke, Grant, Colonel Long, Mr. Stanley, and the Rev. J. Wakefield, with regard to the circumstances of the tribes adjoining Lake Nyanza; and full discussion having ensued, the following resolutions were passed:—"1. That this Committee, bearing in mind that the Church Missionary Society is primarily commissioned to Africa and the East, and recognising a combination of providential circumstances in the present opening in Equatorial Africa, thankfully accepts the offer of the anonymous donor of £5,000, and undertakes, in dependence upon God, to take steps for the establishment of a mission to the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza, in the prayerful hope that it may prove a centre of light and blessing to the tribes in the heart of Africa. 2. That a sub-committee be appointed to consider and report to the Committee on the best mode of carrying this resolution into effect. 3. That a special fund be opened for meeting the expenditure connected with the proposed mission."

Referring to this matter shortly after, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the REV. MR. HUTCHINSON, Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, remarked that it might be expected he would say something respecting the noble call—the Christian appeal made by Mr. Stanley. The subject had long occupied the attention of the Society, and it was due to the Church Missionary Society that geographical expeditions were started in Eastern Africa. There were, of course, great difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposal, but every possible precaution would be taken; and in accepting King Mtesa's invitation, which they expected was sincere, they did not anticipate any of the dangers which some people spoke of. The Society thought and believed that half the energy, fortitude, and indomitable perseverance which had been displayed by Geographical explorers would suffice to bring the Gospel to the shores of the Nyanza. What the Society was now considering was, what was the best route? They knew that a combination of circumstances should direct them in what they were about to undertake. From one friend they had already got £5,000, and another friend had that morning promised to give them £3,000. Surely that showed there was a feeling in this country which would bring to the poor wretches of Africa that Gospel which made the people of this land what they were. In conclusion he should, for the attainment of this object, bespeak sympathy of all lovers of geographical science.

It was not long before a Mission party was organised, consisting, among others, of Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, who was to be the leader of the expedition till it reached its destination; Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A., and Dr. J. Smith. Altogether, the party, which included engineers and artizans, numbered seven persons. Half of them were to be stationed in Uganda, and

half in Karague. In this latter arrangement they had the counsel of Colonel Grant, who in a letter to the Committee, said—"I quite approve of working on Mtesa from the base of Karague. This has many advantages, and only two drawbacks that I can think of. The *advantages* are climate and food; Rumanika is gentle, sober-minded, and would gladly receive a party who would improve him and his people. Boat or ship-builders at Karague could launch a large boat, drawing three or four feet of water, in the lake there within one mile of Rumanika's residence, and descend with the stream by the river Kitanguleh into the Victoria Lake. The disadvantages are the extortionate chiefs on the way between Kazeh and Karague. They cannot be avoided, but they can be influenced to some degree by Rumanika ordering his men to escort the party from Kazeh to Karague. The other and only other disadvantage to be thought of is—What will Mtesa say? for as soon as he hears of the party he will send them an invitation, and if it is not accepted he will be jealous of Rumanika. All that we can advise is that the party going will have to please and keep friends with both kings. The party must be guided by the events which may occur between Egypt and Mtesa. To me it would seem that the party should be prepared to split in two at Karague. If all be quiet between Egypt and Mtesa, let one half go to Uganda. Once there I do *not* think Mtesa would feel jealous of Rumanika having the other party."

The following letters were forwarded by the hands of the Expedition to Kings Mtesa and Rumanika:—

"TO HIS MAJESTY KING MTESA, RULER OF UGANDA, &c.

"FROM THE VICE-PATRON, PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, TREASURER, AND COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

"SIRE—We have heard with pleasure, through our friend Mr. Stanley, of your earnest invitation to English teachers to come and settle in your kingdom, promising them your favour and protection. Your royal kindness to other Englishmen who have visited your dominions has made us the more anxious to respond to your invitation. The greatness of England, of which you have heard, is due to the Word of God, which we possess; her laws are framed in accordance with it; her throne is established upon it; her people are made happy by it. Our desire is that your throne should be made secure, your country be made great, and your people made happy by the same means.

"We have resolved, therefore by the help of God, to send to you two

or three of our friends, who will be prepared to settle among your people, and to teach them the Word of God, and other knowledge which will be useful. The journey is a long one, and the way difficult; but our friends do not mind this if they can be the means of conveying to you the blessings which we enjoy ourselves. It would have been more easy for them to come by the Nile, but we are sorry to hear that there is not yet a safe passage by that way. We hope you will do what you can to open the way and make it safe, so that a larger trade may be opened with your country, and much wealth and prosperity flow into it, together with all the blessings which the religion of Jesus Christ imparts to any people that embraces it.

"But as this way is not yet safe, our friends will come (God helping them) by way of Zanzibar and Unyanyembe. They hope to arrive at Unyanyembe about October (1876). They will bring with them tools and implements, and many other things which will be useful to your people. This will make it more difficult for them to come to you quickly. We have learnt that much delay is likely to be caused by the difficulty of getting porters, and of satisfying the demands for hongo, especially between Unyanyembe and Karague. If, therefore, your Majesty could send down some of your people to Unyanyembe to conduct our friends to Uganda, they would sooner have the pleasure of seeing your face. It seems to us also that it would save much time and trouble to our friends if you could send some of your ships to meet them at Karague, and to convey them forward to your capital; but you will know what is best in this matter.

"From what Mr. Stanley has told us, we are sure you will give them a warm welcome when they arrive, and treat them kindly, and take care that they want for nothing. And we hope that the Almighty and All-merciful God will give you and your princes and your people grace to listen to the message that they bring you from Him. We are sorry that we are not able to write to you in the language of Uganda, but we send this letter in Arabic, in Kisuaheli, and in English, in proof of our sincerity and good wishes. We hope that very soon the Word of God, which, as we have said, is the foundation of England's throne and of England's greatness, will be translated into the language of Uganda, and that it will be the means of establishing a lasting friendship between the kingdoms of Uganda and England, though so far distant one from another. In this we hope the kingdom of Karague will be joined, as we are sending some teachers to stay with King Rumanika and teach his people. We feel that he also has a claim upon us for this, on account of his kindness to the English travellers who have visited him; and that you will cordially unite with Rumanika in furthering the welfare of your subjects is our earnest hope.

"We are sending a copy of this letter by the Nile, as well as by Zanzibar, in order to try and make sure of its reaching you. Commending you to

the grace and blessing of the Most High God, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, and whose servants we are,

"We desire to subscribe ourselves,
"Your Majesty's friends and well wishers,
"A. C. CANTUAR,
"CHICHESTER,"
&c., &c.

"TO HIS MAJESTY KING RUMANIKA, RULER OF KARAGUE.

"FROM THE VICE-PATRON, PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, TREASURER, AND COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

"SIRE—At the warm invitation of King Mtesa, of Uganda, communicated to us by our friend, Mr. Stanley, we are sending to his country teachers to instruct his people in the Word of God, which we possess; England's laws are framed in accordance with it; her throne is established upon it; her people are made happy by it. Our desire is that your throne should be made secure, your country be made great, and your people made happy by the same means.

"Our friend Colonel Grant has told us of your royal kindness to him and to his brother, Captain Speke, and of your desire that teachers should come to you from this country. This has determined us, by the help of God, to send two or three of our friends along with those who are going to Uganda, who will be prepared to settle in Karague, and teach you and your sons and your people the Word of God, and other knowledge which will be useful. The journey is a long one, and the way difficult; but our friends do not mind this if they can be the means of conveying to you the blessings which we enjoy ourselves.

"Our friends (God helping them) will come by way of Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, and hope to arrive at Unyanyembe about October. They will bring with them tools and implements, and many other things which will be useful to your people. This will make it more difficult for them to come to you quickly. We have learnt that much delay is likely to be caused by the difficulty of getting porters, and of satisfying the demands for hongo, especially between Unyanyembe and Karague. We have asked King Mtesa to send down some of his people to Unyanyembe to conduct our friends to Uganda; and if you could kindly do the same for those intending to stay, by your royal permission, in Karague, they will sooner have the pleasure of seeing your face.

"From what our friend Colonel Grant has told of your kindness to him

when he was sick in your country, we feel sure you will gladly welcome our friends when they arrive, and treat them kindly, and take care that they want for nothing. And we hope that the Almighty and All-merciful God will give you and your princes and your people grace to listen to the message that they may bring you from him. We are sorry that we are not able to write to you in the language of Karague, but we send this letter in Arabic, in Kisuaheli (which you understand), and in English, in proof of our sincerity and good wishes.

"We hope that very soon the Word of God, which, as we have said, is the foundation of England's throne and of England's greatness, will be translated into the language of Karague, and that it will be the means of establishing a lasting friendship between the kingdoms of Karague and England, though so far distant from one another. Commending you to the grace and blessing of the Most High God, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, and whose servants we are,

"We desire to subscribe ourselves,
"Your Majesty's friends and well-wishers,
"A. C. Cantuar,
"Chichester,"
&c., &c.

The following account of the missionary expedition has recently arrived from Zanzibar; sent by Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, who has it in charge:—

"Zanzibar, June 26th, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Wright—The 'Highland Lassie' arrived here on the 20th inst., all well, having experienced fine, favourable weather throughout. The providence of God has truly watched over her course. I was lying sick with fever at Saadani, when, to my great surprise and joy, in walked the old mate. I soon picked up strength after that, and am now nearly all right.

"Mackay and I left Zanzibar in the 'Daisy' on the 12th, taking with us Bombay and a crew of fourteen men. Anchoring at Saadani for the night, and taking in a supply of coal previously sent across, we started in the morning for the Wami, which lies about four miles to the southward. Entering the river we found plenty of water—six to seven feet—and had a current of two and a half miles to contend against, which, in the narrows and bends, increased to three and three and a half.

"The river is very tortuous, doubling oftentimes back on itself, so that you find the hills, which were in your front one minute, are over the stern in the next. This tortuous character attaches to the rivers as far up as we went, about sixty miles, and renders the navigation difficult, owing to the sharp bends and curves which are met with at every hundred yards. Snags and

large trees obstructed the channel here and there; but we suffered less inconvenience from without than from within. Our own steam power was at fault, and we had constantly to stop and anchor in order to raise sufficient steam to go on with. Mackay attributes it in some measure to the muddy water and in part to the coal. With wood only we could scarcely keep 15 lbs. of steam. With 60 lbs. of steam we attained a speed of 6—6½ miles an hour; screws fully immersed.

"As we ascended the river the country became more open and hilly, and apparently better populated, although no village of any size was seen on its banks. Fowls, goats, and sheep, were not plentiful, and high prices were charged accordingly. Indian corn and sugar-cane were cultivated. As far as we could learn from the aged natives, no trade by boats had ever been carried on. They all pointed to its tortuous course as a reason for preferring the road to the river. We found that after toiling all day and covering perhaps twenty miles of water, we had only advanced two hours of actual distance from point to point. The river, which during the freshets had been a rapid torrent, twenty feet deep in places and over one hundred and twenty yards wide, was now about seven to eight feet deep, and fifty to sixty yards wide, falling, by our measurement taken on entering and leaving, at the rate of one foot per week. In six weeks' time it would be fordable; and even the 'Daisy' would scarcely float in the pools which would mark the river's bed

"At the last village near which we stopped, Bomauni, the chief, Gululiausi by name, became very exacting, and wanted a hongo of the value of three slaves—forty dollars. We gave him two cloths, receiving in return a goat and some corn. We learned from the men whom the chief sent to negotiate—for he would not appear in person, nor allow us to enter his village—that some time ago a rebellion took place in their country—Udol—and that the Western tribes seceded from this chief's rule and set up a separate kingdom, into which no townsmen, as the Zanzibar people are called, were to be allowed to enter. These people have a bad name on the river, and the guide who had come with us from Saadani refused to go any farther.

"We stopped off Bomauni part of Saturday and all Sunday. I was glad of the rest, for the fever, which had attacked me on the Wednesday, was now at its worst, and I was a trouble to all. On Monday I decided to return, as I saw no prospect of our being able to utilize the river. 1. The current is too rapid for our rate of speed. 2. The river is so tortuous that a land journey could be performed in half the time. 3. It was falling so rapidly that, had we succeeded in getting up, it would have been doubtful whether we should have sufficient water to return. The river, in my judgment is useless for purposes of trade, and I very much question if it has ever been used as a means of conveying goods to the coast.

"On returning to Saadani, I allowed the boat to be anchored too close to the shore; consequently, when the tide fell, we found ourselves among the breakers, and at 9 P.M. the boat was swamped and all our instruments, etc., got wet. The watches I put in my pocket, and, as I was only fit to lie down, the chief kindly had me conveyed to his house, and made me comfortable until the arrival of the 'Highland Lassie.' Mackay, after seeing the principal part of the gear landed, had it put on board a dhow, and started the same night for Zanzibar. The next day he and Robertson started in the 'Highland Lassie;' but, owing to the darkness, anchored off the Wami instead of at Saadani; Mackay, Robertson, and the steward, spending a very unpleasant night on the mud at the entrance of that river in their benevolent attempt to reach Saadani. On the following day we left Saadani with the 'Daisy' in tow, and arrived at Zanzibar the next morning (23rd).

"The 'Daisy' suffered some damage to her planking, and had a few loose things, such as bottom-boards, washed away. That I am now having repaired. Captain Sullivan, of the 'London' has kindly allowed the chief engineer to excute some repairs, which Mackay has suggested, to the boiler. The 'Highland Lassie' is also getting a new set of fire-bars, and her sails are being repaired on board the 'London.' The mate and steward will be paid off, and black men shipped in their places. Messrs. Clark, Robertson, and Harris, arrived at Mombasa on the 9th, and have been put up here. It is a sort of camping-out arrangement, as there are only three rooms; but, as each man carries his own bed, there is no difficulty about that. Clark has been suffering from fever and sore feet, but is now convalescent. O'Neil has also been an invalid for some days, but is now recovered.

"I purpose (D.V.) starting on Monday or Tuesday next for the Kingani, taking with me Clark and O'Neill. Dr. Kirk has also kindly permitted Mr. Holmwood, the Vice-Consul, to accompany us as interpreter. We shall do all in our power to get as near Mpapwa by water as possible, and from the nearest point O'Neill and Clark will start for their mountain residence. W. M. Robertson will be ready with the first instalment of stores to start either by land or water, as we find most practicable, on our return to Bagamoyo. The mail has arrived (28th), and with it the remainder of our party, all well. How sincerely I reciprocate the desires contained in the Instructions that we may all abound in brotherly love! May the love we each professs for our Lord and Master enable us to be a servant to His servants! Mackay will be left behind to purchase the necessary stores for the way, whilst we are exploring the Kingani. (Signed) "G. SHERGOLD SMITH."

In connection with the Victoria Nyanza Mission, we here give a sketch of the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland in course of establishment on Cape Maclear, Lake Nyassa. When Dr. Livingstone was in Bombay

in October, 1865, he had many conversations with the Rev. Dr. Wilson on the importance of establishing a Christian Mission in Eastern Africa. On one occasion, Dr. Wilson said to him, "Now, supposing the Free Church of Scotland were to think of founding a Mission, where would you recommend it to begin?" Livingstone replied, "I would recommend the Free Church to commence operations on the healthy heights near the Lake Nyassa."

After Livingstone's death, when tributes to his memory were being paid in all parts of the country, a number of Christian gentlemen in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland rightly judged that no fitter memorial could be raised in his honour than an Industrial Mission Station at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. This they considered would be in most complete harmony with the life and labours of the Christian hero who had so nobly fallen on the field. In addition to the ordinary evangelistic or preaching work directly connected with the formation of such a project, it was intended to establish an industrial institution, in which the arts of civilised life, as well as the truths of the gospel, would be taught to the people of the region. It was believed also that such a place would speedily grow into a native town, and would become a centre towards which the native population would steadily gravitate; for wherever there is protection and security, the African tribes take advantage of it. The immense population on Lake Nyassa was one powerful reason why the mission should be established there. Dr. Livingstone's opinion was —"Never before in Africa had we seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Lake Nyassa. In the southern part there was almost an unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every bay, dark crowds were standing gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail; and wherever we landed we were in a few seconds surrounded by hundreds of men, women, and children."

It was intended that the little mission colony of Lovedale, on the borders of Kaffraria, one of the most remarkable triumphs of missionary civilisation, should be the model of this new settlement. In Lovedale there are half-a-dozen white educated teachers, and half-a-dozen white artizans. They take in two hundred and forty-one native boy boarders—students, pupils and apprentices, and sixty-three native girls. The education is so good as to attract thirty-two European boarders besides, and there are forty-seven day scholars. The industrial training includes carpentering, waggon-making, and blacksmith work, bookbinding, and printing, telegraph work, and farm work. There are thirteen native apprentice blacksmiths and waggon men, and seventeen as carpenters and others, and all the rest spend a couple of hours daily at farm work. The Caffres are so eager to get into the institution that they pay £5 a head for their education, and the working departments nearly sustain themselves. Besides £800 paid by the Caffres for their own education, £1500 has been contributed by them to establish a similar

branch institution. The amount of civilising work done by such an institution is incalculable; and there is every reason to hope that what has been done in Lovedale may, in part at least, be done in Livingstonia—the name of the new settlement.

What has been done may be learned from the following article in one of our provincial newspapers, and the correspondence from those who have gone out to establish the settlement:—"Edinburgh is about to erect a bronze statue in memory of Dr. Livingstone; but those who have resolved to honour the name of the illustrious traveller by founding in East Central Africa a missionary settlement, which shall be at once evangelistic, educational, and industrial, have undoubtedly chosen 'a more excellent way.' No one who understands aright the character of him who has been called 'The Apostle of Africa,' will for a moment imagine that his life-work among the degraded inhabitants of that great continent was prompted or sustained by any mere desire for human applause. Livingstone was not the man to waste his time in running about the highways of the world in search of an answer to the question,

> 'What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come mine own?'

Therefore we cannot believe that he would approve of any proposal to perpetuate his name by what Milton calls 'the labour of an age in piled stones.' Rather should we expect him to say, with the author of 'Night Thoughts'—

> 'Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
> Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.'

If it be true that the departed spirits of the mighty dead take cognisance of what is going on in this sublunary sphere, we can well imagine Dr. Livingstone regarding with unqualified approval and profoundest interest a movement which is now being prosecuted to perpetuate his honoured name, by carrying the blessings of civilisation and Christianity into the heart of savage, heathen Africa.

"We refer to the effort which, at the present moment, is being vigorously and hopefully prosecuted, to found a missionary settlement on the southern or south-western shores of Lake Nyassa, and to give it the name of Livingstonia. The originator of this movement, which has been heartily entered into by the Free Church of Scotland, is the Rev. James Stewart, M.D., of Lovedale, South Africa. As he has told the world some time ago, through the pages of the 'Sunday Magazine,' Dr. Stewart was with Livingstone on the Zambesi in 1862, and stood beside the missionary traveller when he laid

the remains of his beloved wife under the lonely baobab tree at Shupanga. Few knew better than Dr. Stewart how keenly Livingstone felt the failure of the English Universities' Mission on the banks of the Shire in Central Africa, through the death of Bishop M'Kenzie and the Rev. Mr. Burrup; and how much he longed for the re-establishment of a mission settlement in that part of Africa in which it is proposed to found Livingstonia. In an entry in his 'Last Journals,' made in the neigbourhood of Lake Nyassa on the 13th September, 1866, we find Livingstone, after expressing his keen regret that the mission was abandoned by the Bishop's successor, adding hopefully, (may we not almost say prophetically?), 'But all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even see the commencement of better times.' When in Bombay, in October, 1865, Livingstone was asked by the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, in what part of Africa he would recommend the commencement of a mission, supposing the Free Church resolved to found one? The explorer at once replied, 'I would recommend the Free Church to commence operations on the healthy heights near the Lake Nyassa.' It is thus quite clear that such a scheme as that originated by Dr. Stewart would have had Livingstone's sanction. Nay, may we not go further, and say that it was really suggested by the great traveller himself?

"The site fixed on for the settlement is at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, a magnificent inland sea, nearly three hundred miles long, and at some points sixty miles in breadth. Near the point where the River Shire leaves Nyassa (about fourteen degrees south of the equator), a promontory known as Cape Maclear, cleaves the south end of the lake like a wedge; and there it is proposed to found Livingstonia. About nine months ago, the little band—some half-a-dozen in number—who were chosen to carry out this great work, left Scotland under the leadership of Captain E. D. Young, R. N. (the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition in 1867), and already they are busily engaged in founding the infant colony on Cape Maclear. The difficulties they have, up to this date, encountered, have not been very serious. The distance from Lake Nyassa to the sea is almost four hundred miles. Flat-bottomed boats, drawing from two to three feet, can sail down the Shire for sixty miles—

'By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

There the navigation is interrupted for between fifty and sixty miles by the Murchison Cataracts, but beyond these, down to where the Shire joins the Zambesi, and along the latter river to the sea, the navigation is unbroken. The mission party—three of them artizans, and one a medical missionary sent out by the United Presbyterian Church—proceeded by steamer to the

mouth of the Zambesi, carrying with them a small steam launch, named the 'Ilala,' built in sections, and screwed together, so as to be easily taken to pieces. Having reached the African coast, the party, with the assistance of the natives, who make excellent paddlers, proceeded in boats up the Zambesi and Shire until the Murchison Cataracts were reached, when eight hundred carriers were employed to convey the steam launch and goods past the unnavigable parts of the river. Happily this great task, involving the porterage of an iron ship and smaller craft, as well as materials for huts and enormous loads of stores—was accomplished without any accident. On the 6th of October last, the 'Ilala' was successfully re-launched, and the voyage continued up the Shire to Lake Nyassa, which was reached on the 12th of that month. Before entering the lake, Captain Young waited upon a powerful African chief, M'Punda by name, who readily gave permission to settle on any part of Cape Maclear. There, in some 'carefully selected and commanding spot,' to quote Dr. Stewart's words, 'where, from its position and capabilities, it may grow into a town, and afterwards into a city, and become a great centre of commerce, civilisation, and Christianity,' will be founded Livingstonia.

"The sum required to start this important enterprise successfully is estimated at £10,000; while, to secure its permanence, £2,000 a year for five years will be needed. The money has been already provided by the liberality of the Free Church, and it would seem as if the mission were destined to be a great success. But the experiment is so unique in the annals of missionary enterprise, that we may safely assume that the difficulties which are anticipated in connection with the founding of Livingstonia will probably not occur, while others now unforeseen are likely to arise. Progress is certain to be slow. A suitable spot having been selected, huts will require to be built. The confidence of the natives will need to be secured, and their language acquired, before much solid work can be done. The district, as shown by Livingstone in his 'Journals,' abounds in wooded mountains and well-watered valleys, in fertile and densely-peopled plains. The field is therefore an excellent one. The climate is much healthier than on the coast, and on this ground not much danger is apprehended. The teachings of the truths of the Gospel will go hand in hand with educational and industrial training. By-and-bye, a small school will be opened; and if the first two or three years can be got over without serious losses, it is anticipated that the success of the mission is certain. Its influence on the surrounding district cannot be over-estimated. It will, from the first, prove a serious check to the infamous slave trade which is carried on so actively in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa. There are five slave dhows on the lake, and Captain Young only waits the word of command to put an end to the whole accursed traffic. The very sight of the British flag on Lake Nyassa, as has been remarked by

Captain Wilson, R. N., will be more effectual in suppressing the slave-trade than a squadron of cruisers on the coast. Livingstonia, we cannot but believe, has a glorious history before it, as the first spot in Central Africa from which there will emanate the light and love of that Gospel of Peace, under whose benign influence the moral deserts of that degraded region shall yet rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The various letters which have been received from the members of the mission report its progress so far. A selection of these letters will prove interesting to our readers. The Rev. Dr. Laws writes to the Secretary of the Foreign Missions of the Free Church of Scotland:—

"German Schooner Harah, Kongoni, Mouth of the Zambesi, 9th August, 1875.

"Mr. Young is busy getting things packed up, and asks me to report our progress since he last wrote to you. Leaving Algoa Bay at 6.30 A.M., 6th July, after a safe though somewhat lengthy voyage, we crossed the bar of the Kongoni on the afternoon of 23rd July. During the voyage the weather was rather variable; at times quite calm, on other occasions squally. On the 13th we were caught by a tornado, but as, providentially, it came astern, we sustained no further damage than the snapping of the chain which supported our square sail.

"For three days before landing, contrary to all expectation, the rain poured in torrents, and squalls came from every quarter. On the morning of the 23rd we weighed anchor, hoping to be able to cross the bar; but a fog rolling across the mouth of the river, we had to wait till the rising tide gave us nine feet of water, and then with a slight bump we sailed to a good anchorage by the river's bank. There is no native village at the mouth of the river now; but in the evening three men appeared. Pulling ashore, we received from them a warm welcome, expressed by clapping their hands. Next day, several others appeared, and one of the Portuguese who lived in the neighbourhood came to pay us a visit, attended by three or four slaves. A miserable barefooted creature he appeared, but ready at any moment to bully his slaves, as if they were not human beings as well as himself.

"The Portuguese official here is very civil and obliging; he has just been on board to ask me to go and shoot a lion that has carried off four natives. I have told him that I had not time to go so far. I told him to send his soldiers. He says they are all afraid; still he wishes me to go singlehanded. So much for the *warriors* out here. If I have time I will oblige him to-night, if he comes near. Please excuse my writing much now, as I have so much to do and arrange before starting in the morning. We have a good name here, so there is no difficulty in getting natives for a crew. Several who knew me years ago are going with me, so I am not discouraged

in the least of ultimately succeeding. Our boats will not carry a quarter of our stores, so I have been obliged to hire canoes, but the expense will not be very great; at all events, I have done the best I could under the circumstances. I will send the boats down from the Cataracts here for stores, when I will report further progress."

LETTER FROM MR. E. D. YOUNG, R.N.

"Upper Shire, above Murchison Cataracts,
22nd September, 1875.

"It is with very great pleasure that I advise you, for the information of the Committee, that I arrived here to-day with the last of six hundred and fifty carriers, conveying the whole of the steamers, engines and boiler, and all the stores we shall require for some time. After writing you from Masaro, on the Zambesi, we were very much delayed, owing to the rivers being so low. Several times we had to clear the 'Ilala' to the mere shell to get her over and through the sandbanks. Day and night often we were at work. The Morambala marsh is now a vast lake, owing to the Zambesi altering its course, and we had great difficulty in finding a passage through. On nearing the Makololo villages on the Lower Shire, we were met by canoes bringing us presents of food and fuel for the steamer; and on our arrival at the small villages, nothing could exceed the joy of the natives when they knew who we were. Thousands lined the banks, clapping their hands, dancing and singing, saying their fathers, the English, had come back to them. I at once assembled the chiefs, who are all Makololo, and informed them of the object of our mission. They all appeared very grateful, and promised to assist us; and so they have; for without their help we could not, in so short a time, have got together so many carriers, and transported everything here.

"We arrived at the head of the Lower Shire on the 6th inst., and commenced to take the boat to pieces, pack goods, and employ carriers, and arrived to-day with the last of the goods, after a sixteen miles' walk. The journey was very fatiguing, and the heat oppressive; and even to me, who have done the journey before, it appears wonderful how the poor natives carried their heavy loads across the mountains of rock and sand, and through thick bush. Some of them came a distance of forty miles to be employed, then to walk with a load of steel not less than sixty pounds, find themselves in provisions, and now to return the same distance, for doing which I paid each six yards of calico! So I hope your Committee will not think I have overpaid them! I myself am pretty well, but at present am nearly done up with the journey, and attending to the carriers. Till our arrival here, the whole

of the party enjoyed good health. Now three have a slight touch of fever, but no doubt they will soon get over it. Under God's blessing we shall, I trust, steam into Nyassa in about fourteen days. Hitherto your mission has met with great success, considering the many difficulties we had to contend with.

"The Zambesi men whom I brought with me are now eager to return to-night, so I am obliged to send this hurried report. There are no natives hereabouts, but the Lower Shire is now thickly inhabited for forty miles, and all eager to be taught. They love and reverence the very name of the English. We have received no letters or news from England since leaving Algoa Bay, but are endeavouring to get natives from the Zambesi to bring up despatches as soon as they arrive. The expense will be trifling. There is no war, or even a rumour of war, in the country, as far as we have been able to learn. Everything appears peaceful and quiet. Unfortunately we have no natives here to assist us up, so must get on as quickly as possible ourselves. As I have walked over a difficult part to-day, I am sure you will excuse my writing more this time. I will endeavour to report again as quickly as possible. The native carriers cannot be persuaded to stop any longer."

LETTER FROM REV. DR. LAWS.

"Cape Maclear, Lake Nyassa, 19th October, 1875.

"Another stage of our journey has been reached, and for the time being, I suppose I may say Livingstonia is begun, though at present a piece of canvass stretched between two trees, forming a sort of tent, is all that stands for the future city of that name. I do not say that it will be on this particular spot, or any other within thirty miles of it, but, till this rainy season is over, this is fixed on as our place of abode. I am glad to say that only one more of our party had fever—Baker, our seaman. And since the recovery of the others, good health has been the order of the day. Several days I felt feeble enough, and my companions said I looked pale enough, as also did Mr. Young and Mr. Johnstone; but the work had to be done, and we stuck to it. We did not get all the rivetting done that was intended, because it would have taken so much time, and kept us so long amid the horrid marsh; but the keel we rivetted from stem to stern, and the plates below the engine-room.

"On Wednesday, 6th October, the 'Ilala' was launched once more, after her name had been well painted on her bows. 'God speed you!' said Mr. Young, and a hearty Amen was echoed by the whole of us. On the morning

of the 8th, we were all on board, and began our journey up the river. That day we were apprehensive our boiler would prove a failure, but stopping early we got some alterations made on the draught of the furnace, and now, not having a current of great strength to contend with, we can go as fast as we require with one.

"On our way up we passed through some of the grandest scenery I have ever beheld. Hills towering, some of them two to three thousand feet above sea level, while the river wound its way through a level plain, now quite dry, but in the rainy season covered with water. At some places we found villages of from twenty to two hundred inhabitants; and again we might steam along for thirty or forty miles without seeing a human face. Along these untenanted plains, game is very abundant. A herd of thirty or forty bucks, the size of young calves, was by no means rare, and I have seen one herd numbering at least five hundred. When fired at, they will sometimes stand and stare till two or three shots have been sent among them, and then take to their heels fast enough. I saw three groups of elephants, four, six, and eight in number; while a little farther on we passed an enormous 'rogue' with tusks like a man's leg.

"On 11th October, we steamed through Lake Pamolombi, the northern and western sides of which are studded with villages, but having usually marshy reeds around them. Entering the Shire again at the northern end of Lake Pamolombi, we passed three or four villages, and then anchored for the day opposite the village of M'Ponda or Chimponda, as the natives call him. He was very kind to Dr. Livingstone, and, as his territory extended up to the lake, it was quite necessary that we should be on friendly terms with him. Here we found two slave-trading Arabs, who, I suspect, were far from relishing our arrival; and, as Mr. Young wore his uniform cap on going ashore, they noticed it, and evidently knew the badge very well. The old chief appeared quite friendly, but could not be persuaded to come on board. He spread a mat for us to sit on, but our legs not being quite so flexible as theirs, we were supplied with greasy pillows as stools. We sat under the protected eaves of his large house, surrounded by scores of his people, while a house in front of us was occupied by his wives, at least thirty or forty in number, who, on their knees, were looking across at the white strangers; while the Arabs, by and by, came along to bid us good morning, one carrying a large broad-bladed spear, the other a sword, which he evidently wished us to take notice of, and which we certainly were not afraid of.

"We told M'Ponda our errand, that we wished to settle on the lake, and asked him how far his territory extended. We find it goes all round Cape Maclear, right over to the western side, on which he has two villages. At his villages we found Wakotani, a boy who had been servant to Bishop Mackenzie, then educated at Bombay, and had gone back with Dr. Living-

stone to M'Ponda's, where he has now, I am sorry to say, got two wives, though baptised as a Christian. M'Ponda was presented by us with a coloured blanket and quilt, two or three shirts, some cloth, beads, and a gun. He gave us liberty to settle on his land and sent Wakotani (his brother-in-law) and another man to help us in choosing a spot. Two of our interpreters were ashore all night, and it was evident the Arabs wished to checkmate us, and had been telling stories, that we were come to take M'Ponda's land, etc. These stories were partly, at least, counteracted by our boys, but still they will be a great annoyance to us. Some eight or ten of these Arabs are making a circuit round a large territory at present to procure slaves, and will carry them across the lake in their dhows. As we left next morning we showed them a little what our steamer could do in the way of speed, and, with the British ensign flying at her peak, she looked well indeed. Passing the northern end of the village, which may contain say three thousand or four thousand people, we saw two slaves standing with tho yoke on their neck, and their hands tied behind them. It was a sight which made my blood boil within me.

"On the eastern coast of Cape Maclear we examined several little bays and apparent harbours, but none were quite satisfactory. Towards evening we rounded the cape, a huge rocky hill, and anchored in a bay opposite the western of the two islands you see on the map. In the evening we had a walk ashore. There is a large plain some four miles long, and a valley running southwards between the hills, while we have a beautiful view of the lake. Next five days, after having got wood we went round the western side of the lake as far north as Benje Island, then across the lake, and reached the east coast at a more northerly point than had been previously seen by any white man; then down its eastern side till opposite the lake, and across to Cape Maclear. When we reached a point on the east coast nearly opposite where it is, we passed the sites where three large villages formerly stood, and another where the Arabs at one time had a settlement, and where Mr. Young saw several large sheds full of slaves when he was here last time. They and the inhabitants of the next village had been driven out by war.

"We are in a commanding position to begin with, because, with our steamer at hand, we occupy the centre of a circle of some thirty to forty miles radius, with six or eight large villages from which we can obtain supplies, and to whom I hope we shall yet be able to communicate the blessings of the Gospel of Peace. I suppose I shall have to learn two languages here, as both Menganja and Ajawa are spoken within range of our steamer; but I should like to know more of the coast and its people before I can say which is of most importance."

On the 24th of October, Mr. Young wrote two letters home—one to the

Secretary of the Mission, and one to his friend, Captain Wilson. To the former he writes thus:—"I have the honour to report, for the information of the Committee, that the steamer 'Ilala' was successfully launched on the 6th inst. and started for Nyassa on the 8th, which was reached on the 12th. The steamer is quite a success—sails well, and steams seven knots with the one boiler. Our party are all quite well and in good spirits. Before entering Lake Nyassa, I called on the powerful chief M'Ponda, and informed him of the object of our mission. He appeared very pleased, and at once gave us permission to settle on any part of his land. He is owner of the whole of the Cape Maclear peninsula.

"We took a running survey of the whole coast with very fine weather, and although there are many delightful spots fit for a settlement, none offers sufficient protection to the steamer except a beautiful bay at Cape Maclear, where we have decided to settle for the time; and I have left Dr. Laws with three of our party and some negroes to build houses, while I have come down here (River Shire, Upper) to fetch the remainder of our stores. I have now all on board, and start again for Nyassa to-morrow. I called on M'Ponda on our way down, and he promised to send a party of negroes up to build houses. He is the most powerful chief in the Nyassa district, and very favourably disposed towards the English, and wishes me to take him home with me. At his place there were several Arabs with a great number of slaves bound to the coast. I saw them viewing me through the crowd of negroes when I landed, and called them. They were very much frightened, and were astonished beyond measure to see a steamer up there, and no doubt think their slaving days are ended. I took a cruise round the lower end of the lake to look out for a good harbour, when I observed a slave dhow. We soon came up with her, and as soon as I hoisted the English flag they lowered their sail, and said, when I went on board, they had no slaves in; neither had they, but she was bound for a cargo. The owner was on board. He was from Zanzibar, and could speak a little English. He talks of getting rid of his dhow, no doubt thinking if the English are come she will be of no further use. There are five of them sailing on the lake carrying slaves across. To stop the slave-trade there is a very easy matter. M'Ponda, for a few pieces of calico, will not permit slaves to pass the south end of the lake and the river. The Mizitu are in possession of the northern coast. As far as I can gather, twenty thousand slaves are conveyed across annually.

"We have received no news from England since leaving the Cape. I must now confess to the Committee that, as far as I can judge, the mission thus far is quite a success. God be praised, for he has wonderfully prospered us. I am myself quite well, and up to work, but worn down to a mere part of my former self with overwork; but it has kept the fever away, and I shall now no doubt soon gain flesh. On Nyassa the climate is delightful; the

beautiful sea-breeze quite braces you up. We have everything we need out here in the shape of provisions and stores for the present, but shall require oil for engines soon. I don't know of a single complaint or hitch of any sort with any of the party. Whether or not, I have done my best for the party and the Mission in general; and I trust the Committee will approve of what has been done. But under God's blessing, I look for greater things yet; that is, to see the desire of my heart accomplished—the ending of the cursed slave-trade in this region. I write this letter in great haste, and send it down by a faithful negro who was formerly in my service, and who has promised to take it four hundred miles even on foot to Masaro, on the Zambesi, for me. Let not the people of Scotland call them savages. No; they are good, kind, honest people, loving the very name of the English, and only desirous of being taught.

"Surely this is the country for missions. Here we are on a great and fine inland sea, with seven hundred miles of coast, which you can get to from the sea-coast in three weeks, now that communication is established. On the Lower Shire there are thousands and thousands of natives imploring the English to come to them, so there is no risk of hostilities from them. With the two boilers on board the vessel was top heavy, but, fitted with one, as my very great friend Mr. Young of Kelly suggested, she is a fine sea-boat as I proved her to be on Nyassa in a gale of wind. Please inform the Committee that I am still full of zeal for the cause of the mission, and I am still their most humble and obedient servant."

The information briefly given above is in part supplied in the following interesting letter from Mr. E. Young, R. N., the gallant leader of the Livingstonia Mission party:—

"Upper Shire, Oct. 24, 1875.

"DEAR CAPTAIN WILSON—We launched the steamer successfully on the 6th, sailed on the 8th, and arrived on Lake Nyassa on the 12th inst. We employed eight hundred carriers to convey our goods and ship across the cataracts, and nothing was lost or injured. I have tried the steamer in a stiff breeze on the lake, and she is a good sea-boat, and will steam seven knots with the one boiler. I have left the greater part of the party to build houses near Cape Maclear, while I have come down to take up the remainder of our luggage. Thus far I think the whole affair a great success. It's true I have worn down a great deal, but have some mettle left in me yet. I start for Nyassa again to-morrow. On Nyassa I came up with one of the slave dhows, but she had no slaves on board, being bound for a cargo. Before we got near her they lowered their sail, and the master, coming from Zanzibar, at once said in broken English, 'Me no got slaves in.' We are a wonder and astonishment to all Arabs and natives; the former shake their heads, no doubt thinking that their game is up. There are five dhows on the lake. Before entering Nyassa, I

called on the powerful chief, M'Ponda, through whose dominions all the slaves for the coast pass. He was very civil, and made us presents, and gave us permission to settle on any part of his land. He owns the whole of the Cape Maclear peninsula, and for a few pieces of calico, I have reason to believe, would stop slaves passing through his dominions. If you can do anything to bring it about, it would prove a great blessing to thousands of poor creatures. Please write me and give me your advice.

"Dr. Stewart has not arrived yet, and if he does not soon I intend going round the lake. The whole of the party are very well indeed, and have been so; in fact, we have had no sickness, and the climate of Nyassa is delightful. We sleep with two blankets over us, and during the day we have a beautiful breeze off the lake. There is not a single native we have met with but is rejoiced to see us. I will have a look round, and tell you what the country produces. Had no news from England since leaving the Cape, and am sending this by a negro, in hopes that it may reach you some day.

"There has not been, as far as I am aware, the least hitch with any of the party, and they are all becoming daily more used to their work, especially Dr. Laws and the carpenter, who are particularly well suited to this kind of life, and have most ably assisted me. More next time.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant, "E. YOUNG."

On the 18th February, 1876, Mr. Young writes again to the Foreign Mission Committee. He says—"I have the honour and very great pleasure of reporting favourably of our mission for the information of the committee.

"If I remember right, I informed you of our safe arrival here, and of the place where we have settled, near Cape Maclear. Since then nothing has happened to mar the progress of the mission. We have made enemies of no one, and friends of all. But I must begin by telling you that we succeeded in getting safely housed before the rains began, and the whole party are in good health. Some have had slight attacks of fever, but soon got over it. I myself suffered rather severely after the excitement of the journey was over, and I thought I should have been obliged to return home at once; but our Heavenly Father thought fit to restore me to health again, and to work on, I trust, for His glory and for the good of these poor down-trodden people.

"After the goods were stored here and we were housed, and everything was in perfect safety, I took four of our party in December, and went round the lake to let the people know of our arrival, and to see what the country, etc., was like. We found that our arrival was known far and wide, and that the Arabs were so terrified, that no slaves were conveyed across for a whole month. The common people are rejoiced that we are come; but the poor, miserable, blood-thirsty slave-drivers tremble at our very presence. We found the lake to be much larger than Dr. Livingstone thought. The north end extends to 9° 20′ south latitude, and the lake has a coast of about eight hun-

dred miles. There are many delightful spots and several nice islands; at the north-east end there is a range of mountains extending for one hundred miles, and ranging from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet above the lake. The water is very deep; at several places we could not get bottom with one hundred fathoms of line within the same distance from the land. There is not the same dense population along the shores as formerly, vast numbers being carried off by the slavers. For many miles along the north-east end we saw the sites of many villages and the ground strewed with thousands of skeletons. The remnant that escaped are living in villages built on piles in the lake or on rocks We went to some of them and inquired the reason. It was the same old story. War was made, and those that were captured were taken as slaves to the coast. The lower half of the lake is in possession of powerful chiefs, with their people centred round them, who combine with the Arabs and capture slaves to the west inland from the lake. There are five dhows which carry slaves across—not less, from all I can gather, than fifteen or twenty thousand a year. When we were at one beautiful spot, walking over bleached skeletons with Dr. Laws, I could not help thinking and exclaiming, 'Surely the devil has had possession of this land long enough.'

"Kota Kota is the principal place for Arabs and slaves. I went there, and although there were more than one hundred Arabs and three dhows, yet they were so terrified at the sight of a steamer there that they quickly asked Dr. Laws what I intended doing with their vessels; so you will see that they are quite aware that we can command the lake. I have strictly complied with your instructions, and have not interfered with the slave trade, but I hope to do so some day, and don't think there is one of the gentlemen on the Committee, or in Scotland I may say, if he had seen the heart-rending and revolting scenes that I have, but would like to do the same. At the nearest village to us, about two miles off, it was the practice before our arrival for the chief, M'Ponda, when the Arabs came to him, to send an armed band, and take as many of the women and children as he required, and sell them as slaves, for twelve yards of calico each. It is not so now. The Arabs are afraid to come near, and the poor natives feel secure, and worship the very name of an Englishman; and I firmly believe that even our very presence here is doing much good. God grant that it may continue so!

"I have inquired of every chief we have met why he sells people. It is always the same tale. 'We must, or we cannot get calico to wear.' Now, my dear Sir, just fancy that a dozen Englishmen, with a few bales of calico, could prevent thousands of poor creatures being slaughtered every year. If any one says, 'Who is to do it?' tell them that I will, and am only now waiting for the word of command to clear this beautiful country of these murderers. It is only this week that some Ajana chiefs, living near Magomero,

where the Universities' Mission was, sent messengers to me to ask me to meet them, as they wished to tell me how Portuguese agents from Killimane are sent to make war with them to capture slaves, which are sold there for twenty yards of calico each, or a little powder, or guns. I am going to meet them next week to see what can be done, although it is a long way to travel. My principal reason for going is, that some of the chiefs are blaming the English instead of the Portuguese for supplying guns and powder to slavers, and, as they are living in the line of our communication with the coast, I wish to show myself and put matters right.

"Tell the good people of Scotland who have given their money for this mission that it has not been thrown away, as up to the present it has been the means indirectly of saving many poor creatures from slavery and death. You will, perhaps, say I am too full of the slave trade, but I say nay; also, that to bring about a better state of things, it must be put down, and one great thing towards bringing that about would be to introduce lawful trade. Only buy up the ivory, and it would not pay the Arabs to come for slaves alone. But I will tell you more of this when I return to England. We have succeeded in getting plenty of fowls and a number of goats; we have planted gardens, and are getting a number of people around us. Dr. Laws, Mr. Johnston, and others, are studying the language; and the former has already begun to try and teach the natives through our interpreter, and I must say they are most anxious to listen to all we get to tell them. I forget if I have already told you that our little vessel is a splendid sea-boat, and just adapted for the lake. While at the north end we got caught in a tremendous gale of wind on a lee-shore while short of fuel. We had to ride all night with both anchors down and steaming at the same time, the sea breaking over us. I thought every minute we should be dashed ashore, but the anchors and cables held on well, and the little craft rode it out splendidly, and when the wind went down the next morning she steamed out to sea nothing the worse. She is quite tight and sound, and has not touched the ground since she was launched. We are now making a carriage and slipway to haul her up to paint her bottom, and I hope she will plough this lake for a very long time. The engines are all right also, and, as far as I am aware, there has been no quarrel or misunderstanding with any of our party.

"I have just received letters dating to the 1st of September. There has been some delay, owing to the country being flooded. I am now arranging for a regular mail service, the work to be done by trustworthy natives, and rest assured I will do all I possibly can while I remain.

"We have plenty of stores and provisions for the present. Dr. Stewart, no doubt, when he arrives, will send for all that will be required for the future. I don't anticipate any difficulty in getting stores up, as we have the goodwill of every one, except the slave dealers, and all are only too willing

to work for us. Even the slavers think we are humane, for just after we came here a gang of about five hundred slaves were on their way to the coast and passed within fifty miles of us. One poor creature could not travel further, so, instead of killing him, which it is their practice to do, they let him go, at the same time telling him there was a people called the English living at such a place, and if he could only reach them they were sure to take care of him. After great hardships he arrived here very bad with diseased spine, and here the poor fellow is now. He was frightened when he saw people with white skins and straight hair.

"Hitherto we have been successful in everything we have taken in hand, and I earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father will still guide, guard, and protect us."

The following day, Mr. Young thus writes to the 'Daily Telegraph:'—
"I know you will be pleased to hear of the success of our mission hitherto. No doubt you know that we succeeded in conveying our steamer and a wooden boat past the Murchison Cataracts, and that it took eight hundred natives to convey everything across. We built the steamer and launched her tight and sound, and steamed into the lake on the 12th October, since when we have been successful in every way. We obtained a good site for our settlement, with a good anchorage for our little craft; we then set to and built houses and store, and got all finished before the rains began, after which I took a cruise round the lake. It is truly a wonderful and beautiful sea, and extends north to 9° 20′ south latitude, having a coast of not less than eight hundred miles. Bottom could seldom be got with one hundred fathoms of line, in some places, even at the same distance from the shore. At the N.E. end there is a range of mountains extending one hundred miles along the lake, with almost perpendicular sides to them, and ranging in height from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. There are many islands and numerous rivers, but none of the latter are navigable for any great distance. Many delightful parts are depopulated by the slave trade, and hundreds of skeletons were seen in many places. In some spots, principally at the northern end, those that have escaped are living in villages built on piles in the lake, others are lingering out a miserable existence on barren rocks. Some of the scenes are indeed quite heart-rending. There are five dhows, which all convey slaves across from the west side; and by what I can gather, I should think not less than from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand are transported annually.

"The Arabs are combined with the chiefs on the south and west fighting and capturing slaves further inland. Is not this a frightful state of things, and why should it continue, when a small vessel similar to mine, with a dozen resolute Englishmen, could paralyse the whole trade? All that would be required would be a few bales of calico and beads to buy up the ivory.

Then it would not pay the Arabs to march all round the lake for slaves alone. Of course the dhows would have to be taken; but that could be done with the greatest ease. The common people worship the very name of the English. It is only the wretched slavers who don't want us here. I believe our very presence has already been the means of doing much good. The Arabs dread the sight of the steamer, and no doubt wish her at the bottom, but long may her keel plough this beautiful sea, and ere long may slavery cease in these parts. I am glad to say we have made enemies of none, and friends of nearly all, and in a very short time we shall have a goodly number of well-disposed natives around us. The news of our being here has spread far and wide, and some of those natives who were with the Mackenzie Mission have travelled a month to get to us; so I trust this is the beginning of better times for this dark region."

The following interesting letter, written home at the same time, by Mr. Allan Simpson, who went out with Mr. Young, may appropriately be added to those already inserted :—

"Lake Nyassa, Central Africa, 21st Feb., 1876.

"As opportunity affords, I take the privilege to acquaint you of our success in settling the Free Church Mission on Lake Nyassa, Central Africa. We have received no opposition from the people as yet. From the time we entered the Zambesi until now the natives have treated us with all due respect. All along the banks of the river there exist boundless masses of reeds, and among them the natives build their huts. They are quite covered from sight. This is done purposely, as a cover from their enemies, for they are continually fighting over trifling affairs. Every village has its chief, and they are always coveting one another's property. Each chief aspires to be greater than his neighbour. They are very much scattered by the slave trade, which is carried on by the Portuguese and the Arabs. The poor natives get no warning when these diabolical scoundrels are to make their ravages. They come like devouring lions, and steal away as many people as they can, and kill those who offer any resistance. Until this nefarious work be put an end to, the elevation of the African races cannot be advantageously undertaken. The Zambesi district has been held by the Portuguese for more than three hundred years, and lies a perfect waste, not the smallest part of it in cultivation.

