SAMUEL WHITE BAKER

THE ALBERT N'YANZA, GREAT BASIN OF THE NILE, AND EXPLORATIONS OF THE NILE SOURCES

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Baker S.

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Содержание

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PREFACE

In the history of the Nile there was a void: its Sources were a mystery. The Ancients devoted much attention to this problem; but in vain. The Emperor Nero sent an expedition under the command of two centurions, as described by Seneca. Even Roman energy failed to break the spell that guarded these secret fountains. The expedition sent by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the celebrated Viceroy of Egypt, closed a long term of unsuccessful search.

The work has now been accomplished. Three English parties, and only three, have at various periods started upon this obscure mission: each has gained its end.

Bruce won the source of the Blue Nile; Speke and Grant won the Victoria source of the great White Nile; and I have been permitted to succeed in completing the Nile Sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the ALBERT N'YANZA, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile.

Having thus completed the work after nearly five years passed in Africa, there still remains a task before me. I must take the reader of this volume by the hand, and lead him step by step along my rough path from the beginning to the end; through scorching deserts and thirsty sands; through swamp, and jungle, and interminable morass; through difficulties, fatigues, and sickness, until I bring him, faint with the wearying journey, to that high cliff where the great prize shall burst upon his view—from which he shall look down upon the vast ALBERT LAKE, and drink with me from the Sources of the Nile!

I have written "HE!" How can I lead the more tender sex through dangers and fatigues, and passages of savage life? A veil shall be thrown over many scenes of brutality that I was forced to witness, but which I will not force upon the reader; neither will I intrude anything that is not actually necessary in the description of scenes that unfortunately must be passed through in the journey now before us. Should anything offend the sensitive mind, and suggest the unfitness of the situation for a woman's presence, I must beseech my fair readers to reflect, that the pilgrim's wife followed him, weary and footsore, through all his difficulties, led, not by choice, but by devotion; and that in times of misery and sickness her tender care saved his life and prospered the expedition.

"O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

In the journey now before us I must request some exercise of patience during geographical details that may be wearisome; at all events, I will adhere to facts, and avoid theory as much as possible.

The Botanist will have ample opportunities of straying from our path to examine plants with which I confess a limited acquaintance. The Ethnologist shall have precisely the same experience that I enjoyed, and he may either be enlightened or confounded. The Geologist will find himself throughout

the journey in Central Africa among primitive rocks. The Naturalist will travel through a grass jungle that conceals much that is difficult to obtain: both he and the Sportsman will, I trust, accompany me on a future occasion through the "Nile tributaries from Abyssinia," which country is prolific in all that is interesting. The Philanthropist,—what shall I promise to induce him to accompany me? I will exhibit a picture of savage man precisely as he is; as I saw him; and as I judged him, free from prejudice: painting also, in true colours, a picture of the abomination that has been the curse of the African race, the SLAVE TRADE; trusting that not only the philanthropist, but every civilized being, will join in the endeavour to erase that stain from disfigured human nature, and thus open the path now closed to civilization and missionary enterprise. To the Missionary,—that noble, self-exiled labourer toiling too often in a barren field,—I must add the word of caution, "Wait"! There can be no hope of success until the slave trade shall have ceased to exist.

The journey is long, the countries savage; there are no ancient histories to charm the present with memories of the past; all is wild and brutal, hard and unfeeling, devoid of that holy instinct instilled by nature into the heart of man—the belief in a Supreme Being. In that remote wilderness in Central Equatorial Africa are the Sources of the Nile.

INTRODUCTION

The primary object of geographical exploration is the opening to general intercourse such portions of the earth as may become serviceable to the human race. The explorer is the precursor of the colonist; and the colonist is the human instrument by which the great work must be constructed —that greatest and most difficult of all undertakings—the civilization of the world.

The progress of civilization depends upon geographical position. The surface of the earth presents certain facilities and obstacles to general access; those points that are easily attainable must always enjoy a superior civilization to those that are remote from association with the world.

We may thus assume that the advance of civilization is dependent upon facility of transport. Countries naturally excluded from communication may, through the ingenuity of man, be rendered accessible; the natural productions of those lands may be transported to the seacoast in exchange for foreign commodities; and commerce, thus instituted, becomes the pioneer of civilization.

England, the great chief of the commercial world, possesses a power that enforces a grave responsibility. She has the force to civilize. She is the natural colonizer of the world. In the short space of three centuries, America, sprung from her loins, has become a giant offspring, a new era in the history of the human race, a new birth whose future must be overwhelming. Of later date, and still more rapid in development, Australia rises, a triumphant proof of England's power to rescue wild lands from barrenness; to wrest from utter savagedom those mighty tracts of the earth's surface wasted from the creation of the world,—a darkness to be enlightened by English colonization. Before the advancing steps of civilization the savage inhabitants of dreary wastes retreated: regions hitherto lain hidden, and counting as nothing in the world's great total, have risen to take the lead in the world's great future.

Thus England's seed cast upon the earth's surface germinates upon soils destined to reproduce her race. The energy and industry of the mother country become the natural instincts of her descendants in localities adapted for their development; and wherever Nature has endowed a land with agricultural capabilities, and favourable geographical position, slowly but surely that land will become a centre of civilization.

True Christianity cannot exist apart from civilization; thus, the spread of Christianity must depend upon the extension of civilization; and that extension depends upon commerce.

The philanthropist and the missionary will expend their noble energies in vain in struggling against the obtuseness of savage hordes, until the first steps towards their gradual enlightenment shall have been made by commerce. The savage must learn to WANT; he must learn to be ambitious; and to covet more than the mere animal necessities of food and drink. This can alone be taught by a communication with civilized beings: the sight of men well clothed will induce the naked savage to covet clothing, and will create a WANT; the supply of this demand will be the first step towards commerce. To obtain the supply, the savage must produce some article in return as a medium of barter, some natural production of his country adapted to the trader's wants. His wants will increase as his ideas expand by communication with Europeans: thus, his productions must increase in due proportion, and he must become industrious; industry being the first grand stride towards civilization.

The natural energy of all countries is influenced by climate; and civilization being dependent upon industry, or energy, must accordingly vary in its degrees according to geographical position. The natives of tropical countries do not progress: enervated by intense heat, they incline rather to repose and amusement than to labour. Free from the rigour of winters, and the excitement of changes in the seasons, the native character assumes the monotony of their country's temperature. They have no natural difficulties to contend with,—no struggle with adverse storms and icy winds and frost-bound soil; but an everlasting summer, and fertile ground producing with little tillage, excite no enterprise; and the human mind, unexercised by difficulties, sinks into languor and decay. There are a lack of

industry, a want of intensity of character, a love of ease and luxury, which leads to a devotion to sensuality,—to a plurality of wives, which lowers the character and position of woman. Woman, reduced to that false position, ceases to exercise her proper influence upon man; she becomes the mere slave of passion, and, instead of holding her sphere as the emblem of civilization she becomes its barrier. The absence of real love engendered by a plurality of wives, is an absolute bar to progress; and so long as polygamy exists, an extension of civilization is impossible. In all tropical countries polygamy is the prevailing evil: this is the greatest obstacle to Christianity. The Mahommedan religion, planned carefully for Eastern habits, allowed a plurality of wives, and prospered. The savage can be taught the existence of a Deity, and become a Mussulman; but to him the hateful law of fidelity to one wife is a bar to Christianity. Thus, in tropical climates there will always be a slower advance of civilization than in more temperate zones.

The highest civilization was originally confined to the small portion of the globe comprised between Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Italy. In those countries was concentrated the world's earliest history; and although changed in special importance, they preserve their geographical significance to the present day.

The power and intelligence of man will have their highest development within certain latitudes, and the natural passions and characters of races will be governed by locality and the temperature of climate.

There are certain attractions in localities that induce first settlements of man; even as peculiar conditions of country attract both birds and animals. The first want of man and beast is food: thus fertile soil and abundant pasture, combined with good climate and water communication, always ensure the settlement of man; while natural seed-bearing grasses, forests, and prairies attract both birds and beasts. The earth offers special advantages in various positions to both man and beast; and such localities are, with few exceptions, naturally inhabited. From the earliest creation there have been spots so peculiarly favoured by nature, by geographical position, climate, and fertility, that man has striven for their occupation, and they have become scenes of contention for possession. Such countries have had a powerful influence in the world's history, and such will be the great pulses of civilization,—the sources from which in a future, however distant, will flow the civilization of the world. Egypt is the land whose peculiar capabilities have thus attracted the desires of conquest, and with whom the world's earliest history is intimately connected.

Egypt has been an extraordinary instance of the actual formation of a country by alluvial deposit; it has been CREATED by a single river. The great Sahara, that frightful desert of interminable scorching sand, stretching from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, is cleft by one solitary thread of water. Ages before man could have existed in that inhospitable land, that thread of water was at its silent work: through countless years it flooded and fell, depositing a rich legacy of soil upon the barren sand until the delta was created; and man, at so remote a period that we have no clue to an approximate date, occupied the fertile soil thus born of the river Nile, and that corner of savage Africa, rescued from its barrenness, became Egypt, and took the first rank in the earth's history.

For that extraordinary land the world has ever contended, and will yet contend.

From the Persian conquest to the present day, although the scene of continual strife, Egypt has been an example of almost uninterrupted productiveness. Its geographical position afforded peculiar advantages for commercial enterprise. Bounded on the east by the Red Sea, on the north by the Mediterranean, while the fertilizing Nile afforded inland communication, Egypt became the most prosperous and civilized country of the earth. Egypt was not only created by the Nile, but the very existence of its inhabitants depended upon the annual inundation of that river: thus all that related to the Nile was of vital importance to the people; it was the hand that fed them.

Egypt depending so entirely upon the river, it was natural that the origin of those mysterious waters should have absorbed the attention of thinking men. It was unlike all other rivers. In July and August, when European streams were at their lowest in the summer heat, the Nile was at the flood!

In Egypt there was no rainfall—not even a drop of dew in those parched deserts through which, for 860 miles of latitude, the glorious river flowed without a tributary. Licked up by the burning sun, and gulped by the exhausting sand of Nubian deserts, supporting all losses by evaporation and absorption, the noble flood shed its annual blessings upon Egypt. An anomaly among rivers; flooding in the driest season; everlasting in sandy deserts; where was its hidden origin? where were the sources of the Nile?

This was from the earliest period the great geographical question to be solved.

In the advanced stage of civilization of the present era, we look with regret at the possession by the Moslem of the fairest portions of the world,—of countries so favoured by climate and by geographical position, that, in the early days of the earth's history, they were the spots most coveted; and that such favoured places should, through the Moslem rule, be barred from the advancement that has attended lands less adapted by nature for development. There are no countries of the earth so valuable, or that would occupy so important a position in the family of nations, as Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, and Egypt, under a civilized and Christian government.

As the great highway to India, Egypt is the most interesting country to the English. The extraordinary fertility being due entirely to the Nile, I trust that I may have added my mite to the treasury of scientific knowledge by completing the discovery of the sources of that wonderful river, and thereby to have opened a way to the heart of Africa, which, though dark in our limited perspective, may, at some future period, be the path to civilization.

I offer to the world my narrative of many years of hardships and difficulties, happily not vainly spent in this great enterprise: should some un-ambitious spirits reflect, that the results are hardly worth the sacrifice of the best years of life thus devoted to exile and suffering, let them remember that "we are placed on earth for a certain period, to fulfil, according to our several conditions and degrees of mind, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on." (E. L. Bulwer's "Life, Literature, and Manners.")

CHAPTER I
THE EXPEDITION

In March, 1861, I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent by the English Government from the South via Zanzibar, for that object. I had not the presumption to publish my intention, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto defied all explorers, but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task or to die in the attempt. From my youth I had been inured to hardships and endurance in wild sports in tropical climates, and when I gazed upon the map of Africa I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that, even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might by perseverance reach the heart of Africa.

I could not conceive that anything in this world had power to resist a determined will, so long as health and life remained. The failure of every former attempt to reach the Nile source did not astonish me, as the expeditions had consisted of parties, which, when difficulties occur, generally end in difference of opinion and retreat: I therefore determined to proceed alone, trusting in the guidance of a Divine Providence and the good fortune that sometimes attends a tenacity of purpose. I weighed carefully the chances of the undertaking. Before me—untrodden Africa; against me—the obstacles that had defeated the world since its creation; on my side—a somewhat tough constitution, perfect independence, a long experience in savage life, and both time and means which I intended to devote to the object without limit. England had never sent an expedition to the Nile sources previous to that under the command of Speke and Grant. Bruce, ninety years ago, had succeeded in tracing the source of the Blue or Lesser Nile: thus the honour of that discovery belonged to Great Britain; Speke was on his road from the South; and I felt confident that my gallant friend would leave his bones upon the path rather than submit to failure. I trusted that England would not be beaten; and although I hardly dared to hope that I could succeed where others greater than I had failed, I determined to sacrifice all in the attempt. Had I been alone it would have been no hard lot to die upon the untrodden path before me, but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care; one whose life yet dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa.

It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be: she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers and to follow me through each rough footstep of the wild life before me. "And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die; and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Thus accompanied by my wife, on the 15th April 1861, I sailed up the Nile from Cairo. The wind blew fair and strong from the north, and we flew towards the south against the stream, watching those mysterious waters with a firm resolve to track them to their distant fountain.

On arrival at Korosko, in Lat. 22 degrees 44 minutes, in twenty-six days from Cairo, we started across the Nubian desert, thus cutting off the western bend of the Nile, and in seven days' forced camel march we again reached the river Abou Hamed. The journey through that desert is most fatiguing, as the march averages fifteen hours a day through a wilderness of scorching sand and glowing basalt rocks. The simoom was in full force at that season (May), and the thermometer, placed in the shade by the water skins, stood at 114 degrees Fahrenheit.

No drinkable water was procurable on the route; thus our supply was nearly expended upon reaching the welcome Nile. After eight days' march on the margin of the river from Abou Hamed through desert, but in view of the palm trees that bordered the river, we arrived at Berber, a considerable town in lat. 17 degrees 58 minutes on the banks of the Nile.

Berber is eight days' camel march from Khartoum (at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, in lat. 15 degrees 30 minutes), and is the regular caravan route between that town and Cairo.

From the slight experience I had gained in the journey to Berber, I felt convinced that success in my Nile expedition would be impossible without a knowledge of Arabic. My dragoman had me completely in his power, and I resolved to become independent of all interpreters as soon as possible. I therefore arranged a plan of exploration for the first year, to embrace the affluents to the Nile from the Abyssinian range of mountains, intending to follow up the Atbara river from its junction with the Nile in lat. 17 degrees 37 minutes (twenty miles south of Berber), and to examine all the Nile tributaries from the southeast as far as the Blue Nile, which river I hoped ultimately to descend to Khartoum. I imagined that twelve months would be sufficient to complete such an exploration, by which time I should have gained a sufficient knowledge of Arabic to enable me to start from Khartoum for my White Nile expedition. Accordingly I left Berber on the 11th June, 1861, and arrived at the Atbara junction with the Nile on the 13th.

There is no portion of the Nile so great in its volume as that part situated at the Atbara junction. The river Atbara is about 450 yards in average width, and from twenty-five to thirty feet deep during the rainy season. It brings down the entire drainage of Eastern Abyssinia, receiving as affluents into its main stream the great rivers Taccazy (or Settite), in addition to the Salaam and Angrab. The junction of the Atbara in lat. 17 degrees 37 minutes N. is thus, in a direct line from Alexandria, about 840 geographical miles of latitude, and, including the westerly bend of the Nile, its bed will be about eleven hundred miles in length from the mouth of its last tributary, the Atbara, until it meets the sea. Thus, eleven hundred miles of absorption and evaporation through sandy deserts and the delta must be sustained by the river between the Atbara junction and the Mediterranean: accordingly there is an immense loss of water; and the grandest volume of the Nile must be just below the Atbara junction.

It is not my intention in the present work to enter into the details of my first year's exploration on the Abyssinian frontier; that being so extensive and so completely isolated from the grand White Nile expedition, that an amalgamation of the two would create confusion. I shall therefore reserve the exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries for a future publication, and confine my present description of the Abyssinian rivers to a general outline of the Atbara and Blue Nile, showing the origin of their floods and their effect upon the inundations in Lower Egypt.

I followed the banks of the Atbara to the junction of the Settite or Taccazy river; I then followed the latter grand stream into the Abyssinian mountains in the Base country. From thence I crossed over to the rivers Salaam and Angrab, at the foot of the magnificent range of mountains from which they flow direct into the Atbara. Having explored those rivers, I passed through an extensive and beautiful tract of country forming a portion of Abyssinia on the south bank of the river Salaam; and again crossing the Atbara, I arrived at the frontier town of Gellabat, known by Bruce as "Ras el Feel." Marching due west from that point I arrived at the river Rahad, in about lat. 12 degrees 30 minutes; descending its banks I crossed over a narrow strip of country to the west, arriving at the river Dinder, and following these streams to their junction with the Blue Nile, I descended that grand river to Khartoum, having been exactly twelve months from the day I had left Berber.

The whole of the above-mentioned rivers—i.e. the Atbara, Settite, Salaam, Angrab, Rahad, Dinder, and Blue Nile—are the great drains of Abyssinia, all having a uniform course from southeast to northwest, and meeting the main Nile in two mouths; by the Blue Nile at Khartoum, 15 degrees 30 minutes, and by the Atbara, in lat. 17 degrees 37 minutes. The Blue Nile during the dry season is so reduced that there is not sufficient water for the small vessels engaged in transporting produce from Sennaar to Khartoum; at that time the water is beautifully clear, and, reflecting the cloudless sky, its

colour has given it the well-known name of Bahr el Azrak, or Blue River. No water is more delicious than that of the Blue Nile; in great contrast to that of the White river, which is never clear, and has a disagreeable taste of vegetation. This difference in the quality of the waters is a distinguishing characteristic of the two rivers: the one, the Blue Nile, is a rapid mountain stream, rising and falling with great rapidity; the other is of lake origin, flowing through vast marshes. The course of the Blue Nile is through fertile soil; thus there is a trifling loss by absorption, and during the heavy rains a vast amount of earthy matter of a red colour is contributed by its waters to the general fertilizing deposit of the Nile in Lower Egypt.

The Atbara, although so important a river in the rainy season of Abyssinia, is perfectly dry for several months during the year, and at the time I first saw it, June 13, 1861, it was a mere sheet of glaring sand; in fact a portion of the desert through which it flowed. For upwards of one hundred and fifty miles from its junction with the Nile, it is perfectly dry from the beginning of March to June. At intervals of a few miles there are pools or ponds of water left in the deep holes below the general average of the river's bed. In these pools, some of which may be a mile in length, are congregated all the inhabitants of the river, who as the stream disappears are forced to close quarters in these narrow asylums; thus, crocodiles, hippopotami, fish, and large turtle are crowded in extraordinary numbers, until the commencement of the rains in Abyssinia once more sets them at liberty by sending down a fresh volume to the river. The rainy season commences in Abyssinia in the middle of May, but the country being parched by the summer heat, the first rains are absorbed by the soil, and the torrents do not fill until the middle of June.

From June to the middle of September the storms are terrific; every ravine becomes a raging torrent; trees are rooted up by the mountain streams swollen above their banks, and the Atbara becomes a vast river, bringing down with an overwhelming current the total drainage of four large rivers—the Settite, Royan, Salaam, and Angrab—in addition to its own original volume. Its waters are dense with soil washed from most fertile lands far from its point of junction with the Nile; masses of bamboo and driftwood, together with large trees, and frequently the dead bodies of elephants and buffaloes, are hurled along its muddy waters in wild confusion, bringing a rich harvest to the Arabs on its banks, who are ever on the look-out for the river's treasures of fuel and timber.

The Blue Nile and the Atbara receiving the entire drainage of Abyssinia, at the same time pour their floods into the main Nile in the middle of June. At that season the White Nile is at a considerable level, although not at its HIGHEST; and the sudden rush of water descending from Abyssinia into the main channel, already at a fair level from the White Nile, causes the annual inundation in Lower Egypt.

During the year that I passed in the northern portion of Abyssinia and its frontiers, the rains continued with great violence for three months, the last shower falling on the 16th September, from which date there was neither dew nor rain until the following May. The great rivers expended, and the mountain torrents dried up; the Atbara disappeared, and once more became a sheet of glaring sand. The rivers Settite, Salaam, and Angrab, although much reduced, are nevertheless perennial streams, flowing into the Atbara from the lofty Abyssinian mountains; but the parched, sandy bed of the latter river absorbs the entire supply, nor does one drop of water reach the Nile from the Atbara during the dry season. The wonderful absorption by the sand of that river is an illustration of the impotence of the Blue Nile to contend unaided with the Nubian deserts, which, were it not for the steady volume of the White Nile, would drink every drop of water before the river could pass the twenty-fifth degree of latitude.

The principal affluents of the Blue Nile are the Rahad and Dinder, flowing, like all others, from Abyssinia. The Rahad is entirely dry during the dry season, and the Dinder is reduced to a succession of deep pools, divided by sandbanks, the bed of the river being exposed. These pools are the resort of numerous hippopotami and the natural inhabitants of the river.

Having completed the exploration of the various affluents to the Nile from Abyssinia, passing through the Base country and the portion of Abyssinia occupied by Mek Nimmur, I arrived at Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan provinces, on the 11th June, 1862.

Khartoum is situated in lat. 15 degrees 29 minutes, on a point of land forming the angle between the White and Blue Niles at their junction. A more miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spot can hardly be imagined. Far as the eye can reach, upon all sides, is a sandy desert. The town, chiefly composed of huts of unburnt brick, extends over a flat hardly above the level of the river at high water, and is occasionally flooded. Although containing about 30,000 inhabitants, and densely crowded, there are neither drains nor cesspools: the streets are redolent with inconceivable nuisances; should animals die, they remain where they fall, to create pestilence and disgust. There are, nevertheless, a few respectable houses, occupied by the traders of the country, a small proportion of whom are Italians, French, and Germans, the European population numbering about thirty. Greeks, Syrians, Copts, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, form the motley inhabitants of Khartoum.

There are consuls for France, Austria, and America, and with much pleasure I acknowledge many kind attentions, and assistance received from the two former, M. Thibaut and Herr Hansall.

