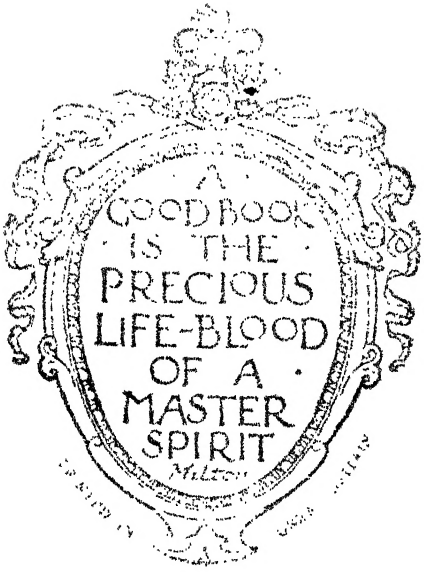
A
GOOD BOOK
IS THE
PRECIOUS
LIFE-BLOOD
OF A
MASTER
SPIRIT
Milton

The KINGS TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T·QUILLER COUCH

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EXPLORATION IN AFRICA

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EDWIN W. SMITH

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INTRODUCTION

EVER since the days of my boyhood the romance of Africa has fascinated me. My father collected books on Africa; I had the run of his library; and by the time I was sixteen I was so familiar with the travels of the great explorers that I could trace all their routes on a blank map from memory. In this volume I have gathered some of my favourite narratives. Here you may read of Mungo Park's first glimpse of the Niger, of Rebmann's first view of Kilimanjaro, of Livingstone's first view of Ngami, the Victoria Falls, Nyasa, Mweru, Bangweulu; of Burton's first sight of Tanganyika and Speke's of Victoria Nyanza; of Stanley's descent of the Congo, and of his first glimpse at Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon. And here, too, you may read of the first authentic sight of a gorilla and of the strange Pygmies.

For me there is nothing in the world of such entrancing interest as the opening up of the great continent of Africa.

In the eighteenth century the geography of Africa could not have given schoolboys much trouble. For the most part the map was simply a blank sheet of paper—except where the map-makers put in imaginary lakes and rivers. The coastline was known, but very

little of the interior. I mean, known to Europeans. The Arabs knew a good deal. Their caravans had penetrated far and wide. It was from Arabs that the first rumours of the great lakes reached the outside world. From ancient times vague notions had come down of the Mountains of the Moon, of the Pygmies, but Europeans had no certain knowledge of what lay behind the coastline, and most of them, perhaps, imagined Africa to be a wild and desert land. Africans who lived in the vicinity were, of course, familiar with the sight of the snow-crowned peaks of Kilimanjaro and Ruwenzori, of the Victoria Falls, of the lakes and rivers; but they had no means of telling Europe what their great continent contained. Arabs and Africans knew, and when I write of "first glimpses," I mean first glimpses by Europeans.

I have not included the travels of James Bruce, who, towards the end of the eighteenth century, reached the source of the Blue Nile in Abyssinia. Our story opens with Mungo Park, who first saw the Niger in 1796. By the time Queen Victoria came to the throne of Britain the Niger had been traced to the ocean, and Lake Chad had been discovered. In the far south the Orange River had been known since 1779, but in 1837 the vast expanse between Cape Colony and Abyssinia was almost entirely blank on the maps.

Then in 1848 Rebmann, the missionary, discovered Kilimanjaro, and in the year following, Livingstone, another missionary, penetrated with his friends, Oswell and Murray, the Kalahari Desert and discovered Lake

Ngami. Those were the first steps in the unveiling of Central Africa. Thereafter events happened rapidly, and by the time Queen Victoria's long reign ended, the whole continent was known through and through.

An almost incredible change has taken place since the days of Rebmann and Livingstone. The land that our forefathers thought to be a waste howling wilderness is really one of the richest quarters of the globe. A thousand of its products—gold, copper, radium, cocoa, coffee, cotton—now stream into the seaports of the world. Almost the whole continent has become divided among the nations of Europe. Railways and great roads have been, and still are being, built. Tourists now easily reach places which the explorers found only at tremendous cost to themselves. Steamers ply regularly on the waters of the Congo where fifty years ago Stanley had to fight his way through cannibals. You can go in comparative comfort by rail to Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, and the Victoria Falls. From rail-head swift motor-cars will take you to Nyasa and the Albert Nyanza. Daring aviators like Sir Alan Cobham, Lady Heath, and Lady Bailey have flown right across Africa, passing in a few hours over great distances which the explorers travelled for weeks and months and years.

Do not let us forget the blazers of the trail. This little book reminds us of their great exploits. What an adventure was theirs! Mungo Park starts off into the unknown with a few black companions, and finally rides alone to the banks of the Niger; Dr. Oudney and

his two friends cross the Sahara with a caravan of camels; Burton, Speke, Stanley set out with a small army of African porters who carry loads of sixty pounds or so on their heads and they have a strong guard of armed men; Livingstone travels, on his early journeys, in a wagon drawn by oxen, and then later accompanied by a mere handful of Africans. There are different methods of travelling. But all the explorers are faced by the same difficulties—fevers and other diseases, the hostility of savage tribes, and often famine and thirst. They are all animated by the same high spirit of adventure: they want to see things that no other white man has seen, to tread where no other white foot has trodden.

In this volume you will read part of their story mostly in their own words. I have added only a few explanations. Some of these men could write thrilling narratives of their experiences. They make us feel something of the rapture they felt when they gazed upon some wonderful thing never before seen by Europeans. They tell us their feelings and we can sympathise with them in their ecstasies. Imagine Du Chaillu seeing a gorilla which no white man had ever clapt eyes on before: "Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget." Never forget! I should think not. Other people have seen gorillas since then, and their first glimpse must always

remain memorable to them. But to be the first white man (in modern times, anyhow) to see one! So, too, when Mungo Park, after hairbreadth escapes, comes at last to the Niger: "I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission, the long-sought-for, majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing steadily *to the eastward.*" We admire the restraint of his words. Baker, after three years of painful travel, at last sees Lake Albert, "like a sea of quicksilver." He had arranged with his men to give three cheers in English style, but when the lake shone before his eyes, his feelings were too deep for cheers; he could only utter a prayer of thanksgiving instead. In curious contrast to the exuberance of some travellers is the almost nonchalant manner in which Livingstone records one of his great discoveries, that of Lake Bangweulu: "I walked a little way out and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither." This was a note in his diary which he did not live to publish. That he could write with deep feeling is seen in his wonderful description of the Victoria Falls; I have read many descriptions of them, but not one, in my opinion, equals his. Perhaps if he had prepared his journals for public reading he might have said more about Bangweulu, but I do not think he would have done so. He was now aged and desperately sick, and he had made so many discoveries. Besides, it was not in his nature to enthuse. The Victoria Falls broke up the depths in him; Bangweulu did not.

While we admire the explorers and can recapture something of their thrills, we must not forget the men who made their exploits possible. If we read that Wellington defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, we ought not to ignore the common soldiers who did the actual fighting. If their strong hands and steadfast hearts could not have won the battle without Wellington's guiding brain, it is also true that Wellington could not have won it without them. Let us not overlook the African followers without whom the African explorers could not have made their way into the interior. The humble carrier—the "*pagazi*" of the books—is a notable figure in this history. Travellers tell us much of the annoyances they suffered at the hands of these men. Sometimes, it seems, they deserted. But more often they stuck to their thankless job. To carry a heavy load half-way across the continent, sometimes to fight, always to endure hardship and often starvation, in a cause they could not comprehend—this was their lot. Some of these men are known to us by name. There is Seedy Bombay, for example, who went with Burton and Speke to Tanganyika, with Speke to Victoria Nyanza, with Speke and Grant from Zanzibar to Cairo by way of Uganda, with Stanley on his first journey, and with Cameron across the continent from Zanzibar to Benguella. There is Uledi, the coxswain of Stanley's two great expeditions across Africa; and there are Susi and Chuma, Livingstone's faithfuls. I confess that when I follow, say, Stanley in his tremendous journey of 999 days, it is not Stanley's indomitable pluck that

I admire most; it is the endurance and quenchless loyalty of his men. I like Stanley's tribute to them: "To me, too, they are heroes . . . in the hour of need they had never failed me."

We may learn much about Africa from these records, fragmentary as they are. It is a land of violent contrasts. When we read of travellers in the treeless, waterless desert, we seem to be in a world other than the dense dark forest described so vividly by Stanley. Both go to make up our final picture of Africa, the most cruel, the most fascinating region of the globe.

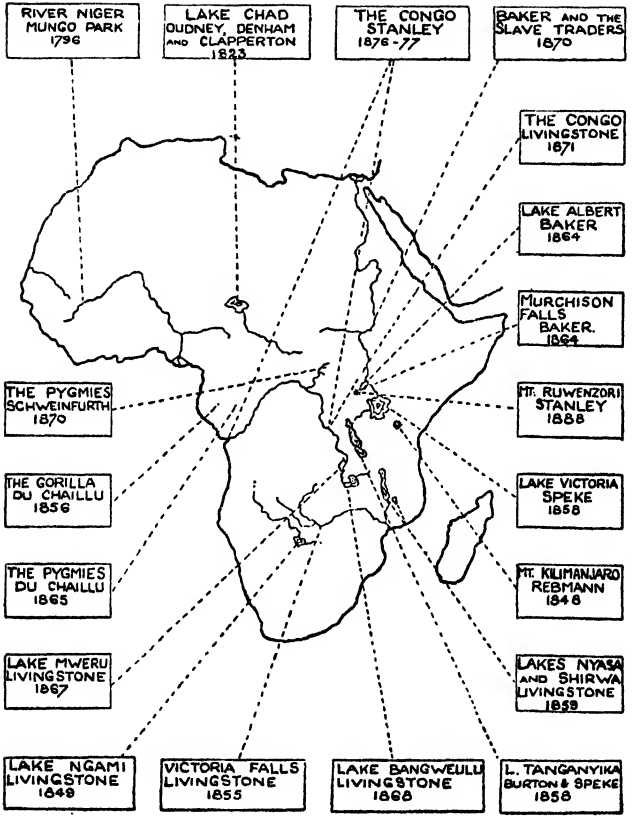
I have added Sir Samuel Baker's account of his first blow against the slave-trade, for this was the beginning of a long conflict which finally ridded Africa of the greatest of its old plagues.

E. W. S.

25 *January*, 1929.

NOTE.—The spelling of African names is far from being uniform. In the narratives I have, of course, left the names as the writers spelled them. In my notes I have adopted the more correct forms.

LIST OF MAPS



MAP OF AFRICA

THE DISCOVERY OF THE RIVER NIGER

21 JULY, 1796

When Mungo Park, surgeon, set out in June 1795 to find the River Niger, no European had ever seen it. He travelled first two hundred miles up the River Gambia, and then struck inland through unknown lands, on horseback, and accompanied by only two African servants. Far in the interior he was held captive by a Moorish chief during four months, and was repeatedly robbed. He escaped with only his horse and compass, and went on alone till he reached the Niger at Sego, on 21 July, 1796. He followed the river downstream as far as Silla, and there, sick and destitute, he was obliged to turn back. Ultimately after many adventures he reached England at the end of 1797. In 1803 he went back to complete his discovery by tracing the Niger to the sea. His party included over forty Europeans, only eleven of whom were alive when they reached the Niger at Bamako from the Gambia. He made a vessel out of two canoes, and from Sansandig went on down the river with four Europeans —the only survivors—and four Africans. Before leaving he wrote home to England: "I shall set sail for the East with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt." They were attacked by natives, and at the Busa Rapids all perished, except one of the Africans who lived to tell the tale.

Here is the story of his escape from captivity in June 1796, and of his first sight of the Niger. Some passages are omitted in order to shorten the narrative.

(Quoted from Mungo Park's book, *Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa*. Newnes's edition, pp. 177 et seqq.)

ABOUT midnight I got my clothes in readiness, which consisted of two shirts, two pairs of trousers, two

pocket-handkerchiefs, an upper- and under-waistcoat, and a pair of half-boots; these, with a cloak, constituted my whole wardrobe. And I had not one single bead nor any other article of value in my possession, to purchase victuals for myself or corn for my horse.

About daybreak Johnson,[1] who had been listening to the Moors all night, came and whispered to me that they were asleep. The awful crisis was now arrived, when I was again either to taste the blessing of freedom, or languish out my days in captivity. A cold sweat moistened my forehead as I thought on the dreadful alternative, and reflected that, one way or the other, my fate must be decided in the course of the ensuing day. But to deliberate was to lose my only chance of escaping. So, taking up my bundle, I stepped gently over the negroes, who were sleeping in the open air; and having mounted my horse I bade Johnson farewell. . . . I proceeded with great caution, surveying each bush, and frequently listening and looking behind me for the Moorish horsemen, until I was about a mile from the town, when I was surprised to find myself in the neighbourhood of a korree,[2] belonging to the Moors. The shepherds followed me for about a mile, hooting and throwing stones after me; and when I was out of their reach and had begun to indulge the pleasing hopes of escaping, I was again greatly alarmed to hear somebody holla behind me; and, looking back, I saw three Moors on horseback coming after me at full speed, whooping and brandishing their double-barrelled guns.

[1] Johnson was Mungo Park's negro servant and interpreter. He had been taken as a slave to the West Indies when a boy, and on gaining his freedom had lived in England for some years. He refused to accompany his master beyond this point.

[2] Korree, a watering-place for sheep and cattle.

I knew it was in vain to think of escaping, and therefore turned back and met them; when two of them caught hold of my bridle, one on each side, and the third, presenting his musket, told me I must go back to Ali.

When the human mind has for some time been fluctuating between hope and despair, tortured with anxiety, and hurried from one extreme to another, it affords a sort of gloomy relief to know the worst that can possibly happen; such was my situation. An indifference about life and all its enjoyments had completely benumbed my faculties, and I rode back with the Moors with apparent unconcern. But a change took place much sooner than I had any reason to expect. In passing through some thick bushes, one of the Moors ordered me to untie my bundle, and show them the contents. Having examined the different articles, they found nothing worth taking except my cloak, which they considered as a very valuable acquisition, and one of them pulling it from me wrapped it about himself. This cloak had been of great use to me; it served to cover me from the rains in the day, and to protect me from the mosquitoes in the night: I therefore earnestly begged him to return it, and followed him some little way to obtain it; but without paying any attention to my request, he and one of his companions rode off with their prize. When I attempted to follow them, the third, who had remained with me, struck my horse over the head, and presenting his musket told me I should proceed no farther.

I now perceived that these men had not been sent by any authority to apprehend me, but had pursued me solely in the view to rob and plunder me. Turning my horse's head therefore once more towards the east, and observing the Moor follow the track of his

confederates, I congratulated myself on having escaped with my life, though in great distress, from such a horde of barbarians.

I was no sooner out of sight of the Moor than I struck into the woods, to prevent being pursued, and kept pushing on with all possible speed, until I found myself near some high rocks, which I remembered to have seen in my former route from Queira to Deena: and directing my course a little to the northward, I fortunately fell in with the path.

It is impossible to describe the joy that arose in my mind, when I looked around and concluded that I was out of danger. I felt like one recovered from sickness; I breathed freer; I found unusual lightness in my limbs; even the desert looked pleasant; and I dreaded nothing so much as falling in with some wandering parties of Moors, who might convey me back to the land of thieves and murderers from which I had just escaped.

I soon became sensible, however, that my situation was very deplorable, for I had no means of procuring food nor prospect of finding water. About ten o'clock, perceiving a herd of goats feeding close to the road, I took a circuitous route to avoid being seen; and continued travelling through the wilderness, directing my course by compass nearly east-south-east, in order to reach as soon as possible some town or village of the kingdom of Bambarra.

A little after noon, when the burning heat of the sun was reflected with double violence from the hot sand, and the distant ridges of the hills, seen through the ascending vapour, seemed to wave and fluctuate like the unsettled sea, I became faint with thirst, and climbed a tree in hopes of seeing distant smoke or some

other appearance of human habitation; but in vain; nothing appeared all round but thick underwood and hillocks of white sand. . . .

A little before sunset, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climbed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dwelling. The same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand everywhere presented itself, and the horizon was as level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brushwood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself; in doing which I was suddenly affected with sickness and giddiness, and falling upon the sand felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. "Here then," thought I, "after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation: here must the short span of my life come to an end." I cast (as I believed) a last look on the surrounding scene; and, whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world with its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length resumed her functions; and on recovering my senses I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence. And, as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far

as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering-place. With this view I put the bridle on my horse, and driving him before me went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the north-east; a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and in less than an hour I heard the wind roaring among the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected; but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms; and I was obliged to mount my horse and stop under a bush, to prevent being suffocated. The sand continued to fly in amazing quantities for nearly an hour, after which I again set forward and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. About this time I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. In a little time the sand ceased to fly, and I alighted and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes.

There being no moon it was remarkably dark, so that I was obliged to lead my horse and direct my way by the compass, which the lightning enabled me to observe. In this manner I travelled with tolerable expedition until past midnight; when, the lightning becoming more distant, I was under the necessity of groping along to the no small danger of my hands and eyes. About two o'clock my horse started at something; and looking round, I was not a little surprised to see a light at a short distance among the trees: supposing it to be a

town, I groped along the sand in hopes of finding corn-stalks, cotton, or other appearances of cultivation, but found none. As I approached, I perceived a number of other lights in different places, and began to suspect that I had fallen upon a party of Moors. However, in my present situation, I was resolved to see who they were, if I could do it with safety. I accordingly led my horse cautiously towards the light, and heard, by the lowing of the cattle and the clamorous tongues of the herdsmen, that it was a watering-place, and most likely belonged to the Moors. Delightful as the sound of the human voice was to me, I resolved once more to strike into the woods, and rather run the risk of perishing of hunger than trust myself again in their hands; but, being still thirsty and dreading the approach of the burning day, I thought it prudent to search for the wells, which I expected to find at no great distance. In this pursuit, I inadvertently approached so near to one of the tents as to be perceived by a woman, who immediately screamed out. Two people came running to her assistance from some of the neighbouring tents, and passed so very near to me that I thought I was discovered, and hastened again into the woods.

About a mile from this place, I heard a loud and confused noise somewhere to the right of my course, and in a short time was happy to find it was the croaking of frogs, which was heavenly music to my ears. I followed the sound, and at daybreak arrived at some shallow muddy pools, so full of frogs that it was difficult to discern the water. The noise they made frightened my horse, and I was obliged to keep them quiet by beating the water with a branch until he had drunk. Having there quenched my thirst, I ascended a tree, and the morning being calm I soon perceived the smoke of the

watering-place which I had passed in the night; and observed another pillar of smoke, east-south-east, distant twelve or fourteen miles. Towards this I directed my route, and reached the cultivated ground a little before eleven o'clock, where seeing a number of negroes at work planting corn, I inquired the name of the town, and was informed that it was a Foulah village, belonging to Ali, called Shrilla. I had now some doubts about entering it; but my horse being very much fatigued and the day growing hot, not to mention the pangs of hunger which began to assail me, I resolved to venture, and accordingly rode up to the dooty's[1] house, where I was unfortunately denied admittance, and could not obtain even a handful of corn either for myself or horse. Turning from this inhospitable door, I rode slowly out of the town, and perceiving some low scattered huts without the walls I directed my route towards them, knowing that in Africa, as well as in Europe, hospitality does not always prefer the highest dwellings. At the door of one of these huts, an old motherly-looking woman sat spinning cotton; I made signs to her that I was hungry, and inquired if she had any victuals with her in the hut. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired me, in Arabic, to come in. When I had seated myself upon the floor, she set before me a dish of kouskous[2] that had been left the preceding night, of which I made a tolerable meal; and in return for this kindness I gave her one of my pocket-handkerchiefs, begging at the same time a little corn for my horse, which she readily brought me.

Overcome with joy at so unexpected a deliverance, I lifted up my eyes to Heaven, and, whilst my heart swelled

[1] Dooty, chief man of a village.

[2] Kouskous, a dish prepared from boiled corn.

with gratitude, I returned thanks to that gracious and bountiful Being, Whose power had supported me under so many dangers, and had now spread for me a table in the wilderness.

Whilst my horse was feeding, the people began to assemble, and one of them whispered something to my hostess, which very much excited her surprise. Though I was not well acquainted with the Foulah language, I soon discovered that some of the men wished to apprehend and carry me back to Ali, in hopes, I suppose, of receiving a reward. I therefore tied up the corn, and, lest anyone should suspect I had run away from the Moors, I took a northerly direction, and went cheerfully along driving my horse before me, followed by all the boys and girls of the town. When I had travelled about two miles, and got quit of all my troublesome attendants, I struck again into the woods, and took shelter under a large tree, where I found it necessary to rest myself, a bundle of twigs serving me for a bed and my saddle for a pillow.

I was awakened about two o'clock by three Foulahs, who, taking me for a Moor, pointed to the sun, and told me it was time to pray. Without entering into conversation with them, I saddled my horse and continued my journey. I travelled over a level but more fertile country than I had seen for some time, until sunset, when coming to a path that took a southerly direction, I followed it until midnight, at which time I arrived at a small pool of rain-water, and the wood being open I determined to rest by it for the night. Having given my horse the remainder of the corn, I made my bed as formerly; but the mosquitoes and flies from the pool prevented sleep for some time, and I was twice disturbed in the night by wild beasts, which came very

near, and whose howlings kept the horse in continual terror.

July 4th. At daybreak I pursued my course through the woods as formerly; saw numbers of antelopes, wild hogs, and ostriches; but the soil was more hilly and not so fertile as I had found it the preceding day. About eleven o'clock I ascended an eminence, where I climbed a tree, and discovered at about eight miles' distance an open part of the country, with several red spots which I concluded were cultivated land; and directing my course that way, came to the precincts of a watering-place about one o'clock. From the appearance of the place I judged it to belong to the Foulahs, and was hopeful that I should meet a better reception than I had experienced at Shrilla. In this I was not deceived, for one of the shepherds invited me to come into his tent and partake of some dates. . . . Here I purchased some corn for my horse in exchange for some brass buttons, and having thanked the shepherd for his hospitality struck again into the woods. At sunset I came to a road that took the direction for Bambarra, and resolved to follow it for the night; but about eight o'clock, hearing some people coming from the southward, I thought it prudent to hide myself among some thick bushes near the road. As these thickets are generally full of wild beasts, I found my situation rather unpleasant, sitting in the dark, holding my horse by the nose, with both hands, to prevent him from neighing, and equally afraid of the natives without and the wild beasts within. My fears, however, were soon dissipated; for the people, after looking round the thicket and perceiving nothing, went away, and I hastened to the more open parts of the wood, where I pursued my journey east-south-east until midnight; when the joyful cry of

frogs induced me once more to deviate a little from my route in order to quench my thirst. Having accomplished this from a large pool of rain-water, I sought for an open place with a single tree in the midst, under which I made my bed for the night. I was disturbed by some wolves towards morning, which induced me to set forward a little before day: and having passed a small village called Wassalita, I came about ten o'clock (July 5th) to a negro town, called Wawra.

Mungo Park now found himself among more friendly people, and was able to eat more frequently than he had done lately. He rested for some days, and then went on with some negro travellers. They were now drawing near to the Niger, and at last, on July 21st, he reached the stream which he had come so far to see.

July 18th. We continued our journey, but, owing to a light supper the preceding night, we felt ourselves rather hungry this morning, and endeavoured to procure some corn at a village, but without success.

My horse becoming weaker and weaker every day was now of very little service to me; I was obliged to drive him before me for the greater part of the day, and did not reach Geosorro until eight o'clock in the evening. I found my companions wrangling with the dooty, who had absolutely refused to give or sell them any provisions; and as none of us had tasted victuals for the last twenty-four hours, we were by no means disposed to fast another day, if we could help it. But finding our entreaties without effect, and being very much fatigued, I fell asleep, from which I was awakened, about midnight, with the joyful information, "*Kinnenata*" (the victuals are come). This made the remainder of the night pass away pleasantly; and at daybreak,

July 19th, we resumed our journey, proposing to stop at a village called Doolinkeaboo, for the night following. My fellow-travellers, having better horses than myself, soon left me; and I was walking barefoot, driving my horse, when I was met by a coffle of slaves, about seventy in number, coming from Sego. They were tied together by their necks with thongs of a bullock's hide twisted like a rope; seven slaves upon a thong, and a man with a musket between every seven. Many of the slaves were ill-conditioned, and a great number of them women. In the rear came Sidi Mahomed's servant, whom I remembered to have seen at the camp of Benowm: he presently knew me, and told me that these slaves were going to Morocco, by the way of Ludamar and the Great Desert. . . .

When I arrived at Doolinkeaboo I was informed that my fellow-travellers had gone on; but my horse was so much fatigued that I could not possibly proceed after them. The dooty of the town at my request gave me a draught of water, which is generally looked upon as an earnest of greater hospitality, and I had no doubt of making up for the toils of the day by a good supper and a sound sleep; unfortunately, I had neither one nor the other. The night was rainy and tempestuous, and the dooty limited his hospitality to the draught of water.

July 20th. In the morning I endeavoured, both by entreaties and threats, to procure some victuals from the dooty, but in vain. I even begged some corn from one of his female slaves, as she was washing it at the well, and had the mortification to be refused. However, when the dooty was gone to the fields, his wife sent me a handful of meal, which I mixed with water and drank for breakfast. About eight o'clock I departed from Doolinkeaboo, and at noon stopped a few minutes at a

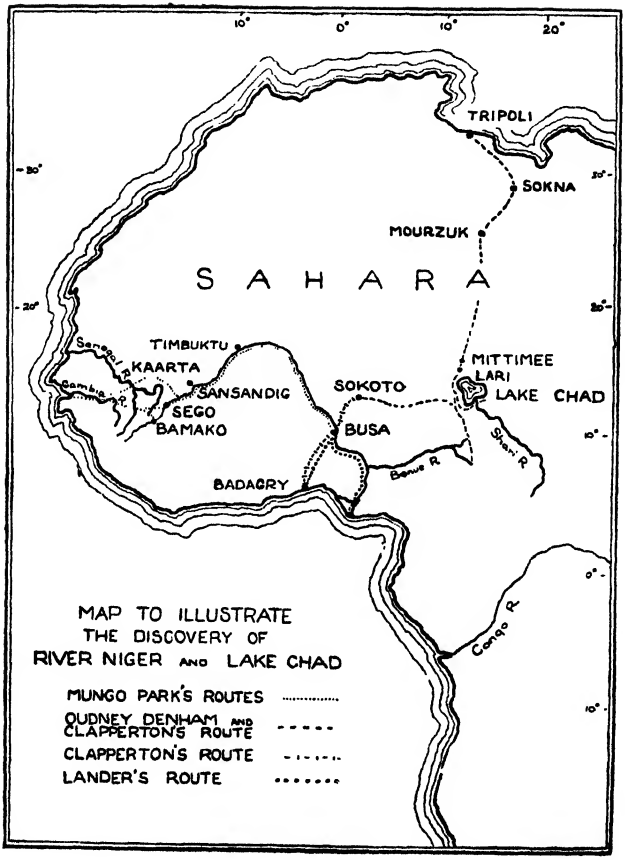
large korree, where I had some milk given me by the Foulahs. And hearing that two negroes were going from thence to Sego, I was happy to have their company, and we set out immediately. About four o'clock we stopped at a small village. . . .

Departing from thence we passed several large villages, where I was constantly taken for a Moor, and became the subject of much merriment to the Bambarrans; who, seeing me drive my horse before me, laughed heartily at my appearance. "He has been at Mecca," says one; "you may see that by his clothes": another asked me if my horse was sick: a third wished to purchase it, etc., so that I believe the very slaves were ashamed to be seen in my company. Just before it was dark, we took up our lodging for the night at a small village where I procured some victuals for myself and some corn for my horse at the moderate price of a button; and was told that I should see the Niger (which the negroes call "Joliba," or *the great water*) early the next day. The lions are here very numerous; the gates are shut a little after sunset, and nobody allowed to go out. The thoughts of seeing the Niger in the morning, and the troublesome buzzing of mosquitoes, prevented me from shutting my eyes during the night, and I had saddled my horse and was in readiness before daylight; but on account of the wild beasts, we were obliged to wait until the people were stirring and the gates opened. This happened to be a market-day at Sego, and the roads were everywhere filled with people carrying different articles to sell. We passed four large villages, and at eight o'clock saw the smoke over Sego.

As we approached the town I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans, to whose kindness I had been so much indebted in my journey through

Bambarra. They readily agreed to introduce me to the king, and we rode together through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out "*Geo affili*" (see the water); and, looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission, the long-sought-for, majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink; and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success. . . .

Sego, the capital of Bambarra, at which I had now arrived, consists properly speaking of four distinct towns—two on the northern bank of the Niger, called "Sego Korro" and "Sego Boo," and two on the southern bank, called "Sego Soo Korro" and "Sego See Korro." They are all surrounded with high mud walls; the houses are built of clay, of a square form, with flat roofs; some of them have two stories, and many of them are white-washed. Besides these buildings Moorish mosques are seen in every quarter, and the streets, though narrow, are broad enough for every useful purpose in a country where wheel-carriages are entirely unknown. From the best inquiries I could make, I have reason to believe that Sego contains altogether about thirty thousand inhabitants. . . . The view of this extensive city, the numerous canoes upon the river, the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilisation and magnificence, which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa.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SANSANDIG
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MITTIMEE
LARI
LAKE CHAD
BUSA
Shari R.
Benue R.
BADAGRY
Congo R.
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
THE DISCOVERY OF
RIVER NIGER AND LAKE CHAD
MUNGO PARK'S ROUTES
OUDNEY DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON'S ROUTE
CLAPPERTON'S ROUTE
LANDER'S ROUTE

THE FIRST SIGHT OF LAKE CHAD

4 FEBRUARY, 1823

The first white men to see Lake Chad were Dr. Walter Oudney, R.N., Captain Hugh Clapperton, and Major Dixon Denham, who were sent out by the British Government to explore the country and promote trade. They travelled across the Sahara Desert from Tripoli on the Mediterranean, leaving there in March 1822, and reaching the lake on 4 February, 1823. Dr. Oudney died in the following January. Clapperton and Denham recrossed the desert to Tripoli, where they arrived in January 1825.

Clapperton returned to Africa later in that year. He landed at Badagry, on the coast of the Bight of Benin, and travelled through the Yoruba country to Busa on the Niger, where Mungo Park had perished twenty years before. He died at Sokoto in April 1827. His servant, Richard Lander, with his brother John, went back in 1830 to complete the exploration of the Niger. They followed it from Busa down to the sea, and so revealed finally another of the great secrets of Africa.

(Here follow some extracts from the account written by Major Denham of the journey to Lake Chad. They are taken from the book, *Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa*, by Denham and Clapperton. London. John Murray, 1827.)

QUITTING Maefen, we quickly entered on a desert plain; and, after a dreary fourteen hours' march for camels, we arrived at Mestoota, a maten, or resting-place, where the camels find some little grazing from a plant called *ahgul*. Starting at sunrise, we had another fatiguing day over the same kind of desert, without, I think, seeing

one living thing that did not belong to our kafila[1]—not a bird, or even an insect: the sand is beautifully fine, round, and red. It is difficult to give the most distant idea of the stillness and beauty of a night scene on a desert of this description. The distance between the resting-places is not sufficiently great for the dread of want of water to be alarmingly felt; and the track, though a sandy one, is well known to the guides. The burning heat of the day is succeeded by cool and refreshing breezes, and the sky ever illumined by large and brilliant stars, or an unclouded moon. By removing the loose and pearl-like sand to the depth of a few inches, the effects of the sunbeams of the day are not perceptible, and a most soft and refreshing couch is easily formed: the ripple of the driving sand resembles that of a slow and murmuring stream, and after escaping from the myriads of flies, which day and night persecute you in the date-bound valley in which Mourzuk stands, the luxury of an evening of this description is an undescribable relief. Added to the solemn stillness, so peculiarly striking and impressive, there is an extraordinary echo in all deserts, arising probably from the closeness and solidity of a sandy soil, which does not absorb the sound. We now arrived at Gatrone. The Arabs watch for a sight of the high date-trees, which surround this town, as sailors look for land; and after discovering these landmarks, they shape their course accordingly.

The route which they were taking was the route of the Arab slave-caravans from the Sudan, and they found plenty of evidence of the havoc which this traffic caused —they were constantly finding the skeletons of slaves who had died on the march.

[1] Kafila, a caravan of camels.

Dec. 17th. We continued our course over a stony plain, without the least appearance of vegetation. Coarse opal and sandstone strewed the path. . . . About sunset, we halted near a well, within half a mile of Meshroo. Round this spot were lying more than one hundred skeletons, some of them with the skin still remaining attached to the bones—not even a little sand thrown over them. The Arabs laughed heartily at my expression of horror, and said, "they were only blacks, *nam boo*!" ("damn their fathers"), and began knocking about the limbs with the butt end of their firelocks, saying, "This was a woman! This was a youngster!" and such-like unfeeling expressions. The greater part of the unhappy people, of whom these were the remains, had formed the spoils of the Sultan of Fezzan the year before. I was assured that they had left Bornou with not above a quarter's allowance for each; and that more died from want than fatigue: they were marched off with chains round their necks and legs: the most robust only arrived in Fezzan in a very debilitated state, and were there fattened for the Tripoli slave-market.

Our camels did not come up until it was quite dark, and we bivouacked in the midst of these unearthed remains of the victims of persecution and avarice, after a long day's journey of twenty-six miles, in the course of which, one of our party counted 107 of these skeletons. . . .

Dec. 22nd. We moved before daylight, passing some rough sandhills, mixed with red-stone, to the west, over a plain of fine gravel, and halted at the maten, called "El-Hammar," close under a bluff head, which had been in view since quitting our encampment in the morning. Strict orders had been given this day for the camels to keep close up, and for the Arabs not to straggle —the Tibboo Arabs having been seen on the look out.

During the last two days we had passed on an average from sixty to eighty or ninety skeletons each day; but the numbers that lay about the wells at El-Hammar were countless. . . . We had now passed six days of desert without the slightest appearance of vegetation, and a little branch of the suag was brought me here as a comfort and curiosity. On the following day we had alternately plains of sand and loose gravel, and had a distant view of some hills to the west. While I was dozing on my horse about noon, overcome by the heat of the sun, which at that time of the day always shone with great power, I was suddenly awakened by a crashing under his feet, which startled me excessively. I found that my steed had, without any sensation of shame or alarm, stepped upon the perfect skeletons of two human beings, cracking their brittle bones under his feet, and, by one trip of his foot, separating a skull from the trunk, which rolled on like a ball before him. This event gave me a sensation which it took some time to remove. My horse was for many days not looked upon with the same regard as formerly. . . .

