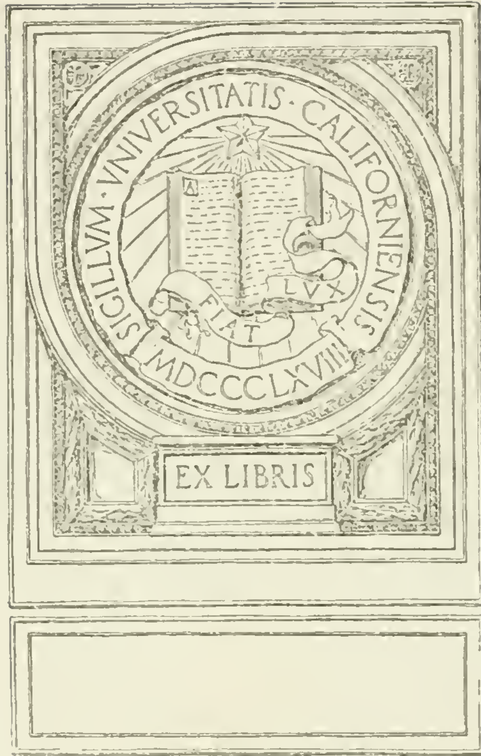
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HUNTING AND HUNTED IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

Photo by Gannon, Johannesburg.

THE AUTHOR.

HUNTING AND HUNTED IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

BY

REGINALD DAVEY COOPER

EDITED BY

R. KEITH JOHNSTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

LONDON

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INTRODUCTION

To old and young alike I trust that these pages may be of interest and may serve to arouse some little sympathy for my distant Congo friends, dusky though they be.

My trip to that country was not undertaken solely for pleasure, for I have some claims to be numbered among the dozen or so of men who are styled "Elephant Hunters," of whom few, if indeed any, have worked so far into the Congo wilds as my friend and I in the course of the journey set forth in the following pages.

I hope I may be successful in giving some idea of the enormous obstacles, the disappointments, and the dangers which daily, nay, almost hourly, confront the hunter and trader in the north-eastern Congo, *i.e.* the Lado Enclave and the Luele District.

Speaking collectively of the natives in Central Africa, they regard us undoubtedly as a set of fools with some queer ideas. Why does the white man hurry? To-morrow will follow to-day for certain, then why always hurry? They shake their heads at the hurrying man, they cannot understand him, he is so utterly foreign to them and their natures. You might argue with them for weeks and months, but they would still shake their heads and say, "The days come one after another, they are all the same." It is hopeless to try and hurry a native. They have no account of time; the killing of an elephant or the visit of the last white man will form the outstanding feature of their calendar until something else

equally extraordinary happens. The days are spent in idleness by most of the people ; the men gather in front of the chief's hut and discuss various topics of the moment. This usually takes place after the early morning meal of half-smoked fish, matamma (native flour), etc.

In a brief account which appeared in the London papers on my return home, I stated that one of our greatest difficulties was the fact that it was impossible to rely on the published maps of the Congo. Those issued by the Belgians are typical of a skeleton administration. Scores of towns and settlements are shown, but few of them exist except upon paper. I searched in vain for many of them. No one knew where they were. Mountains were indicated where rivers ran. Towns where only groups of huts were to be found.

The north-eastern Congo of to-day is little different from its condition when Stanley, Schweinfurth, and one or two others first entered the country.

Something like one thousand followers accompanied Stanley into Central Africa. Many weary days and nights have I spent in traversing the plains and forests of Congo wilds with but three boys ! encountering the worst of uncivilized races, and sneaking away, under cover of darkness, from some hostile village or other to escape a furious savage onslaught.

Many people have suggested that next time I should get three or four friends to go with me, and a large number of native followers. This would be impracticable. The natives are not in a position at every village to find food for, say, one hundred and fifty porters. Sometimes we had to carry food for ourselves and our porters sufficient to last for several days. This was always the case when near a Government station, for neighbouring chiefs have to provide constant supplies of matamma, potatoes, and what not for the staff and askaris, and should they fail to send in the necessary quantities, no matter what

excuse they may offer, a body of askaris would be sent to investigate, and, well, I will not say any more, except that native troops should not be allowed to roam about without a responsible officer in charge!

To you at home in Europe it is inconceivable that parts of Africa are to-day as they were before the first white man set foot on the continent.

The heights of snow-clad mysterious Ruwenzori cannot yet be reached by a funicular railway, nor can the great Kibali or Welle boast of Pullman cars and comfortable steamers such as are to be found on the Lower Nile.

Long years must elapse before the average traveller abroad shall gaze upon the country that lies between the Upper Nile and the Ubhangi river.

Various opinions have been given regarding the utility of the great Cape to Cairo railway. The combination of boat and rail from Tanganyika upwards will, in the opinion of some people, make through traffic expensive because of the necessity for transhipping goods. There will be no through traffic, it will be local feeding for the nearest line leading to the coast, or for the interchange of local produce. No other enterprise, commercial or missionary, can be so instrumental as a railway in striking at the root of the innumerable obstacles which prevent civilization from reaching the people. Cannibal raids, the slave trade, and other atrocities will all vanish as the line with its arteries stretches north, east, and west, opening up the country, establishing channels into which trade can be directed. No amount of mission work can ever hope to accomplish the result seen clearly by the late Cecil Rhodes when he planned the line destined to link the Cape to Cairo. The idea that it will compete with the great ocean liners is absurd, but it can and will do for the heart of Africa what the line between Mombasa and Port Florence has done for British East Africa.

The Congolese as I saw them were more often than not a cadaverous people to gaze at, bloodthirsty, and often enough cannibalistic, but I found that almost without exception they possessed a good point, which rarely failed to show itself, provided that they were treated patiently and honourably.

The years which preceded my travels in Central Africa were spent in a variety of different ways and under the skies of many countries.

I have been cyanide worker on the Rand gold mines, typist, post-master in Basutoland, learner foreman on the Central South African Railways, mason, saddler, bioscope operator, motor driver, clerk, actor, and so on in various parts of the world.

I have done farm work, made coffins, assisted at burials and weddings, and I went through the Zulu trouble in 1906. More recently I have been charged by elephants and wounded by cannibals in ambush, and my last but by no means least adventure was a fight with a madman at sea.

I have travelled pretty extensively in and around Australasia. I retain countless memories of far eastern temples, the tea and cinnamon gardens of Ceylon, cane forests, the coral strands and lagoons of southern seas, and Indian bazaars, whose narrow streets reek of the jostling motley throng garbed in multi-coloured raiment.

Wherever I find myself I go off the highways into the byways, to the unbeaten track, so that my knowledge of the world and its people is not merely what I have seen from hotel steps or the interior of a sleeping car, or the deck of a sumptuously appointed steamer.

Circumstances have placed me among people of practically every race under the sun, against whose shoulders I have rubbed in work and in play.

With regard to Mission work in Africa I have little to say, except that I hold a decided opinion that the

native should be taught to become a useful industrial worker, to till the soil and to absorb such education as will assist him to become a real asset to the country wherein he lives. This is far more important for his own welfare than learning to wear European clothes, chant hymns, and write essays, such as we often see executed by the finished "article."

The Belgians treat their natives like vermin; the British official, on the other hand, makes fools of them.

With regard to the reported atrocities in the Congo, I regret that as I have not come into contact with the Belgian authorities on many occasions, I have not been able to study this matter as I would like to have done. One thing struck me, however, and that was the very sparse population in the country where we travelled, and from accounts obtained from various village headmen I understand that sleeping-sickness, small-pox, and other diseases are not alone accountable for this state of affairs, and judging by accounts given me by men who had penetrated through the far west and south-west of the Luele district, and had reached the Nile close by Soudanese territory, I should say the administration of the Belgians is terribly unjust and cruel.

I was told of one European who thought he had struck a brilliant idea when in search for elephants minus a passport. He entered the Congo and succeeded in travelling for many days in the guise of a photographer with a stand camera. His scheme was short-lived, however, for the authorities came across him and took greater exception to the camera than to his guns. Of course the camera faithfully portrays occurrences, the revelation of which might be unpleasant to those responsible for certain little incidents in the administration of the country!

That the Belgians are hated and feared I had proof in abundance, for often when within hailing distance of a village, the people, on seeing our white faces approaching

would rend the stillness around with frenzied shouts, and whistling alarm signals, and in a second the whole population would fly pell-mell into the cover of forest bush and grass. Sometimes as many as six hundred people would become panic-stricken at our approach, clouds of dust would rise up, dogs would bark, and children howl with fright like their elders; the weak would fall and be trodden down by the press behind, spears, bows, knives, quivers, and what not, all would be left; they heeded nothing so long as they could reach the cover that they sought.

In isolated cases some of the people had never before seen a white face, and this alone would account for such behaviour; but it was significant that after Salem, our man who marched in front of the expedition, had discarded an old Belgian jersey—blue, with a yellow star on the front—the people seldom resented our approach or exhibited any signs of fear.

In the eyes of the Congolese, a gun is a very terrible thing, and most of them took it for granted that we were seeking two-legged and not four-legged game.

The people, when left alone, are supremely happy in their own peculiar way. Gold is not yet their god as it is fast becoming ours. Heathen they may be, yet it is a mistake to think that the Fetish worshipper is beyond the pale of justice and pity and that the Cross can do no wrong. When I see in the papers such headlines as "Terrible retribution," "The floodgates of battle were opened," "Human abattoirs," etc., and watch a Christian world gloating over such inglorious victories against a people whose sole crime is the love they have for their homes, whether by forest, desert, or plain, I am inclined to think that Christ is to us but a name and not yet a power. Christianity must be getting lower and lower.

This is hardly the place to set down my stories of campaign and native war in Southern Africa. Or of the

Insuzi valley, Mome Gorge, Cetewayo's grave, and the "impis" that we watched gathering around the N'khandlha forest, the loss of the searchlight, and the finding of what was believed to be Bambata's head in the gorge.

I could easily fill another volume with anecdotes and reminiscences from various chapters of my roving career.

A fire at sea is anything but a pleasant experience, and I for one have no wish for a second taste.

The life of a rolling stone, as I have known it, is always a glorious uncertainty, up one day and down the next; but I do not advise any one to try it, for in the long run the game is unprofitable financially, and you must be extremely versatile, able to adapt yourself to all grades of society, and willing to accept cheerfully whatever may come your way. Drive an ox team to-day and play Shakespeare to-morrow. At all times remember that your pocket is your truest friend, always keep smiling, be ready to do anything, go anywhere, face any danger, and be careful with whom you chum up. Acquaintances and friends are two vastly different types of people.

To roam around the world is all right for a youngster in his early twenties; it is, in fact, the most liberal education of all, you learn something of humanity, become self-reliant, and judge with broad views the world around you, its social and other problems; but sooner or later the time must come to settle down to something definite.

People have often told me that had I settled down at first when leaving school I could have been this or that by now; but if I had those ten years over again I would do precisely the same as I have done. The lesson has been hard at times, I admit, but certain I am that it has been thorough, and the experience gained will always prove invaluable in after life.

Some scenes there are, trivial enough in themselves, perhaps, but which stand out in sharp relief as we gaze

dreamily down the long vistas of our past, long ago vanished from our mental sight or faded in the haze of days gone by ; but here and there an event, a sensation, or a scene will rise up in front of us as though we had but that moment experienced it, and so it is now that I am standing once again on a hill, watching the sunset and its glory of colours fade away: and then, from the tent door where I sit—pulling at the old trusty briar—seeking comfort from " My Lady Nicotine," looking over the millions of trees in the forest below, which bend their heads weeping to the restless sigh of the wind, thus I gaze away to the east, watching for the sky to lighten and proclaim the coming of a great blood-red moon which shall climb into the heavens from behind the mountains far beyond which are the shimmering silent waters of old Mother Nile, flowing away to the north like a stream of molten lead.

From below comes the low growl of a prowling beast, which startles the solitary night bird on yonder branch, and sends it flitting away with a hoarse croak into the uncertain shadows beyond.

The distant heavens gradually lighten, and the huge glowing mass of red climbs rapidly upward amidst a myriad of stars which seem to mock the darkness below, for up to now, across the face of the orb, have lain horizontal bars of cloud, six in number, giving it the appearance of a huge Chinese lantern ; slowly, however, they drift away, and the country appears bright and sharp under a sea of silver light. Mosquitoes buzz, insects drone, and borne on the breeze from afar come the sounds of tapping drums and weird song from a village under yonder knoll beside which can be seen the fitful glare of camp fires and curling wind-driven columns of smoke.

And so in that mysterious unknown country you learn to appreciate something of wild, undisturbed nature and those equally wild, savage-looking people.

INTRODUCTION

You have for the time being left the outer world behind, London and the Mall are but half forgotten memories. Theatres, taxis, and the hypocrisy of civilization are left behind, while you probe the unknown depths of the wilds to revel in the mystery of the forests, fields, and plains in Darkest Africa.

Until you have seen it all as I have seen it you cannot realize what strange corners there are in this world of ours, lands where Ghost Kings dwell, and the dreams of boyish youth are realized to the full. Cannibals and so forth, they have all come true at last, lions, snakes, leopards, elephants, witch doctors, real bows and arrows, yes, it has all been very wonderful ; but time brings its changes, and some day I suppose those quaintly constructed homes of the savages must give way to the oncoming tide of civilization, poverty, struggle, storm, and strife ; the forests that hitherto have remained almost impenetrable, the silent, deep-flowing rivers, will all cease to wear that air of romance and mystery.

The grandeur and glory of one of nature's greatest shrines will fade, then the country will become but another " Tom Tiddler's " ground. The people that have dwelt there from time immemorial will be but pawns on the chessboard of Christianity's ambition. The strong must win, and the weak shall fall.

The black, we are told, can never be the white man's equal. I agree fully with this, but there is room under the sun for all, and I, in common with many others, see in the " nigger " more good points than bad. In the great beyond there is to be no distinction of class, and I am inclined to believe there is to be no distinction of colour.

I am not one of those who worship and adore the black man, any more than I agree with those who would exterminate him, but I do believe in justice and fair play to the coloured races, whom an Unseen Power has thought fit to place under us in this world of ours.

To the white races this great responsibility has been entrusted. Shall the work of Christianity be carried through with unstained hands or with guilty red ones ?

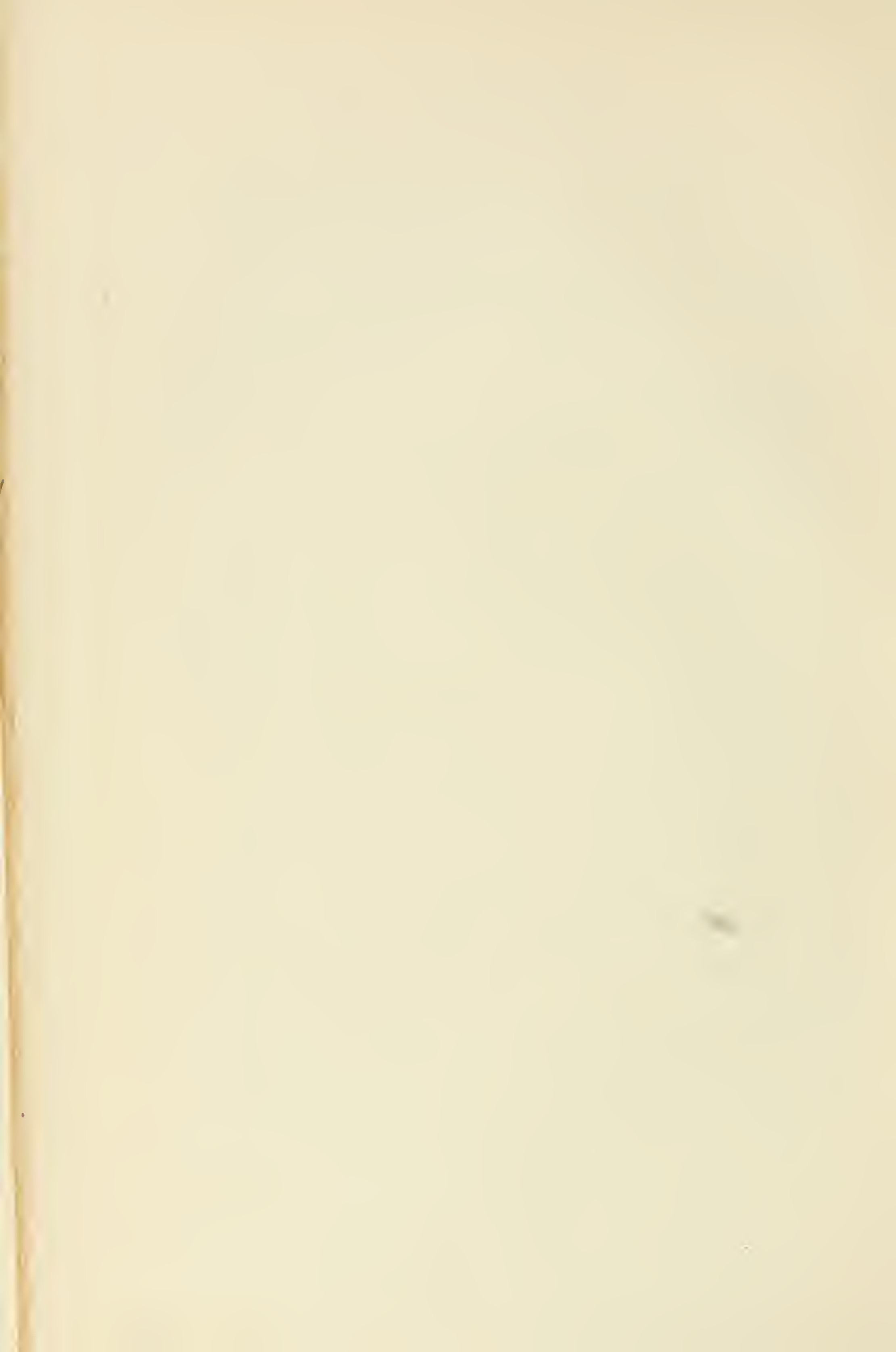
As it has been carried on so far the work is no credit to the pages of nineteenth and twentieth century history.

Time alone can prove, and the moral responsibility rests not alone with us to-day, but with the next few generations to come.

R. D. C.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Introduction	v
I.	Reaching our Rendezvous	1
II.	Our Safari	12
III.	"Jambo, Bwana"	20
IV.	The Albert Nyanza	32
V.	"Posho"	45
VI.	Through Elephant Grass and Water	58
VII.	Hartebeeste and Water-buck	72
VIII.	Elephant and Hippopotamus	83
IX.	A Free Fight	95
X.	The Lado Enclave	106
XI.	Uncanny Cookery	118
XII.	Three Lions and no Rifle!	131
XIII.	A Terrible Day's March	146
XIV.	Amateur Surgeons	159
XV.	A Camp among Cannibals	172
XVI.	A Stampede of Elephants	186
XVII.	How we Cured the Chief	198
XVIII.	An Escape in the Dark	212
XIX.	A Skirmish with Cannibals	225
XX.	Farewell to the Congo	238
XXI.	A Plea for the Savage	251
	Index	261



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
The Author	*Frontispiece*
Masai Warriors	2
Bullock Cart and Gharri	4
The Fruit-Market, Dar-es-Salaam	6
An Embankment on the Uganda Railway	8
Lion Shot by the Author near Nairobi	10
Kavirondo Natives at Station on the Uganda Railway	10
Women at the Village Pump	16
A "Fort" in British East Africa	22
"Nine Feet Six"	42
Zanzibar from the Sea	46
Bush Buck	58
A Native Village	60
Natives of British East Africa	66
"A Fine Old Cow"	82
Trestle Bridge, Uganda Railway	84
An Eland—the Largest of the Antelopes	98
"An Old Bull Rhino"	100
A Group of East African Children	116
A Fallen King	138
The Wart Hog	140
Native Doctor and Attendant	210
A Chief and his Body-guard	220
A Company of Spearmen	232
A Congo Warrior	240
Giraffe, British East Africa	254
Sketch-Map	*At end of text*

CHAPTER I

REACHING OUR RENDEZVOUS

ONE day in the early part of June, 1910, the express train from Johannesburg landed me at the pretty little station of Delagoa Bay or Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese East Africa, a place in which I found nothing worthy of special remark, with the possible exception of the pavements, Polana beach, and the Portuguese policemen.

The first-named are decorated with small coloured pebbles, laid out in designs as striking as various.

The beautiful Polana beach is well worth visiting.

I cannot say that I admired the police, but nevertheless they certainly impressed me, for a more Gilbertian body of men I have never seen, undersized, slovenly and strongly addicted to holding up street corners, lounging against shop fronts, constantly smoking cigarettes, and toying with the huge swords that dangle by their sides.

I spent two days here waiting for the boat to take me northward to Mombasa, and on the third morning stood on the promenade deck of the *Adolph Woermann* of the Deutsche Ost-Africa Linie, a fine twin-screw boat of some seven thousand tons.

The journey up to Mombasa merits brief description.

Beira was our first port of call, and there is no doubt this will be the port for Rhodesia in the near future.

Chinde, at one of the many mouths of the Zambesi River, came next, and here the little bar steamer *Kadett* came bobbing out to us as we lay at anchor a few miles from the shore, to bring us a few bronzed-faced passengers.

Then, northward ho! for Mozambique, which we reached without incident. Our stay here was limited to a few short hours, which I rather regretted, for this old centre of the slave trade is brimful of interest. There is an ancient fort, with a fine old gateway and an obsolete battery of muzzle-loading guns that crown all and pretend to guard the harbour entrance. The queer old dhows, that now do duty as lighters, grim relics of the past, with their towering richly carved poops and forward raking masts, by themselves lend to the place an old-world atmosphere which at once impresses the stranger who visits it for the first time.

While here we dragged our anchor with the turn of the tide and swung round and crashed into a large Portuguese troopship, the *Lusitania*—since wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope—catching her right amidships with our stern. Our officers and crew were all engaged with the cargo and no one appeared to be on duty, but fortunately one of the passengers and I were watching the cargo being slung aboard, and gave the alarm in time for the rope fenders to be put out from our craft.

At Zanzibar another fellow and I, with a Swahili boy, who rejoiced in the name of George Washington, as guide, explored the Bazaar for ice cream, and after walking for miles through a maze of winding closely-built streets or passages that reeked of the lower-class Indian community, we succeeded in obtaining the object of our search. We bought the ice-bucket full and ate it in the street, seated at a little table on the pavement, outside the shop.

Wireless telegraphy, with which the ship was equipped, formed one of the features of the trip, and kept us in touch with the world. After calling at Dar-es-Salaam and Tanga, we headed for Kilindini, on the south side of the island of Mombasa. The trip from Delagoa Bay had occupied eleven days, and for an interesting sea trip it is hard to beat.

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

MASAI WARRIORS.

One thing strikes the traveller in these parts, and that is the English shipping companies have been slow in recognizing the volume of trade on this coast, which the Germans, having once succeeded in getting, will continue for many reasons to hold for some years to come. How many English passenger and cargo boats on the east coast can boast of half a dozen men with a knowledge of German, Swahili, or Portuguese? Board any German boat you may see running up the coast, that boat caters for the different nationalities met with up the east coast. It is much nicer for the German to travel on a boat where he can be understood, can mix with the people and will not be regarded as a fool because he cannot speak English. Our people are the fools for not seeing that in every case the purser, at least, should be able to converse with the people, as he is supposed to do, and not strut about the first-class deck trying to look pretty. Another thing that strikes all Englishmen unpleasantly is that the Germans are bringing out railway material for British contracts on British boats under the German flag. At Beira I was standing on the deck chatting with one of the officers when a large 10,000-ton ship came into port, and as she passed us I noticed that although she was an English ship and belonged to an English company, she was flying the German ensign. I felt a lump in my throat, a tinge of shame shot through me when the German officer called my attention to the fact that material made in our own country was brought out by Germans on a boat hired from us. This was not an isolated case, for during the next few days several other British ships, flying the German ensign, came into Beira. The Germans are nothing if not enterprising, they have been running right round Africa for years. In and around East Africa they have come to stay, and it will be some years before we recover the trade which we have allowed to run through our fingers or even an appreciable portion

of it. Thanks to the Union Castle Company, who in the latter part of 1910 ran the *Guelph* to the east coast, we can at last boast of being on a level with the Germans, inasmuch as we have now a regular service of passenger steamers running right round Africa. It is to be hoped that the Castle Company will receive not only the encouragement of the travelling public, but material assistance from the Imperial Government, similar to that enjoyed by many foreign lines.

A brief description of how, after landing at Kilindini on the south side of the island, one reaches Mombasa town about one and a half miles away, on the north side, may not be amiss. A trolley or "gharri" is requisitioned for the journey. The gharris are covered in with a neat little awning, and run on a miniature rail track of about eighteen inches gauge, natives supplying the motive power. The average vehicle carries four people. It is a delightful run to the town: tropical vegetation, grand old trees, which long years ago frowned down on the tumult of Gallas, Portuguese and others who have figured in the history of Mombasa since the early days. Away we sped down the lovely avenue, with its gorgeous wealth of foliage that reminded me of far-away Ceylon. Arabs, Mohammedans, Swahilis, and Goanese; dusky maidens, bicycles, rickshas with their chanty boys, the one in the shafts singing a few lines, and then the two pushing behind joining in with a low drone. Along came a native cart drawn by a camel, dark-skinned people flitted by in turbans and fezzes, some on wheels and others walking, arrayed in khanzas of coloured silks or calico. The khanza is a sort of robe reaching down to the ankles. Many had only a blanket thrown over the shoulder, beads, wire bangles, huge earrings, and the usual paraphernalia to be found on natives, who are just emerging from the old life into the dawn of civilization.

We passed the little police-station on the right-hand

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

BULLOCK CART AND GHARRI.

side of the road close to the railway bridge. The native "officer" on duty with rifle came to the salute as we passed. A native girl, carrying an earthenware jar on her head, with fresh green leaves stuffed into the neck of the vessel, was arrayed in a gaily coloured cloth that hung round her waist, beads and wire bangles adorned her neck and arms, she stood aside as the gharri flitted by and shouted some pleasantry to our boys, who laughed in return to her sally, and began to sing something, in which the word "Beebe" (girl) figured every now and again.

It would need a cleverer pen than mine to describe the charm of a run on a gharri down the avenue at Mombasa, a cloudless sky overhead.

Perspiring natives chant weird songs as they run, pushing our gharri. Curious-looking folk from Zanzibar, the Persian Gulf, or India, their brightly coloured garments contrasting vividly with the more sombre clothing of the few European visitors, pass in continuous procession on either side of the way, which is bordered with luxuriant growth of palms, mangoes, and other fruit strange to Western eyes.

Picturesque bungalows nestle half revealed and half concealed among the gorgeous vegetation.

During my stay here I visited the Memorial Cathedral, on whose walls are to be found brass tablets bearing the names of pioneers of Empire who helped to open up East Africa and Uganda in days gone by—missionaries, bishops, soldiers, and others, struck down by fever, murdered, or mauled to death by lions.

My train left on the Wednesday morning, about eleven a.m., running past Kilindini and over the Salisbury bridge, a very fine structure some 1700 feet in length, which connects the island with the mainland. Shortly after crossing this we reached the station of Changamwe, six miles up the line. On the platform there was a

chattering crowd of fruit vendors selling the produce of the surrounding plantations. From here we got a lovely view of Port Reitz and the Shimba Hills. We now entered on our trip through Nature's zoo, steadily rising to Voi, 1830 feet above sea-level, whence one can generally obtain a glimpse of snow-capped Kilimanjaro, 19,000 feet high, away on the German frontier.

Our next station was Tsavo, where during the railway construction days the man-eating lions played havoc among the coolies. We have seen game nearly all the way from the coast, close to the train ; ostriches, gazelle, zebra, blue wildebeeste, hyænas, giraffes, jackals, lions, and rhinoceros are all living here. Far away in the sky vultures hover over the carcass of some animal that the king of beasts has recently struck down. It is, indeed, a marvellous trip, one that no period of time can easily efface from the memory. Every now and then the engine whistle shrieked as a bunch of zebra or gazelle stood on the permanent way not more than fifty feet from the cow-catcher, kicking their heels in the air. Impala frequently stood on the track, and only made off when the engine was well-nigh on top of them.

At one of the railway stations where there was a refreshment-room I overheard the following conversation between a young Dutch settler and the man in charge of the catering department. The Dutchman said, " Have you any cigarettes ? " " Yes ! " replied the man. " Then please to give for me one ounce of tobacco." Then he remembered that the vrouw (wife) and child might also require some refreshment, and asked, " Please to give me some lemonade—no stay, I will have beer." " We have no beer," replied the man. " Very well," said the other, " I will have one cups of tea and two cup of coffee."

Next morning we ran down the slope from Athi river into Nairobi, a distance of sixteen miles, and entered

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

THE FRUIT-MARKET, DAR-ES-SALAAM.

Nairobi station. The distance from Mombasa is 327 miles, and the journey takes just twenty-four hours, including waits at stations, such as Voi, for meals. Nairobi is 5450 feet above sea-level. At the time of my visit (1910) the town was still in the tin shanty stage. The post-office, treasury, Norfolk and Stanley Hotels, stood out as the leading buildings of the town. There is a good racecourse, golf links, club, and town hall.

At Dar-es-Salaam and Tanga, in German East Africa, I was particularly struck with the solidity of the buildings, municipal and otherwise, for this is not often met with in British East Africa. Good stone buildings with red-tiled roofs have the effect of making a country look prosperous. They speak of a people that have come to stay, while the corrugated iron or "tin shanty" settlement lacks sadly the air of soundness in the country; everything seems to be temporary, as though our motto were "Make as much as you can in as short a time as possible, then clear." There has always been that feeling in South Africa. Prominent men there have said from time to time that people come there with the sole idea of making their money in the country and then leaving to spend it elsewhere. This is undoubtedly the case with the large majority; there are very few towns in South Africa that have any outward signs of homeliness about them, everywhere there is the same monotonous stretch of corrugated iron and wire, everything has the "here to-day, gone to-morrow," appearance.

I stayed at Nairobi for a short time, meeting several old friends and making new ones, and arranging the trip which I am about to describe. I was disgusted to find so many little "cliques" in Nairobi. I have been in dozens of places in the Colonies, and it is noticeable in every case that certain people from home cannot or will not adapt themselves to their new surroundings. For instance, the married couple who arrive and grudgingly

admit that the country is "tolerable," "but the whole thing is dreadful after our large house at home, where we always kept our four servants, horses, motor car," and so forth, and yet these people have come out to Africa to live on the 200.00 rupees that the husband earns per month. Why did they leave their luxurious surroundings?

The settlers in British East Africa are the finest fellows one can meet, and the country is very fortunate in having such a class of men to open it up. I spent a very enjoyable afternoon looking over Messrs. Newland, Tarlton, and Co.'s showrooms and stores, where we obtained some very useful material for our trip. There was a football match one Saturday afternoon, at which Sir Percy Girouard, the deservedly popular Governor, was present, and I was impressed by the enterprise of a local photographer, who was perched on the roof of a small shanty overlooking the field busily engaged taking a bioscope picture of the game. Your African native male and female is nothing if not a keen sport. Large numbers of them were standing round taking a great interest in the game, chattering gaily, one group watching the bioscope man open-mouthed as every now and then he turned the handle of his instrument. They had seen cameras before, but the handle on this one gave rise to great speculation, one of them suggested that it was a gun, and pointed to a player who had been charged over in the game; a roar of laughter greeted this and the many remarks that followed.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Nairobi, and received the greatest kindness from all with whom I came in contact. My friend went ahead of me some seven days to get things ready and engage porters at Kampala. The races were on in Nairobi during my last week, and I still retain very pleasant memories of that time, including an excellent programme of music played by the

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

AN EMBANKMENT ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

fine native band of the King's African Rifles. They reflect the very greatest credit on those who trained them.

There were several old friends whom I had known in South Africa, who were all unanimous in praising the prospects for settlers in East Africa, more especially around the highlands, the Uasin Gishu, Nakuru, and Naivasha.

Once or twice from the hill in the early morning I was able to see Kilimanjaro with the naked eye, quite plainly, and Mount Kenia, although a hundred miles away, on a clear day appears quite close. Some twenty-five miles from Nairobi, on the line to the lake, we come to Limoru, then we climb through a fine piece of forest country to the Kikuyu escarpment, 7380 feet above sea-level. From here we obtain a really magnificent view, for we are looking 2000 feet down into the great Rift Valley, which, it is said, can be traced from the Zambesi to Palestine. At this spot it reaches its finest development. The volcanic cones of Mount Longonot and Suswa form a fitting background to this truly remarkable picture. From Escarpment station we descend along the side of the hills to Kijabe, through seven miles of forest country, over imposing steel viaducts. Kijabe is half way on the descent to the valley, and rattling along at a very good pace for a three feet three inches gauge railway, the train shortly runs through a piece of bush country into Naivasha station. There are plenty of elephants, hippopotamus, buck, gazelle, antelope, wild-fowl, duck, etc., to be found around here. Leaving Naivasha and passing through Gil-Gil and Elmenteita, where the East African Syndicate, Lord Delamere, Captain E. S. Grogan and others have large farming interests, we reach Nakuru in time for a good hot dinner at the Nakuru Hotel.

On leaving here after a smoke and chat, I decided

to turn in, and prepared for a cold night passing over the Mau Summit. It is always as well to wrap up warmly for this stage of the journey. On the Mau Summit, 8350 feet above sea-level, a pillar marks the highest spot on the Uganda railway. I awoke early in the morning, to find that it was bitterly cold, several things had fallen off the bed, and I was shivering. At Londiani, 500 miles from Mombasa, I saw several old trek waggons brought from South Africa by the Africanders, of whom there are now great numbers taking up land around the Uasin Gishu. The Government station at Eldama Ravine can be reached from Londiani station.

About eight o'clock in the morning after leaving Nairobi, we arrived at Port Florence, on the Victoria Nyanza, the altitude here being only 3650 feet. The train runs first into Port Florence station, and then down to the wharf alongside which the fine twin-screw steamer, *Clement Hill*, is berthed. On the wharves are very fine iron goods sheds, through which the baggage trucks can be run, as in the huge quay-side sheds at Southampton. Our train, however, was drawn up alongside the ship itself within a few feet of the wharf edge.

It was a lovely Sunday morning; the Great Gulf of Kavirondo lay stretched out before us. Overhead a cloudless sky, with the great sun slowly climbing up from the east, throwing its powerful rays across the silent shimmering waters, from which I saw many fish jump. A curious native craft with sail up and tiny fluttering pennant skimmed gracefully by, the Kisumu boy aboard sitting astern, crooning to himself and staring at a beautiful Kavirondo crane which flew away westwards. Two other steamers, both about 500 tons, lay close by, waiting for their next trips. On the wharf side where we stood, a bustling mob of natives singing and shouting were engaged in getting the last of the cargo aboard our steamer; trim European officers in white

LION SHOT BY THE AUTHOR NEAR NAIROBI.

KAVIRONDO NATIVES AT STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

drill with sun helmets and deep tanned faces supervised the operations with that quiet but firm way characteristic of the officers of the Royal Navy.

A tiny monkey gambolled on the for'ard deck amidst a party of drowsy Indians. Aloft in the morning breeze the Blue Peter flapped merrily, showing that we should be leaving that day. The *Clement Hill*, 750 tons burthen, Captain Gray, R.N.R., is fitted with triple expansion engines and twin screws. A fine promenade deck covered with double awnings runs the whole length of the ship. On the after part there is a capital lounge very comfortably upholstered, wherein one may read, write, or smoke at leisure. On the walls there are weather glasses and large charts of the lake. A wide staircase leads from the lounge down to the cabins, where on turning aft we enter the commodious dining saloon, which would do credit to many of the large ocean-going liners. There is a capital library, with seating accommodation for about two dozen passengers at the tables. The cabins, bathrooms, and lavatories are all one could desire for comfort and convenience, and are furnished in excellent taste. Above all, everything is scrupulously clean. Goanese stewards clad in white move silently about, tending to the comfort of the passengers. The engineers have very cosy quarters, and are justly proud of showing one the many interesting details of the engine-room.

As I ascended to the deck again a group of army officers from South Africa, spending a holiday in East Africa, were being photographed on the wharf.

CHAPTER II

OUR SAFARI

At eleven a.m. the syren sounded, gangways were removed, hawsers cast adrift, and to the steady thumping of the screws we drew away from the shore. Mr. Fleisher, an elephant hunter and slayer of big game, was travelling with us *en route* for Uganda. Mr. Sydney Pearson, a visitor to the country, one of the keenest sportsmen extant, also added to the pleasures of the trip. Twelve months ago polar bears were dropping to his gun, now he was following the trails of Central Africa. Although only three months in the country, Mr. Pearson had already to his credit a heavy bag of game, both large and small. He had secured a magnificent specimen of a black-maned lion, equalling that shot by Captain Cowie, which now adorns the billiard-room at his Nairobi residence.

Swahili sailors have a curious preference for a ship on which they get an occasional spell of drill, they will even work for a lower wage, in order to be drilled, for those queer people dearly love drilling. My "syce" (mule boy) was mighty proud of a smattering of the words of command, and frequently tried to imbue the whole Safari (expedition) with a similar feeling of soldiering.

The trip across the lake to Entebbe and Kampala was very enjoyable. There were only five or six of us passengers, making a very pleasant little party. At night, according to custom, and in view of floating islands, we anchored at ten p.m., remaining stationary until the

following morning at five a.m., when we again started ahead. Incredible as it may seem to many who do or do not know the lake, I must own to having felt a slight sensation of mal-de-mer, for during the evening a gentle breeze had sprung up after we had left the gulf and entered the lake itself, making the vessel pitch rather heavily, and although I have travelled some thousands of miles at sea, it takes very little to upset me.

The lake is something like 26,500 square miles in area, and if you happen to get in a stiff breeze, it is possible to enjoy the motion of a boat in a choppy sea in the Bay. I am told that a gale on the lake is something to witness, for huge seas sometimes get up during a big storm, worthy of the great Australian Bight. The lake is studded with numerous islands, from which the Government have removed the inhabitants, owing to the terrible ravages of the dreaded sleeping-sickness. It seemed hard to believe that these beautiful shores, with soft green grass and a wealth of trees, were sheltering death in its most terrible form. In years gone by, peaceful villages stood nestled amidst the foliage. From the wooded banks below, quaint canoes made of planks and fibre darted across every cove or creek. Everywhere one found a laughing, fearless people, as wild as their surroundings. Alas ! now the hush of death has fallen over the islands. The very birds seem to shun the smiling grassy slopes and sheltering trees. No longer the thin blue columns of smoke curl heavenwards from the camp fires. The deep notes of native drums rolling away far into the distance, sending their message across the dark moonlit waters, are heard no more. Reluctantly the people have left their homes, driven out by that most terrible of insect scourges, the Tsetse Fly. Fish, water birds, crocodiles, are all shunned as food. Everything is left to its own. King Tsetse reigns supreme.

We reached Entebbe at midday on Monday. Here,

again, a splendid wharf has been erected with ample shedding accommodation and steamers can come alongside, so that the inconvenient landing in canoes or boats is no longer necessary.

Entebbe, the seat of the Government and headquarters of the administration for the Uganda Protectorate, is, in the opinion of most people, an exceedingly pretty little place. As one climbs up the road, lined on each side with fine old trees, one comes quickly to the little town on the hillside. From certain points in the town, perfect views of the great lake stretched at our feet can be obtained. I suppose that, next to the Governor, the best known man in Uganda is Mr. Albert Edward Bertie Smith. I first met Mr. Smith in his famous private Museum of Curiosities, collected from all parts of Central Africa. He has spent many years in the country, and I recommend any one visiting Entebbe who is desirous of spending a very enjoyable hour, to look in and see Mr Smith, for he is always pleased to show visitors over his place and to give them much valuable information regarding the country and its resources. It was at Entebbe that I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Doctor Rendle, who was busy superintending the packing up of his household effects prior to proceeding to Nimule, *viâ* Jinja. We left Entebbe the following morning, Tuesday, and after some five hours' steaming, reached Kampala Port, where I landed. P—— had come down to meet me, and after passing through the offices of the Port authorities a number of cases containing stores, etc., we proceeded by ricksha to Kampala Town, seven miles away. The greater part of the road is cut through tall elephant grass. The journey occupied close upon an hour, the ricksha boys singing chanties all the time and perspiring freely.

The Cathedral of Saint Paul at Nairembe Hill stood out as we entered the main street, and drew up at the

headquarters of the British Trading Company, in whose hands we had placed the organizing of our safari. Our tents were pitched close to the residence of Mr. M. Moses, the popular manager of the B.T.C., and a large number of our porters were camped close by.

That day I changed from my ordinary clothes to safari gear. Thick helmet, khaki flannel shirt, with pockets, short knickerbockers, and puttees. Many people make a great mistake in travelling in heavy boots; certainly one requires strong footwear, but to have heavy boots is a fatal mistake. It is always as well to have the soles spiked, for it is often necessary to rely on fleetness of foot, and without spikes one cannot make headway on the dry slippery grass.

Passing through a certain town in British East Africa on the down trip I saw one or two men—not children—resplendent in an exaggerated rig-out that resembled something between a Boy Scout and a Cow Puncher. Knives, revolvers, and other cumbersome accoutrements entered largely into the scheme. My friends informed me that they were living close by—not far from hotels—and had just arrived from the old country. I thought they had escaped from a Wild West show! These white men were all right to look at on the stage, but rather out of place in British East Africa.

That evening we had a most enjoyable time with Mr. Moses. I met Bishop Hanlon, of the Roman Catholic Mission, on Nysambya Hill.

Next day I had an opportunity of seeing their rubber and coffee plantations, of which the Fathers are naturally proud, and they are always pleased to show them to visitors. I consider that the Roman Catholic Mission is doing a real good work, and for good sound company, Bishop Hanlon and the Fathers working with him are hard to beat. Bishop Hanlon can speak from experience of the early days in Uganda, and I was greatly interested

in the many little reminiscences that he gave me on the first evening spent at Kampala as we slowly essayed the stiff climb to the mission.

The next three days we spent in arranging the various boxes and loads to be borne by our carriers to the Congo. This was no joke, each boy's load must weigh not more than sixty-five pounds. It is reckoned that a boy carrying this amount should travel fifteen miles a day. Tents, folding chairs, washstands, baths, kit-bags, boxes, beads, hoes, americani—a sort of cheese-cloth—all had to be packed and weighed. Numbering each box, by the way, saves an enormous amount of trouble, and a good deal of bad language. If, when packing, you make a list of the contents and put a number or mark on the load, you need only turn up your store sheets when you require, say, a tin of pea flour, to find the number of the case containing what you require. In the daytime we left the headman, Mpala, together with the cook or "pishi," to watch the tents during our absence from camp. Twenty-eight porters had gone ahead to Hoima with the heavier loads under the charge of Salem Bega, a deputy headman.

In my opinion a great many people lose half the pleasure of a hunting trip in Central Africa by having the game brought to their tent doors, as one may say, in return for a fixed fee. There is also a considerable amount of pleasure to be derived from getting together you own equipment, which is missed if you put yourself entirely in the hands of a company who deal with you in a commercial spirit. One aristocratic "safari" even carried its own electric light plant! I certainly advocate obtaining one's carriers and personal boys through the agency of a trading company, who always have on hand a list of boys suitable for and experienced in work connected with a safari. The uninitiated sportsman should pay great attention to this. Elsewhere I have given an

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

WOMEN AT THE VILLAGE PUMP.

instance showing how important it is to have reliable gunbearers. Sulky malingering carriers spoil a trip.

By midday on Thursday everything was ready. That afternoon P—— and I walked up to the Cathedral at Nairembe. This building was burnt down some three months after our departure from Kampala. Nairembe Hill is the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society under Bishop Tucker. The hospital is also situated here. St. Paul's Cathedral was a very fine building of bricks made on the spot and constructed by native labour. The roof was thatched with grass, with bleached reeds artistically arranged inside the building, the whole upheld by massive brick columns. Kampala being built on scattered "kopjes," is called "the city of seven hills."

On Friday morning we struck camp at an early hour, and made everything ready for an early departure. About ten a.m. we had the safari lined up ready for the first stage of what, for me at least, was to prove an eventful journey, ere I should see Kampala again. There was the headman, Mpala—a Baganda—our four gunbearers, two cooks or "pishis," two tent boys, two syces, mules, and the one hundred carriers, forty of whom were engaged for the trip to Lake Albert only. Mpala was excitedly haranguing the mob of chattering porters, every now and again making use of his cane to emphasize the importance of his position. Some of our boys wore old tattered remains of blue jerseys, some with the sleeves intact, some without. Many wore nothing at all save a scanty piece of dirty cloth tied round the loins, bracelets adorned the arms, while their necks were hung with all sorts of ornaments among which old keys seemed to be favourite charms. By the way, experience teaches that it is not advisable to let your boys, personal or otherwise, carry keys of any sort, for they are apt to take a fancy to some of your boxes, and try their stock on the locks. Natives are very inquisitive people at times.

One boy had an old dress coat on, but alas! it had seen its days, and seemed on the point of dropping to pieces; there were great holes in the shoulders, and one of the tails hung by a thread. During the whole trip, I do not remember seeing the boy with the coat off his back. Everywhere, day or night, rain or sunshine, wading neck-high through flooded rivers, the garment was always in evidence. Like most natives all over Africa, he was always smiling or laughing, nothing worried him. Life for this semi-savage boy was one laugh from morn to night. The carriers of Central Africa take all their worldly possessions with them when on safari; sometimes it is only a blanket, a native pipe, a piece of tobacco wrapped up in a leaf, and a sleeping mat of grass. Add to these a stout stick and you have a picture of a boy on safari. With his sixty-pound load on his head he will travel up hill and down dale, laughing and singing, shouting the customary greeting to passers-by. Sharp-edged pebbles have no terrors for his bare feet; he ascends winding paths, makes steep, treacherous descents, brushing his way through dense thorn bushes, scratched and bleeding from head to foot. His body is bathed in perspiration—yes, he smells at times! Give him ten rupees a month and play the game with him. If you make a promise to a native, keep it to the letter. Some people are apt to lose control of themselves where native women are concerned; remember, nothing tends to lessen the prestige of the white man more than immorality. In the eyes of the uncivilized native this is a crime. Among several tribes of the Congo, cannibals and others, this offence is punishable by death. Having travelled all over South Africa, I make bold to say that had the white man left the native woman unmolested we should not have heard so much as we do to-day about white women being raped by Kaffirs. This may furnish food for reflection to many whom I have met between

Cape Town and Cairo, who have in this manner assisted to lessen the prestige of the white races in Africa.

Has civilization brought to the people of Africa such enormous benefits as many would have us believe? There are still vast tracts of the country, containing many thousands of people, to whom civilization is as yet unknown. They are supremely happy in their present state, far better off than thousands at home in the old country. They have plenty to live on, nothing to worry about. Has it ever struck you that there is an enormous amount of work to be done at home in the poorer parts of our large cities? Don't you think that the many charitable institutions at home urgently in need of funds in order to help the destitute and starving, the waifs and strays, would put to far better use the huge sums sent out to Africa for the purpose of educating and "converting" the natives? No one can deny that educating the native has, after all, been prompted by purely mercenary motives. Thousands have lost their lives working for individuals, mining companies, and governments in their mad rush for wealth. The native is the willing and often the ill-used tool of the white man. Kicked and cuffed by bullying white men, his spirit is speedily broken, and at length he falls in the scramble for gain. And this is civilization! For the favoured few it is easy. For the great masses it is a struggle in which little quarter is given.

CHAPTER III

"JAMBO, BWANA"

To return to the scene of our departure from Kampala. Taking farewell of our friends we set off down the street in single file, passing through the Indian Bazaar among the hundreds of people loudly recommending their wares, the carriers taking farewells of their friends and relatives who had gathered to see us off.

Shortly after climbing up on to the road for Hoima, we passed the first mile post, a small iron plate, partly hidden in the grass at the side of the road. We had 127 more to do before reaching Hoima, and we allowed ourselves ten days for the journey.

When a few miles out of Kampala, I chanced to look back, and espied between two hills, several shining tin roofs far behind. It was our last glimpse of Kampala for some months to come. Beautiful trees clothed hill and dale, gay plumaged birds flew from branch to branch, a galaxy of colour on every hand, wild bananas with their huge leaves rustled in the morning breeze, butterflies of gorgeous colours abounded, buzzing insects made themselves heard above the marching song of the carriers, overhead the great blue heavens looked down on the weirdly dressed natives and Indians arrayed in their long coloured robes, with turbans or fez caps. Native women drew meekly aside into the grass as we passed slowly wending our way down the beautiful avenue. Odd parties of carriers taking loads for the trading companies between Hoima and Kampala passed by in either

direction, saluted with the customary "Jambo, Bwana!" (Good day, Master). Everything was so simple, no motor-cars with rank petrol fumes. The telegraph, yes, or "tin-glove" as the natives call it, but that was almost lost to sight in the wealth of tall grass and trees. Native carts drawn by two oxen went creaking along. Sheep and cattle in charge of a small native youngster, not more than ten years of age, who amused himself sitting on the roadside, almost naked, as he munched a huge banana. He looked up at us as we passed, and shouted, "Jambo." His large eyes opened wide in admiration as he stared at one of our carriers, who in addition to chanting in the song of the marching body of boys, every now and again would run ahead of the party and perform a most peculiar dance, prancing round with sinuous movements of his body, and uttering a loud yell, after which he would return to the ranks. The deep voices ever and again swelled out like a beautiful organ as we passed under the overhanging trees. The voices would suddenly stop, when again the prancing figure would rush forward and repeat the queer performance, returning to the ranks, on reaching which the wild song would again resound in the morning air. Every one looked to the free life of the game trails. The prospect of unlimited meat also had its attraction for them. No one had a care. On we marched. Between the verses of the carriers' song, the long prancing figure performed all sorts of evolutions, with swaying shoulders and great streams of perspiration running down his body and demoniacal expressions on his face. I felt that I was among a stranger people than ever.

