

chief, legion after legion, followed, each distinguished to the native ear by its different and peculiar drum-beat. The vast multitude, rolled by steadily, in wave after wave, a living tide of warriors.

Four days afterwards, or on the 1st September, the army of Mtesa occupied Nakaranga, where it commenced to construct its camp, each chief surrounded by the men of his own command in the position assigned him. By sunset the army was comfortably housed in some 30,000 dome-like huts, above which here and there rose a few of a conical shape and taller than the rest, showing the temporary residences of the various chiefs.

Amid all the hurry and bustle the white stranger "Stamlee" was not forgotten. Commodious quarters were erected and allotted to him and his boat's crew, by express orders from Mtesa. Anxious to see what chances Mtesa possessed of victory over his rebellious subjects, I proceeded along the road over the mountain to a position which commanded a clear view of Ingira Island, whither the rebels had betaken themselves, their families, and a few herds of cattle. Considered as being in possession of some twenty thousand savages, whose only weapons of war were the spear and the sling, Ingira Island presented no very formidable obstacle to a power such as the Emperor of Uganda had amassed on this cape, only seven hundred yards from it. The people of the entire coast had voluntarily enlisted in the cause of Uvuma, and had despatched over one hundred and fifty large canoes, fully manned, to the war. The confederates, in arranging their plan of action, had chosen Ingira Island as the rendezvous of the united fleets of canoes. Mtesa's plan was to capture this island, and to cross over from Ingira to the next, and then to Uvuma, when, of course, only immediate and complete submission would save them; and I rejoiced that I was present, for I was in hopes that at such a period my influence might be sufficient to avert the horrors that generally attend victory in Africa. Though I had no reason to love the Wavuma, and for the time was a warm ally of Mtesa, I was resolved that no massacre of the submissive should take place while I was present.

The Uganda war fleet numbered three hundred and twenty-five large and small canoes. These canoes for the assault would be crammed with fighting men, the largest class carrying from sixty to one hundred men exclusive of their crews; so that the actual fact is that Mtesa can float a force of from 16,000 to 20,000 on Lake Victoria for purposes of war.

On the third morning Mtesa sent a messenger to inform me that the chief Sekebobob was about to start, and I hastened up to the beach to witness the sight. I found that almost all the Waganda were animated with the same curiosity, for the beach was lined for three or four miles with dense masses of people, almost all clad in the national brown, dark-cloth robes. The Wavuma meanwhile kept their eyes on Sekebobob, and from the summit of their mountain-island discerned what was about to be done; and to frustrate this, if possible, or at least to gather booty, they hastily manned one hundred canoes or thereabouts, and darted out like so many crocodiles.

A hundred canoes against three hundred and twenty-five was rather an unequal contest, and so the Wavuma thought, for as the fleet of Mtesa approached in a compact, tolerably well-arranged mass, the Wavuma opened their line to right and left, and permitted their foe to pass them. The Waganda, encouraged by this sign, began to cheer, but scarcely had the first sounds of self-gratulation escaped them when the Wavuma paddles were seen

to strike the water with foam, and, lo! into the midst of the mass from either flank the gallant islanders dashed, sending dismay and consternation into the whole Uganda army.

A pause of two or three days without incident followed the arrival of Sekebobob's legion and Mtesa's fleet. Then Mtesa sent for me, and was pleased to impart some of his ideas on the probable issue of the war to me, in something like the following words:—"Stamlee, I want your advice. All white men are very clever, and appear to know everything. I want to know from you what you think I may expect from this war. Shall I have victory or not? It is my opinion we must be clever, and make headwork to take this island."

Smiling at his naive, candid manner, I replied that it would require a prophet to be able to foretell the issue of the war, and that I was far from being a prophet; that headwork, were it the best in the world, could not take the island unassisted by valour.

He then said, "I know that the Waganda will not fight well on the water; they are not accustomed to it. They are always victorious on land, but when they go in canoes, they are afraid of being upset; and most of the warriors come from the interior, and do not know how to swim. The Wavuma are very expert in the water and swim like fish. If we could devise some means to take the Waganda over to the island without risking them in the canoes, I should be sure of victory."

I replied, "You have men, women, and children here in this camp as numerous as grass. Command every soul able to walk to take up a stone and cast into the water, and you will make a great difference in its depth; but if each person carries fifty stones a day, in a few days you can walk on dry land to Ingira."