"Our mission house is built, but it is very uncomfortable in time of rain, as the material we have here cannot keep out the wet. The walls are formed of reeds, and plastered over with mud, and the windows are just open courses to admit the light. All the doors we have formed of palm leaves, with a wooden framework, and the floor is made of mud. The whole of the party stay in this house, and it serves as a dispensary, store-house, dining-

room, and sleeping compartment. Before we were able to accomplish our object—that is, the placing of this mission on the shores of this lake—the trouble in taking the steamer over the Murchison Cataracts was very painful. No road was visible, there being nothing but a mingled mass of jungle, and through this we had to wend our way the best we could, tearing our clothes, scratching our skin, and enduring many other discomforts and inconveniences. We were all the time exposed to a burning tropical sun; however, the work is done, and that is sufficient reward for the trials we have borne."

As one result of the recent visits paid by travellers to Central Africa, and of the deep interest now felt by Christian Englishmen in the welfare of its people, Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, generously offered, in the Spring of 1876, the sum of £5,000 to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, towards the establishment of a mission on Lake Tanganyika. In his letter, making the offer, Mr. Arthington thus wrote:—

"It is much in my heart to take with you a courageous and faithful step in the moral conquest of Africa; whilst we shall, if God be with us, be instrumental in His hand in gathering out to Christ's glory and our joy many of His elect people in that continent.

"You know that the Presbyterians of Scotland have taken in hand the Nyassa, and that the Church Missionary Society is likely to take in hand the Victoria Nyanza, that is the inhabitants of their shores, for evangelisation. I propose we should take in hand Lake Tanganyika.

"I have the happiness, therefore, of offering £5,000 towards the purchase of a suitable steamer, and the establishment of a missionary station at some eligible place on one of the shores of that lake. I learn on good authority that the way is quite open in a direct line (which is very direct), from Zanzibar to Ujiji on Tanganyika; that the Sultan's pass is available and valid all the way, and is recognised and held in respect at Ujiji. Ujiji belongs to the Arabs, and the Sultan's influence is considerable and great. He would doubtless give his countenance, and we shall have the sheltering wing of Great Britain. Ere long, in all probability, a British Consul would be appointed to Ujiji. I have no doubt that the Christian church, in sufficient strength of its members every way, would at once support the mission, and that it would grow and prosper."

The London Missionary Society has long had an efficient mission in South Africa; and the victories which it has won, both within and beyond the Cape Colony and Kaffirland, in defending the liberties of the native races, are amongst its proudest trophies. A long line of able and faithful men have rendered the Society great service there; have maintained numerous stations; have founded churches; and have stamped the impress of the word and work of the Gospel deep upon the life and public opinion of the Colony. Many Missionary Societies have joined them in this work; and so effectively has it

been done by their joint efforts, that in recent years the Directors of this Society, in the belief that its special work has been completed in the Colony and in Kaffirland, have resolved steadily to close their labours in those provinces, and confine their efforts entirely to the Bechuana and Matabele tribes, north of the Orange River, who stand in much greater need of Christian teaching. For the past seven years they have maintained a staff of twelve missionaries in Bechuana-land for service south of the Zambesi; and these brethren occupy a line of stations running northward from the Kuruman into the heart of the Matabele country.

Now, that the providence of God was opening another door for them in Africa, they were glad to embrace the opportunity of extending their operations on that continent. There was something peculiarly suitable in the selection of Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. It seemed already to belong to the London Missionary Society, inasmuch as Livingstone, who was himself for fifteen years a missionary of the London Missionary Society, made Ujiji his resting-place, and was there found by Mr. Stanley when distress and necessities were pressing heavily upon him. The Directors of that Society therefore unanimously accepted the noble offer made them, and resolved to start the mission as speedily as possible. Much information, however, was needed respecting the means of transit into the interior; and it was thought desirable that a properly qualified and experienced man should be sent to the East Coast to make every inquiry. But *who* could be found for this purpose. The question was soon answered. Just about the time that Mr. Arthington sent his offer of £5,000 to the Society, the Rev. Roger Price returned for his furlough, after about seventeen years' faithful and successful service in South Africa. The directors conferred with Mr. Price on the subject of African travelling, when it was found that he would not be unwilling to forego his rest among his kindred and friends in order to make the inquiries alluded to above. He was elected to this responsible post, and sailed on March 18th for that purpose. After an absence of six months, he returned; and, at a meeting of the Directors, gave a deeply interesting statement of what he had seen and heard and discovered.

Mr. Price is a Welshman. He was educated for the mission work at the Western College, Plymouth, and, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, left England for South Africa in 1858. There the early part of his career was one of disappointment and bitter grief. He lost his dear wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Helmore. He buried them all, and was left alone in a strange country and among a strange people. But he was not to be shaken from his purpose. Though cast down, he was not destroyed. He set himself to the work of his life, and God rewarded him. Ultimately he was blessed with another companion in the person of a daughter of the venerable Dr. Moffat, who, partaking of the spirit of her father, is in hearty sympathy with the

enterprise of her husband. The Rev. Roger Price reached Zanzibar on May 2nd. He had resolved on attempting two things untried by any of the expeditions of which we have any record—viz., to travel by bullock-waggons, and to try a route from Saadani on the north of the River Wami.

To accomplish these purposes he had first to construct his waggon, and then catch and train his oxen. By the aid of the Zanzibar carpenters the former was quickly done, but the latter was a severer task. The four oxen when caught were named respectively England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. England and Scotland were at first stubborn. Ireland refused to work, and lay down in the road with a determination not to stir. He was at last given his liberty, and another ox caught to fill his place. But Wales "took kindly to the yoke." After several days' training the team became more manageable, and Mr. Price started for Saadani. Having visited the chief, he set out on the expedition of inquiry. For a considerable distance after leaving the coast he had to pass through thick grass, which grows to the height of six to nine feet. Then he entered a jungle which, with the aid of his men, he cut a passage through for the waggon, leaving a solid hedge on each side. The waggon not being strongly put together soon came to grief, and Mr. Price had to accomplish the rest of his journey on donkey-back, or on foot.

He found the country high and dry. The tsetse fly, infesting the lower jungles and swamps, was not seen, and he thinks sickness is little to be feared by this route. About eighty miles from the coast he came upon the valley of the Wami, and ultimately joined the route taken by other European travellers. Mr. Price's visit to the East Coast of Africa shows most satisfactorily that it is better for our missionaries to go to the interior of Africa from Saadani instead of from Bagamoyo. From the latter place, from which all travellers have hitherto started, there are one hundred and twenty miles marshy, low-lying, malarious country, whilst from Saadani, the way Mr. Price has opened up, the traveller rises at once to high, dry, and healthy ground.

An important problem in regard to travelling in Central Africa has thus been solved; and it is found by actual experience that it is perfectly feasible to take a bullock waggon from the eastern sea-coast up to the central plateau, and that there is neither jungle or swamp, hill, nor tsetse fly to hinder them. Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar is delighted with Mr. Price's success; and so are the Zanzibar merchants, who have been longing for some solution of the difficulty. Dr. Kirk has written a warm letter to Lord Derby on the subject. He thinks that the employment of waggons and oxen secures a development of trade which was utterly out of the question so long as anything depended on strings of pagazis and slaves.

Referring to Mr. Price's successful experiment, the editor of one of our leading provincial newspapers thus writes:—"A good deal of abuse has been showered at various times upon the heads of our missionaries in Africa for

the zeal, untempered with discretion, with which they sometimes pursue their objects, to the hindrance of commercial and geographical explorers; but the London Missionary Society, at all events, may claim to have rendered valuable assistance to the cause of African exploration by the successful issue of a great recent experiment. For six months past they have been arranging to establish a mission on Lake Tanganyika, in the very heart of the newly-explored territory, with a view to the evangelisation of the central tribes of whom Livingstone has spoken of favourably, and, like others who have had to confront the long journey thither from the nearest point on the East Coast, they have been greatly troubled by the immense difficulties connected with the carriage of goods, the large numbers and unmanageableness of the bearers or porters required, their high pay, the heavy tribute demanded on the road, the huge quantities of cloth, beads, wire, and other stores, which have to be carried, and which are always subject to be stolen or thrown away in critical emergencies. They have now succeeded, however, with the aid of resolute and experienced agents, in overcoming these grave difficulties in a manner which promises to be productive of important consequences to the cause of African exploration. Their long experience in South Africa, and among the Bechuana tribes, had led them to believe that the troubles and losses incidental to African travel in the east and centre were not a necessary element of the problem, and it struck them that if the South African wagon, with its three thousand pounds weight of stores and its long string of oxen, could be transported into Central Africa, many of those trials and troubles would disappear.

"In order to test the feasibility of this scheme, they dispatched the Rev. Roger Price to Zanzibar in the month of May last, and, as a result of that gentleman's inquiries and experiments, they have found that it is perfectly feasible to take a bullock waggon from the Eastern sea-coast up to the central plateau, and that there is neither jungle or swamp, hill nor tsetse fly, to prevent them if they take the proper road. Mr. Price having had a lengthened experience of African modes of conveyance, as a member of the Bechuana Mission, and being warmly encouraged by Dr. Kirk and others at Zanzibar, went in the first instance to Saadani, a little town on the north bank, at the mouth of the Wami River. He was assured that there was no fly on the route to Mpwapwa, that bullocks were sometimes brought down to the coast, and that the road itself was passable. Chief and people all begged him to try it. Returning to Zanzibar, he found a pair of wheels, knocked up a cart, and proceeded to train bullocks. On the 5th of June he crossed with his team to Saadani taking with him thirty bearers, with supplies of cloth and beads, both systems of carriage being necessary, as the bullocks were an experiment. His effort was a complete success. In twenty-six days he reached Mpwapwa on the plateau, bullocks and all; rested four days, and in sixteen

days more was at Saadani, on the coast, again safe and well. He soon left Zanzibar, and gave an account of his expedition to the directors in London, at their meeting last Monday week.

"Thus a mid-African station, which was formerly reached only with extreme difficulty and peril, and at a great cost, by means of large expeditions, and after months of travel, is now brought within sixteen days' waggon journey of the coast. Much of the time occupied in going was consumed in cutting a road through wood and jungle; but this labour, of course, will serve once for all. In all other respects the road was a far better one than any hitherto attempted. The streams gave little trouble There was no tsetse all the way. The people throughout were kind and hospitable, and food was obtainable at ordinary prices. Indeed, the entire cost of the expedition to Mpwapwa and back was but little over two hundred pounds. Wagons and oxen are evidently the right knife for opening the African oyster in its present virgin state. By-and-bye, we may hear of stage coaches on the route, and the Cook of the future may not improbably advertise excursions to the sources of the Nile from London Bridge to Lake Tanganyika and back, *via* the Central and East Coast Railway, at inclusive rates to cover hotel expenses at Mpwapwa.

In the spring of 1876, another Expedition to Livingstonia, in the hope of counteracting the evils of the slave trade and advancing civilisation, was organised by Mr. H. B. Cotterill, a son of Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh, and formerly Principal of Brighton College. On the 16th of May, a large meeting of between two and three thousand persons was held, in furtherance of the object, in the Dome at Brighton. The Mayor presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Cotterill, Lieutenant Cameron, and other gentlemen.

The Mayor, who was received with applause, said "they were assembled that evening to hear addresses on the subject of the African Slave Trade, and the best means to be adopted for its suppression. The addresses would be delivered by Mr. H. B. Cotterill, and by Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Navy, whom they now knew as a very famous explorer in Africa. Mr. Cotterill had been, and now was, intimately associated with Brighton. It was in this town he spent his early days, and it was at the Brighton College that he was educated, where his father, the present Bishop of Edinburgh, was then the Principal. He had since spent much of his time in Brighton, and his brother, the Rev. G. Cotterill, was still one of the respected masters at the Brighton College. Mr. Cotterill, who was now before them, had been assistant-master at Harrow, he had realised the highest honours of the Universities, and had already attained a position such as many spent half a lifetime to achieve. But all these advantages he was prepared to relinquish, in order to conduct an Expedition into the centre of Africa, with the well-grounded belief that the introduction of legitimate trade and commerce will strike a heavy blow at, and ultimately suppress, the detested slave trade. Dr. Livingstone, one of

the best of authorities on questions connected with Africa, had recommended this course above all others, as that by which the land might be redeemed from the slavery in which it is submerged. This scheme was supported, too, by Lieutenant Cameron, who had traversed Africa from one end to the other, and made himself practically acquainted with its fertile resources—fertile beyond imagination. The Royal Geographical Society also endorsed the recommendation for the regeneration of Africa, by means of commerce.

"It was well known that England had expended millions of money and thousands of lives in attempts at coercion to restrain this diabolical traffic, but in vain, for that traffic still existed, and defied the might and power of our country up to the present moment. But was it right that a private gentleman, who came forward in an undertaking of this nature, should encounter the dangers and privations natural to such an enterprise, and should in addition have thrust upon him its heavy pecuniary responsibilities? Several influential gentlemen had suggested to him (the Mayor) that Mr. Cotterill should be presented with a souvenir of Brighton, as a lasting remembrance of this his latest visit to his native town. Such a course would enable Brighton to take and maintain its stand as the first amongst all the towns of England to identify themselves in this national project. He had therefore taken upon himself, without the knowledge of Mr. Cotterill, to prepare books and to open accounts at the banks for the reception and collection of subscriptions, and he trusted that those present would subscribe in any way they pleased at the conclusion of the present meeting." The Mayor then called upon Mr. H. B. Cotterill to address the meeting.

Mr. H. B. Cotterill, who rose amidst considerable applause, said—"It has given me the greatest pleasure to accept the invitation given by the Mayor to revisit the town with which many of my earliest recollections are associated. On many previous occasions I have spoken on the subject of Africa and the slave trade, in which I have taken a deep interest during the last two years. I have generally found it necessary to begin with a brief general enumeration of the features of the continent, such as the relation between the Lakes Nyassa and Nyanza, which are generally confounded the one with the other. In the present case much of the responsibility is taken off my shoulders, because you have present one better able to describe the natural features of Africa, seeing he has himself traversed the whole of the central parts of the continent, and is able to give us the latest intelligence on the subject. I will therefore limit myself, after a brief consideration of the outlines of the country, to these two points:—First, The question of the slave traffic, the facts of which are but very little known, or if known, not realised in proportion to their enormity. Secondly, I will speak of the special method for its extirpation, with which I am at present identified.

"By means of this large map, for which I am indebted to the Anti-Sla-

very Society, I will endeavour to point out a few of the main features. You will notice that all the great discoveries in Africa are more or less connected with the three great arterial river systems of that continent. What great mystery enshrouded the Nile in ancient times many of you know. This you can discover by applying to your encyclopædias and classical dictionaries, and this I shall not deal with. But of more interest is the story how the Nile was recently discovered, or re-discovered—for two thousand years B. C. the two great basins of the Nile were laid down in maps. You know how these were discovered by Speke, and Grant, and Burton. You know also how one of the great rivers—the Zambesi—is essentially the river of Dr. Livingstone, who, in coming from the south, struck that vast stream in the midst of the continent; and how, proceeding still further northwards, he found another huge river—the Lualaba—which he identified with the Nile, but which within the last few months we have learned—and solely from the explorations of one now present, to be the River Congo, the third of these great rivers. Will you therefore keep in mind the fact, that the three great basins I have mentioned are the Nyanzas—the Albert to the west, and the Victoria to the east—and that with the Zambesi, the river running from west to east, there is no large lake connected except the Nyassa, which is distinct from Nyanza, although the word, I believe, is essentially the same, meaning a marshy place or lake; that with the Congo there is a vast system of interlacing lakes, the source of which, probably, is this river discovered by Livingstone—the Zambesi. I shall not, however, take up your time with this; the part of the country to which I especially wish to direct your attention is that of Lake Nyassa, the one solitary lake with which the Zambesi is connected, and which is the part for which I leave England.

"Now, as regards the slave trade, I shall make a few broad statements, and try to corroborate them afterwards. I put very little faith in mere statistics, but I think it must astonish us when we find that, in our Parliamentary blue books, stated by Sir Bartle Frere, the number of lives annually lost in connection with the slave traffic is one million. Then, again, it is estimated that, for every slave arriving safely in Madagascar, Egypt, or whereever it may be, ten lives are sacrificed. You may be incredulous when you hear this; so was I, but, if you read the facts, you will not be so. Consider the vast area; half-an-hour ago Lieutenant Cameron said to me, 'Consider the whole of Central Africa as one vast region of slave trade.' It extends from the Zambesi almost the whole length of the continent, and from the east coast almost to the west. Now, as regards the way in which it is carried on. The slavers start from some place, such as Zanzibar, taking with them European goods. They make friends in the centre of Africa with a powerful chief. They foment old hostilities, open up old sores, incite one tribe against another, and lending their fire-arms to one side, naturally secure

the victory, and take slaves from the prisoners. It is needless to say that in such intestine wars as these, many lives are lost; also in the famine that follows. Loaded with chains, these poor slaves have to walk hundreds or thousands of miles; and if any of them show any signs of lagging, in order to prevent their falling into other hands, the drivers either cleave their heads open with a hatchet, shoot them, stab them, or, more generally, strangle them, by tying them to a tree.

"I cannot tell what may have been the experience of Lieutenant Cameron, but Livingstone says that, in one of his journeys, 'I found that day after day, in certain regions, I met on the road such sights as these continually.' And within the past few weeks all this has been corroborated by Bishop Steere, who has made a most adventurous trip across from the east coast northward to Lake Nyassa by himself. In a pamphlet he published on his return, he says—'Scarcely a day passed that I did not witness such sights as these.' Therefore you will cease to wonder at the statistics presented to us. Even the slavers themselves calculate on losing four out of every five slaves before they reach the coast, but, of course, the profit they make out of the remaining one of the five is enormous. According to Bishop Steere, the price of a slave in the interior is two yards of calico, or 9d.; at the coast he is worth £5, and when he gets to Arabia his value has increased to £50. The blue books I mentioned are not books with which we should look for exaggeration or poetry, but you will find stated in one of them that the route from Nyassa to the shore is literally lined with skeletons. I think none of us, if we endeavour to realise those facts, can help recognising the great enormity of this evil, and perhaps be actuated by a desire to see England putting forth her hand to strike down the tyrant.

"It is not so plain, perhaps, how we are to do so. There are many modes. Some advise the making of treaties with the Oriental potentates—to root out slavery out of the countries where it still exists. I do not depreciate such a course. Let all means be tried. There are difficulties, I think; for to uproot this custom would be like uprooting the ceremony of marriage in this country, so closely is it entwined around the institutions of the country. And this difficulty presents itself. We cannot enforce—neither can these potentates—any treaties we can make. We may put cruisers on the coast; we do do so, and we catch about one per cent. of the dhows. During the past week, however, a competent authority told me that we do not catch more than one in a thousand. However, let us put them there, and catch one in a thousand. But we must try other things as well, and there is one proposition to which I wish especially to call attention. I will not call it mine, but Livingstone's—it is that of going to the fountain-head of the evil—go to the country, out-bid the dealers, and you will see that the natives are eager enough in many parts to receive you, to take your part against the Arab slavers.

Then, I do not say the thing would be done, but at least a great stride is made towards the doing of it.

"You will ask, how it is to be accomplished? Those of you who have read 'Livingstone's Life' will remember that the first great journey that he made—one that has only been, I will not say out-rivalled, but rivalled by Lieutenant Cameron—crossing the continent from side to side, was undertaken almost entirely with the motive of introducing some legitimate trade amongst the Makololo, and he says he believes that any permanent elevation of such a nation as that must be effected by the introduction of an honest trade. Those, too, who have read his other books of the Zambesian territory, will remember how he has devoted a large space to describing the products of the country and to the way of opening up commerce. Ever since his one great line of policy was to endeavour to use the Zambesi and other large rivers as water-ways by which to open up the central country. Now, you will ask, perhaps, what are the products of the country that will repay trade in these parts. I have before, on other occasions, enumerated these, and given various authorities; being bold enough to use the words I found printed in a newspaper copied from the letters of Lieutenant Cameron. He, therefore, being at present the best authority, having been on the spot, I will leave that point to him, merely saying that in the part I am going to at present there is plenty of ivory stored up in the country, and that will hold out for some years, enabling us to secure our influence with the natives; and after that I have no doubt that the country will yield many rich products, cotton especially.

"It was in honour of Livingstone that not long ago—a year or two—a movement was started in Scotland, to do something in Africa worthy of their countryman, and I think it was rightly decided that the best memorial of him would be to found a station in that part of the country in connection with the great water-way of the Zambesi; the opening up of which was always strongly advocated. They therefore sent forth a party, conducted by Mr. Young, who had before reached Nyassa in search of Livingstone. From the last accounts received, they, in October, had successfully navigated the Zambesi and the Shieri, a tributary of it. In doing this they experienced considerable difficulty, because there are cataracts extending some miles. They had to take a small steamer in sections; taking it to pieces when they reached the cataracts, conveying it by road, and launching it again higher up. When they were on the upper river the natives came flocking from hundreds of miles, lining the banks of the river, and clapping their hands with joy at their return, for ever since the time of the sainted Bishop Mackenzie they had looked on the English as fathers. That is everything. With the natives against us we are one to millions, but with the natives on our side, I feel certain that we should out-rival the Arabs. This was proved by the fact that when they arrived on the lake, the chief who owned much of the land in that

part at once gave them a settlement, and virtually promised to give up the slave trade.

"Those who have read Livingstone's books will remember that the same thing has occurred in the case of other chiefs, who promised to have nothing to do with the Arabs, and to side with the Scotch and English in any quarrel that might arise. These were missionaries. They said to the people,' Now, don't have anything to do with the Arabs.' Well, it was good advice; but those natives are but human beings, very covetous of European goods, of which those missionaries had none or very little to offer them. Therefore it is not surprising to find those missionaries writing home to say, 'We must have trade here, we must be able to out-bid the Arabs, or we shall be ejected from the country.' For some years perhaps those natives might be staunch and true, but in course of time these Arabs come with their beads and calico and say, 'What do these foreigners want? They give you very good advice, but they have no beads and calico.' That is a great temptation, and should not be allowed to exist when England has it in her power with little trouble to take it out of their way. Surely it is not hard to see that some good honest trade in conjunction with the missionary efforts might be carried on. As soon as the basis is once formed in the centre, it will be of the greatest importance in keeping our hold on the country, and securing the confidence and friendship of the natives.

"It was when Lieutenant Cameron was still in the heart of Africa that this idea first struck me, after reading some of Livingstone's books, and I was rejoiced when his first letters came home to find it was exactly the same thing he wished—that he believed the introduction of trade into Central Africa was the surest, if not the only way of eradicating the slave trade. And it is not only laymen like ourselves that hold this opinion. In that pamphlet by Bishop Steere, to which I have alluded, he says—'I find the surest way to exterminate this traffic in man is to introduce some honest trade.' I have thought for some time of going out to Africa, being determined to do what I can either there or here. And this idea was a new light to me. For the past year I have been working steadily at it—writing, and, what I most prefer, speaking, for I find that when one can speak to a great number of people, it is far easier than writing. I began by going to merchants, and asking them if they did not think the time had come for the opening up of Africa, looking at it as a business matter. They said they did not see their way to do it; it was too hazardous. I said, 'Well, don't you think now that Livingstonia is founded, that at all events some pioneering expedition might be sent to see if there is anything worth getting in the country, and whether there are any accessible routes by which to transport it?' Some of the larger-hearted of them saw it, and from philanthropic as well as other motives, they have put it in my power to get together a certain amount of goods. Now, the question

came, how to transport them? I went about and spoke in public in various places; my friends too have helped me; and at last I find myself justified in making a start.

"One of the most encouraging of the facts connected with it—and I have received from all sides the very greatest sympathy and promises of support—was, that when I went down to Harrow, the school with which I have been connected, and talked to the boys, they quite spontaneously came forward, and at once, with the masters, subscribed a sum of £300 towards buying me a boat in which to navigate the rivers. One other support I had at Harrow, and I cannot help mentioning it, although it may be a little out of place. Three little children, the eldest of them nine years old, came to me one day, and said they had heard me say that, in Africa, a slave could be bought for one shilling and liberated. They brought eight shillings, and wanted eight slaves liberated, to be named after themselves. I promise you that item in my account book shall be most faithfully kept.

"I may also mention the fact, that officially I have had the warmest assurance of approval. Lord Derby himself has been kind enough to give me introductions to the authorities out there, and to promise me all the support he can give me. I mention this chiefly because I think the people should know that this scheme of mine is not merely a chimerical scheme, but one that is looked on as feasible and practicable, not only by merchants, but by Her Majesty's Government itself. I hope, therefore, to start next Monday, having shipped my little boat in sections on board one of the Donald Currie steamers bound for Algoa Bay. There we—I am accompanying a contingent of Scotch missionaries—will charter a vessel, and make our way as well as we can to the mouth of the Zambesi, and there put our boats together, navigating the rivers as well as we can till we get to Shieri. In conclusion, as this is a kind of farewell, I will not say, as is usual, 'May we all live to see one another again,' but 'May we live to see the day when this iniquitous slave traffic, to which a million lives a year are sacrificed, is exterminated, and exterminated by England.'"

Lieutenant Cameron, who was received with enthusiastic applause, then rose and said—"Mr. Cotterill has already told us much of the history of Africa, what there is and what there is not, and what is being done there. It has been my lot to traverse that continent from east to west. I have passed through countries of various descriptions—countries, many of them of unspeakable richness. If I were to tell the true story of these countries, I should be accused of imitating the story of Sinbad the Sailor, or some others of the thousand and one nights' entertainments. Passing through these countries, one seems to be going through a catalogue of the beauties of the whole world, therefore I think I had better leave them. If you go to a grocer's shop you see some of the products of the soil; in the turner's shop, you will

see others. There are coal mines, iron mines, copper mines, and gold mines, and all these lying there ready to be utilised. The vegetable products are unrivalled in the whole world.

"But this fair and vast region is rendered hideous by the continuance and increase of the most infernal traffic that has ever existed in the world. The slave trade I know well. I served for four years as Lieutenant on board a man-of-war on the East Coast engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, and during that time I have been three weeks at a time with an open boat without being out of it except on board the dhows. I know the work well, and I think we captured more than one per cent., because I know that the ship I was in took twenty-five dhows in ten days; so that, supposing the number of slaves imported from Zanzibar to be twenty thousand, the number we took would give a considerably larger proportion. But this coast traffic, of which we hear so much, and which England is doing her utmost to put down, is nothing in comparison with that in the interior, and which, until commerce is properly carried out, must still exist until either every man is a slave, or there are no people left to make slaves of. The way this trade is carried on in the interior is tending to the entire extermination of the population. Mr. Cotterill has spoken only of the Arabs—the Arabs are the smallest offenders. I know them right well. What are commonly called Arabs have a great deal to do with it; they are properly called Wonerima, or lower orders, and the Wasuahili. These are very cruel in their slave trade, and obtain vast numbers of slaves simply for the sake of the trade. But the better class of Arabs are driven to obtain slaves in order to carry the enormous amounts of ivory they obtain in the interior.

"But when we come to other portions of the continent we find that a large portion of the coast line is held under a merely nominal power by Portuguese, who claim that they only wish to improve their position and do what is right. But their power only extends along the coast line, and is then interrupted. At Mozambique the Portuguese have to pay the natives for the farms they occupy on the mainland—which they say is having the natives in their pay. They block up a large portion of both coasts of Africa to all legitimate traffic; and people who call themselves Portuguese, but are not owned by the Portuguese foreign minister, or by the representative of that country in England, spread far into the interior. These are not men—they are brutes. Taking with them hordes of savages, whom they arm with guns, they march into regions where not an ounce of powder is to be found, and make slaves of the wretched inhabitants. Giving some big chief half a dozen guns they obtain the assistance of some two hundred or three hundred men, and they easily find some pretext for attacking some unfortunate village, probably that it has not paid tribute. At night, when they are least expected, they attack it and burn it down, shooting all the male population, or driving them into the jun-

gles to die of starvation, and carrying off the women and children. Loaded with plunder, they drive them towards the west, where a fresh caravan is found, which takes them to the Makololo country. Here they are exchanged for ivory, which is afterwards exchanged from the Portuguese ports of the west.

"Whilst Africa is unopened to legitimate commerce, these evils will go on and increase day by day. There can be no doubt of this. The only way to counteract them is to establish legitimate trade. Mr. Cotterill's project is worthy of the warmest esteem and assistance of every lover of England and every man of honour. It is a scheme in a small way, and it only touches a part of the evil; but it attacks one of the roots of the slave trade, the greater portion of which is carried on with the greatest barbarity. It has, however, the advantage of a *pied-aterre*, as Livingstonia has already been formed. A tentative expedition like this will prove what I know, and what those who have thought of it know—that commerce can be carried on in Africa to pay and repay amply the capital invested in a legitimate manner; and that by the establishment of such commerce the slave trade will in process of time be done away with.

"But Nyassa is only a small part of that continent. As Mr. Cotterill has said, there is Egypt far away in the north, and Khartoum, which is simply a vast slave depot; and the slave districts run to the south nearly up to our own colonies. There is an express determination on the part of the slave-owners of Transvaal that if England presses upon them they will move further into the main country, where every man may do as he likes with his own slaves. From fifteen north latitude to twenty south latitude the cause of the slave trade extends from coast to coast of the Continent of Africa. To establish commerce means of communication must be opened up. The water systems of the Congo and Zambesi are two of the finest, if not the finest, in the world; and a short canal of twenty or thirty miles wide, as I can say from personal experience, would unite the two. From the Zambesi, one of the heads of the Congo, to Nyassa would be a land journey of about one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and I see no reason why tramways should not be laid between the two places. There would be no difficulty about this, for there would be no necessity to lay down a railway like Brunel laid between London and Reading. All that would be wanted would be a line of rails to run loads upon without employing slaves. It could be done cheaply and easily, and I hope that the time is not far distant when English capital and English merchants will be represented in every corner of the vast continent, and that the name of Englishmen will be loved and honoured. In the meantime let us do all honour to Mr. Cotterill, who is throwing up everything here in England for this cause.

"It is a noble undertaking, though perhaps it lacks some of the romance

which attends that of the explorer and traveller who pushes into entirely new country. However, Lake Nyassa has not been thoroughly explored, but will afford a rich field for new sights, rounds, and views. The people on Lake Nyassa I know well. I have heard not only from Englishmen, but also Arabs, that the name of England, thanks to Bishop Mackenzie, is loved and revered. The Arabs whose slave trade he interfered with respect and honour him. They talk about the slave trade; they are brought up to it by the Koran, but at the same time they can understand the idea of Englishmen in stopping it. I was talking to a white Arab one day, and mentioned the circumstance of having burnt a dhow in a certain place at a certain time. He mentioned some things, and asked some things, which I answered, and then he said it was his dhow. I thought I had made a mess of it, but he said, 'We are here, and we are both civilised (they call themselves civilised), and it is our duty to stand by each other. Whatever you do you do by the orders of your Government; and we are just as good friends as ever.' And that man is one of my best friends.

"The ivory trade is the principal one of Africa, and must continue for some years to be the principal export, but as we begin to open up that country, especially factories and trading stations, so shall we find new and valuable products, and also find a market for our overglut of manufactures, which causes the mills in Manchester and Lancashire to be working half time. Africa is the new El Dorado—far more than British India was to us. It is a new country open for our trade and commerce, and in which our population can find employment without very many of the dangers which are inherent to our position in India, where we have to struggle with the remains of a debased and decaying civilisation. Africa must be approached on a larger scale. The effect of Mr. Cotterill's work will be to do a great good, and to show how that large scale can best be worked out; but the time must come when the whole extent of Africa must be taken in hand on a broad and complete basis. I will now conclude, and I hope every one will join with me in wishing Mr. Cotterill success in his excellent undertaking."

The Mayor having asked if any gentleman wished to address the meeting—The Rev. R. Cocking said he would take the liberty of saying a few words upon the subject, because the early part of his own life, and the associations of his family, had been very largely mixed up with the welfare and well-being of the African race. It had not been his lot to walk in the footsteps of the great and good men who had preceded Mr. Cotterill in his noble work in Africa, but it had been his lot to live in countries where the population were almost exclusively African. He bore witness to the fact, that where the African had fair and full opportunity of knowing what was good, and having the example of higher and better things before him, that he had invariably risen, if not to the level of the higher races, yet sufficiently high to justify

them in the hope, to justify them in the assurance, that the sons and daughters of Africa would yet be amongst those who would not only be honest traders and honest people, but true followers of that dear Lord who lived and died for Africans as well as other sections of the human race. The introduction to Africa of the civilising Gospel would do that country good, and the labours of Bishop Mackenzie and Bishop Steere would yet result in a far different report from the interior of Africa, than the truthful and pathetic one they had heard that night. He would not ask three hearty cheers for those noble men, Lieutenant Cameron and Mr. Cotterill, who were going out upon a noble work, but those present, when on their knees before God that night, would ask that He would protect them, make them the means of great blessing to many millions, and would bring them back to the bosom of their families—great, not only because they had aided in opening up a new country for commerce, but great because they have assisted in opening up a great continent for the introduction of the Gospel; that Africa, already rich in her gifts of nature, might become yet richer far in her endowments of grace."

Other gentlemen addressed the meeting, speaking of the grandeur of the object contemplated, and calling for sympathy and substantial aid. The VICAR OF BRIGHTON said, it had sometimes been reproachfully stated that they were a mere nation of shopkeepers, and it might be that English traders had not left on the pages of colonial history the best mark; but they would thank God that a better view was passing over the face of the English trade; that they were recognising it as one of those Divine gifts which was becoming an instrument of religion—he said not civilisation, for they cared not for that, unless it carried religion in its train, and the deep sympathy of man for man —the great boast of Christianity, and the death-knell of slavery. The meeting closed with the announcement of various subscriptions towards the expenses of the Expedition.

There cannot be a doubt as to the wisdom of these philanthropic undertakings; and every true lover of Africa—indeed, every one who desires to see the social and moral elevation of mankind, must rejoice in them and wish them success. Let such enterprises be multiplied a thousand-fold, till slavery be utterly banished, and commerce, sanctified by Christianity, spread throughout the vast African Continent. Already a vast scheme has been projected under distinguished patronage for exploring the country, with a view to the promotion of commerce and science. Representatives of several countries have united in carrying it out; and in some quarters great and beneficial results are anticipated from it. But for ourselves, we place more confidence in the labours of wise Christian philanthropists than in all other forms of effort. The true successors of Livingstone will be the men who, with the gospel in one hand, and commerce and education in the other, will visit the African

in a spirit of divine love, and recognising his manhood, treat him as a brother. To such men Africa will at last owe her redemption, not only from the curse of slavery, but from the enthralment of ignorance, superstition, and sin.

On Tuesday, May 23rd, Mr. Cotterill, and a Mr. Parry, embarked on board the "Windsor Castle," with their boat and a quantity of goods, for the establishment of their trading station on Lake Nyassa, and sailed the same day from Dartmouth for the Cape. The same vessel took out a mission party, representing the Livingstone East African Mission of the Established Church of Scotland, and several members of the Free Church of Scotland, on their way to the Zambesi. They also had with them a boat for the station on Lake Nyassa.

A long and interesting report has been furnished by Bishop Steere of a journey taken by him in 1875, in consequence of the favourable reception which Dr. Livingstone met with from the chiefs of the Yao or Waiyou tribe in East Africa. The Bishop's Expedition left Zanzibar at the end of August, and landed the morning but one after their departure, at Lindi, a place which he had selected as the nearest point to the Lake Nyassa, and at the same time possessing one of the best and most accessible harbours on that part of the coast. The Bishop had with him the Rev. C. A. James, Mr. A. Bellville, and Mr. Beardall, with about twenty Zanzibar porters under Chumi and Susi, Livingstone's men. In consequence of hindrances from the people on the coast, it was November before they fairly started for the interior.

The Report goes on to say—"The coast settlements end at Ching'ong'o, some ten or twelve miles from Lindi. Thence we plunged into a thickly-grown forest, and after a long morning reached Lake Lutamba, a fine sheet of water, about five miles long, and two or three wide, with high wooded hills all round. We were now fairly in the Mwera country, and stopped at a village close by the lake. We were nine days of slow travelling in passing through the Mwera villages, which lie along a fine range of high hills, with many spurs and sub-ridges, in general direction north and south. Thence we passed to our first stretch of uninhabited forest, and were six days before we emerged upon the belt of villages near the Rovuma.

"This Mwera forest is very level, and most part of it very wet at the wet season, and very scant of water at the dry. We were passing just at the driest time, and had to arrange our marches so as each night to encamp near water. There is something very solemn in these huge silent forests. The men have a superstition against shouting and singing, as they do at other times, and the bare feet make no tramp, so that the only sounds one hears are when they pass the word to avoid a stump or a stone in the path, or an elephant's footmark, which means a round hole a foot or so across and deep as may happen, or, most to be shunned of all, a line of ants across the path.

"The ants are the true kings of the forest. The coast men have a legend

that when King Solomon reigned, and all the beasts acknowledged his authority, the ants came to complain that the elephants trod upon them and killed them by hundreds. The elephants made light of it, and said that, as they were the strongest of all beasts, the ants should get out of their way. The ants denied their strength, and offered to fight them. The bystanders laughed, but King Solomon appointed place and time; so the elephants sent ten or twelve of their biggest, and the ants came in myriads. At the first onset the ants were crushed by thousands, but almost immediately the foremost elephants, knocking over everything in their way, rushed to the nearest water, for their trunks and ears, and eyes, and lips, and every part tender enough for an ant to nip was full of them, cutting their way in deeper and deeper. The other elephants thereupon said that it was beneath their dignity to fight with creatures so insignificant, but Solomon gave it for the ants; and from that day forward, let lions and elephants boast as they may, they tread carefully when they see ants before them, and no one since has ever ventured to offer to fight them. We had ourselves experience of their power, and on one occasion nearly set our encampment on fire in trying to turn their course by strewing live embers about, fire being the only thing they fear.

"The approach to the Rovuma is marked by the sudden rising of great mountainous masses of granite rock, often of grotesque shapes, and seemingly strewed about by accident. The country we had passed had not always been so bare of people; it forms part of the great waste made by the raids of the Mavitis and Gwangwaras. We found the first village we came to inhabited by Gindo fugitives from near Kilwa, who, being timid folks, are terribly bullied by an otherwise insignificant Yao chief, named Golilo. They begged us to make him a present, lest he should revenge our not doing so on them. As we passed on, we heard that a coast caravan had kidnapped one of the villagers—the first trace of the slave trade. By the roadside I saw an iron furnace, hollowed out of an ant-hill. It was not at work, but there was some ore close by prepared for smelting, of which I got specimens. The smelters are Makuas, but the Mweras are the best smiths.

"We had just crossed a broad dry river-bed, when we met what we took at first for a caravan; but it turned out to be a fugitive chief and his followers, fled from the other side of the river. They told us that the Gwangwaras were out on a raid before us; that some hunters, in searching for game, had seen them and given the alarm, so they were fleeing they could not tell whither.

"We went to a village of some three hundred houses, under a Makua chief. Livingstone had seen the same people on the other side of the Rovuma; their chief Makochero had moved to this place. At the time of our visit the old man had lately died, and his son was not yet formally installed. Here we met another band of fugitives, who said that the Gwangwaras were

out behind us, and Makochero's people only stayed in their houses because our presence gave them confidence. They would otherwise have taken refuge on the tops of the granite rocks by which their village is skirted. As we heard here of a large Yao caravan having crossed the Rovuma on its way down, we began to think that there had been some mistake, and perhaps there were no Gwangwaras after all.

"From Makochero's we came to the Rovuma. It was then at its lowest, and at that spot without much current, the whole bed studded with rocks and sandbanks and reedy islands. It was fordable in many places, and nowhere deep. A more unpromising stream for navigation could hardly be; for some distance, a little higher up, no water was visible, only a waste of rocks, and the sound of water rushing along between them. We were three days more passing up the north bank, and crossed two large rivers, still flowing but very low, which drain respectively the forest wastes which were once the Gindo and the Donde territories.

"All along the Rovuma we were gathering provisions as we could for the Yao forest on the other side. We crossed at a place where the river was broad and still, but covering its whole bed, and looking more like the great river it really is. The water was nowhere more than about three feet deep, and mostly but little above the knee. The men walked straight across, and I was cleverly ferried over a little higher, where there was more current, in a very small canoe.

"On the other side we found a Yao village, just forming itself, having fled in a body from near the Lujenda (or Loendi), where the Gwangwaras had certainly been. The Yaos reported that there was another war somewhere before us, and we waited while they sent on to the next village for more certain information. The messengers reported the war as being far off; so we went on, and early in the afternoon came to a village where we met with the only chief who made himself really disagreeable. He was a Donde, one of those who had learnt the trade of thieving from their Maviti spoilers. He was a sort of lieutenant to a bigger man, a Gindo named Mpingawandu, on the other side of the river. He insisted on a much larger present than the other small chiefs were contented with, and threatened to throw all sorts of obstacles in our way if we did not stay all the next day in his village; his people, too, stole by wholesale from our porters.

"The next chief, as if to complete the chaos of tribes, was a Nyassa; he, too, would gladly have detained us, but, being weaker than his neighbour in every way, we went on to the next, a Yao village, whence we got some men to help carry our provisions, and struck off from the river for Mataka's, hoping to find a chief, named Liuli, about half-way. On the second day of our forest march we met a deformed man, who stood aside to let us pass. The more superstitious of our men took him for a wood-demon, and said

that, if it had appeared as a woman, our deaths would have been certain. It was not a demon, however, but a man; he told our people behind that he was fleeing for his life from Liuli's, which had just been destroyed by a party of Dondes from near the Lujenda—that he had seen three men killed, and the plundering begun.

"Here, then, was a serious difficulty; some advised waiting, some returning to the Rovuma, and working up its bank till near the mountains; but the real question was, where were the Dondes going next?—they would not probably stay long at Liuli's. I thought it was just as safe to go on as to go back, and, besides, my patience had been quite exhausted by our delays upon the Rovuma, and I was eager to get forward at any cost. Ultimately we sent three men to go onward cautiously, and see whether the road was clear, while we followed.

"The first night they returned and reported all safe for some distance ahead. The second night they did not return. We found that day a sign of what might be done if the coast men really desired to benefit the people. We found a fine cashew nut tree in a deserted village, the only coast fruit tree we had seen. The cashew apples were just ripe, and though not the best fruit by any means, we rushed upon them, and soon cleared the tree. A little further on we came to some marks which seemed to show that our men had halted there, or had left the path we were following. Our Yao helpers were clear that the right road was forward, and so we went on with them to another deserted village, where they left us, and we encamped.

"These settlements belonged to a chief named Kang'-ninda, and had been abandoned in the May preceding. They were very finely placed on broad swells of high land commanding grand views all round, with a large river near, and little brooks running among granite rocks. One longed to be able to re-occupy them. The next morning we were anxious about our people, and sent men forward to see if they could discover any traces of them, and back to mark the roads from the cashew nut tree onward to show which way we had gone. Both returned without tidings. Some thought our men had been surprised and killed, some that they had been scared and run back. Meanwhile our provisions were running out; so we had nothing for it but to go forward.

"This afternoon, still among ruined villages, we met a small caravan going down. They had a few small tusks of ivory, some loads of tobacco, and about thirty slaves. They reported the road clear ahead, and we gave them instructions for our men, if they met with them. Next day we came to a fork in the road, when one of the men luckily recollected the spot, and that the right-hand road was the one for Mataka's. The path seemed so overgrown and little used that I had begun to doubt about it, when we met a large caravan, or rather three straggled into one; they had only tobacco and

slaves. They told us that they were five days from Mataka's, and that the road was clear, but we should meet with no more houses.

"This was bad news for us who had nearly eaten all our stock. About nine the next morning, word was passed to stop, as a gun had been heard behind, and soon our three men rejoined us; they had misread the marks near the cashew nut tree, and thought we had gone back; they did not meet the first caravan, but slept the night before with the second, who had given them some food, all they had. We cooked for them at once, and immediately after sent on two men with cloth to get to Mataka's as quickly as possible, and bring back food.

"The ground was now losing something of its level character, and rising first into long swells, as at Kangninda's, and afterwards into sharper ridges. The trees, too, were very unlike those in the Mwera forests. There the average diameter may be taken as from one foot to two, with a tall trunk before branching. Here the average diameter would run between six and twelve inches, with far less height of trunk and spread of branches. African trees are, as a rule, disappointing; there are some really fine ones near the rivers and in hollows, but generally they are ill grown, and their foliage scanty, besides being out of leaf for a great part of the year. The baobabs, which have enormous trunks, only grow tall when surrounded by other large trees, and are bare for nearly nine months of the year. The Yao forests have, however, one tree which we found very useful. It bears a round fruit, with russet rind, and three large grooved stones, surrounded by a small quantity of very sweet pulp, with something of a pear-like flavour. They were just coming ripe, and we ate them by hundreds. The Yaos call them Masuku.

"As we went on that day, I saw a woman coming towards us; our leading guide spoke to her, and made her turn to follow him. I went up, and he told me she had run away from yesterday's caravan, and he purposed to take her to Mataka's. I made him leave her alone, and she went on in the other direction.

"November had now run out, and the rain had begun to trouble us. We found a ford in front impassable, and had to fell some trees to make a temporary bridge for the purpose of crossing over. We thought this river was the Luatize, which Chuma remembered crossing with Dr. Livingstone; but the next day we came to a still larger river, which turned out to be the true Luatize.

"We passed this morning several cairns, on which it was customary for passers-by to throw each his stone. A little further on, we passed a newly-made Arab grave, and all along were remains of old encampments, ominous signs of having had to wait there till the river fell sufficiently to be fordable. Soon after mid-day, however, we met a caravan, the foremost men carrying

some very fine ivory, several of the tusks being borne between two. Then came tobacco and slaves, and some of the leaders were recognised as Mataka's men. They told us that the caravan belonged to Mataka himself, that our men had slept in their camp very near the villages the night before, and that it was possible we might reach their encampment that night, and find our men there on their way back.

"When we got to the ford, we found it a scene of the wildest confusion. A place has been chosen where the stream is cut up by six or seven islets, with narrow channels between; the water in some of these was nearly up to the arm-pits, and ran so strongly that, except for trees laid across to hold on by, it would have been impossible to cross. Over and through these they were bringing some two hundred slaves, many of them women and children, and very many with forked sticks fastened to their necks. The noise and tumult were beyond description. We had to wait a while for them, and utilised the time by persuading the leaders of the caravan to sell us a bag of grain.

"Just as we crossed, a heavy Scotch mist came on, which changed into a drizzling rain, through which we trudged drearily, in hope of reaching the encampment. The dull light and chill rain, the bare trees and the dead leaves beneath them, were all as like a December afternoon in England as possible. At last, wet and weary, we turned aside and encamped for the night. A regular caravan encampment is made by cutting pairs of stout stakes, six or seven feet long, with forked ends, and setting them up so as to form two sides of an equilateral triangle; a ridge piece is then laid in the forks which locks them together. Pair after pair are set up till a rough circle is formed according to the size of the caravan. Straight sticks are laid from the ridge pole on each side on the lines of the pairs of stakes, to form rafters, and then sticks tied horizontally to support the grass with which the whole is thatched over; small holes are left on the inner side for the men to creep in at, and these are furnished with grass doors, or rather shutters. This great circle of roof without walls is generally divided by partitions into huts for one or two men; a bed is made by laying down two stout logs for the sides and filling in between them with grass or leaves, over which the sleeping mat is laid. The man then lights a fire close beside him, and all is snug for a week if need be. Sometimes a regular bedstead is made by setting four short forks to support the side pieces, across which short sticks are laid and grass on them. Separate huts are built within the enclosure for the leaders of the caravan, and often a miniature hut for the *tail.* Every caravan ought to have a flag, inscribed and blessed by a man of learning on the coast, which no porter is allowed to pass before on pain of a fine to the flag-bearer, and a tail, it may be, of an ox or a hyæna, which watches over thefts and misdoings. Neither flag nor tail ought to rest at night among the men, and one caravan which

we met had at each encampment set up a little roof over a bit of the path some distance in advance, where their tail passed the night by itself. I do not know whether our men had a proper tail; there was one with us, seemingly used as a fly-flap, but it was stolen at the Donde's village on the Rovuma. The circle of the encampment is generally completed all round, so as to shut out thieves and keep in runaways. Where bamboos and long grass are plentiful, a very neat and useful camp may be built very quickly.

"The night after crossing the Luatize, we soon got good fires and a plentiful supper, and woke the next day on a good specimen of a May morning, bright and fresh and sparkling. This beginning of the rains is the spring of the tropical year; the trees are coming into fresh leaf, flowers are everywhere showing themselves. Among the brightest at this time were the gladiolus, scarlet, white, lilac, puce, lemon, and orange. No one in Yao land need fear to want flowers about Christmas. It was past mid-day when we came to the Yao encampment, and soon after met our men returning. We were then close to Mataka's villages, and slept in one of them on the night of the 8th of December, having made twenty-seven full days of travelling, the remaining eleven being days and half-days of rest and provision seeking.