The third day we reached the 46 mile post, where Mr. and Mrs. Walsh carry on dairy operations in a very large way, and have some splendid cattle, which were all well cared for and housed at night in excellent byres. Close to these buildings large wood fires are

lighted at night, in order to keep the flies away from the cattle. Mr. Walsh came down to our camp in the afternoon, and as he knew South Africa very well—having been there during the Matabele campaign—we found plenty to talk about. That evening P—— and I, arrayed in the most presentable portions of our wardrobes, paid a return visit and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Walsh, who without question is the best known woman in either Uganda or British East Africa.

The next morning we pushed on, and during the day managed to get some very good sport among a great many buck and wild-fowl, bagging two of the former and three fowl. At frequent intervals buffalo, water and reed buck, were to be seen some distance away. Huge beetles laboured heavily as they crossed the road, often in large numbers. The biggest specimen in this branch of insect life is the Goliath beetle, to be found throughout Uganda. Surely no better field exists than Central Africa for studying the marvels of insect life. Huge spiders, with webs that offer no little resistance to the traveller, abound in the forests of the Congo. It is interesting to record the fact that one of the largest elephants known was found dead a few years ago—presumably from old age—close to the 80 mile post on this road. Some people are wont to undertake extraordinary journeys. One poor fellow without means of subsistence, set out to walk from Cairo to Cape Town. He reached Hoima, where some charitably disposed people collected a few rupees for him, in order that he might obtain food on the march to Kampala. At the 70 mile post, where he camped one night, he contracted spirillum fever, and he died before reaching Kampala.

We are all apt to do very rash things when travelling in wild countries. One of the most dangerous is to travel without a bed or mosquito net. Again, people should be warned against dirty camping grounds, old dry and

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

A "FORT" IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

rank grass, for these afford shelter to the spirillum tick and the jigger. The " jigger " is said to have been brought to the west coast of Africa in the old days from some other equatorial portion of the globe by a boat which was wrecked on the west coast ; they seem to have first made their appearance shortly after, and were traced to the rotten timbers of the hulk that lay up on the sandy beach. The jigger is a small insect hardly visible to the naked eye, and burrows in the sand or on paths frequented by travellers. It burrows under the toe-nails and causes a black swelling to appear, which gives great pain ; it can be removed by squeezing after piercing the blister with a needle or small lancet. Often a mass of eggs is also expelled from its retreat in the foot. Care should be taken to use steel instruments only in the extraction of these unwelcome visitors, and I advocate washing the wound afterwards in permanganate of potash. I noticed the jigger chiefly in Uganda and took care not to walk in bare feet nor to throw my socks down on the ground, for socks are their favourite resting places.

Exactly on the tenth day after leaving Kampala we entered Hoima. Salem Bega and our twenty-eight carriers were waiting for us. We pitched our tents opposite the British Trading Company's store, near the local branch manager's house. Finding Messrs. Buckley and Pearson, two other hunters, in camp here, made our stop in this small town very enjoyable. We had a great time in camp with the gramophone. I can see us all now, as we used to sit, listening to the strains of " Just before the battle, mother," and other familiar airs. The young King of Unyoro was greatly in evidence at Hoima. He was then learning to ride a bicycle. Supported by about half a dozen stalwart natives, he sat on the machine, and was followed by a further mob of faithful adherents, two hundred or so strong, all running to keep up with him. Once during our visit he came

through the town heralded by the Court jester, who always marches in advance of the royal party. This "fool of the house" is a tall, cadaverous looking individual arrayed in wild cat skins, and other hides, to say nothing of a wealth of bangles and trinkets liberally arranged over his body and arms. Suspended by cord from the neck he carries a native drum, on which he performs in the most frantic manner. Every now and then he goes through a weird dance with body swaying and bending as he shuffles his bare feet on the ground, making an unearthly din with drum and mouth. To add to the extraordinary appearance of this wild creature, he wears on his head an old weatherworn conical grass hat.

The King would frequently ride in a ricksha, arrayed in a khanza and fez cap.

Lieutenant Carew, in charge of the Askaris (soldiers), with another officer whose name I regret I have forgotten, invited us up to their quarters, but as we had to take over extra stores and to repack several of the loads, we were unfortunately unable to get away far from the camp. Carew and myself had something in common, for we discovered that he knew several little villages at home that I knew. At one time he had held a commission in the same town wherein I had spent the early days of my youth. Both these young officers were exceedingly agreeable, and were always heartily welcomed at the camp of any safari passing through Hoima.

Several of our carriers who showed symptoms of sleeping sickness were prohibited from proceeding into the Congo with us. The Government doctor showed us how to detect the first indications of this dreadful disease. By taking a firm hold with the thumb and first finger on the glands in the neck above the shoulders, one can feel the hard lumps which form under the sinews of the neck in the first stages.

Let me state here one of the multifarious grievances of the hunter or trader when setting out for the Congo. We had got all our porters together down at Kampala and paid ten rupees advance on each boy, as demanded by Government there. We reach Hoima and some of those boys are discovered to be suffering from sleeping sickness; those boys are allowed to travel to Butiaba on Lake Albert, but must then return to their homes. For our ten rupees we got a bare half month's work. The collector was so uncertain that we should ever obtain a refund of the six odd rupees lost on each carrier, and the settlement of any claim would take so long, that we were advised to hand the men over to the British Trading Company and let them utilize them for taking loads to Kampala. I am surprised that the Uganda Government does not facilitate matters for those who bring money and spend it in their colony. The laws regarding the engagement of carriers are absurd. Many hunters and traders travel *viâ* German and other territories, whose Governments encourage new-comers, rather than be thwarted and heckled in Uganda. All the ridiculous formalities in this colony with regard to engaging carriers are typical of an administration suffering from swollen head. Safaris can reach the Congo by other routes than through Uganda, where they know they will be dealt with patronizingly by a crowd of self-opinionated young officials who are inclined to treat the visitor in a rather off-hand fashion. Their unpleasant demeanour is no doubt due to jealousy, for it must be rather galling to these young people to see hunters returning from the Congo with a caravan laden with valuable trophies after a few months' trip. East Africa was for some time the playground of the officials stationed there, and when the time came for land settlement those who took up land were regarded by the officials almost as usurpers of what they had come to consider as their prescriptive rights.

For a long time the officials stood apart from those who were coming in to open the country, and thereby to assist in relieving the British taxpayer of another burden, but nowadays their attitude is not quite so unfriendly.

Certain tribes of natives are not allowed to pass out of Uganda into the Congo. Some of our boys had signed on at Kampala as being of a certain race, but on our reaching Hoima they had the audacity to go and inform the official at the Boma (native word for Stockade, in this case the Commissioner's office) that they were natives of an entirely different district from that which they had stated down at Kampala. In some cases this proved correct, and those boys would be unable to go across the Nile. They received no punishment for the imposture, but were allowed to go scot-free back to their homes. Many tried to deceive us on this point, but their names were sufficient to convince the Collector that they were lying.

A native can say or do several things when near a Boma ; you must not touch him, and he knows it. He is cheeky and lazy, but when away from civilized parts he becomes a cringing submissive character. Dark stories of the Congo had evidently reached the ears of the boys from out-of-work, lazy native scoundrels in the town, many of whom are past masters in the art of telling lies. Invariably they are those with a thin veneer of civilization about them. To the man with a safari passing through Hoima, I say, get your business done with all speed and clear out. Before you have been there many hours the local native liars are busily engaged in sowing the seed of discontent among your boys, telling them all sorts of tales of how the white men shoot their boys as soon as they reach the Congo, of terrible floggings, and so forth. Naturally your carrier, who has probably never been away from his hut and village before, is soon frightened by these lying statements. He may be a

boy of fifteen, or perhaps a man of thirty, but these raw people are easily scared, and as they listen to such tales rolling from the tongues of the local scandalmongers, they quiver and regard the speaker with open mouths. Horrified, the simple ones immediately go to the Boma to announce that they are really members of one of the tribes prohibited from entering the Congo, or to complain that they have been badly treated on the march from Kampala, the Bwana has flogged them, and so on, doing all this at the bidding of the "converts."

Here at Hoima we were besieged by boys wanting soft jobs on the safari. One came up arrayed in a straw hat of obsolete pattern, an old Askari tunic, a piece of calico fashioned like a kilt, ammunition boots—size ten—but no socks, a grizzly-faced truculent-looking creature. I read through his record card, and among other remarks, I read something like this: "Native Henry, has been in my employ for the last four months as gunbearer. He is absolutely hopeless." Further down: "Bearer, Native Henry, has been far from satisfactory. Willing, but alas! not honest. Chase him off." Several boys' references finished up with "useless," ". . . his appetite is appalling," "spoilt all our food," ". . . either a 'has been' or 'never will be,'" "no hope for Tin Box. He gave us endless trouble." Another came forward and produced his "card" from the customary piece of dirty rag.

"What work do you want?" I asked. To which he replied—

"Cook, Bwana."

"Have you done any cooking before?"

"Yes, Bwana."

I opened the card, when lo! I beheld that "he was not a strong carrier." On seeing this I asked him his name, to which he repiled, "Khasi" (Khasi is Swahili for "work"). The name given in the book was "Kadale." I threw the book at him and sent him

flying. He had stolen that book from another boy, and with it was canvassing for work and posing as a cook. Of course he was entirely ignorant of its contents.

We picked up what we thought were bargains, in the shape of two natives named Monica and Wanaka, to replace two incompetent tent boys. For laughter-raising propensities Monica and Wanaka were hard to beat. They fairly " topped the bill," to use a theatrical term, among the talent of our safari, and believe me, we had some " stars."

At Hoima we also engaged another syce, who rejoiced in the name of " Juma," a young powerfully built native of Unyoro. This boy was gifted, or shall I say afflicted, with an enormous mouth, his lips would roll back when smiling and reveal his snow-white teeth. He thought nothing of devouring a whole banana at one gulp, but the effect of trying to speak at the same time was disastrous.

Dog-faced apes and harnessed antelope are to be found around Hoima. The latter, though fairly plentiful, is seldom seen, for it comes out only at night and barks much like a dog. Its colour is dark chestnut, with flanks striped white, and white spots on the shoulders.

Standing in the main street at Hoima and lookng due west, one gets a very good view of the precipitous mountains that loom in the distance some fifty miles away, on the western or Congo side of the Lake Albert. After spending three days in Hoima, we set out for Butiaba, thirty miles north-west. At midday we reached a camp about fifteen miles from Butiaba. As we were to catch the large sailing-boat *James Martin*, which sailed on the next day, we decided to stay here until midnight, for the moon would rise at eight in the evening and would afford us sufficient light to travel to Butiaba by. At the camp we found an old native appointed by the Government, to see that the camp ground and bungalows of reed and

grass erected for travellers are kept clean, a very good idea. I noticed when travelling through Uganda that some people—Europeans as well as Indians—invariably leave the grass huts—erected by their boys to sleep in overnight—standing. Now, this is a foolish, almost a criminal act of negligence. It is to the interest of all that these camping grounds be kept clear of old grass, and that the huts should not be left to rot on the grounds, for the spirillum tick and jiggers rest and breed in such rubbish. I have often had to give fixed camping grounds a wide berth, purely for the reason that on my arrival I found that the safari preceding me had not complied with the customary rule of burning and clearing away remains of the huts erected by them during their stay.

The value of the vultures, dogs, and certain insects of scavenging propensities cannot be over-estimated. The filth and squalor of the African native is appalling ; he is utterly ignorant of the principles of sanitation, and were it not for the heavy rains and winds and the living scavengers I have referred to it would be well-nigh impossible to enter a native village. It is a matter of wonderment that the land is not periodically devastated by plague or other epidemic.

Some people allow their carriers to camp on the same patch as themselves. For reasons of health alone our porters were located sixty yards or so away from our tents. Spirillum fever, often of a virulent nature, communicated by a bite from the spirillum tick or jigger, is more often than not caught in this way. It is a form of paralysis of an intermittent nature, generally lasting for some months. It has in many cases ended fatally.

That night I awoke to see the moon high in the heavens. I felt terribly sleepy as I stretched my arm over my head and gazed at the dense canopy of huge banana leaves that stood with their clear-cut outlines against the starry heavens. Within fifteen minutes of my rousing the deep

snoring carriers, the tents were down, beds folded, and everything ready to resume the march. In an hour or so the well-kept road from Hoima had dwindled down to a narrow, and in places almost indistinguishable, track where it was necessary to march in single file. Every now and then we had to cross the improvised native bridges placed over streams and small swamps, out of which surging hordes of buzzing malarial mosquitoes came to greet us. Occasionally amidst the grass and trees, we could discern a rest-house, erected for the porters who carry merchandise between Hoima and the lake. Around the fire, huddled up in blankets, some half-dozen forms would be sitting, chattering away. They would endeavour to peer through the dense cloud of smoke as it hung over the fire. Their curiosity would perhaps be aroused, and they would advance to the roadside, questioning our boys as to our destination, and the object of our journey, to which one would reply, "Tembo," "Congo," to which they would regard us with awe and reply, "Ah! ah! ah! oh! oh! oh! o——h—h," and as an afterthought one would say in Swahili or Luganda, "Elephants, oh yes, elephants! elephants! a——h—h—h, O!" He would then draw the blanket around him, shake his head, and say, "Congo bia sana" (Congo very bad). A running conversation would be kept up between them and our boys, despite the fact that we were now perhaps sixty yards ahead.

Gradually we were shaking off the bonds of civilization. At the moment I had little idea that several months would come and go before I should again speak to or see a white woman. Many people are apt to regard Africa as a civilized country. How many white people have penetrated the vast forests of the Congo? One good person whom I met shortly after my return home, in referring to my trip, asked me "if the influence of the Dutch Government was making itself felt in East Africa."

I assured him that such was not the case, as East Africa is considerably over two thousand miles from the Transvaal. Then again, some are apt to think that because Blantyre is in Central Africa, it is within a few hours' reach of Wadelai. Look at the map and see! At the present moment, the number of white people living who have been up the Kibali, M'Bomu, Welle districts, could be counted on the fingers. Hence the impossibility of obtaining correct maps of this country.

We came to a halt when we had travelled for two hours, and after a consultation between P—— and myself, we decided that I should go ahead and acquaint the Superintendent of Marine of our approaching safari. Taking the ·405 Winchester and two boys, I set out again ahead of P—— and the carriers. It was reckoned by our bearings that we were now about four hours from Butiaba. Setting off at a brisk walk we soon left the chattering mob of carriers far behind. The moon was now almost directly above our heads as we parted the bushes and stepped into a small stream reaching over the ankles, and commenced to toil up the opposite slope, on reaching the top of which I could faintly discern the outline of the foam-fringed shore of the lake hundreds of feet below us.

CHAPTER IV

THE ALBERT NYANZA

The grey dawn was approaching and gradually the scene was unfolded to us. One of the boys murmured "Nyanza," pointing to that marvellous picture of the great Albert Lake with its smooth waters sparkling beneath the moon's silvery rays, the faint ripple of the tiny waves breaking on the sandy shore which in the light of the moon we could see fading away to the north towards Butiaba. A native fishing boat was dancing on the surface close in to the beach. The occupant was crooning in a musical strain. As I gazed down at the calm waters, I almost fancied I could see Baker looking down from the steep granite and red porphyry cliffs at these placid waters, when, after years of hardship, his tenacity was rewarded with a view of the lake from which he had wrested the secret of the source of the great White Nile. Simultaneously the shades of Speke and Grant passed before me. In this great silence as we overlooked the lake, dawn broke upon us. Slowly the darkness around the stretch of sand and steep cliff to our right gave way to the growing light. The silence could be felt, and was rendered more remarkable by the wild nature of the bushes and trees running down the face of the escarpment and stretching to the water's edge far below.

To the south, I saw that the coast suddenly became a great wall of granite rising hundreds of feet sheer from

the lake itself. Presently Wanaka pointed to the west, where I could just make out the rugged outline of the Bulegga mountains fully forty miles away. I stood as though mesmerized. It was too grand for words. I have experienced the fascination of South Africa, with its kopjes and boundless undulating veldt and barren land, wild Zululand with its lovely valleys, soft rippling streams and mountain paths richly endowed with nature's rugged grandeur, the glorious scenery of far away Australasia, and the islands of the Great Pacific, but they must all give way to the mountains, forests, and rivers of Central Africa, where dwell a people still wilder—if that be possible—than their surroundings.

The crooning lullaby of the native fisherman came from below, as he sat in the stern of his dugout canoe plying the broad-bladed paddle as the little craft skimmed gracefully over the shining waters, gradually fading away into obscurity. Even the boys spoke in whispers, for they too had recognized that we were alone with nature wild and undisturbed as it was centuries ago. There it was, just as Baker saw it on that eventful morning of March 14th, 1864.

Threading our way down the stony path, winding in and out among the trees, we began to walk the remaining few miles along the sandy shore to Butiaba. A slight breeze sprang up from the south-west, and very shortly the sun had kissed the Bulegga mountain peaks that rose thousands of feet sheer from the water's edge in the west. Gaunt forbidding sentinels of the Congo! What strange people dwell behind you! The dwarfs and others with their poisoned implements of war—cannibalism with all its attendant horrors. A people that cannot tell us of their past. The ages gone by are all a blank to them. These people are akin to the beasts of the forest, inasmuch as they care only for the present. They live for the present, the past is gone, no records have been written

of them. The war paint of vermilion-coloured pigments which is smeared all over their bodies adds to the hideousness of these savages, darting from rock to rock, hiding behind trees, lying hidden in the foliage overhead, waging war with all. Tragedy follows tragedy behind those Bulegga mountains in the Congo, to the south of which lie the snow-capped crests of rugged Ruwenzori.

Slowly as the great orb rose in the east the chilly atmosphere of dawn gave way to shimmering mists of heat that gradually hid the western range from view. The lake appeared as a boundless ocean but for the nearest point in the north-west, from which the land continued to run and dwindle toward the Nile, where the shores are hidden in the dense papyrus growth lining the banks for a great distance. About a mile from the end of the sandspit on which Butiaba stands, I came upon a pretty little bungalow standing under two very large and beautiful palms, only a stone's throw from the water edge. Rapping on the door, I came face to face with Mr. Reynolds, the engineer of the Uganda Marine on Lake Albert and the Nile. From him I learnt that it would be impossible to get away for a day or two. The *James Martin* had sailed the day before. The *Good Intent*, the only boat in port at the moment, was under repair, having been damaged by hippopotamus up the river. So here we had to remain until the other boats returned from their respective trips up to Nimule, Koba, and Mahagi. Let me recount another instance which proves how small a place the world is. While speaking of South Africa, as we sat over the breakfast table in his house, Mr. Reynolds happened to mention a Mr. B——, whose name is a very uncommon one—but which I happened to recognize. It turned out that I had spent nearly two years under the same roof with B—— in Bloemfontein. That fact

alone at once drew us together. B—— and Reynolds had been at school together in the old days.

It was several hours before P—— and the carriers turned up, for he had considerable trouble with the boys and the mules while coming down the escarpment. Some of the carriers dropped their loads, and sat down and cried like children. Many offered all their earthly belongings to any one who would carry their loads, but of course they appealed in vain, at least the majority did. Some were really of inferior stamina, and to the weakling the descent of the escarpment with a sixty pound load on his head is indeed a trying experience. Eventually, however, the complete safari reached us at Butiaba with everything intact, excepting our case of champagne—the best antidote against blackwater fever—which had been dropped. On opening the case, however, we found that only two bottles had been smashed. It was a certainty that we should be here for at least two days, so there was nothing for it but to put up the tents and look happy. Placing most of the loads in the store-sheds on the wharf, we sent back the boys who were unable to travel to the Congo with us. We now had but sixty-four boys all told for our tramp to the Congo.

We strolled round and had a look at the fine new paddle steamer *Samuel Baker,* which was being built up at the shipyard under the supervision of Reynolds, assisted by Messrs. Joe Durham and Bamber, who had come out from Scotland to reassemble the various parts of the vessel and to stay until after the launching. Since February, 1911, a trip down the Nile can be taken with all the attendant comforts one finds on the large ocean-going liners. It is a great improvement on the old whale-boats, reeking with old fish steaks drying on the awnings, strong smelling natives huddled up at one's feet, the journey from Koba to Butiaba, a distance of

about forty miles, taking anything from twenty-eight hours and over to accomplish.

On the day of our sojourn here we ran short of sugar. Rather than open up the loads in the sheds, we decided to ride over and visit an Indian store. It was about nine in the morning when we dismounted in front of a broken-down grass and mud hut. Except that it was a square-shaped building, there was nothing to distinguish it from the native huts around. I knocked at the door, but as no response came after repeated kicking and hammering, I pushed the door in. It was the store right enough, but the sight of a filthy scraggy piece of Eastern humanity, lying fast asleep amidst the very sugar we had come to buy, at once prejudiced us against the place. The store was in semi-darkness, rats scampered away to the corners as the filthy brute sat up and stared vacantly at us, rubbing his eyes with both fists, and at the same time expectorating all over his wares. Need I say that we rode away without purchasing the sugar ?

On the Sunday afternoon the entire population, some seven Europeans all told, came to our camp, and we had a very enjoyable time. The gramophone delighted all as we listened to the strains of " Oh ! Oh ! Antonio," and other familiar songs. It seemed strange to be there listening to Harry Lauder, Marie Lloyd, etc., in the heart of Africa. Our porters and the local natives were all eyes and mouths at this innovation. It was at once dubbed by them as a " Kinanda," which in the Swahili language means apparently anything that makes music. Pianos and mouth organs are alike named Kinanda. We had several French records, and " Chez le dentiste," a duologue with the screams of the unfortunate patient, created roars of laughter. Another gave selections of bugle calls of the British Army, at which my syce, who had heard the bugler at Kampala, and was himself frequently subject to fits of " army fever," would jump

up and go through a series of drills ; with a stick he would endeavour to present arms, carry at the slope, trail, etc. I gave some of them a broken record, for which they had a free fight, afterwards examining it as a monkey does on first seeing himself in a mirror. They appealed to me to explain it to them, and I put myself to no little trouble in trying to do so as lucidly as my knowledge of Swahili would allow. I spent some ten minutes haranguing the crowd, during which time the cook forgot to attend to the meat in the pan over the fire, with the result that our dinner was burnt. When I had finished they all looked at, and nudged each other for some seconds, and finally burst into roars of laughter. All sorts of oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! a—h—h—h—h ! murmurs were heard. Of course the trumpet of the gramophone had to be examined and handled very circumspectly. The clockwork motor with the tiny governors whirling round was more than some could stand. Many rubbed their eyes as though they were in a dream, others went into hysterical fits of laughter. The boy on whose head the gramophone used to travel, carried the machine very gingerly; the rest of the party always regarded him as being in touch with the devil ! I don't know whether he thought that he could imitate the machine, but certain it is that he became the noisiest member of the safari.

The heat while we waited at Butiaba was intolerable, even at night 94–97 degrees was nothing extraordinary, so we were told. About 3 a.m., however, it got cooler, but after 9 a.m., it became terrific again.

I made several attempts to catch some of the fish that abound in the lake, but my line was evidently not adapted for that clear water, for I did not get a single bite. The natives generally use a spear, and I have seen fish landed fully seven feet long. These fish are called by the natives " Bukka " or " Buggera." They

are often found floating on the surface of the lake, and become a prey to the large fish eagle, which attacks them and picks their eyes out, leaving them with enormous gashes and with hollow eye sockets, looking as if they had been attacked by sword—or thrasher—fish.

Around the inner harbour there were large numbers of beautiful crane and heron. Buck and gazelle were very plentiful on and around the hills in the east.

In connection with the construction of the *Samuel Baker*, it is rather interesting to note that the *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, which were running on the Nile and Lake Albert some thirty years ago, could with their draught of five and six feet go anywhere between Nimule and Butiaba. When the Uganda Marine were about to construct the *Baker*, they found it necessary to have a draught of only about two feet. I have read most of Stanley's and Baker's books, and do not recall that even their deep draught boats experienced any difficulty in reaching any part of the lake or Nile, south of Nimule, or, as it was known in those days, "Dufile." Several times during recent years the launch *Kenia*, with a draught about three feet six inches, and even smaller craft, have experienced no little difficulty in keeping off the floating islands and shoals of the lake and river. The floating islands consist of a substratum of decomposed foliage and reeds, dense enough to support an upper layer of living vegetation, by whose roots and tendrils the whole mass becomes solidly matted together. I have had some experience with these islands myself, on one occasion narrowly escaping being run down. There is no doubt that great changes have taken place in the bed of the Nile. It seems strange that proper soundings of the river were not taken before the construction of the *Samuel Baker*. There are some stretches where even two feet of water cannot be found, and it would be a serious undertaking to shove the *Baker* off

a sandbank—an experience not unknown in the past few years to the crew of the launch *Kenia*—which after all is nought but a crazy little steam launch.

Bennett, one of the elephant hunters, formerly engineer of the Uganda Marine at Butiaba, was camped close to us and gave me a full account of his adventure in the Mullah country, in a district under the chief Njoro. The Mullah is in the neighbourhood of the mountains which form the boundary between Belgian and Soudanese territory, at the south-western extremity of the Lado Enclave. As Bennett was sitting in his camp one afternoon, the local natives brought food and laid it at his feet. He stooped down to inspect some matama in a gourd, when he was suddenly seized by two fellows from behind. In a wink he was bound from head to foot, and surrounded by an armed mob of savages. His cook was dragged away and seen no more. Bennett was kept in a grass hut until sundown, when he was taken before a native court for trial. As he did not know the language he was entirely ignorant of the sentence passed on him. That night he was again imprisoned in the hut. Next morning he and his boys were blindfolded and led over rough paths for miles, hatless and practically devoid of clothing. Eventually the bandages were taken from their eyes, and they were free to go. Some few days later they reached Mahagi. Since that period I believe Njoro's people have learnt better.

On the third morning of our stay here the *Semitita* arrived with Mr. Britlebank, who had brought over one hundred tusks of ivory down from the Congo. We were told we would probably leave Butiaba the next morning at nine. There was great excitement among the boys at this news, they were all eager to get ahead. Accordingly on Tuesday at daybreak we were all ready for the next stage of the trip. The carriers and mules were

put into the larger sailing boat *Kisingiri,* together with most of the loads. P—— and I with the cooks, personal boys, guns and ammunition, went aboard the smaller craft *Good Intent,* a whale boat about thirty feet long, fitted with a sail. On the top of the awning, the crew had spread out a selection of fish cut open to dry in the sun. It had already been there for some days, and smelt accordingly ! There was not a breath of wind at the start, so the Swahili crew had to pull at the oars until we rounded the point and stood out in the lake, when a light breeze partially filled out the sail. This was a signal for the "Sea Dogs" to have forty winks. I do not think we covered five hundred yards in a solid hour. The sail flapped idly. Perched behind us, completely isolated by the awning flap, was the coxswain, a powerfully built Swahili, who was crooning to himself about Zanzibar, in a monotonous strain. It seemed that he was singing away about his family, in far off Zanzibar. I threw him a banana with which he amused himself for some minutes, taking the greatest pains in pulling off the skin. He was quiet for a moment, and then the dull droning reverie commenced again. There was scarcely sufficient wind to fill the sail, I lay back watching the lumps of papyrus grass floating past us towards the river. In front of the boat, Wanaka was lying curled up with his marching impedimenta still on him, water bottle, belt, knife, haversack, fez cap, and cotton shirt. That was all !

An old tracker named Sabawa, who was evidently suffering from the effects of sun, talked wildly of elephants, what he had done and was going to do. Oh yes ! he knew where the large bulls were to be found. It afterwards proved that he knew nothing of the sort.

The cooks were busy getting the lunch ready. Monica sat upright staring straight ahead. He was clad in a fez cap, an old Harris tweed waistcoat, and a pair of

Hindoo shaped pants of coarse calico. Every now and then he would attempt to converse with Wanaka, who was listening with open mouth to Sabawa's elephant yarns. The "baharia," or crew, had been sleeping for two hours, with the exception of the crooning individual at the tiller, who was gazing dreamily across the vast expanse of water all round us. The *Kisingiri*, with her laughing chattering cargo, was about a mile behind, the oars flashing in the sunlight as she came lazily on in our wake. A wild chant coming from her reached our ears over the glassy surface of the lake. Small birds manœuvred far above us against the clear blue sky. Some miles away to our left thin trails of smoke curled up, showing where a tiny village lay nestled on the hills. Several canoes were hugging the shore.

Presently the breeze strengthened and carried us some few miles further on. Butiaba was now lost to view in the mirage appearing off the shore to the south-east, showing us only the level tops of the hills. About 3 p.m., we sighted an island, consisting of a low sand stretch covered with small trees and thorn bushes. P—— was busy reading a novel. Anxious to stretch my legs again, I roused the crew, and in a few minutes the oars were dipping into the water whose surface it seemed almost a pity to disturb. Every now and then large fish, four and five feet in length, sprang out fully ten feet above the water, coming down with a terrific splash, sending a mighty volume of spray into the air, as though a thirteen-inch shell had been let loose. Presently one of the oarsmen started to drawl a few lines of a Swahili song, every now and then it was punctuated by the entire crew, with their quaint musical voices all differing in pitch. O—ah—ah, O—ah—ah, and then a great swell of voices would shout "O Zanzibar! Zan—zi—bar!" "O Mombass—a!" frequently was shouted. The *Kisingiri* soon caught us up and the

occupants of one boat would greet those of the other with yells of delight. One boy on the other boat had a mouth organ, and they had evidently been having a very good time. There he sat just by the mast playing the instrument for all he was worth. Perspiration poured off him as he swayed and stamped in time to the music—if such it could be called—one eye on a mule standing almost on top of him, with the other he was taking in the whole scene. The rest of the occupants flocked to one side to see our boat as they drew near. The musician stuck to his post, and continued to play with increased vigour. The sails on both boats were partially filled with the breeze and, together with the oars, both craft were doing a steady five knots. As we neared the island, which was about half a mile long and a quarter broad, I espied a crocodile on the sandy beach and got out the Westley Richards ·450 and roused P——. Taking careful aim I fired, but only succeeded in wounding the brute, which lay flapping about the beach, endeavouring to make for the water, which it managed to reach almost at the same moment that I let go with the left barrel. At this it turned over on its back and remained motionless in the shallow water. I was all excitement to get at it, but the boatmen pointed out the impossibility of doing so without running a great risk. As the water was quite shallow it would be out of the question to try to reach the beach with the boat at that point, so we left the carcase, intending to get it later on returning by terra firma. After landing on the shore, however, we had such sport shooting others, that it was only just before sundown that we remembered about it. Four boys were sent out, but they returned to say that the brute had vanished leaving only a thin trail of blood on the sand. Apparently others had dragged it off. We had only been using some old black powder ammunition that we kept for practice work, which of course lacked the

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

"NINE FEET SIX"

penetration and smashing power of cordite. Crocodiles abounded, the water was alive with them. We got behind two small bushes, when presently up came the snouts of half a dozen or so, floating idly on the surface of the water. Both guns rang out, and only a dull reddish tinge was to be seen on the expanding circles of water. After a few minutes another emerged from the water and sank its belly into the hot sand on the beach. Bang! bang! in the still air over the Nile, the brute was sent reeling, its tail lashing the sand which rose in a cloud, the huge jaws snapping furiously. When its frantic struggles subsided we closed in on it. The boy got a stout branch and prepared to thrust it into the huge mouth, but there was no need for this as one bullet had entered just behind the eye, and the other found its billet behind the shoulder. The measurement was a little over nine feet six. Shortly afterwards we had two more. Lying down on the sand we potted at the numerous snouts that appeared all over the water. We succeeded in killing five that afternoon on the beach alone, besides others that disappeared in mid-stream, whose bodies it was impossible to recover before nightfall when the density of the water increases as the temperature falls, and the carcases rise again to the surface.

At sunset dark clouds loomed up in the south-west. We did not erect the tents as the Swahili skipper was desirous of getting under way by four in the morning. After dinner, a smoke and chat, we turned in to sleep with our blankets rolled round us under the mosquito nets in the stern of the boat. We were lying alongside the beach with some bushes overhanging the awning. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a terrific clap of thunder overhead, it rumbled away over the waters reverberating among the mountains in the west. A strong wind had sprung up and the rain was pouring down. Lightning, the like of which one sees only in

the tropics, illuminated the lake for miles around, showing white crested waves right away to the mountains whose rugged outlines were clearly discernible. From them the roars of thunder re-echoed tenfold. The leaves on the trees and bushes were being torn and swept about by the wind. The terrible crashes of thunder ceased for a moment now and again, and then, as though they grudged a second's quietude, they would again send the whole universe trembling, to the accompaniment of violet coloured flashes of lightning, which seemed momentarily to blind one. It certainly was a grand sight, but as the rain penetrated the old piece of canvas that did duty for an awning and let great volumes of water in upon us, our admiration of the scene was lessened by our discomfort. Blankets, clothes and everything, including ourselves, were soaking. I shall never forget that night as we sat wrapped up in the blankets, being tortured by the myriads of mosquitoes that had gained admission under the net, and water pouring down from the awning all over us. It was impossible to make ourselves heard in the awful driving storm, with its almost incessant crashes of thunder, as we looked out on the angry waves that dashed against the boats with increasing fury. We were fortunately moored firmly by the beach and escaped the terrible shaking up we must have experienced had we been out on the open lake without shelter. I have been through many a big storm in the Indian Ocean, the Pacific, the Australian Bight, and off Cape Agulhas, and I doubt whether our boats would have come safely through the tempest that blew that night. During a storm huge waves are to be met with as far up the Nile as Koba, which stands fully fifteen miles from the lake. Not infrequently these troubled waters dash clear over the landing stage, which stands over six feet out of the water.

CHAPTER V

"POSHO"

AFTER lasting only about an hour all told, the storm stopped as suddenly as it had begun. It was now drifting away to the north-east, and the thunder gradually dwindled to a low rumbling in the distance. The heavens above soon cleared, and I sat watching the first grey streaks of dawn appear in the east. Slowly, slowly, it came on. Some of the boys having kept some fuel dry had managed to light a fire and sat around *en masse*, wringing pints of water from their blankets. Most of them were soaked to the skin. Their spirits were not damped however, and a continuous run of talk and laughter was kept up. Salem Bega, the deputy headman, an elderly man, was among them chatting wildly, dressed only in an old blue jersey with an older fez cap on his shaven pate. With a long knife he was busy cutting up some native tobacco for a chew. His long puckered old face with its fringe of beard was lit up by the dancing flames of the fire. He was amusing the huddled up group of listeners with yet another of his endless stream of anecdotes, which every now and then brought forward a chorus of approval.

Many such a night have I passed since, in the Congo. Tents and everything blown down and exposed to the fury of the storm. Up to the ankles in running water, devoured by one of the worst of those African insect scourges—the malarial mosquito—that has made many a night a

mere hell on earth to the unfortunate white man, whose net has been torn out of recognition by the hurricane that invariably accompanies a heavy storm in those parts.

The waters had regained something like their usual appearance when the sun, like a great ball of glowing fire, rapidly arose from behind the long range of hills in Uganda : we had put out on the lake only half an hour before. The men at the oars were dreamily chanting, ' O—O—O Zan—zi—bar ! " keeping in time with the strokes. Ahead of us land was fast closing in, both shores being lined with large tracts of papyrus grass. After the rain over night, the fish jumped about with increased vigour. From the Uganda side came the loud tones of a drum rolling out to us across the smooth surface of the lake. In places one could discern canoes drawn up on the small sandy parts of the beach and several craft were out fishing close to the shore. Trails of smoke revealed where a native village still existed in the middle of a district in which the tsetse fly is said to thrive. It is for this reason that the Koba-Butiaba road is closed to traffic. Some twelve miles after passing the Victoria or Somerset Nile, we could feel the current carrying us into the great White Nile, which, as far up as Nimule, is between two hundred and seven hundred yards in width. Small islands of papyrus floated down alongside of us. I got the gramophone out and idly we drifted down the river, with now and again sufficient breeze to flap the sail. The sun beat down on the awning until clouds of steam arose from the rotten old piece of canvas under the burning rays of the sun. A mirage floated to our left and partially hid the shore from view. Amidst it all the tuneful strains of the "Gold and Silver" waltz, from The Merry Widow, reminded us of the fact that after all, though Africa had its drawbacks, it was speedily making amends for the

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

ZANZIBAR FROM THE SEA.

previous night's experience. Only those who have made a trip on Lake Albert and the Nile can picture the marvellous effects one sees on a morning after heavy rain. Everything is freshened up, the very fish jump about in an ecstasy of joy. Quaint birds sing merrily away high up in the clear blue sky. Shimmering mirages dance on every side. A native dug-out—nought but a tree trunk roughly hollowed out—is seen with its quaint dark-skinned occupant, lazily manipulating a broad-bladed paddle with which he sends the little craft skimming over the water.

Once in the river, we see on our right beautiful fresh verdure with grand old trees from which hang a network of monkey-ropes and creepers. Tall stately palms dominate the scrubby country, as they nod their heads in the morning breeze. Native women and children, each with an earthen vessel or a gourd balanced on her head, emerge from the semi-darkness of the forest-like growth on the right bank, and walk down the green slope to the water's edge, where perhaps one or two canoes are drawn up half out of the water. These people are naked but for a platted grass apron around their waists, and a string of beads at the neck. Large rings around which the lobe of the ear is stretched dangle almost down to their shoulders, pieces of grass or copper rings are fastened through the lip or nose, while heavy wire bangles encircle their arms and wrists. In their semi-savage state they are happy, far, far happier than millions of our own colour, for they are naturally a contented folk, taking things as they come, and are not troubled by the worries and cares of civilization. One day follows another, years come and go.

Here at night the hippopotamus roams crashing and thundering through the tall grass. Frightened chattering monkeys gaze down in horror from the trees on the prowling leopard and scamper off in droves at the scent

of danger. Fire-flies and glow-worms glitter like sparkling diamonds amidst the grass and trees. Above all the clear starry heavens, with the great moon shining across the water as the Southern Cross slowly lifts itself slantwise into the sky.

The precipitous shores on the Congo side of the lake now loom up behind us, the west bank has dwindled to a flat stretch of bush country. We are travelling along the western side of the Lado Enclave, which extends back to the mountains that form the divide between the Belgian Congo and the Soudanese territory. Running from the vicinity of Mount Emin Pasha, the Lado Enclave extends round the country of Njoro northwards by Aba to Amadi in the north and round to Kero, being bounded on the east by the Nile. This country is now Soudanese territory under the Governor of Mangalla—Colonel Stigand.

Up till recently large herds of elephant lived in this country and came down to the water for their dip every day, but now they are gradually being driven back, and in a few short years we shall have to go far into the country seeking fresh hunting grounds. Elephants can still be seen coming down to the Nile, but not the huge old one hundred and seventy and two hundred pounders as of yore.

We sighted the landing stage at Koba about two p.m., and after another two hours we came alongside. The *Kisingiri* had already arrived, and the boys were busily engaged getting out the loads and mules. Mr. Britlebank had very kindly offered us the use of his kitchens and camping ground, which stood on an elevated position about five hundred yards from the river. From this point a superb view could be obtained of a fifteen mile stretch of the Nile wending its way to the north-west. The mountains in the west with their rugged peaks, whose outlines stood clearly defined against the clear

blue sky, formed a fitting background to the bushy country in the Enclave. Mount Emin Pasha to the south-west stood out clearly above the range. The great White Nile, shimmering in the sun on its way to enrich the arid wastes of Egypt, lay before us. In a very short time all the loads, together with mules and donkey, had reached the camp and tents were soon run up.

Further up the well-kept road was the Government Station or Boma, a trim little place with its old mud and grass buildings, each with a verandah around it. There are the Commissioner's offices, large storeroom and post-office, standing on a square piece of ground surrounded by a large number of very beautiful trees. Leading from the Commissioner's house to this verdure-clad spot is a very fine avenue.

In the morning, when the Commissioner is seen approaching, the bugle rings out, a dozen or so Askaris in khaki uniforms, with short knickers, red sash and fez of the same colour, fall in with their rifles, and give the salute. The Union Jack flutters from a tall staff in the centre of the square. The Commissioner is the only white man in Koba. Once we leave Koba with its rude ideas of civilization we shall go long before seeing another white face. Perchance one may meet an occasional hunter, or a traveller taking the trip home from Uganda *viâ* Lake Albert and the Nile to the Mediterranean.

Some eight miles away to the north there is a mission station in charge of some very excellent people, but Koba itself consists of the Boma and one or two Indian stores.

A meat market occupies a small patch of very bare ground with one solitary tree. Around the tree on market days a crowd of jabbering semi-naked savages are wont to haggle over the price of a piece of the ox which hangs from a branch of the tree. Every one talks excitedly, nobody listens. Indians display an assortment of cheap coloured cloths, gaudy shirts, beads, and

what not, all of vivid hues to attract the eyes of the natives. One young man who has come from a village close by, clad in nothing more than a string of beads with an old skin slung over his shoulders, gazes pensively for about an hour at a piece of coloured cloth. Eventually he decided to purchase it, ties it round his loins and having carefully arranged it, looks himself up and down. He at once assumes a superior air to all the admirers who gaze on him with envy as he proudly struts about. Here is vanity in its most acute form. The raw native knows a good piece of cloth at once, although he has not perhaps set eyes on good or bad before. I have noticed the same with boys on the mines in South Africa, they invariably insist on having a real Witney blanket no matter what the cost.

The morning after our arrival we were seated at breakfast, when a European hove in sight with some half-dozen boys, coming up from the river side. He proved to be Mr. Rogers, who, accompanied by a friend, had recently reached the head of the lake, having walked up from Katanga, the Star of the Congo, a distance of some 1200 miles. The two men were prospectors. For days at a time one, and sometimes both, had been struck down with fever during the journey. Neither of them used a mosquito net, which naturally made things very much worse than they would have been. The soft and narrow sandy shore of Lake Tanganyika presented great difficulties owing to the sand and dense vegetation which came down to the water's edge, and enormous stretches were covered ankle deep in the water.

That evening Rogers had dinner with us, and during the meal he astonished us by saying to his boy in English, "Aaron, bring me my big spoon." It is certainly very nice in some respects to have a boy who can speak English, but it has its disadvantages. When two of you are together chatting, it is impossible to discuss

adequately certain matters in connection with the safari, and it is not advisable that your table boy should be able to carry away to the camp fire the conversation that has passed between you. Again, if you always have a boy by your side who speaks English, you will never learn Swahili, and I do not care what character that boy bears, there is nothing like dealing with the safari yourself. There is no chance of your words being misconstrued, or your interpreter sulking at an Indaba with the village headman, and cutting out certain passages of a speech that may be of great import to the subject under discussion. There is no excuse for anybody not learning Swahili, at least sufficient to make himself understood, in two months. It is a mere bagatelle compared to the Zulu, Basuto and South African languages.

We left a large number of loads in the camp under charge of two of our boys. Having packed up sufficient stores for a three months' trip we set out for Wadelai on the third day after reaching Koba.

We wended our way in Indian file down the slope towards a belt of forest-like country a half-mile below our camp.

The track was bordered by fairy-like ferns, great trees matted together by a network of creepers, through which most magnificent views of the Nile could be seen, a solitary canoe was being forced against the stream by a silent native, who sat perched in the extreme after-part of the boat taking deep strokes with his quaintly shaped paddle. A rough winding path ran through this gorgeously bedecked stretch of country. The heavy storms of the last few days had left great pools of water in the pathway. A damp though not unpleasant aroma rose up from the hundred and one species of tropical growth. Every now and then we came upon patches of soft green grass into which our feet sank as into a thick carpet. We were soon swallowed up in the uncertain light of

another glade. In less than two hours we had climbed up to the top of the flat high country which runs alongside the Nile towards Wadelai. From here we looked back over the tops of the densely packed trees that up to now had kept the burning rays of the sun off our heads. The plantation around the Boma, now eight miles away, showed up clearly against the skyline. The Boma stands far above the other buildings in Koba, and for some way we could make out the Union Jack at the masthead, fluttering over an outpost of civilization. The scene was gradually lost to view as our path dipped towards the first river outside Koba. The boys cautiously climbed down its steep banks and entered the water, which although it reached only up to the waist, ran fiercely. It looked tempting to see those beautiful swirling waters on their way to the Nile, which, though still parallel to our path, now lay a mile away to the left. Sixty yards above the ford and just around a bend great rocks peeped up in the river and the water rushing against them with fury sent clouds of spray high in the air. There was a small cataract close by, the noise of whose swirling waters resounded loudly in the small canyon, whose steep banks were topped with fluttering palms and cactus. Gaily coloured lizards were sunning themselves on the banks and a beautiful crane fluttered out of the long grass above the cataract. A heap of grey ashes lay on the blackened surface of a slab of stone close to the water, showing that natives had on the previous night been down fishing by the light of the fire.

Arriving safely on the other side we rested for twenty minutes, enabling the boys to splash about in the water or to gather some of the wild fruit close by. A short distance above us the steep high bank had slipped and let three huge trees fall across the river, which they spanned from bank to bank. It was interesting to

watch how the angry waters resented the intrusion of these monsters whose trunks were half submerged in the river, acting like a boom, beneath which the waters came out with increased vigour. The boys were enjoying their ablutions and their voices sounded through the little canyon with a ring of happiness and contentment. Insects buzzed around, now and again a queer little gaily plumaged bird piped away in the morning air, lending an additional enchantment to the music of the rushing waters.

Now let me sound a warning note to the intending traveller in tropical Africa. Be careful about going into rivers. Apart from the impurities in the water likely to harm the skin, never bathe in cold water in the heat of the day. Never let yourself dry in the heat of the sun, to do so is courting trouble and tempting providence. One poor fellow whom I knew in Bloemfontein, some five years ago, and whose name was well known in Government circles in South Africa, came up to British East Africa a short time ago, and in the heat of the day bathed in a stream and dried himself in the full glare of the sun. Bear in mind this took place within a hundred miles of the equator. The result was that the poor fellow died shortly afterwards. If you want to bathe, the safest way is to take a folding canvas bath. I recommend a canvas bath, because it is so much more compact and more durable than the tin ones, which wear out very fast with the constant knocking about. Bathe at any time between four and six p.m. It is better not to use cold water, except for the face and hands. It is equally dangerous to use water that is too hot. Above all, after a bath beware of the chill after sundown, for a cold is the root of most ills in Africa. A warm bath should be taken every day.

That night we camped at the Big Tree, about twelve miles from Koba, close to some huts. Looking down on

the river we could discern a number of huts built on one of the islands, some sixty yards from the east shore. These people were very keen fishermen, and some of them brought a very welcome supply to our camp. There seems to be some difficulty at present in obtaining food for the porters on the road to Nimule. These people are a well set up race, but completely spoil themselves in appearance by unnecessary "ornamentation," such as grass projecting from the upper or lower lip, or stuck through slits in the nose and ears. Here again we found that some one had camped quite recently. The little heap of grey ashes lying at the foot of the tree was not even damp, so our predecessors must have been there within forty-eight hours previous to our arrival, as no rain had fallen for that time.

Here we gave out the half-monthly rations or "posho." Rupees and cents would be useless on this side of the river, so for purposes of barter with the natives of the district in exchange for food, it was necessary to supply each boy with americani and salt to the value of one rupee, with which he would have to purchase the necessities of life for two weeks, so this "posho" business took place every fortnight. It is necessary to get an idea from the local native as to the nature of barter required in the country wherein you are about to travel. Some districts will take salt and beads, others want brass and copper wire, hoes, needles, old tins, bottles, empty match-boxes, and so forth. Everywhere, however, "americani" (trade cloth), takes like "hot cakes." For the boys, americani, beads, or salt is generally given out.

Next day we set off down the slope and passed through several rippling streams, plunged into great tracts of elephant grass that reached far over our heads. Emerging from beautiful glades we came upon stretches of fine grassy country with a fair sprinkling of tall bushes,

occasionally getting a shot at hartebeeste and buck, thereby laying in a supply of fresh meat, which unfortunately cannot be kept more than a day or so, consequently it is somewhat tough, but infinitely better than the native chickens. These birds are invariably so highly domesticated as to become in my eyes much the same as the child's pet rabbits which one is always averse from killing for eating purposes.

There is a telegraph wire along the path with the insulators that support it attached to the trees. In several spots the wire rested on the grass. Surely the posts and telegraph department would find it much cheaper in the long run to lay out the small capital required for erecting proper telegraph poles, and thereby put a stop to the present frequent interruptions of the line. Elephants and other game are largely responsible for many of these annoyances, I grant; but iron poles might be instrumental in preventing the trapeze performances of monkeys disporting themselves in the trees and utilizing the wire for their gymnastic displays, such as I have seen on several occasions when passing along this road.

