

ART. V.—MY JOURNEY IN AFRICA.

ON July 28th, 1883, a double march had brought me to the second Church Missionary Society station Mpwapwa. The next day the other white men and the caravan followed me. In spite of having prolonged the conversation till past midnight I was up early, and by the time they arrived had selected a desirable spot for the camp under a huge fig-tree, and near the somewhat short supply of water. Food proved to be rather a scarce article, as many caravans had preceded us, and they had also had a long dry season. Small-pox was raging in the neighbourhood, and not far from us was a native camp terribly infected, so that with the exception of the society of our brethren, we felt there was not so much to detain us as there had been at the delightful station of Mamboia.

The mission house is a fine one, and the prospect in the rainy season must be far more beautiful than it was then in the depth of winter, *alias* the hot dry season. It looks out over a vast plain, the home of many noble herds of buffalo and giraffe. This plain is bounded on the west by the beautiful chain of Wahehe Mountains. Twelve hours you would imagine would give you ample time to reach them, but so clear is the atmosphere that I am told it is four long days' march to the foot of the nearest of them. While here we were ardently expecting the mail to overtake us, and were informed that its arrival would be announced by two discharges of a gun. We were at church when we were suddenly disturbed by two loud bangs. I for one was inclined to leap from my seat and run to the door, but I waited for the brethren attached to the station to take the initiative. However, nobody stirred, and the officiating minister seemed to grow more deliberate, for they are at all times deliberate at Mpwapwa. The hymns were long, and the tunes had their dwelling-places in other tomes, and were by no means easy to turn up; and the accordion by which they were accompanied seemed rather to protract the agony. When the service closed and "Amen" had been said, everybody remained silent an unusual time, for nobody would show that he was in a hurry. At length silence was broken, and we learnt that it was only the mail from up country on its way to the coast; and this the Mpwapwa brethren knew from the quarter whence the guns had been fired—ignorance cannot always be said to be bliss. This mail brought the sad news of Dr. Southon's accident, and of Copplestone having had to amputate his arm.

We accepted an invitation to Kisokwe, the residence of Mr. Cole and his wife. A delightful spot amongst the mountains

at the back of Mpwapwa, and about six miles from it. This place is quite a second Mamboia, although it lacks its beautiful and extensive view; it is also a lovely field for the botanist. I found here an *Orobanche*, differing very little from *O. major*. While hunting for specimens with Dr. Baxter, we suddenly came into the midst of an enormous caravan of black ants, and although we fled as fast as our legs would carry us, we suffered severely for our inadvertency. It is a fact that the noise they made on the march amounted to a kind of hissing roar, and the dry bed of the stream which we were in was covered with them as far as the eye could reach.

While we spent the day with our friends the caravan was ordered to proceed to Khambe, and thither at the rising of the moon we followed them. Never, even amongst the Dovre fells, have I met with more stony ground: the forest was very dense, and the hills very steep, and before we had finished the fourteen miles we were all greatly fatigued, and promised to betake ourselves speedily to our welcome couches. When we reached the summit of the pass above Khambe we could see various villages with their fires in the plains below, but nowhere was the camp to be discerned. It was a weary time before we could alight on it; and when we did, what a scene presented itself to our gaze! The wind was so high that the camp fires were extinguished, and the men had betaken themselves to a deep trench cut through the sandy plain by a mountain torrent, but now perfectly dry; hence our difficulty in making out where the camp was. Two of the tents were in a prostrate condition, while the others were fast getting adrift. Volumes of dust were swamping beds, blankets, boxes, buckets, and in fact everything; and a more miserable scene could scarcely be beheld by a band of benighted pilgrims. It was no use staring at it. I seized a hammer and tent-pegs, forgot I was tired, and before very long had things fairly to rights; but I slept that night in a dust-heap, nor did the morning mend matters; and to encourage us the Mpwapwa brethren prophesied this state of affairs all through Ugogo. It is bad enough in a hot climate to have dust in your hair, and down your neck, and filling your boxes; but when it comes to food, and every mouthful you take grates your teeth, I leave you to imagine the pleasures of tent-life in a sandy plain.