"We were not destined to make a dignified entrance into Mataka's chosen residence, Mwembe, for a drizzling rain came on, and as we had to cross several spurs of the main ridge, with steep descents and ascents, ending by the ascent into the town itself, the rain made the clay path so slippery that we slid and staggered on as we best could in sad disorder. However, we blazed away a good deal of powder, and the town turned out in force to look at us. It was a new thing to me to see a genuine town crowd in Africa. Livingstone reckoned about a thousand houses in Mwembe, and it has not since diminished. I could not count the houses myself, but I think there were probably quite as many as Livingstone saw. The people have made a curious compromise with their old custom of moving away from the place where any one dies. They build a new house close to the old one, and ridge up the clay and rubbish of the old walls into a small plantation of Indian or Kafir corn. Every spare plot is planted, so that after the rains the town must look like a sea of green, with house roofs floating upon it.

"A steep road led us through the thickest part of the town to where a very large high roof, surmounted by a ridge board, with a head at one end, a tail at the other, and something like a man astride near the head, marked Mataka's own dwelling. There is a large yard surrounded by trees in front of it, and in the broad space under the eaves, a sort of earthen throne, three steps high, on one side of the door for the chief himself, and a lower bench on the other for his visitors. There I was placed, and the yard soon filled with townsfolk. Mataka came out directly, and sat down on his throne; he understood my Swahili, but would not talk it, preferring to use Chuma,

himself a Yao, as an interpreter. He made me very welcome as the second white man he had seen, and asked me to turn up my sleeve and let them see my arm, as hands and face had got burnt Arab colour. He offered us the choice of two houses, and the men went to get one ready. I sat to be looked at and talked over till they returned and conducted me, not without firing of guns, to the house which they had chosen. Thither the town followed, and Mataka sent us presents of food and pombe, or ukana, the native beer; perhaps barley water slightly fermented would best represent it to an English mind. I like it in moderation, and Chuma made me with it and some flour I had brought capital little loaves, which were very acceptable as a relief from the endless rice and fowls, which are the staple food, and the weariness of every European in tropical Africa. One man actually asked me whether we had any fowls in England, for he had observed that all Englishmen ate so many of them when in Africa. As though we any of us would if we could get anything else! However, at Mwembe we were in a land of plenty; we bought a large goat, and an Arab settled in the town gave us another, and Mataka gave us an ox, and we feasted on an abundance of peas, which grow here, but not nearer to the coast, so that, if the truth be told, we all rather over-ate ourselves and suffered for it.

"On the day following our arrival, we made up a valuable present for Mataka, and sent him my letters from Zanzibar from the Regent and English Consul-General. He seemed very well satisfied, and said we might go anywhere we pleased, and make ourselves at home in his country. He was anxious we should not then go on to the lake, as in so doing we should probably make friends with his enemy Makanjila. At first he offered us a place in the town, but afterwards got frightened and preferred we should settle nearer the lake at Losewa. He gets much of his wealth from what he knew we should hate and speak against, the sale of slaves, though Mponda, at the outlet of the Shire, and Makanjila, are the chief slave sellers. As Mataka represented it, he sold criminals, but of course he sells Makanjila's people when he can get them, and his own born slaves, and a very small offence suffices if the chief is in want of money.

"I stayed in Mataka's country about a fortnight, when the continual rains and the memory of the rivers behind us made me think it was high time to return. I hoped to have gone down to the coast very light and very quickly, but our men, finding that I had few burdens for them, bought such a quantity of tobacco for themselves that they were more heavily loaded than before. The Yaos use their tobacco almost exclusively in the form of snuff, but Yao tobacco is specially valued in Zanzibar for chewing, and commands a higher price there than any other sort. There seems to be no legitimate commerce now between the Yaos and the coast except in tobacco and bhang, and a very little ivory, the elephants being nearly all killed off. Caravans

are, however, sent across the lake by Mataka and the other chiefs to buy ivory, which is afterwards sent down to Kilwa, or indirectly through the Makuas, to Ibo. This want of other trade is of course the chief reason why the Yao chiefs cling so firmly to their slave traffic; the opening of some new commerce would be the surest way of destroying the trade in men.

"We made our final start from Mataka's villages on December 22, taking with us abundant provisions, and some Yaos who were skilled in making bark canoes, in case we found the rivers unfordable. In going up we had met few caravans, partly because they avoided us when possible, and I think our guide avoided them. One caravan near Makochero's made a night march to pass us unseen, and two slaves escaped from them that night; when they got down to Kilwa they spread a report that we had been dispersed by the Gwangwaras and many of us killed, and they were believed till Mataka's caravan arrived, and reported meeting us at the Luatize. Now we were in the midst of a rush of caravans, trying like ourselves to escape the worst of the rains.

"We were very fortunate in finding both the great rivers bridged by previous caravans; indeed, we met one in the act of crossing the second. We made a slightly quicker march down through the Yao forest than we had made going up. Now we found all the low land full of Rovuma water. We were told that the river was unusually high, and it rose two feet while we stayed on its banks for a day to buy food.

"I had thus an opportunity of seeing under a different aspect a district of high land near the river which I had thought in going up would make an admirable site for a city of refuge, or for an intermediate station and resting place. It looked even more promising now. Just by it we met a large caravan, the largest I think which we saw; it consisted of one hundred and thirty-four people carrying sixty-one bales of cloths. The number of these is always the standard by which the importance of a caravan is measured. A few days before we had met another with thirty-five people and seventeen bales, which was, I think, the smallest. In all we met nine, five belonging to Yao chiefs and four to coast Arabs, most of them having been from two to three months on the way, and all exclaiming at the scarcity and dearness of provisions. We found afterwards at Makochero's, where we had bought most of our provisions in going up, and amongst us had eaten some hundreds of fowls, that nothing was now to be had, and everything about the place looked hungry; the caravans seen would represent from one thousand five hundred to two thousand slaves, and possibly some ten thousand for the whole year.

"The Rovuma was crossed on January 7, at a place where the river flows in one channel, reminding one in breadth and current of the Thames at Westminster when the tide has begun to run out strongly. I think, however, that it is wider, and the water, instead of being black, was a muddy

red. We were ferried over in four small canoes, which made seven journeys each. Two days more brought us to the Mwera forest, and just as we left the river, we met a man who said he was six days from Lindi, which makes one believe that it is possible for a native going express to get to Mataka's in from ten to fifteen days, as all the coast people say that it is.

"On the 16th of January we were again among the Mweras, for whom I confess a strong liking. They have no slave trade, but drive a brisk business with the coast in Kafir corn, rice, semsem seed, tobacco, and copal, to which they have just added india-rubber, and may add bees-wax, for honey is so abundant that we may almost say their standard food is porridge and honey. The copal lies close to the surface in quite uncertain patches. The Mweras have a tool like a broad spud, with which they sound where they fancy likely places, and by use can recognise at once if they strike copal. The finder is then entitled to all he can stretch over, say six feet each way, beyond which any one else may dig. Sometimes a lucky find will fill his bag at once, but more commonly the loads taken down to the coast are many days in gathering. I offered to teach any lads that would go down with me, but some did not care to learn, and more were afraid they might never come back. However, a beginning is made, and in time they will know and trust us. It is sad to think that, unless we can do something, their end must be to be swept into hopeless foreign slavery, as at any time by a Gwangwara raid they might be, for they have no principle of unity, and Seyed Barghash's policy makes it impossible for them to get powder, without which their guns are useless.

"We made no stay among them, for food was scarce, and rain was plentiful; and one night, through the obstinacy of our guide, who would not stop at a village when the storm threatened, I got for the first time thoroughly wet through. So on January 21st we walked again into Lindi in very good general condition; indeed, that one night's rain was the only serious damage we had encountered, our bell tent having preserved the goods, and my waterproof sheets myself, from all the previous downpours. We were thus thirty-one days from Mataka's country, of which twenty-five were full days of marching, and the remaining six days of resting and food buying.

"The line I traversed has been the scene of terrible destruction since the time that our mission was first started, and whole nations have practically disappeared. The Yaos are now in every sense the strongest in mind and body, as well as in numbers. None of the tribes have a common head, but Mataka, Makanjila, and Mponda, are really great chiefs.

"The Mweras are even less united; every little group of huts is independent. There is a story current of a Mwera who had thirteen daughters, and determined to be a chief. So he cleared a new spot in the forest, and every one who wished to marry one of his daughters he made it a condition

that he should come and live under him. Thus he soon had thirteen huts beside his own, which in Mwera land is a respectable village. The Matambwes, on the lower or middle Rovuma, are almost overwhelmed by refugees —Gindos, Dondes, Yaos, and Makuas, but their language asserts itself as the common medium of communication. Near the mouth of the Rovuma lie the Makondes, pressed upon by the Makuas from the south, with Machemba, like a cancer, in their midst.

"Old traders say that the road from Kilwa to the Nyassa used to lie entirely through an inhabited country, where food of all sorts was fabulously abundant. East of Kilwa lay the Gindos, and south of them the Mweras; east of both these the Dondes, and then on the lower Rovuma Matambwes; and on the upper, and along the lake, Yaos; south and east of the lake, Nyassas, and east of them again the Bisas, who were ardent traders, and used to send down caravans of their own to Kilwa. The great disturbers of this state of things were the Maviti, or Mazitu, a Zulu army sent on an unsuccessful expedition, which instead of returning to be decimated, went north and found a new home round the north end of the Nyassa, whence they plundered and burnt in all directions, even sending an army against Kilwa itself, and for the time stopping all trade.

"The coast trade itself in anything like its present dimensions seems to be scarcely twenty years old, corresponding in fact to the growth of Zanzibar as a centre of commerce. Yet it must have been once of great extent, or Kilwa could not have been the important city which the Portuguese found it. In the Yao language there are a few words which point to old commercial relations with the coast, especially the name for coast people, which is merely the Arab name for Christians; this seems to show that at the coming of the Portuguese there was Arab influence enough among the Yaos to give them an Arab name. The trade died in their hands, and only in our own days is returning to its former importance. The same conclusion may be drawn from the vague acknowledgment of one God by all the nations between the great lakes and the sea. This is just the remnant of Mohammedan teaching, which might be expected to survive, when that teaching was first forcibly suppressed at the fountain head by a professed Christianity, and then allowed to wither away into forgetfulness, nothing really remaining except a distaste for visible idols. It is only on the young men of the present generation that Mohammedanism is beginning to exert a powerful influence, and this just in proportion as they are struggling into some kind of civilisation. It is therefore much more felt by the principal Yao chiefs than by the smaller, or, by the less advanced Mweras.

"The harvest is ripe, where are the reapers?

"EDWARD STEERE, *Missionary Bishop.*

"ZANZIBAR, *Lent*, 1876."

Referring to Bishop Steere's plan for arresting the slave trade, the carrying out of which was the object of his journey into the interior, the Rev. Horace Waller, who speaks from knowledge, says:—" There can be no doubt that Bishop Steere's plan is the correct one. Forty men, carefully selected under a competent leader, might not only establish themselves within a few months upon some favourable spot near Lake Nyassa, but, if properly constituted, the little detachment should hold its own against any possible disturbance, and induce every village within two days' march, under offer of good reward, to report the presence of any slave caravans in the country. The party should certainly contain, say, ten sappers, one blacksmith, two carpenters, one mason, two bricklayers, taught to make bricks, one sergeant, two seamen, one cook, two agriculturists, and a medical man. It would be hard if the remaining hands could not be gathered from the ranks that have already sent such men to Africa as those which make up the 'Livingstonia' party. The prospect of an intensely interesting and adventurous life and a determination to put an end to the slave trade would attract many, whilst the bold and unsparing eye of the leader would sift out such as could not furnish unmistakable evidence that their previous life and reputation would stand the test of severe discipline and thorough obedience.

" That some one or two men would beg to be allowed to join as missionaries and teachers from the outset, we may be certain, and with the probability of a large population quickly springing up around the City of Refuge, their presence, from all points of view, would be indispensable. The outlay on such an undertaking would not reach that needed for the maintenance of a guard-ship on the coast. With Lindi as a first-rate harbour, and Zanzibar frequented by ships of all nations within easy reach, stores could be landed on the coast at any season, and at each trip the cost of porterage and time expended on the road would be worked down. Trading should be vigorously carried on in all directions, in order that the natives might find the same goods procurable in exchange for the products of their lands and forests that they have hitherto alone been able to secure by the sale of their fellow creatures. The home Government might well afford to be answerable for the military and naval element in the undertaking, as it would form part of the suppressive policy at work on the coast, whilst private enterprise might support the remaining cost. The news would spread with incredible speed that any fraction of a tribe could settle down in the vicinity of the settlement safe from attack, and with equal speed it would become known, as of old at Magomero, that no slaver would be tolerated in the land. Indeed, the writer of these observations can ill conceal that he is jotting them down in full recollection of what five or six men once proved to be possible in this way, and within one hundred and fifty miles of this same chief Mataka; and he ventures to state that every one who has had actual experience of the native

tribes as at present constituted, the ramifications of the slave trade as at present carried on, the deep longing on the part of the natives for the presence of the English, and the extreme fear of the Arabs when brought into contact with them, will bear him out in saying that twelve Englishmen on Lake Nyassa, and forty more stationed as Bishop Steere proposes, would in three years make the slave trade a thing of the past, over an enormous tract, and save some hundred thousand lives per annum.

"Nor, whilst we are on this branch of the subject, can we help speaking freely of the treaties which we have recently made with the Sultan of Zanzibar, the apprehensions concerning the integrity of territory threatened by the Egyptians, and his supposed powers to interfere with the slave trade throughout his so-called dominions. His ready acquiescence with our suggestions for a very good *quid pro quo* irresistibly recalls the old story of the farmer leaning over the gate by the roadside and allowing the cockney to fire away into the ducks swimming about in the pond on the common at so much a shot. It was only when the slaughterer of ducks found out that he had been putting crown after crown into the hand of a man who had really nothing to do with them that he could properly understand the easy terms agreed upon.

"So with ourselves: after reading such accounts as Livingstone wrote from Nyangwe, after reading that which Dr. Steere relates on the path to the lake, and Young from the shores of Nyassa itself, to say nothing of the additional testimony of Stanley and Cameron, it is clear that from southern Shire to northern Nile, from the Comoro Islands on the east to the waters of the supposed Congo on the west, *the Zanzibar image and superscription is indelibly stamped on every deed of Arab infamy and bloodshed.* It becomes, I say, an anxious question what value we ought to attach to the leave we have obtained from this bland Sultan to interfere in his dominions; and when we reflect that every musket, every pound of powder, every bale of goods—in short, every Arab caravan which is fitted out for the interior is identified with Zanzibar to begin with, it is not altogether beside that question to ask also whether we should not now try our hand in a different direction, and not content ourselves with stopping a mere percentage of the slaves that are exported, after the slave raids organised at Zanzibar have had time to work their baneful effect amongst the tribes.

"In this country the police would far rather break in upon a gang of coiners than detect a poor wretch passing a bad shilling over a counter. In the East our policy is to encourage the coiner, and congratulate ourselves in Parliament and on platforms that we have something to show when we eventually pick up a bad coin. Mr Young states that twenty thousand slaves were carried across Lake Nyassa last year by Zanzibar Arabs, one of whom had the audacity to appear at the capital a few months after, representing

that the English, under Mr Young, were ruining the slave trade there! In singular confirmation of this we find Bishop Steere stating that he believes, from what he saw, as many as ten thousand slaves per annum passed along the particular path (one of two leading to the coast) that he happened to be travelling upon.

"But we must now leave them to speak for themselves. That the slaver has altered his plans, we cannot doubt; that he has dropped his lucrative trade, it is absurd to imagine; but we are equally sure that in contrast to this unsatisfactory state of things the right measures for real suppression have been ably propounded.

"It is with extreme delight that we now see an extraordinary impetus given to an old scheme, formed many years ago, for dealing a most effectual blow at the very heart of this dreadful state of things. Originating first of all in the practical mind of Dr Livingstone, it has stood the test of many years' criticism, and has never seemed otherwise than precisely *the one thing wanted* when regarded by those who have personally watched the slave trader at his work in the country."

In October, 1876, the annual meetings of the Church Congress were held at Plymouth; and one of the subjects discussed was, "Central Africa in relation to Mission Work, Slave Trade, and Commerce." A paper which had been prepared by Sir Bartle Frere was read, in which he said he proposed to lay before the Congress a short account of the recent development of Christian Missions on the East Coast of Africa, and to indicate the mode in which they were likely to be affected by the plan for an international association for the exploration and civilisation of Central Africa which the King of the Belgians had lately placed before a Conference of geographers and others at Brussels in September last. Central Africa had for ages been almost closed or lost to the rest of the world, except as a nursery or hunting ground for slaves. Admirably adapted by nature for producing and exporting almost every kind of tropical or sub-tropical raw produce, and for consuming in large quantities the products and manufactures of the rest of the world, Central Africa had for three centuries exported little except slaves, every one of whom had been proved in the clearest manner to be procured at the cost of many other human lives, while the process of hunting for them kept the whole country in a state of perpetual insecurity and barbarism. The annual loss of life had been repeatedly proved to be some hundred times greater than the slaughter in Bulgaria, which had so recently shocked the whole civilised world. No one who had any instinct of humanity could refuse to aid in putting a stop to such a horrible waste of human life, and of the good gifts of the Almighty; but how was this to be effected?

Governments and diplomatists had done, and were doing, their part, but they could achieve little without the aid of explorers and enterprising

travellers to penetrate regions where mistrust of every man's neighbour had hitherto barred the road to all but the armed bands of slave-hunting men-stealers. Naturalists and men of science must follow the explorers to ascertain and report the natural riches of the country; missionaries must follow to teach and civilise, and men of commerce to trade and assist the development of lawful industry. At present those interested in behalf of Central Africa for opening roads and forming stations which should be centres of security and civilisation, were working separately and losing time, energy, and money.

The idea of the King of the Belgians was by means of an international association to unite all these efforts, as far as they had common objects in view; to make known to all interested in the work the scattered items of information which now escaped notice in separate transactions and reports; to concert united action where united action was necessary or practicable; and to aid in laying before the Governments and communities of the civilised world such requisites of their great task as could only be supplied by national or diplomatic effort. One of the first wants was, of course, to open roads, and to establish stations which might serve as points of refuge for the weak and needy, as bases of further operations for the explorer and man of science; as resting places for the traveller and missionary, and as centres of commerce. All experience showed that the establishment of such stations was not only practicable, but that it was the only way in which the objects he had enumerated could be effectually promoted. Among those who attended the King's Congress were their own countrymen, Grant and Cameron, who were among the few living travellers who had succeeded in passing from sea to sea—Cameron from east to west, Grant from south-east to north, across the great continent. The explorers present gave vivid descriptions of the obstacles which had barred their progress and the mode in which such obstacles might be overcome, and there was a general concurrence of opinion that few things would conduce more to open out Central Africa than the careful selection of routes to be traversed, and the establishment of stations well chosen on such routes, as bases of further exploration. Forty years ago there was not a solitary Christian congregation, or minister of the Christian religion, to be found between Socotra and Cape Delgado—the present northern frontier of Portuguese possessions. Along this coast, extending for 1,500 miles in a direct line, such Christianity as might have once existed had entirely disappeared, and the only notable foreign commerce which existed was that in slaves.

The Church Missionary Society were the first to establish an active mission on this coast—at Mombasa, a position wisely selected. For years the mission continued here and at Kissoluduü, sixteen miles inland, with little external increase or development, but it was far from being inoperative, for Dr. Rebmann accumulated vast stores of philological research, which would

be invaluable to all future missionaries and promoters of civilisation in that region. During the last three years the mission had been greatly strengthened and extended by the Church Missionary Society. The Rev. W. Price, who at the Church Missionary Society's Mission at Nassick, near Bombay, trained the "Nassick Boys" who so nobly brought home Livingstone's body, had lately transplanted to Mombasa a considerable colony of liberated slaves found in slave dhows captured by English cruisers, and made over to his care for education at Nassick. Their children had been carefully trained by him, in the Christian religion as well as in various educational arts, and the establishment at Mombasa promised to become a most valuable base of operations.

At Mombasa in the last two years £7,060 had been spent, and the staff of the mission consisted of two ordained missionaries, one layman, Commander Bussell, R.N., one medical man, and a schoolmaster, all Europeans, beside several native Christians educated at Nassick. If the establishment prospered as it promised to do, it might prove a great centre of civilisation and Christianity, which missions might radiate into the interior. One such branch had been already projected by the Church Missionary Society (who proposed to establish a mission in the country of Uganda and Karague, between the Lakes Victoria and Albert). In answer to a special appeal for the purpose, £13,000 had been collected. The Universities' Mission, under Bishop Steere, was one result of the effect produced on the Church by Livingstone's great journey. Now at Zanzibar, Bishop Steere had collected, and, in part, printed by the hands of the educated negro Christians who were once slaves, a most valuable series of elementary educational and devotional works in the native dialects of East Africa, translations of portions of the Scripture and liturgy, grammars, vocabularies, school books, &c., all of the utmost practical value to missionaries, travellers, and educated natives. Bishop Steere was building a church on the site of the former slave market, and had, four miles from Zanzibar, an agricultural settlement of adult free slaves, and a school for girls and infants. A mile and a half from Zanzibar he had a boys' school and printing press, and a station at Magila, on the mainland to the north-west of Zanzibar, and about forty miles in a direct line from the coast. The European staff of the Universities' Mission consisted of Bishop Steere, four ordained missionaries, two schoolmasters, a master printer and master carpenter, and two ladies, who superintended the schools. Bishop Steere proposed to establish another station on the mainland to the north or north-east of lake Nyassa, and the plan, suggested by his journey of exploration was, in fact, a realisation of one of Livingstone's great ideas.

Next in order of date and establishment on this coast, was the French Roman Catholic Mission, a large and a well-organised institution. There was a large farm of several hundred acres, schools for girls and boys,

an hospital, and accommodation for travellers, who were always most kindly and liberally entertained by the brethren. They proposed, when he (Sir Bartle Frere) visited them in 1873, to establish a station some miles inland, clear of the coast of swamps, and about a stage or two on the great road to the interior, but he had not yet heard whether their intention had been carried out.

Livingstonia, at the south end of the Lake Nyassa, had been established within the last two years by the Free Church of Scotland, which raised more than £10,000 for the purpose. It was under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Stewart and Mr. Young, R. N., both friends and former companions of Livingstone, and possessing great African experience. They had two ordained missionaries and eight lay assistants, agriculturists, engineers, weavers, carpenters, and a seaman who assisted Mr. Young in the management of the small steamer which they brought up the rivers Zambesi and Shire, carried in pieces round the falls of the latter river, and with which they had circumnavigated Lake Nyassa. They found that it extended a hundred miles further north than was supposed, and that it fully answered in every respect Livingstone's description as capable of becoming either a great facility for carrying on the slave trade, or an important means of checking it. The mere presence of the English steamer in its waters was stated to have already produced a great effect. The Established Church of Scotland had already taken steps for placing a mission on the shores of the Lake Nyassa in close proximity to their brethren of the Free Church. They had raised £5,000, and despatched Mr. Henderson in company with the Free Church Expedition to choose a site for the future settlement. An ordained missionary and five or six assistants were about to follow.

The London Missionary Society, which originally sent out Drs. Livingstone and Moffat, had determined to establish a mission, and had collected a fund of nearly £8,000 for the purpose. They had deputed the Rev. Mr. Price, grandson of Dr. Moffat, and possessed of considerable missionary experience on the Cape frontier, to visit the Zanzibar coast and prepare for receiving a party of six or eight members of the mission, who will leave England early in the spring to join him. The party was to consist of Lieut. S. G. Smith, R.N., two ordained missionaries, one of them educated as a medical man, two engineers, a carpenter, and a blacksmith. It was impossible to exaggerate the value of wheeled carriages in such a country as Africa. It would go far to obviate the necessity for porters carrying loads on their heads and shoulders, which was one incitement to slave hunting, as such porters at present afforded the only means for carrying the ivory to the coast. There could be but little doubt that if carts or waggons could be introduced, and tracks cleared to afford them passage, the civilising effect on the country between the ocean and the lake districts would be great and im-

mediate. The Tsetse fly had hitherto been one great obstacle to the use of wheeled carriages or even pack cattle in Eastern Africa, but Dr Kirk, the Consul-General of Zanzibar, had since showed that this fly was extremely local, and that vast tracts were to be found which were generally free from it; that the places most infected by it could often be avoided by experienced guides; that the fly disappeared when the country was cleared and forsaken by the great game, and that altogether the Tsetse was not such a formidable hindrance to the use of pack or draught cattle as was once supposed. Mr. Price had already trained cattle to draw a rough cart, with which he had made an experimental journey of nearly one hundred miles on the mainland. Bishop Steere, an experienced authority, had expressed an opinion that Mr. Price had already achieved an important success.

The Free Wesleyan Church had for several years had a mission established at Ribe, sixteen miles north-west of Mombassa, and the mission was well placed for extension to the lake region. It would be seen from these details, first, that in the past three years a great impulse had been given to the missionary effort on this coast, and there was evidently in many branches of Christ's Church a warm and apparently abiding interest in the work of evangelising those long-neglected regions. Secondly, that all societies at work recognised more or less the importance of industrial, civilising, as well as pure missionary influences. Thirdly, it was clear that every one of those societies might derive most important aid from such a plan as the King of the Belgians had recently devised for an international organisation for exploring and civilising Central Africa. Indeed, some of the societies had in part anticipated the king's plan, and more than one traveller had already found a base for his explorations at the hospitable missionary establishments on the coast.

Such travellers, as well as the missionaries, might benefit enormously by the establishment of international stations at intervals of two or three days' journey inland from the coast. From the speech of Mr. Stevenson at the meeting of the British Association held in Glasgow some time previously there was every hope that a part at least of the scheme indicated by Mr. Mackinnon at the Brussels Conference might be executed by the enterprising countrymen and townsmen of Livingstone. The scheme comprised a chain of posts from some port south of Kilwa to the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and thence to the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. A second would connect Ujiji with Bagamoyo or some neighbouring port. These lines would be most valuable and helpful to four of the six missions already established on the coast, and at the same time they were among the most important routes for commerce with the lake country. They would be supported by Dr. Kirk as important checks on the land-borne slave trade, and they were selected by Commander Cameron as most promising for aiding

to complete the unfinished work of himself and Dr. Livingstone by enabling future travellers to solve the great geographical problems regarding the lake country west of Tanganyika and the vast basin of the Congo.

The work was one in which commercial men, seeking new routes and objects of traffic, scientific men, and geographers exploring unvisited regions; philanthropists desiring to civilise Africa by abolishing slavery and the slavery trade; and, above, all, missionaries bearing the gospel of peace to the barbarous millions of Central Africa, were all deeply interested, and there was no branch of the Church on which the work had greater claim than on their own National Church. Other Churches were actively entering on that vast and almost untouched field of labour. It behoved the English Church not to be behind. The want of men which, until lately, had been so keenly felt had, he was told, been supplied at least in part by the personal exertions of Bishop Steere and the Church Missionary Society, but there was still a very serious want of funds, especially for the Universities' Mission, which, organised on sound Church principles and directed by one of the most self-denying, able, and successful missionaries he had ever met with, he earnestly commended to his fellow-churchmen in the Congress. At the same time they should not neglect the great work of the Church Missionary Society at Mombassa, under the Rev. William Price. The Church might, he believed, safely trust to the guidance of such men in the great work of conveying to the uncivilised millions of Central Africa the truths of the gospel as they had been taught in the English Church, since a similar work was first commenced under very similar difficulties on our own then barbarous shores by the missionaries who had learnt the glad tidings of salvation at the feet of the apostles.

The Rev. W. S. Price read a paper on the same subject. He said that scarcely three years ago the eyes of England, and of the whole civilised world were opened to the fact that the interior of the vast continent of Africa was not a boundless expanse or sandy desert, or dreary swamps; but on the contrary, a country of mountains and valleys, and embracing some of the best scenery in the world—enriched with all the products of nature, enjoying every gradation of climate, and with teeming millions of human beings, made by God and endowed by him with the same feelings and capacities as themselves, and, excluded from the brotherhood of nations, were left to die and perish, no man caring for their souls—a people answering more than any other he knew the description of the prophet Isaiah, when he spoke of a neglected people.

No doubt the story of personal adventure, and the graphic description of countries before unnoticed and unknown, and the exposure of the evils caused by the slave trade, brought to light by Burton, Speke and Grant, drew attention to the matter; and when the news reached England that David

Livingstone was dead, and when this was followed by the touching story as to how his little band of followers had gathered up the bones of their late master from the plains of Africa at the risk of their lives, and had conveyed them through a nine months' weary journey to the coast in order that they might find a resting place among the great and good in his own land—when all this came to be known, it was as if an electric shock had passed from one end of England to the other, and every man and woman in city, town, and hamlet, began to feel that somehow or other he or she was identified with the country to which Livingstone had consecrated his powers and sacrificed his life. And now, what did they see? Men of the highest talent, and animated by the best motives, were concerning themselves in the affairs of Africa and the welfare of her people. The traffic in slaves was a lasting curse to the country and a standing reproach and disgrace to the civilised world. It must be confessed that the present state of things constituted a very solemn call to the Church to be up and doing the work of God in the name of Christ, and he rejoiced that the call to the Church had met with a noble response.

The Churches had already started on a good work, and, with as little delay as possible, had organised a mission on the southern shores of the Lake Nyassa. The London Missionary Society was also doing a good work, and he wished God speed to every effort made by honest men in the dark places of Central Africa. God's was the only Gospel for a lost human world—Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. But to the Church of England justly belonged the honour of taking the lead, not only in missionary enterprise, but in geographical discovery in Central Africa. Thirty years ago Dr. Croft and Dr. Redmund had established the first mission in that region, and, moreover, discovered a mountain, where there was perpetual snow, almost on the equator. Every subsequent discovery from then till now acknowledged these discoveries as the starting point of their explorations. Two years ago the Church Society sent a mission, in which he took a part, to establish and recognise a colony where slaves liberated by the Government and made free by the Consul at Zanzibar might find a home and Christian teaching and discipline. This had scarcely been done when another expedition was equipped and sent forth to carry the Gospel into the very heart of Africa, to the people living on the northern and western shores of Lake Nyassa. That expedition was now on its way; it was composed of brave Christian men, but its members had a task of great danger and difficulty, and he earnestly commended them and their undertaking to the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

It was satisfactory to know that of all the movements at work for the benefit of Africa the Christian missionary held the foremost place. But they were only now at the beginning of their great work, and those who had any suggestions should not fail to make them known. The three subjects mentioned in the title of the discussion were so closely linked that they could not

speak of one apart from the other. By the efforts of Sir Bartle Frere great restrictions had been placed upon the conveyance of slaves, and only a few months ago the Sultan of Zanzibar issued a proclamation which far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, for it made the conveyance of a slave caravan a criminal act, and destroyed the traffic by the land route. They owed this mainly to the untiring efforts of Dr. Kirk, the Consul-General at Zanzibar. Would this proclamation be carried out? So far as the Sultan was concerned, there was no reason to doubt that he was prepared to carry this out, but at the same time it was a very unpopular measure with his subjects, who saw in it a warning that their trade was coming to an end. It rested with the Government and the people of England to see that the proclamation did not become a dead letter.

There were several things wanted in order to ensure proper travelling through the country—steam, and the construction of roads in the interior among them. The bad roads were a very great obstacle, and he believed that waggon transports would be of little good except with practicable roads. An important movement had been lately set on foot by the King of the Belgians to open up the continent of Africa, and he trusted in some way or other to confer upon the people the blessing of Christian life and civilisation. He did not know that the measure decided upon would secure this, but he learned that mission stations were to be established along the main lines of route for the benefit of European travellers. He advised them to be very careful as to the men they sent out on this great work. They should not send out any men who had an antipathy to their fellow-creatures to whom it had pleased God to give black skin and woolly hair; men who knew how to keep their temper, combining firmness with gentleness; men who would speak the truth, and men of Christian character who would have honesty of feeling and unsulliedness of life; men who would maintain the good name of Englishmen, and make it possible for other Englishmen to follow in their path. He believed in the possibility of regenerating Africa. Though her children had sunk very low, and were in an evil case, she was not so low that God's arm of mercy could not reach them and the blood of Christ save them. He believed a good day was dawning for Africa, and when he saw so many agencies at work he regarded them not with distrust or jealousy, but with unmixed pleasure, because he believed that God's time for rescuing Africa had come—yea, that the set time had arrived.

Sir J. Kennaway, Bart., M.P., thought they might consider themselves fortunate, in having heard two able papers representing the views of men so well qualified to tell them what had been done in the past, what was doing in the present, and the road they ought to travel for the future. He had no claim to their attention as the administrator of a province, the maker of treaties, the traveller, or the missionary; the only reason he could give for asking

their indulgence was his earnest sympathy with this great work, and his great desire that the influence, the power, and the energy of England, should be put forth, as far as in them lay, to make some preparation, feeble though it might be, for the wrong that Africa had suffered at their hands in times gone by.

In approaching the subject, they might well ask themselves what it was in that vast Continent—over which so many centuries had rolled without leaving any historic trace—what it was that exercised so wondrous a fascination for the energy and philanthropy of England? Various reasons might be alleged. There was the wondrous phenomena of that mysterious river, the Nile, flowing thousands of miles through arid deserts without a tributary and without a rainfall, and yet, by the beneficent order of providence, still affording sufficient streams to cover with fertility the land of Egypt. There was the fascination of a blank map for the geographer, though that map which had been kindly lent them by the Geographical Society, and which was hung in the hall, had almost become obsolete by the discoveries made during the past year. There were also attractions to the man of science, the desire for new avenues of knowledge, new sources of information and power; and, besides that, the merchant was thinking of new outlets for his wares, and there were new races on which the missionary might expend all the self-sacrificing energy which belonged to the nation which had colonised America and Australia, and which was ever seeking new outlets and new worlds to conquer. All these considerations had acted, and were acting with a force which was hardly possible to exaggerate; but though they were proud of this colonising power, they held it, he hoped, a still greater boast that they had endeavoured to grapple with the evil which had before been referred to that evening—the slave trade.

When England awoke to the sense of the awful enormities of that traffic, when she by her self-sacrifice—a self-sacrifice at which the world stood amazed—purified herself of all complication in it, she did not stop there, but went on still further, and expended her blood and treasure, until the traffic was entirely put down on the West Coast of Africa. No matter what the character of her Government, the policy of England in this respect had never changed; and now, as the traffic which was in full swing on the Eastern Coast, to which their eyes were now directed, there were being brought to bear the same means and efforts. By subsidies, by treaties, and by squadrons, they had worked, in spite of disheartening influences, until the result had been attained so far as they could attain it. They had heard of the recent proclamation of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and they had been told that other influences must be brought to bear upon that country in order that it might be carried out. There were two ways of doing away with the slave trade. One was by influencing public opinion in slave-holding countries—an extremely difficult thing to do. They had reason to believe that the Khedive of Egypt was

really honest in his endeavours to put the slave trade down in his dominion, but he could not trust those under him to faithfully carry out his directions.

The other way to which he referred was the dealing with the traffic in countries from which the slaves came, and by the introduction of Christianity, and civilisation alongside Christianity, to cut off the supply of slaves, and so put an end to the thing altogether. As they had heard, it was necessary for them to look at this question from a comprehensive point of view, and he might tell them that what they heard of the necessity of the slave trade being grappled with before missionary work could be hoped to be successful was confirmed by Sir Samuel Baker, and was the conviction of David Livingstone, who left one work and set himself to grapple with the other, which he felt to be the open sore of the world, and in the cause of which he nobly laid down his life. Yes, they must prepare the way for the missionary and the colonist, by teaching slave-holding nations that they were really going against their own interests, and destroying themselves. When they had done this the natives would soon learn to be no longer satisfied with the merest natural requirements, but would begin to covet things of which they knew not the want before. This desire would also stimulate the native to production, so that he might have something to give in return, and thus the merchant would find a new outlet for his ware, and take a new product in exchange. Thus the change would be effected, but time alone could show its accomplishment.

They had heard of the beginning of the work with many noble efforts, and they were encouraged to believe what had been told them by Mr. Price that there was hope for the regeneration of Africa, for had they not proof of its practicability in the Christian settlements which had been rising up on the West Coast of Africa since the slave trade had been abolished? There was, too, the evidence of Bishop Crowther, a native African, a bishop of their own Church—who had recently made a journey of twenty days, travelling fifteen or twenty miles a day, and every day had found five or six rising villages in the very country through which he was brought to the coast as a slave, and which was then utterly depopulated waste. They might look for reports of governors of those districts, and they would find that they agreed in saying that the civilisation of these West Coast settlements penetrated into the very heart of Africa. They found, too, confirmation of the possibility of the regeneration of Africa in the native churches as they existed in Sierra Leone—native churches which were so strong that they declined any longer to receive help, and were paying back £300 a year to the society to which they owed their existence. Who would say, then, that they ought to be discouraged? The Government, he was convinced, would not be slow to recognise what the country expected of them. They had had in the House of Commons a most satisfactory assurance by the Secretary of State for War, whose heart

was in this work, and who, speaking on behalf of the Government, said he knew England meant to back up her old policy, and he promised that every support should be given to the Sultan of Zanzibar. On the authority of Sir Fowell Buxton, Mr. Kennaway stated that some £40,000 or £50,000 had already been expended in making settlements, and in carrying them on, and this he considered some little contribution from England towards the debt she owed Africa for past neglect.

They, as Englishmen, boasted that this was a subject peculiarly their own, and there was no doubt that while recognising the travellers of other nations, they might still claim for themselves a foremost place. But they must remember that the King of the Belgians was the first to recognise the fact that this subject was so large and important that it ought not to be the work of one nation, but of all Europe—and every country of Europe should step in, and, as far as possible, take a share in the work. Whether the notion of the proposed trade route was possible or not remained to be seen; but, at all events, he felt sure the greatest good would have been done by public attention being called to this subject, and no one who had the honour of attending the Conference on the subject, called by the King of the Belgians, could forget the earnest interest which his Majesty showed, nor fail to be acted upon by the stimulus which must have been felt by all who obeyed his Majesty's summons. He must not, however, trespass further upon their time, but as the noble President had sounded the death-knell of many a speaker there that day, and they expected him soon to sound his, so he called upon that assembly, as representing the Church of England, and through the Church of England the people of England, to do their best towards sounding the death-knell of this accursed institution.

Then it might be, if England carried on the work as she had begun it, that, with God's help, they might look forward to a glorious success, when would be fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. Phipp, who half a century ago said: "The time will come when some of us will look upon the reverse of that picture, from which we now turn with shame and regret. We may live to see the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupation of productive industry, and in prosecuting an advantageous and legitimate commerce. We may see the bright beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon the land, and joining their influence to that of pure religion, illuminating and radiating the most distant colonies of the vast continent."

The Rev. H. Rowley was announced as the next speaker. He said he quite agreed with those who thought that something more than the mere promulgation of Gospel truths was needed in Africa. He by no means wished to advocate civilisation as apart from or superseding Christianity. Christianity was the parent, or the sanctifier of all civilisation worthy the name, but mission work in Central Africa must be comprehensive and

adapted to the wants of the nation. The sending of one or two missionaries unassisted by secular aid who could expect to do no more than make one or two individual conversions, would, he ventured to think, do very little to advance the Kingdom of God in that part of the world. The formation of establishments on the coast for the reception of freed slaves was a good and blessed work, and he had no doubt such a work would be as blessed in East Africa as it had been in the West. But more than this was required of them, and if they would make their mission work productive in wide-spread and prominent results, they must deal with it in a comprehensive manner, and they must have thoroughly organised missions at the head-quarters of some powerful tribe, where they might be cities of refuge for the distressed and centres of civilisation and evangelisation for the district around. They must teach Christianity, not only as a religion of doctrine and precept, but as a religion of life-work. They must lay the foundation not only of Christian Churches, but of Christian nations.

Commander Cameron, C.B., D.C.L., was received with enthusiastic cheering on taking his place at the rostrum. He observed that the part of Central Africa through which he travelled was at present entirely virgin field for missionary labour. The races there were in great measure ignorant of the outside world, and abandoned to barbarous and cruel customs. The chief of one of the largest territories—as large as the whole of Germany, Austria and Hungary—indulged in the greatest atrocities, mutilating and torturing the people, and plundering the villages subject to him on the most frivolous pretexts. These people were very different from the natives of the West Coast. They were the pure, unadulterated negro, with no false graft of civilisation on them. The negro on the West Coast had been contaminated by the influence of the slave trade ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth; but the origin of the slave trade on the East Coast was lost in obscurity, though it was known that Arabs went down there in search of slaves as early as the commencement of the Christian era. The question arose, how was the centre of Africa to be approached for the work of the missionary?

There were several routes open from the East Coast, but owing to the policy of annexation pursued by the Khedive the country could not be approached from the north except by a very large armed force. The road was also open from the south. How were these different routes to be utilised? It was no use placing missions where they would be cut off from the outside world. The only feasible plan was to begin by establishing a station, say one hundred or two hundred miles from the coast. This would become a basis of operations from which another might be established two hundred miles further on. Working from both sides of the continent in this way four or five stations from each coast would complete a line of communication right across. Offshoots could then be made north and south, and by degrees they

would be able to construct an enormous network of stations all over Africa. These stations should be made centres for the instruction of the natives in all the useful arts. The country abounded in minerals; the natives had learnt to work iron and copper, and were, in fact, expert smiths, but with instruction from civilised artisans they would no doubt become very much better workmen than at present. They should try from these stations to teach them what civilised life in its highest form was.

The civilisation of the African, it should be remembered, need never be the same as that of the European. There were different sorts of civilisation, fitted for different races of men, and different climes. At present the great fault of our contact with the African was that we forced a false veneer of civilisation upon him, with many vices of a spurious civilisation. In working these places, then, they must remember that the African had his peculiarities of temper, of mind, of thought, all very different from those of people at home. They had had no education, no literature, or history. With the African they had had, as it were, to begin life. They had to think of him in many things as being lower than the Briton at the time of the Roman invasion. But in all this they must remember that the African was a man just the same as any white man. He had his feelings, his love of family; he was not to be domineered over and bullied—for he felt these things as acutely as any white man. But the African must be taught what was for his own good; that it was not proper to rule people by indiscriminate murder and burning of villages. The missionary had to go to him as the living exponent of a higher and better life. He had to teach him that his greatest happiness did not consist in drinking the whole day long until he was drunk, and if he could get enough stuff to keep drunk for a month. He had to teach the negro that it was not the highest happiness of mankind to indulge in drinking and in smoking "bang" until, as was the case with the chiefs of some tribes, they came perfectly irresponsible for days and weeks together; and under these influences the chiefs often committed the most frightful cruelties on the people under their control.

The missionary who went to Africa needed to go there having taken in thoroughly what the magnitude of the work was, and prepared to devote himself entirely to that one work. It was no good for a man to go there thinking of turning back; he must stick at it either until forced to return by circumstances over which he had no control, or until he died at his post—and there was no more noble post for a man to die at. It was necessary to exercise very great care in the selection of men as missionaries. These men had to go among wild untutored savages like the heaven-descended prophets of old, prepared to challenge the closet comparison of every act of their lives with the standard of their own teaching and that of the Bible. They must also be men of great linguistic ability. A missionary to Africa must be able

to attain the language of the natives in order to teach them properly. The African language was so entirely different in construction, inflections, and grammar, from the English language, that the latter was extremely difficult for them. Although they might learn to talk English, it was difficult for them to get a true appreciation of ideas from it. Fortunately, with regard to this matter, from Zanzibar on the east coast to the strip of coast south of the Congo on the west, the languages spoken by the natives belonged to one great family, called by a great geographer the Kisuabili, the language of Zanzibar. Any one having a competent knowledge of this language would find it comparatively easy to acquire any of the languages of the part of Africa to which he was referring. For his own part, the Kisuabili had carried him from one coast to the other. These languages were so engrained into the ways of thought of the Africans of that part, that it was imperative they should labour to teach them in their own, and not in a foreign tongue.

One great result they hoped to attain from the construction of highways into the interior of Africa was the wiping out of that great blot on the human race, the slave trade. At the same time the work of doing away with slavery in Central Africa was not one to be done in five or ten years, or in a generation. Let it be sufficient for them that they commenced the work—even if it was reserved for their grandchildren or great grandchildren to see its accomplishment. But if they did not see immediate results, let them not be disheartened. Such an enormous revolution in the whole African manner of thought was not to be accomplished in a short time. It was only to be accomplished by the patient, unremitting toil of generations. The idea of slavery was so thoroughly engrained in the African nature, that if it could be swept away to-morrow, the slaves set free would be complaining because they could not own slaves themselves. They had to be educated out of the idea that human beings of whom they got possession by war or robbery were mere chattels, to be bought and sold. Of course, a great deal of the actual traffic in slaves arose from the way in which the trade with the interior was carried on. The Arabs went there for ivory; in some parts, it was true, they went simply for slaves, but the great trade was in ivory, and if there were proper roads and proper means of transport the Arabs would gladly enough relieve themselves of the trouble of buying slaves.

Sometimes the slaves ran away; and, of course, they were disinclined to work. All this was so much loss of capital, and many of the merchants had assured him that if they could possibly do without them they would buy no more slaves except for domestic service. As to this domestic slave question, they had an idea that many men could afford to buy a slave who could not afford to hire a servant. They failed to see the force of the argument that one servant would do the work of half a dozen slaves. Wherever slave labour was employed there was always an enormous waste of labour, and it

would be far better for the country if the energies of its people were utilised in some profitable form instead of being wasted in that way. In some places the natives themselves trafficked in slaves and the price of everything was regulated by the number of slaves it would fetch. In Nyangue, for instance, a town on the Lualaba, a slave was worth four goats, and a canoe was worth five slaves; a slave was supposed to be equal to a sovereign, a goat to five shillings, and so on. Slaves, in fact, were the standard of currency among the natives, and this fact alone showed how deeply it was engrained in the African nature. The products of Central Africa were of inexhaustible richness, and varied in character; there were both vegetable and mineral products that would well repay the trader. In his opinion, no stations could be formed to open up Africa without the commercial element instantly taking advantage of them. It was, therefore, to be hoped that missionary enterprise would not look upon the commercial element as something in the way. Wherever large bodies of men went, there must be a certain amount of evil: their task was to render the evil as little as possible.

Trade must be opened in Central Africa; it would be opened sooner or later, and people who went there as missionaries must make use of that trade, instead of setting themselves in antagonism to it. When a few stations had been opened up they might have commercial and mission stations working side by side. If they were properly organised the commercial element might do no harm; but if that element was ignored or set aside it would be sure to put itself in antagonism to mission labours, and do incalculable harm. On the other hand, it would be to the interest of the commercial element to work in harmony with the missionary. The more civilised the natives became, the greater consumers of European produce they would also become; therefore the commercial world should do all in its power to assist the missionary in civilising Africa. The two must work together, and not in antagonism to each other.

Great portions of the coast of Africa were at present closed by the Portuguese rule. The Portuguese had their stations by which they maintained nominal possession of large lines of coast, and they even claimed large tracts of the interior. Mozambique had been in their hands since the days of Vasco di Gama, but though they never found out the Nyanza they now wanted to say it was theirs. By a suicidal system of differential duties on foreign goods they had contrived to drive away trade from their territories. Zanzibar, which, under the Portuguese, had scarcely any trade with the interior, now absorbed all that used to go through Mozambique. Arabian ideas of custom and trade were certainly not up to those of the nineteenth century; and yet the Mahometan rulers of Zanzibar were in advance of the Christian governors of Mozambique. If they could open the country to Benguela in the interior, and get a road one hundred miles further, they would reach a high plateau

varying from five thousand feet to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, perfectly healthy, where any European might live, and cultivate all the productions of Southern Europe. But instead of this beautiful country being a centre from which to spread Christianity and civilisation, it was now one of the strongholds of the slave trade. Slaves could not be exported to the East Coast in such numbers as they used to be; yet they were still exported to the West Coast. People did not know exactly where they were sent to, but he had no doubt that many of them found their way to the Brazils. He saw recently in the "Times" that there had been a row about the Royal mails taking slaves from port to port; and as he had said, he had no doubt that many were carried at the present day from the West Coast of Africa to the Brazils. A Portuguese caravan, in which he came down from the interior, collected in eighteen months about fifteen hundred slaves, and these he supposed, did not represent more than twenty per cent. of the population destroyed.

The slave trade was, therefore, going on now as it was when slaves were carried over across the Atlantic—still carried on in the interior of Africa, chiefly in the Portuguese capital. England had put herself in the forefront in relation to this great question, and she must not be satisfied until the time had arrived when a slave was not to be sold in any part of the world. They should stop the slave trade by sea and by land. A scheme had been mooted for forming stations between Lake Nyassa (on which there were steamers already running) and the south end of an adjoining lake and other parts. By this means a great cordon could be formed across the lake, so that slaves should not be taken to the east coast. In the interior of the Portuguese territory the traffic was still carried on, and it was not easy to see how to stop it, but he thought that if steamers were set running upon the upper waters of the Zambesi, with stations on the different rapids, it might act as a means of preventing the further carrying on of the traffic.