Our camp for that night was at Panyongo, almost on the banks of another small river. This is where a rest-house stands for the post boys, when *en route* for the north. A letter posted at any spot in Uganda, let us say, for instance, Kampala, is carried from there to Butiaba, a distance of about 160 miles. This is accomplished by runners on foot in five days! From there it is taken by boat across the lake to Koba, whence it proceeds more often than not by road to Nimule on the heads of relays of runners. Each of these runners is escorted by another boy who carries an old gun of an extraordinary pattern, reminding one of the " baby " carried by Baker, which with the aid of ten drams of powder threw a half-pound bullet! The gun I first saw

one of these fellows carrying made a report something akin to the noise created by a fifteen-pounder field gun. Should the bird aimed at fall to the ground, you can be assured that the concussion alone has rendered it senseless for the time being. Probably it does fall, but not from the effects of the bullet! The best plan (so the boys say) is to run up and capture the prize before it recovers from the shock and flies away! This, however, is not always possible, for the "gunner" is generally enveloped in an immense cloud of blue smoke for fully half a minute, and judging by the way he rubs his shoulder, it is evident that the experiment would be repeated only in case of dire necessity. The mail bag continues the journey on the boy's head, who like his escort wears an old Post-office uniform that looks as if it has seen service since the days of Rowland Hill. On they go, now walking, occasionally breaking into a trot. A swollen river is reached, the Government has placed canoes here, but perhaps the natives from the Congo side of the Nile have been across on one of their periodical raids, causing the local people temporarily to fly up the river. The mail has to reach Nimule on a certain date. Cautiously the boys try the depth and find that it reaches up to the shoulders, but the river is subsiding and the strength of the current is not very great, they return for the mail bag and gun which they have left on the bank and walk into the river. Often there is a great stillness over the country, the tall grass lining the opposite bank rustles in the breeze. There are innumerable dangers besetting them, not the least of which are the crocodiles that abound in the rivers. Possibly the visiting marauders from the Lado lie hidden in the long dry grass with bow-string taut waiting for the unwary traveller. Once on the bank they plunge into the semi-darkness caused by the tall grass overhanging the path, reaching perhaps twenty-five feet high. Fifty yards ahead a stretch of

water is seen covering the path and hiding treacherous elephant holes and tangled undergrowth. As there is here a dip in the land the water which has lain since the last floods cannot drain off, and even now it reaches well over the waist.

On the path traversed by these boys I have been walking through stinking water that crawled with insect life, every now and then slipping on the ground underneath, warily treading through the trampled grass and hidden growth. Perhaps you go from six in the morning until seven at night, through water reaching up to the armpits and full of ticks, frogs, dead lizards, and so forth. Imagine, if you can, the porter with a sixty-pound load on his head, or the mail boy by whom your letter is carried, trying to force his way through great stretches of country that are in this state. Your letter will travel from Kampala to London *viâ* Gondokoro and Khartoum for six cents, equivalent to one penny in English money. Surely this is a great pennyworth! Only those who have been through the country can realize the enormous difficulties that present themselves daily to these post-boys.

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH ELEPHANT GRASS AND WATER

We struck camp at Panyongo early in the morning and as usual breakfasted under the stars amidst the noisy chattering carriers, who were busily folding up the tents. Each man, taking his load, with his sleeping mat firmly tied on top, lays it in line with those of the rest of the party who have already formed up in a row on the dew-spangled grass, each of them squatting behind his load and shivering in the damp atmosphere of early morn. When all were ready we set off down the slope through long elephant grass that waved over our heads and presently emerged at the river, which at this spot is about thirty yards in width, overhung by large trees that line the banks with festoons of gaily coloured foliage that reach from the branches almost down to the water. Fortunately a canoe is kept here by the Government for the use of the post boys and any traveller that should chance to come this way.

On this trip the natives who look after the canoe were at their post, apparently the Congo people had not raided here lately. We could put three boys and four loads in the leaky old eighteen-foot dugout at one trip, and in spite of an exceptionally strong current prevailing at the time, the whole safari was across in an hour. The mules and donkey were made to swim over with a rope attached to the headstall, the end of which I, with half a dozen boys, had hold of on the north bank, pulling in as

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

BUSH BUCK.

the beast swam across, for on reaching midstream the torrent would hurl beast or boat down the river at a furious pace. The canoe boy, who was attired in nought but a few beads, told me how one of his friends had been trying to ford the river just at this spot a few days before our arrival. He had got some distance from the bank into the river when he was dragged under by a crocodile and was not seen again. This fellow had watched the tragedy and recounted it in a most dramatic manner.

The best way to prevent attack from these beasts or reptiles when fording a river, is to make a lot of commotion in the water, splashing about and shouting. There is not so much danger, however, in a party fording at the same time, provided the natives make plenty of noise. At all times I prefer to use a canoe if one is available, but on the majority of smaller rivers they are not always to be found where and when you may require them.

Both crocodiles and hippo, when shot in the water, will float for a few seconds and then sink, remaining under the surface until nightfall, when the temperature falls and the water acquires sufficient density to float the carcases.

Slowly we threaded our way through the tall grass, travelling with the greatest difficulty owing to the slippery mud underfoot. Apparently the water had only recently drained off this part of the country, leaving the path in a treacherous condition with coarse tangled grass beaten down over the track. Every now and then some one sat down rather hurriedly, as a tent pole with its ropes hanging loosely from the load became entangled with the huge thorns of an acacia-like bush, and such a mishap lent additional discomfort to one and all.

In a short time we came to a piece of short grass country dotted with large trees and bush among which roamed numerous herds of buck and antelope. With the

Rigby, I brought down a fine specimen of Uganda Kob; shortly after P—— brought down a fine reed buck. The firing brought out a large number of people from the village, and as our boys had quite enough to carry, we decided to get some of the natives, after skinning and cutting up the beasts, to bring the meat to camp up at Wadelai. We gave them the heads and horns, and a leg of each animal. Presently we arrived at the head of the plateau, overlooking the flat grass country south of Wadelai, through which runs another river on its way to the Nile. We had about eight more miles to do before reaching the Post-house at Wadelai. We could see a canoe on the opposite bank, but all was still as death. It was impossible to cross the river without a boat of some sort, so to attract attention we fired a shot which soon brought down some of the people of the village. After the usual shouted greetings between our boys and the people of Chief Okele, the canoe came over and we set to work to get our goods and chattels across the water, paying the requisite Government rate for hire. In another twenty minutes we found ourselves outside the Post-house. This stands on a hill overlooking the delightful part of the Nile known as Lake Rube, over which I have seen from the eastern side, the most glorious effects of sunset in Central Africa. Away to the west, in the Congo, I could see the rough grey outlines of the hills running from north to south, at the foot of which lies the bush country of the Enclave. The lake is about three miles across at this spot. Half a mile away a solitary canoe drifted idly northwards. I could hear the dull chanting of the figure seated high in the stern as he stared at a flock of wild geese flying overhead to the west. The sun, a huge glowing mass of fire, was sinking fast beneath the grey mountains far away. A cool breeze rustled through the grass and bushes as the sky above darkened rapidly to a violet hue. Suddenly in the west there flamed a glory

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

A NATIVE VILLAGE.

of sunset colours. In the east the sky was of the darkest shade of blue. Slowly a mass of floating grass drifted across the lake into the river below. Gradually the colours blended smoothly into a rose-like hue, nothing was sharp, there was no violence in this marvellous transformation scene.

As I walked away towards the camp the air became quite cool and when half-way up the slope I turned to gaze again at the scene. A picture that no living hand could hope to reproduce. The great sun had died away, and with it the voice of the native in the canoe had become more and more indistinct as he headed for the river. Slowly the shades of night dropped down upon us.

Outside the Post-house camp fires glimmered and by nine o'clock the great moon was well in the sky, throwing its light across the lake below us. Slowly the Southern Cross rose up in the sky amid myriads of other stars. On the banks of the river below mighty hippopotami crashed and roared in the grass, reminding one that canoe travelling at night is a risky undertaking, for these brutes are fond of attacking any craft. Night birds wheeled overhead. From the Congo side the lurid glare of fires showed up above the trees, a dance was evidently in progress, judging from the shouting and singing accompanied by drums beating that reached our ears. One by one the fires of our boys in the camp died out, the smoke cleared away from the huts, under the rays of the moon everything was as light as day. Sabawa had ceased to chatter of the elephants. The figures of the boys could be seen, rolled up in their blankets near the fires, most of them asleep: here and there a crooning individual would poke around the ashes of the fire: selecting one of the embers he would blow gently on it as he held it in his fingers until it glowed. Then he relit his pipe, puffing vigorously, and with an air of contentment drew the blanket around him. Two or three sat

on around the little heap of ashes, carrying on a whispered conversation for a little longer. Now and again the howl of a pariah dog or jackal in the distance broke in on the still night air. The fires across the river were kept going up to a late hour, until, with a tremendous beating of drums and frantic shouting, the dance finished and the village was hushed in peace.

When two white people are together far from the outer world, their conversation often takes a peculiar turn; for instance, that evening P—— and I compared our ideas as to the best author living at present, or discussed the merits of the last plays we had seen, where we had last stayed in London, the best place for a rump steak in town, and so forth. At length we drifted into our respective tents and prepared to dream of the happenings of another day spent far from the cant, hypocrisy and cares of the outer world.

The next morning, Saturday, we decided to overhaul our stores, examine the medicine chests, etc. During the morning word came in by a boy who had travelled down from the Nimule country, that large herds of elephants were gathering along the banks of the Assua River. Sabawa, who claimed to have a complete knowledge of that country, was straightway brought forward. Eventually P—— determined to go over to the Assua River *viâ* Fatiko, cross the river and work down it to Nimule.

I was going to see what the Lado contained. The whole country on both sides of the Nile had recently been under water, so we decided to leave the tents at Wadelai in order that the boys might travel light and enable us to cover greater distance. The fly, or outer sheet of the big Edgington tent was erected on the Uganda side of the Nile, just above Lake Rube, on a patch of short grass under a large tree. Here we placed the loads that we would not require for at least two months.

We arranged to join forces again at this spot in exactly six weeks' time. On the eve of departing we instructed Pishi to produce a real flash dinner, which he did, not forgetting to swim everything in fat. However, a bottle of Dry Monopole soon put things straight. It was the last dinner we might have together, who could say ? Elephant hunting is a risky business at the best of times.

Every one was astir before sunrise the following day, Sunday, the porters were drawn up and divided between us, each taking twenty-four carriers, a cook, headman, syce, tent boy and gun-bearer. Two boys were to remain in charge of the stores at Wadelai. There was great excitement between the boys who were to go with me, and those about to travel with P——, many of them embraced each other and kissed, handshaking was going on all over the place.

A start was made shortly before the sun appeared above the horizon, Mpala, P——'s headman, led the way, clad in an old shirt and a straw hat, in his hand he held a long spear.

Great shouts of farewell were given on both sides as the party set out for the east, travelling through the long grass, in which they were soon lost to view. The excitement having passed off, I set two of my boys on the top of an ant-hill to shout lustily for the Shinzis on the other bank of the Nile, which is here about 400 yards in width. Directly opposite to us, some half mile back from the river, we could see the tops of the huts in the village, just visible above the long waving grass. It was from them that the noise of singing and drums beating amidst the lurid glow of fires had come on the Friday night. I sat down and smoked my pipe while the boys yelled frantically and beat old tins in the hope of attracting the villagers. Presently a few figures came out of the long grass at the water's edge. Shading my

eyes with one hand I made them out to be women with earthen vessels on their heads, coming down to get water. In spite of the existing dangers in the form of crocodiles, etc., they walked calmly into the water until waist deep, and frolicked about, splashing each other and clapping their hands, taking not the least notice of us on the other side, or the noise my party were creating, for I had summoned the whole safari to join in and make as much row as possible. The women filled their jars and returned to the village. A short time after several figures lined the banks, and when we made them understand that we had presents for them, a canoe soon put out from a creek a little lower down, manned by two men, who paddled up the river alongside their bank in the direction of Lake Rube.

I began to fear that they did not intend coming over, but when they had paddled for some 500 yards they suddenly turned round and headed for midstream. On reaching the centre of the river we could see that they were working hard to get out of the strong current which carried them down the river at a great pace. Eventually they managed to come to the outgrowing papyrus that stood out from us a hundred feet into the river almost opposite to where they had started from. Experiencing some difficulty in paddling through this, it was several minutes before they beached their craft and came up the slope to where I was sitting.

By this time another canoe had shot out and was coming across at a great pace. The first comers were evidently afraid of my boys, for they started to retreat towards their canoe and talked excitedly, my people were laughing at them and they evidently did not know how to take it. Calling for silence I beckoned to them to come forward, but they waited for their friends to arrive, and make sure that everything looked square before venturing near us. The combined party numbered only

five, and after a hurried consultation they came forward to within a few feet of where I was sitting, and saluted in approved military style, each man afterwards coming forward to shake hands. This seems rather objectionable at first to the European who has been in South Africa, where one never thinks of shaking hands with a native, but with the Congo people one has to do so, to decline an outstretched hand from any of these people is a foolish thing, and may cause trouble. One of them held a huge fish, another a chicken, another recognized the cook and sprang forward to shake hands with him, to my surprise he spoke Swahili fairly well. The cook had been to Wadelai before, and it turned out that he knew quite a number of them.

In a deep sonorous voice the elder of the party explained to me, through the cook, that he was the headman of the village, and hinted that he generally received presents from white men about to travel through his domain, at which his followers gave a grunt of approval. First of all I presented him with some meat, which seemed to please him; but, of course, as is customary with these people, he expected more. I told him that when I reached his village I would shoot some more meat for him, provided there were plenty of game about, to which he replied with a series of ahs! ahs! and grunts. He was certainly fifty years of age, and powerfully built, and carried a bow and quiver of arrows. The latter hung down his back attached to a cord around his neck, and a small dagger in sheath was strapped just above the muscle on his left arm. His head was shaved but for a small ridge of hair that ran across from ear to ear, through the hair was thrust a parrot or other feather, a piece of stick about four inches long hung from the lobe of each ear, and cicatrised marks covered his cheeks and forehead, standing out like warts. On the neck string were hung two empty cartridge cases and dried beans. Large blue and white

beads were strung round his waist with a little grass apron fore and aft, and a copper ring through the upper lip completed his toilet.

The others were younger men, but their features also were spoilt by unnecessary trinkets. Through a hole in their lower lips dangled pieces of glass, shaped like a new moon and some four to seven inches in length. The glass ornaments have a horrible effect on the wearer, and when in a rage they draw the under lip up so that the glass rod projects out like a sting. These ornaments, which look like glass icicles, are made by knocking the bottom off an old bottle and grinding it down on a stone to the shape required, generally in the form of a small tusk.

The men were quite satisfied when, in exchange for the fish, which weighed thirty-seven and a half pounds—a barbel by the way, the same as is found in the South African waters—I gave them an empty six-pound sugar-tin. For two chickens I exchanged an old bottle and four teaspoonsful of salt. For a soft iron hoe head and a red blanket they contracted to take us across the river, loads and all, which meant about fifteen trips to and fro to get the complete safari across, as well as one of the mules. The other mule and donkey I was going to leave at Wadelai, till my return. It was only possible to get two boys and three loads aboard at the same time. The queer craft was what is called a dug-out made of a tree trunk roughly hewn out with a native adze. This one was about seventeen feet long by twenty inches in width and depth. The natives are exceedingly clever in their manipulation of these extraordinary craft. I have seen them even standing up while paddling. On first seeing the natives sitting high in the stern dipping the large curved bladed paddle it seems easy enough to "paddle your own canoe," but to be a mere passenger in one is a sufficiently nerve-trying experience for most people. I knelt down in the thing, and, as I was the only unoccupied

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

NATIVES OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

man on board, I had to do the baling, which in itself is an art acquired only after some considerable practice. Every time I scooped up the water with the little gourd that did duty for a baling dish, it invariably fouled the curved edge of the canoe, and the contents were dashed all over me, and long before we reached the other side of the river I was wet through.

There are large numbers of hippopotami about here, and a mile or so lower down they form a real danger to small craft. About half a mile from where we were the river is split into two channels by a large island of grass, reeds and sudd. Islands similar to these further down interfere greatly with the navigation of the river, especially near Bora, where the Nile is about four miles in width. At times it is almost impossible to see the current. Close by here is the site of an old Soudanese station, now a relic of the past.

As it had taken about four hours to get the safari across it was well into the afternoon before all were landed, so I decided to camp some little way beyond the village for the night. The natives around here are a branch of the Lures, and I found them to be a very respectable and quiet people, endowed with a love and instinct of trading. They are not brave by any means. They decorate themselves with heavy brass and iron rings round their necks and arms, some smear themselves over with a dull reddish pigment of ant-heap or clay. I have also seen them powdering up some of the native red bricks from the ruins of an old Belgian Boma, which stood slightly north of the village. After crushing the bricks they mix water with the powder, making a fairly thickish paste, which is applied to all parts of the body as well as the hair.

I was much struck when passing the first bunch of houses, or grass huts, to see nothing but the young women and girls sitting around, most of them engaged in drying

corn and beans, spreading them out thinly on grass mats in the sun, others were grinding or rather pounding mtama into flour. The " mill " consisted of a piece of rock hollowed, into which the grain was placed, to be pounded with a large stone or piece of hard wood as pestle.

A hundred yards further on I came to another small settlement where all the men, together with one or two women of a mature age dwelt. Around the huts several children were playing with miniature bows and arrows, learning how to shoot; pariah dogs slunk about looking hungrily at the pieces of meat which were toasting on little sticks stuck in the ground around the fires. These people give a remarkable amount of consideration to the women so far as all social matters are concerned. In most cases the young girls live apart from the main village, or at least have their own huts. The women are never beaten, and the husband rarely takes any important step without first consulting his " better half." Except when fetching water, the women are seldom far away from the huts. Practically all the cultivation is carried on by the men. The women are occupied exclusively with the household duties; the Lures and Shulis are alike in this respect. The Shuli country lies to the east of the Nile, and runs from the neighbourhood of the Somerset Nile towards Nimule and the Latooka country. The Madi country starts around the neighbourhood of the Osso River northwards to the Bari. Compared with the people further west I consider these folk are not over-endowed with a love for work or cultivation. Chickens, potatoes, mtama and beans form their staple diet. Like most tribes in the Congo, they catch buck and most other game by digging a pit and placing a net over it, on the top of which they spread grass. The unwary buck comes along and steps into the trap, the horns and legs becoming entangled in the net

so that it is impossible for the beast to get away. The arrows these people use are generally made with a slender head of soft iron, about six inches in length, and three-eighths of an inch thick at the base, tapering to a very fine point. It is not barbed. I have often seen these arrow-heads completely doubled up. They are shot with such force that when they strike a bone the impact is so great that the head is bent into a semi-circle. I remember seeing many of them on a path up the Kibali river doubled up in this way and covered with blood and hair.

Around the huts several young men were squatted twanging away on curious stringed instruments, made of bark, with skin stretched across the top: some were constructed out of a piece of hard wood about sixteen inches in length, hollowed out, in shape very similar to a canoe, with strings stretched from end to end. I walked up to one of these musicians who was huddled up under the overhanging bee-hive-like roof of a hut, wherein I presume his fiancée was sleeping. When I asked him in Swahili to play he simply stared and grunted. I had forgotten for the moment that these people did not all understand the language in use across the river. When I imitated his movements in playing he opened his huge mouth, threw his head back and laughed loudly. In a moment, however, he regained composure and began to play. At first it sounded rather pretty, but a native tune of four notes played with endless repetition for hours on end becomes monotonous after a time. I stood listening for about five minutes and began to wonder how long it would last, but to my horror, the music seemed to get more furious as he went on. At last calling my headman I told him to bring me some beads, a few of which I threw to the musician in token of my approval of his efforts. He stopped for a moment to gather them up, but as I walked away he followed me and began to play

the same tune again, accompanied by a nasal chant, similar to that of the Malays, and I had great difficulty in ridding myself of him.

Summoning the carriers to get on the road again, we moved on to a suitable camp site that I had espied on the slope about a mile ahead of us. All the musicians of the country seemed to be with us, for not less than thirty people, ferocious looking folk most of them, marched just ahead of me twanging strings, blowing on reeds, clapping hands, singing, shouting, and dancing madly. Little children ran away into the grass crying out as we passed by, dogs of every description barked and ran around me with their dry tongues hanging limply out of their mouths as great clouds of dust rose up from the path. Behind the procession came the more timid members of the populace, and women lifted children shoulder high in order to let them see the newcomer. Those ahead, who accompanied their music with shuffling feet and peculiar rhythmic motions of the body, cared nothing about the choking clouds of dust they were raising, and the peculiar odours emanating from their perspiring persons were very unpleasant. Ahead of all there marched one fellow carrying an old single-barrel muzzle-loader of enormous bore, evidently a relic of the old days of Emin Pasha's *régime* near Wadelai. The barrel was polished up so brightly that one could see one's face in it! The barrel had long since come apart from the stock, and in place of the metal bands that once held them together, a few pieces of grass cord were tied round, half the shoulder piece had been broken off and the sights had gone altogether. The owner carried it in true military style on the left shoulder at the slope. A conical grass hat like the top of a Chinese Pagoda was on his head, his body was adorned with the remains of an old blue Belgian Askari jersey, on which there was worked a huge yellow star, and the garment was worn back to

front. The sleeves had been ripped off, leaving his arms with their enormous muscles bare. But for this solitary garment he was naked, and he presented a magnificent picture of physique. Every now and then he would bring his right hand up and smartly place it across the gun on his left shoulder, in true Askari style. He had evidently seen the drilling of Askaris when around on patrol, for every now and again he would shout some unintelligible order and go through all sorts of imaginary paces. An old bandolier, which he wore round his waist, contained no ammunition. Such was my escort to my first camp in the Lado Enclave, which up till recently was under the Belgian Government.

CHAPTER VII

HARTEBEESTE AND WATER-BUCK

During our stay among the Shinzis I was very much interested in watching the people make grass ropes and wicker baskets in which they catch fish. They are made like the safety ink bottles, or the eel-pots familiar on our English rivers, and are about four feet in length, and two feet in diameter; they are placed in the river and examined generally before sunset.

Another fish-trap consists of a long tapering basket shaped like a cigar with the end cut off, about four feet long and ten inches in diameter.

Just before sundown on the first night, I was resting in my hut enjoying a quiet pipe, when the stillness of the evening was suddenly broken by the sounds of music. On going outside I saw two fellows sitting with legs crossed close by the door playing for all they were worth, a little way off was Matakanga dancing like a madman. His threadbare coat had drifted over his shoulders. Two of the carriers, with sticks in their right hands, were shuffling their feet and stamping, while an admiring crowd of carriers and villagers stood around clapping and yelling with delight. It was not a bad amusement for them, but volumes of dust poured into my hut and covered everything. Picking up a stick I walked towards them, intending to put a stop to the performance; but before I could get within reach they all rushed off into the grass. Except the cook and headman, not a soul could be seen;

but hurried whispering and an occasional tittering could be heard on all sides. I ordered all my boys to come out of the grass immediately, which they did, and I told them that the dance was not to be repeated again that day. They slunk off to the fires which had just been lit. For ten minutes no one dared even to whisper, after that every one was as merry as before, but the dance was not resumed. The villagers had flown at the first sign of trouble, tearing down the hill at a great pace, shrieking and laughing, to their huts.

Later on in the evening I was rather surprised to hear the clear notes of a bugle ring out. It sounded quite close to our camp. At the time I speak of there was still some doubt among the hunters and traders as to whether the Belgians were still to be found patrolling the Lado. In these circumstances I was fully aware that some unpleasantness might ensue, knowing well that their Askaris are recruited from such races as the Manyema cannibals, and are allowed to pillage and plunder, rape and murder as much as they like. However, in this case I learnt from some natives who passed through the camp, homeward bound from a hunting expedition, that the people at a village further back had a bugle on which they were wont to give a few calls every night, just to let every one know that they were all right I suppose. I recognized one or two calls as similar to those that we had on the gramophone.

Next morning, on going through my stores, I found that one case of provisions had been left behind, on the Uganda side of the Nile, so taking Monica, the tent boy, and Kadali, the gunbearer, with the two guns, I set off for the river-side, and for a hand of cloth the canoe man agreed to take me over: a "hand" of cloth is measured from the ball of the elbow to the finger tips; in some cases traders and others measure from the elbow to the knuckles only. On arrival at the Wadelai camp the case was

nowhere to be seen, but it turned out afterwards that one of P——'s boys had taken it by mistake. I returned to the canoe, and away we set off again. We had just got halfway across the river when I noticed some grass floating down on us, thirty feet or so from our port bow. Instead of letting it pass in front of our craft the canoe boy took deep long strokes with his paddle and attempted to run across the front of it, which he did only just in time to avert disaster; for as we shot in front of the floating mass it fouled our stern and made the canoe wobble about terribly for a few seconds. I felt sure that we were going over, an experience that I did not want with the two guns and ammunition aboard. It is impossible to gauge the size of these floating islands by what appears above the surface, for the solid part may extend some little distance under water, like the ram of a battleship.

In the afternoon two of the villagers came to the camp with a report of game to be had a short distance away; so leaving Salem in charge of the camp, I set out with some of my boys and the villagers, and after an hour's walk we reached some short grass country where I succeeded in bringing down two fine hartebeeste and a water-buck.

The next morning we left Wadelai and pushed on in a north-easterly direction; the path for the first two hours ran through a thickly wooded country full of that horrible thorny bush that I have mentioned before. The mule would persist in dragging me through the thick of it. My knees being bare were soon torn about, and every now and then a hooked thorn, similar to the South African "Waacht en beetje," would catch in my shirt and come near pulling me out of the saddle. From time to time a chicken tied by the leg on the top of a load would come into contact with a branch full of these thorns that the boy ahead had held aside, and when he

released it, it would fly back and catch the unfortunate chicken like a shot from a gun, causing it to struggle and cackle vigorously.

A few hours after leaving Wadelai we came upon several old elephant tracks. A large number of trees had been torn up by the roots and lay strewn across the path. Although elephants had previously been travelling in our direction it was necessary in places to get the boys at work with the axes to clear a path through the dense creepers and other growth. When about eight miles from Wadelai we emerged from the dense wooded country on to a fine stretch of short grass. We were now on a branch of the Nile; but it was only fifty yards across, the navigable portion being two miles further east and cut off from us by a dense stretch of papyrus and reeds. This is one of the Nile reaches and swarms with hippopotami. I called a halt in order to let the boys rest before continuing to skirt along the bank to the next village, which could be seen on an elevated position a few miles away.

Three or four old grass huts close by aroused my curiosity, especially as a square shack, partially beaten down by the wind, stood beside them, for in the Congo square huts are only built by white men. In one of the huts I found an old Eno's Fruit Salt label, a broken gourd, and a pair of horns lay on the roof. I was busily engaged investigating, when a yell arose from one of the boys who had put his head into the opening of one of the huts, and in spite of his black skin he turned an ashen pallor as he ran back to the others shouting "Nyoka" (snake). Picking up a stick and standing in front of the door I called all the boys, telling them to arm themselves in a similar manner and surround the hut; the grass being dry I had no trouble in setting fire to it with a match, and in a few seconds the hut was aflame. Sticks were raised aloft and blankets held out in front of

each boy toreador fashion, every one was trembling with excitement. Suddenly with a frenzied shout Matakanga leapt up in the air as the reptile came towards him, and in an instant all were shouting excitedly as sticks whizzed through the air. Some of them must have been aimed straight, for the snake was killed. Its measurement was four feet seven. The back was of a dull brownish colour with black diamond-shaped marks and little white spots, the belly was of a silvery hue. I flung it with my stick into the bush amidst disappointed murmurs from the boys.

Resuming the march we shortly afterwards came upon a group of native men engaged in breaking up about an acre of land for cultivation, who regarded us with great interest. A little further on we saw some huts, built like haycocks, six or seven of them standing together surrounded by a dense hedge of cactus and thorn bush. The only means of entering this encampment was through a small door two feet high. Some people who have written about this country have stated that a thorn hedge around the villages is peculiar to the Madi race ; but I have seen them further in the country, around the Aba district, up the Kibali and Niam-Niam. Although as we passed I could not distinguish a single person through the dense barricade, we heard a great deal of chatter and children screaming, and the inevitable chickens were scraping about under the hedge. There could be no doubt that my appearance in this out-of-the-way place was causing a great amount of interest, because, when we had left the village behind, I happened to look back and noticed that the entire population had crawled outside the zareba to see that we were continuing our journey. Their curiosity was natural, for a white man is not to be seen hereabouts once in twelve months, and then he is either a Commandant with a patrol of Askaris, or a solitary trader or hunter.

Close to this place I found a sort of wild cucumber which looked very good to eat, but Salem and others strongly cautioned me not to try it, or I would need "dawa" (medicine) the next day. I took their advice, for it is always well to remember that you can learn a tremendous amount from your boys or the natives about the ins and outs of the country that is of the greatest importance to the welfare of the safari. Not a few of the white men who have lost their lives in Africa have done so by disregarding the warnings or despising the counsel of people who know their own country better than the stranger. The blacks may be dunderheads in many ways, but where the tracking and stalking of game are concerned we can well afford to learn from the people who have spent their lives in the wilds.

To reach the village, close to which I intended camping, we had to climb a fairly steep wooded slope and force our way through a big patch of what Stanley called "acacia horrida" (thorn bush). Although it sheltered us to a certain extent from the sun, it greatly impeded our progress, for many of the loads became entangled in the branches, and I was compelled to walk as the trees were a mass of thorns.

The people here seemed to be far more communicative than those we had passed on the march. I ordered the boys to drop their loads beneath a large tree, and placing my chair under the shade of the branches, I sat and smoked, watching the boys build a square grass hut for me. Several of the villagers, men, women and children, volunteered to assist in cutting grass and firewood, and I was surrounded by a gay chattering mob of people all anxious to shake hands. Presently the village headman, rejoicing in the name of "Singooma," a pleasant old fellow fully seventy years of age, tall and muscular, stood before me and gravely saluted by holding aloft his bow, after which he shook hands. Making use of the cook as

interpreter he said, "I want some meat: there are a great many elephants, they have destroyed my fields and we have nothing to eat." On my asking him if any white men had been here lately, he replied, "not since the last elephant was killed by a white man with a lot of hair on his face. Ah! that was grand! the hairy man was old, yes, very old, no teeth"; but he was unable to give me any other clue as to who the white man may have been. A grass mat round his loins and an old buck-skin thrown over his shoulders was all this headman wore, his head shaved clean but for a tiny patch in the centre. He was adorned with copper rings through his lip and ears, and heavy iron and ivory bangles around the wrists and biceps. On cross-examining him he said that at present the elephants were not in his district; but after the first rain they would all come back and make further depredations on his domain. I gave him a few tawdry trinkets, and he arranged that some of the young men of the village should go out and watch the country around and bring reports of any game they saw.

It was now midday, and I found that we had travelled over fifteen miles from Wadelai. At our feet lay the marshy Nile, some three miles in width, but choked with grass and other growth. To the north-east a range of hills stood up, running towards Nimule and forming the right bank of the river, which for miles flowed in a series of channels separated by wide tracts of grass. It became somewhat monotonous sitting in camp, the centre of a curious and interested mob of people who freely discussed my appearance, laughed and nudged each other when I made any movement unfamiliar to them. For instance, when the midday meal was ready and Monica had set the table, I drew up my chair and began to eat. The sight of my knife and fork caused great amusement, and the mob pressed forward to witness the manipulation of these strange things. Every time I brought the

fork up to my mouth they opened their mouths and made a peculiar clicking noise with their tongues. My clothes were discussed freely, and the colour of my hair, how long it was and so forth. There was a scramble for the bones which I threw away ; some of the people actually placed them in their hair or tied them around their necks with a piece of grass. When I blew on my whistle for the syce to go and fetch the mule, there were great shouts of delight.

The mule had a small wound on its back, and when I dressed this with vaseline the curious villagers swarmed around with outstretched hands asking for some of the "dawa." I gave some to one fellow, and he and two others ate it with evident relish.

Remembering that one of my shirts wanted repairing, I went inside the hut for a needle and thread, whereupon they all began to jabber and utter exclamations of surprise, many of them roared with laughter at the sight of me sewing with a needle and thread. The work that I was engaged upon seemed to them so novel that they stood and glared at me open-mouthed. My folding scissors were most wonderful of all, for the whole crowd, numbering by this time some two hundred, gathered around me uttering loud ah ! ah ! ow ! ow ! accompanied by mouth clicking and much head shaking. The women hastened to bring their children along to witness the sight, and covetous glances were made at the shirt, while the scissors held every one spellbound. In a few minutes chickens galore were being offered in exchange for them. They were prepared to sell all their possessions for them. When I folded them up the excitement reached its limit, some clapped their hands and slapped their thighs yelling with astonishment, and long after I had replaced the scissors in a small box wherein I kept my sewing gear, they still hovered around staring at the box, expecting to see the scissors appear again. Toddling

children, clinging to their parents, looked up at me with a frightened expression on their faces, as though I had come from another world. After this my wrist watch became the centre of attraction, and one of my boys came over to say that a deputation of these queer people had asked him what I was wearing on my wrist. Willing to let them see any object of interest I opened up the back of the watch, exposing the "works"—but no, I cannot! it would be impossible adequately to describe on paper the excitement of these people when they observed the movement of the tiny balance wheel, the action of the hair-spring, and, above all, the brilliancy of the silver-plated case. One of them, more inquisitive, or shall I say venturesome, than the rest, advancing stealthily, not daring even to breathe, with eyes wide open, nervously fingering his bow, got so close that he could see his own reflection in the dazzling case. He stood as though carved from stone for a full minute, spell-bound. I can see him now as I write this, a tall muscular fellow about twenty-five years of age, a large copper ring fixed through his upper lip, all the hair shaved off his head saving only a small tuft at the crown, in which was stuck a solitary chicken feather, his body smeared with a dark red pigment, rows of cicatrised marks standing out in lines across his face and body. His whole frame trembled with suppressed excitement as he continued to gaze on the works of the watch, and his reflection in the case. He had been clinging tightly to another fellow's hand, but at length, dropping his bow he advanced towards me with outstretched hand, while the whole party, my boys included, stood like statues staring at the watch, which at last I laid on the corner of the table, face uppermost, with its little second-hand going round and round. There was no going back to work for these people that day. A white man had come along with all sorts of curious things, was not that sufficient to bring all and

sundry for many miles around to see the "Msungu" (white man)?

Great big fellows of thirty years and over walked up to the camp, hand in hand like children, and after respectfully saluting by holding their bows aloft, and shaking hands, they would mix with the happy laughing throng, many of whom were by this time on excellent terms with the "Pagazis" (porters) and exchanging mtama for salt and calico. Singooma, the village head-man, had obtained some salt from the cook in exchange for chickens, and now sat on the ground close to me licking the palm of his hand, his beaming countenance shining with the greatest delight at the taste of salt. My syce stood in the centre of an admiring group giving an exhibition of drill as carried out by the Askaris; another of the villagers had traded the lid of an empty biscuit tin in exchange for some fifty large potatoes, and was admiring his reflection in the mirror. The mule was taken by some to be a lion and spoken of as "simba," so Salem informed me; certain it is that it caused the greatest consternation by grazing among a herd of goats, and the two little boys in charge clambered up a friendly tree and yelled like fury. Yes! every one regarded the mule with awe, as, all unconscious of the rôle he was playing, he continued to graze away quietly until I sent the syce to get him into camp lest some of these people might take it into their heads to put an arrow into him. At length the sun fell and one by one the people crept back to their huts tired out with the excitement of the day.

That evening the great branches of the tree overhung the dancing flames of the camp fires, mosquitoes in millions swarmed around, the heavens were ablaze with stars. Now and again the night birds sighed overhead, the guttural snort of the hippopotamus; as it crashed through the grass by the river; sounded as though in the camp instead of a half-mile away.

I noticed several pieces of stick with curious looking chunks of meat toasting on them around the fires, and on interrogating the headman I found that some of the carriers had recovered the snake killed that morning and brought it on with them.

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

"A FINE OLD COW."

CHAPTER VIII

ELEPHANT AND HIPPOPOTAMUS

Next morning I arose early, by starlight in fact, and after breakfast proceeded to give out blankets and shirts to the boys. During the day I went down to the river or marsh, and after going along the bank for a mile or so I came close on a hippopotamus with its huge snout on the surface of the water. I aimed at the nostril, but apparently only succeeded in tickling the beast, as it simply disappeared beneath the water and presently dashed up the bank into the tall grass opposite. However, later on I brought down a fine old cow with the ·450. She stood out on a spit about forty yards off. I gave her the right and left barrels, down she went, and in less than ten minutes a delighted chattering mob of porters and Shinzis were engaged in cutting up the meat. The cook was soon on the scene with tins in which to collect the fat. I did not taste the flesh, but the fat was most excellent, and is useful in many ways.

Hippopotamus, " Kiboko " in Swahili, abound in the upper White Nile. They have peculiar little slits of eyes like nostrils placed close together. Their ears are small and erect. They are vicious beasts and will attack canoes in the water, even if unmolested.

Next day two messengers came in to report that a large herd of elephant were travelling down towards the south, some two hours away from the camp. I set out at once with a few of the boys and provisions for a few days. Travelling lightly enabled us to make considerable

headway, which would have been impossible had we been hampered with the whole safari. Two hours later we came on the tracks of what must have been a fairly large herd, and upon examining the grass it was evident that it had only been trodden down within the last few hours. There were several distinct paths, one of which measured just over seventeen inches in width. Fortunately the grass was not more than three feet high. Following up the spoor we wound among the trees and bushes, and presently came to a small pool around the edges of which our quarry had left impressions in the soft clay soil. The water was thick and muddy, and some distance beyond the pool we noticed a number of twigs freshly broken from the trees together with several uprooted plants lying about the path. Presently Matakanga and the villager Oshelese stopped dead and took shelter behind a clump of bushes. Coming up to them I peered through the branches and leaves and saw, not more than a hundred yards ahead, nine elephants bunched together grazing and snapping twigs off tree and bush: even as I gazed, one of them on the far side put up its trunk and brought down a huge branch off the tree close by. There appeared to be only one decent-sized brute among them, and he was in the centre. We crouched down and waited to obtain a better view of them. I could not see the head of the large animal, but the others seemed to be all females. In a few minutes they opened out: yes, the large one was a bull. I could now see his tusks gleaming white in the sun as he swung round almost facing me. Resting the ·450 on a friendly bough, I waited until a chance offered for the heart shot. The huge ears which were flapping idly made it difficult for me to gauge where to fire for the brain, so I determined on the heart. Bang! went my right barrel, the huge beast stumbled, but recovered itself, the others cleared away in a flash, with ears spread out and trunks raised high. The bull swung round a

Photo by A. K. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

TRESTLE BRIDGE, UGANDA RAILWAY.

moment later, bringing up the rear. The earth trembled as they set off, trees and branches crashed down right and left. We started at once in pursuit and after following up the reddened trail for several hours we espied the elephants in a glade just ahead with only half their bodies visible above the tall grass. The bull stood apart from the others. Taking shelter behind a tree I got ready again, and in two minutes another shot rang out and he came down with a crash of trees and bush. On account of the long grass it was hard to tell, from where I was, whether it was safe to advance; so Matakanga scaled a tree close by and looking down on the brute from above was able to assure us that he was dead. I advanced, taking care to keep clear of the trunk. A shot in the back of the head seemed to quench the last spark of activity in the enormous creature, but I would not allow the boys to approach until I had given him a few more rounds. In a short time the work of cutting out the ivory began, the axes were got to work and every one was beaming with delight. Very soon the villagers began to arrive, men, women and children carrying grass and wicker baskets. Reserving a good portion of the flesh for my boys I told the villagers they were free to have the rest of the body. Loin cloths and trinkets were put aside and they squatted all over the huge carcase, off came strips of flesh, knives and spearheads detached from the shafts were all brought into requisition by the delighted mob, who seemed to revel in covering themselves with the blood.

·303 and ·450 rifles are not allowed in Uganda. A pamphlet I have seen which advocates the taking of a ·303 or ·450 over the Uganda Railways is rather apt to mislead in this respect, for as yet the Uganda railways referred to do not run in Uganda itself, but only from Mombasa to Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, that is to say through British East Africa.

Trading is not all honey when pursued in the Belgian Congo, as is shown in E. D. Morel's "Future of the Congo" (Smith, Elder), as follows: ". . . A merchant purchasing ivory from the natives is required to hand over one-half of his purchase to the Administration. Thus if he buys two tusks (with European goods upon which he has paid ten per cent. import duty to the Administration), weighing forty pounds each, he must hand over one of them to the Administration. The other is stamped and he is then free to take it out of the country."

The tusks, which were rather long and thin, weighed twenty-nine and thirty-one and a half pounds respectively.

That night the village was lit up with numbers of fires around which dark forms sat and literally gorged. My camp was also a scene of great festivity, half a dozen fires burnt merrily away and around them sat the boys, each with his allotted portion, chunks of which he toasted on a stick or cooked on the hot embers; all ate until their eyelids drooped! Talking ceased, camp fires flickered and dwindled to mere heaps of ashes. In the east the clouds gradually hid from view the glittering heavenly bodies, and it looked as though we should shortly have some rain. Suddenly a stiff breeze came up from the marsh, and so did the mosquitoes. After seeing the mule made comfortable for the night in his little improvised stable I went in to bed. I seemed to have slept only a few minutes when I was awakened by a terrific crash of thunder, rain was falling in a deluge, terrible violet tongues of flame seemed to strike the ground at our very feet. The storm played incessantly around and over us. The ghastly flashes seemed to snap in the drums of my ears and every moment I expected to be flung to the ground. I could see as though a thousand searchlights played over the country around. It was bright, yes! even more so than the midday sun, and

momentarily blinded one. Every now and again with guttural snort and roar the hippopotamus crashed and bellowed amidst the reaches of the Nile. Far away I could see the hills and every detail of the country towards Nimule, everything stood out boldly in the uncanny beams of light, and to relieve the strain on my eyes I had to tie a handkerchief over them, and sat up amusing myself by playing a mouth-organ, the notes of which were hardly distinguishable amid the incessant crash and roar of the tempest. It only lasted about half an hour, however, and within a few minutes of the last thunder-clap, millions of stars shone out again in the heavens as though rain and storm were unknown in the land, but the ground was nothing less than a morass.

As I had taken care to select a high spot on which to pitch our camp we were much better off than the people in the village at the foot of the slope where miniature rivers were now sweeping through the huts. The porters had fared somewhat badly, their grass huts, or haycocks, leaked terribly as the wind had stripped most of the roof. The one solitary dry residence was that of Salem and Pishi the cook, and to this the more unfortunate fled for shelter ; and as it was only some six feet in diameter, and four high in the centre, it did well to cover eight of them. How they were huddled up ! jabbering away, blankets wrapped round them, all were shivering in the damp cold atmosphere. I turned in again and must have slept soundly for two hours when I felt something cold on my face, and discovered that the rain had percolated through the grass roof and was running down on to the bed in a stream.

Presently another breeze came up and shook the hut somewhat alarmingly, so I put my guns over the cross pieces under the folding bed, covering them with a piece of sail-cloth, and on top of all this I placed the bath to catch the streams falling from the roof. Then I put

most of the things lying about into the boxes and sat up waiting for the storm that I knew was coming. I had not to wait long before the wind died down for a few minutes and heavy drops of rain fell slowly, heralding the approaching deluge which soon came, and then the whole roof became like the rose of a watering-can. I took good care to keep my matches and tobacco dry. Managing to rig up the mosquito net I sat under it with water pouring down all over me. Myriads of mosquitoes tried to obtain access to the net in which I was sitting, and not a few succeeded in doing so, much to my discomfort.

Often on a wet day I have sat down in the tent and thoroughly enjoyed reading the advertisements of Lemco, Sunlight Soap, etc., that are to be found wrapped round these products. When alone on a wet day in the far interior there is nothing much to do and reading the pamphlets of various firms is one form of amusement when far from a circulating library.

I puffed at my pipe harder and harder, in the hopes that the smoke might make them desist ; but it made little difference, and I just had to sit it out. The red glow from the tobacco was all that I could discern in the darkness. In a few moments, however, the lightning started again. Thunder crashed and rolled far away to the west. I still stuck to the chair with a soaking blanket wrapped round me, my teeth chattering and rattling like castanets. Fortunately I had dressed myself fully when I first woke up, and was therefore prepared for the worst. Two of the chickens had sought shelter in my hut, but seemed to be feeling uncomfortable in the wet, as queer gurgles and cacklings arose from under the bed.

Suddenly a terrific gust of wind caught the hut and laid it flat, and I found myself prostrate beneath the ruins—still smoking—the roof lay across my body, and as I struggled to free myself from the tangle of mosquito

net, the cursed insects did not relax their operations on my body, but continued to bite vigorously. I was properly pinned down by the ruins of the structure. The chair had been carried away from under me, but in spite of the wreck of my temporary home, I was compelled to laugh outright, for it all seemed so ludicrous—for the moment.

I yelled to the boys, who pretended not to see the catastrophe, as they did not relish the job of coming out in the rain to help me re-erect the shelter.

In a few minutes I managed to get free from the ruins and mosquito net, and crossing over to the hut, I dragged the supposed sleeping beauties out. Each of them rubbed his eyes and looked blankly at me, some of them whom I had not yet disturbed actually broke out with a chorus of snoring in spite of the water which was running down their backs! It was all very cleverly acted, but failed to have the desired effect, for I roused the whole crowd and made them set to work rigging up my hut again. The rain was still coming down in a deluge, one boy who was holding up the side of the wrecked hut, apparently began to drowse, and the wind proved too much for him, with the result that he was sent spinning over still clinging to the framework which fell on him and pinned him to the ground. Another came cringing up to me and whined that he was sick, oh! so sick!—of course all humbug—and in two shakes I had him at work with the axe cutting fresh corner posts.

Fortunately the stores were all in a heap raised from the ground on blocks of timber and covered with a heavy sail firmly roped down, so nothing suffered. Salem, with his old puckered face fringed with a sort of stage sailor's beard, was frantically shouting himself hoarse and bordered on the barking stage! Presently he tripped over a tent peg and lay clad in just an old jersey and a piece of cloth worn like a kilt, one hand clutching his old

black fez cap, jabbering away in flowery Swahili as the boys yelled with delight at his misfortune.

I shall never forget the horrors of that night, wind, rain, thunder and lightning, the like of which it is impossible to compare with anything to be seen in Europe. I have lain down to sleep in torrential downpours in Zululand, lying in a sort of channel with the water running in at the neck of my shirt and coursing through it and coming out at the bottom of my trousers. I have spent nights under the most adverse circumstances in a dozen different countries, but I have never experienced anything to compare with the discomforts of that night spent on the upper Nile, without a mosquito net, close to the marshes from which comes the dreaded malarial mosquito, whose untiring attentions made life unbearable.

One man I knew, just out from the Old Country, was worried by them to such an extent as to come near losing his reason. Not only do the mosquitoes attack one at night, but along the Nile they are sometimes so bad during the day that I have had to walk up and down the camp while eating my food! Some of them even penetrate the finest mesh net. One means of avoiding them in the evening was to sit in the trail of the smoke from the fires. On the night I have just described I had a bottle of some preparation that was strongly recommended for keeping away the mosquito—we had bought it in fact with the medicine chests at the sale of stores from the Roosevelt safari—but like many of the vaunted preventives of sea-sickness, it proved quite ineffective. One scientist has stated that one hundred and fifty million germs have to be got into the system before the first symptoms of malarial fever are seen. I think a few nights without a mosquito net on the Nile would be sufficient to gather this little party together!

How I longed for the dawn to break as I sat there during the long hours enveloped in blankets, still smoking

my pipe. At length a grey light stole over the heavens, day was coming at last! I could have clapped my hands at the welcome sight. Another hour and every one was astir, what pictures some of the boys looked! Monica had worn his red fez cap all through the night, evidently it had not before faced the furies of a heavy storm, for the dye had come out and there were long red streaks down his face and all over his cheap cotton shirt! I really could not suppress a hearty laugh as I gazed on this miserable shivering specimen of dusky humanity! Many of the boys had suffered heavy losses, inasmuch as more than half of their "posho" was destroyed, and most of the salt, having been exposed to the downpour of rain, was lost.

One boy came to me holding in his hand the sodden remains of a paper package in which he had kept his salt: alas, it was all that he had managed to save from the wreck, and he was on the point of bursting into tears! As for myself, I was soaked to the skin and feeling none the better for the experiences of the night. Not long after the sun had shown itself over the rugged hills to the east, I was enveloped in steam from my wet clothing; but in a short time Monica managed to dry a change of clothes on a line strung between two trees, so I was soon feeling myself again.

There is one thing I would particularly impress on all who are contemplating a trip in East, Central, or West Africa, that is to take a pair of mosquito boots either of canvas or soft leather reaching to just below the knee: they are positively invaluable when in camp.

That day we set out again, following the Nile across flat stretches of grassy country that were literally teeming with game. The ground underfoot was a perfect mire, in places the water reached up to one's knees, and was full of insect life. Mbuga, a burly native from Toro, who carried a fifty-two pound box of salt and a parcel

of beads as well as my folding chair and washstand, making a grand total of sixty-seven pounds, to say nothing of his own impedimenta, was engaged in a ceaseless running chatter with the boy ahead of him, apparently paying little heed to the slippery nature of the ground. His foot became entangled in a root and he fell on his back in the water, causing no little merriment to the others. Of course, box, chair, and washstand went down with a splash, drenching every one close by. However, after rubbing his neck, which had suffered somewhat, he replaced the little grass pad that porters carry between their heads and the load, like the circular pad on which bakers carry their bread-boards, gathered up his load and went on. He had a neck like a bull's, otherwise the consequences might have been more serious.