August 2nd.—Started at 1:30 p.m. to pass the dreaded Marenga Mkali, a desert of about forty miles across. The wind was behind us, and the sun in our faces, the horizontal rays being even more trying than the perpendicular ones. We marched on until five p.m., when we had a short rest, and then followed a very miserable three hours, for darkness soon set in, and we had dense tangle above, and very rough and stony

ground below. Shortly after eight we made a halt, and having lighted huge fires we had our camp-beds put together, and laid us down to sleep. At one a.m. the drum was sounded, and the caravan was soon again *en route*. This moonlight march would have been a splendid subject for a poet, providing he could have dropped in upon us unexpectedly; for had he started as we did at 1:30 p.m., his poetic genius might possibly have flagged a little towards the small hours of the morning, especially as in the dusk, wait-a-bit thorns would from time to time check the flow of the imagination, and lively young saplings had a playful way of expending their energies on your hands and face.

We were not alone in this desert place. Once I distinctly heard voices: this was doubted at the moment by those with me; but when, not a hundred yards distant, we came upon their smouldering camp-fires, they acknowledged that my ears had not deceived me. However, they said it would only be some inoffensive hunters who, hearing the noise that the caravan was making, had precipitately fled. When we came to number our men at the journey's end one was missing, and a search led to the discovery of a pool of blood where he had been killed; but no body or load could be discovered, the robbers having dragged both into the jungle.

As I led the way, some distance ahead of the caravan, an occasional growl and rustle in the bushes would be a token of the near proximity of a hyæna, making off as fast as his legs could carry him for fear a messenger in the shape of a bullet might come and inquire what he wanted.

When the sun rose and the heat began to increase we found ourselves very weary. Nor was I revived by observing here and there a beautiful white solitary flower perched like a bird on the horizontal branches of trees, evidently a parasite. I fondly imagined I should come across it at another time when less weary, and so passed it without keeping the specimens I met with; alas! I never found it again. I have since read a description of a flower that appears to me to be very similar in an account of the flora of the Island of Rodriguez. Presently three shots of a rifle were heard, and the cry of "*Ruga-Ruga!*" ("Robbers!") ran down the line like wild-fire. The men, especially the warlike Wasukuma, roused themselves in a moment; their head-man, Bunduki, begged me to see to the housing, or, rather, piling up of the loads in a heap, while he and his chief men ran to the battle. What a transformation—mild-eyed, gentle-looking blacks appeared to me as altered men: their nostrils were dilated, their eyes flashed fire, and every muscle quivered with excitement as they dashed past me eager for the fray. It was more than I could stand. I deputed the care of

the baggage to more peaceful brethren, seized my gun, and advanced towards the scene of action. It was a disappointment to the Wasukuma, for it proved to be a false alarm. We found out afterwards that it was a got-up thing by the wily Stokes. Seeing the men flagging and nearly worn out, he rightly thought that a little excitement would have a good effect, and so it had. Not knowing the imposture, we all revived and marched on with a will; and at 11:30 a.m. we reached a village, the Pero, or frontier town of Ugogo. The men in their excitement fired a *feu-de-joie*, and one of them by mistake discharged a bullet, which buried itself in the sand close to where I and the other white men were standing. Time after time do I trace the hand of a merciful Providence over us.

A day or two after this we arrived at a camp where the water was excessively bad. We had to draw it for everybody from one deep hole, and probably dead rats, mice, lizards, and other small animals had fallen in and been drowned and allowed to remain and putrefy. The water smelt most dreadfully, no filtering or boiling seemed to have any effect upon it, and soup, coffee, and all food was flavoured by it. That afternoon I went for a stroll with my boy and two guns to endeavour to supply the table with a little better meat than tough goat. I soon struck on the dry bed of a masika (wet season) torrent. Following this up a little way I saw a fine troop of monkeys, and wanting the skin of one for my collection I sent a bullet flying after him, without, however, producing any effect beyond a tremendous scamper. My boy then said to me, "If you want to kill a monkey, master, you should try buck-shot;" so returning him my rifle, I took my fowling-piece. Perhaps it was fortunate I did so; for about a hundred yards farther on the river-bed I took a sharp turn, and coming round the corner I lighted on three fine tawny lions. They were quite close to me, and had I had my rifle my first impulse might have been too strong for me to resist speeding the parting guest with a bullet; as it was, I came to a sudden halt and they ran away. In vain my boy begged me to retreat. I seized the rifle and ran after them as fast as my legs would carry me, but they were soon hidden in the dense jungle that lined the river-banks; and although I could hear one growling and breathing hard about ten yards from me, I could not get a shot.