Khartoum is the seat of government, the Soudan provinces being under the control of a Governor-general, with despotic power. In 1861, there were about six thousand troops quartered in the town; a portion of these were Egyptians; other regiments were composed of blacks from Kordofan, and from the White and Blue Niles, with one regiment of Arnouts, and a battery of artillery. These troops are the curse of the country: as in the case of most Turkish and Egyptian officials, the receipt of pay is most irregular, and accordingly the soldiers are under loose discipline. Foraging and plunder is the business of the Egyptian soldier, and the miserable natives must submit to insult and ill-treatment at the will of the brutes who pillage them ad libitum.

In 1862, Moosa Pasha was the Governor-general of the Soudan. This man was a rather exaggerated specimen of Turkish authorities in general, combining the worst of Oriental failings with the brutality of a wild animal. During his administration the Soudan became utterly ruined; governed by military force, the revenue was unequal to the expenditure, and fresh taxes were levied upon the inhabitants to an extent that paralyzed the entire country. The Turk never improves. There is an Arab proverb that "the grass never grows in the footprint of a Turk," and nothing can be more aptly expressive of the character of the nation than this simple adage. Misgovernment, monopoly, extortion, and oppression, are the certain accompaniments of Turkish administration. At a great distance from all civilization, and separated from Lower Egypt by the Nubian deserts, Khartoum affords a wide field for the development of Egyptian official character. Every official plunders; the Governor-general extorts from all sides; he fills his private pockets by throwing every conceivable obstacle in the way of progress, and embarrasses every commercial movement in order to extort bribes from individuals. Following the general rule of his predecessors, a new governor upon arrival exhibits a spasmodic energy. Attended by cavasses and soldiers, he rides through every street of Khartoum, abusing the underlings for past neglect, ordering the streets to be swept, and the town to be thoroughly cleansed; he visits the marketplace, examines the quality of the bread at the bakers' stalls, and the meat at the butchers'. He tests the accuracy of the weights and scales; fines and imprisons the impostors, and institutes a complete reform, concluding his sanitary and philanthropic arrangements by the imposition of some local taxes.

The town is comparatively sweet; the bread is of fair weight and size, and the new governor, like a new broom, has swept all clean. A few weeks glide away, and the nose again recalls the savory old times when streets were never swept, and filth once more reigns paramount. The town relapses into its former state, again the false weights usurp the place of honest measures, and the only permanent and visible sign of the new administration is the local tax.

From the highest to the lowest official, dishonesty and deceit are the rule—and each robs in proportion to his grade in the Government employ—the onus of extortion falling upon the

natives; thus, exorbitant taxes are levied upon the agriculturists, and the industry of the inhabitants is disheartened by oppression. The taxes are collected by the soldiery, who naturally extort by violence an excess of the actual impost; accordingly the Arabs limit their cultivation to their bare necessities, fearing that a productive farm would entail an extortionate demand. The heaviest and most unjust tax is that upon the "sageer," or water wheel, by which the farmer irrigates his otherwise barren soil.

The erection of the sageer is the first step necessary to cultivation. On the borders of the river there is much land available for agriculture; but from an almost total want of rain the ground must be constantly irrigated by artificial means. No sooner does an enterprising fellow erect a water wheel, than he is taxed, not only for his wheel, but he brings upon himself a perfect curse, as the soldiers employed for the collection of taxes fasten upon his garden, and insist upon a variety of extras in the shape of butter, corn, vegetables, sheep, &c. for themselves, which almost ruin the proprietor. Any government but that of Egypt and Turkey would offer a bonus for the erection of irrigating machinery that would give a stimulus to cultivation, and multiply the produce of the country; but the only rule without an exception is that of Turkish extortion. I have never met with any Turkish official who would take the slightest interest in plans for the improvement of the country, unless he discovered a means of filling his private purse. Thus in a country where Nature has been hard in her measure dealt to the inhabitants, they are still more reduced by oppression. The Arabs fly from their villages on the approach of the brutal tax-gatherers, driving their flocks and herds with them to distant countries, and leaving their standing crops to the mercy of the soldiery. No one can conceive the suffering of the country.

The general aspect of the Soudan is that of misery; nor is there a single feature of attraction to recompense a European for the drawbacks of pestilential climate and brutal associations. To a stranger it appears a superlative folly that the Egyptian Government should have retained a possession, the occupation of which is wholly unprofitable; the receipts being far below the expenditure, "malgre" the increased taxation. At so great a distance from the seacoast and hemmed in by immense deserts, there is a difficulty of transport that must nullify all commercial transactions on an extended scale.

The great and most important article of commerce as an export from the Soudan, is gum arabic: this is produced by several species of mimosa, the finest quality being a product of Kordofan; the other natural productions exported are senna, hides, and ivory. All merchandise both to and from the Soudan must be transported upon camels, no other animals being adapted to the deserts. The cataracts of the Nile between Assouan and Khartoum rendering the navigation next to impossible, the camel is the only medium of transport, and the uncertainty of procuring them without great delay is the trader's greatest difficulty. The entire country is subject to droughts that occasion a total desolation, and the want of pasture entails starvation upon both cattle and camels, rendering it at certain seasons impossible to transport the productions of the country, and thus stagnating all enterprise. Upon existing conditions the Soudan is worthless, having neither natural capabilities nor political importance; but there is, nevertheless, a reason that first prompted its occupation by the Egyptians, and that is in force to the present day. THE SOUDAN SUPPLIES SLAVES. Without the White Nile trade Khartoum would almost cease to exist; and that trade is kidnapping and murder. The character of the Khartoumers needs no further comment. The amount of ivory brought down from the White Nile is a mere bagatelle as an export, the annual value being about 40,000 pounds.

The people for the most part engaged in the nefarious traffic of the White Nile are Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and some few EUROPEANS. So closely connected with the difficulties of my expedition is that accursed slave trade, that the so-called ivory trade of the White Nile requires an explanation.

Throughout the Soudan money is exceedingly scarce and the rate of interest exorbitant, varying, according to the securities, from thirty-six to eighty percent; this fact proves general poverty and dishonesty, and acts as a preventive to all improvement. So high and fatal a rate deters all honest enterprise, and the country must lie in ruin under such a system. The wild speculator borrows upon

such terms, to rise suddenly like a rocket, or to fall like its exhausted stick. Thus, honest enterprise being impossible, dishonesty takes the lead, and a successful expedition to the White Nile is supposed to overcome all charges. There are two classes of White Nile traders, the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers; the same system of operations is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at 100 percent after this fashion. He agrees to repay the lender in ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels and engages from 100 to 300 men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and he agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written by the clerk of the expedition the amount he has received both in goods and money, and this paper he must produce at the final settlement.

The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality, the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives, and, quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within their kraal or "zareeba," are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing, as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured in an instrument called a sheba, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross piece lashed behind; while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the headquarters in company with the captured herds.

This is the commencement of business: should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by the fire, it is appropriated; a general plunder takes place. The trader's party dig up the floors of the huts to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed, as the greatest treasure of the negroes; the granaries are overturned and wantonly destroyed, and the hands are cut off the bodies of the slain, the more easily to detach the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty the traders return to their negro ally: they have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy, and a present of a pretty little captive girl of about fourteen completes his happiness.

But business only commenced. The negro covets cattle, and the trader has now captured perhaps 2,000 head. They are to be had for ivory, and shortly the tusks appear. Ivory is daily brought into camp in exchange for cattle, a tusk for a cow, according to size—a profitable business, as the cows have cost nothing. The trade proves brisk; but still there remain some little customs to be observed —some slight formalities, well understood by the White Nile trade. The slaves and two-thirds of the captured cattle belong to the trader, but his men claim as their perquisite one-third of the stolen animals. These having been divided, the slaves are put up to public auction among the men, who purchase such as they require; the amount being entered on the papers (serki) of the purchasers, to

be reckoned against their wages. To avoid the exposure, should the document fall into the hands of the Government or European consuls, the amount is not entered as for the purchase of a slave, but is divided for fictitious supplies—thus, should a slave be purchased for 1,000 piastres, that amount would appear on the document somewhat as follows:

Soap . . . . . 50 Piastres.
Tarboash(cap) 100
Araki 500
Shoes 200
Cotton Cloth 150
Total 1,000

The slaves sold to the men are constantly being changed and resold among themselves; but should the relatives of the kidnapped women and children wish to ransom them, the trader takes them from his men, cancels the amount of purchase, and restores them to their relations for a certain number of elephants' tusks, as may be agreed upon. Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot or hanged, as a warning to others.

An attack or razzia, such as described, generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who in his turn is murdered and plundered by the trader—his women and children naturally becoming slaves.

A good season for a party of a hundred and fifty men should produce about two hundred cantars (20,000 lbs.) of ivory, valued at Khartoum at 4,000 pounds. The men being paid in slaves, the wages should be nil, and there should be a surplus of four or five hundred slaves for the trader's own profit —worth on an average five to six pounds each.

The boats are accordingly packed with a human cargo, and a portion of the trader's men accompany them to the Soudan, while the remainder of the party form a camp or settlement in the country they have adopted, and industriously plunder, massacre, and enslave, until their master's return with the boats from Khartoum in the following season, by which time they are supposed to have a cargo of slaves and ivory ready for shipment. The business thus thoroughly established, the slaves are landed at various points within a few days' journey of Khartoum, at which places are agents, or purchasers; waiting to receive them with dollars prepared for cash payments. The purchasers and dealers are, for the most part, Arabs. The slaves are then marched across the country to different places; many to Sennaar, where they are sold to other dealers, who sell them to the Arabs and to the Turks. Others are taken immense distances to ports on the Red Sea, Souakim, and Masowa, there to be shipped for Arabia and Persia. Many are sent to Cairo, and in fact they are disseminated throughout the slave-dealing East, the White Nile being the great nursery for the supply.

The amiable trader returns from the White Nile to Khartoum; hands over to his creditor sufficient ivory to liquidate the original loan of 1,000 pounds, and, already a man of capital, he commences as an independent trader.

Such was the White Nile trade when I prepared to start from Khartoum on my expedition to the Nile sources. Every one in Khartoum, with the exception of a few Europeans, was in favor of the slave trade, and looked with jealous eyes upon a stranger venturing within the precincts of their holy land; a land sacred to slavery and to every abomination and villany that man can commit.

The Turkish officials pretended to discountenance slavery: at the same time every house in Khartoum was full of slaves, and the Egyptian officers had been in the habit of receiving a portion of their pay in slaves, precisely as the men employed on the White Nile were paid by their employers. The Egyptian authorities looked upon the exploration of the White Nile by a European traveller as an infringement of their slave territory that resulted from espionage, and every obstacle was thrown in my way.

Foreseeing many difficulties, I had been supplied, before leaving Egypt, with a firman from H. E. Said Pasha the Viceroy, by the request of H. B. M. agent, Sir R. Colquhoun; but this document was

ignored by the Governor-general of the Soudan, Moosa Pasha, under the miserable prevarication that the firman was for the Pasha's dominions and for the Nile; whereas the White Nile was not accepted as the Nile, but was known as the White River. I was thus refused boats, and in fact all assistance.

To organize an enterprise so difficult that it had hitherto defeated the whole world required a careful selection of attendants, and I looked with despair at the prospect before me. The only men procurable for escort were the miserable cutthroats of Khartoum, accustomed to murder and pillage. in the White Nile trade, and excited not by the love of adventure but by the desire for plunder: to start with such men appeared mere insanity. There was a still greater difficulty in connection with the White Nile. For years the infernal traffic in slaves and its attendant horrors had existed like a pestilence in the negro countries, and had so exasperated the tribes, that people who in former times were friendly had become hostile to all comers. An exploration to the Nile sources was thus a march through an enemy's country, and required a powerful force of well-armed men. For the traders there was no great difficulty, as they took the initiative in hostilities, and had fixed camps as "points d'appui;" but for an explorer there was no alternative but a direct forward march without any communications with the rear. I had but slight hope of success without assistance from the authorities in the shape of men accustomed to discipline; I accordingly wrote to the British consul at Alexandria, and requested him to apply for a few soldiers and boats to aid me in so difficult an enterprise. After some months' delay, owing to the great distance from Khartoum, I received a reply enclosing a letter from Ishmael Pasha (the present Viceroy), the regent during the absence of Said Pasha, REFUSING the application.

I confess to the enjoyment of a real difficulty. From the first I had observed that the Egyptian authorities did not wish to encourage English explorations of the slave-producing districts, as such examinations would be detrimental to the traffic, and would lead to reports to the European governments that would ultimately prohibit the trade; it was perfectly clear that the utmost would be done to prevent my expedition from starting. This opposition gave a piquancy to the undertaking, and I resolved that nothing should thwart my plans. Accordingly I set to work in earnest. I had taken the precaution to obtain an order upon the Treasury at Khartoum for what money I required, and as ready cash performs wonders in that country of credit and delay, I was within a few weeks ready to start. I engaged three vessels, including two large noggurs or sailing barges, and a good decked vessel with comfortable cabins, known by all Nile tourists as a diahbiah.

The preparations for such a voyage are no trifles. I required forty-five armed men as escort, forty men as sailors, which, with servants, &c., raised my party to ninety-six. The voyage to Gondokoro, the navigable limit of the Nile, was reported to be from forty-five to fifty days from Khartoum, but provisions were necessary for four months, as the boatmen would return to Khartoum with the vessels, after landing me and my party. In the hope of meeting Speke and Grant's party, I loaded the boats with an extra quantity of corn, making a total of a hundred urdeps (rather exceeding 400 bushels). I had arranged the boats to carry twenty-one donkeys, four camels, and four horses; which I hoped would render me independent of porters, the want of transport being the great difficulty. The saddles, packs, and pads were all made under my own superintendence; nor was the slightest trifle neglected in the necessary arrangements for success. In all the detail, I was much assisted by a most excellent man whom I had engaged to accompany me as my head man, a German carpenter, Johann Schmidt. I had formerly met him hunting on the banks of the Settite river, in the Base country, where he was purchasing living animals from the Arabs, for a contractor to a menagerie in Europe; he was an excellent sportsman, and an energetic and courageous fellow; perfectly sober and honest. Alas! "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," and a hollow cough, and emaciation, attended with hurried respiration, suggested disease of the lungs. Day after day he faded gradually, and I endeavoured to persuade him not to venture upon such a perilous journey as that before me: nothing would persuade him that he was in danger, and he had an idea that the climate of Khartoum was more injurious than the White Nile, and that the voyage would improve his health. Full of good feeling, and a wish to

please, he persisted in working and perfecting the various arrangements, when he should have been saving his strength for a severer trial.

Meanwhile, my preparations progressed. I had clothed my men all in uniform, and had armed them with double-barrelled guns and rifles. I had explained to them thoroughly the object of my journey, and that implicit obedience would be enforced, so long as they were in my service; that no plunder would be permitted, and that their names were to be registered at the public Divan before they started. They promised fidelity and devotion, but a greater set of scoundrels in physiognomy I never encountered. Each man received five months' wages in advance, and I gave them an entertainment, with abundance to eat and drink, to enable them to start in good humor.

We were just ready to start; the supplies were all on board, the donkeys and horses were shipped, when an officer arrived from the Divan, to demand from me the poll tax that Moosa Pasha, the Governor-general, had recently levied upon the inhabitants; and to inform me, that in the event of my refusing to pay the said tax for each of my men, amounting to one month's wages per head, he should detain my boats. I ordered my captain to hoist the British flag upon each of the three boats, and sent my compliments to the Government official, telling him that I was neither a Turkish subject nor a trader, but an English explorer; that I was not responsible for the tax, and that if any Turkish official should board my boat, under the British flag, I should take the liberty of throwing him overboard. This announcement appeared so practical, that the official hurriedly departed, while I marched my men on board, and ordered the boatmen to get ready to start. Just at that moment, a Government vessel, by the merest chance, came swiftly down the river under sail, and in the clumsiest manner crashed right into us. The oars being lashed in their places on my boat, ready to start, were broken to pieces by the other vessel, which, fouling another of my boats just below, became fixed. The reis, or captain of the Government boat that had caused the mischief, far from apologizing, commenced the foulest abuse; and refused to give oars in exchange for those he had destroyed. To start was impossible without oars, and an angry altercation being carried on between my men and the Government boat, it was necessary to come to closer quarters. The reis of the Government boat was a gigantic black, a Tokrouri (native of Darfur), who, confident in his strength, challenged any one to come on board, nor did any of my fellows respond to the invitation. The insolence of Turkish Government officials is beyond description—my oars were smashed, and this insult was the reparation; so, stepping quickly on board, and brushing a few fellows on one side, I was obliged to come to a physical explanation with the captain, which terminated in a delivery of the oars. The bank of the river was thronged with people, many were mere idlers attracted by the bustle of the start, and others, the friends and relatives of my people, who had come to say a last good-bye, with many women, to raise the Arab cry of parting. Among others, was a tall, debauched-looking fellow, excessively drunk and noisy, who, quarrelling with a woman who attempted to restrain him, insisted upon addressing a little boy named Osman, declaring that he should not accompany me unless he gave him a dollar to get some drink. Osman was a sharp Arab boy of twelve years old, whom I had engaged as one of the tent servants, and the drunken Arab was his father, who wished to extort some cash from his son before he parted; but the boy Osman showed his filial affection in a most touching manner, by running into the cabin, and fetching a powerful hippopotamus whip, with which he requested me to have his father thrashed, or "he would never be gone." Without indulging this amiable boy's desire, we shoved off; the three vessels rowed into the middle of the river, and hoisted sail; a fair wind, and strong current, moved us rapidly down the stream; the English flags fluttered gaily on the masts, and amidst the shouting of farewells, and the rattling of musketry, we started for the sources of the Nile. On passing the steamer belonging to the Dutch ladies, Madame van Capellan, and her charming daughter, Mademoiselle Tinne, we saluted them with a volley, and kept up a mutual waving of handkerchiefs until out of view; little did we think that we should never meet those kind faces again, and that so dreadful a fate would envelope almost the entire party. [The entire party died of fever on the White Nile, excepting

Mademoiselle Tinne. The victims to the fatal climate of Central Africa were Madame la Baronne van Capellan, her sister, two Dutch maidservants, Dr. Steudner, and Signor Contarini.]

It was the 18th December, 1862, Thursday, one of the most lucky days for a start, according to Arab superstition. In a few minutes we reached the acute angle round which we had to turn sharply into the White Nile at its junction with the Blue. It was blowing hard, and in tacking round the point one of the noggurs carried away her yard, which fell upon deck and snapped in half, fortunately without injuring either men or donkeys. The yard being about a hundred feet in length, was a complicated affair to splice; thus a delay took place in the act of starting which was looked upon as a bad omen by my superstitious followers. The voyage up the White Nile I now extract verbatim from my journal.

Friday, 19th Dec.—At daybreak took down the mast and unshipped all the rigging; hard at work splicing the yard. The men of course wished to visit their friends at Khartoum. Gave strict orders that no man should leave the boats. One of the horsekeepers absconded before daybreak; sent after him. The junction of the two Niles is a vast flat as far as the eye can reach, the White Nile being about two miles broad some distance above the point. Saati, my vakeel (headman), is on board one noggur as chief; Johann on board the other, while I being on the diahbiah I trust all the animals will be well cared for. I am very fearful of Johann's state of health: the poor fellow is mere skin and bone, and I am afraid his lungs are affected; he has fever again today; I have sent him quinine and wine, &c.

20th Dec.—The whole of yesterday employed in splicing yard, repairing mast, and re-rigging. At 8.30 A.M. we got away with a spanking breeze. The diahbiah horridly leaky. The "tree," or rendezvous for all boats when leaving for the White Nile voyage, consists of three large mimosas about four miles from the point of junction. The Nile at this spot about two miles wide—dead flat banks—mimosas on west bank. My two cabin boys are very useful, and Osman's ringing laugh and constant impertinence to the crew and soldiers keep the boat alive; he is a capital boy, a perfect gamin, and being a tailor by trade he is very useful: this accounts for his father wishing to detain him. The horses and donkeys very snug on board. At 1 p.m. passed Gebel Ouli, a small hill on south bank—course S.W. 1/2 S. At 8.30 p.m. reached Cetene, a village of mixed Arabs on the east bank—anchored.

21st Dec.—All day busy clearing decks, caulking ship, and making room for the camels on the noggurs, as this is the village to which I had previously sent two men to select camels and to have them in readiness for my arrival. The men have been selecting sweethearts instead; thus I must wait here tomorrow, that being the "Soog" or market day, when I shall purchase my camels and milch goats. The banks of the river very uninteresting—flat, desert, and mimosa bush. The soil is not so rich as on the banks of the Blue Nile—the dhurra (grain) is small. The Nile is quite two miles wide up to this point, and the high-water mark is not more than five feet above the present level. The banks shelve gradually like the sands at low tide in England, and quite unlike the perpendicular banks of the Blue Nile. Busy at gunsmith's work. The nights and mornings are now cold, from 60 degrees to 62 degrees F. Johann makes me very anxious: I much fear he cannot last long, unless some sudden change for the better takes place.

22d Dec.—Selected two fine camels and shipped them in slings with some difficulty. Bought four oxen at nine herias each (l5s.); the men delighted at the work of slaughtering, and jerking the meat for the voyage. Bought four milch goats at 9 ps. each, and laid in a large stock of dhurra straw for the animals. Got all my men on board and sailed at 4.30 p.m., course due west; variation allowed for. I have already reduced my men from wolves to lambs, and I should like to see the outrageous acts of mutiny which are the scapegoats of the traders for laying their atrocities upon the men's shoulders. I cannot agree with some writers in believing that personal strength is unnecessary to a traveller. In these savage countries it adds materially to the success of an expedition, provided that it be combined with kindness of manner, justice, and unflinching determination. Nothing impresses savages so forcibly as the *power* to punish and reward. I am not sure that this theory is applicable to savages exclusively. Arrived at Wat Shely at 9 P.M. 23d Dec.—Poor Johann very ill. Bought two camels, and shipped them all right: the market at this miserable village is as poor as that at Getene.

The river is about a mile and a half wide, fringed with mimosas; country dead flat; soil very sandy; much cultivation near the village, but the dhurra of poor quality. Saw many hippopotami in the river. I much regret that I allowed Johann to accompany me from Khartoum; I feel convinced he can never rally from his present condition.

