

the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying on the names of the Kamuraviona and 'Mzungu' (myself) for help and protection; whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs, and kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabour the poor victim on the head. Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, 'Mzungu,'¹ imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

Speke had quitted Grant in January, 1862. The two travellers did not meet again till the end of May in the same year. Grant had been constantly ill, and had been unable to make any survey of the lake shore. It was not till the 7th of July that Speke and Grant obtained leave to quit the capricious king on their journey eastwards to the Nile. The day before they started Speke notes:—

"On the way home one of the king's favourite women overtook us, walking, with her hands behind her head, to

¹ Muzungu, i. e., "White-man."

execution, crying 'Nyawo' in the most pitiful manner. A man was preceding her, but did not touch her; for she loved to obey the orders of her king voluntarily, and in consequence of previous attachment was permitted as a mark of distinction to walk free. Wondrous world! It was not ten minutes since we parted from the king, yet he had found time to transact this bloody piece of business."

On the following morning the king replied to Speke's farewell remarks "with great feeling and good taste." The king followed him with his courtiers in a procession to his camp, and exhorted the porters to follow the travellers through fire and water. "Then, exchanging adieus again, he walked ahead in gigantic strides up the hill, the pretty favourite of his harem, Lubuga, beckoning and waving with her little hands, and crying, 'Bana! Bana!'¹ All showed a little feeling at the severance. We saw them no more."

¹ This word is really a mis-hearing on Speke's part for Bwana, which, again, is a corruption of Abuna, the Arab word for "our father." Bwana is the respectful term, meaning "master," which is applied in the Swahili language to all persons of superior position. It was the name by which Speke was known throughout his stay in Uganda, though it has long since been discarded for "Sapiki."

CHAPTER XIV

FROM VICTORIA NYANZA TO ALEXANDRIA

ON the 28th of July, 1862, Speke stood by the side of the Ripon Falls, where the Victoria Nile leaves the great Nyanza at the head of Napoleon Gulf. Grant had gone off with a portion of the expedition on the more direct route to Unyoro. Speke had reached the Victoria Nile first of all below its exit from the lake, and describes the scene as follows:—

“It was the very perfection of the effect aimed at in a highly kept park, with a magnificent stream of from six to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks,—the former occupied by fishermen’s huts, the latter by birds and crocodiles basking in the sun,—flowing between fine, high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of topi and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water and bustards and guineafowl were rising at our feet.”

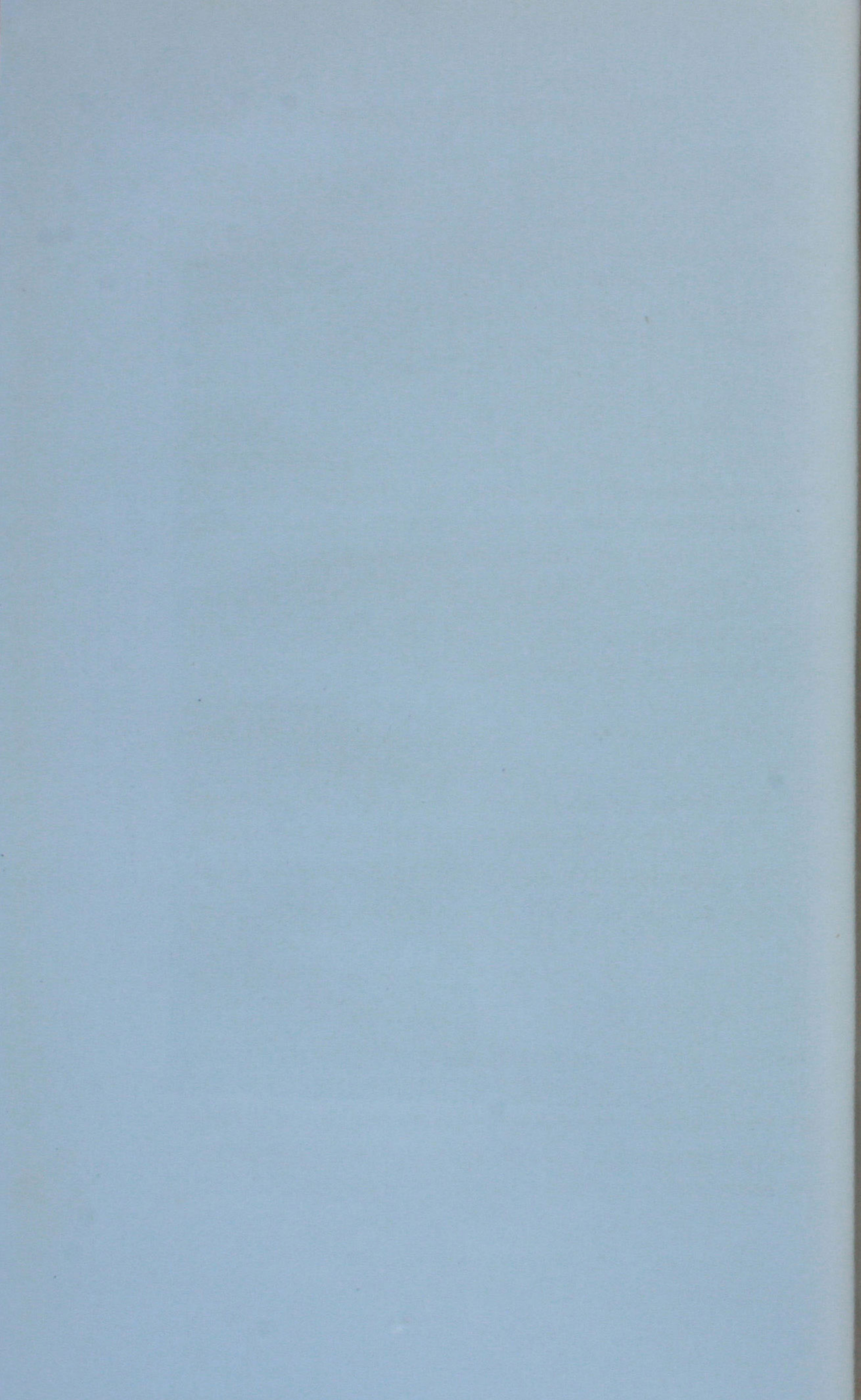
Marching up the left bank of the Nile towards the lake, he thus describes that river at the Isamba rapids:—

“The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacia, and festoons of lilac convolvuli, whilst here and there, where the land



[Face page 160.]

THE NILE AT THE ISAMBA RAPIDS (looking North).
Where Speke first struck it.



had slipped above the rapids, bared spaces of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire; there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, seemed like a huge mill pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, lying about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks I looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than — I must confess that my thoughts took that shape — anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wangwana (Zanzibaris) seemed spellbound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us that night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings."

Speke describes the Ripon Falls, where the Nile leaves the lake, as by far the most interesting sight he had ever seen in Africa. The falls are stemmed by rocky islands and crowned by magnificent trees.¹

"It was a sight that attracted one to it for hours, — the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Basoga and Baganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake. The scene made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country, — small hills, grassy-topped, with trees

¹ Since, by the unspeakable barbarism of the British Administration, cut down!

in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes, — as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.”