Sunday, August 6th.—I had signs of fever in the early morning, so started away with Gordon to endeavour to walk it off. He being anxious to inspect the spot where I had seen the lions, we turned our steps in that direction. We never take guns on Sunday, unless, indeed, we are obliged to do a

march which sometimes is unavoidable. In this instance, the country being infested with bands of Wahumba robbers, we quietly slipped a pair of loaded revolvers in our belts and started; but I was too ill to walk far, and soon turned faint and sick, and with difficulty got back to bed. That evening my temperature shot up to 110°, and I was seized with violent rigors, and then nearly collapsed in a fainting-fit; but the promptitude of Stokes and Gordon, humanly speaking, saved me; and the next morning, although I was to have ridden the hospital donkey, I felt well enough to walk, and let one of the others who was complaining save his strength. The march was through quite new country on the north-east side of Ugogo; the scenery was pretty, and game abounded. Three magnificent ostriches tempted me, in spite of weakness, to endeavour to stalk them, but without success. We did not reach our camp until one o'clock, and it was a very dirty one; such a disagreeable smell pervaded it that I named it "The dead man's camp;" we could, however, find no trace of any corpse lying about. I had here another agonizing attack of fever. Fever is not always agonizing, but sometimes, as on the present occasion, it is accompanied by violent sickness, intense pain in every limb, and burning thirst. I had nothing to drink, and my tongue was so hard and dry that when I touched it with my finger it made a noise like scraping a file. In this state I was carried on in my hammock till nightfall, when we halted in the desert, without water.

I now had severe attacks every day, and on the 11th we were compelled to come to a standstill, for I was far too ill to be moved. My life hung in the balance for three days. I was so weak, that the mere fact of a head-man, in kindness, coming in and speaking a few words to me brought on a fainting-fit; and on another occasion, I nearly succumbed from moving across the tent from one bed to another.

On the 14th the fever left me, and I was able to sit up for five and ten minutes at a time, and the next day was lifted into a hammock and carried onwards. The second day I had not proceeded far when there was a cry of "*Ruga-Ruga!*" I jumped from my hammock, seized my gun, but could neither run nor walk, so I begged my men to carry me to the field of danger. They were greatly delighted at my anxiety to go, but at the same time declared I was far too ill to bear fatigue, and immediately bore me away without waiting to hear what was really the matter. Now carry this in your mind, reader, as you follow me. We, the white men, with the exception of Stokes and a few followers, one bearing my tent, proceeded across a sandy plain, and before very long came to a village, where we created the greatest excitement, for many of them

confessed that they had never seen a white man before; this, however, was not to be our halting-place, so, after a short palaver, we passed on. My men now began to tire, and one after the other disappeared until at last I was left with two who were positively unable to carry me; and, weak as I was, I was obliged to take to the donkey.

Once in camp I had my tent put up, but nobody else followed, nor could we possibly tell what had become of them. We were absolutely without anything except my tent; however, the natives trusted us, and towards evening the Sultan sent me an ox as a present. We determined to despatch scouts to look for Stokes and the caravan. These soon returned, bringing back with them messengers whom he had sent to find us. It now appeared that the cry of "*Ruga-Ruga!*" which had reached me arose in the following way. A neighbouring chief hearing of our near approach sent messengers to say that the road we intended taking, *i.e.* the road I had just come, was infested with robbers and was not safe; but his men would guide us securely by another path, thereupon a warning cry against robbers had run down the ranks and reached me. My men at once bore me away without waiting to solve the mystery, and Stokes, *etc.*, followed the messengers of the wily chief, whose only object was to receive a visit from the white men. As he remained with me, and the rest went some few miles to the camp, my boys gathered some stalks of mtama (millet) and made a bed which would have suited a man accustomed to sleep on a wood-heap, but was rather uncomfortable for a weakly invalid.