On the Congo river they might place steamers which could carry cargoes, and also act as a water police, and might possibly cut off all the country to the north of the Congo from communication with the trade districts, and they might also reach other lakes by the construction of a canal of thirty miles to the head of the Zambesi. In fact, with complete water communication, the means of getting from one lake to another, and with an active river police and steam launches, they might stop the whole of the trade there. But if they opened a country to traders there must be some consular authority, to check and govern them. These river steamers would afford the consuls the power of enforcing their authority, and would also aid in furthering the purely philanthropic efforts made by individuals. Africa in its heart had a system of water communication, which if utilised would be little, if at all, inferior to the system of water communication with North America, which at one time

was supposed to be nothing but a great desert, but which had since proved to be full of rivers. By means of this water communication they could penetrate the furthest point reached by Dr. Schweinfurth, who travelled down from the north, and they would come across the people who had been carrying desolation into the dominions lately annexed by the officers of the Khedive. He thought that the time had come when something should be done as regarded this matter, and the only question was as to how it should be done.

Whatever they did they should make up their minds to stick to it, and not to give it up because of any temporary rebuffs they might experience, whatever they might be. In the first place they should establish their trunk line stations across Africa, and from them they should carry out a network of stations across the whole country. In Africa there were elephants without number, but they were never utilised for carriage, although, if they were, the present difficulties that existed regarding porterage would go for nothing. Elephants were now wantonly shot in order to procure their ivory, or else for the sake of their flesh. He considered that, with the use of the elephants, the introduction of the water system, and a line of light railways across the country, Africa would be opened up. The climate was not half so bad as it was represented to be. If they gave it a fair chance it was all right, but it should be understood that people travelling in Africa had not with them such appliances as organised expeditions had. When one got wet, and had to travel without food, and to go on marching when ill with fever without halting, then one did not give the climate a fair chance; but with proper medicine, food, and shelter, such as they would have in a well organised expedition, the climate of Central Africa would be found to be far better than that of British India, and although it could not be seen at once, yet if fair and honest work were done in Africa, places now unknown would in a few years become the centres of the future civilisation of the negroes.

The Rev. R. C. Billing believed that that great meeting had met together not for the desire only of doing honour to the great traveller, but to evince their purpose to carry out the order of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." But they should not forget that they must realise Christ's idea of missionary effort; and he was decidedly of opinion that the Church of England had so far done its duty in this matter, although the difficulties were stupendous. It was a great thing to know that they had already translated the word of God into the native tongue, and it was a matter for rejoicing to know that so much in the way of civilisation had been performed. It was their object, not only to show the natives a Christian community maintained by its own industry, but also to train up a native agency which should do material and good work among their fellows in the future. The speaker referred to the new expedition going out under the command of Lieutenant Smith, whose father served on board the vessel which captured the slaver

that was carrying Samuel Crowder into slavery. It might be asked why Colonel Gordon was not followed up. In spite of Colonel Gordon's pacific intentions, it was known to be the plan of Egypt to annex those provinces at the south of her kingdom, and it would not be the place of the missionaries to follow in the rear of the conqueror's chariot. The great aim of those men now going forward was to secure the conversion of individual souls. The men they sent forth should go with a faith that nothing would stagger, assured of the help of God and with a hope that could not be made ashamed, to preach the gospel to every creature. If they did this God would give them His blessing.

Mr. Arthur Mills, M.P., said there was a great deal of truth in the remark made by the Sultan of Zanzibar, that Parliament had a great deal to do. Parliament certainly had a great deal to do, and not only in reference to this question of slavery. When his friend, Sir John Kennaway, brought forward his motion in the House of Commons regarding the slave traffic, there was, he regretted, less interest felt in the question than had been exhibited by the meeting that evening. Instead of a crowded hall they had scarcely got together more than two dozen members, and their deliberations were nearly brought to a conclusion by the summary process of a count out. Parliament might have done better by displaying more sympathy with the movement, but the fact of the question being taken up by the Congress and other bodies would show Parliament the great interest the country felt in the matter, and its desire for the abolition of slavery in Africa. It was said they should testify their interest in the cause of missions and commerce.

There was one way in which they could show sympathy, and that was with the Sultan of Zanzibar. They had a commercial treaty with him, but there were in it certain provisions not sufficiently favourable to him which he hoped, with the consent of the other Powers, might be repealed. He referred to this, not because he undervalued those motives by which they had been called together that evening, but because he believed that by doing what he had spoken of they would benefit the Sultan and advance the cause they had in view. The treaty he referred to gave the Sultan power to levy certain dues upon shipping, but in other countries other dues were levied that the Sultan had not the power to demand. This was a point of some importance, because when they had in Africa a potentate like the Sultan of Zanzibar, who was so favourably disposed towards their mission, they should do what they could to promote his interests, and thereby promote the cause they had in hand. He was aware that they were not there that evening to promote the cause of commerce, nor to extend an empire founded on the shifting sands of commercial enterprise, but he desired that this country should be the herald of love and happiness to the miserable people of Central Africa.

Colonel Sir Percy Douglas said he hoped the day would come when

Christianity would spread through the land, and that from the north to the south of the continent they would have Christian missions, as the great Livingstone had prophesied they would. They owed a debt of gratitude to the great traveller who had spoken that evening, and who had done such wonders with such little suffering. To England was committed the duty of civilising the land, and if she did not do it, to other hands would be entrusted the privilege of performing the great work. He quite agreed that their object was to Christianise the country, but from the centrifugal forces of society they could not fail to carry civilisation with them also, and wherever a country like this had been opened up English people would be sure to follow and occupy it in part. What was the Church going to do in this matter? He appealed to the clergy to do all they could to advance the work. He trusted the little nation of England, which had fulfilled such great destinies in this world, might rise to the occasion, and add to her former achievements the great work of civilising Central Africa.

The Rev. D. Elsdale said it was to be hoped that those present would aid the movement in every way, some of them even by going to Africa and taking part in the great work. The Divine omnipresence was among the natives of Africa; and he hoped that, when the priests and laymen who had been doing missionary work there came back impaired in body and mind, that they would not be taunted with being from the missionary cause; but, on the contrary, he hoped some offices might be found for them where they might employ themselves in new spheres of usefulness.

The Ven. Archdeacon Badnall said that he knew Southern Africa when there were but thirteen priests working in it. Now there were half as many bishops, and he fully believed that any missionaries who might be sent out would wisely, faithfully, and conscientiously discharge their duties.

This closed the meeting, which was throughout crowded and enthusiastic.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Description of Angola by Mr. J. J. Monteiro—Changes in Vegetation and Climate—River Congo—Voyage up the River—The Bay of Muserra—Ambriz—Quiballa and Quilumbo—Bembe—From Ambriz to Loanda—Porto Domingos—Districts of Cazengo and Golungo Alto—River Quanza—Benguela—District of Dombe Grande—Mossamedes—The Muquiees—Climate of Angola—Treatment of Diseases—Habits and Customs of the Natives—Insects and Reptiles—Fruits—Safety of Travellers.

AN excellent account of Angola and the River Congo has been furnished by Mr. Joachim John Monteiro, the result of many years' travel in that province. The Portuguese possessions of Angola on the south-west coast of Africa extend from Ambriz in 70° 49′ South Lat. to Cape Frio in 18° 20′ South Lat. This long extent of coast comprises considerable variety in geological formation, physical configuration, climate, vegetation, and natural productions, tribes of natives, and different languages, habits, and customs. The recent explorations of Congo, and the neighbouring district, by Commander Cameron, give double interest to all information concerning that part of the African continent.

"The coast line is nowhere very bold, level sandy bays, fringed with a belt of the evergreen mangrove, alternate with long stretches of cliffs, seldom attaining any great height or grandeur, and covered with a coarse branching grass, small patches of shrubby scrub, a tall cactus-like tree Euphorbia, and the gigantic towering Baobab, with its fantastic long gourd-like fruit.

"The Calema, or surf-wave, with its ceaseless roar, breaks heavily in long white lines on the smooth beach, and pulverises the hardest rock, and every particle of shell and animal structure. It dashes against the base of the cliffs, resounding loudly in its mad fury, as it has done, wave after wave, and hour after hour, for unknown ages; and the singular absence of gulls or any moving living objects, or noises, to divert the eye or ear from the dreadful monotony of constantly recurring sounds, and line after line of dazzling white foam, gives a distinctive and excessively depressing character to the coast, in harmony, as it were, with the enervating influence of the climate."

Nowhere on the coast is seen more than an indication of the wonderful vegetation, or varied beauty and fertility, which generally begins at a distance

of from thirty to sixty miles inland. At this distance, a ridge or hilly range runs along the whole length of Angola, forming the first elevation; a second elevation succeeds it at about an equal distance; and a third, at perhaps twice the distance again, lands us on the central high plateau of Africa. These successive elevations inland are accompanied by very remarkable changes in the character of the vegetation covering the surface of the country. For about twenty-five miles from Ambriz, for example, the vegetation is principally composed of enormous Baobabs, Euphorbias, slender creepers, and short tufty grasses. At Matuta the scene suddenly and magically changes; the Baobabs become fewer in number, the Euphorbias almost completely disappear, and most of the creeping plants; and a set of larger, shadier trees and shrubs take their place, the grass becomes tall and broad-leaved, and one seems to be travelling in an entirely new country. This character is preserved for another stretch of road till Quiballa is reached, about sixty miles from the coast, where the rise in level is more marked; and again the vegetation changes. Creepers of all kinds, attaining a gigantic size, almost monopolise the vegetation, clasping round immense trees, and covering them with a mass of foliage and flower.

The change of vegetation is accompanied by difference of climate. The rains are much more plentiful and constant towards the interior of the country, where the vegetation is densest; on the coast the rains are generally deficient, and some seasons entirely fail—this is especially the case south of 12° Lat., several successive rainy seasons passing without a single drop of rain falling. The total absence of horned cattle among the natives on the coast, from the River Congo to south of the River Quanza, is a singular circumstance; due as much to some influence of the climate, or irritant nature of the vegetation, as to the neglect of the natives to breed them. The natives south of the Quanza beyond the Quissama country, as far as Mossamedes, breed large numbers of cattle—their principal wealth, in fact, consisting of their herds.

No strikingly high mountain exists in Angola. The second and third elevations contain some fine hill ranges, as at Bembe, Pungo Andongo, Cazengo, Mucellis, and Capangombe. To the south of Benguela, as far as Mossamedes flat-topped, or table hills, perfectly bare of vegetation, are a very prominent feature, seen from the sea; they are of basalt, and are about two or three hundred feet in height, and are in many places the only remains left of a higher level. In others, this higher level still exists for a considerable extent, deeply cut by narrow gorges and ravines leading towards the sea, with nearly perpendicular sides.

The River Congo is a striking and well-marked line of division, in respect of climate, fauna, natives, and customs, between Angola and the rest of the West Coast. The Congo is very deep, and the current is always strong; even above Boma, about ninety miles distant from the sea, the river is a vast

body of water and the current still very swift. From the mouth to beyond this place, the banks are deeply cut in innumerable creeks and rivers, and form many large islands. For many years, and up to the year 1868, the Congo was the principal shipping place for slaves on the South-West Coast, the large number of creeks in it affording safe hiding-places for loading the ships engaged in the traffic, and the swift current enabling them to go out quickly a long way to sea, and clear the cruisers. Boma was the centre or point for the caravans of slaves coming from different parts of the interior, and there was little or no trade in produce.

At the mouth of the Congo, and on its north bank, a long spot of sand separates the sea from a small creek or branch of the river. On this narrow strip, called Banana, are established several factories, belonging to Dutch, French, and English houses, and serving principally as depots for their other factories higher up the river and on the coast. Mr. Monteiro ascended the river in a steamer belonging to the Dutch house, in February, 1873. The first place he touched at was Porto da Leuha, about forty or forty-five miles from Banana. Porto da Leuha consists of half-a-dozen trading factories, built on ground enclosed from the river by piles, forming quays in front, where large vessels can discharge and load close alongside. From this place he proceeded to Boma, also situated on the north bank of the river, about ninety-five miles from Banana. Here he spent a fortnight.

"All the lovely coloured finches," he says, "and other birds of the grassy regions, were here most conspicuous in number and brilliancy, and it was really beautiful to see the tall grass alive with the brightest scarlet, yellow, orange, and velvet black of the many different species, at that season in their full plumage. We were very much amused at a pretty habit of the males of the tiny sky-blue birds (Estrelda cyanogastra) that, with other small birds such as the Spermestes, Estreldas, Pytelias, etc., used to come down in flocks to feed in the open space round the house. The greatest mites would take a grass flower in their beaks, and perform quite a happy dance on any little stick or bush, bobbing their feathery heads up and down, whilst their tiny throat swelled with the sweetest little song-notes and trills imaginable. This was their song to the females feeding about on the ground below them. The long-tailed whydah birds (Vidua principalis) have a somewhat similar habit of showing off whilst the hens are feeding on the ground: they keep hovering in the air about three or four feet above them, twit-twitting all the time, their long tails rising and falling most gracefully to the up-and-down motion of their little bodies."

The natives of the Congo, from its mouth to a little above Porto da Leuha, belong to the Mussurongo tribe. They are fond of wearing ankle-rings, which, when of brass, are made in Birmingham; but in many cases they are made by the natives of iron forged by their smiths, and cast-tin or pewter,

which they obtain in the form of little bars. These rings are seldom above a few ounces in weight, and are worn by men and women alike, very different from the natives of Cabinda, on the north of the Congo, whose women wear them as large and heavy as they can be made. The Congo teems with animal life; above Porto da Leuha hippopotami are very abundant; alligators swarm, and are very dangerous. At Boma the Koodoo antelope is abundant.

The oil-palm is abundant, and the finest palm-wine is obtained. The natives ascend the trees by the aid of a ring formed by a stout piece of the stem of a creeper which is excessively strong and supple; one end is tied into a loop, and the other end thrown round the tree is passed through the loop and bent back; the end being secured forms a ready and perfectly safe ring, which the operator passes over his waist. The stumps of the fallen leaves form projections which very much assist him in getting up the tree. This is done by taking hold of the ring with each hand, and by a succession of jerks, the climber is soon up at the top, with his empty gourds hung round his neck. With a pointed instrument he taps the tree at the crown, and attaches the gourd to the aperture, or he takes advantage of the grooved stem of a leaf cut off short to use as a channel for the sap to flow into the gourd suspended below. This operation is performed in the evening, and in the early morning the gourds are brought down with the sap or juice that has collected in them during the night. The palm wine is now a slightly milky fluid, in appearance as nearly as possible like the milk in the ordinary cocoa-nut, having very much the same flavour, only sweeter and more luscious.

When cool in the morning, as brought down fresh from the tree, it is perfectly delicious, without the slightest trace of fermentation, and not in the least intoxicating; in a few hours, or very shortly, if collected or kept in old gourds in which wine has previously fermented, it begins to ferment rapidly, becoming acid and intoxicating; not so much from the quantity of alcohol produced, as from its being contained in a strongly effervescent medium, and being drunk by the natives in the hot time of the day. Even in the morning the wine has sometimes a slightly acid flavour, if it has been collected in an old calabash. The smell of the palm wine, as it dries on the tree tops where they have being punctured, is very attractive to butterflies, bees, wasps, and other insects, and these in their turn attract the many species of insectivorous birds. This is more particularly the case with the beautiful little sunbirds (Nectariniæ), always seen in numbers busily employed in capturing their insect prey.

The southern point, at the entrance of the Congo, is called Point Padrao, from the marble Padrao, or monument raised by the Portuguese to commemorate the discovery of the river, by Diogo Cam, in 1485. At a short distance from it there formerly existed a monastery dedicated to Saint Antonio, and the place still bears that name. Monteiro made a journey from Saint Antonio

overland to Cabeca da Cobra, or "Snake's Head." The coast line from Cabeca to Ambriz is principally composed of red bluffs and cliffs, and the road or path is generally near the edge of the cliffs, affording fine views of the sea and surf-beaten beach below. The country is arid and thinly wooded, and is covered with hard, wiry, branched grass, and the curious Mateba palm grows in great abundance in the country from the Congo to Moculla, where it is replaced by the Cashew tree as far as Ambrizzette.

A lowly plant, but perhaps the most important in native tropical African agriculture, the ground-nut (Arachis hypogœa), deserves description. Many thousand tons of this small nut are grown on the whole of the West Coast of Africa, large quantities being exported to Europe, principally to France, to be expressed into oil. The native name for it is "mpinda" or "ginguba," and it is cultivated in the greatest abundance at a few miles inland from the coast, where the comparatively arid country is succeeded by better ground and climate. "It requires a rich soil for its cultivation, and it is chiefly grown, therefore, in the bottoms of valleys, or in the vicinity of rivers and marshes. The plant grows from one to two feet high, with a leaf and habit very much like a finely-grown clover. The bright-yellow pea-like flowers are borne on long slender stalks; these, after flowering, curl down, and force the pod into the ground, where it ripens beneath the soil. Its cultivation is a very simple affair. The ground being cleared, the weeds and grass are allowed to dry, and then burnt; the ground is then lightly dug a few inches deep by the women with their small hoes, their only implement of agriculture, and the seeds dropped into the ground and covered up. The sowing takes place in October and November, at the beginning of the rainy season, and the first crop of nuts for eating green is ready about April; but they are not ripe for nine months after sowing, or about July or August, when first brought down to the coast for trade.

"A large plantation of ground-nuts is a very beautiful sight; a rich expanse of the most luxuriant foliage of the brightest green, every leaf studded with diamond-like drops glittering in the early sun. The ground-nut is an important part of the food of the natives, and more so in the country from Ambriz to the Congo than south at Loanda and Benguela. It is seldom eaten raw, but roasted, and when young and green, and roasted in the husks, is really delicious eating. It is excessively oily when fully ripe, and the natives then generally eat it with bananas, and either the raw mandioca root, or some preparation of it, experience showing them the necessity of the admixture of a farinaceous substance with an excessively oily food. The nuts are also ground on a stone to a paste, with which to thicken their stews and messes. This paste, mixed with ground Chili pepper, is also made into long rolls, enveloped in leaves of the Phrynium ramosissimum, and is eaten principally in the morning to stay the stomach in travelling till they reach the proper camping-places, for their breakfast or first meal and rest, generally about noon.

"The trade in coffee is almost entirely restricted to Ambriz, and it comes principally from the district of Encoge, a considerable quantity also being brought from the Dembos country and from Cozengo, to the interior of Loanda. Very little of the coffee produced in the provinces of Encoge and Dembos is cultivated; it is the product of coffee-trees growing spontaneously in the virgin forests of the second elevation."

Among the other products, are the sesamum seed (Sesamum indicum), which the natives grind to a paste on a stone in the same manner as the ground-nut, to add to their other food in cooking; the red gum copal, called "maquata" by the natives, which is found chiefly in the Mossulo country, at a depth of from a few inches to a couple of feet below the surface of a highly ferruginous hard clay; the white Angola gum, the product of a tree growing near rivers and streams of water, and ivory. One of the most curious productions of this country is india-rubber, called by the natives "Tangandando." "The plant," says Monteiro, "that produces it is the giant tree-creeper (Landolphia florida), covering the highest trees, and growing principally on those near rivers or streams. Its stem is sometimes as thick as a man's thigh, and in the dense woods at Quiballa I have seen a considerable extent of forest festooned down to the ground, from tree to tree, in all directions, with its thick stems, like great hawsers; above, the trees were nearly hidden by its large, bright, dark-green leaves, and studded with beautiful bunches of pure white star-like flowers, most sweetly scented. Its fruit is the size of a large orange, of a yellow colour when ripe, and perfectly round, with a hard brittle shell; inside, it is full of a soft reddish pulp, in which the seeds are contained. This pulp is of a very agreeable acid flavour, and is much liked by the natives. The ripe fruit, when cleaned out, is employed by them to contain small quantities of oil.

"It is not always easy to obtain ripe seed, as this creeper is the favourite resort of a villainous, semitransparent, long-legged red ant, with a stinging bite like a red-hot needle, which is very fond of the pulp and seeds. Every part of this creeper exudes a milky juice when cut or wounded, but, unlike the india-rubber tree of America, this milky sap will not run into a vessel placed to receive it, as it dries so quickly as to form a ridge on the wound or cut, which stops its further flow. The natives collect it, therefore, by making long cuts in the bark with a knife, and as the milky juice gushes out, it is wiped off continually with their fingers, and smeared on their arms, shoulders, and breast, until a thick covering is formed; this is peeled off their bodies and cut into small squares, which are then said to be boiled in water. From Ambriz the trade in this india-rubber has spread to the River Quanza, from which large quantities are exported."

The Bay of Mussena is a noted place for large captures of a fine fish, called the "pungo." It is a very firm-fleshed fish; and cut up, salted, and dried in

the sun, is a great article of trade. The canoes on this part of the coast, and as far north as Cabinda, are very curious. They are composed of two rounded canoes lashed or sewn together below, and open at the top. This aperture is narrow, and each canoe forms, as it were, a long pocket. The natives stand or sit on them with their legs in the canoe, or astride, as most convenient according to the state of the surf, on which these canoes ride beautifully. A very singular disease prevalent among the natives is what is called the "sleep disease." It is said to be an affection of the cerebellum. The subjects attacked by it suffer no pain whatever, but fall into a continual heavy drowsiness or sleep, having to be awakened to be fed, and at last become unable to eat at all, or stand, and die fast asleep as it were. There is no cure known for it, and the patients are said to die generally in about twenty to forty days after being first attacked.

"A considerable quantity of salt is made by the natives, from Quissembo to Ambrizzette, particularly at the latter place, in the small salt marshes near the sea, and with which they carry on a trade with the natives of the interior. At the end of the dry season the women and children divide the surface of these marshes into little square portions or pans, by raising mud walls a few inches high, so as to enclose in each about two or three gallons of the water, saturated with salt from the already nearly evaporated marsh. As the salt crystallises in the bottom of these little pans it is taken out, and more water added, and so the process is continued until the marsh is quite dry. In many cases a small channel is cut from the marsh to the sea to admit fresh sea-water at high tide.

"It is an amusing sight to see numbers of women and children, all stark naked, standing sometimes above their knees in the water, baling it into the pans, with small open baskets or quindas, and singing loudly a monotonous song; others are engaged in filling large quindas with dirty salt from the muddy pans, whilst others again are busily washing the crystallised salt by pouring sea-water over it till all the mud is washed away, and the basketful of salt shines in the sun like driven snow. Towards evening long lines of women and children will be seen carrying to their towns, on their heads, the harvest of salt, and great is the fun and chaff for them if they meet a white man travelling in a hammock—all laughing and shouting, and wanting to shake hands, and running to keep pace with the hammock-bearers."

Ambriz, seen from the sea, consists of a high rocky cliff or promontory, with a fine bay sweeping with a level beach northward nearly to the next promontory, on which stand the trading factories forming the place called Quissembo. In the bay the little River Loge has its mouth, and marks the northern limit of the Portuguese possession of Angola. The town of Ambriz consists principally of one long, broad street or road, on the ridge that ends at the cliff or promontory forming the southern point of the bay.

It boasts of the only iron pier in Angola. Ambriz is an open roadstead, and vessels have to anchor at a considerable distance from the beach; they are, however, always safe, such things as storms or heavy seas being unknown.

The "tipoia," or hammock, is the universal travelling apparatus in Angola, and is of two forms, the simple hammock strung to a palm pole, which is strong and light, or the same with a light-painted water-proof cover, and curtains, very comfortable to travel in, and always used by the Portuguese to the interior of Loanda, where the country is more open, and better paths or roads exist, but they would quickly be torn to pieces north, and on the road to Bembe, from the dense bush, and, in the wet season, the high grass; consequently only the plain hammock and pole are generally employed, the traveller shading himself from the sun by a movable cover held in position by two cords, or by using a white umbrella. When travelling long distances six or eight bearers are necessary; the two hammock-carriers generally run at a trot for about two hours at a stretch, when another couple take their places. The motion is disagreeable at first, from the strong up and down jerking experienced, but one soon becomes used to it, and falls asleep whilst going at full trot. The pole is carried on the shoulder, and rests on a small cushion generally made of fine grass-cloth stuffed with wild cotton, the silky fibre in the seed-pod of the Mafumeira, or cotton-wood tree (Eriodendron anfractuosum), or "isca," a brown, woolly-like down covering the stems of palm-trees. Each bearer carries a forked stick on which to rest the pole when changing shoulders, and also to ease the load by sticking the end of it under the pole behind their backs and stretching out their arm on it.

Quiballa is a large town, containing several hundred huts, most picturesquely situated on a low, flat-topped hill, surrounded on all sides by other higher hills, and separated from them by a deep ravine filled with magnificent forest vegetation, and in the bottom of which a shallow stream of the clearest water runs swiftly over its fantastic rocky bed—all little waterfalls and shady transparent pools. A great change takes place in vegetation from the coast to Quiballa; and several species of birds abundant on the coast disappear about here, especially the common crow (Corvus scapulatus), the brilliantly-coloured starlings (Lamprocolius), and the several rollers.

Leaving Quiballa, after you ascend the hill called Tuco, a magnificent view is obtained. As far as the eye can reach is seen a succession of forest-covered mountains brightly lit in the cloudless sun to the distant horizon, shaded off into a haze of lovely blue. After this hill is passed, the country continues comparatively level for some miles, and is very beautiful, being covered with dense vegetation, in which are seen abundance of dark feathery palms, relieved by the bright green patches of the banana groves, planted round the little towns. The soil is very fertile, and many ground-nut and mandioca plantations are seen everywhere. Ngungungo is a large and pictur-

esque town, where there is a considerable trado carried on in mandioca root and its different preparations, as well as in beans and ground-nuts. After passing this town the road becomes exceedingly rocky and stony, until the small town of Quioanquilla is reached. A large quantity of wild pine-apples grow around this town, but the natives make no use of its fine fibre, contenting themselves with eating the unripe fruit.

The largest and most important town on the road to Bembe is Quilumbo, beautifully situated in a forest, and with a great number of oil-palm trees. It contains several hundred huts and quite a swarm of inhabitants. Proceeding thence, and passing through pretty undulating country covered principally with high grass, you at last reach Bembe, a distance of not less than a hundred and thirty miles from Ambriz.

"Bembe is the third great elevation, and it stands boldly and cliff-like out of the broad plain, and at its base runs the little River Luguria. Approaching it from the westward, we see a high mountain to the right of the plateau of Bembe, separated from it by a narrow gorge thickly wooded, that drains the valley, separating in its turn the table-land of Bembe from the high flat country beyond, in a north and easterly direction. This valley, in which a great deposit of malachite exists, is about a mile long in a straight line, and runs N.N.W. by S.S.E.

"The malachite is often found in large solid blocks. One, resting on two smaller ones, weighed together a little over three tons, but it occurs mostly in flat veins without any definite dip or order, swelling sometimes to upwards of two feet in thickness, and much fissured in character from admixture with dark oxide of iron, with which it is often cemented to the clay in which it is contained. Two kinds of clay are found, a ferruginous red, and an unctuous black variety. The malachite occurs almost entirely in the former. A large proportion is obtained in the form of a small irregularly-shaped shot, by washing the clay in suitable apparatus. Large quantities had been raised by the natives from this valley before the country was taken possession of by the Portuguese."

At the end of the valley, where it joins the narrow gorge that drains it, an enormous mass of very hard metamorphic limestone, destitute of fossil remains, rises from the bottom to a height of about thirty feet, and in it are contained two caverns or large chambers. This mass of rock is imbedded in a dense forest, and is overgrown by trees and enormous creepers, the stems of which, like great twisted cables, hang down through the crevices and openings to the ground below. "Great numbers of bats," says Mr. Monteiro, "inhabit the roof of the darkest of these caverns, and some that I once shot were greatly infested with a large, and very active, nearly white species of the curious spider-looking parasite Nyctirbia, that lives on this class of animals. In the thick damp shade of the trees surrounding this mass of rock,

we collected the rose-coloured flowers of that extremely curious root parasite, the Thonningea sanguinea."

The soil about Bembe is magnificent, and will produce almost anything. Sugar-cane grows to a huge size, and vegetables flourish in a remarkable manner. A handsome creeper (Mucuna pruriens), with leaves like those of a scarlet-runner, and bearing large, long bunches of dark maroon bean-like flowers, grows very abundantly. The flowers are succeeded by crooked pods covered with fine hairs, which cause dreadful itching when rubbed on the skin. "The first time," says Monteiro, "I pulled off a bunch of the pods I shook some of the hairs over my hands and face, and the sensation was alarming, like being suddenly stung all over with a nettle. I have seen blacks, when clearing bush for plantations, shake these hairs on their hot, naked bodies, and jump about like mad, untill they were rubbed with handfuls of moist earth."

The Mussurongo, Ambriz, and Mushicongo negroes have hardly any industrial or mechanical occupation; they weave no cloths of cotton or other fibre; their only manufactures being the few implements, baskets, and pots, required in their agriculture and household operations. Building huts is man's work, and as no nails of any kind are employed in their construction, the sticks only being notched and tied together with baobab fibre, a few days, with but little trouble, suffice to build one. Women's work is entirely restricted to cultivating the ground and preparing the food. Their simple agricultural operations are all performed with one implement, a single-handed hoe.

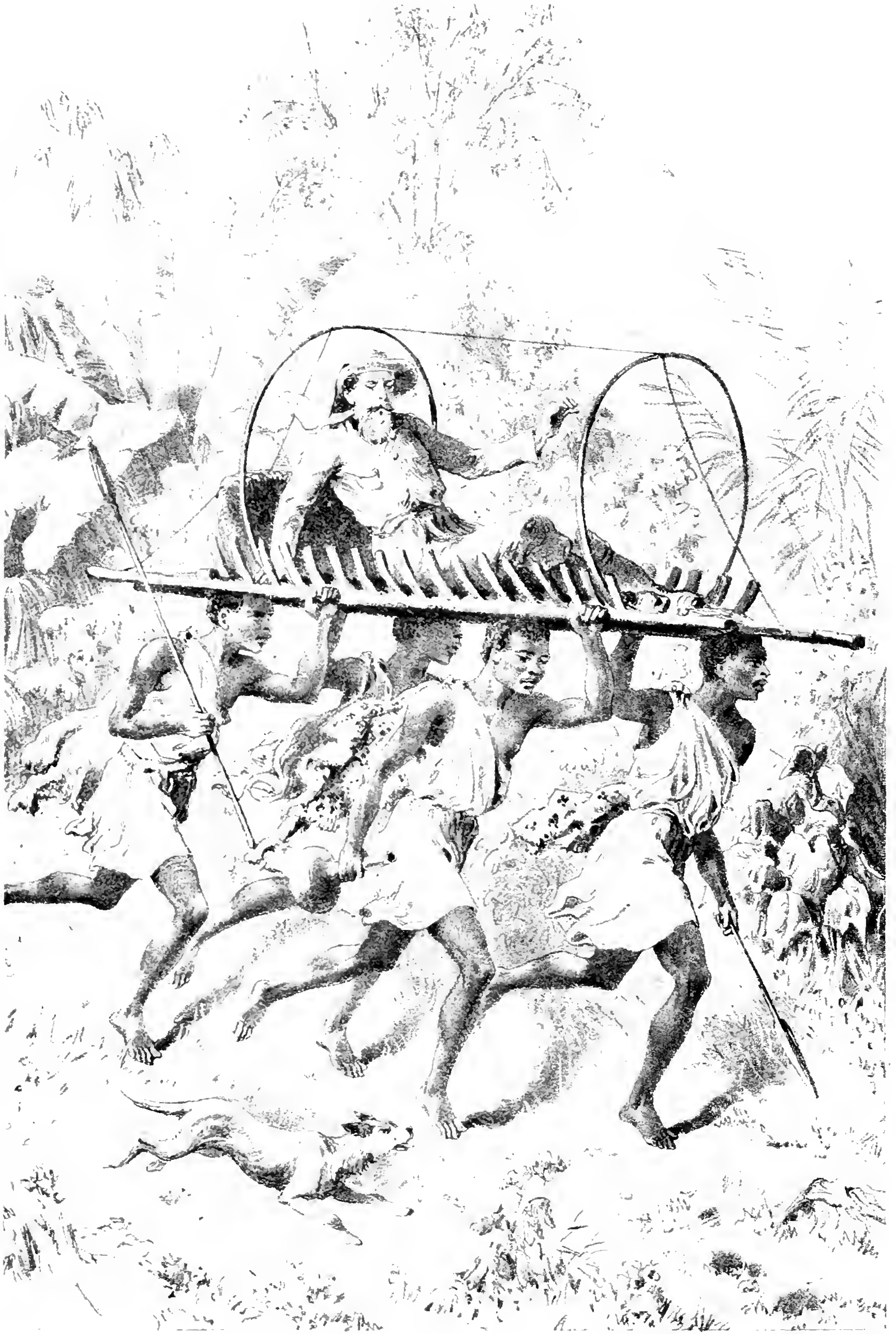
The mandioca-root, and a species of small harricot bean, constitute the principal food of the natives. Chili pepper is the universal condiment of the country. The banana is eaten raw, except by the Portuguese, who both roast and boil it. The Ambriz and Mushicongo natives make but little use of animal food; the latter, however, are very fond of frogs and grasshoppers. The common drink manufactured in the country is a sort of beer, prepared from Indian corn and dry mandioca-root. It is slightly milky in appearance, and when freshly made is sweet, but afterwards becomes acid and intoxicating.

The distance from Ambriz, to Loando is about sixty miles, and the greater part of the country is called Mossulo, from being inhabited by a tribe of that name. They have not yet been subdued, and they dispute the passage of the white man through their territory. About half-way between Ambriz and Loando is Libongo, celebrated for its mineral pitch. The soil around here is very fertile, and the mandioca, the sugar-cane, and the tamarind tree, grow in perfection. The rivers Bengo and Dande are greatly infested by alligators; and a curious idea prevails amongst all the natives of Angola, that the liver of the alligator is a deadly poison, and that it is employed as such by the fetish-men. The manatee is not uncommon in these rivers. The Portuguese call this curious mammal the woman-fish, from the supposed resemblance be-

tween its breasts and those of a woman. The flesh is good eating, though of no particular flavour, and is greatly liked by the natives. The marshes and lagoons are full of wild duck and other water-fowl. The country from the Bengo to Loanda rises suddenly, and the coast line is high and bold, but the soil is very arid and sandy, the rocks being arenaceous, evidently of recent formation, and full of casts of shells. There is much admixture of oxide of iron; and some of the sandy cliffs and dunes close to Loanda are of a beautiful red from it. Doves of various kinds are abundant, and splendidly coloured starlings; kingfishers too are common, and two or three species of bustards.

The city of St. Paul de Loanda is situated in a beautiful bay, backed by a kind of low, sandy cliff. In front of the bay a long, low, and very narrow spit of pure sand stretches like a natural breakwater, and protects the harbour of Loanda perfectly from the waves and surf of the ocean. The cocoa-nut-palm tree thrives well on this narrow spit. Loanda contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom about one-third are whites. The houses are generally commodious, built of stone, and roofed with red tiles. The window-sills and door-posts are generally painted blue, which gives the place a pretty appearance. Most of the houses have large yards, and the streets are wide, so that there is no overcrowding. The principal street runs through the whole length of the town, and for some distance a row of banyan trees goes through the centre, under the shade of which a daily market or fair is held of cloth and dry goods. The vendors are chiefly women.

"A square at the back of the custom-house is the general market of Loanda, and presents a curious scene, from the great variety of articles sold, and the great excitement of buyers and sellers crying out their wares, and making their purchases at the top of their voices. The vendors here, again, are mostly women; and as no booths are allowed to be put up, they wear straw hats with wide brims, almost as huge as an ordinary umbrella, to shade themselves. Every kind of delicacy to captivate the negro palate and fancy is to be had here; wooden dishes full of lean, measly-looking pork; earthen pots full of beans and palm-oil, retailed out in small platters, at so much a large wooden spoonful, and eaten on the spot; horrible-looking messes of fish, cakes, and pastry, etc., everything thickly covered with flies and large blue-bottles; large earthen jars, called sangas, and gourds full of garapa, or indian-corn beer; live fowls and ducks, eggs, milk, Chili peppers, small white tomatoes, bananas, and in the season, oranges, mangoes, sour-sop, and other fruits, quiavos, a few cabbage-leaves and vegetables, firewood, tobacco pipes and stems, wild hemp, mats, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, palm and ground-nut oil and dried salt fish. The women squat on their heels, with their wares in front, all round and over the square, while hundreds of natives are jabbering and haggling over their bargains, as if their existence depended on their noisy exertions."



TRAVELLING ON A LITTER

Loanda is abundantly supplied with fish of many kinds. A small shark is often caught, which is much esteemed by the natives, and is dried in the sun; also the pungo, which attains to as much as a hundred pounds weight. The pungo produces a loud and extraordinary noise, by pressing its snout against the side of a ship. The sound is like a deep tremolo note on a harmonium, and is quite as loud, but as if played under water. This low, sustained note has a very strange effect when first heard so unexpectedly in the still water.

The vegetation about Loanda is scanty, but a milky-juiced, thin-stemmed euphorbia, called cazoneira, and the cashew-tree, grow very abundantly on the cliffs, and inland; and sparingly in the sandy, arid soil, mandioca and beans. Oxen thrive, but very little attention is given to rearing them, Loanda being supplied from the interior with cattle for the beef consumed by the population. The police of Loanda are all blacks, but officered by Portuguese. The city is lighted by oil lamps. The military band plays twice a week.

The province of Angola is divided by the Portuguese into four governments—Ambriz, Loanda, Benguela, and Mossamedes. These are again divided into districts, each ruled by a military "chefe," or chief subordinate to the governors of each division, and those in their turn to the Governor-General of the province at Loanda. Of the wretched character of the government Mr. Monteiro speaks in strong terms. "In the fifteen years," he says, "that I have principally lived in, and travelled over a great part of Angola, and passed in intimate intercourse with the natives and Portuguese, I have had abundant opportunities of witnessing the miserable state to which that fine country has been reduced by the wretched and corrupt system of government. This state is not unknown to Portugal, and she has several times sent good and honest men as governors to Loanda to try to put a stop to the excesses committed by their subordinates, but they have been obliged to return in despair, as without good and well-paid officials it was no use either to change, or to make an example of one or two, where all were equally bad or guilty. There is, of course, but little chance of any change until Portugal sees that it is to her own advantage that this immensely rich possession should be governed by enlightened and well-paid officials. Let her send to Angola independent and intelligent men, and let them report faithfully on the causes that have depopulated vast districts, that have destroyed all industry, and that continually provoke the wars and wide dissatisfaction among tribes naturally so peaceable and submissive, and amenable to a great extent to instruction and advancement."

Porto Domingos, on the River Lucala, a tributary of the Quanza, is one of the most lovely places in Africa. The vegetation of palm-trees, baobabs, cotton-wood trees, and creepers of various kinds, is most luxuriant. The rock

of the district is a kind of conglomerate, with a matrix containing much oxide of iron. At the River Mucozo this formation is succeeded by a very hard white quartz rock, containing but little mica or feldspar; the scenery is hilly, broken, and extremely beautiful. Three days' journey from Mucozo, over a wild and rocky country, brings you to the once populous kingdom of the "Soba" Dumbo, once a powerful king; only a handful of subjects, however, now remain.

The greater part of Cambambe is rocky, and destitute of forest or large trees; large tracts are covered with grass and shrubs. Birds of many species, and of beautiful colouring, are abundant. The most extraordinary bird in appearance and habits is a large black hornbill (Bucorax Abyssinicus) called by the natives Engungoashito. It is about the size of a large turkey, but longer in the body and tail. They are found sparingly nearly everywhere in Angola, becoming abundant, however, only towards the interior. The males raise up and open and close their tails exactly in the manner of a turkey, and filling out the bright cocks-comb-red, bladder-like wattle on their necks, and with wings dropping on the ground, make quite a grand appearance. They do not present a less extraordinary appearance as they walk slowly with an awkward gait, and peer from side to side with their great eyes in quest of food in the short grass, poking their large bills at any frog, snake or other reptile that may come in their way. Their flight is feeble, and not long sustained. The note or cry of the male is like the hoarse blast of a horn repeated short three times, and answered by the female in a lower note. It is very loud, and can be heard at a considerable distance, particularly at night.

The lovely "plaintain-eaters," principally the Corythaix Paulina, are very abundant all over Angola—where thick forests are found. They are common in the country about Pungo Andongo, and also near the River Quanza. They have a very loud, hoarse cry, quite unlike that which a bird might be imagined to produce, which has a very singular and startling effect when heard in a forest. It is its unearthly cry that makes this bird an object of superstition to the natives of the whole of Angola. If one of these birds should perch on a hut or on a tree within the enclosure of a town, and sing, it is thought such a bad omen that the inhabitants vacate it and remove to another place. One most singular circumstance connected with this bird is the fact that the gorgeous blood-red colour of its wing feathers is soluble, especially in weak solution of ammonia, and that this soluble colouring matter contains a considerable quantity of copper, to which its colour may very properly be due.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of the districts of Cazengo and Golungo Alto, and the country about the River Lombige, a small tributary of the River Zeuza, as the River Bengo is called inland. "Mountains and deep

valleys," says Monteiro, filled with magnificent virgin forests, cover the country. Streams and springs of the clearest water abound, and the valleys are full of monkeys and beautifully coloured birds and butterflies. Most wonderful and varied effects of rolling mists, sunrise and sunset are to be seen in this earthly paradise, and the clearness and lightness of the atmosphere are most exhilarating and agreeable after the dull oppressiveness of the air on the coast. At Cazengo I saw the largest trees I have ever seen, and conspicuous amongst these the cotton-wood tree (Enodendron anfractuosum), towering to an immense height straight as an arrow, without the slightest break, to the small branches at the very top covered with feathery-looking foliage, and studded with puffy balls like white silk, from the burst seed-pods. The stems and branches are thickly studded with hard, short, conical, sharp-pointed spikes, and at the base of the stem vast flattened buttresses project, which give a wonderful idea of strength and stability. In these grand forests the splendid giant touraco (Turacus cristatus), the largest of the tropical African plaintain-eaters, finds a fitting habitat, and from its great size compared with the other much smaller species, is evidence of the magnificence of the forests and scenery of Cazengo and Golungo Alto."

From Golungo Alto to the south the geological formation is a hard, compact, quartzose granite rock. At Cazengo gneiss is found, and granite, and a hard quartzose slaty rock, with in places a curious rock seemingly composed of disintegrated granite and clay slate. The great forests on the slopes of the chains of mountains and valleys of the country about Golungo Alto and the Dembos are full of coffee-trees growing wild, and they are gradually being cleared of bush or underwood by the natives so as to enable them to collect the berry.

Cazengo has been celebrated from time immemorial for its iron, smelted by the natives, and the bellows employed in the process appears to date from the earliest times, being in fact identical with that used by the ancient Egyptians. For ordinary blacksmith's work the forge is simply a small cavity scooped out in the ground, the fuel being charcoal; and in this, with one bellows, a welding heat is obtained, and they are enabled to make hoes and other implements out of ordinary iron hooping or other scrap-iron. Iron smelting from the ore is but little practised now in Angola, as the iron hooping from bales obtained from the traders nearly suffices for the few purposes for which this useful metal is required.

The natives of the interior comprised between the River Dande and Quanza speak the Bunda language. The natives beyond the River Dande speak the Congo language, and its dialects of Ambriz and Mossulo. There is a singular custom common to the Bunda-speaking race, and to the natives of Navo Redondo farther south. "When a relative or other person visits them, a dish of 'infundi' or 'piras' is prepared, and should there not be a

bit of meat or fish in the larder, they send out to a neighbour for the 'lent rat,' as it is called. This is a field rat roasted on a skewer, and it is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of the 'infundi' on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavour; but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest particle of it, as this would be considered a great crime or offence, and would be severely punished by their laws. It is supposed that the host has duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, and has performed the rites of hospitality, in presenting his guest with meat and 'infundi,' though he has not tasted a morsel of the former, which is returned intact to the owner from whom it was borrowed."

The River Quanza is the gem of the Portuguese possession of Angola, south of the Congo; it is about fifty miles south of Loanda, and is the only river navigable for any distance, and the natural highway to the most fertile and healthy countries of the interior. From the mouth of the river to Calumbo there are large mangrove marshes; but when it reaches that place the banks are mostly bare, or lined with sedges and papyrus. At Calumbo there is a considerable assemblage of huts and mud-plastered houses, belonging to the native population. A few miles higher up is Bruto, where the cultivation of the sugar-cane is largely carried on. At Bruto there is a fine lagoon, in which abundance of fish is netted, and there are some lovely woods and valleys near, which abound with birds and monkeys. Beyond this the river scenery is much finer, cliffs and hills on either side covered with the baobab, and the valleys filled with a luxuriant green forest of trees and creepers, with here and there brilliant patches of colour from the abundant flowers of the latter; the banks of the river forming a foreground of papyrus and sedges of unfading green.

About fifty or sixty miles from the coast, on the southern bank of the river, is the town of Muxima, built on a bare, white limestone rock, on which the hot sun seems to have baked the mud huts with their straw roofs to a dark brown. Beyond Muxima, the appearance of the banks becomes really charming. Mile after mile a continuous panorama of magnificent dark forest of high feathery-topped oil-palms stretches on both sides, but principally on the north bank. Under these palms is seen a succession of picturesque huts. The forest resounds with the cooing of innumerable doves, and the chatter of noisy weaver-birds.

Passing Massangano, the voyager reaches twenty miles higher up the town of Dondo—a growing and prosperous place. Thousands of tons of ground-nuts, coffee, wax, palm-oil, and ivory, are shipped yearly at Dondo for Loanda by the steamers. There is a fine large square in the middle of the town, where a market is held every day, and to this the natives resort from all parts around with produce and provisions. "About six or eight miles

from Dondo up the river are the first cataracts of Cambambe. Immediately on leaving Dondo the river is enclosed by high hills or cliffs on both sides, and winds a good deal, so that a succession of fresh and seemingly more beautiful pictures is constantly presented to the traveller's admiration as he ascends the river in a boat. The river is wide and deep, and the slopes and perpendicular sides of the hilly walls on either side are of endless variety of colour, both of rock, moss and lichen, plant, and tree. Deep red iron-stained sandstone, conglomerate, blue clay slate, huge white-stemmed baobabs, dark masses of palm-trees, plots of large-leaved plantains, masses of trees overgrown with creepers, meet the eye in ever-varying combination; and gradually the wide valley worn by the water becomes narrower and narrower, until at last it is a deep gorge with almost upright walls of clay slate, and the passage for the great body of water is barred right across by vast rocky ledges and peaks, over which, in the rainy season, it rushes and dashes with a deafening wild roar and mad flinging up into the air of showers of water and foam."

The southern bank of the Quanza, from its mouth to opposite Dondo, is called the Quissama country, and is inhabited by the peculiar race or tribe of negroes of the same name. They are very black, undersized, exceedingly dirty, and have a remarkably ugly cast of countenance. The greater part of the Quissama country is very barren, and perfectly destitute of water, except on the banks of the river itself; the natives use baobab trees, hollowed out for the purpose, as reservoirs for rain-water falling in the wet season. The Libollos, or natives of the Libollo country, are a very much finer and cleaner race than their neighbours the Quissamas, and their country is beautiful and fertile, and covered in great part with palm-trees. The Quinbundos are a warlike people to the south of the Libollo and Quissama countries, and are tall, well-formed, and very handsome. They come in caravans to Dondo, principally laden with bees-wax, singing on the march. They plait their hair in thin strings all round their heads, and in each plait they put several beads, mostly made of red paste, in imitation of coral.

The tribes on both banks of the Quanza are great bee-keepers. The hives are to be seen on almost every baobab, this being the tree chosen in preference to any other, and as many as four or five hives may be seen on one tree. They are made by splitting a piece of wood, generally a branch of a tree with the bark on, about five feet long and ten or twelve inches in diameter; the centre is scooped out, leaving the ends entire; the two halves are securely tied together, and three holes large enough to admit the little finger are bored at each end. An aperture is cut in the middle of the hollow cylinder, where the two halves are joined together, large enough to admit the hand. This aperture is closed with a piece of wood, and clayed over, to thoroughly prevent any rain from getting in. The hive is securely placed in the branches of the tree, and a quantity of dry grass put over it as a roof, or thatch.

Once a year the owner climbs the tree and draws up a basket for the wax and honey with a cord, and also some dry grass and fire. He opens the aperture, and, lighting wisps of grass, smokes the bees as they issue out. Most of them drop half suffocated to the ground and the comb is extracted, a small quantity being left behind to induce the bees to work again in the same hive. If no comb be left the natives affirm that they will not return again to the hive. In some places they are careful not to kill any of the bees, and are said to extract the comb as often as three times a year. Bee-hives are their principal wealth, and some families possess as many as three and four hundred.

Scorpions are very abundant in the whole of the district of Benguela, and cases are constantly occurring of persons being stung by them. In some places, hardly a stone or piece of wood can be lifted from the ground without finding one or more scorpions under it. They are of all sizes, up to six and seven inches long. Their sting is rarely fatal, except to old people or persons in a bad state of health. The effects of the sting are, however, very extraordinary; in severe cases it appears to paralyse all the muscles of the body, sometimes with much pain, in others with little or none.