This was Speke's furthest point eastward in connection with Nile discovery. He confesses in his book that he has missed much by not going through Busoga to see the northeast corner of the lake. Had he done so, he might have cleared up at the very beginning the most disputed portion of that lake's geography. At the northeast corner of the Victoria Nyanza is a long and narrow gulf which we now term Kavirondo Bay. This gulf figures on Speke's map as a semi-independent Lake Baringo. Stanley, in his circumnavigation, wholly overlooked it, as its mouth is blocked by islands. Joseph Thompson read a quarter of the riddle. One-half was guessed by Mr. C. W. Hobley, and the remaining quarter was cleared up by an expedition under Commander Whitehouse.

These falls of the Nile were named after the Earl de Grey and Ripon, then President of the Royal Geographical Society; and the gulf of the Victoria Nyanza, from which the Nile issued, was called Napoleon Channel after the then Emperor of the French. Speke and his party, with their Baganda guides, got into canoes, and paddled some distance down the Nile north of the Isamba rapids. But just as they were nearing Lake Kioga (of whose existence Speke was ignorant) they passed an important town on the left bank of the Nile which was an outpost of Unyoro, under a semi-independent chief. Here the party was received with the greatest hostility, and obliged to



[Face page 162.]

RIPON FALLS, FROM BUGUNGA, WHERE SPEKE FIRST
SAW THEM.



[Face page 163.
VIEW OF NAPOLEON GULF, FROM JINJA.

give up the river route. Speke struck inland to the waters of the Luajali, which he wrongly believed to be another outlet of the Victoria Nyanza, and shortly afterwards met Grant, who was on his return journey from the capital of Unyoro. After some hesitation they decided to join forces and march on Unyoro overland. By this means they entirely lost count of the course of the Victoria Nile for some distance, and of the existence of the great lakes Kioga and Kwania. As they crossed the boundary line and entered Unyoro, Speke writes:—

“This first march was a picture of all the country to its capital: an interminable forest of small trees, bush, and tall grass, with scanty villages, low huts, and dirty-looking people clad in skins; the plantain, sweet potato, sesamum, and ulezi (millet) forming the chief edibles, besides goats and fowls; whilst the cows, which are reported to be numerous, were kept, as everywhere else where pasture-lands are good, by the wandering, unsociable Wahuma, and were seldom seen. No hills, except a few scattered cones, disturb the level surface of the land, and no pretty views ever cheer the eye. Uganda is now entirely left behind; we shall not see its like again; for the further one leaves the equator, and the rain-attracting influences of the Mountains of the Moon, vegetation decreases proportionately with the distance.”

Speke had sent on, many months in advance, his head-man, Baraka, to await him in Unyoro, and possibly to convey letters to Petherick. But for this action in all probability a peaceful entry into Unyoro would have been refused, as the Baganda were much

detested there for their predatory raids. Kamurasi, King of Unyoro, was very nearly as big a scoundrel and as inhospitable to strangers as his son Kabarega, who is now residing in the Seychelles Islands. After innumerable difficulties caused by the caprices of Mutesa and the jealousies subsisting between the Baganda and Banyoro, and the fierce suspicions of Kamurasi, they reached the capital of that monarch who considered himself to be the legitimate emperor over all the lands once ruled by the Bahima race. This capital was situated then on a peninsula between the Kafu River and the Nile, on what is now the soil of Uganda. The Kafu River, which is a broad, marshy stream rising not far from the Albert Nyanza, is the present boundary between the two kingdoms. Speke wrongly believed it to be another outlet of the Nile.

For nine days Speke and his companion were kept waiting before the suspicious king could make up his mind to see them. From the 9th of September to the 9th of November the whole expedition was detained at the Court of this greedy tyrant. At his Court they heard of the existence of a large lake, "Lutanzige," to the west,¹ and asked permission to go and see it. This was refused, and thus another opportunity of adding an important piece of information to Nile discovery was denied to Speke, who could have travelled to and from the coast of Lake Albert in three weeks instead of wasting two months at Kamurasi's Court. However, during this long stay Speke managed to send

¹ Albert Nyanza.

Bombay with some of Kamurasi's men down the Nile and through the Lango and Acholi countries to Petherick's outpost. After Bombay's return with this cheering news, Speke was more than ever impatient to get away. Kamurasi attempted to delay the departure under one pretext or another, no doubt with the object of bleeding the expedition of more and more gifts. At last, on the 9th of November, they descended the Kafu River to its junction with the Nile, and found themselves on the broad Nile, still lake-like in extent, owing to the vicinity of Lake Kioga. In this manner, some travelling by canoe and some by land, they reached the Karuma Falls, from which point they left the Nile, marching across the marshy and then steppe-like countries of the Acholi, and came first into touch with the influence of Egypt at Faloro, on the borders of the Madi country. Here they met a Sudanese named Muhammad Wad-el-Mek, — quite black, but dressed like an Egyptian and talking Arabic. Muhammad was in command of some two hundred Sudanese, who, by their association with Egypt, were known as Turks by the natives. Muhammad Wad-el-Mek at first professed to be Petherick's employé, and then confessed that he was really the head-man of a Maltese trader named De Bono. These were the men that Petherick had arranged with De Bono were to come into touch with Speke's expedition.

Here, however, they met with some disappointment. Instead of being allowed to proceed directly

to Gondokoro, Muhammad Wad-el-Mek sought to detain them by alleging that no boats would be waiting for them at Gondokoro at that season (December). The usual heart-breaking delays took place. Speke decided from this point (Faloro) to send back Kijwiga, — a fairly faithful Unyoro guide, who had been with him now, one way and the other, about a year, having originally been sent to greet him in Uganda. Meantime Muhammad, De Bono's agent, went off to the southward with his men to fight one African chief on behalf of another so as to secure a large quantity of ivory.

Speke was shocked, during his stay in Unyoro, at the abominable way in which the "Turks" treated the inoffensive Madi natives. At last, on the 12th of January, 1863, Speke, disgusted and hopeless at the delay, started ahead to a village called Panyoro. He was followed up by Muhammad's men, and they arrived at the Nile near the modern station of Afuddu (close to the junction of the river Asua and the Nile). At this place they found a tree with the letters M. I. inscribed on its bark. This was the remains of an attempt on the part of the Venetian traveller Miani to carve his name on a tree so as to give some information to Speke, who had long been expected in this direction. At this place there was another halt, which Speke and Grant employed in killing game, and giving a great deal of the meat thus acquired to the natives.

On the first of February they started again, Muhammad having procured porters by the most arbitrary

methods. They followed the Nile down to the confluence of the Asua River. This stream Speke imagined to flow out of what we now call Kavirondo Bay. It is strange that so great a geographer should have had such elementary notions about hydrography. He gives the Victoria Nyanza something like four principal outlets, much as the Portuguese in earlier days provided lakes in the centre of Africa which fed impartially the Congo, the Nile, and the Zambezi. Crossing the Asua, they emerged along the Nile rapids until they arrived at the verge of the Bari country. One serious attack was made on them, but was met by the determined measures taken by Muhammad.

