

nearly all the Wangwana were present to pay a last tribute of sighs to poor Edward Pocock.

When the last solemn prayer had been read, we retired to our tents, to brood in sorrow and silence over our irreparable loss. The frontispiece shows this said scene, and the general appearance of our camp—the sections of the boat, the tents and piles of stores, and the grass huts of the blacks.

Descending into the basin of Matongo, we soon discovered that we had already lost the regular path. But the natives, though they were otherwise tolerant of our presence, and by no means ill-disposed, would not condescend to show us the road, and we were, therefore, exposed to a series of calamities which, at one time threatened our very existence. According to our custom, the camp was constructed on the summit of a slightly swelling ground, between a forest and the fields in the basin. Everything promised at night to be peaceful, though anxiety began to be felt about the fate of Kaif Halleck, the bearer of the letter-bag to Livingstone, in 1871, who had lingered behind. He had not been seen for two days. Some suggested he had deserted, but "faithfuls" rarely desert upon mere impulse, without motive or cause. It was necessary therefore, to halt a day to despatch a searching party. Meanwhile Frank, Barker, and myself were occupied in reducing our loads, and rejecting every article that we could possibly subsist without. Our sick were many, twenty had died, and eighty-nine had deserted. While examining the cloth bales, we discovered that many were wet from excessive rains, and to save them from being ruined, it was imperative, though impolitic, that we should spread the cloths to dry. In the midst of this work a great magic doctor came to pay me a visit, bringing with him a good fat ox as a peace-offering. He was introduced to my tent, and after being sociably entertained with exceedingly sweet coffee, he was presented with fifteen cloths, thirty necklaces, and ten yards of brass wire, which repaid him fourfold for his ox. Trivial things, such as empty sardine boxes, and jam tins, were bestowed on him, as he begged for them. While he stayed, I observed with uneasiness that he and his following cast lingering glances upon the cloths which were drying in camp.

But before retiring for the night, the scouts returned with the report that "Kaif Halleck's" dead body had been discovered, gashed with over thirty wounds, on the edge of a wood.

"We cannot help it, my friends," I said, after a little deliberation. "We can mourn for him, but we cannot avenge him. Go and tell the people to take warning from his fate not to venture too far from the camp, and when on the march not to lag behind the caravan; and you, who are the chiefs, and in charge of the rear, must not again leave a sick man to find his way unprotected to camp."

The next day the magic doctor appeared about eight a.m., to receive another present, and, as he brought with him about a quart of curded milk, he was not disappointed. He also received a few beads for his wife, and for each of his children. Half an hour after the departure of the magic doctor, while many of the Wangwana were absent purchasing grain, and others were in the forest collecting faggots, we heard war cries. I mustered a small party on the highest ground of the camp, in an attitude of doubt and inquiry, and presently saw a large body of natives armed with spears, bows and arrows, and shields, appear within a hundred yards on a similar high-ground outside the camp. We soon discovered that one of the Wangwana had stolen some milk, and that the natives had been aroused to "make war" upon us because of the theft. They were informed that war was

wicked and unjust for such a small crime. A liberal present of cloth was made, and the affair had apparently terminated.

But as this mob was about to retire peacefully, another large force appeared, and Souidi, one of our men, came hastily upon the scene. He had a javelin gash near the right elbow joint, while a ghastly wound, from a whirling knobstick, had laid open his temples. He reported his brother Suliman as lying dead near the forest, to the west of the camp.

We decided, nevertheless, to do nothing. We were strong disciples of the doctrine of forbearance, for it seemed to me then as if Livingstone had taught it to me only the day before. "Keep silence," I said; "even for the last murder I shall not fight; when they attack the camp, it will be time enough then." To Frank I simply said that he might distribute twenty rounds of ammunition without noise to each man, and dispose our party on either side of the gate, ready for a charge, should the natives determine upon attacking us.

The possible hostilities might have been averted, had not the murderers of young Suliman, advancing red-handed and triumphant, extorted from all the unanimous opinion that it would be better after all to fight "the cowardly Wangwana and the white men, who were evidently only women." They quickly disposed themselves, delivered large whoops of triumph, prepared their bows, and shot their first arrows. The Wangwana became restless, but I restrained them. We still waited without firing. The savages, not comprehending this extraordinary forbearance, advanced once more. The interpreters were requested to warn them that we should delay no longer. They replied, "Ye are women, ye are women," saying which they twanged their bows. It was only then, perceiving that they were too savage to understand the principles of forbearance, that the final word to "fight" was given. A brisk encounter was maintained for an hour, and then, having driven the savages away, the Wangwana were recalled to camp.

