

these arrangements, he returned to the river, and, taking the little dingy, started for Gondokoro, and, in an hour and a half, reached it, ten miles distant. The sight of the boat all alone, advancing with such rapidity, filled soldiers and people with anxiety, and they thronged the shore as it shot to the beach. The report filled all but the disaffected Egyptian troops with delight.

On the 17th of October, he started again to hurry on the gathering and shipment of the corn. He found Raouf Bey negligent and careless,—he had, in fact, occupied but one Island, leaving the natives to carry off the corn from the others at their leisure. He immediately detailed troops to occupy these, and sent Raouf Bey back to Gondokoro with orders to dispatch all the invalids to Khartoum, but on no account permit any others to go.

On the 13th of October, he sent Lieutenant Baker farther up the river to occupy some rich islands in that direction. On the 21st, a boat returned with a letter from him, reporting his success. After twelve days of hard and successful work, he received notice that the two stations he had established were finished, and so he sent Abdullah, commanding one, to take his detachment and march south and occupy the villages on the mainland opposite the vessels anchored alongside the islands.

On the 24th of October, having loaded several vessels with corn, Baker was amusing himself shooting ducks, when, about half-past four, he heard rapid file-firing in the distance. He at once returned to his boat, where he found his wife stationed on the high poop deck, watching the engagement taking place on the mainland.

"The troops were about a mile distant, and while steadily on the march according to my instructions, they were suddenly attacked by the natives in great force. This was a square stand-up fight. The big drums and horns were sounding throughout the country, and the natives were pouring from all directions to the battle. The white uniforms of the soldiers formed a strong contrast to the black figures of the native Baris; thus we

could see the affair distinctly. We could also hear the orders given by bugle.

"Major Abdullah had prudently secured his rear, by the occupation of one of the small villages, fortified by a hedge of impenetrable euphorbia. He then threw out skirmishers in line, supported by the force that held the village. The natives were yelling in all directions, and I never before saw them make such a good fight upon the open ground. They not only outflanked, but entirely surrounded Abdullah's detachment of ninety men. The troops were keeping up a heavy fire, which did not appear to produce any decided result, as the natives thronged to the fight and advanced close up to the fire of the soldiers, whom they attacked with bows and arrows. I ordered our solitary field-piece to be dismounted and placed in the large rowing-boat, together with a rocket-trough and the requisite ammunition, in readiness to support Abdullah with a flank attack upon the natives, by crossing the river should it be necessary. As our vessels were in close view, I waited for the signal by bugle, should Abdullah require assistance.

"I had only twenty-two men of the 'Forty Thieves' with me, together with the eight artillery-men belonging to the gun. The remainder of the 'Forty' were holding the second island, about four miles in our rear. Just before dark, I noticed the Baris were giving way; they had evidently suffered some loss, which caused a sudden retreat. I heard the bugle sound 'the advance,' and we could see the troops advancing and firing in pursuit. The Baris ceased blowing their horns, and collected in dense bodies at a great distance from the troops, who had halted and now held the position.

"Only occasional shots were now fired, and the sun having set, darkness gradually dissolved the view.

"I fully expected that the Baris would renew the attack during the night, but I knew that Abdullah was safe in his strong position within a village surrounded by the high and dense hedge of the euphorbia; the thick, fleshy branches of this tree are the best protec-

tion against arrows. I ordered the boat with the gun to remain in readiness, so as to start at a moment's notice, should we hear firing renewed during the night. I should then be able to land the gun and take them unexpectedly on the flank with case shot.

"Morning broke without any night alarm. I had filled the vessel with the last of the corn upon the island, therefore I determined to cross over with my force and to meet the detachment under Major Abdullah. This occupied about an hour, and we dropped down the channel and took up an excellent position against a high shore that formed a convenient landing-place. From this point the land rose rapidly, and the entire landscape was covered with villages abounding in corn. The natives appeared to have deserted the country.

"Having given the necessary order, I took my shot gun, and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, Monsoor, and two soldiers of 'the Forty,' I walked along the river's bank toward the village occupied by Major Abdullah's detachment, who I imagined might have found a large quantity of corn, which accounted for the delay in commencing the morning's march.

"There were great numbers of ducks and geese on the river's bank; thus as we walked toward Abdullah's village, about a mile and a-half distant, we made a tolerable bag. We had at length arrived within half-a-mile of the village, which was situated upon high ground, about six hundred yards from the river, when I noticed a number of people issuing from the gateway, carrying large baskets upon their heads.

"'The soldiers have found plenty of corn,' remarked Monsoor, 'they are carrying it from the googoos.'

"My eyes were better than Monsoor's. I at once perceived that the people thus employed were Baris!

"We were only five guns now, separated from our vessels by about a mile, and the troops under Major Abdullah had evidently evacuated their position!

"Where upon earth had they gone? and for what reason? Certainly we had the river on our right flank,

but we might have been attacked and cut off from our vessels had the Baris the pluck to assume the offensive. It was time to retreat, but as I wished the Baris to believe we felt quite at our ease, we accomplished the move very easily, and strolled quietly homeward, shooting ducks and snipe as we walked along.

"The moment I arrived at the vessels, I dispatched a party in the steamer's large boat, under Captain Mohammed Deii, of the "Forty Thieves,' to row down the river and to recall Abdullah's detachment, that must have retreated for some inconceivable reason. The current ran at nearly four miles per hour; thus the boat would be sure to overtake them.

"I was exceedingly annoyed. A force of ninety men had evidently been cowed by their engagement with the natives on the previous evening, and had retreated upon Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet's position, instead of joining me, according to orders. At the same time my vessels had been in sight only a mile and a-half distant. I was thus left with a small party of thirty men while ninety men had fallen back.

"This was an example of the utter helplessness of the officers and men when left to themselves. If the natives had repeated the attack, they would most probably have got into dire confusion.

"Having started the boat I took ten men of 'the Forty' and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, I marched along the bank in order to meet the detachment on its return when recalled by Mohammed Deii. During the march I continued to shoot ducks, as this amusement would deceive the natives respecting the retreat of Major Abdullah, which might then be attributed to some other cause than fear.

"In about an hour I distinguished a sail coming round the point. The wind was fair, and she quickly ran up the stream. I now discovered that she was towing the boat that I had sent down the river to recall Abdullah's detachment. Upon her near approach I hailed the

vessel and ordered her to land the troops (with which she was crowded) upon the west shore.

"In a short time, Major Abdullah and his gallant company had landed and formed in line. His excuse for the precipitate retreat which he had commenced at daybreak was, that he feared a renewed attack and he was short of ammunition. He had, therefore, determined to fall back on the station occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet. He appeared to have forgotten that he could have communicated with me by bugle.

"I inspected the men's pouches and found that most of them had eighteen or twenty rounds of cartridge, while the minimum contained eleven rounds; this is what the Major considered a short supply of ammunition for a march of a mile and a-half along a beautiful open country to my vessels."

Abdullah described the overwhelming number of the natives and their extreme bravery in the attack which his troops had repelled without any loss to themselves. At the same time the troops under his command had killed twenty Baris, whose bodies he had himself counted.

"I now ordered them to advance to the village, as I wished to examine the position. Upon arrival at the spot where the battle had taken place, there were a number of vultures settled in various spots where the ground was marked with blood, and the cleanly-picked skeleton of a man lying close to the euphorbia hedge, showing that the Baris had really come to close quarters."

The natives had carried off their dead with the exception of this one body that had been cleaned by the vultures. Baker now marched south until he came to six villages close together all full of corn. Here he established Major Abdullah to collect corn—making this his central station. On the 3rd, he sent vessels loaded with corn to Gondokoro. The next day, he dispatched fifteen of his "Forty Thieves" to the south, to villages that had not yet been disturbed. In the meantime, he had made a nice little camp on the bank, erected huts and gran-

aries, which were soon filled with corn, awaiting transportation to Gondokoro. While busily engaged in superintending all these arrangements, he suddenly heard steady firing in the direction taken by the small party of "the Forty."

Ordering his horse, and taking with him three of the "Forty Thieves" and Monsoor, he started off on a trot in the direction of the firing. After riding about a mile and a half, he came suddenly upon a village, on two of the tallest huts of which two of the "Forty Thieves" were standing as sentries, while the rest were taking long shots at negroes who had attacked them. It was regular target practice at long range. Baker says:

"My arrival on the summit, on a white horse, attended only by Monsoor and three soldiers, was a signal for a great blowing of horns and beating of drums. Immense numbers of natives were to be seen in all parts of the view before us. They ran eagerly from their villages, and collected from every quarter, evidently bent upon a fight with my little party.

"I ordered my men to cease firing, as they were wasting their ammunition uselessly and destroying the prestige of the rifles by missing at long ranges.

"I ordered a general advance in open order, about four yards apart; thus twenty men covered a line of about seventy-six paces.

"This front, with the men in scarlet uniform, made a tolerable show. I rode at the head on a very beautiful Arab, 'Greedy Grey,' that was the most perfect of all the horses I had brought from Egypt; excelling in breed, speed, beauty and temper. He was very powerful; and would stand the fire of heavy guns without flinching.

"My little company moved forward in quick time. This was the signal for a chorus of yells upon all sides; the big drums sounded louder than before, and the horns of the Baris bellowed in every direction.

"Great numbers of natives now advanced with their bows and arrows, gesticulating and leaping from side to

side in their usual manner, so as to prevent the possibility of a steady aim.

"As yet they were about six hundred yards distant, and I continued the march forward as though no enemy were present. As we descended a ravine and marched up the opposite incline, I found that the natives retired over the next undulation. Their line of front extended about a mile and a quarter, while we occupied, at the most, eighty paces.

"Having marched about a mile without firing a shot, and finding that the natives invariably fell back as we advanced, at the same time they kept the same interval between us, I at once understood their tactics. It was now five o'clock; the sun would set within an hour, and their intention was to draw us forward until darkness would reduce the power of the rifles. They would then be able to surround us, and very possibly overpower our small force during our retreat to the vessels in the dark.

"I halted my men and explained to them the Baris's dodge. I now ordered the retreat after this manner. We should hurry down hill and up the next undulation, so as to deceive the enemy with the idea of a precipitate retreat. This would induce an advance on their side. The Baris would be certain to follow us at full speed if they supposed we were afraid of them. It was my intention to cross rapidly the first undulation, where my men would for a few minutes be out of view of the enemy, and there to conceal them in a deserted village which I had noticed during our advance. This would be an ambush that would take the Baris by surprise, as they would imagine we had passed ahead, they would, therefore, come near the village.

"The order to the 'right about' was given, and my men, who took a keen interest in the plan, commenced so precipitate a march down hill, that my horse was forced to a jog-trot. I heard the savage yells of the enemy, who, as I had expected, now followed us with the hope of cutting off our retreat to the vessels.

"We crossed the dry, rocky bed of the torrent in the

bottom, and ascended the hill-face rapidly. Looking back, I saw the natives running at full speed in pursuit. They began to descend the hill just as we had crossed the summit of the high ground; thus they lost sight of us as we quickly concealed ourselves behind the huts and granaries of a deserted village. I hid my horse behind a hut, and the men, having surrounded the positions, crouched low on the ground behind the most convenient cover. Unfortunately, the natives, who were on the high ground on our right flank as we faced about, perceived the snare, and endeavoured to give the alarm by blowing upon their whistles of antelope horn. This was either misunderstood or unheeded by the enemy in our rear, who quickly made their appearance.

"I had ordered my men to reserve their fire, and not to expend any ammunition until the command should be given. My good Monsoor was to reload for me, and I borrowed a Snider rifle from a soldier. I rested the 'Dutchman' against the googoo or wicker granary, behind which I was concealed.

"The natives on our right flank now pressed forward, which would bring them in our rear; at the same time those in our front appeared in very loose and open order, evidently looking for us in all directions.

"I observed a man painted red, like a stick of sealing-wax, with large ivory bracelets upon his arms. This fellow was in advance, and he ascended a small ant-hill to obtain a better view. Monsoor whispered: 'That's the Sheikh.' At the same time I had taken a rest with the rifle as I knelt down by the googoo stand. A puff of smoke, and the sharp crack of the rifle startled the enemy, as the red shiekh rolled over. The yells increased on all sides, the whistles of the antelope-horns now sounded a shrill alarm, during which the red shiekh recovered his legs and vainly attempted a dance of defiance. The leading Baris shot off their arrows, but they fell short. In the meantime my men had remained motionless. Concealment was now useless; I therefore threw off the cover of a googoo, into which excellent

position I had climbed, while Monsoor stood upon the framework to hand me a spare rifle.

"The circular googoo raised three feet from the ground afforded a splendid lookout. In this I could turn and fire in every direction, like a pivot gun on a Martello tower.

"The red sheikh was now about two hundred yards distant, and was gesticulating to his people, who were evidently shy of closing with our position. A shot from the googoo struck him through the body, and he staggered and fell, never to rise again.

"A few natives immediately made a rush forward to recover him. One immediately fell at a shot from the googoo, but recovering himself like a cat, he staggered down the hill. Another quick shot cracked upon the body of a native, who was caught in the arms of his comrades and dragged away as they precipitately retreated in all directions from the dangerous locality.

"My men now begged me to allow them to charge and capture the man who was endeavouring to escape. I gave them leave, and a party of fifteen dashed out in pursuit, with loud yells, after the retreating natives. For about a minute the natives faced them and shot their arrows, but the gallant fifteen coolly knelt upon the clear ground, and, taking steady rest upon their knees, opened a fire that wounded one man, who was immediately supported by his fellows, and drove the enemy before them. The fifteen immediately charged forward and bayoneted a fugitive, and returned with his bow and arrows in triumph.

"The enemy had quickly had the worst of it. They were now standing in all directions at distances varying from four hundred to one thousand paces. Many of them were actually in our rear, but I noticed that these fellows were already opening to the right and left, as though they faltered in their determination to resist our retreat to the vessels. I determined to follow up the first advantage. I therefore ordered my men to hand me their rifles as quickly as I required them, and I

opened fire in all directions from my elevated position.

"The Baris would not stand in the open ground before the Sniders.

"Having set the sights for four hundred yards, I took them first and continued until the country was completely cleared of an enemy up to one thousand paces.

"The ground was dry and dusty, thus each bullet marked its hit as the puff of dust rose from the earth like a jet of smoke.

"Some of the enemy were knocked over at very long ranges; others were so scared by the close practice, as the bullets either struck the ground at their feet or pinged close to their ears, that they cleared off as quickly as possible. Their noisy drums had ceased, and suddenly I perceived a general skedaddle, as those upon our right flank started off at full speed, shouting and yelling to alarm the rest. I now distinguished a body of troops hurrying at the double-quick down the hillside in the distance. These were commanded by an active Soudani officer (lieutenant), who had been in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine. He had heard the firing as he was returning with his day's collection of corn to the vessels; he had, therefore, dropped the corn and hurried on with his party to our support. I ordered the bugles to sound the retreat, and, having joined forces, we marched without further opposition.

"We reached the diahbeeah and my little camp about half an hour after dark."

CHAPTER XIV.

Vessels leave for Khartoum with the Invalids—Abdullah's villainy—Exploring the White Nile—Meeting a friendly tribe—Interview with the Sheikh—Sorcery and Talismans—Magic—An elephant hunt—Its moral effects—Scramble for the flesh—The tribes seek peace—Elephants enter the fort—A wild scene—Elephants gathering fruit—An adventure with a hippopotamus—The country at peace—Baker resolves to start south.