At last, on the 15th of February, 1863, they walked into Gondokoro. Here their first inquiry was for Petherick. "A mysterious silence ensued; we were informed that Mr. De Bono was the man we had to thank for the assistance we had received in coming from Madi." Hurrying down through the ruins of the abandoned Austrian Mission to the bank of the river, where a line of vessels was moored, the explorers suddenly saw Mr. Samuel Baker marching towards them. "What joy this was I cannot tell. We could not talk fast enough, so overwhelmed were we both to meet again."¹

Mr. Samuel Baker had conceived the idea of going to meet Speke at the head waters of the Nile. He and his wife (the present Lady Baker) arrived at Khartum, and there received much information and assist-

¹ Speke and Baker had met before in India

ance from Petherick in the furtherance of their work. As to Petherick himself, he arrived with his wife also a few days after Speke reached Gondokoro. Speke seems to have been rather hard on this man. We know that Petherick went up the river to Gondokoro in 1862, expecting to get news of Speke, and not imagining that he could have lost something like a year of travel by his delays in Unyamwezi, Uganda, and Unyoro. Being unable to remain indefinitely at Gondokoro without news of the travellers, he arranged with De Bono to send Muhammad and his men in the direction of Unyoro to found a post where Speke might be awaited. As we know, these orders were carried out. Petherick was naturally obliged to think of his own means of livelihood, for he was an unpaid consul. He therefore went on an ivory-trading expedition west of the Mountain Nile, knowing, of course, that Baker would be awaiting the travellers, and that runners from the direction of Gondokoro would keep him advised as to their approach. He and his wife reached Gondokoro only a few days after Speke had arrived there. Speke, however, refused all assistance at their hands, and decided to return to Khartum on Baker's dahabiah. Speke's adverse report on Petherick, combined with the intrigues of the Turks, who disliked his opposition to the slave-trade, practically ruined Petherick, as we have seen in a previous chapter.

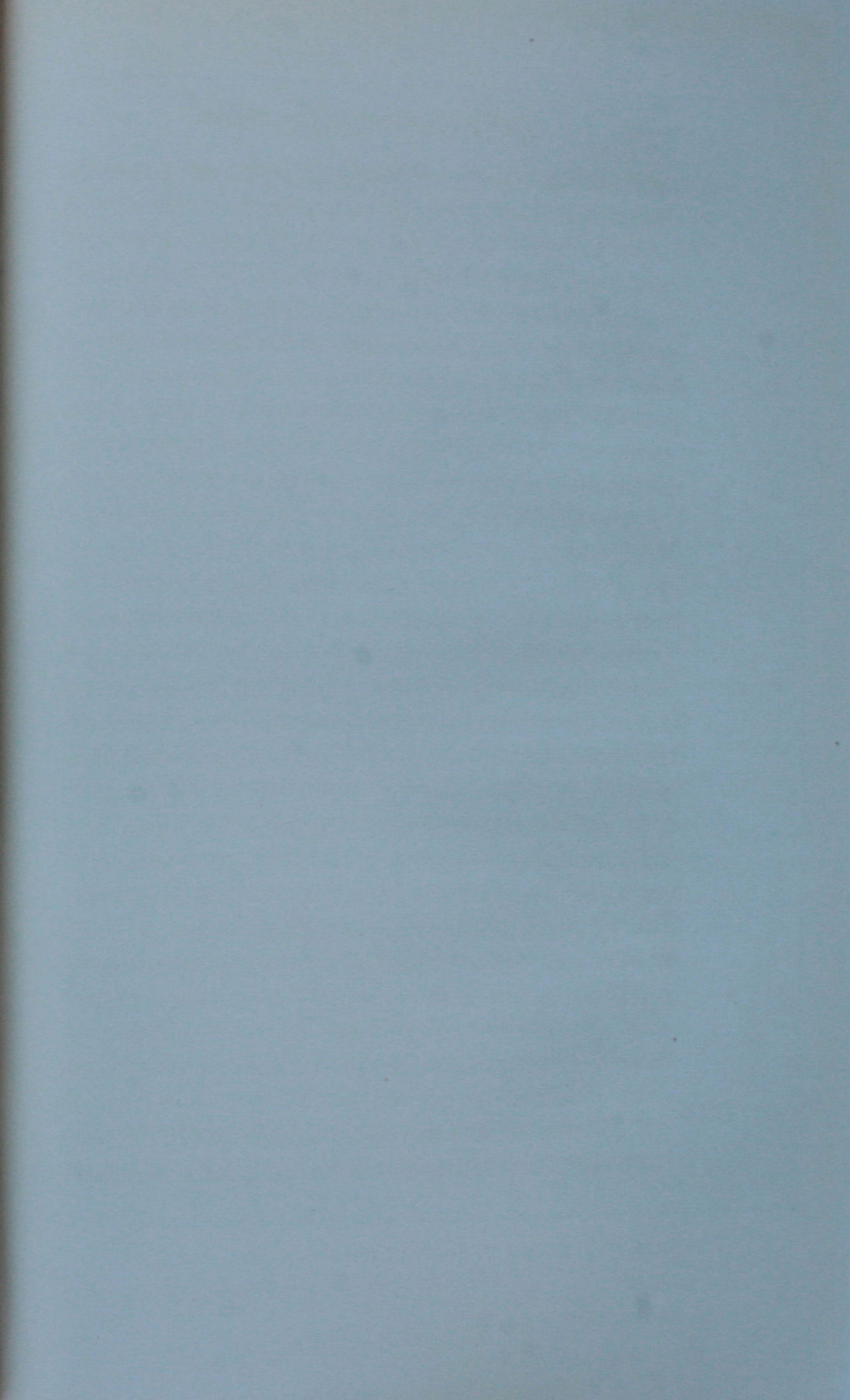
The journey of this wonderful expedition from Gondokoro down the Nile (Speke mistaking the origin and

course of its affluents as he went along, so that his map in this respect is very incorrect) was broken at Khartum, whence the Europeans and Negroes travelled across the desert to Egypt. Of the hundred-odd porters who left Zanzibar with this expedition in 1860, nineteen (including Bombay) reached Cairo with Speke and Grant, the remainder having deserted, died, or been sent back from various points. These survivors were generously treated by Speke, who gave them an extra year's pay as a gratuity, and orders for land and marriage portions on their reaching Zanzibar. He also provided for their free passage from Suez to Zanzibar via the Seychelles Islands. Somehow or other they went on by mistake to Mauritius, where they were treated most generously by the little colony. Thence they were sent in safety to Zanzibar. From this point several of these men subsequently journeyed with Stanley and other African explorers. Bombay, "Captain of the Faithful," died in 1886 (?), having been in receipt during the last years of his life of a regular pension from the Royal Geographical Society.

Speke and Grant returned to England in the spring of 1863. By December in that year Speke had finished his great book, the "Discovery of the Source of the Nile." Speke, soon after his return, was received by the present king. In the autumn of 1863 he was given an ovation in the county of Somerset worthy of his achievements. "Punch" accorded him a cartoon drawn by Tenniel, but the British government did *nothing* for him, unless there can be attributed to

its influence the paltry satisfaction of granting to him through the Heralds College supporters and an additional motto to his coat of arms. By this grant his family is now entitled to add a hippopotamus and a crocodile as supporters to their shield, a crocodile to their crest, the flowing Nile to their coat of arms, and the additional motto, "Honor est a Nilo."

