

## African Exploration.

(Condensed from N. Y. Herald.)

VILLAGE OF KAGEHI, DISTRICT OF  
UCHAMBI, USUKUMA, ON THE  
VICTORIA NIYANZA,  
March 1, 1875.

The second part of the programme laid before me as Commander of the Anglo American Press Expedition to perform, ended successfully at noon on the 27th February, 1875. The great lake first discovered by Captain Speke—the Victoria Nyanza—was sighted and reached by us on that day; and it is with the feeling of the most devout gratitude to Almighty God for preserving us, amid manifold perils, that I write these lines. It seems an age since we departed from Mpwapwa Usungu, whence I despatch my last letter to you. We have experienced so much, seen and suffered so much, that I have to recapitulate carefully in my memory, and turn to my note book often to refresh my recollections of even the principal events of this most long, arduous, and eventful march to the Victoria Nyanza. I promised you in my last letter that I would depart as soon as practicable from the old route to Unyanyembe, which is now so well known, and would, like the patriarch Livingstone, strike out a new line to unknown lands. I did so, but in our adventurous journey north I imperilled the expedition and almost brought it to an untimely end, but which, happily for me, for you, and for geographers, a kindly Providence averted. On leaving Mpwapwa we edged northward across the Desert of the Marenga Mkali, or the Bilber Water, leaving the vain chief of Alumbi far to the south, and traversed Northern Ugogo with the usual success attending travellers in Southern Ugogo. The chiefs practised the usual arts to fleece us of property and blackmailed us at every opportunity. Now, we met chiefs more amiably disposed towards strangers to pay heavier tribute in other chiefs' lands. We crossed broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce and cloth vanished fast, to enter hilly districts, where food was abundant, the people civil, and the chiefs kind. We traversed troublesome districts, where wars and rumours of wars were rife, the people treacherous and hostile, to enter countries lying at the mercy of the ferocious Wahunba on the north, and the Wabebo to the south. Thus good and evil fortune alternated during our travels through Ugogo—an epitome in the brief of our after experiences. Furious rainy tempests accompanied us each day, and some days both nature and man warred against us, while on other days both seemed combined to bless us. Under our adverse fates the expedition seemed to melt away; men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind sick, while many, again, deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect. The expedition seemed doomed. The white men, though selected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely—nay, I may say heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rainstorms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manful natures, stout hearted, brave men, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepenting they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their allotted duties, at all times commended themselves to my good opinion.

Mr. Stanley then proceeds to describe his journey to Chwyn, which occupied twelve days. There, young Poccock, an English

sailor who accompanied the expedition, died. From Chwyn the caravan advanced to Mangara, where Knif Halleck, the carrier of Kirl's letter bag to Livingstone, was brutally murdered by the Warimi tribe. The fifth day's march from Chwyn brought the party into the country of the Waturu, and the traveller thus graphically relates the subsequent events:—

Half an hour afterward the war cry of the Waturu was heard resounding through each of the 200 villages of the valley of the Leowumbu. The war cry was similar to that of the Wagogo, and phonetically it might be spelt "Hehu, A Hehu," the latter syllables drawn out in a prolonged cry, thrilling and loud. As we had heard the Wagogo sound the war notes upon every slight apparition of strangers we imagined that the warriors of Ituru were summoned to contend against some marauders like the warlike Mirambo or some other malcontent neighbours, and, nothing disturbed by it, we pursued our various avocations. Like peaceful beings, fresh from our new brotherhood with the elders of Ituru. Some of our men were gone out to the neighbouring pool to draw water for their respective messes, others were gone to cut wood, others were about starting to purchase food, when suddenly we saw the outskirts of the camp darkened by about 100 natives in full war costume. Feathers of the bustard, the eagle and the kite waved above their heads, or the mane of the zebra and the giraffe encircled their brows; their left hands held their bows and arrows, while their right bore their spears.