After I had been joined by the caravan we remained a day or two in this spot. It was an Elim to look at, many palm-trees and much water, and very picturesque.¹ The curiosity of the natives was unbounded. They swarmed round our tents from morning till night, asking to see everything we possessed; and as they are noted thieves, we had to keep an uncommonly sharp look-out. The men are exceedingly undressed, wearing only short goat-skins from the shoulder to the hip-bone. They besmear themselves with red ochre, and paint hideous devices on their faces, so that they look like red men rather than black. The hair is worn long, is often interwoven with bark fibre, and is plaited in various fashions, some of which are by no means unbecoming. The Ugogo type of countenance is for the most part very low in the scale, the features being broad and flat, with but little forehead. The few handsome exceptions one sees are, I am told, supposed to be Wamasai.

¹ See illustrations *Church Missionary Gleaner* for January, 1884.

The women are scrupulously clad, and the many copper and steel chains which they wear are particularly becoming. The great feature of the Wagogo is their ears. The lower lobes in men, women, and children are pierced. First starting, they begin with inserting a straw or two, or a ring of copper wire; these are gradually increased in number until at last the ear is sufficiently stretched to allow of the insertion of bits of stick, gourds, snuff-boxes, old cartridge cases, and other such articles. From a boy about twelve years old I got a block of wood that he had in his ear considerably larger than the cork of a gooseberry bottle. Sometimes the lobe is so distended that it hangs down to the shoulder and refuses to hold anything inserted in it; in such a case it is used as a suspensary for fine chains, or coils of iron wire. Sometimes you would see them quite broken down, so that, to their immense regret, they could wear nothing. I have often been asked to mend their ears; but although I could easily have done it by nipping off the ends, and binding them together, yet I always refused to encourage their vanity.

I am supposed to be perverse, and so it was, I imagine, that I took a great fancy to these ill-famed Wagogo. It struck me that there was something very manly about them; even the boys were daubed with war-paint, and were armed with bright spears and skin shields, some of which I could not help coveting a little, but they asked such enormous prices when anything was said about buying and selling that I had to forego purchasing. Hyænas abounded in this locality, and were very noisy and troublesome at night. They kept some of the others awake, but I must say that I never was greatly disturbed; and further, I thoroughly delight in these weird sounds, and like to think of a leopard or lion stalking round my tent. I never could bring myself to believe that they would be bold enough to claw me out of bed, although some did say, with an ominous shake of the head, "You will see."

The Baobab tree (*Andamsonia digitata*), although it occurs plentifully elsewhere from the Cape Coast to the Victoria Nyanza, and from thence to the coast of Senegal, is an especial feature in Ugogo, and some of the largest I ever saw I met with there. The Wagogo are reputed to bury their dead inside the hollow ones; and although I cannot vouch for it, it is far from unlikely. Our men when they passed a hollow tree always went to the entrance and saluted the demon that is supposed to reside therein, with "Jambo Bwana" ("How do you do, sir?") I used safely to say, "*Akijibu Jambo Sanu Mtakufa*" ("If he answers, 'Very well, thank you,' you will die"). These trees we used to hail with delight in thinly populated districts where water was scarce, for they are almost an un-

failing token that there is a river or spring close at hand ; and they are said, too, often to be filled with water themselves, but this I never had an opportunity of proving. The nuts are contained in a large pod, and are surrounded by an acid powder, which is by no means disagreeable to a thirsty palate.

By the 21st of August we had passed through Ugogo without having paid hongo (tax), a triumph in African travel. It always has been the custom to pay the chiefs at whose village you camp, or whose territories you pass through, a poll-tax of so many cloths. This tax has been a great burden to our caravans, for often two or three valuable days have been spent in palavering over the amount to be paid : waste of time means further expenditure of cloth beyond the actual tax itself. If a strong caravan refuses their demand they take their vengeance on the next weak one that passes that way, so that the safety of others much depends on the conduct of large bands of travellers. We, however, ventured on an entirely new route, and escaped without any inconvenience.