Meantime Burton had become a British consul on the West Coast of Africa, and was returning to England in 1864. Speke had published articles in "Blackwood" and a book which, as already related, made uncomplimentary references to his former companion. The two great travellers were invited to meet at the British Association at Bath in 1864 and discuss their different views as to the Nile sources; for Burton, as a tit-for-tat, had published a work in collaboration with Petherick, in which he sought to prove that Speke's discovery of the Victoria Nyanza was unimportant. Taking advantage of the traveller's admission that he had touched but seldom the shores of this great lake, he denied its existence, and reduced it to a mere assemblage of pools and swamps. Speke, before quitting Baker at Gondokoro, had told him much of the Luta Nzige or Western Lake which had some connection with the Nile, and Baker (as will be subsequently set forth) had followed Speke's indications with success, and discovered and named the Albert Nyanza. His exaggeration of the length of this sheet of water had convinced Burton that Speke was altogether mistaken, and that he himself was



wrong in having earlier stated that the Rusizi River flowed into and not out of the north end of Tanganyika. (Neither Speke nor Burton actually saw the Rusizi.) Burton therefore turned the Rusizi into an effluent of Tanganyika, and made it a connection between that lake and the Albert Nyanza. Had he had any glimmerings of lakes Kivu, Albert Edward, and the Semliki, he would no doubt have been still more certain of his hypothesis. As it was, Speke's theories have been shown subsequently to have been very near the whole truth. The Victoria Nyanza is the main source of the Nile, though that river finds another reservoir in the great swampy lakes of Kioga and Kwania (which again receive much of the drainage of Mount Elgon), and a most important contribution from the Albert Nyanza; for this last lake is the receptacle of all the drainage of the Ruwenzori snow range. At the time, however, Speke's theory was not sufficiently supported by evidence, and was certainly open to attack, the more so because he had blundered by giving the Victoria Nyanza so many outlets. The two great men were to meet and discuss their differences, and every one knew that underneath a mere dispute on geographical theories lay deep-seated bitterness of feeling. It was said that Speke, who hated quarrelling, and perhaps felt some compunction as to the frankness of his remarks concerning Burton, looked forward to this public meeting with great dislike, the more so as he was a poor and unready public speaker. But the intended conference was never to

come off; on the 21st of September, 1864, Speke, whilst out partridge-shooting on his father's land at Jordans, near Ilminster, was scrambling over a stile with his gun at full-cock. It was just one of those little imprudences that even the wariest of African travellers commits when he returns to civilisation. Both barrels of the gun were discharged into his body, and he died within a few hours. The news was received by the British Association at Bath just as the meeting was about to commence, and as Burton was seated awaiting the arrival of his old comrade. This terrible event hushed the difference between them. Burton's wife, a gifted woman, who sometimes wrote very good poetry, inscribed some very beautiful lines to the memory of Speke.

We take leave here of one of the greatest of African explorers, the second greatest only, if Stanley is to be accounted the first. Only a man of extraordinary energy, determination, bravery, tact, and of iron constitution could have struggled through the difficulties which beset Speke on his route from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza, and from the Victoria Nyanza to the navigable Nile. The purport of the expedition was wellnigh wrecked between Unyamwezi and the Victoria Nyanza; it ran many risks from the caprices of Mutesa; several times Kamurasi threatened it with failure in Unyoro; other dangers awaited it in the Madi and Bari countries, but it finally resulted in affording us the main solution of the Nile Quest. As the outcome of Speke's journey, the Victoria Nyanza



79 Rochester Avenue
July 14th July 1863

My dear Oliphant

I am game to set to
your animal, going half profit
for Cart-de-Vite, if he can
knock me off quickly, for I shall
soon have done, but it must be
understood that my continuance
will have to appear in my book

Yours ever

J H Speke

was placed on the map with some approximate correctness as to shape and area; the shape and size of Lake Albert Nyanza were guessed at with extraordinary accuracy, and the course of the White and Mountain Nile was foreshadowed with the same amount of truth as in the case of the Albert Nyanza. The remarkable Hima aristocracy of equatorial Africa and the barbaric court of Uganda were revealed to the world. Speke broke the back of the Nile mystery, just as Stanley did that of the Congo. It only remained henceforth to fill up the minor details of the map.

CHAPTER XV

SAMUEL BAKER AND THE ALBERT NYANZA

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER was born in London on the 8th June, 1821, and was the second and eventually eldest son of Mr. Samuel Baker, a city merchant, who possessed large properties and sugar plantations in Jamaica and Mauritius. Samuel Baker, the elder, at one time maintained a small fleet of sailing vessels. He also became one of the first Directors of the Great Western Railway. His family and grandfather were mainly settled at Bristol, and were much connected with the navy in the eighteenth century. Further back still the Bakers were members of Parliament and Court officials. They came originally from London, then became a Kentish family, then moved to Dorsetshire, then to Bristol, and finally back again to London. Samuel Baker, the younger, was a typical English boy. His biographer, Mr. Douglas Murray, describes him as having been "of the Saxon type; a noble-looking boy, of very fair complexion, light hair, and fearless blue eyes." He was "enterprising, mischievous, for ever getting into scrapes, and leading others into them; but he was never known to tell a lie or do a mean thing." His

career was very nearly brought to a premature close when he was twelve years old by an attempt to make fireworks. He ignited a small heap of gunpowder on the kitchen table, and caused a terrible explosion, which blew him to the far end of the room and burnt his arm severely.

He hated school, and received most of his education from a private tutor and by a residence at Frankfurt in Germany. His father attempted to put him in his London office; and this work, though excessively irksome, was endured for a time, as he had early fallen in love with the daughter of a Gloucestershire rector, whom he married when he was only twenty-two. Soon after his marriage he went out to Mauritius with his wife, to attempt the management of his father's estates in that island. But he was restless and dissatisfied with this career; moreover, his three children, born in three years, all died. He therefore started for Ceylon, to which island he was attracted by the stories of big-game shooting. His interest was excited in the splendid mountain region of the interior of Ceylon, which presents considerable areas for European occupations between six thousand and eight thousand feet in altitude. Here for nine years he worked at founding an English settlement of planters, which exists to this day in a flourishing condition, some of the land-owners being members of the Baker family. But his wife, who bore him many children, suffered greatly in health. In 1855 he returned to England, and wrote a book

on Ceylon. At the end of that year his wife died, and Baker, after leaving his young children to be brought up in England, started for Constantinople, which he reached at the close of the Crimean War. His idea was to travel in Circassia, and see what advance in that direction Russia was making towards India; but he spent several years in a rather objectless fashion, shooting, fishing, and exploring in Asia Minor and Turkey in Europe.

In 1859 he settled down as Manager-General of a British-made railway from the Danube to the Black Sea. Whilst this railway was being made he met in Hungary the lady who became his second wife.¹ The railway was completed in 1860, and Baker once more became restless. Big-game shooting in Asia Minor — splendid as it seems to have been at that period, when he could shoot as many bears, boars, wolves, red deer, and roe deer as he wished — did not content him; his thoughts turned towards Africa and the Nile. He arrived at Cairo with Mrs. Baker in 1861, with the idea of travelling up the Nile to meet Speke and Grant coming from Zanzibar via the Victoria Nyanza.

