

at a new camp we had formed. The native chiefs were in a state of agreeable wonder, for after an hour's "talk" they agreed, for a gift of forty cloths, to bring six hundred men to assist us to haul up the monster canoes we possessed—two or three of which were of heavy teak, over seventy feet in length, and weighing over three tons. A large number of my men were then detailed to cut rattan canes as a substitute for ropes; and as many were brittle, and easily broken, this involved frequent delays.

By the evening of the 28th, all our vessels were safe on the highest part of the table-land. Having become satisfied that all was going well in camp, I resolved to take Frank and the boat's crew, and goods of the expedition, and establish a camp near the river, at a point where we should again resume our toil in the deep defile through which the mighty river stormed along its winding course.

The natives were exceedingly friendly. Gunpowder was abundant with them; and every male capable of carrying a gun possessed one—often more. Delftware and British crockery were also observed in their hands, such as plates, mugs, shallow dishes, wash-basins, galvanized-iron spoons, Birmingham cutlery, and other articles of European manufacture, obtained through the native markets. We discovered cloth to be so abundant that it was against our conscience to purchase even a fowl, for the nearer we approached civilization cloth became cheaper in value, until finally a fowl cost four yards of our thick sheeting! Our store of sugar and coffee and tea, alas! had come to an end. Yet we could have well parted with a large stock of tea, coffee, and sugar, in order to obtain a pair of shoes apiece. As for Frank, he had been wearing sandals made out of my leather portmanteaus, and slippers made of our gutta percha pontoon. But climbing over the rocks and rugged steepes wore them to tatters in quick succession.

At this period we were all extremely liable to disease, for our system was impoverished. In the absence of positive knowledge as to how long we might be toiling in the cataracts, we were all compelled to be extremely economical. Therefore, contentment had to be found in boiled "duff," or cold cassava bread, ground nuts, or pea-nuts, yams, or green bananas. Our meals were spread out on the medicine-chest, which served me for a table, and at once a keen appetite was inspired by the grateful smell of the artful compound. After invoking a short blessing, Frank and I rejoiced our souls and stomachs with the savoury mess, and flattered our selves that, though British paupers and Sing Sing convicts might fare better, perhaps, thankful content crowned our hermit repast.

On the morning of the 29th of April, after obtaining the promise of the natives that they would do their utmost to help in transporting the vessels over the three miles of ground between Inkisi Falls and Nzabi, I led the caravan, loaded with the goods, down to a cove at the upper end of Nzabi. Meanwhile I explored a thick forest of tall trees, which flourished to an immense height, along a narrow terrace, and up the steep slopes of Nzabi. As I wandered about among the gigantic trees, the thought struck me that, while the working parties and natives were hauling our vessels a distance of three miles over the table-land, a new canoe might be built to replace one of the nine which we had lost. The largest tree measured in girth thirteen feet six inches, trunk unbranched for about sixty feet. We "blazed" very many of the largest with our hatchets, in order to discover the most suitable for lightness and softness, with sufficient strength.

On the 1st of May, Uledi—with a cry of "Bismillah!" at the first blow—struck his axe into

the tree and two others chimed in; and in two hours, with a roaring crash, the tree fell. I measured out the log, thirty-seven feet five inches: depth, two feet; breadth, two feet eight inches—and out of this we carved the *Stanley* canoe. It was refreshing to see, during the whole time he was employed on it, how Uledi swung his axe, like a proficient workman who loved his work. On the 8th the canoe was finished.

In the meantime, Manwa Sera was steadily advancing with the boats, and by the evening of the 15th was in our camp to receive a hearty meed of praise for the completion of his task. After such a gigantic task as that of hauling the canoes up 1,200 feet of a steep slope, and over three miles of ground, and the lowering them 1,200 feet into the river again, the people deserved a rest.

On the 22nd of May, another magnificent teak canoe—the *Livingstone*—perfectly complete, was launched, with the aid of one hundred happy and good-humoured natives. In order to prove its capacity, we embarked forty-six people, which only brought its gunwales within six inches of the water. Its measurements were fifty-four feet in length, two feet four inches deep, and three feet two inches wide.

The people were now sufficiently rested to resume the dangerous passage of the cataracts, and on the 23rd we made a movement—Frank standing up in the bow, and Uledi, as usual, at the helm of the *Lady Alice*; but as this was the first time Frank had played the pioneer over cataracts, I observed he was a little confused—he waved his hand too often, and thereby confused the steersman—in consequence of which it was guided over the very worst part of the rapids, and the boat, whose timbers had never been fractured before, now plunged over a rock, which crushed a hole six inches in diameter in her stern, and nearly sent Frank headlong over the bow.