A little further on I saw a spur-winged goose sitting on a tree about sixty yards off, and in response to a bullet from the left barrel of my ·450 rifle, it came down with a series of somersaults. I found on picking it up that I had blown away the top of its head, so I was not prepared for the shock that I had, when, after we had marched a few miles further on, the bird recovered strength enough to chuckle loudly and struggled to get free from the hand of the boy who was carrying it! Shooting birds, the small fry more especially, with a ·450 big-game rifle is vastly different from using a shot gun where you have several small shot scattered.

About eleven a.m. we left the Nile and commenced winding our way towards the west. Acacia horrida abounded everywhere. Climbing up a considerable slope we discovered from the top a village some miles away to the north-west, and I could see plainly that in order to reach it we should have to cross a very swampy piece of country; but there was no help for it, so off we set. Our path, which was something like twenty inches in width,

had been made by the natives in the dry season, but now it was hardly discernible, being covered with long tangled grass, and water in places up to our waists. For four hours we travelled through this swamp that was only about three miles across: boys tumbled and slipped about, every now and then stumbling into an old elephant hole lying hidden beneath the water, huge roots and plants were trodden under, myriads of tadpoles and frogs swam in the water, all around us were large fish that had been washed out from overflowing rivers, carcases of buck, birds and rats in all stages of putrefaction floated by us, everything stank terribly in the glare of the sun. I espied several of the harbingers of sleeping sickness, the tsetse fly, and the inevitable mosquito lent additional discomfort to our slow progress. Silwali, Kalakese, and Karetese dropped their loads and refused to budge when dry land was not more than half a mile ahead of us. I got them going again, but alas! Kalakese became entangled with a submerged root and dashed headlong into the putrid water where he lay howling and begging to be left to die. I soon had him on his feet again, when suddenly the cringing, skulking coward of a moment before became possessed of an overwhelming rage, and picking up a long stick he came for me with a bound, his nostrils distended and his great lips firmly set. I dodged the swinging blow and as he tried to dash past caught him a smashing right-hander behind the ear: he fell face downwards in the grass and water, and for a second lay almost submerged. On seeing this I ordered the boys to drag him out and lay him on a stout patch of roots and grass close by. His eyes were wide open, but not a muscle moved as he lay staring blankly at the heavens above. The whole safari was now murmuring away, regarding me with sullen countenances and on the point of mutiny: some dropped their loads in the water purposely. Seeing this I snatched the

Winchester from Pishi and threatened to pump a shell into the first man to disobey my order to advance. This had the desired effect, but necessitated my carrying a gun to prevent further accidents arising. Half a dozen subdued characters bent over the prostrate form of Kalakese, who after some cold water had been poured over his head, began to show signs of life again. Pishi, now relieved of the Winchester, took over the boy's load. I made Kalakese march in front of me; next came the mule, almost done up, for the poor brute's feet sank deep in the mud, making the journey for him doubly hard. At length we emerged on to clear ground, and once again stood on a dry path. Calling a halt I bade the boys rest for a short time before resuming the journey uphill to the village, which we reached about sundown, having travelled from nine that morning, and covered in all some sixteen miles.

For a considerable distance around the village the country was under cultivation—matama, potatoes, and pumpkins were grown, as well as a low bush bearing small pods each of which contained two little nuts: the natives call it karanga. The people here were extremely industrious and brought a large supply of food up to the camp.

CHAPTER IX

A FREE FIGHT

My people were very quiet that evening over the camp fires, the only one who seemed to be talking was the mutinous Kalakese. This fact was not lost on me as I sat smoking over my own fire, and before turning into my hut I ordered two boys to sit on guard outside and arouse me on the slightest suspicion of trouble. As usual I had the Winchester by my bed ready for emergencies, and slept soundly for some hours. My camp was situated half a mile from the village amidst fairly thick bush and grass. In the early hours before daybreak, I was awakened by Kongozi, one of the guard, who was in a great state of excitement. Kalakese and another boy were missing. Hastily dressing I sent word down to the chief of the village that I wished to see him at once. In a short time a grizzly-faced, shrunken old man appeared with several of his followers. They saluted gravely and listened intently as I told the chief that two of my boys were at large, and offered him four hands of cloth if his people could recapture them, which he promised to do. I thought it necessary to emphasize the fact that they were not to use any arrows or in any way to injure the deserters. Dismissing them and leaving Salem and half a dozen boys in camp I set out for a likely elephant haunt about five miles off. Three young villagers who were armed with the customary bow and arrow acted as guides, and in a short time we

discovered elephant tracks not more than a few hours old, which we followed up until late in the afternoon when I heard a low rumbling sound. One of the Shinzis climbed a tree and reported a herd just ahead of us in long grass. Moving on again we got to within sixty yards of them. Mounting an ant-hill I could just see their backs and an occasional ear flapping like a huge sail, when they got our wind and with a shrill trumpeting the females called to the young ones, and they stampeded, the earth trembling as they thundered along.

The game was up for that day, so we returned to camp, where I found a crowd of the Shinzis who, on seeing me, dragged forward the two deserters of the previous night, hands bound with pieces of grass rope and hide, and a huge thong fastened round the neck of one and tied to the wrist of the other. What woe-begone countenances they had! They were so utterly ashamed of themselves that they hung their heads and cried like children. Their captors, of whom there appeared to be at least two dozen, stood proudly by, while the chief came forward to receive the reward of cloth which was fully earned. Of course he asked for more, which he did not get! I have stated elsewhere that a promise made to a native should be kept to the letter, but it is unwise to go beyond what was originally promised, or the natives will only be encouraged to impose upon you. It is as bad to give a native too much as too little.

Ordering Salem to untie the culprits, which was no small undertaking, I made them lie face downwards while Salem administered a few strokes of the sjambok. I was determined to deal firmly in order to prevent any recurrence of this sort of thing. Every one was vividly impressed at the ceremony, and spoke in whispers for the rest of the day.

One or two of the boys had rather severe attacks of fever here, and consequently required doctoring up.

One more persistent than the rest worried me all day for medicine. I gave him four Livingstone Rousers and two five-grain capsules of quinine, telling him to keep them in his mouth and bite them. Gradually his features underwent extraordinary contortions. I threatened to beat him if he attempted to spit out the medicine, and all the other boys were highly amused and shouted aloud at the sight of the patient who was trembling and making the most ghastly faces.

Some Shinzis stood by watching the boy with their eyes and mouths wide open. I told the cook to give him some hot water with which to rinse his mouth out. Of course the hot water made things very much worse for him, the Shinzis became alarmed, children howled, and away they all dashed for the village. Poor devil, he did not trouble me for medicine again.

Some of these fellows have a great liking for vaseline or epsom salts, and they would come up complaining of a sore chest or bad throat. A new chum, judging by the sleepy expression and the sluggish crawl of the supposed sick man, would be prone to take compassion on the poor miserable object, but invariably it is a dodge to escape hard work. After this sort of thing had gone on for some days I began to suspect that many of them were in excellent health, anyhow their appetites belied their langour, so I concocted a vile mixture that made them very sick. Colds and sore throats were few and far between after that.

The rest of that day not a soul returned from the village, so I was enabled to enjoy a little quiet. I was awakened next morning by a great commotion, and on looking out of the door I espied three of my boys having a heated argument with a small group of the villagers. Fearing there might be trouble, I slipped on my shoes and went out in my pyjamas; even as I strode towards the group one of my party, Kasinbasi, a muscular fellow,

sprang at one of the Shinzis, whose friends joined in immediately. Kasinbasi had his man down and the two were struggling and rolling about on the ground. In a trice I bore down upon them and dragged my boy off. He had an ugly wound in his left cheek where the other had bitten him. A heavy blow in the eye silenced him for a time. Two more of my boys were laying into the remainder of the villagers with stout sticks, blood was flowing freely on both sides. Fortunately the Shinzis were unarmed. I was in good training, as tough as nails, so I planted myself in the thick of it, and received a nasty blow on the shoulder from one fellow's kerrie, swinging round I had him down on the ground before he knew what he was doing, and possessing myself of his kerrie I continued to give the remaining combatants a hot time as I swung the weapon with my left hand, and dealt out undercuts with the right—behind the ear is the best place, it rarely fails to have the desired effect of rendering the recipient senseless for the time being. My pyjama jacket had received rough treatment, and although I had got a sore neck, I had the pleasure after the fray of seeing one boy lying on his face stunned, stretched out like a log : the other two of my fellows were howling like fury. One of the Shinzis had come off badly, he had received a terrific blow on the head, and was now being supported by two others, his left arm hung limply by his side, and was evidently giving him great pain. He was breathing deep and hurriedly. I sent one of his people down to the village for the chief, and after breakfast held an inquiry into the matter. It appeared that the Shinzis had brought some food to the camp intending to exchange it with the porters for beads, and began to deal with the three boys. Kasinbasi, the ringleader, refused to return a gourd in which the food had been brought to camp. The Shinzis, simple as children, snatched at Kasinbasi's blanket which lay close

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

AN ELAND THE LARGEST OF THE ANTELOPES.

by, whereupon the owner sprang to his feet and closed with his opponent. Such was the account given by Salem, and corroborated by all the other boys who had witnessed the affair from the start. Judging that the punishment that I had already meted out to them was not sufficient, I ordered the three of them to stand stationary for three solid hours in front of my house, each bearing on his head a seventy-five pound load. The old chief loudly harangued those of his people who were concerned in the fight, and judging by the way they slunk off to the village it was evident that his speech had made an effect on them. The old man was highly pleased and amused to see my three shame-faced delinquents standing like statues under their respective burdens.

It was most fortunate that this was a friendly village, and the affair had passed over as lightly as it did.

That day I shot a fine buck on the flats to the north, and the greatest punishment of all to Kasinbasi and Co., was that they were not allowed to join the other boys in the feast that night.

The next day we moved about eighteen miles to the west, at the foot of the mountains that divide the Belgian Congo from the Lado Enclave. I camped on a beautiful flat piece of country with fine short grass, outside the village known to the natives as " Farbra " : there was the customary scrub, and forest-like glades through which beautiful streams ran down from the mountains. My grass house was sheltered by a grand old tree with enormous branches stretching out fifty feet from the trunk all round. The natives were delighted to have a " msungu " (white man) near the village, for they all anticipated a huge feed of elephant flesh during my stay. Large herds had been seen in the vicinity lately, so they said, but experience teaches that natives are gifted with extraordinary love for " throwing the hatchet," especially

when a white man comes along with plenty of cloth and other desirable articles, and has no intention of staying over the night unless there are prospects of elephant shooting or trading to his advantage.

There was no difficulty in obtaining food for the boys, the people here cultivated their lands to the fullest extent, and appeared to be prosperous. All were in their true savage state, some of the women had from two to eight pounds of red clay in their coiffures. All around were large herds of goats and a goodly number of cattle.

We were now at a fair altitude, having climbed above the flat country and left the mosquitoes in the marshes and swamps by the Nile. Life was indeed worth living up here.

After a day's hunting I would sit watching the effects of the sunset, the great hills of the border covered with enormous boulders, some of them weighing hundreds of tons. Winding paths stole between the trees and bushes and the dull roar of a waterfall made itself heard even above the din of the drums and the weird song of the dancing natives in the village close by. A large bird, the size of a bustard, hopped like a frog in the grass, and, by way of song, made a strange sighing noise. Slowly the stars peeped out from the dark blue sky. What a paradise it is in those parts! It seemed impossible that I could be living in the same world with those countless thousands who were on the verge of starvation in the great cities away to the north. Here all material wants were supplied, the native is quite contented so long as his physical requirements are satisfied, and money has no purchasing powers in his eyes. If you were to offer him the choice between a sovereign and a spoonful of salt, I know which he would prefer.

One evening Salem had the audacity to use the large cooking pot in which the boys had prepared their food, as a bath, of which proceeding I did not approve, as in

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

"AN OLD BULL RHINO."

the event of anything happening to my own pots and pans I would require this same article to have my own food prepared in.

The third day of my stay at Farbra I brought down an old bull rhino. I was out in the hopes of seeing elephants, and on emerging from some dense scrub I saw a huge slate-grey creature just ahead, grazing in complete ignorance of our proximity, half of his body screened from sight by a huge ant-hill. One of the boys, like a fool, gave a low whistle to acquaint me of what he thought I had not seen, and at the sound the brute raised his head and snorted furiously. Fortunately I had the ·450 on my shoulder, for the boys dropped whatever they were carrying and scattered in all directions. I speedily sought shelter behind a small tree and fired at the rhino's shoulder: for a few seconds he stood stamping, blowing, and making an unearthly row, then he dashed off to the right, and was soon lost to view in the long grass. It was just like witnessing a runaway steam roller, as the ground trembled under the stampede of the enormous brute. I dashed headlong after him, but the huge beast travelled at a great pace, leaving only a few drops of blood on the down-trodden grass in his wake. Several times he lay down to rest behind a bunch of bush, and I got within ten yards of him when with a most terrific commotion he crashed away once more ahead of us. By this time the boys had caught up to me, and had regained something of their former composure, and followed the trail with me. More than once I got near him, but not until close on sundown did I get an opportunity to open fire again. At last he stood, completely done up, by the bank of a small stream, and I gave him both the right and left barrels of the ·450 in the shoulder. He attempted to rush at us and clear off; all the boys stood at a respectful distance, and I did not venture too close myself. I finished him with another shot in the

shoulder. There was no hope for the beast against the smashing power of the solid ·450 bullet. Nevertheless I was proud of having brought to earth one of these cumbersome beasts, and stood gazing for some time at the enormous mass of flesh with its little crimson streams. I was always careful to have a blanket with me and food sufficient for all for four days, so we camped close by for the night. The boys and the two Shinzis who had accompanied me soon busied themselves in cutting off long strips of the flesh, which they greedily devoured raw with the warmth of life still in it.

The Black Rhinoceroses such as I encountered confine themselves to the thick bush country. The one I killed was a huge brute about 5 ft. 3½ ins. in height, and 11 ft. 10 ins. length over all. Its weight I would guess to be 3–3½ tons. I left its horns to the villagers: the body was a mass of sores, but this condition is peculiar, I believe, to the wet season.

The apparent colour of rhinos and elephants depends largely on the soil of the country, for their natural coats become caked with mud from the water holes in which they love to wallow. The rhino has a very restricted range of vision.

Next morning I returned to the camp at Farbra. The villagers went out to the scene of the kill *en masse*, and returned in the evening loaded with meat for a feast. I noticed that by way of preparation they covered their stomachs with fat, with the idea of imparting the necessary elasticity to the "little Mary," a custom which seems to be practised by most of the Central African people. My boys ate till their eyelids drooped.

Not many miles from here I found some exceptionally fine samples of alluvial gold. In almost every river and stream of the North-East Congo—I have seen it in the Nile—there is a kind of shale which the inexperienced is likely to mistake for the precious metal.

Leaving Farbra I struck out in a southerly direction along the foot of the mountains towards the Mullah in the south-west corner of the Enclave. Crossing the river about half a mile below the waterfall I found that in the centre it reached just up to my armpits, and as it was running fairly strong several of the boys were afraid to go over, but a little persuasion soon remedied matters. When I made my first trip in the Congo I used to get my burliest follower to carry me across the rivers on his shoulders. One day his foot slipped, and I was pitched headlong into the swirling current, and when I came to the surface the water was rushing out of my nose, ears, and mouth. That afternoon Monica, my personal "boy," came to the hut at the customary hour for my bath, and said, "Bwana, do you like hot water or cold?"

The river had not long been left behind when we came upon the remnants of a once peaceful hamlet, and while foraging around I came upon a human skeleton, whose very posture sent a chill through me. I now guessed the reason why the people at Farbra refused to guide me in this direction in spite of a liberal amount of cloth that I had offered for the services of two of their people. But for the pile of blackened stones against which the remains rested in a sitting position I should perhaps have paid less attention to it. Several bones lay on the ground amidst a mass of broken gourds and earthenware. It was a ghastly sight. The boys made a detailed inspection of the wrecked dwelling, and discovered a lot of native stringed instruments, armlets, pieces of earthenware vessels, grass matting, and a few arrow heads, two of which were covered with a dark thick substance, probably poisoned. They were beautifully made and were of a fantastic pattern. On making a further inspection myself I discovered a number of bones thrown down in one of the huts, the roof of which

had long since parted company with the rest of the structure. The ashes of a fire lay scattered within a few feet of the pile, and pointed to a cannibal raid of some time ago, for long since elephants had left their mark in the tall grass that now grew all over the one time well-trodden ground between the huts.

At this period Monica was wearing an old pair of puttees that I had given him, and I had cause to regret my generosity, for he had not yet discovered how to bind them round the leg, consequently every now and then the safari suddenly came to a halt: I would investigate the cause, to find Monica calmly adjusting his puttees while the carriers, glad of an excuse to put down their loads, would prepare for a rest by the way. Now this sort of thing became rather trying to the nerves after a time, so I made him walk just in front of me. Sometimes the puttees would come undone and he would walk with six or eight feet of puttee trailing behind him, which, becoming entangled in the grass or bush, would pull him up short and nearly throw him to the ground. Presently he found out that they would serve more purposes than that for which they were made: to-day he would wind them round his body, to-morrow he would wear one thrown across his shoulder like an officer's sash, and the other tied round his fez cap like a puggaree.

Matakanga hit upon a novel idea. He cut up his grass sleeping mat, and with some grass cord tied a piece on each leg like a shin guard. The wear and tear caused by constantly coming in contact with the grass on the path soon gave these improvised leg protectors the appearance of having frills around the edges. It is astonishing how soon leggings and puttees wear away when travelling through a grass country. Personally I do not favour puttees when hunting big game, short stout grass or stubble gets entangled in the folds and is likely to cause no little delay, and if you have to do

much wading in water the material gets sodden, and frequently comes undone. This sort of thing, with an elephant within a few yards, is rather disconcerting. Leggings or field boots are without a doubt, taking them all round, far safer and more convenient, the sharp pointed grass cannot work its way through leather and cause irritation to the leg as it does through puttees, and there is nothing to drop down and trail behind.

CHAPTER X

THE LADO ENCLAVE

Our next camp was made some sixteen miles south-west of Farbra, close to a small stream, and on a high piece of ground overlooking the wild country around us. In the west there rose the rough verdure-clad hills of the divide, the border between the Belgian Congo and the Enclave of Lado. About a mile away to the north from where I stood, a small range of hills ran east and west, terminating, however, somewhat abruptly before reaching the border. In the east, fully forty miles away, stretched the blue shimmering waters of the great White Nile. Looking over to the south-east I could make out the precipitous shores of Lake Albert running from east to west and forming the southerly limit of the Enclave above Mahagi. All round us there was wild bush country. Here and there a thin blue column of smoke curling heavenwards indicated straggling villages which lay hidden among the trees and bush. The yelp of a pariah dog ever and anon reached our ears, the bleating of goats, and now and again the dull notes of a drum would come from afar. The nearest village appeared to be about three or four miles away, so I looked forward to having a fairly quiet evening; what a treat it would be to get away from the noise and inquisitiveness of the men, women, and children. However, not an hour had passed from the time of our arrival before a small party of natives with bows and arrows were seen coming through

the grass and wending their way up the slope. On reaching my hut they hastened forward with the customary outstretched hand, a quiet, reserved and most respectful people, but shy and timid to a degree. They came from a village about half an hour from us. One of them when out hunting had seen a msungu (white man) pass close to his game traps and lost no time in reporting to his people. They had brought with them a few miserable looking chickens, some matama and eggs. A well-built pleasant looking young fellow seemed to be the leader of the party, he was arrayed in a piece of cloth suspended like an apron from a grass cord round his waist, and had a piece of stick about four inches long through the lobe of each ear. This completed his toilet save for the curious treatment of his head, which had been shaved clean, except for a small tuft of hair in the centre, that stuck up like the knob of a tam-o'-shanter. On a string round his neck were a number of old cartridge cases, and his chest was covered with cicatrised marks in a large X-shaped design. Cicatrisation is met with practically all through Central Africa. I saw it first among the Portuguese East African natives around Mozambique. At an early age small incisions are made in the skin, from time to time, at intervals of some months, and black powder, cam-wood, powdered charcoal and ashes are alternatively employed by various tribes in filling in these incisions, which in time stand out in bold relief. Mr. Herbert Ward in his book, "A Voice from the Congo," gives reproductions of Bronzes executed by him illustrating clearly this peculiar decoration, which is not always confined to the body, for some of the people cover their faces also with this manner of adornment.

The young man, who spoke Swahili fluently, informed me that many moons since he had visited Koba, where he had seen the Bwana Makubwa (the Commissioner), he had even been on safari with a white man, and

he proudly informed me that he was very clever in tracking elephants. I asked him who the white man was with whom he had worked.

"Ah," he replied, "he was an old man, for on his face he wore long hair, his eyes were small, he was kind to me, and I liked him."

"Did the white man shoot many elephants?"

"No; he filled boxes in the river with sand," so I concluded that he had been with a prospector.

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"He has gone far away," flourishing his hand in the direction of Mahagi.

I tried to get the fellow to join me, but when I told him that I was shortly going across into the Belgian Congo, he shook his head and replied—

"The people there are bad, the black men eat you, yes! they are bad, fight all day and night, all people die in the Congo. Did not Amali, our friend, go with the white man long ago, and we have not seen him again?"

This last sentence was directed to his friends standing by, and a chorus of approval went up instantly. I tried to convince him that he would be safe with me, but I might as well have spoken to a stone, he spoke hurriedly of all sorts of rumours that had reached him concerning that country beyond the hills in the west. No, he had plenty to eat where he was, and warned me against going.

The natives in the Enclave are full of queer stories concerning the interior. Superstitious to a degree, they are almost all afraid to travel from one village to another for fear of attack by the people who live within a few miles of their own village. Intertribal quarrels are not unknown, and I have seen traces of more than one affair having been settled in deadly earnest.

On the next day's march I came across the fresh tracks of elephant leading to the south-east. We followed

them for about an hour, when Matakanga, who was ahead, drew back and sheltered behind a bush. Almost at the same moment I heard a low rumbling sound, and telling the boys to fall back a short distance, which they did with surprising alacrity, I crept forward and saw 150 yards off about twenty elephants. They continued to graze, with their huge ears flapping, while I waited for an opportunity to get a good shot at the nearest decent-sized bull. I was disappointed, however, for a huge old female raised her trunk aloft and trumpeted shrilly. The herd set off pell mell to the left, and crashing through the grass and bush were soon lost to sight. They stopped suddenly, and I was about to set off in pursuit when my boy signed to me that it was no use, for the wind was behind us, and we should have to take a circuitous route.

These natives carry a small bag filled with fine ashes from the fire. The contrivance is used in the fashion of a pepper castor, the light ashes showing the direction in which the wind is blowing. They employ it when stalking to make sure that the game shall not "get their wind." Wild animals are notoriously keen of nose, and it is said that an elephant can scent a man half a mile off.

After travelling round in a circular course for some few hours, I was rewarded ere sunset by bringing down a fair-sized bull whose tusks weighed thirty-five and thirty-seven pounds respectively. For the Enclave this is not very small in these days, for there is no doubt that the big brutes have been driven back to the Welle since the time when Buckley and Pearson, and one or two others, first entered this country.

It is curious that elephants are "left handed," if the expression may be employed in connection with these brutes. The left tusk is always worn shorter than the right by constant work. A great many people think that an elephant can be shot in the forehead with fatal

result, but many have tried and have not lived to repeat the performance. The Asiatic elephant, it is true, can, when charging, be stopped by a forehead shot; but it is not so with the African elephant, who carries an enormous amount of bone in the head, and a bullet even from the heaviest rifle is seldom enough to stop him. The most effective method according to my own observation, and it is corroborated by other hunters, is to aim at the knee when an elephant charges, for a well-placed shot here rarely fails to stop the rush of the maddened beast, and gives one time to gain a more suitable position from which the heart or brain may be reached. I have seen an elephant run a considerable distance even when shot in the brain, and when shot through the heart they will often travel for many yards before dropping. Some people prefer the brain to the heart shot, but there are several arguments for and against each. With the heart shot, in the event of your first shot not being well placed, the elephant still has his head and will lead you a long dance, perhaps you may have to follow him for days before again getting up to him. The brain shot is good, but to my thinking, only those of experience in elephant hunting should try it: judgment in elevation alone is not an easy thing at close quarters, for if you are standing on the ground the elephant is higher than yourself. It is by no means easy to calculate the correct angle that will ensure your bullet reaching the brain. For men like Buckley and others of many years' experience, the heart and brain are alike easy targets; but Buckley has told me himself that he prefers the heart shot to the brain. Buckley has in his time killed over 500 elephants.

As I say, there are strong arguments for and against both heart and brain, and the best thing is to get accustomed to both as soon as you can. At first I did not attempt the brain shot unless the brute was undisturbed and the ears being still offered some idea as to where to

aim. While on the topic of "Arms and the Man," it is an excellent plan to get used to putting the gun or rifle to either shoulder, as a slight accident may at any time place the hunter *hors de combat*, unless he has trained himself to shoot as easily from left as from right. It is also a good plan to get accustomed to shooting in various positions and in different shades of light. In your spare time in camp aim around at anything you can see—except your boys—it will save many a long, weary tramp after some wounded animal or other. It is remarkable that an elephant in spite of its enormous bulk is one of the hardest animals to kill, for, as he is of the same colour as the forest, he is very difficult to see; and secondly, only a square foot and a half of him is vulnerable to a bullet.

Elephants feed at night and in the early morning, drinking at midday and again at night. They sleep standing, and sometimes sleep until late in the afternoon. When being pursued elephants do not rest, and will keep moving on steadily for many days and nights, eating as they travel. They have a keen sense of smell, but their hearing is not acute. They cannot distinguish a human being from a tree stump in full view at fifty yards, so long as he remains motionless. Any movement, however, is at once noticed, and should they charge, they invariably do so with tail and ears erect, looking from side to side for the enemy, and trying with raised trunk to get his scent. When he is sighted they utter a short, sharp scream of rage, and then they settle down to a headlong charge with trunk extended straight in front.

When trying to locate elephants the hunter should listen for the sound of blowing through the trunk, and peculiar intestinal rumblings, accompanied by sudden squeals of calves.

Chewed bark, branches, and leaves, roots, etc., are often to be seen along the game trails and native paths. I have several times found these still wet with saliva, as

well as uprooted thorn trees, a sure indication that elephants have passed by a very short time before.

One well-known hunter says, "the heart is a sure mark, but the effect is not so sudden; I regard the brain shot as instantly fatal."

In elephant hunting it is not so much the first-class shot that comes off best, but the man who can at the supreme moment keep cool and act accordingly.

Elephants, when charging, will come 120–130 yards in ten seconds, and it would be impossible for a man to keep ahead for more than 80 yards: he can save himself by dodging to right or left, or by lying prone on the ground behind a bush or tree without moving a muscle until the danger is past. If it were not for their inferior sight and sense of hearing, elephant hunting would be sheer suicide.

An elephant was shot at Wadelai some few years since measuring 11 ft. 6 ins. high at the shoulder.

The elephants in Lado have huge ears that form an acutely pointed triangle.

As I approached Wadelai on my return, I looked across the Nile to the Uganda bank and was surprised to find that the tent fly under which we had left our stores had disappeared. The natives told me that one night a big "canoe with smoke" had come along, and the next morning the tent was gone. Not a word was said about the storm that had raged on the self-same night over Wadelai, the boat with fire had passed, that was enough for them. Yes, the white man's canoe must have done it.

I crossed over at once to the Uganda shore, where I found my two boys living in a grass hut. They told me that the storm had wrecked the tent poles and ropes. Of course I could see that they had not slackened the ropes out when the rain came, and the strain of the shrunken canvas and cordage was so great that one of

the cross-poles had snapped in two. When I suggested this to them they shook their heads and said a great storm had blown the tent down. Times without number I had impressed upon them the necessity of slackening out the ropes when rain was seen to be approaching, but no, they could not or would not see the force of the argument.

The next day saw me preparing for another trip, this time to the south-west of the Enclave of Lado. The natives near Wadelai on the Uganda side seemed to be in a state of unrest, and complained of raids from the natives on the opposite bank of the Nile. I spent a couple of days at Wadelai where I had some good sport with the hippo on the north-east shore of Lake Rube—on the Congo or Enclave side of the lake—and was fortunate enough to bag two cows, and after erecting a proper grass hut for the stores I set out for the country near the Mullah, to reach which I estimated would occupy about a week. Part of the first day's march led us along the steep banks of the Ara river which flows into the Nile just below Wadelai, and derives its source from the Divide. It averages about fifty yards in breadth, and in flood time it has a treacherously strong current, like all the rivers in Africa when swollen by many rains. To the casual observer on its banks the muddy waters appear to swirl gently by, but in fording it one finds in the centre a strong undercurrent which strikes one with terrific force. The whole country was inundated by the recent floods, and the guides, two villagers from Wadelai who had expressed a desire to come out to the Mullah with me, lost the path and for hours we were wandering about knee-deep in water that had been stagnant for weeks. Coarse grass cut my bare knees, and the thorn bushes lent an additional touch of discomfort and pain as every now and then I brushed through a clump of them.

Some of the boys climbed high trees in hopes of seeing a village, but their efforts were unrewarded, and for hours we plunged on amidst water, tall grass, bush, and trees, vainly seeking a path that would lead us in the direction that we wanted to go. Eventually we succeeded and came out close to the banks of the Ara, which in its zig-zag course now came round to us again. The floods had washed away large slices from the bank, and in one place the path almost overhung the river. Zaabali, one of the carriers, ventured too near the edge of the bank, suddenly the earth slid from under his feet, and he fell headlong into the water some twenty feet below. He was carrying a "chop box" (food box) on his head at the time of the mishap, and as this was now being fast carried down stream, one of the other boys dashed in and recovered it before it had got many yards, but most of the contents were spoiled. Zaabali in the meantime was hanging on to the long grass that lay out from the bank, and after some trouble we dragged him up again. Owing to the dense vegetation it was impossible to follow the course of the river until we should reach a village, and it was well nigh midday before we struck a path that led us again to the Ara, and were glad to find that by this time we had left the flooded country behind us. The guides and four of my boys suggested that they should go forward and test the depth of the river a short distance ahead of us; to this I consented and waited for their return. But about twenty minutes later, being impatient at waiting, I went down to the bank and found them swimming about and splashing each other in high glee, absolutely indifferent to my instructions to return after having tested the depth of the river at the ford, for such it proved to be. The water was several feet deep and impassable for that day.

On rating them soundly for their disobedience one

of them turned and said, " Master, the water is deep, we must sleep and come back to-morrow." This was not a bad idea, but nevertheless no one slept until late that evening, for I made them follow the path which ran parallel to the river, and although we did not strike a village that day, I was satisfied that we had covered more than fifteen miles, and in the right direction. The country was now densely wooded and the mule had difficulty in finding a suitable spot for grazing. While sitting at my evening meal I noticed that my hut was being interfered with, and on looking out of the door I espied the beast quietly munching away at the fresh grass that formed the roof. Another dodge he had learnt was to put his head in at the door and lift the lid of one of the food boxes to look for the salt package that I kept there for bartering purposes.

The next morning I was up long before daybreak, and had not gone far before we struck a promising path with recent tracks of natives upon it, following this we came upon a village situated on both banks of the Ara. The river had subsided, and here at last we were enabled to cross in safety, though it was some sixty yards across, and the water was still armpit deep; but every one got over without mishap and our camp that night lay close by the south bank of the Ara.

The sight of the moon rising behind the village was gorgeous, the leaves on trees and bush stood clearly outlined against the clear night sky as the great orb rose over the frenzied dancers, whose fires sent thin curling columns of smoke wafting across the glowing mass, and then a gentle breeze would waft the smoke to one side and again reveal that sight of sights in the tropics—the rising of the moon.

I shall not soon forget the unearthly din of singing, trumpets blowing, drums beating, and babies howling to the accompaniment of hundreds of naked feet stamping

and shuffling on the ground as they pursued a wild dance. Almost from sundown to daybreak the village rang with the noises of the excited dancers, and I am sure I did not get an hour's solid sleep during the whole night, although my camp was a quarter of a mile away from the scene. On asking the reason of this long continued annoyance the next morning, I was informed that I alone was the cause of this outburst of joy, for they had not seen a white man for a very long time, and this was their way of showing their satisfaction at my appearance among them.

Several elephant tracks ran close to the village, but they were old, and the natives said that the herds were now further west. Among the cultivated lands outside the village I saw a lofty platform on poles standing fully thirty feet above ground, and on the top of this there stood a native clad in antelope and leopard skins, with a large drum made from a section of hardwood tree and covered with skin tightly stretched over either end was affixed to one of the corner poles that held the platform aloft. He would beat this in a monotonous way for a few moments as though it were a funeral bell, and then perform on it in a frantic manner for several minutes on end to the accompaniment of a wild chant. I stood watching him for about ten minutes, in which time he repeated the performance twice, and continued to do so until the sun went down some two hours later. What the idea was I cannot say unless he was acting as a human scarecrow, or indulging in a little drum talk with some village far away, for at intervals I could make out the sharp notes of a drum beating from a north-westerly direction. All through the Congo this method of drum tapping is used as a means of communication between the people of neighbouring villages; in fact the drum acts a prominent part in their life, serving as a warning in case of an approaching stranger, and I

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

A GROUP OF EAST AFRICAN CHILDREN.

have entered many a village amidst a deafening tattoo of these instruments.

The natives here when speaking of the Belgians referred to them as the "Billygee."

When travelling again in a south-westerly direction from the Ara, I noticed at intervals alongside the path, earthen jars of "pombe" (native beer). Not a living soul could be seen to whom they could possibly have belonged, and covetous glances were bestowed on them by my boys; one even stooped down intending to drink the potion, but I soon had him away from it. One has constantly to watch the carriers and other followers to see that they do not steal or otherwise bring trouble on you when in the Congo. The slightest thing may upset the people, for they are as easily angered as amused, and with most of them no amount of argument will conciliate their childish nature when once they are put out.

It was close to the Ara river that one day, having nothing better to do, I amused myself while the tents were being put up by playing "tip cat." That afternoon when passing close by the huts I noticed groups of men, women, and children; they had imitated my example and were revelling in the game, which was entirely new to them. By the time I left the place the craze had spread like wildfire.

CHAPTER XI

UNCANNY COOKERY

One evening Salem told me of his home in far-away Zanzibar, and I was surprised to hear him speak of Beira in Portuguese East Africa. He had been down there some years ago as a sailor on a coastal steamer, and had seen many white Askaris (soldiers).

"When did you first reach Uganda?" I asked.

"Bwana, it was a long time ago. I came to Mombasa with several white men and a great many carriers, at that time I was a carrier myself; we had to walk to the lake in those days, and many died from not having any water to drink for two days and more. The natives used to attack us, the country was bad, and the journey from Mombasa to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, where Kisumu now is, took us nearly five months, and to-day we come by the railway in two days. Ah! it is wonderful. Then in those days we had to cross the lake in canoes, and great storms would come on us; the people on the islands were trying to kill us when we came to sleep at night. I was at Zanzibar when the guns on the ship fired at the buildings ashore, that is many years ago."

Salem was now enthusiastic and gabbled away at such a rate that I found it impossible to keep pace with him, and thus lost what must have been a very interesting account of his life. Like the Congo people in one respect he would, if you asked him about one incident connected with his life, give you the whole history from the beginning

and introduce all sorts of side talk about his brothers and the rest of the family.

At the next village my khaki knickers became unfit for further service, and as I had not another pair with me, the bulk of my personal effects being at Wadelai, I had to construct a pair out of the trade cloth. Comfort being the first consideration and appearance the last, I laid the old pair on a piece of cloth and marked round them with a piece of copying pencil, this was repeated again, and the two pieces of cloth were then sewn together.

When four days from Wadelai and in sight of the hilly country to the west, the two guides who had accompanied me from Wadelai suddenly departed in the night. To their credit, let it be said that they did not "borrow" anything. The previous day they had betrayed a considerable feeling of nervousness when seeing the hilly country ahead, and I had no doubt as to their motive for returning to Wadelai, where on my return some weeks later I found them, and they were not at all abashed at their cowardice.

At one village we came upon when nearing the Mullah close to the hills that run to the lake, above Mahagi from the west, the fields were deserted and the huts close by lay in ruins. Passing on we came, about an hour later, to a number of huts surrounded by a dense thorn hedge, behind which the people were now sheltered shouting wildly. For a considerable time they refused to answer the questions put to them by my boys; presently, however, one of them shouted to us to take a certain path that would lead us away from the village, which advice I acted upon and camped shortly after on a nice piece of ground void of grass that lay a half mile from the village we had just passed, and could now gaze down upon. The people still remained behind the hedge chattering and yelling for all they were worth. I was

afraid that I was in a hornet's nest, for occasionally figures could be seen darting from rock to rock in front of the huts below us, and every now and then I caught the gleam of a spear head glistening in the sun; moreover, the people I had camped near the day before had warned me of this village. In a short time swarms of excited savages were darting here and there waving bows and spears aloft, some even had guns, and I could see the polished barrels glistening in the sun. For a time I was afraid to let any one go out of the camp either for wood or water, but the hostile behaviour of the people soon gave way to curiosity, as I had sat down and smoked, paying little heed to their cries and shouts of defiance. An air of complete indifference has more often than not a greater impression on the native mind than the exhibition of a row of guns, or other attempt to play a high hand. At length they came stealthily towards us in twos and threes and surveyed the camp at a respectful distance. Pishi shouted out to them that we wanted food, and held out a string of beads for them to see. In ten minutes about a dozen people returned with chickens of all ages and sizes; potatoes, eggs, and matamma were soon being handed over in exchange for cloth and beads, and before long we were on fairly good terms with the villagers.

I had some tins of Irish stew, which, on being pierced in a certain spot would become self-heated, the necessary warmth being generated by a chemical. Placing one of the tins on the table I told the cook that in a few minutes the food therein would become hot. The natives standing near got to hear of this and watched intently. When I opened the lid and poured out the steaming contents loud cries of wonderment went up from the people. I tried to exchange the empty tin for another chicken, but no one would touch it, and the village headman forbade them to go near it. I threw the tin away, but every one

gave it a wide berth and walked round it rather than pass near. Even the carriers and other boys with me regarded it as something uncanny.

I thought at first that the people in the neighbourhood and in the N'joro or Mullah country were a timid community, but from what I had previously been told, I felt that it would be advisable to be most careful in keeping an eye on them day and night.

I was rather interested to see the people in this part of the world playing a game similar to what is known to us as "knucklebones," but in lieu of the orthodox bones they used a kind of bean.

I remember, when close to the Kibali, organising a sports afternoon for my boys. Obtaining a supply of eggs from the neighbouring village I introduced an egg-and-spoon race, while crossing a stream on poles greased with elephant fat. It caused roars of laughter, and the local natives were not satisfied until they had tried also. No amount of persuasion would induce them to do anything without carrying their weapons—spears, knives, bows, quivers, and so forth. Even in the running races they insisted on carrying them, although they stripped off all their metal ornaments. In order to prevent quarrelling it was necessary to give every competitor a prize. Among my own boys I arranged an egg duel. Two boys stood facing each other at a distance of twenty yards, each combatant was armed with six eggs. The boy that received one in the face laughed more than any one, some of the eggs were "old timers." The aspect of both boys when the contest ended was laughable. Both of them scraped themselves with their fingers and eagerly devoured the mess of egg that still clung to their bodies and limbs.

The hilly country was delightful to gaze upon after the monotonous bush flats by the Nile. Fertile and green, the grand slopes of pasture with babbling streams

that trickled here and there gave the country an appearance of a model arcadia. The natives were not too pleased at our arrival in their midst, and in many cases gave practical demonstrations of their feelings by holding out rotten eggs and dead chickens, shouting and spitting at any of my boys whom they could reach, and jeers and curses were showered on us.

One afternoon a solid phalanx marched towards us with an array of knives, old guns, bows and arrows, there must have been two hundred of them yelling, shouting, and waving their arms above their heads. When about sixty yards off, they began to throw dirt into the camp, then they halted and held an excited parley among themselves. I went inside the hut and made some loopholes in the grass sides of the structure and got the guns and ammunition out on the table ready for trouble should the occasion arise. Lighting my pipe I returned to my chair under the tree close by and waited for the next move. Three of my boys had bows and a good stock of arrows that they had bought from the natives near Wadelai for a few spoonfuls of salt, the others cut boughs from the trees for use as cudgels, axes and knives were all requisitioned for purposes of self-defence. My men looked warriors born, but I knew that on the first shower of arrows from the enemy they would make themselves scarce. Pishi was posted in my grass hut, and so we waited to see what was going to happen. I sat for fully ten minutes while the crowd, besides hurling stones and earth at us, were fast quarrelling among themselves. A stone hit one of my carriers full in the face making a nasty gash on the left cheek, and for a moment he was stunned by the force with which it struck him. Meanwhile heated arguments were taking place among the villagers and presently they took to blows. After about ten minutes they retreated to the village. I was at a loss to understand this sudden change in tactics, but a

nod being as good as a wink, I determined to get away as soon as convenient. It was a severe test to my nerves, but not a soul came near us after that.

One day I was sitting on the bank of a stream fishing, and noticed large numbers of Colobus monkeys gazing down upon me from the lofty tree tops. Suddenly one of them fell to the ground with a plaintive cry. A native, coated from head to foot with red earth, his body covered with cicatrised marks and naked but for a bunch of grass that hung like an apron, stepped out of the grass close by me. Without a word he waded through the water to the opposite bank, picked up the dead monkey, and strode away through the trees. Some people are inclined to think that the bow and arrow even in the hands of the natives is an unreliable weapon, carried more for show than for use. Seeing is believing, this and other exhibitions of skill I have witnessed, prove that a bow and arrow in the hands of the average warrior in the Congo is worthy of respect.

In the village huge fires were lit at sundown and a savage orgy was evidently taking place, singing and dancing accompanied by a medley of unearthly noises. My camp fires soon blazed away, and I had boys posted at various points in the grass and up the trees. The wind blowing from the direction of the village now and again brought the noise more clearly to my ears, and several times I fancied that I could hear the mob approaching. About midnight, when the festivities seemed to be at their height, the fires in my camp died to thin columns of smoke rising from little piles of grey ashes. Several of the boys had crawled close to the village and scouted about to see if the coast was clear; at a pre-arranged whistle they returned to camp simultaneously and reported that everything was all right for our departure, the natives were keeping up their singing and dancing hammer and tongs. The trees all round the

village were lit up with ghostly uncertain lights and reflections from the flickering flames of the fires. Silently we retreated down the path by which we had come the previous day, and presently we cut across country regardless of rivers or any other obstacles so long as we kept off the paths, lest we should encounter any prowling natives who might raise the alarm. In the darkness of the night, for the moon was clouded, we were torn horribly by the long thorns and the wacht en beetje bush, as the Dutch call it, with its small hooked thorn that invariably snaps off in the flesh if you brush by too hurriedly. The damp cold atmosphere struck a chill through one's body; now and again we would stop and listen for any signs of pursuit, but none came; strange noises from birds and low growls now and again reached our ears, showing that our presence was detected by bird and beast as we passed through some glade or thicket.

By daybreak we stood, I calculated, about twelve miles north-east of the village we had so hurriedly left behind. We were now some six days from Wadelai, and at the foot of the Divide. Two days after this affair, when fifty miles or so south-west of Wadelai, I was compelled to stay in bed and rest for a day, for excruciating pains shot through head and body. I was afraid I was in for a serious illness, but after doctoring myself with hot whisky and water I was well enough to proceed the next day. The poultry enjoyed the day's rest, and frequent cock fights took place; their chief delight, however, was to feed on the ants that ran up and down the trunk of a big tree.

The boys killed a snake measuring just under fifteen inches long which they found curled up in the grass at the back of my hut. Snakes are always most unwelcome visitors where I am concerned, and size alone does not determine their venomous attributes. In South Africa

I have had several narrow escapes from these reptiles, perhaps the most serious of which happened when I was staying on a farm in the Orange River Colony.

Just before sundown one day on coming out of the heat of the sun into the shade and cool of the house I threw my sun hat on to the floor and did not notice that it rested over a saucer of milk that was kept there for the cats. About an hour later after the evening meal we had a smoke, and as I was about to bend down to pick up my hat preparatory to departing, I was seized from behind and dashed to the ground. Thinking my friend had taken leave of his senses my hand instinctively clutched the knife in my belt, but my eyes followed his finger as he pointed to the small length of tail which showed from under my hat. A blow from a sjambok, and the remains of a deadly night adder—one of the smallest and most venomous snakes extant—lay in a small pool of milk amidst the fragments of saucer.

Few women would have shown the pluck once displayed by Miss Crawford, the senior sister at Mombasa European Hospital. She was walking along a narrow path that overhangs the sea on the cliff a short distance from the hospital. Her favourite dog was a little way ahead of her when it attracted the attention of a puff adder. The reptile was so busily engaged in exercising a fascination over the little pet that Miss Crawford was able to deliver a swinging blow with a small sjambok that she carried, and she returned to the hospital carrying the dead reptile, which measured fifty-two inches. Snakes abound on the Island of Mombasa, and one frequently encounters them when out for a stroll, and it is not at all uncommon for them to be run over on the road by a gharri. The puff adder is one of the most venomous reptiles in the country.

A few hints as to how to deal with a snake bite may not be inappropriate here. In the first place you must

lose no time in attending to it. Suppose, for instance, that you are bitten on the calf of the leg, make a tourniquet or tie a handkerchief very tightly round the leg above the knee thus stopping the flow of blood below the bandage, next take a knife and cut the wound open and rub in permanganate of potash; but this is of little avail unless applied almost immediately after the bite, so it should always be carried on the person. Be careful, whether the bite be on leg or arm, not to use the knife crossways, but cut parallel with the limb and thus minimise risk of severing an artery. A friend of mine, Mr. "Jock" Craig, of Cape Colony, who was with me on the Consolidated Gold Fields, had a marvellous escape from death. He was out shooting, and when getting over a fence he set his foot on a large puff adder that lay hidden in the grass, of course the fat was in the fire instantly, and he was bitten on the leg. With great presence of mind he shot the snake there and then, and in a trice dashed back to the house, where an old native woman who saw him coming lost no time in cutting open the flesh and applying Reckitt's Blue, which was effectual in saving his life. Snakes have an exceedingly strong partiality for milk, and often enough cows are found sucked dry when brought into the kraals after grazing in the lands. It is then that your boy comes to you from the kraal and says, "Baas, milk no come."

As we pursued our march we came upon a river running south-west of the Ara, which was only some fifteen yards across in flood time, nevertheless its passage proved exceedingly difficult. Trees were cut down, and one massive trunk lay from bank to bank, over this the boys started to go without their loads to test its stability, and when they were nearly over the opposite bank caved in and the party were hurled into the seething, swirling waters. I was glad I had taken the precaution to test the structure before trusting the loads, guns, and

ammunition across it. One huge trunk swerved round, and, driven by the rushing waters, was carried along at a great pace. The struggling boys in the water had great difficulty in keeping clear of the mass of timber and branches as it swept down upon them.

At the next village the natives brought a number of dried and half-smoked fish up to my camp. It was the first and last day of fish diet that the boys had with me. No attempt could ever convey on paper any idea of the awful aroma that emanated from this form of food. I gave orders that in future no one was to have fish in the camp. The next day on march I happened to be in the rear of the safari with a gentle breeze blowing on my face, when suddenly an awful smell struck me; calling a halt I made every boy put down his load; all faces were turned towards me with an expectant air.

"Now then," I shouted. "Some one has got fish here; out with it."

They looked at each other and then at me—

"Fish, oh no, Bwana, the fish was eaten yesterday."

I had every load untied and examined, and as I suspected, pieces of fish, black and putrid and hard as a board, were hidden away in three or four loads, one piece was actually tied on my kit-bag wrapped in the boy's blanket. To my very face he had the audacity to say—

"That is not fish, Bwana, it only smells like it."

"Only"—was there ever such a smell, that I could possibly have been mistaken? Certainly not, and when he unfolded his blanket there lay before my eyes another consignment. Other boys had pieces wrapped in large leaves and cunningly stowed away in the loads. I discovered afterwards that Salem had the largest stock of this delicacy. Seeing that they were so fond of this form of food I suggested that they should sit down there and then and finish off the offensive stuff. They were all

delighted, but the fish did not agree with them, for that evening nearly all those who had partaken were suffering from sore stomachs, and looked very down in the world.

At that village the people greeted me next morning before the stars had disappeared, with shouts of " Pembe, Pembe " (ivory), and pointed to the south. Numbers of them were armed with spears, etc., and led off down the path in the direction that they had indicated. Not feeling well at the time I sent Matakanga with them and instructed him to return with a piece of stick measuring the exact width of the largest elephant's tracks he could see. About midday he reached camp torn and bleeding, in a great state of excitement, with a piece of stick measuring just under nineteen inches. Hurriedly I set out on foot accompanied by six boys and followed up the tracks, but not until after noon the next day did I have the satisfaction of lowering a thirty-pounder; the ivory was short and thick but excellent in quality. I spent thirteen rounds before dropping him. The rest of the journey back to Wadelai was uneventful but for the increased depth of the water and its expanse in the flooded country.