AFTER the departure of Major Abdullah, the natives attacked the other station near him, commanded by Colonel Achmet, and had wounded him in the back with a barbed arrow, which had to be cut out. Another passed through the heart of his servant, killing him on the spot, while several soldiers had been wounded. On the 3d of November, thirty vessels had left Gondokoro for Khartoum, taking about one thousand one hundred people, including women, sailors and invalids. This was contrary to Baker's express orders, and was done on purpose by Raouf Bey, to weaken the force and cripple him so that he could not carry out the object of his expedition. By this means he was reduced to five hundred and two officers and men, which should have numbered one thousand six hundred and forty-five. This was really the work of the ruffianly slave-trader, Abou Saood, who had now apparently gained his point, and the expedition was paralyzed. Baker had written for reinforcements, but he did not know when they would arrive, while there remained but one year and four months of the time allowed him to accomplish his work. But he determined, reduced, as he was, not to relax his efforts to secure the great end of the expedition. He had conquered the Baris and Gondokoro was well fortified, so that he had nothing to fear from that quarter.

On the 10th of November he took one hundred and fifty men to reconnoitre the country, at the last cataracts of the White Nile, some six miles distant. As he

marched along the high ground, nothing could exceed the beauty of the country as an agricultural settlement. The long, sloping undulations were ornamented with innumerable villages, in all of which were overflowing granaries. Ascending a slope, to his astonishment he saw a large number of natives who appeared friendly. Leaving his rifle with Monsoor, he rode up within fifty yards of them. His interpreter explained that he was only on an exploration. and had no intention of taking their property, but wished to see their sheikh. They said they were governed by a great sheikh named Bedden, whose territory was bounded by the torrent bed he had just crossed. They promised he should pay Baker a visit on the morrow; in the meantime, if he required any corn, they would supply him. This was a politeness to which he was quite unaccustomed. He therefore thanked them, but declined their offer, saying that he wanted nothing from them except friendship. He now discovered that these people had never had any connection with the slave-traders, who were afraid to molest so powerful a tribe. At parting, he gave them a white handkerchief, as a signal to his sentries, when they should arrive.

"We then," he says, "returned to our station, the troops sharing the satisfaction that I felt, in having at length discovered friends.

"On the following day, at about Three p.m., the sentry on the hill called to the guard that a very large body of natives were approaching the station. I presumed that these were the followers of Bedden, I therefore ascended the slope and examined them with a telescope. My suspicions were aroused from the extraordinary number of people—at least seven hundred natives were accompanying their sheikh. I returned to camp and made preparations to receive his visit with a guard of honour. I drew up a hundred men paralled with the river, about fifty yards from the bank, near the bow of my diahbeeah. Fifty men were in line at right angles with the river—thus the lines formed two sides of a

square. In the front I placed the field-piece, loaded with canister-shot. I intended to receive Bedden with due honour in the hollow square, thus protected. In the event of treachery, his force could be almost annihilated by one discharge.

"The hill sentry now reported the arrival of a messenger, who waved a white handkerchief on the end of a bamboo. This was the signal agreed upon, and the messenger was allowed to pass. He communicated the fact of Bedden's approach; in a few minutes later the great sheikh arrived. He was very tall and gaunt; and, without any delay, he and his people were ushered into the hollow square, where they all stuck their lances in the ground and sat down.

"I now sent for Bedden and a few of his principal men to the poop deck of my diahbeeah, which being covered with carpets, and arranged with sofas and chairs, was something very astonishing to the great sheikh, who had never seen anything but a vessel in the distance.

"I now explained the objects of the expedition; at the same time I presented him with a long Egyptian blue shirt that reached to his ankles and made him look more respectable. A crimson sash round his waist, and a red tarboosh (fez) upon his head, improved his appearance wonderfully and he began to feel at home.

"I presented him with six pounds of beads of various colours, together with some strings of harness bells. A brass bugle and a large mirror attracted more attention than any other curiosities. I gave him a brass bugle, to his great delight.

"The use of the cannon was then explained to him, and the effects of the shell were pardonably exaggerated to produce a respect for the weapon.

"He gave us six pots of Merissa and some fowls, promising to come again to-morrow.

"All these people believe in sorcery, and each sheikh possesses spells and conjurors. Tortoise shells, scales of the manis, lion's claws and those of the leopard, roots,

knots of trees of peculiar shape, and many other things, are worn as talismans.

While here, Baker examined carefully the geological formation of the country, and frequently worked for gold in the most likely spots in the deep ravines, but he found no signs of gold or other precious metals.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

"On 13th November, at sunrise, Lieutenant Baker started with the troops to convey corn from a distant village. I was sitting on the poop deck of the diahbeeah, enjoying a pipe and a cup of coffee, when he suddenly galloped back with the news that a herd of bull elephants was approaching from the west. I was not prepared for elephant-shooting, and I recommended him to return to the troops, who would otherwise waste their time. I had no suspicion that elephants would approach our position after having been disturbed by the soldiers, in a country that was perfectly open.

"Lieutenant Baker cantered back to his men, while I commenced to write up my journal according to my daily custom.

"In about a quarter of an hour the sentry reported a herd of elephants. All my people clambered up upon the googoos and huts to obtain a good view of the herd, which, from the high poop-deck of the diahbeeah, we could see distinctly.

"There were eleven bulls, and they were marching in close order along the bank of the river, approaching us at about four hundred yards distance.

"I should have thought it almost as likely to meet a herd of elephants in Hyde Park, as to find them in this open and thickly-populated country. I now distinguished natives along the distant heights, all of whom were attracted by the uncommon occurrence. In the meantime the elephants approached, swinging their trunks and huge ears to and fro, apparently unconscious of the presence of the vessels and the people.

"I always kept my guns and ammunition in beautiful

order, arranged on a rack in the cabin. On the left hand side were the shot guns, *i.e.*, two breach-loading No. 12; four muzzle-loading No. 10. On the right the rifles; the little 'Dutchman,' two breech-loading Reilly No. 8, two muzzle-loading Holland half-pounders that carried an iron lead-coated explosive shell, containing a bursting charge of half an ounce of fine grain powder. These two elephant rifles were very hard hitters, and carried twelve drachms of powder. The ammunition for the rifles was on a shelf that formed the rack, contained in a small bag with a simple reload, and a large bag with a considerable supply.

"I quickly mounted 'Greedy Gray' and told my servant Suleiman to send on my rifles directly with ammunition. I ordered my men to run up the heights and to come down at about two hundred paces in the rear of the elephants, where they were to form a line as though in skirmishing order. This line of red shirts would most probably check the elephants from rushing back. My men had orders to fire at the elephants, and to endeavor to turn them should they attempt to retreat.

"I was now on 'Greedy Gray;' the sloping ground was as clean as a race course, I therefore galloped up the slope so as to keep above the elephants. The horse flew along at full speed.

"In a few seconds, I reined up the slope about a hundred yards above the herd, which had now halted close to the river's bank. They regarded the horse with some curiosity and massed themselves together.

"In the meantime my 'Forty,' who were capital runners, were moving rapidly along the heights, and they presently came down and formed in a long open line from the edge of the river up the slope. During this operation the elephants only moved their ears and trunks, but remained in the same position. They were now completely surrounded; the diahbeeah and my people were in the front, I was above them on one flank, and the servants were coming up with the rifles. In their rear was a line of about twenty soldiers, and on the other

flank was the deep river, about one hundred and ten yards wide from the mainland to the island.

"Just as the rifles were in a few yards of me, and I was preparing to dismount, the elephants wheeled suddenly round and took to water. They had been standing in a low, swampy spot, that was frequently overflowed; thus they had no difficulty in descending to the river. Close to this place the bank was perpendicular and as hard as brick.

"I ran down to the river, but, by the time of my arrival, the elephants had gained the opposite bank; there, however, they were in difficulty. The water was deep, and the shore of the island was perpendicular and about six feet above the water. They could not get out without breaking down the bank so as to form an incline. Already these enormous creatures, which are accustomed to such difficulties, were tearing down the earth with their tusks and horney-toed feet; still it was a work of time, that gave me a good opportunity.

"It was difficult to obtain a shot, as the elephants were end on. The distance was about one hundred and ten yards, which is very uncertain for so large an animal, that must be struck exactly in the right place. I fired several shots with the No. 8 breech-loader, aimed at the back of their heads, but none of these were successful.

"Monsoor had the ammunition and reloaded for me. The stunning effect of the heavy metal confused the animals and caused one to fall backwards into the scrambling herd. This turned an elephant sideways. The bank had already given away and fallen in large masses into the river which reduced its depth. The elephants, which had now gained a muddy footing, ploughed and tore down the yielding earth with redoubled vigor, as my men in great excitement opened a hot fire upon them with Snider rifles. These had about as much effect as though they had been pelted with stones.

"Presently, as the depth was lessened by the falling bank, the elephants showed more body above the surface. The splashing and scrambling was extraordinary; at

length a large bull half ascended the bank, and for a moment exposed his flank; I fired a quick right and left shot with a Reilly No. 8, behind his shoulder, and he fell backward into the river, where he commenced a series of wild struggles that brought him within twenty yards of me, and I sent a ball into his head which killed him. The powerful stream at once carried away the floating carcass.

"The bank had now completely given way, and an elephant was nearly on the summit. I fired at him with one of the Holland half-pounders, which, by the recoil, flew out of my hands for a distance of several yards; this was loaded with twelve drachms of fine-grain powder. The elephant fell on his knees on the steep incline, and was bogged to all intents and purposes; but believing that I had plenty of ammunition on hand, I fired another half-pounder into his shoulder, which killed him on the spot, and he rolled into the water, and the current took him away. I immediately sent a man to order boats, with ropes and axes, to follow the carcasses.

"In the meantime, I fired my last No. 8 into the shoulder of an elephant that had just climbed the bank and gained the island. I now had a glorious opportunity of a shoulder-shot at every animal as it should ascend the steep incline.

"My ammunition was exhausted! My servant Suleiman had sent the little bag that contained only one re-load for the breech-loaders, and no powder-flask or shells for the half-pounders. I had now the annoyance of witnessing the difficult ascent of the elephants in single file, exposing their flanks in succession to the shoulder-shot, while I remained a helpless looker-on."

The moral effects of this elephant hunt were wonderful. The sound of the firing had brought in the natives from far and near, and they gazed with astonishment on the carcasses of the two dead elephants. Their hostility was at once changed into friendship, and on the following morning Baker held a levee on board his boat, at which

twenty chiefs came to him for peace. He gave them presents, and they said the taking of their corn was of no account.

In their conversation they told him that elephants were seldom seen in that region, and that they did not understand killing them, and concluded by asking for some of their meat. Permission being given, they went off in the direction where the carcasses lay, and soon there was a general scramble for the precious morsels. This seemed strange, as they had cattle enough. But Baker said "the African negroes are an incomprehensible people, and they cannot be judged by the ordinary rules of human nature."

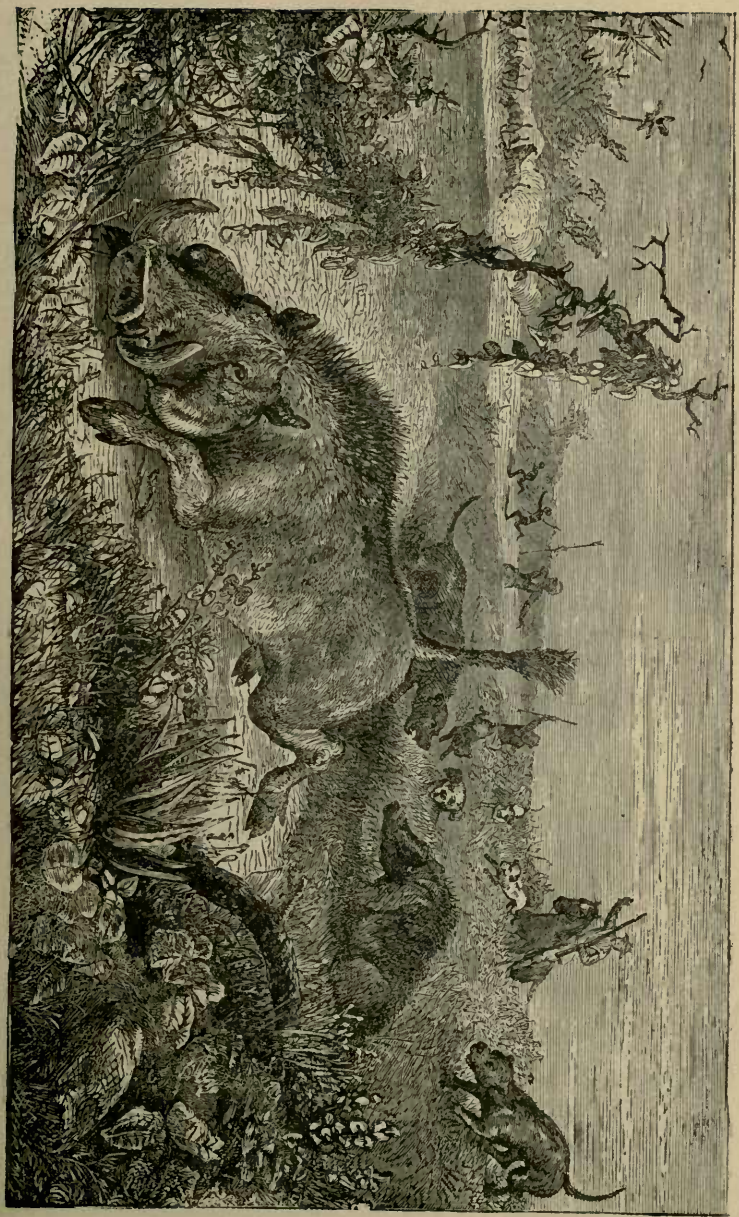
Each division of the district in succession followed each other's example in desiring peace, and on the 19th of November he returned to Gondokoro, highly satisfied with the results of the campaign, and he now began to prepare, feeble as his force was, to push into the interior toward the equator. In the meantime the elephants became quite thick around Gondokoro, and one night two immense bull elephants walked coolly past the sentries into the very centre of the fort, and a scene of the wildest confusion followed. The garrison was aroused, and for a time it was a random discharge of firearms on the one side, and a wild, frantic charge of elephants on the other. The men pursued them on horseback, on oxback and on foot, but they finally made their escape. But Baker had no time now to hunt, as he was busy in preparing for his march southward. It seems the elephants, at this time of the year, are attracted toward this place by the ripe lalobes. The trees producing this fruit, if of medium size, are frequently torn down for the sake of this small production, that would appear too insignificent for the notice of so huge an animal. But there is no fruit so much coveted by elephants.

"Near this spot, on the following day," Baker says, "I had a close adventure with a hippopotamus. I had gone to the same place where I had seen the elephants,

and as I was returning through the forest within a few rods of the river margin, when, upon suddenly turning round a dense thorn bush, I came within four or five paces of a large bull hippopotamus. This animal had left the river for an evening ramble on the shore, and was munching some succulent grass with such gusto that he had not heard my approach. Unfortunately, I had come upon him exactly at right angles, which restricted my shot to the temple. This is the most difficult of penetration in the hippopotamus. I only had the 'Dutchman,' and my attendant, Moonsoor, carried a Snider rifle; thus we were badly armed for so impenetrable a beast. I fired just in front of his ear, certainly within fifteen feet. The only effect produced was a shake of his head, and he appeared rather stupid, as though stunned. The left hand barrel followed quickly upon the right; Monsoor fired with his Snider. The 'Dutchman,' being a breech-loader, was ready again, and we fired into this stupid-looking brute as though he had been a target, and with about the same effect.

"Suddenly, as though we had just awakened him, he turned round and bolted into a dense mass of thorns about thirty paces from us.