Catumbella is an important place, about nine miles to the north of Benguela. The Portuguese have a fort here, and a detachment of soldiers. There are many traders established in the place; and a large trade is carried on with the natives of the interior in wax, ivory, gum copal, white gum, and other productions. It is on the high road to Bailundo and Bihe. The scenery is exquisite, from the hilly and rocky character of the country and the luxuriance of the vegetation, both wild and cultivated. A small river, so shallow that it can always be forded, except during the heavy rains, runs by the town. It is a pretty stream, but full of alligators, through whom many natives lose their lives while crossing. From the top of a mountain near the town, which, with one opposite, forms the deep gorge through which the river passes, there is a view of surpassing loveliness.

The town of Benguela is situated on a level plain near the sea, with a line of hills about six miles distant at the back. It is a large picturesque town, consisting of good houses and stores, distributed in an irregular manner over several squares and roads, which in the wet season are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and weeds in flower giving the town the appearance of a wild garden. The soil is fertile, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables grow in abundance and perfection. The trade, especially in bees-wax, of which a great quantity is exported, increases every year. To the north of the town there is a green belt of forest marking the course of the River Cavaco. Not far from the beach is a large fort, garrisoned with a force of soldiers that supplies detachments to the adjoining districts.

"The natives of Benguela belong to a tribe called the Mundombes, who

are of a wild, roving disposition, and very unlike the rest of the tribes inhabiting Angola. Their clothing is principally skins and hides of sheep or wild animals, and they rub their bodies and heads with rancid cow's butter, or oil, with which they are fond of mixing charcoal-dust; and they are the only natives in Angola who wear sandals (made of raw hide) on their feet. They are very dirty, never making use of water for washing; are generally about the middle height, and ugly in face. The women especially are rarely comely either in face or figure, and they will not live with or intermarry with blacks of other tribes. Their huts are mostly round-roofed and low. They are very independent, and will not hire themselves to any kind of work. The women cultivate the ground for the indispensable mandioca and beans; the men hunt, and tend large herds of cattle that thrive remarkably well in the country, and also flocks of sheep, which they rear for food.

"Cattle are their principal riches, and are seldom killed for food, except when the owner dies, when, if he be a 'soba' or chief, as many as three hundred oxen have been known to be killed and eaten at one sitting, lasting for several days. On these occasions the whole tribe and friends are assembled, heaps of firewood collected, fires lit, and oxen killed one after the other till the herd is eaten up, not a native moving away from the feast or gorge till the last scrap is consumed. The flesh is cut into long thick strips and wound round long skewers—these are stuck upright round the fires, and the meat only allowed to cook slightly. The meat is eaten alone, without any other food whatever, and without salt, as that would make them drink, which they do not do, as they affirm it would prevent them from eating much meat; the blood, entrails, and the hide, toasted to make it eatable, are consumed, a big feast lasting from ten to fifteen days, or sometimes more. They are fond of dividing their cattle into herds of a hundred head each, and are wonderfully clever at tracing strayed cattle, and also in recognising any they may have once seen.

"A most singular custom of these natives is that of the women and girls, with their heads covered with green leaves and carrying branches of trees in their hands, and singing in chorus, taking round to all their friends and acquaintance any young woman of their tribe who is about to be married; but the most curious part of the ceremony is the manner in which the interesting young bride is prepared. She is stripped perfectly naked, and white washed from head to foot with a thick mixture of a kind of pipe-clay and water, which dries perfectly white, and in this manner she is taken in procession to visit and receive the congratulation of her friends. It appears that this extraordinary custom is also common to some hill tribes in India and in the Andes of South America.

"The richer Mundombes have an odd manner of making their beds. A layer of clay about six or nine inches thick, and about two feet wide, is made in the huts, and when dry constitutes their sleeping place; this they rub over

with rancid butter to make it smooth, and they lie on it without any skin or cloth under them. The Mundombes generally wear their hair in a large woolly bush, but the young men and women cut it into a variety of strange forms and patterns. Their arms are knobbed sticks, often fancifully carved, small axes, bows and arrows, and spears, generally much ornamented with beads. They are expert hunters, and the abundance of large game supplies them with more animal food than other tribes of Angola. They are a hard, wiry race, capable of undergoing great fatigue and hunger, and a very good trait in their character is that they are good-natured and merry. They are not a bad race, but are wild, roving and intractable to teaching or civilisation. Not one of them can be induced to work beyond carrying loads or a hammock, which latter they have also a unique way of doing. Supposing eight to be carrying a white man in a hammock, three will range themselves and run along on each side; at a loud clap of their hands, one Mundombe from the right will shove his shoulders under the pole behind the carrier in front, who passes to the left. Another on the left does the same with the carrier behind, who passes to the right, and so they go changing round and round every few yards, and running along all the time without stopping a moment."

Among the plants growing around Benguela, one of the principal is the shrubby jasmine, which grows in large clumps, covered with white blossoms; and early in the morning, the air is so impregnated with the scent as to give those who pass through the bush for any distance a headache. Jackals and hyenas abound in the locality; on dark nights especially the hyenas perambulate all over the town in search of bones and offal of every description, fighting and making a terrible noise. Zebras are abundant in the rocky districts of the country about Benguela and Mossambes; and their bray is peculiar, being like that of the donkey, without the long drawn notes made during inspiration.

A large dog-faced monkey inhabits these rocky districts, going about in troops of from twelve to twenty. When feeding, they have always two or more of their number perched on the high rocks as sentinels, and on the least sign of danger, they utter a hoarse grunt, and all take to flight, the young ones tightly clasping their mother's backs. If a sentinel fail in his duty, the others set upon him, and worry him as a punishment. They live on the roots and fruits of trees, and on several species of large onion-looking bulbs.

The natives on this part of the coast make a kind of boat or raft, out of the bimba tree, which it is impossible to sink. The wood is soft, and as light as pith; the peeled stems are skewered together in two or three layers, with sides about a foot and a half to two feet high, and the ends finished off in a point, the whole looking like a punt built of three logs. The water rushes in and out everywhere, people get washed over and wetted through by the surf; but the boat never upsets or sinks, and floats like a dry cork.

The district of Dombe Grande is situated about twenty-four miles to the

south of Benguela. The road to it passes over slightly undulating ground, but very arid in character, alternately sandy, and of gypsum rock. It is a wonderful relief from the desert road to arrive at the River San Francisco, and see stretched for miles the beautiful green expanse of Dombe Grande. There is a large quantity of pure sulphur in the gypsum hills on the northern bank of this river; and it is possible sometimes to obtain a solid block of it of thirty pounds in weight. Nine miles south of Dombe Grande is the little bay of Cuio, not far from which copper ore is found. Some portions of this ore contain silver, from a mere trace to over one hundred ounces in the ton. The road from Dombe Grande to Cuio passes through some deep ravines cut in solid gypsum rock by the action of the waters. It requires no kiln for burning; it is sufficient to make a pile of small pieces of the rock with any kind of fuel or brushwood at hand to burn it into proper plaster of Paris.

There are several birds in the country, the colour of whose plumage so closely agrees with that of the ground as to be hardly distinguishable at a little distance. Such as the sand-grouse, and three species of bustards. These bustards are very abundant, and are found in pairs; they have a curious, clucking cry, which can be heard at a considerable distance; they run along the ground with great rapidity, and when alarmed fly off in a straight line. Their flesh is excellent. In the woods there are several species of small hornbills. Their food consists of grubs, grasshoppers, hornets' nests, and hard seeds. When sitting on a tree, they frequently raise and depress their crest feathers, and utter loud cries, like the squall of a sick baby. The natives say that it is the male bird who sits on the nest, and that the female shuts him up in the nest so that he cannot get out, and feeds him till he has hatched the eggs, when she tears down the nest and lets him out. The imprisoned bird is then very lean and in ragged plumage. In Benguela, when a man looks very thin and miserable, they always say that he looks like the hornbill when he has been let out of the nest. The wattled crane is common in the interior, and is often brought for sale to the coast by the caravans. They get very tame and playful, and it is amusing to see them rush in fun at the women and children, with their wings and beak wide open. The ox-bird is very commonly seen on the cattle at Benguela. It appears to feed entirely on ticks. It is curious to watch the manner in which they crawl all over the body of an ox or large animal, which they are enabled to do by their strong claws tipped with exceedingly sharp, hooked nails. They will accompany a herd of cattle only for a certain distance, when they will return to their usual locality, and others immediately make their appearance and take charge of the herd.

From Benguela to Mossamedes almost all the numerous bays on the coast are inhabited by Portuguese. The fishery of the coast is mostly carried on by deep lines, and the fish caught are opened flat, and salted and dried in the

sun. Large quantities are thus prepared and shipped to Loanda and elsewhere. Great numbers of a kind of dog-fish are caught, the livers of which are thrown into large iron pots and melted into a strong smelling oil, which is shipped to Europe, and employed to adulterate whale and other fish oils. The lines and nets of the fishermen are prepared or tanned by steeping them in the juice of an exceedingly curious plant growing in the sand. Besides its use for tanning lines and nets, it is also employed by the natives as a valuable astringent in cases of diarrhœa. Speaking of the quantity of fish on this coast, Monteiro says—"At the little Bay of Baba, I saw a very extraordinary sight, and one that shows the great quantity of fish in the sea of that coast. I had started on foot early in the morning, from the house of a Portuguese who was engaged in the fishing trade, on my way to Mossamedes, and as I walked along the beach for more than a mile, I saw for the whole distance, in the calm water, a small species of fish, about a foot long, in countless numbers packed side by side so closely as almost to touch one another, and their snouts touching the sand. Farther south, fish are said to be even more plentiful. At Port Pinda, a three-masted fishing vessel arrived with a crew of fishermen from Algarve, and they caught such quantities that they found the work of curing too hard, and they gradually gave up fishing, and employed their vessel in carrying freights up and down the coast. I was told by the captain of a British man-of-war that at Walwish Bay he had seen eight tons of fish taken at one haul of the sieve net."

At Mossamedes oxen are trained for riding; the cartilage of the nose is perforated, and through the opening a thin, short piece of round iron is passed, at the ends of which are attached the reins, and the animal is guided by them in the same manner as a horse. A good bullock will trot well, and even gallop for a distance, and is very comfortable to ride. The saddle is made of leather, and is only a well-padded cushion with stirrups. About twenty or thirty miles from Mossamedes granite abounds, and the form of the country is peculiar. In some places huge single rocks rise out of the nearly level plain; in others hills of rocks, in several of which deposits of rain-water are found at the very top.

The country about Mossamedes is exposed to periodical eruptions of the Monanos, or natives from the Nano country, which is inland and north of Mossamedes. They come down in large expeditions, laying waste the country by driving off the cattle and sheep. The few native inhabitants about Mossamedes are Mundombes, like those of Benguela, but between the two places there is a district peopled by a curious tribe called Mucoandos. This district lies to the interior. These Mucoandos are a roving, migratory tribe, rearing flocks of sheep, which are their only wealth; it is said that they hardly ever cultivate the ground, and only build temporary huts or shelters. They go about nearly naked, only wearing a small piece of sheepskin round their

loins, and are a quiet and inoffensive tribe. They are said to be gradually dying out.

A still more curious tribe are the Muquices, of whom only a few remain. They are found near the sea, between Mossamedes and Carumjamba. They do not keep sheep or cattle, or any live-stock whatever, and never cultivate the ground or build huts to live in. Their food is principally fish, which they catch with hook and line, and shell-fish, particularly mussels, which are very abundant and fine on the rocks, and oysters. They cook their food by roasting it at a fire, and at night they each make a small half circle of stones about a foot high, against which they curl up like dogs as a shelter from the wind, very often on the bare tops of the cliffs overhanging the sea. They also take advantage of the ledges of rock and open caves or holes to sleep in; but they are always on the move, never remaining more than a few days at each place.

"I often saw these encampments, "says Monteiro, "with the usual accompaniments of heaps of mussel-shells and ashes, the remains of their food and fires on the cliffs. I once saw a party of eight of these Muquices at Point Giraul, the northern end of Mossamedes Bay, where I had gone with some friends for a day's pic-nic of fish, oysters, and mussels off the rocks. This was the largest number I had ever seen together. They were living in a large hole in the soft rock, and were very pleased to have a talk, and get a drink and a few small presents. They are rather light-coloured, with very decided obliquely-set eyes, which gives them a singular expression—a Chinese expression of face. They are slow and gentle in their manner, and are said to be what their appearance indicates, very quiet and inoffensive. The Portuguese often employ them as letter-carriers up and down that part of the coast. Their constantly roving habits do not allow them to have old or infirm people. When these cannot walk or keep up with the rest, they are killed by being knocked on the head from behind with a stick. The eldest son, or nearest male relative, does the deed, and the victim is not apprised beforehand of his fate."

That most singular plant, the Welwitschia mirabilis, grows about Mossamedes. Monteiro sent some specimens to the Kew Museum, and Dr. Hooker thus describes the plant:—"The Welwitschia is a woody plant, said to attain a century in duration, with an obconic trunk, about two feet long, of which a few inches rise above the soil, presenting the appearance of a flat, two-lobed, depressed mass, sometimes (according to Dr. Welwitsch) attaining fourteen feet in circumference, and looking like a round table. When full grown it is dark-brown, hard, and cracked over the whole surface, much like the burnt crust of a loaf of bread; the lower portion forms a stout top-root, buried in the soil, and branching downwards at the end. From deep grooves in the circumference of the depressed mass two enormous leaves are given off, each

six feet long when full grown, one corresponding to each lobe: these are quite flat, linear, very leathery, and split to the base into innumerable thongs that lie curling upon the face of the soil. Its discoverer describes these same two leaves as being present from the earliest condition of the plant, and assures me that they are in fact developed from the two cotyledons of the seed, and are persistent, being replaced by no others.

"From the circumference of the tabular mass above, but close to the insertion of the leaves, spring stout dichotomously-branched cymes, nearly a foot high, bearing small, erect scarlet cones, which eventually become oblong, and attain the size of those of the common spruce-fir. The scales of the cones are very closely imbricated, and contain, when young and still very small, solitary flowers, which in some cones are hermaphrodite (structurally but not functionally), in others female. The hermaphrodite flower consists of a perianth of four pieces, six monadelphous stamens, with globose three-locular anthers, surrounding a central ovule, the integument of which is produced into a styliform sigmoid tube, terminated by a discoid apex. The female flower consists of a solitary erect ovule, contained in a compressed utricular perianth. The mature cone is tetragonous, and contains a broadly-winged fruit in each scale."

The climate of Angola is not so hot as might be expected from its latitude. The thermometer in the hot season is seldom more than 80° to 86° Fahrenheit in the shade during the day; 90° and over is not often attained. In the cool season the usual temperature is 70° to 75° Fahrenheit, and at night as low as 60° to 65°. The sea-breeze, which sets in about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and lasts till sunset or an hour later, cools the burning rays of the sun; and the nights are always cool. In the interior, away from the sea-breeze, the temperature is higher. Rain only falls in the hot season, or from the end of October to the beginning or end of May, when violent storms with but little wind deluge the country. During the cool season the sun is often not visible for days together, a thick uniform white sky preventing its position being seen at any time of the day. A thick white mist covers the ground at night, and in the morning valleys and low places are completely enshrouded in it. As the wind and sun dissipate these rolling vapours, very beautiful effects are seen, particularly among the valleys and mountains in the interior.

The remedies of the natives for disease in Angola are numerous. In fever and ague their treatment often consists in lying quiet until nature works her own cure; but they sometimes use a strong infusion of the leaves of an excessively bitter plant, which they call Malulo. Another method of curing fever is to squat over an earthen pot, in which the plants Herva Santa Maria and Sangue-sangue have been boiled. The patient is well covered over, and the aromatic vapour-bath soon produces copious perspiration, and often a

speedy cure. The Herva Santa Maria (Chenopodium ambrosioides) is a small annual plant, generally about a foot and a half high, very green and bushy, and every part of it hotly and strongly aromatic. Sangue-sangue is the name given to the large seed-heads of a strong, tall grass (a species of Cymbopogon), which exhales a very powerful aromatic odour when crushed. The principal remedy for ulcers is powdered malachite, with or without lime-juice. When they rise in the misty mornings in the cold season, they smoke the flowers of the wild hemp, which they say wakes them up and warms their bodies, so that they are ready to take up their loads, and trot off quickly.

They have no efficient remedies or treatment for bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia, from which they suffer so much and so fatally in the cold season. Their purgatives are the castor-oil seeds ground and mixed with a little water, and the juice of the plant bearing the physic-nut (Jatropha curcas). This is collected on a leaf from a cut made in the stem of the plant, and at once swallowed: from five to ten drops appear to be a dose. Bleeding seems to suit the negro constitution, and the Bunda-speaking natives are very skilful in the use of the lancet, often with dreadfully blunt instruments. For inflammation of the bowels, colic, or other violent pains, great use is made of the fresh leaves of the tobacco plant, applied, as gathered, to the abdomen, or better still, after dipping in boiling water. Another remedy for stomach and liver complaints is the root of a creeper bearing very pretty small white flowers (Bœrhaavia sp.), and growing most abundantly everywhere in Angola. Leeches are extremely abundant in the fresh-water lagoons, and are much used by the Portuguese.

There are several peculiar habits and customs common to the natives of Angola. "One of the most striking and most pleasing is their regard for their parents and old people. These are always consulted before they undertake a journey, or hire themselves as carriers or for other service, and they always bid them good-bye, and leave them some little present of beads or rum. On returning to their own towns they immediately see their fathers and mothers and the old people, and squat down and beat hands to them, and give an account of their doings. A little food is then eaten together, and they consider that they have done their duty. Neither the men nor women will smoke whilst speaking to their old people, but always take their pipes out of their mouths, or, if their hands are engaged, hold the pipe stem across their teeth. Other marks of respect always practised to their old men, to their kings, and to white men, are, when passing between or close to them, to bend their bodies slightly and snap their fingers; if they meet them on the road, they will stand aside without moving, till they have passed, and if carrying a load on their head, always remove it to the shoulder, or lift it above the head on both hands."

Smoking is universal. Snuff-taking is also very general. The ordinary

way of taking a pinch of snuff between the forefinger and thumb, is unknown to the blacks, and would be considered a very unsatisfactory method. They pour about a teaspoonful of snuff into the palm of the hand, and burying their wide and capacious nostrils in the peppery mixture (for they add cayenne pepper to the tobacco dust), snort it up loudly, aided by a rotary motion of the half-closed hand. Many allow a scrubby, woolly moustache to grow for the sole purpose of plastering it thickly with snuff, so that when on a journey and carrying a load, they take it by simply curling up the upper lip and sniffing up strongly, without stopping or laying down the load to open the box and take it in the ordinary way.

The common way to assert the truth of a statement, is to go on their knees and rub the forefinger of each hand on the ground, and then touch their tongues and forehead with the dusty tips; this is equivalent to an oath. About Loanda they make the sign of the cross on the ground with a finger for the same purpose, and this is evidently derived from some old custom introduced by the former missionaries. The ordinary burial places of Angola, are merely mounds of earth or stones, with a stick to mark the grave of a man, and a basket that of a woman; and sometimes a slab of rock is stuck upright in the ground to indicate the head of a grave.

White ants, wasps, centipedes, land-tortoises, snakes, porcupines, are to be found in the country . On the stems of the high grass may often be seen little round nests about the size of a hen's egg having the appearance of a rough glazed paper, and made by the mantis. These nests are applied by the women to an odd use; they rub the soles of their children's feet with them in the belief that it will make them good walkers when they grow up. Many of the caterpillars are very gorgeously coloured and fancifully ornamented with tufts of hair; though the moths and butterflies are not so brilliant as might be expected. The natives are fond of the flesh of the porcupine, and stick the quills in their woolly hair as an ornament. A long yellow-spotted water-lizard, with a handsome bead-like pattern on its back and legs, is common in the rivers, and is said to be very destructive to poultry. The boa-constrictor inhabits the marshy places near rivers. There is a dangerous snake not uncommon, which is small in size, but remarkable from its habit of spitting to a considerable distance, and its saliva is said to blind a person if it touches the eyes.

Mr. Monteiro narrates an amusing adventure with one of the harmless snakes found under the flooring of houses and stores, and which are very useful in ridding them of rats and mice. "One of these snakes," he says, "once gave me considerable trouble at Loanda. My bedroom was on the ground-floor under an office, and outside my door was the staircase leading to it. Every morning, just a little before daybreak, I used to be awakened by hearing a loud crack on the table as if made by a blow from a thick whip. This

excited my curiosity greatly, as I could find no possible explanation for the noise. At last I determined to be on the watch. I had lucifers and a candle ready, and was luckily awake when I heard the noise repeated on my table. I instantly struck a light, and saw a snake about six feet long glide off the table on to the ground and quickly disappear in a hole in a corner of the room. I then ascertained that Mr. Snake went up the staircase every night to the office above, where he hunted about for rats, and towards morning returned through a hole in the flooring immediately above my table, dropping a height of about ten feet, and producing the whip-like sound that had so perplexed me for many nights. A bung in a hole in the floor above stopped his return that way for the future, but I could not help being thankful that my bed had not been placed where the table stood, for, notwithstanding that I believed it was simply a harmless and inoffensive rat-catcher, still six feet of cold snake wriggling over my face and body might not have been quite pleasant in the dark."

A large scarabeus beetle is very abundant wherever cow-dung is found; and it is amusing to see them at work, making it up into balls nearly the size of a billiard-ball, an egg having been deposited in each. Two or three may be often seen pushing the ball along backwards—the universal custom. A very beautiful lemur is found in some districts. It is of a light, chinchilla-grey colour, with black nose and ears, and dark-brown feet and toes. This animal can turn back and crumple up its rather large and long ears at will. Its tail is long, and, like the rest of the body, very fussy. It is very quiet and gentle, nocturnal in its habits, and sleeps much during the day. The natives use its long, fine fur to stanch bleeding from cuts and wounds.

Fruits are not so abundant in Angola as they might be. Most of the European fruit-trees grow remarkably well. Oranges are of delicious quality. Mulberries bear abundantly. Limes grow wild in places. Mangoes are splendid; but in some places the natives have a prejudice against planting the tree, as they believe it would be unlucky. The guava grows wild in abundance in many parts. Pine-apples are generally very fine, and might be grown to any extent. Grapes and figs are sparingly cultivated, but bear well. The natives on the coast eat the fruit of the Chrysobolamus Icaca ; it is like a round black-purple plum, tasteless and astrigent. The Jambosa vulgaris is found growing wild, and although rather insipid, it has a delicious scent of attar of roses. There is another tree bearing bunches of yellow, plum-like fruit of a very delicious flavour and scent, and its pulp mixed with water and sugar makes one of the nicest drinks one can taste. The only plants employed by the natives as scents are the seeds of the Hibiscus Abelmoschus, smelling strongly of musk, and a very sweet-smelling wood. These they rub over the head and body, and keep with their clothes. They use the skin of the musk or civet-cat, which is common in the interior, to scent their clothes and bodies. The

natives from the interior also rub themselves over with a stinking nut something like an acorn, with a powerful smell like rotten onions. Angola is poor in dyes, and the natives use only few. For red they use the fresh pulp enveloping the seeds of the annatto; for yellow they employ yellow ginger. Cloths are made black by rubbing them with charred ground-nuts reduced to a fine paste.

There is no danger, Mr. Monteiro says, in travelling over almost any part of Angola, especially in those parts in the occupation of the Portuguese. The natives are everywhere civil, if well treated. A knowledge of Portuguese is almost essential, as, with the exception of some places on the Congo, and as far south of it as Ambriz, where some of the natives speak English, a great number speak only Portuguese besides their own language.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Despatches from Mr. Stanley—Circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika—Legends as to its Origin—Meaning of the Name—Geological Changes—The Alexandra Nile—The Warundi and Waruanda—Small-Pox at Ujiji—Frank Pocock's Letters—Comment of "The Daily Telegraph" on the Despatches.

IN March, 1877, after a long silence, copious and deeply interesting despatches reached this country from Mr. Stanley, under date Ujiji, August 7th to 13th, 1876. From these it appeared that the brave traveller had made a complete survey of Lake Tanganyika, and settled the question of the Lukuga, which Captain Cameron supposed to be its outlet. He proposed to cross the country to Nyangwe, and there to determine his final course. The first of these despatches is from Ujiji, Aug. 7, 1876:—

"Lake Tanganyika, despite its extreme length, is to be subject no more to doubts and fanciful hypotheses, for it has been circumnavigated and measured by me, and its enormous coast line laid down and fixed as accurately as a pretty good chronometer and solar observations will admit. Captain Burton's discovery is now a completed whole, with no corner indefinite, no indentation unknown. You must banish from your charts Mr. Cooley's grand United Tanganyika and Nyassa, and Sir Samuel Baker's no less fanciful idea of Upper and Lower Tanganyika, as also Livingstone's United Lake Liemba and Lake Tanganyika. A finished circumnavigation dispels all erratic ideas and illusions respecting its length and breadth, and furnishes us with a complete knowledge, as far as present necessities require, of its affluents and effluents.

"I write this letter to explain the problem of the Tanganyika, which has puzzled Livingstone and so many explorers, and induced so many able cartographers to publish wild conjectures instead of solid facts and truths; and I take for my texts once more certain items from Lieutenant Verney Cameron's letter to the Geographical Society, dated May 9, 1874. That gallant explorer says:—

'I have been fortunate enough to discover the outlet of the Tanganyika. The current is small (1.2 knots), as might be expected from the levels. It is believed to flow into the Lualaba, between the Lakes Moero and Kamarondo. I went four or five miles down it, when my further progress was stopped by

the floating grass and enormous rushes. The river, the Lukuga, is about twenty five miles south of the group of islands Captain Speke explored.'

"It is not fair to criticise such a brief letter as this, evidently written hastily after the discoverer's arrival in Ujiji, nor have I any such intention; but the observations serve as a preface to what I am about to say, and in a measure mark the boundaries of difference between Lieutenant Cameron and myself. I send you a chart of the Lukuga Creek, to enable your readers to understand clearly one of Nature's secrets in Central Africa. I shall now briefly remark upon the above statements.

"Lieutenant Cameron says he has been 'fortunate enough to discover the outlet of Lake Tanganyika.' He certainly has discovered Lukuga Creek, and, entertaining the friendliest feelings towards the gallant gentleman, I am happy to admit that, though he has found what has never been and is not the outlet, yet he has none the less pointed out what will be within a few years the outlet of the Tanganyika, for at present there is none, as we understand the term; no outflowing river or effluent. 'The current is small (1·2 knots), as might be expected from the levels.' Having differed with the first I must oppose this second statement, though reluctantly; but I impute the error to the traveller's over-hurry and imperfect levels. The chief who accompanied Cameron says that he stayed but a short time, and such a current as he mentions might well be caused by the monsoon wind blowing up the creek, but for further details and experiments testing this current I must refer you below.

"'It is believed to flow into the Lualaba, between Lakes Moero and Kamarondo.' More about the flow below, but Moero is pronounced 'Merwu' by all men, natives or Arabs, and of Kamarondo 'Lake' I can hear nothing, except a distinct and emphatic denial of there being such a lake; but all who know anything of it say there is a river called the Kamalondo, or Kamarondo, a large tributary of the Lualaba or Ugarowa. 'I went four or five miles down it, when my further progress was stopped by the floating grass and enormous rushes.' Lieutentant Cameron proceeded about three miles, I think, and made his experiments at Lumba. His progress was stopped by the papyrus, which perhaps may come under his description; but all specimens of ordinary grass seen in the Lukuga Creek at present may be eaten by a healthy ass in fifteen minutes. 'The river, the Lukuga, is about twenty-five miles south of the group of islands Captain Speke explored.' The entrance of the Lukuga Creek is situate in S. lat. 5° 49′ 30″, while Kasenge Island is in S. lat 5° 35′ 30″—making the Lukuga just fourteen geographical miles south of Kasenge, discovered by Speke.

"Beyond these few points I have no cause to differ with Lieutentant Cameron. To him alone belongs the credit and honour of the discovery of the Lukuga Creek, the future outlet of Lake Tanganika. I followed his course inch by inch, marked each of his camps, and employed the same guides.

Where he cut across deep bays and finally traversed Tanganyika Lake without reaching the south end by nineteen geographical miles, I diverged from his track, and completed what he had left undone, in the hope, since I was on the lake, and captain of my own boat, to correct or confirm him; but after all my trouble I only came to the Lukuga Creek to find that he is entitled to the honour of the discovery of the future outlet of the Tanganyika, because there is not at present what can be called an outflowing river at Lukuga Creek. I followed Cameron as far as Kasenge, whence he returned to Ujiji, leaving the northern half explored, but then I continued the exploration along the coasts of Ugubba, Goma, Kavunvweh, Karamba, Ubwari, Masansi—all new ground unvisited by any white man. Thus I came to the point where Livingstone and myself left off in 1871; thence to Ujiji, after having explored every corner and river mouth, bay, and creek, in search of the real outlet, or, if the Lukuga can be called one, in search of another. A distance of over eight hundred geographical miles was so traversed by me; but though I have made several interesting discoveries during the long voyage, none of them deserves our attention like the Lukuga Creek.

"I hope none of Lieutenant Cameron's friends will take offence because I have found errors in his statements. Differences do not always imply dissensions. In this case his mistakes have arisen from haste and an imperfect examination of the Lukuga Creek. He is not deprived of the glory of the discovery of the Lukuga, nor of the credit of having gone through much trouble and hardship in his Tanganyika voyage. It is difficult for any man to be perfectly exact. One explorer loses a date, and having no means to right his calendar or to take lunars, is corrected by the next; one traveller regards an object this way, another in quite an opposite aspect; one man hears a statement and obtains a version of a thing directly the reverse of what is reported to his successor; one person contents himself with merely hearing of a fact, another is not content until he has realised it for himself, which makes a vast difference. There are more errors in the English Admiralty chart of the East African Coast than in all the maps of the Central African travellers' routes. I have found no such absurd mistake in Burton's, Speke's, Grant's, or Livingstone's maps, as I found in the Admiralty chart, where Kissomang Point stands for Kisima Mafia (or Mafia's well). Let Cameron's friends, then, rest content, for in this letter I shall have to correct myself, Livingstone, and Burton.

"I begin, after this lengthy preamble, with tradition, the mother of history. The Wajiji, a tribe now occupying a small country near the centre of the eastern coast of the Tanganyika—immigrants long since from Urimdi—have two interesting legends respecting the origin of Lake Tanganyika.

"The first relates that the portion of this continent now occupied by the Great Lake was a plain 'years and years ago;' that on this plain was a large

town, the site of which is not known. In this town lived a man and his wife, with an enclosure round their dwelling, which contained a remarkably deep well or fountain, whence an abundant supply of fresh fish was obtained for their wants. The existence of the fountain and its treasure was kept a profound secret from all their neighbours, as the revelation of its existence had been strictly prohibited by father to son for many generations within this particular family, lest some heavy calamity, dimly foretold, would happen; and, remembering this injunction, the owners of the fountain lived long and happily, fresh fish being their main food each day. The wife, however, was not very virtuous, for she permitted another man in secret to share the love which should have been solely bestowed on her proper husband, and, among other favours, she frequently gave to her lover some of the fresh fish, a kind of delicious meat he had never before tasted, which roused his utmost curiosity to ascertain whence she obtained it. For a long time he ceased not to ask, while the woman steadily refused to tell.

"One day the husband was compelled to begin a journey to Uvinza, but before departure he strictly enjoined his wife to look after his house closely, to admit no gossips within his doors, and above all, not to show the fountain. This African Eve solemnly promised to comply with his instructions, though secretly she rejoiced at the prospect of his absence. A few hours after her husband's departure she left her house to seek her lover, and when she found him she said, 'You have for a long time demanded to know whence I obtained that delicious meat you have so often praised. Come with me and I will show you.' The African Eve then took him to her house, in opposition to her husband's commands, where, with a view to enhance the glories of the fountain, and the pleasure of viewing the fish sportfully displaying their silver sides in the water, she first entertained her lover with dishes cooked in various ways, nor was she neglectful to satisfy his thirst with wine of her own manufacture. Then, when the black Lothario began to be impatient at the delay, having no cause to postpone the exhibition, she invited him to follow her. A fence of water-cane plastered over with mud enclosed the wondrous fountain, within whose crystal depths he saw the fish. For some time he gazed on the brilliant creatures with admiration, then seized with a desire to handle one of them and regard it more closely, he put his hand within the water to catch one, when suddenly the well burst forth, the earth opened her womb, and soon an enormous lake replaced the plain. Within a few days the husband, returning from Uvinza, approached Ujiji, and saw to his astonishment a large lake where once a plain and many towns stood. He knew then that his wife had revealed the secret of the mysterious fountain, and that punishment had fallen upon her and her neighbours because of her sin.

"The other tradition imparted to me by the ancients of Ujiji relates that many years ago—how long no one can tell—the Luwegeri, a river near

Urimba, flowing westward into a valley, was met by the Lukuga flowing eastward, and its waters, driven backwards by the easterly flowing river, spread over the valley, and formed the Tanganyika. Hence the Luwegeri is termed the mother of the Lukuga. The Wagubba have also their tale, which is that a long time ago, near Urungu, there was a small hill, hollow within and very deep, full of water. This hill one day burst, and the water spread over the land, becoming a lake.

"The chief at the mouth of the Lukuga says that formerly that opening was a small river flowing into the Tanganyika, receiving many others as it descended towards the lake, but that the Tanganyika, filling up, 'swallowed' the Lukuga and made it a small lake or feeder of the Tanganyika, which until two years ago, during the rainy season, discharged its surplus water into the basin. During the last two years, however, the Tanganyika has risen so high that the neutral ground visible last rainy season between the creek-mouth and the Lukuga proper flowing to Rua has been inundated, so that the two Lukugas have become one.

"From traditions we may proceed to hypotheses, which, as will be seen, have been as wild as the native tales. Mr. Cooley, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, on the strength of an acquaintance with a half-caste Arab who had traded to certain parts in Central Africa, wrote the results of what he had gathered in his 'Inner Africa Laid Open,' wherein those who run may read and find much unwisdom, as has since been conclusively proved. The Tanganyika, according to Mr. Cooley, is connected with Nyassa. Livingstone also, the first of African explorers, was greatly misled and greatly in error about the Tanganyika. He said he tested a current during three months by means of water plants, which kept continually drifting northward. Misled by these, he constantly wrote and spoke about Upper and Lower Tanganyika. The Upper was supposed to be the Albert-Nyanza, the Lower, Burton's Tanganyika. So certain was he of this, that when he and I proceeded to explore North Tanganyika he spoke to me about continuing down the river as far as the Albert-Nyanza. Since this last circumnavigating voyage of mine I do not wonder at all that Livingstone was so firm in his belief, for at the extreme south end, and far up the west coast, I find he had made diligent search for the outlet. On foot he trudged from Cazembe's country to the frontier of Ugubba, and only took boat then to proceed by water to Ujiji. On his last march I also find that he made his direct way to the Tanganyika. I have not seen his journals, though no doubt they have been published by this. From Ponda's village, as far as Ukituta, I find he has coasted along the lake. Camp after camp was shown to me, and it appears that he only desisted from search when he had united his last route to his former one. From all this it is apparent that he made strenuous efforts to discover the lake's outlet, though unfortunately—the more's the pity after such courageous striving—without

success. I never looked at the grim heights of Fipa, as I sat in my boat, without wondering how the aged traveller was able to hold out so long after such severe climbing. My men also stimulated my admiration by pointing out some tremendous mountain which had occupied them an entire day to scale.

"I recollect also attending the Geographical Soiree of 1874, which was held at Willis's Rooms, and seeing pendant from top to bottom of the wall an enormous map, illustrating broadly enough the 'Hypothesis of Sir Samuel Baker,' which was an imaginary marriage of the Albert-Nyanza with the Tanganyika. Heedless of the stern obstacles that hinder the actual explorer in Africa, with one dab of a paint brush the gallant theorist had annihilated Ruanda, Mkinyaga, Unyambenya, Chamali, Nashi, and Uzige; while a broad, winding, river-like lake, nearly eight hundred geographical miles in length, astonished the scientific and unscientific worlds.

"But to the point. On reading over the duplicates of my late letters, sent some months ago to the coast, I proudly perceive that I have cause to congratulate myself upon having approached pretty near the truth; but it must be admitted that my conjectures were not broached until I had paid a second visit to Lake Tanganyika, and had viewed with surprise the great rise of the lake which had taken place during an interval of five years. In my letters I ask, 'Can it be possible that Lake Tanganyika is filling up, and that the Lukuga is but an intermittent affluent?' Now that traditions, hypotheses, and conjectures must give way before the light thrown upon the subject by careful and exact exploration, it will be seen that my conjectures were not unfounded. I forgot who it was who said that the word Tanganyika was derived from the Kiswahili words Kuchanganya or Kuchanganika, which means in English, to 'mix.' Whether it was Mr. Cooley, or Captain Burton, the suggestion must be admitted to have been most ingenious; but the word has the objection of having been borrowed from a foreign language, because it shows an accidental similarity with a Wajiji term. Whether Kiswahili or some other northern speech must be taken for the mother tongue cannot be settled for some time yet; and until this is definitely ascertained by a comparison of languages and dialects, and a knowledge of the course of ancient immigrations, it is greatly to be doubted whether the interpretation should be admitted as the correct one.

"Among the inquiries made by me around this lake has been one about the signification of the word Tanganyika, which I discover to be only adopted by the Wajiji, Warundi, Wazige, Wavira, and Wagoma, who united inhabit about a third of the shores. The Wawendi, Wafipa, Warungu, and Wawemba, who people the southern third, call it Jemba, Riemba, or Liemba—The Lake. It will be remembered that, among some of the discoveries Livingstone said he had made was that of Lake Liemba, which is really 'Lake-Lake.' No doubt Livingstone asked often enough of the natives of Uumya, probably

in Kibisa or Kibisa-Kisawahili, the name of the water, and was so often told it was Jemba or Liemba. Hence Livingstone wrote that he had 'discovered another lake, not very large, with two islands in it. Four rivers discharged into the lake. The shores very pretty, romantic, &c.' And in a subsequent letter he said, 'I find that this Lake Liemba is joined to Lake Tanganyika.' Imperfect investigation also, it seems, did not, therefore, exempt Livingstone from ever committing mistakes. Exploration of this part of Lake Tanganyika (the south end) discovers it as tallying with the above description of Liemba. Sakarabwe village, where the good Doctor was brought to by one of the chiefs of Kitumkuru as he came from Kabwire, and where he halted some time, was shown to me. The 'two islands' are Ntondwe and Murikwa; the four rivers are the Wizi, the Kitoke, Kapata, and Mtombwa.

"The natives of Marungu and Ugubba occupy the western third, called Tanganyika-Kimana, from which it is evident that had Burton and Speke, the discoverers of this lake, happened to have first marched to Fipa, instead of being informed about the 'Tanganyika,' we should probably have heard of this lake as Lake Liemba, or Riemba. Had they journeyed from westward to the lake, it is to be doubted much whether we should have heard of it as Tanganyika at all; undoubtedly, they would have enlarged upon the vast length, sea-like expanse, and romantic shores of Lake Kimana. In the same manner as all large bodies of water are spoken of by the Waganda as Nyanzas, so the Wajiji speak of them as Tanganyikas.

"In my endeavours to ascertain the signification of the term Tanganyika, and in the attempts of the Wajiji to explain, I learned that they really did not know themselves, unless it might be because the sea was so large, and its surf always made a noise, while a canoe could make a long journey on it. From all which I came to suppose that its signification was Large, Great, or Long Lake; Stormy Lake; Sounding Waters, or High Wave Lake, &c. I also learned that there was an electric fish called Nika in the lake, but then Tanga stood in the way of it being called after the fish; neither was the creature itself so very remarkable an object as to give its name to such a vast body of water. Questioning in this manner only worried the natives, and I did not obtain a satisfactory solution of the difficulty until happening, as is my custom, to write down as many native names for objects as I can gather from all dialects for the purpose of comparing them, I came to 'Kitanga,' a small lake, pool, or pond; a lake on which no canoes travel, and 'Nika,' a plain. It appeared to me that the meaning of the word was now obtained; that Tanganika signifies The plain-like Lake, especially from the fact that a plain is universally taken in Inner Africa as a standard object for comparing or illustrating level bodies of earth or water of considerable extent, in the same manner as the word Bahr, or Sea, is used by the sea-coast people.

"On the voyage to the Lukuga, Cameron's chief guide, Para, whom I also

employed, pointed out several instances of changes that had occurred since that explorer had been on the lake. Sand beaches, which in many instances had served their canoes as a shelter from the waves, had become flooded to a depth of from three to four feet; low points of land had become totally insulated, islands had been formed, and others had been submerged; in the words of the guide, 'The Tanganyika truly was swallowing the land very fast.' But the best known change was at the mouth of the Lukuga. Two years ago—if Para and the chief at the entrance are to be believed—there stood there a long beach of white sand extending from Mkampemba on one side to Kara Point on the opposite side, cut by a channel four hundred or five hundred yards wide, much nearer Mkampemba than Kara Point. Several Arabs, surprised at the change, confirmed Para's statement, but I found, instead of this beach, a line of breakers, with a depth of from two to five feet, from Mkampemba to Kara Point; and as Cameron's halting place was no longer a shelter for canoes, we were compelled to proceed further on, about three-quarters of a mile.

"The chief, Kawe-Nyange, who took Cameron in his canoe up the creek, was very affable, remembered the white man of the well, and explained some wonderful things that had been shown him, finally expressing a doubt as to whether he should permit me to ascend the Lukuga, since he feared that the other white man had thrown some medicine into the water, which had caused the Tanganyika to overflow much country. The beach between his village and Kara was covered with angry white waves, a fishing village on the beach was destroyed, and the Mitwansi was covered with water. If one white man could make so many changes in the country, what might not two do? Kawe-Nyange, however, was, after a little while, laughed out of his fears, and was encouraged with ample gifts to take men with him to show me the land and water round about.

"All I could hear about the Lukuga, whether at Ujiji or from the chief at its mouth, only added to the difficulty of comprehending the real state of things. Lieutenant Cameron stated that he had discovered the outlet of the Tanganyika, with a current of about 1·2 knots an hour! Arabs who had crossed the Lukuga scores of times said that it was not an outflowing river, but an inflowing river. Wagubba from Monyis asserted that there were two Lukugas, one flowing east and one coming west, and a bank or ridge of dry land separated the two. Ruango, one of my guides, declared that he had crossed it five times; that it was a small river flowing into the Tanganyika; that if I found it flowed in any other direction except into the Tanganyika he would return his hire to me. Para, Cameron's chief guide, remarked that the white man could not have seen the water flow towards Rua, simply because it did not flow there.

"A native at Tembwe reported that last year there were two Lukugas,

one flowing to Tanganyika, another to Rua; but this year's rain had joined the two rivers and made them one, flowing west. Kawe-Nyange, the chief at the entrance to the Lukuga, said that he would show me a river flowing to the Tanganyika, and a little way above another running towards Rua.

"A sub-chief of his stated that formerly there were two Lukugas, one flowing to the lake, another running in towards Rua; but these last two years' rains had swelled the Tanganyika so much that the lake had 'swallowed' the Lukuga stream flowing into it, and had become joined to the Lukuga, flowing to Rua; but that this union with the Rua-Lukuga was not continual, lasting only during the hours of the south-east monsoon (Manda); that each afternoon, after the wind had calmed, the river returned as usual to the lake.

"Lastly, I may mention that Mr. J. F. de Bourgh, C. E. and F. R. G. S., a gentleman engaged by me to construct me a blank chart of Central Africa, has drawn, near the position occupied by the Lukuga in question, a small lake with a river flowing out of it towards the Tanganyika. I must say that, wherever the gentleman obtained his information, he has illustrated the subject exactly as it stood a few years ago. As the case stands to-day, no one is exactly right, or quite wrong. Exploration and close investigation of this geographical phenomenon reconcile all these contrary statements; but without the chart, illustrating my survey, I should despair of makiug my meaning very clear.

"In company with Kawe-Nyange and some of his people, we sailed up a fine open stream-like body of water, ranging in width from ninety to four hundred and fifty yards of open water. From bank to bank there was a uniform width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, but the sheltered bends, undisturbed by the monsoon winds, nourished dense growths of papyrus. After sailing three miles before the south-east wind we halted at the place which Kawe-Nyange pointed out as the utmost limit of the ascent made by Cameron, a small bend among the papyrus plants, a few hundred yards north-west from Lumba. As a first proof of what Kawe-Nyange had said about a Lukuga flowing into the lake, and another flowing out of the lake, he pointed out the returning water-bubbles, which 'fought,' he said, against the small waves by the south-east wind, for which intelligent remark he received an encouraging word.

"After landing at Lumba all who were not required by me in the deliberate investigation I was about to make with the aid of my boat, I had a proper camp pitched and a quiet cove cleared, where boat and canoe could lie close to the bank. I then proceeded further up the Lukuga. When about one hundred yards higher we arrived at the limit of open water, and an apparently impenetrable mass of papyrus grew from bank to bank. Here we stopped for a short time, and with a portable level tried to detect a current. The level indicated none. We then pushed our way through about twenty

yards of the papyrus plants, until we were stopped by mud-banks, black as pitch, enclosing slime and puddles seething with animal life. I caused four men to stand in the boat, and climbing on their shoulders, with an oar for support I tried to obtain a general view of what lay ahead and around us. I saw the bed of the creek or river choked from bank to bank with the papyrus plants, except where they enclosed small pools of still water, while about a mile or so higher up I saw trees which seemed to me to stand exactly in the bed. Descending from my uneasy perch, I caused two of my men to proceed in opposite ways on the mud towards the banks. Perceiving, after watching them a short time, that the muddy ooze was not firm enough to sustain a man's weight I recalled them, and returned to open water again.

"I now began another experiment to test the existence of a current. I took a piece of board, with which I had provided myself beforehand, and cut out a disc a foot in diameter. Into this disc I bored four holes, through which I rove a stout cord and suspended to it at the distance of five feet an earthenware pot, which, filled with water and held in suspension by the board, would unmistakably mark the existence of a current. Into one side of the board I drove a long spike with a small ball of cotton tied round the head. This done I measured along a straight reach of water one thousand feet with a tape line, both ends of the track distinctly marked by a riband of sheeting tied to the papyrus. When these preparations had been completed I proceeded to the south-easternmost end, and in the centre of the creek dropped the disc and the attached pot in the water, noting the time by chronometer, while we rowed a way from it. The monsoon wind blew very strongly at the time. The distance which the disc floated between 23h. 22m. 20s. and 24h. 22m. was 822ft. from S.E. to N.W. Second attempt, afternoon, wind having dropped, disc floated from N.W. to S.E.—that is, lakewards—159ft. in 19m. 30s.

"This closed our experiment for the first day. The second day, with fifteen of the expedition, accompanied by the chief and ten of his people, we started afoot north-westwards. Keeping as closely as the nature of the bushes and the watercourses would permit to the Lukuga, I observed that the trend of the watercourses and streams was from north-west to south and S.S.-Easterly. After a march of a couple of hours we came to Elwani Village, where the road from Monyis to Unguvwa and Luwelezi crossed the Lukuga. At Elwani we augmented our party by two of the villagers, and then descended by a gentle slope to the Mitwansi. At the base of the slope we came to the bed occupied by the Kibamiba and Lukuga. The former was a small sluggish stream with a trend south-easterly. Crossing this we came to the dried bed of a periodical river; whether it should be called the Lukuga or the Kibamiba it would be difficult to say. Prostrate and withered water-cane showed that the flow of the water in the season was lakewards. A few

yards further on we reached a point where this bed first became moist, with a dense growth of water cane flourishing and checking all progress, except by the well-trodden path, which ran through tunnels caused by the water canes embracing above our heads. Our road lay now through what might be called a swamp, now over a firm path of dark brown clayey mud, then through shallow hollows, with water up to the ankles, which sometimes deepened to the knees. Finally we arrived in the middle of the Mitwansi, and Kawe-Nyange halted to point out triumphantly the water flowing indisputably westward. The stream was up to the knees and felt cold, and on putting a thermometer into it I found it to be only 68° Fah., about 7° cooler than the Lukuga Creek. By pressing the cane down with our feet to allow a free passage for the water, the flow perceptibly quickened. Borne by two men, I crossed over until I stood on the other bank, and observed that this cane-choked bed was very uneven. Sometimes the water was so deep that the men sank to their hips, but the average depth was about eighteen inches. Trees, now dead, were seen in the centre of the bed, which proved the statement of the natives true, that not long ago the Mitwansi tract was dry enough to nourish tamarind groves.

"This last rainy season has changed it now, for since its termination the tract has become inundated, and a continual waterflow has been observable. The name Lukuga clings to this bed until it passes the Kiyanja ridge, when the channel becomes known as the Luindi (some call it the Luimbi), which, flowing by Miketo's Land, passes through Kalumbi's in Rua, and empties into the Kamalondo, a tributary of the Lualaba. This road or ford, as it must now be called, is daily traversed by men, women, and children, who require to cross from one bank to the other, and is about three miles north-west from Lumba, or six miles from Mkampemba.