Salem had lately been suffering from severe internal pains, and was in a bad state when we got to Wadelai; I always told him that the fish was responsible. Here on my arrival at the post-house on the Uganda bank of the Nile I received a letter from my friend, written at Nimule some three weeks before, asking me to meet him in the neighbourhood of Faradje in the Belgian Congo. I tried to get in touch with him on the telephone at the post-house, by ringing up Nimule, but was unable to get a reply: presumably the wire had been pulled down by a giraffe or an elephant. The natives referred to the telephone and telegraph indiscriminately as the " tin glove."

It was necessary for me to return to Koba in order to replenish my stores before setting out for the Belgian Congo. Leaving Salem with three other boys and the mule at Wadelai, I set off with the rest of the safari for Koba and covered the distance of about forty miles in less than twenty-four hours. As we had started in the afternoon of the previous day from Wadelai, it was late in the evening when we arrived in the camp at Koba. The first thing I did on arriving was to despatch Monica to the Post-office with a note for my mails; but I was to be bitterly disappointed, for during my absence not a thing had been received for me. The next thing was to uncover all the loads that had been piled up at the camp, and left in charge of Wanaka and Juma I. Wanaka had in my absence from Koba become quite a dandy, and now strutted around in a pair of most extraordinary Hindoo-shaped pants, fancy socks, and an old pair of tennis shoes. I had to rate both boys severely for the disgraceful state of the camp, grass now grew wild all over what had formerly been a nice well-trodden square piece of ground. They had apparently been doing nothing but sleeping and eating the whole time; what an ideal rest-cure it had been for them. Both of them had accumulated a large quantity of old clothing, and evidently thought that my return for a few days was the signal for a holiday for them, but I set them to work at once on the weeds and grass in the camp. The kitchen had been blown down in a gale and they had not made the slightest attempt to re-erect it.

It was a treat to have milk and biscuits again. I had had no milk for some weeks and tea without it is not very palatable. Biscuits are exceedingly handy when one is travelling on safari, and it is always as well to take a good supply in airtight tins. For my part, however, I much prefer bread. A great many people—I have done it myself often enough—mix a

certain amount of matamma—native flour—with the white.

Visitors to Central Africa have often wondered how the numerous skin sores so often seen in this country arise. I have spoken to a great many of the older residents of the country in Uganda and other parts, and almost without exception they attribute this malady to an excessive use of matamma. At any rate, I am convinced that visitors to this country should avoid bread or porridge made either wholly or partly of matamma. There is no doubt that in the majority of cases it is far from clean, often enough containing thirty per cent. of dirt and sand. During my first visit to the Lado I became covered with horrible open pustules, and I feel sure that when starting on the march in the early morning the coarse wet grass that I had to brush through left poisonous matter on these wounds: my knees, which were uncovered, suffered most. In some parts of the country it is impossible to keep bandages on any part of one's body or limbs.

CHAPTER XII

THREE LIONS AND NO RIFLE!

On the first evening after my return to Koba I was sitting in camp under the banda (a grass roof on poles) enjoying a good hot dinner and a bottle of Dry Monopole to wash it down. It was well on in the evening and the boys were sitting around their fires chattering away, when Monica came to me and said, "Bwana, Msungu kuja" (master, a white man is coming). In a few moments a native boy carrying a hurricane lamp emerged from the grass and stood on the well-trodden sand of the camping ground. Next moment a cheery voice rang out—

"Hallo, are you Cooper?"

Looking up in the faint light from my table lamp I saw that my visitor was a complete stranger to me.

"Yes, I am Cooper," I replied.

"I am Longdon. I thought I must just come along and look you up. How are you going on? Any luck?"

That was my first meeting with Mr. Gerald Longdon, another elephant hunter. When I was at home writing the account of my trip the following appeared in the London papers:—

"Entebbe, Uganda. Mrs. Gerald Longdon has reported to the Government that her husband has been wounded by an elephant and has died in the Congo."

The elephant hunters have lost in Mr. Longdon a man who was one of the best of them, a man with a big heart for black or white. We shall all miss him and his

cheery, genial ways greatly. I think I was one of the last white men to see him alive, for when coming down from the Congo last December I met him just between Wadelai and Koba setting out on what proved to be his last trip. Truly the life of the elephant hunter is one of the most perilous callings a man can take to. How strange it seemed after those weeks and weeks without having spoken in one's own language suddenly to hear a cheery voice greet you with the familiar "Hallo." For a moment when Longdon came forward, I found that I had almost forgotten the command of my native tongue. That evening, over a huge log fire that crackled and spurted away under the starry heavens, we sat and talked of everything imaginable. Longdon had heard from the Commissioner that I was expected, for the telephone wire from Wadelai being in working order, the boy at the Post-house had advised Koba of my departure from there, and that was how Longdon knew my name.

One morning a messenger came down from the Post-office with a telegram from P——, who was still at Nimule, for I had inquired for him by wire on my arrival in Koba. The wire was to the effect that we should meet at Osso and Nile Junctions on the west bank of the Nile, just below Dufile, and start from there for the interior. One afternoon Mr. J. T. Manly, a well-known rubber prospector, and I were sitting in my tent sheltering from a very heavy storm, accompanied by a fierce gale of wind. We were chatting away when suddenly a terrific gust laid the tent flat; we were pinned down to the ground by the heavy wet canvas. The wind had torn the pegs right out of the ground, in spite of their being some two feet in length and driven in to within a few inches of the top. The boys came to our rescue, and between us we managed to cover up my belongings, guns, boxes, and so forth. There was nothing for it but to get the boys to sit on the wreckage to prevent everything being blown

away, while Manly and I sought shelter from the driving storm under the grass banda. At length the storm cleared away, and on inspecting the wreckage I was glad to find that nothing had suffered.

Instructing Matakanga (acting headman in place of Salem, whom I had left sick at Wadelai) to supervise the re-erection of the tent, I proceeded with Manly to his camp, situated further towards the Boma, and we found that it had also been torn down by the gale. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, his cook managed to bake a batch of bread, and presented us with an excellent dinner that evening, all cooked out in the open. I wonder what our chefs at home would do and say if they were told to prepare a meal with a driving rain and a small hurricane raging around the pots and pans? The native cooks are, indeed, weird mortals; the greatest difficulty that presents itself to them in the Congo is to find something to cook. Often enough my cook has had to put up with the most extraordinary interruptions. I remember on one occasion he had to leave the fire for a few moments; no sooner was his back turned than a goat came along and knocked over the saucepans and pots containing my dinner. Again, when up the Kembe river he was baking bread, cooking meat, boiling cornflour and custard. Everything was just half-cooked when a runner came in to report elephants some miles off and travelling away from us. In an instant poor Pishi had to follow the example of all and pack away the half-prepared food, while the other boys were busying themselves taking down and packing up the camp equipment preparatory to the long march before us. In a few minutes we were all on the road, but Pishi looked sad, and remarked to me—

"Bwana, you not hit me if food bad to-day."

Poor devil! it was no fault of his if things were not always up to the mark. He was, indeed, often a victim

of circumstances. The cook is often the most harassed member of a safari. He tries to make cake without eggs, as they are sometimes impossible to get in the Congo.

One day I was in a rather bad temper, for I had an attack of fever on me. Every one moved about the camp cautiously and silent. The Bwana was sick, and they knew it. I lay on the bed in the tent enveloped in blankets, in spite of a temperature of 104° in the shade. Pishi came to me and whispered "Bwana." I looked up, and saw a yellow paste in the frying-pan that he held. Oh, Pishi! I shall never forget that incident. Knowing that I was fond of an omelette, he had innocently been trying to make one with some sulphur. What a mess it was; and the smell! He had emptied a whole quarter-pound tin of sulphur into the frying-pan, and fried it with that useful culinary commodity—hippo fat. By the way, egg powder is invaluable in these parts, likewise the custard powder also made by the well-known firm of Bird. The value of their products cannot, in my opinion, be over-estimated. The explanation of Pishi's mistake was that I had kept sulphur in an old egg powder tin.

At Manly's camp I met the popular Assistant District Commissioner in charge of Koba, Mr. Hannington, son of the late Bishop Hannington, whose name stands out prominent in the history of Uganda. I greatly appreciated his kindness during my stay in Koba. The launch *Kenia* arrived with a European passenger who had come from Nimule, and was travelling home to England *viâ* Victoria Nyanza and Mombasa. He was taking with him a lion cub and a young leopard: both of these frolicked about the landing-stage and around the tents in absolute freedom like dogs. The local natives and Hannington's little terriers were rather frightened at the advent of these strange pets in their

midst; but the doctor was only staying for the night, as he was anxious to reach Butiaba as soon as possible. Having waited in Koba for six days getting together the necessary stores for a three months' trip, I set out from there on the morning of the seventh day. Nothing extraordinary happened until, on nearing the big tree just north of Wadelai and half an hour after crossing the first river, I missed six of my boys. This was about four p.m. Knowing the country round there to be safe, except for the leopards that were wont to stroll around after sunset, I did not at the time pay any particular attention to the circumstance; but it was not until about eight o'clock that they turned up.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"We washed ourselves in the river, Bwana; and then the rain came, and we stayed until it stopped," they replied.

Yes, the rain had come right enough, and these boys had stayed behind with my tent, kit-bag, and three of the loads, so I had to go without my tent and mosquito net in the meantime.

Next day we reached Panyongo safely, but at night a terrific storm broke over us, and a huge tree close by was struck by lightning. The next morning, on going down to the river side, I was surprised to hear a lot of shouting going on among some natives on the opposite bank. On emerging from the grass and standing at the water's edge, I saw a European on the opposite side surrounded by a number of police boys, who were busy loading their kit into a canoe. The officer—for such he proved to be—was directing the loading of his packages in the frail craft. This was how we greeted each other—

"Hallo! Good morning!" he shouted across.

"Good morning!" I replied. "Have you come from Nimule?"

"Yes, I am H——, now on my way to Koba."

He came over, and as it would occupy some thirty minutes to get all his kit across, we had our chairs unpacked and settled ourselves to smoke, chat, and watch the transport arrangements.

Now for another instance of how small this world is.

"Do you know South Africa?" he inquired, after we had chatted away for some time.

"Yes, I have been pretty well all over it," I replied.

"You know the Orange River Colony, then?"

"Yes," I said.

"I was at Heilbron and Frankfort for some time."

"I had a brother in the S.A. Constabulary at Frankfort."

"What, Arthur Cooper?"

"Yes."

"Arthur Cooper your brother?"

"Yes."

"I have played football with him many a time. I was in charge of the police there."

And then, of course, having spent over nine months in Frankfort and Heilbron districts, I knew a number of people that he did.

Although it does not bear on my African travels, there is one other instance that I would like to quote. At the conclusion of my New Zealand trip in 1908, on the last day of my stay at Auckland, when coming out of the Post-office, I noticed a young fellow going past in the crowd of pedestrians on the pavement. There was instantly mutual recognition, for he happened to be a friend with whom I had stayed in 1903 at Ledbury in Worcestershire. For five years we had lost sight of each other, and neither of us had any idea that the other was in the same spot of the world at that time. Only four hours were wanting before my boat, the *Moana*, of the Union S.S. Co., would be leaving for Sydney, N.S.W. It gave us time, however, to have a chat. Here we were

over fifteen thousand miles from home. Had either of us been a second later at the Post-office, neither he nor I would ever have known how close we were to each other.

The country between Panyongo and Wadelai was in a terrible state of flood, and the rivers were, with the exception of the Nile, almost unrecognizable. The banks had been washed away and the greatest care had to be taken not to approach a river without first acquiring some idea as to the whereabouts of the stream that lay under water. In the country before reaching Wadelai the water was up to our necks for three miles, and the submerged path so slippery that we had to steady ourselves by clutching at the tall grass. It was only with the greatest exertions in fighting against twisted roots and down-trodden grass, which became entangled in our feet and legs, that we managed to keep our heads above the filthy water, which had lain stagnant for days and was teeming with fly and insect life. It took us five hours to do the three miles. Every now and again the leading boy—who had been relieved of his load and was acting as pilot—would disappear entirely as he fell into a concealed hole made by an elephant or hippopotamus. A shout of laughter would go up from the other boys at sight of an accident happening to any one but themselves, and when the unfortunate creature again arose to the surface he would be greeted with peals of delight as the water poured out of his ears and nose. It was no holiday trip, that march of five hours in water, up to one's neck and a little bit higher in places, that reeked of stagnation and swarmed with every insect imaginable, becoming tangled in hidden grass underfoot, momentarily expecting to fall a victim to a crocodile; water everywhere and not a drop fit to drink. But we drank all the same, in spite of the insects and other creatures it contained. Overhead a burning sun poured

down upon us with all its dazzling might as we crawled forward at a snail's pace. Some of the boys carried loads weighing as much as sixty-eight pounds. Our guns had to be done up in the tent loads, borne on the boys' heads, for carrying them on the shoulder was impossible, since all but our heads was submerged. Captain H—— had told me that he had had great difficulty in coming from Wadelai to Panyongo, but the water was only armpit high, and only that in places, when he came through, so the river must have come down with increased volume in the night. I do not know the name of this river, but it is the third and last one of the journey from Koba to Wadelai by footpath.

My arrival at Wadelai was hailed with delight by Salem and the other boys that I had left there. Salem had recovered, and was now quite himself again.

There are one or two little incidents that I may mention that happened during my stay there. One afternoon I decided to go for a walk and examine the ruins of an old boma close by, that dated back to the days of Emin Pasha's *régime* here. Leaving the camp in charge of Salem, I set out with Monica, who carried a short spear, and, lighting my pipe, I walked behind him, feeling happy and content with the world at large. We had travelled for about three-quarters of an hour, and were walking through a patch of grass on a narrow well-trodden path, when Monica suddenly bent down and examined some marks on the narrow track, and told me that he considered that they were the spoor of "simba" (lions). The impressions made were not very distinct, and personally I regarded them as being the tracks of a prowling leopard on his rounds of the previous night. Every one had up to then told me that lions were not to be met with in those parts, although the natives had big stories of the depredations made by them. Half an hour later, as we were skirting a piece of dense wooded

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar

A FALLEN KING.

country in fairly long grass, we heard a slight commotion; but as we had previously passed by some stray hunting dogs, I was not prepared, in spite of the spoor behind us, for what appeared presently.

On the path not more than twenty yards ahead of us there stood three lions in a bunch. Two of them were full grown, but the third was a cub not much larger than a dog. On seeing us, they pulled up short, and regarded us with twitching mouths and tails swinging slowly around their bodies as the flies worried them. Surveying us sternly for some seconds, the male gave a low growl, then, sniffing the ground, he led off into the grass on the left of the path, while the other, against which nestled the cub, after regarding us intently, followed slowly and majestically after her mate. The whole thing did not last much more than ten seconds, but it seemed an eternity before I breathed again freely. Except for Monica's spear we were unarmed, as I had left the guns behind in camp. It was plain by the way the brutes acted that they were on a game trail, and to this alone I attribute our safety. What a picture they had formed, standing together with the cub between their legs and frolicking like a kitten. The superior swaggering gait with which they disappeared was, indeed, eloquent of the proud position that these beasts hold in the animal kingdom. Needless to say, the return journey to camp was not delayed.

Lions are as much afraid of man as man is of them, and with the exception of the man-eater, will seldom attack unless wantonly irritated.

I heard them often enough when passing through Uganda, and at times saw them, but I was never attacked. Some few years since, however, when the Uganda marine and Nile flotilla headquarters were at Wadelai, eleven natives were carried off by lions in one night!

They are generally to be found in small groups. I

doubt if any one has ever seen more than fifteen at a time—except in zoos or menageries.

A few years ago a fine man-eater was killed at Mombasa by a native, who shot it with a bow and arrow! There are any amount of lions around Nairobi, where they will even venture within the police camp at times!

I would far rather, however, meet a lion than a leopard, for the latter is cunning to a degree and seldom leaves a human being alone; he is crafty and treacherous, and will crawl up and spring on one from behind, whereas most lions I have seen seldom attack a man, unless they are being irritated by the hunter. The man-eating lion, of course, is an exception.

Another day when out with several of my boys in search of game, we passed the ruins of an old boma, evacuated by the Belgians long since, and now a mere heap of bricks overgrown with grass. Suddenly, as we threaded our way amidst the piles of weatherworn brick that lay strewn over the ground, the boy in front pulled up short, exclaiming, "Nyoka, nyoka" (Snake, snake). Creeping forward, I saw a huge mass curled up in a small ditch that ran down to the Nile. It was asleep, and offered a splendid opportunity for a shot at the head. Taking careful aim, I let go with both barrels of the ·450: the grass was instantly lashed right and left, but before two seconds had elapsed since the report a dozen excited boys had gathered around and were raining terrific blows all over the reptile. When I examined it afterwards it was almost unrecognizable, but careful measurements proved it to have been twenty-one feet nine inches long.

Pythons are found in well-nigh every part of the Congo, and attain huge proportions, and not infrequently they have been known to swallow a full-grown antelope almost as large as a cow, horns and all. The reptile I had shot was regarded with awe by the boys, and no

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

THE WART HOG.

one expressed a desire to carry back the body to camp, so I did not wait and trouble to have the thing skinned, as we had already more than enough to carry without collecting snake skins.

I have often regretted that I did not bring away many of the beautiful heads and horns of the great variety of game bagged during this trip, but when on an elephant trip you have to travel as light as possible to enable greater distances to be covered. Until my friend and I joined forces again at the Osso River, each of my boys had to carry as much as he could possibly manage; but when the two camps were united it would be much easier, as the loads could then be divided up between our boys.

The tsetse fly worried the mules at Wadelai, and large fires had to be lit during the day to keep them away. The tsetse fly is to be found chiefly on river banks, living in the tall grass, from which it rarely follows man or beast for more than half a mile. Not unlike the common house fly but slightly larger, it can, when resting, easily be identified by its wings, which are crossed or folded over the back. I have frequently felt the needle-like lance pierce my skin through a woollen vest and shirt. Little or no irritation arises from their attack, as in the case of a mosquito bite. The tsetse fly only troubled us in the daytime, from about nine a.m. until five p.m. I captured several specimens of this fly when at Wadelai, but, like many other things, the box containing them was lost in my encounter with the Legworo people later on.

Sir Harry Johnston in his book, "George Grenfell and the Congo," speaking of sleeping sickness, says: "There is a tsetse fly—*Glossina Palpalis*—the probe of which occasions a temporary smart, but which we now know as one of the deadliest enemies of humanity, the agent for introducing into the human system the trypanosome, which, when it reaches the spinal marrow and the brain,

causes 'sleeping sickness.'" Then again he says: "Emin Pasha's Sudanese, when they settled down in the Lendu country to the west of Lake Albert, seem to have become infected with the disease. A portion of these troops was moved somewhat rapidly into Busoga, the district of the Uganda Protectorate which is on the opposite bank of the Victoria Nile to the kingdom of Uganda. After the Sudanese troops of Lugard's recruiting had thoroughly settled down in Busoga, sleeping sickness began very slowly to develop. Possibly its spread was checked by the convulsions and displacement of population occurring during the Uganda mutiny. . . . The matter is really becoming very urgent for those who take an interest in the commercial development of Africa, as the spread of the disease is attaining such proportions as may almost end in the depopulation of the Congo basin and of the Uganda Protectorate, while the extension of the malady into British Central Africa and the Egyptian Sudan is also a matter of concern. The area of sleeping sickness seems certainly to be limited by the range of one or more species of tsetse fly that do not care about parts of Africa without heavy rainfall and abundant vegetation, and it may be that where these forms of tsetse cannot live no other agency may be present to transmit the trypanosomes from the blood of infected human beings to the veins of other people not yet inoculated. Sleeping sickness is 'a human tsetse fly' disease. How it started is a mystery as much unsolved as the original inception of most other diseases. It is due to a trypanosome—possibly *trypanosoma gambiense*—passing from the blood of an infected human being into the cerebro-spinal fluid. From the moment these micro-organisms enter the spinal marrow, and thence the brain, death is almost certain after a more or less lengthy period of increasing somnolence." Then again he says: ". . . it seems to have reached Lake Albert

along the courses of the Aruwimi and Welle-Mubangi, passing from the head waters of these rivers to the Lendu country, where Emin Pasha's Sudanese were settled. It infected their Lendu slaves and followers, and thus was transported in the subsequent movements of the troops to Busoga and Uganda."

I have seen cattle in the Congo affected by a fly which, judging by the descriptions of the people, is presumably a species of the tsetse; they were thin and miserable-looking objects, with running noses and swollen testicles. They dragged themselves along, but showed no lack of appetite, in spite of their gaunt appearance.

I experienced considerable delay—three days to be exact—at Wadelai, waiting to cross the Nile. On the day of my arrival the natives on the western or Congo shore shouted across that there was too much wind, and they would not venture to bring their frail craft over to us. The Nile being about four hundred yards across here, I fully understood that it would be a risky undertaking, and whether they came over or not I should have hesitated before risking my loads in their frail craft during so heavy a wind. Next morning the sun was about two hours high before my boys could attract the attention of the people on the other side. This time they haggled over what they were to receive, and refused to come over for what I offered. In addition to this, they danced about in a state of great excitement, yelling and sending howls of derision at us. By midday another strong gale was blowing, and it was useless to think of crossing that day. About four p.m. a sailing-boat, coming down from Nimule, hove in sight around the bend a mile north of us. Through the glasses I could make out a European sitting astern under the awning. The stream was running against them, and the native crew had great difficulty in battling against the heavy head wind. It was fully an hour later that, in response

to my signal fires and red blankets mounted on poles waved aloft by the boys, the boat was seen to head for the bank below our camp. It proved to be the *Good Intent*, laden with ivory and about twenty native men, women, and children. The white passenger was a Greek trader, coming down from the Congo. From him I learnt that Doctor Rendle had been ill at Nimule with malarial fever. The people on the Congo bank were greatly excited at the advent of my visitors in their craft. Being afraid that we should attack them, they even drew their canoes out of the water and hid them in the grass. However, the *Good Intent* left in the early hours of the next morning. Seeing that, the Shinzis, as the natives in this part of Africa are usually called, that is the raw or savage communities, were not inclined to ferry us over. I went along to a chief on our side of the river, "Okele," I think his name was, and arranged for his people to take us across. His canoes put out and paddled along the Uganda bank until abreast of our camp. On seeing this, the Shinzis yelled across the water, agreeing to do the work that I required of them yesterday. Okele's canoemen, on seeing the Shinzis, were frightened, so I dismissed them. At the same moment a canoe shot out from the opposite bank, and on reaching us the Shinzis agreed, after some bargaining, to carry the safari across. To prevent any trickery I went with Pishi in the first trip over, and found every one in a great state of excitement. A rumour had reached them that large numbers of white men were coming down to their country from the north.

"Yes," they said, "we do not want the white men; they will want all our food, and then they will bring askaris, who will kill us. Why are they coming?" And they shook their heads in dread and fear, for they remembered the misrule of their country in former days. They would not tell me how the news had reached them.

The ground for this report was that the Sudanese were at that time working southward through the Enclave and establishing bomas at various points. I knew for a fact that they were not nearer than Kagulu or Yei at that time. News travels far and fast in the Congo, and the villages through which I afterwards passed all showed uneasiness at the rumours of another experiment being made to govern their country. It is to be hoped that justice will not be conspicuous by its absence when the new *régime* is established. A certain Belgian Commandant at a boma not a hundred miles from Lake Albert recently entertained a friend of mine—chiefly at my friend's expense—to an orgy of mingled wine, beer, and champagne, which lasted from sundown until five o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock this self-same official sat on the verandah administering "Justice" to a dozen natives, who were chained together and were being tormented by a number of askaris, who struck the prisoners unmercifully with the butts of their rifles. I was told that the bloated face of the official was a sight to see. I will leave you to imagine what the official "Justice" is as dealt out by such people. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Sudanese askaris will not be permitted to roam through the country without a European officer in charge, for if they are allowed to patrol under the supervision of a native or coloured non-commissioned officer, we shall hear of atrocious deeds similar to those perpetrated under the Belgian *régime*. None of the people knew whether Belgians or Sudanese were in charge of this district of the Enclave.

CHAPTER XIII

A TERRIBLE DAY'S MARCH

To make sure of striking the Osso and Nile junction, I decided to keep close to the Nile, and expected to accomplish the journey from Wadelai comfortably in five days. On the morning of the second day after leaving Wadelai, instead of taking the path that led in a north-westerly direction, I decided to keep close to the Nile. Our path led us on to the flats opposite Bora. The grass was shoulder high, and gradually we forged ahead through water in places ankle deep, full of insect life and putrid remains of fish and game. It was the beginning of a large stretch of almost impenetrable flat grass country covered in places with water three feet deep. It was dark that night before we again stood on dry land, minus four of the carriers and the mule that was left dead in the middle of the swamp. From about eight a.m. until nine p.m. we had been crawling at a snail's pace, cutting our way through the dense coarse grass and bushes, and horrible stinging plants, and being bitten all over by flies and insects of a thousand varieties. A glaring sun overhead beat down on us unmercifully as we fell into hippo holes and sat down in the slime and mud that lay hidden under the putrid and stagnant water. Boys fell headlong, and loads crashed about, while our bodies were torn and bleeding. About midday the mule, which was carrying a forty-pound load of cloth, fell into one of the holes, dropped forward with a groan, and rolled on its side. I kept its head out of water, while Salem

and Pishi cut bundles of grass and bush and stacked them into a heap on which to rest some of the loads. It took nine of us to lift the poor brute up again. Having relieved it of the load, which was now distributed between Monica and Salem, we again proceeded to carve our way through the treacherous tangled roots that abounded amidst the long grass and bush. Before long the poor beast fell again and again, eventually succumbing to the terrible ordeal. His feet had sunk deep in the mud at every step, and for some days past he had been suffering from the attacks of the flies. He had become such a companion to me by this time that I felt his loss keenly, and turned away with a lump in my throat after making sure that he was dead by putting a ·450 bullet into him. Shortly after leaving the mule we came upon a large clump of bush standing on a little knoll a few feet above water-level. It was about fifty feet in circumference, and afforded room for about twelve people to stand on at once. Syce, who was a nimble fellow, clambered up a tree that stood like a lighthouse with a sea of waving grass round it, from the top of which he reported a rise in the country to the west about three miles off ; but it took us from two p.m. until nine p.m. to cover that distance.

Pishi and I went ahead with stout sticks, and did our best to clear a track through the long tangled grass and swamp. I shall never forget how frantically we worked our way along, often taking half an hour to do fifty yards. By sundown—six p.m.—we were within half a mile of the plateau, but not until nine o'clock did our feet touch dry land. Had any one been there to see us step out of the swamp on to real dry and hard ground he must have thought we had taken leave of our senses, for the boys danced and shouted with delight. Pishi and I had suffered most of all, for we had had a terrific struggle, forcing a path through the swamp, and

almost as we stepped on to the dry ground we lay down thoroughly worn out, bleeding from head to foot. My hands were terribly lacerated by the coarse, sharp grass, and broken thorns were left in the flesh all over my body.

I was greatly worried when the headman Salem came to me and said that four of the carriers had not yet emerged from the swamp, and although the boys yelled and shouted, no response came from the path behind. It soon became too dark for us to see any distance. Those who had last seen them stated that they had stayed behind on the clump of bush in the swamp. Again and again the boys shouted, but still there was no response. I was greatly afraid that unless they reached camp before long something serious would befall them. The mosquitoes would be intolerable so long as we stayed at the foot of the slope, so after a few minutes rest I sent a party of the carriers to select a good site on the top of the plateau, from which our camp fire would be visible for miles by any one following in the track by which we had come. The slopes of the rise were covered with trees, until near the top, where they gave place to a stretch of short grass country that dipped again towards the west. Of course, the loads carried by the missing boys proved to be the tent, a case of champagne, the medicine chest, bath, chair, and bed, so I looked like having a lively night. Fortunately, the mosquito net and my kit bag were with us, as well as the cooking-pots and a scanty supply of food. It had been a hard day for all of us, but after twenty minutes' rest we were busy getting up an apology for a grass house wherein I could sleep for the night. Meanwhile, a fire had been lit and burned brightly, showing itself to the country for miles around. I next proceeded to cut down the tree that Syce had climbed up, fixing ropes round the upper half of the trunk, with a bunch of boys on the ropes, so that the tree might be

guided to fall away from us. The trunk was some twenty inches in diameter at the base, so it required two of us at work with the axes, as I was anxious that no further time should be lost in making a fire of larger dimensions than we generally had, so that the wanderers might know where to make for. With an ominous crackling and a groan the tree came down with a crash, and nearly caught the boys clinging on to the ropes. In a few moments they swarmed all over it with axes and knives, cutting off the branches, which were triumphantly borne to the centre of the camp and placed in a pile by the fire. In a few minutes a huge fire with long tongues of flame shot heavenwards, blazing merrily away. A cool breeze sighed through the trees like the lap of the sea on a low-tide beach, and the air had a feeling of rain about it. Pishi managed to cook some meat and potatoes, for which I was thankful. This with a glass of stiff hot whisky soon put heart into me. Salem came to tell me that the boys had little or no food to eat. Fortunately, this was soon remedied by the supply of matamma and meat that I carried for such contingencies. When the boys had lit the fire they lay down to a man around it and all were fast asleep in a few minutes, for every one was done up. Imagine, if you can, carrying a load of seventy-five and in some cases one hundred pounds on your head through a swamp, slowly threading your way through tangled and trampled grass deep in stagnant stinking water, full of decomposed insect and bird life, thorns and prickly plants tearing your flesh from head to foot. Many of the boys had perforce to drink the crawling water. Not a bite passed our lips from noon to late at night, and now that we were again on terra firma the reaction of the terrible experiences of the day began to make itself felt by one and all. Huge bats flitted above our heads, so close that the very smell from them poisoned the surrounding air. Around the great fire the half-naked porters, worn

out and foot-sore, now lay snoring hard. Pishi and Salem busied themselves making a couple of huge pots of stew and porridge for the others. Many of the boys were shaking violently, and not a few refused to touch food at all. That night a terrific storm burst over us. The hut was blown down, and, minus a roof, I sat up, soaked to the skin from midnight until dawn, as did the rest of the boys also. It was hard lines to have to sit up all night after the experiences of the previous day. Deafening peals of thunder rattled and burst overhead, terrible flashes of lightning struck the ground close to where we were. A terrific downpour accompanied all, trees and grasses were torn about in the fury of the storm, which, as the first grey streaks of dawn appeared, abated somewhat abruptly. The tree tops and the swamp below were roofed with a billowy sea of white mist, that stretched away to the great silent waters of the Nile in the east. Overhead, as the darkness of the clouds rolled away to the west, where the angry storm was lending its fury towards the deep, rushing waters of the great Kibali, the great pall above fell slowly back and revealed in contrast to the spectral mist around and below us, the early morning sky still ablaze with leaping stars that gradually in their turn were swallowed up by the advancing streaks of day. A chill wind from the east brought with it the music of birds that were breaking to the sky from the country below as the light of day gradually advanced upon us. Tree tops burst through the ghostly white pall which hung over the country below, but slowly gave way to the overpowering light of day. Gradually the welcome light strengthened, until the great blood-red sun rose above the rugged crests of the hills beyond the Nile, and everything was bathed in the splendour attending the birth of day. Armies of light in a glory of colours transcendent shone above as the great mist rolled back to the east and revealed the vast

waste through which we had fought but yesterday. I date my first attack of malarial fever from that march through the swamp. A number of the boys were suffering from ague. I felt far from fit. I had a sickening headache, and all the strength was gone from me. My temperature at eight a.m. was 102·3. My first care was to organise search parties for the missing boys. Before despatching the searchers, I fired two rounds of the ·450, so that the wanderers might gauge in what direction our camp lay. I remember how over the white mist which still hung above the swamp that extended towards the Bora reaches in the east, the loud report of the gun slowly found its way for miles as it crept towards the hills at the back of the Nile. Have you ever heard a field gun fired from an eminence across a valley or hollow piece of country, how it rattles away in the distance with a moaning and whistling that suddenly pulls up short as it reaches the higher country opposite? There is something unutterably weird in the effect of a gun shot just at daybreak, when the great hollow and silent country beneath you is enshrouded in a white mantle of mist. The report is increased tenfold as it spreads itself in all directions, startling the dogs and prowling animals of the wilds for miles around. Flocks of birds fly up from the mist heavenwards and cry loudly as they take to flight. Monkeys scamper off, crying out in alarm as they swing from tree to tree. The great and almost sacred silence is broken; to the natives in the surrounding country the report causes alarm, and drums are soon tapping messages from village to village. A gun: think what it means to the people of the Congo! In the villages all sorts of pictures are conjured up in their imaginations. Perhaps the women and children busy themselves transporting the precious store of grain from the queer mud and grass granaries, that stand on rude wooden platforms raised from the ground on poles in

the centre of the village, like huge beehives. Chickens and goats are hurriedly driven or dragged into the long grass close by: for the sound of a gun leads these people to believe that Askaris are coming to extort food from those who often enough have not sufficient for themselves, more especially when the surrounding country is under water.

Many of the natives in the Congo are completely ignorant of what the white man can do with the gun, and what are his limitations. Frequently I have been awakened in the middle of a pitch-dark night by the excited chattering of the natives who have come to my tent to tell me that elephants are making depredations in their lands. " It is too dark," I would say. " Ah, ah, ayeh, ayeh, but the fire-stick is powerful ; come, there are many, and we are hungry ! "

By midday the stragglers had been found and stood in camp recounting their experiences of the night, how great birds had come and attacked them, and were driven off with sticks. All night they had spent on the little patch of earth and bush in the centre of the swamp. The mosquitoes and other insects had given them a terrible time.

" We were afraid, yes, greatly afraid, for was not the punda (mule) close to us, and all night the spirits talked. We could not sleep, we had no food ; yes, the spirits spoke loud. Early this morning big birds came high in the sky above us and came down close ; they thought we die finish, but no not so, for we used our sticks, and we are here."

" Master, I am cold and sick," said one, and he buried his face in his hands.

" Did you see the body of the mule to-day," I asked.

" Yes," replied Mombwasa the elder ; " the birds are eating him, and now his bones will be white."

I learned afterwards that these boys had tried to get

the piece of rope from the headstall of the mule while the vultures were tearing strips of flesh from its carcase. Naturally the birds resented the intrusion of the boys, and attacked them. Fortunately, up to then only one or two of the rapacious creatures had put in an appearance or the affair would have ended badly for the boys. By midday there were large numbers of these birds hovering over the body, that lay out in the swamp below, some three miles from our camp. That day nine of the boys were down with fever and moaning piteously. Several of them declared that they were about to die, but I advised them to think it well over before deciding finally. Even the sight of food was repulsive to them—that alone was sufficient evidence that something was wrong with them. About midday I had to go to bed with a sharp attack of fever. I tried some of Dr. Warburg's Fever Tincture, and gained considerable relief from it. The majority of drugs other than quinine are not to be recommended, as opium is largely employed in their making ; but Dr. Warburg's Tincture is, I am convinced, an excellent antidote for fever and many other complaints that one is likely to meet along the Nile and in other equatorial countries.

By the way, while on the subject of fever and its cures, many people think it a good thing to take five grains or so of quinine daily even before any symptoms of fever are apparent. Quinine is an excellent thing, and it is universally acknowledged by those who have lived in fever countries to be still the finest and safest thing to use as a cure for fever ; but it should never be abused, for if used injudiciously it is often injurious to health, causing dizziness, deafness, and looseness of the teeth. Moreover, when the attack of malaria comes, as it invariably does to the hunter, traveller, and explorer, larger doses are required than would otherwise have been needed had the subject not taken quinine before he even

reached the fever country. However unpleasant they may taste, I think it wise to bite through the sugar-coated capsule or tabloid of all medicine before swallowing. Several instances can be cited from Africa and elsewhere of people having passed the entire tabloid intact, for the simple reason that the sugar coating is too thick for it to be dissolved and the active drug to be effective. In making this recommendation, I do not wish to create any prejudice against the drugs which are made up in capsule or tabloid form—far from it. The medicine chests we had supplied by Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome & Co. were invaluable, and ranked in importance next to the guns and ammunition, without which one would be lost. In my opinion there is nothing better for travellers than the products of this firm, whose medicines were put to a severe test on several occasions on this trip in fire and flood, but always turned up smiling and in perfect condition, for I carried them in the original steel case supplied by the firm.

The tent, which had now come to hand, with my bed, was erected instantly on reaching camp. Monica and Matakanga asked leave to go and get food for the boys from a village that one of them had espied from the top of a tree about two miles away. As I was too ill to move myself, and there was no food in the camp, I had perforce to let half a dozen boys visit the village to obtain sufficient food for the rest of the party. On their return they were all in a great state of excitement, for the Shinzis had said that a white man had passed through the village the previous day, going in a southerly direction. From the description given I felt certain that he was P——, who doubtless by this time had come to meet me, and we had thus missed each other.

It is not advisable to let your carriers stray far from the camp, unless you can be with them, for the slightest thing may create trouble with the natives. For instance,

every village has detached outposts hiding in the grass and prowling around with their spears and arrows, ostensibly for the purpose of hunting game, but really watching the movements of the surrounding communities, of whom they are in constant fear and dread lest they should make a sudden attack. These outposts and scouts are likely to try their skill of arms on any strangers who may unwarily be trespassing on their domains, and although the boys are comparatively safe so long as they are accompanied by a white man with a gun, it is risky to let your carriers go far from the camp unattended.

For two days I was prostrate with fever, and lay thinking of civilization and all its attendant comforts when one is sick. There I was alone, and without any one to speak to, for the native boys are of little use when you are laid low. On the morning of the third day, although far from well, I was fit for the road again. The villagers all swarmed round as we drew up near their huts. The headman of the village, a tall, sinewy creature with a huge shock of hair decorated with crane's feathers and red earth, naked but for a piece of dried beaten bark that served as an apron, came forward smiling and offered to show me where the other white man had camped a few days since. I knew that P—— had a ·350 with him, and I noticed this fellow was wearing two empty cartridge cases round his neck, and on questioning him as to where he had obtained them, he informed me that the white man had made death of " nyama " (meat).

" Yes ! the white man with a head like you "—and he pointed to my helmet—" had his big stick and held it so Pe, Pe," and imitated the action of firing a gun.

By this time we had walked some little distance from the huts, and were approaching a clump of trees.

" See here," he cried, and pointed to a little pile of ashes on the ground. Close by from a branch was suspended a pair of antelope horns. My interest in the

movements of my friend had aroused this fellow's curiosity, and he regarded me with his large brown and bloodshot eyes for some moments. After a short conversation with some of his people, he gave a grunt, that signified that he wished me to listen.

"Is the other white man your father?"

"No," I said.

"Is he your friend?"

"Yes!" I replied.

They seemed disappointed at hearing this, and the chief again had an animated conversation with his people.

"I see you also have two fire sticks; but we have many more than that," and he pointed to one fellow in the background who held an old trade gun of the early days with barrel polished and a quantity of grass wrapped round it.

"Your guns are not so good as mine," I said. At this they all laughed loudly and shook their heads. "See here, I will show you," for I thought it would be good to make an impression on the people. My cook had a small piece of board that he carried to cut up the meat on when making mince, etc. It was about nine inches square. This I had put against a tree at a distance of some fifty yards. The people stood back, and the plank that had rested on a wart in the tree came down at the sound of the report, with a small hole practically through the centre. The people were loud in their praises of the gun, and crowded round the tree to look at the bullet hole, continuing to gaze at it in wonderment, for no gun of theirs had the penetration of this, and I doubt whether they were capable of being fired at all, or they would certainly have given me an exhibition of their riflemen in the hopes of outdoing my weapons.

"There are a great number of elephants here," said the headman.

"Ah, ah! oye, oye!" shouted the people in a chorus.

I knew that this was a lie, for the villagers had the day before let out that the elephants had gone south and west. Moreover, the tracks to which they pointed were all old. It was a ruse to get me to stay in order that they might exchange chickens and other food for the beads and other goods of barter that I had with me.

"You have a lot of cloth and chumbi" (salt), said the headman, who had all along been eyeing the loads.

"Ah, ah! ayeh, ayeh!" shouted the people, clapping their hands at the sight of the cloth and other loads. Many opened their mouths and indicated that they wanted salt. As it was necessary to get some provisions here for us all, I decided to stay for an hour. The people, seeing that I was going to stay, ran back to the huts and shortly returned with chickens, matamma, eggs, and a host of other things that they were anxious to exchange for the beads, cloth, and salt. In a few minutes every one was busy talking, shouting, laughing, and haggling over some trivial matter. It struck me that I would write a short note to P—— and leave it with the chief to give to him on his return to the village, as I knew the natives at Wadelai would tell him that I was travelling to Osso, and that he would follow me up. I wrote the note, saying that I should be going on due west, and was making for a few miles south of a large mountain that showed up from here about forty miles away. Being desirous of reaching a higher country than that of the Enclave, I decided to leave the mosquito region and get west, where I could wait for him. Calling the headman of the village, I got Salem to explain to him that he was to hand the envelope to the white man on his return. The fellow called several of his people to come and discuss the matter well before taking over the "skin that talked." It was handed round his family and advisers, who handled it with fear and trepidation, as though it were alive and an unclean animal. The

usual squabbling and shaking of heads ensued. The headman was willing, but the women and some of the men assured him that it was not wise to have such a thing in the village ; there was a surety of evil coming of it. Having an idea that it would be destroyed as soon as I turned from the village, I told the chief that he was to inform my friend of the direction I was taking, at which every one looked greatly relieved. One old fellow asked me if the paper on which I had written was the skin of an animal ; where did I find it, and a string of ridiculous questions. It was amusing to see the people when I rolled the innocent envelope into a ball and idly threw it down as I sat listening to their chatter. A moment afterwards a prowling dog came and sniffed at it. On seeing this, one fellow went forward and carefully removed the ball of paper into the grass. He would not even touch it with his fingers, but lifted it carefully with two pieces of stick. I was greatly surprised to find such an ignorant people within a fairly reasonable distance of civilization.

CHAPTER XIV

AMATEUR SURGEONS

For three days I marched to the west and camped slightly north-west of an old Belgian station, presumably that marked on the maps as Drani or Alenzoi. There are a few things worth recording that happened during the three days as we gradually pushed on and gained higher country, and left the hordes of mosquitoes behind us. In places the country was beautifully wooded, and not unlike slices cut out of an English park, but with longer grass. Nature had strewn great boulders here and there; every now and again a great ant-heap of a dark-red colour stood up several feet. At the foot of these, after a rain, countless thousands of ants would swarm and drone in a state of ferment.

One day I came upon a wide and fast flowing river, that in the dry season of the year would be nothing more than a babbling stream; but the rains were now coming down from the Divide, and what had in the summer been but a stony gully with a skeleton dry sandy and rock-strewn floor was now a raging torrent, whose swirling and eddying waters we had heard for fully a couple of miles before we gained the slight rise, and saw a hundred yards ahead between deep-cut banks a swollen river. On testing the depth in various places with long poles, it was evident that we could not ford it. A large tree overhung the river further up stream, and I set the boys to work with the axes, and shortly had the satisfaction of seeing the great mass totter and fall across the stream;

but I was surprised and disappointed when the whole thing turned and rushed on with the furious dashing waters. The tree was just about two feet too short to span the stream and keep itself clear of the water. Madly we all started in pursuit, and half a mile lower down the trunk was arrested by three huge boulders in the river. After a great deal of labour we succeeded in cutting a number of bushes, branches, etc., and with the vines and lianas of neighbouring trees, made an apology for a bridge. Several of the boys got a ducking, but the loads were passed over without mishap.

One evening long after sundown, when all was dark, we were camped on a little clearing by the edge of a small forest-like glade. One of my boys left the camp for some purpose, and presently returned in a great state of excitement, and rushed towards me shouting—

" Bwana, the Shinzis are coming."

Expecting a surprise attack, I waited with gun in hand, while the excited creature was whispering in a hoarse voice to the frightened carriers of what he had seen and heard. It appeared that he had been gathering some wild red fruit, and heard a disturbance in the grass close by.

" No, it was not nyama" (meat). He had heard them talking, and every one was in a great state of excitement, when lo! and behold out of the glade in the very direction that he had indicated there came three of my own boys bearing huge lumps of wild honey. They had stolen away from camp under cover of darkness to gather it. Every one breathed freely after that, and the alarmist had a lot of chaff thrown at him.

It was here the next morning that I gave Kadjaka, one of the boys, some of my shirts, socks, etc., to wash, and on strolling along the riverside half an hour later I observed him just ahead of me squatted down by the bundle of linen, which lay across a large boulder. He

was eating the blue mottled soap that I had given him to do his work with !

That evening I had an opportunity of witnessing a dance held in the village close by to celebrate the coming of the new moon. As there was no hedge around the huts, I could look down from the camp on the well-trodden ground in the centre of the village, on which the dance would take place. By sundown huge fires were blazing, drums were being beaten frantically, and the customary unearthly din of the men, women, and children singing and whistling arose amidst ear-splitting blasts on reed and eland trumpets which were blown incessantly until a tattoo on the native drums rolled over the tall palms and trees, sending the news afar that the dance had commenced. Being desirous of witnessing closely the apparently fanatical horde of dancers, I advanced towards the scene, taking shelter behind a tree-trunk and a clump of short bush in order that my presence should not be noted. I was suffering from a violent attack of toothache at the time, and took but little interest in the proceedings, keeping one eye on the camp just up the slope at my back and the other on the weird scene fifty yards ahead of me. In the Congo, in fact I may say throughout all Africa, dancing is an impossibility without singing of some sort, solo or chorus. So far as I can recollect, the outstanding features of this dance were as follows : there were shrieks and grunts in unison with the rhythmic motions of the body and limbs, clapping of the hands, stamping with heel or flat foot, wagging the head, raising the elbows, and peculiar quivering movements in the muscles of the stomach. In the case of a dance held to celebrate the new moon, a marriage, or rejoicing of any sort, the whole community takes part. On this occasion individual exhibitions of skill were given almost without cessation. Every now and then a repulsive featured individual with a fantastic head-dress of feathers or grass,

his face, body, and arms besmeared with ochre-like pigments and grey ash, would dart out of the stamping and shuffling mob of people who, like himself, were reeking with perspiration that streamed down their bodies and filled the air with a sickly pungent odour, his features lit up by the flames of the crackling wood fires. He would lunge forward as though in imaginary combat with another person, perform wriggling sinuous movements with shoulders heaving, the copper and iron ornaments that clanked together on his limbs showing up sharply in the lurid glare from the flames. Every now and then a cloud of smoke hid his body from my view, showing only the demoniacal and ghastly features capped by the fantastic head-dress, as they appeared over the drifting smoke.

All the time this performance was in progress the rows of men and women behind that formed the chorus continued to sing, shout, stamp, and wriggle their bodies and limbs, wag their heads, and shuffle with their feet, while the whirling, shrieking figure that stood in the open space some yards in front of the chorus performed for some minutes all sorts of ridiculous comic and dramatic evolutions, until with a shout he sprang high in the air and dropped exhausted, lying prone on the ground amid a cloud of dust for some moments. The chorus still kept going, and in a few seconds another wild creature sprang from the front rank and started to try and outdo the performance of his predecessor. The other creature had by this time retreated to the back row of the solid phalanx of dancers. All round, behind the dancers, I could just discern in the uncertain light from the flames the tops of conical shaped grass huts backed up by the outlines of the wealth of foliage which showed up against the clear night sky. Even tiny children took part in the ceremony. Suddenly the creature that stood out from the rest uttered a loud yell,

stood stock still, struck an attitude of defiance, snatched a blazing brand from the fire, and held it aloft; with prancing steps, lifting his feet high from the ground, he careered madly up and down the front line of the excited wriggling and shuffling chorus, who were still clapping their hands, yelling and shrieking to the accompaniment of blasts of trumpets and roll of drums. The deep bass voices of the men and the shrill falsetto notes of the women sounded not unpleasant as their anklets jangled and rows of white teeth shone forth in the mystic light under the starry sky.

Dogs barked and night birds screamed in the trees but were scarcely audible above the din of those excited savages, who, standing aside from the dancers, beat on the wooden and skin covered drums in a frenzy of excitement. Almost without a minute's relaxation the frenzied people sang, stamped, danced, and shouted, beat drums and made their unearthly din until the early hours of the morning.

At daybreak a white pall of mist hung spectre-like over the village; it was still dark, damp, and chilly. Slowly the white mantle gave way and lifted to the growing light. Only a few yawning natives stretching themselves outside their huts and the little piles of grey ash of the fires, wet with the dew of the early morn, were left as evidence of the night's ceremony.

The following day, when the sun had risen four hours high in the heavens, the sharp report of a gun rang out from the low wooded country that lay below us to the east. Instinctively I knew that P—— was coming my way, and hastened to answer the signal by firing the ·450. The villagers, having been told that another white man was expected to join me, turned out in large numbers. From the top of a high tree close to the village one of the people espied a white man coming at the head of a crowd of boys carrying loads.

" He carries a big stick, and comes with many people," he cried.