Jan. 8th. Our course was still under the range of hills, and at five miles' distance we came to another town called Alighi, and two miles beyond that another called Tukumani. . . . The people always came out to meet us, and when within about fifty paces of the horses fell on their knees singing and beating a sort of drum, which always accompanies their rejoicing. . . . We proceeded from hence nearly south-west, leaving the hills; and while resting under the shade of acacia-trees, which are here abundant, we had the agreeable, and to us very novel, sight of a drove of oxen: the bare idea of once more being in a country that afforded beef and pasture was consoling in the extreme, and the luxurious thought

of fresh milk, wholesome food, and plenty, was most exhilarating to us all. At two we came to a halt at Dirkee. A good deal of powder was here expended in honour of the sultan, who again met us on our approach: his new scarlet bornouse was thrown over a filthy checked shirt, and his turban and cap, though once white, were rapidly approaching to the colour of the head they covered; when, however, the next morning his majesty condescended to ask me for a small piece of soap, these little negligences in his outward appearance were more easily accounted for. . . .

Jan. 16*th.* Our road lay over loose hills of fine sand, in which the camels sank nearly knee-deep. In passing these desert wilds, where hills disappear in a single night by the drifting of the sand, and where all traces of the passage, even of a large kafila, sometimes vanish in a few hours, the Tibboos have certain points in the dark sandstone ridges, which from time to time raise their heads in the midst of this dry ocean of sand, and form the only variety, and by them they steer their course. From one of these landmarks we waded through sand formed into hills from twenty to sixty feet in height, with nearly perpendicular sides, the camels blundering and falling with their heavy loads. The greatest care is taken by the drivers in descending these banks: the Arabs hang with all their weight on the animal's tail, by which means they steady him in his descent. Without this precaution the camel generally falls forward, and, of course, all he carries goes over his head. . . .

Jan. 25*th.* The camels moved off soon after eight; and we took shelter from the sun under the shade of some clumps covered with high grass, near the wells, in order that the horses might drink at the moment of our departure. We had three or four long days to the

next water; and the camels were too much fatigued to carry more than one day's food for the horses. . . . We proceeded on our route, which was along a continued desert; and at sunset halted on the sand, without either wood or water, after twenty-four miles. . . .

On the 27th we appeared gradually approaching something resembling vegetation: we had rising sands and clumps of fine grass the whole way; and the country was not unlike some of our heaths in England. Towards evening the trees increased greatly in number, and where we halted the animals found abundance of food. The tulloh-trees, the kossom (a very beautiful parasitical plant), and the herbage, were most refreshing to our parched feelings, although in reality they were of the most dingy green and stunted appearance. A herd of more than a hundred gazelles crossed us towards the evening, and the footmarks of the ostrich, and some of its feathers, were discovered by the Arabs. The spot where we halted is called Geogo Balwy. . . .

Jan. 30th. The wind and drifting sand were so violent, that we were obliged to keep our tents the whole day; besides this, I was more disordered than I had been since leaving Mourzuk. I found a loose shirt only the most convenient covering, as the sand could be shaken off as soon as it made a lodgment, which with other articles of dress could not be done, and the irritation it caused produced a soreness almost intolerable: a little oil or fat from the hand of a negress (all of whom are early taught the art of shampooing to perfection), rubbed well round the neck, loins and back, is the best cure, and the greatest comfort, in cases of this kind; and although, from my Christian belief, I was deprived of the luxury of possessing half a dozen of these shampooing beauties, yet, by marrying my negro Barca to

one of the bashaw's freed women slaves, as I had done at Sockna, I became, to a certain degree, also the master of Zerega, whose education in the castle had been of a superior kind; and she was of the greatest use to me on these occasions of fatigue or sickness. It is an undoubted fact, and in no case probably better exemplified than in my own, that man naturally longs for attentions and support from female hands, of whatever colour or country, so soon as debility or sickness comes upon him. . . .

Jan 31*st.* After regaining the road, we moved until noon, when our horses were watered at a well called "Kanimani" (or *the sheep's well*), where some really sweet milk was brought us in immensely large basket-bottles, some holding two gallons and more. We had drunk, and acknowledged its goodness, and how grateful it was to our weak stomachs, before finding out that it was camel's milk.

No traveller in Africa should imagine that *this* he could not bear, or *that* could not be endured. It is wonderful how a man's taste conforms itself to his necessities. Six months ago, camel's milk would have acted upon us as an emetic; now we thought it a most refreshing and grateful cordial.

The face of the country now improved in appearance every mile, and we passed along to-day what seemed to us a most joyous valley, smiling in flowery grasses, tulloh-trees, and kossom. About midday, we halted in a luxurious shade, the ground covered with creeping vines of the colycinth in full blossom, which, with the red flower of the kossom that drooped over our heads, made our resting-place a little Arcadia. . . .

Feb. 2nd. Our road, as yesterday, was an extensive valley, bounded to the right and left by low hills; about

noon we descended slightly, and found ourselves in a productive plain of great extent, thickly planted with trees and underwood, not unlike a preserve in England. About an hour before sunset, we came to what had the appearance of the bed of a lake, and here was the wished-for well of water. The horses had not drank since noon on the 31st, and although ready to drop on the road from faintness, were, on reaching the well, quite unmanageable. The name of the well was Kofei.

Feb. 3rd. Our course, during the early part of the day, was due south, and through a country more thickly planted by the all-tasteful hand of bounteous Nature. We disturbed a flock of what we at first thought were deer, but they were only a large species of antelope; they are of a deeper fawn colour, and have black-and-white stripes under the belly. The guinea-fowl were in great numbers, but extremely shy. The whole day our route lay through most pleasing forest scenery. It was near sunset when we arrived at Mittimee, which, in the Bornou language, means war: the wells exceed fifty in number, and lie in a woody hollow, where there are clumps of the tulloh and other species of the mimosa tribe, encircled by kossom and various parasitical and twining shrubs, which, embracing their stems, wind to the extremities of their branches, and climb to the very tops, when, falling over, they form weeping bowers of a most beautiful kind: it was indeed a lovely and a fair retreat.

Boo-Khaloom, myself, and about six Arabs, had ridden on in front: it was said we had lost the track, and should miss the well: the day had been oppressively hot, my companions were sick and fatigued, and we dreaded the want of water. A fine dust, arising from a light clayey and sandy soil, had also increased our sufferings: the

exclamations of the Arabs who first discovered the wells were indeed music to our ears; and after satisfying my own thirst, with that of my weary animals, I laid me down by one of the distant wells, far from my companions; and these moments of tranquillity, the freshness of the air, with the melody of the hundred songsters that were perched amongst the creeping plants, whose flowers threw an aromatic odour all around, were a relief scarcely to be described. Ere long, however, the noisy kafila, and the clouds of dust which accompanied it, disturbed me from the delightful reverie into which I had fallen. . . .

Feb. 4th. About two in the afternoon we arrived at Lari, ten miles distant from Mittimee. On ascending the rising ground on which the town stands, the distressing sight presented itself of all the female, and most of the male inhabitants, flying across the plain in all directions, alarmed at the strength of our kafila. Beyond, however, was an object full of interest to us, and the sight of which conveyed to my mind a sensation so gratifying and inspiring, that it would be difficult for language to convey an idea of its force or pleasure. The great Lake Tchad, glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength, appeared to be within a mile of the spot on which we stood. My heart bounded within me at the prospect, for I believed this lake to be the key to the great object of our search, and I could not refrain from silently imploring Heaven's continued protection, which had enabled us to proceed so far in health and strength even to the accomplishment of our task.

It was long before Boo-Khaloom's best endeavours could restore confidence: the inhabitants had been plundered by the Tuaricks[1] only the year before, and

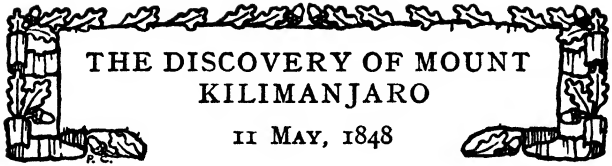
[1] Tuaricks, or properly Tuaregs, a wild tribe of desert people.

four hundred of their people butchered; and but a few days before, a party of the same nation had again pillaged them, though partially. When, at length, these people were satisfied that no harm was intended them, the women came in numbers with baskets of gussub, gafooly, fowls, and honey, which were purchased by small pieces of coral and amber of the coarsest kind, and coloured beads. One merchant bought a fine lamb for two bits of amber, worth, I should think, about twopence each in Europe; two needles purchased a fowl; and a handful of salt four or five good-sized fish from the lake.

Lari is inhabited by the people of Kanem, who are known by the name of Kanemboo: the women are good-looking, laughing negresses, and all but naked; but this we were now used to, and it excited no emotions of surprise. . . .

Feb. 5th. By sunrise I was on the borders of the lake, armed for the destruction of the multitude of birds, who, all unconscious of my purpose, seemed as it were to welcome our arrival. Flocks of geese and wild ducks, of a most beautiful plumage, were quietly feeding at within half-pistol-shot of where I stood; and not being a very keen or inhuman sportsman, for the terms appear to me to be synonymous, my purpose of deadly warfare was almost shaken. As I moved towards them they only changed their places a little to the right or left, and appeared to have no idea of the hostility of my intentions. All this was really so new, that I hesitated to abuse the confidence with which they regarded me, and very quietly sat down to contemplate the scene before me. Pelicans, cranes, four and five feet in height, grey, variegated, and white, were scarcely so many yards from my side, and a bird, between a snipe and a

woodcock, resembling both, and larger than either; immense spoonbills of a snowy whiteness, widgeon, teal, yellow-legged plover, and a hundred species of (to me at least) unknown water-fowl, were sporting before me; and it was long before I could disturb the tranquillity of the dwellers on these waters by firing a gun.



THE DISCOVERY OF MOUNT KILIMANJARO

11 MAY, 1848

Early in 1844 the pioneer German missionary, J. Lewis Krapf, landed at Mombasa, which since those days has become the principal seaport of East Africa. He was afterwards joined by his colleagues, Rebmann and Erhardt. From their mission-station at Rabai they travelled extensively through regions which were then unknown to Europeans. The interior of Africa, from Abyssinia in the north to the Transvaal in the south, was at that time almost entirely a white blank on our maps. These travels of Krapf and his colleagues in the north, and of David Livingstone and others in the south, began the great movement which has led to Africa becoming what it is to-day.

In April 1848 Rebmann set out from Rabai to explore the Chagga (or Jagga, as he spelt the name) country, which lies on the frontier of what we now call Tanganyika territory. It was on this journey that he saw Kilimanjaro, the snow-crowned mountain which rises over 19,000 feet above the sea—the highest in Africa. In the same year Krapf saw it from another direction. Then on 3 December, 1849, Krapf saw the other great peak, Kenya, which rises just under the Equator to a height of over 17,000 feet.

When these discoveries were reported in Europe many learned people ridiculed the idea of snow-capped mountains being found so close to the Equator—they said the missionaries had imagined it.

(Here follows Rebmann's account of his first sight of Kilimanjaro. It is taken, with the omission of a few sentences, from *Travels, Researches and Missionary Labours*, by the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf. London. Trübner and Co., 1860. Pp. 230 et seqq.)

ABOUT noon on the 27th of April, 1848, having commended ourselves to the guidance of Providence, I

began my journey with nine men to carry the baggage necessary for a passage through such great wastes; and for seven days our way lay through a wilderness, for the most part perfectly level. From Kadiaro we struck north-westward, reaching Bugada, a mountain covered with wood, but having no inhabitants, on the 1st of May. To make way was very difficult, on account of the thick and thorny jungle, through which our guide had missed the path. On the 3rd of May we passed the little River Madade, which flows from the east foot of the Bura from north to south, gathering in its course the other waters of the Bura, when, after assuming the name of Gnaro, it absorbs the River Jiarbo, and finally empties itself into the sea at Wassin. When we had crossed the river we were in the Bura territory, and encamped at a spot on its bank in the forest, sending at once three men to Mbosa, the chief of the nearest village, Jawia, which lies on the top of the mountain, to announce our arrival and to summon him to us. But before they returned, several Teita arrived from the neighbouring plantations, bringing sugar-cane, bananas, and Indian corn, which my people enjoyed very much, our own provisions having come to an end.

Constant rain, and the illness of one of my servants, kept me in the neighbourhood of the village Jawia until the 6th of May. The inhabitants and their chiefs appeared so stupid and fearful, that it would have required a long stay on my part to have gained their confidence, so as to induce them to hearken to the glad tidings of the Gospel. The women and children were especially afraid of me, so much indeed that in one of the villages I felt compelled to say: "Why are you afraid of me? You are many, and at home; I am not afraid,

although I am alone, and a stranger among you." The causes of this timidity are twofold: the poor people, with their faith in magic, look upon Europeans as magicians; and the lying Mohammedan traders for purposes of their own seek to alienate the natives of the interior from Europeans, by ascribing to the latter all sorts of crimes, and cannibalism among the rest.

On the 7th of May we took our way westward through the most luxuriant grass and undergrowth, alternating with noble trees, first ascending and then descending the mountain, at the foot of which we had encamped, till after an hour's journey we descended into a narrow valley, through which a clear brook murmured on its way, and on whose banks sugar-cane sprang up indigenously. Some Teita came, but, stupid as the rest of their race, they scarcely looked at us. How different from the Wakamba, those nomads and traders of all Eastern Africa, who, when they see a European, crowd from all sides and wonder at everything they see! From the valley we ascended again, and had a noble prospect, particularly towards the south and south-west. How splendid the whole landscape, with its rich variety of mountain, hill, and dale, covered by the most luxurious vegetation! I could have fancied myself on the Jura mountains, near Basel, or in the region about Connstatt in the dear Fatherland, so beautiful was the country, so delightful the climate. Our way was across the bed of a mountain stream, over hill and dale, through plantations of Indian corn and beans, past small herds of cattle belonging to the Teita, then along fields of sugar-cane and banana, till we descended into the valley, with its rich pasture-lands. What a pity that this luxuriant growth of grass year after year must perish unused. . . . The destiny of these noble regions must be a great one. . . .

May 7th (*Sunday*). A lovely morning. It seemed to me as if Nature were celebrating with me the Sabbath. Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees; beasts and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl with the varied melody of their song, praised their Creator with me. In the morning I had again an opportunity to explain to some people the great object of my journey. I generally do this by showing them my Bible, and telling them that it is the Word of God, which points out to us the way to Heaven; that I would translate this book into their language, and by and by seek to make old and young acquainted with its contents. Our fathers, I tell them, were made happy by this book. Little, however, is to be done with these people during short visits; if they are to become really acquainted with the Gospel we must dwell among them. . . .

On the 10th of May we left the Gnaro at daybreak and proceeded through a pathless wilderness, as my guide had quarrelled with the King of Dufeta, and was afraid to cross his country, although it is the ordinary route from Teita to Jagga. This circumstance made the journey more painful, as the kind of grass over which we went was full of pointed leaves and burs that wounded my feet severely, as I did not wear boots, but only shoes. After we had travelled some leagues, we came to a place where the Teita had prepared a number of pits in which to catch elephants, buffaloes, and all sorts of wild animals. The wilderness between Teita and Jagga appears to be richer in elephants than that to the east of Teita, whence these animals have mostly disappeared and withdrawn into the interior. In the course of the day we saw many herds of giraffes and zebras, and in the evening a rhinoceros. There is great uniformity in the characteristic grandeur of this country; always

repeating itself—great plains, then suddenly again, high monotonous mountain-masses.

May 11*th*. In the midst of a great wilderness, full of wild beasts, such as rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and elephants, we slept beneath thorn-bushes, quietly and securely under God's gracious protection! This morning we discerned the mountains of Jagga more distinctly than ever; and about ten o'clock, I fancied I saw the summit of one of them covered with a dazzlingly white cloud. My guide called the white which I saw merely "Beredi," cold; it was perfectly clear to me, however, that it could be nothing else but snow. Resting for a while soon afterwards under a tree, I read in the English Bible the cxith Psalm, to which I came in the order of my reading. The promise made a lasting impression upon me, in sight of the magnificent snow-mountain; for the sixth verse expresses so majestically and clearly that of which I had only noted down the presentiment in my journal on Saturday last.[1]

The whole country round between Teita and Jagga has a sublime character. To the west was the lofty Mount Kilimanjaro with its perpetual snow; to the south-west was the massive and monotonous Ugano; to the north-west, the extended mountain-chain of Kikumbulia; and to the east, the chains of the Teita mountains with their highest summit, called Veruga, which (with the exception of Kilimanjaro) rise four thousand to six thousand feet above the plain surrounding them. In the course of the day I had also a faint view towards Kaptei (or Kaftei), as the country proper of the Wakaufi is called, lying to the north of Jagga.

May 12*th*. We crossed the River Lumi or Lomi at

[1] "He hath shewed His people the power of His works, that He may give them the heritage of the heathen."

seven in the morning. The nearer we approached the mountains of Jagga the richer was the vegetation; here and there we met with large and magnificent trees, such as I had not seen since I left the coast, till at last we entered a noble valley, thickly grown over with grass which reached up to our middle. Abundant pasture-land for thousands of cattle! Oh, what a noble country has God reserved for His people! Between four and five in the afternoon we reached the beautiful and sparkling River Gona, which has its source in the snowy summit of Kilimanjaro. A great tree served as a most satisfactory bridge over it, and upon reaching the opposite bank I enjoyed a refreshing bath, the extreme coldness of the water plainly showing that its source can only be in the snow-mountain.

May 13th. After bivouacking on the bank of the Gona for the night, we recommenced our journey at eight o'clock this morning, and after a painful march of many hours through thick jungle, reached the first trench which surrounds the little kingdom of Kilema. Crossing the ditch on a very shaky bridge, consisting of a slim tree, we were again on pasture-land, where we could see the plantations of Kilema, but not the dwellings hidden in them. About a quarter of an hour afterwards we were met by a number of soldiers of Masaki, the King of Kilema, whose only clothing was some fringed hides, hanging very loosely about them. We sat down for a while under the shadow of a large tree, where we had to wait for about an hour. I gazed on the lovely country, which seemed to be bursting with plenteousness, and presented in a comparatively small extent the most striking contrasts. In our immediate vicinity was the beautiful River Gona; and on its banks, as well as on the foot of the mountains around, the

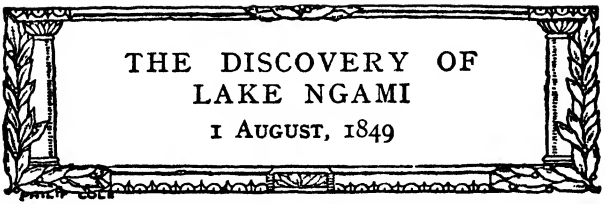
richest vegetation of a perfect dark green of perpetual summer; and when I raised my eyes I beheld, apparently only a few leagues distant, but in reality from one to two days' journey, Kilimanjaro, covered with perpetual snow and ice. . . .

May 25th. I ascended to-day a mountain about two thousand feet high, from which I had a most extensive view in almost every direction. To the south-east, there was an open prospect almost to the sea-coast, and I could clearly distinguish the summit of the lofty mountain Yombo in the Wanika-land, in the neighbourhood of Wassin; and on that mountain, as my guide told me, you can see, at one and the same time, Zanzibar and the Kilimanjaro, an interesting geographical fact. To-day Kilimanjaro was veiled in clouds, otherwise I might have seen it invested with the silver crown, by which it seems to claim the title of king of the mountains of Eastern Africa. Before I descended from the noble mountain on which I had enjoyed so grand a view, I prayed from the depths of my heart, as regards all the populations around, "Thy kingdom come."

In January 1849 Rebmann visited the Chagga country again, and had another opportunity of seeing Kilimanjaro. He wrote the following passage about it:

The Suahili of the coast call the snow-mountain Kilimanjaro, "mountain of greatness"; it may also mean "mountain of caravans" (Kilima, mountain; Jaro, caravans), a landmark for the caravans seen everywhere from afar; but the inhabitants of Jagga call it Kibo (snow). On my first journey my guide had misinformed me, when he said that the people of Jagga had no word for snow; but when I asked the natives of Jagga them-

selves, their various statements—for example, that the Kibo when put into the fire turns into water—convinced me that they not only knew it as "Kibo," but knew no less well its nature and properties. They assented, too, when I told them that the river flowing by had its source in Kibo. I showed the Suahili that the white covering could not be silver, as they could see with their own eyes that on the one mountain it appeared and disappeared with the seasons, while on the other it increased and decreased, which could not be if it were silver. I pointed also to the many rivers which descend from the mountain as a testimony of the fact that the white covering is only another form of water. My guide was completely convinced, and said that the people of Jagga would not buy from the Suahili the armlets of lead worn by the latter as ornaments, if they had in their territory such a mass of silver. This much is known, moreover, that at times people ascend the mountain, and descend again in safety, if they but choose the right season; of which, indeed, they are mostly ignorant, and hence many have perished in the attempt."



THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE NGAMI

1 AUGUST, 1849

"The geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." This was David Livingstone's motto. He looked upon Africa, not merely as a land to be explored, but as a land to be redeemed from its woes. In June 1849 he travelled from the more southerly part of Bechuanaland, where for nine years he had worked as a missionary, across the Kalahari Desert to Lake Ngami. On this his first great journey he was accompanied by two English gentlemen, Messrs. Oswell and Murray. They went on horseback, with wagons drawn by teams of oxen. It was a difficult journey. The oxen had for most of the way to draw the wagons through deep sand, the heat was great, the pasture was very poor, and water was very scarce. Once the oxen went ninety-six hours without drinking. When they reached Ngabisane they left all the wagons but one and went forward on horseback. So finally on 1 August they reached the lake. They were the first Europeans to see it.

All this part of Africa is drying up. In ancient times Lake Ngami was a great inland sea, covering perhaps 50,000 square miles. Great rivers flowed into it—probably the Zambezi itself—and a river connected it with the Orange River to the far south. Livingstone estimated the lake to be seventy miles in circumference. It is very much less than that now—is, indeed, only a marsh.

(Here are some extracts from Livingstone's account of the journey. They are taken from his book, *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*. London, John Murray, 1857. Pp. 53 et seqq.)

MESSRS. OSWELL AND MURRAY came at the end of May, and we all made a fair start for the unknown region

on the 1st of June, 1849. Proceeding northwards, and passing through a range of tree-covered hills to Shokuane, formerly the residence of the Bakwains, we soon after entered on the high road to the Bamangwato, which lies generally in the bed of an ancient river or wady that must formerly have flowed north to south. The adjacent country is perfectly flat, but covered with open forest and bush, with abundance of grass; the trees generally are a kind of acacia called "Monato," which appears a little to the south of this region, and is common as far as Angola. A large caterpillar, called "Nato," feeds by night on the leaves of these trees, and comes down by day to bury itself at the root in the sand, in order to escape the piercing rays of the sun. The people dig for it there, and are fond of it when roasted, on account of its pleasant vegetable taste. . . .

At Mashue—where we found a never-failing supply of pure water in a sandstone rocky hollow—we left the road to the Bamangwato hills, and struck away to the north into the desert. Having watered the cattle at a well called Lobotani, about north-west of Bamangwato, we next proceeded to a real Kalahari fountain, called Serotli. The country around is covered with bushes and trees of a kind of leguminosæ, with lilac flowers. The soil is soft white sand, very trying to the strength of the oxen, as the wheels sink into it over the felloes and drag heavily. At Serotli we found only a few hollows like those made by the buffalo and rhinoceros when they roll themselves in the mud. In a corner of one of these there appeared water, which would have been quickly lapped up by our dogs, had we not driven them away. And yet this was all the apparent supply for some eighty oxen, twenty horses, and about a score of men. Our guide, Ramotobi, who had spent his

youth in the desert, declared that, though appearances were against us, there was plenty of water at hand. We had our misgivings, for the spades were soon produced; but our guides, despising such new-fangled aid, began in good earnest to scrape out the sand with their hands. The only water we had any promise of for the next seventy miles—that is, for a journey of three days with the wagons—was to be got here. By the aid of both spades and fingers two of the holes were cleared out, so as to form pits six feet deep and about as many broad. Our guides were especially earnest in their injunctions to us not to break through the hard stratum of sand at the bottom, because they knew, if it were broken through, "the water would go away." They are quite correct, for the water seems to lie on this flooring of incipient sandstone. The value of the advice was proved in the case of an Englishman whose wits were none of the brightest, who, disregarding it, dug through the sandy stratum in the wells at Mohotluani—the water immediately flowed away downwards, and the well became useless. When we came to the stratum, we found that the water flowed in on all sides close to the line where the soft sand came into contact with it. Allowing it to collect, we had enough for the horses that evening; but as there was not sufficient for the oxen, we sent them back to Lobotani, where, after thirsting four full days (ninety-six hours), they got a good supply. The horses were kept by us as necessary to procure game for the sustenance of our numerous party. Next morning we found the water had flowed in faster than at first, as it invariably does in these reservoirs, owing to the passages widening by the flow. Large quantities of sand come into the well with the water, and in the course of a few days the

supply, which may be equal to the wants of a few men only, becomes sufficient for oxen as well. . . .

All around Serotli the country is perfectly flat, and composed of soft white sand. There is a peculiar glare of bright sunlight from a cloudless sky over the whole scene; and one clump of trees and bushes, with open spaces between, looks so exactly like another, that if you leave the wells, and walk a quarter of a mile in any direction, it is difficult to return. Oswell and Murray went out on one occasion to get an eland, and were accompanied by one of the Bakalahari. The perfect sameness of the country caused even this son of the desert to lose his way. . . .

The water having at last flowed into the wells we had dug, in sufficient quantity to allow a good drink to all our cattle, we departed from Serotli in the afternoon; but as the sun even in winter, which it now was, is always very powerful by day, the wagons were dragged but slowly through the deep heavy sand, and we advanced only six miles before sunset. We could only travel in the mornings and evenings, as a single day in the hot sun and heavy sand would have knocked up the oxen. . . .

Ramotobi was angry at the slowness of our progress, and told us that, as the next water was three days in front, if we travelled so slowly we should never get there at all. The utmost endeavours of the servants, cracking their whips, screaming and beating, got only nineteen miles out of the poor beasts. We had thus proceeded forty-four miles from Serotli, and the oxen were more exhausted by the soft nature of the country, and the thirst, than if they had travelled double the distance over a hard road containing supplies of water; we had, as far as we could judge, still thirty miles more of the

same dry work before us. At this season the grass becomes so dry as to crumble to powder in the hands; so the poor beasts stood wearily chewing, without taking a single fresh mouthful, and lowing painfully at the smell of water in our vessels in the wagons. We were all determined to succeed; so we endeavoured to save the horses by sending them forward with the guide, as a means of making a desperate effort in case the oxen should fail. Murray went forward with them, while Oswell and I remained to bring the wagons on their trail as far as the cattle could drag them, intending then to send the oxen forward too. . . .

After breakfast on the third day after this, some of the men, who had gone forward on a little path with some footprints of water-loving animals upon it, returned with the joyful tidings of *metse* (water), exhibiting the mud on their knees in confirmation of the news being true. It does one's heart good to see the thirsty oxen rush into a pool of delicious rain-water, as this was. In they dash until the water is deep enough to be nearly level with their throats, and then they stand drawing slowly in the long refreshing mouthfuls, until their formerly collapsed sides distend as if they would burst. So much do they imbibe, that a sudden jerk, when they come out on the bank, makes some of the water run out again from their mouths; but as they have been days without food too, they very soon commence to graze, and of grass there is always abundance everywhere. This pool was called Mathuluani; and thankful we were to have obtained so welcome a supply of water.

After giving the cattle a rest at this spot, we proceeded down the dry bed of the River Mokoko. . . . When we left the Mokoko, Ramotobi seemed, for the first time,

to be at a loss as to which direction to take. He had passed only once away to the west of the Mokoko, the scenes of his boyhood. Mr. Oswell, while riding in front of the wagons, happened to spy a bushwoman running away in a bent position, in order to escape observation. Thinking it to be a lion, he galloped up to her. She thought herself captured, and began to deliver up her poor little property, consisting of a few traps made of cords; but, when I explained that we only wanted water, and would pay her if she led us to it, she consented to conduct us to a spring. It was then late in the afternoon, but she walked briskly before our horses for eight miles, and showed us the water of Nchokotsa. After leading us to the water, she wished to go away home, if indeed she had any—she had fled from a party of her countrymen, and was now living far from all others with her husband—but as it was now dark we wished her to remain. As she believed herself still a captive, we thought she might slip away by night, so, in order that she should not go away with the impression that we were dishonest, we gave her a piece of meat and a good large bunch of beads; at the sight of the latter she burst into a merry laugh, and remained without suspicion.

At Nchokotsa we came upon the first of a great number of salt-pans, covered with an efflorescence of lime, probably the nitrate. A thick belt of mopane-trees (a *Bauhinia*) hides this salt-pan, which is twenty miles in circumference, entirely from the view of a person coming from the south-east; and at the time the pan burst upon our view the setting sun was casting a beautiful blue haze over the white incrustations, making the whole look exactly like a lake. Oswell threw his hat up in the air at the sight, and shouted out

a huzza which made the poor bushwoman and the Bakwains think him mad. I was a little behind him, and was as completely deceived by it as he; but as we had agreed to allow each other to behold the lake at the same instant, I felt a little chagrined that he had, unintentionally, got the first glance. We had no idea that the long-looked-for lake was still more than three hundred miles distant. One reason of our mistake was, that the River Zouga was often spoken of by the same name as the lake, viz. Noka ea Batletli ("river of the Batletli").

The mirage on these salines was marvellous. It is never, I believe, seen in perfection except over such saline incrustations. Here not a particle of imagination was necessary for realising the exact picture of large collections of water; the waves danced along above, and the shadows of the trees were vividly reflected beneath the surface in such an admirable manner, that the loose cattle, whose thirst had not been slaked sufficiently by the very brackish water of Nchokotsa, with the horses, dogs, and even the Hottentots, ran off towards the deceitful pools. A herd of zebras in the mirage looked so exactly like elephants, that Oswell began to saddle a horse in order to hunt them; but a sort of break in the haze dispelled the illusion. Looking to the west and north-west from Nchokotsa, we could see columns of black smoke, exactly like those from a steam-engine, rising to the clouds, and were assured that these arose from the burning reeds of the Noka ea Batletli.

On the 4th of July we went forward on horseback towards what we supposed to be the lake, and again and again did we seem to see it; but at last we came to the veritable water of the Zouga, and found it to be a river running to the north-east. A village of Bahurutse

lay on the opposite bank; these live among Batletli, a tribe having a click in their language, and who were found by Sebituane to possess large herds of the great horned cattle. They seem allied to the Hottentot family. Mr. Oswell, in trying to cross the river, got his horse bogged in the swampy bank. Two Bakwains and I managed to get over by wading beside a fishing-weir. The people were friendly, and informed us that this water came out of the Ngami. This news gladdened all our hearts, for we now felt certain of reaching our goal. We might, they said, be a moon on the way; but we had the River Zouga at our feet, and by following it we should at last reach the broad water. . . .

When we had gone up the bank of this beautiful river about ninety-six miles from the point where we first struck it, and understood that we were still a considerable distance from the Ngami, we left all the oxen and wagons, except Mr. Oswell's, which was the smallest, and one team, at Ngabisane, in the hope that they would be recruited for the home journey, while we made a push for the lake. The Bechuana chief of the lake region, who had sent men to Sechele, now sent orders to all the people on the river to assist us, and we were received by the Bakoba, whose language clearly shows that they bear an affinity to the tribes in the north. They call themselves Bayeiye, i.e. men; but the Bechuanas call them Bakoba, which contains somewhat of the idea of slaves. . . .

The canoes of these inland sailors are truly primitive craft: they are hollowed out of the trunks of single trees by means of iron adzes; and, if the tree has a bend, so has the canoe. I liked the frank and manly bearing of these men, and, instead of sitting in the wagon, preferred a seat in one of the canoes. I found they

regarded their rude vessels as the Arab does his camel. They have always fires in them, and prefer sleeping in them while on a journey to spending the night on shore. "On land you have lions"—say they—"serpents, hyænas, and your enemies; but in your canoe, behind a bank of reed, nothing can harm you." Their submissive disposition leads to their villages being frequently visited by hungry strangers. We had a pot on the fire in the canoe by the way, and when we drew near the villages devoured the contents. When fully satisfied ourselves, I found that we could all look upon any intruders with perfect complacency, and show the pot in proof of having devoured the last morsel.

While ascending in this way the beautifully-wooded river, we came to a large stream flowing into it. This was the River Tamunak'le. I inquired whence it came. "Oh, from a country full of rivers—so many no one can tell their number—and full of large trees!" This was the first confirmation of statements I had heard from the Bakwains who had been with Sebituane, that the country beyond was not "the large sandy plateau" of the philosophers. The prospect of a highway capable of being traversed by boats to an entirely unexplored and very populous region, grew from that time forward stronger and stronger in my mind; so much so, that, when we actually came to the lake, this idea occupied such a large portion of my mental vision that the actual discovery seemed of but little importance. I find I wrote, when the emotions caused by the magnificent prospects of the new country were first awakened in my breast, that they "might subject me to the charge of enthusiasm, a charge which I wished I deserved, as nothing good or great had ever been accomplished in the world without it."

Twelve days after our departure from the wagons at Ngabisane we came to the north-east end of Lake Ngami; and on the 1st of August, 1849, we went down together to the broad part, and, for the first time, this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans. The direction of the lake seemed to be north-north-east, and south-south-west by compass. The southern portion is said to bend round to the west, and to receive the Teoughe from the north at its north-west extremity. We could detect no horizon where we stood looking south-south-west; nor could we form any idea of the extent of the lake except from the reports of the inhabitants of the district; and, as they professed to go round it in three days, allowing twenty-five miles a day would make it seventy-five, or less than seventy geographical miles in circumference. Other guesses have been made since as to its circumference, ranging between seventy and a hundred miles. It is shallow, for I subsequently saw a native punting his canoe over seven or eight miles of the north-east end; it can never, therefore, be of much value as a commercial highway. . . .