"In the meantime, the troops at the vessels, that were within three hundred paces, having heard the rapid and continued firing, supposed I had been attacked by the natives. The 'Forty Thieves' rushed to the rescue. I heard the bugle, and presently the voices of the men, as they approached, running at full speed. The hippopotamus had moved from his thorny retreat, and was moving slowly forward, when he was stumbled against by 'the Forty,' some of whom literally ran against him. The animal appeared quite stunned and stupid, and he merely stood and stared at his new assailants. The sight was perfectly ridiculous. Every rifle was fired into him, but the hollow bullets of the Sniders had no penetration, and we might as well have peppered the stone bulls of Nineveh in the British Museum. At length, having been the centre of a blaze of fire-work,



HUNTING THE HORNED WILD-HOG OF AFRICA.

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT ON OX-BACK.

as every man did his best to kill him, during the space of about a minute, he cooly approached the edge of the cliff, which was quite perpendicular and about eighteen feet high. A tremendous splash was the end of the encounter, as the hippo committed himself to the deep, with a clumsy jump from the midst of the disappointed soldiers."

Everything was now in order in Gondokoro—peace reigned throughout the district, food was abundant and the station strongly fortified, and Baker was ready to start south. He determined to carry a steamer in sections to north latitude 3° 32′, and there put it together and launch it on the Albert Nyanza.

CHAPTER XV.

The Determination to Advance—A Desperate Position—Soldiers draw the Carts to Labore—A Beautiful Country—The Future Capital of Africa—Reaches Fatiko—Power of Music over the Natives—Grotesque Dancing of Naked Women—Starts for Unyoro—Beautiful Country Depopulated—Proclaims Peace—Livingstone.

MR. BAKER, in this determination to proceed at all hazards and finish the work assigned him, showed his true Saxon pluck; while his wife, notwithstanding all she had endured and suffered, and the still greater trials awaiting her, persisted in accompanying him to the end, whatever that end should be, exhibited a spirit, if possible, still braver and more worthy of admiration. Selecting carefully those to compose his force on whom he could rely in the last extremity, he prepared to set out on his hazardous enterprise. Major Abdullah, who had served in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine in that unhappy invasion of Maximilian, formed with six boys the domestic corps. Sending off a hundred and fifty men to drive several thousand cattle and sheep to a well-known rocky ravine some six miles in advance, he started at eight o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of January, 1871, to complete his annexation of this vast

tropical region to Egypt, and open commerce with it through the Nile to Europe. These same two hundred men set out in high spirits, and on the 27th arrived with the vessels at the foot of the cataracts, 4° 38′ north latitude. His old friend Bedden, a native chief whom he had known in his former explorations in Africa, met Baker here, but seemed to treat him coldly; and when the latter said he wanted to hire two hundred carriers, left him in such a suspicious manner that he was sure he should never see him again. He was right; and hence felt that his position was becoming desperate. Without carriers he was helpless. With cattle and sheep together he had over four thousand head, which he saw was a great temptation to these unprincipled savages; and the first thought when night came on was to secure them. He knew they would think it a far better speculation to get his cattle than to carry his baggage. He was not mistaken; that night a stampede was attempted, but, thanks to his precaution, failed. In order to clear the neighbourhood of the thieves, he set off a number of rockets, which soon sent them scampering in every direction.

He now was compelled to change his plans; and, as the steamer could go no farther with his load, he determined to push on to Labore, sixty miles distant, if the soldiers would draw the carts. There he knew he could obtain carriers and continue his march, and fulfil his mission to establish the khedive's authority in that region and suppress the slave trade.

After some objections and complaints by the soldiers, they agreed to take the place of the carriers and move on. Before the carts were all loaded and they were ready to start, an old man seventy or eighty years of age, paid him a visit, and Baker, from the numerous spells hung about his person, concluded he was a "rain-maker." His face was smeared with wood ashes to give him as demoniacal an appearance as possible. Baker gave him a glass of Marsala wine and a blue shirt, as he wished to make friends with him, because the natives

hold these rain-makers in respect. He kept giving the old toper wine till his heart was enlarged and he was ready to converse. He said that he knew the country well and would act as guide to Labore for the small consideration of a cow, saying that if he was with him, the natives on the way would treat him with civility. Baker asked him if he could keep the rain away during the journey. He immediately blew his rain whistle, which he carried suspended to his neck, and looked as much as to say what do you think of that? Baker sent for a German horn, which was a polished cow's horn with a brass mouth-piece, and presented it to him. The wine had made the old conjurer mellow, and he was profuse in his gratitude, and kept blowing the horn aud grinning till the tears ran down his cheeks. He then suspended it round his neck and said proudly, "I am now a great sheikh; there is no rain-maker so great as I; you will travel with me and this horn shall keep you dry. Don't trouble yourself about the Baris, they won't molest you, but travel as soon as you can."

A valuable ally had been gained. At three p.m., February 8th, they set out, old Lokko, the rain-maker, showing the way and waving a couple of thin-peeled sticks at a black cloud in the sky and blowing his horn frantically. The black cloud soon melted in the clear air. He had evidently conquered, and so gave his face an extra coat of wood ashes to make himself still more hideous.

"Baker's wife rode "Greedy Gray" with as much baggage as could be hung on the saddle, while he himself rode a powerful chestnut. Lieutenant Baker rode a light chestnut and Colonel Abd-el-Kader an Arab steed, while ten donkeys carried ammunition, flour, etc. Mr. Baker, with his wife and the lieutenant, headed the procession, followed by old Lokko. Behind him marched the "Forty Thieves," while two Egyptian officers led the rear guard, driving one thousand cows and five hundred sheep, which swelled the little caravan into

immense proportions, and filled the air with their lowing and bleating. All the boys and girls carried loads, and the best of spirits prevailed. After a march of three miles, they halted in a little village, from which, at their approach, the inhabitants fled.

Saving his flour for an emergency, Baker ordered the troops to eat that which was in the village. Next morning, on leaving, he tied up two cows as payment for it, which were worth fifty times as much as the flour, but he wished to show the inhabitants that he had no intention of wronging them. The next morning he started at half past five, and, after marching for two hours and a half through a beautiful, undulating country, came to a little village where the people, being well acquainted with Lokko, received him kindly, and where he hired five natives to help carry his loads. At night, having made twelve miles, they stopped at a small village, where the natives brought him, as a great curiosity, a shell that Baker had fired at the Baris and which they had sold to these villagers for old iron. He inquired what they were going to do with it. "Oh," they said, "hammer it into hoes." It had never exploded, and he told them if they put it on the fire it would burst and tear them to pieces. They made no reply, but carried away the shell, and it is not known whether they ever tried the experiment.

The next day they again took up the line of march, the country being even more beautiful and charming than the day before. That night they slept at a village named Marengo. The next day, old Lokko seemed at fault about the direct road to Labore, and Baker hired two natives as guides. The following day they marched fourteen miles, straight to the place, and halted beneath a tree to wait for the immense herds to come up. He was now out of the country of the Bari. The following day he held a regular market, trading off cattle for flour. The next day the whole country turned out to hunt, and the natives returned in the evening with two buffaloes and a few small antelope.

On the 24th of February, all the troops commanded by Major Abdullah arrived, and reported that after Mr. Baker's departure the Baris had attacked him and tried to burn the vessels. On the night of the 17th, when Baker and his party were quietly sleeping at Moogoo, the troops left behind with the vessels were suddenly attacked, the sentries being nearly all asleep. The one cannon, on which they depended so much, was loaded with shell instead of canister, while the artillery-men were fast asleep beside it. The spies of the Baris having ascertained the state of things came suddenly upon them. If one or two of the cattle sentries had not been awake the whole force would have been massacred. As they approached the silent camp, they gave a succession of terrific yells and shrieks and rushed forward in a mass. Fortunately a row of thorn branches had been laid about sixty feet from the camp, which caused a momentary confusion, during which the cattle sentries fired off their muskets. The cattle guard of sixty men instantly jumped to their feet and poured in a volley on the dark mass of warriors that had been momentarily stopped by the thorn-bushes. This gave time for the camp to arouse and fire the cannon which, at that point-blank range, would have ploughed a lane through the crowded mass of naked warriors and scattered them in every direction. But the gunners fled as the appalling yells burst on their ears. One brave fellow, however, stood by the gun and pulled the lanyard; it missed fire, and he was immediately transfixed with spears and the gun captured. The savages now made for the vessels, with fire-brands in their hands. But the frightened troops had taken refuge here, and, being driven into a corner, showed fight and poured rapid volleys into the yelling, excited crowd, and they were forced back and the gun recaptured. Another tube was now found and fitted, and the lanyard again pulled. Again the tube missed fire. Another was brought and fitted, and this time the gun spoke with a roar that drove the assailants back and finally put them to flight.

The next morning, however, the big drums of the natives were heard, on both sides of the river, and thousands of savages were congregated on the neighboring heights, and a general attack was expected. But they thought better of it, and the troops reached Labore and joined Baker.

The latter was now ready to move forward. He engaged five hundred natives to accompany him—they to select the cows to be given in payment for their services beforehand. This was a tedious job, for they were very particular; but the five hundred cows were at last selected and driven out, and everything was ready for a start, when a soldier deserted. The natives found him, but dared not arrest him, as he threatened to shoot them. Baker then sent out a sergeant, with three men of the "Forty," who soon brought him back, when he was put in irons.

Before he started the natives had a grand dance—the men and women, stark naked, leaping, and yelling wild songs, and beating two sticks of wood together. Baker says "some of the girls were pretty, but being smeared with red ochre and fat, were not attractive." At least a thousand were present.

On the 29th of February, Baker ordered the reveille to be beaten, when, to his surprise, only four hundred and thirty-three of the five hundred carriers engaged presented themselves—sixty-seven having absconded with their cows, nor could they be found, and he was compelled to start without them. There was considerable quarrelling about the choice of parcels to be carried, especially the zinc boat of Mr. Baker's, weighing three hundred and sixty pounds. But everything was finally arranged, and at half-past three the caravan was put in motion, and Baker, with five picked men, pushed on at the rate of four miles an hour, leaving the rest far behind. They halted at six o'clock in a rocky ravine, where they expected to find water, but were disappointed, and compelled to dig wells in the sand. At half-past seven the troops, and baggage, and cattle arrived by torchlight.

The next morning, March 1st, there was a frightful scramble among the carriers over the packages they were to carry. Through a fine country of hills and forests they now marched for sixteen miles, but villages and large tracts of land, which had formerly been under cultivation, were now desolate, having been ravaged by the ruthless slave-hunter. This day Baker killed an antelope that would weigh over four hundred pounds. This day, as from an elevation he saw the White Nile flowing on in a calm, deep stream from the Albert Nyanza, far above all the cataracts; he felt sorely disappointed, that, owing to the peculiar obstructions in the White Nile, he had not been able to bring his steamers to this point, and launch them permanently on the Albert Nyanza.

He now descended into a beautiful plain, to which he gave the name Ibrahimmeyah, in honor of the khedive's father. "This point," he says, "is destined to become the capital of Central Africa." It will be the general depot for steamers when the trade of this vast region is developed by steamers on the Albert Nyanza. He adds: "It is a curious fact, that a short line of a hundred and twenty miles of railway would open up the very heart of Africa to steam-transport between the Mediterranean and the equator, when the line to Khartoum is completed." The country was lovely and full of game, and he "reveled" in it.

On the 3d of February, he started for Fatiko, which he reached in three days. He had been here years before. As he now approached it, he passed through a country fit for a paradise. The line of march was as follows: Mr. Baker, his wife and Lieutenant Baker on horseback in advance, preceded by five of the body-guard of the "Forty Thieves." Next came the remaining portion of the guard, commanded by Colonel Abd-el-Kader; after which followed the regiment in single file, succeeded by the four hundred carriers with the baggage—the herd of cattle bringing up the long, imposing procession. The sky was clear, the air in this high region cool and balmy, the scenery enchanting, which caused every heart to

bound with joy; while Baker was exhilarated with the fact that he had reached the hot-bed of the slave-trader, and come as a deliverer to the down-trodden inhabitants. The long caravan suddenly appeared on a green plateau that over-looked Fatiko about a mile distant, their presence being announced by the sound of bugles and the beat of drums. The inhabitants streamed out of their houses at the unwonted sound, and gazed at the long procession winding down to the notes of the bugle, as if it were an apparition. Baker, in the meantime, dismounted, and, taking out his glass, scanned carefully the slave-station of his arch-enemy, Abou Saood, below, covering thirty acres. It was in wild confusion and alarm, and he heard the slaver's drum beat, and saw slaves driven away in great haste.

Baker and his wife had been here before as travelers, and were at once recognized; but his present appearance, with a disciplined force of over two hundred men, was a new sight to Central Africa. He was hailed, however, on all sides as a deliverer. Abou Saood was taken completely aback. After he had secretly aroused the Baris to hostility at Gondokoro, he had come hither with seventy of them as retainers, and reported that the great expedition had failed, and was, therefore, lording it in his own way. With his old cunning, he professed great friendship for Baker and his policy. The latter, though knowing his duplicity, did not dare at this moment to liberate the thousand or more slaves he had at different stations, but set about his great work methodically and earnestly. He says of the men of this region, that they are the best proportioned that he has hitherto seen—muscular, well-knit and handsome. The women were short, and it was a little singular that the usual custom among savage tribes was here reversed—the women going entirely naked, while the men were partially clothed with the skin of an antelope, thrown over the shoulder like a scarf.

Baker now dispatched two faithful men to go throughout the country and inform the head men and all the inhabitants of his intentions, and that the atrocities commit-

ted by Abou Saood and his slave-hunters were at an end, and that in twenty days the latter would have to take all his people out of the country. The news they carried filled the inhabitants with joy; for, once rid of these banditti,the deserted villages would be repopulated and the negected fields retilled.

After their departure, he had a long conversation with an old servant of his in his former explorations, who gave him a detailed account of the acts of Abou Saood and his brigands for the last few years. It was a history of massacres and cruelty.

One day he reviewed his troops, a display that filled the natives with astonishment. The music of the band, which was composed of several bugles, drums and cymbals, together with a big bass-drum, drove them into ecstasies. They are passionately fond of music, and Baker says than he believes that a London organ-grinder could march through Central Africa unguarded—followed the whole way by an admiring and enthusiastic crowd, and adds: "As my troops returned to their quarters, with the band playing rather cheerful airs, we observed the women racing down from their villages and gathering from all directions toward the common centre. As they approached nearer, the charms of music were overpowering, and halting for an instant, they assumed what they considered the most graceful attitudes, and then danced up to the band. In a short time my buglers could hardly blow their instruments for laughing at the extraordinary effect of their performances. The women throughout the Shooli are entirely naked, and the effect of naked women bounding about as musical enthusiasts was very extraordinary. Even the babies were brought out to dance, and strapped to their mother's back, and covered with pumpkin-shells, like tortoises, were jolted about without the slightest consideration for the weakness of their necks, by their infatuated mothers. The men, squatted on the rocks, looked on in admiration. We stayed in this 'paradise of Africa' nearly two weeks, talking with the chiefs and putting things in order."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARCH TO UNYORO.

The Start—Exodus of the White Ants—A Great Luxury—A Beautiful Country—Masindi—King Abba Rega—His Walk and Appearance—The Interview—Buffoons—Queer result of a Lecture on the Slave Trade—A Station Commenced—Planting Vegetables—The King's Visit—Magnetic Battery—Photographs—A Curious Interview—Formal Annexation of the Country—Sends off a part of his Force—Commerce Established—Vegetables Planted—Dark Omens—A Drunken King—Asks after Livingstone—A Fort Built.

