

In spite of the blown and hoarse condition one was usually in at such times, it was impossible not to laugh at a man jammed beyond help in a crowd, praying to Allah to save his earthenware pots and dish: clouts.

After passing the gully it would be my duty to settle dozens of little disputes, and sometimes quarrels. This one had picked up that one's mat, or had filched some nice juicy bananas during the confusion; or again two men would be quarrelling over the ownership of a spear or knife. After settling these disputes, we would then turn our attention to the cattle and send men to rescue some unfortunate cow which had got stuck fast in some hole or bog.

And so the rear guard would proceed. Coming to the top of a hill I could see perhaps far away on another hill, one mile away, the large red flag of the advance of the column, stringing out in Indian file, the whole caravan winding in and out, and up and down, like a huge many coloured snake.

Here and there a gap, and here and there parties of women drawn up by the road side taking a rest, or washing some article of clothing, ere the rear guard should catch up to and drive them on.

Out in the open we would get the sun hot and fierce as molten iron, and by noon many of the women and children would declare they could go no farther. The advance, marching strongly and composed of picked men, might have been in camp by 11 a.m., but with all the little children and women to look after, it would be half-past four to half-past six p.m. before the flag of the rear guard was set up in camp.

"On! on! on! you must try to bear up, the camp is not far off now and we shall soon reach there. Songa Nebele! get on!" would be our cries, and so at last weary and dusty everyone would reach camp. Then there would be bright and busy scenes over the evening's meal, and many of the day's hardships would be forgotten.

A rest was generally given the people for one hour in the middle of the day.

Gradually the women and children became good marchers. Camps which seemed leagues to them some weeks ago were now nothing, and they could polish off their ten miles by eleven a. m., and then be still fresh. One noticed too that the gaps lessened in numbers and size.

For a long time, though, our cattle gave us trouble, as in changing them we were never able to train them into good marchers. We managed to exchange all the old tough and warlike bulls to friendly natives for smaller cows. Sometimes these would develop into "rushers" and charge our men. We generally found this out too late and had to shoot the animals.

It seems no doubt an easy thing to drive two hundred head of cattle peacefully along. It is nothing of the kind. When the country is rough, the bush thick, and there are many rapid streams to cross, it requires the greatest possible care to prevent the animals straggling and disappearing in the long grass, which in some places is quite twelve feet high. Several times we would be surprised to see a cow, walking along over short grass, disappear as if by magic. On close examination it would be found that she had fallen into an elephant pit, and all hands would have to be called to pull her out with a rope.

Goats and sheep are fairly good travellers and can be left to the care of the small boys to drive along.

Some of the Pasha's Makrakas are very good marchers, especially so the women. It is a common sight to come on a woman carrying a small baby, leading another child, and at the same time literally smothered with pots, pans, mats, hides, baskets and porridge

spoons. She has, one almost might say, got her house, family, kitchen, provisions, and clothing on her shoulders. It is not these strong healthy women who delay us so, it is the Egyptian clerks of the late Equatorial Province.

Mind I do not say one word against these men for the part they played in deposing their Governor, as I believe no good would come of it. I speak of them simply as men marching and camping with our column from day to day. And I venture to say that Capt. Nelson and I know these people better even than Emin Pasha himself. These yellow men have lived fat and easy lives up to now, attended by dozens of women slaves. We could not discover one single redeeming point in their characters. Lazy, whining, and sullen, they would kiss one's hand one minute in apparent openness, and the next would stab one to death had they dared. They are a standing proof of the maxim that "in colour never go by halves." That is, in either a pure white man, or a pure black, you will find the best qualities that exist in human nature.

There was one of these clerks, a little man of five feet high, who particularly caused immense trouble. The Zanzibaris called him "Gogoro" the obstacle. It was a most suitable name. As sure as we came to a bad place, where the mud was deep, or the thorns bad, so sure would we see our friend. Stuck in the deep mud shouting and cursing, he barred the way to others advancing. He had dropped his pipe, perhaps, and there we would stand on the brink and yell at him to go on. Then he was *always* thirsty— and when he did come to a stream would for certain forget to drink, and in another ten minutes you could hear him again nagging at the women to give him water.

Once he fired off five remington cartridges simply to get a light for his pipe. Some people are always thirsty. Experience never teaches them to carry a little water. These people are a great nuisance. They are like those who *will* sneeze just at the critical moment when you are trying to shoot an antelope. Much better that they should stay at home than spoil matters by their presence. Now, this little man was one of this sort. He irritated the Zanzibaris beyond measure and seemed hopeless—in every way.

Our experience goes to prove that women were by no means obstacles to long and speedy marches when once they got into good training. They carried the pots and food of their husbands, who thus had their limbs free to carry the ammunition boxes and rifles. Thus the men could go faster and farther, and arrive fresher in camp.

Then again the men were relieved of cooking their food. And even in building the shelters for the night the women were of great help to the men. Finally they enlivened everybody on the march by their lively talk and cheery singing.

Blacks are great consumers of water inwardly, but not so much outwardly. They will sometimes drink from the waters of a stream only thirty minutes out from camp in the morning, and then again and again at each successive stream. The women and children drink more often and deeper than the men. We whites could go for hours without touching a drop of liquid. On the other hand they require fewer meals than we. We had three a day, when possible the blacks had only one.

The children would munch away at corn cobs, or bananas as they marched along, but the men touched nothing until they had reached camp in the afternoons and prepared their evening meal. This made up for what time had been lost throughout the day, and often as late as nine p.m. have I heard the peculiar sound of natives in the act of eating wafted to my ears, shortly after which the sound of the native form of "grace" would reach us in loud grunts of satisfaction.