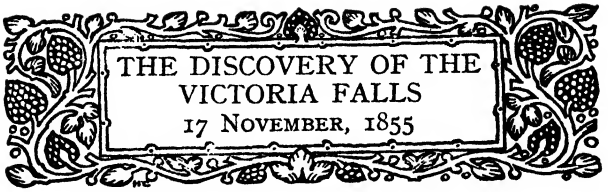
My chief object in coming to the lake was to visit Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, who was reported to live some two hundred miles beyond. We had now come to a half-tribe of the Bamangwato, called Batauana. Their chief was a young man named Lechulatebe. Sebituane had conquered his father Moremi, and Lechulatebe received part of his education while a captive among the Bayeiye. His uncle, a sensible man, ransomed him; and having collected a number of families together, abdicated the chieftainship in favour of his nephew. As Lechulatebe had just come into power, he imagined that the proper way of showing his abilities was to act directly contrary to

everything his uncle advised. When we came, the uncle recommended him to treat us handsomely, therefore the hopeful youth presented us with a goat only. It ought to have been an ox. So I proposed to my companions to loose the animal and let him go, as a hint to his master. They, however, did not wish to insult him. I, being more of a native, and familiar with their customs, knew that this shabby present was an insult to us. We wished to purchase some goats or oxen; Lechulatebe offered us elephants' tusks. "No, we cannot eat these; we want something to fill our stomachs." "Neither can I; but I hear you white men are all very fond of these bones, so I offer them; I want to put the goats into my own stomach." A trader, who accompanied us, was then purchasing ivory at the rate of ten good large tusks for a musket worth thirteen shillings. They were called "bones," and I myself saw eight instances in which the tusks had been left to rot with the other bones where the elephant fell. The Batauana never had a chance of a market before; but in less than two years after our discovery, not a man of them could be found who was not keenly alive to the great value of the article.

Livingstone's great desire was to proceed northwards from Ngami. He asked Lechulatebe for guides, but Lechulatebe would not provide them. The travellers endeavoured to go on without them, but the chief ordered his people not to ferry them across the river. Livingstone tried to make a raft, but did not succeed. They were compelled to return to the south.

Trying hard to form a raft at a narrow part, I worked many hours in the water, but the dry wood was so worm-eaten it would not bear the weight of a single person. I was not then aware of the number of

alligators which exist in the Zouga, and never think of my labour in the water without feeling thankful that I escaped their jaws. The season was now far advanced; and as Mr. Oswell, with his wonted generous feelings, volunteered on the spot to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat, we resolved to make our way south again.



Dr. Livingstone, accompanied this time by his wife and three children, visited Lake Ngami again in 1850, hoping to travel on farther north. Fever attacked his children, however, and he was compelled to return to the south. In 1851 Mr. Oswell and he started off again, and in June (as he wrote) they "were rewarded by the discovery of the Zambesi in the centre of the continent. This was a most important point, for that river was not previously known to exist there at all." They returned to the south. Then at the beginning of June 1852 Dr. Livingstone started on his next great journey, which took him ultimately right across the continent from west to east. Travelling through Bechuanaland and across the desert he came again to the Zambezi in June 1853. He made his way up the river, and then struck across to Loanda, on the west coast, arriving there at the end of May 1854. Retracing his steps into the interior, he descended the Zambezi again and arrived back at the capital of his friend Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo. His intention now was to make his way to the east coast. He was to leave the river and traverse the Batoka plateau, but before doing this he went downstream to see the great falls of which the natives had told him. He saw them on 17 November, 1855, and named them after Queen Victoria.

These falls are the greatest in the world, the grandest sight to be seen in Africa. At this point the Zambezi is about 1860 yards wide. Quite abruptly it falls over the edge of a chasm, which is from 250 to 340 feet deep—more

than twice the depth of Niagara. It was characteristic of Livingstone, who never exaggerated, to under-estimate the depth; he thought it was one hundred feet.

(This is Dr. Livingstone's description, taken from his book, *Missionary Travels and Researches*, pp. 518–25.)

As this was the point from which we intended to strike off to the north-east, I resolved on the following day to visit the falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mosioa-tunya, or more anciently, Shongwe. Of these we had often heard since we came into the country; indeed one of the questions asked by Sebituane was: "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" They did not go near enough to examine them, but, viewing them with awe at a distance, said, in reference to the vapour and noise, "Mosi oa tunya" ("Smoke does sound there"). It was previously called Shongwe, the meaning of which I could not ascertain. The word for a "pot" resembles this, and it may mean a seething cauldron; but I am not certain of it. Being persuaded that Mr. Oswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever visited the Zambesi in the centre of the country, and that this is the connecting link between the known and unknown portions of that river, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo did, and gave the only English name I have affixed to any part of the country. . . .

Sekeletu intended to accompany me, but, one canoe only having come instead of the two he had ordered, he resigned it to me. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed

placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the top of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, besides groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean "far from home," for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt, is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges three hundred or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream

in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad, leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. If one imagines the Thames filled with low tree-covered hills immediately beyond the tunnel, extending as far as Gravesend; the bed of black basaltic rock instead of London mud; and a fissure made therein from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of the tunnel through thirty miles of hills; the pathway being one hundred feet down from the bed of the river instead of what it is, with the lips of the fissure from eighty to one hundred feet apart; then fancy the Thames leaping bodily into the gulf; and forced there to change its

direction, and flow from the right to the left bank; and then rush boiling and roaring through the hills—he may have some idea of what takes place at this, the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. (The sun was on the meridian, and the declination about equal to the latitude of the place.) From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip, there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf; but as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapour, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall

is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in colour, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discoloured by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapour to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel, when burnt in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to, noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray.

I have mentioned that we saw five columns of vapour ascending from this strange abyss. They are evidently formed by the compression suffered by the force of the water's own fall, into an unyielding wedge-shaped space. Of the five columns, two on the right, and one on the left of the island were the largest, and the streams which formed them seemed each to exceed in size the falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres, when that river is in flood. This was the period of low water in the Leeambye,[1] but, as far as I could guess, there was a flow of

[1] Leeambye, one of the African names for the Zambezi. Notice that Livingstone spelt it "Zambesi."

five or six hundred yards of water, which, at the edge of the fall, seemed at least three feet deep. I write in the hope that others more capable of judging distances than myself will visit this scene, and I state simply the impressions made on my mind at the time. I thought, and do still think, the river above the falls to be one thousand yards broad; but I am a poor judge of distances on water, for I showed a naval friend what I supposed to be four hundred yards in the Bay of Loanda, and, to my surprise, he pronounced it to be nine hundred. I tried to measure the Leeambye with a strong thread, the only line I had in my possession, but when the men had gone two or three hundred yards, they got into conversation, and did not hear us shouting that the line had become entangled. By still going on they broke it, and, being carried away down the stream, it was lost on a snag. In vain I tried to bring to my recollection the way I had been taught to measure a river, by taking an angle with the sextant. That I once knew it, and that it was easy, were all the lost ideas I could recall, and they only increased my vexation. However, I measured the river farther down by another plan, and then I discovered that the Portuguese had measured it at Tete, and found it a little over one thousand yards. At the falls it is as broad as at Tete, if not more so. Whoever may come after me will not, I trust, find reason to say I have indulged in exaggeration. . . .

The fissure is said by the Makololo to be very much deeper farther to the eastward; there is one part at which the walls are so sloping, that people accustomed to it, can go down by descending in a sitting position. The Makololo on one occasion, pursuing some fugitive Batoka, saw them, unable to stop the impetus of their

flight at the edge, literally dashed to pieces at the bottom. They beheld the stream like a "white cord" at the bottom, and so far down (probably three hundred feet) that they became giddy and were fain to go away, holding on to the ground.

Now, though the edge of the rock over which the river falls, does not show wearing more than three feet, and there is no appearance of the opposite wall being worn out at the bottom in the parts exposed to view, yet it is probable that, where it has flowed beyond the falls, the sides of the fissure may have given way, and the parts out of sight may be broader than the "white cord" on the surface. There may even be some ramifications of the fissure, which take a portion of the stream quite beneath the rocks; but this I did not learn.

If we take the want of much wear on the lip of hard basaltic rock as of any value, the period when this rock was riven is not geologically very remote. I regretted the want of proper means of measuring and marking its width at the falls, in order that, at some future time, the question whether it is progressive or not might be tested. It seemed as if a palm-tree could be laid across it from the island. And if it is progressive, as it would mark a great natural drainage being effected, it might furnish a hope that Africa will one day become a healthy continent. It is at any rate very much changed in respect to its lakes, within a comparatively recent period.

At three spots near these falls, one of them the island in the middle on which we were, three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo.[1] They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bows

[1] Barimo, the spirits of the ancestors, worshipped as gods.

in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with awe. Fear may have induced the selection. The river itself is, to them, mysterious. The words of the canoe-song are:

> The Leeambye! Nobody knows
> Whence it comes and whither it goes.

The play of colours of the double iris on the cloud, seen by them elsewhere only as the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of Deity. Some of the Makololo who went with me near to Gonye, looked upon the same sign with awe. When seen in the heavens it is named "Motse oa barimo"—the pestle of the gods. Here they could approach the emblem, and see it stand steadily above the blustering uproar below—a type of Him who sits supreme—alone unchangeable, though ruling over all changing things. . . .

Having feasted my eyes long on the beautiful sight, I returned to my friends at Kalai, and, saying to Sekeletu that he had nothing else worth showing in his country, his curiosity was excited to visit it the next day. I returned with the intention of taking a lunar observation from the island itself, but the clouds were unfavourable, consequently all my determinations of position refer to Kalai. (Lat. 17° 51′ 54″ S., long. 25° 41′ E.) Sekeletu acknowledged to feeling a little nervous at the probability of being sucked into the gulf before reaching the island. His companions amused themselves by throwing stones down, and wondered to see them diminishing in size, and even disappearing, before they reached the water at the bottom.

I had another object in view in my return to the island. I observed that it was covered with trees, the seeds of which had probably come down with the stream from

the distant north, and several of which I had seen nowhere else, and every now and then the wind wafted a little of the condensed vapour over it, and kept the soil in a state of moisture, which caused a sward of grass growing as green as on an English lawn. I selected a spot—not too near the chasm, for there the constant deposition of the moisture nourished numbers of polypi of a mushroom shape and fleshy consistence—but somewhat back, and made a little garden. I there planted about a hundred peach- and apricot-stones, and a quantity of coffee-seeds. I had attempted fruit-trees before, but, when left in charge of my Makololo friends, they were always allowed to wither, after having vegetated, by being forgotten. I bargained for a hedge with one of the Makololo, and if he is faithful, I have great hopes of Mosioatunya's abilities as a nurseryman. My only source of fear is the hippopotami, whose footprints I saw on the island. When the garden was prepared, I cut my initials on a tree, and the date 1855. This was the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity. The garden stands in front, and were there no hippopotami I have no doubt but this will be the parent of all the gardens which may yet be in this new country. We then went up to Kalai again. . . .

I saw the falls at low water, and the columns of vapour when five or six miles distant. When the river is full, or in flood, the columns, it is said, can be seen ten miles off, and the sound is quite distinct somewhat beyond Kalai, or about an equal distance. No one can then go to the island in the middle. The next visitor must bear these points in mind in comparing his description with mine.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GORILLA

AUGUST 1856

When Hanno, the Carthaginian general, in about 500 B.C., explored part of the west coast of Africa, the galleys arrived at an island containing a lake within which was another island. Perhaps this island was Sherbro, at the south-east extremity of Sierra Leone colony. There they found wild hairy men and "women with hairy bodies whom the interpreters called Gorillai." These were probably not gorillas, as we know them to-day, but chimpanzees. Later travellers, such as the English sailor Battell, in the sixteenth century, brought back from Africa tales of a monster anthropoid ape, but not till 1847 was a skull exhibited by a missionary, Dr. Wilson, as a proof of the animal's existence. The first European actually to see and describe the gorilla was Paul Belloni du Chaillu. Born in 1835, as a boy he accompanied his father, a trader, to the west coast of Africa, where he received some education from missionaries. In 1855—that is to say, when he was twenty—he began his explorations. From 1855 to 1859, and later from 1863 to 1865, he travelled extensively in unknown African lands.

On his first journey he went in a canoe up the Muni River, and ascended its tributary, the Ntambounay, to its source. There he found himself in mountainous country five thousand feet above sea-level, and it was in that locality, at the end of August 1856, he saw the gorilla for the first time. This is his account of the experience.

(Quoted from *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*. John Murray, 1861. Pp. 57 et seqq.)

FROM this elevation—about five thousand feet above the ocean level—I enjoyed an unobstructed view as far as the eye could reach. The hills we had surmounted the day before lay quietly at our feet, seeming mere mole-

hills. On all sides stretched the immense virgin forests, with here and there the sheen of a watercourse. And far away in the east loomed the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra del Crystal, the goal of my desires. The murmur of the rapids below filled my ears, and, as I strained my eyes toward those distant mountains which I hoped to reach, I began to think how this wilderness would look if only the light of Christian civilisation could once be fairly introduced among the black children of Africa. I dreamed of forests giving way to plantations of coffee, cotton, and spices; of peaceful negroes going to their contented daily tasks; of farming and manufactures; of churches and schools; and luckily raising my eyes heavenward at this stage of my thoughts, saw pendent from the branch of a tree beneath which I was sitting, an immense serpent, evidently preparing to gobble up this dreaming intruder on his domains.

My dreams of future civilisation vanished in a moment. Luckily my gun lay at hand. I rushed out so as to "stand from under," and taking good aim, shot my black friend through the head. He let go his hold, and, after dancing about a little on the ground, lay dead before me. He measured a little over thirteen feet in length, and his fangs proved that he was venomous.

And now that Christian civilisation of which I had mused so pleasantly a few minutes before received another shock. My men cut off the head of the snake, and, dividing the body into proper pieces, roasted it and ate it on the spot; and I—poor, starved, but *civilised* mortal!—stood by, longing for a meal, but unable to stomach this. So much for civilisation, which is a very good thing in its way, but has no business in an African forest when food is scarce.

When the snake was eaten, and I, the only empty-stomached individual of the company, had sufficiently reflected on the disadvantages of being bred in a Christian country, we began to look about the ruins of the village near which we sat. A degenerate kind of sugar-cane was growing on the very spot where the houses had formerly stood, and I made haste to pluck some of this and chew it for the little sweetness it had. But as we were plucking my men perceived what instantly threw us all into the greatest excitement. Here and there the cane was beaten down, torn up by the roots, and lying about in fragments which had evidently been chewed.

I knew that these were fresh tracks of the gorilla, and joy filled my heart. My men looked at each other in silence, and muttered "*Nguyla*," which is as much as to say in Mpongwe, "*Ngina*," or, as we say, "Gorilla."

We followed these traces, and presently came to the footprints of the so-long-desired animal. It was the first time I had ever seen these footprints, and my sensations were indescribable. Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster of whose ferocity, strength, and cunning the natives had told me so much; an animal scarce known to the civilised world, and which no white man before had hunted. My heart beat till I feared its loud pulsations would alarm the gorilla, and my feelings were really excited to a painful degree.

By the tracks it was easy to know that there must have been several gorillas in company. We prepared at once to follow them.

The women were terrified, poor things! and we left them a good escort of two or three men to take care of them and reassure them. Then the rest of us looked

once more carefully at our guns—for the gorilla gives you no time to reload, and woe to him whom he attacks! We were armed to the teeth. My men were remarkably silent, as they were going on an expedition of more than usual risk; for the male gorilla is literally the king of the African forest. He and the crested lion of Mount Atlas are the two fiercest and strongest beasts of this continent. The lion of South Africa cannot compare with either for strength or courage. . . .

We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite. Alongside of this granite block lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorillas.

Our approach was very cautious. We were divided into two parties. Makinda led one and I the other. We were to surround the granite block behind which Makinda supposed the gorillas to be hiding. Guns cocked and in hand, we advanced through the dense wood, which cast a gloom even in midday over the whole scene. I looked at my men, and saw plainly that they were in even greater excitement than myself.

Slowly we pressed on through the dense bush, fearing almost to breathe lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately he circled it at too great a distance. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running toward the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but

in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us.

I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs —they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

In our absence the women had built large fires and prepared the camp, which was not so comfortable as last night's, but yet protected us from rain. I changed my clothes, which had become wet through by the frequent torrents and puddles we ran through in our eager pursuit, and then we sat down to our supper, which had been cooked meantime. And now I noticed that, by the improvidence of the women, who are no better managers than the men (poor things!), all my plantains were gone—eaten up; so that I had to depend for next day—and in fact for the remainder of our passage to the Fan tribe—on two or three biscuits which, luckily, I yet possessed.

As we lay about the fire in the evening before going to sleep the adventure of the day was talked over, and, of course, there followed some curious stories of the gorillas. I listened in silence to the conversation, which was not addressed to me, and was rewarded by hearing the stories as they are believed, and not as a stranger would be apt to draw them out by questions. . . .

They believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla—known to the initiated by certain mysterious

signs, but chiefly by being of extraordinary size—which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and also, they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal. In fact, in these "possessed" beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast. No wonder the poor African dreads so terrible a being as his imagination thus conjures up.

One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field tying up the sugar-cane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrible exception: the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors. . . .

Some years ago a man suddenly disappeared from his village. It is probable that he was carried off by a tiger, but as no news came of him, the native superstition invented a cause for his absence. It was related and believed that, as he walked through the wood one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous large gorilla, which was often pursued afterwards, but never killed, though it continually haunted the neighbourhood of the village.

Here several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas.

Finally was rehearsed the story which is current among all the tribes who at all know the gorilla: that this animal lies in wait in the lower branches of trees, watching for people who go to and fro; and when one

passes sufficiently near, grasps the luckless fellow with his powerful feet, and draws him up into the tree, where he quietly chokes him.

Many of the natives agree, I say, in ascribing to the animal this trait of lying in wait for his enemies and drawing them up to him by his "lower hands," as they may properly be called. But I have little doubt that this story is incorrect. Of course, the secluded habits of this animal, which lives only in the darkest forests, and carefully shuns all approach to man, help to fill the natives with curious superstitions regarding it. . . .

The next day we went out on another gorilla-hunt, but found no traces at all. I came in very tired; ate all my sea-bread; and though we tried our best, we did not manage to reach a certain settlement which Makinda had assured me was near. I was now at the end of my provisions. I have never been able to eat the wild nuts which the natives miserably subsist on in such straits, and began to feel anxious to reach some village. For travelling on an empty stomach is too exhausting to be very long endured, as former experience had taught me.

Du Chaillu found relief for his hunger by the kindness of an African chief, and a few days later came again upon gorillas, one of which he shot.

We saw several gorilla-tracks, and about noon divided our party, in the hope of surrounding the resting-place of one whose tracks were very plain. I had scarce got away from my party three hundred yards when I heard a report of a gun, then of three more, going off one after the other. Of course, I ran back as fast as I could, and hoped to see a dead animal before me, but was once more disappointed. My Mbondemo fellows had fired at a female, had wounded her, as I saw by the

clots of blood which marked her track, but she had made good her escape. We set out at once in pursuit; but these woods are so thick, so almost impenetrable, that pursuit of a wounded animal is not often successful. A man can only creep where the beast would run.

Night came upon us while we were still beating the bush, and it was determined to camp out and try our luck again on the morrow. Of course, I was only too glad. We shot some monkeys and birds, built our camp, and, while the men roasted their monkey-meat over the coals, I held my birds before the blaze on a stick. Fortunately we had food enough, and of a good kind, for next day.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds.

Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of someone breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans: I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious

undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature —a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again —advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF LAKE TANGANYIKA

14 February, 1858

In the course of their travels the missionaries Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt were told repeatedly by Arabs and others of the existence of a great lake in the far interior. Actually, of course, there were three large lakes and several smaller ones, but they understood that these formed one great sea. In 1856 Erhardt and Rebmann published a map showing this vast lake, shaped like a monster slug, extending from the Equator nearly to the Zambezi. This map aroused great interest and no little scepticism in Europe. The British Government commissioned Burton and Speke to conduct an expedition to verify the existence of this "Sea of Uniamwesi." Captain (afterwards Sir) Richard Burton was born in 1821, and entered the Indian Army in 1842. In 1853 he made the pilgrimage to Mecca in the disguise of a Pathan; he was the first Englishman to enter that forbidden city of the Moslems In 1855, accompanied by Speke, he explored a part of Somaliland. Captain Speke (born in 1827) was also an officer in the Indian Army. He served in the Crimea. We shall meet him again; he was one of the greatest of African explorers.

Burton and Speke left England in September 1856, and travelling via India reached Zanzibar on 19 December. They collected a number of *pagazi* (carriers), guides, and servants, and in June 1857 set off into the interior. They took the route followed by the Arab slave-traders, and this brought them to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. They proved that there was at least one great lake in Central

Africa. This is Burton's description of the march and of his first glimpse of Tanganyika.

(Taken from his book, *The Lake Regions of Central Africa*, published in 1860 by Longman and Co., vol. ii, pp. 41 et seqq.)

AT 3 a.m. all is silent as the tomb, even the Mnyamwezi watchman nods over his fire. About an hour later the red-faced apoplectic chanticleer—there are sometimes half a dozen of them—the alarum of the caravan, and a prime favourite with the slaves and porters, who carry him on their banghy-poles by turns, and who drench him with water when his beak opens under the sun—flaps his wings and crows a loud salutation to the sun: he is answered by every cock and cockerel within ear-shot. I have been lying awake for some time, longing for the light, and, when in health, for an early breakfast. At the first paling of the east, the torpid Goanese are called up to build a fire; they tremble with the cold—thermometrically averaging 60° F., and they hurry to bring food. Appetite, being somewhat difficult at this hour, demands a frequent change of diet; we drink tea or coffee when procurable, or we eat rice-milk and cakes raised with whey, or a porridge not unlike water-gruel. Whilst we are so engaged, the Baloch[1] chanting the spiritual songs which follow prayers, squat round a cauldron placed upon a roaring fire, and fortify the inner man with boiled meat and grain, with toasted pulse and tobacco.

About such time, 5 a.m., the camp is fairly roused, and a little low chatting becomes audible. This is a critical moment. The porters have promised overnight to start early, and to make a long wholesome march.

[1] The Baloch were Indian soldiers, seven in number, forming the body-guard.

But "uncertain, coy and hard to please" they change their minds like the fair sex: the cold morning makes them unlike the men of the warm evening, and perhaps one of them has fever. Moreover, in every caravan there is some lazy, loud-lunged, contradictory, and unmanageable fellow, whose sole delight is to give trouble. If no march be in prospect, they sit obstinately before the fire, inhaling the smoke with averted heads, and casting quizzical looks at their fuming and fidgety employer. If all be unanimous, it is vain to attempt them, even soft sawder is but "throwing comfits to cows." We return to our tent. If, however, there be a division, a little active stimulating will cause a march. Then a louder conversation leads to cries of "Kwecha! Kwecha! Pakia! Pakia! Hopa! Hopa!" ("Collect! Pack! Set out!"); "Safari! Safari leo" ("A journey, a journey to-day!") and some peculiarly African boasts, "P'hunda! Ngami!" ("I am an ass! a camel!"), accompanied by a roar of bawling voices, drumming, whistling, piping, and the braying of barghumi, or horns. The sons of Ramji [1] come in a body to throw our tents, and to receive small burdens which, if possible, they shirk; sometimes Kidogo does me the honour to inquire the programme of the day. The porters, however, hug the fire till driven from it, when they unstack the loads piled before our tents and pour out of the camp or village. My companion and I, when well enough to ride, mount our asses, led by the gunbearers, who carry all necessaries for offence and defence; when unfit for exercise, we are borne in hammocks, slung to long poles, and carried by two men at a time. The Baloch tending their slaves hasten off in a straggling body, thinking only of

[1] Sons of Ramji, Burton's name for ten slaves hired from Ramji, a clerk of customs at Zanzibar.

escaping an hour's sun. The Jemadar,[1] however, is ordered to bring up the rear with Said bin Salim, who is cold and surly, abusive, and ready with his rattan. . . .

When all is ready, the Kirangozi or Mnyamwezi guide rises and shoulders his load, which is ever one of the lightest. He deliberately raises his furled flag, a plain blood-red, the sign of a caravan from Zanzibar, much tattered by the thorns, and he is followed by a privileged Pagazi,[2] tom-toming upon a kettle-drum much resembling a European hour-glass. The dignitary is robed in the splendour of scarlet broadcloth, a narrow piece about six feet long, with a central aperture for the neck, and with streamers dangling before and behind; he also wears some wonderful head-dress, the spoils of a white and black "tippet-monkey," or the barred skin of a wild cat, crowning the head, bound round the throat, and capped with a tall cup-shaped bunch of owl's feathers, or the gorgeous plumes of the crested crane. His insignia of office are the kipungo or fly-flapper, the tail of some beast which he affixes to his person as if it were a natural growth, the kome, or hooked iron spit, decorated with a central sausage of parti-coloured beads, and a variety of oily little gourds containing snuff, simples, and "medicine" for the road, strapped round his waist. He leads the caravan, and the better to secure the obedience of his followers he has paid them with a sheep or a goat, the value of which he will recover by fees and superiority of rations—the head of every animal slaughtered in camp and the presents at the end of the journey are exclusively his. A man guilty of preceding the Kirangozi

[1] Jemadar, the officer in charge.

[2] Pagazis, porters or carriers. They were thirty-six in number.

is liable to a fine, and an arrow is extracted from his quiver to substantiate his identity at the end of the march. Pouring out of the kraal in a disorderly mob, the porters stack their goods at some tree distant but a few hundred yards, and allow the late, the lazy, and the invalids to join the main body. Generally at this conjuncture the huts are fired by neglect or mischievousness. . . .

After the preliminary halt, the caravan, forming into the order of march, winds like a monstrous land-serpent, over hill, dale, and plain. The Kirangozi is followed by an Indian file, those nearest to him, the grandees of the gang, are laden with ivories: when the weight of the tusk is inordinate, it is tied to a pole and is carried palanquin-fashion by two men. . . . The ivory-carriers are succeeded by the bearers of cloth and beads, each man, poising upon either shoulder, and sometimes raising upon the head for rest, packs that resemble huge bolsters, six feet long by two in diameter, cradled in sticks, which generally have a forked projection for facility of stacking and reshouldering the load. The sturdiest fellows are usually the lightest loaded: in Eastern Africa, as elsewhere, the weakest go to the wall. The maximum of burden may be two farasilah, or seventy pounds, avoirdupois. Behind the cloth-bearers straggles a long line of porters and slaves, laden with the lighter stuff, rhinoceros-teeth, hides, salt-cones, tobacco, brass wire, iron hoes, boxes and bags, beds and tents, pots and water-gourds, mats and private stores. With the Pagazi, but in separate parties, march the armed slaves, who are never seen to quit their muskets, the women, and the little toddling children, who rarely fail to carry something, be it only of a pound weight, and the asses neatly laden with saddle-bags of giraffe or buffalo-hide.

A "Mganga"[1] almost universally accompanies the caravan, not disdaining to act as a common porter. The "parson" not only claims, in virtue of his sacred calling, the lightest load; he is also a stout, smooth, and sleek-headed man, because, as usual with his class, he eats much and he works little. The rear is brought up by the master or the masters of the caravan, who often remains far behind for the convenience of walking and to prevent desertion.

All the caravan is habited in its worst attire, the East African derides those who wear upon a journey the cloth which should be reserved for display at home. If rain falls they will doff the single goat-skin hung round their sooty limbs, and folding it up place it between the shoulder and the load. When grain is served out for some days' march, each porter bears his posho or rations fastened like a large "bustle" to the small of his back. Upon this again, he sometimes binds, with its legs projecting outwards, the three-legged stool, which he deems necessary to preserve him from the danger of sitting upon the damp ground. As may be imagined, the barbarians have more ornament than dress. Some wear the ngala, a strip of zebra's mane, round the head with the bristly parti-coloured hair standing out like a saint's "gloria"; others prefer a long bit of stiffened ox-tail, rising like a unicorn's horn, at least a foot above the forehead. Other ornaments are the skins of monkeys and ocelots, rouleaus and fillets of white, blue or scarlet cloth, and huge bunches of ostrich, crane, and jay's feathers, crowning the head like the tufts of certain fowls. Their arms are decorated with massive ivory bracelets, heavy bangles of brass or copper, and thin circlets of the same metal, beads in

[1] Mganga, "medicine man," miscalled by Burton the "parson."

strings and bands, adorn their necks, and small iron bells, a "knobby" decoration, whose incessant tinkling harmonises in African ears, with the regular chime-like "Titi! Ti-ti! tang" of the tusk-bells, and the loud broken "Wa-ta-ta" of the horns, are strapped below the knee or round the ankle by the more aristocratic. All carry some weapon; the heaviest armed have a bow and a bark-quiver full of arrows, two or three long spears and assegais, a little battle-axe borne on the shoulder, and the sime or dudgeon. . . .

About 8 a.m., when the fiery sun has topped the trees, and a pool of water, or a shady place appears, the planting of the red flag, the braying of a barghumi, or koodoo's horn, which, heard at a distance in the deep forests, has something of the charm which endears the "Cor de Chasse" to every woodman's ear, and sometimes a musket-shot or two, announces a short halt. The porters stack their loads, and lie or loiter about for a few minutes, chatting, drinking, and smoking tobacco and bhang, with the usual whooping, screaming cough, and disputing eagerly about the resting-place for the day. On long marches we then take the opportunity of stopping to discuss the contents of two baskets, which are carried by a slave under the eye of the Goanese.

If the stage be prolonged towards noon, the caravan lags, straggles, and suffers sorely. The heat of the ground, against which the horniest sole never becomes proof, tries the feet like polished-leather boots on a quarter-deck in the dog-days near the Line, and some tribulation is caused by the cry "M'iba hapa!" ("thorns here!"). The Arabs and Baloch must often halt to rest. The slaves ensconce themselves in snug places; the porters, propping their burdens against trees, curl up dog-like, under the shade; some malinger; and this, the oppor-

tunity preferred for desertion, is an anxious hour to the proprietor; who, if he would do his work "deedily," must be the last in the kraal. Still the men rarely break down. As in Indian marching, the African caravan prefers to end the day, rather than to begin it, with a difficulty—the ascent of a hill, or the fording of a stream. They prefer the strip of jungle at the farther end of a district or a plantation, for safety as well as for the comfort of shade. . . .

At length an increased hubbub of voices, blended with bells, drums, fifes, and horns, and sometimes a few musket-shots, announce that the van is lodged, and the hubbub of the halt confirms the pleasing intelligence that the journey is shortened by a stage. . . . The more energetic at once apply themselves to "making all snug" for the long hot afternoon and the nipping night; some hew down young trees, others collect heaps of leafy boughs; one acts architect, and many bring in huge loads of firewood. The East African is so much accustomed to house-life that the bivouac in the open appears to him a hardship; he prefers even to cut out the interior of a bush and to squat in it, the portrait of a comfortable cynocephalus. We usually spread our donkey-saddles and carpets in some shade, awaiting the arrival of our tent and its erection by the grumbling sons of Ramji; if we want a hut, we draw out the man in possession like a badger—he will never have the decency to offer it. . . . When lodgings in the kraal have been distributed, and the animals have been off-packed, and water has been brought from the pit or stream, all apply themselves to the pleasant toil of refection. Merrily then sounds the breathless chant of the woman pounding or rubbing down grain, the song of the cook, and the tinkle-tinkle of the slave's

pestle, as he bends over the iron mortar from which he stealthily abstracts the coffee. The fire-places are three stones or clods, placed trivet-wise upon the ground, so that a draught may feed the flame; they are far superior to the holes and trenches of our camps and picnics. The tripod supports a small black earthern pot, round which the khambi or little knot of messmates perseveringly squat despite the stinging sun.

My companion and I pass our day as we best can, sometimes in a bower of leafy branches, often under a spreading tree, rarely in the flimsy tent. The usual occupations are the diary and the sketch-book, added to a little business. . . . Dinner at 4 p.m. breaks the neck of the day. . . .

Night is ushered in by penning and pounding the cows, and by tethering the asses—these "careless Ethiopians" lose them every second day—and by collecting and numbering the loads, a task of difficulty where every man shirks the least trouble. When there has been no tirikeza, when provisions have been plentiful, and when there is a bright moonshine, which seems to enliven these people like jackals, a furious drumming, a loud clapping of hands, and a general droning song, summon the lads and the lasses of the neighbouring villages to come out and dance and make love. The performance is laborious, but these Africans, like most men of little game, soon become too tired to work, but not too tired to play and amuse themselves. . . .

About 8 p.m., the small hours of the country, sounds the cry "Lala! Lala!" ("Sleep!"). It is willingly obeyed by all except the women, who must sometimes awake to confabulate even at midnight. One by one the caravan sinks into torpid slumber. At this time, especially when in the jungle-bivouac, the scene often becomes

truly impressive. The dull red fires flickering and forming a circle of ruddy light in the depths of the black forest, flaming against the tall trunks and defining the foliage of the nearer trees, illuminate lurid groups of savage men, in every variety of shape and posture. Above, the dark purple sky, studded with golden points, domes the earth with bounds narrowed by the gloom of night. And, behold! in the western horizon, a resplendent crescent, with a dim ash-coloured globe in its arms, and crowned by Hesperus, sparkling like a diamond, sinks through the vast of space, in all the glory and gorgeousness of Eternal Nature's sublimest works. From such a night, methinks, the Byzantine man took his device, the Crescent and the Star.

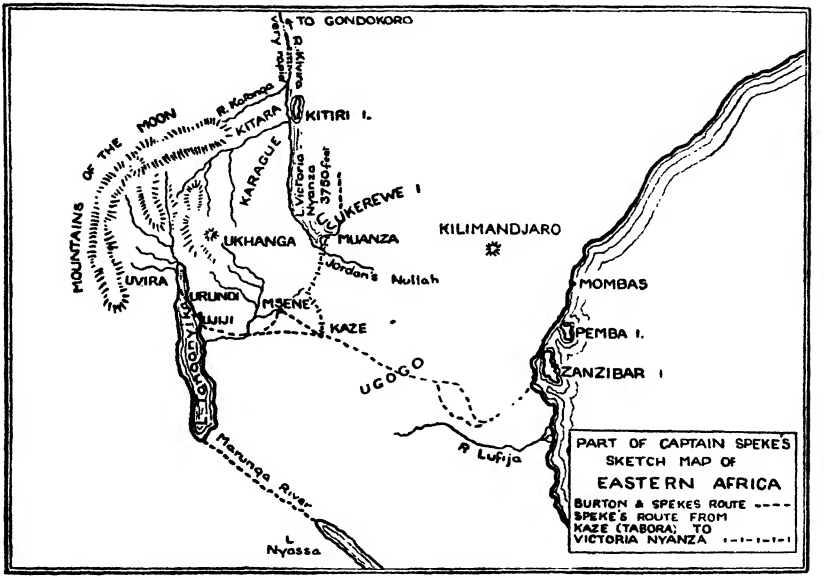
. . . . .