But Baker resolved, before attempting anything so difficult as the exploration of the White Nile above Gondokoro, to learn something of African travel and Sudanese Arabic. He therefore left the main Nile at Berber and ascended the Atbara River, the last affluent which the Nile receives on its way to the Mediter-

¹ Florence Ninian von Sass. Lady Baker survives her husband.





Photo by Maull & Fox.]

[Face page 177.

SAMUEL BAKER, 1865.

anean;¹ the first running river encountered by the traveller ascending the Nile that can be said to flow through tropical Africa, — the Africa with the typical Ethiopian fauna and flora.

“After a scorching march of about twenty miles we arrived at the junction of the Atbara River with the Nile [writes Baker]; throughout the route the barren sand stretched to the horizon on the left, while on the right, within a mile of the Nile, the soil was sufficiently rich to support a certain amount of vegetation, chiefly dwarf mimosas and the *Asclepia gigantea*. . . . The Atbara has a curious appearance; in no part was it less than four hundred yards in width, while in many places this breadth was much exceeded. The banks were from twenty-five to thirty feet deep: these had evidently been overflowed during floods, but at the present time the river was dead, not only partially dry, but so glaring was the sandy bed that the reflection of the sun was almost unbearable. Great numbers of the *Dum* palm (*Hyphæne thebaica*) grew upon the banks. . . . The only shade there is afforded by the evergreen *Dum* palms. . . . Many pools were of considerable size and great depth. In flood time a tremendous torrent sweeps down the course of the Atbara, and the sudden bends of the river are hollowed out by the force of the stream to a depth of twenty or thirty feet below the level of the bed. Accordingly, these hollows become reservoirs of water when the river is otherwise exhausted. . . . These pools are full of life, — huge fish, crocodiles of immense size, turtles, and occasionally hippopotami. . . . The animals of the desert — gazelles, hyaenas, and wild asses — are compelled to resort to these crowded drinking places. . . . Innumerable

¹ For something like twelve hundred miles, from the mouth of the Atbara to the sea, the Nile receives no further contribution of water.

doves, varying in species, throng the trees and seek the shelter of the Dum palms; thousands of sand grouse arrive morning and evening to drink and to depart."

In the pools of the Atbara Baker for the first time shot hippopotamuses. He also started fishing with a rod and line, and on one occasion caught an enormous "turtle."¹

At the end of June they were nearly suffocated with the heat and dust of the Sudan summer, but they were to experience the effects of the melting of Abyssinian snows and of the descent of the tropical rains on that African Switzerland. On the 24th of June Baker was lying half asleep on his bed by the margin of the river when he fancied he heard a rumbling sound like distant thunder. This roar increased in volume till it awoke his Arabs, who rushed into the camp shouting, "The river! The river!"

"We were up in an instant, and my interpreter in a state of intense confusion exclaimed that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant thunder was the roar of approaching water. . . . Many of the people were sleeping on the clean sand of the river's bed, and were only just in time to reach the top of the steep bank before the water was on them in the darkness. . . . The river had arrived 'like a thief in the night.' When morning broke I stood upon the banks of a noble river, the wonder of the desert! Yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders. . . . No bush could boast of a leaf, no tree could throw a shade: crisp gum crackled

¹ *Cycloderma*, the Leathery Fresh-water Turtle.

upon the stems of the mimosas. . . . In one night there was a mysterious change. . . . An army of water was hastening to the wasted river, which had become a magnificent stream some five hundred yards in width and fifteen to twenty feet in depth. Bamboos and reeds with trash of all kinds were hurried along the muddy waters. . . . I realised what had occurred: the rains were falling and the snows were melting in Abyssinia. These were the main source of the Nile floods."

Baker left the Atbara in a land of wild asses and gazelles, and travelled to Kassala, — a fortress of the eastern Sudan since rendered famous by the struggle for its possession between Dervishes and Italians. Kassala is situated on the right bank of the river Mareb, which rises close to the Red Sea on the northern slopes of the Abyssinian plateau. The Mareb has every intention of reaching the Nile, or rather the Atbara, and no doubt did so in past epochs; but at the present time northwards of Kassala it loses itself in the desert.

"There was an extraordinary change [writes Baker] in the appearance of the river between Gozerajup and this spot. There was no longer the vast sandy desert with the river flowing through its sterile course on a level with the surface of the country, but after traversing an apparently perfect flat of forty-five miles of rich alluvial soil, we suddenly arrived upon the edge of a deep valley, between five and six miles wide, at the bottom of which, about two hundred feet below the general level of the country, flowed the river Atbara. On the opposite side of the valley, the same vast table-lands continued to the western horizon.

"We commenced the descent towards the river; the valley was a succession of gullies and ravines, of landslips and watercourses; the entire hollow of miles in width had evidently been the work of the river. How many ages had the rains and the stream been at work to scoop out from the flat tableland this deep and broad valley? Here was the giant labourer that had shovelled the rich loam upon the delta of lower Egypt! Upon these vast flats of fertile soil there can be no drainage except through soakage. The deep valley is therefore the receptacle not only for the water that oozes from its sides, but subterranean channels bursting as land-springs from all parts of the walls of the valley, wash down the more soluble portions of the earth, and continually waste away the soil. Landslips occur during the rainy season; streams of rich mud pour down the valley's slopes, and as the river flows beneath in a swollen torrent, the friable banks topple down into the stream and dissolve. The Atbara becomes the thickness of pea-soup, as its muddy waters steadily perform the duty they have fulfilled from age to age. Thus was the great river at work upon our arrival on its banks at the bottom of the valley. The Arab name, 'Bahr-al-Aswad' (black river), was well bestowed. It was the black mother of Egypt, still carrying to her offspring the nourishment that had formed the Delta.

"At this point of interest the journey had commenced; the deserts were passed, all was fertility and life; wherever the sources of the Nile might be, the Atbara was the parent of Egypt! This was my first impression, to be proved hereafter."

Baker gives a fine description of the splendid type of Arab who is still found in the regions of the Atbara:—

"He was the most magnificent specimen of an Arab that I have ever seen. Although upwards of eighty years of age, he was as erect as a lance, and did not appear more than between fifty and sixty; he was of Herculean stature, about six feet three inches high, with immensely broad shoulders and chest, a remarkably arched nose; eyes like an eagle, beneath large, shaggy, but perfectly white eyebrows; a snow-white beard of great thickness descended below the middle of his breast. He wore a white turban, and a white cashmere abbai or long robe, from the throat to the ankles. As a desert patriarch he was superb, the very perfection of all that the imagination could paint, if we would personify Abraham at the head of his people."

This fine old Sheikh brought ten of his sons, most of them as tall as himself. He seems to have been the father of many children, — a fortunate circumstance for the country, though no doubt nearly all of his stalwart descendants were extirpated in the miserable wars following on the Mahdi's revolt.

Baker ascended the Atbara to its upper waters, where it is known as the Settit (higher up still as the Takaze). Here he had magnificent hunting of big game amongst the Hamran Arabs, whose extraordinary prowess with the sword he describes most vividly. They would follow up elephants and hamstring them with a single blow of their long weapons, which were like those of the Crusaders. (As a matter of fact, the generality of the Hamran swords were manufactured at Sollingen in Germany.) In this land Baker saw innumerable giraffes, and most of the big

antelopes of Central Africa, including Kudu and Oryx. The country about the Upper Atbara below the Abyssinian highlands was exactly like an English park, though the trees were mainly acacias. Here and there was a gigantic baobab. In the waters of the river was found the now well-known Lung-fish, the *Protopterus*.

