

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 ethnological 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 gunpower, 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