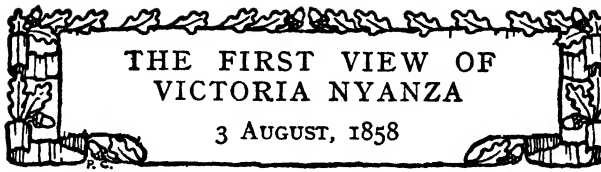
ON the 13th February we resumed our travel through screens of lofty grass, which thinned out into a straggling forest. After about an hour's march, as we entered a small savannah, I saw the Fundi before alluded to running forward and changing the direction of the caravan. Without supposing that he had taken upon himself this responsibility, I followed him. Presently he breasted a steep and stony hill, sparsely clad with thorny trees; it was the death of my companion's riding-ass. Arrived with toil—for our fagged beasts now refused to proceed—we halted for a few minutes upon the summit. "What is that streak of light which lies below?" I inquired of Seedy Bombay. "I am of opinion," quoth Bombay, "that that is *the* water." I gazed in dismay; the remains of my blindness, the veil of trees, and a broad ray of sunshine illuminating but one reach of the lake, had shrunk its fair proportions. Somewhat prematurely I began to lament my folly

in having risked life and lost health for so poor a prize, to curse Arab exaggeration, and to propose an immediate return, with a view of exploring the Nyanza, or northern lake. Advancing, however, a few yards, the whole scene suddenly burst upon my view, filling me with admiration, wonder, and delight. . . .

Nothing, in sooth, could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hillfold, down which the footpath zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere and marvellously fertile, shelves towards a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking wavelets. Farther in front stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The background in front is a high and broken wall of steel-covered mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply pencilled against the azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-colour, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south, and opposite the long low point, behind which the Malagarazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the

landscape, which, like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the neatness and finish of Art—mosques and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards—contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of Nature, and diversifying the unbroken *coup d'œil* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove-creeks on the East African sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for soul and sight! Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured, and all the party seemed to join with me in joy.


TO GONDOKORO
Victoria Nyanza
KITIRI I.
R. Kagera
KITARA
KARAGUE
L. Victoria Nyanza 3750 feet
UKEREWE I
MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON
UKHANGA
MUANZA
KILIMANDJARO
Jordan's Nullah
UVIRA
URUNDI
MSENE
UJIJI
KAZE
MOMBAS
PEMBA I.
ZANZIBAR I
UGOGO
R Lufiji
Mamunga River
L Nyassa
PART OF CAPTAIN SPEKE'S SKETCH MAP OF
EASTERN AFRICA
BURTON & SPEKE'S ROUTE ----
SPEKE'S ROUTE FROM KAZE (TABORA) TO VICTORIA NYANZA -·-·-·-·-



THE FIRST VIEW OF VICTORIA NYANZA

3 AUGUST, 1858

After they had discovered Lake Tanganyika in February 1858, Burton and Speke returned to Tabora (Kaze) on their way back to Zanzibar. From Tabora, Speke, with twenty carriers and a guard of ten armed Beluchis, travelled north a distance of two hundred and twenty-six miles to find the great lake of which the Arabs had told him. Leaving Tabora on 9 July he reached the lake, which he named Victoria Nyanza, on 3 August. The journey was without incident, except for the usual troubles with the carriers and the annoyance caused by petty chieftains who demanded the payment of exorbitant tolls for passing through their country.

Speke was quite convinced that he had discovered the source of the Nile. His announcement was received with considerable incredulity, but on his subsequent expedition during 1860–3 he and his companion, Captain J. A. Grant, travelled again to the lake, passed through Uganda, and on 28 July, 1862, saw the Nile issuing from the lake. That finally settled the problem which had baffled men for thousands of years. But the Victoria Nyanza is not the ultimate source of the Nile. That is to be found in springs on the mountains near Lake Tanganyika, whence flows the River Kagera into the lake.

Speke saw the lake first at Mwanza on the south coast. A railway now runs between the two points—Tabora and Mwanza.

(The following extract is taken from Speke's book, *What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, published by William Blackwood and Sons. London, 1864. Pp. 266 et seqq.)

July 9th, 1858. The caravan, consisting of one Kirangozi, twenty pagazis, ten Beluches as guard,

Bombay, Mabruki, and Gaetano, escorting a kit sufficient for six weeks, left Kaze to form camp at noon. . . . I commenced the journey myself at 6 p.m., as soon as the two donkeys I took with me to ride were caught and saddled. It was a dreary beginning. The escort of Beluches who accompanied me had throughout the former journeys been in great disgrace, and were in consequence all sullen in their manner, and walked with heavy gait and downcast countenances, looking very much as if they considered they had sold themselves when striking such a heavy bargain with us, for they evidently saw nothing before them but drudgery and a continuance of past hardships. The nature of the track increased the general gloom; it lay through fields of jowari (holcus) across the plain of Unyanyembe. In the shadow of night, the stalks, awkwardly lying across the path, tripped up the traveller at every step; and whilst his hands, extended to the front, were grasping at darkness to preserve his equilibrium, the heavy bowing ears, ripe and ready to drop, would bang against his eyes. Further, the heavy soil aided not a little in ruffling the temper; but it was soon over, though our mortification did not here cease. The pagazis sent forward had deposited their loads and retired home to indulge, it is suspected, in those potations deep of the universal pombe (African small-beer) that always precede a journey, hunt, or other adventure—without leaving a word to explain the reason of their going, or even the time which they purposed being absent. . . .

July 12th. The caravan got under way by 6 a.m., and we marched thirteen miles to a village in the southern extremity of the Unyambewa district. Fortunately tempers, like butterflies, soon change state. The great

distractor Time, together with the advantage of distance, had produced such a salutary effect on the Beluches' minds, that this morning's start was accomplished to the merry peals of some native homely ditty, and all moved briskly forward. . . . As we proceeded, the country opened into an extensive plain, covered, as we found it at first, with rich cultivation, and then succeeded by a slender tree-forest, amongst which we espied some antelopes, all very wary and difficult of approach. . . .

July 21st. To walk till breakfast, 9 a.m., every morning, I find a luxury, and from that time till noon I ride with pleasure; but the next three hours, though pleasant in a hut, are too warm to be agreeable under hard exertion. The evenings and the mornings, again, are particularly serene, and the night, after 10 p.m., so cold as to render a blanket necessary. But then it must be remembered that all the country about these latitudes, on this meridian, 33° east, is at an altitude of from 3500 to 4000 feet. . . . The cotton-plant is as fine here as at Unyanyembe or Ujiji, and anything would grow with only the trouble of throwing down the seed. It is a great pity that the country is not in better hands. . . . .

July 29th. We started at 6 p.m., and marched thirteen miles to a village. . . . The face of the country is still very irregular, sometimes rising into hills, at other times dropping into dells, but very well cultivated in the lower portion; whilst the brown granite rocks, with trees and brushwood covering the upper regions, diversify the colouring, and form a pleasing contrast to the scene; added to this, large and frequent herds graze about the fields and amongst the villages, and give animation to the whole. Amongst the trees, palms

take a prominent part. Indeed, for tropical scenery, there are few places that could equal this. . . .

July 30th. The caravan started at 6 p.m., and travelled four miles northwards, amidst villages and cultivation. From this point, on facing to the left, I could discern a sheet of water,[1] about four miles from me, which ultimately proved to be a creek, and the most southern point of the N'yanza, which, as I have said before, the Arabs described to us as the Ukerewe Sea. . . .

August 1st. Following down the creek, which, gradually increasing in breadth as it extended northwards, was here of very considerable dimensions, we saw many little islands, well-wooded elevations, standing boldly out of its waters, which, together with the hill-dotted country around, afforded a most agreeable prospect. Would that my eyes had been strong enough to dwell, unshaded, upon such scenery! but my French grey spectacles so excited the crowds of sable gentry who followed the caravan, and they were so boisterously rude, stooping and peering underneath my wide-awake to gain a better sight of my double eyes, as they chose to term them, that it became impossible for me to wear them. I therefore pocketed the instrument, and allowed the donkey I was riding to be quietly pulled along. . . .

August 3rd. The caravan, after quitting Isamiro, began winding up a long but gradually inclined hill—which, as it bears no native name, I shall call Somerset—until it reached its summit, when the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the N'yanza burst suddenly upon my gaze. It was early morning. The distant

[1] This was really Speke's first view of the lake. The "creek," as he calls it, figures now on the map as "Muanza Bay."

sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and west points of the compass; but even this did not afford me any idea of the breadth of the lake, as an archipelago of islands, each consisting of a single hill, rising to a height of two hundred or three hundred feet above the water, intersected the line of vision to the left; while on the right the western horn of the Ukerewe Island cut off any farther view of its distant waters to the eastward of north. . . . This view was one which, even in a well-known and explored country, would have arrested the traveller by its peaceful beauty. The islands, each swelling in a gentle slope to a rounded summit, clothed with wood between the rugged angular closely cropping rocks of granite, seemed mirrored in the calm surface of the lake; on which I here and there detected a small black speck, the tiny canoe of some Muanza fisherman. On the gently shelving plain below me, blue smoke curled above the trees, which here and there partially concealed villages and hamlets, their brown thatched roofs contrasting with the emerald green of the beautiful milk-bush, the coral branches of which cluster in such profusion round the cottages, and form alleys and hedgerows about the villages as ornamental as any garden shrub in England. But the pleasure of the mere view vanished in the presence of those more intense and exciting emotions which are called up by the consideration of the commercial and geographical importance of the prospect before me.

I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river,[1] the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers. The Arabs' tale was proved

[1] The Nile.

to the letter. . . . Muanza, our journey's end, now lay at our feet. It is an open, well-cultivated plain on the southern end, and lies almost flush with the lake; a happy, secluded-looking corner, containing every natural facility to make life pleasant.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKES SHIRWA AND NYASA

18 April and 16 September, 1859

Dr. Livingstone returned to Africa in 1858 for the purpose of exploring the Zambezi, its mouth and tributaries, with a view, as he said, "to their being used as highways for commerce and Christianity to pass into the vast interior of Africa." He was accompanied by his brother Charles, and by Dr. Kirk. They travelled by sea round by Cape Town to the mouth of the Zambezi, where they launched the steamer which they had brought in sections from England. She was named the "Ma Robert," which is the name given by Africans to Mrs. Livingstone, meaning "the mother of Robert." They steamed up the Zambezi to examine the Kebrabasa Rapids; then turned and entered the Shire, a tributary. Their farther progress up this stream was stopped by cataracts which Livingstone named Murchison, after a famous geographer. In March 1859 they made a second trip up the Shire, and from near the village of Chibisa went overland and discovered Lake Shirwa on 18 April. On a subsequent journey they went in search of Lake Nyasa, of which the natives had told them, and reached it on 16 September, 1859.

Note what Dr. Livingstone says about the country which is now Nyasaland, a flourishing British Protectorate, which exports over half a million pounds' worth of tobacco, cotton, and other products every year. Numbers of white people have settled there now. The natives are happy and progressive.

We do not meet the personal pronoun "I" in this narrative. Dr. Livingstone writes in the name of the party.

(Taken from Dr. Livingstone's book, *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi*. London, John Murray, 1865. Pp. 79 et seqq.)

In the middle of March of the same year (1859) we started again for a second trip on the Shire. The natives were now friendly, and readily sold us rice, fowls, and corn. We entered into amicable relations with the chief, Chibisa, whose village was about ten miles below the cataract. He had sent two men on our first visit to invite us to drink beer; but the steamer was such a terrible apparition to them, that, after shouting the invitation, they jumped ashore, and left their canoe to drift down the stream. Chibisa was a remarkably shrewd man, the very image, save his dark hue, of one of our most celebrated London actors, and the most intelligent chief, by far, in this quarter. A great deal of fighting had fallen to his lot, he said; but it was always others who began; he was invariably in the right, and they alone were to blame. He was moreover a firm believer in the divine right of kings. He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died, and left him the chieftainship; but directly he succeeded to the high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head, and down his back; he felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom, and people then began to fear and reverence him. He mentioned this, as one would a fact of natural history, any doubt being quite out of the question. His people, too, believed in him, for they bathed in the river without the slightest fear of crocodiles, the chief having placed a powerful medicine there which protected them from the bite of these terrible reptiles.

Leaving the vessel opposite Chibisa's village, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and a number of the Makololo, started on foot for Lake Shirwa. They travelled in a northerly direction over a mountainous country. The people were far from being well disposed to them, and

some of their guides tried to mislead them, and could not be trusted. Masakasa, a Makololo headman, overheard some remarks, which satisfied him that the guide was leading them into trouble. He was quiet till they reached a lonely spot, when he came up to Dr. Livingstone, and said, "That fellow is bad, he is taking us into mischief; my spear is sharp, and there is no one here; shall I cast him into the long grass?" Had the doctor given the slightest token of assent, or even kept silence, never more would anyone have been led by that guide, for in a twinkling he would have been where "the wicked cease from troubling." It was afterwards found that in this case there was no treachery at all, but want of knowledge on their part of the language, and of the country. They asked to be led to "Nyanja Mukulu," or Great Lake, meaning by this Lake Shirwa; and the guide took them round a terribly rough piece of mountainous country, gradually edging away towards a long marsh, which from the numbers of those animals we had seen there we had called the "Elephant Marsh," but which was really the place known to him by the name "Nyanja Mukulu," or Great Lake. Nyanja or Nyanza means, generally, a marsh, lake, river, or even a mere rivulet.

The party pushed on at last without guides, or only with crazy ones, for, oddly enough, they were often under great obligations to the madmen of the different villages: one of these honoured them, as they slept in the open air, by dancing and singing at their feet the whole night. These poor fellows sympathised with the explorers, probably in the belief that they belonged to their own class; and, uninfluenced by the general opinion of their countrymen, they really pitied, and took kindly to the strangers, and often guided them

faithfully from place to place, when no sane man could be hired for love or money.

The bearing of the Manganja at this time was very independent; a striking contrast to the cringing attitude they afterwards assumed, when the cruel scourge of slave-hunting passed over their country. Signals were given from the different villages by means of drums, and notes of defiance and intimidation were sounded in the travellers' ears by day; and occasionally they were kept awake the whole night, in expectation of an instant attack. Drs. Livingstone and Kirk were desirous that nothing should occur to make the natives regard them as enemies; Masakasa, on the other hand, was anxious to show what he could do in the way of fighting them.

The perseverance of the party was finally crowned with success; for on the 18th of April they discovered Lake Shirwa, a considerable body of bitter water, containing leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. From having probably no outlet, the water is slightly brackish, and it appears to be deep, with islands like hills rising out of it. Their point of view was at the base of Mount Pirimiti or Mopeu-peu, on its south-south-west side. Thence the prospect northwards ended in a sea-horizon with two small islands in the distance —a larger one, resembling a hill-top, and covered with trees, rose more in the foreground. Ranges of hills appeared on the east; and on the west stood Mount Chikala, which seems to be connected with the great mountain-mass called Zomba.

The shore, near which they spent two nights, was covered with reeds and papyrus. Wishing to obtain the latitude by the natural horizon, they waded into the water some distance towards what was reported to

be a sandbank, but were so assaulted by leeches, they were fain to retreat; and a woman told them that in enticing them into the water the men only wanted to kill them. The information gathered was that this lake was nothing in size compared to another in the north, from which it is separated by only a tongue of land. . . . The country around is very beautiful, and clothed with rich vegetation; and the waves, at the time they were there, breaking and foaming over a rock on the south-eastern side, added to the beauty of the picture. . . .

Their object being rather to gain the confidence of the people by degrees, than to explore, they considered that they had advanced far enough into the country for one trip; and believing that they could secure their end by a repetition of their visit, as they had done on the Shire, they decided to return to the vessel at Dakanamoio Island; but, instead of returning the way they came, they passed down southwards close by Mount Chiradzuru, among the relatives of Chibisa, and then by the pass Zedi, down to the Shire. And it was well that they got to the ship when they did; for our excellent quartermaster, John Walker, who had been left in charge, had been very ill of fever all the time of their absence; while those who had been roughing it for twenty-two days on the hills, and sleeping every night, except one, in the open air, came back well and hearty.

. . . . . .

We left the ship, on the 28th of August, 1859, for the discovery of Lake Nyassa. Our party numbered forty-two in all—four whites, thirty-six Makololo, and two guides. We did not actually need so many, either for carriage or defence; but took them because we

believed that, human nature being everywhere the same, blacks are as ready as whites to take advantage of the weak, and are as civil and respectful to the powerful. We armed our men with muskets, which gave us influence, although it did not add much to our strength, as most of the men had never drawn a trigger and in any conflict would in all probability have been more dangerous to us than to the enemy.

Our path crossed the valley, in a north-easterly direction, up the course of a beautiful flowing stream. Many of the gardens had excellent cotton growing in them. An hour's march brought us to the foot of the Manganja Hills, up which lay the toilsome road. The vegetation soon changed; as we rose, bamboos appeared, and new trees and plants were met with, which gave such incessant employment to Dr. Kirk, that he travelled the distance three times over. Remarkably fine trees, one of which has oil-yielding seeds, and belongs to the mahogany family, grow well in the hollows along the rivulet courses. The ascent became very fatiguing, and we were glad of a rest. Looking back from an elevation of a thousand feet, we beheld a lovely prospect. The eye takes in at a glance the valley beneath, and the many windings of its silver stream Makubula, or Kubvula, from the shady hill-side, where it emerges in foamy haste, to where it slowly glides into the tranquil Shire; then the Shire itself is seen for many a mile above and below Chibisa's, and the great level country beyond, with its numerous green woods; until the prospect, west and north-west, is bounded far away by masses of peaked and dome-shaped blue mountains, that fringe the highlands of the Maravi country. . . .

We slept under the trees, the air being pleasant, and no mosquitoes on the hills. According to our usual

plan of marching, by early dawn our camp was in motion. After a cup of coffee, and a bit of biscuit, we were on the way. The air was deliciously cool, and the path a little easier than that of yesterday. We passed a number of villages, and in a few hours gained the upper terrace, three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The plateau lies west of the Milanje Mountains, and its north-eastern border slopes down to Lake Shirwa. We were all charmed with the splendid country, and looked with never-failing delight on its fertile plains, its numerous hills, and majestic mountains. In some of the passes we saw bramble-berries growing; and the many other flowers, though of great beauty, did not remind us of youth and of home like the ungainly thorny bramble-bushes. We were a week in crossing the highlands in a northerly direction; then we descended into the Upper Shire Valley, which is nearly twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. This valley is wonderfully fertile, and supports a large population. After leaving the somewhat flat-topped southern portion, the most prominent mountain of the Zomba range is Njongone, which has a fine stream running past its northern base. We were detained at the end of the chain some days by one of our companions being laid up with fever. One night we were suddenly aroused by buffaloes rushing close by the sick-bed. We were encamped by a wood on the border of a marsh, but our patient soon recovered, notwithstanding the unfavourable situation, and the poor accommodation. . . .

On entering a village, we proceeded, as all strangers do, at once to the Boalo[1]: mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually spread for us to sit on. Our guides then told the men who might be there who we were, whence

[1] Boalo, the courtyard of the village chief.

we had come, whither we wanted to go, and what were our objects. This information was duly carried to the chief, who, if a sensible man, came at once; but, if he happened to be timid and suspicious, waited until he had used divination, and his warriors had time to come in from outlying hamlets. When he makes his appearance, all the people begin to clap their hands in unison, and continue doing so till he sits down opposite to us. His counsellors take their places beside him. He makes a remark or two, and is then silent for a few seconds. Our guides then sit down in front of the chief and his counsellors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other; the chief repeats a word such as "Ambuiatu" (Our father, or master)—or "moio" (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter, and still fainter till the last dies away, or is brought to an end by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette. Our guides now tell the chief, often in blank verse, all they have already told his people, with the addition, perhaps, of their own suspicions of the visitors. He asks some questions, and then converses with us through the guides. Direct communication between the chief and the head of the stranger party is not customary. In approaching they often ask who is the spokesman, and the spokesman of the chief addresses the person indicated exclusively. There is no lack of punctilious good manners. The accustomed presents are exchanged, with civil ceremoniousness, until our men, weary and hungry, call out, "English do not buy slaves, they buy

food," and then the people bring meal, maize, fowls, batatas, yams, beans, beer, for sale.

The Manganja are an industrious race; and in addition to working in iron, cotton, and basket-making, they cultivate the soil extensively. All the people of a village turn out to labour in the fields. It is no uncommon thing to see men, women, and children hard at work, with the baby lying close by beneath a shady bush. . . . Maize is grown all the year round. Cotton is cultivated at almost every village. . . . Many of the men are intelligent looking, with well-shaped heads, agreeable faces, and high foreheads. We soon learned to forget colour, and we frequently saw countenances resembling those of white people we have known in England, which brought back the looks of forgotten ones vividly before the mind. . . .

Our path followed the Shire above the cataracts, which is now a broad deep river, with but little current. It expands in one place into a lakelet, called Pamalombe, full of fine fish, and ten or twelve miles long by five or six in breadth. Its banks are low, and a dense wall of papyrus encircles it. On its western shore rises a range of hills running north. On reaching the village of the Chief Muana-Moesi, and about a day's march distant from Nyassa, we were told that no lake had ever been heard of there; that the River Shire stretched on as we saw it now to a distance of "two months," and then came out from between perpendicular rocks, which towered almost to the skies. Our men looked blank at this piece of news, and said: "Let us go back to the ship, it is of no use trying to find the lake." "We shall go and see those wonderful rocks at any rate," said the doctor. "And when you see them," replied Masakasa, "you will just want to see something else."

"But there *is* a lake," rejoined Masakasa, "for all their denying it, for it is down in a book." Masakasa, having unbounded faith in whatever was in a book, went and scolded the natives for telling him an untruth. "There is a lake," said he, "for how could the white men know about it in a book if it did not exist?" They then admitted that there was a lake a few miles off. Subsequent inquiries make it probable that the story of the "perpendicular rocks" may have had reference to a fissure, known to both natives and Arabs, in the north-eastern portion of the lake. The walls rise so high that the path along the bottom is said to be underground. It is probably a crack similar to that which made the Victoria Falls and formed the Shire Valley.

The chief brought a small present of meal in the evening, and sat with us for a few minutes. On leaving us he said that he wished we might sleep well. Scarce had he gone, when a wild sad cry arose from the river, followed by the shrieking of women. A crocodile had carried off his principal wife, as she was bathing. The Makololo snatched up their arms, and rushed to the bank, but it was too late, she was gone. The wailing of the women continued all night, and next morning we met others coming to the village to join in the general mourning. Their grief was evidently heartfelt, as we saw the tears coursing down their cheeks. In reporting this misfortune to his neighbours, Muana-Moesi said "that white men came to his village; washed themselves at the place where his wife drew water and bathed; rubbed themselves with a white medicine (soap); and his wife, having gone to bathe afterwards, was taken by a crocodile; he did not know whether in consequence of the medicine used or not." This we could not find fault with. On our return we were viewed

with awe, and all the men fled at our approach; the women remained; and this elicited the remark from our men: "The women have the advantage of men, in not needing to dread the spear." The practice of bathing, which our first contact with Chinsunse's people led us to believe was unknown to the natives, we afterwards found to be common in other parts of the Manganja country.

We discovered Lake Nyassa a little before noon of the 16th September, 1859. Its southern end is in 14° 25′ S. Lat., and 35° 30′ E. Long. There are hills on both sides of the lake, but the haze from burning grass prevented us at the time from seeing far. A long time after our return from Nyassa, we received a letter from Captain R. B. Oldfield, R.N., then commanding H.M.S. *Lyra*, with the information that Dr. Roscher, an enterprising German, who unfortunately lost his life in his zeal for exploration, had also reached the lake, but on the 19th of November following our discovery; and on his arrival had been informed by the natives that a party of white men were at the southern extremity. On comparing dates (16th September and 19th November) we were about two months before Dr. Roscher. . . .

The chief of the village near the confluence of the Lake and River Shire, an old man, called Mosauka, hearing that we were sitting under a tree, came and kindly invited us to his village. He took us to a magnificent banyan-tree, of which he seemed proud. The roots had been trained down to the ground into the form of a gigantic arm-chair, without the seat. Four of us slept in the space betwixt its arms. Mosauka brought us a present of a goat and basket of meal "to comfort our hearts." He told us that a large slave-party, led by Arabs, were encamped close by. They

had been up to Cazembe's country the past year, and were on their way back, with plenty of slaves, ivory, and malachite. In a few minutes half a dozen of the leaders came over to see us. They were armed with long muskets, and, to our mind, were a villainous-looking lot. They evidently thought the same of us, for they offered several young children for sale; but when told that we were English, showed signs of fear, and decamped during the night. On our return to the Kongone, we found that H.M.S. *Lynx* had caught some of these very slaves in a dhow; for a woman told us she first saw us at Mosauka's, and that the Arabs had fled for fear of an *uncanny* sort of Basungu. . . .

The Manganja were more suspicious and less hospitable than the tribes on the Zambesi. They were slow to believe that our object in coming into their country was really what we professed it to be. They naturally judge us by the motives which govern themselves. A chief in the Upper Shire Valley, whose scared looks led our men to christen him "Kitlabolawa" ("I shall be killed"), remarked that parties had come before, with as plausible a story as ours, and, after a few days, had jumped up and carried off a number of his people as slaves. We were not allowed to enter some of the villages in the valley, nor would the inhabitants even sell us food; Zimika's men, for instance, stood at the entrance of the euphorbia hedge, and declared we should not pass in. We sat down under a tree close by. A young fellow made an angry oration, dancing from side to side with his bow and poisoned arrows, and gesticulating fiercely in our faces. He was stopped in the middle of his harangue by an old man, who ordered him to sit down, and not talk to strangers in that way; he obeyed reluctantly, scowling defiance, and thrusting

out his large lips very significantly. The women were observed leaving the village; and, suspecting that mischief might ensue, we proceeded on our journey, to the great disgust of our men. They were very angry with the natives for their want of hospitality to strangers, and with us, because we would not allow them to give "the things a thrashing." "This is what comes of going with white men," they growled out; "had we been with our own chief, we should have eaten their goats to-night, and had some of themselves to carry the bundles for us to-morrow." On our return, by a path which left his village on our right, Zimika sent to apologise, saying that "he was ill, and in another village at the time; it was not by his orders that we were sent away; his men did not know that we were a party wishing the land to dwell in peace."

We were not able, when hastening back to the men left in the ship, to remain in the villages belonging to this chief; but the people came after us with things for sale, and invited us to stop, and spend the night with them, urging, "Are we to have it said that white people passed through our country and we did not see them?" We rested by a rivulet to gratify these sightseers. We appear to them to be red rather than white; and, though light colour is admired among themselves, our clothing renders us uncouth in aspect. Blue eyes appear savage, and a red beard hideous.

From the numbers of aged persons we saw on the highlands, and the increase of mental and physical vigour we experienced on our ascent from the lowlands, we inferred that the climate was salubrious, and that our countrymen might there enjoy good health, and also be of signal benefit, by leading the multitude of industrious inhabitants to cultivate cotton, buaze, sugar, and

other valuable produce, to exchange for goods of European manufacture; at the same time teaching them, by precept and example, the great truths of our Holy Religion.

Our stay at the lake was necessarily short. We had found that the best plan for allaying any suspicions that might arise in the minds of a people accustomed only to slave-traders, was to pay a hasty visit, and then leave for a while, and allow the conviction to form among the people that, though our course of action was so different from that of others, we were not dangerous, but rather disposed to be friendly. We had also a party at the vessel, and any indiscretion on their part might have proved fatal to the character of the expedition.

Two years later, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with Charles Livingstone and a white sailor, John Neil, and a score of attendants, went up the Shire in a light four-oared gig, and entered Lake Nyasa. They rowed along the western shore, nearly to the northern extremity.

The lake appeared to be surrounded by mountains, but it was afterwards found that these beautiful tree-covered heights were, on the west, only the edges of high tablelands. Like all narrow seas encircled by highlands, it is visited by sudden and tremendous storms. We were on it in September and October, perhaps the stormiest season of the year, and were repeatedly detained by gales. At times, while sailing pleasantly over the blue water with a gentle breeze, suddenly and without any warning was heard the sound of a coming storm, roaring on with crowds of angry waves in its wake. We were caught one morning with the sea breaking all around us, and, unable either to advance or recede, anchored a mile from shore, in

seven fathoms. The furious surf on the beach would have shivered our slender boat to atoms, had we tried to land. The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests, driven into spray, streaming behind them. A short lull followed each triple charge. Had one of these white-maned seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us; for they came on with resistless force; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. For six weary hours we faced those terrible trios, any one of which might have been carrying the end of our expedition in its hoary head. A low, dark, detached, oddly-shaped cloud came slowly from the mountains, and hung for hours directly over our heads. A flock of nightjars (*Cometornis vexillarius*), which on no other occasion come out by day, soared above us in the gale, like birds of evil omen. Our black crew became sea-sick and unable to sit up or keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives and our land party stood on the high cliffs looking at us and exclaiming, as the waves seemed to swallow up the boat, "They are lost! they are all dead!" When at last the gale moderated and we got safely ashore, they saluted us warmly, as after a long absence. From this time we trusted implicitly to the opinions of our seaman, John Neil, who, having been a fisherman on the coast of Ireland, understood boating on a stormy coast, and by his advice we often sat cowering on the land for days together waiting for the surf to go down. He had never seen such waves before. We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; and, did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, would call Nyassa the "Lake of Storms."

THE DISCOVERY OF ALBERT NYANZA

14 MARCH, 1864

In April 1861 Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Baker and his wife set out from Cairo to discover the sources of the Nile. After spending a year in exploring the eastern affluents of the river, they sailed upstream from Khartum to Gondokoro, arriving there in February 1863. At this point they met Speke and Grant, who had come from the east coast by way of Uganda. From Gondokoro the Bakers marched southward, but owing to mutinies among their men and the rainy season, it was not until February 1864 that they reached the capital of Kamrasi, King of Unyoro. After being unmercifully fleeced, they were given an escort of three hundred men to conduct them westwards to the lake. Of the escort Mr. Baker wrote: "I never saw a more unearthly set of creatures; they were perfect illustrations of my childish ideas of devils—horns, tails, and all, excepting the hoofs."

We take up the narrative from the day they left the village of Karche, in latitude 1° 19′ 31″ N.

(Quoted, with the omission of a few sentences, from Baker's book, *The Albert N'yanza*, Macmillan and Co., 1866, vol. ii, pp. 83 et seqq.)

WE were both ill, but were obliged to ride through the hottest hours of the sun, as our followers were never ready to start at an early hour in the morning. The native escort were perfectly independent, and so utterly wild and savage in their manner, that they appeared more dangerous than the general inhabitants of the country. . . . On the following morning we had the usual difficulty in collecting porters, those of the pre-

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

tree, and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed. It was a *coup de soleil.*[1]

Many of the porters had gone on ahead with the baggage, and I started off a man in haste to recall an angarep[2] upon which to carry her, and also for a bag with a change of clothes, as we had dragged her through the river. It was in vain that I rubbed her heart, and the black women rubbed her feet, to endeavour to restore animation. At length the litter came, and after changing her clothes, she was carried mournfully forward as a corpse. Constantly we had to halt and support her head, as a painful rattling in the throat betokened suffocation. At length we reached a village, and halted for the night.

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

There was nothing to eat in this spot. My wife had never stirred since she fell by the *coup de soleil,* and

[1] *Coup de soleil,* sunstroke. [2] Angarep, camp bedstead.

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

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

alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

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

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

I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier

of Uganda, and M'tese's[1] people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, but although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!

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

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

Having rested for two days, we again moved forward, Mrs. Baker being carried on a litter. We now continued on elevated ground, on the north side of a valley running from west to east, about sixteen miles broad, and exceedingly swampy. The rocks composing the ridge

[1] **Mutesa, the Kabaka, or King, of Uganda.**

upon which we travelled due west were all gneiss and quartz, with occasional breaks, forming narrow valleys all of which were swamps choked with immense papyrus rushes, that made the march very fatiguing. In one of these muddy bottoms one of my riding-oxen that was ill stuck fast, and we were obliged to abandon it, intending to send a number of natives to drag it out with ropes. On arrival at a village, our guide started about fifty men for this purpose, while we continued our journey.

That evening we reached a village belonging to a headman, and very superior to most that we had passed on the route from M'rooli: large sugar-canes of the blue variety were growing in the fields, and I had seen coffee growing wild in the forest in the vicinity. . . . The name of this village was Parkani. For several days past our guides had told us that we were very near to the lake, and we were now assured that we should reach it on the morrow. I had noticed a lofty range of mountains at an immense distance west, and I had imagined that the lake lay on the other side of this chain; but I was now informed that those mountains formed the western frontier of the M'wootan N'zige, and that the lake was actually within a march of Parkani. I could not believe it possible that we were so near the object of our search. The guide Rabonga now appeared and declared that if we started early on the following morning we should be able to wash in the lake by noon!

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

reservoir of Nature that ever since creation had baffled all discovery.

I had hoped, and prayed, and striven through all kinds of difficulties, in sickness, starvation, and fatigue, to reach that hidden source; and when it had appeared impossible, we had both determined to die upon the road rather than return defeated. Was it possible that it was so near, and that to-morrow we could say, "the work is accomplished"?

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

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment—here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honour of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel

this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about one thousand five hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in Nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake "the Albert N'yanza." The Victoria and the Albert Lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. . . . The beach was perfectly

clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as seaweed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received *every drop of water* even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE MURCHISON FALLS

APRIL 1864

When they reached Lake Albert, the Bakers embarked in a canoe and voyaged to the point where the Nile—the Somerset or Victoria Nile—enters the lake and almost immediately emerges again to flow north. They wished to follow the course downstream, but the natives most positively refused to take them. They therefore entered the Victoria Nile with the intention of tracing it to Karuma Falls, where Speke and Grant had left the river to march overland to Gondokoro. The Bakers' voyage upstream was interrupted by the Murchison Falls, which they were the first Europeans to see and describe.

(We quote from *The Albert N'yanza*, vol. ii, pp. 138 et seqq.)

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

consolation that, if the body had been vanquished, we died with the prize in our grasp.

