

but his great size and strength—turned round and said, sharply: 'We are tired, and that's what's the matter;' which opinion one third did not hesitate to confirm. Such a spirit being most serious in these days of scant food and hard toil—men, like beasts of prey, being governed by the stomach—I invited the people together, to rehearse their grievances and to describe their wrongs. They could say nothing, except that they were tired, and were not going to work any more. Death was in the river—a wearisome repetition of frightful labour waiting for them each day on the rocks—their stomachs were hungry—they had no strength. Said I: 'And I have none, my friends, I assure you. I am as hungry as any of you. I could get meat to make me strong, but it would be robbing you. I am so tired and sorry that I could lie down smiling, and die. My white brother, who was lost the other day, is happier than I. While you stay with me, I follow this river until I come to the point where it is known. If you don't stay with me, I still will cling to the river, and will die in it.' I walked away from them. One man, Safeni, the coxswain at Bumbirch, on being asked by a disaffected body of men what was to be done, said: 'Let us pack up, and be gone! We shall die, anyhow—whether we stay here or whether we travel.' They were not long in following his counsel, and filed up the steep ascent to the table-land, thirty-one in number. One of the tent-boys came to announce the fact. On ascertaining that the infection was not general, I then resolved that they should not endanger their own lives, or the lives of the faithful, and called Kacheche and Manwa Sera to follow and plead with them. They overtook them five miles from here, but only received a determined refusal to return, and they persisted in continuing their journey. Meanwhile the faithful are at work.

"June 21.—Despatched Kacheche and Manwa Sera again, early this morning, to cut off the fugitives; to inform the chiefs in advance that my people were not to be permitted to pass them; but, if they persisted in going beyond them, to lay hands on them, and bind them, until I could arrive on the scene. The chiefs seconded me so well, that they beat their war-drum; and the mock excitement was so great, that the mutineers were halted; and I learn, by my two men, that they already regret having left their camp.

"June 22.—Again Kacheche and Manwa Sera returned to the mutineers, who were fifteen miles away from here, and, promising them pardon and complete absolution of the offence, succeeded, with the aid of the friendly chiefs, in inducing them to return—saider and wiser men—to resume their duties, and so to enable me to triumph over these obstacles.

"June 23.—We commenced our work this morning, assisted by one hundred and fifty Zinga natives, and by 10 a.m. had succeeded in drawing three canoes up the two hundred feet steep to the level of the rocky point. The fourth canoe was the new *Livingstone*, which weighed about three tons. It was already twenty feet out of the water, and we were quite confident we should be able, with two hundred men, to haul her up. But suddenly the rattan cables snapped, and, with the rapidity of lightning, the heavy boat darted down the steep slopes into the depths. The chief carpenter of the expedition, who had superintended its construction, clung to it, under the idea that his single strength was sufficient to stay its rapid downward descent, and he was dragged down into the river, and, unable to swim, scrambled into the canoe. Uledi sprang after the carpenter—as the men remembered that he could not swim—and, reaching the canoe, cried out to him to jump into the river, and he

would save him. 'Ah, my brother,' the unfortunate man replied, 'I cannot swim.' 'Jump, man, before it is too late! You are drifting towards the cataract!' 'I am afraid.' 'Well, then, good-bye, my brother. Nothing can save you!' said Uledi, as he swam ashore—reaching it only fifty feet above the cataract. A second more, and the great canoe, with Salaam Allah in it, was swept down over the cataract, and was tossed up and down the huge waves until finally a whirlpool received it, I reckoned fifty-four during the time it was under the water; and then it rose high and straight out of the depths, the man still in it. Again it was sucked down, revolving as it disappeared, and in a few seconds was ejected a second time, the man still in it. A third time it was drawn in, and when it emerged again, Salaam Allah had disappeared. The fleet-footed natives and the boat's crew had started overland to Mbelo Ferry, and shouted out the warning cries to the ferrymen, who were at once on the alert to save the canoe. After riding high on the crests of the waves of the rapids, the *Livingstone* canoe entered the calmer waters of the crossing-place, and, in view of all gathered to witness the scene, wheeled round five times over the edge of a large whirlpool, and disappeared forever! It was supposed that she was swept against the submerged rocks beneath, and got jammed, for though there is a stretch of a mile of quiet water below the pool, nothing was seen of her up to sunset—five hours after the catastrophe. Two of the new canoes are thus lost, and another good man has perished. The Wangwana take this fatal accident as another indication of the general doom impending over us. They think the night of woe approaching, and even now, as I write by the campfires, they are counting up the lost and dead. Poor people! Poor me!