In a few minutes P—— stepped out of the grass followed by crowds of excited villagers. Two white men in the village together ! It was a thing that they had not witnessed for years, perhaps never before. Two white men ! They rubbed their eyes and wagged their heads, gazing at us in wonderment as we both laughed at the sight of each other. There was no doubt that we had changed since our separation. Both of us had beards and our clothing had suffered somewhat from the effects of thorn bushes and flooded rivers. There were huge patches in our knickers and shirts, and the swamps, floods, and other incidentals of the march had left their marks.

All the boys that had been with P—— were genuinely pleased to see me again, and loud shouts of " Jambo, Bwana " (good day, master) were raised again and again as each boy dropped his load and saluted me with beaming countenance. We had much to tell each other, and the whole day was devoted to smoking and chatting. Both cooks were instructed to cook the best chickens that could be found. The villagers were never tired of watching the two white men talk and laugh as we sat under the fly of the tent, which extended some eight feet from the body of the tent itself.

P——'s trip had not been without its fruits, in spite of hostile natives and flooded country around the Assua. He had been down to Wadelai and learnt of my having passed through for the Osso : following up again in my trail he had also come through the same swamp as myself, and found the bones of the mule and a piece of the head-stall, which at once told him of the misfortunes I had had. He had had similar experiences in the flat country south of Dufile and close to the Nile, and fearing that I was unable to get up to him, he pressed forward to Wadelai,

and we must have passed each other quite close at one spot. He had discovered the site of my camp, where I had stayed after emerging from the swamp, and convincing evidence was found of my having been there in the label from the bottle of Dr. Warburg's Tincture that I had thrown down by the ashes of the big fire. The natives had after that given him full particulars as to my route.

As we were nearing the Legworo people, a treacherously inclined race that dwell to the west of Mount Wati and around the hilly country of the Divide towards the Kibi, we placed two boys instead of one on guard over the camp at night.

Four days later we reached the first Legworo village after passing over a hilly and thickly timbered country full of flooded rivers, many of which did not exist in the dry season, but now had to be crossed by improvised bridges of creeper and boughs. Every village had warned us that the people further on would attack us and we should all be killed. It was of the greatest importance to keep close together on the march through the long grass country or in the patches of forest, as any stragglers would undoubtedly be captured and dragged away by the natives.

"Naramba" was the name of the chief at the first Legworo village. He was a pleasant-faced fellow of middle age. Unlike many of his people, he did not bedaub himself with coloured earth from head to foot, nor had he anything extraordinary in the way of metal or grass ornamentation. An old felt hat, that had probably once been in the Belgian service, was on his head. He carried a large stick, with which he freely emphasized his speech. A piece of old blue cloth, also I fancy of Belgian origin, was tied around his loins. He was a quiet man, and gave us much information as to the best part of the country for elephants. He fully confirmed

our previous information as to the treachery of the Legworo people further on in the country, where our path must necessarily take us to reach the region around Aba. In the afternoon of the day of our arrival he brought one of his children up to the camp. The little one was suffering from the bite of a dog, and queer methods of cure had been employed. The gaping sore, which measured some five inches in length, was on the left leg just below the calf. Green leaves of a certain wild plant had been gathered and boiled to a pulp. This material had been applied to the wound boiling hot and left there, being partially covered up by wide bands of grass and leaves, that served as bandages. The youngster stood by our tents trying with a small leafy twig to dissuade the flies and other insects from worrying the sore. Pieces of flesh hung out from the edges of the wound.

Getting out the medicine chests we set to work trying to alleviate the youngster's distressing condition, while the father stood by, as did the crowd of villagers, watching closely. Permanganate of potash and warm water soon cleansed the wound, which had laid bare the bone. The little fellow was quite happy, sucking away at some sugar we had given him, and was as proud as Lucifer of the cloth and lint bandages on his leg. Then the father lifted him on to his shoulder and murmured his thanks, and the little one was borne away to the village, waving his hand at us as they stepped into the trees below.

After this several of the villagers took the opportunity of hunting up their sick relations, and it was surprising how many people came for medicines. I little guessed that I should live to bless the day when, by going to a little trouble, I was creating a friendship with these people, who proved by their actions later on, that although savages, and in many cases of cannibalistic habits, they are not the heartless, unthankful, and forgetful people they are generally said to be.

From our camp, which stood on a hill overlooking the great stretch of tall waving grass country dotted here and there with huts, we could see Mount Wati in the north-east, and the Legworo country, through which the Osso and Insa run towards the Nile, as well as the numerous hills that lie to the north-west, so that we could form a good idea of the direction in which we should travel. While at Naramba's village we found that eggs were so plentiful that we had an omelet containing twenty-seven. On resuming our march we had got about a quarter of a mile from the huts when I noticed that there was a hullabaloo behind. It appeared that some slaves whom Naramba had captured from the people further on were trying to make their escape by getting in among our boys; but Naramba's people were too sharp, and detected them before it was too late. Half a dozen of his warriors came tearing down the hill and dragged the unfortunate struggling slaves back to the village. We took two of the villagers, who had volunteered to come to the next camp with us and act as interpreters, taking payment in cloth. They got there all right with us, but I learnt from Naramba on my return journey that they had never returned, and it was generally believed that these unfortunates, although trying to sneak back in the night, were waylaid and figured on the menu of some village's repast the next day. I was sorry to hear this, for we had offered them a place in our safari on the same terms as the rest of our carriers, and it would at least have been safer for them to come with us for the long journey than to return over the fifteen miles that we had left behind since leaving Naramba. One or two of our boys could speak the language of the people here a little, but it would have been very much better for us to have had two of the villagers themselves. Unfortunately the natives of the Congo have not hitherto experienced such treatment at the hands of the white man as

would inspire confidence, so it was useless to ask them to join us.

The Osso, which is a large river at its junction with the Nile, was here, near its source and within a few miles of Mount Wati, only knee-deep and some twenty yards across, with its banks hidden in a wealth of trees and bush.

In passing from the Osso to the Insa we traversed through country not unlike that around Matlock, hills and dales all covered with beautiful short green grass. It was thickly populated, little groups of huts were scattered irregularly over the country, and large fields were under cultivation. The people themselves were a repulsive, evil-countenanced community, in many of them every other tooth in the front of both upper and lower jaws was missing, while those that remained were either chipped or filed into a **V** shape. Their lips, when rolled back in smiles, revealed a picture that was horrible to gaze upon! The extraction of the teeth not required in this style of decoration is performed by means of chiselling with a piece of iron, and the pointing up of the remaining incisors, which have the appearance of the edge of a handsaw, is done with the same primitive instrument. Their appearance is rendered all the more repulsive by the blackness of the teeth, the enamel having been destroyed in the process of chipping and filing. This extraordinary method of treating the teeth is peculiar to cannibals, which I have since proved these particular people to be.

On arriving at the second Legworo village before reaching the Osso, it appeared to be deserted. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere, dogs, chickens, and everything had vanished, but they had overlooked the fact that the fires with curling columns of smoke would show us that they were not far off. The village stood on a clearing some 200 yards square surrounded by tall grass, and we knew that within a very short distance from

where we stood dozens of naked forms lay in the waving grass watching us in the hope that we would continue our journey. Placing all the loads in a heap we waited for the people to come out. Gradually faint whistles and peculiar noises made with the mouth by blowing into the hollow of the hands, were heard all round us, but still no one was to be seen. Thinking they were afraid of the guns, we hid them under the loads of cloth, and our patience was at length rewarded by a few forms that peeped at us from behind a clump of bush and stones. Hurried chattering took place between them; several times they made as if to advance, but hesitated and darted back to the cover of the grass. In spite of the density of the tall grass we could now and again make out the glistening blade of a spear or lance as the metal flashed in the fierce rays of the sun.

As I knew that it was not far from this place that Bushiri, an elephant hunter, had been killed by the natives a year ago, it was prudent to exercise the greatest care in dealing with these people.

After we had waited inactive for half an hour they emerged in small groups, and one huge fellow, over six feet high, who carried a long spear, was more daring than the rest. He looked a perfect model of physique, with enormous muscles that stood out in knots on his arms, his chest and face were covered with double rows of cicatrised marks worked in fancy patterns, a gleaming band of ivory encircled his left arm, highly polished glittering metal bangles adorned his wrists, and a heavy iron collar, that weighed certainly not less than nine pounds, hung round his neck. His hair was shaved clean from the back of his great bullet head, leaving a stubbly growth that crossed from ear to ear, in which suspicious looking bones that spoke of something human were fastened; last, but not least, his teeth were fashioned "à la mode."

Before deigning to recognize either of us white men he addressed a few short and sharp words to our boys, who referred him to us. Through the mouth of Savarkaki, one of our personal boys, we explained to the chief, for such he was, that we wanted to camp close to his village, and required food, for which we should pay him in cloth or other goods that he fancied. After some hesitation the fellow eventually thawed and agreed to have chickens and matamma brought to us.

Some excitement was caused in our camp that afternoon by several of the villagers quarrelling among themselves, attacking each other fiercely with the flat of their spears which they brought down on each other with great force. Blows rained down on shoulders and across heads and many ugly wounds were caused by the keen edges of the spears. One fellow had a gaping wound in his left shoulder and lost an enormous amount of blood, so that he had to be carried to his quarters.

The quiver for the arrows, carried by most of these people, is made of antelope skin, and is worn hanging down the back from a cord around the neck, so that in many instances it received the full weight of the blow.

I found out that several of our carriers were actually buying bundles of sticks to make their fires with ! This was not only the height of laziness, but their stores of cloth and other goods provided for barter and for food did not allow of luxuries such as firewood ; and there was plenty of timber close at hand, but they were too lazy to go and cut it down ! Several boys had lately come to us complaining that they had not enough to eat. This explained it, and we decided that the next offender should receive punishment.

We took the greatest care to have the camp well guarded at night, as there was every likelihood of an attack. All night long whistles and cries not unlike the Australian Co-ee, resounded all around us. On

every hill to the north-east and west signal fires were burning, now and again the notes of the wooden drums rolled from hill to hill, each bearing its message to the people further along, "The white men are coming!" Everywhere the alarm was sent to enable the women and children, grain and livestock to be removed to a place of safety.

Next morning a few villagers were bold enough to come close to us and see the camp struck, but the great majority thought it prudent to remain hidden in the grass or behind trees until we had taken our departure.

CHAPTER XV

A CAMP AMONG CANNIBALS

THE country here being in places dense with matamma fields and tall grass that reached far above our heads, and our path being so narrow that we had to march in single file, I was expecting momentarily to see a shower of arrows or a thousand gleaming spears or lances, knives, and other weapons raised against us, but we were allowed to pass unmolested. Once over the crest of the hill above the village the track led through a short grass and bush country studded with small groups of huts, the inhabitants of which were in a great state of excitement at our approach. Below us we could see groups of dark creatures standing by their huts gazing intently at us as we pushed along. Again the drums beat forth the signal of alarm, shrill whistles and wailing cries broke into the calm morning air, and were borne far away to the north-west by the faint breeze. Looking back up the winding path that we had left behind, we saw a mass of humanity clearly outlined against the azure blue sky, gazing down at us from their lofty position with the sun glinting and flashing on the blades of their spears, and as we passed down into the valley, howls of execration were showered on us. It was for all the world as though we had upset a bees' nest.

Looking up at the steep hills in front of us we could see another crowd of armed savages, whose numbers alone would have rendered it easy for them to surge down on us from all sides and cut us up, but the expected

attack did not follow. Far on the hills where the trees fell back and the grass waved, the winding path to the summit showed clearly as it wound in and about the broken slope, whose surface was strewn with gigantic boulders of ironstone, some of which must have weighed thousands of tons.

At the foot of the next dip we were at the bottom of the valley, and threading our way through densely packed trees and creepers. From the ground underfoot came the pungent odour of decayed vegetation that the sun never reached. A little farther on the sound of rushing waters reached our ears as our boys worked with the axes among the long creepers and massive boughs that hindered our progress. The ring of the axes striking the heavier limbs that had to be cut away echoed far around us. Occasionally a snake would wriggle or glide from under the dead leaves close to our feet and disappear in the semi-darkness of the place to nestle beneath some other bush or deep carpet of leaves, and as we moved slowly forward millions of insects and creeping things droned and crawled beneath our feet. At length we reached the water's edge and saw that the Insa was a " tough proposition," and impossible to pass at the point at which we had emerged. We stood listening to the hollow echoes of unfamiliar sounds and the cries of alarm and trumpet blasts of the natives above who lined the summit of the hills ahead. These were hidden from view by the dense vegetation and the branches of enormous trees which overhung the river from either bank. Many of the plants and trees were a glory of coloured blossoms, and around the tree-trunks there grew moss and fairy-like ferns in a glorious profusion, looking down on the foaming, tumbling waters which kissed the trailing creepers and tendrils as they hung from the great limbs that stretched out overhead. We had to clear a path through the network of vines, bush,

boughs, and other virgin growth by the river side and work up stream in search of a suitable spot at which to cross. Eventually we hit on a likely place where the river was scarcely more than twenty-five yards in width, and the rushing waters reached just up to the armpits of an average man, but entirely covered some of our smaller carriers. The bed of the river was strewn with unseen boulders over which many of the boys stumbled, and the difficulty of the crossing was increased by the force of the current, which was running so strongly as almost to sweep one off one's feet. A number of the more powerful boys took up positions across the river holding sticks from one to another to guide and steady the carriers as the loads were carefully passed over. All the time we were aware of the danger of attack from either bank by the seemingly hostile natives, who could have been on top of us before we were aware of their advance, and from behind me there came an ominous crackling of twigs that told of the proximity of a horde of savages irritated at what they held to be our unwarranted intrusion on their domain. We owed our immunity from attack to the fact that these people stood in awe of our rifles, looking on them as fateful " sticks of fire " with which elephants are brought to the ground. Fortunately for us they did not know the limitations of our weapons.

While I was crossing over the river to the opposite side, P—— who had already crossed, covered the bank behind me with his rifle in case of a rush being made as I waded over with the water up to my armpits.

No sooner had we resumed the journey and struck off into the dense forest than a dozen glistening naked forms darted from behind their shelter on the other bank, others lowered themselves from the trees, and all stood frantically yelling, waving, jeering, and swinging spears and bows as the carriers were gradually swallowed up in the gloom of the trees. I was rearguard, and before

proceeding on the march I turned to see if they were about to follow, but the sight of my Winchester struck terror into their hearts, and in a flash they all disappeared, flying behind trees and bushes pell mell, shouting excitedly.

So much for the passage of the Insa. It seemed that the appearance of P——'s mule, which was suffering from sores, and so had been relieved of its pack, was by no means welcome to these people, who regarded the beast as uncanny, for these animals are not to be seen in those parts.

Emerging from the trees we continued to toil up the hill, the excited gesticulating naked forms with flashing spears and shining ornaments fast disappearing at our approach, with all sorts of shrill wild cries and whistles. We came upon a number of huge boulders balanced on end on huge flat slabs of stone on which our footsteps sounded with a hollow ring, as though we were passing over an enchanted subterranean kingdom such as is pictured in Rider Haggard's works. Suddenly on the top of a huge rock, not a hundred yards from our path, there stood up a burly naked savage holding a sort of trumpet in his right hand. From his lofty position he first of all surveyed us, with his left hand shading his eyes, and then taking a deep breath he gathered his whole strength together, drawing up his huge oily frame that glistened in the sunlight like a jewel, and sounded a few long notes of a rich tone which echoed and re-echoed through the whole valley beneath. Gazing at us for a second he vanished from the crest of the massive boulder that frowned on us with a mock severity as it stood above everything else, covered with patches of moss and clumps of wild fern. His trumpet was formed of a reed some five feet in length, the bell being made of the neck and half the body of a gourd. It was as though heralding the opening of a musical "turn" at a music

hall. There was no curtain, however, to rise and reveal the scene of grandeur, but on gaining the summit of the hills there lay before us a great open country clothed in waving grass, with huts scattered in every direction. Away to the west from where we stood was the Belgian Congo. The hills continued to run away round to the north-west in the direction of Aba. The usual din came from far and near, but few people were to be seen. One or two solitary heads peeped above the tall grass as we surveyed the country below us. Taking care to avoid any cultivated land we took up our position on a suitable spot on the high ground a mile from the nearest huts. By degrees the villagers, attracted by curiosity, swarmed around us as we sat watching our tents being erected. Our camp was pitched on a piece of ground some six acres in area and practically void of grass. In the centre of this there ran the native path which forms the only means of communication with the neighbouring villages, and by which we had arrived.

Some of the people boasted of old coloured loin cloths tattered and weather beaten. Covetous glances fell on the axes and knives with which our boys were cutting firewood, and a number of the natives began to peer at the loads and inquire the why and wherefore of the many strange things that we carried. A folding washstand, for instance, caused amusement, and was admired by all. They were eager to help in the camp work; but we politely declined their gratuitous offers to cut wood for us with our tools, for we knew that it would be good-bye to axes and knives if they once got hold of them.

One burly fellow, however, insisted on worrying the cooks; finally, laying his bow and personal adornments carefully down, he squatted by the cooking-pots and proceeded to blow his nose in the orthodox native fashion; in a few minutes he was busy scouring the pots and pans

that were not in use at the fires. For two solid hours this huge creature sat there with a piece of damp rag and some sand, working like a trojan, and put such a polish on the copper and aluminium ware that he was eventually loth to surrender them to the cook; who, however, by coaxing the creature with some stew and potatoes, succeeded in recovering his pots and pans. How the volunteer scullion smacked his lips at the taste of salt! Two little boys, presumably his offspring, with large rolling eyeballs and huge stomachs, ran towards him as he enjoyed the novel meal of stew and sliced potatoes, and shared in the repast. He shook his head at the taste of Worcester sauce, and declared it to be made of fire!

Late in the afternoon a heavy storm broke over the camp, and sent all the carriers inside their small grass haycock-like huts built to accommodate three people in a stooping position. There happened to be a large number of villagers in the camp at the time, and as the storm came on with unusual severity and rapidity, many of them took shelter under the nearest trees. Shortly afterwards, when the rain had abated somewhat, we heard a great commotion going on outside the tents and on looking out we espied some of the natives running at top speed towards the nearest group of huts, carrying off several of our long grass-cutting knives and axes. Later in the afternoon the people returned in large numbers and hung round the huts. We informed them that the knives and other stolen goods must be returned; they all cleared off on hearing this. In a few minutes one of them came to within a few yards of the tents and hurled an old table knife at our feet. It was not part of our missing property, but had belonged apparently to some poor unfortunate who had fallen into the hands of the savages, and himself figured in the menu of a feast in days gone by. As soon as the retreating figure reached

the border of our clearing, hundreds of others shot up in the grass all round the large space on which we were camped. It was now plain that we should have to be firm, and if necessary give them a severe lesson. Having several hundred rounds of ammunition and four good guns in addition to an automatic Mauser pistol, we were not afraid of them, for if they wished to reach us they must come across the wide open space. There were one or two trees that would afford us excellent shelter, and the guns were got ready in case of need. Standing on fairly high ground we commanded a pretty good view of the country around, and could see long lines of women and children walking in single file through the tall grass, their heads just visible, carrying grain and other stores from each bunch of huts, and taking them far out of our reach in anticipation of our attacking the villages. Taking care not to betray any undue excitement we sat smoking in our chairs close to the table on which lay the two ·450's, a ·405, and a ·350. These were covered up in order that we should not be to blame if a panic arose.

The long rows of women in Indian file worked until sundown transporting the valuables from their huts to a village further east, while the male inhabitants of the surrounding country continued to yell and jeer at us as they stood on the edge of the grass around the open space flourishing knives, lances, spears, bows, and a host of other weapons.

Savarkaki, who could speak their language, if such it could be called, for it seemed to consist chiefly of such words as Pe, Te, Tu, shouted out to them that unless the stolen property was returned, the village from which the thieves came would be burnt down before we left the next day. At this the people stood out from the grass and hurled all sorts of imprecations at us, adding that we were afraid—they had killed white men before.

Many of them rubbed their great fat oily stomachs as if to indicate our destination if we fell into their hands. Trumpet blasts echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, sundown came and the light gradually failed ; we had not sufficient wood for a fire to be kept up all night, and we should have to rely on our eyes and keep the boys on guard in turns. All through the long night the flames of beacon fires on the slopes and hills for miles glared bright in the darkness, vigilant eyes on both sides peered into the uncertain gloom, each party expecting the other to take the initiative. P—— and I snatched an hour's respite, turn about, and several times during my watch I thought I could make out the forms of natives gliding on their bellies snake-like towards the camp. . . . Morning broke, the savages had vanished, and not a sound save the barking of dogs afar off disturbed the stillness of daybreak as the sun rose like a glowing ball of fire beyond the great and silent Mount Wati far to the east. The people had fled ignominiously and now stood in swarms on the hills far away on the road that we had traversed the day before.

There was no likelihood of our regaining possession of the stolen property, so camp was struck just after sunrise. Half an hour later the village close by, consisting of fourteen huts and six granaries, like huge circular beehives that were raised from the ground on platforms some three feet high, was enveloped in flames. I say again, that if you make a promise to a native keep it to the letter, however unpleasant the duty may be ; remember that a firm hand is the only effective way of teaching them when they reach such a stage as this. To have crept away from this place with our tails between our legs would have shown weakness. To betray a sign of fear to these savages, for they are nothing more, would be fatal, and once they were permitted to think that they had got the better of a white man there would

be no stopping them. In this case we put on a bold front and marched up to the village with a few matches and watched the great flames roaring and licking round the structures of reed and grass. Clouds of dense black and white smoke soared high above the roar and crackle of the flames, showers of ash were borne away on the breeze as some roof or other collapsed and fell in between the mud walls. The howls and cries of the people who watched their burning homes from the distant slopes and inwardly regretted their work of the day before were wafted to our ears. When the huts were nearly levelled to the ground we continued our journey to the west.

Some weeks later, on the return journey to civilization, I marched through that very village and it still lay untouched. It was reduced to a few scattered heaps of grey ashes and charred poles. The trunks of what once had been fine trees reared themselves scorched and dead; devoid of leaves and branches, they stood as silent, barren pillars which from a distance looked like the broken columns of some Grecian structure.

Nothing of interest occurred during our next two days' march, at the end of which we were camped close to a high conical hill at the village of an old chief, Matuga. We had almost passed out of the Legworo country, and found ourselves among a quiet, respectful people, who, by having come in contact with the Belgians more frequently than most of the others that we had encountered so far, were not wholly unaccustomed to the appearance of white faces in their midst. At first our advent did not meet with approval, but they soon learned that we had nothing to do with the administration, and that we were in search of elephants. The latter fact was agreeable news to the people, and every one was anxious to assist in taking us out with the prospect of having a good feed of meat themselves. They had a number of fine cattle,

and appeared to be in good circumstances. The chief and other prominent members of the village were arrayed in old Belgian jerseys, blue with a large white or yellow star, and baggy cloth trousers of blue cotton. If only their faces had been whitened they would have looked very like clowns in a circus! Large conical grass hats, old felts, and fez caps were worn with great pride. Some of them carried old flintlock guns, many of which were devoid of stocks, and the children used them as playthings. Old bandoliers and pouches were strung around their bodies. Powder flasks swung on grass cords from their necks and dangled between their shoulder blades. How they came by these military accessories is open to question. We made a few trips after elephants in the neighbourhood and had succeeded in getting up to a herd, when one of the villagers broke into a loud talk, at which the herd, numbering some 200 elephants, crashed away past us to the west. Trees dropped right and left, clouds of dust rose high up as they thundered away through the forest.

On the third day of our stay we travelled far from the village, and had to return in the darkness over rock-strewn paths and through swamps that buzzed with flies and reeked with the fetid exhalations of putrid grass and plants. Thorn bushes tore open the flesh of our bodies, arms and legs. Strange animals and birds flitted across our path and lent ghostly shadows as through the dense panoply of leaves and vines there penetrated the silvery light of the moon. Troops of monkeys scampered off in the trees in a great state of excitement and dismay; around the bushes and trees there swarmed millions of fireflies, and glow-worms glittered like sparkling diamonds. Now and again we came upon open chambers of forest connected by galleries of creepers, while bats with great wings flitted to and fro or hung from the branches of the great trees whose trunks were hidden in a mass of

encircling creepers and moss. Progress was slow as we felt our way through the masses of virgin nature undisturbed by the hand of man; then suddenly, out of the darkness of a forest region, we would emerge into the full glare of the almost dazzling moon. In such places there is a feeling of awe that holds one enthralled as one stops to think of the vastness of those regions of hanging creeper, beard moss, wild pepper, dense bush, trees, and wild ferns, and underfoot is a thick bed of springy vegetation which gives one the sensation of walking on a spring mattress. You cannot see in daytime farther than a few paces from where you stand, and although the view is arrested within a few feet, there is an instinctive knowledge that the place is vast, that you are in forest regions in which dwell wild animals and equally wild people. Strange unknown sounds can be heard echoing around you, it is indeed a world of mystery and romance. In every corner of the continent of Africa, whether in the heart of the forest, on the grassy plain or rugged kopje; on the snow-capped Mountains of the Moon; from the Atlas range to the Twelve Apostles in the south, you realize the feeling of fascination that the country has over you, which is known as "the call of Africa."

At times you are called out late in the day by a native rushing into the camp bearing a piece of stick measuring the exact size of the spoor he has just found, possibly miles away. The stick being something over fifteen inches long, you gather together your guns, pack whatever food may be handy, summon a half-dozen boys, and set out followed by a crowd of natives who find it hard to suppress their excitement, for it is quite possible that they have not tasted meat for years. In the high country and around the mountains in many cases there is no ground game for them to trap. Elephant flesh rarely comes their way, and were it not for the white

hunters many tribes might not get a big feed once in a lifetime.

Several crude ways of capturing elephants are practised by the Congo natives. One of these is to use a long, broad-bladed spear, the wider part of which, or that part near the shaft, is generally barbed; two feet behind this a large mass of clay encased in grass or strips of bark-like bandages, is affixed round the shaft, sometimes the clay is replaced by a section of hardwood tree of great weight. The whole thing, with shaft and blade, measures some seven or eight feet in length. To use this the wily natives climb up a tree that overhangs the path taken by the elephants when going down to the river or pool of water, and as the game passes under the tree the weapon is driven down into the neck, and with the heavy weight behind it the blade often penetrates to a great depth. The elephant in trying to free itself of its burden, rubs against the tree trunks and branches; this only makes matters worse for the poor brute, for the blade is being dragged to and fro, inflicting an awful wound. Eventually the beast drops from loss of blood and is speared to death. Seething masses of the natives then swarm over the great body and wallow in the very bowels of the carcase, covering themselves with the blood that lies all round in huge pools.

On the news of a dead elephant in their domain, women and children crowd to the scene where lies the giant of all game, the great skin hanging on the body in folds, caked with mud and dust, the effect of the great brute's ablutions at some pool or other far back in its muddy midday toilet. The frenzied people around the body of an elephant are mad with excitement, it is a sight both repellent and disgusting; they eat the flesh raw, just as they tear it from the great frame, as though they had never had food before. The women and children have brought baskets of palm fronds, bark or

giant leaves in which to bear away the spoil. Every one shouts and quarrels, huge strips of flesh are flung to the women and children, who delight in paddling in the warm blood, yes and drinking it from the hollow of their hands. All around lie baskets of still steaming flesh, for the body is yet warm with life during this wild orgy that fills one with a sickly feeling as one watches the fiendish, grunting, shouting, and maddened people who have taken leave of their senses at the sight of food. Now and again a spear or knife flashes in the faint streak of sunlight that penetrates the great roof of foliage overhead, for one fellow has in his greed trespassed close to another equally eager butcher, who, mad with the sight and taste of blood, and in his savage lust for flesh, slashes at the other with the keen edge of the spear or knife. In a few hours the spot is trampled down, with the grass dyed a dull red, the blood squelches underfoot as we approach the remnants of the great frame, the bones of which are scraped dry and white; but we stand our distance, for nature's scavengers are hovering around eagerly watching for their opportunity to swoop down on the few small lumps that have been forgotten, and lie half covered in the dripping grass. The very intestines have been carted away, and the natives are settled round the fires in the village toasting the flesh or eating it raw until they can swallow no more, and, with bellies distended, they lie down and sleep. The fires that glimmer faintly in the soft breeze of the early hours before the dawn, and the great piles of grey ashes, are all that remain to tell of the orgy of the previous night.

In some cases the natives, on observing a herd in the valley or other suitable grass country during the dry season, set fire to the grass and timber all around. The elephants, terrified, bunch together and circle round, falling victims to the rushing wall of fire that bears down upon them from all sides.

On the upper and north-eastern Congo the natives often hunt individual elephants in large bands; surrounding the beast in a suitable spot, they close in and hurl spears and lances at short range. This is an extremely risky method, and is nearly always accompanied by the death of several men.

I have also come across pits that have been dug in the ground, narrower at the top than the bottom, and covered over with branches and leaves or grass. The unwary elephant comes along and falls in and is then speared to death. All over the Congo one comes across pitfalls and snares for ground game. Not infrequently the natives find elephants that have become entangled in bogs or swamps while seeking a mud pool in which to wallow; the ground, although too soft for an elephant, is sufficiently hard to enable the natives to follow up and attack the helpless brute with their spears.

CHAPTER XVI

A STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS

FROM the top of a great conical hill, on which a few trees like giant mushrooms stood above the long grass, we could see far away into the Congo towards the Kibali river and up to Aka. Our eyes swept the country all around for miles, on every hand something held our attention riveted, and the powerful Goertz field-glasses revealed huge stretches of country thickly wooded, in the centre of which through a dense sea of foliage there came thin clouds of curling smoke that floated in the air for a few moments and then vanished into space. Loud drum taps and shrill whistles denoted a village by yonder hill. Far to the west, from a large belt of forest-like country, there came the sounds of tapping drums and a chorus of voices wildly chanting as the shuffling feet sent a cloud of dust into the air, which, rising over the tree-tops, reminded one of the approach of a large cloud of locusts at a great distance.

Along a winding path at the foot of the hill on which we stood, a long line of naked women and children with crude agricultural implements and baskets, laden with the millet and other fruits of the soil from the fields around, tripped lightly by singing softly in their queer euphonious voices. A cloud passing over the sun threw a great shadow over the earth, and for miles we watched it as it travelled over hill and dale swimming over the great stretch of country to the far north.

To the south-west there stood seven large hills, like

great sentinels watching over the country. On the slopes below one could discern between the trees massive boulders that stood on commanding ledges, lending an additional feature to the romantic aspect of the surrounding landscape.

As we had provided ourselves with all the maps of the country obtainable we proceeded to take our bearings from this lofty position, while the natives with us looked out across the great expanse of grass and trees, with one hand shading their eyes and in the other a long spear or bow and a handful of arrows, muscles drawn taut and sinews standing out, with nodding headgear of grass or feathers mounted in a ring of hardwood. One fellow pointed to a spot certainly ten miles away, and after hurried talking he softly and silently led the way down the path, followed by three more of his people and Savarkaki, who was instructed to see that the tracks were worth following before returning to us.

For some time we could see the party in single file on their march to the Kibi country through the long grass. The maps were less to be relied upon at this spot than further back, and it was plain that from them we could hope for little assistance. Some places marked in large letters do not even exist. This careless cartography is typical of a skeleton administration that has bluffed the world with maps of the country showing settlements and stations that are not there!

Of the march across country to the Aka district and the Kibali there is little of note to relate, though the people themselves are interesting, and there were numerous unimportant incidents on the downward journey, to the time of my leaving P—— just east of Vankerckhovenville. A great many observations and items of interest were lost later on in my encounter with the natives, who rifled the chop box and bore away my diaries, leaving me with only a few odd pages, which in

the hurry of my departure from Legworo I stuffed into the pockets of my knickers and forgot to remove when wading through the rivers later that day. As they were written with a copying pencil the results were fatal.

We decided to leave certain of our impedimenta with two boys at Lonely Hill, or Monica's Rest, as we nicknamed the camp on the large conical hill. Katodawali, a carrier suffering from sore feet, and Monica, who had recently been playing "old soldier," and caused us constant annoyance by a form of drowsiness that had taken possession of him, and made it necessary for us to travel at a crawling pace, were to be left behind in charge of the camp, likewise the mule, whose sore back had rendered him *hors de combat*. The old chief was warned that we relied on him to see that the stores that we were leaving behind should remain intact until our return. He was promised a number of beads and some cloth for the safeguarding of the boys we left in charge. He wanted his payment at once; but we told him that he would get it when we returned and found everything in good order. The old man listened intently to our instructions, nodding his head all the time to indicate that he fully understood what was expected of him. At mention of punishment should harm befall the two boys, he trembled and doubtless remembered more than one experience with the Belgians.

These people, who have travelled to and from stations or bomas carrying food to the Government representatives, are keen to recognize anything that speaks of "Governmentie" as they call it. For instance, on showing the old man a blue envelope and seal he looked upon us as big people and in league with the "Billygees" or Belgians. Often enough since then, by merely showing any paper with a seal on it to a chief, I have succeeded in turning the complexion of my host from its normal colour to a perceptible ashen grey, as with quivering

lips he dropped from his pedestal of hauteur and obeyed my commands to the letter. Food troubles are often settled in this way, and the chief who two minutes before swore that there was no food to be had from his people, on espying the sealing wax instantly succumbs, and, not a bit abashed at his previous lying, informs you that the food shall be forthcoming. A strange people are these Congo natives.

Four days later, between Aba and Faradje, P—— was down with fever and covered up in bed with all available blankets, trying to sweat it out. I spent the afternoon rambling around the outskirts of the village with a gun and boy. Half an hour from camp I came upon a group of natives wailing and moaning to such an extent that I made sure that some one was dying. On approaching the group curiosity led me to glance at the miserable objects. As I did so the crowd gave way as though to enable me to obtain an uninterrupted view. On a litter of branches and leaves there lay a young man with a ghastly open wound on his left leg in which I could have buried both of my fists; it was covered with powdered ash, and was very offensive. A woman was holding a palm leaf over his head shading him from the sun and occasionally driving away the flies that constantly worried the wound. What must have been excruciating agony was borne heroically by the young fellow, who lay there without a twitch, and attempted to speak with me through my boy. I learnt that he had been bitten by a wild hunting dog. All the time that I stood by, the women moaned and wrung their hands, they seemed to be suffering more than the young fellow himself. He had been there for three days, so he said, and he knew that he was to "sleep." I knew it too, for my offer of help was refused in spite of my boy's endeavours to persuade the people; he told them of the great cures effected by the white man's medicines, but they shook their heads

and spoke wildly about some bird or other that had come the last few nights and sat on a tree close by. The superstition of these people in regard to certain things is insurmountable, among them is the belief in the "bird of death" which makes a strange sighing noise in the trees at night.

While on the topic of superstitions there are one or two little things that may be of interest in this connection. The people to the west of Lake Albert and the Upper Nile have a rooted belief that should the moon cast a shadow across any one sleeping in the open, death will speedily overtake him. Sir Harry Johnston ("George Grenfell and the Congo"), says, " . . . the Bangala believe the sun to be the lover of the moon, whom he is continually pursuing across the sky. On the rare occasion on which he catches her there is an eclipse." I once asked some natives—cannibals by the way—near Aba what they thought of the Comet (Halley's) that had appeared in the sky some time before my arrival among them. For some minutes they shook their heads and talked fast among themselves; it was some time before they grasped what I had spoken of, and one of my boys who understood what I meant, talked to them for a long time about the great light in the sky that came some few moons before. At length they saw what I meant and all started to talk at once. For them it was a long way back to remember. "Yes!" they said, "the sky was on fire." Other ideas of theirs as to the meaning of the "fire in the sky" were freely discussed. It is the law of the people not to attempt to alter that which nature has commanded, what nature has done must be left as it is. I have come across a tree that had been blown down and lay across the path, it has been left there and the people make a detour and walk round it and pass on. It was no good trying to help the young fellow who lay on the litter, my proffered assistance was rejected. I

stood back and the mournful women closed round him, scarcely leaving breathing space. It would have been useless to stay and argue, and it might have caused trouble. It was distressing to contemplate the terrible ignorance of the people, the silent refusal of assistance as they waved me back from the little piles of sticks and egg-shells that lay by the sick man, whose eyes alone bore a look of entreaty as I gazed on him; but no, his nurses firmly held to their belief in the dirt on the wound and the little piles of sticks and shells designed to propitiate the evil spirit that was afflicting the patient. As I moved slowly away I appreciated in how many senses one can employ the words "Darkest Africa"; they are applicable not only to a country of which most "civilized" men are extremely ignorant, not only to the darkness and mystery of its great silent forests, but to its people, who live in an atmosphere of darkness with deep-rooted superstitions and primitive ways, living for the most part just as Stanley found them forty years ago, often enough driven, murdered, and outraged to satisfy the whims and fancies of a white race in its headlong rush for wealth.

When I arrived back at the camp I found several of the boys digging busily in the ground. They had discovered that close to my tent a number of potatoes were growing. As the old saying goes, "When the cat's away the mice will play," and in my absence they had been having a good feed off the chief's potato patch. P—— was in bed and in complete ignorance of what was taking place.

Sending for the chief I hastened to explain that my boys had in my absence dug up the patch, and in payment of the damage I gave him four hands of cloth. The old fellow was delighted, and we were thus enabled to get forty pounds of potatoes.

The following day found us on the trail of the mighty

tusker again, and had not the wind been unfavourable we should have bagged something large. We did not know that we were near elephants until within fifty yards of them, when the rumbling sound so familiar to the ear of the elephant hunter was heard ahead. Mounting an ant heap we could obtain a view between the trees of the herd grazing. We could see the branches being drawn down by their great trunks; the majority of the beasts were covered with a dull red earth, and presented an extraordinary sight. Telling my three boys to go back to the small glade through which we had just passed, we took the gun-bearers and two Shinzis and crept from tree to tree and bush to bush to within about thirty yards of the herd. The nearest brute, a huge old bull with thick tusks that were almost straight, stood with ears flapping and trunk stretched out before him skimming over the grass and roots beneath. Suddenly he scented us, and with a shrill trumpeting gave the alarm. P—— and I had opened out some fifteen yards, and we stood, with gun-bearers behind us, sheltering behind the bushes; the Shinzis gave a simultaneous yell and dashed away to the rear, and it was marvellous that they escaped the charge that followed. I thought my last moment had come, for as I dropped down on my belly, the boy imitating my example, I saw the whole herd advance and rush headlong at us. It was like seeing a wall hurling itself down on one. Clouds of dust shot up, the earth trembled, branches were crunched up; this was no earth tremor such as I had experienced before, but a solid mass of maddened tossing life, great carcases, with gleaming tusks that reached within a foot of the ground, bore down upon us. I shut my eyes and waited motionless; every second I expected to be crushed to a pulp as the frenzied brutes tore past within a few feet in their rush for the cover of forest close by. It lasted for some minutes, and through it all I lay flat on

my face with eyes closed, fearing to breathe, for I knew that to lie dead still was my only hope, and for several seconds after the great herd had passed I continued motionless, for it seemed impossible that I could have come out of such a maddened stampede uninjured. Can you imagine a more exciting sport than elephant hunting? Every other class of game hunting, even when the lion is the quarry, pales into insignificance besides such an experience as a stampede of elephants.

We were not long in following up, but they had already dashed into the semi-darkness of the small forest and out on the other side, and had got far ahead of us. On reaching the huge trees and dense vegetation it seemed incredible that elephants had been there not many minutes before and had passed through the masses of creepers that hung on every side; the elasticity of the galleries of creepers, tendrils, lianas, the bush and other dense growth was so great that everything seemed to have shot back into place as though it were hung on spring hinges. Giant tendrils and monkey ropes hung from aloft as though nothing had been disturbed; but underfoot, where dry rotten leaves and twigs had been trampled into the muddy soil, there was no doubt as to whether the elephants had been there, for their huge feet had sunk deep in the undergrowth and left their mark in the soft soil. Without axes we were utterly helpless in our attempts to follow.

That night our camp was pitched close to the scene of tumult that we had gone through in the day. I remember waking up and hearing the trumpeting of elephants all around us and uncomfortably near, in spite of the blazing fires of the camp guard who sat looking wistfully into the darkness of the night. It is remarkable that elephants invariably take hills for their landmarks and travel from one to another.

That day we travelled to a village some twenty miles

due west, close to which, on a large well-kept piece of high ground, there were a number of "Bandas" or conical roofed grass huts with thick mud walls. Some of them were built square and lined with reeds, so we knew that this was an outpost of the Belgians, and was occasionally visited by a patrol. Halting on the square we had not long to wait before the chief, a middle-aged surly brute, was seen to approach, garbed in fancy blue and white striped cloth like a sun awning. He was followed by a large retinue of people clad in a variety of old Belgian uniforms and the customary relics of old flint-lock guns; one of them, however, carried a modern weapon, a superior trade gun, but the ammunition had evidently been spent, for the bandolier and pouch were empty. Any chief who brings a certain quantity of ivory into a Belgian Government Station or Boma is rewarded with one of these weapons. The sight of a caravan of ivory passing through the country is a great temptation to these natives, and should there be but an Indian in charge of, say, forty native carriers with ivory, he is likely to be attacked for the sake of the tusks, for which, under the present conditions, the natives can obtain a few guns and some ammunition by delivering them to the nearest Boma. In this instance the chief was rich in his way, for he was the proud possessor of an old deck chair which one of his followers placed in position for him. With a self-satisfied air and complete disdain for either of us he dropped into his chair and lolled like a badly brought up child.

He told us there were plenty of elephants, and pointed away in the direction of Faradje, the Belgian Boma. By his manner and crafty expression it was plain that he was trying to put us in the way of trouble with the Belgians. Our little boy Savarkaki, who was not more than sixteen years of age and had distinguished himself greatly by his knowledge of the language and tracking

work, then did an extraordinary thing. With an air of languor and absolute disdain he folded his arms and hung over the back of the chief's chair. For a moment the latter did not appear to notice him until, gesticulating wildly as he talked, the youngster spat over the chief's shoulder on to the ground at his feet. The fat was in the fire at once, and the fellow, sorely offended, got up and walked over to a tree and leant against the trunk. Savarkaki still jabbered away, trying to pump the old man, his comical little face following his victim's movements, and, as if determined to assert his importance, he strode over to the spot where the chief stood and actually leant against him, resting his right hand on his shoulder. The chief, being engaged in a heated conversation with some of his people, did not immediately pay attention to the urchin, but presently he gave him a heavy smack on the face which sent him flying. I have never seen anything to equal the impertinence of the youngster, and in the eyes of the villagers he became almost a hero for having so much as dared to go near the chief.

The next day found us at a Belgian "rest camp," where the people boasted of a bugler who was never tired of disturbing the peace with his ear-splitting instrument. The country round about appeared to be thickly wooded and hilly. A few days later we crossed what was presumably the Aka, but the natives had a hundred names for it, not one of which bore any resemblance to that given on the maps. In the country here and to the north of the Kibali (in fact, I may say throughout the Congo), the natives get across the rivers on curious bridges, some of which require a strong nerve and trust in Providence to cross. Massive ropes of bark and grass and strong cables of vines which grow round the trees in the forest and hang from lofty branches are thrown across the river and fastened to the trunks of

trees growing on either side of the stream. The rest of the structure is of the same materials as the suspension cables, interwoven with giant tendrils, sticks and grass, with hand-rails of monkey ropes by which the timorous traveller steadies his progress across the flimsy structure, often at a great height from the water. It is somewhat similar to the rope bridges one sees in remote corners of the old country. The experience is trying to a degree, and should two people cross at the same time, the whole thing sways and almost takes the feet from under you. Other bridges are supported on poles and held in position against the current by ropes of vine and creeper connected with the banks; reeds, grass and branches fixed with bark strips and grass cord are employed in their construction.

There was one of great length over the Kembe supported on poles and branches firmly sunk in the river bed, with guy ropes of grass and creeper woven together leading from the centre of the bridge to either bank holding it against the strong force of the stream.

In the country to the west of the Divide, towards the M'Bomuthe, people have a very curious method of smelting and forging iron. The bellows consisted of two crucibles of clay or wood, not unlike flower pots in shape, but inverted. These stood on the ground, and over the top of each a piece of skin or banana leaf was loosely stretched. In the centre of this covering a stick was fastened, and these sticks when worked up and down alternately created a draught which was led to the furnace through a pipe of clay or hollowed stone. It was necessary to have two separate pots or crucibles because there is no clack-valve on these primitive bellows. The air is sucked in by the same channel through which it is afterwards delivered.

Travellers in the Congo should, if possible, carry a few loads of soft iron, for the natives in certain places

will clamour for it and will give anything to possess it. Although there is plenty of iron ore found in the Luele district, its smelting involves an enormous amount of work. This is effected with charcoal fires in hollowed-out ant heaps, and the extraordinary bellows I have described. The hammers are suggestive of the stone age, consisting as they do of a piece of gneiss or hard smooth stone. Sometimes a cylindrical bar of iron is employed, the anvil is generally a large mass of iron shaped like a mushroom, but with a fairly flat top and sunk deep in the ground or in a large section of timber. Although yet in a primitive stage the natives in the districts through which I have travelled are extremely clever in iron work, and the decoration of their weapons of war. I have by me a number of cleverly fashioned arrow-heads, some of which were given me in terrible earnestness on my return journey to the Nile. Nearly every tribe or race has its own special scheme of decoration on its spears, lances, knives, and arrow-heads, and all are extremely ingenious in design and fashioning. Twice I saw several arrow-heads standing immersed in a dull brownish liquid that simmered in a large earthen jar over a slow fire; from this there emanated a distinct smell of rubber juice mixed with other properties that filled the air with a sickly odour. My boys, who were wont to hob-nob with the natives at times, confirmed my surmise that the mess contained the poison with which the barbs and heads of these terrible messengers of death are thickly coated.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW WE CURED THE CHIEF

One day, when approaching a large village near which we had heard that there was a Belgian rest camp, we got rather a scare. Peeping through the trees we saw, a couple of miles away, a patch of something red. Thinking that the Belgians were in occupation of the camp, and not particularly wishing to meet any of them, we held counsel and discussed the situation. On nearing the village, however, the "patch" turned out to be a tree covered with red blossom, and not, as we had thought, the red blanket of an Askari spread out to dry.

The people around the Kibali and the Welle and towards the north wear nothing more than a few leaves strung on a grass cord around the waist. Salem when in this part of the country became imbued with a high sense of vanity, and one day appeared in a pair of trade cloth or "americani" pants, very baggy. For hours he could do nothing else but parade up and down the camp, the cynosure of all eyes. Personal adornment in this case evidently came before the necessities of life, and Salem had not realized that the trousers were made out of his posho (food rations), and represented seven days' provisions, therefore when his salt was finished the trousers gradually diminished as each day he would tear a small piece off either leg and barter it among the shinzis for food.

In one case where we found a sick native with a gaping wound in his arm, we bandaged him up with a

piece of cloth. Ten minutes later he returned from the village with the bandage ripped off and worn as an apron hung on a piece of stripped bark.

At one village the huts were surrounded by a strong reed palisade and thorn hedge, while on poles around the barricade were numbers of grinning bleached skulls that bore ample evidence of the habits of the pointed tooth community.

On the downward journey I was on several occasions attacked by fever and had to get the tent erected in uninviting spots. On one occasion I lay for two days with a high temperature in a country of notoriously hostile people. The following morning, about six miles from where our camp had been, I came across some deserted huts, broken earthen jars and gourds. As I was alone I was anxious not to delay in reaching the Nile, and thereby run greater risk of being attacked. I noticed under a bunch of trees a large frame of stout poles some six feet square on which the half-decomposed corpse of a man was fastened in a standing position by cords of bark and skins. I was surprised that the vultures and other carrion eaters had not been there, but my boys were of the opinion that the body had only been there a few hours, for they pointed to recent impressions of naked feet on a path running at right angles to that on which we were travelling; moreover, there were fires close by which though apparently dead were still warm, and from one of these Salem took some tiny pieces of ash which when blown on for a few moments showed a faint spark of life. Apparently we had narrowly escaped contact with some raiding tribe. We were midway between two villages and far from huts of any description. It was a mystery, and one that I turned from and quickened my pace to the east where lay the great Nile nearly 200 miles away.

The graves one sees occasionally are indeed curious

and remarkable in demonstrating the extraordinary beliefs and superstitions which prevail among the people of the Congo. Pieces of native clay pottery, short lengths of cane with numerous incisions and land shells are placed in little heaps over the graves, sometimes a small pile of food may be seen near at hand and a few chicken feathers are stuck in the ground, while perhaps over all there hangs from a long pole the skin of a pariah dog, civet cat, leopard, or other animal. Any earthly possessions which the deceased had treasured, such as armlets, a solitary arrow-head, a sitting stool, stones, and shells, are often strewn over the little grave. Now and then we would pass the grave of some departed mortal close to the path, and our carriers would give it a wide berth.

In that land of sunshine with its tall waving grass, nodding palms, and vast forests, there is something fresh at every turn, but of all sights the one that affects one most is the performance of the last rites at a native burial, the strange and abhorrent obsequies peculiar to the savages in that great land of mystery. In the village the women wail and moan, wringing their hands in mournful agony. Sometimes the body preparatory to being rolled in bales of bark or grass matting is propped up against a pile of stones or sticks with its knees drawn up to its head in sitting posture. A wild dance is performed in the light of day, or if the ceremony takes place at night, fires set around the corpse light it up with their dancing flames. It is smeared with charcoal ashes, or camwood powder, mixed with palm oil, or it is covered with a red pigment with white streaks on the forehead, all sorts of armlets and anklets are on the wrists and feet, crockery, pieces of wood gaudily streaked with red and white pigments lie strewn around.