24th Dec.—Sailed yesterday at 4.5 P.M., course south. This morning we are off the Bagara country on the west bank. Dead flats of mimosas, many of the trees growing in the water; the river generally shallow, and many snags or dead stumps of trees. I have been fortunate with my men, only one being drunk on leaving Wat Shely; him we carried forcibly on board. Passed the island of Hassaniah at 2.20 P.M.; the usual flats covered with mimosas. The high-water mark upon the stems of these trees is three feet above the present level of the river; thus an immense extent of country must be flooded during the wet season, as there are no banks to the river. The water will retire in about two months, when the neighbourhood of the river will be thronged with natives and their flocks. All the natives of these parts are Arabs; the Bagara tribe on the west bank. At Wat Shely some of the latter came on board to offer their services as slave-hunters, this open offer confirming the general custom of all vessels trading upon the White Nile.

25th Dec.—The Tokroori boy, Saat, is very amiable in calling all the servants daily to eat together the residue from our table; but he being so far civilized, is armed with a huge spoon, and having a mouth like a crocodile, he obtains a fearful advantage over the rest of the party, who eat the soup by dipping kisras (pancakes) into it with their fingers. Meanwhile Saat sits among his invited guests, and works away with his spoon like a sageer (water-wheel), and gets an unwarrantable start, the soup disappearing like water in the desert. A dead calm the greater portion of the day; the river fringed with mimosa forest. These trees are the Soont (Acacia Arabica), which produce an excellent tannin: the fruit, "garra," is used for that purpose, and produces a rich brown dye: all my clothes and the uniforms of my men I dyed at Khartoum with this "garra." The trees are about eighteen inches in diameter and thirty-five feet high; being in full foliage, their appearance from a distance is good, but on a closer approach the forest proves to be a desolate swamp, completely overflowed; a mass of fallen dead trees protruding from the stagnant waters, a solitary crane perched here and there upon the rotten boughs; floating water-plants massed together, and forming green swimming islands, hitched generally among the sunken trunks and branches; sometimes slowly descending with the sluggish stream, bearing, spectre-like, storks thus voyaging on nature's rafts from lands unknown. It is a fever-stricken wilderness—the current not exceeding a quarter of a mile per hour—the water coloured like an English horse-pond; a heaven for mosquitoes and a damp hell for man. Fortunately, this being the cold season, the winged plagues are absent. The country beyond the inundated mimosa woods is of the usual sandy character, with thorny Kittur bush. Saw a few antelopes. Stopped at a horrible swamp to collect firewood. Anchored at night in a dead calm, well out in the river to escape malaria from the swamped forest. This is a precaution that the men would neglect, and my expedition might suffer in consequence. Christmas Day!

26th Dec.—Good breeze at about 3 A.M.; made sail. I have never seen a fog in this part of Africa; although the neighbourhood of the river is swampy, the air is clear both in the morning and evening. Floating islands of water-plants are now very numerous. There is a plant something like a small cabbage (Pistia Stratiotes, L.), which floats alone until it meets a comrade; these unite, and recruiting as they float onward, they eventually form masses of many thousands, entangling with other species of water-plants and floating wood, until they at length form floating islands. Saw many hippopotami; the small hill in the Dinka country seen from the masthead at 9.15 A.M.; breeze light, but steady; the banks of the river, high grass and mimosas, but not forest as formerly. Water lilies in full bloom, white, but larger than the European variety. In the evening the crew and soldiers singing and drumming.

27th Dec.—Blowing hard all night. Passed the Dinka hill at 3.30 A.M. Obliged to take in sail, as it buried the head of the vessel and we shipped much water. Staggering along under bare poles

at about five miles an hour. The true banks of the river are about five hundred yards distant from the actual stream, this space being a mass of floating water-plants, decayed vegetable matter, and a high reedy grass much resembling sugarcanes; the latter excellent food for my animals. Many very interesting water-plants and large quantities of Ambatch wood (Anemone mirabilis)—this wood, of less specific gravity than cork, is generally used for rafts; at this season it is in full bloom, its bright yellow blossoms enlivening the dismal swamps. Secured very fine specimens of a variety of helix from the floating islands. In this spot the river is from 1500 yards to a mile wide; the country, flat and uninteresting, being the usual scattered thorn bushes and arid plains, the only actual timber being confined to the borders of the river. Course, always south with few turns. My sponging-bath makes a good pinnace for going ashore from the vessel. At 4.20 P.M. one of the noggurs carried away her yard —the same boat that met with the accident at our departure; hove to, and closed with the bank for repairs. Here is an affair of delay; worked with my own hands until 9 p.m.; spliced the yard, bound it with rhinoceros thongs, and secured the whole splice with raw bull's hide. Posted sentries—two on each boat, and two on shore.

28th Dec.—At work at break of day. Completed the repair of yard, which is disgracefully faulty. Re-rigged the mast. Poor Johann will die, I much fear. His constitution appears to be quite broken up; he has become deaf, and there is every symptom of decay. I have done all I can for him, but his voyage in this life is nearly over. Ship in order, and all sailed together at 2:15 p.m. Strong north wind. Two vessels from Khartoum passed us while repairing damages. I rearranged the donkeys, dividing them into stalls containing three each, as they were such donkeys that they crowded each other unnecessarily. Caught a curious fish (Tetrodon physa of Geof.), that distends itself with air like a bladder; colour black, and yellow stripes; lungs; apertures under the fins, which open and shut by their movement, their motion being a semi-revolution. This fish is a close link between fish and turtle; the head is precisely that of the latter, having no teeth, but cutting jaws of hard bone of immense power. Many minutes after the head had been severed from the body, the jaws nipped with fury anything that was inserted in the mouth, ripping through thin twigs and thick straw like a pair of shears. The skin of the belly is white, and is armed with prickles. The skin is wonderfully tough. I accordingly cut it into a long thong, and bound up the stock of a rifle that had been split from the recoil of heavy charges of powder. The flesh was strong of musk, and uneatable. There is nothing so good as fish skin—or that of the iguana, or of the crocodile—for lashing broken gun-stocks. Isinglass, when taken fresh from the fish and bound round a broken stock like a plaster, will become as strong as metal when dry. Country as usual— flat and thorny bush. A heavy swell creates a curious effect in the undulations of the green rafts upon the water. Dinka country on east bank; Shillook on the west; course south; all Arab tribes are left behind, and we are now thoroughly among the negroes.

29th Dec.—At midnight the river made a bend westward, which continued for about fifteen miles. The wind being adverse, at 5 A.M. we found ourselves fast in the grass and floating vegetation on the lee side. Two hours' hard work at two ropes, alternately, fastened to the high grass ahead of the boat and hauled upon from the deck, warped us round the bend of the river, which turning due south, we again ran before a favourable gale for two hours; all the boats well together. The east bank of the river is not discernible—a vast expanse of high reeds stretching as far as the eye can reach; course P.M. W.S.W. At 4 P.M. the "Clumsy," as I have named one of our noggurs, suddenly carried away her mast close by the board, the huge yard and rigging falling overboard with the wreck, severely hurting two men and breaking one of their guns. Hove to by an island on the Shillook side, towed the wreck ashore, and assembled all the boats. Fortunately there is timber at hand; thus I cut down a tree for a mast and got all ready for commencing repairs tomorrow. Poor Johann is, as I had feared, dying; he bleeds from the lungs, and is in the last stage of exhaustion. Posted six sentries.

30th Dec.—Johann is in a flying state, but sensible; all his hopes, poor fellow, of saving money in my service and returning to Bavaria are past. I sat by his bed for some hours; there was not a ray of hope; he could speak with difficulty, and the flies walked across his glazed eyeballs without

his knowledge. Gently bathing his face and hands, I asked him if I could deliver any message to his relatives. He faintly uttered, "I am prepared to die; I have neither parents nor relations; but there is one—she—" he faltered. He could not finish his sentence, but his dying thoughts were with one he loved; far, far away from this wild and miserable land, his spirit was transported to his native village, and to the object that made life dear to him. Did not a shudder pass over her, a chill warning at that sad moment when all was passing away? I pressed his cold hand, and asked her name. Gathering his remaining strength he murmured, "Krombach" [Krombach was merely the name of his native village in Bavaria.] . . . "Es bleibt nur zu sterben." "Ich bin sehr dankbar." These were the last words he spoke, "I am very grateful." I gazed sorrowfully at his attenuated figure, and at the now powerless hand that had laid low many an elephant and lion, in its day of strength; and the cold sweat of death lay thick upon his forehead. Although the pulse was not yet still, Johann was gone.

31st Dec.—Johann died. I made a huge cross with my own hands from the trunk of a tamarind tree, and by moonlight we laid him in his grave in this lonely spot.

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a pilgrim taking his rest,
With his mantle drawn around him."

This is a mournful commencement of the voyage. Poor fellow, I did all I could for him although that was but little; and hands far more tender than mine ministered to his last necessities. This sad event closes the year 1862. Made sail at 8.30 p.m., the repairs of ship being completed.

1863, Jan. 1st, 2 o'clock a.m.—Melancholy thoughts preventing sleep, I have watched the arrival of the new year. Thank God for His blessings during the past, and may He guide us through the untrodden path before us! We arrived at the village of Mahomed Her in the Shillook country. This man is a native of Dongola, who, having become a White Nile adventurer, established himself among the Shillook tribe with a band of ruffians, and is the arch-slaver of the Nile. The country, as usual, a dead flat: many Shillook villages on west bank all deserted, owing to Mahomed Her's plundering. This fellow now assumes a right of territory, and offers to pay tribute to the Egyptian Government, thus throwing a sop to Cerberus to prevent intervention. Course S.W. The river in clear water about seven hundred yards wide, but sedge on the east bank for a couple of miles in width.

2d Jan.—The "Clumsy" lagging, come to grief again, having once more sprung her rotten yard. Fine breeze, but obliged to wait upon this wretched boat—the usual flat uninteresting marshes: Shillook villages in great numbers on the terra firma to the west. Verily it is a pleasant voyage; disgusting naked savages, everlasting marshes teeming with mosquitoes, and the entire country devoid of anything of either common interest or beauty. Course west the whole day; saw giraffes and one ostrich on the east bank. On the west bank there is a regular line of villages throughout the day's voyage within half a mile of each other; the country very thickly populated. The huts are of mud, thatched, having a very small entrance—they resemble button mushrooms. The Shillooks are wealthy, immense herds of cattle swarm throughout their country. The natives navigate the river in two kinds of canoes-one of which is a curious combination of raft and canoe formed of the Ambatch wood, which is so light, that the whole affair is portable. The Ambatch (Anemone mirabilis) is seldom larger than a man's waist, and as it tapers naturally to a point, the canoe rafts are quickly formed by lashing the branches parallel to each other, and tying the narrow ends together.

3d Jan.—The "Clumsy's" yard having been lashed with rhinoceros' hide, fortunately holds together, although sprung. Stopped this morning on the east bank, and gathered a supply of wood. On the west bank Shillook villages as yesterday during the day's voyage, all within half a mile of each other; one village situated among a thick grove of the dolape palms close to the river. The natives,

afraid of our boats, decamped, likewise the fishermen, who were harpooning fish from small fishing stations among the reeds.

The country, as usual, dead flat, and very marshy on the east bank, upon which side I see no signs of habitations. Course this morning south. Arrived at the river Sobat junction at 12.40 P.M., and anchored about half a mile within that river at a spot where the Turks had formerly constructed a camp. Not a tree to be seen; but dead flats of prairie and marsh as far as the eye can reach. The Sobat is not more than a hundred and twenty yards in breadth.

I measured the stream by a floating gourd, which travelled 130 yards in 112 seconds, equal to about two miles and a half an hour. The quality of the water is very superior to that of the White Nile —this would suggest that it is of mountain origin. Upward course of Sobat south, 25 degrees east. Upward course of the White Nile west, 2 degrees north from the Sobat junction.

4th Jan.—By observation of sun's meridian altitude, I make the latitude of the Sobat junction 9 degrees 21 minutes 14 seconds. Busy fishing the yard of the "Clumsy," and mending sails. The camels and donkeys all well—plenty of fine grass—made a good stock of hay. My reis and boatmen tell me that the Sobat, within a few days' sail of the junction, divides into seven branches, all shallow and with a rapid current. The banks are flat, and the river is now bank-full. Although the water is perfectly clear, and there is no appearance of flood, yet masses of weeds, as though torn from their beds by torrents, are constantly floating down the stream. One of my men has been up the river to the farthest navigable point; he declares that it is fed by many mountain torrents, and that it runs out very rapidly at the cessation of the rains. I sounded the river in many places, the depth varying very slightly, from twenty-seven to twenty-eight feet. At 5 P.M. set sail with a light breeze, and glided along the dead water of the White Nile. Full moon—the water like a mirror; the country one vast and apparently interminable marsh—the river about a mile wide, and more or less covered with floating plants. The night still as death; dogs barking in the distant villages, and herds of hippopotami snorting in all directions, being disturbed by the boats. Course west.

5th Jan.—Fine breeze, as much as we can carry; boats running at eight or nine miles an hour —no stream perceptible; vast marshes; the clear water of the river not more than 150 yards wide, forming a channel through the great extent of water grass resembling high sugarcanes, which conceal the true extent of the river. About six miles west from the Sobat junction on the north side of the river, is a kind of backwater, extending north like a lake for a distance of several days' boat journey: this is eventually lost in regions of high grass and marshes; in the wet season this forms a large lake. A hill bearing north 20 degrees west so distant as to be hardly discernible.

The Bahr Giraffe is a small river entering the Nile on the south bank between the Sobat and Bahr el Gazal—my reis (Diabb) tells me it is merely a branch from the White Nile from the Aliab country, and not an independent river. Course west, 10 degrees north, the current about one mile per hour. Marshes and ambatch, far as the eye can reach.

At 6.40 P.M. reached the Bahr el Gazal; the junction has the appearance of a lake about three miles in length, by one in width, varying according to seasons. Although bank-full, there is no stream whatever from the Bahr el Gazal, and it has the appearance of a backwater formed by the Nile. The water being clear and perfectly dead, a stranger would imagine it to be an overflow of the Nile, were the existence of the Bahr el Gazal unknown. The Bahr el Gazal extends due west from this point for a great distance, the entire river being a system of marshes, stagnant water overgrown by rushes, and ambatch wood, through which a channel has to be cleared to permit the passage of a boat. Little or no water can descend to the Nile from this river, otherwise there would be some trifling current at the embouchure. The Nile has a stream of about a mile and a half per hour, as it sweeps suddenly round the angle, changing its downward course from north to east. The breadth in this spot does not exceed 130 yards; but it is impossible to determine the actual width of the river, as its extent is concealed by reeds with which the country is entirely covered to the horizon.

The White Nile having an upward course of west 10 degrees north, variation of compass 10 degrees west, from the Sobat to the Bahr el Gazal junction, now turns abruptly to south 10 degrees east. From native accounts there is a great extent of lake country at this point. The general appearance of the country denotes a vast flat, with slight depressions; these form extensive lakes during the wet season, and sodden marshes during the dry weather; thus contradictory accounts of the country may be given by travellers according to the seasons at which they examined it. There is nothing to denote large permanent lakes; vast masses of water plants and vegetation, requiring both a wet and dry season, exist throughout; but there are no great tracts of deep water. The lake at the Bahr el Gazal entrance is from seven to nine feet deep, by soundings in various places. Anchored the little squadron, as I wait here for observations. Had the "Clumsy's" yard lowered and examined. Cut a supply of grass for the animals.

Jan. 6th.—Overhauled the stores. My stock of liquor will last to Gondokoro; after that spot "vive la misere." It is curious in African travel to mark the degrees of luxury and misery; how, one by one, the wine, spirits bread, sugar, tea, etc., are dropped like the feathers of a moulting bird, and nevertheless we go ahead contented. My men busy cutting grass, washing, fishing, etc.

Latitude, by meridian altitude of sun, 9 degrees 29 minutes. Difference of time by observation between this point and the Sobat junction, 4 min. 26 secs., 1 degree 6 minutes 30 seconds distance. Caught some perch, but without the red fin of the European species; also some boulti with the net. The latter is a variety of perch growing to about four pounds' weight, and is excellent eating.

Sailed at 3 P.M. Masses of the beautiful but gloomy Papyrus rush, growing in dense thickets about eighteen feet above the water. I measured the diameter of one head, or crown, four feet one inch. _ Jan. 7th.—Started at 6 A.M.; course E. 10 degrees S.; wind dead against us; the "Clumsy" not in sight. Obliged to haul along by fastening long ropes to the grass about a hundred yards ahead. This is frightful work; the men must swim that distance to secure the rope, and those on board hauling it in gradually, pull the vessel against the stream. Nothing can exceed the labor and tediousness of this operation. From constant work in the water many of my men are suffering from fever. The temperature is much higher than when we left Khartoum; the country, as usual, one vast marsh. At night the hoarse music of hippopotami snorting and playing among the high-flooded reeds, and the singing of countless myriads of mosquitoes—the nightingales of the White Nile. My black fellow, Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal, will soon be reduced to the ranks; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. Having been drunk every day in Khartoum, and now being separated from his liquor, he is plunged into a black melancholy. He sits upon the luggage like a sick rook, doing minstrelsy, playing the rababa (guitar), and smoking the whole day, unless asleep, which is half that time: he is sighing after the merissa (beer) pots of Egypt. This man is an illustration of missionary success. He was brought up from boyhood at the Austrian mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that "he is no longer a Christian." There are two varieties of convolvolus growing here; also a peculiar gourd, which, when dry and divested of its shell, exposes a vegetable sponge, formed of a dense but fine network of fibers; the seeds are contained in the center of this fiber. The bright yellow flowers of the ambatch, and of a tree resembling a laburnum, are in great profusion. The men completely done: I served them out a measure of grog. The "Clumsy" not in sight.

Jan. 8th.—Waited all night for the "Clumsy." She appeared at 8 A.M., when the reis and several men received the whip for laziness. All three vessels now rounded a sharp turn in the river, and the wind being then favorable, we were soon under sail. The clear water of the river from the Bahr el Gazal to this point, does not exceed a hundred and twenty yards in width. The stream runs at one and three-quarter miles per hour, bringing with it a quantity of floating vegetation. The fact of a strong current both above and below the Bahr el Gazal junction, while the lake at that point is dead water, proves that I was right in my surmise, that no water flows from the Bahr el Gazal into the Nile during this season, and that the lake and the extensive marshes at that locality are caused as much by the

surplus water of the White Nile flowing into a depression, as they are by the Bahr el Gazal, the water of the latter river being absorbed by the immense marshes.

Yesterday we anchored at a dry spot, on which grew many mimosas of the red bark variety; the ground was a dead flat, and the river was up to the roots of the trees near the margin; thus the river is quite full at this season, but not flooded. There was no watermark upon the stems of the trees; thus I have little doubt that the actual rise of the water-level during the rainy season is very trifling, as the water extends over a prodigious extent of surface, the river having no banks. The entire country is merely a vast marsh, with a river flowing through the midst. At this season last year I was on the Settite. That great river and the Atbara were then excessively low.

The Blue Nile was also low at the same time. On the contrary, the White Nile and the Sobat, although not at their highest, are bank-full, while the former two are failing; this proves that the White Nile and the Sobat rise far south, among mountains subject to a rainfall at different seasons, extending over a greater portion of the year than the rainy season of Abyssinia and the neighbouring Galla country.

It is not surprising that the ancients gave up the exploration of the Nile when they came to the countless windings and difficulties of the marshes; the river is like an entangled skein of thread. Wind light; course S. 20 degrees W. The strong north wind that took us from Khartoum has long since become a mere breath. It never blows in this latitude regularly from the north. The wind commences at between 8 and 9 A.M., and sinks at sunset; thus the voyage through these frightful marshes and windings is tedious and melancholy beyond description. Great numbers of hippopotami this evening, greeting the boats with their loud snorting bellow, which vibrates through the vessels.

Jan. 9th.—Two natives fishing; left their canoe and ran on the approach of our boats. My men wished to steal it, which of course I prevented; it was a simple dome palm hollowed. In the canoe was a harpoon, very neatly made, with only one barb. Both sides of the river from the Bahr el Gazal belong to the Nuehr tribe. Course S.E.; wind very light; windings of river endless; continual hauling. At about half an hour before sunset, as the men were hauling the boat along by dragging at the high reeds from the deck, a man at the mast-head reported a buffalo standing on a dry piece of ground near the river; being in want of meat, the men begged me to shoot him. The buffalo was so concealed by the high grass, that he could not be seen from the deck; I therefore stood upon an angarep (bedstead) on the poop, and from this I could just discern his head and shoulders in the high grass, about a hundred and twenty yards off. I fired with No. 1 Reilly rifle, and he dropped apparently dead to the shot. The men being hungry, were mad with delight, and regardless of all but meat, they dashed into the water, and were shortly at him; one man holding him by the tail, another dancing upon him and brandishing his knife, and all shouting a yell of exultation. Presently up jumped the insulted buffalo, and charging through the men, he disappeared in the high grass, falling, as the men declared, in the deep morass. It was dusk, and the men, being rather ashamed of their folly in dancing instead of hamstringing the animal and securing their beef, slunk back to their vessels.

Jan. 10th.—Early in the morning the buffalo was heard groaning in the marsh, not far from the spot where he was supposed to have fallen. About forty men took their guns and knives, intent upon beefsteaks, and waded knee-deep in mud and water through the high grass of the morass in search. About one hour passed in this way, and, seeing the reckless manner in which the men were wandering about, I went down below to beat the drum to call them back, which the vakeel had been vainly attempting. Just at this moment I heard a distant yelling, and shot fired after shot, about twenty times, in quick succession. I saw with the telescope a crowd of men about three hundred yards distant, standing on a white ant-hill raised above the green sea of high reeds, from which elevated point they were keeping up a dropping fire at some object indistinguishable in the high grass. The death-howl was soon raised, and the men rushing down from their secure position, shortly appeared, carrying with them my best choush, Sali Achmet, dead. He had come suddenly upon the buffalo, who, although disabled, had caught him in the deep mud and killed him. His gallant comrades bolted, although he

called to them for assistance, and they had kept up a distant fire from the lofty ant-hill, instead of rushing to his rescue. The buffalo lay dead; and a grave was immediately dug for the unfortunate Sali. My journey begins badly with the death of my good man Johann and my best choush—added to the constant mishaps of the "Clumsy." Fortunately I did not start from Khartoum on a Friday, or the unlucky day would have borne the onus of all the misfortunes.