ABOU-EL SAOOD having sworn by the head of Mahomet to do all that was right, Baker gave his instructions to Major Abdullah, who was to be left with one hundred men in the place, and, on the 18th of March, started for Unyoro, seventy-eight miles south across an uninhabited prairie, nothing occurring to break the monotony of the march except the stalking now and then of an antelope by Baker. On the 23rd, they came opposite the last station of Abou Saood, commanded by a man named Suleiman, who, two days after, summoned his men to volunteer for the government as irregular troops. On the 28th, Baker received a visit from the great sheikh, Lokara, who was commander-in-chief of Abba Rega's army, encamped a few hours' march on the banks of the Nile, ready to attack King Rionga, who was settled on an island in the river, farther up. He came to ask his aid in his war against Rionga, which the latter refused to give. While here he witnessed an exodus of young white ants from the mound in which they had been hatched out. Millions of these large, fat and winged insects began to struggle out and prepare for their first short flight, and were quickly caught by the men with lighted wisps of straw. The annual exodus of these ants takes place at the commencement of the rainy season, and the gathering of them before they can fly is an important harvest in Central Africa. They

are considered a great delicacy when fried in a little butter. Baker, although now started on his journey still farther south, toward the equator, would have stopped had he known how Abou Saood, at Fatiko, was plotting against him. Ignorant of this he kept on and travelled through a beautiful country, but, as everywhere else, desolated by the slave-traders. Though his carriers deserted him, he pushed resolutely on, and, April 20th, from a hill sighted the Albert Nyanza Lake, only twenty miles distant.

At last he arrived at Masindi, the capital of Unyoro. The town is large, composed of a thousand or more straw huts, shaped like a bee-hive, and scattered around as if they had been dropped from the clouds at random. The next day, he visited the king, Abba Rega, officially. The king was about twenty years old and dressed very neatly in bark cloth. Baker explained to him, at length, the intentions of the khedive, and that he hoped the country, once freed from the slave-traders, would be prosperous and happy. He told him, moreover, that he had not released all the slaves that he had found at the different stations because he had no way of returning them home, but now he should do so.

The next day Baker made suitable preparations to receive the king in return. But, after waiting a long time, the latter sent word that he would rather Baker would come to his house, evidently being afraid of foul play. Baker bade the messenger tell the king that he was not old enough yet to have learnt good manners, and that he should at once dismiss his troops that had been kept waiting for two hours, and ordered the bugler to sound the "return." The sound of the bugle terrified him, and he agreed to come at once, and the troops resumed their old position. "In a few minutes," he says, "a great din of horns, and drums, and whistles announced his approach, and we observed him walking down the road with an extraordinary gait. He was taking enormous strides, as though caricaturing the walk of a giraffe." As he stalked along he was followed by a number of chiefs.

When he came opposite the band, the bugles, and drums, and cymbals saluted him with such a terrible din that he forgot his gait and cautiously, shyly entered the tent of Baker, and hesitatingly took his seat upon the divan which had been prepared for him, while a crowd of two thousand or more surrounded the tent, which was guarded by Baker's troops. The young king was about five feet ten inches in height, with a very light complexion and beautifully shaped hands, which were kept scrupulously clean. His forehead was low but broad, and his mouth large, with exceedingly white but prominent teeth. He was cruel, cunning, and treacherous, and the moment he mounted the throne invited all his principal relations to visit him, and then treacherously murdered them. He was suspicious of Baker, and would not drink the coffee and sherbet offered him. The conversation soon turned upon Rionga, and the king took it for granted that Baker would assist him to get rid of his enemy, as otherwise, he said, it would be useless to attempt any improvement in the country. Baker changed the conversation by ordering a large metal box to be brought forward, filled with an assortment of presents. Among these was a watch, which Baker told him was intended for his father, who was his friend when he visited the country before. The king appropriated them all. Baker gave him, also, a musical snuff-box. After some time had been spent examining the toy, he again entered at length on the object of his mission and how he hoped to open an extensive commerce with the country, etc., etc. To all of which Abba Rega's constant reply was, it was all useless to attempt anything till Rionga was killed and he must help him. Baker declined, saying he hoped to make peace between them. But to all his propositions the young barbarian replied, "You were my father's friend, your wife was the same. My father is dead; but Rionga is still alive. Now, you are my father, and your wife is my mother; will you allow your son's enemy to live?"

Baker had no idea of being a father to the young

reprobate, and changed the subject to Abou Saood. He found that the latter had told a pack of absurd lies about him, and, moreover, had acted treacherously.

After the interview was over, a space was cleared for a number of buffoons of the king to exhibit themselves. A curious theatrical scene was performed, followed by a knock-down fight with clubs—the whole ending in a disgusting act of indecency, which created roars of laughter among the natives.

Baker now set about establishing a station, and began to build a government house. He also commenced restoring slaves and punishing slave-traders. He had given up lecturing the natives on the cruelty of the slave trade. It was all right so long as their women and children were not taken. In fact, slaves were considered by them a legitimate article of commerce. Once, when Baker had been lecturing an old chief on the wickedness of the practice, the chief asked him, when he had finished, if he had a son. The latter replied that his sons were all dead. "Indeed!" exclaimed the savage. "I have a son; an only son; he is a nice boy, a very good boy," he then went on to expatiate on his good qualities, the chief of which, that he was always *hungry*, and wound up by saying, "he's a good boy, indeed, and he's my only son. *I'll sell him to you for an iron spade.*" It was plain the lecture on slavery had not yielded much fruit.

Besides the erection of a government house, Baker now began a dwelling for himself, and commenced to clear away some fifty acres of ground for the planting of vegetables. But Abba Rega, under one pretext or another, did not supply the necessary laborers. Things did not go on smoothly between Baker and this young barbaric king. Baker now promised to send to Fatiko, one hundred and sixty miles distant, and recover there all the slaves that Abou Saood had taken captive in his dominion, and then order Major Abdullah, with one hundred troops there, to join him when Rionga, his old enemy, would have to come to terms peacably or forcibly.

This plan seemed to satisfy Abba Rega, especially as he thought this would necessarily be the first step toward conquering Rionga. In the meanwhile, Baker amused the young savage with sky rockets and other European marvels.

All this time the station was progressing rapidly. The soil was so rich that the seeds planted sprung up like magic. Melons, pumpkins, cucumbers and cotton seeds showed themselves above ground in *three days* after they were planted. Baker's private residence, which was capacious and well-furnished for Central Africa, had been completed. This, with everything else that Baker did, was reported to Abba Rega by his spies, that were always hanging about.

Things did not wear a satisfactory aspect, although nothing was done alarming which was not declared to be merely a practical joke. One night, especially, a hellish noise of drums and shouts seemed to announce an attack on the camp, but nothing came of it. The next morning after this very serious practical joke, Baker sent to the king to come and visit him. But the messengers returned, saying that he was either drunk or asleep. In fact, it was the custom of this young negro king to get drunk every night and sleep till two o'clock next day, when he dressed and attended to public business. He was suspicious of Baker, but the latter, on the 11th of May, prevailed on him to visit him, and he was astonished and delighted at the superb appearance of the room, which had been adorned with all sorts of goods, and musical instruments, and toys of endless variety. The magnetic battery was the chief object of curiosity, and the king ordered each of his chiefs to take a shock, the effect of which sent him into roars of laughter. At length one of the wires gave way as one of the members of his royal cabinet was kicking and rolling on the ground, which finished the entertainment. The king now wished to see the private apartments. As they entered, each one put his hand on his mouth, and cried, "Wah! wah!" in astonishment at the magnificent dis-

play that met their eyes. The large looking-glasses that had been brought on as presents—especially two, that hung opposite each other, giving an endless reflection—completely bewildered them, and they cried out, "Magic!" The photographs were next examined, and the king wanted to know why the eyes in all the pictures kept looking at him, whichever way he turned. This was also magic. The guns and various breech-loading rifles were curiously examined, and the large musical-box set agoing, which the king thought would be an excellent thing to send him to sleep when too drunk to play himself. He begged for everything, even Mrs. Baker's trinkets, and was vexed that they were not given him. A small and beautifully-made revolver was shown him, and he asked: "Does this belong to the '*sit*' 'woman' too?" When told that it did, he burst out laughing, saying: "Do women also carry arms in your country? I see everything belongs to the 'sit.'"

Mrs. Baker now gave him some Venetian beads and a handsome gilt bracelet, set with four large French emeralds—something he had never seen before—together with a few strings of imitation pearls, which delighted him, and the greedy young cub was finally got rid of.

The day was fixed for erecting the flag and taking possession of the country formally in the name of the khedive. The troops assembled in the morning, the flag was hoisted, the salutes made, the drums beat, and the volleys fired; and, as far as mere form went, the country was annexed to Egypt.

Mr. Baker had constant trouble with this young barbarian, who had more of the thief, and liar, and traitor about him than any man he had yet seen.

On the 23rd of May, he sent off the party to Fatiko, bearing dispatches to England and Egypt. He also sent instructions to Major Abdullah to arrest Abou Saood and Suleiman and send them to Gondokoro, and march himself with his detachment to Foweera, near Rionga's capital. This reduced his force to a hundred regulars, four sailors, and four armed Baris.

Mr. Baker now began to carry out one of the objects of his expedition, which was, after taking measures to break up the slave trade, to establish the industries of civilized life. There was a vast amount of ivory in this region, and he began to trade off goods for it. Those that the natives prized most were toys—such as beads, mirrors, butcher's knives, gaudy-colored handkerchiefs, ear-rings, and all sorts of cheaply-gilded ornaments. A couple of shillings' worth of these would buy a tusk worth $150. Although this looks like taking advantage of the savage, it must be remembered that these paltry trinkets were worth to him more than money or valuable articles of clothing. He was well satisfied with the bargain, for he got just what he wanted. Of course, valuable goods would take the place of these baubles—cloths for dresses, implements of husbandry and mechanical tools be in demand as civilization advanced. The troops behaved well, and kept order as quietly as a police force would have done. Baker next attempted to establish a school—making a young man, a clerk of his detachment, schoolmaster. Everything that had been sown was above ground—such as cucumbers, melons of various kinds, pumpkins, radishes, onions, tomatoes, as well as some wheat and cotton—all growing with that luxuriance and rapidity seen nowhere except in the tropics. Every cottage was surrounded by a garden; boys and girls had formed partnerships in raising vegetables, and things began to wear a civilized aspect. Although so near the equator, the air was cool and invigorating, for they were nearly four thousand feet above the sea level. The only drawback was, the men were intolerably lazy, and passed most of the day sleeping, or idling around those at work. But amid all this quiet and peaceful life, Baker could not but observe that things had changed since he had sent away so large a part of his force to Fatiko. At length he became so uneasy, that he sent a messenger to bring the party back.

The king, in the meantime, began to show his real character; he studiously kept aloof and did not furnish

the provisions as he had promised, while the chiefs showed a different demeanor. Suddenly, one day, things seemed to have come to a head. While Baker was drilling his troops, as usual (he and his officers being unarmed), the huge war-drum in the house of the king sounded, and in less than ten minutes, horns were blowing in every direction, and the negroes came pouring in from all quarters, till in an incredible short space of time five or six thousand men were gathered around the little band. Baker immediately gave orders to form a square, and, with the officers, stepped inside of it, and a row of fixed bayonets confronted the crowd on every side. This puzzled them, though they danced within a few feet of the glittering points of steel. Baker gave strict orders not to fire, and he and the officers stepped outside the little phalanx of eighty men. Walking quietly up to two of the principal chiefs he pretended to think it was all a joke, saying carelessly, "well done, famously managed, let us have a general dance." While they hesitated, he ordered the band to strike up a lively tune. Whatever had been the orignial intention, all hostile demonstrations now ceased, and Baker demanded to see the king. After some delay he came out, but so drunk that he apparently comprehended nothing, and soon reeled back to his hut. Baker now demanded of the principal chief the meaning of this strange proceeding, but he could give no satisfactory answer, except that the king was so drunk that he beat the war-drum without knowing what he was about. He told him the thing must not happen again, for if he allowed his warriors to surround his troops in this fashion, he should certainly fire on them. On the whole, he felt he had a narrow escape, and began to have serious misgivings for the future.

Ten native merchants, arriving at this time from Karagwe, a long distance off, reported that two travelers were with their king. Baker questioned them very closely to ascertain if one of them might not be Livingstone, but he was convinced that neither could be.

As May now drew to a close, Baker became very

anxious—the native warriors assembled in great numbers and assumed a hostile attitude, which he could not account for. Not dreaming of hostilities, he had not prepared for defense and, hence, became concerned for the safety of his troops, and at once began to erect a fort or stockade, and in three days (on the 5th of June) had completed it. He now felt secure.

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF MASINDI.

The troops poisoned—A sudden attack—The town set on fire—A sad spectacle—Baker discouraged—A perilous position—Fears of Abdullah—Hypocrisy of Abba Rega—Presents pass between him and Baker—Treachery—A narrow escape—Baker's quarters set on fire—A second attack—the neighboring villages set on fire—Forethought of Baker's wife—Preparations to start for Rionga.

BUT matters grew steadily worse, until one day, just after dinner, word was brought Baker that many of the troops appeared to be dying. On inquiring what was the matter, he was told that they had been drinking some plantain cider which the natives had sent them. A horrible suspicion shot through his mind, and he immediately flew to his medicine-chest and began to give antidotes. He at once suspected that this was preliminary to an attack by the natives. With half the troops sick or dying, they expected to make quick work with the remainder. Hence, as night drew on, Baker had all the sick taken inside the fort and the sentries doubled. About a quarter to six, he was walking with his wife, smoking his pipe, suspecting nothing, when he says:

"Suddenly we were startled by the savage yells of some thousand voices, which burst unexpectedly upon us!

"This horrible sound came from the direction of

Matonsé's house, and was within a hundred and twenty yards from where we stood; but the town was not visible, owing to the thick covert of oil bushes.

"The savage yells were almost immediately followed by two rifle-shots in the same direction.

"'Sound the taboor!' Fortunately I gave this order to the bugler at my side without one moment's delay.

"I had just time to tell my wife to run into the divan and get my rifle and belt, when the sharpshooters opened fire upon me from the bushes, within a few yards.

"I had white cotton clothes, thus I was a very conspicuous object. As I walked toward the divan to meet my rifle, the sergeant who followed close behind me fell, shot through the heart. Poor fellow, the shot was aimed at me.

"The troops had fallen into position with extraordinary rapidity, and several ascended the roof of the fort, so as to see clearly over the high grass. A soldier immediately fell, to die in a few minutes, shot through the shoulder-blade. Another man of the 'Forty Thieves' was shot through the leg, above the knee. The bullets were flying through the government divan and along the approach. A tumultuous roar of savage voices had burst from all sides, and the whole place was alive in a few instants after the first two shots had been heard. Thousands of armed natives now rushed from all directions upon the station. A thrill went through me when I thought of my good and devoted Monsoor! My wife had quickly given me my belt and breech-loading double rifle. Fortunately, I had filled up the pouches on the previous evening with fifty rounds of cartridges.

"The troops were now in open order, completely around the station, and were pouring a heavy fire into the masses of the enemy within the high grass, which had been left purposely uncleared by Abba Rega, in order to favour this treacherous attack. The natives kept up a steady fire upon the front from behind the castor-oil bushes and the densely-thronged houses.

With sixteen men of the 'Forty Thieves,' together with Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker, R.N., I directed a heavy fire into the covert, and soon made it too hot for the sharpshooters. I had ordered the blue lights at the commencement of the attack. My black boys Saat and Beltall, together with some soldiers, now arrived with a good supply. Covering their advance with a heavy fire from the Sniders, the boys and men rushed forward and immediately ignited Abba Rega's large divan. These active and plucky lads now ran nimbly from hut to hut, and one slight touch of the strong fire of the blue lights was sufficient to insure the ignition of the straw dwellings.

"I now sent a party of fifteen Sniders, under Lieutenant Ferritch Agha, one of my most courageous officers, with a supply of blue lights, to set fire to the town on our left flank, and to push on to the spot where the missing Monsoor and Ferritch had fired their rifles.

