

At length intense darkness set in. We could not see one another, though we could hear the measured, rhythmic beat and splash of oar and paddle, but no voices. Now and then I flashed a wainght over the dark waste as a beacon to the thoughtless and unwary. By this means, and by threats of punishment to those who strayed from the line, the canoes were kept together. We had proceeded quietly for three hours in the darkness, when suddenly shrill cries were heard for "the boat." Hurrying to the spot, I managed to distinguish, to my astonishment, round dark objects floating on the water, which we found to be the heads of men who were swimming towards us from a foundering canoe. We took the frightened people on board, and picked up four bales of cloth, but a box of ammunition and four hundred pounds of grain had sunk. We moved forward again, but had scarcely gone half a mile when again piercing cries from the deep gloom startled us. "The boat, oh, the boat!" was screamed in frenzied accents. As we steered for the spot, I lit a wax taper and set fire to the leaves of a book I had been reading during the afternoon, to lighten up the scene. Heads of struggling men, and bales, were seen here likewise in the water, and a canoe turned bottom up with a large rent in its side; and while distributing these among the other canoes, we heard to our alarm that five guns had sunk, but fortunately no lives were lost or other property, except four sacks of grain.

My boat was now up to her gunwale with twenty-two men and thirty loads, and if a breeze rose, she would, unless we lightened her of property, inevitably sink. Through the darkness I shouted out to the frightened men, that if any more canoes collapsed, the crews should at once empty out the grain and beads, but on no account abandon their boats, as they would float and sustain them until I could return to save them. I had scarcely finished speaking before the alarming cries were raised again: "Master, the canoe is sinking! Quick, come here. Oh, master, we cannot swim!" Again I hurried up to the cries, and distinguished two men paddling vigorously, while five were baling. I was thinking how I could possibly assist them, when other cries broke out: "The boat! Bring the boat here! Oh, hurry—boat, the boat!" Then another broke out, "And we are sinking—the water is up to our knees. Come to us, master, or we die! Bring the boat, my master!"

It was evident that a panic was raging amongst the timid souls, that the people were rapidly becoming utterly unnerved. In reply to their frenzied cries, and as the only way to save us all, I shouted out sternly: "You who would save yourselves, follow me to the islets as fast as you can; and you who are crying out, cling to your canoes until we return." We rowed hard. The moon rose also, and cheered us in half an hour with a sight of land, for which we steered. Her brightness had also the effect of rousing up the spirits of the Wangwana; but still the piteous cries were heard far behind: "Master, oh, master! bring your boat—the boat!"

"Hark to them, my boys—hark," I sang out to my crew, and they responded to my appeal by causing the *Lady Alice* to fly through the water, though the waves almost curled over her sides. "Pull my men; shoot her through the water; life and death hang on your efforts. Pull like heroes." She hissed through the waves, as ten men, bending with the wildest, most desperate effort, spurred her with their oars. "Hurrah, my boys, here is our island! pull and defy the black water—your brothers are drowning!"

We reached land—shot the goods out, lightened

her of the wreck men, and flew back again, skimming over the dark surface. Away we flew to the rescue, blowing the bugle to announce our approach. We passed three or four canoes, racing by us to the islets. The lake was calm, and the moon shone clear and strong, casting a golden light upon the waters.

"You are brave fellows; pull, my sons; think of those poor men in the lake in sinking canoes." The crew almost cracked their hearts in the mighty efforts they made; their quick-swaying figures, the deep sighs which burst from their breasts, the careering boat, the excited helmsman, everything sympathized with me. I seized one of the oars myself to relieve a lad, and to assist the force which now dashed the boat over the water. She seemed instinct with life.

We now heard the cries for aid, "Oh, the boat! Master, bring the boat!" came once more pealing over the golden lake from the foundering canoes.

"Do you hear, men? break the oars—lift the boat over the water. We will save them yet. It is to-night or never!"

With fresh force she bounded onward. Every fibre of our straining bodies, and the full strength of our energies were roused, and in five minutes we ran alongside first one canoe, then a second and a third—until again the boat was down in the water to within an inch of her gunwale. But all the people, men, women, and children, were saved. The light material of which the canoes were constructed had sufficed to float the loads that were in them.