The graves of the Arabs are an improvement upon those of Europeans. What poor person who cannot afford a vault, has not felt a pang as the clod fell upon the coffin of his relative? The Arabs avoid this. Although there is no coffin, the rude earth does not rest upon the body. The hole being dug similar in shape to a European grave, an extra trench is formed at the bottom of the grave about a foot wide. The body is laid upon its side within this trench, and covered by bricks made of clay which are laid across;-thus the body is contained within a narrow vault. Mud is then smeared over the hastily made bricks and nothing is visible; the tomb being made level with the bottom of the large grave. This is filled up with earth, which, resting on the brick covering of the trench cannot press upon the body. In such a grave my best man was laid—the Slave women raising their horrible howling and my men crying loudly, as well explained in the words of Scripture, "and he lifted up his voice and wept." I was glad to see so much external feeling for their comrade, but the grave being filled, their grief, like all loud sorrow, passed quickly away and relapsed into thoughts of buffalo meat; they were soon busily engaged in cutting up the flesh. There are two varieties of buffaloes in this part of Africa—the Bos Caffer, with convex horns, and that with flat horns; this was the latter species. A horn had entered the man's thigh, tearing the whole of the muscles from the bone; there was also a wound from the centre of the throat to the ear, thus completely torn open, severing the jugular vein. One rib was broken, the breast-bone. As usual with buffaloes, he had not rested content until he had pounded the breath out of the body, which was found embedded and literally stamped tight into the mud, with only a portion of the head above the marsh. Sali had not even cocked his gun, the hammer being down on the nipples when found. I will not allow these men to come to grief in this way; they are a reckless set of thoughtless cowards, full of noise and bluster, fond of firing off their guns like children, and wasting ammunition uselessly, and in time of danger they can never be relied upon; they deserted their comrade when in need, and cried aloud like infants at his death; they shall not again be allowed to move from the boats.

In the evening I listened to the men conversing over the whole affair, when I learnt the entire truth. It appears that Richarn and two other men were with the unfortunate Sali when the brute charged him, and the cowards all bolted without firing a shot in defense. There was a large white ant-hill about fifty yards distant, to which they retreated; from the top of this fort they repeatedly saw the man thrown into the air, and heard him calling for assistance. Instead of hastening in a body to his aid, they called to him to "keep quiet and the buffalo would leave him." This is a sample of the courage of these Khartoumers. The buffalo was so disabled by my shot of yesterday that he was incapable of leaving the spot, as, with a broken shoulder, he could not get through the deep mud. My Reilly No. 10 bullet was found under the skin of the right shoulder, having passed in at the left shoulder rather above the lungs. The windings of this monotonous river are extraordinary, and during dead calms in these vast marshes the feeling of melancholy produced is beyond description. The White Nile is a veritable "Styx." When the wind does happen to blow hard, the navigation is most difficult, owing to the constant windings; the sailors being utterly ignorant, and the rig of the vessel being the usual huge "leg of mutton" sail, there is an amount of screaming and confusion at every attempt to tack which generally ends in our being driven on the lee marsh; this is preferable to a capsize, which is sometimes anything but distant. This morning is one of those days of blowing hard, with the accompaniments of screaming and shouting. Course S.E. Waited half a day for the "Clumsy," which hove in sight just before dark; the detentions caused by this vessel are becoming serious, a quick voyage being indispensable for the animals. The camels are already suffering from confinement, and I have their legs well swathed in wet bandages.

This marsh land varies in width. In some portions of the river it appears to extend for about two miles on either side; in other parts farther than the eye can reach. In all cases the main country is a dead flat; now blazing and smoking beyond the limit of marshes, as the natives have fired the dry grass in all directions. Reeds, similar in appearance to bamboos but distinct from them, big water-grass, like sugarcanes, excellent fodder for the cattle, and the ever-present ambatch, cover the morasses. Innumerable mosquitoes.

Jan. 12th—Fine breeze in the morning, but obliged to wait for the "Clumsy", which arrived at 10 A.M. How absurd are some descriptions of the White Nile, which state that there is no current! At some parts, like that from just above the Sobat junction to Khartoum, there is but little, but since we have left the Bahr el Gazal the stream runs from one and three-quarters to two and a half miles per hour, varying in localities. Here it is not more than a hundred yards wide in clear water. At 11.20 A.M. got under weigh with a rattling breeze, but scarcely had we been half an hour under sail when crack went the great yard of the "Clumsy" once more. I had her taken in tow. It is of no use repairing the yard again, and, were it not for the donkeys, I would abandon her. Koorshid Aga's boats were passing us in full sail when his diahbiah suddenly carried away her rudder, and went head first into the morass. I serve out grog to the men when the drum beats at sunset, if all the boats are together.

Jan. 13th.—Stopped near a village on the right bank in company with Koorshid Aga's two diahbiahs. The natives came down to the boats—they are something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked as they came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine. These fellows are the most unearthly-looking devils I ever saw —there is no other expression for them. The unmarried women are also entirely naked; the married have a fringe made of grass around their loins. The men wear heavy coils of beads about their necks, two heavy bracelets of ivory on the upper portion of the arms, copper rings upon the wrists, and a horrible kind of bracelet of massive iron armed with spikes about an inch in length, like leopard's claws, which they use for a similar purpose. The chief of the Nuehr village, Joctian, with his wife and daughter, paid me a visit, and asked for all they saw in the shape of beads and bracelets, but declined a knife as useless. They went away delighted with their presents. The women perforate the upper lip, and wear an ornament about four inches long of beads upon an iron wire; this projects like the horn of a rhinoceros; they are very ugly. The men are tall and powerful, armed with lances. They carry pipes that contain nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco, in which they smoke simple charcoal should the loved tobacco fail. The carbonic acid gas of the charcoal produces a slight feeling of intoxication, which is the effect desired. Koorshid Aga returned them a girl from Khartoum who had been captured by a slave-hunter; this delighted the people, and they immediately brought an ox as an offering. The "Clumsy's" yard broke in two pieces, thus I was obliged to seek a dry spot for the necessary repairs. I left the village Nuehr Eliab, and in the evening lowered the "Clumsy's" yard; taking her in tow, we are, this moment, 8.30 P.M., slowly sailing through clouds of mosquitoes looking out for a landing-place in this world of marshes. I took the chief of the Nuehrs' portrait, as he sat in my cabin on the divan; of course he was delighted. He exhibited his wife's arms and back covered with jagged scars, in reply to my question as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet. Charming people are these poor blacks! as they are termed by English sympathisers; he was quite proud of having clawed his wife like a wild beast. In sober earnest, my monkey "Wallady" looks like a civilized being compared to the Nuehr savages. The chiefs forehead was tattooed in horizontal lines that had the appearance of wrinkles. The hair is worn drawn back from the face. Both men and women wear a bag slung from the neck, apparently to contain any presents they may receive, everything being immediately pocketed. Course S.S.E.

Jan. 14th.-All day occupied in repairing the yard; the buffalo hide of the animal that killed Sali Achmet being most serviceable in lashing. Sailed in the evening in company with a boat belonging to the Austrian mission. River about 120 yards of clear water; current about two miles per hour. Found quantities of natron on the marshy ground bordering the river.

Had a turkey for dinner, a "cadeau" from Koorshid Aga, and, as a great wonder, the kisras (a sort of brown pancake in lieu of bread) were free from sand. I must have swallowed a good-sized millstone since I have been in Africa, in the shape of grit rubbed from the moorhaka, or grinding-stone. The moorhaka, when new, is a large flat stone, weighing about forty pounds; upon this the corn is ground by being rubbed with a cylindrical stone with both hands. After a few months' use half of the original grinding-stone disappears, the grit being mixed with the flour; thus the grinding-stone is actually eaten. No wonder that hearts become stony in this country!

Jan. 15th.-We were towing through high reeds this morning, the men invisible, and the rope mowing over the high tops of the grass, when the noise disturbed a hippopotamus from his slumber, and he was immediately perceived close to the boat. He was about half grown, and in an instant about twenty men jumped into the water in search of him, thinking him a mere baby; but as he suddenly appeared, and was about three times as large as they had expected, they were not very eager to close. However, the reis Diabb pluckily led the way and seized him by the hind leg, when the crowd of men rushed in, and we had a grand tussle. Ropes were thrown from the vessel, and nooses were quickly slipped over his head, but he had the best of the struggle and was dragging the people into the open river; I was therefore obliged to end the sport by putting a ball through his head. He was scored all over by the tusks of some other hippopotamus that had been bullying him. The men declared that his father had thus misused him; others were of opinion that it was his mother; and the argument ran high, and became hot.

These Arabs have an extraordinary taste for arguments upon the most trifling points. I have frequently known my men argue throughout the greater part of the night, and recommence the same argument on the following morning. These debates generally end in a fight; and in the present instance the excitement of the hunt only added to the heat of the argument. They at length agreed to refer it to me, and both parties approached, vociferously advancing their theories; one half persisting that the young hippo had been bullied by his father, and the others adhering to the mother as the cause. I, being referee, suggested that "perhaps it was his UNCLE." Wah Illahi sahe! (By Allah it is true!) Both parties were satisfied with the suggestion; dropping their theory they became practical, and fell to with knives and axes to cut up the cause of the argument. He was as fat as butter, and was a perfect godsend to the people, who divided him with great excitement and good humour.

We are now a fleet of seven boats, those of several traders having joined us. The "Clumsy's" yard looks much better than formerly. I cut off about ten feet from the end, as it was topheavy. The yard of this class of vessel should look like an immense fishing-rod, and should be proportionately elastic, as it tapers gradually to a point. Course S.E. I hear that the Shillook tribe have attacked Chenooda's people, and that his boat was capsized, and some lives lost in the hasty retreat. It serves these slave-hunters right, and I rejoice at their defeat. Exodus xx. 16: "And he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

Jan. 16th.—A new dish! There is no longer mock-turtle soup—REAL turtle is MOCK HIPPOPOTAMUS. I tried boiling the fat, flesh, and skin together, the result being that the skin assumes the appearance of the green fat of the turtle, but is far superior. A piece of the head thus boiled, and then soused in vinegar, with chopped onions, cayenne pepper, and salt, throws brawn completely in the shade. My men having revelled in a cauldron of hippopotamus soup, I serve out grog at sunset, all ships being together. Great contentment, all appetites being satisfied. The labour of towing through swamps, tugging by the long grass, and poling against a strong current, is dreadful, and there appears to be no end to this horrible country. "On dit," that during the dry season there is plenty of game near the river, but at present boundless marshes devoid of life, except in the shape of mosquitoes, and a very few water-fowl, are the only charms of the White Nile. The other day I caught one of the men stealing the salt; Richarn having been aware of daily thefts of this treasure, and having failed to report them, the thief received twenty with the coorbatch, and Richarn is reduced to the ranks, as I anticipated. No possibility of taking observations, as there is no landing-place. Jan. 17th.-

As usual, marshes, mosquitoes, windings, dead flats, and light winds; the mosquitoes in the cabin give no rest even during the day. Stream about two miles per hour. Course S.E.; the river averaging about one hundred and ten yards in width of clear water. Jan. 18th.-Country as usual, but the wind brisker. In company with Koorshid Aga's boats. I have bound the stock of Oswell's old gun with rhinoceros hide. All guns made for sport in wild countries and rough riding, should have steel instead of iron from the breech-socket, extending far back to within six inches of the shoulder-plate; the trigger-guard should likewise be steel, and should be carried back to an equal distance with the above rib; the steel should be of extra thickness, and screwed through to the upper piece; thus the two, being connected by screws above and below, no fall could break the stock.

Jan,. 19th.-At 8 A.M. we emerged from the apparently endless regions of marsh grass, and saw on the right bank large herds of cattle, tended by naked natives, in a country abounding with high grass and mimosa wood. At 9.15 A.M. arrived at the Zareeba, or station of Binder, an Austrian subject, and White Nile trader; here we found five noggurs belonging to him and his partner. Binder's vakeel insisted upon giving a bullock to my people. This bullock I resisted for some time, until I saw that the man was affronted. It is impossible to procure from the natives any cattle by purchase. The country is now a swamp, but it will be passable during the dry season. Took equal altitudes of sun producing latitude 7 degrees 5' 46". The misery of these unfortunate blacks is beyond description; they will not kill their cattle, neither do they taste meat unless an animal dies of sickness; they will not work, thus they frequently starve, existing only upon rats, lizards, snakes, and upon such fish as they can spear. The spearing of fish is a mere hazard, as they cast the harpoon at random among the reeds; thus, out of three or four hundred casts, they may, by good luck, strike a fish. The harpoon is neatly made, and is attached to a pliable reed about twenty feet long, secured by a long line. Occasionally they strike a monster, as there are varieties of fish which attain a weight of two hundred pounds. In the event of harpooning such a fish, a long and exciting chase is the result, as he carries away the harpoon, and runs out the entire length of line; they then swim after him, holding their end of the line, and playing him until exhausted. The chief of this tribe (the Kytch) wore a leopard-skin across his shoulders, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of white ostrich-feathers; but the mantle was merely slung over his shoulders, and all other parts of his person were naked. His daughter was the best-looking girl that I have seen among the blacks; she was about sixteen. Her clothing consisted of a little piece of dressed hide about a foot wide slung across her shoulders, all other parts being exposed. All the girls of this country wear merely a circlet of little iron jingling ornaments round their waists. They came in numbers, bringing small bundles of wood to exchange for a few handfuls of corn. Most of the men are tall, but wretchedly thin; the children are mere skeletons, and the entire tribe appears thoroughly starved. The language is that of the Dinka. The chief carried a curious tobacco-box, an iron spike about two feet long, with a hollow socket, bound with iguana-skin; this served for either tobacco-box, club, or dagger. Throughout the whole of this marshy country it is curious to observe the number of white ant-hills standing above the water in the marshes: these Babel towers save their inmates from the deluge; working during the dry season, the white ants carry their hills to so great a height (about ten feet), that they can live securely in the upper stories during the floods. The whole day we are beset by crowds of starving people, bringing small gourd-shells to receive the expected corn. The people of this tribe are mere apes, trusting entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence; they will spend hours in digging out field-mice from their burrows, as we should for rabbits. They are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined; so emaciated, that they have no visible posteriors; they look as though they had been planed off, and their long thin legs and arms give them a peculiar gnat-like appearance. At night they crouch close to the fires, lying in the smoke to escape the clouds of mosquitoes. At this season the country is a vast swamp, the only dry spots being the white ant-hills; in such places the natives herd like wild animals, simply rubbing themselves with wood-ashes to keep out the cold.

Jan. 20th.—The river from this spot turns sharp to the east, but an arm equally broad comes from S. 20 degrees E. to this point. There is no stream from this arm. The main stream runs round the angle with a rapid current of about two and a half miles per hour. The natives say that this arm of dead water extends for three or four days' sailing, and is then lost in the high reeds. My reis Diabb declares this to be a mere backwater, and that it is not connected with the main river by any positive channel.

So miserable are the natives of the Kytch tribe, that they devour both skins and bones of all dead animals; the bones are pounded between stones, and when reduced to powder they are boiled to a kind of porridge; nothing is left even for a fly to feed upon, when an animal either dies a natural death, or is killed. I never pitied poor creatures more than these utterly destitute savages; their method of returning thanks is by holding your hand and affecting to spit upon it; which operation they do not actually perform, as I have seen stated in works upon the White Nile. Their domestic arrangements are peculiar. Polygamy is of course allowed, as in all other hot climates and savage countries; but when a man becomes too old to pay sufficient attention to his numerous young wives, the eldest son takes the place of his father and becomes his substitute. To every herd of cattle there is a sacred bull, which is supposed to exert an influence over the prosperity of the flocks; his horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture. On starting in the early morning from the cattle kraal the natives address the bull, telling him "to watch over the herd; to keep the cows from straying; and to lead them to the sweetest pastures, so that they shall give abundance of milk," &c.

Jan. 21st.—Last night a sudden squall carried away Koorshid Aga's mast by the deck, leaving him a complete wreck. The weather to-day is dull, oppressive, and dead calm. As usual, endless marshes, and mosquitoes. I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country as that bordering the White Nile from Khartoum to this point. Course S.E. as nearly as I can judge, but the endless windings, and the absence of any mark as a point, make it difficult to give an accurate course—the river about a hundred yards in width of clear water; alive with floating vegetation, with a current of about two miles per hour.

Jan. 22d.—The luxuries of the country as usual—malaria, marshes, mosquitoes, misery; far as the eye can reach, vast treeless marshes perfectly lifeless. At times progressing slowly by towing, the men struggling through the water with the rope; at other times by running round the boat in a circle, pulling with their hands at the grass, which thus acts like the cogs of a wheel to move us gradually forward. One of my horses, "Filfil," out of pure amusement kicks at the men as they pass, and having succeeded several times in kicking them into the river, he perseveres in the fun, I believe for lack of other employment.

Hippopotami are heard snorting in the high reeds both day and night, but we see very few. The black women on board are daily quarrelling together and fighting like bull-dogs; little Gaddum Her is a regular black toy terrier, rather old, wonderfully strong, very short, but making up in spirit for what she lacks in stature; she is the quintessence of vice, being ready for a stand-up fight at the shortest notice. On one occasion she fought with her antagonist until both fell down the hold, smashing all my water jars; on another day they both fell into the river. The ennui of this wretched voyage appears to try the temper of both man and beast; the horses, donkeys, and camels are constantly fighting and biting at all around.

Jan. 23d.—At 8 a.m. arrived at Aboukooka, the establishment of a French trader. It is impossible to describe the misery of the land; in the midst of the vast expanse of marsh is a little plot of dry ground about thirty-five yards square, and within thirty yards of the river, but to be reached only by wading through the swamp. The establishment consisted of about a dozen straw huts, occupied by a wretched fever-stricken set of people; the vakeel, and others employed, came to the boats to beg for corn. I stopped for ten minutes at the charming watering-place Aboukooka to obtain the news of the country. The current at this point is as usual very strong, being upwards of two and a half miles per hour; the river is quite bank-full although not actually flooding, the windings endless;

one moment our course is due north, then east, then again north, and as suddenly due south; in fact, we face every point of the compass within an hour. Frequently the noggurs that are far in the rear appear in advance; it is a heartbreaking river without a single redeeming point; I do not wonder at the failure of all expeditions in this wretched country. There is a breeze to-day, thus the oppressive heat and stagnated marsh atmosphere is relieved. I have always remarked that when the sky is clouded we suffer more from heat and oppression than when the day is clear; there is a weight in the atmosphere that would be interesting if tested by the barometer.

The water is excessively bad throughout the White Nile, especially between the Shillook and the Kytch tribes; that of the Bahr Gazal is even worse. The reis Diabb tells me that the north wind always fails between the Nuehr and the upper portion of the Kytch. I could not believe that so miserable a country existed as the whole of this land. There is no game to be seen at this season, few birds, and not even crocodiles show themselves; all the water-animals are hidden in the high grass; thus there is absolutely nothing living to be seen, but day after day is passed in winding slowly through the labyrinth of endless marsh, through clouds of mosquitoes.

At 4.20 a.m. arrived at the Austrian mission-station of St. Croix, and I delivered a letter to the chief of the establishment, Herr Morlang.

Jan. 24th.—Took observations of the sun, making latitude 6 degrees 39'.

The mission-station consists of about twenty grass huts on a patch of dry ground close to the river. The church is a small hut, but neatly arranged. Herr Morlang acknowledged, with great feeling, that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages; that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to them; while the natives, on the contrary, are utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude. He described the people as lying and deceitful to a superlative degree; the more they receive the more they desire, but in return they will do nothing.

Twenty or thirty of these disgusting, ash-smeared, stark naked brutes, armed with clubs of hard wood brought to a point, were lying idly about the station. The mission having given up the White Nile as a total failure, Herr Morlang sold the whole village and mission-station to Koorshid Aga this morning for 3,000 piastres, 30 pounds! I purchased a horse of the missionaries for 1,000 piastres, which I christened "Priest" as coming from the mission; he is a good-looking animal, and has been used to the gun, as the unfortunate Baron Harnier rode him buffalo-hunting. This good sportsman was a Prussian nobleman, who with two European attendants, had for some time amused himself by collecting objects of natural history and shooting in this neighbourhood. Both his Europeans succumbed to marsh fever.

The end of Baron Harnier was exceedingly tragic. Having wounded a buffalo, the animal charged a native attendant and threw him to the ground; Baron Harnier was unloaded, and with great courage he attacked the buffalo with the butt-end of his rifle to rescue the man then beneath the animal's horns. The buffalo left the man and turned upon his new assailant. The native, far from assisting his master, who had thus jeopardized his life to save him, fled from the spot. The unfortunate baron was found by the missionaries trampled and gored into an undistinguishable mass; and the dead body of the buffalo was found at a short distance, the animal having been mortally wounded. I went to see the grave of this brave Prussian, who had thus sacrificed so noble a life for so worthless an object as a cowardly native. It had been well cared for by the kind hands of the missionaries and was protected by thorn bushes laid around it, but I fear it will be neglected now that the mission has fallen into unholy hands. It is a pitiable sight to witness the self-sacrifice that many noble men have made in these frightful countries without any good results. Near to the grave of Baron Harnier are those of several members of the mission, who have left their bones in this horrid land, while not one convert has been made from the mission of St. Croix.

The river divides into two branches, about five miles above this station, forming an island. Upon this is a fishing-station of the natives; the native name of the spot is Pomone. The country is swampy

and scantily covered with bushes and small trees, but no actual timber. As usual, the entire country is dead flat; it abounds with elephants a few miles inland. Herr Morlang describes the whole of the White Nile traders as a mere colony of robbers, who pillage and shoot the natives at discretion. On the opposite side of the river there is a large neglected garden, belonging to the mission. Although the soil is extremely rich, neither grapes nor pomegranate will succeed; they bear fruit, but of a very acrid flavour. Dates blossom, but will not fruit.