From the upper waters of the Atbara and its many tributaries Baker, skirting the western terraces of Abyssinia, reached the river Rahad, — an Egyptian affluent of the Blue Nile which flows nearly parallel to the river Dinder. These two streams rise on the western flanks of the Abyssinian tableland, and enter the Blue Nile about one hundred miles south-east of Khartum. On his way down this river Baker, in the country of Galabat, met two German lay missionaries proceeding to Abyssinia in spite of the objection expressed to their presence by King Theodore. "One of these preachers was a blacksmith, whose iron constitution had entirely given way, and the little strength that remained he exhausted in endless quotations of texts from the Bible, which he considered applicable to every trifling event or expression."

In June, 1862, the Bakers reached Khartum. After a long stay at the Pethericks' house, Baker decided, as already related, to go in search of Speke. His wife, the present Lady Baker, accompanied him. As already related, she was a Hungarian lady of great beauty, and possessed of extraordinary courage. Her fame as "*the Lady*" (Es-sitt) still lingers among the Nile Negroes.

It has already been shown that Baker succeeded in being the first European to greet Speke and Grant. He received from these travellers the legacy to complete their task of ascertaining definitely the existence of the western Nile lake (Albert), of which Speke had heard under the name of Luta Nzige. On the 26th of March, 1863, the Bakers left Gondokoro on this errand.

Muhammad Wad-al-Mek, De Bono's agent, and all the other Nubian Nile traders, did their very utmost to prevent Baker returning along Speke's route through the Bari country. They incited his Khartum men to mutiny. Baker, being unable to obtain porters, owing to the excessive hostility of the slave-traders, employed the camels he had brought with him from Khartum for his transport. As the slave-traders had threatened, if he followed in their footsteps, to raise the natives about him, he determined to reach the back country of Lotuka first, and therefore deliberately strewed some of his goods in the way so as to delay the slave-traders, who stopped to pick them up. He was outdone at his own game, for a large caravan of "Turks" reached the Elliria country nearly as soon as he did. The leader of this expedition was one Ibrahim. Mrs. Baker resolved to see what could be done by a direct appeal to whatever the man might possess of generosity. The Bakers threatened that if he did them harm he would probably be hung at Khartum, while if he assisted them to see this lake, they would see he was well rewarded. The result was that a truce

was patched up between the slave-traders and Baker's small expedition. Nevertheless, a mutiny happened among Baker's camel-men in the vicinity of Lotuka. Some of these men ran away and joined a slave-trading party, which, however, was massacred by the Lotuka. Henceforth Baker's few men stuck to him faithfully, in terror of what might happen to them from his evil eye.

Baker journeyed southward through the splendid Lotuka country, — a land of which we know even now scarcely more than he told us forty years ago. The Lotuka people are a splendid race of Negroids, with a good deal more Gala blood in their veins than is the case with the Masai, to whom they are closely allied in language, but who dwell very much farther to the east and south. Since the days of Baker's adventure some of the Lotuka have become Muham-madans, and they are no longer completely nude in consequence. Their country is a very mountainous one, and on the whole well watered. It will probably play a considerable part in the future of the Uganda Protectorate. Working steadily south through the Madi and Acholi countries, the Bakers forded the 'Asua, the great southeastern tributary of the Mountain Nile. Here nearly all their porters deserted, and as their camels had died in the Madi country, they were obliged to abandon all loads which were not absolutely necessary, — such as ammunition, and presents for Kamurasi.

At length they arrived at the Karuma Falls on the





A NATIVE OF UNYORO.

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Victoria Nile, and entered Unyoro. Their first reception in Unyoro was hostile, because Muhammad Wad-al-Mek had preceded them, and had made the worst impression by his treatment of the Banyoro. At first Baker desired to follow the Nile down stream till it entered the Albert Nyanza, but the Banyoro would not allow him to do anything of the kind, or to make any journey off the main road along the Victoria Nile to Kamurasi's capital. Contrary to their anticipations, Kamurasi received the Bakers well; and this was the more fortunate, as Mr. Baker was very nearly dead with fever. But Kamurasi soon showed his evil nature. He refused to allow Baker to proceed due west to the Albert Nyanza, declaring that lake was distant a six months' journey. Ibrahim, the slave and ivory trader, had purchased all the goods he required, and had left Unyoro. All Baker's porters, except thirteen, had deserted. Finding, however, there was nothing more to be got out of Baker, Kamurasi relented, accepted a double-barrelled gun, and sent off the explorer and his wife with two guides and an escort of three hundred men. This escort, however, was soon sent back, owing to their unruly behaviour. Somehow or other, with such porters as could be procured from village to village, they managed, in the teeth of fearful misfortunes, to reach the Albert Nyanza at a place called Mbakovia, on the southeast coast. On this journey Mrs. Baker nearly died from sunstroke, and Baker himself was frightfully ill. But on the 16th of March, 1864, they had discovered a

great lake "with a boundless sea-horizon to the southwards," which they named the Albert Nyanza.

At the time of Baker's visit no doubt (though he does not say so) there was a good deal of mist about this lake, — a common feature. The mist and the clouds seem to have prevented the travellers from getting any glimpse of the mass of the Ruwenzori snow-range which lay not many miles distant from them to the south. They also believed (though they were then a day's journey from the end of the lake) that there was a boundless sea-horizon to the south. Their misapprehension of the geography of this lake has often caused surprise; but apart from a natural tendency to exaggerate the importance of their own particular lake, in looking to the southward they were looking up the broad valley of the Semliki, which was undoubtedly at one time — at any rate for a distance of some fifty miles — a southern extension of the Albert Nyanza. This valley was bordered on either side by cliff-like mountains — plateau edges — continued northwards along the coasts of the Albert Lake. To the west of Lake Albert the plateau tilts westwards towards the Congo basin. Baker called the western cliffs and the foothills of Ruwenzori the Blue Mountains, — a name they might very well continue to bear, as there is no native designation for these heights, which separate so abruptly and by only a few miles the basin of the Congo from the basin of the Nile.

