

the twelve guides, clad in red robes bearing the wire coils; then a long file, 270 strong, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of the *Lady Alice*, after them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of some of the chiefs and boat-bearers following their mothers and assisting them with trifling loads of utensils, followed by the riding asses, Europeans, and gun-bearers; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs who act as rearguard, and whose duties are to pick up stragglers, and act as supernumeraries until other men can be procured: in all, three hundred and fifty-six souls connected with the Anglo-American Expedition. The lengthy line occupies nearly half a mile of the path which, at the present day, is the commercial and exploring highway into the Lake regions.

Edward Pocock acts as bugler, because from long practice at the military camps at Aldershot and Chatham he understands the signals. The chief guide is also armed with a prodigiously long horn of ivory, his favourite instrument, and one that belongs to his profession, which he has permission to use only when approaching a suitable camping-place, or to notify to us danger in the front. Before Hamadi strides a chubby little boy with a native drum, which he is to beat only when in the neighbourhood of villages, to warn them of the advance of a caravan, a caution most requisite, for many villages are situated in the midst of a dense jungle, and the sudden arrival of a large force of strangers before they had time to hide their little belongings might awaken jealousy and distrust.

In this manner we begin our long journey, full of hopes. There is noise and laughter along the ranks, and a hum of gay voices murmuring through the fields, as we rise and descend with the waves of the land, and wind with the sinuosities of the path. Motion had restored us all to a sense of satisfaction. We had an intensely bright and fervid sun shining above us, the path was dry, hard, and admirably fit for travel, and during the commencement of our first march nothing could be conceived in better order than the lengthy thin column about to confront the wilderness.

Presently, however, the fervour of the dazzling sun grows overpowering as we descend into the valley of the Kingani river. The ranks become broken and disordered: stragglers are many; the men complain of the terrible heat; the dogs pant in agony. The veterans of travel push on towards the river three miles distant, where they may obtain rest and shelter, but the inexperienced are lying prostrate on the ground, exclaiming against the heat, and crying for water, bewailing their folly in leaving Zanzibar. We stop to tell them to rest a while and then to come on to the river, where they will find us; we advise, encourage, and console the irritated people as best we can, and tell them that it is only the commencement of a journey that is so hard, that all this pain and weariness are always felt by beginners, but that by and by it is shaken off, and that those who are steadfast emerge out of the struggle heroes.

Frank and his brother Edward, despatched to the ferry at the beginning of these delays, have now got the sectional boat *Lady Alice* all ready, and the ferrying of men, goods, asses, and dogs across the Kingani is prosecuted with vigour, and at 3.30 p.m. the boat is again in pieces, slung on the bearing poles, and the expedition has resumed its journey.

Grand and impressive scenery meets the eye as we march. Peaks and knolls rise in all directions, for we are now ascending to the eastern front of the Kaguru mountains. By a gradual ascent we reached the spine of a hill at 4,490 feet, and behold an extensive plain, stretching north west and west, with browsing herds of noble game.

We crossed the plain on the 11th December. It is only six miles in width, but within this distance we counted fourteen human skulls, the mournful relics of some unfortunate travellers, slain by an attack of Wahumba from the north-west.

Desertions from the Expedition had been frequent. At first the chief detective, and his gang of four men, who had received their instructions to follow us a day's journey behind, enabled me to recapture sixteen of the deserters; but the cunning fellows soon discovered this recourse of mine against their well known freaks, and, instead of striking east in their departure, absconded either south or north of the track. We then had detectives posted long before dawn, several hundred yards away from the camp, who were bidden to lie in wait in the bush until the Expedition had started, and in this manner we succeeded in repressing, to some extent, the disposition to desert, and arrested very many men on the point of escaping; but even this was not adequate. Fifty had abandoned us, taking with them the advances they had received, and often their guns, on which our safety might depend.

The following is a portion of a private letter to a friend, written on Christmas Day at Zingeh: "I am in a centre pole tent, seven by eight. It has been raining heavily the last two or three days, and an impetuous down-pour of sheet rain has just ceased. On the march rain is very disagreeable: it makes the clayey path slippery, and the loads heavier by being saturated, while it half ruins the cloths. It makes us dispirited, wet, and cold, added to which we are hungry—for there is a famine or scarcity of food at this season, and, therefore, we can only procure half rations. I, myself, have not had a piece of meat for ten days. My food is boiled rice, tea, and coffee, and soon I shall be reduced to native porridge, like my own people. I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds when I left Zanzibar, but under this diet I have been reduced to one hundred and thirty-four pounds within thirty-eight days. The young Englishmen are in the same impoverished condition of body, and unless we reach some more flourishing country we must soon become mere skeletons. Besides the terribly wet weather and the scarcity of food from which we suffer, we are compelled to undergo the tedious and wearisome task of haggling with extortionate chiefs over the amount of black-mail which they demand, and which we must pay. We are compelled, as you may perceive, to draw heavy drafts on the virtues of prudence, patience, and resignation."