On arrival at the canoes we found everything in readiness, and the boatmen already in their places. A crowd of natives pushed us over the shallows, and once in deep water we passed through a broad canal which led us into the open channel without the labour of towing through the narrow inlet by which we had arrived. Once in the broad channel of dead water we steered due east, and made rapid way until the evening. The river as it now appeared, although devoid of current, was an average of about five hundred yards in width. Before we halted for the night I was subjected to a most severe attack of fever, and upon the boat reaching a certain spot I was carried on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village, attended carefully by my poor sick wife, who, herself half dead, followed me on foot through the marshes in pitch darkness, and watched over me until the morning. At daybreak I was too weak to stand, and we were both carried down to the canoes, and, crawling helplessly within our grass awning, we lay down like logs while the canoes continued their voyage. Many of our men were also suffering from fever. The malaria of the dense masses of floating vegetation was most poisonous; and, upon looking back to the canoe that followed in our wake, I observed all my men sitting crouched together sick and dispirited, looking like departed spirits being ferried across the melancholy Styx.

The river now contracted rapidly to about two hundred and fifty yards in width about ten miles from Magungo. We had left the vast flats of rush-banks, and entered a channel between high ground, forming steep forest-covered hills, about two hundred feet on either side, north and south: nevertheless there was no perceptible

stream, although there was no doubt that we were actually in the channel of a river. The water was clear and exceedingly deep. In the evening we halted, and slept on a mud-bank close to the water. The grass in the forest was very high and rank: thus we were glad to find an open space for a bivouac, although a nest of mosquitoes and malaria.

On waking the next morning, I observed that a thick fog covered the surface of the river; and as I lay upon my back, on my angarep, I amused myself before I woke my men by watching the fog slowly lifting from the river. While thus employed I was struck by the fact, that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages (*Pistia stratiotes, L.*), were certainly, although very slowly, moving to the west. I immediately jumped up and watched them most attentively; there was no doubt about it; they were travelling towards the Albert Lake. We were now about eighteen miles in a direct line from Magungo, and there was a current in the river, which, however slight, was nevertheless perceptible.

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

The woman Bacheeta knew the country, as she had formerly been to Magungo when in the service of Sali, who had been subsequently murdered by Kamrasi; she now informed me that we should terminate our canoe voyage on that day, as we should arrive at the great waterfall of which she had often spoken. As we proceeded, the river gradually narrowed to about one hundred and eighty yards, and when the paddles ceased working we could distinctly hear the roar of water. I had heard this on waking in the morning, but at the time

I had imagined it to proceed from distant thunder. By ten o'clock the current had so increased as we proceeded, that it was distinctly perceptible, although weak. The roar of the waterfall was extremely loud, and after sharp pulling for a couple of hours, during which time the stream increased, we arrived at a few deserted fishing-huts, at a point where the river made a slight turn. I never saw such an extraordinary show of crocodiles as were exposed on every sand-bank on the sides of the river; they lay like logs of timber close together, and upon one bank we counted twenty-seven of large size; every basking-place was crowded in a similar manner. From the time we had fairly entered the river, it had been confined by heights somewhat precipitous on either side, rising to about one hundred and eighty feet. At this point the cliffs were still higher, and exceedingly abrupt. From the roar of the water, I was sure that the fall would be in sight if we turned the corner at the bend of the river; accordingly I ordered the boatmen to row as far as they could: to this they at first objected, as they wished to stop at the deserted fishing-village, which they explained was to be the limit of the journey, further progress being impossible.

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

roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about one hundred and twenty feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

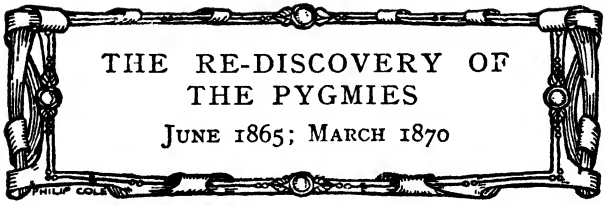
The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and, in honour of the distinguished President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

The boatmen, having been promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as close as possible, succeeded in bringing the canoe within about three hundred yards of the base, but the power of the current and the whirlpools in the river rendered it impossible to proceed farther. There was a sand-bank on our left which was literally covered with crocodiles lying parallel to each other like trunks of trees prepared for shipment; they had no fear of the canoe until we approached within about twenty yards of them, when they slowly crept into the water; all excepting one, an immense fellow who lazily lagged behind, and immediately dropped dead as a bullet from the little Fletcher No. 24 struck him in the brain.

So alarmed were the boatmen at the unexpected report of the rifle that they immediately dropped into the body of the canoe, one of them losing his paddle. Nothing would induce them to attend to the boat, as I had fired a second shot at the crocodile as a "quietus," and the natives did not know how often the alarming noise would be repeated. Accordingly we were at the mercy of the powerful stream, and the canoe was whisked

round by the eddy and carried against a thick bank of high reeds—hardly had we touched this obstruction when a tremendous commotion took place in the rushes, and in an instant a great bull hippopotamus charged the canoe, and with a severe shock striking the bottom he lifted us half out of the water. The natives who were in the bottom of the boat positively yelled with terror, not knowing whether the shock was in any way connected with the dreaded report of the rifle; the black women screamed; and the boy Saat handing me a spare rifle, and Richarn being ready likewise, we looked out for a shot should the angry hippo again attack us.

A few kicks bestowed by my angry men upon the recumbent boatmen restored them to the perpendicular. The first thing necessary was to hunt for the lost paddle that was floating down the rapid current. The hippopotamus, proud of having disturbed us, but doubtless thinking us rather hard of texture, raised his head to take a last view of his enemy, but sank too rapidly to permit a shot. Crocodile heads of enormous size were on all sides, appearing and vanishing rapidly as they rose to survey us; at one time we counted eighteen upon the surface. Fine fun it would have been for these monsters had the bull hippo been successful in his attempt to capsize us; the fat black woman, Karka, would have been a dainty morsel. Having recovered the lost paddle, I prevailed upon the boatmen to keep the canoe steady while I made a sketch of the Murchison Falls, which being completed, we drifted rapidly down to the landing-place at the deserted fishing-village, and bade adieu to the navigation of the lake and river of Central Africa.



Centuries ago rumours reached Europe of the existence of tribes of dwarfs living in the mysterious land of Africa. But it was not until last century that these old stories were proved to be true. Battell, the English sailor, who lived in West Africa for many years, mentions the Matimbas, "which are no bigger than boys of twelve years old." Perhaps the first modern European to see one of the little people was the missionary, Dr. Krapf. He heard of them in 1840 from a man who had come from the far interior; and then at a place on the coast, named Barava, he was shown a slave, four feet high, who was said to be a Pygmy brought down from some unknown inland region. It seems that the first European to see Pygmies actually in their homes was Du Chaillu, the discoverer of the gorilla. In 1864 and 1865 he travelled up the Rembo and Ngunie Rivers from the west coast into the interior of the Gabun country. It was there he saw the Pygmies—Obongos, he says, was their name.

(We take the description from his book, *A Journey to Ashango-land.* London, John Murray, 1867. Pp. 269–70, 215–24.)

1. Du Chaillu's Account

On our way to Yengué, in traversing one of the tracts of wild forest through which runs the highway of the country, we came suddenly upon a cluster of most extraordinary diminutive huts, which I should have passed by, thinking them to be some kind of fetich-houses, if I had not been told that we might meet in this district with villages of a tribe of dwarf negroes, who

are scattered about the Ishogo and Ashango countries and other parts farther east.

I had heard of these people during my former journey in the Apingi country, under the name of Ashoungas; they are called here, however, Obongos. From the loose and exaggerated descriptions I had heard on my former journey, I had given no credence to the report of the existence of these dwarf tribes, and had not thought the subject worthy of mention in my former narrative. The sight of these extraordinary dwellings filled me with curiosity, for it was really a village of this curious people. I rushed forward, hoping to find some at least of their tenants inside, but they had fled on our approach into the neighbouring jungle. The huts were of a low oval shape, like a gipsy tent; the highest part —that nearest the entrance—was about four feet from the ground; the greatest breadth was about four feet also. On each side were three or four sticks for the man and woman to sleep upon. The huts were made of flexible branches of trees, arched over and fixed into the ground at each end, the longest branches being in the middle, and the others successively shorter, the whole being covered with large leaves. When I entered the huts, I found in each the remains of a fire in the middle of the floor. It was a sore disappointment for me to miss this opportunity of seeing and examining these people. We scoured the neighbourhood for some distance, but could find no traces of them. A few days afterwards, at Niembouai, as will presently be seen, I was more fortunate. . . .

I had heard that there was a village of the Obongos, or dwarfed wild negroes, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Niembouai, and one of my first inquiries on arriving at the place was naturally whether there was

any chance of my seeing this singular people, who, it appears, continually come into their villages, but would not do so while I was there. The Ashangos themselves made no objection, and even offered to accompany me to the Obongo village. They told me, however, that I had better take with me only a very small party, so that we might make as little noise as possible. Two guides were given me, and I took only three of my men. We started this morning, and reached the place after twenty minutes' walk. In a retired nook in the forest were twelve huts of this strange tribe, scattered without order, and covering altogether only a very small space of ground. The shape of the huts was the same as that I have before described in the deserted Obongo village near Yengue. When we approached them no sign of living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted. The huts are of such slight construction, and the Obongos so changeable, that they frequently remove from one place to another. The abodes were very filthy; and whilst my men and myself were endeavouring to examine them, we were covered with swarms of fleas and obliged to beat a retreat. The village had been abandoned by its inhabitants, no doubt on account of their huts being so much infested with these insects.

Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came on another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed huts, scattered about, without any regular order, in a small open space. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the

wild inmates, my Ashango guides holding up a bunch of beads in a friendly way; but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. Their flight was very hurried. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

The little holes which serve as doors to the huts were closed by fresh-gathered branches of trees, with their foliage, stuck in the ground. My Ashango guides tried all they could to calm the fears of the trembling creatures; telling them that I had come to do them no harm, but had brought some beads to give them. I finally succeeded in approaching them, for fear seemed to have paralysed their powers of moving. I gave them some beads, and then made my Ashango guides tell them that we should come back the next day with more beads, to give some to all the women; so they must all be there. One of the old women, in the course of a short time, lost all her shyness and began to ridicule the men for having run away from us. She said they were as timid as the nchende (squirrel), who cried "Que, que," and in squeaking she twisted her little body into odd contortions with such droll effect that we all laughed.

When I brought out my tape to measure her, her fears returned; thinking perhaps that it was a kind of snake that I was uncoiling out of its case, she trembled all over; I told her I was not going to kill her, but it required another present to quiet her again. I accomplished my task at last. I also measured the young man, who was adult, and probably a fair sample of the male portion of his race.

We then returned to Niembouai. I had waited an

hour, in the vain hope that the men might come back to their huts. By the way, the Obongo women seem to know how to tell lies as well as their country-women of larger growth; for when I inquired where the rest of the people were. they at once replied that they were gone into the forest to fetch firewood and to trap game.

The next day (July 1st) I went again to their village, and saw only one woman and two children. I had not come early enough, the birds had flown. Luckily the woman was one of those I had seen the day before. I gave her and the children a number of beads. Then suspecting that the mother of the children was in the hut by where they stood, I went to it, took off the branch that had been put at the entrance to signify that the owner was out, and then putting half my body into the hut, in the best way I could, I finally succeeded in seeing in the dark something which soon after I recognised as a human being. My Ashango man called to her, telling her not to be afraid. I was then told that she had lost her husband a few days before, when they lived in the now deserted village which I had seen on my way hither. She had over her forehead a broad stripe of yellow ochre.

I desired my Ashango guide to ask the women where they buried their dead; but he told me I had better not ask the question, as they might get frightened, and the woman who had just lost her husband might cry.

I gave the poor widow some beads, and then left them again; my old friend Misounda (for she told me her name) inviting me to come back in the afternoon, as the men would then have returned from the woods. I accordingly returned in the course of the afternoon, but no men were to be seen. . . .

On a subsequent visit, I found the village deserted

by the women as well as by the men—at least, as we approached it, the women, who had heard us, ran into their huts; among them I caught sight of my old friend Misounda running to hide herself. This was doubly disappointing, as I had flattered myself that I had quite tamed her. When we entered the village not a sound was to be heard, and the branches of the trees had been put up at the doors of all the huts, to make us believe that the people had all gone into the woods. My Ashango guide shouted aloud: "We have come to give you more beads; where are you?" Not a whisper was heard, no one answered our call; but there was no room for any mistake, as we had seen the women enter the huts. I therefore went to the hut of my old friend, Misounda, took off the branch, and called her by name, but there was no answer. It was so dark inside that I could see nothing; so I entered, and tumbled over the old woman. Finding that she was detected, she came out, and pretended that she had been fast asleep. Then she called out the other women, saying that I was not a leopard come to eat them, and that they need not be afraid.

In the course of other visits which I made to the village during my stay at Niembouai, I succeeded in measuring five other women. I could not help laughing, for all of them covered their faces with their hands; and it was only in the case of woman No. 1 that I could get any measurements of the face. . . .

Du Chaillu sets out the measurements he obtained. These were the heights of the women: 4 ft. 4½ ins., 4 ft. 7½ ins., 5 ft. 9½ ins., 4 ft. 8 ins., 5 ft., 4 ft. 5 ins. The height of the young man was 4 ft. 6 ins.

The colour of these people was a dirty yellow, much

lighter than the Ashangos who surround them, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and colour, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos, amongst whom they live. . . . The Ashangos, indeed, are very anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which the wretched creatures live, must necessitate close interbreeding; and I think it very possible that this circumstance may be the cause of the physical deterioration of their race. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheek bones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short curly tufts; this is the more remarkable, as the Ashangos and neighbouring tribes have rather long bushy hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways; with the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The young man had an unusual quantity of hair also on his legs and breast, growing in short curly tufts similar to the hair of the head, and all the accounts of the Ashangos which I heard agreed in this, that the Obongo men were thickly covered with hair on these parts of their body; besides, I saw myself, during the course of my stay at Niembouai on my return, male

Obongos in the village, and although they would not allow me to approach them, I could get near enough to notice the small tufts of hair: one of the men was black. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of grass-cloth, which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite a custom of the Ashangos to give their old worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The modes of burial of these savages, as related to me by my Ashango companions, are curious. The most common habit is to place the corpse in the interior of a hollow tree in the forest, filling up the hole with branches and leaves mixed with earth; but sometimes they make a hole in the bed of a running stream, diverting the current for the purpose, and then, after the grave is covered in, turning back the rivulet to its former course.

The Ashangos like the presence of this curious people near their villages because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants, they sell to their neighbours in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jars, and all manufactured articles of which they stand in need. The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them; I always took care not to walk back from their village to Niembouai after nightfall; for in the path itself there were several traps for leopards, wild boars, and antelopes. From the path, traps for monkeys could be seen everywhere: and I should not at all have relished having my legs caught in one of these traps. I was surprised at the kindness, almost the tenderness, shown by the Ashangos to their diminutive neighbours. On

one of my visits to the village I saw about a dozen Niembouai women, who had come with plantains to exchange for game, which they expected to be brought in by the men. As the little hunters had not returned from the forest, they were disappointed in this errand; but seeing that the Obongo women were suffering from hunger, they left nearly all the plantains with them as a gift, or, perhaps, on trust, for outside the hut they were cooking roots of some tree, which did not seem to me very nourishing.

The Obongos, as I have said before, never remain long in one place. They are eminently a migratory people, moving from place to place whenever game becomes scarce. But they do not wander very far; that is, the Obongos who live within the Ashango territory do not go out of that territory—they are called the Obongos of the Ashangos—those who live among the Njavi are called Obongo-Njavi—and the same with other tribes. They are similar to the gipsies of Europe —distinct from the people amongst whom they live, yet living for generations within the confines of the same country. They plant nothing, and depend partly for their vegetable food on roots, berries, and nuts, which they find in the forest; indeed, the men spend most of their days and many of their nights in the woods, and it was partly on this account, and their excessive shyness, that I was unable to examine them closely, with the solitary exception of the young man above described. When they can no longer find wild animals in the locality where they have made their temporary settlements, they are sometimes apt to steal food from their more civilised neighbours, and then decamp. Their appetite for animal food is more like that of a carnivorous beast than that of a man. One day I

enticed the old woman, whose heart I had gained by many presents of beads, to Niembouai, simply by promising her a joint of goat-flesh. I had asked her if she was hungry—without answering me, she drew a long breath, drawing in her stomach, to make me understand that it was very empty. When she came, I tried to put her off with a bunch of plantains, but she stuck tenaciously to my hut until I had fulfilled my promise of giving her some meat, repeating the word *etava, etava* (goat, goat). . . . My guides were kind enough to inform me that, if I wanted to buy an Obongo, they would be happy to catch one for me.

2. Dr. Schweinfurth's Account

The next traveller, it seems, who saw Pygmies was Dr. G. A. Schweinfurth, a German scientist, who made two journeys into Central Africa for the purpose chiefly of studying and collecting plants. He described his encounter with the little people in his interesting and beautifully illustrated volumes, *The Heart of Africa*. Since the law of copyright will not allow of quoting his description, we must tell the story in our own words.

Dr. Schweinfurth's first journey in 1863–6 took him up the Nile as far as Khartum. In the course of his travels during the years 1869–71 he ascended the Nile again in a boat past Khartum. He entered the Bahr-el-Ghazal, one of the great tributaries of the Nile, and after ascending it for some distance he struck overland in a southerly direction into hitherto unexplored regions. In March 1870 he came to a great river, the Welle, flowing towards the west. He thought this river must find its way into Lake Chad, but afterwards it was proved to be a tributary of the Congo. Beyond the

Welle Dr. Schweinfurth entered the country of the Mombutu people. It was at the town of their king, Munza, that he saw the Pygmies.

Time used to hang heavily on the hands of Dr. Schweinfurth and his crew as they sailed up the Nile. The Nubian boatmen were great talkers and whiled away the long hours by telling and retelling stories. Dr. Schweinfurth sat in his improvised cabin in the stern and listened to them with keen interest as they talked about what they had seen in Egypt and elsewhere on their travels; and what interested him most was that they always came back to the subject of Pygmies. Some of the men said they had actually seen these dwarfs. Away in the far south, they declared, were whole tribes of people who never grew taller than three feet, and who wore beards reaching down to their knees. The men were described as remarkable for their daring and agility: armed only with spears they would creep through the long grass of the forest and get beneath an elephant while it stood feeding, and then they would stab it, and creep away silently before the beast could trample upon them.

Dr. Schweinfurth listened intently to these stories, and as he listened he wondered whether the sailors were not drawing upon their imagination. But he was a scholar and recalled what ancient writers had said of Pygmies: could it be that these legends were, after all, based on fact? He remembered what Homer had written in the Iliad:

> To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
> With noise, and order, through the midway sky;
> To pygmy nations wounds and death they bring,
> And all the war descends upon the wing.

And he knew that Homer was not alone in mentioning

Pygmies. Herodotus, the historian, had spoken quite definitely about them. He told about the adventure of the Nasamonians who crossed the great Libyan deserts. "They at length saw some trees growing on a plain, and having approached they began to gather the fruit that grew on the trees; and while they were gathering it some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature, came up and seized them and carried them away." Moreover, the philosopher Aristotle had written: "The cranes fly to the lakes above Egypt, from which flows the Nile; there dwell the Pygmies, and this is no fable but the pure truth; there, just as we are told, do men and horses of diminutive size dwell in caves."

Many centuries ago, therefore, learned men had confidently affirmed the existence of these dwarfed people; and here the sailors were continually talking about them! These men could not have read Herodotus and Aristotle: where had they got their extraordinary stories from? Could it be that such people did actually exist? Dr. Schweinfurth's curiosity was aroused; and more so because when they left the river and plunged into unknown countries he heard again and again about them.

They came at last to Munza's town, in the land of the Mombutu. One morning while Dr. Schweinfurth was in camp he heard the noise of shouting, and looking out of his tent he saw one of his men approaching rapidly with a little person perched upon his shoulder. This man, whose name was Mohammad, had seen the Pygmy at the king's court, and had immediately picked him up and ran off with him to his master.

The little fellow was scared. They placed him on a stool in the tent and called an interpreter who understood the Pygmy language. Then Dr. Schweinfurth sketched his portrait, and asked him innumerable

questions. It was not easy, however, to get him to talk. He had never seen a white man before; and he wanted to escape. They gave him food and pacified him with presents, until at last he laid aside his fears. His name, he told them, was Adimoko. He belonged to the Akka tribe that lived in the south, nearer the Equator.

After two hours of questioning Adimoko's patience became exhausted, and he made a sudden leap towards the tent door. But he could not get away, for a crowd of inquisitive folk had gathered there. He was compelled, much against his will, to remain a little longer. He was persuaded to dance the Pygmy war-dance, and Dr. Schweinfurth was astonished by the marvellous agility which he displayed. Armed with a small spear and bow and arrow, he leaped about and made such grimaces that all the spectators were convulsed with laughter.

Adimoko returned to his home carrying many gifts. He told other Pygmies about it, and before long Dr. Schweinfurth was visited by numbers of them every day while he remained at Munza's town. He never saw a Pygmy woman, however, and was unable to visit their homes.

One day there was much commotion in the place. Munza's brother returned from a distant region where he had taken an army to fight another tribe. In the army was a band of Pygmy warriors. Dr. Schweinfurth happened to be away when they reached the town; he had gone on an excursion into the country. In the late afternoon, as he entered the town, he found himself surrounded by what he thought to be a crowd of impudent boys, who pointed their arrows at him. He was inclined to be angry, but someone said to him: "It's all right; they are Tikkitikki." This is the name that

Munza's people give to the Pygmies. It was a remarkable sight. He thought that next morning he would visit their camp, but before dawn the Pygmies had all disappeared into the forest on the way to their homes.

King Munza coveted Dr. Schweinfurth's two dogs, but the doctor was not disposed to give them up. He told the king that he was so fond of them that to part with them would be like parting with the hair off his head—that they were his children. Munza offered him slaves in exchange; but Dr. Schweinfurth would not accept them. The king was so persistent, however, that at last he gave way and consented to receive a Pygmy in place of the dogs.

The name of the little fellow was Nsewue. He was about fifteen years of age. Dr. Schweinfurth dressed him well, and treated him as if he were his own son. His intention was to take him to Europe as a proof of the existence of the Pygmies.

Leaving Munza's town Dr. Schweinfurth made his way back to the Nile and then to Khartum. Everywhere the little Pygmy caused something like a sensation. In Khartum he was dressed up like a little pasha in a black coat and Turkish fez, and when he walked out with his master people followed and pointed to him.

They went down the Nile towards Cairo and Europe. But the Pygmy boy never reached the sea.

"Notwithstanding all my assiduity and attention," says Dr. Schweinfurth, "I am sorry to record that Nsewue died in Berber, from a prolonged attack of dysentery, originating not so much in any change of climate, or any alteration in his mode of living, as in his immoderate excess in eating, a propensity which no influence on my part was sufficient to control."

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE MWERU

8 NOVEMBER, 1867

Dr. Livingstone returned to Africa for the last time in January 1866. He went up along the bank of the Rovuma River, which enters the Indian Ocean. Then he crossed to Lake Nyasa. Passing round the southern end of that lake he travelled northwards to Lake Tanganyika, where he arrived at the close of March 1867. He was the first European who saw the southern end of that lake. From there he journeyed west to the town of the great chief Nsama, "the Napoleon of these countries." Going on in the company of Arab slave-traders, who were very kind to him, he at last reached Lake Mweru (Moero, as he spelt the name) on 8 November, 1867.

By permission of Mr. John Murray we take some extracts from Dr. Livingstone's diaries.

(Quoted from *The Last Journals of David Livingstone*, published by John Murray, 1874, vol. i, pp. 240–3.)

THE valleys along which we travel are beautiful. Green is the prevailing colour; but the clumps of trees assume a great variety of forms, and often remind one of English park scenery. The long line of slaves and carriers, brought up by their Arab employers, adds life to the scene, they are in three bodies, and number four hundred and fifty in all. Each party has a guide with a flag, and when that is planted all that company stops till it is lifted, and a drum is beaten, and a kudu's horn sounded. Our party is headed by about a dozen leaders, dressed with fantastic head-gear of feathers and beads, red cloth on the bodies, and skins cut into

strips and twisted: they take their places in line, the drum beats, the horn sounds harshly, and all fall in. These sounds seem to awaken a sort of *esprit de corps* in those who have once been slaves. My attendants now jumped up, and would scarcely allow me time to dress when they heard the sounds of their childhood, and all day they were among the foremost. One said to me "that his feet were rotten with marching," and this though told that they were not called on to race along like slaves.

The Africans cannot stand sneers. When any mishap occurs in the march (as when a branch tilts a load off a man's shoulder), all who see it set up a yell of derision; if anything is accidentally spilled, or if one is tired and sits down, the same yell greets him, and all are excited thereby to exert themselves. They hasten on with their loads, and hurry with the sheds they build, the masters only bringing up the rear, and helping anyone who may be sick. The distances travelled were quite as much as the masters or we could bear. Had frequent halts been made—as, for instance, a half or a quarter of an hour at the end of every hour or two—but little distress would have been felt; but five hours at a stretch is more than men can bear in a hot climate. The female slaves held on bravely; nearly all carried loads on their heads, the head, or lady of the party, who is also wife of the Arab, was the only exception. She had a fine white shawl, with ornaments of gold and silver on her head. These ladies had a jaunty walk, and never gave in on the longest march; many pounds' weight of fine copper leglets above the ankles seemed only to help the sway of their walk: as soon as they arrive at the sleeping-place they begin to cook, and in this art they show a good deal of expertness, making

savoury dishes for their masters out of wild fruits and other not very likely materials.

November 3rd. The ranges of hills retire as we advance; the soil is very rich. At two villages the people did not want us, so we went on and encamped near a third, Kabwakwa, where a son of Mohamad bin Saleh, with a number of Wanyamwesi, lives. The chief of this part is Muabo, but we did not see him: the people brought plenty of food for us to buy. The youth's father is at Casembe's. The country people were very much given to falsehood—every place inquired for was near—ivory abundant—provisions of all kinds cheap and plenty. Our headmen trusted to these statements of this young man rather, and he led them to desist going farther.

As Syde and Tipo Tipo [1] were sending men to Casembe for ivory, I resolved to go thither first, instead of shaping my course for Ujiji. . . .

November 7th. Start for Moero, convoyed by all the Arabs for some distance: they have been extremely kind. We draw near to the mountain-range on our left, called Kakoma, and sleep at one of Kaputa's villages, our course now being nearly south.

November 8th. Villages are very thickly studded over the valley formed by Kakoma range, and another at a greater distance on our right; one hundred or two hundred yards is a common distance between these villages, which, like those in Londa, or Lunda, are all shaded with trees of a species of *Ficus indica.* One belongs to Puta, and this Puta, the paramount chief, sent to say that if we slept there, and gave him a cloth, he would send men to conduct us next day, and ferry us across: I was willing to remain, but his people would

[1] Syde and Tipo Tipo (Tipu Tipu) were two famous Arab slave-traders.

not lend a hut, so we came on to the lake, and no ferry. Probably he thought that we were going across the Lualaba into Rua.

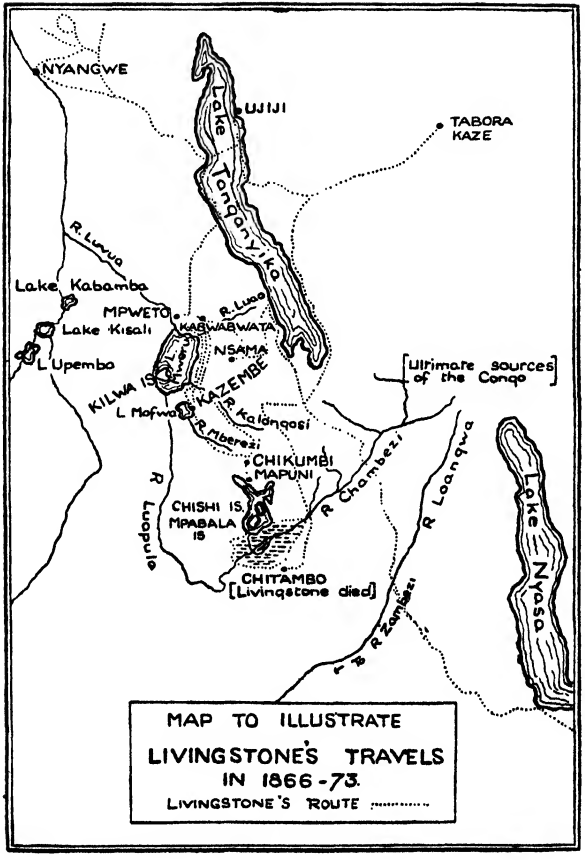
Lake Moero seems of goodly size, and is flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. Its banks are of coarse sand, and slope gradually down to the water: outside these banks stands a thick belt of tropical vegetation, in which fishermen build their huts. The country called Rua lies on the west, and is seen as a lofty range of dark mountains: another range of less height, but more broken, stands along the eastern shore, and in it lies the path to Casembe. We slept in a fisherman's hut on the north shore. They brought a large fish, called monde, for sale; it has a slimy skin, and no scales, a large head, with tentaculæ like the Siluridæ, and large eyes: the great gums in its mouth have a brush-like surface, like a whale's in miniature: it is said to eat small fish. A bony spine rises on its back (I suppose for defence) which is two inches long, and as thick as a quill. They are very retentive of life.

The northern shore has a fine sweep like an unbent bow, and round the western end flows the water that makes the River Lualaba, which, before it enters Moero, is the Luapula, and that again (if the most intelligent reports speak true) is the Chambezi before it enters Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo.[1]

We came along the north shore till we reached the eastern flanking range, then ascended and turned south,

[1] If you look at a modern map you will see issuing from Lake Mweru the River Luvua, which Livingstone named "Webb's Lualaba." This becomes the Congo. The reports were correct about the Luapula (though Livingstone marked its course wrongly on his map), and the Chambezi. The latter river, which rises in the highlands between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, is the head-waters of the Congo. See map on p. 159.

the people very suspicious, shutting their gates as we drew near. We were alone, and only nine persons in all, but they must have had reason for fear. One headman refused us permission, then sent after us, saying that the man who had refused admission was not the chief: he had come from a distance, and had just arrived. It being better to appear friendly than otherwise, we went back, and were well entertained. Provisions were given when we went away. Flies abound, and are very troublesome; they seem to be attracted by the great numbers of fish caught. The people here are Babemba, but beyond the River Kalongosi they are all Balunda.


NYANGWE
UJIJI
Lake Tanganyika
TABORA
KAZE
R. Luwya
Lake Kabamba
MPWETO
R. Luwa
Lake Kisali
KABWABWATA
L. Upemba
NSAMA
KAZEMBE
[Ultimate sources of the Congo]
KILWA IS
L. Mofwe
R. Kalongosi
R. Mberezi
CHIKUMBI
MAPUNI
R. Luapula
CHISHI IS.
MPABALA IS
R. Chambezi
R. Loangwa
Lake Nyasa
CHITAMBO
[Livingstone died]
R. Zambezi
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS
IN 1866-73.
LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTE .....

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE BANGWEOLO

18 July, 1868

After discovering Lake Mweru in November 1867, Dr. Livingstone proceeded southwards along the eastern side of the lake, and on the 21st of that month arrived at the Kazembe's town. This place is famous in the annals of Central Africa. Kazembe (or Casembe) is not a personal name, but an official title, like Cæsar, and means "the General." The people there are called Alunda; they came from a considerable distance away in Belgian Congo, and made themselves masters of the locality. The Kazembe whom Livingstone knew was the tenth of his line. At the end of the eighteenth century a Portuguese named Pereira had travelled from the Zambezi to the Kazembe's town, and after him came two or three other Portuguese. One of them, Dr. Lacerda, died in the neighbourhood in 1798. Dr. Livingstone met an old man named Perembe (he must have been over a hundred years of age), who had seen Pereira there. Dr. Livingstone was minded to go on south to see a new lake of which he was told, but for various reasons—the chief of which was the heavy rains which made approach to the marshy lake impossible at that season of the year—he turned again north. In May 1868, he returned to the Kazembe's town, and, after much delay, was allowed to travel to Lake Bangweulu (or Bangweolo), reaching there on 18 July. Notice how he mentions this great discovery—there is no pride, no enthusiasm. He and his men embarked in canoes, and visited Mpabala, one of the islands of the lake. Then he turned his steps again to the north; we shall meet him next on the Congo, 450 miles away.

(Here are some disjointed extracts from Dr. Livingstone's diary during the period from November 1867 to July 1868. Taken, with Mr. John Murray's permission, from *The Last Journals*, vol. i, pp. 250–320.)

November 24th, 1867. We were called to be presented to Casembe in a grand reception.

The present Casembe has a heavy uninteresting countenance, without beard or whiskers, and his eyes have an outward squint. He smiled but once during the day, and that was pleasant enough, though the cropped ears and lopped hands, with human skulls at the gate, made me indisposed to look on anything with favour. His principal wife came with her attendants, after he had departed, to look at the Englishman (Moengerese). She was a fine, tall, good-featured lady, with two spears in her hand; the principal men who had come around made way for her, and called on me to salute: I did so; but she, being forty yards off, I involuntarily beckoned her to come nearer: this upset the gravity of all her attendants; all burst into a laugh, and ran off.

Casembe's smile was elicited by the dwarf making some uncouth antics before him. His executioner also came forward to look: he had a broad Lunda sword on his arm, and a curious scissor-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears. On saying to him that his was nasty work, he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears a moment: many men of respectability show that at some former time they have been thus punished. Casembe sent us another large basket of fire-dried fish in addition to that sent us at Chungu, two baskets of flour, one of dried cassava, and a pot of pombe or beer. Mohamad, who was accustomed to much more liberal Casembes, thinks this one very stingy, having neither generosity nor good sense; but as we cannot consume all he gives, we do not complain.

November 27th. Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation, carried by six, or more commonly by

twelve men in a sort of palanquin: she has European features, but light-brown complexion. A number of men run before her, brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear the way: she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. She is very attentive to her agriculture: cassava is the chief product; sweet potatoes, maize sorghum, pennisetum, millet, ground-nuts, cotton. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen: they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me.

. . . . . .

December 28th–31st. We came on to the rivulet Chirongo, and then to the Kabukwa, where I was taken ill. Heavy rains kept the convoy back. I have had nothing but coarsely-ground sorghum meal for some time back, and am weak; I used to be the first in the line of march, and am now the last; Mohamad [1] presented a meal of finely-ground porridge and a fowl, and I immediately felt the difference, though I was not grumbling at my coarse dishes. It is well that I did not go to Bangweolo Lake, for it is now very unhealthy to the natives, and I fear that without medicine continual wettings by fording rivulets might have knocked me up altogether. . . .