After a short stay at Mbakovia, the Bakers got into canoes and coasted along the Albert Nyanza to

Magungo, where the lake is entered by the Victoria Nile. They ascended the Victoria Nile and discovered the Murchison Falls, "where the river drops in one leap one hundred and twenty feet into a deep basin, the edge of which literally swarms with crocodiles." On their overland journey in the direction of the Karuma Falls, their porters again deserted, and for two months they were stranded, almost at death's door, living with difficulty on wild herbs and mouldy flour; occasionally, but rarely, obtaining fowls from the natives. Once more they came within the persecution of Kamurasi, who pestered Baker for his assistance in a war he was carrying on against his relation, Fowuka. Whilst Baker was hesitating, the Nile was crossed by one of De Bono's caravans of ivory-traders, who had entered into an alliance with Fowuka. They were just about to attack Kamurasi's army (and with their one hundred and fifty guns would have easily defeated it) when Baker planted the British flag in Kamurasi's camp, and warned De Bono's soldiers that the Unyoro king was now under British protection. Overawed by Baker's threats, the ivory-traders withdrew to the north side of the Nile. The only return that he received from Kamurasi for this service was that the latter placed every obstacle in his way to prevent his leaving Unyoro. At the same time Mutesa of Uganda, having heard of a white man's arrival in Unyoro, and imagining that Kamurasi was stopping his further journey to Uganda, sent a large army to ravage Unyoro. Kamurasi fled

to some islands in the Nile, and left Baker to shift for himself, without provisions or beasts of burden, at the Karuma Falls. From this point he managed to send messages to Ibrahim, the slave and ivory trader, and the latter came to his assistance. With the aid of Ibrahim, the Bakers, who had lost everything except guns and ammunition, eventually managed to return to Gondokoro, though they were nearly killed on the way by the Bari tribe, which had risen against the slave-raiders. At Gondokoro their troubles were not ended, for the sudd had begun to form, and obstructed the passage of the White Nile. Plague also had broken out in Khartum. But the travellers fought through all obstacles, any one of which might have wrecked an expedition conducted by less intrepid people, and reached Khartum in May, 1865. Here they remained two months to recuperate, and during this time they managed to secure the banishment of one of the slave-traders who had incited the mutiny of their men at Gondokoro in 1863.

From Khartum they travelled to Berber down the Nile, and then started on camels to cross the desert to Suakin. They reached England in the autumn of 1865. By this time perhaps African exploration had become more interesting to the British government, for Baker received for his discoveries a well-earned knighthood, — a distinction which might very well have been accorded to Speke or to Grant. As a matter of fact, the only reward given to the last-named traveller was a C.B., which was awarded, not for his

marvellous "Walk across Africa," but for the inconspicuous services which he rendered some years later in connection with the Abyssinian War.

As the result of the Speke and Baker explorations, so far as published maps were concerned, our knowledge of the Nile basin in 1865 was as follows: The shape and area of the Victoria Nyanza were roughly indicated, together with the outlet of the Victoria Nile at the Ripon Falls. The course of the Victoria Nile was mapped (with a good many blanks) from the Ripon Falls to the north end of Lake Albert Nyanza. Baker was able to show that there was a widening of the Victoria Nile opposite the eastern frontier of Unyoro, but it was some years later before this widening was discovered to consist of two large lakes (Kioga and Kwania). Baker had given an extremely exaggerated size to the Albert Nyanza. Speke, on the other hand, had sketched this lake with remarkable accuracy merely from hearsay. The course of the Nile from the north end of Lake Albert to its junction with the Asua River was quite unexplored. The rest of the course of the Mountain Nile was mapped as far as its junction with the Bahr-al-Ghazal, but very little was known about one of its branches, the Giraffe River. No further researches beyond those made by the Turks had taken place on the Sobat River.

As for Sir Samuel Baker, we take leave of him here as one of the great explorers of the Nile. He returned to the regions of the great lakes in 1869, having been appointed for four years in charge of an

expedition to subdue and annex to the Egyptian Empire the equatorial regions of the Nile basin. This object involved him in incessant fighting in Unyoro, with the slave-traders between Unyoro and Gondokoro, and with the Bari. Some of these conflicts were forced on him; others, it is to be feared, he precipitated by his determination to enlarge the territories of the Egyptian Sudan. His time would seem to have been passed mainly in warfare with one enemy or another, or in laying very solidly the foundations of a civilised administration. His stay in Equatoria resulted in but little addition to our knowledge of the Nile and its affluents. A good many of his efforts for the welfare of the country were thwarted by the Egyptian Governor-General at Khartum, and after his departure, in 1873, some of his worst enemies among the slave-traders were reinstated. This much must always be recorded to the credit of Sir Samuel Baker's work on the Upper Nile: he inspired universal respect among the fair-dealing natives; he, first of all, broke the back of the immense slave-trading industry which had sprung up on the Mountain Nile, in Unyoro, and in the Acholi countries; throughout these regions the natives can remember but one great and good administrator before the present régime, and that is Sir Samuel Baker. "Gordoom" Pasha is but a name, and represents little to their minds; Emin they only remembered as an enthusiastic naturalist, who did but little to check the rapine and wrong-doing of his Sudanese soldiers; but

"Baker Basha" is, in the remembrance of the old people, the one heroic White man they have known: terrible in battle, scrupulously just, at all times kind and jovial in demeanour amongst friends; a born ruler over a savage people.

CHAPTER XVI

ALEXANDRINE TINNE AND THEODOR VON HEUGLIN

THE journeys of Petherick and Miani in the western Nile basin have already been described. The very interesting region of the Bahr-al-Ghazal, however, had been relatively neglected by scientific explorers down to the beginning of the sixties of the last century. Petherick's own map of these regions was not published till 1869. There were two obstacles to water travel in this direction: the sudd, and the terrible fevers which attacked Europeans. The introduction of steamers on the Upper Nile to some extent enabled Europeans to force their way up streams which were not to be penetrated by sailing-vessels. Quite a rendezvous had been created at a place called Mashra-ar-Rak, where many great streams coming from the Nyam-nyam country enter the Bahr-al-Ghazal, which, as a geographical term, applied to the western lake-like affluent of the Nile, may be said to begin its course here.

Miss Tinne, who with her German companions Von Heuglin and Steudner was to considerably increase our knowledge of these regions, had already, in 1859 and 1860, ascended the White Nile in sailing-vessels to near Gondokoro. In 1861 she organised a great





A. P. Do Tanne.

ALEXANDRINE TINNE.

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expedition in steamers and boats, which was accompanied by her mother, her aunt, and, later on, by several scientific explorers, — such as Baron d'Ablaing, Theodor von Heuglin, and Dr. Steudner. This expedition was intended to explore the region of the Bahr-al-Ghazal, to see how far the Nile basin extended westward in the direction of Lake Chad, and also, if possible, to discover a great lake in the very heart of Africa, of which rumours had been brought back by Miani and others.¹

Alexandrine² Tinne was the daughter of Philip Frederic Tinne and Henrietta, Baroness van Steengracht Capellen. Her father, Philip Tinne, was a Dutchman, who settled in England during the wars of the French Revolution, the French invasion of Holland having brought his family into trouble. The Tinnes were of remote French Huguenot origin, having emigrated to Holland from Calais. But further back still they came from Saxony. A very far back ancestor went to the Crusades, and distinguished himself at Rosetta (Egypt) by clambering onto the Saracen battlements. He received therefrom the soubriquet of "Tinne" (in Low Dutch, a battlement) and a coat of arms, still used by the family, embodying battlements. It is remarkable that Miss Tinne's remote ancestor should have sprung into

¹ This great lake was in reality nothing but the lake-like course of the Upper Congo. The words for river and lake in almost all African languages are the same.