"Every arrangement having been rapidly carried out, the boys and a few men continued to fire the houses on our right flank; and giving the order to advance, our party of sixteen rushed forward into the town.

"The right and left flanks were now blazing, and the flames were roaring before the wind. I heard the rattling fire of the Sniders, under Ferritch Agha, on our left, and knowing that both flanks were now thoroughly secured by the conflagration, we dashed straight for Abba Rega's principal residences and court, driving the enemy before us. Colonel Abd-el-Kader was an excellent officer in action. We quickly surrounded Abba Rega's premises and set fire to the enormous straw building on all sides.

"If he had been at home, he would have had a warm reception, but the young coward had fled with all his women before the action had commenced, together with the magic bamba or throne and the sacred drum.

"In a few minutes, the conflagration was terrific, as the great court of Abba Rega blazed in flames, seventy

or eighty feet high, which the wind drove in vivid forks into the thatch of the adjacent houses.

"We now followed the enemy throughout the town, and the Sniders told with sensible effect wherever they made a stand. The blue lights continued the work of vengeance; the roar of flames and the dense volumes of smoke, mingled with the continued rattle of musketry and the savage yells of the natives, swept forward with the breeze, and the capital of Unyoro was a fair sample of the infernal regions.

"The natives were driven out of the town, but the high grass was swarming with many thousands, who, in the neighborhood of the station, still advanced to attack the soldiers.

"I now ordered 'the Forty' to clear the grass, and a steady fire of Snider rifles soon purged the covert upon which the enemy had relied.

"In about an hour and a quarter, the battle of Masindi was won. Not a house remained of the lately extensive town. A vast open space of smoke and black ashes, with flames flickering in some places where the buildings had been consumed, and at others, forked sheets of fire where the fuel was still undestroyed, were the only remains of the capital of Unyoro.

"The enemy had fled. Their drums and horns, lately so noisy, were now silent.

"I ordered the bugle to sound 'cease firing.' We marched through the scorching streets to our station, where I found my wife in deep distress.

"The bugle sounded the assembly, and the men mustered and fell in for the roll-call. Four men were missing.

"Lying on the turf close to the fort wall were four bodies, arranged in a row, and covered with cloths.

"The soldiers gathered around them as I approached.

"The cloths were raised.

"My eyes rested on the pale features of my ever-faithful and devoted officer, Monsoor! There was a sad expression of pain on his face. I could not help feeling

his pulse; but there was no hope; this was still. I laid his arm gently by his side and pressed his hand for the last time, for I loved Monsoor as a true friend. His body was pierced with thirty-two lance wounds; thus he had fought gallantly to the last, and he had died like a good soldier; but he was treacherously murdered, instead of dying on a fair battle-field.

"Poor Ferritch Baggara was lying next to him, with two lance wounds through the chest.

"The other bodies were those of the choush who had fallen by my side, and the soldier who had been shot on the parapet.

"We were all deeply distressed at the death of poor Monsoor. There never was a more thoroughly unselfish and excellent man. He was always kind to the boys, and would share even a scanty meal in hard times with either friend or stranger. He was the lamb in peace and the lion in moments of danger. I owed him a debt of gratitude; for although I was the general, and he had been only a corporal when he first joined the expedition, he had watched over my safety like a brother. I should 'never see his like again.'

"Monsoor was the only Christian, excepting the European party.

"The graves were made. I gave out new cloth from the stores in which to wrap the bodies of four of my best men, and they were buried together near the fort.

"My heart was very heavy. God knows I had worked with the best intentions for the benefit of the country, and this was the lamentable result. My best men were treacherously murdered. We had narrowly escaped a general massacre. We had won the battle, and Masindi was swept from the earth. What next?

"I find these words, which I extract from my journal, as they were written at that moment:

"'Thus ended the battle of Masindi, caused by the horrible treachery of the natives. Had I not been quick in sounding the bugle and immediately assuming a

vigorous offensive, we should have been overwhelmed by numbers.'"

It was a narrow escape for the expedition, and shows on what apparently trivial incidents not only an expedition may fail, but a great moral enterprise come to nought and the fate of a continent be changed. Had Baker fallen before the bullet so cooly aimed at him, it is doubtful whether another expedition would have been started for the same great object during this century.

Baker now felt himself in a perilous position. Although one of the chiefs assured him that Abba Rega had nothing to do with this treachery, but that it was the work of Matonsé, who had escaped, and that the king had hid in the grass through fear, but had ordered provisions and ivory to be sent him as a present, Baker's suspicions, however, were not allayed; and if Abba Rega was at the bottom of it, then his three hundred natives, whom he had sent as carriers with Abdullah to Fatiko, were traitors too, and would, doubtless, seize the first good opportunity to attack the unsuspecting commander and massacre him and all his troops. He could not communicate with him, and his only course, shut up here in the heart of Africa, seemed to be to push on to Rionga, whom he refused to attack at the request of Abba Rega, and claim his support. He knew that the defeat of Abba Rega's army and destruction of his capital had reached him, for he always had spies in Unyoro, informing him of everything that transpired, and he would only be too glad to help complete the overthrow of his enemy. He thought, too, if he could only get word to him, that he would send three hundred of his own men to Fatiko to take the place of those sent by Abba Rega, and save Abdullah on his way back, as he had, no doubt, received his order to return. While he was planning how to get a message to Rionga, messengers arrived from Abba Rega, who attempted to explain the cause of the late outbreak, declaring that the blame lay on Matonsé and that the king would soon deliver him up. Baker replied, that if the king could

clear himself, he should be only too happy. The principal chief said that Abba Rega was in despair, and had given orders for a large quantity of ivory and provisions, to be sent him. Baker, pretending to believe him, sent him a porcelain dish, that he had previously promised, as a peace-offering. Through his telescope he could see everything that passed in the distant village where the king had taken up his abode, and when he saw that the present was received with great delight he took hope. Two beautiful white cows were sent as a present in return, together with a polite message from the king; the bearer stating that a large quantity of provisions and twenty large elephant tusks were on the way to him, as a token of Abba Rega's sincerity. This looked well, and Baker, to propitiate still more the black young reprobate, sent him the big musical box the former had so coveted in their first interview. Ramadon, the clerk, who had frequent meetings with the natives since the battle, and believed in the king's sincerity, was sent with Hafiz to present the box.

In the meantime, Baker, with two officers and two of "the Forty," walked around the burnt town, unarmed, in order to conciliate the natives that still lurked amid the ruins; He came upon two men standing close to the high grass at the edge of the town and asked them to approach. They said they were afraid of the two sentries, which were some forty yards in his rear. As he turned round to order these to retire, one of the villains hurled his spear at him, which struck at his feet and stuck quivering in the ground, and both dodged in the tall grass. This unlooked-for treachery disheartened him and, for once, Baker feels discouraged, and jots down in his journal: "I believe I have wasted my time and energy, and have uselessly encountered difficulties, and made enemies by my attempt to suppress the slave trade and thus improve the condition of the natives." He was now anxious about Ramadon and Hafiz, who had not returned, for, as he said, "it is impossible to believe one word in this accursed country." Evening came and

still they did not return, and Baker was without an interpreter. About eight o'clock, he was suddenly aroused by a bright light that soon illumined the whole sky. The quarters which he had abandoned for the protection of the fort had been set on fire. The soldiers were immediately placed in position to receive an attack, and all remained as silent as death—nothing was heard except the roaring of the flames. Suddenly, loud yells rent the air, seemingly about two hundred yards distance, but not a soldier stirred. The negroes had, doubtless, supposed that the soldiers would rush out to extinguish the fire, when they would fall upon them and murder them. The attempt had failed.

Two days passed, and still the messengers with the mnsical box had not returned. This was ominous. They never did return—they were cruelly murdered.

On the 13th of June, the curtain was lifted, and Abba Rega's treachery stood clearly revealed. About ten o'clock a sudden rush was made upon the cattle, grazing within sixty yards of the fort, and a general attack made upon the station. Baker at once ordered the men into line, and with the bugle at once gave the order to charge bayonet. With a high and ringing cheer the gallant "Forty" dashed through the ruins of the town and into the high grass, scattering the frightened wretches in every direction. Enraged and thoroughly aroused, Baker now ordered Colonel Abd-el-Kader to take blue lights and burn every village in the neighborhood, and soon the whole region was a mass of rolling flame, that spread with frightful rapidity among the straw huts. This settled the matter, and Baker now saw that his only hope lay in pushing on as fast as possible to Rionga He knew that he would have to fight every inch of the way, but that was safer than to stay there and starve to death. It was possible they might starve on their way; but, in this critical moment, Baker's wife told him that, as a precaution, while grain was abundant—she had, from time to time, secreted a little, till now there was hidden away about twelve bushels. This announcement gave

new life to all, for they now had enough to last them during the seven days' march it would take them to reach Foweera, fifteen miles from Rionga and in his dominions, and preparations were made for an immediate departure. The advance and rear guards were to carry nothing but their knapsacks and a small bag of flour, so as to be ready at any moment to meet the enemy. The order of march was carefully arranged, while buglers were scattered the whole length of the line, so that constant communication could be kept up by the troops, though concealed from each other by the tall grass. No talking was allowed—nor, however thirsty, was any one to stop and drink unless the bugle sounded halt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARCH TO RIONGA.

The start—The station fired—The march—The country aroused—An ambuscade—Howarte speared—Second day's march—A sharp fight—Stripped for the race—Constant fighting—Eating the enemy's liver—Foweera at last reached—interview with the king—His appearance—Baker offers to make him ruler over the territory of Abba Rega—A treaty made—sealed by drinking each others' blood—Baker resolves to return to Fatiko—Arrival of messengers with bad news—The return—The wife compelled to walk—Arrival at Fatiko—Treachery—The attack—The flight and pursuit—The victory—Baker turns surgeon.

THE morning of the 14th of June, 1872, dawned dark and dull, and a drizzling rain began to fall. At nine o'clock the advance guard filed along the path in silence, and halted at a little distance till the station that had been built with so much care should be fired. As the smoke curled slowly up, Baker thought with regret of the pictures and other mementos of home that he had been compelled to leave behind to perish in it. He waited till the flames had got under uncontrollable headway, and then gave the order "forward," and they soon entered the tall grass. Baker's wife carried a

Colt's revolver in her belt and a quantity of spare ammunition in her bosom for his favorite rifle, the "Dutchman." When they had gone about a mile, they heard shouts in the rear, evidently made by the natives around the conflagration. The march was slow through the tall grass, while the rain came down steadily. Soon all over the country, in every direction, the sound of drums and horns was heard, as the alarm spread from village to village. The little band heard them with anxious hearts, for the fight was to be hundreds against one.

They were marching steadily on through the rain, when suddenly rapid volleys were heard from the advance guard, and the bugles rang out the order "halt." Lances now flew out of the grass, and Howarte fell thrust through with a spear, which he himself pulled out of his body, but, before doing so, shot dead the negro who had hurled it. Baker bandaged up the wound as best he could, and, amid a shower of lances, again gave the order to advance and fire wherever a spear appeared. At length they came to open ground, where there was no grass. Here they halted and felled the plantain trees to make a wall around the camp. The night passed quietly, but Baker, as he lay awake and pondered on his condition, felt that the coming day would be one long running fight. The next morning, at half-past seven, they again started, Baker ordering the cattle to be left behind, as they cumbered his march. In about an hour and a-half they descended into a valley, in which was a broad swamp. They were just entering this, when suddenly there arose an uproar of yells, screams, drums, horns, and whistles from thousands of concealed negroes, as if all the demons in hell had been let loose, while a tremendous rush through the grass showed that a general attack was being made. Instantly every load was upon the ground, and the files knelt facing to the right and left. Next moment the lances were flying thickly across the path, several passing close to Mrs. Baker's head, but she never winced. The

bugles rang out "fire," and the rapid volleys swept the grass in every direction. Baker took his elephant breech-loader and sent explosive shells from it into the grass, which carried consternation among the savages. When the fight was over and the men mustered, it was found that Howarte had died during the conflict. They soon gained an open space, where they felt secure.

Baker now saw that the men were too heavily laden, and he ordered a fire to be kindled, in which everything (even Lieutenant Baker's naval uniform) which was not absolutely indispensable was thrown and consumed. He was stripping himself for the race. When this was done, the order to advance was again given; and as they once more entered the cover, the horns and drums were again heard. Although frequent halts were made to receive the enemy, they made no attack, and they for some time marched unmolested. The ambuscades were frequent, and Abd-el-Kader received a painful wound in his arm.

On the 16th of June, the little band started at half-past six. From that time until ten they fought nearly the whole way, and one soldier was killed. The next day it was the same thing over again—one man was killed, and a boy, leading a horse a few paces in front of Baker, uttered a wild shriek, as a spear, intended for the latter, passed through his body. Mrs. Baker, in these long and heavy marches, became dreadfully fatigued. Soon a spear passed through Baker's horse, Zofteer, which was a grievous loss to him. The next day wore slowly on, the air ever and anon pierced by the now familiar cry of "Co-co-me, co-co-me," which always heralded an attack. On this day one of the negroes killed was dragged into camp, and a scene occurred of a most disgusting character. Baker's men had a superstitious idea that if they devoured a part of the enemy's liver, that every bullet they fired would kill an Unyoro. Accordingly, they had cut out the liver of this dead man, and were eating it *raw*. After the barbaric meal was finished, they cut the body into pieces

and hung them on the limbs of trees, as a warning to all Unyoros following them.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the events of each day's march. How much the enemy suffered it was impossible to tell, but Baker's small force was gradually diminishing, and its only hope lay in getting quickly into Rionga's territory. This they did on the 23rd of June, after ten days of fatiguing march through an almost endless ambuscade, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded. It had been eighty days of almost continual fighting.

The place where he encamped, and now began to build a new station, was called Foweera, and was only some fifteen miles from the island on which Rionga lived. A fort was soon erected, though of a primitive kind. In the meantime no message was received from Rionga. This might be owing to the fact that the inhabitants on that side of the river were hostile to him, and Baker therefore felled palm-trees and constructed canoes, to cross over to the king. These were in a few days completed, and it was arranged that the whole party should cross in two trips. This consisted now of ninety-seven soldiers and officers, five natives, three sailors, fifty-one women, and boys, and servants, and three Europeans—in all, one hundred and fifty-eight persons.

On the evening of the 29th, a party in search of green plaintains captured a native and brought him into camp. He proved to be an old servant of Baker, in his former explorations of this country. Here was an unexpected piece of good luck. From him he learned that Rionga was friendly disposed, but that he had been deceived so often that he was afraid to trust himself in his hands. From him he also learned that Abdullah had been betrayed by the three hundred natives, as he feared, but that these had not gone on to Fatiko with the detachment. This showed that Abdullah was safe, which was a great relief to Baker.

The next day messengers came from Rionga. Baker sent back a present to the king, with a message saying

that he had refused to join Abba Rega in a war against him, and had, in consequence, been attacked by him, and that, if he, Rionga, would swear allegiance to the Egyptian government, Abba Rega should be deposed, and he put in his place. He also sent a present of an entire piece of red Turkey cloth, and blue twill, and some handkerchiefs, and asked for provisions, as his people were very hungry. In two days the provisions came, and with them canoes to transport the party to the island. After paddling some fifteen miles, they reached the island at five o'clock, but nobody was there to receive them—("a true negro welcome")—and they camped for the night with nothing but porridge and curry to eat.

