

survivor is found in such a fearful pest-hole that we dare not describe its horrors. On the same date, one hundred and fifty miles away, the officer of the day leads three hundred and thirty-three men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic. His white companions, vexed and irritated by a sense of the evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals, and the poison-tipped arrows thin their numbers. Meantime I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions through the forest. My scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

"Take the same month and the same date in 1888 a year later, August 17th. I listen horror-struck to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Bunalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured, and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot barely four weeks before, is simply sickening. On the same day, six hundred miles west of this camp, Jamieson, worn out with fatigue, sickness, and sorrow, breathes his last. On the next day, August 18th, six hundred miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Mr. Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death; but fortunately relent, and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists.

"Having saved Mr. Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at the Albert Nyanza to find Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of