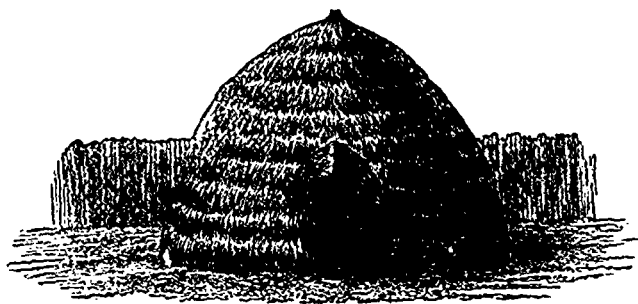


thousand spearmen with shields formed the advanced-guard, and a thousand the rear-guard. The goods and Expedition occupied the centre. The drums and fifes and musical bands announced the signal for the march. The natives, perceiving that our form of march was too compact for attack, permitted us to depart in peace. During this time I despatched a letter to Mtesa, wherein I did not fail to report to him of the failure of Sambuzi to perform what he promised me, and the effect of my letter on Mtesa and his court, was one of shame, surprise, and rage. Mtesa said, "Do you see now how I am shamed by my people. Stamlee went to this lake for my good as well as for his own, but you see how I am thwarted by a base slave like Sambuzi."



RUMANIKA'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

This final farewell letter to Mtesa terminated our intercourse with the powerful monarch of Uganda, and concluded our sojourn in that land of bananas and free entertainment. Henceforth the Expedition should be governed by one will only, and guided by a single man, who was resolved not to subject himself or his time to any other man's caprice, power, or favour any more.

As we neared the Alexandra Nile, the natives proclaimed that we should not pass through until we had paid something to the chief to obtain his good-will. But after receiving a firm refusal, they permitted us to cross the Alexandra Nile without molestation.

On the third day after I paid a visit to Rumanika, king of Karagwé, and a tributary of Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda. I confess to have been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placid face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the