On the 18th, messengers arrived, saying that Rionga would visit the camp that morning. About eight o'clock, drums beating and horns blowing, announced his arrival. He was a handsome man, about fifty years old, and with exceedingly good manners. It turned out that he had kept himself well posted in all that had transpired, and knew long ago that Abou Saood had conspired with Abba Rega for Baker's destruction, should he push on beyond Gondokoro, and seemed much gratified that the latter, long before he knew him, should have refused to molest him, and took him by the hand. He declared that he would always remain faithful to the Egyptian government, but that to make the contract sure, they must exchange blood—a ceremony indispensable—if he would secure the co-operation of the people. The next morning was fixed for the performance of this ceremony, which Rionga declared, with childish delight, would fill Abba Rega, when he heard of it, with despair.

The ceremony commenced that evening with drinking large quantities of plaintain cider, and the night passed in singing and dancing. At about nine o'clock, amid several witnesses, Baker made a slight incision in his arm with a lancet, from which a few drops of blood flowed. Rionga immediately seized his arm and sucked it. Baker did the same to the king's arm, taking care,

however, to make so slight an incision that but a single drop oozed forth, which, with extreme disgust, he was obliged to lick up. Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker performed the same ceremony with the king's minister and son, and the bond was sealed and they were friends forever. After this the heads of several tribes appeared, and a general coalition was formed which promised well for the future. Baker now arranged to leave Colonel Abd-el-Kader with sixty men, in the stockade he had built, to support Rionga, and return himself to Fatiko.

On the 27th of July, he went down the river and arrived at his station in the middle of the afternoon. The next day, before starting, he saw eight natives, who shouted: "Are you the pasha's soldiers?' (I. G. Baker's). Being answered that they were, they said that they were messengers sent by Abdullah from Fatiko. Abou Saood, it seemed, had been carrying it with a high hand during Baker's absence. Wat-el-Mek, in command of the irregular forces, wished to remain true to the government, but this treacherous slave-trader had prevented him. These messengers had come to find Baker, if alive, and hurry him back, for Abdullah was in danger of being overpowered and the station destroyed. If Baker had received this disheartening news sooner, he would not have left Colonel Abd-el-Kader behind with sixty men. But it was to late now to change his plan, and he immediately pushed on for Fatiko, some eighty miles distant. Only one horse was now left to Baker, and he had such a sore back that his wife had to walk, as the mud was too deep for the solitary donkey that remained to him. With only dried fish for food, they pushed rapidly on through the uninhabited wilderness, and on the third day arrived within ten miles of Fatiko. He here learned that an attack had been planned on Abdullah, which was to be made by Wat-el-Mek and Ali Hussein, while Abou Saood, its author, had prudently retired to Fabbo, twenty miles distant.

On the 2d of August, Baker again set out, and march-

ing rapidly through a beautiful country of dells, woods and open park-like lands, at last ascended the hill that rose toward Fatiko. As he approached the place, he ordered the bugles to sound the assembly. He entered the village at half-past nine, and was warmly received by Abdullah, who simply said, as he grasped his hand, "Thank God, you are safe and here, all will go well now." No one from Abou Saood's station came to welcome him which was meant as an insult. After Baker had changed his dress he ordered Major Abdullah to form the troops in line, as he wished to inspect them. When he had finished the inspection he was about to return, when Abdullah asked him to wait a little longer, as Wat-el-Mek, with his people, were now approaching, with their numerous flags, to salute him. Seven large crimson flags upon tall staffs, and ornamented with ostrich feathers, marked the intervals in the advancing line. Two hundred and seventy strong, they formed in line, in open order, directly facing the government troops. Wat-el-Mek was dressed in bright yellow, with loose flowing trowsers, and Ali Hussein in a snow-white long robe and black trowsers. By way of *complimenting him they had brought out two large cases of ammunition.* These were placed with a guard under a tree. Baker's wife now suspected treachery and begged her husband to dismount. He, however, remained on horseback until all the arrangements were finished, when he ordered Abdullah to retire to camp with the troops. He then sent to Wat-el-Mek, saying that he wanted to see him; the latter promised to come but did not. Baker sent five different messengers, with the same result. He then ordered Abdullah to go himself, with some soldiers and, if he refused to come, arrest him. The bugle summoned the men, who had dispersed, and they immediately formed, two deep, in the open space in the camp. Lieutenant Baker offered to go and see Wat-el-Mek in person, and Baker, having given his consent, advised him to take some soldiers with him.

While he was giving them some instructions, he was

interrupted by a volley of musketry, concentrated on the mass of scarlet uniforms. In a few seconds seven men were struck, and the bullets were whistling on every side. He says:

"My wife, who was always ready in any emergency, rushed out of her hut with my rifle and belt.

"The soldiers had already commenced firing by the time that I was armed and had reached the front, by the edge of the light fence of wattles, that were inferior to the lightest hurdles.

"I now observed the enemy about ninety yards distant; many of them were kneeling on the ground and firing, but immediately on taking a shot they retired behind the huts to reload. In this manner they were keeping up a hot fire. I perceived a man in white upper garments, but with black trousers; this fellow knelt and fired. I immediately took a shot at him with the 'Dutchman,' and without delay I kept loading and firing my favourite little breech-loader at every man of the enemy that was decently dressed.

"We should have lost many men if this hiding behind huts, and popping from cover, had been allowed to continue. I therefore ordered my 'Forty Thieves' together, and ordered the bugler to sound the charge with the bayonet.

"Pushing through the narrow wicker gateway, I formed some thirty or forty men in line and led them at full speed, with fixed bayonets, against the enemy.

"Although the slave-hunters had primed themselves well with araki and merissa before they had screwed up courage to attack the troops, they were not quite up to standing before a bayonet-charge. The 'Forty Thieves' were awkward customers, and in a quarter of a minute they were amongst them.

"The enemy were regularly crumpled up! and had they not taken to flight, they would have been bayoneted to a man.

"I now saw Wat-el-Mek in his unmistakable yellow suit; he was marching alone across a road about a hun-

dred and eighty yards distant. He was crossing to my right; and I imagined, as he was alone, that he intended to screen himself behind the houses, and then to surrender.

"To my surprise, I observed that when he recognized me, he at once raised his gun and took a steady aim. I was at that moment reloading; but I was ready the instant he had fired and missed me.

"He now walked quickly toward a hut across to my right. I allowed about half a foot before him for his pace, and the 'Dutchman' had a word to say.

"The bullet struck his right hand, taking the middle finger off at the root, and then striking the gun in the middle of the lock-plate, it cut it completely in halves as though it had been divided by a blow with an axe. He was almost immediately taken prisoner. One of 'the Forty' (Seroor) was so enraged that he was with difficulty prevented from finishing Wat-el-Mek with a bayonet-thrust.

"I now ordered a general advance at the double; and the troops spread out through the extensive town of huts, which occupied about thirty acres.

"As we ran through the town, I observed about one hundred and fifty of the enemy had rallied around their flags, and were retreating quickly, but steadily, in the direction of the Shooa hill. They continued to turn and fire from the rear of their party. Having reduced the distance to about one hundred and fifty yards, the crimson silk banners afforded excellent marks for rifle practices. They fell to the right and left, as the shots were directed a little low, so as to hit the bearers. In a few minutes not a flag was to be seen. The fatal Sniders poured bullets into the dense body of men, who, after wavering to and fro, as the shots thinned their number, at length ran off without any further effort to maintain a formation. For upwards of four miles Lieutenant Baker and I chased these ruffians with the 'Forty Thieves.' Many were killed in the pursuit; and upon our return to the camp, at Fatiko, at 2 p.m., we

had captured a herd of three hundred and six cattle, one hundred and thirty slaves, fifteen donkeys, forty-three prisoners, seven flags, together with the entire station. The enemy had suffered the loss of more than half their party killed."

Abdullah's men had behaved shamefully, and all the fighting had been done by the 'Forty Thieves.' These, and Baker, and the other officers, had neither eaten nor drank since the previous evening, except to quaff a little water as the pursuit ended. They, besides, had walked ten miles in the morning to reach Fatiko—fought the traitors—chased them four miles on a run, and then returned four miles.

Baker's wife, who seemed equal to every emergency, and whose forethought was as remarkable as her presence of mind in danger, had prepared a warm breakfast for them, which was eaten with a sharpened appetite.

Baker had asked where the villain Hussein was.

"Dead!" cried a number of voices.

"Are you certain?" asked Baker.

"We will bring you his head," was the reply, and started off.

He had hardly finished his breakfast, when he heard a heavy thud on the floor of the hut, and turning, saw there the ghastly head, with the hair matted with blood.

There was no mistaking the villainous expression, even in death. He had received two bullets, but was still alive when found. The natives, however, soon dispatched him.

Baker, owing to the death, previously, of his chief surgeon, and the retirement of another at Gondokoro, had been left with so weak a medical staff, that he could take no surgeon with him, and he therefore was now compelled to act as one himself. In the fight he had not lost a single man killed, but more than a sixth of his force had been wounded, some of them badly. He dressed the wounds with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and removed a bullet from the broken thigh of one of his brave "Forty," and soon had them all doing well.

The gun of Wat-el-Mek, which he had shivered with a bullet, was one given him by Speke in his travels. The man seemed to be so truly penitent for his conduct, and averred so stoutly that he acted under the orders of Abou Saood, and swore so solemnly that he would serve Baker faithfully in future, the latter, wishing to have his services, for he was an invaluable man, finally pardoned him.

Abou Saood swore that he had nothing to do with the late conspiracy, and though Baker knew that he lied and ought to be hung, yet he thought it more prudent to let him alone, and the consummate villain started for Cairo to lodge a complaint against him with the khedive of Egypt. From this date all trouble was over. Baker had gained a complete victory. Perfect confidence was established among the natives throughout the large country of Shooli; the children and women flocked to the camp; marketing on a large scale was conducted quietly, and Baker felt rewarded for all the toils he had endured; grieving only for those who had fallen while aiding him in the good work. Slave-hunting was at an end down to the equator, fields were planted, and a prosperous future seemed in store for Africa.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival of cannibals—Children devoured—Small-Pox disperses them—A grand hunt—The modes of conducting it by nets and fire—The result—Life at Fatiko—A second hunt—Killing a lion—A woman's rights meeting—A happy community, in which neither religious dogmas or law cases enter—News from Livingstone—King Mtesa—Arrival of reinforcements—Bad military conduct—Baker writes out a set of rules for Abdullah and starts for home—Releases captive women and children—An expression of gratitude not asked for—Kissed by a naked beauty—Concluding remarks—A missionary's outfit—Official report—A handsome tribute to his wife— Africa's future.

BAKER now sent to Gondokoro for reinforcements. In the meantime, a large body of Abou Saood's slave-hunters, together with three thousand cannibals, arrived on the Nile from the far west, whom this arch-traitor had sent for before his downfall, which he had not anticipated. These wretches were eating the children of the country as they advanced, and their proximity filled the people of Fatiko and the Shooli country with alarm. Baker at once took measures to prevent them from crossing the Nile. He sent spies among them, and they finding they had been deceived by Abou Saood, began to quarrel among themselves—agreeing in nothing but in devouring the children of the district. Providentially, at this critical juncture, the small-pox broke out among them and killed more than eight hundred of their number, which dispersed the remainder. Abba Rega had been defeated by Rionga and his allies, and fled to the shores of the Albert Nyanza.

Everything having at length been put on a peaceful footing, Baker turned his attention to hunting with the people of Fatiko, much to their delight, especially as they were short of meat. When the grass is ready to burn, a grand hunt always takes place, in which nets form a conspicuous part. Every man in the country is provided with a strong net of cord, twelve feet long and eleven feet deep, with meshes six inches square.

On the day appointed, the big drum is beaten and the natives assemble and select the region for hunting. Sometimes a grand entertainment precedes a hunt, at which the natives to the number of a thousand present themselves, painted with fresh cow-dung and adorned with ostrich feathers, leopard skins, etc. On arriving in the district where the hunt is to take place, the nets are lashed together and sunk in the grass, making an invisible fence a mile and a half long, while the men lay concealed behind a screen of grass bound together at the top.

When everything was arranged in this hunt, men went to windward some two miles to set fire to the grass. The game would, of course, flee before the flames and rush unsuspectingly upon the nets, when they would be shot down. Every man is entitled to the game that is killed in his section of the net. But sometimes an animal is mortally wounded by a man stationed at his net, yet finally killed by his neighbor, which often causes serious quarrels. On this day, when everything was ready, and the men had already been stationed at regular intervals about two miles to windward, to wait with their fire-sticks for the appointed signal, Baker says that suddenly "a shrill whistle disturbed the silence. This was repeated at intervals to windward.

"In a few minutes after the signal, a long line of separate thin pillars of smoke ascended into the blue sky, forming a band extending over about two miles of the horizon. The thin pillars rapidly thickened and became dense volumes, until at length they united and formed a long black cloud of smoke, that drifted before the wind over the bright, yellow surface of the high grass.

"The natives were so thoroughly concealed, that no one would have supposed that a human being beside ourselves was in the neighborhood. I had stuck a few twigs into the top of the ant-hill to hide my cap; and having cut for myself a step at the required height, I waited in patience.

"The wind was brisk, and the fire travelled at the rate of about four miles an hour. We could soon hear

the distant roar, as the great volume of flame shot high through the centre of the smoke. The natives had also lighted the grass a few hundred yards to our rear.

"Presently I saw a slate-colored mass trotting along the face of the opposite slope, about two hundred and fifty yards distant. I quickly made out a rhinoceros, and I was in hopes that he was coming toward me. Suddenly he turned to my right and continued along the face of the inclination.

"Some of the beautiful leucotis antelope now appeared and cantered toward me, but halted when they approached the stream, and listened. The game understood the hunting as well as the natives. In the same manner that the young children went out to hunt with their parents, so had the wild animals been hunted with their parents ever since their birth.

"The leucotis now charged across the stream; at the same time a herd of hartbeest dashed past. I knocked over one, and, with the left-hand barrel, I wounded a leucotis. At this moment, a lion and lioness, that had been disturbed by the fire in our rear, came bounding along close to where Molodi had been concealed with the luncheon. Away went Molodi at a tremendous pace, and he came rushing past me as though the lions were chasing him; but they were endeavoring to escape themselves, and had no idea of attacking. I was just going to take the inviting shot, when, as my finger was on the trigger, I saw the head of a native rise out of the grass directly in the line of fire; then another head popped up from a native who had been concealed, and, rather than risk an accident, I allowed the lion to pass. At one magnificent bound it cleared the stream and disappeared in the high grass.

"The fire was advancing rapidly and the game was coming up fast. A small herd of leucotis crossed the brook, and I killed another, but the smoke had become so thick that I was nearly blinded. It was, at length impossible to see; the roar of the fire and heat was terrific, as the blast swept before the advancing flames and

filled the air and eyes with fine black ashes. I literally had to turn and run hard into fresher atmosphere to get a gasp of cool air and to wipe my streaming eyes. Just as I emerged from the smoke a leucotis came past and received both the right and left bullets in a good place before it fell. The fire reached the stream, and at once expired. The wind swept the smoke on before and left in view the black surface that had been completely denuded by the flames.

THE ANTELOPE.

"The natives had killed many antelopes, but the rhinoceros had gone through their nets like a cobweb. Several buffaloes had been seen, but they had broken out in different directions. Lieutenant Baker had killed three leucotis, Abd-el-Kader had killed one and had hit a native in the leg with a bullet while aiming at a galloping antelope. I had killed five. I doctored the native, and gave him some milk to drink, and his friends carried him home. This was a very unfortunate accident, and

from that day the natives gave Abd-el-Kader a wide berth.

"Most of the women were heavily laden with meat, the nets were quickly gathered up, and with whistles blowing as a rejoicing, the natives returned homeward."