A conspiracy was discovered at this place, by which fifty men, who had firmly resolved to abscond, were prevented from carrying out their intention by my securing the ringleaders and disarming their deluded followers. Twenty men were on the sick list, from fever, sore feet, ophthalmia, and rheumatism. Five succeeded in deserting with their guns and accoutrements. Frank and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker, rendered me invaluable services while endeavouring to harmonize the large, unruly mob, with its many eccentric and unassimilating natures. Quarrels were frequent, sometimes even dangerous, between various members of the Expedition, and at such critical moments only did my personal interference become imperatively necessary. What with taking solar observations and making notes, negotiating with chiefs about the tribute moneys and attending on the sick, my time was occupied from morning until night. In addition to all this strain on my own physical powers, I was myself frequently sick from fever, and wasted from lack of proper nourishing food; and if the chief of an expedition be thus distressed, it may readily be believed that the poor fellows depending on him suffer also.

Having procured guides, on the 1st January, 1875, we struck north. We—the Europeans—were great curiosities to the natives. Each of the principal men and women extended to us pressing invitations to stop in their villages, and handsome young chiefs entreated us to become their blood-brothers. The son of a chief even came to my camp at night, and begged me to accept a "small gift from a friend," which he had brought. This gift was a gallon of new milk. Such a welcome present was reciprocated with a gilt bracelet, with a great green crystal set in it, with which he was so overjoyed as almost to weep. His emotions of gratitude were visible in the glistening and dilated eyes, and felt in the fervent grasp he gave my hand.

The last night at Mtiwi was a disturbed one. The "flood-gates of heaven" seemed literally opened for a period. After an hour's rainfall, six inches of water covered our camp, and a slow current ran southerly. Every member of the Expedition was distressed, and even the Europeans, lodged in tents, were not exempted from the evils of the night. My tent walls enclosed a little pool, banked by boxes of stores and ammunition. Hearing cries outside, I lit a candle, and my astonishment was great to find that my bed was an island in a shallow river. In the morning, I discovered my fatigue cap several yards outside the tent, and one of my boots sailing down south. The harmonium, a present for King Mtesa, a large quantity of gun-powder, tea, rice, and sugar, were destroyed. By noon the water had considerably decreased, and permitted us to march.

The responsibility of leading a half-starved expedition—as ours now certainly was—through a dense bush, without knowing whither or for how many days, was great, but I was compelled to undertake it. In this critical position, many hesitating on my decision, I resolved to despatch forty of the strongest men to Suma, a distance of twenty-eight miles. Pinched with hunger themselves, the forty volunteers advanced with the resolution to reach Suma that night. They were told to purchase eight hundred pounds of grain, which would give a light load of twenty pounds to each man, and urged to return as quickly as possible, for the lives of their women and friends depended on their manliness. Three men had lost the road and had struggled on till they perished, of despair, hunger, and exhaustion.

With the sad prospect of starvation impending over us, we were at various expedients to sustain life until the food purveyors should return. The Wangwana roamed about the forest in search of edible roots and berries, and examined various trees to discover whether they afforded anything that could allay the grievous and bitter pangs of hunger. Some found a putrid elephant, on which they gorged themselves, and were punished with nausea and sickness. Others found a lion's den with two lion's whelps, which they brought to me. Meanwhile, Frank and I examined the medicinal stores, and found to our great joy we had sufficient oatmeal to give every soul two cupfuls of the gruel. A "Torquay dress trunk" of sheet-iron was at once emptied of its contents and filled with twenty-five gallons of water, into which were put ten pounds of oatmeal and four one-pound tins of "revalenta arabica." How the people, middle-aged and young, gathered round that trunk, and heaped fuel underneath that it might boil the quicker! How eagerly they watched it lest some calamity should happen, and clamoured, when it was ready, for their share, and how inexpressibly satisfied they seemed as they tried to make the most of what they received, and with what fervour they thanked God for his mercies!