Streams of perspiration flow down the painted bodies of the wild dancers. Now and again the proceedings

are stopped, and the mourners who but a minute before were sadly moaning and wailing or dancing wildly round the corpse, are now smoking, quarrelling, eating, drinking, or resting. In a few minutes the obsequies are started again and the din is kept up until after sundown, when should the deceased be a person of some social standing, a headman or chief maybe, the fiendish and frenzied form of the Witch Doctor madly performs the dance of death by the graveside. In a cloud of dust, surrounded by hundreds of hideous-looking savages with glistening bodies lit up by the uncanny light of the fires, he performs prancing sinuous movements, revolving at times like a teetotum wildly chanting the song of death. A medley of cat, leopard, and other skins that hang loosely from his ghostly form are swinging in all directions, small iron bells jingle as he revolves with ever-increasing rapidity. A great feather head-dress caps his features, which are rendered demoniacal as the performance grows while streams of perspiration pour off him. With a yell he jumps into the air and falls prostrate gasping for breath, covered with dust, while a loud wail soars above the heads of the people and rolls away on the soft night breeze. By some tribes, at the funeral of a chief, human sacrifices are made, the victims usually being his wives, in order that his spirit may not be unaccompanied in the great journey. Sometimes they are buried alive with the chief in the yawning darkness of the deeply dug grave, and hundreds of people hurl the earth into the living tomb, and at the conclusion of the terrible affair hundreds of naked demons with glistening spears and savage song dance in revelry as the night grows on, drums beat loudly till the morn approaches, huge bats that wheel overhead pollute the atmosphere, dogs yelp and howl, the cool breeze waves the heads of nodding stately palms that line the river whose waters are lit up by the silvery beams of the moon. We turn away from the scene with

a shudder and wend our way to the camp under the light of the glittering heavenly bodies, and stand upon the hill looking over the tree tops of the country below, upon which the moon sheds a sea of silvery light.

Let us return to the country around the Aka, Kibali and towards the Welle. I doubt if a white face has been seen in parts of the Mangbettu country, and there are certainly not many who can speak of having reached this region at the age of twenty-three.

It is an interesting fact that here in the neighbourhood of Dungu we are as near to the Atlantic as to the Indian Ocean. Sugar-cane and maize are to be met with in all directions, the land is fairly well cultivated and the villages like those of the Legworo are distributed irregularly over the country. The clothing of the people who have not yet come in contact with the missions consists chiefly of a piece of beaten bark from the fig tree hung round the waist from a grass cord or a shred of creeper.

Numerous stories reached my ears of hidden stores of ivory, and I know for a fact that three years ago a trader obtained a sixty-pound tusk in exchange for a cup and saucer.

Women's suffrage seems to have dated from time immemorial among these folk, and the husband does nothing without first consulting his wife. The household duties are performed entirely by the women, who sit on little stools or benches in front of their huts busily pounding the maize or making baskets of grass and reeds. In most cases when we were seen to approach the work would be hastily dropped, and they would retire into the seclusion of their huts together with the children, who would peep out of the semi-darkness within and stare at us through the tiny opening, not more than two feet high, that did duty for a door.

The walls of their dwellings rose only a short distance

from the ground and were capped by a very tall bell-shaped roof of grass. Like most of the people that I have met west of the Nile, the men are past masters in idling, and unless away hunting game, fishing, or raiding, they spend the day in loafing round the huts, smoking, chewing sugar-cane, and sleeping under the shade of the palms. The natives of Central Africa are exceedingly fond of talking and arguing; they all talk at once loudly and with much gesticulation; now and again the babel of voices stops as one fellow emphasizes his speech with a more extraordinary method of head shaking than the rest, together with a waving of his arms. The lucky one who thus manages to obtain a hearing will now and again be interrupted by a chorus of "Ayeh, ayeh, ow ow, oye oye." He surprises his hearers with something unusual about himself or his friends, and their astonishment may be signified in many ways, the chief of which is to place the palm of the right hand over the open mouth.

It has been said of the Mangbettu that they never for an instant sit on the ground. Certain it is that the people who visited our camp were almost invariably followed by their slaves or servants bearing fancy carved stools on which the master would seat himself with an air of importance, and for hours on end would discuss the colour of my hair and its length, also my clothes and boots. These latter they never could understand, and arguments as to whether I ever took them off lasted for a great length of time. The idea of a one-legged stool seemed ridiculous to me, but to judge by the predominance of this class of seat their owners evidently considered it to be quite the thing.

One afternoon I went into my hut leaving my chair standing outside, and on emerging again I beheld one fellow, whose skin was saturated and glistening with palm oil, comfortably ensconced in it and haranguing a

group of his friends in an excited way, enforcing his speech by excitedly waving his arm. He held in his right hand a curiously shaped knife not unlike a hedge sickle. On seeing me he stopped for a moment and glanced at me as much as to say "wait a moment," and continued his animated conversation, at the end of which his hearers laughed heartily, clapped their hands and slapped one another's shoulders with glee. After a disgusting exhibition of nose blowing and expectorating the orator rose from my chair and returned to his own seat, a carved bench that showed no mean workmanship in its design.

The inquisitiveness of these people surpassed anything I had previously seen, and my bath time was the signal for the gathering of a large crowd outside the tent, eager to catch a glimpse of the white man minus clothing. Once they did succeed, for the blanket by some mishap fell to the ground and left me minus a curtain, placing me in a similar position to that occupied by some freak of nature in a Dime Museum. The sightseers pressed forward talking rapidly and making all sorts of remarks, and one more humorous than the rest would succeed in eliciting roars of laughter and hand clapping from his friends, who did not conceal their disappointment when my boy again erected the curtain.

The boys constantly told me of rumours that the people were addicted to the eating of human flesh, and one trip I made across the Kibali to the south bank did not tend to lessen the apprehension I held for the safety of our party.

I was desirous of learning the lie of the country, so I set out one morning in a dug-out fully thirty feet in length to cross over to the other side of the river; on nearing the shore we could make out several forms watching us from behind trees as we approached, and some of them stood out from their concealment now and

again for a second to watch our progress. On our arrival a host of seemingly good-humoured people lent willing hands to assist in my landing and escorted me to a group of huts which stood back in the trees and grass half a mile away. The spot was truly delightful and boasted of a luxuriant array of oil palms, bread fruit, wild pepper cane, and plantains. The village rested under the shade of trees that hung over the conical grass roofs in gorgeous profusion lending to the air a sweet fragrant aroma. Many of the dwellings were long and square and were covered with flat roofs. The women, as I expected, all scuttled into the seclusion of their huts and crooned to the children in their endeavours to still the cries of the little ones whose attention had been attracted by the unusual excitement and noise that followed my unexpected appearance. In the village itself the ground was void of grass and the dark reddish well-trodden soil offered a fine contrast to the beautiful sombre shades of green on the foliage around. Here and there between the dwelling huts were erected the usual small granaries raised on poles about four feet above ground, queer little beehive-like structures of reed and earth with a movable conical thatch roof under the eaves of which here and there a native rested in the shade. Dogs slunk around sniffing by the fires in search of food, while the natives regarded me with open eyes and oily beaming countenances. One fellow came forward and shook hands. My boy, interpreting for me, informed him that the white man had come far to seek elephants, and was a friend ; on hearing this the chief showed his misgivings by shaking his head and conducting an animated conversation with some of his retinue who stood by. Gazing around me I saw a group of men arranging little strips of meat on sticks round a fire. I had an uncomfortable feeling as to their origin, which was confirmed when I saw, on pieces of matting, a number of

human fingers which seemed to have been smoked and dried, for they were of a leaden grey colour.

On some of the dwelling huts the extreme point of the conical roof was decorated with eland horns, but in one case I saw a group of human skulls affixed by cords of stripped bark; they had been smeared with a reddish pigment and had a ghastly appearance as the shadows of the great palm leaves on the trees swaying to and fro in the soft breeze permitted a ray of dazzling sunlight to play on the features. The people themselves were smeared with a horrible concoction that smelt strongly, and added to the feeling of nausea that had already seized me at the horrors I had seen. At length the chief turned and spoke to my boy who interpreted: "Bwana, he says there are elephants close by, but they are small." I was glad to turn my back on the place and retrace my steps to the riverside, apparently unaccompanied, but when we entered the thicket a number of heads and shoulders appeared from their hiding places, and numerous nodding plumes and glistening spears denoted the presence of an attentive escort, who kept, however, at a respectful distance from the path.

Many grey parrots and other birds of beautiful plumage looked down upon us as the canoe bore us away from the bank, which was lined not only with people, but with grand trees whose trunks were wrapped so tightly in the folds of creepers that it seemed marvellous that their growth had not been arrested by the snake-like bonds of the twining plants. The inquisitiveness of the people was a continual nuisance and the freedom with which they discussed not only my belongings but my personal appearance was appalling. My moustache and beard called forth little comment from the natives of the Mangbettu country, who have decidedly more hair on their faces than either the Niam Niam or the people to the east. The fact of my youthful appearance

in spite of the "face trimmings" called forth many arguments, and my long hair, which then hung down on my neck, caused great admiration and surprise.

I was astonished to notice the sudden change of features as I passed from the regions of the upper Nile to the country west of Faradje and towards Amadis. The Mangbettu seem to have an Arabic strain in them, for they have longer and more shapely noses than are found among most other tribes. Their skin is of a lighter hue, but for muscular development in my opinion they occupy a secondary place to the natives around Lake Albert. I would not say for a moment that this detracts from their powers of endurance nor does it affect their capabilities in dealing with the surrounding tribes who are constantly in dread of the possibility of a raid from these people. Unlike most of the natives in Central Africa they are possessed of a keen intellect, and one rarely fails to elicit an intelligent reply to a straightforward question, very different from the absurd and senseless rigmarole of the ordinary native who will deliver a long speech for many minutes on end, at the conclusion of which you are rarely any wiser than before.

Of course as regards elephants they will at once say there are plenty, all will agree on this point, and they crowd round you in numbers declaring that they saw them only the night before, and all sorts of other lies, for they are only too glad, in exchange for beads, wire and what not, to march you out in search of elephants which they know are not anywhere near. I have been deceived once or twice like this. After you have tramped for an hour or two from the village the excited natives, who have exercised an enormous amount of will power, for them, in keeping their mouths shut, except for hurried whispering, will crouch down with heads raised and beckon to you. "At last!" you say to yourself, "I have reached the elephant grounds," but when it turns

out that the cause of this sudden halt is merely a bunch of eland on the grass plain ahead, you realize that you have been led on a wild goose chase.

"The elephants are gone," they say. "Kill this meat, it is good. No! there is no ivory, but we shall all get plenty to eat, see! there are many many." You then return to camp conscious of the fact that you have been fooled; you may have seen old tracks, but the elephants of last night that they had spoken of must have had wings.

During the stay in Mangbettu country I noticed that a large number of people carried ivory trumpets slung over their shoulders. I remember one day when we were travelling along I saw ahead of us on the sky-line what I thought were elephants in single file. When we got there, however, I found that what I had seen was a number of women bearing on their backs loads of bark and produce from the fields to the village. Our visit to their country was brief therefore.

The journey back to the country west of the Kibi was accomplished in some twelve days, and was without any event of an exciting nature. Our progress in the journey eastwards to Mount Wati was, however, arrested at a village called Lodo, the headquarters of a powerful chief of that name and the site of a Belgian rest camp used when the officials are on patrol. The camp comprised half a dozen square-built huts of mud and grass and a banda for the officer in charge—when there is one. This was simply a tall conical grass and reed roof some hundred feet in circumference at the base, supported on poles. On approaching the village a number of people flocked along the narrow path in the tall grass to meet us, and unusual excitement seemed to prevail among them. We found that the chief was lying very ill and had sent one of his sons to greet us. He was a handsome young fellow and possessed of good manners for a native.

On hearing that the chief was desirous of seeing the white men, we decided to go to him as soon as the tents were erected, and see what could be done for him. The people had a large number of cattle, and I noticed that every one was of fine physique. They could not tell us how long it was since the Belgians had been there, for they had no idea of time. We followed the young warrior through the trees along a zig-zag path through the village, where children frolicked under the piles on which their homes were built. Chickens and dogs drew back, as did the men and women, who on our approach ceased to chatter, and hid themselves in all directions. At the far end of the village we came upon a large round hut built on the ground and not raised as most of them were on wooden platforms some three feet high. At the door there sat a grizzled old creature whose very skin had become dull grey and hard with age. Skins of animals hung all round him, little pieces of stick lay on the ground before him, he was surrounded by a huddled-up crowd of natives, and was making weird passes over a pile of rubbish, which consisted of bones, land-shells, stones, and what not, that lay at his feet ; he was the oracle or doctor of the village.

To our surprise we did not halt here and enter the chief's hut, but passed through the trees until about a couple of hundred yards further on we reached a group of men and women. The chief lay in the full glare of the sun on a rough litter, with the moaning crowd pressing around him ; he had scarcely room to breathe, and was in an advanced state of fever. At the sound of his voice which was scarcely audible the natives fell back, and again we beheld a scene that made our hearts feel sick at their ridiculous superstitions. Around his forehead and neck, wrists, and ankles were tied the entrails of chickens. His son stood by and explained that the doctor had them placed there. " The blood will cool

down and the pain will go away and never come back again." Goodness knows what else they thought this savage method of doctoring would accomplish. Half a dozen more cock birds, tied by the leg close by, pulled at the tethering strings with their tongues hanging out gasping for water. These were to be sacrificed at sundown and their intestines strung around the chief in place of those he was wearing at present. The women wailed, children scampered round, flies, butterflies, bees, and ants all buzzed and droned around the feverish form on the litter, and one of the wives was kneeling down and waving a palm leaf over his head. For some time we endeavoured to persuade the chief and his son to dispense with the horrible-smelling mess that hung round him ; at length the son spoke to one of those standing by and presently a shout went up, " Where is Yabena ? "

A messenger tore off to the village and presently returned with the " oracle." In spite of his great age, the old fellow was as lithe and active as a boy and hurried towards us. The chief's son told him something about the white men who kill the elephants and pointed to the medicine chests that we had brought with us. The old fellow regarded us with anything but a friendly expression, and I could see that should the people decide in our favour we should be taking on a great responsibility. The chief had lain there for days and nights, how many the people could not say, they had lost count, but he had been there for " many, very many days ! " He was no better, and the people were not slow to show their approval of the advent of the white men with their medicine, in spite of an excited speech by the oracle which he punctuated with blows of a stick that he carried and swung round him, slashing at any interrupter. At length the women carefully removed the bands, and we ventured on the risky proceeding of supplanting a native doctor in the endeavour to cure a native chief on whom

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

NATIVE DOCTOR AND ATTENDANT.

we were doubtful that our medicines would be of any effect, for the constitution of the native is different from that of the white man. Furthermore, we were not sure that he was suffering from fever alone. If our remedies failed we should stand a poor chance of leaving the village alive, and we foresaw an anxious period during the next few days.

"Livingstone rousers," phenacetin and quinine, all in heavy doses, effected a reduction in the temperature next day. At night time the entire conical roof of a hut which had been carried down from the village rested on poles above him. We covered him with red blankets and left two of our boys with him night and day to watch against any interference from the doctor who was busy trying to turn the opinion of the people against us, and nearly succeeded once, but a word from the chief turned the tables on him.

Our patient was sitting up the next day and was able to take some food. At first we had been afraid that there might be some other complication besides the fever that had got hold of him, but on the fifth day he was up and able to walk a little, though he was terribly weak. However, we had conquered, and the people looked up to us and regarded our little box of medicines with awe. Mouths opened wide, heads nodded, the people were restless with excitement at the appearance of their chief among them once again.

In my reflections on the Congo I often fall a-thinking as to what our fate would have been had the chief died. Certain it is that the people would have rushed to the witch doctor and listened to his excited talk. No! I do not think we could have left the village alive!

CHAPTER XVIII

AN ESCAPE IN THE DARK

NEWS came in one morning that large numbers of elephants were to the north of us, and working across from east to north-west ; but for me the news was of little interest, inasmuch as I was suffering from Nile boils and other skin sores inflicted by thorns and grass. I was now unable to stand the laborious work of long, hurried marches, for I was very weak from incessant attacks of malaria, therefore I reluctantly yielded to my friend's advice and decided to leave for Wadelai. The journey, we reckoned, would occupy some fifteen to seventeen days.

There is one incident worth recording here that took place ere my departure. Juma, my old syce, and Zaabaali, after helping themselves to some of the other boys' worldly possessions, knives, etc., disappeared in the night, and without a doubt by the time we discovered their desertion they were already well on the road to Aba. Probably their intention was to set the Belgians against us by spinning some plausible yarn. The chief on hearing this agreed to send parties of warriors to track them down. Half an hour later small bands of young bloods, armed with bows and arrows in quivers of antelope-skin, spears, knives, and old flint-lock guns, minus ammunition, set out in every direction. We had given them instructions to bring the boys back unscathed. This seemed to disappoint them, for they had evidently thought that there was a chance of a good man hunt

with a bloody ending. With a promise of plenty of cloth on their return, the little bands departed in high spirits. Just before sundown the two boys were brought back to the village, tied neck to neck with grass cords and thongs of bark, and a host of other things. Great tears rolled down their faces and every now and again the natives would prod them with their spears if they lagged behind. How proud the captors were! Drums were set beating to recall the other parties of seekers.

With my departure, some of the boys in the safari would be superfluous, and I agreed to take them down to Kampala with me. P—— wanted all the porters possible, so I decided to take Salem, Juma, Kalakese, Karetese and Kalalili. On reaching Lonely Hill by the Legworo country, or Monica's rest, as I called it, I would exchange Kalalili for Monica.

On the seventh morning of our sojourn at Lodo the camp was astir early, getting ready; for some two hours all was bustle and confusion. The tent was rolled up and everything was being packed for the journey.

Taking farewell of P——, the boys, and a large number of the villagers who stood by, I gathered my five boys together and we set off down the path. I remember my friend saying, "Keep your eyes open, it is a bad country you are going through." At the time I paid little attention to the warnings of imminent dangers that lay on the road as day followed day. Sometimes when lying ill with fever, hundreds of miles from the nearest white man, I felt the seriousness of my position. I might be not very far from a village whose inhabitants, had they known that I was sick and unable to raise a hand to defend myself, would have swooped down on us, and the outer world would have been none the wiser. It was with a light heart that, in spite of a system enervated by fever, I set out to walk just on two hundred miles to civilisation, accompanied by only five boys. I would

have to travel through a country where the sight of a white face excites the savage minds of the people who ever since the advent of Europeans have been subjected to ill-treatment by roaming bands of troops with irresponsible officers under an equally irresponsible administration. Is it any wonder that the white man is hated by these poor wretches, many of whom have fled from the far interior around the Congo Basin and have come eastwards where, on hearing the news that a Belgian Patrol is running riot, they can take refuge in the mountains in Soudanese territory until the storm has passed?

The shouts of "Kwa Heri, Kwa Heri Bwana" (good-bye, master) dwindled away as we fast left the village behind, and were soon lost to sight in the long grass and trees through which our path led. About a mile from the village we were joined by eight or ten warriors, whose bodies and limbs were smeared with red earth and glistening with oil. They were armed to the teeth with spears and bows. They had been sent by the chief ostensibly for the purpose of escorting me safely to the borders of his country, and travelled until nightfall with us. In the long grass and dense timber it was impossible to make out in what direction we were really travelling; for the native paths here, as elsewhere in Africa, twist and turn in every conceivable way. I knew, however, that Lonely Hill lay south-east of Lodo. We marched all that day through heavy hilly country, thickly covered with trees in whose branches troops of monkeys swung from tree to tree. Treacherous fast-flowing rivers had to be forded at suitable spots, or crossed by means of a tree felled and thrown across. Now and again beside the path there lay the snow-white bones of antelope, eland, and cattle, while in one place the mighty bleached bones of an elephant lay scattered in every direction. As we neared a village little graves stood here and there, marked by a small pile of shells, eland horns, and pieces of pottery;

and in some instances there hung on a pole the skin of some animal like a scare-crow, the whole presenting a spectacle that was weird in the extreme. The conical roofs of the native huts peeped above the great leaves of tropical plants and trees among which the village was built. As we entered the semi-darkness of some forest region, small, but the exact replica of the larger forests further west, the shrill cries of birds overhead gave the alarm. Dark shadows hung across the path as some creature flitted or crashed away ahead of us and disappeared into the tangle of ferns and plants that grew on either side. The path itself was scarcely passable, for it was obstructed by thick undergrowth, tendrils, roots and fallen boughs all covered with dead leaves, and for long stretches it was just like walking on a spring mattress. Gaily coloured monkeys lined the branches overhead, gazing inquiringly at us as we passed. Vast open spaces where every bush and plant was crushed flat by the mighty elephant, revealed troops of monkeys in the surrounding tree-tops performing the most extraordinary antics.

Just before sundown the eight warriors who had accompanied me drew into the grass, raising their spears and bows aloft in a farewell salute, for we were now on the eastern boundary of their country.

Shortly afterwards I camped on the bank of a small stream close to some huts, from whose inhabitants I bought food for myself and the boys. I took care to have a boy on guard all night.

Next day, when walking down a steep hill in a rough piece of bush and grass country, I met about a dozen warriors, who drew aside and acknowledged my greeting. One carried a large elephant spear, with its weight of clay around the shaft, such as I have already described. I asked them where they were going? "To kill elephants," they replied. Thinking that there was a chance of some

sport and ivory, I suggested that my gun would be more likely to kill an elephant than the knife that they had with them. They all shouted in a chorus of approval, for they had previously seen the mighty beasts dropping before the "sticks that spoke with fire." Their faces were wreathed in smiles, the warrior who carried on his shoulder the enormous spear which was fully eight feet in length, and weighed about sixty pounds, swung round in his excitement, and as the unwieldy weapon came in contact with Juma's load, the boy was all but felled to the ground. They all spoke in a hoarse whisper of subdued excitement, and every now and again peered through the bushes as though watching the movements of the tuskers.

Replacing solid for soft-nosed ammunition in the magazine, I was prepared to start. "Where are the elephants?" I asked. "We do not know, we are going out to look for them," they replied. Judging by the subdued whispering I thought a large herd was close by; but no, they had no idea where they were bound for, or whether elephants were anywhere in the vicinity! Disgusted, I swung round and continued on my journey, leaving the natives staring and jabbering away in an excited manner.

That afternoon I was smoking my pipe and taking things easy in camp when Kalalili came to me in a great state of excitement. "Master," he whispered hoarsely, "the Shinzis are coming to-night when you sleep!" "Who told you this?" I asked. "I went to the village to get some eggs and matamma, I overheard them talking, and they are coming to kill us." I had heard rumours of this sort at various times, and now that I was single-handed it behoved me to take extra care, and I sat pondering over the matter for some little time. I was alone with five boys and but sixty rounds of ammunition. I decided to chance it until nightfall, and then to try a

game of bluff ; there was no moon, and I hoped to succeed without much difficulty.

We were camped on the banks of the Kibi. One or two of the natives hung around the camp until sunset, and then retired to the village. Although there was nothing to warrant any festivities, as far as I knew, they made an unearthly din with their singing and drum-beating ; their voices were every now and then borne on the breeze in increased volume to our ears, making me think at times that they must be coming nearer to us ; but with the lull of the wind the sounds became faint again. At what I judged to be nine o'clock, Juma led the way through tall grass to the riverside; the village lay half a mile down stream, and we crept along the bank in the opposite direction until we came to a path that led down to a ford. Cautiously we passed between the grass and bushes and lowered ourselves down the bank into the black and oily looking waters, and steadily waded across stream to the east bank ; the very fact of having put the river between them and ourselves gave me a feeling of safety ; but it was not long lived, for close by a dog yelped and the alarm was soon taken up by others. Bending down I could make out the roofs of huts standing out against the sky, only just the tops appearing above the tall grass ; but I could see that we were in a critical position. Getting the lie of the village we set out in a different direction, and soon struck a path which, from the position of the Southern Cross, seemed to lead due east. As we passed silently through the plantations and matamma fields, I was momentarily expecting to hear the sound of pursuit. The dogs continued to bark and howl as we pushed on and gradually accelerated our pace. The people must have been sleeping like logs, or must have thought the dogs were disturbed by some prowling animal.

For hours we continued the journey, occasionally snatching a few minutes' rest in some glade or other. At

length, when the dawn arrived, I felt that we had left our enemies behind, and accordingly we camped for a few hours, and rested far from any village.

The sun was three hours high on the third day after leaving Lodo, when I reached Lonely Hill to find the mule with an arrow wound in its right shoulder. I learned that two days before Chief Matuga's village, at which we had left our two boys, Katodawali and Monica, had been attacked by a neighbouring chief named Siro Arocco, whose warriors had crept close up to the village in the long grass and a fierce fight had taken place within the last thirty hours. I now began to see that there was likelihood of trouble before very long, for some of Matuga's men had been killed, but the other side had lost heavily too. The mule was suffering considerably, and laboured heavily, for the wound had been deep. It looked merely as if a needle had pierced the flesh, but the boys had found the arrow lying on the ground ; it was not unlike a long skewer, and not being barbed, it had fallen out of the wound when the mule had started to trot ; nevertheless, it must have penetrated to the bone, for its point was bent in the shape of a half-moon. The following account of the affair was given me by Chief Matuga, and was corroborated by my boys who took part in the fight : "It was some four hours after the sun had risen that I was sitting in front of my house talking with some of my people. One of the young men who looks after the cattle was sitting on the hill (Lonely Hill), and looking down he saw several people come through our fields from the south ; he could see them as they entered the long grass, where they were joined by another party who came from the same direction, they were out of their own fields and walking towards this village. Lusambo, for it was he on the hill, ran fast to tell us of what was happening, but only just got inside the hedge as they sent a lot of arrows into our midst. One of my men was killed, for

the arrow hit him in the front of the body. In an instant we dashed outside and found the mule kicking and making a great noise, for, as you see, it has been wounded. A fierce fight took place, but we drove them off to their homes; many of them dropped their bows and ran. See here, the bows they bring to fight us with are short, and the arrows do not go far like ours; and see, we had guns, although not any powder. They did not wait for the big bang, no, they ran when they saw us; but not before they had killed two of my men. We killed five of theirs. Siro Arocco is very bad."

The affair being apparently quite an intertribal one, I did not interfere with Siro Arocco and his warriors; but had I had plenty of ammunition to spare I should have been sorely tempted to teach him a lesson that he would have remembered; for it is wonderful what you can do if the occasion calls for it with a gun and a box of matches, in teaching natives a lesson not to interfere with anything belonging to a white man.

Katodawali and Monica had armed themselves with bows and arrows obtained from Matuga's men, and now presented almost as savage an appearance as the villagers; for they had dispensed with what scanty clothing they had had. Fortunately the cases of stores had remained intact, and were now lodged in a hut specially built by the two boys in the centre of the village. I was taking a hasty meal preparatory to resuming my journey, and as I opened a tin of sardines, loud exclamations of surprise came from the villagers when the little fish dropped out of the tin on to the plate. I threw the tin down close to the natives who stood gazing at me. With shrieks and yells they tore off in all directions, for the coming of fish out of a tin seemed to them the doing of an evil spirit. Fancy a tin of sardines being responsible for half a hundred people stampeding and shrieking as though an army were pursuing them! About ten a.m.

we resumed our journey. Monica had taken the place of Kalalili, whom I left behind with Katodawali at Matuga's village. Nothing of any import happened until we reached the grass country near the village that had been burnt down. No alarm signal had preceded us and our appearance was unexpected. As we struck through the cultivated lands where several men, women and children were working, they became panic stricken at the sight of my party, and, dropping their tools and weapons, raced for the long grass around the fields. The shrieks of women, mingled with the bird-like calls of the men, soon spread the alarm. Trumpets were blown, drums rolled, and all sorts of cries went up from hill and dale. Soon we reached the site of the village which still lay in ruins, and as we passed between the huts it became evident that little or no attempt had been made to reconstruct the village since our absence, for the charred poles, blackened masses of reed and mud walls remained almost as we had left them. Large numbers of people, yelling and whistling, followed on the path through the long grass and clumps of trees behind us, keeping at a respectful distance of some one hundred and fifty yards. Others fled before us and hid in the grass or behind trees that stood several hundred yards on either side of the path.

Threading our way down the steep descent to the Insa valley was a ticklish business. From behind the great boulders that lined the path I expected every moment to see glistening spears or to hear the dull twang of bow strings that would send a shower of death-winged messengers in among us. I kept the boys well bunched together, and to prevent any lagging I brought up the rear, for I knew that any second a rush might come from that quarter. Once or twice as we passed close to a rock there was a sudden scuffle as a dark form sprang up and tore off to some other shelter close by. It does not

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

A CHIEF AND HIS BODY-GUARD.

require pluck to be treacherous, and I knew that treachery was my immediate danger with these people.

On the ridge that we had left behind when descending the valley, which now towered above us, I could see outlined against the sky hundreds of naked forms waving spears and all sorts of weapons which flashed in the sun's rays. They were hurling imprecations and yelling at us furiously, and I began to look forward to reaching the other side of the river. At the foot of the valley the path for half a mile was lined with dense trees and bush that offered splendid shelter, and we would have been helpless and tangled up in the bushes in the semi-darkness had an attack been made, so we hurried as much as possible. Just as we entered the bush I heard a rush of feet behind, and swinging round I drew into the bushes and covered the path with my rifle, expecting to see the people follow, and I was not disappointed, for even as I pumped a shell into the breech half a dozen fiendish forms with long lances came round the bend in the path with the intention of following us into the wood. On seeing the gun, however, they turned back, but I did not venture to proceed until the sounds of their feet grew faint, and even then I stopped frequently to listen for any sounds of pursuit ; but everything was still, every one had ceased to shout and blow trumpets, and, but for the birds in the trees, a great silence had suddenly fallen on the land. I was thinking it might be the calm before the storm, especially when, pushing through the wealth of ferns, bush, and creeper on the riverside, I found that the water had risen since our last passage of this ford.

The awful truth now dawned on me, the Insa was in flood, and it would be impossible to cross until I could find a suitable spot or a tree spanning the stream. Even then there would be difficulty in getting the loads across.

Our plight was indeed serious. As we stood looking on the fast flowing waters, a sound of twigs crackling came from just behind ; the boys hid behind a large bush that hung partly over the bank on which we stood and reached down to the water. I turned round and sought the shelter of a large tree-trunk and waited. Presently three natives came walking along cautiously until, on reaching the water's edge, they turned round and saw us. I had the gun in my hand, but did not level it at them, for by their manner I could see that there was no immediate danger. Salem addressed them and a conversation ensued. To my surprise they dropped their bows and two of them entered the water and tested its depth, but found it impassable ; the elder, a man of considerable age, beckoned to me to follow them as they worked down stream and searched for a suitable spot. For a moment I could not understand the meaning of this sudden change, but not only did they find a crossing place where the river was dotted with numerous islands of grass, which rendered our passage easier, but they actually helped us across and even stood with us for some minutes on the other bank. I gave them three times the quantity of beads that I should have done under ordinary circumstances, and they actually shook hands with us before returning to their own side of the river.

It seemed almost too good to be true. It was like awaking from a horrible nightmare. Before they had regained their own shore a large concourse of savages had arrived at the water's edge, and now regarded us uttering howls and cries of derision, shaking their fists at us and trying to spit over at us.

With a wave of the hand to them in farewell I gave the order to go forward, and brought up the rear. As I turned and entered the bush a great chorus of shouts went up from the natives as we set off up the incline

towards the heights opposite to those that we had left behind.

As it was close on sundown, and the Insa, which we had just crossed, marked the boundary between the domains of two chiefs, there was not much fear of our being followed, for natives will seldom, if they can help it, travel after sundown, especially should they be venturing near the country of another chief, for they are likely to get caught.

When halfway up the steep slope which forms the southern wall of the Insa valley, I could see the sunset effects on Mount Wati in the east, for the trees had fallen back and we were now standing in short grazing land.

Slowly the sunlight travelled up from the plain, left the short green grass, and travelled up to the rough weather-worn and storm-beaten crest of the mountain, and then disappeared, for the sun had gone below the horizon. Soon a glorious array of colours swept over hill and dale, a short twilight followed, and then the stars peeped out of the sky as the dark mantle of night fell on us ere we had reached a suitable spot on which to camp. On reaching the top of the ridge some hundreds of feet above the Insa we marched for half an hour until we came close to a group of huts and prepared to rest for the night under a large tree close to them.

I estimated that we had travelled just on thirty miles that day, for it was past seven o'clock before we halted, and we had taken only one rest of twenty minutes during the march.

The country here is largely under cultivation, and well watered, for babbling streams are plentiful. The inhabitants are scattered in all directions, I do not remember seeing a village of more than two dozen huts in the whole of the Legworo country. Everywhere one sees small bunches of huts peeping over the tops of

the grass and trees. The distance between these scattered communities varies, and not infrequently are they to be found within half a mile of each other. There is intercourse between most of the communities of the Legworo and the people are to be seen wending their way from one group of huts to another.

CHAPTER XIX

A SKIRMISH WITH CANNIBALS

Let us return to the camp, where, after having received a deputation of the natives, I was at liberty to attend to my own affairs and rest after a heavy day's work. Juma was soon busy preparing my food, Salem occupied himself with the boys' food, and Monica was putting the tent furniture straight. Kalakese and Karetese were sent for wood and water; both of them could have accomplished their errands in twenty minutes, but it was over an hour before either returned, and I was not in the best of humour at having to wait for wood and water with which to cook my evening meal.

Later in the evening I was writing up my diary when I noticed unusual joy among the boys. Kalakese held in his hand some pieces of native tobacco which he distributed among the others. I paid little attention to this at the time, but the events of the next day threw some light on the cause of the unusual gaiety of my boys that evening.

Several times during the evening one or two of the people from the huts came up to the camp holding bunches of flaming grass above their heads as torches. They had already supplied me with what food I required, and I was at a loss to understand the reason for their visit. Although tired and suffering from an attack of fever, I determined not to sleep until they had returned to their huts, and the disquieting noises had died away. For hours babies did their best to disturb the peace.

From behind the hedge which partly surrounded their huts the chatter of women and cries of children continued far into the night.

About midnight a sharp storm broke over us. I shall never forget the terrific flashes of lightning, the deafening peals of thunder and the downpour of rain. Vivid flashes from time to time revealed the great Legworo sentinel—Mount Wati. What a magnificent sight it was to see the huge mass flash out for a second and then disappear as the darkness again enveloped the country! My tent leaked, mosquitos buzzed and bit incessantly in spite of the fairly high altitude, my bed was drenched, and for hours I sat awaiting the welcome light of day. I shall long remember that night sitting up shaking with cold listening to the wind that lashed the trees and sounded like a heavy sea breaking on a low rocky shore. At length the dawn arrived, and I was informed by Salem that one of the cooking pots was missing. Some one must have crept into the camp and stolen it during the night.

Our preparations for departure were watched with intense interest, for over the hedge there peeped a row of faces laughing and shouting, and lumps of earth were hurled at us as we passed by. A group of glistening naked bodies stood on an ant heap close by, and pointed to the path which lay in front of us. Nothing extraordinary was noticeable at the moment to show the intense hatred of the people. On we went from one ridge to another, rising and dropping as we crossed over the fields and through the long grass. The people were blowing reed trumpets and whistles and making strange cries, shouting and yelling.

When we had kept going for two hours we passed through the site of an old camp that we had made on the journey up country. The natives evidently expected me to stay here again and camp for the night, for they all

betrayed a feeling of disappointment as they watched us pass on our journey. A mile further along the path I looked back and espied half a dozen of them with long spears over their shoulders following us up. Only their heads and shoulders were visible above the tall grass. At the moment it did not strike me as anything exceptional that they should be behind on the same path; they were not walking as quickly as ourselves, and being accustomed to seeing occasional natives on the paths, I assumed that they were bound for a hunting trip.

Shortly afterwards we entered grass which was shoulder high, leaving behind the fields that lay between the travellers and ourselves. In a few minutes I turned round and was surprised to see a head bob down in the grass a few hundred yards away. Again we resumed the journey, again I turned round, and this time I just caught sight of several forms as they ducked their heads down in the grass some one hundred and fifty yards behind us. I knew for certain now that we were being followed, and this game of jack-in-the-box was kept up for about half an hour. Presently when in the centre of a patch of matamma so tall that it hung over our heads, and so dense that it was impossible to see more than a few feet either way, I was electrified by a series of blood-curdling shrieks and the clash of a pail as it fell to the ground. Instantly turning round, and taking three steps back, I beheld Karetese in agony. In his left armpit was an arrow with several inches of head and shaft embedded in the flesh. Forgetting that it was barbed like a fish-hook, I gave a furious heave, and withdrew it from the wound; it was like pulling the plug out of a tap, for the blood spurted out in a stream all over my shirt and shorts. Some flesh was clinging to the barbs, and the poor boy's shrieks were terrible to listen to. My other boys became almost panic stricken, but I warned them not to move from where they stood, for the natives were all round at no great

distance. Espying the boy's loincloth, I ripped it off and tried to plug the gaping wound from which the warm blood flowed in a stream all over me, and settled in a pool on the ground. His features were ghastly, and in another few seconds he was foaming at the mouth and fell forward with a gurgle, my left arm in which I had the gun, went out in support as he tottered ; and as I beheld his quivering body I perceived that he had two other arrows between his shoulder-blades, beside other large gashes that had evidently been caused by spears. His case was hopeless. All this time a scrimmage was taking place within a few yards of us, although we could not see through the dense grass. I could hear, however, that Kalakese was being dragged off, for he was loudly shrieking, " Bwana, Bwana." It was of no use attempting to rescue him, for we were in a tight corner, and I knew that the grass or matamma was alive with naked savages waiting with tightened bow-strings for our appearance.

Juma had taken a few steps ahead, and shouted to me saying that a clear open space was close by. I ordered Salem and Monica to carry Karetese forward, while I covered the retreat with the gun, and we managed to carry him to the centre of the fresh tilled field some two acres in extent. Ordering Monica to stand by Karetese's quivering body, I returned with the other two who were left alive, to recover some of my lost loads.

In the bucket that Karetese had carried were a bottle of condensed milk, a jar of jam, a tin of sugar, and other minor articles. The milk and sugar were all mingled together. Kalakese's load had vanished, and so had the thirty-five odd rounds of ammunition, together with my folding bed, bath and chair. We got together as much as the boys could reasonably carry, and dashed ahead out for the open again. The whole country was soon echoing with whistles and subdued shouts. We could hear whispering all around us, heads popped up on all sides.

It was useless to stand by Karetese, for he was past help, and, in spite of my attempts to staunch his wounds, he lay in a pool of blood. I saw ahead of us a hillock, some two hundred yards away, and decided to dash for it and make the last stand there, if necessary. We plunged into the long grass again, every second seeming a lifetime, as we sped onwards to the small mound.

Juma was labouring hard with the tent. Feeling at the moment that such a thing was superfluous, since the likelihood of my ever requiring it again appeared extremely doubtful, I ordered him to drop it, which he gladly did. Covering our retreat I turned round every now and again, and sent shots at the numerous heads that bobbed up in the grass, and thereby dissuaded for the time being those who were intent on following us up.

On gaining the crest of the hillock I turned round in time to see three forms dart out of the matamma and rush to the prostrate form of Karetese, who had just sufficient strength to give vent to a feeble yell as one brute raised his spear and dashed the blade into the boy's body. Poor devil! he gave a convulsive shiver and then was still. The other two fiends used their spears like axes, and hacked at him in a terrible way. They were standing bunched together engaged in their butchery, I dropped on my knee, but for the moment the bolt of the .350 seized, in another second I was ready. Taking careful aim I fired; the report cracked loud through the country, one of the brutes, who had just raised his spear to deliver another blow at the body of the boy, with a shriek reeled and fell on his face like a log; the soft-nosed bullet had done its work. The other two seeing this dropped also; but I knew from experience of native fighting down in Zululand that it was a game of bluff. However, No. 1 had a soft-nosed bullet in him, and he was finished. I had drawn my first blood for the day and avenged Karetese. In the pause that ensued after

the report, the two who were not hit sprang up and dashed into the matamma field at the back. I was compelled to be sparing with my ammunition, for I had but twenty rounds left, and was many days from another supply or any chance of help. It was a tough time, and I little expected to come through alive.

Salem called my attention to a river further on the path some three-quarters of a mile away, and again we set off down the slope on a narrow track through the long grass. On either side of us within a few yards were excited savages ; but although they were so close the density of the grass prevented us seeing them. They ran alongside of us whispering hurriedly and hoarsely, and making strange cries. Reed whistles and horrible noises made by the mouth and the hollows of the hands, were kept up unceasingly.

In a few minutes as we neared the river, they even shot arrows across the path at random, but most of them flew high ; one hit the six-pound bag of rice that Salem was carrying in the bucket on his head, resting, as it was, on the top of the load ; it was pierced by the arrow which hung loosely by the barbs in the sacking, while a thin trail of rice continued to leave a track on the path as the boy jogged along.

I could hardly repress a smile even at that critical moment. When we were within fifty yards of the river the arrows were coming in pretty fast, and we had several narrow escapes ; one would have struck my helmet if I had not ducked. The banks of the river were lined with overhanging bushes for some distance, and I hoped to be able to slink down to the water between them. At last we got to the river, and the three boys dashed in. I took cover behind the bushes and covered the path behind while they waded through the stream which was about waist deep and running strongly. No one appeared on the path behind us, and it seemed that our pursuers had

for the moment lost us. During this unaccountable lull, with gun raised high, I dashed into the water, and had scarcely reached the other side when the infuriated mob appeared on the bank behind me. As I dragged myself up under cover of the bushes that hung over the water, hundreds of throats sent a yell of rage high up on the morning air. They had seen me at last. The boys, like fools, stood in a bunch together awaiting me, thus offering a fine opportunity for any marksman, and I could ill afford to lose any one of them, for I had now but three boys left.

A few yards ahead of us through the bush there was a large open square of freshly-tilled ground which proved our salvation. It was surrounded by tall grass about ten feet high which afterwards proved to be full of Legworo warriors, eagerly anticipating my approach, but something intervened. I felt a dull pain in the top of my left arm near the shoulder. At first I took no notice of it, thinking it was caused by brushing through the thorn bushes; but when looking over my shoulder to see if we were being followed, I saw that an arrow was embedded in my arm. Half of the shaft lay on the ground, for it had snapped in two. Salem, on observing the angle of the shaft, pointed to a tree on the left just behind us. It was evident that some one was hidden in the foliage above. Instinctively we dashed to the centre of the square, which measured some eighty yards across either way, and I told the boys to drop the loads. The Legworos on observing that I was hit, sent up a mighty shout of delight. Salem immediately came to my assistance. The shaft had certainly snapped in twain, but the other half still stuck in my arm with over an inch and a half of head and barbs. He attempted to draw it out, but it stuck fast, so handing him my knife I made him run the blade down on either side of the arrow-head before attempting to withdraw it.

I dared not drop my rifle for fear of a sudden rush. There we stood, Salem Bega sucking vigorously at the wound, in which he afterwards put permanganate of potash, which I always carried with me in an old cartridge case; while I waited for my friend of the tree to appear, which he suddenly did, in attempting to descend on to a lower branch, thinking perhaps that I could not see him. Up went the rifle, and I sent one more fiend to account for his work. He fell with a loud splash into the fast-flowing river to the accompaniment of yells from some three hundred fellow cannibals on the opposite bank, to say nothing of those concealed in the long grass around the back of the square. It was an awful time, and every moment I expected to feel myself getting faint from loss of blood. Then they could have had us easily, but as long as I could keep on my legs we were safe.

Several attempts were made to rush us from behind, as one or two would-be "braves" crept on their bellies out of the grass. However, my boys informed me of all movements behind while I attended to the dense crowd that lined the opposite bank of the river, mad with rage and excitedly waving aloft spears, bows and horrible knives all flashing in the sunlight. Grass ropes and game nets were all dragged out to the front of the mob for my inspection, the whole countryside resounded with their shrieking and yelling as they danced about flourishing their weapons. Little children were held shoulder high in order that they might see the whole affair.

Salem still stood by me staunching the wound that was now rapidly becoming inflamed, but the permanganate was doing its work, and, fortunately, I could still use my arm. Thank goodness these people were ignorant of guns, because if I only pointed the ·350 at them it had the desired effect of keeping them at a safe distance. We were kept in suspense for fully three

Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

A COMPANY OF SPEARMEN.

hours. We were parched with thirst and I had an awful headache; the sun poured down on us unmercifully as we stood surrounded by some hundreds of yelling maddened cannibals, and many days from the nearest white man.

Juma had for some time been shouting for the chief, and at last he came forward from the crowd on the bank, and after a lot of haggling he finally consented to come across and listen to what I had to say. I was not inclined to receive him on my side of the water with more than half a dozen of his followers, and at first he would not agree to this. Ten minutes later, however, he came over, followed by half a dozen warriors, all of them armed with spears and bows. I told Juma to inform him that his men must lay down their weapons before coming close to us. At first they demurred, but on seeing me lay down the gun across the loads and advance a step with hand raised aloft, they followed suit and came forward to within eight feet of me. I was careful to keep within arm's reach of the gun, for I thought it likely that some trickery might be behind this curious armistice. Anyhow, I could see that it would have to end one way or the other soon. Syce was the interpreter and managed to get a hearing.

"Why did you come here?" the chief asked.

"I am going back to Wadelai," I replied.

"You have killed two of my people," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "you have killed two of mine!"

At this he shook his head and spoke to his followers, who turned round and pointed to the country we had traversed that day.

"My people did not kill your boys. No, they were not my people who killed them," he said.

"Who did this?" I asked, pointing to my shoulder.

He laughed at this. "Are you coming back here?" he asked.

I assured him that once I got away it was certain that I should not return through his country.

"You must go far over there when you come back," he said, indicating the country to the west. "What did you come here for?"

"To kill elephants." He evidently took me for a Belgian, for he asked Juma where my askaris were. On hearing this, Juma told him that I had not anything to do with the askaris, and then a long conversation followed between the chief and his friends who stood by.

Dry as my throat was I assumed a careless air and lit my pipe. Heaven knows how I managed to smoke it, for I was gasping for a drink; but it had the desired effect, for the people, on seeing me smoking, talked aloud and laughed among themselves; but all around there was a sign of restlessness.

Presently the chief came forward again and spoke to Juma. He wanted to see what I had in my kit bag. I told Monica to empty it of its contents. I agreed to the chief's proposal to give him some shirts and beads, etc., if he would conduct me to the next village, for I knew that Naramba's shamba lay only a few miles to the south. Monica, quivering like a leaf, handed over the articles I indicated, viz. shirts, beads, wire, and a knife and fork; last, but by no means least, a copy of the *East African Standard.* This the chief, after casting a glance at it, handed to one of his courtiers, and that paper nearly spelt disaster for me; the great burly brute had mistaken it for linen, for they do not know what paper is, and tried to make a loin cloth of it, but the paper tore under the strain, so he threw it down on the ground and looked annoyed. On seeing this Juma, like a fool, laughed aloud; in an instant the fellow stepped quickly towards my boy. I dashed in between them, but the chief stopped him in a second. Instinctively my hand had got hold of the gun, for I fancied that things had

reached a climax. Eventually, after I had given him most of my gear, the chief signed for me to follow him. Before doing so, however, I made Salem, who by this time had bound my neck scarf round my arm, pick up three arrows that had been sent after us as we waited on the square. It was fortunate for us that their bows were of a short pattern, for although we were on a fairly large piece of ground, some arrows had fallen within a few yards of us. On gaining the edge of the grass beyond the square, the chief stood aside as though to let me walk first, but I preferred to have him in front of me. At this he laughed, as did his followers, for the same half-dozen were to escort us. As for them they could follow if they liked; but I was determined to have their chief in front, for I knew that as long as I had the gun behind him we were safe.

Off we went, the chief in front, I came next with the ·350 ready for instant use; then followed Salem, Monica, and Juma, after them came the chief's followers.

Travelling in a southerly direction for a mile or so we came to a stream, and I would have given anything for a drink; but I dared not take my eyes off the chief, for a second's hesitation might mean disaster. After we had marched for about two hours, the chief turned round and informed me that he had reached the limit of his country and could proceed no further; but against my gun this argument did not carry. He persisted that the natives of the next village would kill him on his return trip; but I had him in front of the gun, and I let him know it, so again we started. In another half-hour the hills and ridges around Naramba's village hove in sight as we emerged from a small piece of forest land.

It was not surprising to see large crowds on the summit and ridges attracted by the firing of my rifle, and small parties ran down the slopes to meet us. In a very short time the whole countryside knew who was

coming. I had done a slight service to Naramba's child on the journey up country, so I was not surprised to see a tall, powerful figure with a white loin cloth and old felt hat advance with hands out in welcome. In a few minutes I had shaken hands with him, and we were safe at last.