Jan. 25th.—Started at 7 A.M. Course S.E.

Jan. 26th.—The Bohr tribe on the east bank. No wind. The current nearly three miles per hour. The river about a hundred and twenty yards wide in clear water. Marshes and flats, as usual. Thermometer throughout the journey, at 6 A.M., 68 degrees Fahr., and at noon 86 to 93 degrees Fahr.

Jan. 27th.—One day is a repetition of the preceding.

Jan. 28th.—Passed two bivouacs of the Aliab tribe, with great herds of cattle on the west bank. The natives appeared to be friendly, dancing and gesticulating as the boats passed. The White Nile tribe not only milk their cows, but they bleed their cattle periodically, and boil the blood for food. Driving a lance into a vein in the neck, they bleed the animal copiously, which operation is repeated about once a month.

Jan. 29th.—Passed a multitude of cattle and natives on a spot on the right bank, in clouds of smoke as a "chasse des moustiques." They make tumuli of dung, which are constantly on fire, fresh fuel being continually added, to drive away the mosquitoes. Around these heaps the cattle crowd in hundreds, living with the natives in the smoke. By degrees the heaps of ashes become about eight feet high; they are then used as sleeping-places and watch-stations by the natives, who, rubbing themselves all over with the ashes, have a ghastly and devilish appearance that is indescribable. The country is covered with old tumuli formed in this manner. A camp may contain twenty or thirty such, in addition to fresh heaps that are constantly burning. Fires of cow-dung are also made on the leveled tops of the old heaps, and bundles of green canes, about sixteen feet high, are planted on the summit; these wave in the breeze like a plume of ostrich feathers, and give shade to the people during the heat of the day.

JAN. 30TH.—Arrived at the "Shir" tribe. The men are, as usual in these countries, armed with well-made ebony clubs, two lances, a bow (always strung), and a bundle of arrows; their hands are completely full of weapons; and they carry a neatly-made miniature stool slung upon their backs, in addition to an immense pipe. Thus a man carries all that be most values about his person. The females in this tribe are not absolutely naked; like those of the Kytch, they wear small lappets of tanned leather as broad as the hand; at the back of the belt, which supports this apron, is a tail which reaches to the lower portions of the thighs; this tail is formed of finely-cut strips of leather, and the costume has doubtless been the foundation for the report I had received from the Arabs, "that a tribe in Central Africa had tails like horses." The women carry their children very conveniently in a skin slung from their shoulders across the back, and secured by a thong round the waist; in this the young savage sits delightfully. The huts throughout all tribes are circular, with entrances so low that the natives creep both in and out upon their hands and knees. The men wear tufts of cock's feathers on the crown of the head; and their favorite attitude, when standing, is on one leg while leaning on a spear, the foot of the raised leg resting on the inside of the other knee. Their arrows are about three feet long, without feathers, and pointed with hard wood instead of iron, the metal being scarce among the Shir tribe. The most valuable article of barter for this tribe is the iron hoe generally used among the White Nile negroes. In form it is precisely similar to the "ace of spades." The finery most prized by the women are polished iron anklets, which they wear in such numbers that they reach nearly half-way up the calf of the leg; the tinkling of these rings is considered to be very enticing, but the sound reminds one of the clanking of convicts' fetters.

All the tribes of the White Nile have their harvest of the lotus seed. There are two species of water-lily—the large white flower, and a small variety. The seed-pod of the white lotus is like an unblown artichoke, containing a number of light red grains equal in size to mustard-seed, but shaped

like those of the poppy, and similar to them in flavour, being sweet and nutty. The ripe pods are collected and strung upon sharp-pointed reeds about four feet in length. When thus threaded they are formed into large bundles, and carried from the river to the villages, where they are dried in the sun, and stored for use. The seed is ground into flour, and made into a kind of porridge. The women of the Shir tribe are very clever at manufacturing baskets and mats from the leaf of the dome palm. They also make girdles and necklaces of minute pieces of river mussel shells threaded upon the hair of the giraffe's tail. This is a work of great time, and the effect is about equal to a string of mother-of-pearl buttons.

Jan. 31st.—At 1.15 P.M. sighted Gebel Lardo, bearing S. 30 degrees west. This is the first mountain we have seen, and we are at last near our destination, Gondokoro. I observed to-day a common sand-piper sitting on the head of a hippopotamus; when he disappeared under water the bird skimmed over the surface, hovering near the spot until the animal reappeared, when he again settled.

Feb. 1st.—The character of the river has changed. The marshes have given place to dry ground; the banks are about four feet above the water-level, and well wooded; the country having the appearance of an orchard, and being thickly populated. The natives thronged to the boats, being astonished at the camels. At one village during the voyage the natives examined the donkeys with great curiosity, thinking that they were the oxen of our country, and that we were bringing them to exchange for ivory.

Feb. 2nd—The mountain Lardo is about twelve miles west of the river. At daybreak we sighted the mountains near Gondokoro, bearing due south. As yet I have seen no symptoms of hostility in this country. I cannot help, thinking that the conduct of the natives depends much upon that of the traveller. Arrived at Gondokoro. By astronomical observation I determined the latitude, 4 degrees 55 minutes North, Longitude 31 degrees 46 minutes East. Gondokoro is a great improvement upon the interminable marshes; the soil is firm and raised about twenty feet above the river level. Distant mountains relieve the eye accustomed to the dreary flats of the White Nile; and evergreen trees scattered over the face of the landscape, with neat little native villages beneath their shade, form a most inviting landing-place after a long and tedious voyage. This spot was formerly a mission-station. There remain to this day the ruins of the brick establishment and church, and the wreck of what was once a garden; groves of citron and lime-trees still exist, the only signs that an attempt at civilization has been made—"seed cast upon the wayside." There is no town. Gondokoro is merely a station of the ivory traders, occupied for about two months during the year, after which time it is deserted, when the annual boats return to Khartoum and the remaining expeditions depart for the interior. A few miserable grass huts are all that dignify the spot with a name. The climate is unhealthy and hot. The thermometer from 90 to 95 degrees Fahrenheit at noon in the shade.

I landed the animals from the boats in excellent condition all rejoicing in the freedom of open pasturage.

CHAPTER II
BAD RECEPTION AT GONDOKORO

All were thankful that the river voyage was concluded; the tedium of the White Nile will have been participated by the reader, upon whom I have inflicted the journal, as no other method of description could possibly convey an idea of the general desolation.

Having landed all my stores, and housed my corn in some granaries belonging to Koorshid Aga, I took a receipt from him for the quantity, and gave him an order to deliver one-half from my depot to Speke and Grant, should they arrive at Gondokoro during my absence in the interior. I was under an apprehension that they might arrive by some route without my knowledge, while I should be penetrating south.

There were a great number of men at Gondokoro belonging to the various traders, who looked upon me with the greatest suspicion; they could not believe that simple travelling was my object, and they were shortly convinced that I was intent upon espionage in their nefarious ivory business and slave-hunting.

In conversing with the traders, and assuring them that my object was entirely confined to a search for the Nile sources, and an inquiry for Speke and Grant, I heard a curious report that had been brought down by the natives from the interior, that at some great distance to the south there were two white men who had been for a long time prisoners of a sultan; and that these men had wonderful fireworks; that both had been very ill, and that one had died. It was in vain that I endeavoured to obtain some further clue to this exciting report. There was a rumour that some native had a piece of wood with marks upon it that had belonged to the white men; but upon inquiry I found that this account was only a report given by some distant tribe. Nevertheless, I attached great importance to the rumour, as there was no white man south of Gondokoro engaged in the ivory trade; therefore there was a strong probability that the report had some connexion with the existence of Speke and Grant. I had heard, when at Khartoum, that the most advanced trading station was about fifteen days' march from Gondokoro, and my plan of operations had always projected a direct advance to that station, where I had intended to leave all my heavy baggage in depot, and to proceed from thence as a "point de depart" to the south. I now understood that the party were expected to arrive at Gondokoro from that station with ivory in a few days, and I determined to wait for their arrival, and to return with them in company. Their ivory porters returning, might carry my baggage, and thus save the backs of my transport animals.

I accordingly amused myself at Gondokoro, exercising my horses in riding about the neighbourhood, and studying the place and people. The native dwellings are the perfection of cleanliness; the domicile of each family is surrounded by a hedge of the impenetrable euphorbia, and the interior of the enclosure generally consists of a yard neatly plastered with a cement of ashes, cow-dung, and sand. Upon this cleanly-swept surface are one or more huts surrounded by granaries of neat wicker-work, thatched, resting upon raised platforms. The huts have projecting roofs in order to afford a shade, and the entrance is usually about two feet high. When a member of the family dies he is buried in the yard; a few ox-horns and skulls are suspended on a pole above the spot, while the top of the pole is ornamented with a bunch of cock's feathers. Every man carries his weapons, pipe, and stool, the whole (except the stool) being held between his legs when standing. These natives of Gondokoro are the Bari: the men are well grown, the women are not prepossessing, but the negro-type of thick lips and flat nose is wanting; their features are good, and the woolly hair alone denotes the trace of negro blood. They are tattooed upon the stomach, sides, and back, so closely, that it has the appearance of a broad belt of fish-scales, especially when they are rubbed with red ochre, which is the prevailing fashion. This pigment is made of a peculiar clay, rich in oxide of iron, which,

when burnt, is reduced to powder, and then formed into lumps like pieces of soap; both sexes anoint themselves with this ochre, formed into a paste by the admixture of grease, giving themselves the appearance of new red bricks. The only hair upon their persons is a small tuft upon the crown of the head, in which they stick one or more feathers. The women are generally free from hair, their heads being shaved. They wear a neat little lappet, about six inches long, of beads, or of small iron rings, worked like a coat of mail, in lieu of a fig-leaf, and the usual tail of fine shreds of leather or twine, spun from indigenous cotton, pendant behind. Both the lappet and tail are fastened on a belt which is worn round the loins, like those in the Shir tribe; thus the toilette is completed at once. It would be highly useful, could they only wag their tails to whisk off the flies which are torments in this country.

The cattle are very small; the goats and sheep are quite Lilliputian, but they generally give three at a birth, and thus multiply quickly. The people of the country were formerly friendly, but the Khartoumers pillage and murder them at discretion in all directions; thus, in revenge, they will shoot a poisoned arrow at a stranger unless he is powerfully escorted. The effect of the poison used for the arrow-heads is very extraordinary. A man came to me for medical aid; five months ago he bad been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the leg, below the calf, and the entire foot had been eaten away by the action of the poison. The bone rotted through just above the ankle, and the foot dropped off. The most violent poison is the produce of the root of a tree, whose milky juice yields a resin that is smeared upon the arrow. It is brought from a great distance, from some country far west of Gondokoro. The juice of the species of euphorbia, common in these countries, is also used for poisoning arrows. Boiled to the consistence of tar, it is then smeared upon the blade. The action of the poison is to corrode the flesh, which loses its fiber, and drops away like jelly, after severe inflammation and swelling. The arrows are barbed with diabolical ingenuity; some are arranged with poisoned heads that fit into sockets; these detach from the arrow on an attempt to withdraw them; thus the barbed blade, thickly smeared with poison, remains in the wound, and before it can be cut out the poison is absorbed by the system. Fortunately the natives are bad archers. The bows are invariably made of the male bamboo, and are kept perpetually strung; they are exceedingly stiff, but not very elastic, and the arrows are devoid of feathers, being simple reeds or other light wood, about three feet long, and slightly knobbed at the base as a hold for the finger and thumb; the string is never drawn with the two forefingers, as in most countries, but is simply pulled by holding the arrow between the middle joint of the forefinger and the thumb. A stiff bow drawn in this manner has very little power; accordingly the extreme range seldom exceeds a hundred and ten yards.

The Bari tribe are very hostile, and are considered to be about the worst of the White Nile. They have been so often defeated by the traders' parties in the immediate neighborhood of Gondokoro, that they are on their best behavior, while within half a mile of the station; but it is not at all uncommon to be asked for beads as a tax for the right of sitting under a shady tree, or for passing through the country. The traders' people, in order to terrify them into submission, were in the habit of binding them, hands and feet, and carrying them to the edge of a cliff about thirty feet high, a little beyond the ruins of the old mission-house: beneath this cliff the river boils in a deep eddy; into this watery grave the victims were remorselessly hurled as food for crocodiles. It appeared that this punishment was dreaded by the natives more than the bullet or rope, and it was accordingly adopted by the trading parties.

Upon my arrival at Gondokoro I was looked upon by all these parties as a spy sent by the British Government. Whenever I approached the encampments of the various traders, I heard the clanking of fetters before I reached the station, as the slaves were being quickly driven into hiding-places to avoid inspection. They were chained by two rings secured round the ankles, and connected by three or four links. One of these traders was a Copt, the father of the American Consul at Khartoum; and, to my surprise, I saw the vessels full of brigands arrive at Gondokoro, with the American flag flying at the mast-head.

Gondokoro was a perfect hell. It is utterly ignored by the Egyptian authorities, although well known to be a colony of cut-throats. Nothing would be easier than to send a few officers and two

hundred men from Khartoum to form a military government, and thus impede the slave-trade; but a bribe from the traders to the authorities is sufficient to insure an uninterrupted asylum for any amount of villany. The camps were full of slaves, and the Bari natives assured me that there were large depots of slaves in the interior belonging to the traders that would be marched to Gondokoro for shipment to the Soudan a few hours after my departure. I was the great stumbling-block to the trade, and my presence at Gondokoro was considered as an unwarrantable intrusion upon a locality sacred to slavery and iniquity. There were about six hundred of the traders' people at Gondokoro, whose time was passed in drinking, quarrelling, and ill-treating the slaves. The greater number were in a constant state of intoxication, and when in such a state, it was their invariable custom to fire off their guns in the first direction prompted by their drunken instincts; thus, from morning till night, guns were popping in all quarters, and the bullets humming through the air sometimes close to our ears, and on more than one occasion they struck up the dust at my feet. Nothing was more probable than a ball through the head by ACCIDENT, which might have had the beneficial effect of ridding the traders from a spy. A boy was sitting upon the gunwale of one of the boats, when a bullet suddenly struck him in the head, shattering the skull to atoms. NO ONE HAD DONE IT. The body fell into the water, and the fragments of the skull were scattered on the deck.

After a few days' detention at Gondokoro, I saw unmistakeable signs of discontent among my men, who had evidently been tampered with by the different traders' parties. One evening several of the most disaffected came to me with a complaint that they had not enough meat, and that they must be allowed to make a razzia upon the cattle of the natives to procure some oxen. This demand being of course refused, they retired, muttering in an insolent manner their determination of stealing cattle with or without my permission. I said nothing at the time, but early on the following morning I ordered the drum to beat, and the men to fall in. I made them a short address, reminding them of the agreement made at Khartoum to follow me faithfully, and of the compact that had been entered into, that they were neither to indulge in slave-hunting nor in cattle-stealing. The only effect of my address was a great outbreak of insolence on the part of the ringleader of the previous evening. This fellow, named Eesur, was an Arab, and his impertinence was so violent, that I immediately ordered him twenty-five lashes, as an example to the others.

Upon the vakeel (Saati) advancing to seize him, there was a general mutiny. Many of the men threw down their guns and seized sticks, and rushed to the rescue of their tall ringleader. Saati was a little man, and was perfectly helpless. Here was an escort: these were the men upon whom I was to depend in hours of difficulty and danger on an expedition in unknown regions; these were the fellows that I had considered to be reduced "from wolves to lambs!"

I was determined not to be done, and to insist upon the punishment of the ringleader. I accordingly went towards him with the intention of seizing him; but he, being backed by upwards of forty men, had the impertinence to attack me, rushing forward with a fury that was ridiculous. To stop his blow, and to knock him into the middle of the crowd, was not difficult; and after a rapid repetition of the dose, I disabled him, and seizing him by the throat, I called to my vakeel Saati for a rope to bind him, but in an instant I had a crowd of men upon me to rescue their leader. How the affair would have ended I cannot say; but as the scene lay within ten yards of my boat, my wife, who was ill with fever in the cabin, witnessed the whole affray, and seeing me surrounded, she rushed out, and in a few moments she was in the middle of the crowd, who at that time were endeavoring to rescue my prisoner. Her sudden appearance had a curious effect, and calling upon several of the least mutinous to assist, she very pluckily made her way up to me. Seizing the opportunity of an indecision that was for the moment evinced by the crowd, I shouted to the drummer boy to beat the drum. In an instant the drum beat, and at the top of my voice I ordered the men to "fall in." It is curious how mechanically an order is obeyed if given at the right moment, even in the midst of mutiny. Two-thirds of the men fell in, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with the ringleader, Eesur, whom they led away, declaring that he was badly hurt. The affair ended in my insisting upon all forming in

line, and upon the ringleader being brought forward. In this critical moment Mrs. Baker, with great tact, came forward and implored me to forgive him if he kissed my hand and begged for pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who, although a few minutes before in open mutiny, now called upon their ringleader Eesur to apologize, and that all would be right. I made them rather a bitter speech, and dismissed them.

From that moment I knew that my expedition was fated. This outbreak was an example of what was to follow. Previous to leaving Khartoum I had felt convinced that I could not succeed with such villains for escort as these Khartoumers: thus I had applied to the Egyptian authorities for a few troops, but had been refused. I was now in an awkward position. All my men had received five months' wages in advance, according to the custom of the White Nile; thus I had no control over them. There were no Egyptian authorities in Gondokoro; it was a nest of robbers; and my men had just exhibited so pleasantly their attachment to me, and their fidelity. There was no European beyond Gondokoro, thus I should be the only white man among this colony of wolves; and I had in perspective a difficult and uncertain path, where the only chance of success lay in the complete discipline of my escort, and the perfect organization of the expedition. After the scene just enacted I felt sure that my escort would give me more cause for anxiety than the acknowledged hostility of the natives.

I made arrangements with a Circassian trader, Koorshid Aga, for the purchase of a few oxen, and a fat beast was immediately slaughtered for the men. They were shortly in the best humour, feasting upon masses of flesh cut in strips and laid for a few minutes upon the embers, while the regular meal was being prepared. They were now almost affectionate, vowing that they would follow me to the end of the world; while the late ringleader, in spite of his countenance being rather painted in the late row, declared that no man would be so true as himself, and that every "arrow should pass through him before it should reach me" in the event of a conflict with the natives. A very slight knowledge of human nature was required to foresee the future with such an escort:—if love and duty were dependent upon full bellies, mutiny and disorder would appear with hard fare. However, by having parade every morning at a certain hour, I endeavoured to establish a degree of regularity. I had been waiting at Gondokoro twelve days, expecting the arrival of Debono's party from the south, with whom I wished to return. Suddenly, on the 15th February, I heard the rattle of musketry at a great distance, and a dropping fire from the south. To give an idea of the moment I must extract verbatim from my journal as written at the time.

"Guns firing in the distance; Debono's ivory porters arriving, for whom I have waited. My men rushed madly to my boat, with the report that two white men were with them who had come from the SEA! Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for old England! they had come from the Victoria N'yanza, from which the Nile springs …. The mystery of ages solved. With my pleasure of meeting them is the one disappointment, that I had not met them farther on the road in my search for them; however, the satisfaction is, that my previous arrangements had been such as would have insured my finding them had they been in a fix …. My projected route would have brought me vis-a-vis with them, as they had come from the lake by the course I had proposed to take …. All my men perfectly mad with excitement: firing salutes as usual with ball cartridge, they shot one of my donkeys; a melancholy sacrifice as an offering at the completion of this geographical discovery."

When I first met them they were walking along the bank of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognised my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome hurrah! as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognize me; ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the center of Africa appeared to him incredible. I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we felt already acquainted, and after the transports of this happy meeting we walked together to my diahbiah; my men surrounding us with smoke and noise by keeping up an unremitting fire of musketry the whole way. We were shortly seated on deck under

the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel, whom I looked upon with feelings of pride as my own countrymen. As a good ship arrives in harbor, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travelers arrived at Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in reality he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honourable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trowsers that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailor's work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through.

They wished to leave Gondokoro as soon as possible, en route for England, but delayed their departure until the moon should be in a position for an observation for determining the longitude. My boats were fortunately engaged by me for five months, thus Speke and Grant could take charge of them to Khartoum.

At the first blush on meeting them I had considered my expedition as terminated by having met them, and by their having accomplished the discovery of the Nile source; but upon my congratulating them with all my heart, upon the honour they had so nobly earned, Speke and Grant with characteristic candour and generosity gave me a map of their route, showing that they had been unable to complete the actual exploration of the Nile, and that a most important portion still remained to be determined. It appeared that in N. lat. 2 degrees 17 minutes, they had crossed the Nile, which they had tracked from the Victoria Lake; but the river, which from its exit from that lake had a northern course, turned suddenly to the WEST from Karuma Falls (the point at which they crossed it at lat. 2 degrees 17 minutes). They did not see the Nile again until they arrived in N. lat. 3 deg. 32 min., which was then flowing from the W.S.W. The natives and the King of Unyoro (Kamrasi) had assured them that the Nile from the Victoria N'yanza, which they had crossed at Karuma, flowed westward for several days' journey, and at length fell into a large lake called the Luta N'zige; that this lake came from the south, and that the Nile on entering the northern extremity almost immediately made its exit, and as a navigable river continued its course to the north, through the Koshi and Madi countries. Both Speke and Grant attached great importance to this lake Luta N'zige, and the former was much annoyed that it had been impossible for them to carry out the exploration. He foresaw that stay-at-home geographers, who, with a comfortable armchair to sit in, travel so easily with their fingers on a map, would ask him why he had not gone from such a place to such a place? why he had not followed the Nile to the Luta N'zige lake, and from the lake to Gondokoro? As it happened, it was impossible for Speke and Grant to follow the Nile from Karuma:—the tribes were fighting with Kamrasi, and no strangers could have got through the country. Accordingly they procured their information most carefully, completed their map, and laid down the reported lake in its supposed position, showing the Nile as both influent and effluent precisely as had been explained by the natives.