"June 24.—We were five hours engaged in hauling the *Glasgow*, our largest canoe, up a hill two hundred feet, with over two hundred men. Of the smaller canoes we ran up three. It has been my policy to excite the people with whatever tends to keep them from brooding over our losses, with wine, drums, and music, which I purchased liberally, because, though apparently extravagant at such a period, it is the most economical.

"June 25.—At dawn of day we were up, and began to lower the boat and canoes into the basin below Zinga. By night, thank God, all our flotilla was below the cataract. The Zinguese say there are only three more falls!—and the last, I hope. Then, with bowed heads, we will travel for the sea as only hungry men can travel. A month ago we descended Upper Mowa Falls. It is still in sight of me—being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned in this short distance! At 1 p.m. I descended the cliff again, by means of ladders of rattan cane, and embarked. Cautiously we moved along—ten men to the canoes at bow and stern—and step by step, with a prudence born of perfect knowledge of its dangers, we approached the Mbelo Falls. As we neared it, the faithless stern-cable parted, the river just then gave an uneasy heave, which snapped the bow-cable, and again were we borne, on the crests of the wild waves, into mid-channel—rocks, boulders, and cliffs flying past us with incredible rapidity. There were six men in the boat besides myself, and Uledi was at the helm—cool and confident. Our feelings are, however, different to those which filled us during a similar period of danger. There are certain voices whispering: 'What will be, will be;' 'One cannot escape the inevitable;' and such like—so that the sense of danger is somewhat blunted. Those lively fears which once oppressed us we know no more. Nerve and soul have alike been deadened by oft-seen woes—oft-felt strokes of misfortune!

We have wept so often, we can weep no more; we have suffered so much, we cannot suffer more. Away down stream we dart, racing amid noise and waves and foam, and finally emerge in Nguru basin; and it is then we sigh, and murmur 'Saved again!' With nothing of triumph, nothing of the flashing glitter of proud eyes, but subdued and grateful, we seek the sandy beach of Kikunga.

"Leaving four men in charge of the boat, I proceeded to meet the terror-stricken multitude, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me advancing towards them. I was like one risen from the dead to them. 'Yes, we shall reach the sea, please God!' said they. 'We see the hand of God, now. But you must not attempt the wicked river any more, master. We shall do it ourselves. Better far that we die than you. You shall not go to the river again until we are beyond the falls' Poor, dear souls, they made me forgive them all! How bitter had my thoughts been lately! But this genuine expression of love and devotion healed the sickened soul, and infused new vigour into it, until I felt again that old belief that success would finally reward us."

The above, faithfully transcribed from my notebook, convey, more truly than any amount of after-written descriptions, the full sense of the miserable scenes we endured during that fatal month of June, 1877.

Strongly impressed with the knowledge that nothing but a persevering, persistent, even impetuous advance towards the sea could now save us from the pangs of famine, we only halted two days at Kikunga. We were one hundred and thirty-one days effecting a journey of only ninety-five miles.

The Wangwana, weakened by scant fare, and suffering from pining vitals, were intensely affected when I announced to them that we were not far from the sea. Indeed, one poor fellow was so intoxicated with joy, that he became outrageous in his behaviour. Still, I did not suspect that this was madness; and when he advanced to me, and embraced my feet, saying: "Ah, master! El hand ul Allah! We have reached the sea! We are home! We are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming!" the idea of his lunacy was far from my mind. I attributed his tears and wildness simply to excess of emotion and nervous excitement. I replied to him soothingly, but he plunged into the woods.

After a few seconds' reflection, it occurred to me that the man was a lunatic, and I sent three men instantly to bring him back, and to recover him by force, if necessary; but, after four hours' search, they returned unsuccessful, and I never saw the sage Safeni more. We probably might have been able to recover him after several days' search; but, valuable as he had been, and dear as he was, death by starvation threatened us all, and we were compelled to haste—haste away from the baleful region to kinder lands.

The freshness and ardour of feeling with which I had set out from the Indian Ocean, had by this time been quite worn away. Fevers had sapped the frame; over-much trouble had strained the spirit; hunger had debilitated the body; anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people were groaning aloud; the sunken eyes and unfleshed bodies were a living reproach to me; their vigour was now gone, though their fidelity was unquestionable; their knees were bent with weakness, and their backs were no longer rigid with the vigour of youth, and life, and strength, and fire of devotion. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt; unspeakably miserable in aspect, we yielded at length to imperious