

'I shall see to-day,' he said, 'who will not fight; I will see who will dare to run away from the Wavuma. I will sit down to-day, and watch for the coward, and the coward I will burn. I swear it.' Instantly the Katekiro fell on his face to the ground, and cried, 'Kabaka (emperor), send me to-day to fight; watch my flag, and if I turn my back to the Wavuma, then take and burn me, or cut me to little pieces.' The example of the Katekiro was followed by the other chiefs, and they all swore to be desperately brave."

At 8.20 a.m., while I was at the point of Nakaranga, the sound of drums approached me, and I knew that the council was ended, and that the battle would soon begin. Mtesa appeared anything but a Christian, judging from his looks. Presently other drums sounded from the water-side, and soon the beautiful canoes of Uganda appeared in view. The entire war-fleet of two hundred and thirty vessels rode gracefully on the calm, gray waters of the channel. The fleet, containing some sixteen thousand men, moved to the attack upon Ingira. The centre, defended by the flanks, which were to menace the rear Wavuma, should they approach near the causeway, resolutely advanced to within thirty yards of Ingira, and poured in a most murderous fire among the slingers of the island. The Wavuma, seeing matters approaching a crisis, and not wishing to die tamely, manned their canoes, and one hundred and ninety-six dashed impetuously from the rushes of Ingira, with loud, shrill yells, and the Waganda lines moved backward to the centre of the channel, where they bravely and coolly maintained their position. Mtesa went down to the water's edge to express his satisfaction.

"Go at them again," said he, "and show them what fighting is." And the line of battle was again formed, and again the Wavuma darted from the cover of the reeds and water-cane, with the swiftness of hungry sharks, beating the water into foam with their paddles, and rending the air with their piercing yells.

A fourth battle was fought by two hundred and fourteen Waganda canoes and two hundred and three Wavuma canoes. The Wavuma obtained the victory most signally, chasing the Waganda within forty yards of Nakaranga Cape, and being only driven from their prey by the musketeers and the howitzers on the causeway, which inflicted great execution on them at such close quarters. The Waganda did not attempt another trial, for they were disorganized and dispirited after the signal defeat they had experienced.

I learned that Mtesa's gunpowder was almost exhausted, and that he had scarcely a round left for each musket. This fact alarmed him, and compelled him to request me to lend him my powder in the camp at Dumo, which was refused in such a decided tone that he never repeated the request.

It was now the 5th of October, and I had left my camp on the 12th of August. It was necessary that I should participate in some manner in the war, and end it. Yet I scarce knew how I should act effectively to produce results beneficial to all parties. My energies and thoughts were bent, therefore, upon discovering a solution of the problem how to injure none, yet satisfy all. At length I devised a plan which I thought would succeed; but, before I was enabled to perfect my scheme, an incident occurred which called for my immediate intervention. Mtesa, by means of his scouts, had succeeded in capturing one of the principal chiefs of the Wavuma, and the most important strangers had been invited to be present to witness the execution of this chief at the stake. When I arrived at the scene, a large quantity of faggots had already been collected to burn him.

By this mode of punishment, Mtesa thought he would be able to strike terror into the souls of the Wavuma.

"Now, Stamlee," he said, "you shall see how a chief of Uvuma dies. He is about to be burnt. The Wavuma will tremble when they hear of the manner of his death."

"Ah, Mtesa," I said, "have you forgotten the words of the good book which I have read to you so often? 'If thy brother offend thee, thou shalt forgive many times.' 'Love thy enemies.' 'Do good to them that hate you.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"But this man is at war with me. Shall this man not die, Stamlee?"

"No, Mtesa! It is time the war was ended. You must stop this wild, pagan way of thinking. It is only the pagan Mtesa who speaks now. It is not the man Mtesa whom I saw, and whom I made a friend. It is not 'Mtesa the good,' whom you said your people loved. It is not Mtesa the Christian—it is the savage."

"Stamlee! Stamlee! Wait a short time, and you will see. What are you waiting for?" he said, suddenly turning round to the executioners, who were watching his looks.

Instantly the poor old man was bound. But, suddenly rising, I said to Mtesa, "Listen to one word. The white man speaks but once. Listen to me for the last time. Kill that poor old man, and I shall leave you to-day, unless you kill me too; and from Zanzibar to Cairo I shall tell every Arab I meet what a murderous beast you are, and through all the white man's land I shall tell, with a loud voice, what a wicked act I saw Mtesa do."