The time now passed very pleasantly at Fatiko, and on the 30th of December, Baker went out again to hunt with a few natives in order to obtain some meat. About a half an hour after they were in position the whistles sounded—the smoke began to ascend, and soon a long line of fire stretched across the plain and moved slowly toward them. Shots were now heard in various directions, and the game began to break cover in herds of several hundreds. Baker could see the game and heard the firing along the line, but did not get a shot. At length, however, he saw a buck antelope walking slowly straight toward him, and he expected in a few minutes to have him in range, when he says:

"Just at that moment I saw a long, yellow tail rise suddenly from the green hollow, and an instant later I saw a fine lion, with tail erect, that had evidently been disturbed by the advancing fire.

"The lion was down wind of the buck leucotis, which was now close to the unseen enemy, and was just descending the bank which dipped into the green hollow; this would bring the antelope almost upon the lion's back. The two animals appeared to touch each other as the leucotis jumped down the bank, and the lion sprang to one side, apparently as much startled as the antelope, which bounded off in another direction. The lion now disappeared in the high grass, with the head toward my position. I whispered to my boys not to be afraid, should it appear close to me, and at the same time I took the spare gun from Bellaal and laid it against the ant-hill, to be in readiness. This was a breech-loader, with buck-shot cartridges for small antelopes.

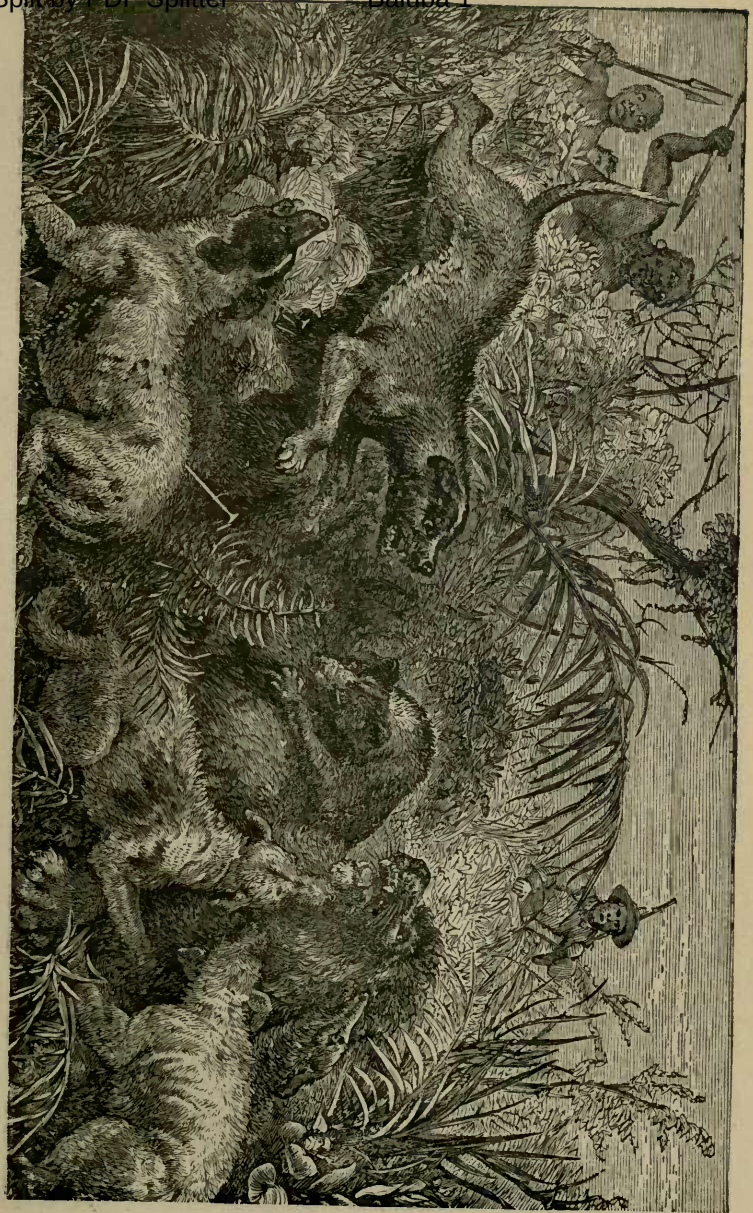
"In a few moments, I heard a distinct rustling in the high grass before me. The two boys were squatting on the ground to my right.

"Presently a louder rustling in the grass, within forty yards in my front, was followed by the head and shoulders of a large lioness, who apparently saw the two boys and, with her brilliant eyes fixed, she advanced slowly toward them. Not wishing a closer acquaintance, I aimed at her chest and fired the 'Dutchman.' The lioness rolled completely over backwards, and three times she turned convulsive somersaults, at the same time roaring tremendously; but, to my astonishment, she appeared to recover, and I immediately fired my left-hand barrel. At this, she charged in high bounds straight toward my two boys. I had just time to snatch up my spare gun and show myself from behind the ant-hill, when the lioness, startled at my sudden appearance, turned, and I fired a charge of buckshot into her hind-quarters as she disappeared in the high grass from my right. I now heard her groaning in a succession of deep guttural sounds, within fifty yards of me. In a few minutes I heard a shot from Abd-el-Kader, and he shortly came to tell me that the wounded lioness, with her chest and shoulder covered with blood, had come close to his hiding-place; he had fired, and had broken her ankle-joint, but she was still concealed in the grass. The lion is generally hunted on foot, and the natives are seldom otherwise armed than with spears. As with the Europeans and colonists, however, they are for the most part, accompanied by numerous dogs, which are undoubtedly a great protection.

"Shooli and Gimoro now came up with some of the natives, as they had heard the lioness roar, and feared some accident might have happened. These were very plucky fellows, and they at once proposed to close up and spear her in the grass, if I would back them up with the rifles.

"We arrived at the supposed spot, and, after a search, we distinguished a yellow mass within some withered reeds.

"Shooli now proposed that he should throw his spear, upon which the lioness would certainly charge from her



LION HUNTING WITH DOGS.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

covert and afford us a good shot, if the guns were properly arranged.

"I would not allow this, but determined to fire a shot at the yellow mass to bring her out, if every one would be ready to receive her.

"Lieutenant Baker was on my right with a double-barreled express rifle that carried a No. 70 bullet. This minute projectile was of little use against the charge of a lion.

"I fired into the mass at about twenty yards distance. The immediate reply was a determined charge, and the enraged animal came bounding towards us with tremendous roars. The natives threw their spears but missed her. Mr. Baker fired, but neither he nor a left-hand barrel from the 'Dutchman' could check her. Everybody had to run, and I luckily snatched a breech-loading No. 12, smooth-bore, loaded with ball, from a panic-stricken lad, and rolled her over with a shot in the chest, when she was nearly in the midst of us.

"She retreated with two or three bounds to her original covert.

"I had now reloaded the 'Dutchman,' and having given orders that every one should keep out of the way, and be ready, I went close up to the grass with Shooli, and quickly discovered her. She was sitting up like a dog, but was looking in the opposite direction, as though expecting an enemy in that quarter. I was within twelve yards of her, and I immediately put a bullet in the back of her neck, which dropped her head. In an instant the dogs were clinging to her ears, throat, head, etc. The brute, who was still alive, grappled bravely with her assailants. Baker wished to let the dogs finish the beast, and they did so; though they got badly wounded in the scuffle."

She measured nine feet and six inches from the nose to the extremity of the tail. Inside her were the remains of an antelope calf divided into lumps of about two pounds each, which the natives distributed among themselves as precious morsels.

The women, who had come to look on Baker as their protector, and were happy and contented under his rule, heard of his encounter with the lioness, and held a meeting in which it was resolved that he should not endanger his life again in this way. Mr. Baker jocosely remarks that this was not "*petticoat* government, as they had not a rag on their bodies, but it was an assertion that they meant to protect the man who had protected them." He stayed here seven months, and says that perfect order prevailed—there were no pickpockets, because nobody had a pocket to pick, for all were naked—there were no vagrants, beggars or anything to require a police—there were no cases of divorce, or crim. con., or in chancery—no high church or low church—no Dissenters, or Catholics, or Independents—no Jews or Gentiles—no conflicting interests—no dogmas of any kind.

To his great disappointment, he had obtained no direct news from Livingstone. But one day some envoys arrived from the great King Mtesa, of Uganda, of whom Stanley speaks in such enthusiastic terms in his next and last exploring expedition into and through Africa two years later. Baker had written to him to send out his people in every direction in search of Livingstone. These envoys reported that the king had dispatched messengers to Ujiji, who learned that the explorer had been there, but had crossed the lake to the west, since which nothing had been heard of him. Baker immediately wrote a letter to Livingstone, and gave it to these envoys, of which the following is a copy:

"FORT FATIKO (N. lat. 3° 1′, E. long. 32° 36′).
February 13th, 1873.

"MY DEAR LIVINGSTONE,—

"Mtesa, the king of Uganda, has been searching for you according to my instructions sent to him in June, 1872. He also forwarded my letters, to be given to you when met with. His envoys have now visited me at Fatiko, with the report that Mtesa's messengers heard of you as having formerly been at Ujiji; but that you

had left that station and had crossed the Tanganika to the west. Nothing more is known of you. I have sent a soldier with the envoys who convey this letter; he will remain with Mtesa. * * *

"Mtesa will take the greatest care of you. He has behaved very well to the Government. * * *

"I trust, my dear Livingstone, that this letter may reach you. Do not come down the lake. It is now well known that the Tanganika is the Albert Nyanza; both known as the great M'wootan N'zige.

"A steamer, I trust, will be on the lake this year.

"Ever, most sincerely,

"SAMUEL W. BAKER, H. H."

Nothing better shows how uncertain all communication is in Africa than this message of the envoy's and Baker's letter. Mtesa's dominions are not far distant from the very lake of which Ujiji is the chief port, where Stanley found Livingstone, more than two years before, and with him explored a large portion of it. Still this report was doubtless true, and the last departure of Livingstone referred to was the one taken after Stanley had left. This letter not only reached Mtesa, but the latter sent an answer back the whole way to Gondokoro.

No word had been received respecting the reinforcements he had sent for, and Baker began to despair, when, at last, at the end of three months, they arrived, though bringing no cattle with them. Tayib Agha, the officer in charge of them, had shown his utter unfitness to command troops, for not only had the Baris attacked him and killed twenty-eight of his men, but stripped the bodies and left them unburied, and carried off all the cattle.

Baker had now six hundred and twenty men, and he at once reinforced the various stations. He also wrote out a code or set of rules to govern Major Abdullah, who was to remain in command at Fatiko, and turned his face homeward. He had placed under his protection a

number of women and girls of the Baris tribe, whom the Egyptian officers had pressed into their service to carry loads for them in their former journey from Gondokoro to Fatiko, and now took them back with him. Their captors had intended to make perpetual slaves of them, but Baker determined to restore them to their homes. On their way back he directed them to tell him when they came into their native country. One day, as they halted under a large tree for breakfast, about two miles from Gondokoro, the women and children approached in a timid and hesitating manner and told him that this was their country and that their villages were near by. They evidently had never fully believed him, which, he said, hurt him exceedingly. Looking at them sorrowfully, he exclaimed, "Go, my good women, and when you arrive at your homes explain to your people that you were captured entirely against my will, and that I am only happy to have released you." For awhile they stood bewildered, and, looking around, as if hardly believing him to be in earnest. The next instant, as the whole truth flashed on their dazed, overwhelmed hearts, they rushed on him in a body, and before he had time to think what they were about, a "naked beauty" threw her arms about his neck and almost smothered him with kisses, ending by licking both his eyes and tongue in a manner far more affectionate than agreeable. If the sentries and servants had not come to his rescue, both he and his wife would have been subjected to the same exhibitions of affection and gratitude from each member of the naked group.

After a few words of explanation to them, he gave each a present of beads, when, with hearts overflowing with joy, they went singing on their way homeward, to meet friends and relatives they never expected to see again.

Liberating seven hundred slaves that were on their way down the Nile, he at last reached Souakim, and took ship for Suez. Narrowly escaping wreck on the voyage, he at length arrived safely at Cairo, and laid his

report before the khedive, and also his complaint and charges against Abou Saood.

In conclusion, he states what he has done, and says that if the khedive will now do his duty, the slave trade, by way of the Nile, will be suppressed, civilization extended to the equator, and the whole vast rich and populous country be opened to commerce and the missionary. Speaking of the latter, he says that devotional exercises he may introduce should be chiefly musical, and all psalms should be set to lively tunes, which the natives would learn readily. Moreover, the missionary should have a never-failing supply of beads, copper rods, brass rings for arms, fingers and ears, gaudy cotton handkerchiefs, red or blue blankets, zinc mirrors, red cotton shirts, to give to his parishioners, and expect nothing in return, and he would be considered a great man, whose opinion would carry considerable weight, provided he only spoke of subjects which he thoroughly understood. He should also have a knowledge of agriculture, and carry with him seeds, tools and implements of labor.

He and Stanley seem to have views very similar concerning missionary labors, and though they are not exactly of the orthodox kind, they evidently are very practical.

In his official report of the conduct of those who shared with him the dangers and responsibilities of the expedition, he thus speaks of his noble wife: "Lastly, I must acknowledge the able assistance that I have received, in common with every person connected with the expedition, from my wife, who cared for the sick when we were without a medical man, and whose gentle aid brought comfort to many whose strength might otherwise have failed. In moments of doubt and anxiety she was always a thoughtful and wise counselor, and much of my success, through long years passed in Africa, is due to my devoted companion."

A handsome, well-deserved tribute to the wife who, in danger, sickness and battle, had ever stood by him

with the same fearless, devoted heart. He retired from his arduous work feeling that he had opened a great future to Africa.*

CHAPTER XX.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON'S EXPEDITION.†

Its Origin—Change of Leaders—Difficulties at the Outset—Start—A Tall and Manly Race—Naked Savages—News from Livingstone—A Methuselah—The Country Improved—Unyanyembe Reached—Occupies Stanley's House—A Slave Auction—Sickness and Discouragements—A Stunning Blow—Livingstone Dead—Death of Dillon—Despondent Thoughts—A Desperate Resolve—Crossing the Lugungwa—Ujiji.

THE English government having refused to send out an expedition in search of Livingstone, the Royal Geographical Society of London determined to dispatch one, and raised the money necessary to carry it out by subscription. But, before it started, the news that Stanley had discovered him having been received, the commander of it, Lieutenant Dawson, resigned. Another officer was put in his place, but he also resigned. The position was then given to Oswald Livingstone, son of the great explorer. But, before the expedition was ready to start, he also withdrew, and the whole attempt to reach Livingstone was abandoned. At length it was resolved to use what remained of the subscriptions to the expedition to organize another, which should proceed to Dr. Livingstone, and place itself at his disposal, to be used by him in completing the great work of exploration to which he had been devoted for the last six

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* Sir Samuel Baker's full history of the expedition, from which we have been privileged to quote so liberally, is published by Messrs. McMillan & Co., of London, England, under the title of "Ismailia," and is without doubt one of the best written and most entertaining works on African exploration yet published. Price $10.

† We are indebted to Messrs Dalby, Isbester & Co., of London, England, the publishers of Mr. Cameron's Book, "Across Africa," for the following summary of their publication.

or seven years. To the command of this, Lieutenant Cameron was appointed. Taking Dr. Dillon with him as surgeon, he left England on the last day of November, 1872; but, retarded by vexatious delays and sickness, he did not start inland from Zanzibar till February of the next year.

Owing to the faithlessness of a man named Bombay, who had been of great service to Speke, in his expedition into Central Africa, the thirty good men and true which he promised to obtain for him, turned out to be the off-scourings of the place. Engaging a few more men as carriers, and buying six dozen donkeys, he left Zanzibar on the 2d of February, 1873, and set sail for Bagomayo, where he arrived the same afternoon. This, as we have seen, is the principal point of departure for caravans to Unyanyembe and the countries beyond. He returned to Zanzibar on the 11th, to receive the rest of the stores designed for the expedition, which had just arrived from England, and where Lieutenant Murphy joined him.