"The result of four days' experiments, investigations and inquiries, proved that, as far as the south-east end of the Mitwansi tract—which may be called a marsh or an ooze, receiving and absorbing a large quantity of water pressed against it by the daily south-east wind—there is no current, but that, on the contrary, the surplus waters which cannot be absorbed by the already repleted ooze, on the wind subsiding, return to the lake. That for the space of two miles from the south-east end of the Mitwansi, the entire bed from bank to bank is choked by immovable mudbanks enclosing stagnant pools and stream-like expanses of water, edged round with impenetrable growths of papyrus plants. That at the third mile, where the ancient lacustrine deposit is of a firmer quality, and water cane replaces the papyrus, there first becomes discernible an ooze, a trickle, and a flow westward, which, proceeding in that direction at the base of the Kiyanja ridge, is attracted to one proper channel and presently approaches the dignity of a river, when it becomes known as the Luindi.

"This Mitwansi is a tract of alluvial deposit, and is the result of the united action of the lake winds (which from the end of April to the middle of November prevail from the south-east) and the feeble current of the former affluent Lukuga. The current, as may be expected from the very limited area it drained, was met daily during nearly seven months of the year by the waves of the lake, which encroached yearly nearer and nearer to its source, and the detrital matter which would have been borne into the lake by a stream of greater force was deposited amid the papyrus. This plant flourishes in still and sweet-water lagoons or in quiet bends of rivers, and once it has thoroughly obtained root it becomes almost as immovable as a forest. As the waters of the lake advanced with its annual rise they destroyed with each year some small portion of the force of the Lukuga current; and the water plants and other organic *debris* floating down the stream no sooner felt the influence of the lake wind than they were heaped up amid these papyri; other matter borne direct from the lake, such as floating canewood, and earthy washings from the banks and the bar, were pressed against them, sometimes thrown amongst them. Soil, sand, decomposing vegetation, sunk on the surface, bore it down with their weight, and thus the process of entombing the earlier *debris* created finally a tract of clayey mud and ooze, out of which a luxuriant growth of papyrus shot its brush-like heads as dense as a field of corn.

"While the Lukuga was a river it will be seen that there was a constant precipitation of detrital matter, and as steady an accumulation of it in one locality, until the river became annihilated, and only its bed, now filled by the creek, and the small tributary streams, mark its former course.

"Since the Tanganyika has risen to the level of the Mitwansi—whether this year, last year, or two years ago, matters not much which—a change must be looked for, and with the advance of time it will become more decided and remarkable. The mud and ooze, with all the papyrus of the Mitwansi, furnishes too feeble an obstacle to resist the increasing volume received each year by the Tanganyika, while there is a steep slope at the western side of it ready to pour away the surplus water. The consequence will be that five years hence, perhaps a little later, an effluent will be formed of great magnitude and real force, for the fiat of Nature has gone forth to the Tanganyika, 'Thus high shalt thou rise, and no higher.'

"In these results, patiently and impartially attained, I see no opposition to Lieutenant Cameron's claiming the full honour of the discovery, but rather a simple reconciliation of apparently opposing statements. The whole was a perplexing riddle to me, which the more I thought of the more complicated it grew, and only a personal examination of the scene would ever have enabled me to understand the matter.

"In the absence of a scientific geologist I must take upon myself to suggest a few thoughts to those of your readers who may become interested in this

subject of the Lukuga, and are better able than myself to deal with it. I cannot satisfactorily account for the existence of this interesting phenomenon otherwise than by supposing the formation of the extraordinary deep depression in the bosom of the broad plateau filled by the waters of the Tanganyika to be post-diluvain. If the ideas of one accustomed to read geological history, and to speculate on past ages from existing traces in the hard rock or mountain contour, may be permitted to see the light, I would say that subsequent to the retreat of the ocean to its present bed, the Malagarazi and the Luwegeri rivers have flowed over this present enormous gulf, and channelled their way for their exit westward, first severing the Kiyanja from the Kilunga ridge. This great depression was in these days an apparently firm plateau with the same rolling surface as Unyamwezi and Uhha now present; and the two rivers, joined by others of less magnitude, flowed on undisturbedly to the Lualaba for centuries, perhaps ages. For in what other manner could this deep break in what must evidently have been long ago one firm, unbroken, compact ridge, have become so smoothly worn down, a thousand feet and more, so low as to permit the gently flowing Luindi to sweep by its base from the east. It required a mightier volume of water than the Luindi, with no other source of supply than the ooze of the Mitwansi, three miles east of Kiyanja, and until the present year such supply must have been scanty in the extreme.

"If it be granted that such was, or might have been, the condition of this region at that time, the subsequent changes which took place are easy enough to arrive at. We may imagine volcanic agency, then, as heaving up this plateau, rending the solid earth, and heaping along the edges of the deep chasm it created long lines of mountain ranges, so changing its former smooth rolling surface into its present rugged and uneven aspect. The great stream which formerly drained all this section and rolled between the Kihinga and Kiyanja ridges, having its ancient bed disrupted, fell abruptly into the immense gulf in several and separate courses, till a stream of short length and little volume is created, flowing from the eastern slopes of the above-named ridges south-eastward, to be in due time known as the Lukuga; since which tremendous wrack of nature half of the waters with inverted courses have assisted the other half to fill up the chasm, appearing to be now on the eve of fulfilling their task.

"The visible effects of this great geological change are not the same at the southern end as they are further north, and about the centre. At the southern end, the plateau, with its folds upon folds and layers upon layers of firm rock, drops abruptly down to the blue-green depths of the lake, and voyagers coasting along those shores appear to be gazing at the zenith, as they look up at the few shrubs and trees growing upon the edge of the tawny plateau. But at the centre, especially about Tongive on the east side and Tembive on the west side, we appear to be in the vicinity of the origin

of this convulsion, and the section whence the earth first began to feel her throes. At Tongive we see an aggregation of aspiring peaks and semi-circular cones, which would perhaps, with more exact knowledge, be called closed vomitories or craters. South of Tembive we see a ridge inclining to the north-east, lofty and irregular, with much of the same structure as the rocks of Tongive exhibit. North of Tembive, on the same side, is to be observed a considerable depression in the land. From a height of four thousand feet above the surface of the lake, the soil has suddenly subsided into a low, rolling surface, the highest point of which is scarcely one thousand five hundred feet above the water, with isolated domes and cones. The rock also changes in character from the basalt and trap to a decomposed felspathic kind, followed by a conglomerate and a calcareous tufa, strongly impregnated with iron, which is the character of the banks on each side of the Lukuga.

"In no other part of the lake coast have I found rock of such soft character as at the Lukuga. This depressed country continues as far as Goma, where we see the land upheaved highest, but with slopes less abrupt and rugged than at the south end, and clothed with a tropical luxuriance of vegetation, mammoth trees, and numberless varieties of shrubs and plants. The high altitude which marks the verge of the Goma tract compared to that of the plateau lying immediately west of it inclines one to think that the volcanic explosion tilted the whole of this north-western coast, merely raising higher and loosening the edges of the chasm, which has since by action of weather and water become worn and decomposed, presenting for a breadth of from four to five miles all those various effects in mountain scenery which most approach the sublime in character. Once out of view of the chasm filled by the Tanganyika, the plateau is seen clearly in its original form, and has a gradual westward slope.

"Between North Goma and the high mountains of Uvira there is another remarkable depression in the land, similar to that of Uguhha. It appears as if there had been a sudden subsidence of this part, and a flow of the subterranean rock N.N.E., which afterwards was ejected bodily upward, and now forms the peninsula of Ubwari, over thirty miles in length. Burton and Speke, on their voyage from Ujiji to Uvira, sketched Ubwari as an island, probably from the fact that the Wajiji carelessly called it 'Kirira,' or 'island.' Livingstone and myself, in 1871, also heard of what our predecessors had called Ubwari Island as the island of Muzimu. Here is an instance of four travellers mistaken about one small section of Lake Tanganyika. The truth is, we were all wrong. My recent exploration has proved that the countries of Karamba and Ubwari form a long, narrow peninsula, joined firmly enough to the mainland by an isthmus seven miles in width, with an altitude in its centre of about two hundred feet above the lake. So it will be seen that, before any of our former statements can become correct, the Tanganyika must have a

further rise of two hundred feet, which the 'waste-pipe' of the Lukuga will presently render impossible.

"The fact that this is not an island, but a peninsula, makes a deep gulf penetrate S.S.W. between Masansi and Ubwari. I have taken the liberty of calling this great arm of the lake 'Burton Gulf,' in honour of the discoverer of the Tanganyika, as Speke Gulf distinguishes a somewhat similar formation in the south-east section of the Victoria Nyanza. From the top of one of the Ubwari hills I gazed westward—the first white man who has ever enjoyed this privilege, for there is always some trouble in Ubwari. It being a clear day, by means of a field-glass I obtained an extensive view—at some distance, it is true—of the impenetrably savage countries west of Burton Gulf. The land lies in lengthy mountain waves, with deep valleys between, for twenty or thirty miles, when, finally, the great table-land of this part of Central Africa again presents itself, and is seen to join at a cloudy distance, after a deep curve south-west, the plateau of Goma. These valleys between the mountain waves give rise to many small rivers, all of which have their exit into the lake on the west side of Burton Gulf.

"Such are some of the most remarkable effects of that grand convulsion which disparted the table-land of Central Africa, and formed this enormous chasm of the Tanganyika in its bosom. Nor has this convulsion occurred so very remotely but that it might, in my humble opinion, be measured in lapse of years by competent scientific men. It appears, also, that the agencies which produced this extraordinay change are not quite dead in this part of Central Africa, for about eighteen months ago, I hear, a mountain in Urundi was precipitated from its position and toppled over, burying several villages, with all their inhabitants. This disaster occurred near Mukungu, in Urundi.

"About three years ago the surface of the Tanganyika Lake, in the neighbourhood of Ujiji, was observed to be blackened with large lumps and masses of some strange, dark substance, which, as they were swept upon the shore of Ujiji, were picked up, examined, and wondered at. The Wajiji called it, and still continue firmly in their belief, the 'discharge of lightning.' The Arabs called it pitch, and collected large quantities of it. Requiring some substance to caulk my boat before setting out on the voyage of exploration, I was presented with some of this 'discharge of lightning,' or pitch, and found it was asphaltum, which most probably escaped through some vent in the bed of the Tanganyika, since on no part of the shores could I obtain, after diligent inquiry, the slightest information of its source. "HENRY M. STANLEY."

Referring to the foregoing letter, on the day of its publication, the "Daily Telegraph" says:—

"Once again we are enabled, with a great and natural satisfaction, to

continue, from Mr. Stanley's own communications, the story of his remarkable discoveries. Our last despatches, dated in May of 1876, had brought him into the vicinity of Ujiji on Tanganyika, after the thorough navigation of the Victoria Nyanza, the stay at King Mtesa's Court, and the interesting explorations of the country lying between the Victoria and Albert Lakes. In June of 1876 the joint Commissioner of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' reached the well-known Arab town of Ujiji, the resting-place of so many travellers; and, while there recruiting the strength of his expedition, which had traversed such immense distances, he himself prepared to circumnavigate the great inland sea discovered by Speke and Burton. He still had with him, apparently, that wonderful little vessel the Lady Alice, which, built upon the Thames and transported by steamer to Zanzibar, has since been carried over almost as many miles of dry land as she has traversed by water. He also appears to have received so much of the intelligence which we had forwarded as to aquaint him with Cameron's researches and his march across Africa.

"Rightly conceiving therefore that it was his duty to employ the leisure time at Ujiji in correcting or confirming the statement made by that gallant officer about the outlet of the Tanganyika, and having in his excellent little vessel a command of the water which no native canoe could give, Mr. Stanley lost no time in launching for the voyage, and spent part of June and all July of last summer in thoroughly exploring the coasts of the lake. It has now at last, and now only, been completely circumnavigated; for the traveller started southwards from Ujiji, and not only searched every bay and sailed to the very end of the basin—instead of, as Cameron did, crossing the bights and missing the Liemba termination of nineteen miles—but, sailing northwards along Uguha and Ugoma, he visited and settled the question of the Lukuga, and finally came round at the northern extremity to the point which he had reached in 1871 with Dr. Livingstone, in the voyage from Ujiji, thus securing for himself the indisputable distinction of having been the first to coast the entire body of water.

"Among many other interesting discoveries, Mr. Stanley has found that Ubwari in the north is no island, but a peninsula enclosing a deep and splendid bay, which, with great propriety, he has named after the distinguished explorer who with Speke first saw and reported this African fresh-water sea. Our Commissioner had already given the name of 'Speke Gulf' to the very similar inlet of the Victoria Nyanza which runs under the island of Ukerewe. It is creditable to him, and a great pleasure to ourselves, thus to have the names of famous Englishmen imperishably connected with the results of their labours; and in the second despatch, which we shall have the satisfaction of publishing on Thursday next, it will be found that our Commissioner lays in a like spirit at the feet of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales

a discovery effected in the hitherto unknown land south of the Nyanzas, which even so illustrious a lady may be proud to accept. In that subsequent communication he mentions some extraordinary particulars connected with the coasts of Lake Tanganyika; its copper mines, underground dwellings, strange tribes, wild and magnificent scenery, abundant fishes and aquatic creatures, including some novel amphibia, which he calls 'water hyænas.' Even in the present despatch every line and word tends to increase our interest in this glorious African Michigan, which, rolling its bright waves for five whole degrees of latitude, seems destined, according to the discoveries of Stanley, to a yet more important function in African geography than it has yet fulfilled.

"We say this, because the absorbing portion of the letter which we print this morning is incontestably that dealing with the Lukuga, declared by Captain Cameron to be the outlet of the lake. No geographer needs to be reminded of the announcement made by this explorer's letter of May, 1874, to the effect that the Tanganyika discharged at this point into the Lualaba. The difficulty of believing the theory was prodigious, in the first place because of the very slight flow reported, and the consequent insufficient relief of so immense a lake receiving a hundred mountain streams and two or three considerable rivers; moreover, the Tanganyika is full of reed-choked inlets or *tingi-tingi* like the Lukuga—which Cameron had merely entered and not explored—and, lastly, with all these uncomfortable doubts existing, there remained a full third of the lake-coast yet to be searched for a more comprehensible outlet. Such considerations threw a cold shadow upon the belief which Captain Cameron proclaimed; and we ourselves, while yielding to none in admiration of that explorer's labours, could not but point out how unsatisfactory the statements appeared.

"With all the more gratification, we now find ourselves the means of conveying Mr. Stanley's generous recognition that, in lighting upon the Lukuga, Cameron really made a greater discovery than he knew of; for, while to find an existing outlet is much, to hit upon one which is not an outlet yet, but will be in a short time, must seem still more lucky and clever. Our Commissioner warmly hails his predecessor on this spot as the decipherer of the riddle of Tanganyika, but in a sense never imagined. According to Mr. Stanley, there was until lately a 'Lukuga' river, which ran with a feeble volume from the Uguha hills into the lake. This river brought down clay and slit, which, meeting the *debris* washed in from the lake, piled up a *Mitwansi*, or barrier of dry land, covered with trees, and admitting a slight soak of water when the south-west wind blew, causing a current. Behind the *Mitwansi*, on the other side of the narrow water-shed, a real stream, the Luindi or Luimbi, ran to the westward.

If our Commissioner's view is correct, that neck of land was never

passed by water from Tanganyika until a very short time ago. The lake drainage does but trickle slowly even now through the papyrus and dead groves of the *Mitwansi;* but in about five years from the present date Mr. Stanley believes Tanganyika will for the first time be full to its brim since it was excavated by the volcanic disruption of the great table land. Then and not until then the mighty tarn will begin to pour its surplus waters down the Luimbi into the valley of the Lualaba; and what Cameron saw was not the actual but the destined outlet of that vast inland sea, which, when it once commences to overflow, will create an effluent worthy of its volume. The 'waste-pipe' of Tanganyika has been laid ready by nature —Mr. Stanley says—in the depression between the Kikinga and Kiyanja hills, which gap he believes marks the original course of an ancient river, displaced by the telluric convulsion that formed the basin of the lake. The outlet has never yet come into use, because, with all its tributaries, this vast chasm has taken all these many years to fill. But Tanganyika has, season by season, 'swallowed up more land,' until the beaches which Cameron saw are covered, and surf rolls where he pitched his tent. The huge lake has now at length—and for the first time—begun to cover the *Mitwansi*, and to make its way into the Luimbi bed, which will thus soon discharge an immense yearly tribute into the Kamolondo River—not lake—and finally add largely to the already magnificent volume of the Lualaba.

"Of course, we foresee and are well prepared for the vivacious discussion to which this declaration will lead. Before it is commenced, however, geographers will do well to study the extremely careful observations of our Commissioner, who evidently spared no pains to establish the correctness of his researches, questioning the currents with ingenious contrivances, and exhausting every inquiry and examination. It will appear strange, no doubt, that any traveller can have surprised this vast lake in the act, as it were, of reaching its watery majority; and many will say 'Tanganyika in the rainy seasons must have flowed over this *Mitwansi* from time immemorial.' But the well-grown tamarind trees on the neck of land; the unanimous assertions of the natives; the gradual rising of the lake—which the Chief of Kara attributed to the white men's visits—and the fact that the Luimbi alone could never have excavated the depression in the hills—all these points tell strongly the other way. And if it be asked what has become of the endless wealth of water poured into the lake all round its shores every rainy season, the immense evaporation must be borne in mind.

"We witness in the Dead Sea the phenomenon of a large basin into which the considerable stream of Jordan runs perpetually with a flood that—as those know who have visited the scene—marks the surface for a long distance; and yet the sun's heat sucks up so much of the fresh water as to keep the lake always at a level, and always salt and bituminous. Tanganyika,

according to Stanley's investigations, would be similarly a *lacus asphaltites*, but that the contributions from its coasts have always surpassed the loss by evaporation, and have always been steadfastly though slowly engaged in brimming up the volcanic chasm. It has now at last just reached its natural and long-prepared brink; and, if these researches be accurate, the floods of forthcoming years will precipitate themselves—not by a feeble trickle such as Cameron thought he saw—but in a foaming burst of white and sparkling wave through the Luimbi channel into the Lualaba's bed. If that be so, and if, again, the Lualaba at Nyangwe is indeed the Upper Congo—which problem at this very moment is under solution by our indomitable Commissioner—then who can tell whether Tanganyika may not, with her opulent waves, efface or diminish the Yellalas or cataracts of the 'Mother of Waters,' and perhaps so create a navigable channel from Guinea to Nyangwe and the African highlands?

"Of such a fascinating nature are the thoughts inspired by these discoveries, which, dull only to the narrow-minded, are to all enlightened and hopeful intelligences of extreme interest and importance. Whatever the judgment of accomplished geographers may prove upon the facts and conclusions embodied in the present despatch of our Commissioner, we rejoice in the fair and willing tribute which he pays to his British predecessor at the Lukuga. Cameron to-day receives fresh laurels from the hand of him who has thus completed the task, of 'Settling Tanganyika;' and when the public has perused Mr. Stanley's second despatch, with its remarkable revelations on the Nile sources, and has seen him—in fancy—start away for Nyangwe from pest-stricken Ujiji, the liveliest anxiety must be felt to know what our traveller will make of the other and almost the last great problem of Africa—the true course and issue of Livingstone's river, the prodigious Lualaba."

A few days after the appearance of Mr. Stanley's first letter from Ujiji, the "Telegraph" published the following, also written from Ujiji, and dated August 10, 1876:—

"Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, is reported to have said that all travellers up the Nile generally returned with the statement that a new source of that river had been found. The publisher of the jest, no doubt, thought that his Highness was poking good fun at the discoverers. Whether it were the case or not, I must inform his Highness, through the columns of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald,' that he can pride himself upon being a sovereign of a stream the several sources of which still task the best abilities and qualities of explorers to discover them; that his grand river has not one but several origins; that one main feeder was discovered by James Bruce, and called the Blue Nile, that another was found by Speke and Grant, and christened the Victoria, and that a third was made known by Sir Samuel Baker and named by him the Albert Nyanza, but that these gentlemen did not exhaust the list of the sources of the Nile. Perhaps the enclosed map

which I send you of a new fountain will compel his Highness to exclaim, 'What do I see now? Another source? Can it be possible that the problem has not yet been exhausted?' Could ancient Nilus reply to him, I could fancy the stream saying, 'How many of my sources did thy grim grandsire, Mohammed Ali, or his sons, Ibrahim and Ismail, discover, and how far hast thou investigated me, with all thy power, who shouldst have had the greatest interest in knowing whence I came, and what waters I brought so far to irrigate thy gardens and fields, and sustain thee and thy people? Ingrates of Egypt! which of ye all have thought it worth while to find out whence I came, that ye might honour me as I deserve? If by special favour I whisper a few of my secrets to strangers from afar, and permit them to view my wondrous and sweet fountains and flowery beds, what is the credit to thee? If thou art envious of like distinction, then seek me at my many homes under the Equator.'

"If his Highness will accept my answer I respectfully beg him to glance over the accompanying chart, and to read the few remarks I have now the honour to make respecting the river known as the Kagera, Ingezi, Kitangule, or Nawarango, which, according to the natives of Karagwe and Uganda, is called the Daughter of the River at Jinja, the Victoria Nile.

"People differ, it appears, as to the exact signification of the 'source' of a river, and travellers jealous of their fame for discovery have sometimes assisted to make the meaning more uncertain. Stay-at-homes, on whom devolves the duty of toning down the exuberant gratulations of travellers, are generally agreed that it is the main head, origin, or extremity, whence the initial supply is obtained in a spring, fountain, marsh, lake, or it may be that the river is created by a series of these; but generally one main tributary is followed to its extreme end, and that, whatever it be, is called the source of the river. Speke, if I remember rightly, asks somewhat impatiently in one of his books, 'What should be called the source of the river—a lake which receives the insignificant stream flowing into it, and discharges all by one great outlet, or the tributaries which the lake collects, or the clouds which supply these tributaries with water?' In my opinion, if we go on at this rate, we might proceed still further, and ask, 'Or the moisture and vapours which the clouds absorb, or the ocean which supplies these vapours and moisture?' If these questions are permitted, why should explorers go to such trouble to discover sources of rivers when every child is perfectly well acquainted with the origin of all of them? If we remember the true signification of 'source' it is easy to understand why Bruce, Speke, and Baker, all returned home each with a new source of the Nile, and why I now send you the survey of another. Speke and Baker both write about 'Reservoirs of the Nile' in their books. Speke, while accompanied by Grant, discovered the Victoria Lake and the Victoria Nile.

"The Victoria Lake is a magnificent extent of water. I sent you some time ago a chart of it, the result of our circumnavigation. It is the recipient of many fine streams, two of which are very important. The Shimeeyu is two hundred and ninety miles in length from its source to its exit into the lake, and my 'Alexandra Nile' has (as yet discovered) a length of three hundred and ten miles, but perhaps as many more. The Shimeeyu might be compared to the Thames, and drains off the water which falls into it from extensive plains, forests, and slopes of plateaus; but the Alexandra Nile exceeds in volume even in its dry season the Thames and Severn united, and the colour and clearness of its depths prove that it must either take its rise far to the westward of the Tanganyika, or that its course is intercepted by some lake where its waves are purified. Investigating the cause, I have discovered there is indeed such a lake, of considerable extent, and known by different names.

"Speke, after visiting the outlet of the Victoria Lake and travelling some distance down its shores northerly and westerly, returned home; and soon after, a fatal accident deprived the Royal Geographical Society of one of its most indefatigable explorers. Sir Samuel Baker, hearing from Speke and Grant of the existence of a lake west of Unyoro, proceeded to that field, and fortunately discovered another magnificent lake, called by the Wanyoro, Luta N'zige; by the Waganda, Muta Mzige; by the Wasagara, Nyanja Unyoro; by the Wanyambu, sometimes all three; to which Baker, however, very loyally gave the name Albert Nyanza. In a native canoe he explored about sixty miles along the north-east coast, and found the Victoria Nile, descending from the Lake Victoria, to form one of the feeders of the Albert Lake. A little farther north the Albert Nyanza discharges all its collected affluents —the Victoria Nile being one of them—into the White Nile, which in its descent towards Egypt receives other streams more or less important. Near Khartoum, the White Nile obtains an accession to its volume from the Blue Nile (discovered by James Bruce), which rises in Abyssinia. If it be asked, 'Why enter into these trite details?' I reply that I write for the readers of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald,' who amount to about half a million; that amongst this vast number some are perhaps a little confused about the geography of the Nile, knowing little of how much has been accomplished, or of what remains to be discovered; and I believe it desirable for a comprehension of the subject that these few remarks should be made.

"After lighting upon a great gulf in the Albert Nyanza, I travelled south from 0° 30′ N. lat. in search of the tributaries of these two vast lakes—the Albert and Victoria—and perceived that the slope of the section was more to the east, towards the Victoria, and that no rivers worthy of the name, except the Rusango or Mpanga, fall into the Albert Lake from the east side. Nor can any stream of importance supply the Albert from the south, because the Alexandra Nyanza to be described occupies too large a bed, and must be fed

from the section separating the Tanganyika and Albert, as the Albert is from the Victoria. If any important affluents supply the Albert other than the Victoria Nile, they must be searched for on the south-west and west side of Lake Albert, by means of a vessel launched on its waters, or by a journey overland. If a feeder be found on that side so large as to exercise an important influence on the lake, or such as would add greatly to the White Nile itself did not Lake Albert intercept its course, it is obvious that such a river also should be taken into consideration when speaking of 'the sources of the Nile.'

"Lake Albert, receiving so grand an affluent as the Victoria Nile, has been called by Baker a reservoir of the Nile; but, in my opinion, this noble lake deserves a yet higher title, as I shall presently show. It is proved by my explorations that Lake Victoria is also a reservoir of the Nile, but I shall demonstrate that Lake Victoria deserves a prouder name, distinct and separate from that given to Lake Albert. Permit me to place in order a few questions and answers. What supplies the White Nile with water? Lake Albert of course principally. What supplies Lake Albert? The Victoria Nile principally (so far as is yet known). Whence proceeds the Victoria Nile? From the Victoria Lake. What supplies the Victoria Lake? The 'Alexandra Nile' principally. Whence proceeds the Alexandra Nile? From the Alexandra Lake. What supplies the Alexandra Lake? The Upper Alexandra Nile and other streams not yet known. It is clear, then, that the Egyptian Nile is the issue of the united Blue and White Niles—that the White Nile is the issue of Lake Albert—that the Victoria Nile is the issue of Lake Victoria, and I have found that the Lower Alexandra Nile is the issue of Lake Alexandra.

"Thus it will be seen that I have given higher titles to these lakes than mere reservoirs, for, without the source of supply, what would the reservoir become? Indeed, in strict and sober fact, these several lakes are accidents of Nature, intercepting the course of the river from the Alexandra Nile downwards, disparting the river into several streams, the White Nile, Victoria Nile, and Alexandra Nile. A parallel case is presented by the Lualaba, discovered by Livingstone, which may be described in like manner as the above. The Chambezi feeds Lake Bemba; Lake Bemba creates the Luapula; the Luapula supplies Lake Mweru; Mweru creates Webb's Lualaba; Webb's Lualaba, supplied by other tributaries, supplies the Lower Lualaba. Or, in other words, the Lower Lualaba is the issue of Webb's Lualaba; Webb's Lualaba is the issue of Lake Mweru; the Luapula is the issue of Bemba. These lakes are accidents of Nature, as also the Nile Nyanzas, and present so many interceptions or basins in the course of the river. I send you a survey of the above, and request its publication, not only to illustrate the course of the Alexandra Nile, but because (if natives are to be believed) the Alexandra Lake serves a

double purpose. It is a basin for the reception of many tributaries, and has three outlets, one north of Uguvu by the Ruvuvu into the lower Alexandra Nile; the second south of Uguvu into the same river by the Kagera; the third by means of a marsh or an ooze into the Kivu Lake, whence the Rusizi takes its rise, which Rusizi empties into Lake Tanganyika.

"Perhaps it will be asked by the curious why I have distinguished the discoveries illustrated above by the name of Alexandra. I shall forestall this question with the following candid explanation. Captain John Hanning Speke and Captain James Grant, both British officers, while on their way to Uganda to search for the outlet of the Victoria Lake, crossed this very river, the Alexandra Nile. What they thought about it I do not know. I have not their books at hand; but it appears that, seeing this river flow in a contracted channel (one hundred and fifty yards width of open, swift, deep water), being perhaps ignorant of its depth, and holding another grand object in view, their actions being governed at the time by the sole hope of discovering the Victoria Nile, they did not pay that attention to it which they would have devoted had their mission been of a more general character. It cannot be disputed, then, that those two distinguished British officers were the first who saw this river.

"Had Speke lived I believe he would have returned to this interesting region, for I hear from King Rumanika he had such an intention. Had he been permitted to come back—to round off as it were and to unite the fragments of discovery he had made—the natives and his amiable friend Rumanika would have pointed out to him the 'Daughter of the Victoria Nile.' On casting his thoughts around for a name to dignify these new discoveries, what one more graceful, more ennobled by gentle virtues, illustrious descent, and proud position, could he have found to immortalise them than that of her Royal Highness Alexandra, Princess of Wales? British officers first saw the river. 'The Daily Telegraph,' an English journal, contributed one-half of the funds by means of which these latest discoveries have been made. I, therefore, in the name of the English and American interests I represent here, venture to request through your columns that the name of her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, be allowed to designate my discoveries of the new lake and river, which link what has preceded, and are, I trust, worthy to stand with such honoured achievements as those which the names of Albert and Victoria now commemorate for ever.

"I have been very deliberate, you will admit, in making up and sending you this letter, but I had strong reasons for it. I am too far from the telegraphic wire to correct an error, and I have no ambition to be charged with having made a rash statement, though I covered my offence with the excuse that 'the natives told me.' I value native and Arab information only as being a suggestive guide to the traveller, not to be understood, by

any means, as conveying accurate and exact knowledge. Even the most intelligent of Arabs, Wanguana, Wasawhili, and Central Africa natives, as if originally they were taken out of the same matrix, have a terrible passion for exaggeration. If the explorer is unable to visit the scene personally, he may perhaps be excused—after sifting evidence, comparing information acquired in different localities, and weighing with judgment and a sense of distrust every particle of intelligence—for publishing geographical news on native authority. It was not until after marching from the confluence of the Ruvuvu and the Kagera to Ujiji, circumnavigating the Tanganyika, and hearing Wazige and Warundi bear witness to the same facts, that I found courage to publish what I had not personally exhausted. I will give you, in brief, three instances of black people's mendacity, which will prove to you that the best weapon an explorer can arm himself with is distrust.

"Manwa Sera, Captain in the Anglo-American Expedition, during a casual talk with me, related: 'Master, when I was in Karagwe, some five or six years ago, I went to the top of a high mountain near Rumanika's, and I saw an enormous lake to the west of me. I should say it would take three days to reach it. I could not see the other side of this lake.' All was related slowly, as if he weighed well each word, with great gravity, and a certain dignity as of truth, but these were the facts as viewed by the Explorer: A lake existed six or seven hours' march from Rumanika's; length of lake, thirteen miles; greatest breadth, eight miles; name of lake, Jhema Rweru.

"Next, Baraka, a smart young fellow, a soldier in the Anglo-American Expedition, reported as follows: 'Speak of Ruanda! Do I not know Ruanda, and all the countries round about! Who is he that has gone further than I have? Have I not been to Ankori? Yes; I have carried things to the King of Ankori. Ruanda is yellow and flat. It is like a plain—extends away, away westward—a plain, in truth!' Again, however, these are the facts as ascertained by your Explorer: Ruanda is exactly the opposite of what Baraka said. The view of Ruanda from Karagwe is of a succession of lofty mountain ridges, separated by deep broad valleys. Your Explorer pointed out the strong contrast between fiction and fact to Baraka. Baraka laughed, and impudently showed his ivories.

"Next: A Mgwana, a long time resident within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the Rusizi, spoke as follows to Livingstone and myself in 1871: 'White men, you want to know all about the Rusizi. I know all about it. I came from Mukamba's yesterday. This river Rusizi goes out of the lake. I tell you true, quite true.' Meantime facts were as follow: The Rusizi flows into the Lake Tanganyika, and not out; and the light-hearted Mgwana told an unnecessary untruth.

"A native of Central Africa rarely, however, wilfully lies about a matter that does not concern his interests. Ignorance in most cases is the cause of

wrong information from him, and lack of acquaintance with details gives a vagueness and uncertainty to what is told. But if half-a-dozen of them can be examined upon a subject the traveller can generally pick out much reliable information. The Waganda, Warundi, and Wazige are very intelligent, especially the first named. A young Waganda, who had travelled in Karagwe, and went with me to the Albert Nyanza, has oftentimes astonished me by his remarks upon the Alexandra Nile, which he called the Kagera. I fancy if the Geographical Society had heard him, they would have voted him a silver medal for his intelligent observations. As my conversation with him was very interesting, I will give you in his own words, as nearly as I can remember, what he volunteered about the Kagera. He said one morning: ' Master, Sambuzi, my chief, has sent me to you with his salaams, and he says that the best way for you to go to Muta Nzige (Albert Nyanza) is by the Kagera. ' Why,' I asked, ' is Kagera the best way?' ' Because,' replied he, ' Kagera comes from Muta Nzige.' ' Nonsense,' I rejoined; ' Muta Nzige is far below the Nyanza of Uganda; and how can a river ascend a hill?' ' Master, you white people know a great deal; but will you tell me where the Kagera comes from?' ' I cannot tell you because I have not seen it yet, and I don't know anything of the river except what I have seen of it at the mouth, Master, there is no river like the Kagera. We Waganda call it the Mother of Waters. Where can the Kagera come from if it does not come from Muta Nzige? Look at its water. It is water of a Nyanza, and so much water as is in it cannot come from any mountain. Everybody says it comes from the Muta Nzige.'

"When I turned my back upon the Albert Nyanza I felt possessed somewhat by this young man's remarks upon the Kagera. From a score of persons on the way to Kagera, I heard enough to create in me a keen desire to view and examine this river. I have already told you I obtained soundings of seventy, eighty, up to one hundred and twenty feet of water in its bed; that it had a swift current, and a width of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. From Rumanika—that gentle and most pleasant pagan, whom, however, I found more easy to convert to a geographer than to a Christian—I obtained every assistance, and was thus enabled to explore thoroughly the singular body of water called Ingezi, which is a shallow lake five to ten, and even fourteen miles wide, through which the Alexandra Nile continues its resistless course with a depth of from forty to sixty feet.

"You can see on my map, by the position of the Mount of Observation, that I was enabled, after continuing my journey from Rumanika's, to obtain a pretty clear view of a good deal of the unexplored course of the Alexandra Nile. What I could not see, because of the mountains of Ugufu, was Akanyaru, or Nyanza Cha-Ngoma; but my guides assisted me to understand tolerably well the position of the lake. The Akanyaru was a large lake, and

very wide. It required two days to cross it. A mountainous island was situated in the middle of it, where voyagers to Ruanda from Ugufu generally rested one night, arriving the next day in Ruanda. But though Ugufu is really a large island and very mountainous, no native speaks of it as an island. It is separated on the north side from Kishakka by the Ruvuvu outlet, from Uhha and Urundi on the south by the Kagera, and from Ruanda on the west side by the Alexandra Nyanza. The course of each affluent from the lake was taken by compass-bearings both at the Mount of Observation and at Keza, where I obtained confirmation of what my guides had told me. The natives much confused me when speaking of Kivu Lake, sometimes pointing it out in the direction of the Alexandra Nyanza, and again using the name of Nyanza Cha-Ngoma; others called it by the name of Mkinyaga. They sometimes represented it as very large, and occasionally attempted to give an idea of its extent by stating that it required so much time to cross it in a canoe. Countries situated along its shores were also named, which, being noted down, have assisted me to compare the information of natives of Kishakka with that furnished by Wazige and Warundi.

"Warundi on the Tanganyika say that Kivu Lake is connected with Akanyaru by a marsh; that it would require a day's march along this marsh (ten or fifteen miles) to proceed from Kivu to Akanyaru, and that the Rusizi flows from the south-west corner of Kivu to Tanganyika. Moreover, the Wazige who live on the Rusizi are very accurate in describing the names of the streams flowing into it, and unanimously agree with the Warundi that it is an issue of Kivu or Kovoe Lake. They also confirm the Warundi, that Unyambungu is on the south-west side of Kivu. Having ascertained so much with precision, it became easy then to connect together the fragmentary information obtained from North Uhha, West Usui, and Kishakka, where the name Kivu is not generally known, and the locality of Unyambungu renders the solution of the difficuly conceivable. Mkinyaga is north-west of Unyambungu, and, to a person in North Uhha, with his face turned north, Mkinyaga is said to be left of Kivu, being therefore situated west of that lake. Mkinyaga is a large country extending to south-west Ruanda until a three days' march would take a person to Albert Nyanza. When hearing of Mkinyaga Lake, we must understand it to be Akanyaru or the Alexandra Nyanza, which last comprehends and replaces all the native titles of the lake.

"Yet here, within two degrees of longitude, where seven countries meet, representatives of these nations are unable to give a clear and connected account of this most interesting region. The cause of this ignorance arises from the peculiar character of the Northern Warundi and Wa-Ruanda, who are a jealous, treacherous, and vindictive people. If an explorer could cross the country of Urundi, and enter Mkinyaga, he would meet with a different

race with whom it would not be difficult to establish amicable relations; but unless he had balloons at his disposal I am unable to see how he could reach Mkinyaga from the east or the south. Were the Warundi or the Wa-Ruanda anything in disposition like the natives we have come in contact with between here and Zanzibar, the task were easy to push one's way direct to the utmost regions of the Nile! We have met tribes who sternly exacted tribute, and we have paid it and passed on our way, and we have encountered others who compelled us to fight our road through them; but here are two nations (not tribes) of one peculiar distinct breed, who are neither subject to the power of sweet persuasion with gifts of sugar-candy, knick-knacks, and gaudy cloths; nor to be forced from the disagreeable position they assume with a few dozen Sniders. Heaven knows the original progenitors of these fierce men.

"I had half a mind once to make an alliance with the bandit Mirambo, and, with the addition of a thousand Brown Besses, drag the secrets of the Nile by force to the light of day. But I could not seriously entertain such an idea. Besides, the name of the amiable Princess of Wales could never be taken to cover such a slur as this would have been on my search for the sources of the Nile. No. I live in the hope that our Expedition will yet visit this section without violence, from the fact, if true, that Mkinyaga can be reached from North Manyema—that the people of Mkinyaga are traders, and convey articles of trade from Manyema to Ruanda. All this, however, can only be settled at Nyangwe, whither I propose going now. I have two reasons for passing round about this way, since the direct road is closed. First, it has become firmly impressed on my mind that the principal river supplying the Alexandra Nyanza rises in North Manyema, north-westward of Lake Tanganyika. Secondly, I do not forget that the purpose of this enterprise of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' was to unite the fragmentary discoveries of Speke into one complete whole, to finish Baker's and Burton's exploration, and finally to take up the work left incomplete by the lamented death of Dr. Livingstone.

"Lieutenant Cameron, animated by his honest ambition to traverse Africa rather than to complete the work of his predecessors, has crossed the Lualaba, and proceeded to Lake Lincoln, thence he went, I am told, in a south-westerly direction with a company of Portuguese traders, probably to Ambriz or St. Paul de Loanda, by which he has left the question of the Lualaba much where Livingstone placed it. For the problem in dispute was, 'Is the Lualaba the Nile or the Congo?' Livingstone thought it to be the Nile, the Geographical Council thought it to be the Congo. The only possible way to resolve the doubt is to travel down the Lualaba along the right bank to a known point.

"You will thus perceive I have two brilliant fields before me, and the

prospect of entering either one of them causes me to thrill with delight, though merely anticipating what lies ahead. 'Shall I search for the head of the Alexandra Nile, or shall I continue along the right bank of the Lualaba?' such is the alternative which agitates the silent hours of night with me. Shall I, after arriving at Nyangwe, strike north-easterly, and take this coy and maiden Nile-fountain by surprise where she first issues from her oozy bed in the angle of some dewy valley, and trace her thence through all her sportive career, amid flower-decked lakelets or the breadths of ever-vernal papyrus; or where she rushes with fresh-born vigour and youthful ardour by fragrant meads and forest-clad slopes to the three blue Nyanzas, to meet her kindred gathered from all points of the compass as tribute-bearers to King Nilus, the Lord of Floods? Or shall I worship at the shrine of the majestic Lualaba; view with awe and reverence his broad glassy bosom; watch him unfold his strength, and launch himself against rocks with angry roar until the woods and valleys resound with the name of this terrible monarch; witness him receiving his homage from other potentates of less renown, and follow his waves through the dark unknown land to where he finally discharges his flood to the ocean? Both courses are equally enticing, both present splendid openings for geographical research; but which I shall adopt will be best known after I reach Nyangwe.

"In the meantime, I lay at the feet of the good and exalted Princess of Wales an explorer's tribute—all that he has discovered, measured, and surveyed of the Alexandra Nile—for ever to be associated with the Victoria Nile.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

"Ujiji, August 13th, 1876.

"I must leave off writing letters, and must hurry away, for times are sad, very sad, in Ujiji. A malignant epidemic is raging here, devouring the population at the rate of from forty to seventy-five persons daily. It is a small-pox of the most fatal kind. Few attacked by it have escaped. The same evil influences which nourish this pest cause other ailments to prevail—namely, dysentery, chest diseases, and typhoid fevers. You may perceive by the dates of my letters to you how many days I have required to write off a couple of letters, and make two surveys. I returned from my circumnavigating voyage on Tanganyika August 1st; this is now the 13th. Thirteen days to write two letters! It is true; but the time has been mostly spent fretting in bed, from repeated attacks of fevers.

"When I landed from my boat I received a budget of bad news only. Five deaths had already occurred in the Expedition during my absence of

fifty-one days; six more men were down with small-pox; the fearful disease was running like wildfire through the houses of Ujiji, Arab as well as native. Frank Pocock had suffered severe illness three times while I had been absent; an influential Arab trader died the day of my return; the Governor of Ujiji and Livingstone's old friend, Mohammed bin Gharib, had lost several children, and were losing slaves each day, though their bills of mortality had been already severe. Slaves and pagazis, or porters, were fast deserting their masters for fear of this scourge; finally, my messengers, five in number, had not yet appeared from Unyanyembe, and as they have not yet returned to this day I have given up all hope of them. You may imagine, then, the feeling which prevails in all minds at the present time in Ujiji—it is that of dismay and terror; and, as the inhabitants look forward to two months more of the fatal experience they are now undergoing, those who are able to quit the horrible spot should pack up at once.

"When I first heard these depressing particulars I was impressed with the necessity of immediate departure if I valued the welfare of the Expedition, but I had also my duty to do towards you. The two letters I have herewith written may, perhaps, be considered, if you have any inclination to be very exacting, as mere sops, but they are the best and the utmost that can be done under such aggravating circumstances. The condition of my people is really deplorable; besides being thinned in numbers, many favourite and faithful attendants among those still living are in a bad state, and some no doubt will be taken off. The only thing it appears to me that has saved the Expedition from total wreck is vaccination. But I find when too late that many of the people lost the benefit of this precaution from sheer laziness—when summoned they would not appear. My vaccine matter is all dried away now, and not a particle of it can be scraped up to be of use.

"Frank Pocock has done his best for his Arab neighbours and friends, and it was very gratifying to me to hear how excellently and nobly he had behaved. He is certainly the best attendant a traveller ever had. I would not part with him for a hundred Shaws and Farquhars. He has become a most ardent geographer, too; and, having no other companion with me, I frequently exchange my inmost views and hopes with him. He did not look very promising at first; I thought him rather slow. He has, however, a host of virtues and not the shadow of a vice. He is a brave, honest, manly, patient young Englishman.

"I had a great many more things to write about my journey round the Tanganyika, it has been so very interesting. I may say it has been replete with rich discoveries of magnificent waterfalls, unrivalled scenery, 'water hyænas;' exquisitely fragrant berries; caverns, and subterranean dwellings; not to mention the copper mines of Katata and the mode of working them. I have heard much about the famous underground houses of Rua, and have found

what may be called a new religion among the tribes round the Tanganyika, any of which discoveries, with abundant leisure, would furnish matter for a graphic letter. But the necessity of immediate departure is too urgent, since if I delayed it would entail the sacrifice of many valuable lives in this Expedition. It will take some days to prepare, to assort, and re-arrange the goods after such a long stay here, and various minor matters must be attended to. I may be able, nevertheless, to write you a small note on the day of departure in order to acquaint you with our position and prospects.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

The subjoined letters from Frank Pocock, addressed to members of his family, will complete Mr. Stanley's narratives, and be read with all the more interest on account of the well-deserved praise which Mr. Stanley bestows on this excellent young Englishman:—

"Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa,
July 21, 1876.

"MY DEAR UNCLE—I should like to have seen you before leaving home, but there were so many to see that I hardly know who I did see. But I hope to see you on my return, and I hope that will not be long. We have expended nearly all our goods; also ourselves are getting rather worn out from hard marching under the burning sun, and fever and other sickness. We have made a good round. We struck off from Ugogo, and marched north-west of the road of all former travellers to the Victoria Nyanza, and reached it in a journey of one hundred and three days from the coast. You would like to have seen the caravan when it came to the top of a hill, and we caught sight of the lake. I thought the black veterans would go mad with joy, running, shouting, rolling on the ground, beating their bullock-hide drums, dancing, singing, firing guns, etc. We had a rest for a few days, then put the sections of the boat together, and in eight days Mr. Stanley left us to explore the lake. Me and the other white man, Fred. Barker, was left in charge of the goods and men. But before Mr. Stanley returned poor Barker died from chills. Then I was left alone, I may say—for then I knew nothing of the language—and during the absence of Mr. Stanley three chiefs combined together to drive us away, and steal our goods. But said I, they shan't drive us away for nothing, so I served ammunitition to the people with guns, and spears to them without guns, and they came close to the boma of our camp. But I would not allow a man inside. We were just about to fire on them when we saw a man coming to speak. He came to make friends. We made friends with him, and all went off quiet. But the reason they did not fight was because they would have

killed some of their brothers, for the people of our village all held our way, therefore we got off well.

"We stayed at Usukuma four months, and I was sent to Ukerewe to get canoes to take the caravan to Uganda. Ukerewe is an island about thirty miles from the mainland or from our camp, the largest island in the lake. I got fifty-two canoes from the Sultan Lukongie, and returned to camp. I was the first white man ever on the island. It is thickly peopled with naked people. Elephants and leopards are abundant. The people brought food for sale to our camp. Beads was the money; cloth was but very little value. We crossed from there to Uganda, and from there to the Albert Nyanza through Unyoro, but had no place to build our camp, while Mr. Stanley explored the lake, as we had at the Victoria Nyanza, therefore we returned to Uganda, and from there to Karagwe, and from there to Ujiji. We left Karagwe on March 25, and arrived here on May 27. Mr. Stanley left on June 11 to explore Tanganyika. I have not heard of him yet, so I cannot say where we shall go from here. But I will write again before leaving Ujiji, so for the present I must say good bye. Hoping soon to see you, and wishing this may find you well and living in Cookham woods with father, I remain your affectionate nephew, "FRANCIS POCOCK.

"Mr. William Pocock, Chatham, Kent."

"Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa,
Aug. 23, 1876.

"MY DEAR PARENTS—It is now nearly two years since we left the coast. I did not expect to see or hear anything before we reached Ujiji, but here we saw no letters or papers from Europe; not a word of consolement did we find on our arrival. We found the whole village infected with small-pox and fever, and many other diseases. This was not very good news for us after marching for two months through mud and water, and no news from home. We fully expected some letters, but if they were sent from the coast they must have been lost or stolen. Then, again, they may have passed here and followed Cameron, because the Arabs know nothing of our writing; all they know, it is white man's writing (Kuzungu), therefore they may have passed here. We arrived on the 27th May, 1876. On the road I wrote one letter. It was sent to Unyanyembe, only ten days from where I sent it. We had come within two months of the Coast. Then we struck off west to Ujiji. After reaching here I wrote to mother. That was sent to Unyanyembe with Mr. S.'s letters by five men. It is now three months since they left here, and they have not returned. Their mission was to take our letters and to return to Ujiji with home news; but we have heard nothing of them, and it is feared

that they are lost. Mr. Stanley was fifty-one days on the Tanganyika to explore it. It is very large, fish abundant, and the natives are more of a friendly nature than the savages of the Victoria Nyanza. They make trade with corn, palm oil, etc., and the Arabs trade with ivory and slaves, which are brought chiefly to Ujiji.

"My Dear Parents—We have made a good round, but have not yet finished. We have discovered the sources of the Nile and now are on the way to finish Dr. Livingstone's great task. We leave Ujiji to-morrow to cross Tanganyika, to solve the mystery concerning the Nile and the Congo. When we reach Nyangwe we shall hear more about it. We have three ways to go, but which one to take we cannot say. Any way, if we can get to the West Coast from there we shall be home in good time. But if we have to return by Zanzibar it will be a long journey; but that will be best known there. We only hear of the road S.W. of us, but the route we want to follow we hear but little about. I hope that by the time this reaches you we shall be done our work and on our road home.