We rested until help should arrive, and presently Uledi's and Shumari's canoes were seen advancing side by side, with lines of pale foam flashing from each bow, as they were driven with the force of strong men towards us. With loud, glad cries they stopped their furious career alongside, and the first words they uttered were, "Are all safe?" "Yes, all," we replied. "Elhamd-ulillah!" ("Thanks be to God!") they answered fervently. Our loss during this fearful night was five canoes, five guns, one case of ammunition, and twelve hundred pounds of grain.

On the 6th July I re-embarked all the people, animals, and effects of the Expedition from Refuge Island.

Including the crews of the canoes, and the natives, I had now a force of four hundred and seventy men. There was no fear of the issue of an attack on the island now, but a fear of famine remained. About sunset a single canoe, powerfully manned, dashed up opposite our camp, and one man stood up with spear and shield, and delivered a stout defiance, after which the canoe as hastily departed. It was apparent that our departure for Uganda would be hotly contested, but of the result there could be but one opinion. The number of canoes would be probably a hundred, which, with a crew of ten men in each, would amount to a thousand, against which number I could offer seventy guns, and about three hundred and fifty effective spearmen of Uganda.

Alone with myself, I began to discuss seriously the strict line of duty. If it were a military Expedition that I commanded, duty would have pointed out the obvious course to follow; but it was an Expedition organized solely for the purposes of exploration, with a view to search out new avenues of commerce to the mutual advantage of civilization and such strange lands as we found suitable for commercial and missionary enterprise. But whatever its character, its members possessed the privilege of self-defence, and might justly adopt any measures, after due deliberation, for self-protection. The principles of right and justice every educated Christian professes to understand, and

may be credited with a desire to observe, but in addition to these, it was desirable in a person in my position—knowing how frequently it is necessary to exercise them in barbarous lands—to remember charity and forbearance, in order to ensure the objects in view, and to create good impressions for the benefit of those who might succeed the pioneer.

The Expedition was now ready to move towards Uganda, but the waterway had first to be opened; whatever plot was on hand must be frustrated, and treachery punished; otherwise impunity would inspire an audacity which might be dangerous to our safety. There lay the vital, absolute, and imperative necessity of meeting the savages lest they should meet us. For they were by this time reinforced by about two thousand auxiliaries from the mainland. As I could not see any way to avoid the conflict, I resolved to meet them on their own island, and by one decisive stroke break this overweening savage spirit. Accordingly next morning a couple of ammunition boxes were opened, and twenty rounds distributed to each man who bore a rifle or musket; two hundred and thirty spearmen and fifty musketeers were detailed for a fighting party, and eighteen canoes were prepared to convey them to Bumbireh. The force was mustered, and I addressed it to this effect:—"My friends and Wangwana,—We must have the sea clear. Whatever mischief these people have meditated must be found out by us, and be prevented. I am about to go and punish them for the treacherous murder of our friends. I shall not destroy them, therefore none of you are to land unless we find their canoes, which we must break up. We must fight till they or we give in, for it can only be decided in this manner. While in the fight, you will do exactly as I tell you, for I shall be able to judge whether their fierce spirit is broken, or whether we will have to fight on land."

As the distance to Bumbireh was about eight miles, we did not arrive until about 2 p.m. before the former island. It was evident that the savages had expected us, for the heights of the hilly ridge were crowded with large masses, and every point was manned with watchmen. It was clear that the main force of the natives was ready in the shadows of the grove. Calling the canoes together, I told the chiefs to follow my boat, and to steer exactly as I did. We made a feint of entering into the cove, but when near the point, seeing that we were hidden by the lofty hill from the observation of those in the grove and of the lookouts, we swerved to the left, and, clinging to the land, pulled vigorously until we came to a cape, after rounding which we came in view of a fine and noble bay to our right.

By this manœuvre the enemy was revealed in all his strength. The savages, imagining we were about to effect a landing hurried from their coverts, between two thousand and three thousand in number. Arrived within one hundred yards of the land, we anchored in line, the stone anchors being dropped from midships that the broadsides might front the shore. I told Lukanjah of Ukerewé to ask the men of Bumbireh if they would make peace, whether we should be friends, or whether we should fight.

"Nangu, nangu, nangu!" ("No, no, no!") they answered loudly, while they flourished spears and shields. "We will do nothing but fight."—"You will be sorry for it afterwards."

"Huh," incredulously. "Come on; we are ready."

Further parley was useless; so each man having taken aim was directed to fire into a group of fifty or thereabouts. The savages, perceiving the disastrous effect of our fire on a compact body, scattered, and came bounding down to the water's edge, some of the boldest advancing until they were