On the 22nd we had arranged to enter the region of deserts that divides the country of the Wagogo from that of the Wanyamwezi. The first news that reached me in the morning before daylight was, that the men refused to start, on the plea that they were not sufficiently provided to encounter the first huge stretch of desert, or, as I must henceforth call it, Pori. Stokes's argument was, that they ought to have been prepared, or, at all events, should have announced it the night before according to universal custom ; and so he, declining to remain, started, begging us to follow. I tried to kindle a little fire of enthusiasm in the camp, but in vain. " We won't come ! " they shouted, and they did not come. A few faithfuls and " Fridays " followed us, but the rest remained in camp.

Mounting a very steep hill, through jungle so dense that it was impossible for me to ride, to which the donkey had not the slightest objection, I reached the desert plateau. Nothing could be much more dismal. It was so dry that no bird, beast, butterfly, nor beetle broke the monotony, and this, I was informed, was to be the general state of things for a hundred miles. However, proceeding for some distance we suddenly came upon an oasis—a river-bed lying in deeply cleft tufa rocks, which had the appearance of having been rent and torn by an earthquake ; they bore a most marked resemblance to the clefts and fissures in Lundy Island. As we appeared on the scene away dashed a beautiful herd of antelopes ; a colony of rock-rabbits made a wild scamper for their holes, and several coveys of partridges and guinea-fowls took to wing, such confusion, such a zoological earthquake did the presence of man create.

Well, as I said, only a few men had followed us, we waited in vain for the rest; fortunately we had our tents and some provisions, and so we ordered breakfast to be cooked. While awaiting this always slow process words waxed warm, and threats of some sort of punishment began to be made, when it was suggested that before any determination was arrived at we should have prayers. A change of tone followed, cooler thoughts arose, and a whisper was heard that perhaps the men were not altogether wrong, although they should have spoken last night. After a sort of scratch meal it was agreed that Stokes should return to camp. The men's affection for him was strongly brought out by this temporary misunderstanding, for they received him with open arms, and soon came to a peaceable settlement of the matter.¹

The men arrived early: they were in the main right, but we lost two days by it, and we, the white men, had to spend these in the desert. Then again, as we afterwards found, it made our camps all come wrong; we had to rest at the camps and sleep at the resting-places, for this spot was half a Pori march, and we could not afford to take only half a march the next day to get into the right order, for it is necessary, for fear of starvation, to cross the desert as quickly as possible. A hundred miles does not seem a long stretch in the land of railways, but when you have to march at caravan-pace, and everything has to be carried by men, and you have with you women, children and sick, it is next to impossible to go beyond twenty miles a day. Even that is terrible work under a tropical sun, and we always avoided going such a distance if possible.

I have travelled a great deal, and in many different ways, but I know of nothing more trying and fatiguing, nor yet more exciting and delightful (if such a paradox can possibly be understood) than crossing a Pori. I had so recently been climbing the Alps, that I had at the time the same coat on my back that I had worn to the summit of Monte Rosa; and yet if that coat, which had been frozen stiff at one time, and scorched in equatorial regions soon after, could have told you

¹ During the afternoon a dead man was discovered in the neighbourhood of our tents; at night the wind shifted, and the stench was most terrible. We were unable then to move, so I had a large fire lighted close to the door, and one inside to purify the air. The first thing in the morning I ordered my tent to be shifted a long way off. When this was completed, somebody, induced by morbid curiosity, went round to have a look at the dead man, but he had utterly disappeared having been eaten by wild beasts even more completely than Jezebel, for nothing of him remained. This is very unusual, for they generally leave the skull.

the feelings of its wearer, it would declare that he found more enjoyment in the desert than in the grand scenery of the Alps.

Take it as a rule, you start at sunrise, which is often so gorgeous that it defies description. During the early hours herds of antelope bound into the thicket at your approach.