Speke expressed his conviction that the Luta N'zige must be a second source of the Nile, and that geographers would be dissatisfied that he had not explored it. To me this was most gratifying. I had been much disheartened at the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration; I even said to Speke, "Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?" I now heard that the field was not only open, but that an additional interest was given to the exploration by the proof that the Nile flowed out of one great lake, the Victoria, but that it evidently must derive an additional supply from an unknown lake as it entered it at the NORTHERN extremity, while the body of the lake came from the south. The fact of a great body of water such as the Luta N'zige extending in a direct line from south to north, while the general system of drainage of the Nile was from the same direction, showed most conclusively, that the Luta N'zige, if it existed in the form assumed, must have an important position in the basin of the Nile.

My expedition had naturally been rather costly, and being in excellent order it would have been heartbreaking to have returned fruitlessly. I therefore arranged immediately for my departure, and

Speke most kindly wrote in my journal such instructions as might be useful. I therefore copy them verbatim:

"Before you leave this be sure you engage two men, one speaking the Bari or Madi language, and one speaking Kinyoro, to be your interpreters through the whole journey, for there are only two distinct families of languages in the country, though of course some dialectic differences, which can be easily overcome by anybody who knows the family language. . . . Now, as you are bent on first going to visit Kamrasi M'Kamma, or King of Unyoro, and then to see as much of the western countries bordering on the little Luta N'zige, or `dead locust' lake, as possible, go in company with the ivory hunters across the Asua river to Apuddo eight marches, and look for game to the east of that village. Two marches further on will bring you to Panyoro, where there are antelopes in great quantity; and in one march more the Turks' farthest outpost, Faloro, will be reached, where you had better form a depot, and make a flying trip across the White Nile to Koshi for the purpose of inquiring what tribes live to west and south of it, especially of the Wallegga; how the river comes from the south, and where it is joined by the little Luta N'zige. Inquire also after the country of Chopi, and what difficulties or otherwise you would have to overcome if you followed up the left bank of the White river to Kamrasi's; because, if found easy, it would be far nearer and better to reach Kamrasi that way than going through the desert jungles of Ukidi, as we went. This is the way I should certainly go myself, but if you do not like the look of it, preserve your information well; and after returning to Faloro, make Koki per Chougi in two marches, and tell old Chougi you wish to visit his M'Kamma Kamrasi, for Chougi was appointed Governor-general of that place by Kamrasi to watch the Wakidi who live between his residence and Chopi, which is the next country you will reach after passing through the jungles of Ukidi and crossing the Nile below Karuma Falls. Arrived at Chopi, inquire for the residence of the Katikiro or commander-in-chief, who will show you great respect, give you cows and pombe, and send messengers on to Kamrasi to acquaint him of your intention to visit him. This is the richest part of Kamrasi's possessions, and by a little inquiry you will learn much about the lake. Kamrasi's brother Rionga lives on a river island within one march of this. They are deadly enemies and always fighting, so if you made a mistake and went to Rionga's first, as the Turks would wish you to do, all travelling in Unyoro would be cut off. Tell the Katikiro all your plans frankly, and remark earnestly upon my great displeasure at Kamrasi's having detained me so long in his country without deigning to see me, else he may be assured no other white man will ever take the trouble to see him. We came down the river in boats from Kamrasi's to Chopi, but the boatmen gave much trouble, therefore it would be better for you to go overland. Kamrasi will most likely send Kidgwiga, an excellent officer, to escort you to his palace, but if he does not, ask after him; you could not have a better man.

"Arrived at Kamrasi's, insist upon seeing all his fat wives and brothers. Find out all you can about his pedigree, and ask for leave to follow up the lake from its JUNCTION with the Nile to Utumbi, and then crossing to its northern bank follow it down to Ullegga and Koshi. If you are so fortunate as to reach Utumbi, and don't wish to go farther south, inquire well about Ruanda, the M'Fumbiro mountains, if there is any copper in Ruanda, and whether or not the people of those countries receive Simbi (the cowrie shell) or any other articles of merchandise from the west coast, guarding well that no confusion is made with the trade of Karagwe, for Rumanika sends men to Utumbi ivory-hunting continually. "Remember well that the Wahuma are most likely Gallas; this question is most interesting, and the more you can gather of their history, since they crossed the White Nile, the better. Formerly Unyoro, Uganda, and Uddhu were all united in one vast kingdom called Kittara, but this name is now only applied to certain portions of that kingdom.

"Nothing is known of the Mountains of the Moon to the westward of Ruanda. In Unyoro the king will feed you; beyond that I suspect you will have to buy food with beads."

Such was the information most kindly written by Speke, which, in addition to a map drawn by Captain Grant, and addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, was to be my

guide in the important exploration resolved upon. I am particular in publishing these details, in order to show the perfect freedom from jealousy of both Captains Speke and Grant. Unfortunately, in most affairs of life, there is not only fair emulation, but ambition is too often combined with intense jealousy of others. Had this miserable feeling existed in the minds of Speke and Grant, they would have returned to England with the sole honour of discovering the source of the Nile; but in their true devotion to geographical science and especially to the specific object of their expedition they gave me all information to assist in the completion of the great problem—the "Nile Sources."

We were all ready to start. Speke and Grant, an their party of twenty-two people, for Egypt, and I in the opposite direction. At this season there were many boats at Gondokoro belonging to the traders' parties, among which were four belonging to Mr. Petherick, three of which were open cargo boats, and one remarkably nice diahbiah, named the "Kathleen," that was waiting for Mrs. Petherick and her husband, who were supposed to be at their trading station, the Niambara, about seventy miles west of Gondokoro; but no accounts had been heard of them. On the 20th February they suddenly arrived from the Niambara, with their people and ivory and were surprised at seeing so large a party of English in so desolate a spot. It is a curious circumstance, that although many Europeans had been as far south as Gondokoro, I was the first Englishman that had ever reached it. We now formed a party of four.

Gondokoro has a poor and sandy soil, so unproductive that corn is in the greatest scarcity and is always brought from Khartoum by the annual boats for the supply of the traders' people, who congregate there from the interior, in the months of January and February, to deliver the ivory for shipment to Khartoum. Corn is seldom or never less than eight times the price at Khartoum; this is a great drawback to the country, as each trading party that arrives with ivory from the interior brings with it five or six hundred native porters, all of whom have to be fed during their stay at Gondokoro, and in many cases, in times of scarcity, they starve. This famine has given a bad name to the locality, and it is accordingly difficult to procure porters from the interior, who naturally fear starvation.

I was thus extremely sorry that I was obliged to refuse a supply of corn to Mr. Petherick upon his application—an act of necessity, but not of ill-nature upon my part, as I was obliged to leave a certain quantity in depot at Gondokoro, in case I should be driven back from the interior, in the event of which, without a supply in depot, utter starvation would have been the fate of my party. Mr. Petherick accordingly despatched one of his boats to the Shir tribe down the White Nile to purchase corn in exchange for molotes (native hoes). The boat returned with corn on the 11th of March. On the 26th February, Speke and Grant sailed from Gondokoro. Our hearts were too full to say more than a short "God bless you!" They had won their victory; my work lay all before me. I watched their boat until it turned the corner, and wished them in my heart all honor for their great achievement. I trusted to sustain the name they had won for English perseverance, and I looked forward to meeting them again in dear old England, when I should have completed the work we had so warmly planned together.

CHAPTER III
GUN ACCIDENT

A DAY before the departure of Speke and Grant from Gondokoro, an event occurred which appeared as a bad omen to the superstitions of my men. I had ordered the diahbiah to be prepared for sailing: thus, the cargo having been landed and the boat cleared and washed, we were sitting in the cabin, when a sudden explosion close to the windows startled us from our seats, and the consternation of a crowd of men who were on the bank, showed that some accident had happened. I immediately ran out, and found that the servants had laid all my rifles upon a mat upon the ground, and that one of the men had walked over the guns; his foot striking the hammer of one of the No. 10 Reilly rifles, had momentarily raised it from the nipple, and an instantaneous explosion was the consequence. The rifle was loaded for elephants, with seven drachms of powder. There was a quantity of luggage most fortunately lying before the muzzle, but the effects of the discharge were extraordinary. The ball struck the steel scabbard of a sword, tearing off the ring; it then passed obliquely through the stock of a large rifle, and burst through the shoulder-plate; entering a packing-case of inch-deal, it passed through it and through the legs of a man who was sitting at some distance, and striking the hip-bone of another man, who was sitting at some paces beyond, it completely smashed both hips, and fortunately being expended, it lodged in the body. Had it not been for the first objects happily in the route of the ball, it would have killed several men, as they were sitting in a crowd exactly before the muzzle.

Dr. Murie, who had accompanied Mr. Petherick, very kindly paid the wounded men every attention, but he with the smashed hip died in a few hours, apparently without pain.

After the departure of Speke and Grant, I moved my tent to the high ground above the river; the effluvium from the filth of some thousands of people was disgusting, and fever was prevalent in all quarters. Both of us were suffering; also Mr. and Mrs. Petherick, and many of my men, one of whom died. My animals were all healthy, but the donkeys and camels were attacked by a bird, about the size of a thrush, which caused them great uneasiness. This bird is of a greenish-brown colour, with a powerful red beak, and excessively strong claws. It is a perfect pest to the animals, and positively eats them into holes. The original object of the bird in settling upon the animal is to search for vermin, but it is not contented with the mere insects, and industriously pecks holes in all parts of the animal, more especially on the back. A wound once established, adds to the attraction, and the unfortunate animal is so pestered that it has no time to eat. I was obliged to hire little boys to watch the donkeys, and to drive off these plagues; but so determined and bold were the birds, that I have constantly seen them run under the body of the donkey, clinging to the belly with their feet, and thus retreating to the opposite side of the animal when chased by the watch-boys. In a few days my animals were full of wounds, excepting the horses, whose long tails were effectual whisks. Although the temperature was high, 95 degrees Fahr., the wind was frequently cold at about three o'clock in the morning, and one of my horses, "Priest," that I had lately purchased of the Mission, became paralysed, and could not rise from the ground. After several days' endeavours to cure him, I was obliged to shoot him, as the poor animal could not eat.

I now weighed all my baggage, and found that I had fifty-four cantars (100 lbs. each). The beads, copper, and ammunition were the terrible onus. I therefore applied to Mahommed, the vakeel of Andrea Debono, who had escorted Speke and Grant, and I begged his co-operation in the expedition. These people had brought down a large quantity of ivory from the interior, and had therefore a number of porters who would return empty-handed; I accordingly arranged with Mahommed for fifty porters, who would much relieve the backs of my animals from Gondokoro to the station at Faloro, about twelve days' march. At Faloro I intended to leave my heavy baggage in depot, and to proceed direct to Kamrasi's country. I promised Mahommed that I would use my influence in all new countries that

I might discover, to open a road for his ivory trade, provided that he would agree to conduct it by legitimate purchase, and I gave him a list of the quality of beads most desirable for Kamrasi's country, according to the description I had received from Speke.

Mahommed promised to accompany me, not only to his camp at Faloro, but throughout the whole of my expedition, provided that I would assist him in procuring ivory, and that I would give him a handsome present. All was agreed upon, and my own men appeared in high spirits at the prospect of joining so large a party as that of Mahommed, which mustered about two hundred men.

At that time I really placed dependence upon the professions of Mahommed and his people; they had just brought Speke and Grant with them, and had received from them presents of a first-class double-barrelled gun and several valuable rifles. I had promised not only to assist them in their ivory expeditions, but to give them something very handsome in addition, and the fact of my having upwards of forty men as escort was also an introduction, as they would be an addition to the force, which is a great advantage in hostile countries. Everything appeared to be in good train, but I little knew the duplicity of these Arab scoundrels. At the very moment that they were most friendly, they were plotting to deceive me, and to prevent me from entering the country. They knew, that should I penetrate the interior, the ivory trade of the White Nile would be no longer a mystery, and that the atrocities of the slave trade would be exposed, and most likely be terminated by the intervention of European Powers; accordingly they combined to prevent my advance, and to overthrow my expedition completely. The whole of the men belonging to the various traders were determined that no Englishman should penetrate into the country; accordingly they fraternised with my escort, and persuaded them that I was a Christian dog, that it was a disgrace for a Mahommedan to serve; that they would be starved in my service, as I would not allow them to steal cattle; that they would have no slaves; and that I should lead them—God knew where—to the sea, from whence Speke and Grant had started; that they had left Zanzibar with two hundred men, and had only arrived at Gondokoro with eighteen, thus the remainder must have been killed by the natives on the road; that if they followed me, and arrived at Zanzibar, I should find a ship waiting to take me to England, and I should leave them to die in a strange country. Such were the reports circulated to prevent my men from accompanying me, and it was agreed that Mahommed should fix a day for our pretended start IN COMPANY, but that he would in reality start a few days before the time appointed; and that my men should mutiny, and join his party in cattle-stealing and slave-hunting. This was the substance of the plot thus carefully concocted.

My men evinced a sullen demeanour, neglected all orders, and I plainly perceived a settled discontent upon their general expression. The donkeys and camels were allowed to stray, and were daily missing, and recovered with difficulty; the luggage was overrun with white ants instead of being attended to every morning; the men absented themselves without leave, and were constantly in the camps of the different traders. I was fully prepared for some difficulty, but I trusted that when once on the march I should be able to get them under discipline. Among my people were two blacks: one, "Richarn," already described as having been brought up by the Austrian Mission at Khartoum; the other, a boy of twelve years old, "Saat." As these were the only really faithful members of the expedition, it is my duty to describe them. Richarn was an habitual drunkard, but he had his good points; he was honest, and much attached to both master and mistress. He had been with me for some months, and was a fair sportsman, and being of an entirely different race to the Arabs, he kept himself apart from them, and fraternised with the boy Saat.

Saat was a boy that would do no evil; he was honest to a superlative degree, and a great exception to the natives of this wretched country. He was a native of "Fertit," and was minding his father's goats, when a child of about six years old, at the time of his capture by the Baggera Arabs. He described vividly how men on camels suddenly appeared while he was in the wilderness with his flock, and how he was forcibly seized and thrust into a large gum sack, and slung upon the back of a camel. Upon screaming for help, the sack was opened, and an Arab threatened him with a knife should

he make the slightest noise. Thus quieted, he was carried hundreds of miles through Kordofan to Dongola on the Nile, at which place he was sold to slave-dealers, and taken to Cairo to be sold to the Egyptian government as a drummer-boy. Being too young he was rejected, and while in the dealer's hands he heard from another slave, of the Austrian Mission at Cairo, that would protect him could he only reach their asylum. With extraordinary energy for a child of six years old, he escaped from his master, and made his way to the Mission, where he was well received, and to a certain extent disciplined and taught as much of the Christian religion as he could understand. In company with a branch establishment of the Mission, he was subsequently located at Khartoum, and from thence was sent up the White Nile to a Mission-station in the Shillook country. The climate of the White Nile destroyed thirteen missionaries in the short space of six months, and the boy Saat returned with the remnant of the party to Khartoum, and was re-admitted into the Mission. The establishment was at that time swarming with little black boys from the various White Nile tribes, who repaid the kindness of the missionaries by stealing everything they could lay their hands upon. At length the utter worthlessness of the boys, their moral obtuseness, and the apparent impossibility of improving them, determined the chief of the Mission to purge his establishment from such imps, and they were accordingly turned out. Poor little Saat, the one grain of gold amidst the mire, shared the same fate.

It was about a week before our departure from Khartoum that Mrs. Baker and I were at tea in the middle of the court-yard, when a miserable boy about twelve years old came uninvited to her side, and knelt down in the dust at her feet. There was something so irresistibly supplicating in the attitude of the child, that the first impulse was to give him something from the table. This was declined, and he merely begged to be allowed to live with us, and to be our boy. He said that he had been turned out of the Mission, merely because the Bari boys of the establishment were thieves, and thus he suffered for their sins. I could not believe it possible that the child had been actually turned out into the streets, and believing that the fault must lay in the boy, I told him I would inquire. In the meantime he was given in charge of the cook.

It happened that, on the following day, I was so much occupied that I forgot to inquire at the Mission; and once more the cool hour of evening arrived when, after the intense heat of the day, we sat at table in the open court-yard; it was refreshed by being plentifully watered. Hardly were we seated, when again the boy appeared, kneeling in the dust, with his head lowered at my wife's feet, and imploring to be allowed to follow us. It was in vain that I explained that we had a boy, and did not require another; that the journey was long and difficult, and that he might perhaps die. The boy feared nothing, and craved simply that he might belong to us. He had no place of shelter, no food; had been stolen from his parents, and was a helpless outcast.

The next morning, accompanied by Mrs. Baker, I went to the Mission and heard that the boy had borne an excellent character, and that it must have been BY MISTAKE that he had been turned out with the others. This being conclusive, Saat was immediately adopted. Mrs. Baker was shortly at work making him some useful clothes, and in an incredibly short time a great change was effected. As he came from the hands of the cook—after a liberal use of soap and water, and attired in trowsers, blouse, and belt—the new boy appeared in a new character.

From that time he considered himself as belonging absolutely to his mistress. He was taught by her to sew; Richarn instructed him in the mysteries of waiting at table, and washing plates, &c.; while I taught him to shoot, and gave him a light double-barrelled gun. This was his greatest pride.

In the evening, when the day's work was done, Saat was allowed to sit near his mistress; and he was at times amused and instructed by stories of Europe and Europeans, and anecdotes from the Bible adapted to his understanding, combined with the first principles of Christianity. He was very ignorant, notwithstanding his advantages in the Mission, but he possessed the first grand rudiments of all religion—honesty of purpose. Although a child of only twelve years old, he was so perfectly trustworthy that, at the period of our arrival at Gondokoro, he was more to be depended upon than my vakeel, and nothing could occur among my mutinous escort without the boy's knowledge: thus

he reported the intended mutiny of the people when there was no other means of discovering it, and without Saat I should have had no information of their plots.

Not only was the boy trustworthy, but he had an extraordinary amount of moral in addition to physical courage. If any complaint were made, and Saat was called as a witness—far from the shyness too often evinced when the accuser is brought face to face with the accused—such was Saat's proudest moment; and, no matter who the man might be, the boy would challenge him, regardless of all consequences. We were very fond of this boy; he was thoroughly good; and in that land of iniquity, thousands of miles away from all except what was evil, there was a comfort in having some one innocent and faithful, in whom to trust.

We were to start upon the following Monday. Mahommed had paid me a visit, assuring me of his devotion, and begging me to have my baggage in marching order, as he would send me fifty porters on the Monday, and we would move off in company. At the very moment that he thus professed, he was coolly deceiving me. He had arranged to start without me on the Saturday, while he was proposing to march together on the Monday. This I did not know at the time.

One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner, so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, "Whether the men were willing to march?" Perfectly ready, was the reply. "Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment." The man appeared confused, but not more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, "during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them." At first this charge was indignantly denied until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward, and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at daybreak the boy reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined.

I immediately ordered an angarep (travelling bedstead) to be placed outside the tent under a large tree; upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck shot, a revolver, and a naked sabre as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the angarep, with Richarn and Saat both with double-barrelled guns behind me. Formerly I had supplied each of my men with a piece of mackintosh waterproof to be tied over the locks of their guns during the march. I now ordered the drum to be beat, and all the men to form in line in marching order, with their locks TIED UP IN THE WATERPROOF. I requested Mrs. Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his locks, when I should give the order to lay down their arms. The act of uncovering the locks would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators. I had quite determined that these scoundrels should not rob me of my own arms and ammunition, if I could prevent it.

The drum beat, and the vakeel himself went into the men's quarters, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to answer the call. At length fifteen assembled in line; the others were nowhere to be found. The locks of the arms were secured by mackintosh as ordered; it was thus impossible for any man to fire at me until he should have released his locks.

Upon assembling in line I ordered them immediately to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do. "Down with your guns this moment," I shouted, "sons of dogs!" And at the sharp click of the locks, as I quickly cocked the rifle that I held in my hands, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered. Some retreated a few paces to the rear; others sat down, and laid their guns on the ground; while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos, or singly, under the various trees about eighty paces distant. Taking advantage of their indecision, I immediately

rose and. ordered my vakeel and Richarn to disarm them as they were thus scattered. Foreseeing that the time had arrived for actual physical force, the cowards capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition if I would give them their written discharge. I disarmed them immediately, and the vakeel having written a discharge for the fifteen men present, I wrote upon each paper the word "mutineer" above my signature. None of them being able to read, and this being written in English, they unconsciously carried the evidence of their own guilt, which I resolved to punish should I ever find them on my return to Khartoum.

Thus disarmed, they immediately joined other of the traders' parties. These fifteen men were the "Jalyns" of my party, the remainder being Dongolowas: both Arabs of the Nile, north of Khartoum. The Dongolowas had not appeared when summoned by the drum, and my vakeel being of their nation, I impressed upon him his responsibility for the mutiny, and that he would end his days in prison at Khartoum should my expedition fail.

The boy Saat and Richarn now assured me that the men had intended to fire at me, but that they were frightened at seeing us thus prepared, but that I must not expect one man of the Dongolowas to be any more faithful than the Jalyns. I ordered the vakeel to hunt up the men, and to bring me their guns, threatening that if they refused I would shoot any man that I found with one of my guns in his hands.

There was no time for mild measures. I had only Saat (a mere child), and Richarn, upon whom I could depend; and I resolved with them alone to accompany Mahommed's people to the interior, and to trust to good fortune for a chance of proceeding.

I was feverish and ill with worry and anxiety, and I was lying down upon my mat, when I suddenly heard guns firing in all directions, drums beating, and the customary signs of either an arrival or departure of a trading party. Presently a messenger arrived from Koorshid Aga, the Circassian, to announce the departure of Mahommed's party without me; and my vakeel appeared with a message from the same people, that "if I followed on their road (my proposed route), they would fire upon me and my party, as they would allow no English spies in their country."

My vakeel must have known of this preconcerted arrangement. I now went to the Circassian, Koorshid, who had always been friendly personally. In an interview with him, I made him understand that nothing should drive me back to Khartoum, but that, as I was now helpless, I begged him to give me ten elephant-hunters; that I would pay one-half of their wages, and amuse myself in hunting and exploring in any direction until the following year, he to take the ivory; by which time I could receive thirty black soldiers from Khartoum, with whom I should commence my journey to the lake. I begged him to procure me thirty good blacks at Khartoum, and to bring them with him to Gondokoro next season, where I arranged to meet him. This he agreed to, and I returned to my tent delighted at a chance of escaping complete failure, although I thus encountered a delay of twelve months before I could commence my legitimate voyage. That accomplished, I was comparatively happy; the disgrace of returning to Khartoum beaten would have been insupportable.