This hostile presence naturally alarmed us, for what had we done to occasion disturbance or war? Remembering the pacific bearing of Livingstone when he and I were menaced by the cannibal Wabembe, I gave orders that none should leave camp until we should ascertain what this warlike appearance meant, and that none should by any demonstration provoke the natives. While we waited to see what the Waturu intended to do, their numbers increased tenfold, and every bush and tree hid a warrior. Our camp was situated on the edge of a broad wilderness, which extended westward many days' march; but to the north, east, and south, nothing was seen but villages and cultivated ground, which, with the careless mode of agriculture in vogue among savages, contained acres of dwarf shrubbery; but I doubt whether throughout this valley a better locality for a camp could have been selected than the one we had chosen. Fifty or sixty yards around us was open ground, so that we had the advantage of light to prevent the appearance of an enemy unseen. A slight fence of bush served to screen our numbers from those without the camp, but, having had no occasion to suspect hostilities, it was but ill adapted to shield us from attack. When the Waturu were so numerous in our vicinity that it was no longer doubtful that they were summoned to fight us, I despatched a young man who knew their language to ascertain their intention. As he advanced toward them six or seven warriors drew near to talk with him. When he returned he informed us that one of our men had stolen some milk and butter from a small village and that we must pay for it in cloth. The messenger was sent back to tell them that white men did not come to their country to rob or quarrel; that they had but to name the price of what was stolen to be paid at once, and that not one grain of corn or milletseed should be appropriated by us wrongfully. Upon this the principal warriors drew nearer, until we could hear their voices plainly, though we did not understand the nature of the conversation.

The messenger informed us that the elders demanded four yards of sheeting, which was about six times the value of the stolen articles; but at such a time it was useless to haggle over such a demand, and the cloth was paid. When it was given to them the elders said they were satisfied, and with drew.

But it was evident that though the elders were satisfied the warriors were not, as they could be seen hurrying by scores from all parts of the valley and gesticulating violently in crowds. Still we waited patiently, hoping that if the elders and principal warriors were really amicably disposed toward us, their voices would prevail, and that they would be able to assuage the wild passions which now seemed to animate the others. As we watched them we noted that about 200 detached themselves from the gesticulating crowds east of the camp and were hurrying to the thick bush west of us. Soon afterward one of my men returned from that direction bleeding profusely from the face and arm, and reported that he and a youth named Sulieman were out collecting firewood when they were attacked by a large crowd of savages, who were hidden in the bush. A knobstick had crushed his nose and a spear had severely wounded him in the arm, but he had managed to escape, while Sulieman was killed, a dozen spears having been plunged into his back. This report and the appearance of the bleeding youth so excited the soldiers of the expedition that they were only with the utmost difficulty restrained from beginning the battle at once. Even yet I hoped that war might be prevented by a little diplomacy, while I did not forget to open the ammunition boxes and prepare for the worst. But much was to be done. The enclosure of the camp required to be built up, and something of a fortification was needed to repel the attack of such a large force. While we were thus preparing without ostentation to defend ourselves from what I conceived to be an imminent attack, the Waturu, now a declared enemy, advanced upon the camp, and a shower of arrows fell all around us. Sixty soldiers, held in readiness, were at once ordered to deploy in front of the camp, fifty yards off, and the Waugwana, or freemen of Zanzibar, obedient to the command, rushed out of the camp, and the battle commenced.

Immediately after these sixty men, with axes, were ordered to cut bushes and raise a high fence of thorn around the camp, while twenty more were ordered to raise lofty platforms like towers within, for sharpshooters. We based ourselves in bringing the sections of the *Lady Alice* to make a central camp for a last resistance, and other wise strengthening the defences. Every one worked with a will, and while the firing of the skirmishers, growing more distant, announced that the enemy was withdrawing from the attack, we were left to work unmolested. When the camp was prepared I ordered the bugle to sound the retreat, in order that the savages might have time to consider whether it was politic for them to renew the fight. When the skirmishers returned they announced that fifteen of the enemy were killed, while a great many more were wounded and borne off by their friends. Tary had all distinguished themselves—even "Bull," the British bull dog, had seized one of the Waturu by the leg and had given him a taste of the power of the English canine of his breed before the poor savage was mercifully dispatched by a Snider bullet. We rested that day from further trouble, and the next morning we waited events until nine o'clock, when the enemy appeared in greater force than ever, having