"There has been much sickness here, but things look brighter. I have had three severe attacks of fever, but, thank God, I am in good health now, and if all go well I hope to see you again next summer. I often wonder if you are all well, and that is all I can do; for I seem to be always marching under a burning sun, with thirsty lips and tongue; but it is a life I like, there are so many changes, and so many tribes, so many countries, nearly all different. The slave trade is carried on here in a dreadful manner. It would surprise you to see the whips and chains and the way the slaves are treated by their masters, the Arabs.

"My Dear Parents—Excuse this short note, for I have much to do to-day, and to-morrow morning we shall go from here five days' journey to Uguha; from there to Nyangwe, forty days; then along the great river, about fifty or sixty days; but I cannot tell you all. Give my love to all and everybody. I cannot mention names. You will forward the notes enclosed. I dare say you think me lost, but I am still in good health and happy, for such a climate. Our goods are getting short, but we have enough to find out the river. Our road ahead by all accounts is good, food plentiful, and nice people.

"If we can get a road to the West Coast we shall go, and the Wanguana will return to Zanzibar. I can assure you I am longing to see you all, to get some English food and more clothes and shoes and other comforts that cannot be got here. Perhaps Jem or Harry will say, 'Why don't he write to me?' but I cannot write to all. I only wish I had one word from home; I would not care who it came from. I have written to George and William, and you must send my news to all the others. But the neighbours, I should think, have quite forgotten me by this time. I am in a hurry, therefore I

must say good-bye for the present. Give my love to all, kiss all the children for me, and believe me to be your affectionate and loving son,

"F. J. POCOCK."

The "Daily Telegraph" accompanied these most interesting letters by the following able comment:—

"In the second despatch from Mr. Stanley, which we have the pleasure of laying before the public and the scientific world to-day, the interest turns chiefly on that wonderful and still unexhausted river, the Nile. From the time when Bruce discovered the Abyssinian branch—the Bahr-el-Azrek—of this mysterious stream, a long succession of travellers have added ever new fountains to its upper tributaries, until the majesty of the river became crowned by the announcement of the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas—inland seas worthy indeed to figure as the twin birth-places of such a water Deity. For some time the lake of Speke and Grant, and that of Baker, were looked upon as the ultimate sources of the Nile; and though for a while it seemed possible that Livingstone's great channel of the Lualaba, with its string of lacustrine basins, might also contribute to the Egyptian stream—perhaps even Tanganyika itself—more careful surveys have since shown this to be altogether improbable. The River of Egypt was traced, therefore, to the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza in about 2° 35′ S. when our Joint Commissioner began his adventurous journey to explore this great unmapped water. Before reaching it, however, he struck and followed from its water-shed in Urimi a new stream, the Shimeeyu, which, as a feeder of the Victoria two hundred and ninety miles in length, and of volume equal to that of the Thames, at once became the highest and truest 'source of the Nile.' This took the course of the noble Egyptian river up to 5° S. or farther, and secured the palm of merit to Stanley as the discoverer of what appeared the real cradle of the Nile.

"But in the present despatch our Joint Commissioner gives reason to believe that he has made a still more important revelation; and that, although the Shimeeyu may, perhaps, yet retain the distinction of being the most southerly feeder of the Nile, the Kagera, Kitangule, or Ruvuvu—for by all these names has the channel been known since it was crossed by Speke and Grant in 1863—will really prove the largest and longest of the upper tributaries of that vast Nyanza which, by creating the Victoria Nile, does most to supply the Egyptian river. Speke and Grant crossed the stream spoken of near its outflow into the Victoria Nyanza, and saw the long and narrow lake or marsh which it makes by Rumanika's capital, to which they gave the name of Windermere. Nevertheless, either not knowing its remarkable depth, or bent too warmly on the attractive discovery of the Victoria Nile, they failed to attach to the Kagera or Kitangule the dignity which it

merits as a principal, if not the chief fountain-stream of that mighty river whose secrets they were engaged in unveiling.

"The task thus pretermitted has now been to a great extent discharged by Stanley, during his journey last summer from King Mtesa's country to Ujiji; and in the present communication he gives particulars of this very important new tributary of the Nile, which go far to alter our ideas of the region between the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas and Lake Tanganyika, while they add a large though yet undefined body of water to the marvellous system of inland seas which fill Equatorial Africa, and leave it still eminently possible that the Nile takes its ultimate rise in tracts as far off as Manyema, or even a yet more distant spot.

"Henceforward, however, we must not call this interesting stream by any one of its native appellations. The 'Kagera,' or 'Kitangule,' which flows into the Victoria Nyanza at Usogoro, has received from our Explorer—who has traced its course through three hundred and ten miles, and found it still wearing the appearance of coming from at least an equal distance—the name of the 'Alexandra Nile.' By that illustrious title Mr. Stanley begs that the river, with its reservoir, may be hereafter known; and the details of it which he forwards constitute, it will be allowed, a fair claim to so proud a distinction. With the guidance of the map which we reproduce this morning from that transmitted in our Joint Commissioner's despatch, the course of the Alexandra Nile may be tracked upwards along the Explorer's line of march from the point where the Kavare enters it, to the Morongo Falls, where the lagoon-like 'Windermere' empties itself into the narrower channel; and so past the hot springs of Mtagata, the town of King Rumanika, and the many lakelets which are formed on the way from Kishakka to the spot below the 'Mount of Observation,' where it comes down on either side of a large island that fills up the eastern extremity of a Nyanza to which Mr. Stanley's map gives a length of about sixty miles, and a breadth of about thirty. Our Joint Commissioner could not explore this large water, which has been hitherto only hinted at upon the maps by a small lake marked 'Akanyara.' His furthest point westward appears to have been the 'Mount of Observation,' from which the high hills of Ugufu shut out the Nyanza behind it; but he had found the Alexandra Nile maintaining a remarkable depth and swift current, while his guides assured him of the remaining particulars. If they be correct the Alexandra Nyanza is half as large as the Albert itself; and the Alexandra Nile runs through it, entering at the western extremity, in Ruanda, from a country as yet unknown.

"The fierce nature of the tribes intervening between Mr. Stanley's furthest point and Mkinyaga seems to have made it impracticable for him to complete this momentous discovery without such sanguinary collisions as he has always shown himself anxious, if possible, to avoid. We must there-

fore take on conjecture for the present the precise form and the origin of this Nyanza, which may conceivably be the lake heard of by Dr. Livingstone to the north-east of Nyangwe. Mr. Stanley gives such cogent reasons for receiving with suspicion all native statements upon geography that we may be sure he has investigated the evidences well before delineating his Alexandra Nyanza and Nile beyond the extreme point of view. What he has marked to the southwards appears, it must be candidly confessed, very extraordinary. Below the Alexandra Nyanza comes, according to this map, a swampy country, Urundi—a day's march in breadth—and then a smaller lake, Kivu, or Kivoe, connected with the Nyanza by this marsh.

"Out of the south-west corner of Kivu runs the Rusizi, which, as Stanley himself first discovered, flows into Tanganyika; so that if this be indeed the case we are confronted with the puzzle of a body of water in Kivu which drains by a marsh one way into the Alexandra Nyanza, and thus onward to the Victoria, while it flows the other way by the Rusizi into Tanganyika. Now, a lake with two outlets is hardly known to geographical science. It is said that in Norway, and also, perhaps, in Sutherland, there exists such a phenomenon as a double outlet from the same reservoir; but under certain conditions of flood in neither case could the effluents be permanent. If we possessed the elevations of this region the problem would be clearer. Tanganyika, at all events, is lower than the Victoria Nyanza, so that it is impossible for Kivu—if, indeed, it furnishes the Rusizi—to be also connected with the Alexandra Nyanza, which supplies the Alexandra Nile to the Victorian Sea. We should not deem it candid to pass over these obvious dfficulties, but they do not diminish the importance of the discovery that a considerable body of water exists upon the spot occupied in previous maps by the petty 'Akanyara,' and that the stream which fills it must henceforward be regarded as the principal feeder of the Nile, should no great river be found entering the Albert from the westward.

"Meanwhile all this new volume of lake and stream added perennially to the Nile increases the mystery, as well as the bulk, of that majestic river; and we do not wonder that the fascination of his fresh discoveries divided Mr. Stanley's mind between completing them by an expedition from Nyangwe and following the Lualaba from that place down to its mouth. It will be seen that on returning from his voyage of fifty-one days round Tanganyika our Commissioner found that a malignant epidemic was devastating Ujiji, and had already cost his own followers some lives. Thus within three weeks of his second arrival at Ujiji Mr. Stanley would probably be obliged to be on the march again through Uguha and Manyema to Nyangwe. The road thither is not difficult, and would occupy, as we learn from Frank Pocock's interesting letters, about two months. Our Joint Commisioner would thus arrive upon the Lualaba at the end of November last, and if in anything like

sufficient force and equipment he will not have been easily deterred from grappling with the important question which Captain Cameron was unhappily obliged to leave undecided. He knows what remains to be achieved; and though he may possibly make a temporary excursion in the direction of his new Alexandra Nile, to visit perchance the fountains of this remarkable tributary, we believe and hope that the intrepid explorer will devote what is left of his forces to the all-absorbing matter of the course of the Lualaba from Nyangwe.

"Even if he should not be able thus to attack that last great problem of Central Africa, the work which Mr. Stanley has accomplished must stand, in the judgment of all generous and competent men, one of surprising extent and value. He has pierced by a new route from the coast to the Victorian Sea; thoroughly explored and mapped out that splendid water; carried his line of march across to the Albert, where he has marked an extensive gulf and previously unknown shores; after which he has tracked upward this notable branch, the Alexandra Nile, to its reservoir, and then, descending by Unyanyembe, has thoroughly explored and 'settled' the Tanganyika. We feel that in presence of labours like these there is no need to bespeak on his behalf the friendly wishes and interpretations of the public. If any calumnies and jealousies strike or have struck at this courageous traveller in his absence, they have been and are estimated by honest people at their proper worth; and perhaps would never be risked at all except in the thought that he may not return. But a vast part of this arduous journey is now triumphantly accomplished, and we cherish the earnest hope of shortly welcoming back the indefatigable explorer and his deserving attendant, Frank Pocock, possibly too with fresh and precious fruit of all the hardships and dangers which they have so long endured."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Return of Lieutenant Young from Lake Nyassa—His voyage round the Lake—Mountainous Scenery—The Lake of Storms—The Settlement of Cape Maclear Colony—The Ujiji Mission—Mission to Lake Nyanza—Conclusion.

LIEUTENANT YOUNG, R.N., has recently returned in good health to this country, after having successfully planted the Livingstonia Expedition, of which he undertook the leadership, in Central Africa. He left Lake Nyassa on the 2nd of November, 1876, and reports all well at that date. The following details, taken from the "Cape Standard and Mail," of the 6th of February, 1877, may prove interesting:—

"The party arrived safely at Point Maclear, in Lake Nyassa, and set to work. In a short time the steamer was put together, which is now plying on the lakes, and is the pride of the mission. With a view to ascertain the extent of the lake, and search for places of settlement, to discover which would best suit the operations of the mission, Lieutenant Young circumnavigated Nyassa, and found that it ran to the north upwards of one hundred miles further than Dr. Livingstone had thought. The shores of the lake are described as the finest he had ever seen. Magnificent woods abound everywhere. On the north-eastern shores a range of very high mountains runs parallel to the lake for upwards of one hundred miles. The height is from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet, and they slope very steeply to the very margin, the flanks rising often at an angle of 45° from the lake. The circumnavigation took a month, and Lieutenant Young has prepared a careful map of Nyassa, which, published with his journal, will not fail to be received with great interest as a most valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge of that hitherto unknown country. The Lake Nyassa is two hundred and fifty miles long, and on an average of sixty miles broad, and is, in fact, an inland sea of no mean extent. It teems with fish. The attempt to sound one spot of it with one hundred and forty fathoms of line failed to get bottom at that depth. Sailing on it, as Lieutenant Young remarks, is like sailing on the Atlantic. During his voyage of circumnavigation they experienced a fearful gale of wind, which compelled him to lay-to for two days. The

height of the Nyassa above the sea is one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four feet.

"Before the arrival of the second party, headed by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, himself, and consisting of the Rev. Dr Black, Dr Macklin, Mr. Thelwell, Mr. Cotterill, and others whom, it will be remembered, we had in Cape Town on their way some five months ago, the village of Livingstonia had commenced to rise into existence. Houses, workshops, etc., had been constructed. Lieutenant Young and his party, it may be well understood, were not idle. When this second party arrived they were cheered to find that the noble undertaking was well begun. It certainly is not to the credit of the Portuguese authorities at Killimane that they should have thrown obstacles in the way of Dr. Stewart's party, which was detained there for fourteen days. We are aware of the fact that Sir Henry Barkly gave special letters of commendation to the Portuguese Governor. If ever an expedition was to be commended as in the cause of civilisation and progress the Livingstonia one was. They were charged twenty-six per cent. custom dues—an undoubtedly exorbitant tariff—and obstacles thrown in their way besides. It was the idea of the Rev. Dr. Black that a postal route might be opened up at once between the lake and Nyassa, but as far as we can understand from what Lieutenant Young tells us, the Portuguese at Killimane have their interests otherwise than with progress and the spread of civilisation in Africa. How easily such a postal route could be organised is apparent, when we state that Lieutenant Young has succeeded in making a treaty with two of the most important tribes in the route *via* Killimane, the Cataracts of the Shire, and Nyassa. These tribes are the Maviti, near the lake, and the Makololo, one hundred and fifty miles off, at the Cataracts. They know the name of England, and trust it. As Lieutenant Young says, now an Englishman may go through the whole country with a walking-stick; but a Portuguese requires armed force. It is to be hoped that something will be done by the English authorities which will compel the Portuguese to give way to the progress of events in that part of the continent of Africa. No doubt Lieutenant Young will have something to say to Sir Bartle Frere on this subject, and possibly to the King of the Belgians as well as to his own Government.

"The second party were met by Lieutenant Young at the Lower Shire. He had brought with him one thousand natives to carry the goods and effects of the party across the Cataract country. He started to the steamer, which was lying under the Cataracts, with five hundred of these, each loaded with from fifty to sixty pounds of goods. The journey to the steamer was seventy-five miles, and the work was done for six yards of calico to each man. He went to Livingstonia with these goods, returned again to the Cataracts, went back, and returned once more, and had at length the satisfaction of finding his party safe at Livingstonia with all their baggage and material. It will

doubtless be recorded in the history of Livingstonia what Lieutenant Young has done for it, and, as its projection was the outcome of Dr. Stewart's far-seeing missionary enthusiasm, its successful planting has been the result of the energy and philanthropic zeal of Lieutenant Young.

"It will be of special interest to say something of the various parties as they were situated when Lieutenant Young left the country. The Free Church party have been all down with fever, but are all right again. It is understood that Dr. Stewart will not remain there. He is especially subject to attacks of fever. Dr. Black is entering into the spirit of the enterprise with rare devotion and enthusiasm. Dr. Laws is also with them. As yet Mr. Simons, the naturalist, has been unable to move about, the country being a very difficult one. Mr. Cotterill is also at Livingstonia, and we regret to learn that his boats have not been found suitable for the lake. As yet, therefore, he is, too, a fixture at the head-quarters of the Free Church party. We are sorry to learn that the Established Church party under Dr. Macklin and Mr. Henderson has suffered much from fever. They were all down with it when Lieutenant Young left. Their station is on the highlands of the Cataracts of the Shire. Barring this, it must be gratifying to know that success has attended the Livingstonia missions from the first. There has not been a single mishap of any importance. The mission is already making itself felt. The natives are all thoroughly friendly. The slave trade has already greatly suffered. Formerly not fewer than ten thousand slaves passed the southerly end of the lake per annum; last year, only thirty-eight were known to have succeeded in getting to the coast by that route."

On the twenty-sixth of February, Mr. Young delivered, before the Royal Geographical Society, an interesting address, in which he gave an account of what he had done and seen on Lake Nyassa. At the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi he screwed the sections of the little steamer Ilala together; and although an extraordinary flood had altered the course of the rivers, nothing materially impeded her passage to the foot of the Shire cataracts. These cataracts or falls extend for some seventy-five miles, and constitute a very formidable obstacle to navigation. In the course of these seventy-five miles, the waters of Lake Nyassa leap down a staircase of rocks and boulders for some eighteen hundred feet; and before the traveller can reach the higher ground, he has to traverse a most rugged and difficult road. As a rule, the most grievous obstacle to be overcome, is the want of porters; but thanks to the kindly recollection existing among the natives of previous missionaries, Mr. Young experienced no difficulty on this score. A sufficient supply of efficient men readily offered themselves, and in ten days the Ilala was taken to pieces, and her sections, boilers, machinery, and stoves, were conveyed to the upper end of the cataracts. The labour involved in this was very great. Mr. Young says that the carriage of the steel plates, and

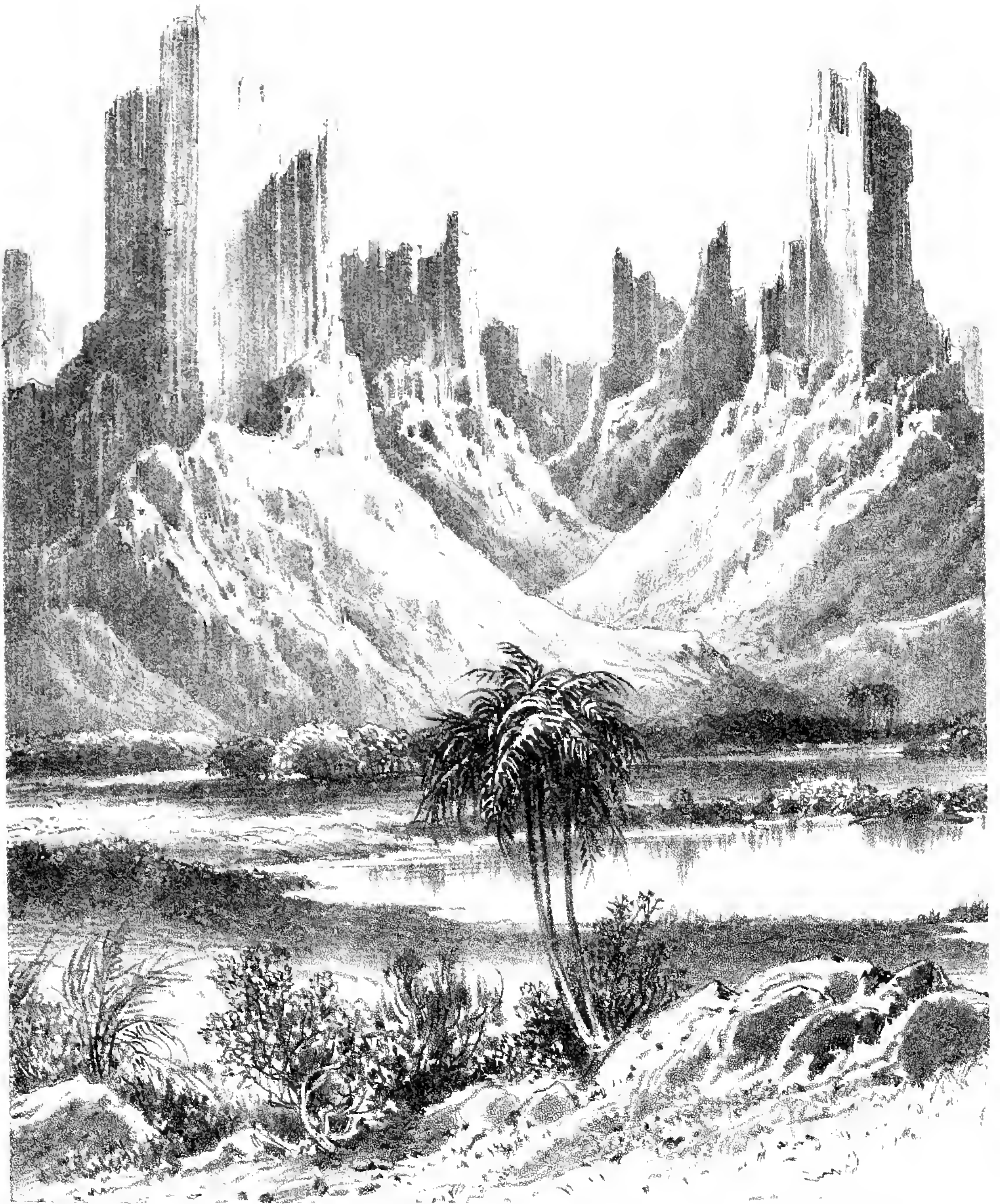
other portions of the little steamer necessitated some of the most tremendous exertion he ever witnessed, which was much aggravated by the intense heat, in some places reaching one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. The men who thus wrought for four days for six yards of calico each (worth say one shilling and sixpence), finding their own food too, without a grumble, are not to be despised. The work of reconstruction was soon accomplished, and steam was up in a fortnight.

After examining several beautiful bays and inlets, which did not afford the necessary shelter for the vessel, Mr. Young's party resolved to settle, as we have seen, at Cape Maclear, whither, accordingly, they transported all their stores. Mr. Young then set off on a voyage round the lake, in the course of which he discovered a large extension of its waters, hitherto unknown. Making his way northwards, he came in sight of the grand range which towers over Chiloweela; in places the mountains run sheer down into the lake, and no bottom would be reached at one hundred fathoms. After weathering a furious gale, which raged for thirteen hours, the Ilala pursued her northward voyage, passing the islands of Likomo and Chusamoolo.

Mr. Young reports that on his right an iron-bound coast stretched everywhere, excepting when some ravine came down to the shore. In one spot there were evident signs of a dreadful massacre having taken place—the result of a slave-raid. Hardly any wood was to be procured there, in consequence of the forests having been cleared, and the only remnant of a large population was now to be found on rocky patches jutting up from the water of the lake, and on singular-looking pile villages. It was found that the poor creatures had conveyed earth in their canoes to these rocks and wherever a crevice afforded a hold, there a little patch of cassava or corn appeared, grown with infinite labour

The platform villages reached by Mr. Young were exceedingly interesting. For the most part they are built three or four hundred yards from the shore, and in from eight to twelve feet of water. Poles are driven down in rows, and on the top of them a wooden platform is constructed forming the foundation or floor of the village. To give some idea of the extent of these villages, it may be mentioned that one of them consisted of about one hundred huts. With an abundant supply of fish around them, the islanders were able to hold their own against starvation.

Shortly after leaving these strange villages, Mr. Young met with some scenery, the grandeur of which he thus describes:—" We were now abreast of some mountains that amongst the parallel ranges which virtually make a mountain-basin of Lake Nyassa exceed them all in stupendous grandeur. In no part of the world have I seen anything to equal their peculiar magnificence. With peaks apparently from ten to twelve thousand feet high, they run perpendicularly down into the lake. The rain was pouring upon them, and



THE MOUNTAINS OF HOMBORI

numberless waterfalls hung like threads of white floss-silk from crevices which ran out upon their sides far up among the clouds. Baffled by the raids of the Maviti in 1866, Livingstone could not induce his men to go with him to the north end of Nyassa, and thus he missed seeing that which would have struck him as the most beautiful feature of his old home, as he called the lake. There was but one name to give to these mountains. At its northern end they stand like portals to the lake, faced by the opposite mountains; and as future travellers look upon the Livingstone range, it may aid them to remember the man who during his life, more than any other, added to our knowledge of the hitherto unknown beauties of the earth."

A violent storm, more like what might be expected on the broad Atlantic than on an inland sea, prevented Mr. Young from doing much in the way of exploring the unknown region at the end of the lake: nevertheless he saw there what he believed to be the mouth of a wide river; and this opinion was confirmed by what he learned from the natives the next time he landed there. They stated that a river Rovuma or Rooma flows out at the extreme north; and, for the following reasons, he inclines to believe their statement:—In the first place, Dr. Livingstone heard the same story twenty years ago when he discovered the lake and in quite a different quarter. It will be remembered by many how sanguine he was that the Rovuma River, which debouches on the east coast, was identical with the Nyassa River, and that it would prove to be a second outlet. It may yet prove to be so; but the discovery can be of little use, for the Rovuma ceases to be navigable a short distance from the coast. The second reason for believing the native report is, that in the stormy time, when Mr Young was there, it was very easy to see where rivers ran into the lake. A long current of muddy water would trail out on the dark-blue surface; in this case, however, there was nothing of the kind; and it is consequently tolerably clear that no inflow exists.

Crossing southwards along the western shore of the lake Mr. Young observed, instead of the iron-bound coast on the opposite side, exquisite park-like glades between the mountains and the water's edge; the herds of game merely looked up as the steamer passed, just as sheep raise their heads to gaze at a train, and then went on browsing. In one place a remarkable, detached perpendicular rock stands four thousand feet high. The top is flat, and the sides give it the appearance of a pyramid from which a large slice of the top has been removed in order to place in position a perfectly square block of a greenish colour. Beneath this singular summit there is a deep horizontal band of white stone or quartz succeeded by another of clay apparently; and then comes one of intense black, possibly coal, for this mineral is known to all the natives.

Mr. Young's story of his cruise on Lake Nyassa furnishes undeniable evidence of the justness of the name Dr Livingstone gave to this expanse of waters,

when he styled it the Lake of Storms; for he has constantly to record meeting with storms, one more terrible than the other in succession. The last he mentions must have been in its wildness fearfully and awfully grand. "At one time," he says, "in the middle of a thunder storm of great fury no fewer than twelve waterspouts appeared around us and we had literally to steer hither and thither to avoid them, for had one overtaken us it would have sent us to the bottom without a doubt."

Such are the salient features in Mr. Young's brief account of the first trip made by a steamer on the stormy bosom of Lake Nyassa. It did not come within the scope of his paper to describe the daily life of the missionary party at Cape Maclear, the insight they got into the native life, the intrigues of the slave-traders, nor the marvellous effect which the presence of Europeans produced on all sides, more especially in attracting to them from the four winds the scattered remnants of villages swept away by slave-raids. He hopes to preserve these details for the public in another form, which we feel sure will meet with the welcome it cannot fail to deserve, as the record of the establishment of the first British Colony on Lake Nyassa.

We have alread referred to the establishment of a mission by the London Missionary Society on Lake Tanganyika. The Rev. Roger Price, who was employed by the Society to visit the spot, and make preparations for the mission, returned to this country in September, 1876, having accomplished his work. The main point to which Mr. Price's inquiries were to be directed was the means of transit between the coast and the interior. It has now been found by actual experiment that it is perfectly feasible to take a bullock wagon from the eastern sea-coast up to the Central Plateau, and that there is neither jungle nor swamp, hill, nor tsetse fly to hinder such a course. On the 5th of June, Mr. Price crossed with his train of four oxen to Saadani. He also took with him thirty bearers, with supplies of cloth and beads; both systems of carriage being necessary, since the bullocks were an experiment. This effort was a complete success. In twenty-six days, he reached Mpwapwa on the Plateau, bullocks and all; rested four days, and in sixteen days more was at Saadani, on the coast, again safe and well.

The following is a brief account of his journey. After leaving Saadani, he came at once upon high land, a spur of the Usagara hills, which here reaches right down to the coast; he had no swampy plain such as the Bagamoyo route presents. The jungle is rather thick at an early point of the route, but it was cut down with ease. A little later he had to pass through a thicker wood, and the cutting a road open cost rather severe labour. The cart proceeded a long way on, but at last was caught on a hidden stump in the grass and was broken in two. Leaving the cart, Mr. Price took the bullocks on in order to make sure about the tsetse fly. The ascents were not difficult, and the inner valleys were not deep. He found the Nguru mountains

nearer the coast than he expected, and having pushed along them for a time, he suddenly turned into a gap of the hills thirty miles long, and went through on comparatively level ground, with high hills on each side. The streams in the valleys were little trouble; on his return, near the end of July, they were quite easy to pass. On going, one stream was deep; two others were crossed by bridges. Near the upper part of the course he found a large population and herds of cattle. There was no tsetse all the way. The people everywhere were hospitable and kind; there were no gangs of slaves. Food was sold at ordinary rates. The entire cost of the journey from Zanzibar to Mpwapwa and back was a little over £200.

Dr. Kirk, her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, in a despatch to Lord Derby, dated July 27th, 1876, thus refers to Mr. Price's journey:—"Mr. Price's journey has been in every way successful, and he returns prepared to give a most favourable report of the road, the country, and the temper of the people among whom he passed. On Mr. Price's arrival, seeing that he was a man of experience in African travel, and had in view a scheme which, if successful, would do more than anything yet attempted to open up the lake regions to legitimate trade, I obtained an interview, and strongly recommended him to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and it was after careful consideration the line of route was selected.

"Abandoning the Bagamoyo route, the one almost universally followed at present, but known to lead through a district infested by the tsetse fly, so deadly to cattle, it was determined to land at Saadani, and passing through Uzugua and Nguru, reach Mpwapwa on the borders of Ugogo, where the ordinary caravan route is joined, and beyond which all travellers describe the country as possessing cattle and not difficult to pass through. The dangers were, first, from the tsetse fly, and, secondly, from the nature of the ground, for in many parts of the coast the grapes and woody jungles are practically impenetrable for wagons, unless the road were first cut at great expense, and again it remained to be seen whether the formidable slopes of the Usagara hills that wall in this part of East Africa could be passed on suitable gradients.

"Mr. Price has now determined that on this line of road there is no fly country, and this he has done, not by personal observation alone—for he is too experienced an African traveller to depend upon the eye in so essential a matter, but he has taken with him cattle from the island of Zanzibar, and safely returned to the coast with the same, passing part of the way through country where cattle are now kept by the people. Again, as to the nature of the road, he tells me that on the whole way there is not a place to compare for difficulty with those which the colonists daily pass, and that the ordinary road between Graham's Town and Algoa Bay is more difficult than that he travelled in going to Ugogo.

"After leaving Saadani there are a few days' journey over ground covered with long grass, heavy in the wet season for cattle, also one or two belts of jungle, which, however, he was able to cut his way through without difficulty, taking a wagon drawn by cattle with him so far. On reaching the higher ground, where the grass became shorter, he left the wagon, but took on the cattle, for the purpose I have already stated. Reaching the passes in the mountain he found the path leading between the two hill masses of Nguru on the north and Usagara on the south. There he must have attained a considerable elevation, for the thermometer fell at night to 45°, although the days were hot; but he had no means of measuring heights, what he was there engaged on being rather to view the roads, and he tells me that he could pass these ridges with a bullock wagon without any extraordinary difficulty.

"Many parts of the country he traversed possess a dense population, and the hills are cultivated to the summits. Sugar-cane he describes as grown in large quantities and most luxuriant, the difficulty being to understand how so much can be consumed, where sugar is not extracted, and the cane simply chewed.

"Although Mr. Price will, on his arrival, submit a full report of all he has seen, I have thought the above sketch of his proceedings may not be uninteresting to your Lordship, as indicating a practicable means of developing at once the resources of the interior in a way that, so long as every article sold or bought had to be carried by porters, could never have been done, and I have urged his Highness to take advantage of the opportunity offered for increasing the commerce of the interior, and retaining the trade his people now possess with the lake regions in his own hands."

On Mr. Price's arrival in this country, he presented a full report of his proceedings, accompanied by statistics and suggestions for the guidance of future travellers, to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. From that report we take the following extracts. Speaking of the main ranges of Nguru and Kaguru-Usagara, Mr. Price says—"I could scarcely believe my eyes, as I gazed upon the mountain sides, in the evening, and saw the smoke ascending from a score of peaceful villages. I unexpectedly found myself in the centre of a large population. The slopes of the great Nguru, which during the day appeared still and lifeless, were now seen to be dotted over with villages to a great height. From Mkiropa our course still lay through the Nguru valley for about seven or eight miles, when, having rounded the southern end of Nguru, we made a good deal of northing till we came to the Mkundi River. The Mkundi is about thirty yards wide, shallow and swift, with sandy bottom. It rises on the western side of Nguru. The Mkundi is the boundary between the Nguru and Kguru districts, so far as any boundary is recognised.

"The opinion which I had formed of the Nguru district as an interesting and important field for missionary effort was greatly strengthened as I passed through the valley. The whole valley and mountain sides are dotted over with little villages, many of them within gun-shot of one another. Judging from the number of villages which were visible, and the corn and sugar-cane fields, through the depths of which our path lay for the most part, the Wanguru must be very numerous. And yet the great valley is capable of sustaining five times the number. Its fertility is something marvellous: much of the corn was sixteen and eighteen feet high. As to the sugar-cane it was apparently almost uncontrollable—a perfect forest. The valley itself is too rank in its vegetation to be suitable for live stock; but on the mountain sides flocks of sheep and goats are kept, and on the northern side of the range horned cattle also.

"The Nguru district is one which could not fail always to be a centre of population. In addition to the wonderful fertility of the valley itself the mountains are very strong, affording protection from enemies, while water is abundant. With a clear road to the coast, and it is easily made, the Nguru valley might become very important as a source of supply of cereals and other products. The Wanguru are eminently an agricultural people and seem to trouble themselves very little either about trade or hunting, much less about marauding expeditions against their neighbours. They are certainly about the most friendly and tractable people that I have ever come across in Africa. It is a rare thing in Africa to find so many people within a somewhat small area, and yet comparatively independent of one another. We cannot pass by these quiet, peace-loving, industrious tribes, who do not happen to be so well known in the world as those of Mosilikatse, or Sebituane, or Mtesa. The quiet stay-at-home people are generally the tribes which repay missionary labour most, embrace the advantages of civilisation, and stand the test of its many concomitant evils. Apart from the fact that there is here already an immense population in a district capable of sustaining five times the number, the position itself would be important in view of further operations in the interior."

In the tracts of uninhabited and rocky country which had now to be traversed, the only break in an available wagon road was encountered. Soon, however, the scene changed; the two mountain ranges, the distance between which had been gradually lessening, again separated, and the landscape became wider and more level.

"Emerging from the pass, we gradually rose for about four miles, when they opened out to us the most cheering prospect I had yet seen in East Africa. To the southward lay the great Kaguru-Usagara range, with a long gorge leading up into the very heart of the great mountains, which seemed piled up one behind another as far as the eye could reach. Through this

gorge comes out the beautiful stream which gives its name (Kitangule) to the district, and which forms its principal water supply, although there are several other smaller streams. To the northward, and round to the west and southwest, are high ridges and detached hills, the whole enclosing a basin about ten miles wide. The whole of this was covered with a fine and comparatively short grass, such as I had often seen in the great pasture lands of the south. There was but little bush, except along the course of the ravines. The large spreading mimosa, growing in its usual fashion, here a solitary tree, there a clump of half-a-dozen, gave to the open parts of the basin quite a park-like appearance. As this lovely scene was viewed from the height which we had attained, I could not help saying to my South African servant, 'Oh that I had a wagon and a span of oxen now, and a proper African whip.'

"As might be expected, when we descended into the Kitange basin, considerable flocks and herds began to appear. But what was most interesting to me, from a missionary point of view (although to men with empty stomachs and good appetites the appearance of flocks and herds was by no means uninteresting), was the sight of the villages with which the whole of this great basin was dotted over. Look wherever I would, I could not fail to discover several of these, often within rifle-shot of one another. Up the sides of the great mountain, on both sides of the Kitange gorge, as far as the eye could reach—east, west, north, and south—they were to be seen. The villages are mostly of the Tembe kind. This mode of building seems necessary in this part of the country, where they have none of the protection afforded by the thickets nearer the coast. One of the saddest features of the state of things in East Africa is the constant fear which the people have of being attacked. It is a rare thing to see a male above the age of twelve to fifteen, by day or by night—in the town or out of it, without arms of some kind.

"I need not say that this is another very important and inviting missionary sphere. If there is anywhere a country so near the Equator where Europeans could live and enjoy health, Kitange is such. Kitange combines pastoral and agricultural advantages, although, in the latter respect, it is not equal to the Nguru district. The population of Kitange consists principally of Wakaguru, although there are a few people from other tribes there. Even the Masai are represented there. The people of Kitange get much iron ore in the Kaguru-Usagara mountains."

Of the twenty-six days from Saadani to Mpwapwa, nineteen were marching days, and included stages of varying duration. "Mpwapwa," says Mr. Price, "is decidedly dry, high and dry, and therefore healthy; and this is saying a good deal of a place in Equatorial Africa. There is nothing like a swamp, or anything that would generate malaria any where near, so far as I could see or hear. In fact, I could not conceive the place to be otherwise than healthy for

Europeans. The district seems to be productive enough of everything that can afford to wait for the rain, which I am told never fails to come in the proper time. Native food is abundant.

"There is a considerable population at Mpwapwa, but it is of a very mixed and nondescript character. The most numerously represented people are, I think, the Wasagara. Then come the Wakaguru. There are also villages of the Wagogo. The all-pervading Wanyamwezi are there too in considerable numbers. There are also numbers of coast Arabs there, or people who call themselves Arabs, but whose pedigree is probably as uncertain as well can be.

"Like Shoshong in South Africa, Mpwapwa is not just the place one would choose to live at. But like Shoshong, Mpwapwa is a kind of gateway to vast regions beyond. At Mpwapwa meet all the roads from the coast to the lake regions, from Dare Salaam, from Bagamoyo, from Whinde, and from Saadani; and it forms a fresh starting-point for caravans after all their trouble and hard labour in the maritime and mountainous regions. Like Shoshong, again, it is a most important position to occupy, both as a mission and trading station. The population of Mpwapwa itself is sufficiently large to justify the establishment of a mission there. Then there is Tubugwe, with a considerable population. It, too, might be visited from Mpwapwa. But the occupation of Mpwapwa is all important in view of the establishment of missions in the far interior, and should not be deferred.

"As a trading station, the importance of Mpwapwa cannot be overrated. All the produce of Tanganyika, and a great deal from the direction of Nyanza, and, of course, of all the countries this side, comes through Mpwapwa; from there it branches off to the different ports on the coast. A few men, or a company, with a moderate amount of capital, and who would not be afraid to lay it out in the first instance upon the establishment of a thorough communication, by bullock wagon, or any better mode, between the coast and Mpwapwa, could not fail in a short time to intercept a great proportion of the produce of the interior, which now goes to the coast."

On the return journey to the coast, and when about to enter upon the uninhabited prairie, the travellers were on the move at a very early hour. While breakfasting at Brack River Port they were visited by a number of Wakamba—a nomadic, flesh-eating people, inhabiting the northern parts of the Kaguru mountains. They are a portion of the ubiquitous Masai, who are the dread of the whole country—a feeling which the following incident serves to illustrate. Mr. Price writes:—

"We had been joined in our morning's march by two natives from Tubugwe. They wanted to go to Kitange, and joined us for protection in crossing the prairie. I hired the one to carry water for me, and the other to carry my Zulu cook's bundle, as I feared he would knock up on the long

tramp, and the donkey was already engaged. All the vessels being filled with water, we made a fair start, I leading the caravan according to promise. When we had gone about two miles we came upon a fine lot of ostriches feeding not far from the road. The temptation was too great. I left the road and went to try and get a shot at them. They quietly moved off in their fashion, always managing to keep out of range, yet tempting me on. I did not, however, lose sight of the caravan. When I had followed these birds for some time, and was about to give them up, I happened to cast my eye forward across the hollow of the Brack River which now lay before me, and I saw in the distance a long black line of natives coming in our direction.

"I could see at a glance that they were not an ordinary caravan by the absence of the usual white bundles of up caravans. What could they be? I bent my course towards the path, still watching them and wondering what they could be. Then I looked round to see whether my own men were observing the black line in front of us. At that moment they halted, and the next thing I saw was the two men I had just hired putting their loads down and bolting as hard as they could back along the road. I then went up to the caravan and found the men in a state of considerable consternation. That black line coming towards us were the Masai, and no mistake about it. What was to be done? We decided to cross the ravine and halt on a bit of a knoll on the other side until they should get nearer, for they were still a good way off. The loads were put down and the animals driven into the midst of us, and there we stood to see what was to come next.

"That they were not ordinary caravan natives was becoming more and more evident as they approached. But what else should bring such a large number of them (about seventy) to that place? I breathed a prayer that all danger might be averted, and that there might not be the necessity for us to act even on the defensive. I thought, however, it would be prudent to follow still further the spirit of the advice which it is said Cromwell was wont to give to his soldiers. I had not hitherto been in the habit of carrying the powder-flask and balls, as the two loaded barrels were generally all I found use for at a time. Now, however, I thought I might as well put a few spare balls in my pocket, and take over the powder flask from Hassan. I can scarcely venture to describe my feelings as I stood on that little knoll in the midst of my comparatively unarmed little army, except that I had no inclination to follow the example of the two Washensi and bolt. But afterwards, when the supposed danger was past, and we exchanged *jambos* (good morning) with the long line of swarthy, naked, savage-looking fellows, each one of whom was armed to the teeth with ugly bows and arrows and spears, I remember distinctly feeling particularly brave and jocose.

"They were the veritable Wakamba Masai. But as they drew nearer, the practised eye of Zaidi, the carrier of my medicine chest, and an old

caravan goer, discovered that they were all laden with meat. So to do away with the appearance of our having been frightened, he shouted out *nyama, nyama* (meat, meat—or they are carrying meat). *Haia* (go a-head), and all said *haia;* and so like brave men we moved on to meet our phantom of a foe. The Wakamba crossed the ravine, and followed its course down to join their friends who had visited us at breakfast time. They were all heavily laden with the meat and skins of game which they had killed with their bows and arrows.

"Thus peacefully ended the battle of Brack River Port. And possibly many an East African battle, which ends in cruel bloodshed, might end equally peacefully, if people would but have the patience and humanity to wait and see whether the supposed foe *carried meat or not.*"

The second stage in the arrangements on behalf of this new mission on Lake Tanganyika has been reached, and the whole of the party forming the first contingent of the expedition are on their way to the East Coast of Africa—the starting-point to the interior. The names of the gentlemen are Revs. Roger Price, J. B. Thomson, E. S. Clarke, A. W. Dodgshun, and Messrs. E. C. Hore, and W. Hutley. Mr. Hore is the scientific member of the party, and has been engaged specially in view of the employment of a steamer on the lake. Mr. Hutley is a practical builder.

For the service of the mission, in addition to personal outfits, the missionaries carry with them household stores sufficient for two years, together with tools and building materials, medicines and medical works. Fittings for a good-sized boat on the lake and survey instruments have also been supplied to the party. This valuable store of goods will be transported into the interior by means of a wagon-train drawn by bullocks under the guidance of Zulu and Kafir leaders. It is hoped that by July 1st everything will be ready for the commencement of the land journey, and that, all being well, the entire party will reach the lake about the month of November next.

In the summer of 1876, the Nyanza Mission party, sent out by the Church Missionary Society, in response to the invitation of King Mtesa, sent to this country through Mr. Stanley, reached Zanzibar. Shortly after, one of the number, Mr. James Robertson, fell a victim to dysentery; and his remains were interred at French Island. Lieutenant Smith, who had charge of the mission, writing from Zanzibar, says—

"I purchased the presents for kings Rumanika and Mtesa. For the former, sets of brass salvers, and cooking pots, and a cloak, such as the Arabs here wear—an Affghan one not procurable. For the latter a Turkey rug and a scarlet johi, a cloak richly embroidered. Small zinc tallies have been made for the Pagaazi, and are hung round their necks by a brass chain. The numbers run from one to five hundred, but I hope we shall not have to use all. It is amusing to watch the pleasure with which they receive them,

reminding one of the pinning on of decorations to the breasts of gallant men.

"The sultan has given me letters of recommendation to kings Mtesa and Rumanika, also a general one for the way. The substance of them is, that I am 'a friend of his, and he hopes every one will treat me as they would him (I cannot help thinking that may be a questionable advantage), and for so doing he will pray that God may bless them.' Dr. Kirk has also given a letter to be used near the coast, where his name is known; I am indebted to him for much valuable advice, and he has given great assistance by, in some measure, identifying himself with the expedition. To Mr. Holmwood the Society are indebted for a most painstaking piece of work, the mapping out of the Kingani River and its neighbourhood. He has also made us a present of a quantity of metal sheathing and nails, which may ultimately prove very useful, though at present I cannot afford means to transport it. Bishop Steere kindly presented us with some of his printed handbooks, and wished us God speed. Dr. Robb has been unceasing in his attentions, and we are deeply indebted to him. Mr Archibald Smith, our agent, has helped us greatly.'

Having crossed from Zanzibar to the continent, the expedition attempted, in the first instance, to reach the interior by the River Wami; this proved impracticable, as also the attempt to ascend the River Kingani. Ultimately, therefore, the land route was adopted. The course pursued, though beginning at Bagamoyo, the place where Speke and Grant, Stanley, and Cameron started, very soon took a more northerly direction, and struck the Wami, which was crossed; then the route of Mr. Roger Price, of the London Missionary Society, was taken, and followed to Mpwapwa. The expedition travelled in four divisions; the first under Mr. T. O'Neill and Mr. G. J. Clark; the second, under the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. W. Robertson; the third, under Mr. Mackay and Mr. H. Hartnell; and the fourth, under Lieut. Smith and Dr. J. Smith.

The following extract from a despatch by Dr. Kirk to the Earl of Derby, points out the impossibility of ascending the Wami:—"Soon after arrival Lieutenant Shergold Smith, formerly of the Royal Navy, in charge of the mission, proposed making use of one or other of these rivers as a means of getting beyond the coast region to the foot of the Usagara mountains, ascended the river Wami, which had been spoken of in such high terms by Mr. Stanley as navigable, and leading far inland, but abandoned the attempt after gaining about thirty miles, a distance that on foot we could have done in less than three days, but which, owing to the windings, the sudden bends, and the force of the current, occupied more than twice that time to accomplish in the steam-launch.

"In addition, the channel was found encumbered with snags, and the natives said that shortly the river would fall, so that in many places it can

be forded on foot. Thus, in the rainy season, the River Wami is a torrent, overflowing its banks, full of snags and difficult to navigate, from the very sharp bendings, and in the dry season it is too shallow to be of practical use, Lieutenant Smith, therefore, abandoned the River Wami, not without having contracted a fever that seriously delayed his further proceedings and prevented him from going in person to the Kingani, which he had orders to explore should the Wami fail. Under these circumstances, as it was most important we should at present obtain reliable information as to the land slave route, and how far inland the slaves were now passing to avoid the sultan's officials on the coast, I directed Mr. Holmwood to proceed in the steam-launch up the River Kingani, and give his best assistance to the missionary party."

In a letter to Lieutenant Smith, Mr. Vice-Consul Holmwood, who attempted the navigation of the Kingani with Mr. Mackay, presents the following report of that river:—

"The Rufu, or Kingani, is, as a navigable river, at present simply worthless. Its course is so tortuous that, in ascending forty-eight geographical miles from point to point, one hundred and fifteen miles of water are traversed, the distance by road to the same position not being more than seventy miles. Beyond the tidal limit the stream is everywhere rendered dangerous by sunken snags and fallen trees. The river though deep, soon narrows to about twenty or twenty-five yards in most places, making it very difficult for any but a short boat, and one having high steam-power, to get round the numerous sharp bends, where the current often increases to a rapid. Still more hazardous is the descent; indeed, with six oars and both screws working, the 'Daisy' was more than once taken out of all control by the current, and dashed against the banks or on some obstacle in mid-channel, in one instance the huge limb of a tree going through her sides and the water filling the engine compartment instantly.

"By such accidents, which would always be incidental to navigation in this river, we were delayed several days, and greater inconvenience and loss of time were occasioned thereby than would be incurred in the ordinary accidents of land travel. The river, moreover, is only open for navigation from about 1st of June till the end of August; for though in most years it might be ascended in December or January—the rains in Usagara coming on about that time—yet to be caught in a flood would be most dangerous, as not only is the body of water irresistible, but large trees are swept down before it, and in many places the bed is subject to be suddenly shifted. At the beginning of September the river subsides to a fordable stream, except where deep still holes have formed, or when an occasional freshet comes down during the lesser rains.

"The Jungerengere is a deep but narrow feeder of the Kingani. Confined by steep banks, it is a torrent during the rains, but rapidly subsides, and

when we reached it the stream was from twelve to twenty feet broad, with a depth of about two feet. This influent, however, is unnavigable at all times, even by canoes. Its chief interest lies in the great extent of its course and violence of its floods. It dries up in September. Above the junction the Kingani is called by the natives "Mpezi." It still continues to bear the same character; the general depth of water, however, becomes diminished, and the *deep* channel narrower.

"We did not reach Kidunda, but saw it about fifteen miles to the south-west. I had conversations with the most intelligent natives, and their description of the river and its banks from Kidunda to the junction of the Mgeta was unvarying. The substance of the information thus obtained may here be summarised. The country at and above Kidunda, though hilly in comparison with Ugaramo, is very unhealthy, and fever is as prevalent on the high grounds as in the marshes adjacent; yet the hills appear to be composed of stone, for the river here becomes choked with rocks and boulders. Specimens of the latter, washed down by the floods, were seen in many of the villages. The stone appeared hard, but brittle, and is used by the Wagaramo to sharpen their arrow heads and knives.

"It was considered just possible that, with good luck among the rocks, your boat might reach the Mgeta in the months of June and July; but, from the description of the rapids and divided channels met with in this part of the river, I am inclined to doubt the practicability of ascending beyond Kidunda in an ordinary steam-launch; indeed, I was told canoes were often lost in attempting it. The Mgeta River, though a larger stream than the Jungerengere, is equally unnavigable under any conditions. The Wakutu, who inhabit this district, have become more reduced by the late Maviti incursion than even their neighbours. Ukutu, the country through which the upper portion of the Kingani, from the junction of the Mgeta to its source, passes, is not only denuded of population, but by all accounts possessed of as deadly a climate as is to be found in Africa. Such is the general description of the Kingani and Jungerengere rivers. That of the adjacent country and its inhabitants will best be illustrated by a brief sketch of our trip, and particularly of the people we came in contact with.