That night I slept well, and we sat under our shady tree by the tent-door at sunrise on the following morning, drinking our coffee with contentment. Presently, from a distance, I saw Koorshid, the Circassian, approaching with his partner. Coffee and pipes were ready instanter: both the boy Saat and Richarn looked upon him as a friend and ally, as it was arranged that ten of his hunters were to accompany us. Before he sipped his coffee he took me by the hand, and with great confusion of manner he confessed that he was ashamed to come and visit me. "The moment you left me yesterday," said he, "I called my vakeel and headman, and ordered them to select the ten best men of my party to accompany you; but instead of obeying me as usual, they declared that nothing would induce them to serve under you; that you were a spy who would report their proceedings to the Government, and that they should all be ruined; that you were not only a spy on the slave-trade, but that you were a madman, who would lead them into distant and unknown countries, where both you and your wife and they would all be murdered by the natives; thus they would mutiny immediately, should you be

forced upon them." My last hope was gone. Of course I thanked Koorshid for his good-will, and explained that I should not think of intruding myself upon his party, but that at the same time they should not drive me out of the country. I had abundance of stores and ammunition, and now that my men had deserted me, I had sufficient corn to supply my small party for twelve months; I had also a quantity of garden-seeds, that I had brought with me in the event of becoming a prisoner in the country; I should therefore make a zareeba or camp at Gondokoro, and remain there until I should receive men and supplies in the following season. I now felt independent, having preserved my depot of corn. I was at least proof against famine for twelve months. Koorshid endeavoured to persuade me that my party of only a man and a boy would be certainly insulted and attacked by the insolent natives of the Bari tribe should I remain alone at Gondokoro after the departure of the traders' parties. I told him that I preferred the natives to the traders' people, and that I was resolved; I merely begged him to lend me one of his little slave boys as an interpreter, as I had no means of communicating with the natives. This he promised to do.

After Koorshid's departure, we sat silently for some minutes, both my wife and I occupied by the same thoughts.

No expedition had ever been more carefully planned; everything had been well arranged to insure success. My transport animals were in good condition; their saddles and pads had been made under my own inspection; my arms, ammunition, and supplies were abundant, and I was ready to march at five minutes' notice to any part of Africa; but the expedition, so costly, and so carefully organized, was completely ruined by the very people whom I had engaged to protect it. They had not only deserted, but they had conspired to murder. There was no law in these wild regions but brute force; human life was of no value; murder was a pastime, as the murderer could escape all punishment. Mr. Petherick's vakeel had just been shot dead by one of his own men, and such events were too common to create much attention. We were utterly helpless; the whole of the people against us, and openly threatening. For myself personally I had no anxiety, but the fact of Mrs. Baker being with me was my greatest care. I dared not think of her position in the event of my death amongst such savages as those around her. These thoughts were shared by her; but she, knowing that I had resolved to succeed, never once hinted an advice for retreat.

Richarn was as faithful as Saat, and I accordingly confided in him my resolution to leave all my baggage in charge of a friendly chief of the Bari's at Gondokoro, and to take two fast dromedaries for him and Saat, and two horses for Mrs. Baker and myself, and to make a push through the hostile tribe for three days, to arrive among friendly people at "Moir," from which place I trusted to fortune. I arranged that the dromedaries should carry a few beads, ammunition, and the astronomical instruments. Richarn said the idea was very mad; that the natives would do nothing for beads; that he had had great experience on the White Nile when with a former master, and that the natives would do nothing without receiving cows as payment; that it was of no use being good to them, as they had no respect for any virtue but "force;" that we should most likely be murdered; but that if I ordered him to go, he was ready to obey.

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee, To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

I was delighted with Richarn's rough and frank fidelity. Ordering the horses to be brought, I carefully pared their feet—their hard flinty hoofs, that had never felt a shoe, were in excellent order for a gallop, if necessary. All being ready, I sent for the chief of Gondokoro. Meanwhile a Bari boy arrived from Koorshid to act as my interpreter.

The Bari chief was, as usual, smeared all over with red ochre and fat, and had the shell of a small land tortoise suspended to his elbow as an ornament. He brought me a large jar of merissa (native beer), and said "he had been anxious to see the white man who did not steal cattle, neither kidnap slaves, but that I should do no good in that country, as the traders did not wish me to remain." He told me "that all people were bad, both natives and traders, and that force was necessary in this country." I tried to discover whether he had any respect for good and upright conduct. "Yes," he said;

"all people say that you are different to the Turks and traders, but that character will not help you; it is all very good and very right, but you see your men have all deserted, thus you must go back to Khartoum; you can do nothing here without plenty of men and guns." I proposed to him my plan of riding quickly through the Bari tribe to Moir; he replied, "Impossible! If I were to beat the great nogaras (drums), and call my people together to explain who you were, they would not hurt you; but there are many petty chiefs who do not obey me, and their people would certainly attack you when crossing some swollen torrent, and what could you do with only a man and a boy?"

His reply to my question concerning the value of beads corroborated Richarn's statement; nothing could be purchased for anything but cattle; the traders had commenced the system of stealing herds of cattle from one tribe to barter with the next neighbour; thus the entire country was in anarchy and confusion, and beads were of no value. My plan for a dash through the country was impracticable.

I therefore called my vakeel, and threatened him with the gravest punishment on my return to Khartoum. I wrote to Sir R. Colquhoun, H.M. Consul-General for Egypt, which letter I sent by one of the return boats; and I explained to my vakeel that the complaint to the British authorities would end in his imprisonment, and that in case of my death through violence he would assuredly be hanged. After frightening him thoroughly, I suggested that he should induce some of the mutineers, who were Dongolowas (his own tribe), many of whom were his relatives, to accompany me, in which case I would forgive them their past misconduct.

In the course of the afternoon he returned with the news, that he had arranged with seventeen of the men, but that they refused to march towards the south, and would accompany me to the east if I wished to explore that part of the country. Their plea for refusing a southern route was the hostility of the Bari tribe. They also proposed a condition, that I should "leave all my transport animals and baggage behind me."

To this insane request, which completely nullified their offer to start, I only replied by vowing vengeance against the vakeel.

Their time was passed in vociferously quarrelling among themselves during the day, and in close conference with the vakeel during the night, the substance of which was reported on the following morning by the faithful Saat. The boy recounted their plot. They agreed to march to the east, with the intention of deserting me at the station of a trader named Chenooda, seven days' march from Gondokoro, in the Latooka country, whose men were, like them selves, Dongolowas; they had conspired to mutiny at that place, and to desert to the slave-hunting party with my arms and ammunition, and to shoot me should I attempt to disarm them. They also threatened to shoot my vakeel, who now, through fear of punishment at Khartoum, exerted his influence to induce them to start. Altogether, it was a pleasant state of things.

That night I was asleep in my tent, when I was suddenly awoke by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in the tent, and I could distinguish a dark object crouching close to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed me that my wife also noticed the object, as this was always the signal that she made if anything occured at night that required vigilance. Possessing a share of sangfroid admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a screamer, and never even whispered; in the moment of suspected danger, a touch of my sleeve was considered a sufficient warning. My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under my pillow and noiselessly pointed it within two feet of the dark crouching object, before I asked, "Who is that?" No answer was given—until, upon repeating the question, with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied, "Fadeela." Never had I been so near to a fatal shot! It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum. Upon striking a light I found that the woman was streaming with blood, being cut in the most frightful manner with the coorbatch (whip of hippopotamus' hide). Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, I found my angels in the act of flogging two women; two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and neck, while two men with powerful whips

operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces, and they were literally covered with blood. The brutes had taken upon themselves the task of thus punishing the women for a breach of discipline in being absent without leave. Fadeela had escaped before her punishment had been completed, and narrowly escaped being shot by running to the tent without giving warning. Seizing the coorbatch from the hands of one of the executioners, I administered them a dose of their own prescription, to their intense astonishment, as they did not appear conscious of any outrage;—"they were only slave women." In all such expeditions it is necessary to have women belonging to the party to grind the corn and prepare the food for the men; I had accordingly hired several from their proprietors at Khartoum, and these had been maltreated as described.

I was determined at all hazards to start from Gondokoro for the interior. From long experience with natives of wild countries, I did not despair of obtaining an influence over my men, however bad, could I once quit Gondokoro, and lead them among the wild and generally hostile tribes of the country; they would then be separated from the contagion of the slave-hunting parties, and would feel themselves dependent upon me for guidance. Accordingly I professed to believe in their promises to accompany me to the east, although I knew of their conspiracy; and I trusted that by tact and good management I should eventually thwart all their plans, and, although forced out of my intended course, I should be able to alter my route, and to work round from the east to my original plan of operations south. The interpreter given by Koorshid Aga had absconded: this was a great loss, as I had no means of communication with the natives except by casually engaging a Bari in the employment of the traders, to whom I was obliged to pay exorbitantly in copper bracelets for a few minutes' conversation.

A party of Koorshid's people had just arrived with ivory from the Latooka country, bringing with them a number of that tribe as porters. These people were the most extraordinary that I had seen —wearing beautiful helmets of glass beads, and being remarkably handsome. The chief of the party, "Adda," came to my tent, accompanied by a few of his men. He was one of the finest men I ever saw, and he gave me much information concerning his country, and begged me to pay him a visit. He detested the Turks, but he was obliged to serve them, as he had received orders from the great chief "Commoro" to collect porters, and to transport their ivory from Latooka to Gondokoro. I took his portrait, to his great delight, and made him a variety of presents of copper bracelets, beads, and a red cotton handkerchief; the latter was most prized, and he insisted upon wearing it upon his person. He had no intention of wearing his new acquisition for the purpose of decency, but he carefully folded it so as to form a triangle, and then tied it round his waist, so that the pointed end should hang exactly straight BEHIND him. So particular was he, that he was quite half an hour in arranging this simple appendage; and at length he departed with his people, always endeavouring to admire his new finery, by straining his neck in his attempts to look behind him.

From morning till night natives of all ranks surrounded the tent to ask for presents; these being generally granted, as it was highly necessary to create a favourable impression. Koorshid's party, who had arrived from Latooka, were to return shortly, but they not only refused to allow me to accompany them, but they declared their intention of forcibly repelling me, should I attempt to advance by their route. This was a grand excuse for my men, who once more refused to proceed. By pressure upon the vakeel they again yielded, but on condition that I would take one of the mutineers named "Bellaal," who wished to join them, but whose offer I had refused, as he had been a notorious ringleader in every mutiny. It was a sine qua non that he was to go; and knowing the character of the man, I felt convinced that it had been arranged that he should head the mutiny conspired to be enacted upon our arrival at Chenooda's camp in the Latooka country. The vakeel of Chenooda, one Mahommed Her, was in constant communication with my men, which tended to confirm the reports I had heard from the boy Saat. This Mahommed Her started from Gondokoro for Latooka. Koorshid's men would start two days later; these were rival parties, both antagonistic, but occupying the same country, the Latooka; both equally hostile to me, but as the party of Mahommed Her were Dongolowas, and that of Koorshid were Jalyns and Soodanes, I trusted eventually to turn their disputes to my own advantage.

The plan that I had arranged was to leave all the baggage not indispensable with Koorshid Aga at Gondokoro, who would return it to Khartoum. I intended to wait until Koorshid's party should march, when I resolved to follow them, as I did not believe they would dare to oppose me by force, their master himself being friendly. I considered their threats as mere idle boasting, to frighten me from an attempt to follow them; but there was another more serious cause of danger to be apprehended.

On the route, between Gondokoro and Latooka, there was a powerful tribe among the mountains of Ellyria. The chief of that tribe (Legge) had formerly massacred a hundred and twenty of a trader's party. He was an ally of Koorshid's people, who declared that they would raise the tribe against me, which would end in the defeat or massacre of my party. There was a difficult pass through the mountains of Ellyria, which it would be impossible to force; thus my small party of seventeen men would be helpless. It would be merely necessary for the traders to request the chief of Ellyria to attack my party to insure its destruction, as the plunder of the baggage would be an ample reward.

There was no time for deliberation. Both the present and the future looked as gloomy as could be imagined; but I had always expected extraordinary difficulties, and they were, if possible, to be surmounted. It was useless to speculate upon chances; there was no hope of success in inaction; and the only resource was to drive through all obstacles without calculating the risk.

Once away from Gondokoro we should be fairly launched on our voyage, the boats would have returned to Khartoum, thus retreat would be cut off; it only remained to push forward, trusting in Providence and good fortune. I had great faith in presents. The Arabs are all venal; and, having many valuable effects with me, I trusted, when the proper moment should arrive, to be able to overcome all opposition by an open hand. The day arrived for the departure of Koorshid's people. They commenced firing their usual signals; the drums beat; the Turkish ensign led the way; and they marched at 2 o'clock P.M., sending a polite message, "daring" me to follow them.

I immediately ordered the tent to be struck, the luggage to be arranged, the animals to be collected, and everything to be ready for the march. Richarn and Saat were in high spirits, even my unwilling men were obliged to work, and by 7 P.M. we were all ready. The camels were too heavily loaded, carrying about seven hundred pounds each. The donkeys were also overloaded, but there was no help for it. Mrs. Baker was well mounted on my good old Abyssinian hunter "Tetel," ("Hartebeest") and was carrying several leather bags slung to the pommel, while I was equally loaded on my horse "Filfil;" ("Pepper") in fact, we were all carrying as much as we could stow.

We had neither guide, nor interpreter. Not one native was procurable, all being under the influence of the traders, who had determined to render our advance utterly impossible by preventing the natives from assisting us. All had been threatened, and we, perfectly helpless, commenced the desperate journey in darkness about an hour after sunset.

"Where shall we go?" said the men, just as the order was given to start. "Who can travel without a guide? No one knows the road." The moon was up, and the mountain of Belignan was distinctly visible about nine miles distant. Knowing that the route lay on the east side of that mountain, I led the way, Mrs. Baker riding by my side, and the British flag following close behind us as a guide for the caravan of heavily laden camels and donkeys. We shook hands warmly with Dr. Murie, who had come to see us off, and thus we started on our march in Central Africa on the 26th of March, 1863.

CHAPTER IV
FIRST NIGHT'S MARCH

THE country was park-like, but much parched by the dry weather. The ground was sandy, but firm, and interspersed with numerous villages, all of which were surrounded with a strong fence of euphorbia. The country was well wooded, being free from bush or jungle, but numerous trees, all evergreens, were scattered over the landscape. No natives were to be seen, but the sound of their drums and singing in chorus was heard in the far distance. Whenever it is moonlight the nights are passed in singing and dancing, beating drums, blowing horns, and the population of whole villages thus congregate together.

After a silent march of two hours we saw watch-fires blazing in the distance, and upon nearer approach we perceived the trader's party bivouacked. Their custom is to march only two or three hours on the first day of departure, to allow stragglers who may have lagged behind in Gondokoro to rejoin the party before morning.

We were roughly challenged by their sentries as we passed, and were instantly told "not to remain in their neighbourhood." Accordingly we passed on for about half a mile in advance, and bivouacked on some rising ground above a slight hollow in which we found water. All were busy collecting firewood and cutting grass for the donkeys and horses who were picketed near the fires. The camels were hobbled, and turned to graze upon the branches of a large mimosa. We were not hungry; the constant anxiety had entirely destroyed all appetite. A cup of strong black coffee was the greatest luxury, and not requiring a tent in the clear still night, we were soon asleep on our simple angareps. Before daylight on the following morning the drum beat; the lazy soldiers, after stretching and yawning, began to load the animals, and we started at six o'clock. In these climates the rising of the sun is always dreaded. For about an hour before sunrise the air is deliciously cool and invigorating, but the sun is regarded as the common enemy. There is, nevertheless, a difficulty in starting before sunrise-the animals cannot be properly loaded in the darkness, and the operation being tedious, the cool hour of morning is always lost. The morning was clear, and the mountain of Belignan, within three or four miles, was a fine object to direct our course. I could distinctly see some enormous trees at the foot of the mountain near a village, and I hastened forward, as I hoped to procure a guide who would also act as interpreter, many of the natives in the vicinity of Gondokoro having learnt a little Arabic from the traders. We cantered on ahead of the party, regardless of the assurance of our unwilling men that the natives were not to be trusted, and we soon arrived beneath the shade of a cluster of most superb trees. The village was within a quarter of a mile, situated at the very base of the abrupt mountain; the natives seeing us alone had no fear, and soon thronged around us.

The chief understood a few words of Arabic, and I offered a large payment of copper bracelets and beads for a guide. After much discussion and bargaining, a bad-looking fellow offered to guide us to Ellyria, but no farther. This was about twenty-eight or thirty miles distant, and it was of vital importance that we should pass through that tribe before the trader's party should raise them against us. I had great hopes of outmarching them, as they would be delayed in Belignan by ivory transactions with the chief. While negotiations were pending with the guide, the trader's party appeared in the distance, and avoiding us, they halted on the opposite side of the village. I now tried conciliatory measures, and I sent my vakeel to their headman Ibrahim to talk with him confidentially, and to try to obtain an interpreter in return for a large present.

My vakeel was in an awkward position—he was afraid of me; also mortally afraid of the government in Khartoum; and frightened out of his life at his own men, whose conspiracy to desert he was well aware of. With the cunning of an Arab he started on his mission, accompanied by several of the men, including the arch-mutineer Bellaal. He shortly returned, saying, "that it was perfectly

impossible to proceed to the interior; that Ibrahim's party were outrageous at my having followed on their route; that he would neither give an interpreter, nor allow any of the natives to serve me; and that he would give orders to the great chief of Ellyria to prevent me from passing through his country." At that time the Turks were engaged in business transactions with the natives; it therefore was all important that I should start immediately, and by a forced march arrive at Ellyria, and get through the pass, before they should communicate with the chief. I had no doubt that, by paying black mail, I should be able to clear Ellyria, provided I was in advance of the Turks, but should they outmarch me there would be no hope; a fight and defeat would be the climax. I accordingly gave orders for an IMMEDIATE start. "Load the camels, my brothers!" I exclaimed, to the sullen ruffians around me; but not a man stirred except Richarn and a fellow named Sali, who began to show signs of improvement. Seeing that the men intended to disobey, I immediately set to work myself loading the animals, requesting my men not to trouble themselves, and begging them to lie down and smoke their pipes while I did the work. A few rose from the ground ashamed, and assisted to load the camels, while the others declared the impossibility of camels travelling by the road we were about to take, as the Turks had informed them that not even the donkeys could march through the thick jungles between Belignan and Ellyria.

"All right, my brothers!" I replied; "then we'll march as far as the donkeys can go, and leave both them and the baggage on the road when they can go no farther; but I GO FORWARD."

With sullen discontent the men began to strap on their belts and cartouche boxes, and prepare for the start. The animals were loaded, and we moved slowly forward at 4.30 P.M. The country was lovely. The mountain of Belignan, although not exceeding 1,200 feet, is a fine mass of gneiss and syenite, ornamented in the hollows with fine trees, while the general appearance of the country at the base was that of a beautiful English park well timbered and beautified with distant mountains. We had just started with the Bari guide that I had engaged at Belignan, when we were suddenly joined by two of the Latookas whom I had seen when at Gondokoro, and to whom I had been very civil. It appeared that these fellows, who were acting as porters to the Turks, had been beaten, and had therefore absconded and joined me. This was extraordinary good fortune, as I now had guides the whole way to Latooka, about ninety miles distant. I immediately gave them each a copper bracelet and some beads, and they very good-naturedly relieved the camels of one hundred pounds of copper rings, which they carried in two baskets on their heads.

We now crossed the broad dry bed of a torrent, and the banks being steep, a considerable time was occupied in assisting the loaded animals in their descent. The donkeys were easily aided, their tails being held by two men, while they shuffled and slid down the sandy banks; but every camel fell, and the loads had to be carried up the opposite bank by the men, and the camels to be reloaded on arrival. Here again the donkeys had the advantage, as without being unloaded they were assisted up the steep ascent by two men in front pulling at their ears, while others pushed behind. Altogether, the donkeys were far more suitable for the country, as they were more easily loaded. I had arranged their packs and saddles so well, that they carried their loads with the greatest comfort. Each animal had an immense pad well stuffed with goats' hair; this reached from the shoulder to the hip-bones; upon this rested a simple form of saddle made of two forks of boughs inverted, and fastened together with rails —there were no nails in these saddles, all the fastenings being secured with thongs of raw hide. The great pad, projecting far both in front, behind, and also below the side of the saddle, prevented the loads from chafing the animal. Every donkey carried two large bags made of the hides of antelopes that I had formerly shot on the frontier of Abyssinia, and these were arranged with taggles on the one to fit into loops on the other, so that the loading and unloading was exceedingly simple. The success of an expedition depends mainly upon the perfection of the details, and where animals are employed for transport, the first consideration should be bestowed upon saddles and packs. The facility of loading is all important, and I now had an exemplification of its effect upon both animals and men; the latter began to abuse the camels and to curse the father of this, and the mother of that, because they had

the trouble of unloading them for the descent into the river's bed, while the donkeys were blessed with the endearing name of "my brother," and alternately whacked with the stick. It was rather a bad commencement of a forced march, and the ravine we had crossed had been a cause of serious delay. Hardly were the animals reloaded and again ready for the march, when the men remembered that they had only one waterskin full. I had given orders before the start from Belignan that all should be filled. This is the unexceptional rule in African travelling—"fill your girbas before starting." Never mind what the natives may tell you concerning the existence of water on the road; believe nothing; but resolutely determine to fill the girbas —should you find water, there is no harm done if you are already provided: but nothing can exceed the improvidence of the people. To avoid the trouble of filling the girbas before starting, the men will content themselves with "Inshallah (please God), we shall find water on the road," and they frequently endure the greatest suffering from sheer idleness in neglecting a supply.