January 1st, 1868. Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year for Thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year prepare me for it.

January 16th. After sleeping near the Luao we went on towards the village in which Mohamad's son lives. It is on the Kakoma River, and is called Kabwabwata,

[1] Mohamad was another Arab slave-trader.

the village of Mubao. In many of the villages the people shut their stockades as soon as we appear, and stand bows and arrows in hand till we have passed: the reason seems to be that the slaves when out of sight of their masters carry things with a high hand, demanding food and other things as if they had power and authority. One slave stole two tobacco pipes yesterday in passing through a village; the villagers complained to me when I came up, and I waited till Mohamad came and told him; we then went forward, the men keeping close to me till we got the slave and the pipes. They stole cassava as we went along, but this could scarcely be prevented. . . .

January 24th. Two of Mohamad Bogharib's people came from Casembe's to trade here, and a body of Syde bin Habib's people also came from Garaganza, near Kaze, they report the flooded lands on this side of Lake Tanganyika as waist and chest deep. Bin Habib, being at Katanga, will not stir till the rains are over, and I fear we are storm-stayed till then too. The feeders of the Marungu are not fordable just now, and no canoes are to be had.

January 26th and 27th. I am ill with fever, as I always am when stationary. . . .

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March 25th. Reached Kabwabwata at noon, and were welcomed by Mohamad and all the people. His son, Sheikh But, accompanied us; but Mohamad told us previously that it was likely Mpweto would refuse to see us.

The water is reported to be so deep in front that it is impossible to go north: the Wanyamwesi, who are detained here as well as we, say it is often more than a

man's depth, and there are no canoes. They would not stop here if a passage home could be made. I am thinking of going to Lake Bemba, because at least two months must be passed here still before a passage can be made but my goods are getting done, and I cannot give presents to the chiefs on our way.

April 12th. I think of starting to-morrow for Bangweolo, even if Casembe refuses me a passage beyond him; we shall be better there than we are here, for everything at Kabwabwata is scarce and dear. There we can get a fowl for one string of beads, here it costs six: there fish may be bought, here none.

April 13th. On preparing to start this morning my people refused to go: the fact is, they are all tired, and Mohamad's opposition encourages them. Mohamad, who was evidently eager to make capital out of their refusal, asked me to remain over to-day, and then demanded what I was going to do with those who had absconded. I said, "Nothing: if a magistrate were on the spot, I would give them over to him." "Oh," said he, "I am a magistrate, shall I apprehend them?" To this I assented. He repeated this question till it was tiresome: I saw his reason long afterwards, when he asserted that I "came and asked him to bind them, but he had refused": he wanted to appear to the people as much better than I am.

April 14th. I start off with five attendants, leaving most of the luggage with Mohamad, and reach the Luao to spend the night.

April 17th. Crossed the Luao by a bridge, thirty yards long, and more than half a mile of flood on each side; passed many villages, standing on little heights, which overlook plains filled with water. Some three miles of grassy plains abreast of Moero were the deepest

parts, except the banks of Luao. We had four hours of wading, the bottom being generally black tenacious mud. Ruts had been formed in the paths by the feet of passengers: these were filled with soft mud, and, as they could not be seen, the foot was often placed on the edge, and when the weight came on it, down it slumped into the mud, half-way up the calves; it was difficult to draw it out, and very fatiguing. To avoid these ruts we encroached on the grass at the sides of the paths, but often stepping on the unseen edge of a rut, we floundered in with both feet to keep the balance, and this was usually followed by a rush of bubbles to the surface, which, bursting, discharged foul air of frightful fæcal odour. In parts, the black mud and foul water were cold, in others hot, according as circulation went on or not. When we came near Moero, the water became half-chest and whole-chest deep; all perishable articles had to be put on the head. We found a party of fishermen on the sands, and I got a hut, a bath in the clear but tepid waters, and a delicious change of dress.

May 1st, 1868. At the Mandapala River. I sent a request to Mohamad Bogharib to intercede with Casembe for me for a man to show the way to Chikumbi, who is near to Bangweolo.

May 4th. On reaching Casembe's, on the Mofwe, we found Mohamad Bogharib digging and fencing up a well to prevent his slaves being taken away by the crocodiles, as three had been eaten already. A dog bit the leg of one of my goats so badly that I was obliged to kill it: they are nasty curs here, without courage, and yet they sometimes bite people badly. I met some old friends, and Mohamad Bogharib cooked a supper, and from this time forward never omitted sharing his victuals with me.

May 10th. I sent to Casembe for a guide to Luapula, he replied that he had not seen me nor given me any food; I must come to-morrow: but next day he was occupied in killing a man for witchcraft, and could not receive us, but said that he would on the 12th.

May 13th. We did not get an audience from Casembe; the fault lay with Kapika—Monteiro's escort—being afraid to annoy Casembe by putting him in mind of it, but on the 15th Casembe sent for me, and told me that as the people had all fled from Chikumbi's he would therefore send guides to take us to Kabaia, where there was still a population; he wished me to wait a few days till he had looked out good men as guides, and ground some flour for us to use in the journey. He understood that I wished to go to Bangweolo; and it was all right to do what my own chief had sent me for, and then come back to him. It was only water—the same as Luapula, Mofwe, and Moero; nothing to be seen. His people must not molest me again, but let me go where I liked. This made me thank Him who has the hearts of all in His hand.

June 1st, 1868. Mohamad proposes to go to Katanga [1] to buy copper, and invites me to go too. I wish to see the Lufua River, but I must see Bemba or Bangweolo. Grant guidance from above.

June 4th. From what I see of slaving, even in its best phases, I would not be a slave-dealer for the world.

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At last, after all these vexatious delays, Dr. Livingstone was enabled to start for the lake in the south—Bangweolo.

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[1] Katanga is the district in the south of Belgian Congo, where Europeans are now mining immense quantities of copper.

June 11th. Crossed the Mbereze, ten yards broad and thigh deep, ascending a range of low hills of hardened sandstone, covered, as the country generally is, with forest. Our course south-east and south-south-east. Then descended into a densely-wooded valley, having a rivulet four yards wide and knee deep. Buffaloes and elephants very numerous.

June 24th. Six men slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of 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 on the side of the oppressors there was a power: there be higher than they!

June 25th. The gardens had high hedges to keep off wild beasts. 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 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. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, and "beeks forment the sun." [1]

July 1*st*, 1868. I went over to Chikumbi, the paramount chief of this district, and gave him a cloth, begging a man to guide me to Bangweolo. He said that I was welcome to his country; all were so: I had better wait two days till he had selected a *good* man as a guide, and he would send some food for me to eat in the journey —he would not say ten days, but only two, and his man would take me to the smaller part of the lake, and leave others to forward me to the greater or Bangweolo. The smaller part is named Bemba, but that name is confusing, because Bemba is the name of the country in which a portion of the lake lies. When asking for Lake Bemba, Kasongo's son said to me, "Bemba is not a lake, but a country": it is therefore better to use the name BANGWEOLO, which is applied to the great mass of the water, though I fear that our English folks will bogle at it, or call it Bungyhollow! Some Arabs say Bambeolo as easier of pronunciation, but Bangweolo is the correct word.

July 13*th*. On resting at a deserted spot, the men of a village in the vicinity came to us excited and apparently drunk, and began to work themselves up still more by running about, poising their spears at us, taking aim with their bows and arrows, and making as if about to strike with their axes: they thought that we were marauders, and some plants of ground-nuts strewn about gave colour to the idea. There is usually one good soul in such rabbles. In this case a man came to me, and, addressing his fellows, said, "This is only your pombe. White man, do not stand among them, but go away," and then he placed himself between

[1] The allusion is to Mrs. Livingstone's grave.

me and a portion of the assailants, about thirty of whom were making their warlike antics. While walking quietly away with my good friend they ran in front and behind bushes and trees, took aim with bow and arrow, but none shot: the younger men ran away with our three goats. When we had gone a quarter of a mile my friend told me to wait and he would bring the goats, which he did: I could not feel the inebriates to be enemies; but in that state they are the worst one can encounter, for they have no fear as they have when sober. One snatched away a fowl from our guide, that too was restored by our friend. I did not load my gun; for any accidental discharge would have inflamed them to rashness. We got away without shedding blood, and were thankful. The Mazitu [1] raid has produced lawlessness in the country: every one was taken as an enemy.

July 17th and 18th. Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither.

I told the chief that my goods were all expended, and gave him a fathom of calico as all I could spare: I told him that as soon as I had seen and measured the lake I would return north; he replied, that seeing our goods were done he could say nothing, he would give me guides, and what else he should do was known to himself. He gave a public reception at once. I asked if he had ever seen anyone like me, and he said, "Never." A Babisa traveller asked me why I had come so far;

[1] The Mazitu were a Zulu people from South Africa, who invaded the countries north of the Zambezi. They are also named Angoni.

I said I wished to make the country and people better known to the rest of the world, that we were all children of one Father, and I was anxious that we should know each other better, and that friendly visits should be made in safety. I told him what the Queen had done to encourage the growth of cotton on the Zambesi, and how we had been thwarted by slave-traders and their abettors: they were pleased with this. When asked I showed them my notebook, watch, compass, burning-glass, and was loudly drummed home.

I showed them the Bible, and told them a little of its contents. I shall require a few days more at Bangweolo than I at first intended. The moon being at its last stage of waning I cannot observe till it is of some size.

July 19th. Went down to Masantu's village, which is on the shore of the lake. Here we had as a spectator a man walking on stilts tied to his ankles and knees. The country around the lake is all flat, and very much denuded of trees. . . . The islands, four in number, are all flat, but well peopled. The men have many canoes, and are all expert fishermen; they are called Mboghwa, but are marked on the forehead and chin as Babisa, and file the teeth to points. They have many children; as fishermen usually have.

July 30th. We commenced our march back.

FIRST BLOWS AT THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE SUDAN

April 1870

On his first journey Sir Samuel Baker witnessed the ravages of the slave-trade in Central Africa, and thereafter burned to do something to check and destroy the terrible traffic. He aroused the sympathy of the Khedive of Egypt who, in 1869, placed him at the head of an expedition which was intended to put down the traffic, by force if necessary. He had under him several white men and about a thousand Egyptian and Sudanese soldiers. His plucky wife accompanied him. They went up the Nile beyond Khartum in steamers and sailing vessels. They found that the upper waters of the river were choked with dense vegetation (called the sudd), and after vainly trying for two months to cut their way through this impenetrable barrier they were compelled to retreat until such time as the river should rise higher after the rainy season. Sir Samuel Baker fixed his camp on the bank of the Nile near where the River Sobat joins it. It was while descending the Nile to this point that he had an opportunity of striking his first blow at the slave-trade. Although the Khedive had organised this expedition, his representatives in the Sudan did everything in their power to defeat its purpose, for they were deeply interested in the slave-trade—some of them were actually engaged in it personally. The Governor of Fashoda was one of these.

On 19 April, 1870, Sir Samuel Baker saw three vessels belonging to the Governor of Fashoda—the Koordi, as he was named. He determined to stop this man's game. Anchoring his vessels where they could not be seen, he gave orders to have steam up at five o'clock next morning. Here follows Sir Samuel's narrative of what took place next day.

(Quoted, with the publishers' permission, from his book, *Ismailia*. Macmillan and Co., 1874. Vol. i, pp. 87 et seqq.)

The First Incident

We started punctually at the appointed hour; my diahbeeah, as usual, being towed by the steamer. As we rounded the point and quickly came in sight of the governor's vessels, I watched them with a powerful telescope. For some time we appeared to be unobserved. I knew that the troops were not celebrated for keeping a sharp look-out, and we arrived within three-quarters of a mile before the sound of our paddles attracted their attention. The telescope now disclosed some of the mysteries of the expedition. I perceived a considerable excitement among the troops on shore. I made out one tent, and I distinguished men hurrying to and fro apparently busy and excited. During this time we were rapidly approaching, and as the distance lessened, I could distinctly see a number of people being driven from the shore on board a vessel that was lying alongside the bank. I felt convinced that these were slaves, as I could distinguish the difference in size between the children and adults. In the meantime we were travelling at full speed (about eight miles an hour) in the broad but black current of that portion of the White Nile.

At 6.35 we ranged up alongside the bank opposite the tent which belonged to the Koordi, governor of Fashoda. We had passed close to the three vessels, but no person was visible except their crews. My arrival was evidently quite unexpected, and not very agreeable.

The governor shortly appeared, and was invited on the poop-deck of my diahbeeah; this was always furnished with carpets and sofas so as to form a divan.

After a pipe and coffee, I commenced the conver-

sation by describing the impossibility of an advance at this season via the Bahr Giraffe, therefore I had found it necessary to return. He simply replied, "God is great! and, please God, you will succeed next year."

I now asked him how many troops he had with him, as I noticed two brass guns, a number of irregular cavalry, in addition to some companies of infantry. He replied that he had five companies, in addition to the cavalry and mounted Baggara Arabs; and that he was "collecting the taxes."

I begged him to explain to me his system of taxation; and to inform me whether he had established a poll-tax, or a house-tax, or in what special form the taxes were represented. This seemed to be a great puzzle to the mind of the governor. and, after applying to my colonel, to whom he spoke in Turkish, he replied that the people were very averse to taxation, therefore he made one annual tour throughout the country, and collected what he thought just.

I asked him whether he captured women and children in the same way in which he annexed the natives' cattle. To this question he replied by a distinct negative, at the same time assuming an expression of horror at such an idea.

I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, to visit the vessels that were lying a few yards astern. This was a very excellent and trustworthy officer, and he immediately started upon an examination. In the meanwhile the Koordi governor sat rigidly upon the sofa, puffing away at his long pipe, but evidently thinking that the affair would not end in simple smoke.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my colonel angrily expostulating with the crew of the vessel, who

had denied that any slaves were on board. Almost at the same time a crowd of unfortunate captives emerged from below, where they had been concealed, and walked singly along the plank to the shore, being counted by the officer according to sex as they disembarked. The Koordi governor looked uncomfortable, as this happened before our eyes. I made no remark, but simply expressed a wish to walk round his encampment.

Having passed through the place of bivouac, where the foulest smells attacked us from all sides, I thoroughly examined the spot, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and a few officers of my staff. There was no military order, but the place was occupied by a crowd of soldiers, mingled with many native allies, under the command of an extremely blackguard-looking savage, dressed in a long scarlet cloak made of woollen cloth. This was belted round his waist, to which was suspended a crooked Turkish sabre; he wore a large brass medal upon his breast, which somewhat resembled those ornaments that undertakers use for giving a lively appearance to coffins. This fellow was introduced to me by the Koordi as the "King of the Shillooks."

In the rear of the party, to which spot I had penetrated while the Koordi was engaged in giving orders to certain officers, I came suddenly upon a mass of slaves, who were squatted upon the ground, and surrounded by dirty clothes, arranged like a fence, by the support of lances, pieces of stick, camel saddles, etc. These people were guarded by a number of soldiers, who at first seemed to think that my visit was one of simple curiosity.

Many of the women were secured to each other by ropes passed from neck to neck. A crowd of child en, including very young infants, squatted among the mass,

and all kept a profound silence, and regarded me with great curiosity. Having sent for my notebook, I divided the slaves into classes, and counted them as follows:

Concealed in the boat we had discovered . .	71
Those on shore guarded by sentries were . .	84
	155

including 65 girls and women, 80 children, and 10 men. The governor of Fashoda, whom I thus had caught in the act of kidnapping slaves, was the person who, a few weeks before, had assured me that the slave-trade was suppressed, as the traders dared not pass his station of Fashoda. The real fact was, that this excellent example of the Soudan made a considerable fortune by levying a toll upon every slave which the traders' boats brought down the river; this he put into his own pocket.

I immediately informed him that I should report him to the Khedive, at the same time I insisted upon the liberation of every slave.

At first he questioned my authority, saying that he held the rank of bey, and was governor of the district. I simply told him that "if he refused to liberate the slaves, he must give me that refusal in writing." This was an awkward fix, and he altered his tone by attempting to explain that they were not slaves, but only held as hostages until the people should pay their taxes. At the same time he was obliged to confess that there was no established tax. I heard that he had received from one native ten cows for the ransom of his child, thus the stolen child was sold back to the father for ten cows! and this was the Soudan method of collecting taxes! If the unfortunate father had been shot dead

in the razzia, his unransomed child would have been carried away and sold as a slave; or should the panic-stricken natives be afraid to approach with a ransom for fear of being kidnapped themselves, the women and children would be lost to them for ever.

I was thoroughly disgusted. I knew that what I had happened to discover was the rule of the Soudan, and that the protestations of ignorance of governors was simply dust thrown into the eyes. It was true that the Shillook country was not in my jurisdiction; but I was determined to interfere in behalf of the slaves, although I should not meddle with the general affairs of the country. I therefore told the Koordi that I had the list of the captives, and he must send for some responsible native to receive them and take them to their homes. In the meantime I should remain in the neighbourhood. I then returned to the fleet that I had left at the forest. In the evening we were joined by most of the rear vessels. . . .

April 22nd. I paid a visit to the Koordi's camp, accompanied by Mr. Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, as I wished to have European witnesses to the fact. Upon arrival, I explained to the governor that he had compromised the Egyptian Government by his act, and as I had received general instructions from the Khedive to suppress all slave-hunters, I could only regard him in that category, as I had actually found him in the act. I must, therefore, insist upon the immediate and unconditional release of all the slaves. After an attempt at evasion, he consented, and I at once determined to liberate them personally, which would establish confidence among the natives.

Accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, and the various officers of the staff, I ordered

the ropes, irons, and other accompaniments of slavery to be detached; and I explained through an interpreter to the astonished crowd of captives, that the Khedive had abolished slavery, therefore they were at liberty to return to their own homes. At first, they appeared astounded, and evidently could not realise the fact; but upon my asking them where their homes were, they pointed to the boundless rows of villages in the distance, and said, "Those are our homes, but many of our men are killed, and all our cattle and corn are carried off." I could only advise them to pack off as quickly as possible, now that they had the chance of freedom.

The women immediately took up their little infants (one had been born during the night), others led the very small children by the hand, and with a general concert, they burst into the long, quavering and shrill yell that denotes rejoicing. I watched them as they retreated over the plain to their deserted homes, and I took a coldly polite farewell of the Koordi. The looks of astonishment of the Koordi's troops as I passed through their camp was almost comic. I shall report this affair to the Khedive direct; but I feel sure that the exposure of the governor of Fashoda will not add to the popularity of the expedition among the lower officials.

The Second Incident

On the 10th May, a sail was reported by the sentries in the south. . . . The strange sail now reported was rapidly approaching on her route to Khartoum, without the slightest suspicion that a large military station was established within four miles of the Sobat junction. If guilty she was thus approaching the jaws of the lion.

As she neared the station, she must have discovered the long row of masts and yards of the fleet moored alongside the quay. Of these she appeared to take no notice, and keeping well in the middle of the river, she would have passed the station, and continued on her voyage. This looked very suspicious, and I at once sent a boat to order her to halt.

When she was brought alongside, I sent my trusty aide-de-camp, Colonel Abd-el-Kader, on board to make the necessary inquiries. She was quite innocent. The captain and the vakeel (agent and commander of station) were amazed at my thinking it necessary to search their vessel. She had a quantity of corn on board, stowed in bulk. There was not a person beside the crew and a few soldiers from Kutchuk Ali's station.

The vakeel was the same whom I had seen at the station at the Bahr Giraffe, to whom I had given advice that he should not attempt to send slaves down the river again. All was in order. The vessel belonged to Kutchuk Ali, who now commanded the Government expedition sent by Djiaffer Pacha to the Bahr Gazal. She was laden with ivory beneath the corn, which was for the supply of the crew and soldiers.

Colonel Abd-el-Kader was an excellent officer; he was one of the exceptions who took a great interest in the expedition, and he always served me faithfully. He was a fine, powerful man, upwards of six feet high, and not only active, but extremely determined. He was generally called "the Englishman" by his brother officers, as a bitter compliment reflecting on his debased taste for Christian society. This officer was not the man to neglect a search because the agent of Kutchuk Ali protested his innocence, and exhibited the apparently naked character of his vessel. She appeared suspiciously

full of corn for a boat homeward bound. There was an awkward smell about the closely boarded forecastle which resembled that of unwashed negroes. Abd-el-Kader drew a steel ramrod from a soldier's rifle, and probed sharply through the corn.

A smothered cry from beneath, and a wriggling among the corn, was succeeded by a woolly head, as the strong Abd-el-Kader, having thrust his long arm into the grain, dragged forth by the wrist a negro woman. The corn was at once removed; the planks which boarded up the forecastle and the stern were broken down, and there was a mass of humanity exposed, boys, girls, and women, closely packed like herrings in a barrel; who under the fear of threats had remained perfectly silent until thus discovered. The sail attached to the main-yard of the vessel appeared full and heavy in the lower part; this was examined, and upon unpacking, it yielded a young woman who had thus been sewn up to avoid discovery.

The case was immediately reported to me. I at once ordered the vessel to be unloaded. We discovered one hundred and fifty slaves stowed away in a most inconceivably small area. The stench was horrible when they began to move. Many were in irons; these were quickly released by the blacksmiths, to the astonishment of the captives, who did not appear to understand the proceeding.

I ordered the vakeel, and the reis or captain of the vessel, to be put in irons. The slaves began to comprehend that their captors were now captives. They now began to speak, and many declared that the greater portion of the men of their villages had been killed by the slave-hunters.

Having weighed the ivory and counted the tusks, I

had the vessel reloaded; and having placed an officer with a guard on board, I sent her to Khartoum to be confiscated as a slaver.

I ordered the slaves to wash, and issued clothes from the magazine for the naked women.

On the following day I inspected the captives, and I explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a reasonable distance they should be returned. If not, they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed.

If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands. I gave each person a paper of freedom, signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex, and country were registered in a book corresponding with the numbers on their papers.

These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officer whether any of the negresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands!

This was wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey, and a whole company of clergy!

Fortunately, matters are briefly arranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately, however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were

all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once asserted "woman's rights."

I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements, and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes; some I gave to the English workmen to be instructed in carpenter's and blacksmith's work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoemakers, etc. in the regiment, while the best looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl, of about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife. . . .

When female children are about five years old they are most esteemed by the slave-dealers, as they can be more easily taught, and they grow up with an attachment to their possessors, and in fact become members of the family.

Little Mostoora, the child taken by my wife, was an exceedingly clever specimen of her race, and although she was certainly not more than three years old, she was quicker than most children of double her age. With an ugly little face, she had a beautifully shaped figure, and possessed a power of muscle that you have never seen in a white child of that age. Her lot had fallen in pleasant quarters; she was soon dressed in convenient clothes, and became the pet of the family.

DR. LIVINGSTONE SEES THE CONGO

31 MARCH, 1871

Dr. Livingstone's desire, in his later travels, was to discover the source of the Nile, which he was convinced was to be found far to the south of the lake, Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Captain Speke. As a matter of fact, the ultimate headwaters of the Nile are in the River Kagera, which rises in a fountain only about ten miles east of Lake Tanganyika. This question was settled in 1891–3 by Dr. Oscar Baumann, a German.

In January 1867, and again in March 1873, Dr. Livingstone crossed the Chambezi River, which, although he did not know it, is the beginning of the mighty Congo. It rises in the highlands between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. It flows through the marshes of Lake Bangweolo, and then, taking the name Luapula, enters Lake Mweru. From Mweru emerges a river named Luvua (Livingstone called it "Webb's Lualaba"), which joins with the Lualaba coming from the south. The river now becomes the Congo, though in Livingstone's time it was still called the Lualaba. On 31 March, 1871, he reached the Congo at the town of Nyangwe, after a terrible journey from Lake Tanganyika. He was for a long time delayed in the Manyuema territory by illness and the desertion of some of his men. He did not know that it was the Congo, but thought perhaps it was the Nile. Stanley came afterwards, as we shall see, and from this point followed it to the sea, thus proving it to be the Congo. Dr. Livingstone had a great desire to explore the river farther, but was unable to get canoes. After waiting for them in vain from March to July, he was compelled to turn back to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where Stanley found him in October of that year.

While staying at Nyangwe Dr. Livingstone witnessed

the terrible doings of the Arab slave-traders; especially the doings of one Dugumbe, who arrived with a large party of followers and five hundred guns.

(With Mr. John Murray's permission we take some extracts from Dr. Livingstone's *Last Journals*, vol. ii, pp. 110–40.)

March 29th, 1871. Crossed the Liya, and next day the Moangoi, by two well-made wattle bridges at an island in its bed; it is twenty yards, and has a very strong current, which makes all the market people fear it. We then crossed the Molembe in a canoe, which is fifteen yards, but swelled by rains and many rills. Came seven and a half miles to sleep at one of the outlying villages of Nyangwe. . . .

The headman's house, in which I was lodged, contained the housewife's little conveniences, in the shape of forty pots, dishes, baskets, knives, mats, all of which she removed to another house. Crossed the Kunda River, and seven miles more brought us to Nyangwe, where we found Abed and Hassani [1] had erected their dwellings, and sent their people over Lualaba, and as far west as the Loeki or Lomame. Abed said that my words against blood-shedding had stuck into him, and that he had given orders to his people to give presents to the chiefs, but never fight unless actually attacked.

March 31st. I went down to take a good look at the Lualaba here. It is narrower than it is higher up, but still a mighty river, at least three thousand yards broad, and always deep: it can never be waded at any point, or at any time of the year; the people unhesitatingly declare that if anyone tried to ford it, he would assuredly be lost. It has many large islands, and at

[1] These men were slave-traders.

these it is about two thousand yards or one mile. The banks are steep and deep: there is clay, and a yellow-clay schist in their structure; the other rivers, as the Luya and Kunda, have gravelly banks. The current is about two miles an hour away to the north.

April 1st, 1871. The banks are well peopled, but one must see the gathering at the market, of about three thousand, chiefly women, to judge of their numbers. They hold market one day, and then omit attendance here for three days, going to other markets at other points in the intervals. It is a great institution in Manyuema: numbers seem to inspire confidence, and they enforce justice for each other. As a rule, all prefer to buy and sell in the market to doing business anywhere else; if one says, "Come, sell me that fowl or cloth," the reply is, "Come to the Chitoka or market-place."

April 2nd. To-day the market contained over a thousand people, carrying earthen pots and cassava, grass cloth, fishes, and fowls; they were alarmed at my coming among them and were ready to flee, many stood afar off in suspicion; some came from the other side of the river with their goods. To-morrow market is held up river.

April 3rd. I tried to secure a longitude by fixing a weight on the key of the watch, and so helping it on: I will try this in a quiet place to-morrow. The people all fear us, and they have good reason for it in the villainous conduct of many of the blackguard half-castes which alarms them: I cannot get a canoe so I wait to see what will turn up. The river is said to overflow all its banks annually, as the Nile does farther down. I sounded across yesterday. Near the bank it is nine feet, the rest fifteen feet, and one cast in the middle was twenty feet: between the islands twelve

feet, and nine feet again in shore: it is a mighty river truly. . . .

April 7th. Made this ink with the seeds of a plant, called by the Arabs Zugifare; it is known in India, and is used here by the Manyuema to dye virambos and ornament faces and heads.[1] I sent my people over to the other side to cut wood to build a house for me; the borrowed one has mud walls and floors, which are damp, foul, smelling, and unwholesome. I shall have grass walls, and grass and reeds on the floor of my own house; the free ventilation will keep it sweet. This is the season called Masika, the finishing rains, which we have in large quantities almost every night, and I could scarcely travel even if I had a canoe; still it is trying to be kept back by suspicion, and by the wickedness of the wicked. . . .

April 21st. . . . The men here deny that cannibalism is common: they eat only those killed in war, and, it seems, in revenge, for, said Mokandira, "the meat is not nice; it makes one dream of the dead man." Some west of the Lualaba eat even those bought for the purpose of a feast; but I am not quite certain on this point: all agree in saying that human flesh is saltish, and needs but little condiment. And yet they are a fine-looking race: I would back a company of Manyuema men to be far superior in shape of head and generally in physical form, too, against the whole Anthropological Society. Many of the women are very

[1] In the original edition of *The Last Journals* a specimen is given of the diary, written in a copybook made out of sheets of a newspaper with this ink across the lines of print. The colour faded so much that if Dr. Livingstone's handwriting had not been always beautifully clear and distinct, it would have been impossible for Mr. Waller (who edited the *Journals*) to decipher this part of the diary.

light-coloured and very pretty: they dress in a kilt of many folds of gaudy lambas. . . .

25th April. . . . We can go nowhere but the people of the country ask us to kill their fellow-men, nor can they be induced to go to villages three miles off, because there, in all probability, live the murderers of fathers, uncles, or grandfathers—a dreadful state truly. The traders are as bloodthirsty every whit as the Manyuema, where no danger exists, but in most cases where the people can fight they are as civil as possible. . . . Here it is as sad a tale to tell as that of the Manganja scattered and peeled by the Waiyau agents of the Portuguese of Tette. The good Lord look on it. . . .

April 27th. Waiting wearily and anxiously; we cannot move people who are far off and make them come near with news. Even the owners of canoes say, "Yes, yes; we shall bring them," but do not stir; they doubt us, and my slaves increase the distrust by their lies to the Manyuema. . . .

May 3rd. Abed informs me that a canoe will come in five days. Word was sent after me by the traders south of us not to aid me, as I was sure to die where I was going: the wish is father to the thought! Abed was naturally very anxious to get first into the Babisa ivory-market, yet he tried to secure a canoe for me before he went, but he was too eager, and a Manyuema man took advantage of his desire, and came over the river and said that he had one hollowed out, and he wanted goats and beads to hire people to drag it down to the water. Abed on my account advanced five goats, a thousand cowries, and many beads, and said that he would tell me what he wished in return: this was debt, but I was so anxious to get away, I was content to take the canoe on any terms. However, it turned

out that the matter on the part of the headman whom Abed trusted was all deception: he had no canoe at all, but knew of one belonging to another man, and wished to get Abed and me to send men to see it—in fact, to go with their guns, and he would manage to embroil them with the real owner, so that some old feud should be settled to his satisfaction. On finding that I declined to be led into his trap, he took a female slave to the owner, and on his refusal to sell the canoe for her, it came out that he had adopted a system of fraud to Abed. He had victimised Abed, who was naturally inclined to believe his false statements, and get off to the ivory-market.

May 18th. Abed gave me two hundred cowries and some green beads. I was at the point of disarming my slaves and driving them away,[1] when they relented, and professed to be willing to go anywhere; so being eager to finish my geographical work, I said I would run the risk of their desertion, and gave beads to buy provisions for a start north. I cannot state how much I was worried by these wretched slaves, who did much to annoy me, with the sympathy of all the slaving crew. When baffled by untoward circumstances the bowels plague me too, and discharges of blood relieve the headache, and are as safety-valves to the system. . . .

May 24th. The market is a busy scene—everyone is in dead earnest—little time is lost in friendly greetings;

[1] It may seem strange to read of Livingstone having slaves. These were men sent to help him in his travels by carrying loads of cloth, etc., without which an explorer could not make his way. Unfortunately they turned out to be slaves of a very low character. They gave Livingstone untold trouble. He now found they were plotting his death, hence his intention of dismissing them.

vendors of fish run about with potsherds full of snails or small fishes, or young *Clarias capensis* smoke-dried and spitted on twigs, or other relishes to exchange for cassava roots dried after being steeped about three days in water—potatoes, vegetables, or grain, bananas, flour, palm-oil, fowls, salt, pepper; each is intensely eager to barter food for relishes, and makes strong assertions as to the goodness or badness of everything: the sweat stands in beads on their faces—cocks crow briskly, even when slung over the shoulder with their heads hanging down, and pigs squeal. Iron knobs, drawn out at each end to show the goodness of the metal, are exchanged for cloth of the Muabe palm. They have a large funnel of basket-work below the vessel holding the wares, and slip the goods down if they are not to be seen. They deal fairly, and when differences arise they are easily settled by the men interfering or pointing to me: they appeal to each other, and have a strong sense of natural justice. With so much food changing hands amongst the three thousand attendants, much benefit is derived; some come from twenty to twenty-five miles. The men flaunt about in gaudy-coloured lambas of many-folded kilts—the women work hardest—the potters slap and ring their earthenware all round, to show that there is not a single flaw in them. I bought two finely shaped earthen bottles of porous earthenware, to hold a gallon each, for one string of beads, the women carry huge loads of them in their funnels above the baskets strapped to the shoulders and forehead, and their hands are full besides; the roundness of the vessels is wonderful, seeing no machine is used: no slaves could be induced to carry half as much as they do willingly. It is a scene of the finest natural acting imaginable. The eagerness with which all sorts

of assertions are made—the eager earnestness with which apparently all creation, above, around, and beneath, is called on to attest the truth of what they allege—and then the intense surprise and withering scorn cast on those who despise their goods: but they show no concern when the buyers turn up their noses at them. Little girls run about selling cups of water for a few small fishes to the half-exhausted wordy combatants. To me it was an amusing scene. I could not understand the words that flowed off their glib tongues, but the gestures were too expressive to need interpretation.

May 27th. . . . A stranger in the market had ten human under-jawbones hung by a string over his shoulder: on inquiry he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victim. When I expressed disgust he and others laughed. I see new faces every market-day. Two nice girls were trying to sell their venture, which was roasted white ants, called "Gumbe."

June 7th. I fear that I must march on foot, but the mud is forbidding.

June 14th. Hassani got nine canoes, and put sixty-three persons in three: I cannot get one. . . .

June 18th. Dugumbe arrived, but passed on to Moene Nyangwe's and found that provisions were so scarce and dear there, as compared with our market, that he was fain to come back to us. He has a large party and five hundred guns. He is determined to go into new fields of trade, and has all his family with him, and intends to remain six or seven years, sending regularly to Ujiji for supplies of goods.

June 24th. Hassani's canoe-party in the river were foiled by narrows, after they had gone down four days.

Rocks jut out on both sides, not opposite, but alternate to each other; and the vast mass of water of the great river jammed in, rushes round one promontory on to another, and a frightful whirlpool is formed in which the first canoe went and was overturned, and five lives lost. Had I been there, mine would have been the first canoe, for the traders would have made it a point of honour to give me the precedence (although actually to make a feeler of me), while they looked on in safety. The men in charge of Hassani's canoes were so frightened by this accident that they at once resolved to return, though they had arrived in the country of the ivory: they never looked to see whether the canoes could be dragged past the narrows, as anyone else would have done. No better luck could be expected after all their fraud and duplicity in getting the canoes, but why try to prevent me getting one?

July 5th. The river has fallen three feet in all, that is one foot since June 27th.