"On the 6th of July last, Mr. Mackay and myself left Zanzibar in the Society's yacht 'Highland Lassie,' having your steam-launch 'Daisy' in tow. We reached Bagamoyo on the 7th, and entered the Kingani the next afternoon, after engaging a native pilot and guide. Our party had been augmented by the addition of Mr. H. Hartnell, mate of the steam-yacht, whom Captain Cannan had considerately placed at our disposal when we found all hopes of your being able to join were at an end. His services were most valuable, and he had little reprieve from duty at the helm, except when superintending the wood-cutting, or, working hardest of all, in getting things in order after an accident.

"Beyond a general idea of the situation of the mouth, our pilot knew nothing of the river, while the guide's want of knowledge respecting the higher portion of the stream was only exceeded by his ignorance of Kizaramo, in which language he professed to be a proficient. No one else in Bagamoyo, however, professed even to know anything of the river, and after all the guide was very useful, having travelled through Uzaramo before, and being able to point out the different places situated on the main roads to Tungomero and Mpwapwa. As, moreover, the majority of the people spoke Swahili fluently, it turned out that an interpreter was not needed.

"Up to the ferry of Meituwambiji, on the Ukami road, the people dwelling on both banks are Swahili, or slaves cultivating the plantations of proprietors resident at Bagamoyo, and mostly professing Mohammedanism. Shortly beyond this, Wagaramo villages commence. The first signs of these were small groups of women and children on the banks, attended by a few more than half-naked savages, each carrying a bow and two poisoned arrows ready in hand, with a leathern quiver of the same at his back. These warriors generally knelt in the tall grass or behind a bush, until the women reported there was no danger. They have the head hideously thatched with a mixture of black clay and oil, with beads or drops of the same at the ends of the rat-tail-shaped points of hair which fringe it; their legs and arms are encircled with heavy brass and copper rings, a few ornaments of beads or white shells adorning their ears and necks. Both bows and arrows are most workmanlike in make and finish; the poison extends for about four inches below the barb; when fresh, it is of a bright-red colour. They told me it is prepared from the giant euphorbia, and that their medicine-men provide them with a perfect antidote for it, but I failed to learn the nature or to procure a specimen of this compound. Many of the children are got up in the same way as the men, carrying, however, miniature bows and arrows, the latter tipped with hardwood points, and the shaft stained red where the poison should be.

"But this warlike appearance seems only a keeping up of the customs of a generation now rapidly passing away. On closer acquaintance, these fierce-looking persons were found to be generally of a timid disposition, and by no means prone to an indiscriminate use of their weapons. Whenever a herd of hippopotami in the channel rendered it necessary to sound the steam-whistle, or the donkey-engine was turned on, they instantly fled for the nearest cover, or carefully got the women and children between themselves and the supposed danger, and rarely showed again unless the boat stayed a time for wood or provisions, when they were the last to draw near.

"The women were, as a rule, much less timid; they are mostly fairer than the Swahili, and their faces have few traces of the negro type. They are, however, more sadly in want of clothing than even the men, and wear

fewer ornaments. A little higher up the character of the people changes so far that they are all busily engaged in profitable agriculture, and few find time to get themselves up in war-paint. They more generally wear a little ridge of muddy hair down the centre of their heads, as being less trouble to manage than the thatch.

"From Kisabi to Mafizi the river winds and bends in an extraordinary manner, irrigating the country, which is always very low on one side, sometimes on both, for miles, and, the soil being suitable, an almost unlimited supply of the finest rice might here be grown. There is, indeed, more pains taken with the land in this district, and the quality of the grain, some of which I had cleaned, is very superior. Mafizi was the place that most struck me, and, staying here two days, I was able to mix with the natives, and many hours were spent in the different hamlets quite alone among the people, whilst our men were cutting fuel. I may here mention that it is right to go well armed among unknown natives, and, when opening a conversation, it is prudent to explain the action of a repeating rifle, or show the powers of a revolver, which always duly impresses them.

"This is the last of the five grain districts; it consists of four hamlets and a few outlying huts on slightly rising ground, backed by the low hills of Dunanguru, a large district, of whom one Sahale is chief. I sent for him, and, from his remarks, the appearance of his followers, and general report, am led to believe that he and his people are a good sample of the nation, and that a description of the Wagaramo, though applying, as far as my actual experience goes, more especially to the districts from Kisabi to Mafizi and Dundanguru, would be equally applicable to most of the country at the present time. Mafizi is one of the few places on the banks of the river from which the inhabitants do not remove during the rains; it is well above the river, and without swamp in the immediate neighbourhood; it has also good communication with all the high roads, which may be taken to mean all such as are more than ten inches wide. The elders told me that they would be delighted if white people would settle amongst them and teach them, and stated that none would ever be molested unless the Maviti again invaded the country.

"Beyond Mafizi there are few people, except at the junction of the Jungerengere, near which are many villages. Here the population becomes mixed in race, as also in their language. In each village there were Wakutu, Wakami, and Wagaramo. This country is full of game; everywhere, a few miles from the villages, are to been seen giraffe, brindled 'gnu, water-buck, hartebuste, etc. On a fine park-like plain, on the banks of the Jungerengere, we saw four or five herds of giraffe feeding within a few hundred yards of us, besides water-buck and other game, and in the evening a large herd of 'gnu going to drink at the river. We were also told of an elephant forest one day distant, and among the low hills, a few miles beyond the

giraffe plain, rhinoceros and buffalo are said to be plentiful. This country was populous and thriving a few years since before the incursion of the Maviti; now the only traces we found of former prosperity were the charred remains of numerous villages, strewn with fragments of household utensils, and indications of large plantations now rapidly lapsing to jungle. The fish of the Kingani are very numerous and of fine quality; wherever the banks are low, they are lined with weirs and fish-traps of most skilful construction.

"During our journey we happily had no trouble with the natives. There were a few requests to know who we were who, in defiance of all custom, passed without stopping to see the chief, or get permission to enter the country, and a mild hint sometimes was given about hongo, but was not noticed. We were, however, well provisioned, and to a great extent independent of the country, otherwise we should have been compelled to pay prices that would have been equivalent to giving hongo.

"I am by no means able to confirm all that is said against the Wagaramo; on the contrary, I am led to think that, for Africans, these people are unusually industrious and domestic in their habits, and in regard to morality, far in advance of what is generally found in Africa. The women, though made to do out-door work, are treated, as well as spoken of, in a becoming manner, and every one is perfectly clean, the huts being beautifully kept inside, and the open space in the centre of each hamlet well swept, and often having a bench for the elders, around whom it was customary for the young men to congregate during leisure hours. Of course polygamy is customary, but it is only the rule amongst chiefs and persons well to do. Marriage takes place at any age; it is a matter of bargain with the father of the girl here as elsewhere in Africa If a child, she works for her husband, living with his mother or another wife till she becomes adult, after which she has a hut of her own.

"The Wagaramo appear to have no religion, unless a lively faith in evil spirits and witchcraft can be so termed. Miniature huts, containing charms against the secret dangers of the seen and unseen world guard the entrances to every village, and incantations for securing success are performed before every important undertaking. A specific from the medicine-man also protects every hut and patch of cultivation, and there is no doubt of its efficacy against thieves among themselves, when all believe in its power. The people, however, are practical agriculturalists. Against the depredations of the hippopotamus and pig they erect strong barriers and dig deep pits; and in one of the latter we temporarily lost Mr. Mackay, who, stepping on shore for the purpose of choosing a tree for fuel, suddenly disappeared. Fortunately, the pitfall was only about six feet deep, and no spikes at the bottom, so he escaped with nothing worse than a severe shock; but many of these traps are as dangerous as they are deceptive in appearance.

"The only artificial marks I noticed among these people were upon the professional hunters; they consist of numerous lines across the wrist and fore-arm, which are supposed to give the power of shooting straight. The worst superstition noticed by us is one very common in Africa—that of destroying any child born with upper teeth. We passed one of these unlucky infants just thrown into the river, and the people seemed to pity our ignorance in remarking on the circumstance, and asking for an explanation.

"Mohammedanism has begun to make way among these people, and, should the country become opened up, is certain to spread rapidly. Already, in most villages, there are a few idle fellows who strut about with shaven heads and make use of Arabic salutations, trying, with poor success, to imitate the grave bearing of some true believer whom they may have been associated with during a journey, or have met at a coast-town. They are, however, looked upon as something superior by their fellow-villagers, whom they behold with pity and contempt, although quite unable to teach the new doctrine. If, however, this part of Africa should be visited by coast traders, the arrival of educated Arabs would soon bring about the conversion to Mohammedanism of this hitherto exclusive country.

"Strictly speaking, there is no form of government in Uzaramo. The head of each village has the mildest of feudal rights, and is supposed to render equally light feudal service at the call of the Pazi, or chief of the district. Good proof was afforded of the slight authority of the Pazi of the present day, for the chief of Sagasera district, although, as he said, most anxious to cement eternal friendship by presenting me with a sheep, was unfortunately prevented from doing so by our inability to wait whilst he sent to his town, about four miles distant. If this old gentleman's power had been in the smallest degree of the despotic order, it might have occurred to him to get over the difficulty which so distressed him by accepting the loan of one of the numerous fatlings belonging to his sub-chief, which were peacefully grazing around. After the Maviti invasion, however, the few chiefs left seem to have lost all their influence in the country.

"Slavery in Uzaramo is only known in its least objectionable form; captives in war, runaways from foreign masters, and even strangers permitted to reside, and cultivate land, are called slaves; but, except for committing a crime, are not subject to be sold, and their status in no way differs from that of freemen, except that they are for the first year or two on trial, and generally cultivate land assigned to them by the chief, somewhat stronger feudal liabilities being probably entailed thereby. If, after probation, they are approved by the inhabitants, and considered by the elders as an addition to the tribe, they readily obtain wives, and their children become free Wagaramo.

"The Wagaramo have always been pre-eminent as expert thieves; it

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was owing to their reputation in this respect that the route from the coast to Unyanyembe by the old Kutu road was abandoned. Previous to the Maviti invasion, small caravans were constantly robbed of almost everything; and even camps, guarded by large bodies of armed men, feared to retaliate, though their lines were entered and robbed nightly, because the narrow paths so often pass between impenetrable jungles, from which their necessarily extended formation, when on the march, could be attacked at so great an advantage.

"The people freely acknowledged that they are still adepts at night-stealing, but they are also well aware of their decline in power, and would not now, I believe, attempt to molest properly-armed travellers, who let it be known that strict watch would always be maintained over their property.

"In the above sketch of the Wagaramo, the demoralised inhabitants of the villages still skirting the old caravan road are only, as in the last paragraph, incidentally referred to. They are in constant communication with an idle class in the coast towns who scorn regular work, but are always ready to engage in or abet any scheme for raising a little money. Doubtless many kidnapping raids and small slave caravans have been organised between them, and they would always combine to fleece, by every possible means, a party of respectable people as long as they could do so without incurring much personal danger."

The progress of the mission party up to the time of their arrival at Nyanza, will be learnt from the following communications, received from different persons at different stages of the march. Lieut. Smith, writing from Bagamoyo, in September, says:—"Small-pox is, I am thankful to say, less prevalent. Dr. Smith has vaccinated as many Zanzibar men as have not yet had it, but in no instance has it taken. One of our stokers and one Pagaazi are down with the disease. We found the people yesterday morning nearly roasting the sick stoker. A fire was lit under his bed, another smoky one was burning in the corner of the room, and he was about to undergo the process of picking. The doctor, however, prevailed on them to forego such a useless and cruel practice, and content themselves with a wipe over with warm water instead. The patient was passive, but his doctor-friends were sure he would die if the custom of ages was neglected. The smoky room is considered part of the cure, and there may be something in that. It certainly fumigates the chamber, and an English eye weeps where the native seems to enjoy it. They cover the face with yellow turmeric to prevent scratching. Nearly every man has well-marked indents of small-pox. Children are often put with a small-pox patient in order to take the contagion. It is painful to think of the annual mortality from this cause.

"Last Friday I went down to Whindi, a village about fourteen miles from here. The groups of houses are perched on elevations which, at a cer-

tain time of tide, are surrounded by water. The main part of the place stands near the sea, and is a straggling collection of mud and straw huts, with one room set apart for the reception of strangers. It was raining on the day I was there, and walking across the muddy wastes was like walking on ice which had been ploughed. A friendly man invited me first under his umbrella, then into his house, and, whilst waiting, sent one of his slave-boys to pick some green cocoa-nuts for the juice. The way these boys climb a tree is by tying their feet about four inches apart, and by fingers and toes dexterously used they quickly reach the fruit.

"There is a peculiar relationship here called 'little mother.' It is aunt, the mother's sister. One day we were asked to give some money to purchase medicine for the 'little mother;' and rather to the young man's discomfiture, we asked to see her. On arriving, we found her lying on one of the country beds, wooden frame, with cocoa-nut fibre rope forming the net between, and the doctor examining could not discover anything wrong. She was offered medicine, but said her only cure lay in a dollar. As we met that disease so often, we were obliged to leave the cure to nature.

"On our return, we passed through the French Mission property, a well cultivated estate of about seventy acres. It stands out as a silent witness to the native population of what labour well directed can achieve. Eight years ago all was jungle and forest; to-day it yields more than sufficient to supply its two hundred or more boys and girls; also, I believe the vegetable and animal wants of the European staff, but of that I am not quite sure. Since my stay at Bagamoyo the maximum temperature has been 82°, and minimum 67°, with a regular sea-breeze, making the air cool and work pleasant."

Writing from Mpwapwa, under date October 14th, 1876, Lieut. Smith gives an outline of the journey to that place. He and Dr. Smith reached Phuni on the 23rd of September; and, having on the march received a letter from Mr. Mackay, saying he was very ill, Lieut. Smith hurried forward to render what assistance he could. On the 26th he crossed the Wami by a capital bridge for Africa, part suspension, part tressle, the suspenders being formed of lianes and stout creepers. As they approached Mpwapwa the country became hilly, and sheep villages were scattered along the route. Cattle also became plentiful, and the people appeared more independent and bold in manner. The last two days were saddened, as they found themselves in the track of an inhuman leader, the men of whose caravan, dying of small-pox and dysentery, were left on the road. They removed the dead and stayed by the dying, but they were past human aid.

Three weeks later, under date Nov. 7th, Lieut. Smith writes from Unyambwa: "I have been obliged," he says, "to send our sick brother Mackay back to Mpwapwa, or, if he feels strong enough, to Zanzibar. I am afraid to trust him to the long marches. During the afternoon, the heat from the

parched ground is as trying as the blazing sun overhead. The doctor and I have, by God's blessing, enjoyed the best health. After Ugogo it will be a treat to enjoy solitude. Waggogo curiosity is well described by Stanley, as indeed is the whole country. Here it is excessive. We have to place guards at the tent door to keep them from drawing the canvas aside and peeping in. They have brought the art of robbery to perfection. Yet they are a fine, bold race, and some day I hope will be brought to look on honesty as more commendable than robbery. Our route diverges from Stanley's at Mukondoku, and making to the northward passes Simbo. It is more direct, and, allowing for African roads, we are, I think about three hundred and fifty miles from the lake."

The following journal, kept by the Rev. C. T. Wilson, gives the fullest account that has yet been received of the first half of the route to the lake, viz., from the coast to Mpwapwa. The account of the route forward from Mpwapwa to Nguru is comparatively meagre, having no doubt been sent off in haste.

"*July 28th*, 1876.—We were employed all the morning in getting the pagaazi together, and getting their loads out. Some of them had been working at the French Mission on previous days, and had not got their cloth packed, and we had a good deal of trouble with them about it; but by three o'clock we had got most of them off for Gunira, the first halt, distant, according to my pedometer, two miles and three-quarters. About three o'clock Lieut. Smith and I started for Gunira with three pack-donkeys carrying loads; and my servant Baraka, and Mabruki, the tall cooper and guide, who is the finest specimen of a negro I have seen—tall, well made, about twenty-three years of age, possessing all the good temper of his race, and as strong as a horse. The donkeys were tied one behind the other, and gave us a great deal of trouble at first, constantly flying off at a tangent and breaking their ropes; and on coming to the only tree on the whole way, which grew in the middle of the path, two of them at once made up their minds to go on opposite sides of it, and one was nearly strangled in the attempt. We got on with them better for a time, till we came to the swamp just before Gunira, when the donkey which was carrying the ammunition-cases wanted to lie down in the water, but Mabruki had him up, and made him keep his feet. This swamp was beautiful, being full of splendid ferns, and a very pretty pink convolvulus, and at night was perfectly alive with fire-flies—a sight worth coming hundreds of miles to see. Arrived at Gunira, we unloaded the donkeys, pitched the tent, and got things straight. Then we drew up our men in a circle, and the kilangozi, or guide and head-man, went round with us while we paid each man two days' postho or money allowance for food, and gave each man a zinc tally, with a number on it, to distinguish them. These tallies delighted them, and many of them went off with them, skipping and

dancing like children with a new toy. I had intended to remain at Gunira; but as my bed had not arrived, and there was nothing for me to eat, I went back to Bagamoyo with Smith. Our interpreter and cook were to have come to day from Zanzibar, but did not turn up.

"*29th.* After getting a few more loads off, I set off for Gunira, taking a quantity of pice with me for postho. Arrived at Gunira, I got the tent to rights. A man came with some wild ducks for sale, Robertson arrived with his servant William, and we put up our beds and made things comfortable, and then had dinner. After prayers, and writing up my diary, we turned in, as both of us were tired.

"*Aug.* 1*st.* Mohammed came up early in the morning, and said the interpreter had come, so I decided at once to go on to Kekoko. When two-thirds of the men were off, the four pack-donkeys were started, and I followed them, leaving Robertson to see the rest of the men off, and follow on the riding-donkey. About a mile from Gunira we came to a mud-hole, which had to be crossed, and here my troubles began. The two smaller donkeys, including the one carrying the precious ammunition, got through the mud fairly well, but the other two lay down in it, and refused to stir. We had to take their loads off, and haul them out by main force. I was toiling away with coat off, shirt-sleeves rolled up, and up to my knees in a sticky compound of black mud and water under a scorching sun for three quarters of an hour.

At last, however, we were off again, and, crossing a wooded ridge, entered the broad, flat valley of the Kingani, covered with a dense growth of high grass in which antelope and hippopotamus are found. But here again we had terrible work with the donkeys. There was a deep muddy ditch, down which a slow stream of water was flowing, to be crossed. A single narrow plank had been placed as a bridge, and over this we had to get the donkeys, but they refused to go, and began to plunge, so we had to unload them all, and haul them across. In the midst of my troubles, Robertson came up and gave a helping hand, and, after an hour's hard work, we were off again, and plodded on over the plain. There were immense quantities of a lovely little pink here, varying in colour from pale crimson to deep scarlet. About half a mile from the river we came to another ditch, narrow but deeper, and with more water in it than the former. I made a bridge of logs, and bundles of grass laid over, but the donkeys would not cross it; so we cut some planks, nailed them to posts driven into the mud, and forced the animals over a plank bridge. We soon reached the river, and, having crossed it, encamped for the night. The distance from Gunira to the river by my pedometer was six miles and three-quarters. The day was bright and very hot.

"*2nd.* Got up early and went out to shoot some provisions. I determined to go on to Kekoko without delay. The road lay by the river for a mile, and then entered a dense grass jungle, which gradually gave place to

beautiful park-like country, with giant cactuses and euphorbias growing in the thickets. Shortly before this I passed the body of a boy by the road; he had died apparently of small-pox. About four o'clock I reached Kekoko, which consists of a few huts here and there, among maize and mahogo fields. An Arab sent us a present of a fowl, and lent us a grass mat to use as a carpet, and told us to keep a good watch, as there were thieves about. Distance from the Kingani to Kekoko five miles and three-quarters by pedometer. Hot, but cloudy. A shower about three o'clock.

"*3rd.* Got up early, and began to prepare for a start, but the kilangozi refused, saying the men wanted rest, and would desert if we attempted to go on against their will; so there was nothing for it but to wait till to-morrow, as desertion is a thing to be especially avoided if possible. So, as all our meat was done, Robertson and I went out to see if we could find any antelope, or anything in the shape of meat, but we only got a few pigeons. About three o'clock Mabruki came with two cooks, one of whom, to our delight, was able to bake bread, for we have had none for a week; they also brought us a note from Smith and some oranges. The flowers and insects were most lovely; among the former is a handsome purple water-lily very similar to the English white one, a fine crimson hibiscus, and a shrub something like a myrtle, but with crimson flowers. There are quantities of palms, mimosas, and ebony-trees, these last being used for firewood. There are large numbers of beautiful butterflies. The birds too are very varied and pretty. To-day I saw four large vultures, and yesterday I shot a lovely little green and yellow parrot.

"*4th.* By daybreak the camp was astir, and at 6.30 the first of the caravan started. After going about a mile, the donkeys were in difficulties again. The road lay through most lovely, open forest—clear spaces covered only with high grass, alternated with clumps of large trees surrounded by dense jungle, among which the path wound. The air was loaded with the scent of various aromatic plants, as jessamine and syringa, of which there was a species with a large white blossom. The road ascended gradually for six miles, till we were two hundred feet above the Kekoko. At this point we got the first approach to a distant view we have yet had, and on all sides was the same interminable forest, reaching even to the tops of some blue hills before us, distant some thirty miles. The path then descended into a grassy valley, where we encamped, having gone seven miles by my pedometer. There was no village near, and nothing, consequently, to be bought; and as our stock of meat consisted of two or three pigeons, Robertson and I took our rifles and went out to look for antelopes, which were said to be near; but after a weary tramp of some miles, we returned without having seen anything. We got some tamarinds here, which were a great boon, as we made a most refreshing drink from the acid pulp which surrounds the seeds, mixed with sugar and water. After dinner we went to bed thoroughly tired.

"*5th.* There was nothing for breakfast but coffee and a few small biscuits, so after making the most of these, we started about seven o'clock. The road lay through the same park-like forest as before; indeed, so like an English park was some of it, that I should scarcely have been surprised if, on turning a corner, I had seen a large house and well kept-garden. After a two and a half hours' march we arrived at Rosako, distant eight miles from our last camp. Here we encamped, and the news soon spread that a Musungu caravan had arrived; and the chief of the village sent a sheep to know if we would buy it, which we did for two dollars. Soon after, this official appeared in person, bringing us a present of bananas, half of which, however, turned out to be bad. He then said that there were plenty of giraffes and deer not far off, and that he would send a guide to show us where to find them. Then he told us that he must have sixteen pice more for the sheep, which were given him. When the guide came we set off to look for the promised game, but, after wading four miles through tall grass, we returned without having seen anything bigger than a rat. Not feeling well—the result, I think, of the march on an empty stomach—I took a good dose of quinine and went to bed early, and this set me to rights. During the evening we had rain.

"*Sunday, 6th.* To-day we rested. The men would have gone on, but we explained to them what the day was. Soon after breakfast the chief of the village came down, bringing us a present of a yam, telling us he had a bag of Matama (millet) to sell, so, as we had found we had not food enough for the men, we said we would go and see it. The village was a mile from our camp, and was clean and very pretty; the little children ran screaming away as soon as we appeared. The matama was brought, and we agreed to buy it, and also a bag of rice. The matama we brought with us; the rice was not quite ready, so we left a man to bring it. In consequence of a dispute about the bargain, the chief at first refused to send it; but having despatched thirty of our men to bring it down, in half an hour they returned with it in triumph. During the morning an ivory caravan passed on its way to the coast.

"*7th.* About half past six we were off again. The road was still through forest, with much denser jungle, the path often being only a foot wide, with a thick wall of vegetation on both sides. Stanley speaks of having had considerable trouble here with his donkey cart; but the wonder is how he ever got it through at all, if the jungle was then in the least like what it was when we passed. Here we encountered the first rock I have seen since leaving the coast—a yellow sandy limestone. The Udoe hills appeared to-day to the westward of us. I caught a glimpse of them through the trees on the top of the highest ridge we crossed. After a march of four hours we encamped at a place called Pasakwanani, ten miles from Rosako—the longest march we have yet made. A little way before it we passed some fields,

in which millet was growing to a height of sixteen or eighteen feet, and abounding in a beautiful lilac convolvulus and a pretty little scarlet mallow. Soon after we arrived we had the villagers round us bringing provisions to sell. We bought a sheep, a bag of millet, and a quantity of sweet potatoes. To-day I found some ferns, almost the first I have seen on the mainland.

"*8th.* We started at seven o'clock. Almost immediately we came out on a sort of down, and then descended into a valley, with a stream of brackish water flowing through it, and containing fields of millet, mahogo, and tobacco. We encamped at a village called Brahim, near the stream, having gone six miles. We had heavy rain in the afternoon.

"*10th.* Started at a quarter after seven. The road still lay through forest, and we had also four streams to cross, all in gullies, which gave us some trouble with the donkeys, and delayed us a good deal. After a five hours' march we reached the village of Mezizi, having gone nine miles and a half. Soon after we had pitched our tent, down came the rain, like a heavy English thunder storm, and the water came pouring into our tent; so Robertson and I turned out, and spent half an hour or more in making a ditch round it, and draining off the water. I sent a message to the king of the place to say I should be glad to see him, and before long he came. He told us that the Makata valley was only six days distant, so we may get over it before it becomes very swampy. He laughed very much at an air-pillow we showed him. As rain continued to fall, and as our tent was very damp, we tried a fire in the evening, but were nearly smoked out at first, owing to the dampness of the wood.

"*11th.* The men said they were too tired with yesterday's march to go on, so we had to stop. The king told us there were plenty of wild cows (buffaloes, I suppose), but we saw none of them. It rained more or less all day; our tent and the ground got thoroughly sodden; all my sleeping-suits got wet, with the exception of one blanket, so I had to sleep in my clothes on my cork mattress.

"*12th.* We started to-day at 7.20. It was a lovely morning, with a thin mist hanging on the ground, which, however, soon disappeared when the sun got up. The ground was exceedingly muddy and slippery for a mile or so, but then we got on a hard, red sandy clay, which was much better. Before we had gone very far, the man who was carrying the oil-cans managed to run his spear through the only can of paraffin oil we had for our lamp; fortunately we have cocoa-nut oil and candles enough to last for some time. Soon after this the Pongwa hills appeared a few miles in front of us to the north-west. The road still lay through forest, with long grass instead of jungle, in which were quantities of grouse and guinea-fowl. After going nine miles, we reached the foot of the first peak of the Pongwa hills—a fine, bold hill, with large masses of rock near the summit, its sides being nearly

covered with forest; the top is bare of trees. We skirted its base, passing through fields of tobacco and matama, till we reached the village of Pufuma, a distance of ten miles and three-quarters—our longest march. It took four hours and three-quarters to accomplish. The day was very fine; the heavy clouds, which in the morning had threatened rain, gradually cleared away, and left a cloudless sky at evening. The country here has a curious appearance, as nearly everything is red. The soil is a bright, red, tenacious clay, of which the houses are made, a framework of sticks being thickly plastered with it. The bark of the trees has the same colour and gives a curious appearance to the forests. I should think, when Africa is opened up, there will be large quantities of iron found here. I was struck by the immense number of castor-oil trees here, whole acres being covered with them, and they grew thickly in the matama fields.

"*Sunday*, 13*th*. After breakfast we made inquiries às to the possibility of getting to the top of either of the mountains, but we found that the one was infested with large snakes, and the other with lions, so we did not make the attempt.

"14*th*. By daylight the camp was astir, and at 7.15 we started, I as usual going with the donkeys, as we nearly always have some difficulty with them. To-day was no exception, as we had several steep gullies to cross. After we came to the rest of the caravan, which had halted to allow the donkeys, which had got far behind, to come up, I found Robertson suffering from the beginning of an attack of fever, and hardly able to sit on the donkey he was riding. I at once sent some men on with the tent to the village where we were to encamp, which was about two miles further on, with orders to set it up ready for us. After crossing the river or brook Funi, which flows into the Wami, we entered the village, and, on going to see if the tent was up, I found nothing whatever done to it; so, getting the men together, I had it up in a few minutes, and Robertson was soon in bed. I gave him a dose of Livingstone's mixture, and then quinine. The march lasted four hours and a quarter, and we went about ten miles. The first part of the road lay close under the larger of the Pongwa hills. We saw a prominent hill to the N.N.W. called Panga, and to the N.W. the Nguru hills were visible in the dim distance.

"15*th*. Robertson was too ill to move. In the morning, though far from well, I walked down the Fumi for some way to determine its course; it flows about due north, thus, as the natives say, flowing to the Wami.

"16*th*. Robertson a good deal better. Decided to go on, and sent for the kilangozi to tell him so, when I found the men had a lazy fit; they said some were sick, and one had broken his leg. I went to see the broken leg, and found it perfectly sound; so I told the men I should give them no food that day; if they would not work, I should not feed them.

"18*th*. The men were willing to march. Robertson was nearly well, and decided to ride the saddle-donkey. We tried to get men to carry me in a hammock, but none could be got, as just before there had been a fight between the village we were at and the one to which we were going. So a pack donkey was cleared for me, and a blanket folded and tied on the pack for a saddle. When we got to the gate of the village at which we stopped, I was lifted off the donkey quite exhausted. I had a very bad night.

"21*st*. We set off early this morning—I on the pack donkey again. I was much better and stronger. The road was over several hilly ridges running down to the Wami, and covered with forest. After a march of about ten miles we reached the village of Wedigumba, in the valley of the Wami, and about a quarter of a mile from the river. The Wami here looks like a river that would be navigable to a steam-launch; it was about sixty yards wide, flowing with a strong muddy current about two miles and a half an hour; its course was due east. The banks of the river are very pretty; tall trees, covered with enormous creepers, overhang the stream, dipping their boughs in its water; the pretty jesamine grows plentifully, filling the air with its scent. Here and there are little islands covered with a tall, graceful grass, and a little bright-green palm. One tree I have especially noticed here; it has bark something like the plane-tree, only whiter, and has a spreading head of dark foliage. It grows perfectly straight, without a branch till near the top. One I saw must have been eighty or ninety feet to the first branch, and as straight as an arrow.

"22*nd*. We started about half past-seven and proceeded up the Wami valley. The character of the country was completely changed, being a broad, flat, open valley, with very few trees except on the river bank, and these few mimosas and acacias. The valley is evidently a swamp during the rainy season, but now it was dry enough. After three and a half hours' march we stopped at a miserable village, called Mbuni, consisting of three or four huts. I was quite well again.

"24*th*. We started this morning at seven, and soon left the valley of the Wami, passing through hilly forest, with here and there huge masses of syenite cropping up. At one place I saw a beautiful crimson azalea in full flower growing by the road side. We encamped in the forest, having gone about eleven miles and a half—our longest march. There was no water anywhere near the camp, so the natives made holes in the ground in a hollow near, and these were soon filled with a liquid very much resembling soapsuds, and with this we had to be contented. The Nguru hills, which were abreast of us at the last village, were now behind us: these hills are wrongly placed in Speke's map, being put much too near the coast. We had rain at night.

"25*th*. The road lay for some way through forest, and we passed a fine bold mass of rock, two hundred or three hundred feet high, apparently of a

coarse conglomerate sandstone, with trees growing on it. After a time we left the forest and entered the valley of the Wami again, along which we proceeded for a couple of miles, and then encamped at a village one hundred yards from the river called Kwediebago. At a village we passed on the edge of the valley, I noticed a large tree like a sycamore without a single leaf, but completely covered with little green figs. I think this must be the sycamore of the Bible, or a tree closely allied to it. In the evening the king of the village sent to receive the toll which it seems it is customary to charge caravans for crossing the Wami, which we are to do to-morrow; I suppose it is for keeping the bridge in repair. He wanted to charge ten doti, but, as I found that three was the usual toll, I refused to pay any more.

"26*th.* The men did not want to go, but the king of the village sent a message to say he wanted us gone. So I told him that I could not get them to move, but if he liked to try I should be very glad. He did so, and, his majesty's logic succeeding, we were off by a few minutes past eight. Our road lay through the forest which covers the banks of the Wami, and which must be almost primeval. Enormous trees, covered with creepers as thick as a man's leg, and often twisted like huge ropes, form the forest, as there is little underwood. It was deliciously cool here, as the trees quite kept out the sun. We soon came to the bridge, and such a bridge it was! It was made of two stout creepers stretched from one bank to the other, and supported at intervals by stakes driven into the bed of the river. Here and there stout pieces of wood were tied across from one creeper to the other, and on these were lashed long poles, with occasional cross-pieces to keep them in their places. Two rude sort of hand-rails were made of creepers fastened to sticks. The bridge was also further secured by creepers tied to trees on each bank; but the whole shook and trembled most ominously when you walked on it. The sticks, too, had got worn smooth, and were quite polished from frequent use; there were also great gaps, which told you plainly if you slipped you must go into the river below. The men got over very well, and, with a little trouble, the donkeys were got across also. We encamped in a grassy plain, having gone three miles, and taken four hours to do it.

"*Sunday*, 27*th.* We rested to-day as usual. The Usagara Mountains are right in front of us, and look very grand. We were very much troubled by large black ants, which got into everything, and crawled all over us; they did not sting, but were very annoying.

"28*th.* At 6.45 we started. The road lay for some miles through an almost treeless plain, in which were large herds of different kinds of antelopes, which stood and stared at us as we passed. The road was rather swampy at first, which made walking unpleasant. After a time we entered a number of groves of palmyra palm, and, after this, forest again. The path led gradually up towards the mountains. We encamped at the foot of a

small hill in the forest, having gone nine miles and a half in four hours. One of the men found a quantity of wild honey, which we bought from him; it was dark-coloured, but very nice. The water here was horrible.

"*29th.* We started at 6.35, and soon left the forest and entered fields of matama. After leaving these we entered jungle with grass about eight feet in height, and the road lay through this for some way. Then we got into cultivated land again with fields of Indian corn, matama, pumpkins, and tobacco. After going some miles, we came to a running stream of beautiful water, at which we filled our water-bottles. Soon after crossing it, we encamped in a matama field from which the grain had been reaped, having gone seven miles and a half.

"*30th.* We halted here to-day. One of the men died during the night of small-pox, and another is ill of it. I fear it is getting a hold in the caravan. I intended going out after the antelopes which abound amongst the hills, but it was such a blazing hot day that I did not attempt it.

"*Sept. 4th.* We started at seven. The road lay along mountain-ridges covered with forest; wherever the trees were thinner, we got glimpses of high mountains all around us, north, south, and west. We kept along the ridges, crossing once a gully, which rather delayed the donkeys. Then the forest got thinner, and gradually gave way to cultivated land, large numbers of bananas and matama fields, from which latter the grain had been reaped. After passing three or four villages we crossed a stream of water, sweet but not clear, and encamped on a hill near the village of Magubika, having gone eleven miles. Close by our camp was that of a party going down to the coast with cattle they had brought from Unyamwezi.

"*6th.* We started at seven. The road lay at first for some distance through a forest of young ebony trees. We then crossed a steep ridge, bare of trees, but with quite a little grove of sage-bushes growing on one part, the plants being often eight or nine feet high, and sometimes eleven or twelve. We encamped in a matama stubble-field, having gone only six miles. The forest is getting much thinner. Some Arabs here told us that at a village which they passed, and which we must pass, the people were fighting with a band of the warlike Masai; but there cannot have been any real fighting, as the Arabs are such arrant cowards that they would never have gone near the place; subsequent inquiries proved it to be so.

"*7th.* To-day we met with the bamboo growing in the forest—the first time we have seen it on the mainland. We had several ravines to cross, generally with streams flowing down them, and in some of them were quantities of beautiful ferns. We encamped on a hill, having gone six miles. This was a very hard march, and I was thoroughly tired.

"*8th.* We started at seven, and entered the forest again, which, however, was generally thin. At one part we had a splendid view of a wooded

plain, dotted here and there with red-walled villages, and looking very rich and fertile. We encamped on the bank of a dry stream. The number and size of the dry gullies we have passed shows what an enormous quantity of water must pour down here in the rainy season. We got some sour milk here, but not at all like milk when it turns sour in England, being purposely made so—it is not at all bad. Our march to-day was about seven miles and a half.

On the 18*th* the party reached Mpwapwa; and there found Messrs. Clark and O'Neill who had gone on before. On the 3*rd October*, Lieut. Smith and his party arrived, bringing the September mails, having come most of the way from the coast by forced marches. Mr. Wilson's journal thus continues:—

"7*th*. O'Neill and I bade farewell to Mpwapwa. We passed close under the mountains, and reached Chunyo soon after sunset, the distance being twelve miles, and the latter part of the road very rough. We were now to begin the crossing of the terrible Marenga Mkali, a plain where for forty miles not a drop of water nor a human habitation is to be found.

"9*th*. We walked on, expecting every minute to come to open ground; but no, there was the same interminable jungle. At last we suddenly emerged on to open ground, dotted with huge baobab trees (a peculiar feature of the country), and I knew that I was in Ugogo, and that the terrible Marenga Mkali was passed.

"13*th*. The hongo or tribute was to be paid to-day, so we did not go on. The king took as hongo twenty-seven doti of cloth, one zinge or bundle of brass wire, and some yellow beads. We wanted to leave a letter here for Lieut. Smith, but an Arab belonging to another caravan told the king that it was poisoned, so he would not take charge of it.

"*Sunday*, 15*th*. Last night we encamped near the dry bed of the river which runs at times by the set of villages called Matamburu. We stopped here to-day. The king paid us a visit in the morning; his name is Kiremaganda. He remembered Stanley.

"17*th*. The path led us between two hills, through forest and jungle for twelve miles, to the village of Bihawani, where we encamped, as hongo had to be paid here. Mohammed told me the king wished to see me. I found him a simple, childish old man, who was delighted to see me, and said I was the first white man he had seen. He was particularly struck with my beard and shoes. He asked my name, and told me his own, Minyitangaru, and said we must exchange names. He would call himself Wilson, and I must take his name.

"18*th*. The road led through a narrow plain, dotted over with baobab trees, to the village of Kiddidimo, four miles and a half distant. Here we encamped, as hongo had to be paid. This part of Ugogo is far more like what

I had expected from Stanley's book. It seems, for the most part, hilly, and to have far more jungle and forest and waste land than cultivated.

"19*th*. We ought to have gone on to-day, but Maganga wanted to wait for Terekeza, a negro, who is taking a large caravan to Usukuma to trade for ivory. He is one of those unscrupulous characters not uncommon in the East. His caravan, and one Mackay was bringing to Mpwapwa, travelled together some time; and because Mackay's cloths were better than his, he told the people that Mackay's were poisoned, so nobody would sell Mackay anything, and he had to take another road.

"20*th*. The road lay through jungle so dense that we had to keep a sharp look-out to prevent our helmets being knocked off. Soon after six we reached our camp under some remarkable rocks.

"21*st*. Before daylight the camp was astir, and at 5.25 we were off. Mohammed told us it was only four or five miles to the village, but it turned out to be eleven. We encamped in a grove of palms, the first we have seen for two hundred miles. The name of the village is Kitararu. We have now left the Unyanyembe road, and are on a track not much frequented by caravans, and O'Neill and I are probably the first white men who have been along it. The water here is brackish, as the village is just on the edge of the great salt plain from which the Wagogo get their salt. The name of the king here is Simami.

"*Sunday*, 22*nd*. We stopped here to-day. The king came to see us several times, bringing on one occasion a calabash of fresh butter; he also gave us a quantity of very good fresh milk, which was particularly acceptable. Indeed he is by far the most liberal king we have come across yet. The Wagogo were very troublesome, crowding round the tent to stare at us, blocking out all the little air there was, and walking into the tent in the coolest manner.

23*rd*. As we passed the king's tembe, he sent us out some new milk, and gave us a goat. We crossed the eastern corner of the salt plain, and reached our camp at the village of Mbuki, a distance of six miles and a half. Our camp is again in a grove of palms. The king, whose name is Kisanza, was away, and so the hongo could not be settled.

24*th*. The king returned last night, but said he could not settle the hongo to-day, so we must wait till to-morrow. The Wagogo here are even more troublesome than at Kitararu. The water here is good, and we got some mud-fish to-day. O'Neill likes them, but I think them very nasty.

"25*th*. The heat of this plain is very intense, and the glare from the sand excessively trying. The hongo was settled to-day. The king came to see us in the evening. On his return, he sent us a cow as a present.

26*th*. Kept due north some way, and then turned west, passing through a grove of palms of considerable size. This plain on which we now are

has, no doubt, been once a lake. Among other evidences, I saw on the march to-day clear traces of an old beach in one or two places. We reached our camp at 10.5—distance about eleven miles.

"*27th.* The hongo was settled to-day—fifteen doti of coloured cloth. The name of the place is Puna, and of the king Marangoga.

"*28th.* The road passed alternately across bare open plain, and through jungle much more interesting than former ones, as all the trees and bushes were in full leaf. Away on our left stretched the bare plain, looking as dismal and dreary as the desert.

"Nguru, Usukuma, Dec. 11th.

"We are now at last only a few days' march from the lake, but I fear we shall be detained here some time. This place is a sort of rendezvous for the caravans to and from this part of the country; and to this place our pagaazis, or porters, engaged to come, a few only agreeing to go on to the lake. So when we arrived here, which we did yesterday, most of our men left us; consequently, we shall to have to engage a number of fresh men to carry our things on to the Nyanza. This would have been an easy matter if we had reached this place five or six weeks ago; but we have arrived at an unfortunate time, for the rainy season is just setting in, and all the people are busily engaged in sowing the matama, or millet, and Indian corn, so that we shall have little chance of getting men for three weeks or a month, when the sowing time will be over. Soon after leaving Mpwapwa, we left the beaten road to Unyanyembe, and passed through new country, which was very largely jungle of forest. Thus, on one occasion, we marched for eight consecutive days through unbroken jungle; and the last four marches before reaching this place were through another unbroken jungle, so a great deal of our time has been spent in the forest. The people we passed through were the Wagogo or people of Ugogo—the Wataturu, a warlike scattered tribe, who live in the first big jungle we passed through, and Wasukuma, or people of Usukuma, among whom we now are. The men here, when in holiday costume, smear their bodies with red clay and dress up their hair with a paste of red clay and rancid butter, and the odour of a crowd of Wagogo is most overpowering. They seem to have no religion, and little or no idea of a God, though they are superstitious and afraid of evil spirits. They also have great faith in their 'magangas,' or medicine-men, who profess to make rain, etc., and stand in great awe of them. At one village I was set down as a 'maganga,' because they saw me get a light with my burning-glass. I have indeed been literally the medicine-man of our caravan, and have sent many a negro away happy by giving him some 'dawa,' or medicine. I have generally, too, managed to cure them. The Wagogo are not a bad-looking race, but the men disfigure themselves by boring a hole in the lobe of their ears when quite young, which they gradually enlarge to an enormous extent. They are

all great thieves, and at the same time great cowards, not daring to go out after dark. The Wasukuma formed the bulk of our pagaazis. They are, like all those negroes, thinking only of the moment's gratification, without any regard to the future. They have, what I think Col. Grant has remarked, a wonderful knowledge of edible plants and roots, and in the jungle were always bringing in some root or plant which they boiled and ate."

The latest communication from the Nyanza Mission party is the letter which we here insert from Mr. O'Neill. It is dated, at least the latter part of it, from Kagei or Kagehyi, the point at the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza struck by Mr. Stanley.

"Nguru, or Gula, in Usukuma,
"Dec. 29th, 1876.

"We (Mr. Wilson and himself) left Mpwapwa on October 7th and reached Chunyo the same evening. The following day and night and part of the second day we marched continuously across the Marenga Mkali and into Ugogo (forty-one miles without stopping). In Ugogo we commenced paying hongo, and before we left it we had to pay to eight kings, each of whom delayed us two or three days before we could arrange what was to be given. They are a most grasping set, and the people generally idle and vain. After a few marches I got a fresh attack of fever, and had them constantly during our continuance in this country until we reached Ushore, having to be frequently carried, or ride on a donkey; so that my mind is rather confused about many parts through which we passed. After marching for eight days through a dense jungle—the same in which Stanley had his fight—we reached the important village of Ushore. Here we were detained for more than two weeks, while the jungle in our front was being examined, as the Rugu-Rugu —a band of robbers (part of the celebrated Mirambo's followers)—infested it, and had attacked another caravan, which they followed, cutting off stragglers. Here we had a note from Lieut. Smith, informing us that he was within a few days' march of us, but short of provisions. I sent off Wilson to his relief with three hundred rations, and marched myself the following morning, passing through the jungle by forced marches of twelve to fourteen hours a day, and reaching Nguru on 3rd December, and discharged all the pagaazi, as this was the place to which they had engaged to come.

"I now endeavoured to engage a fresh batch to take me on to the lake, one hundred and twenty-five miles, but without success. The rains had commenced, and every man was fully occupied in hoeing up ground and getting in their crops. I was told that for at least one month I could not get men; and I found this near the truth. In a week after my arrival Lieut. Smith came in with his caravan, and discharged all his men except those who were natives of the coast. Wilson and the doctor accompanied him. The following day Smith left us for Unyanyembe to purchase cloth, of which we were

short, and to secure, if possible, men to go on to the lake. Up to the present he has not returned.

"Since leaving Mpwapwa we have had two deaths, and three ran away. The incidents of the whole journey, I am happy to say, have been few. At Bugari, some six days' march to the east of Mpwapwa, we were threatened by an attack from the Masai, who were in its neighbourhood plundering caravans and carrying off cattle. The villagers went out to meet them, but no encounter took place, and they retired from that part of the country after a few days, and we proceeded safely. Next we had the unfortunate affair at Mpwapwa. On the march we had a fight between our men and those of another caravan travelling with us, the dispute being about the dead body of an elephant, which both claimed as having being the first to discover it. Fire-arms were freely used on both sides, but I am happy to say with no fatal results. Then we had the Rugu-Rugu in the great jungle. These we avoided by waiting until they had taken a different course in pursuit of another caravan. The same banditti made an attack on the village of Nguru, coming in and attempting to carry off corn. They were repulsed and the corn recovered by the villagers, aided by our men. Any one of these events might have proved serious affairs to us, had they taken a different course from what they did. We have to thank God for the protection he has been pleased to extend to us, and for bringing us thus far on our journey in safety."

"Semia, Jan 3rd, 1877.

"I am happy to say we are once more on our march towards the lake, after a delay of four weeks at Nguru, with a small caravan. Wilson and I are now thirty-one miles on the road. We have passed through the only jungle we expect to meet, have crossed a large river, the Mununga, and are now passing through a well-cultivated and thickly-peopled country, which would be an admirable field for a missionary station. The people are a mild and industrious race."

"Kagei, Jan, 29th, 1877

"I am now able to announce our arrival at the Victoria Nyanza, after a rather tedious journey of thirty-one days from Nguru, the distance being about one hundred and twenty-five miles. We had expected to have accomplished this stage in fourteen or sixteen days, but, owing to the many delays which we experienced from our pagaazi, stopping at villages from various causes, sometimes sickness, but more frequently whim, we could not get on; and were obliged to submit, or they would leave us in a worse plight by running away from us. The whole distance travelled over is studded with villages, nicely situated and surrounded by green hedgerows of euphorbia; altogether, the country is a fine open one, with much cattle and well cultivated, every village having a considerable breadth of land sown with Indian corn or

millet, and everywhere water is abundant. I should say it would by proper management become a very rich country; but the great drawback is the absence of any king or ruler recognised over the entire country. Kings there are in abundance, for every village we passed had one, but there is no central authority.

"We are now at the place where Stanley had his camp, and where one of his men died and is buried—the grave marked by a stone, inscribed 'F.B., 1875, *Stanley's Ex.*' As yet I cannot say if it will suit our purposes of boat-building, etc., because we, having arrived only this day, have not as yet examined the country about us as regards the timber. From what I have been able to see, there does not appear to be very much in this neighbourhood, and the king of this place, in conjunction with Songoro, the slave-trader, is building a dhow on the island of *Ukerewe*, opposite to us. This has been in progress for the last three years, and is not yet finished: this is the same vessel referred to by Stanley last year. The sight of the deep blue waters of Nyanza was to us most cheering this day, after our long land journey. Wilson has been unwell for the latter portion of the march with fever, but I am thankful to say that my health has never been better. I have walked the whole distance, and I believe I have now got completely rid of the fever attacks to which I had been previously subject."

With the record of the establishment of these three missions—one on Lake Nyassa—one on Lake Tanganyika—and one on Lake Nyanza, we close our work. These constitute a triple crown to complete and adorn the heroic labours of David Livingstone. The spirit of that noble man watches, no doubt, with lively interest the carrying out of objects that were so dear to him while here. His broad, catholic nature must rejoice in the fact that they are prosecuted by various sections of the Church of Christ. Through their influence, and that of kindred efforts, Africa shall be redeemed from the bondage of ignorance and degradation; and all her peoples, from the Nile to the Zambesi, from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, be brought into the family of Christ.

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