They had in this instance persuaded themselves that the river we had just crossed would not be dry. Several of them had been employed in this country formerly, and because they had at one time found water in the sandy bed, they had concluded that it existed still. Accordingly they now wished to send parties to seek for water; this would entail a further delay, at a time when every minute was precious, as our fate depended upon reaching and passing through Ellyria before the arrival of the Turks. I was very anxious, and determined not to allow a moment's hesitation; I therefore insisted upon an immediate advance, and resolved to march without stopping throughout the night. The Latooka guides explained by signs that if we marched all night we should arrive at water on the following morning. This satisfied the men; and we started. For some miles we passed through a magnificent forest of large trees: the path being remarkably good, the march looked propitious—this good fortune, however, was doomed to change. We shortly entered upon thick thorny jungles; the path was so overgrown that the camels could scarcely pass under the overhanging branches, and the leather bags of provisions piled upon their backs were soon ripped by the hooked thorns of the mimosa—the salt, rice, and coffee bags all sprang leaks, and small streams of these important stores issued from the rents, which the men attempted to repair by stuffing dirty rags into the holes. These thorns were shaped like fish-hooks, thus it appeared that the perishable baggage must soon become an utter wreck, as the great strength and weight of the camels bore all before them, and sometimes tore the branches from the trees, the thorns becoming fixed in the leather bags. Meanwhile the donkeys walked along in comfort, being so short that they and their loads were below the branches.

I dreaded the approach of night. We were now at the foot of a range of high rocky hills, from which the torrents during the rainy season had torn countless ravines in their passage through the lower ground; we were marching parallel to the range at the very base, thus we met every ravine at right angles. Down tumbled a camel; and away rolled his load of bags, pots, pans, boxes, &c. into the bottom of a ravine in a confused ruin.—Halt! . . and the camel had to be raised and helped up the opposite bank, while the late avalanche of luggage was carried piecemeal after him to be again adjusted. To avoid a similar catastrophe the remaining three camels had to be UNLOADED, and reloaded when safe upon the opposite bank. The operation of loading a camel with about 700 lbs. of luggage of indescribable variety is at all times tedious; but no sooner had we crossed one ravine with difficulty than we arrived at another, and the same fatiguing operation had to be repeated, with frightful loss of time at the moment when I believed the Turks were following on our path.

My wife and I rode about a quarter of a mile at the head of the party as an advance guard, to warn the caravan of any difficulty. The very nature of the country declared that it must be full of ravines, and yet I could not help hoping against hope that we might have a clear mile of road without a break. The evening had passed, and the light faded. What had been difficult and tedious during the day, now became most serious;– we could not see the branches of hooked thorns that overhung the broken path; I rode in advance, my face and arms bleeding with countless scratches, while at each rip of a thorn I gave a warning shout— "Thorn!" for those behind, and a cry of "Hole!" for

any deep rut that lay in the path. It was fortunately moonlight, but the jungle was so thick that the narrow track was barely perceptible; thus both camels and donkeys ran against the trunks of trees, smashing the luggage, and breaking all that could be broken; nevertheless, the case was urgent; march we must, at all hazards.

My heart sank whenever we came to a deep ravine, or Hor; the warning cry of "halt" told those in the rear that once more the camels must be unloaded, and the same fatiguing operation must be repeated. For hours we marched: the moon was sinking; the path, already dark, grew darker; the animals, overloaded even for a good road, were tired out; and the men were disheartened, thirsty, and disgusted. I dismounted from my horse and loaded him with sacks, to relieve a camel that was perfectly done—but on we marched. Every one was silent; the men were too tired to speak; and through the increasing gloom we crept slowly forward Suddenly another ravine, but not so deep; and we trusted that the camels might cross it without the necessity of unloading; down went the leading camel, rolling completely over with his load to the bottom. Now, the boy Saat was the drummer; but being very tired, he had come to the conclusion that the drum would travel quite as easily upon a camel's back as upon his shoulders; he had accordingly slung it upon the very camel that had now performed a somersault and solo on the drum. The musical instrument was picked up in the shape of a flat dish, and existed no longer as a drum, every note having been squeezed out of it. The donkey is a much more calculating animal than the camel, the latter being an excessively stupid beast, while the former is remarkably clever —at least I can answer for the ability of the Egyptian species. The expression "what an ass!" is in Europe supposed to be slightly insulting, but a comparison with the Egyptian variety would be a compliment. Accordingly my train of donkeys, being calculating and reasoning creatures, had from thus night's experience come to the conclusion that the journey was long; that the road was full of ravines; that the camels who led the way would assuredly tumble into these ravines unless unloaded; and that as the reloading at each ravine would occupy at least half an hour, it would be wise for them (the donkeys) to employ that time in going to sleep—therefore, as it was just as cheap to lie down as to stand, they preferred a recumbent posture, and a refreshing roll upon the sandy ground. Accordingly, whenever the word "halt" was given, the clever donkeys thoroughly understood their advantage, and the act of unloading a camel on arrival at a ravine was a signal sufficient to induce each of twenty-one donkeys to lie down. It was in vain that the men beat and swore at them to keep them on their legs; the donkeys were determined, and lie down they would. This obstinacy on their part was serious to the march—every time that they lay down they shifted their loads; some of the most wilful (sic) persisted in rolling, and of course upset their packs. There were only seventeen men, and these were engaged in assisting the camels; thus the twenty-one donkeys had it all their own way; and what added to the confusion was the sudden cry of hyenas in close proximity, which so frightened the donkeys that they immediately sprang to their feet, with their packs lying discomfited, entangled among their legs. Thus, no sooner were the camels reloaded on the other side of the ravine, than all the donkeys had to undergo the same operation; during which time the camels, however stupid, having observed the donkeys' "dodge," took the opportunity of lying down also, and necessarily shifted their loads. The women were therefore ordered to hold the camels, to prevent them from lying down while the donkeys were being reloaded; but the women were dead tired, as they had been carrying loads; they themselves laid down, and it being dark, they were not observed until a tremendous scream was heard, and we found that a camel had lain down on the TOP OF A WOMAN who had been placed to watch it, but who had herself fallen asleep. The camel was with difficulty raised, and the woman dragged from beneath. Everything was tired out. I had been working like a slave to assist, and to cheer the men; I was also fatigued. We had marched from 4.30 P.M.– it was now 1 A.M.; we had thus been eight hours and a half struggling along the path. The moon had sunk, and the complete darkness rendered a further advance impossible; I therefore, on arrival at a large plateau of rock, ordered the animals to be unloaded, and both man and beast to rest.

The people had no water; I had a girba full for Mrs. Baker and myself, which was always slung on my saddle; this precaution I never neglected.

The men were hungry. Before leaving Gondokoro I had ordered a large quantity of kisras (black pancakes) to be prepared for the march, and they were packed in a basket that had been carried on a camel; unfortunately Mrs. Baker's pet monkey had been placed upon the same camel, and he had amused himself during the night's march by feasting and filling his cheeks with the kisras, and *throwing the remainder away* when his hunger was satisfied. There literally was not a kisra remaining in the basket.

Every one lay down supperless to sleep. Although tired, I could not rest until I had arranged some plan for the morrow. It was evident that we could not travel over so rough a country with the animals thus overloaded; therefore determined to leave in the jungle such articles as could be dispensed with, and to rearrange all the loads.

At 4 A.M. I woke, and lighting a lamp, I tried in vain to wake any of the men who lay stretched upon the ground, like so many corpses, sound asleep. At length Saat sat up, and after rubbing his eyes for about ten minutes, he made a fire, and began to boil the coffee; meanwhile I was hard at work lightening the ship. I threw away about 100 lbs. of salt; divided the heavy ammunition more equally among the animals; rejected a quantity of odds and ends that, although most useful, could be forsaken; and by the time the men woke, a little before sunrise, I had completed the work. We now reloaded the animals, who showed the improvement by stepping out briskly. We marched well for three hours at a pace that bid fair to keep us well ahead of the Turks, and at length we reached the dry bed of a stream, where the Latooka guides assured us we should obtain water by digging. This proved correct; but the holes were dug deep in several places, and hours passed before we could secure a sufficient supply for all the men and animals. The great sponging-bath was excessively useful, as it formed a reservoir out of which all the animals could drink.

While we were thus engaged some natives appeared carrying with them the head of a wild boar in a horrible state of decomposition, and alive with maggots. On arrival at the drinking-place they immediately lighted a fire, and proceeded to cook their savoury pork by placing it in the flames. The skull becoming too hot for the inmates, crowds of maggots rushed pele-mele from the ears and nostrils like people escaping from the doors of a theatre on fire. The natives merely tapped the skull with a stick to assist in their exit, and proceeded with their cooking until completed; after which they ate the whole, and sucked the bones. However putrid meat may be, it does not appear to affect the health of these people.

My animals requiring rest and food, I was obliged to wait unwillingly until 4.30 P.M. The natives having finished their boar's head, offered to join us; and accordingly we rode on a considerable distance ahead of our people with our active guides, while the caravan followed slowly behind us. After ascending for about a mile through jungle, we suddenly emerged upon an eminence, and looked down upon the valley of Tollogo. This was extremely picturesque. An abrupt wall of grey granite rose on the east side of the valley to a height of about a thousand feet: from this perpendicular wall huge blocks had fallen, strewing the base with a confused mass of granite lumps ten to forty feet in diameter; and among these natural fortresses of disjointed masses were numerous villages. The bottom of the valley was a meadow, in which grew several enormous fig trees by the side of a sluggish, and in some places stagnant, brook. The valley was not more than half a mile wide, and was also walled in by mountains on the west, having the appearance of a vast street.

We were now about a mile ahead of our party; but accompanied by our two Latooka guides, and upon descending to the valley and crossing a deep gully, we soon arrived beneath a large fig tree at the extremity of the vale. No sooner was our presence observed than crowds of natives issued from the numerous villages among the rocks, and surrounded us. They were all armed with bows and arrows and lances, and were very excited at seeing the horses, which to them were unknown animals. Dismounting, I fastened the horses to a bush, and we sat down on the grass under a tree.

There were five or six hundred natives pressing round us. They were excessively noisy, hallooing to us as though we were deaf, simply because we did not understand them. Finding that they were pressing rudely around us, I made signs to them to stand off; when at that moment a curiously ugly, short, humped-back fellow came forward and addressed me in broken Arabic. I was delighted to find an interpreter, and requesting him to tell the crowd to stand back, I inquired for their chief. The humpback spoke very little Arabic, nor did the crowd appear to heed him, but they immediately stole a spear that one of my Latooka guides had placed against the tree under which we were sitting. It was getting rather unpleasant; but having my revolver and a double-barrelled rifle in my hands, there was no fear of their being stolen.

In reply to a question to the humpback, he asked me "Who I was?" I explained that I was a traveller. "You want ivory?" he said. "No," I answered, "it is of no use to me." "Ah, you want slaves!" he replied. "Neither do I want slaves," I answered. This was followed by a burst of laughter from the crowd, and the humpback continued his examination. "Have you got plenty of cows?" "Not one; but plenty of beads and copper." "Plenty? Where are they?" "Not far off; they will be here presently with my men;" and I pointed to the direction from which they would arrive. "What countryman are you?" "An Englishman." He had never heard of such people. "You are a Turk?" "All right," I replied; "I am anything you like." "And that is your son?" (pointing at Mrs. Baker.) "No, she is my wife." "Your wife! What a lie! He is a boy." "Not a bit of it," I replied; "she is my wife, who has come with me to see the women of this country." "What a lie!" he again politely re joined in the one expressive Arabic word, "Katab." After this charmingly frank conversation he addressed the crowd, explaining, I suppose, that I was endeavouring to pass off a boy for a woman. Mrs. Baker was dressed similarly to myself, in a pair of loose trowsers and gaiters, with a blouse and belt—the only difference being that she wore long sleeves, while my arms were bare from a few inches below the shoulder. I always kept my arms bare, as being cooler than if covered.

The curiosity of the crowd was becoming impertinent, when at an opportune moment the chief appeared. To my astonishment I recognised him as a man who had often visited me at Gondokoro, to whom I had given many presents without knowing his position.

In a few moments he drove away the crowd, screaming and gesticulating at there as though greatly insulted; re serving the humpback as interpreter, he apologized for the rudeness of his people. Just at this instant I perceived, in the distance, the English flag leading the caravan of camels and donkeys from the hillside into the valley, and my people and baggage shortly arrived. The chief now brought me a large pumpkin-shell containing about a gallon of merissa, or native beer, which was most refreshing. He also brought a gourd-bottle full of honey, and an elephant's tusk; the latter I declined, as ivory was not required.

We were now within six miles of Ellyria, and by means of the humpback I explained to Tombe, the chief, that we wished to start the first thing in the morning, and that I would engage the humpback as interpreter. This was agreed upon, and I now had hopes of getting through Ellyria before the arrival of the Turks. My caravan having arrived, the interest first bestowed upon the horses, as being a new kind of animal, was now transferred to the camels. The natives crowded round them, exclaiming, "that they were the giraffes of our country." They were amazed at the loads that they carried, and many assisted in unloading.

I noticed, however, that they stuck their fingers through the baskets to investigate the contents; and when they perceived twenty baskets full of beads, and many of copper bracelets—the jingling of which betrayed the contents—they became rather too eager in lending a helping hand; therefore I told the chief to order his men to retire while I opened one bag of beads to give him a present. I had a bag always in reserve that contained a variety of beads and bracelets, which obviated the necessity of opening one of the large baskets on the road. I accordingly made the chief happy, and also gave a present to the humpback. The crowd now discovered an object of fresh interest, and a sudden rush was made to the monkey, which, being one of the red variety from Abyssinia, was quite unknown

to them. The monkey, being far more civilized than these naked savages, did not at all enjoy their society; and attacking the utterly unprotected calves of their legs, "Wallady" soon kept his admirers at a distance, and amused himself by making insulting grimaces, which kept the crowd in a roar of laughter. I often found this monkey of great use in diverting the attention of the savages from myself. He was also a guarantee of my peaceful intentions, as no one intending hostility would travel about with a monkey as one of the party. He was so tame and affectionate to both of us that he was quite unhappy if out of sight of his mistress: but he frequently took rough liberties with the blacks, for whom he had so great an aversion and contempt that he would have got into sad trouble at Exeter Hall. "Wallady" had no idea of a naked savage being "a man and a brother."

That night we slept soundly, both men and beasts being thoroughly fatigued. The natives seemed to be aware of this, and a man was caught in the act of stealing copper bracelets from a basket. He had crept like a cat upon hands and knees to the spot where the luggage was piled, and the sleepy sentry bad not observed him.

There was no drum-call on the following morning, that useful instrument having been utterly smashed by the camel; but I woke the men early, and told them to be most careful in arranging the loads securely, as we had to thread the rocky pass between Tollogo and Ellyria. I felt sure that the Turks could not be far behind us, and I looked forward with anxiety to getting through the pass before them.

The natives of both Tollogo and Ellyria are the same in appearance and language as the Bari; they are very brutal in manner, and they collected in large crowds on our departure, with by no means a friendly aspect. Many of them ran on ahead under the base of the rocks, apparently to give notice at Ellyria of our arrival. I had three men as an advance guard,—five or six in the rear,—while the remainder drove the animals. Mrs. Baker and I rode on horseback at the head of the party. On arriving at the extremity of the narrow valley we had to thread our way through the difficult pass. The mountain of Ellyria, between two and three thousand feet high, rose abruptly on our left, while the base was entirely choked with enormous fragments of grey granite that, having fallen from the face of the mountain, had completely blocked the pass. Even the horses had great difficulty in threading their way through narrow alleys formed of opposing blocks, and it appeared impossible for loaded camels to proceed. The path was not only thus obstructed, but was broken by excessively deep ravines formed by the torrents that during the rains tore everything before them in their impetuous descent from the mountains. To increase the difficulties of the pass many trees and bushes were growing from the interstices of the rocks; thus in places where the long legs of the camels could have cleared a narrow cleft, the loads became jammed between the trees. These trees were for the most part intensely hard wood, a species of lignum vitae, called by the Arabs "babanoose," and were quite proof against our axes. Had the natives been really hostile they could have exterminated us in five minutes, as it was only necessary to hurl rocks from above to insure our immediate destruction. It was in this spot that a trader's party of 126 men, well armed, had been massacred to a man the year previous.

Bad as the pass was, we had hope before us, as the Latookas explained that beyond this spot there was level and unbroken ground the whole way to Latooka. Could we only clear Ellyria before the Turks I had no fear for the present; but at the very moment when success depended upon speed, we were thus baffled by the difficulties of the ground. I therefore resolved to ride on in advance of my party, leaving them to overcome the difficulties of the pass by constantly unloading the animals, while I would reconnoitre in front, as Ellyria was not far distant. My wife and I accordingly rode on, accompanied only by one of the Latookas as a guide. After turning a sharp angle of the mountain, leaving the cliff abruptly rising to the left from the narrow path, we descended a ravine worse than any place we had previously encountered, and we were obliged to dismount, in order to lead our horses up the steep rocks on the opposite side. On arrival on the summit, a lovely view burst upon us. The valley of Ellyria was about four hundred feet below, at about a mile distant. Beautiful mountains, some two or three thousand feet high, of grey granite, walled in the narrow vale; while the landscape of forest

and plain was bounded at about fifty or sixty miles' distance to the east by the blue mountains of Latooka. The mountain of Ellyria was the commencement of the fine range that continued indefinitely to the south. We were now in the very gorge of that chain. Below us, in the valley, I observed some prodigious trees growing close to a Hor (ravine), in which was running water, and the sides of the valley under the mountains being as usual a mass of debris of huge detached rocks, were thronged with villages, all strongly fortified with thick bamboo palisades. The whole country was a series of natural forts, occupied by a large population.

A glance at the scene before me was quite sufficient;—to fight a way through a valley a quarter of a mile wide, hemmed in by high walls of rock and bristling with lances and arrows, would be impossible with my few men, encumbered by transport animals. Should the camels arrive, I could march into Myria in twenty minutes, make the chief a large present, and pass on without halting until I cleared the Ellyria valley. At any rate I was well before the Turks, and the forced march at night, however distressing, had been successful. The great difficulty now lay in the ravine that we had just crossed; this would assuredly delay the caravan for a considerable time.

Tying our horses to a bush, we sat upon a rock beneath the shade of a small tree within ten paces of the path, and considered the best course to pursue. I hardly liked to risk an advance into Ellyria alone, before the arrival of my whole party, as we had been very rudely received by the Tollogo people on the previous evening;—nevertheless I thought it might be good policy to ride unattended into Ellyria, and thus to court an introduction to the chief. However, our consultation ended in a determination to wait where we then were, until the caravan should have accomplished the last difficulty by crossing the ravine; when we would all march into Ellyria in company. For a long time we sat gazing at the valley before us in which our fate lay hidden, feeling thankful that we had thus checkmated the brutal Turks. Not a sound was heard of our approaching camels; the delay was most irksome.

There were many difficult places that we had passed through, and each would be a source of serious delay to the animals. At length we heard them in the distance. We could distinctly hear the men's voices; and we rejoiced that they were approaching the last remaining obstacle;—that one ravine passed through, and all before would be easy. I heard the rattling of the stones as they drew nearer; and, looking towards the ravine, I saw emerge from the dark foliage of the trees within fifty yards of us the hated RED FLAG AND CRESCENT, LEADING THE TURKS' PARTY! We were outmarched! One by one, with scowling looks, the insolent scoundrels filed by us within a few feet, without making the customary salaam; neither noticing us in any way, except by threatening to shoot the Latooka, our guide, who had formerly accompanied them.

Their party consisted of a hundred and forty men armed with guns; while about twice as many Latookas acted as porters, carrying beads, ammunition, and the general effects of the party. It appeared that we were hopelessly beaten.

However, I determined to advance, at all hazards, on the arrival of my party; and should the Turks incite the Ellyria tribe to attack us, I intended, in the event of a fight, to put the first shot through the leader.

To be thus beaten, at the last moment, was unendurable. Boiling with indignation as the insolent wretches filed past, treating me with the contempt of a dog, I longed for the moment of action, no matter what were the odds against us. At length their leader, Ibrahim, appeared in the rear of the party. He was riding on a donkey, being the last of the line, behind the flag that closed the march.

I never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. A mixed breed, between a Turk sire and Arab mother, he had the good features and bad qualities of either race. The fine, sharp, high-arched nose and large nostril; the pointed and projecting chin; rather high cheek-bones and prominent brow, overhanging a pair of immense black eyes full of expression of all evil. As he approached he took no notice of us, but studiously looked straight before him with the most determined insolence.

The fate of the expedition was, at this critical moment, retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call him, to insist upon a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but, upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. I ordered him to sit down, as his men were ahead and we were alone.

The following dialogue passed between us after the usual Arab mode of greeting. I said, "Ibrahim, why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country? We believe in the same God, why should we quarrel in this land of heathens, who believe in no God? You have your work to perform; I have mine. You want ivory; I am a simple traveller; why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country, I would not accept a single tusk, nor interfere with you in any way. Transact your business, and don't interfere with me: the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me, to reach a great lake— the head of the Nile. Reach it I will (Inshallah). No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum; if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country, you will be suspected; you know the result; the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. On the contrary, if you are friendly, I will use my influence in any country that I discover, that you may procure its ivory for the sake of your master Koorshid, who was generous to Captains Speke and Grant, and kind to me. Should you be hostile, I shall hold your master responsible as your employer. Should you assist me, I will befriend you both. Choose your course frankly, like a man—friend or enemy?"

Before he had time to reply, Mrs. Baker addressed him much in the same strain, telling him that he did not know what Englishmen were; that nothing would drive them back; that the British Government watched over them wherever they might be, and that no outrage could be committed with impunity upon a British subject. That I would not deceive him in any way; that I was not a trader; and that I should be able to assist him materially by discovering new countries rich in ivory, and that he would benefit himself personally by civil conduct.

He seemed confused, and wavered. I immediately promised him a new double-barrelled gun and some gold, when my party should arrive, as an earnest of the future.

He replied, "That he did not himself wish to be hostile, but that all the trading parties, without one exception, were against me, and that the men were convinced that I was a consul in disguise, who would report to the authorities at Khartoum all the proceedings of the traders." He continued, "That he believed me, but that his men would not; that all people told lies in their country, therefore no one was credited for the truth. However," said he, "do not associate with my people, or they may insult you, but go and take possession of that large tree (pointing to one in the valley of Ellyria) for yourself and people, and I will come there and speak with you. I will now join my men, as I do not wish them to know that I have been conversing with you." He then made a salaam, mounted his donkey, and rode off.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.