Wild boar, giraffe, fresh tracks of elephants, but never elephants themselves, are met with. Presently you enter dense tangle, so thick that it seems to defy even the wild beasts to penetrate it. No view is to be seen. The pathway itself is at times quite hidden; and yet in the dry season the leafless boughs form no protection against the burning rays of the sun. Now we come upon the dry bed of a pool, and I discover a shell that I have never seen before. It considerably enlivens me, and the next mile passes without a murmur. Then a shriek of joy. "Elephants?" "No! or I should not have made a noise." "Giraffe?" "No!" "Water?" "No!" "Well, what?" "A tortula!" "What's that?—a snake?" "No; a moss; haven't seen a vestige of moss for a hundred miles." "Oh!" with an emphasis that no explanation will exactly convey. Afterwards, "*Ona Bwana mbuyu!*" ("See, master, a baobab tree!") Ah yes, sure enough, standing out in solitary grandeur, there it is, and that means water and a halt for the night.

The next morning Gordon and I, with our boys, steal off before it is daylight, for Stokes has said he can do well enough without us. It is supposed to be unwise to go on ahead, because of robbers; but I never could see it, for robbers have a wholesome dread of white men; and what they want is cloth or any other burdens, so that a small party without baggage was always, to my mind, fairly safe. "Paa!" cries a boy, and a sweet little gazelle bounds into the grass; but, much as we want food, we won't shoot, as the men may take fright and declare it is robbers. Presently a low moan, and I see forest dogs (*Hyæna venatica*) in full cry. We watch them unobserved. Then, "What is this?" Half a dozen skulls, some broken boxes, an arrow-head. Robbers have been here. It is a sad scene, and it makes one think whether it would be wiser to wait until the caravan came up. An eagle flapped lazily across the path; he, too, had had his share of the spoil and in the fight, for he scarce got part without a battle for it with the jackalls and hyænas.

Sunday, August 27th.—Gladly would our weary frames have accepted the divinely-given day of rest; but it could not be. It was the sixth day since the men had left the village, and our seventh, and food was running short. We waited until we had had service, and then proceeded. Soon after starting I

have to rush in and stop a fight. Words had not only waxed high, but guns were about to be used. I seized one of their guns, but it was some little time before I could drag it out of the man's hands; nor did I feel very safe in the skirmish, for a full-cocked loaded gun, with weak and worn-out lock, is not the safest thing to be wrestling over. We came into camp just after sunset, without water, and soon one of the men's grass huts caught fire, and the whole camp was in danger of being burnt to the ground; but a good deal of stamping (with a great deal of yelling) put it out, and we quietly proceeded with our evening service.

Two days after this we arrived at Itura, a small district in the midst of this desert region, just nine days after we had last left a village. So short were we of food that we started away at daybreak on next to nothing, and welcomed, as better than nectar, some of the sourest milk that I ever tasted. I unfortunately chose a site for my tent that I found afterwards the cooks had taken a fancy to. The consequence was that things would not go right. The fire would not burn, and we got no food until seven p.m. Never let a hungry traveller fall out with his cook until after a hearty meal.

We made a short stay here, took in a fresh supply of provisions, and then started again to attack another long spell of Pori. One good piece of news we heard was, that through the influence of Mirambo the route was free from robbers. Although this took off the edges of the corners you turned, and did away with a lot of anticipatory excitement, yet there was a kind of pleasant satisfaction about it that we all appreciated.

To come now to our last day's march. The best part of thirty-six miles still remained to be done, and it was felt to be desirable to make one thing of it and get it over, the more especially as it was doubtful if there was any water on the road. I announced my intention of starting away at midnight, as there was a full moon, and the other white men jumped at the idea of going with me. It was afterwards arranged that any volunteers among the men might accompany us; so at twelve a.m. we started, twenty-four all told. It was a beautiful night—a poetic one, in fact; and for three hours the men marched well together. After this I found them getting a little troublesome, and so undertook to look after the stragglers. I had just been expostulating with one about dawdling, and, to give force to my arguments, I added, "Then I shall leave you, and the lions will eat you," when almost at the moment I heard a shot, then three or four more, and loud yells and shouts. In the excitement I dashed to the front, entirely forgetting that my boy was carrying my gun behind me, and was in no