Mtesa at this slapped his thighs in approval, and very soon the face of the mountain was covered with about 40,000 warriors toiling at the work of making a causeway to Ingira Island.

For two days the work was carried on in the way I had described, namely, with rocks, and then Mtesa thought that filling the passage with trees would be a speedier method, and the Katekiro was so instructed. For three days the Waganda were at work felling trees, and a whole forest was levelled and carried to Nakaranga Point, where they were lashed to one another with bark rope, and sunk. On the morning of the fifth day Mtesa came down to the point to view the causeway, and was glad to see that we were nearer by 130 yards to Ingira Island. About 100 men out of 150,000 were seen lounging idly on the causeway and that was all, for the novelty of the idea had now worn off.

Nothing more was heard of the bridge, for Mtesa had conceived a new idea, which was, to be instructed in the sciences of Europe. I was to be a scientific encyclopædia to him. Not wishing to deny him, I tried, during the afternoon of the day, to expound the secrets of nature and the works of Providence, the wonders of the heavens, the air and the earth. We gossiped about the nature of rocks and metals, and their many appliances, which the cunning of the Europeans had invented to manufacture the innumerable variety of things for which they are renowned. The dread despot sat with wide dilated eyes and an all-devouring attention, and, in deference to his own excitable feelings, his chiefs affected to be as interested as himself, though I have no doubt several ancients thought the whole affair decidedly tedious, and the white man a "bore." The more polite and courtly vied with each other in expressing open-mouthed and large-eyed interest in this encyclopædic talk. I

drifted from mechanics to divinity, for my purpose in this respect was not changed. During my extemporized lectures, I happened to mention angels. On hearing the word, Mtesa screamed with joy, and to my great astonishment the patricians of Uganda chorused, "Ah-ah-ah!" as if they had heard an exceedingly good thing. Having appeared so learned all the afternoon, I dared not condescend to inquire what all this wild joy meant, but prudently waited until the exciting cries and slapping of thighs were ended.

The boisterous period over, Mtesa said, "Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men know everything, and now, Stamlee, tell me what you know of the angels."

Verily the question was a difficult one. I attempted to give as vivid a description of what angels are generally believed to be like, and as Michael Angelo and Gustave Dore have laboured to illustrate them, and with the aid of Ezekiel's and Milton's descriptions I believe I succeeded in satisfying and astonishing the king and his court; and in order to show him that I had authority for what I said, I sent to my camp for the Bible, and translated to him what Ezekiel and St. John said of angels. The Emperor cast covetous eyes on the Bible and my Church of England Prayer Book, and perceiving his wish, I introduced to him a boy named Dallington, a pupil of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, who could translate the Bible for him, and otherwise communicate to him what I wished to say.

Henceforth, during the intervals of leisure that the war gave us, we were to be seen—the king, court, Dallington, and I—engaged in the translation of an abstract of the Holy Scriptures. There were readers enough of these translations, but Mtesa himself was an assiduous and earnest student. Having abundance of writing paper with me, I made a large book for him, into which the translations were fairly copied by a writer called Idi. When completed, Mtesa possessed an abridged Protestant Bible embracing all the principal events from the creation to the Crucifixion of Christ. St. Luke's Gospel was translated entire, as giving a more complete history of the Saviour's life.

When the abridged Bible was completed, Mtesa called all his chiefs together, as well as the officers of his guard, and when all were assembled he began to state that when he succeeded his father he was a heathen, and delighted in shedding blood because he knew no better; but that when an Arab trader, who was also a Mwalim (priest), taught him the creed of Islam, he had renounced the example of his fathers, and executions became less frequent, and no man could say, since that day, that he had seen Mtesa drunk with poubé. Now, God be thanked, a white man, "Stamlee," has come with a book older than the Koran of Mohammed, and Stamlee says that Mohammed was a liar, and much of his book taken from this; and this boy and Idi have read to me all that Stamlee has read to them from this book, and I find that it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed, besides it is the first and oldest book. The prophet Moses wrote some of it a long, long time before Mohammed was even heard of, and the book was finished long before Mohammed was born. Now I want you to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses), or in Mohammed? Chambarango replied, "Let us take that which is the best."

Mtesa smiled and said, "True, I want that which is the best, and I want the true book. The white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God.' I have not heard a white man