"Ah! Frank! Frank! Frank!" I cried, "my boat—my poor boat—after so many thousands of miles—so many cataracts—to receive such a blow as this on a contemptible bit of rapids!" I could have wept aloud; but the leader of an expedition has but little leisure for tears or sentiment, so I turned to repair her; and this, with the aid of Frank, I was enabled to do most effectually in one day.

Writing on paper, taking observations, sketching or taking notes, or the performance of any act new or curious to the natives, is sufficient to excite them to hostilities. On the third day of our stay at Mowa, I began to write down in my note-book. I had proceeded only a few minutes when I observed a strange commotion amongst the people, and presently they ran away. In a short time we heard war-cries ringing loudly and shrilly over the table-land. Two hours afterwards, a long line of warriors, armed with muskets, were seen descending the table-land, and advancing towards our camp. There may have been between five hundred and six hundred of them.

"What is the matter, my friends?" I asked. "Why do you come with guns in your hands in such numbers, as though you were coming to fight? Fight! Fight us—your friends! Tut! this is some great mistake, surely?"

"Munde," replied one of them, "our people saw you yesterday make marks on some tara-tara" (paper). "This is very bad. Our country will waste, our goats will die, our bananas will rot. What have we done to you, that you should wish to kill us? We have gathered together to fight you, if you do not burn that tara-tara now before our eyes. If you burn it we go away, and shall be friends as heretofore."

I told them to rest there—that I should return. My tent was not fifty yards from the spot; but while going toward it my brain was busy devising some plan to foil this superstitious madness. My note-book contained a vast number of valuable notes: Plans of falls, creeks, villages, sketches of localities, ethnological and philological details, sufficient to fill two octavo volumes. Everything was of general interest to the public. I could not sacrifice it to the childish caprice of savages. As I was rummaging my book-box I came across a volume of Shakespeare (Chandos edition), much worn and well thumbed, and which was of the same size as my field-book; its cover was similar also, and it might be passed for the note-book, provided that no one remembered its appearance too well. I took it to them.

"Is this the tara-tara, friends, that you wish burnt?"

"Yes, yes; that is it!"

"Well, take it and burn it, or keep it."

"No, no, no! We will not touch it—it is fetish! You must burn it!"

I? Well, let it be so. I will do anything to please my good friends of Mowa."

We walked to the nearest fire. I breathed a regretful farewell to my genial companion, which, during many weary hours of night, had assisted to relieve my mind when oppressed by almost intolerable woes, and then gravely consigned the innocent Shakespeare to the flames, heaping the brush-fuel over it with ceremonious care.

"Ah-h-h," breathed the poor, deluded natives, sighing their relief. "The Munde is good—is very good. He loves his Mowa friends. There is no trouble now, Munde. The Mowa people are not bad." And something approaching to a cheer was shouted among them, which terminated the episode of the "burning of Shakespeare!"

As usual, Frank Pocock and I spent our evenings together in my tent. The ulcers by which he was afflicted had by this time become most virulent. Though he doctored them assiduously, he was unable to travel about in active superintendence of the men, yet he was seldom idle. Bead-bags required sewing, tents patching, and clothes becoming tattered needed repairing; and while he was at work his fine voice broke out into song, or some hymn which he had been accustomed to sing in Rochester Church.

Joyous and light-hearted as a linnets, Frank indulged forever in song, and this night the crippled man sang his best—raising his sweet voice in melody, lightening my heart, and for the time dispelling my anxieties. In my troubles, his face was my cheer; his English voice recalled me to my aims; and out of his brave, bold heart he uttered, in my own language, words of comfort to my thirsty ears. Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance, and true had been his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion; the companion had soon become a friend. At these nightly chats, when face looked into face, and true eyes beamed with friendly warmth, and the kindly voice replied with animation, many were the airy castles we built together, and many were the brilliant prospects we hopefully sketched. Alas! alas!

(To be continued.)

BERTIE had just got into a room of his own, and was greatly delighted. He chanced soon after to hear a sermon on Solomon, which had for one of its concluding sentences: "And Solomon slept with his fathers." "Well," said Bertie, on coming home, "I should think that if Solomon was so rich he might have had a bed to himself!"