such hurry to advance. Discovering I was unarmed, I seized a gun from the retreating figure of Duta, from whom I learnt that it was not robbers, but a lion, noisily enjoying his supper in the bushes close to the path, and refusing to budge in spite of all the noise and firing of guns, which, however, had only been discharged into the air. I begged men and brethren to be quiet and calm, took my own gun, and advanced to the fray; but the men danced round me, yelled that I must come back, and one even seized my coat-tails. Two of the leaders now took to the trees, seeing I was not to be easily dissuaded, and were soon followed by most of the men. Ashe, armed with a revolver, and Gordon with an umbrella—all honour to them—determined to die with me. Of all lion-scenes that I have heard and read of, I think this was about the most laughable. There was the lion, wroth beyond measure, determined that nothing should spoil his supper—a regular dog with a bone. There was I, preparing to fire, when in rushed a black boy, who had seized a spare gun, and discharged it wildly in the direction of the lion, and just in front of me. Fortunately he missed, although the bullet went very close to where the lion was. I saw him move and drag his prey farther into the jungle, and there lost sight of him, although I could hear from his growling exactly where he was. My supporters refused to leave me. I felt competent to avoid a charge by myself, yet I could not look out for them; so I mournfully abandoned the pursuit, grieved to the heart to lose such a splendid chance.

At six a.m. we reached a pool so betrotten by elephants that the water was utterly undrinkable. We were told we might find water, and we had agreed, if we did, to remain and cook food. However, this being impossible, I gave orders that all should travel at their own pace, and reach camp as best they could. I went on with Gordon. Hour after hour slowly passed away; the forest seemed unending. Eleven a.m. still on the move; no signs of a clearing; twelve p.m., the same. One p.m. a man utterly collapsed; two brethren prostrate under a tree; and I announced my intention of remaining under the next shady spot I could find, for three hours, until the cool of the day set in.

An hour went slowly by, and although I was constantly passing trees, not one could I find with sufficient shelter under which to halt. Instead of shade, however, here and there one showed signs of being lopped; in other words, there was "the print of a man's foot upon the sand," and habitations must be near. I have never been so tired but that the signs of a clearing gave me fresh life, and so it did at the end of thirty-four miles. In a short time we met my man Ibrahim returning with water, and soon after reached a village, although not the camping-

ground. Another hour's march led us to the right spot, and we gladly accepted the invitation of the natives to lodge within the walls of their tembe. We learnt there the sad news of Dr. Southon's death.

On the 4th of September we reached the mission station at Uyuvi, and were heartily welcomed by Copplestone. That very day I failed with dysentery, and up to the 13th I lay at death's door, every remedy failing to produce any satisfactory effect. The Jesuit priests at Unyanyembe (the spot where Dr. Livingstone and Stanley parted), hearing of my illness, sent a prescription of carbolic acid, and the very next day I was slightly better. The brethren, however, had met, and after much deliberation agreed that I was unfit to proceed, and they must go forward without me. The decision came as a tremendous disappointment; but I expected it, and received it as an oracle from heaven. On the 15th they left, with the exception of Gordon, and I never thought to see them more. Soon after this acute rheumatism set in, which in a few days turned to rheumatic fever, and I lost all power, being quite unable to stand. Again let me bear witness to Gordon's extreme attention and kindness in nursing me night and day. He would not let me die. On October 5th dysentery returned, and I was desperately ill and in such agony that I had to ask all to leave me to let me scream, as it seemed slightly to relieve the intense pain. In this state I said to Gordon, "Can it be long before I die?" His answer was "No; nor can you desire that it should be so." However, the next day I was somewhat relieved. To our great astonishment in walked Stokes. He had been compelled to turn back on account of the hostility of the natives. I no sooner heard it than I exclaimed, "I shall live, and not die." It at once struck me that they had come back in order that I might go on, and the thought inspired me with new life. The brethren had been unanimous before; now they were divided. Some were strongly in favour of my returning home; others said that I was different to other people, and was afflicted with an iron will. I don't think it was altogether true, but I decided to go on.

JAMES HANNINGTON.