I offer Dugumbe $2000, or £400, for ten men to replace the Banian slaves, and enable me to go up the Lomame to Katanga and the underground dwellings, then return and go up by Tanganyika to Ujiji, and I added that I would give all the goods I had at Ujiji besides: he took a few days to consult with his associates.

July 12th and 13th. The Banian slaves declared before Dugumbe that they would go to the River Lomame, but no farther: he spoke long to them, but they will not consent to go farther. When told that they would thereby lose all their pay, they replied, "Yes, but not our lives," and they walked off from him muttering, which is insulting to one of his rank. I then added, "I have goods at Ujiji; I don't know how many, but they are considerable, take them all, and give me

men to finish my work; if not enough, I will add to them, only do not let me be forced to return now I am so near the end of my undertaking." He said he would make a plan in conjunction with his associates, and report to me.

July 14th. I am distressed and perplexed what to do, so as not to be foiled, but all seems against me.

July 15th. The reports of guns on the other side of the Lualaba all the morning tell of the people of Dugumbe murdering those of Kimburu and others who mixed blood with Manilla. "Manilla is a slave, and how dares he to mix with chiefs who ought only to make friends with free men like us"—this is their complaint. Kimburu gave Manilla three slaves, and he sacked ten villages in token of friendship; he proposed to give Dugumbe nine slaves in the same operation, but Dugumbe's people destroy his villages and shoot and make his people captives to punish Manilla; to make an impression, in fact, in the country that they alone are to be dealt with—"make friends with us, and not with Manilla or anyone else"—such is what they insist upon.

About one thousand five hundred people came to market, though many villages of those that usually come from the other side were now in flames, and every now and then a number of shots were fired on the fugitives.

It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out

of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off: in going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank, the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land: as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish.

Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; while other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with hands and arms; three canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together, and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head; he had been out in the stream before the

massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning. By and by all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming, to the lot of a slave: the Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those who went down stream may have escaped, but the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between three hundred and thirty and four hundred souls. The shooting-party near the canoes were so reckless, they killed two of their own people; and a Banyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more.

My first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against my getting into a blood-feud, and I was thankful afterwards that I took his advice. Two wretched Moslems asserted "that the firing was done by the people of the English"; I asked one of them why he lied so, and he could utter no excuse: no other falsehood came to his aid as he stood abashed before me, and so telling him not to tell palpable falsehoods, I left him gaping.

After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry

summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in Hell. All the slaves in the camp rushed at the fugitives on land, and plundered them: women were for hours collecting and carrying loads of what had been thrown down in terror.

Some escaped to me and were protected: Dugumbe saved twenty-one and of his own accord liberated them; they were brought to me, and remained overnight near my house. One woman of the saved had a musket-ball through the thigh, another in the arm. I sent men with our flag to save some, for without a flag they might have been victims, for Tagamoio's people were shooting right and left like fiends. I counted twelve villages burning this morning. I asked the question of Dugumbe and others, "Now for what is all this murder?" All blamed Manilla as its cause, and in one sense he was the cause; but it is hardly credible that they repeat it is in order to be avenged on Manilla for making friends with headmen, he being a slave. I cannot believe it fully. The wish to make an impression in the country as to the importance and greatness of the new-comers was the most potent motive; but it was terrible that the murdering of so many should be contemplated at all. It made me sick at heart. Who could accompany the people of Dugumbe and Tagamoio to Lomame and be free from blood-guiltiness?

I proposed to Dugumbe to catch the murderers, and hang them up in the market-place, as our protest against the bloody deeds before the Manyuema. If, as he and others added, the massacre was committed by Manilla's people, he would have consented; but it was done by Tagamoio's people, and others of this party, headed by Dugumbe. This slaughter was peculiarly atrocious, inasmuch as we have always heard that women coming

to or from market have never been known to be molested: even when two districts are engaged in actual hostilities, "the women," say they, "pass among us to market unmolested," nor has one ever been known to be plundered by the men. These Nigger Moslems are inferior to the Manyuema in justice and right. The people under Hassani began the superwickedness of capture and pillage of all indiscriminately. Dugumbe promised to send over men to order Tagamoio's men to cease firing and burning villages; they remained over among the ruins, feasting on goats and fowls all night, and next day (16th) continued their infamous work till twenty-seven villages were destroyed.

July 16th. I restored upwards of thirty of the rescued to their friends: Dugumbe seemed to act in good faith, and kept none of them; it was his own free will that guided him. Women are delivered to their husbands, and about thirty-three canoes are to be kept for the owners too.

12 a.m. Shooting still going on on the other side, and many captives caught. At 1 p.m. Tagamoio's people began to cross over in canoes, beating their drums, firing their guns, as if to say, "See the conquering heroes come"; they are answered by the women of Dugumbe's camp lullilooing, and friends then fire off their guns in joy. I count seventeen villages in flames, and the smoke goes straight up and forms clouds at the top of the pillar, showing great heat evolved, for the houses are full of carefully prepared firewood. . . .

2 p.m. An old man, called Kabobo, came for his old wife; I asked her if this were her husband, she went to him, and put her arm lovingly around him, and said "Yes." I gave her five strings of beads to buy food,

all her stores being destroyed with her house; she bowed down, and put her forehead to the ground as thanks, and old Kabobo did the same; the tears stood in her eyes as she went off. Tagamoio caught seventeen women, and other Arabs of his party, twenty-seven; dead by gunshot, twenty-five. The heads of two headmen were brought over to be redeemed by their friends with slaves.

3 p.m. Many of the headmen who have been burned out by the foray came over to me, and begged me to come back with them, and appoint new localities for them to settle in again, but I told them that I was so ashamed of the company in which I found myself, that I could scarcely look the Manyuema in the face. They had believed that I wished to kill them—what did they think now? I could not remain among bloody companions, and would flee away, I said, but they begged me hard not to leave until they were again settled.

The open murder perpetrated on hundreds of unsuspecting women fills me with unspeakable horror: I cannot think of going anywhere with the Tagamoio crew; I must either go down or up Lualaba, whichever the Banian slaves choose. . . .

Whatever the Ujijian slavers may pretend, they all hate to have me as a witness of their cold-blooded atrocities. The Banian slaves would like to go with Tagamoio, and share in his rapine and get slaves. I tried to go down Lualaba, then up it, and west, but with bloodhounds it is out of the question. I see nothing for it but to go back to Ujiji for other men.

At last I said that I would start for Ujiji, in three days, on foot. I wished to speak to Tagamoio about

the captive relations of the chiefs, but he always ran away when he saw me coming.

July 17th. All the rest of Dugumbe's party offered me a share of every kind of goods they had, and pressed me not to be ashamed to tell them what I needed. I declined everything save a little gunpowder, but they all made presents of beads, and I was glad to return equivalents in cloth. It is a sore affliction, at least forty-five days in a straight line—equal to three hundred miles, or by the turnings and windings six hundred English miles, and all after feeding and clothing the Banian slaves for twenty-one months! But it is for the best though; if I do not trust to the riff-raff of Ujiji, I must wait for other men at least ten months there. With help from above I shall yet go through Rua, see the underground excavations first, then on to Katanga, and the four ancient fountains eight days beyond, and after that Lake Lincoln.

July 18th. The murderous assault on the market people felt to me like Gehenna, without the fire and brimstone; but the heat was oppressive, and the firearms pouring their iron bullets on the fugitives, was not an inapt representative of burning in the bottomless pit.

The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on severe headache, which might have been serious had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood; I was laid up all yesterday, with the depression the bloodshed made — it filled me with unspeakable horror. "Don't go away," say the Manyuema chiefs to me; but I cannot stay here in agony.

July 19th. Dugumbe sent me a fine goat, a maneh of gunpowder, a maneh of fine blue beads, and two hundred and thirty cowries, to buy provisions in the way . . . he is very friendly.

July 20th. I start back for Ujiji. All Dugumbe's people came to say good-bye, and convoy me a little way. I made a short march, for being long inactive it is unwise to tire oneself on the first day, as it is then difficult to get over the effects. . . .

STANLEY APPEARS AND LIVINGSTONE DEPARTS

Henry Morton Stanley, who has been called the greatest of African explorers, had a very adventurous career. His real name was John Rowlands. He was born at Denbigh, in Wales, in 1842, and spent some of his earliest years in a workhouse. He ran away from there in 1856, after giving the workhouse schoolmaster a thrashing. The man deserved it, for he was a mean tyrant. Soon afterwards the lad was engaged as a cabin-boy on a sailing-ship bound for the United States. There he was adopted as his son by a merchant named Henry Morton Stanley, whose name he took. When this good merchant died soon afterwards, Stanley was left again to face the world alone. He fought in the American Civil War which broke out in 1861, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Shiloh. He returned to Wales in 1862 and was turned away from his mother's door. He took to the sea and joined the United States Navy. He distinguished himself by swimming five hundred yards and tying a rope to a captured steamer, while exposed to the shot and shell of a battery of ten guns. Later he became a journalist and wandered in many countries seeking for news. He accompanied the British Expedition of 1867–8 against Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia. He was in Spain when he received a telegram from Mr. Gordon Bennett, manager of the *New York Herald*, summoning him to Paris.

That was on 16 October, 1869. Stanley took train at once, and on the following night reached Paris. He found Mr. Gordon Bennett in bed, but had a talk with him then and there. Mr. Bennett told him that he was to go into Central Africa and find Livingstone, taking sufficient stores to relieve the old traveller's needs. Stanley demurred about the cost, but Mr. Bennett said the cost did not matter; his business was to find Livingstone if alive, and if dead to bring back particulars of his death.

Although Mr. Bennett was so urgent that Stanley should

find Livingstone, he sent him to Egypt and other places on the way, and it was not until 6 January, 1871, that Stanley arrived at Zanzibar to make preparations for his journey into the interior. He had to buy a great quantity of stores, and engage a number of men—nearly two hundred in all. At last, after the usual troubles that explorers had in starting, they left Bagamoyo, on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, in March 1871. On and on they went towards Lake Tanganyika. They met many obstacles, but Stanley was not a man to flinch at any difficulty. Once he wrote in his diary: "I have taken a solemn, enduring oath, an oath to be kept while the least hope of life remains in me, not to be tempted to break the resolution I have formed, never to give up the search, until I find Livingstone alive, or find his dead body; and never to return home without the strongest possible proofs that he is alive, or that he is dead. No living man, or living men, shall stop me, only death can prevent me. But death—not even this: I shall not die, I will not die, I cannot die!"

On 3 November they picked up news of Dr. Livingstone, that he had arrived from Manyuema at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. On the 10th, the 236th day of their march, Stanley saw the lake.

With the flag flying high, and amid salvoes of musketry fired by his men, Stanley marched into Ujiji. They were soon surrounded by Arabs and Africans who came out to know what all the noise was about. Then Stanley heard a voice saying in English, "Good morning, sir," and turning round saw a man dressed in white, who announced himself as Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone. To his eager inquiries, Susi replied that the Doctor was in the town. They marched on, and presently saw him standing with a number of Arab magnates before a little house. He was pale, looked tired, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, and a red-sleeved waistcoat and grey trousers. Stanley walked up to him, doffed his hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

The journey was ended; Livingstone was found.

Dr. Livingstone, as we saw, had left Nyangwe for Ujiji

on 20 July. It was a dangerous journey. More than once he narrowly escaped with his life. He was also seriously ill on the road. He arrived at Ujiji on 23 October "reduced to a skeleton," as he said. He had expected to find intact the goods he had left there—things he needed for buying food, but in his absence a rascally Arab had stolen and sold them. He was therefore destitute, almost. We must now give his account of Mr. Stanley's arrival, taken, with Mr. John Murray's permission, from *The Last Journals*.

October 24th. . . . 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-bye." 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 wits' end like me" (*October 28th*).[1]

[1] According to Stanley it was a day in November that they met. Later, both travellers discovered that they were wrong in their reckoning. It is so easy to go wrong in dates, when you are delirious with fever for a week, and there is nobody to mark the calendar.

It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald* sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than £4000 to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to 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 in 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 £1000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had laid 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, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely 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. His helpmates turned out depraved blackguards, who, by their excesses at Zanzibar and elsewhere, had ruined their constitutions, and prepared their systems to be fit provender for the grave. They had used up their strength by wickedness, and were of next to no service, but rather downdrafts and unbearable drags to progress.

Dr. Livingstone and Stanley explored the northern end of Lake Tanganyika together, and then travelled as far as Tabora. Stanley went on back to Zanzibar, while

Livingstone waited for the men whom Stanley had promised to send from the coast to accompany him on his travels. Stanley urged Livingstone to return to England to recruit his strength, but the veteran refused to abandon his task uncompleted. In August 1872 the men arrived, and Livingstone started on what proved to be his last journey. From Tabora he travelled south-west and south, round the lower end of Lake Tanganyika, and then to Lake Bangweolo. It was a disastrous journey. Dr. Livingstone was ill—was indeed a dying man, but insisted on keeping to his task. Near Bangweolo they found the country to be a wilderness of swamps, filled by the heavy rains. The weary traveller was now nearing the end. We give here the final extracts from his diary.

April 17th, 1873. A tremendous rain after dark burst all our now rotten tents to shreds. Went on at 6.35 a.m. for three hours, and I, who was suffering severely all night, had to rest. We got water near the surface by digging in yellow sand. Three hills now appear in the distance. Our course, south-west three and three-quarter hours to a village on the Kazya River. A Nyassa man declared that his father had brought the heavy rain of the 16th on us. We crossed three sponges.[1]

April 18th. On leaving the village on the Kazya, we forded it and found it seventy yards broad, waist to breast deep all over. A large weir spanned it, and we went on the lower side of that. Much papyrus and other aquatic plants in it. Fish are returning now with the falling waters, and are guided into the rush-cones set for them. Crossed two large sponges, and I was forced to stop at a village after travelling south-west for two hours: very ill all night, but remembered that the bleeding and most other ailments in this land

[1] "Sponge" is the name given to waterlogged, swampy ground.

are forms of fever. Took two scruple doses of quinine, and stopped it quite.

April 19th. A fine bracing south-east breeze kept me on the donkey across a broad sponge and over flats of white sandy soil and much cultivation for an hour and a half, when we stopped at a large village on the right bank of ,[1] and men went over to the chief Moanzabamba to ask canoes to cross to-morrow. I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey could not move a hundred yards. It was not all pleasure this exploration. The Luvasi hills are a relief to the eye in this flat upland. Their forms show an igneous origin. The River Kazya comes from them and goes direct into the lake. No observations now, owing to great weakness; I can scarcely hold the pencil, and my stick is a burden. Tent gone; the men build a good hut for me and the luggage—south-west one and a half hour.

April 20th (*Sunday*). Service. Cross over the sponge, Moenda, for food and to be near the headman of these parts, Moanzabamba. I am excessively weak. Village on Moenda sponge, 7 a.m. Cross Lokulu in a canoe. The river is about thirty yards broad, very deep, and flowing in marshes two knots from south-south-east to north-north-west into lake.

April 21st. Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to village exhausted.

April 22nd. Carried on kitanda over Buga, south-west. 2½.

April 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th. (No entry in diary except dates.)

April 27th. Knocked up quite, and remain—recover

[1] He leaves room for a name which perhaps in his exhausted state he forgot to ascertain.

—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.

These are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. He was carried by his faithful men, in a kitanda, as far as Chitambo's village, where a hut was built for him. There early in the morning of 1 May, 1873, he was found dead, kneeling by his bed.

THE FIRST DESCENT OF THE CONGO

NOVEMBER 1876—AUGUST 1877

David Livingstone's heart was buried in Africa; his body was carried by the faithful hands of his African followers to the coast, and then taken to England where it was buried in Westminster Abbey. H. M. Stanley was one of the pall-bearers, and he left the abbey fired with a resolution to complete Livingstone's work of exploration. Two great newspapers, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, joined to equip an expedition under his leadership. Accompanied by three Englishmen (all of whom died in the course of the journey across Africa), Stanley arrived at Zanzibar on 21 September, 1874. There he recruited 356 Africans, including some of the men who had been with him and Livingstone previously. They took an immense amount of stores, and a boat, the *Lady Alice*, which was carried in sections. So they began this wonderful journey—the most fruitful in geographical results of any journey ever taken in Africa—which lasted 999 days, and ended at the mouth of the Congo on the opposite side of the continent.

Stanley first marched his expedition 720 miles to the southern end of Lake Victoria. This inland sea he circumnavigated and mapped. He visited Uganda, and from there wrote the letter to the *Daily Telegraph* which brought missionaries to the country. Then he travelled to Lake Tanganyika. Launching his boat on its waters he voyaged along its shore, carefully mapping it, during fifty-one days. This concluded, he led his expedition, now sadly reduced by death and desertion, across the lake and through the Manyuema country to Nyangwe on the Congo, arriving there on 26 October, 1876.

Now it was at Nyangwe that Livingstone had been compelled to turn back, because he could not get canoes and

his men would not go with him among the wild and unknown peoples. In August 1874, another explorer, Commander V. L. Cameron, had arrived at Nyangwe from Zanzibar, hoping to trace the mighty river to the sea—or wherever it might go. He was convinced that it was not the Nile, and thought it must be the Congo. But all his efforts failed to secure a single canoe, and he was compelled to take another route which led him ultimately to Benguella, on the Atlantic coast.

Stanley was not to be daunted by these failures. He came to an arrangement with a renowned Arab slave-trader named Tippo Tib, to accompany him with an armed force for sixty marches down the river. Then, as we shall see, he launched the *Lady Alice*, acquired large canoes for his followers, and struck out on the unknown river. After a most perilous voyage they emerged finally on the broad estuary of the Congo, which had been known for many years. Thus he proved that the Lualaba, which Livingstone had discovered, was not the Nile, but the upper waters of the Congo. He named the river "Livingstone," but that name soon fell into disuse.

We take up the story on 5 November, 1876, when Stanley's expedition marched from Nyangwe with Tippo Tib's little army. Stanley wrote a fascinating narrative of the expedition, in two volumes entitled, *Through the Dark Continent*, but as the copyright has not yet expired we may not quote from them.

[We have taken the following account from *Henry M. Stanley, his Life, Travels, and Explorations*, 1890, by the Rev. Henry W. Little, by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. We should have asked Mr. Little's consent to this borrowing of his narrative, but all our efforts to find him failed.]

On the 11th of October the Luama River was crossed, and after passing unmolested through the dreaded region of the man-eating Manyema, the expedition halted upon the banks of the long-sought and stately Lualaba. The course from Ujiji to the banks of the Lualaba had been one of unusual peace and comparative comfort.

The native chiefs had received the travellers with hospitality, and sent them on their way with cordial expressions of good-will, and often with large gifts of provisions, or offers of guides for the road. The little force had, happily, been free from sickness, and the old dread of the strange nations of the interior had almost died out. With wild shouts of delight the tired bearers put down their loads for the moment, and gazed with their gratified leader upon the broad waters which they had journeyed so far to behold.

At Mwana Mwamba the expedition came up with a large body of Arabs, who were returning from a raid into the Manyema country, which they had invaded to avenge the murder of one of their own people, a trader of some distinction. From these men Stanley was able to obtain much useful information as to the causes which had deterred both Livingstone and Cameron from pursuing their investigations along the course of the Lualaba. Tippo-Tib, a wealthy and powerful Arab, who had accompanied the latter in some of his explorations, at once described to Stanley the difficulties which lay before him, should he determine, at all hazards, to follow up the course of the river.

The obstacles which had baffled and turned back the two valiant men, who had already attempted to solve the greatest problem of African geography, were formidable, and apparently inconceivable. No canoes could be had; and the reported hostility to the white man of the savage hordes who lined the banks of the stream had so effectually scared the followers of Livingstone and Cameron, that they resolutely refused to accompany their leader upon a river which led no one knew whither. After considerable delay, however, a small fleet of canoes was obtained by Stanley, and the interest of

Tippo-Tib having been secured by an offer of liberal remuneration for his services, and a promise of full compensation for any loss which he might sustain in the course of the passage, the Arab agreed to accompany the expedition with a force of three hundred men for, at least, a distance of sixty camps. . . .

On the 2nd of November, 1876, the combined forces were assembled at Nyangwe for the start down the stream to the great Atlantic. The men of the expedition, one hundred and forty-six in number, were supplied with rifles, and a supply of ammunition was served out to them. Encouraged by the formidable array of Tippo's contingent, they renewed their promise of fealty to their commander; and the eventful journey, which was "to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent," was begun.

On Christmas Day, 1876, the expedition had reached Vinya-Njaia, after a toilsome and perilous journey by land from Nyangwe. The people had suffered terribly all along the route, and they had well-nigh become disheartened when Stanley ordered a halt to be made, and a strong camp formed, in order to give the exhausted men a short rest from the toils of the road. The passage through the dense jungle, along the western banks of the river, where at times a way had to be cut step by step with axes, to allow the boat sections and bales of goods to be carried forward, had sadly tried the endurance and patience of the little army, and the Arabs were so much distressed by these fearful days and weeks spent in the foul atmosphere and slush and reek of the "pagan's forest," that they decided to break their contract and return to the south. The progress through the hateful woods was painfully slow. The marching column was utterly disorganised, and every man did

the best he could for himself, as he plunged knee-deep in the slough, or fought his way through the tangle of creepers and convolvuli, which were as thick as cables, or scrambled along, his toes holding on to the path whilst his hands grasped the load upon his head, and his elbows pushed aside the sapling or the brushwood which obstructed his path. The fetid and confined air of this doleful wilderness of woods soon began to tell upon the men, and the slopping moisture, the dreary monotony, the reeking malarious atmosphere, the horrible odours, and the constant necessity to crawl and creep and burrow a way like wild animals through the interlaced and closely matted vegetation, so thoroughly exhausted their energies, and crushed their spirits that a mutiny appeared once more to be inevitable.

Forty-one miles north of the Nyangwe Stanley had decided to cross the Lualaba (henceforth to be known as the *Livingstone*) and pursue his course by water. The land-marches had proved disastrous to the health of the force, and small-pox had broken out in the ranks. The natives had ceased to be friendly and day after day they had mustered in thousands on the banks, and upon the water, to oppose the advance of the white men. In vain Stanley explained to these ferocious savages that his purpose in travelling along their waters was one of peace, and that he had not come to ravage their lands or destroy their villages. The camps of the party were attacked, stragglers were cut off, and the road had for leagues to be forced in the face of hordes of enraged and frantic natives, armed with heavy spears and sheafs of poisoned arrows, which they cast down upon the boats with furious energy, as they drifted northward with the flood. At times every man of the expedition felt he must fight or accept the only other alternative, a

terrible and dishonoured death. The natives in vast numbers would assail the camps, and fling themselves against the hastily raised stockades with a determination and rude valour which severely tried the resources of the little garrisons which were thus brought to bay. The muzzles of the rifles of the besieged expedition at times touched the bodies of their dark-skinned foes as they pressed up to the barricades, and for hours the desperate conflict raged before the natives, terrified at the prowess of the white men, sullenly retired into the gloomy depths of the jungle, and allowed the strangers to proceed on their way in peace. On one occasion a clear passage was only secured for the expedition by an exploit which reveals something of that audacity and readiness of resource which are so characteristic of Stanley.

A tribe remarkable for the fierceness with which it repeatedly attacked the voyagers, had drawn up its canoes in force at a favourable point on the river to check the advance of the party. A desperate struggle for the passage took place, but the enemy's blockade remained unbroken. In the darkness of the night, however, Stanley put off from his camp, in the midst of a storm of rain and wind, with muffled oars, accompanied by Pocock, to cut adrift the entire fleet of the enemy's canoes and so effectually disable them from all further opposition to his advance. The adventure was carried through with spirit, and was crowned with success, and the result was that the chiefs of the offending tribe sued for terms of peace, and entered into blood-brotherhood with the daring and ubiquitous strangers.

But Tippo-Tib and his contingent requested to be released from their engagement. They wished to go back to Nyangwe. The terrible condition of the force,

the number of deaths which occurred daily from disease, and the constant fighting for a free passage northward, had so discouraged them that Stanley saw it was useless to attempt to keep them with him any longer. But nothing could damp the ardour or quench the calm but strong enthusiasm of Stanley. His progress had been one continued struggle with difficulties and adversity. He had fought his way so far with invincible courage, and already his force had been painfully thinned by the ravages of disease and the assaults of his implacable foes. But still he did not hesitate for a moment as to the course which he would pursue. He agreed to cancel the agreement with his Arab allies and decided to press forward, relying altogether on his own resources. Addressing his men at this crisis in the history of the expedition, he told them that he would never turn back till he had accomplished the work which he had been sent to do, viz., to explore the Livingstone from its source to its mouth. "Therefore," said he, "my children, make up your minds as I have made up mine, that as we are now in the very middle of this continent, and it would be just as bad to return as to go on, we shall continue our journey, and toil on and on by this river, till we reach the great salt sea." The men once more declared their confidence in their leader, and active preparations were made for voyaging down the river. The fleet was mustered on the morning of Christmas Day, and it was found to number twenty-three canoes, to each of which a distinguishing number or name was attached. After taking a kindly farewell of the Arabs, the expedition, mustering one hundred and forty-nine souls in all, was embarked; and the flotilla soon spread itself over the broad bosom of the Livingstone and headed for the Equator.

The morning of New Year's Day, 1877, found the party advancing peacefully and hopefully through a magnificent growth of tropical forest, the delightful stillness of which was most grateful to the harassed men, who were slowly drifting over the mighty stream which pierced its dreamy solitudes. From the Kankore people, who received the expedition with hospitality, Stanley learnt that the district which he had just traversed was the territory of the Amu-Nyam, the most persistent cannibals on the river, whose war-song on sighting the boats had been, "We shall eat Wajiwa (people of the sun) to-day! Oho, we shall eat Wajiwa meat to-day!" To Kalimbo, the interpreter, one of their chiefs had replied, on seeing the strings of shells and beads and the copper ornaments which were offered for barter, "Do you think we shall be disappointed of so much meat (pointing to the crews in the boats) by the present of a few shells and beads and a little copper?"

From January 6th to the 28th, a weary period of twenty days, the members of the expedition were fighting their way, step by step, from the first to the seventh cataract of the Stanley Falls. The canoes had repeatedly to be hauled out of the stream and dragged over miles of rugged forest-road, and then launched again upon the wild and turbulent waters, in the midst of violent onslaughts from the cannibal tribes of the region, who hung about the locality, and kept up a perpetual strife with the heroic little band led by the white stranger. The scene at the seventh and last cataract of the series was one of great magnificence. To within a mile of this spot the Livingstone preserves a broad flow of one thousand three hundred yards in width; it then suddenly narrows, the current increases, and with a crash like thunder the huge volume of water is flung

over the rocky precipice, which is only five hundred yards across. The work of passing the rapids had been full of peril, and scarcely a day had passed without a struggle for life with the man-eating warriors of the renowned Bakumi, or the pitiless savages who inhabited the islands surrounded by the seething waters of these falls.

The canoes of the expedition were once more afloat upon the grey-brown waters of the Livingstone. The surging, deafening torrents of the falls were left far behind, and aided by the swift current the expedition sailed gaily on its course, cheered by the rude songs of the boatmen, and thankfully feeling that at last the cannibal regions about the mighty cataracts had been safely passed. The health of the men had considerably improved since they had reached the purer atmosphere of the falls, and the absence of any active opposition to their progress after leaving the rapids, and the restful sensation which the entire party experienced, as the crowded flotilla drifted undisturbed over the broad bosom of the tranquil stream, contributed to render this portion of the journey not only pleasant but enjoyable. Populous villages were seen at intervals along the fertile banks, and occasionally the people gathered in groups on the landing-places and exchanged friendly greetings with the voyagers as they sailed along. The river gradually widened, and in some places it presented a broad glistening expanse quite four thousand yards in breadth. Islands covered with dense green foliage rose above the level of the waters, and imparted a refreshing tone of colour to the scene, and tall, wooded ridges, and brown, grey and red cliffs, crowned with luxuriant clumps of tropical vegetation, enclosed the silent but rapid stream on both sides. The travellers

had grown weary of constant strife, and they sought by every means in their power to avoid conflict with the people along the shores. The woods swarmed with baboons and tiny, long-tailed monkeys. The long, low islands of alluvial soil were alive with flocks of spur-winged geese, kingfishers and flamingoes, and the narrow channels afforded shelter to the hippopotamus, crocodile, and the monitor.

But the truce between the dusky sons of the soil and the force of the white man was soon destined to be rudely broken, and once more the sound of the war-drums rolled over the waters, and warned the expedition that danger was near. On approaching the villages of the Bangala, Stanley was startled to find the river blockaded by a crowd of sixty-three canoes, filled with natives who were all armed with guns or rifles, and were evidently bent upon disputing the passage of his men. A sharp conflict took place for the right of way; but after some hours of stubborn resistance, the Bangala drew off, and left the expedition to proceed on its course.

On March 12th the canoes entered a broad lake-like expanse of the river, which was at once named "Stanley Pool" by the brave fellows who were the first to look upon its glistening waters, and who thus desired to do honour to their trusted and undaunted commander. The voyage from the district of the Bangala to the "Pool" had been free from serious contention with the natives, but the expedition had suffered terribly at times from inability to obtain provisions, owing to the distrust of the villagers, who disappeared into the woods immediately the *Lady Alice* and her consorts hove in sight. About the middle of February the prospect had become most depressing. "Where shall we obtain food? What will be the end of all this? What shall

we do?" were the questions which each man asked of his neighbour, and the kindly heart of their leader was wrung with pain at the sight of his drooping followers, who without a murmur endured the pangs of semi-starvation with the fortitude of stoics. At Mengo, however, a market was opened with the chiefs after much palaver, and rich stores of cassava, tubers, and bananas and plantains were soon distributed amongst the famished wanderers, who were beginning to fall into a state of deadly callousness, induced by the painful privations they had undergone. A visit of state was paid to the camp by the chiefs of Bwena and Tuguba, who were attended by an immense crowd of armed followers, and whose approach was announced by the sounding of gongs and bells and the usual royal horns of ivory. Stanley felt once more that he was among friends, and that he was for the first time since leaving Urangi secure and at peace with his neighbours. The weapons carried by the native warriors were highly decorated with brass, and their knives and hatchets of fine iron were beautifully fashioned. The people were skilled craftsmen, and some of their brass and iron ornaments were excellent specimens of clever and tasteful native workmanship. Eight canoes were ordered by the chiefs to accompany the expedition for some distance upon its way, and these well-mannered people parted from their white friend and his followers with hearty expressions of good-fellowship and amity.

An attack from the Irebu on the south bank was feared, and every precaution taken as the little fleet threaded its way amongst the groups of thickly-wooded islets of the region of this warlike and inhospitable tribe. Strong gales occasionally swept over the face of the river and the canoes were threatened with a new

danger. In spite of tempests, cataracts, and the Irebu, however, good progress was made; and on nearing the shores of Bolobo there were signs in the cultivated fields, peaceful villages, and mild demeanour of the natives that the region of pure and unadulterated African savagery was past, and that the expedition had once more reached a territory inhabited by people who were controlled by the primary laws of humanity. The fishermen, who met them in mid-stream, no longer greeted the strangers with opprobrious epithets or insulting grimaces; messengers put off from the shore to invite them to land, and to point out to them the most desirable spot for the erection of a camp; and, instead of the frightful "Bo-bo-bo's" and "Woh-hu-huhu's" of the frantic savages up the stream, gentle words of friendly import were wafted across the waters to the delighted wanderers. The change from the chequered experiences of the past was most welcome to the little band. Their terrors had been many. First the rocks and fierce waters of the cataracts. Then the fell visitations of disease. Next the sudden storm raising the waters into huge brown billows, and filling the boats with their angry foam. Then the greatest peril of all, the wild brutal cannibals who had to be fought at every turn of the stream. Then the awful dread of death by famine. Livingstone had described floating down the Lualaba as "a foolhardy feat," and at times Stanley was more than half inclined to agree with him.

Meanwhile the mystery of the terrible river was being silently unfolded as the expedition pressed on its way. Since leaving Stanley Falls, there had been no longer any doubt in the mind of the sagacious and observant commander as to his being on the CONGO. To the cautious inquiry on the subject, which he

addressed to the kindly old chief of Rubunga, the reply was *Ikuto ya Kongo*, and these words at once confirmed his own impression. The flotilla was received in the handsomest manner by the King of Chumbiri, who visited Stanley with a royal escort of five canoes crowded with warriors armed with muskets, and who sent the white man on his way rejoicing with replenished stores, and an imposing guard of honour of forty-five soldiers under the command of the heir-apparent, who was charged to see Stanley and his little band in safety as far as the end of the expanse of waters which was to be for ever after known to the world as "Stanley Pool," and the devout and friendly tribe implored their fetish to protect their white brother from point to point on his perilous journey and to bring him to his friends in peace.

The *thirty-second and last fight* of the expedition took place six miles below the junction of the Nkutu River with the Livingstone. The canoes had been drawn up to the bank, and preparations were being made for the morning meal, when the rattle of musketry suddenly startled the commander of the party, who rushed forward to find that the camp had been attacked by a body of treacherous natives, who had approached them unperceived. A desperate conflict at once began, and for an hour the firing was kept up by both sides with spirit; but the enemy was at length beaten off, after having succeeded in wounding fourteen of Stanley's men.

The left bank of the "Pool," a magnificent sheet of water, thirty square miles in area, was found to be thickly populated by the important tribe of the Bateke, who warned Stanley of the perils of the formidable cataracts which they said crossed the western end of the "Pool." These genial people tried to imitate the

terrific noise which was made by the falling waters to the great amusement of the exploring party, who, guided by the chief Mankoneh, sailed on to inspect the rapids. The puzzled natives were most anxious to know how the white man proposed to navigate the boisterous torrents, which by a graphic display of signs they described as appalling in their grandeur. A camp was formed near the first cataract of the series of rapids. . . .