Meanwhile Frank was busy with sixty men armed with axes in constructing a strong stockade, and on the return of the Wangwana they were employed in building markamen's "nest's" at each corner of the camp. We also cleared the ground to the space of two hundred yards around the camp. By night our camp was secure, and perfectly defensible.

On the morning of the 24th we waited patiently in our camp. Why should we attack? We were wretched enough as it was, without seeking to add to our wretchedness. We numbered only seventy effective men, for all the others were invalids, frightened porters, women, donkey boys, and children. The sick list was alarming, but, try how we might, the number was not to be reduced. At nine a.m., however, the enemy appeared, reinforced both in numbers and confidence, for the adjoining districts on the north and east had been summoned to the "war." We, therefore, wait until they advance upon our camp, and drive them from its vicinity as we did the day before. Our losses in this day's proceedings, were twenty-one soldiers and one messenger killed, and three wounded. As we had twenty-five on the sick list, it may be imagined that to replace these fifty men great sacrifices were necessary on the part of the survivors, and much ingenuity had to be exercised. Much miscellaneous property was burned, and on the morning of the 26th, just before daybreak, we resumed our interrupted journey. One day I shot a giraffe and a small antelope; on the next, five zebra; and the third, two gnu, one buffalo, and a zebra. Meat was now a drug in our camp. It

was cooked in various styles, either stewed, roasted, fried, or pounded for cakes. On the 10th of February we reached the hospitable village of Mombiti.

A fresh troop of porters was here engaged to relieve the long-suffering people, and with renewed spirits and rekindled vigour, and with reserve stores of luxuries on our shoulders, we plunged into the jungle. During the second day's march, Gardner, one of the faithful followers of Livingstone during his last journey, succumbed to a severe attack of typhoid fever. We conveyed the body to camp, and having buried him, raised a cairn of stones over his grave.

On the morning of the 27th February we rose up early, and braced ourselves for the long march of nineteen miles, which terminated at four p.m. When the bugle sounded the signal to "Take the road," the Wangwana responded to it with cheers, and loud cries of "Ay, indeed; ay, indeed, please God;" and their good-will was contagious. The natives, who had mustered strongly to witness our departure, were affected by it, and stimulated our people by declaring that the lake was not very far off—"but two or three hours' walk." Ascending a long gradual slope, we heard on a sudden, hurrahing in front, and then we, too, with the lagging rear, knew that those in the van were in view of the Great Lake!

Frank Pocock impetuously strode forward until he gained the brow of the hill. He took a long sweeping look at something, waved his hat, and came down toward us, his face beaming with joy, as he shouted out enthusiastically with the fervour of youth and high spirits, "I have seen the Lake, sir, and it is grand!"

Presently we also reached the brow of the hill, where we the Expedition halted, and the first quick revealed to us a long broad arm of water, which a dazzling sun transformed into silver, some six hundred feet below us, at the distance of three miles. It stretched like a silvery plain far to the eastward, and away across to a boundary of dark blue hills and mountains. The blacks struck up the song of triumph:—

Sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to the great Nyanza.
Sing all, sing loud, O friends, sing to the great sea;
Give your last look to the lands behind and then turn to the sea.

Long time ago you left your lands,
Your wives and children, your brothers and your friends;
Tell me, have you seen a sea like this
Since you left the great salt sea?

CHORUS.

Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended
Sing aloud, O friend; sing to this great sea.

This sea is fresh, is good, and sweet;
Your sea is salt, and bad, and unfit for drink.
This sea is like wine to drink for thirsty men;
The salt sea—bah! it makes men sick.

Lift up your heads, O men, and gaze around;
Try if you can see its end.

See, it stretches meane away,
This great, sweet, fresh-water sea.

The song, though extemporized, was eminently dramatic, and when the chorus joined in, it made the hills ring with a wild and strange harmony.

In a short time we had entered the wretched-looking village, and Kaduma was easily induced to proffer hospitalities to the strangers. A small conical hut, about twenty feet in diameter, badly lighted, and with a strong smell of animal matter—malicious persistence, kept popping in and out of their nests in the straw roof, and rushing over the walls—was placed at my disposal as a store-room. Another small hut was presented to Frank Pocock and Fred Barker as their quarters.