It is needless to go over the delays and troubles that followed in getting away, but the little caravan was finally off, on the route which Stanley had taken, just before Murphy was taken sick with the fever, and he had to be carried by four men. There had been many desertions, and vexatious delays, and changes; but the expedition, at this time, besides Cameron, Dillon, and Murphy, and Issa, the store-keeper, consisted of thirty-five azkari, with Bombay as commander, a hundred and ninety-two pagasi or carriers, six servants and three boys—in all, one hundred and forty, besides several women and slaves, which some of the men took along. There were also seventy-two donkeys and three dogs, so that it made quite an imposing little caravan. Cameron and Dillon had each a double-barreled rifle, besides revolvers and a double-barreled fowling-piece, which were carried by the men. Murphy also had two double-barreled guns. The men had arms of some kind, revolvers or muskets, except a few, who carried spears and bows and arrows. Of the three dogs, Leo, a large, sin-

gular-looking dog—Cameron's special favorite—was admired much by the natives.

To illustrate the difficulties, and vexations, and delays inseparable from traveling in Africa, it is necessary only to state that while we chronicle the start here on the 30th of May, the expedition had really been organized, and the men under pay, for a whole month. And even now in starting there was a wrangle respecting the duties of each, not so much because of the burdens being unequal to be carried, but because of the distinctions in rank they indicated.

Through rocky gorges, over steep mountains, the long caravan now wound its slow way, pressing on toward Ujiji, in the neighborhood of which Stanley had left Livingstone, and where they expected to find him. The region was not new, for Burton, and Speke, and Stanley had been there before, yet the progress was slow and difficult—perhaps as slow and difficult as fifteen years before when some of these explorers first traversed it.

There had been desertions and accretions, till now at the end of the month, the caravan was over five hundred strong—destined, alas! to a terrible diminution in the coming months. It passed through various tribes, the different characteristics of which were not very noticeable, till they came to the Wadingo tribe, a tall and manly race, despising all such refinements of civilization as clothing—the men and many of the women being stark naked, with the exception, perhaps, of a single string of beads around the neck or wrist. One would hardly think it worth while, in speaking of clothing, to guard himself against the charge of misrepresenting, or of using unguarded language in asserting that the natives had no clothing, by saying "with the exception of a string of beads around the neck or wrist."

The progress was slow and toilsome, beset with innumerable difficulties, but Cameron was borne up with the thought that he was nearing the brave Livingstone every day, and would soon be with him in prosecuting the great discoveries on the immense water plateau of Cen-

tral Africa. Through drenching rains, matted swamps, across wide rivers and over rugged mountains, accompanied by knavish, trustless men, met at every step by extortionate and thievish or hostile tribes, he, at last, camped at Kanyenze, the largest and most ancient of all the districts in Ugogo, where he received a visit from a grandson of Magomba, the head chief, who invited him to his grandfather's home. But what was more important, he met here a caravan bound to the sea-coast, from which he received the cheering information that Livingstone was alive and well, though they could not tell his exact whereabouts.

Moving on to Kanyenze he found a camp already provided for him, built by some of the many caravans that pass backward and forward from the interior to the coast. Cameron found Magomba still living, who was the chief in power when Burton passed there, in 1857. He was said by his subjects to be over three hundred years old, and to be cutting his fourth set of teeth. Whether this extraordinary story be true or not, it was evident that he was over a century old, if one could judge by his grandchildren, who were gray and grizzled. Livingstone mentions a similar case, showing the longevity of the African race, the man being, he said, at least one hundred and thirty years old.

He remained here several days, and then passed on to Khoko, the largest settlement he had yet seen. Noting the peculiar customs of the people, he passed on to Mgunda Mkali, or hot field, which lay between him and Unyanyembe, paying tribute to every tribe through whose territory he took his caravan. This last country was only just beginning to be cleared when Burton and Speke passed through it, but now there were large tracts of cultivation. He had heard that Dr. Livingstone had come to Unyanyembe, but here he was informed by an Arab caravan that the report was untrue. Still the men were encouraged at finding themselves safely through the first part of their journey. The villages that he passed for the next few days were clean and well built, for sav-

ages. Through tracts of jungle and prairie the caravan now toiled on, the monotony occasionally relieved by a snake in the camp, or the desertion of a man, or the news that Mirambo, a warlike chief, was still holding his own against the surrounding tribes. At last, in the forepart of August, he reached Unyanyembe. The governor conducted him to a house which he had formerly lent to Stanley and Livingstone. He occupied the very rooms where, a short time before, these intrepid travelers had sat and talked over the field of future explorations and the future of Africa. The Arabs live in great comfort here, occupying large and comfortable houses, surrounded with gardens and fields, but still troubled, as they were when Stanley passed through it, by the ravages of Mirambo. Here a part of the men, who had been engaged only to this point, were paid off and departed for Zanzibar. Cameron expected to hear from Livingstone at this point and receive orders to proceed to Victoria Nyanza, but was disappointed. A large auction was held while he was here, to sell the effects of an Arab chieftain who had been killed in battle. After the sale of various articles the slaves were put up. They were led around and made to show their teeth, to cough and run, and exhibit their dexterity. They were all semi-domestic, and, hence, brought high prices—one woman, a good cook, fetching $200, while the men ranged from $40 to $80. Cameron stayed here from the 1st of August to the latter part of October, he or some of his party being down, most of the time, with fever or some other African disease. He could hear no tidings from Livingstone, except that he was somewhere ahead. Cameron was anxious to proceed at once, but we find at the last moment the following entry in his journal, which shows the unpleasantness of the situation. Writing on August 23d, Dillon, who was usually blessed with buoyant spirits, commenced his letter:

"Now for a dismal tale of woe! On or about (none of us know the date correctly) August 13th, Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better, ditto Murphy. In the

evening we felt seedy. I felt determined not to be sick. 'I *will* eat dinner; I'll *not* go to bed.' Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on, and I had to turn in. For the next four or five days, our diet was water or milk. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked, and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy; that our legs would scarcely support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said, 'the fellows have regularly blocked me in—I have no room to stir. The worst of it is, one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away on it all day. It's all drawing room furniture that they have blocked me in with.' I was under the impression that my bed was on top of a lot of ammunition paniers, and I told Murphy I was sorry I could not get away sooner, to *call on him*; but I had the king of Uganda stopping with me, and I must be civil to him, as we would shortly be in his country. Murphy pretty well dozed his fever off, but I never went to sleep from beginning to end. We all got well on the same day, about, I suppose, the fifth (of the fever), and laughed heartily at each other's confidences. The Arabs sent every day to know how we were, or called themselves, bringing sweet limes, pomegranates or custard apples.

Writing himself, on September 20th, with his troubles uppermost in his mind, he said:

"I am very savage just at this moment; I have been trying for two days to get enough men together to form a camp a short way out, in order to see all right for marching, and all the pagosi declare that they are afraid. I think I am past the fever here, now; as, although I have had it six times, the last attacks have been getting lighter, and the only thing bothering me now is my right eye, which is a good deal inflamed, but I think it is getting better. It was caused by the constant glare and dust round the house."

The above is sufficient to show how constantly they were ill. But something worse than delay or fever now occurred. The object of the whole expedition had disappeared for ever. Cameron jots down in his journal: "A sad and mournful day now arrived." As he was lying on his sick-bed, weak and languid from his repeated attacks of fever, his head dizzy with whirling thoughts of home and its loved ones far away, and with the thick-coming fancies of what might yet be in store for him, his servant came running into his tent with a letter in his hand. Snatching it from him, he asked where it came from. His only reply was, "some man bring him." Tearing it open, he read, with a strange, stunned feeling, the following letter:

"'UKHONONGO, October, 1873.

"'SIR:

"'We have heard, in the month of August, that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyanyembe, and again and again, lately, we have heard of your arrival. Your father died of disease, beyond the country of Bisa, but we have carried the corpse with us. Ten of our soldiers are lost, and some have died. Our hunger presses us to ask you for some clothes to buy provisions for our soldiers, and we should have an answer, that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns, then send some powder. We have wrote these few words in place of Sultan or King Albowra.

"'The writer, JACOB WAINRIGHT,
"Dr. Livingstone's Expedition.'

"Being half blind, it was with some difficulty that I deciphered the writing, and then failing to attach any definite meaning to it, I went to Dillon. His brain was in much the same state of confusion from fever as mine, and we read it again together, each having the same vague idea—'Could it be our own father who was dead.'

"It was not until the bearer of the letter, Chuma,

Livingstone's faithful follower, was brought to us that we fully comprehended what we had been reading. The writer had naturally supposed that the doctor's son was the leader of the relief expedition. We immediately sent supplies for the pressing needs of the caravan, and dispatched a messenger to the coast announcing Dr. Livingstone's death."

On the arrival of the body, a few days later, Salim and other chiefs, and the principal Arabs, without exception, showed their respect to Livingstone's memory by attending the reception of the corpse, which they arranged with such honours as they were able. The askari were drawn up in front of the house in two lines, between which the men bearing the body passed; and as the body entered, the colours were shown half-mast high.

Susi, on whom the command had devolved on the death of Livingstone, brought a couple of boxes belonging to him, and his guns and instruments. He also stated that a box containing books had been left at Ujiji, and that shortly before his death, the doctor had particularly desired that they should be fetched and conveyed to the coast.

Dr. Livingstone's death, as far as could be ascertained from the description given by his men, occurred rather to the westward of the place marked in the map published in 'Livingstone's Last Journal.' He had been suffering from acute dysentery for some time, but his active mind did not permit him to remain still and rest. Had he done so for a week or two after his first attack, it was the opinion of Dr. Dillon, upon reading the last few pages of his journal, that he would most probably have recovered.

It is not for me here to speak of Livingstone, his life and death. The appreciation of a whole nation—nay, more, of the whole civilized world, will testify to succeeding generations that he was one of the world's heroes.

And that title was never won by greater patience,

self-denial and true courage, than that shown by David Livingstone.

It was now necessary to consider what course they had better pursue, since he, to whom they were to have looked for guidance, was taken away from them.

Murphy resigned his position, and announced his intention of returning to the coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was now completed, and that nothing further remained for us to do.

Dillon and Cameron decided upon proceeding to Ujiji, and securing that box to which Livingstone had referred with almost his last breath, and after having safely dispatched it to the coast, to push on toward Nyangwe to endeavour to follow up the doctor's explorations.

They now redoubled their exertions to get away, and equipped Susi and his companions for the march to Bagomayo. But, unhappily, Dillon and he were not destined to go forward together, for a few days prior to the time fixed for their departure, Dillon was attacked with inflammation of the bowels, and much against his wish, felt constrained to return to the coast, as that seemed the only course that gave hope of recovery.

Difficulties crowded at this time very heavily about our bold explorer. The object for which the whole expedition was organized could not now be secured. He could only try to carry out the purpose as he understood it of Dr. Livingstone. It was a difficult position in which he found himself, as the plan and design of the expedition having come to nought, he must return with nothing done, or take the responsibility of attempting what migh prove a more disastrous failure still. Besides, not expecting to go beyond this great lacustrine region of Central Africa, he had made no arrangements for any farther explorations. But still he determined that a movement set on foot by the Royal Geographical Society of London should not end in nothing done, and he resolved to move westward and complete, as far as possible, Livingstone's work, and, perhaps, push on to the Atlantic coast. His whole force was reduced to about one hun-

dred men; yet, with these, encouraged by the successes of Livingstone and Stanley, he determined to proceed. It was a condition, which, in its sadness, discouragement, and the fearful forebodings it conjured up, might well appall the stoutest heart. It was in these circumstances that Cameron showed that he was worthy to stand beside Livingstone and Stanley, as one of the most intrepid explorers of this or of any age. In very simple language, without any attempt at dramatic effect, and yet, in its very simplicity, dramatic in the highest sense, he says: "On the 9th of November, Livingstone's caravan, accompanied by Dillon and Murphy, started for the coast, whilst my cry was 'westward ho!'"

While trying to enlist men to compose the force, with which he now proposed to continue his march, and carry out a project not at all contemplated beforehand, he received another shock by the arrival of a messenger, announcing the death of Dillon, his physician, friend and mainstay. In the delirium of the African fever—some firearms having been left near him—he seized a pistol, and placing the muzzle to his head, blew out his brains. Thus, discouragements, one after another, were piled on him to drive him back. Not only was the main object of the expedition defeated, but his physician, on whom he depended, was dead, and taken from him under circumstances calculated to throw a gloom over all his plans. Not only was he now left alone in the heart of Africa, but he himself was under the influence of this same deadly fever, which might end just as tragically. No wonder, in the sudden despondency produced by this irreparable loss, he said: "The day on which I received this news was the saddest of my life. I had lost one of the best and truest of my old messmates and friends; one whose companionship, during the many weary hours of travel and suffering, had helped to cheer and lessen the difficulties and vexations by which we were so frequently beset. And the shock so stunned me, in my enfeebled state, that for some days I appeared to have existed almost in a dream, remembering scarcely anything

of the march to Kononga, and leaving my journal a blank." No wonder that he felt so prostrated and bewildered. The wonder is, that, now left alone, the only white man in the party—the expedition, so far as accomplishing the object, being a failure—exhausted by sickness, and depressed by the loss of his one dear friend—he did not wheel about and return to Zanzibar, his starting point, instead of turning his face, all alone, to the untrodden wilderness that lay between him and the unknown to which he was hastening.

After much delay and troubles with his men, he at length started forward, and soon came to the spot where poor Dillon died. He tried in vain to find where he was buried, in order to put some rude monument over his grave. He found, at last, that he had been buried in a jungle, to keep his grave from being desecrated, and there the true-hearted, brave physician rests to-day—adding one more to the number of those who have sacrificed their lives in the attempt to solve the mystery of the dark continent.

It was now December, and Cameron's journal between this and Ujiji is very similar to that of Stanley, as they passed over nearly the same district of country. He took a different road, however, from Stanley, striking westward between his route and the direct one through Mirambo's country.

He remained some time at a village named Hinnone, waiting to be able to steer clear of Mirambo, who was carrying on war, as usual, with the native tribes. Sometimes he was sick, sometimes he went hunting, and would fetch in a gazelle or zebra. He jots down: "Christmas-day passed very miserably. A heavy rain commenced the day, flooding the whole village—the ditch and bank round my tent were washed away, and I had over six inches of water inside it." Now and then a ludicrous scene broke the monotony of his dismal journey. One day he was greatly amused by seeing one of his guides, who had got possession of an umbrella, strutting along under it with a pompous air. "He kept it

open the whole day," he says, "continually spinning it round and round in a most ludicrous maner; and when we came to a jungle, he added to the absurdity of his appearance by taking off his only article of clothing—his loin-cloth—and placing it on his head, after having carefully folded it. The sight of a naked negro walking under an umbrella was too much for my gravity, and I fairly exploded with laughter." Passing village after village made desolate by the slave-traders, he kept on, crossing river after river—among others the Lugungwa, a beautiful stream,which had cut a channel fifty feet deep in the soft sandstone, and not more than eight feet wide at the top. At length he came in sight of the great inland sea of Tanganika. He had finally reached Ujiji. His first inquiries were for Dr. Livingstone's papers, which he found safe in the hands of one of the chief men of the place.

He arrived at Ujiji in February and remained there till March, when he set out on a long cruise around Lake Tanganika, which continued till May. With the exception of the description of the customs and manners of some of the tribes that live on its shores, his journal is of more value to the geographer than to the general reader.