On the 16th of March the struggle with the great waters was renewed. As the expedition advanced westwards, the natives on the shore of the Livingstone had become amiable and even kind. But the terrors of the river had increased. Mile after mile of raging waters, rushing with awful fury down vast steeps of rock, had to be avoided by dragging the flotilla up the hillsides and over the rough boulders along the edge of the noble stream. Some of the rapids were remarkable for their savage beauty; but the work of getting the expedition in safety past the cataracts so occupied the mind of Stanley, that the natural charms of this strange and awful combination of towering mountains, eddying waters, and mighty rocks, had no attractions for him. The whole region seemed to be full of perils to the tiny host that was, day by day, engaged in a stern and terrible strife with the dread stream, which ploughed its way with angry violence through the vast ravine that leads from the highlands of the interior down to the maritime plains and the great sea. Several of the canoes were dashed to pieces upon the sharp rocks, or carried over the eddying floods and swept down into the foaming depths below, never to be seen again. The famous craft, the *London Town*, the "Great Eastern" of the fleet, seventy-five feet long by three feet wide, had been torn from the hands of fifty men, in a piece

of the river fitly named the "Cauldron," and carried away to instant destruction. On the same day another canoe of great size and value, the *Glasgow*, was drawn into the current, which rushed seaward at the rate of thirty knots per hour; and accidents of all kinds were constantly happening to the men, who were dashed upon the slippery rocks, or hurled into the hissing stream bruised and disabled, in their gallant efforts to secure the boats, or to snatch some member of their party from a watery grave. Painful dislocations and severe injuries were common, from the peculiar nature of the work upon the glazed trap boulders, which were washed by the furious flood, and Kalulu, Mauredi, and Ferajji, the former the favourite attendant of Stanley, were (to the horror and dismay of their leader and their comrades, who stood helplessly watching the catastrophe) carried with lightning speed over the furious falls since known as the "Kalulu," and never seen again. As the men were gazing in awe-stricken silence at the fatal spot over which their friends had for ever disappeared, a cry came over the deafening flood from a second canoe which was being carried on with fearful violence towards the watery precipice. It contained only one man, the brave lad Soudi, who, turning his sorrowful and despairing face to the excited group upon the shore, cried out as he shot with arrow-like speed past his beloved commander, "La il Allah, il Allah!" (There is but one God). I am lost! Master!" The men watched the tiny craft as it dropped over the falls, till it was out of sight, hidden by the clouds of spray which rose up from the foot of the roaring, crashing torrents. Nine men were lost in that one afternoon! But Soudi had not been drowned after all. He had been swept down over the upper and lower Kalulu Falls and

the intervening rapids, and whirled about in the wild river; but he clung to his canoe, and eventually succeeded in springing upon a rock. No sooner had he reached the shore than he was seized by two natives, who bound him with thongs, and carried him off in triumph to their chief. Such terrible stories of the prowess of the white man with large eyes of fire and long hair, who owned a gun that shot all day, had reached these people, however, that they feared to detain Soudi when they understood that he belonged to Stanley's party, and the captive was dismissed and told to go back to his king, and not to tell him what they had done, but to say that they had been kind to him and saved his life.

The safe passage of the *Lady Alice* over the broken waters and treacherous currents of the falls was to Stanley a matter of frequent anxiety, and more than once the gallant little boat was in serious peril from the snapping of her cables, or the irresistible violence of the eddying tide.

Surrounded by the daily horrors and depressing influences of these endless cataracts, deafened by the ceaseless moaning and thunder of their many voices, and confronted on all sides by rugged cliffs and fearful scenes of nature in her wildest and most threatening aspects, the little party of brave men pushed on towards the ocean, as sternly resolved as ever to effect the great purpose of their journey or to die in the attempt. From March 16th to April 21st the dauntless band had progressed only thirty-four miles! Many of the men were suffering from disease and the effects of their terrible toil in the region of the cataracts, food was scarce, and yet fresh canoes had to be built and launched, if the expedition was ever to reach the mouth of the river, and

the entire fleet had to be dragged over a steep ascent of one thousand two hundred feet before it could pursue its course once more upon the brown waves of the Livingstone.

After a halt of seven days at Mowa, an advance was made to the neighbourhood of the great cataract of the series. Stanley proceeded alone in advance of the expedition to secure a suitable camping-ground, and to prepare the natives of the locality for the appearance of the main body of the force. Strict injunctions to proceed with the greatest care along the dangerous route were given to the men in charge of the boats, and the anxious commander had taken up a position upon the Zuiga Point, about a hundred yards from the great cataract, to watch for the arrival of the fleet, at a fixed point above the foaming cascade. To his horror and amazement he suddenly perceived a capsized canoe, with several men clinging to it, rolling and tumbling about in the angry waves. Help was instantly sent down to the shore, and strenuous efforts were made to succour the drowning men. The wrecked crew at once flung themselves into the surf and struck out for the bank, upon which their terror-stricken comrades awaited them; but the unfortunate craft swept onward with arrow-like speed, and, dashing over the precipice into the great whirlpools below, was seen no more. At the same moment, Kacheche, the faithful police-officer of the expedition, rushed breathlessly up to the spot upon which his leader was standing, with the cry, "Three are lost!—and—*one of them is the little master!*"

"*The little master*, Kacheche?" gasped Stanley. "Surely not the little master?"

"Yes, he is lost, master!"

"But how came he in the canoe?" said the sorrow-

stricken leader. "Speak, Uledi, how came he—a cripple —to venture into the canoe?"

The facts of the painful story are as follows. As the canoe was about to push off, poor Pocock had crawled up and asked to be taken in. He had been suffering for weeks from ulcerated feet, and he wished to follow the course along the river, rather than face the toilsome journey over the rough, rocky pathway by land. The men had ventured too near the falls, and the canoe had drifted into the full force of the current before the crew had realised their danger. Uledi had been the first to hear the dread booming of the rapids ahead, and he had said to Pocock:

"Little master, it is impossible to shoot the falls; no boat or canoe can do it and live."

"Bah!" said Frank, contemptuously; "did I not see, as we came down, a strip of calm water on the left which, by striking across river, we could easily reach?"

"But, master, this fall is not directly across river; it is almost up and down; the lower part on the left being much farther than that which is on the right, and which begins to break close by here. I tell you the truth," added Uledi, as Frank shook his head sceptically. "Little master, I have looked at all the fall, and I can see no way by water; it will be death to make the trial."

The poor fellow spoke the sad truth; but the high-spirited English youth still urged the men to attempt the passage of the falls.

"I don't believe this place is as bad as you say it is. The noise is not like that of a fall which we have passed, and I feel sure if I went to look at it myself, I would soon find a way."

"Well, if you doubt me, send Mpwapwa, and Shamari,

and Mazoutt, to see, and if they say there is a road, I will try it if you command me."

Then Frank sent off two of these to examine, and their report was that the place was quite impassable by water.

Laughing at their fears, Frank said, "I knew what you would say. The Wangwana are always cowardly in the water; the least little ripple has, before this, been magnified into a great wave. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

"Little master," said the coxswain sadly, "neither white men nor black men can go down this river alive, and I do not think it right that you should say that we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. How then can you say, master, I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, others do," said Frank.

"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in the canoe. I have only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death —and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go, and we want your promise that, if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' that you will bear the blame."

"No, I will not order you. I will have nothing to do with it. You are the chief in this canoe. If you like to go—go, and I will say you are men, and not afraid of the water. If not, stay, and I shall know it is because you are afraid. It appears to me easy enough, and I can advise you. I don't see what could happen."

Turning to the crew, Uledi then said: "Boys, our little master is sorry that we are afraid of death. I know that there is death in the cataract; but come,

let us show him that the black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once."

"Who can contend with his fate?"

"Enough; take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank.

"Bismillah" (In the name of God!) "Let go the rocks, and shove off," cried the coxswain.

"Bismillah!" replied the men, as they pushed off from the rocks.

They were soon amongst the fearful waters, plunging headlong through the billowy foam. The canoe began to fill as the waves leaped over it, and with a desperate cry of, "Hold on to the canoe, my men; seize a rope each one," Pocock rose to battle with the murderous flood. But it was too late. The helpless craft rolled over into the frightful abyss of waters, and the drowning form of the Englishman was seen drifting over the crest of the breakers, and Frank Pocock was seen no more. . . .

The natives spoke in hushed tones of the dread catastrophe, and the members of the expedition were stupefied by despair. To Stanley, the loss of his friend and faithful companion for thirty-four months was irreparable.

"As I looked upon the empty tent and the dejected, woe-stricken servants," says Stanley, "a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly recalled the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship; it dwelt upon the pleasures of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and cheerful trust in our success, with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered

only served to intensify my sorrow for his loss, and to suffuse my heart with pity and regret, that after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities and such long, faithful service he should depart this life so abruptly and without reward.

"Alas! alas! In vain we hoped that by some miracle he might have escaped, for eight days after a native arrived at Zinga from Kilanga, with the statement that a fisherman, whilst skimming Kilanga basin for white-bait, had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and, paddling his canoe toward it, had been horrified to find it to be the upturned face of a white man."

A spirit of mutiny once more seized upon the members of the exploring party, and they said they preferred to be slaves to the heathen about them, rather than follow their white commander any longer, for was he not leading them all to death? The dismal legends of the people about the cataracts had infected the superstitious minds of the men, and they looked with horror upon the prospect of once more battling with the dread spirits of the "Falla." The whole band was called together, and each member requested to state his grievance or describe his wrongs. "We are tired," said the panic-stricken wanderers, "and death is in the river; we are not going to work any more, we have no strength."

"I am hungry too, and have no strength left," said Stanley. "I am so tired and sorry that I could gladly lie down and die. Do what you will; but while you stay with me, I follow this river until I come to the point where it is known. If you don't stay with me, I still will cling to the river, and will die in it."

A large detachment of the men actually left the camp; but they were, after much parleying, induced to return

and resume their duties. Two large canoes and one of the most useful men in the expedition were lost during the difficult operations of hauling the fleet once more out of the water and overland to the basin below Zinga, and three lesser falls remained to be passed before the smooth water could be expected. Thirty days had been spent in covering a distance of only three miles, but still the gallant leader of the rapidly diminishing little band kept up his heart, and stoutly faced the dangers which lay in his path.

On July 6th the end of the cruel chasm along which the weary men had fought their way, since leaving the Kalulu Falls, for one hundred and seventeen days, was reached, and guides were secured from the Kakongo people to lead the party to the "Njali Ntombo Mataka Falls," which had so often been described by the natives as the last rapids on the river, and which Stanley fondly hoped would turn out to be the long-looked-for "Tuckey's Cataract." On the 16th the canoes, now carried rapidly on towards their destination by the swift current, approached the Ntombo Mataka, where they were welcomed in the most genial manner by a vast concourse of natives of the locality, who next morning conveyed the entire fleet to the foot of the rapids in splendid style. These people are described by Stanley as "the politest people in Africa," and they gladly accompanied the flotilla down the river for some miles, out of sheer sympathy and good will for the white man who had treated them so kindly and rewarded them for their willing services so liberally.

The end of these dark years of toil and suffering was now approaching. The sea was not far off, and when Stanley cheered on his weakened and depressed followers with the tidings that away yonder to the west, at no

great distance, lay the great ocean which they were seeking, Safen, the coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, entirely lost his reason, so excited had he become with the joyful news. Throwing himself at the feet of his leader, he cried out: "Ah, master! El hammud ul Illah! We have reached the sea! We are home! We are home! We are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming." The poor fellow at once plunged into the forest, and although diligent and anxious search was made for him, he was never found.

Beautiful and impressive scenery surrounded the party on every side—marvellous and ever-changing combination of sky and cloud, and river and forest—but food there was none. Along the deep glens and wooded ravines, or upon the red banks of the mighty river, the famished wanderers looked in vain for something to stay the pangs of hunger, which maddened them at times, and caused them to drift silently and sullenly over the tawny flood with bowed heads and sunken eyes, their knees bent with weakness, and their frames no longer rigid with the vigour of youth and life and the fire of devotion to duty. With shrunken limbs, sallow and gaunt features, and dilapidated garments, this miserable remnant of the noble band of fresh and ardent men who set out years before from the Indian Ocean, trudged on with one thought only possessing it—a longing to look at last upon the great western sea. . . .

The cataract of Isangila was safely passed on July 30th, and as provisions were ruinously dear, a handful of ground-nuts costing a necklace of beads, and cowries being of no market value whatever, the order was given

to press steadily forward. Boma was now only five days' journey distant. It was decided to leave the river, and make for the settlement of the white men overland. "Allah!" shouted the delighted men. "God is good!" Double rations were delivered out to every man, woman, and child in the column; but the long-suffering people gained little by the liberality of their leader, for there was nothing in this famine-stricken country to buy. Stores of all kinds, which were no longer of use, were distributed to the members of the little band, and their hearts were made glad by rich gifts of iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, bags of clothing, blankets, waterproofs, and, in fact, the entire impedimenta of the expedition. Still no wholesome food could be obtained. Bitter cassava, a few ground-nuts, or a bunch of bananas, were offered by the greedy natives in return for the valuable articles which the Wangwana of the expedition gladly sacrificed to obtain these miserable supplies.

The *Lady Alice* was now abandoned to her fate, and after a journey of seven thousand miles up and down the African inland waters, she was left to bleach and rot beside the restless waters of the Isangila cataract. Forty men of the travel-worn and decimated column were sick with dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, and as the weary band of stricken humanity wended its way over the uplands, or defiled slowly and painfully over the broad prairies of sere scrub and coarse bush, the eyes of the commander were for ever searching the country in front and all around to detect any signs of villages or any promise of food for the tottering and forlorn host which followed him with lagging footsteps and mournful exclamations. . . .

On August 4th the party encamped at Nsanda, and

a letter was dispatched by Stanley by two young natives at once "to any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma." [It asked for food to be sent as quickly as possible.] . . . The letter was copied in Spanish and French, and Uledi volunteered to accompany the native bearers. "Oh, master, don't talk any more," said the generous fellow, "I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard."

"And I am one," said Kacheche. "Leave us alone, master, if there are white men at Embomma, we will find them out. We will walk, and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl." The messengers left the camp, and foragers were sent out to find food for the support of the people till supplies could reach them from Boma.

On August 6th the caravan was suddenly startled by the shrill cry of a lad who said, "Oh! I see Uledi and Kacheche coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"

"What—what—what!" cried the people, as they rushed out from the tall grass to gaze at the distant hill-side.

"Yes, it is true! it is true! La il il Allah! Yes, it is food! food! food! food! at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!" [1]

The sacks were opened, and soon the famished crowd, with apron, and bowl, and utensil, bore away the rice, sweet potato and fish in triumph to their huts or tents. Water was brought up from the river, fuel was gathered in haste, and hope and joy reigned where a few hours ago all had been bitter despair. A kindly letter of congratulation accompanied the supplies from the

[1] *Across the Dark Continent.*

warm-hearted traders of Boma, and Stanley turned into his tent with a heart overflowing with gratitude for the mercies of that memorable day.

The long war against famine and the terrible force of nature was over at last! The gracious God be praised for ever! The people were reclad with bright garments and flowing robes of white, and on August 9th, 1877, just nine hundred and ninety-nine days after leaving Zanzibar, the expedition was met by the European traders of Boma, four in all, who had come out to receive the illustrious traveller, and welcome him back once more to civilisation and peace. The fame of the commander of the Anglo-American Expedition had preceded him, and the gentlemen of Boma felt proud of the honour of being the first white men to render to the heroic man that homage which they felt was due to the friend of Livingstone, and the explorer of the great river, which flowed past them with majestic volume to the great ocean of the west.

A passage was taken for the whole party from hospitable Boma to Ponta da Lenha, and on to the sea, where Stanley was at once offered a passage for his faithful Zanzibari on board the Portuguese gun-boat *Tamega*. On their arrival at Loanda, the brave fellows were transhipped to H.M.S. *Industry*, and safely conveyed to Cape Town. Stanley had resolved to see them back to their island home, and at Cape Town he was most graciously received by Commodore Francis William Sullivan, whose guest he remained at Admiralty House, while preparations were made by the courteous admiral for the transport of the entire force and its leader to Zanzibar. On the 8th of November the *Industry* sailed out of Simon's Bay amid the cheers of the bluejackets and the best wishes of the hosts of friends which Stanley

had secured during his brief stay at the Cape. Fourteen days after, the palm groves and bright green hill-slopes of Zanzibar were sighted, and the people, now robust, bright and happy, looked out with delight upon their pleasant island home.

As soon as the keel of the *Industry* touched the beach, the happy fellows, with their wives and little ones, sprang down the sides of the ship, and threw themselves upon the white sands, and poured out their thanks to Allah! The news rang along the beach, "It is Bwana Stanley's expedition that has returned." Wages were paid, the relatives of the dead martyrs to science whose bones were bleaching upon the banks of the far-off river were consoled and compensated for their losses, and on the 13th December, 1877, Stanley took passage on board the British India steamer *Pachumba* for Aden and home. A magnificent and enthusiastic welcome was accorded to the intrepid discoverer of the Congo on his arrival in England. Addresses of congratulation were forwarded to him from the chief public bodies of Great Britain, and high honours were conferred upon him by the Governments of Europe and America, and by all the great scientific and learned societies of both hemispheres.

THE DISCOVERY OF RUWENZORI

25 MAY, 1888

In 1887 H. M. Stanley led a large expedition to the relief of Emin Pasha, who had been isolated for some time by the rising of the Mahdi in the Sudan and the killing of General Gordon, one of whose officers Emin Pasha had been, at Khartum. Leaving Europe in January 1887, Stanley travelled by steamer up the Congo to Yambuya on the lower Aruwimi, near where he had had his famous fight with the cannibals ten years before. Leaving a rear-guard in camp at Yambuya, Stanley and his men marched through the dense equatorial forest to the southern end of Albert Nyanza. He reached there on 13 December. The terrible journey through the dark forest lasted 160 days. Nearly one-half of the men died of starvation, fever, and poisoned arrows shot by the hostile inhabitants. Stanley found Emin Pasha and travelled with him to Zanzibar through what are now the Uganda Protectorate and Tanganyika territory. They arrived at Zanzibar on 4 December, 1889.

It was on this great journey across Africa that Stanley discovered Ruwenzori and Lake Albert Edward.

From ancient times people had spoken of great mountains in Central Africa called The Mountains of the Moon. These had figured on many of the old maps. But Stanley was the first European to see them. Other explorers had passed within sight of them, but because of the masses of cloud that hang over the mountains neither Speke and Grant, nor Baker, nor Stanley on his previous journey, had seen them. The highest peak is about 16,800 feet above sea-level.

(Since, because of copyright laws, we may not quote extensively from Stanley's book, *In Darkest Africa*, the following extracts are taken from the Rev. H. W. Little's *Henry M. Stanley, his Life, Travels, and Explorations*, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

WHEN the relief column turned away from the Congo for the Albert Nyanza no serious difficulty hindered its progress for a few days. The party, consisting of three hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, followed the course of the Aruwimi, till it struck an inland forest road which trended due east. Opposition now began to manifest itself. The natives surrounded the compact little army, and sought by every means to delay and prevent its advance. Day after day the struggle was renewed between the caravan of the white stranger and a succession of barbarous tribes whose villages were burnt as soon as the expedition was known to be in the neighbourhood, in order to prevent Stanley's party from receiving supplies or obtaining shelter. Every device of savagery was resorted to for the purpose of defeating or disheartening the relieving force, but the advance was pushed on for some time successfully without the loss of a single member of the column.

From July 5th till October 18th, the waters of the ever-friendly Aruwimi (or Ituri)[1] were never out of reach. On August 1st dysentery broke out among the Europeans, and soon the rank and file also began to succumb to the terrible privations of the march; men falling out by scores. Nine days were occupied in crossing a waste wilderness, where famine rapidly thinned the already weakened ranks, and numbers of

[1] Mr. Little wrote "Congo Lualaba," but that was an error.

Zanzibaris perished of sheer starvation upon the roadside.

Profiting by the proximity of the Aruwimi (or Ituri), Stanley, with his usual fertility of resource, at once had his sick conveyed to the friendly river and placed upon rafts. On August the 13th the news was passed round that a vast concourse of hostile natives was assembled at some distance up the stream. Careful preparations were at once made against surprise. The expedition was divided into two parts, and the men were carefully instructed in the use of their new magazine rifles. Stanley soon found that he had by no means overrated the fierce opposition or rude strategic skill of his foes, and in the conflict which ensued, Lieutenant Stairs was seriously wounded by a poisoned arrow near the heart, and for some time the whole party was in serious peril from the resolute and persistent onslaught of their enemies.

On the 25th of August the column reached the point of junction of the Nepoko with the Aruwimi, and its leader at once began to realise the extent of the baneful influence of the Arab slavers. The great traveller had taken this very route, he tells us, on purpose to avoid these human vampires, who would, he knew, seduce his men from their allegiance, and so probably wreck the entire expedition. Twenty-three men, indeed, did desert within three days of the meeting between the relief column and a party of Arab marauders, led by the infamous Ungarrowwa, or Uledi Balzaz, who eventually proved to be none other than a trusted tent-boy of Captain Speke's. The whole region had been turned into a desert by this Arab and his cannibal band of followers. Provisions could not be obtained in anything like sufficient quantities to feed the advancing

party, and at this point Stanley had to report sixty-six men as lost by death or desertion, fifty-six men, including all the Somalis, broken down and useless, and the rest of the column sadly demoralised by the want of food and hardships of the journey. Fifty-five men deserted as soon as the station of Kilonga-Congo was sighted on October the 18th, and the clothing, rifles, and ammunition of many of the party were soon surreptitiously bartered with the Arabs, who never left the flanks of the column, for the necessaries of life. The consequence was that when the rapidly decreasing party left this place, to struggle on towards the yet far-distant Nyanza, Stanley, to his horror, discovered that scores of his soldiers were unarmed, and many of them positively naked.

But the White Nile, which was the goal of the enterprise, was still many weary miles away, and the word was given to press onward. The men, however, were so reduced by famine and fatigue, that the steel boat which they had conveyed so far on the way, had, with a large quantity of useful stores, to be left in charge of Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, at one of the native villages. Fungi, ground nuts, and wild berries formed the staple food of the party, who were now traversing a land described as "one horrible wilderness." When Ibwiri was passed, however, the travellers to their delight found themselves in a veritable land of plenty. The country abounded with corn, fruits, and wholesome food, and the famine period which had begun on the ever-memorable 31st of August was ended.

But of the three hundred and eighty-nine men who had started from the Aruwimi, only one hundred and seventy-four were left to Stanley, and these were in a most pitiable condition. A temporary camp was

formed to enable the wanderers to gain strength and refresh themselves after their terrible wilderness journey. The poor fellows had almost despaired of ever being able to cross the unknown land which still separated them from the pleasant plains, the teeming pastures, and the green corn-fields of the Nyanza region. They had begun also to doubt the word of their intrepid leader as to the object of his mission, and the actual existence of the famous White Pasha whom Stanley professed to be anxious to succour. Desertion, pillaging, and the wholesale disposal of the arms and equipments of the men had to be punished by death, and it was with extreme reluctance that in several cases, those who had been tried and found guilty of mutinous or dishonest conduct were ordered by Stanley to be hanged in the presence of their comrades. The excellent food supply at once brought about a happy change in the condition of the force. The effect of the new diet in a few days was remarkable upon the one hundred and seventy-three men still available for the advance. "I set out," says Stanley, "for the Albert Nyanza on November the 24th, with a body of followers who were positively stout and robust men."

In a letter to the Royal Geographical Society on April 9th, 1889, giving the details of the journey through a belt of cannibalism and savagery, probably unequalled on the face of the globe, the leader of the relief column sets forth the horrors of the Congo forest in most graphic language. After touching upon the obstacles to his advance which the nature of the country everywhere presented—the foul, fetid atmosphere of the forests, the barren plains, and the almost impenetrable jungle, which covered the land—the famous traveller went on to reveal something of the tactics of

the hitherto unknown peoples of the Central Congo region. With diabolical skill the roads were planted with sharpened skewers and crowsfeet made of hard wood, and frightful thorns three inches long. Pits were dug and then covered over with a thin layer of branches, in order to trap the advancing company, and "one of the approaches to every village was a straight road, perhaps a hundred yards long and twelve wide, cleared of jungle, but bristling with these skewers carefully and cunningly hidden at every place likely to be trodden by an incautious foot. The real path was crooked, and took a wide detour, the cut road appeared so tempting, so straight and so short. At the village end was the watchman, to beat his drum and sound the alarm, when every native would take his weapons and proceed to the appointed place to ply his bow at every opportunity. Yet despite a formidable list of hostile measures and attempts, no life was lost, though our wounded increased in numbers."

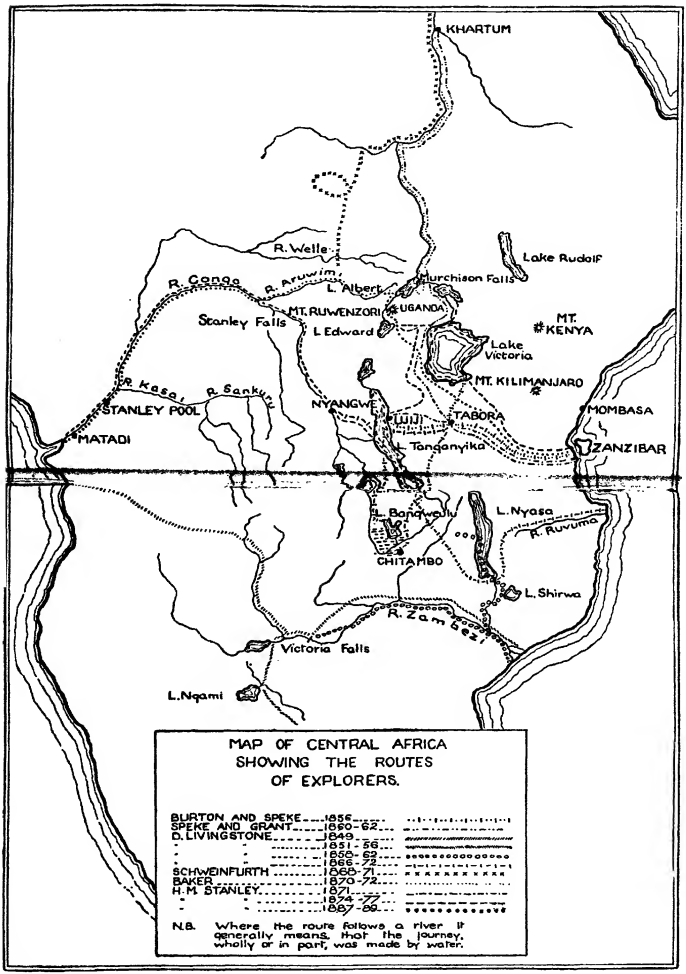
"The river," continues Mr. Stanley, "retained a noble width—from five hundred to nine hundred yards, with an island here and there, sometimes a group of islets, the resort of oyster-fishermen. Such piles of oyster-shells! On one island I measured a heap thirty paces long, twelve feet wide at the base, and four feet high. At almost every bend of the river, generally in the middle of the bend—because a view of the river approach up and down stream may be had—there is a village of cone huts—of the candle-extinguisher type. Some bends have a large series of these villages populated by thousands of natives. . . . The abundance found by us will never be found again, for the Arabs have followed my track by hundreds, and destroyed villages and plantations, and what the Arabs spare the elephant herds complete."

"One of the most serious features in the opposition of the natives was the fact that they were armed with poisoned arrows. At Avissibba, about half-way between Panga Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked our camp in quite a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows they thought gave them every advantage; and indeed when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five men were wounded by these. Lieutenant Stairs' wound was from an arrow the poison of which was dry—it must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or so he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man received a slight puncture near the wrist; another received a puncture near the shoulder in the muscles of the arm; one was wounded in the gullet; tetanus ended the sufferings of all. We were much exercised as to what this poison might be that was so deadly. On returning from the Nyanza to relieve the rear column, we halted at Avissibba, and, rummaging among the huts, found several packets of dried red ants, or pismires. It was then we knew that the dried bodies of these ground into powder cooked in palm oil, and smeared over the wooden points of the arrows, was the deadly irritant by which we lost so many fine men with such terrible suffering. The large black ant, whose bite causes a great blister, would be still more venomous prepared in the same way; the bloated spiders, an inch in length, which are covered with prickles most painful to the touch, would form another terrible compound, the effects of which make one shudder to think of."

Stanley resumed his journey on the 24th November, and on the 5th of December, the head of the column approached the village of the mighty Mazamboni,

"a lord of many villages," whose vast territory was studded with fruitful fields covered with corn and fruit and yams. The natives were on the alert, and at once took steps to drive back the white man's caravan. Stanley was, however, equal to the occasion; with his usual promptitude and courage, he at once seized upon an elevation, which he strengthened by erecting a zareba, within which he placed his men and stores, and then awaited the next move of Mazamboni. The position was an anxious one. Was it to be war or peace? The relief party were a mere handful of men compared with the masses of brown-skinned warriors who were clustered about the standards of the fierce Congo king. There was nothing for it but to strengthen the zareba by a deep trench and piles of brushwood, and to watch the course of events with patient vigilance. Time after time the war-cry of the natives rang up the hill-side, and the beleaguered garrison prepared to meet the attack. The native levies were observed to gather in dense crowds away below in the valley in response to the summons of Mazamboni. Village after village sent forth its contingent of men, fully armed, and Stanley, anxious to prevent a catastrophe, sent off an embassy of peace, in the course of the day, to the "lord of many villages," with a present of brass rods and valuable cloth, proposing to make a treaty of amity and friendship with the black monarch.

The night wore on and no response came to this appeal. With the dawn of day the shout of "Kurwana," war, was heard rising up from the valley, and Stanley knew that he must fight. There was no time to lose. With splendid tactical skill a picked party of the garrison was sent down into the valley to the east to attack the enemy on the flank, another small detachment


KHARTUM
R. Welle
Lake Rudolf
R. Congo
R. Aruwimi
L. Albert
Murchison Falls
MT. RUWENZORI
UGANDA
MT. KENYA
Stanley Falls
L. Edward
Lake Victoria
R. Kasai
R. Sankuru
MT. KILIMANJARO
STANLEY POOL
NYANGWE
UJIJI
TABORA
MOMBASA
MATADI
L. Tanganyika
ZANZIBAR
L. Bangweulu
L. Nyasa
R. Ruvuma
CHITAMBO
L. Shirwa
R. Zambesi
Victoria Falls
L. Ngami
MAP OF CENTRAL AFRICA
SHOWING THE ROUTES
OF EXPLORERS.
BURTON AND SPEKE ---- 1856
SPEKE AND GRANT ---- 1860-62
D. LIVINGSTONE ---- 1849
" " ---- 1851-56
" " ---- 1858-64
" " ---- 1866-73
SCHWEINFURTH ---- 1868-71
BAKER ---- 1870-72
H.M. STANLEY ---- 1871
" " ---- 1874-77
" " ---- 1887-89
N.B. Where the route follows a river it generally means, that the journey, wholly or in part, was made by water.

under Lieutenant Stairs was sent out to fall upon the levies of Mazamboni in the rear. This plan of Stanley's, boldly conceived and splendidly carried out, was altogether successful and before evening the way to the White Nile was once more clear. On the 13th the last stage of this terrible journey was reached, and the excellent leader cried, as he turned to his men, "Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza!"

Next day, to the delight and astonishment of the rank and file of the column, about 1.30 p.m., the glorious expanse of the Albert Lake lay shimmering at their feet, like a vast plain of molten gold. At an altitude of five thousand feet above the sea, the weary travellers feasted their eyes upon one of the fairest scenes in Central Africa. With streaming eyes and quivering lips the members of the little band threw themselves upon the ground, kissed the feet of their leader, and then the difficult descent to the shore began. Still another fight! The natives poured down upon the expedition, as it was slowly making its way along the rocky defile to the great watery expanse below. After a brief but sharp and desperate struggle the enemy were beaten off and the shores of the lake were reached.

On December 14th the column reached Lake Albert. Here and hereabout it was kept waiting for months because Emin Pasha could not make up his mind whether he wanted to be relieved, or not. It was from near Nsabe, on the shore of the lake, that on May 25th, 1888, Stanley saw Ruwenzori for the first time. It was seventy miles distant. In his letter to the Royal Geographical Society he announced the discovery in the following words:

"On the 25th May, 1888, Emin Pasha's Soudanese were drawn up in line to salute the advance column as it marched in file towards the Ituri River from the Nyanza.

Half an hour after we parted I was musing, as I walked, of the Pasha and his steamer, when my gun bearer cried out: 'See, sir, what a big mountain; it is covered with salt!' I gazed in the direction he pointed out, and there sure enough

> Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
> And white against the cold white sky
> Shone out their crowning snows;

or rather, to be true, a blue mountain of prodigious height and mass. This then, said I, must be the Ruwenzori which the natives said had something white like the metal of my lamp on the top. . . . I should say that the snow-line seemed to be about one thousand feet from the summit. . . . In the least suspected part of Africa there has shot up into view and fact a lofty range of mountains, the central portion of which is covered with perpetual snow, which supplies a lake to the south of the equator, and pours besides scores of sweet-water streams to the large tributary feeding the Albert Nyanza from the south.

"You will remember that Samuel Baker in 1864 reported the Albert Nyanza to stretch 'illimitably' in a south-westerly direction from Vacovia, and that Gessi Pasha, who first circumnavigated that lake, and Mason Bey, who in 1877 made a more careful investigation of it, never even hinted of the existence of a snowy mountain in that neighbourhood, nor did the last two travellers pay any attention to the Semliki River. I might even add that Emin Pasha, for years resident on or near Lake Albert, or Captain Casati, who for some months resided in Unyoro, never heard of any such remarkable object as a snowy mountain being in that region; therefore we may well call it an unsuspected part of Africa. Surely it was none of our purpose

to discover it. It simply thrust itself direct in our homeward route. . . ."[1]

Nearly a year later, the expedition, now swollen to one thousand five hundred men and women by the addition of Emin Pasha's followers, began its long march to the sea. The way led first south across the Semliki River to the Lake Albert Edward, now seen for the first time by white men. On the map the route looks like a horse-shoe with the great Ruwenzori range in the middle. On June 6th, 1889, Lieutenant Stairs, one of Stanley's officers, started to climb to the summit and succeeded in reaching a point 10,600 feet above the sea. For many days the mountain would be hidden in cloud and then would suddenly reveal itself in all its grandeur. Stanley had seen many wonderful things in his twenty-two years of African travel, but this he said was "unique."

In his book *In Darkest Africa* he wrote a splendid description of what he saw. While the peaks shone out from the clouds, the faces of whites and blacks "gazed in speechless wonder toward that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace." We may quote some of his words, as a conclusion:

"These moments of supreme feeling are memorable for the utter abstraction of the mind from all that is sordid and ignoble, and its utter absorption in the presence of unreachable loftiness, indescribable majesty, and constraining it not only to reverentially admire, but to adore in silence, the image of the Eternal. Never can a man be so fit for Heaven as during such moments, for however scornful and insolent he may have been at other times, he has now become as a little child filled with wonder and reverence before what he has conceived to be sublime and Divine."[2]

[1] *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xi, 1889, pp. 270, 271.

[2] *In Darkest Africa*, vol. ii, p. 305.