Mtesa's face had been a picture, wherein the passions of brutish fury and thirsty murder were portrayed most faithfully. The tears now began to well in his eyes, and, finally, while they rolled in large drops down his face, he sobbed loudly like a child. An hour afterwards, I was summoned by a page to his presence, and Mtesa said:—

"Stamlee will not say Mtesa is bad now, for he has forgiven the chief, and will not hurt him. Will Stamlee say that Mtesa is good now?"

"Mtesa is very good," and I clasped his hand warmly. "Be patient—all shall come out right. I have something to tell you. I have thought over your trouble here, and I want to finish this war for your good, without any more trouble. I will build a structure which shall terrify the Wavuma, and make them glad of a peace; but you must give me plenty of men to help me, and in three days I shall be ready."

"Take everybody—do anything you like! I will give you Sekebobu and all his men."

The next morning Sekebobu brought about two thousand men before my quarters, and requested to know my will. I told him to despatch one thousand men to cut long poles, one inch thick and seven feet long; one hundred to cut straight long trees, four inches thick; and one hundred to disembark all these, and make bark rope. Himself and five hundred men I wished to assist me at the beach. I selected three of the strongest-built canoes, each seventy feet long and six-and-a-half feet wide, and, after preparing a space of ground near the water's edge, had them drawn up parallel with one another, and four feet apart from each other. With these three canoes I began to construct a floating platform, laying tall trees across the canoes, and lashing them firmly to the thwarts; then seven-foot poles were lashed in an upright position to the thwarts of the outer canoes, and I had other poles twisted in among these uprights, so that, when completed, it resembled an oblong stockade, seventy

feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, which the spears of the enemy could not penetrate.

About one thousand men were then set to work to launch it, and soon it was floating in the water; and when the crew and garrison—two hundred and fourteen souls—were in it, it was evident to all that it rode the waves of the lake easily and safely, and a burst of applause from the army rewarded the inventor. Several long blue and white and red cloths were hoisted above this curious structure, which, when closed up all round, appeared to move of its own accord, in a very mysterious manner, and to conceal within its silent and impenetrable walls some dread thing, well calculated to strike terror into the mind of the ignorant savage.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th of October, the army was assembled with unusual display, and it was proclaimed that a terrible thing was approaching, which would blow the Wavuma into atoms if they did not make peace at once, and acknowledge the power of Mtesa. After this announcement, which was made with all gravity, the awful, mysterious structure appeared, while the drums beat a tremendous sound, and the multitude of horns blew a deafening blast.

It was a moment of anxiety to me, for manifold reasons. The fort, perfectly defensible in itself against the most furious assaults by men armed with spears, steadily approached the point, then steered direct for the island of Ingira, until it was within fifty yards.

"Speak!" said a stentorian voice, amid a deadly silence within. "What will you do? Will you make peace and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer."

There was a moment's consultation among the awe-stricken Wavuma. Immediate decision was imperative.

"Speak," repeated the stern voice; "we cannot wait longer."

Immediately, to our relief, a man—evidently a chief—answered, "Enough; let Mtesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to Mtesa. Return, O spirit, the war is ended!"

At which the mysterious structure solemnly began its return back to the cove where it had been constructed, and the quarter of a million of savage human beings, spectators of the extraordinary scene, gave a shout that seemed to split the very sky, and Ingira's bold height repeated the shock of sound back to Nakaranga.

Three hours afterwards, a canoe came from Ingira Island, bearing fifty men, some of whom were chiefs. They brought with them several tusks of ivory, and two young girls, daughters of the two principal chiefs of Uvuma. These were the tribute; and thus the long war terminated on the evening of the 13th October, 1875.

We set out next morning, the 14th October, at three o'clock. We were wakened by the tremendous "Jojuusu," the great king of war-drums. Instantly we began to pack up. But I was scarcely dressed before my people rushed up to me, crying that the immense camp was fired in a hundred different places. I rushed out of my hut, and was astounded to see that the flames devoured the grass huts so fast that, unless we instantly departed, we should be burnt along with them. Hastily snatching my pistols, I bade the Wangwana shoulder the goods and follow me, as they valued their lives.

The great road from Mtesa's quarters, though one hundred feet wide, was rendered impassable by furious, overlapping waves of fire. There was only one way left, which was up to the slope of the mountain, and through the camp of the Wasoga. We were not alone in the attempt to escape by