Naramba, seeing the other Legworo chief standing by with his followers looking very uncomfortable, made a stride towards him and began to shout at him in a threatening manner ; but I told Naramba that I wished the chief to return to his people unmolested, for I had an idea that he was not connected with those who had killed my two boys, although he appeared shortly after the tragic event. It seemed more probable that it was the work of those from the village we had stayed at the night before, and that they had tracked us down as far as their western boundary ; then the sounds of my firing caused the other people to become panic-stricken, and they hunted me for fear of being attacked themselves ; they had no doubt thought that I was connected with the Administration. I told the fellow that my friend would be coming through his country on the downward journey, and that he must not attack him as he had done me. We were friends and had no wish to shoot at the people of the country through which we passed ; but they must learn to leave the white man alone. He still insisted that it was not he who had started the trouble, he began to get fidgety and wanted to go, for Naramba's men were all crowding round by this time, loudly exclaiming their astonishment at the wound in my arm, which was now a mass of congealed blood with a little black hole in the centre.

The Legworo chief turned to me and pointed to my shirt. Good heavens ! He had the impudence to ask for the very shirt off my back, after having already secured all my others. Oh, no ! he did not get it ! I

told him that if he wanted a present he could have one, and I tapped the magazine of the ·350. I told him that I had informed Naramba that he would be free to return to his village, and that neither he nor his followers should be touched. The brute drew himself up to his full height and raising the bow aloft, proceeded to harangue me. Juma acted as interpreter.

"You must never come back here, but go far away over there," and he pointed out to the west, then with a shout of "Mingi, mingi," they turned and marched away on their homeward journey, looking back several times to see if any one was following them ; but I stood out a few paces from the crowd behind me and watched them until they were swallowed up in the density of the fairy-like glade below us.

CHAPTER XX

FAREWELL TO THE CONGO

I MUST have formed a quaint object as I stood there watching them depart, a few feet in front of the crowd, with the gun thrown over my shoulder, my clothes sodden with blood from Karetese. My left sleeve was almost black, for on the top of the blood that had flowed from the wound there was a thin dark scum which floated like slag from a furnace of molten metal. The arrow had evidently been poisoned, but it must have been a very weak mixture, for as a rule a poisoned arrow proves fatal some twenty minutes after it has pierced the flesh. I cannot overestimate the value of permanganate of potash for cleansing a wound. No doubt Salem's prompt action in sucking the wound immediately after the arrow struck me proved instrumental in saving my life. He had had experience with the natives, pygmies, and others in the Congo for years, and was for some time employed on expeditions of research, boundary commissions, and safaris of both British and Belgian Governments, therefore he knew what to do and how to do it at the right moment.

My head was throbbing and my throat was like a piece of leather, but I felt safe now. What a day it had been ! When the sun rose there were six of us, but twelve hours later only four were alive, and we had many days to go through a wild country before reaching civilisation.

In a few moments water was brought to me by one of the women, and shall I ever forget that drink. Only

those who have experienced a day in the equatorial climate without a drop from sunrise until late in the afternoon can possibly understand my sensations.

Salem again turned his attention to the wound, and after he had washed it afresh I was able to proceed to the village half-a-mile away. I walked ahead of the crowd. Then came the chief and my boys, who had been relieved of the remaining loads by many willing hands. All were laughing. The natives pressed forward talking excitedly, laughing and shouting. Some of them twanged their queer stringed instruments merrily. Clouds of dust shot up from under the naked feet of the crowd that followed behind me. Every one spoke at once, no one seemed to listen. There was a babel of voices, so much so that I had difficulty in making Monica understand that I wanted my pipe and tobacco that he was carrying.

On reaching the centre of the village, I stopped, and the boys brought up the few loads that remained to me. For some little time I sat down smoking and holding a meeting with the chief Naramba and his counsellors, for I wished to ascertain the names of chiefs in the country through which we had just travelled, for future reference.

Naramba had food brought to me, chickens and a few eggs, potatoes, etc. I had fortunately a little salt in the bucket, and although it was mixed up with the condensed milk that had been smashed in the fray, I took out the fork, rice, cup, and plate and let the chief scrape the bucket, which he did, and I think he enjoyed the jumble of condensed milk, salt, and a little rice ; it was amusing to watch him scraping it out with a small piece of stick and licking away like a child at an ice-cream stall. When he had had enough, a general scramble took place for what was left. The piece of stick was handed round and sucked by one and all.

After a brief visit, in spite of Naramba's advice to

stay for the night, I ordered the boys to pack up and get ready. Food was given me for the boys, and one of the chief's sons, a youngster about twelve years old, was deputed to escort us to the next village. We had a very cordial send-off; every one wanted to shake hands and have another look at my arm; but at last we got away. My boys had regained some of their old composure, and even started to sing, but I could not forget Kalakese and Karetese, who were probably in a stewpot by this time! When about a mile from the village we came to a steep declivity, and saw, standing on a slab of rough stone that overlooked the great stretch of country beneath, a fine specimen of a Congo warrior.

Our path led straight to his rock, and then curled down the slope, which was covered with bushes and trees far down to the flats below. From his position he could see far away to the east. As we approached he shaded his eyes and gazed intently at me. A child of about three years was playing at his feet with a miniature bow and arrow, and on seeing us the little one hid behind his father's legs and peeped round at us. The man's body and even his face was covered with cicatrised marks, from head to foot his nakedness was coated with red earth, his only pretence of clothing was a fragment of cloth a foot square hung as an apron from his waist; a piece of grass was threaded through the lobe of each ear; in his hands he held a long lance and bow.

Seeing the boy that had come with us from the village, he spoke to him in a soft low voice, and listened with rapt attention to his account of the day's doings. He was intensely interested in my wound, and laughed loudly when he heard that I had killed two of the Legworo people, for although Naramba's community is apparently a branch of the Legworo, and they are in outward appearance of the same tribe, they are not at all friendly with the tribes further in, and the man made no effort to

A CONGO WARRIOR.

From the Statuette by Herbert Ward. Reproduced in "A Voice from the Congo."
By kind permission of the sculptor and William Heinemann.

disguise the fact. Our guide, who was named M'weri, brought us to a village in the south-west about seven in the evening, and here again great interest was displayed in us ; indeed, I was closely inspected by all and sundry. They could not understand how it was that the arrow had not finished me.

Can you picture our camp that evening, as I sat outside the little grass hut which the boys had erected for me among some huge gnarled trees garlanded with creepers ? Our fire blazed away merrily. The fires in the village a hundred yards or so off lit up the people as they danced and shuffled their feet to the accompaniment of rumbling drums, piping whistles, and the shouts of men, women, and children. Individual performances were given incessantly, the glare of the flames lighting up the diabolical features and glittering metal ornaments of the natives who sat under the eaves of their huts clapping their hands in time with the music. In the background a number of tall trees and broad-leafed palms hung over the roofs of the houses, insects droned, and the mosquitoes buzzed and bit under the starry heavens. It was typical of what one may see in any village in the African wilds. Eventually the performers grew tired and settled down to sleep, but there was little rest for me that night. I could not shake off the idea that we might be followed. When the wind stirred the trees I would look out into the darkness, expecting to see the faces of our enemies, but nothing came save the shrill shriek of a prowling hyæna. The weird cry of an owl that settled in a tree close by added to the eerie feeling which came over me in my loneliness in this out-of-the-world spot.

Salem kept the fire going, and every now and then spoke in a subdued voice of the events of the day as he squatted on the ground, wrapped up in his blanket, watching a number of sticks stuck in the ground with

a portion of chicken spitted on the end toasting over the fire.

I made a hearty meal of the chicken that evening. We all sat round, and it was a sight to see the boys eating. After supper I lit my pipe again, my thought flying far away home as one by one the boys fell asleep round the fire. My arm and left side were very much swollen, and were giving me great pain, but there was no help for it, and I had to put up with it. The boys had collected enough wood to last all night, so I sat smoking and looking into the dancing flames, then beyond into the darkness, for strange sounds seemed to come from every quarter, something seemed to be moving in the tall tree overhead, restless babies and dogs were to be heard far away, but still nothing came to disturb us. It had been a tough day, and the reaction was straining my nerves. I could not believe that it all had happened, but when I found myself rubbing my eyes and looking round for the boys who had been killed, I remembered that it was all too true. I had no bed to sleep on, and only one blanket besides the clothes that I stood up in. At length I dosed off, but awoke frequently at the sound of some prowling beast, whose low growl echoed far away in the night air. My arm throbbed terribly, and pain shot all through my body. Towards morning, however, I slept fairly soundly rolled up in my blanket under the mosquito net, which had fortunately been saved, and with my arm resting on my rifle.

I did not wake up until the sun streamed in at the door of my hut. My wound was worse than on the previous evening, and the swelling had spread around my shoulder and towards the neck. Salem again dressed the wound with permanganate. The natives marvelled that I was still alive, for they handled carefully the arrows which Salem had brought forward wrapped up in grass.

"See, it is the death," they cried, pointing to the muddy-looking substance that lay behind the barbs and in a thin layer over the head. The women shook their heads and agreed that the spirits had willed it that I should live. Every one crowded forward to inspect the wound and wanted to know if I would return with askaris to kill all the Legworo. Yes, they were certain as to the fate of my two boys, without a doubt they would be eaten.

I reckoned that we were now in the Lado Enclave, and no longer feared that I would be followed. The only danger was that another tribe would try to finish us off, because I had now only three boys and a handful of ammunition.

The rest of the journey to Wadelai was accomplished under enormous difficulties. I suffered much from pain, fever, and sleeplessness, for I was unable to lie on my back or left side. I had no tent, and only one knife with which to cut wood for the fires and huts, a blanket, one shirt, and a pair of pants. My only pillow was the kit bag; my only comforts were a bottle of whisky and tobacco, but fever had hold of me, and for hours at a time I lay under a shady tree barely conscious of my surroundings. The quinine was soon finished.

Often I would purposely avoid villages for fear of being attacked. When the fever left me for a while we marched along under the blazing sun. The native paths were bordered by all sorts of thorny bushes, and not infrequently one of the branches would hook into my flesh by the wound, and I could feel the pain travelling down my left side to the knee. The sleeves of my shirt were cut short above the elbows. It was impossible to keep a bandage on for any length of time, as it kept slipping down every now and again. The flies tormented my unprotected flesh, and for the rest of the journey life was miserable indeed. Everywhere the natives

expressed their astonishment at the boys' accounts of our misfortunes from the start.

We had to wander through swamp grass and densely wooded country, where the conduct of its inhabitants gave us from time to time fresh scares. One village warned us against the next, and all sorts of alarming tales were poured into my ears.

"White man, you will be killed ; you are alone and ill ; stay, for the people you will reach to-night are bad, and they will kill you."

Certain it was that at many of the villages I saw large stocks of arrows and other weapons being made, but my plight at times made me bold, and I would march right into their midst. At first sullen countenances would regard me and my small party searchingly ; whispered conversations would be carried on aside by small groups of warriors until they heard what had befallen us, and then they would drop their tools and what not and come to listen intently to the vivid account that Juma was giving.

"It is wonderful," they would say, "but you will not reach the Nyanza." In this case they were referring to the Nile, for natives call any large stretch of water "Nyanza."

At some villages, indeed, I was received kindly, and food was offered freely, but at others I was painfully aware that I was unwelcome. It must be remembered that certain white men have visited villages with large numbers of porters and have treated the natives with unnecessary roughness if they did not bring sufficient supplies of food up to the white man's camp.

Probably the last white man seen here was a tyrant, and stuck at nothing so long as he got his whims and demands carried out, at the muzzle of his rifle if necessary. Although it may have been years since the last white man had visited some of the villages, it was certain that

they would pay off the score on the next one who was unfortunate enough to come that way. No matter who, so long as he is white.

At length I arrived at Wadelai, but before the chief would take me across the river, I had to hand over to him my old terai felt hat. He was a perfect specimen of a land shark.

Twenty minutes later I had left the Congo behind and stood in Uganda territory.

We could now breathe with a sense of safety so far as hostility from the natives was concerned. Our troubles were at an end at last. The Swahilis up at the post house did their utmost to make me comfortable, and the next day saw us on the road for Koba. At Panyongo I found the canoe on our side, but the country seemed to have been deserted. No answer came to my gun signals, and we ventured to board the canoe, which was minus a paddle, trusting that we should be able to clutch at the overhanging trees by the bend below us as we were carried down stream. This we succeeded in doing, and forced a path through the bushes to the rest-house which now lay in ruins. They had told me at Wadelai that a fight had recently taken place between the natives of the Uganda and Congo banks, close to Panyongo, and I guessed that the evacuation of the district was the outcome of some raid or other.

We camped at Panyongo, on the afternoon of the same day that we had left Wadelai. The next day we pushed forward and rested at noon under the Big Tree, resuming our journey in the evening by the light of the moon.

When approaching the river that runs from east to west, about nine miles north of Koba, I saw a group of tents pitched close to the path, and gathered that some European was *en route* for Wadelai. At length we arrived at the river's edge, and found it rushing with a

roar over the rocks. It was in flood, and sending down too much water for us to cross that night. I sent one of the boys in to try, but he went only a few yards and returned, saying that the water was too deep. Thinking it was a ruse on his part to wait and have a good sleep rather than go further on that night, I waded in myself, and found it almost impossible to stand against the current in mid-stream. Beyond that it was deeper still, and I saw that we would have to wait until the water went down. It was a risky thing to wade about in the river there, for so close to the Nile it was quite possible that a stray crocodile might be in the neighbourhood. We searched the bank up and down stream for a canoe that is supposed to be kept here, but nothing of the sort was visible. It had probably been swept away.

That night I slept in one of the tents that we had seen. They belonged to Mr. Longdon, who was staying overnight at the Austrian Mission close to the other bank of the river. The tents were under the charge of his headman, a Masai boy, a splendid fellow, who did all he possibly could to make me comfortable for the night. He had a few askaris with him and a number of porters.

Salem and my other two boys told them the story of our journey down, to which the others listened intently as they all sat huddled around the blazing fire, by which my clothes were being dried.

Next morning the river had subsided sufficiently to allow us to cross, and shortly after doing so we got on to a ridge, from which we could see the boma at Koba, with the belt of trees that surrounds it standing clearly against the skyline about eight miles away, and two hours later I was seated under the banda in our camp at Koba.

A large batch of letters lay awaiting me at the post-office, and it took me quite two hours the next day to read through them. I had not heard from home for nearly eight months!

There were still two hundred miles to go before reaching the Victoria Nyanza, one hundred and sixty of which would have to be covered on foot.

I found that Mr. Hannington, the collector, was about to leave for home on six months' furlough. Mr. C. S. Sullivan had arrived from Nimule the night before my arrival to take over the charge of the district during Hannington's absence. It seems to me that the officials working in the Nile Province are entitled to an allowance of leave similar to that granted to those on the west coast. The Nile Province is admittedly far more unhealthy than Nairobi, for instance, yet the same conditions prevail as regards "home leave" in both districts. I consider that for reasons of health alone eighteen months is quite the longest period a man should be called upon to serve at a stretch in the low-lying fever country around the Upper Nile or Nile Provinces.

I well remember the evening when Messrs. Hannington, Sullivan, Maulkinson, and I dined together. The table had been spread on the landing-stage. A large lamp lit up the snowy white table-cloth and etceteras. Afterwards we smoked and chatted over all the news. The moonlit waters danced around us, overhead the stars gleamed brightly, while on either side of us lay the *Kenia* and the *Good Intent*; the former had steam up ready for her journey to Butiaba. The *James Martin*, heavily laden with askaris and porters, lay anchored close by to be towed by the *Kenia*. At length the whistle sounded, farewells were taken, the fox terriers that had been accommodated on the roof of the iron awning barked their adieu, and the *Kenia* glided away down the river towards the lake, leaving Mr. Sullivan and myself as the sole European population of Koba.

The following morning I told Mr. Sullivan my story, or at least gave him a brief outline of it, which was afterwards corroborated by the boys who had survived.

I cannot speak too highly of the kindness shown me by both Messrs. Sullivan and Hannington during my Koba visits.

The *Good Intent*, a small whale boat with sail, carried me and my boys from Koba to Butiaba. During the voyage across the lake we captured a large fish that lay idly floating on the surface. When we came up to it we found that it had fallen a victim to one of the fish eagles that pick the eyes out, for not only were these missing, but several gashes had been inflicted behind the gills.

Making for the nearest stretch of sand, the crew jumped ashore and set to work cooking some of the fish. It was excellent eating, and I thoroughly enjoyed my share. The journey was continued about nine p.m. I managed to have a very comfortable bed rigged up astern with the mosquito net and everything complete. On waking up the next morning I found that we were still drifting along with a slight breeze that flapped the sail idly. It was just before sunrise, and a faint mist hung over the lake. I could, however, make out the shores on either side of us. The men were all looking astern, and two of them had even climbed on to the awning. They told me that the *Kenia* had passed us some little time since on the port side, on her return journey to Nimule. Just then the light grew stronger and the mist lifted rapidly. The boys, with a shout of excitement, pointed away over our stern, and I could just make out the low hull of the steam launch with her little funnel peeping over its awning, and the mast. It must have been some miles astern of us, but we watched the little vessel with her smoke belching forth from the funnel until she was lost in the distance many miles away.

Butiaba was reached two hours later, and after breakfasting with Mr. Reynolds, we again resumed our journey. An hour or so later, from the escarpment that

forms the east wall of the Lake Albert, I got my last view not only of the lake itself, but of the Great Congo and the southern extremity of the Lado Enclave.

We did the thirty-mile journey to Hoima in nineteen hours, and here I met Messrs. Payne and Glencross, two other hunters, who told me of a disturbance that had taken place in the Mullah or N'joro's country between some Europeans and the natives. I expect it was the old tale of insufficient supplies of food for their porters, for I had visited the Mullah myself in the beginning of my trip, and I was not surprised to hear of the occurrence. The natives there certainly delight in "looking for trouble."

The journey from Hoima to Kampala, a distance of 128 miles, was one that I shall long remember. I was longing for civilisation again, and wanted to do the journey in good time. I reckoned that it would be possible to accomplish the distance in five days. The first day we journeyed from 128 miles to 113½ miles, the next day to 86, not bad going—27½ miles in the tropics when in weak health. Seventy-one-mile post was the next, and then the following day I was down with fever badly. The wound in my arm had ceased to trouble me to any extent after we left Koba. Next day I managed to drag myself in short stages as far as mile post 46. Making my way to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, I was greeted by the dogs, but Mrs. Walsh did not know me until I again introduced myself, for I had a beard, moustache, and long hair, besides which I had for the time being altered considerably owing to the ravages of fever. For four nights and three days I lay with malaria at their house, and I shall ever be grateful to them for their kindness and attention. Thanks to them I was able to proceed on my journey feeling fit again, but Mrs. Walsh insisted on my taking her hammock and machele boys as far as Kampala, in order that I should not

over-tax my weakened powers of endurance. I reached Kampala safely, and Mr. Byass, the acting manager of the British Trading Company, in the absence of Mr. Moses, who was on home leave, was most kind and hospitable.

The *Clement Hill* had left Kampala Port that morning, so I decided to go to Jinja and catch her there, instead of waiting another week in Kampala for her to return. I learnt here that some small disturbance had taken place in the Nandi country, and a detachment of the King's African Rifles was being held in readiness. I had given notice to Messrs. Bertie Smith's agent at eight o'clock in the morning that I wished to reach Jinja that evening. The distance between Kampala and Jinja is about sixty miles. I did not start until ten a.m., and spent the intervening time in settling up and paying off my boys.

I was genuinely sorry to part with them. We had been through a great many trials and tribulations together. Salem grasped my hand and almost sobbed the words, "Kwa heri, Bwana" (good-bye, master). The three of them stood round me as I boarded the ricksha, and there was a mighty handshaking all round. Away I sped in the ricksha to the chanty of the boys that were to take me for the first twelve miles. As we turned the corner at the foot of the street, I glanced back at my three boys, who were still waving farewells and shouting good-byes. Another few seconds and they, who formed my last link with the Congo, had vanished.

CHAPTER XXI

A PLEA FOR THE SAVAGE

THE journey to Jinja was an experience that I shall long remember, for it was one of the most extraordinary feats of endurance by natives that I have seen. The distance had to be traversed the same day that I gave notice at Kampala to the agent. There were four relays of boys to be employed on the road. The agent had telegraphed to Jinja advising them there to despatch two relays of four boys each. The first relay had to travel over thirty miles from Jinja, and the second some fifteen miles. The first stage of the trip was nothing extraordinary, since the boys were fresh at the start; the second, however, was only moderately good, inasmuch as the boys who took me on from there had already travelled from Kampala on foot, and had only arrived an hour before me. They had then to work the ricksha over a hilly and laborious road to near the 30-mile post where I was taken over by the first batch of boys from Jinja, that was, if I remember correctly, about four o'clock in the afternoon. These boys took me to about fifteen miles from Jinja, and then the fourth and last stage was accomplished by a party who rattled me along at a terrific pace regardless of the boulders in the road that nearly sent me flying out of the ricksha!

From a scenic point of view I do not think I have ever seen anything to compare in its class with the road from Kampala to Jinja. The grand trees and the green

fronds of the great banana leaves amidst which there hung huge bunches of ripe yellow fruit threatening to drop as every breeze waved them to and fro. Huge ferns, gorgeous avenues of innumerable tropical plants, babbling streams, from which the boys quenched their thirst caused by the heat from the dazzling rays of the scorching sun and the dust that rose up from the road.

Dotted here and there were reed bungalows peeping out from luxuriant trees and fern. Great palms with nodding heads hung over quaint little grass huts by the wayside, around which a number of native women and children stood admiring the gaudy hues of the cloths exposed for sale by Indian traders. The colours of trees and plants and the native robes on the women and coolies who stood gazing at us half shyly, against the beautiful green in the avenue of trees, the buzz of insects, the gorgeous tints of the butterflies that hovered around, made one feel that here at last was a paradise to look upon.

I have had pretty good ricksha boys in other parts of Africa and Ceylon, but surely there never was a more fearless quartette than those boys, who ran the last stage of that day's journey. The road was fairly level, but plentifully strewn with boulders, to which they paid no heed but tore on at a furious pace. From time to time one wheel of the machine would rise over a huge boulder and nearly shake me out as it crashed down on the road again. The boys yelled and behaved in a frantic manner when they espied any one on the road in front of us, for under the clear starry sky it was light enough to discern any object sixty yards ahead. It was the greatest shaking up that I have ever experienced on land, and sometimes I thought the whole thing would have tottered to pieces as it came in contact with the huge stones and ruts in the road.

About nine o'clock we got to the Somerset Nile just

above the famous Ripon Falls. The ferry boys had been advised by the Jinja agent of my approach, and had a large canoe ready waiting for me. It was a huge thing, nearly sixty feet long, constructed of planks and fibre, about five feet in beam, with a long keel that ran out from the bow and curved up about four feet like the Swedish or Norwegian skates. The top of the prow was fantastically decorated with carving and a bunch of grass. Loading the ricksha and my boxes aboard, the craft moved away from the shore as the silent crew dipped their paddles deep in the smooth, placid, shimmering waters. From the opposite bank came the lights of the *Clement Hill* dancing across the waters. Her winches were working hard at the cargo that she was taking aboard.

That crossing of the Somerset Nile, which took close on twenty minutes, was a thing to be remembered for all time. The strong current against which the native paddlers struggled hard, the smooth waters, buzzing flies, and the blaze of radiance from the *Clement Hill*, the lights from whose deck and port holes sent shimmering rays over the great expanse of water to greet us as we neared the other shore, on reaching which I stepped out once again on terra firma and stretched my limbs after the cramped position that one has to adopt in native craft. When off-loading the ricksha, it was found that one of the springs had broken. I was thankful that it had lasted until the journey's end.

Jinja is situated at the head of Napoleon Gulf in the ex-kingdom of Usoga. It is well known to the sportsman and traveller for the hippo shooting that may be had in the vicinity. The celebrated Ripon Falls, down which for centuries the overflow from the Victoria Lake has poured itself at the rate of ten million gallons per minute, on its way northwards to Lake Albert, are just above the pier. I am told that the breadth of the falls is 850 feet.

Lake Victoria Nyanza is hidden from us as we stand near the pier by the lofty and well-timbered headlands close by.

Shortly before my arrival at Jinja the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the Jinja-Kakindu railway had taken place, and the residents, both European and coloured, were naturally eagerly awaiting the opening of the first line of railway in Uganda. Although the line running from Mombasa to Port Florence is styled the Uganda Railway, before the building of the line that I have mentioned there was not a mile of railway in Uganda, with the exception of a mono-rail from Kampala Port to Kampala, a distance of some seven miles; but the working of this is so erratic that it may be left out of the question as a means of transport for either passenger or goods traffic.

My journey to Port Florence was not very enjoyable, for I was suffering from fever again, and was heartily glad to leave the boat. Only those who have been away from civilization for a time can understand what a delight it was to return. A good bed, well cooked and appetising food, the pleasure of seeing white faces and enjoying a chat in one's native tongue, all added to my pleasure in reaching the beaten track again. Even the deafening whistle of the engine on the train at Port Florence was a joy to me after my long absence from the outer world.

Of the journey to Mombasa I have little to say. Herds of antelope, buck, zebra, occasional bunches of giraffe and buffalo, gazed on the train as we sped past from the lake down the 600-mile iron road that forms the most wonderful and intensely interesting railway journey imaginable. At Nairobi I was greeted by many friends who were anxious to hear a full account of my travels, and pressing invitations were given me to stay with many friends, but fever had for the time being

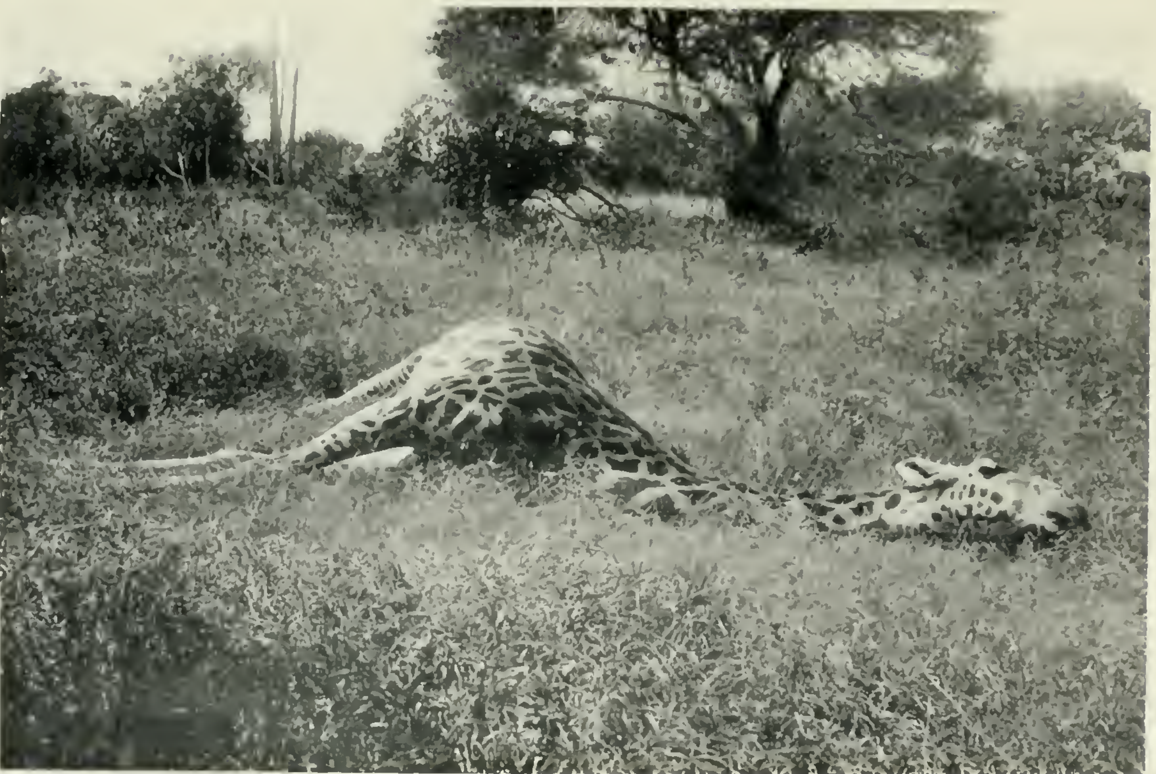


Photo by A. R. P. De Lord, Zanzibar.

GIRAFFE, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

totally unfitted me for company, and my one wish was to be alone, quiet and undisturbed. Had I been feeling well I would have liked to stay and renew old friendships, but in the existing state of my health I preferred to continue the journey. At Mombasa, where I was in hospital for some weeks suffering from malaria, I met with the greatest kindness from many old friends, especially Mr. Walter Brown. At length I left Mombasa on the good ship *Bürgermeister*, of the D.O.A.L., and sailed for Delagoa Bay. Thus ended my trip in Central Africa at the age of twenty-three.

Those days are now growing faint in the shadow of the past, and I am once again in Old England. The well-worn helmet and khaki shirt open at the neck, the short pants and gun are now laid aside for a time. I suppose I shall soon forget the drawbacks of Central Africa and be preparing again for another expedition. It is curious that when you have left a country behind you invariably remember its good points alone and long to be back. The more I see of Africa the more susceptible I am to its fascination.

Here in the Old Country there is a feeling of confinement that is very noticeable after the free, open life of the Colonies. The cant, hypocrisy, and pettiness of the older countries is appalling after the great stretches of veldt, forest, and scrub of Africa.

My greatest pleasure now is to sink deep in a comfortable chair and smoke a pipe, to think and dream of those strange people so far away, dwellers in the forests and other fairy-like regions of Central Africa. As the smoke curls up slowly from my pipe I can almost see a silent, deep-flowing river with banks overhung by tall palms and swinging creepers, gay sunbirds, droning bees, and buzzing insects against the sombre green of the great trees in the forest beyond. I can see a canoe coming

round the bend full of paddlers singing in unison, taking deep strokes as they head for the shore below. The frail craft is made fast to the bank, and they walk in single file up to the village through a profusion of wild peppers and other foliage. At length the great sun sinks red in the west, the mosquitoes buzz around slowly, the stars twinkle in the heavens above, and then I can see the people gathering for the dance. Another puff and I can hear the low growl of the leopard against the shrill shriek of the hyæna ; great bats pollute the atmosphere for the moment as they flit past and gather in the trees beyond. I look up and see the Southern Cross lifting itself high in the clear night sky and listen to the voices of men and women singing in the village, and the shuffling of their feet on the hard-trodden ground. Drums roll, anklets clank, children cry, and the dogs are barking all the time. Presently I see the tired people crawling into their huts through the low, narrow aperture that serves as a doorway. The fires dwindle and die away, the wind rocks the trees gently as the silent lap of the ocean on the sandy shore. At length a stillness falls over the land, broken only by the buzz of the mosquitoes or the distant cry of a night bird.

Think of those people who are living in that tremendous stretch of country, who have dwelt there since time immemorial, shut out from the world as we know it ; we have progressed with the advance of civilization, but they have lived there without a guiding hand, without knowledge of the Supreme Being. It may well be styled Darkest Africa ! They are cut off from the outer world ; few of us realize the ignorance that exists among the natives in that far-away land. I am longing to hear again the mighty crash and roar of the hippo, and feel the earth tremble under the feet of the great elephant herds as they dash by in a cloud of dust with gleaming white tusks and huge ears flapping like sails, and the

tapping of drums ; to see the blazing fires that crackle away in the still night air, and the great White Nile flowing towards Egypt on its mission to fertilize the arid wastes in that great country to the north.

Those days are gone ; the obstacles that at the time seemed insurmountable have been overcome ; the escapes from man and beast, the disappointments and discomforts, are now done with. Nowhere in the world can one live closer to nature than in the heart of Central Africa, among a people who rarely see, or perhaps have never before seen, a white face. Savage cannibals, call them what you may, there are black sheep in every race of white as well as " black." I know from experience that there is many a good heart in the Congo natives underneath the earth-besmeared skin. Suffice it to say that they deserve vastly better treatment than they have had in years gone by under the flag of a " civilized " people. I liked them from the start, I always saw the humorous side of their natures, and the more I got to know of them the more I felt that they were worthy of being dealt with as human beings with hearts the same as ourselves. Christianity has for years been an enigma to them, for under its banner the more ferocious or warlike tribes have been gathered together for the oppression of the humbler communities, and I say once more that it is criminal to send native troops away from the stations without a responsible officer in charge.

By the term responsible officer I do not mean a man who has a fancy for seeing others suffer, but a man who can still observe the laws of humanity although he may be far away from the outer world. I have met some of those brutes who are never content unless they are torturing some bird or animal. Creatures of this sort are far worse than the most savage of natives, for a white man has been taught to know right from wrong, but many of those who are placed in authority over natives forget

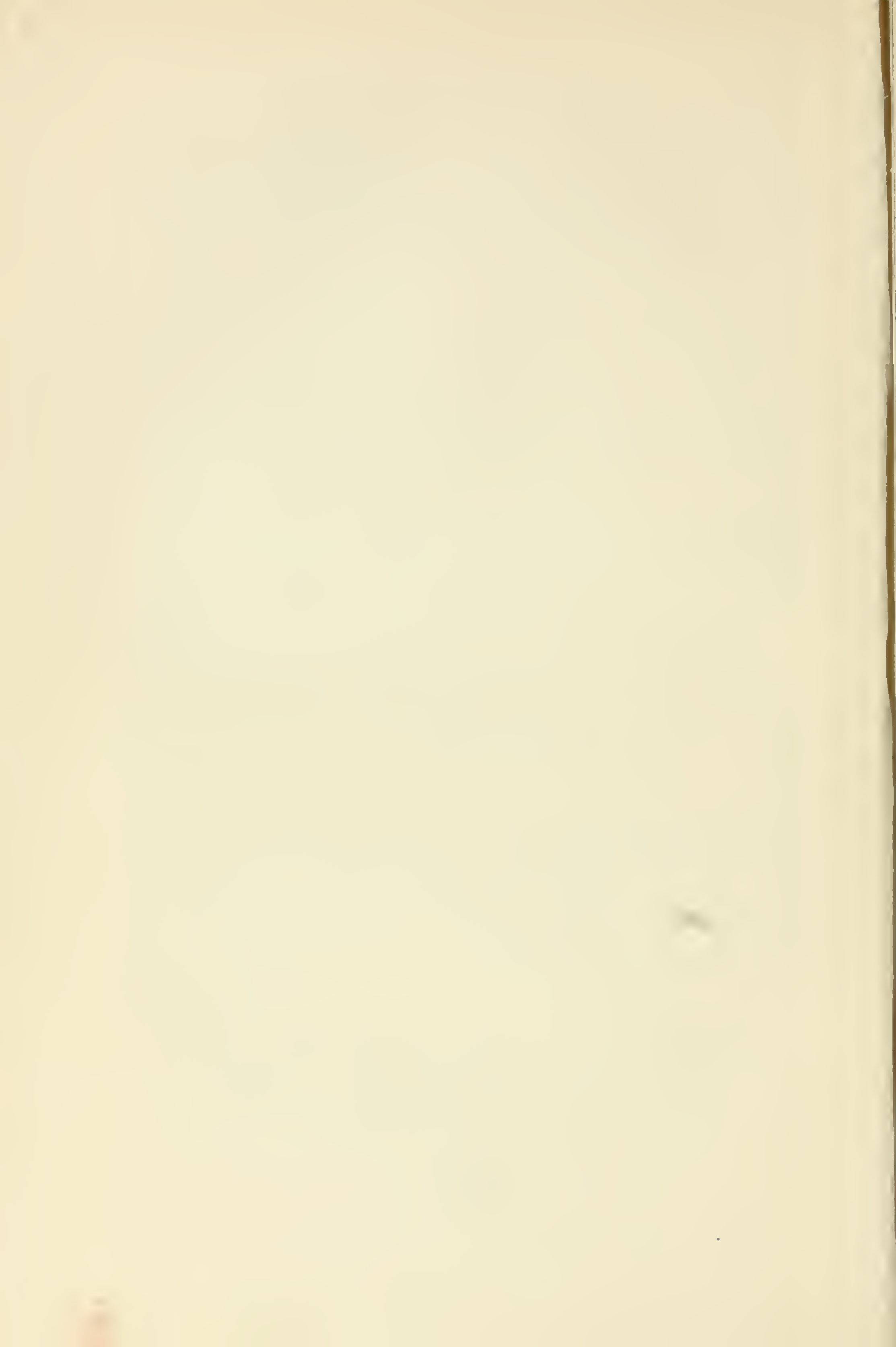
themselves when they are away from civilization and let their brutal natures get the upper hand. He must be a man of great principle who goes to shut himself away from the outer world for years, beyond the restraints of civilization ; and it behoves all Governments to be careful in selecting as their representatives in the heart of a great country like the Congo only men of character who can be relied on always to play the game with the people over whom they are placed. Force must sometimes be employed to punish wrong-doers, but some of the methods adopted in carrying out the sentence have formed a blot on the page of Christianity that can never be effaced.

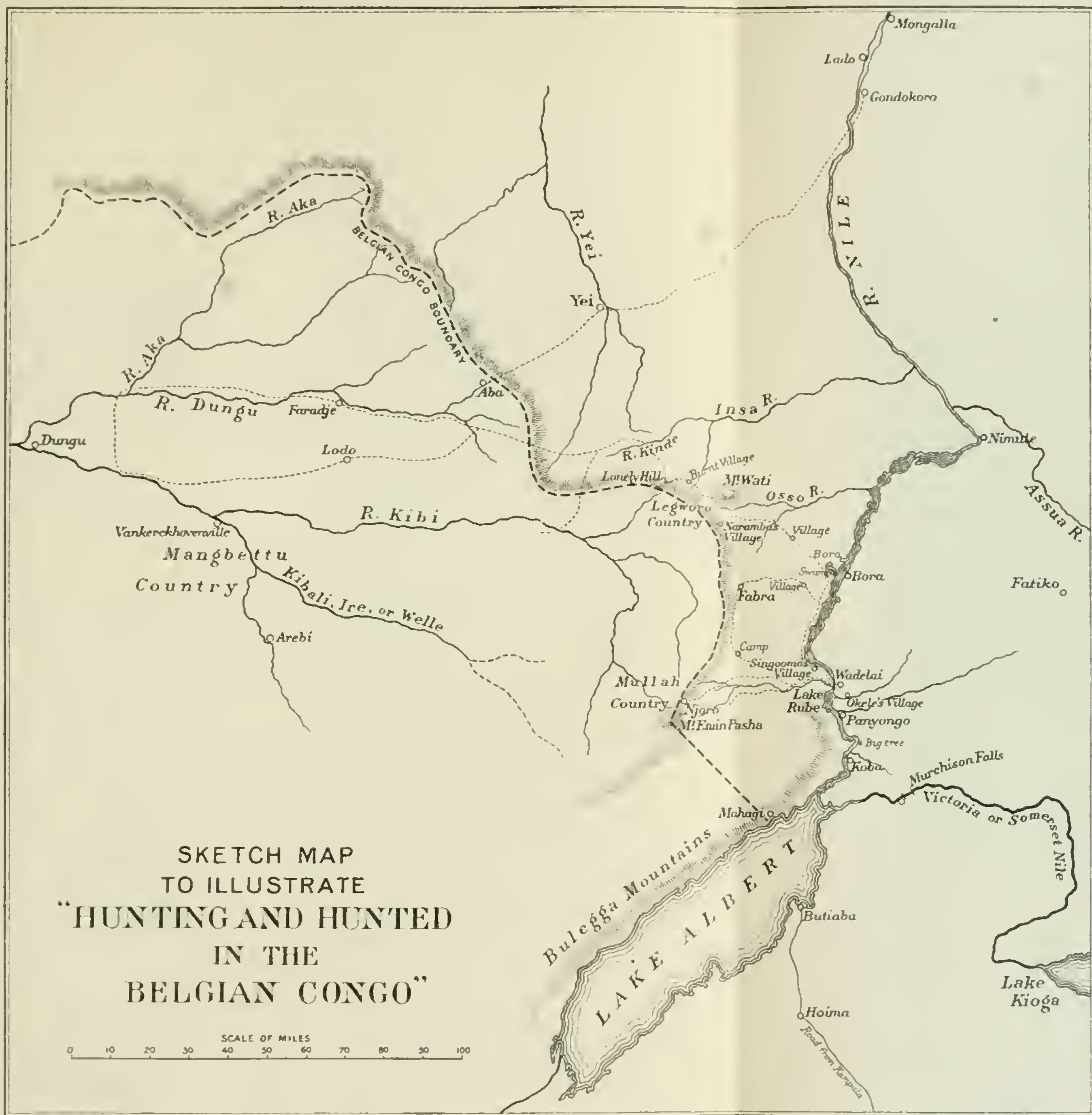
Since writing the account of my trip, I have learnt the sad news of the death of Mr. Rodgers, the gentleman of whom I have spoken as having walked up from Ratanga, the star of the Congo, to Lake Albert. When I met Rodgers he was prospecting. The papers, in reporting his death, however, refer to him as one of the elephant hunters, but even if big game had been the object of his journey, that would have been no justification of his murder in cold blood by the Sudanese askaris in the Lado Enclave.

This furnishes an instance of native troops getting out of control when sent out on an expedition without a responsible officer in charge, and I have no hesitation in declaring that the official, whoever he may be, who was responsible for sending out askaris, without a European in command, to escort Rodgers into his boma is directly responsible for that horrible crime.

The very fact of sending natives to escort, or I should say forcibly drag, a white man in to a Government station is an enormity. I suppose this official was too busy with his whisky and cigars. This is typical of the Sudanese Régime.

Colonel Stigand, the Governor of Mangalla, who is in charge of affairs affecting the Lado Enclave, should have something to say about it. He has been a very enthusiastic elephant hunter himself, as Rodgers was said to have been when he met his death.





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INDEX

ABA, 48
Acacia Horrida, 77, 92
Africa, mission work in, viii
Aka district, 187
Albert Nyanza, Lake, 32
Alenzoi, 159
Amadi, 48
" Americani," 198
Amusements, native. (*See under* " Native.")
Antelopes, 9, 59
Ara river, the, 113
Arrows, Congolese, 69
Ashes as wind-gauge, 109
Askaris, 24, 49

BANDAS, 194
Bangala, the, 190
Bari river, 68
Bathing in the tropics, 53
Belgian Administration, the, 86, 145
    Congo, obstacles to trade in, 86
    treatment of the natives, ix, 168, 188, 257
Bellows, Congolese, 196
Bennett, Mr., 39
" Billygees," the, 188
Blackwater fever, 35
Bora, 67
Brain-shot *v.* Heart-shot at elephants, 109
Bridges, native suspension, 195
Britlebank, Mr., 39
Brown, Walter, 255
Bow and arrow, native skill with, 123
Buckley, Mr., 23, 110
Buildings, native, 205
Burial customs and ceremonies, 200
Bushiri, 169
Busoga, 142
Butiaba, 55, 248

"CALL of Africa, the," 182
Camp, night scene in, 61
Camping grounds, selection and care of, 22
Cannibalism, 204
Cannibals, 257
Carew, Lieutenant, 24
Champagne, medicinal value of, 35
Chemical cookery, 118, 120
Church Missionary Society, 17
Cicatrisation, 107
Colobus monkeys, 123
Commissariat, the, 129
Congolese, the, v, viii
Cookery, uncanny, 188
    under difficulties, 133
Cooper, Arthur, 136
Cooper, R. Davey, early experiences, viii
Craig, Jock, 126
Crawford, Miss, 125
Crocodiles, 42, 58
Cultivation in the Congo, 76, 100
Curiosity, native, 204

" DARKEST Africa," 191, 250
" Dawa," 77, 79. (*See also* Medicine.)
Delagoa Bay, 1
Drani, 159
" Drum-talk," 116
Dungu, 202

EGG and spoon race, 121
Elands, 9
Elephants, 84, 108, 128, 192
    habits of, 111
    native methods of capturing, 183
    their keen scent, 109
    vulnerable parts of, head-shot *v.* heart-shot, 109
Entebbe, 14

FARBRA, 99
Fat, external application of, 102
Fire-arms, the use of, 111
Fish " Eagle," the, 38
Fishing, 37, 72
Fleisher, Mr., 12
Floating islands, 74

GAME, 9. (*See also under* various species.)
    native methods of capturing, 68
Girouard, Sir Percy, 8

INDEX

Glencross, Mr., 249
Glossina Palpalis, 141
" Governmentie," 188
Greasy pole, walking the, 121

HALLEY'S comet, 190
" Hand " of cloth, a, 73
Hanlon, Bishop, 15
Hannington, Mr., 134, 247
Head-shot *v.* Heart-shot at elephants, 109
Henry, native bearer—his " testimonial," 27
Hippopotami, 67, 83, 113
Hoima, 20, 249
Huts, native and " white," 75

ICE cream, a bucket-full of, 2
Inquisitiveness, native, 204
Insa river, the, 167, 173
Iron, native smith's work, 196
Ivory, rewards for bringing in, 194

" JIGGERS," 23
Jinga-Kakindu railway, the, 254
Jinja, 250
Johnston, Sir H. H., 141, 190

KADALI, 73
Kagulu, 145
Kalakese, 93, 227
Kampala, port and town, 14, 250
Karetse, 227
Kasinbasi, 98
Katanga, 50
Kibi river, the, 217
Kiboko (hippopotamus), 83
Kibuli river, the, 76, 150
Kisumu, 118
" Knucklebones," 120
Koba, 48, 129, 246

LADO Enclave, the, 48, 99, 243
Latooka, 68
Leggings *v.* putties, 104
Legworo, the, 165, 202
Lendu country, 142
Lions, characteristics of, 139
" Livingstone Rousers," 97
Lodo village, 208
Lonely Hill, 218
Longdon, Gerald, 131, 246
Lourenço Marques, 1
Lures, the, 67

MADI race, the, 76
    district, 68
Mahagi, 106
Mauly, J. T., 132
Matakanga, 76
Matamma, danger of using for bread, 130
Matuga, 218
Mau Summit, 10
Maulkinson, Mr., 247
M'Bomuthe, 196
Medicine, 97, 166, 189, 209. (*See also* " Dawa.")
Mission work, viii
Mombasa, 4, 85
Mongebettu, the, 203, 206
" Monica," 40
Monkeys, Colobus, 123
Morel, E. D., " The Future of the Congo," 86
Moses, Mr. M., 15, 250
Mosquitoes, 90
" Msungu," 81
Mullah district, 113
Musical instruments, curious, 69

NAIROBI, 7, 254
Napoleon Gulf, 253
Naramba, 235
Native amusements, 41, 69, 116, 117, 120, 161
    characteristics, v, vi, 257
    customs, 107
    medicine, 166, 189
    superstitions, 108, 190
Niam-Niam, people of, 206
    river, 76
Nile, the White, 46
Nimule, 68
N'joro, 48, 121
Noise, native fondness of, 116

OSSO river, 68, 167, 168

PANYONGO, 55, 135, 245
Payne, Mr., 249
Pearson, Sydney, 12, 23
Permanganate of potash, therapeutic value of, 126
" Pishi," 133
Poisoned weapons, 197
" Pombe," 117
" Posho," 54
Porters, hiring of, 25
Port Florence, 85
Portuguese East Africa, 107
Post and Telegraph department, the, 55
Puttees *v.* leggings, 104
Pythons, 140

QUININE, the use of, 153

RECKITT'S blue, 126
Reed buck, the, 60
Rendle, Dr., 144
Reynolds, Mr., 34, 248
Rhinoceros, 101
Rhodes, Hon. Cecil, vii

Rifles, calibres prohibited in Uganda, 85
Ripon Falls, 253
Rivers, characteristics of African, 113
Rogers, Mr., 50, 258
Rope bridges, 195
Rube, Lake, 60

SAFARI, 12, 15
"Salem," 77, 118
Savarkaki, 178, 195
Shinzis, the, 63, 72, 144, 216
Shipping, German *v.* British, 3
Shulis, the, 68
Siro Arocco, 218
Sleeping sickness, 141
Smith, Albert Edward Bertie, 14, 250
Snake-bite, treatment of, 125
Snake stories, 125
Snakes, 140
    their appetite for cow's milk, 126
Somerset Nile, 68, 252
Song, native fondness of, 41
Sports, athletic, 121
Spur-winged goose, the, 92
Stanley, Sir H. M., vi, 77
Stigand, Colonel, 48, 259
Sudanese, the, 145
Sugar, a bed of, 36
Sullivan, C. S., 247
Superstitions, native, 108

TAILORING in camp, 119
Tanganyika, Lake, 50
Telegraph department, the, 55
Telephone, the, 128
Tent-ropes, attention to, 112
Thorn hedges, 76
"Tin glove," the, 128
"Tip-cat," the natives take to, 117
Tooth extraction, 168
    filing, 168
Trading in the Belgian Congo, 86
Tropics, bathing in, 53
Trypanosoma Gambiense, 142
Tsetse fly, the, 93, 141
Tucker, Bishop, 17

UGANDA, 5, 85, 245
    Kob, 60
    railway, the, 10, 85, 254
Unexpected meetings, 136
Unyoro, the king of, 23
Usoga, 253

VANKERCKHOVENVILLE, 187
Victoria Nyanza, Lake, 10, 12, 13

WACHT-EN-BEETJE thorn, the, 124. (*See also* Thorn Hedges.)
Wadelai, 60, 245
Wait-a-bit thorn, 124
Walsh, Mr. and Mrs., 21, 249
Wanuka's dandy attire, 129
Ward, Mr. Herbert, 107
Wati, Mount, 167
Welle, the, 109
White Nile, the, 257
Wind-gauge, the native bag of ashes as, 109
Witch doctors, 201
Women's Suffrage in the Congo, 202
Wood ashes as wind-gauge, 109

YEI, 145

ZAREBAS, 76

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