² She usually signed herself Alexine. Her full name was Alexandrina Petronella Francina Tinne. The name is spelt without an accented *e*, and is pronounced as it would be in German.

fame in the thirteenth century at the *mouth* of the Nile. Philip Tinne, who emigrated to England at the end of the eighteenth century, returned to Holland after Napoleon's downfall, and married a Dutch heiress, the daughter of Admiral van Capellen. He died when his daughter Alexandrine was only five years old, leaving her the richest heiress in the Netherlands. It is said that when a young girl she had a serious love disappointment, and dismissed or lost her fiancé. To stifle her mental anguish, she undertook a course of travel;¹ and after staying for some time in the Levant and Egypt, ascended the Nile in dahabiahs to near Gondokoro. This journey was followed by the great expedition to the Bahr-al-Ghazal in 1861. It is said that this expedition was even provided with European lady's-maids. Probably no equally luxurious and well-equipped undertaking ever started for equatorial Africa. Miss Tinne commenced her second Nile journey by ascending the main stream as far as Gondokoro, and then, returning, she explored a portion of the Sobat River. She set out once more with the whole party from Khartum in February, 1863, and entered the Bahr-al-Ghazal. This was ascended as far as the mouth of the Bahr-al-Hamr. From this point a journey was then made overland to the Jur and Kosango rivers, and to the mountains on the borders of the Nyam-nyam coun-

¹ Her nephew, Mr. John Tinne, however, informs the present writer that his aunt once wrote to him saying that "ever since she was a little girl doing lessons she had longed to see what there was on the great blank spot on the map of Africa."



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ON THE JUR RIVER : SUDD BLOCKING THE CHANNEL.

try. On this exploration the travellers suffered most severely from fever. Dr. Steudner and the Baroness van Capellen eventually died of blackwater fever, and the remainder of the party only managed with the greatest difficulty to reach Khartum in July, 1864, where further deaths occurred. The geographical results of this expedition were not published in full till 1869, though Miss Tinne's cousin printed some notes on their expedition at Liverpool in 1864.

After four years spent in various places in Egypt, Algeria, and Tunis, Miss Tinne started from Tripoli with a very large caravan to proceed to Lake Chad, intending afterwards to journey from Lake Chad to the Upper Nile.

Miss Tinne took with her two Dutch sailors to assist in the organisation of her caravan, several Algerian women-servants, and her confidential old Negress, Saadah, who was originally a slave freed by Miss Tinne in the Sudan. The Turkish authorities made no opposition to her journeys, nor do they seem to have been in any way to blame for the catastrophe that occurred. Unfortunately, Miss Tinne, in order to provide for the comfort of her followers as well as for herself, decided to take with her one or more iron tanks filled with water, which were carried by the camels. These tanks attracted much attention when the expedition halted for a time at Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, where Turkish authority was still maintained. The rumour that they contained treasure in coin which was to accompany this won-

derful princess into the heart of Africa spread from the bazaars of Murzuk to the Tawareq of the desert, ever on the lookout to plunder caravans crossing the Sahara.

Miss Tinne had taken all reasonable precautions to secure the friendship of the Tawareq on this journey. She had sent messages to Ghat, an important Saharan town, to the chief Ikenukhen, with presents, and requests for guides. The chief replied that he would meet her himself at a water place on the way to Ghat, and send her the guides. These guides apparently concerted measures with the Arab and Tawareq camel-drivers of her expedition, and plans were evidently laid for her murder and the plunder of her goods.

The expedition had halted at Wadi Aberjong to await the Tawareq chief Ikenukhen. On the early morning of the 1st of August Miss Tinne, in her tent, heard the Arab and Tawareq camel-drivers disputing about arranging the saddles of the Algerian women-servants. She called to the Dutch sailors to stop the noise, which had developed into a sham fight. The Dutch sailors went amongst the men to get at their own luggage and take their rifles. The camel-drivers stopped their sham fight and endeavoured to prevent the Dutch sailors obtaining their arms. Miss Tinne, hearing the continued clamour, came out of her tent to inquire its meaning. She held up her right hand to command attention. Suddenly there was a cry of "Strike," and

a Tawareq made a cut at her with a sabre, which severed her right hand almost entirely through the wrist, so that it hung only by tendons of skin. The poor girl endeavoured to replace it in position, and staggered back to her tent, where she sat on a box. At the same moment that the blow was aimed at her one of the Dutch sailors, Cornelius, was pierced through the body by a spear. The other, Jacobse, was killed by a sabre cut cleaving his head. Cornelius, with the spear passing right through him, ran into the tent and fell at Miss Tinne's feet. A man followed him, pinned him to the ground with another spear, and fired two pistol shots into his head. Another Tawareq struck Miss Tinne with a sabre on the nape of the neck, which cut through the foulard enveloping her head, and severed the long plait of her hair, but did not cut through the spine. She fell forward to the ground, stunned. Two men then tore off most of her clothing, and, seizing her by the heels, dragged her out of the tent to a spot a few yards away, where they left her lying on the sand in the blazing sunshine. Her poor old Negress, Saadah, followed, and raising her head, gently rested it on her knee; but the Tawareq tore her away, and drove her back into the camp. The unfortunate Alexandrine Tinne lay where she was left from eight o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon, when death at last ended her sufferings. At intervals she called piteously on her people, one by one, to bring her water, but none were allowed to approach her. One of her

Arab servants was asked afterwards why they behaved so callously. He replied, "We had no arms, we were like women: they kept us in the tent, and threatened to kill us if we came out."

Her baggage was ransacked by the Arabs and Tawareq, among whom disputes then arose as to the allotment of the Algerian waiting-maids and men-servants. Strange to say, this dispute ended by both parties agreeing to make no slaves. The servants were each given a camel and a dollar, and allowed to return to Murzuk.

The Pasha of Murzuk sent soldiers out to bury the bodies. They laid a strip of calico about thirty yards long on the sand, and wound it round Miss Tinne's body by rolling it over with sticks, to avoid touching her. Then they put boards on each side loaded with stones, and piled sand over all. The two bodies of the faithful sailors were laid on each side of her. Men were afterwards sent out to mark the spot, but the sand of the desert had in the interval been blown over the place, thus hiding the grave of this beautiful and talented woman.¹

The leader of not a few exploring parties in Africa has been alone to blame for disasters to his expedition, by committing himself or allowing his followers to commit misdeeds sufficient to justify native hostility. But wherever Miss Tinne and her expeditions went in Africa, they left behind them nothing but the

¹ This account of the death of Miss Tinne is derived from information very kindly supplied to the author by her nephew, Theodore F. S. Tinne, Esq., of Hawkhurst, Kent.

to make the breakers here. but cool in the heat enough of making
reflecting it over to the Difficult, breakers, and one might make
to have all the little necessary some mistake;-
steam came as singing throes, I countermanded the cloth by the
shaving, etc etc and as at Regoli following Telegram =
All is so dear and lovely, made no send red and black cloth-
if we don't destroy the making - live all comes carefully into line,
me out, I thought bent to work and locks as nailed -
For breakers to send me times each
under me - I thought for a
moment of Europe, but there me, Flavine

memory of considerate treatment, kindness, and acts of sumptuous generosity. In all the preparations which Miss Tinne made for crossing the Sahara, and so reaching the western limits of the Nile basin, she showed a desire to conciliate the suspicions of the people, and paid generously for assistance afforded. The fierce Berber tribes which range over the Sahara Desert from North Africa to the neighbourhood of Lake Chad, almost alone of all African races, have earned sharp reprisals from Europeans for their innumerable acts of causeless treachery to explorers. If ever the French occupy the district of Ghat, as they will eventually some day, it is to be hoped that they will bear in mind the massacre of Alexandrine Tinne and avenge it.

This woman was the romantic figure in Nile exploration. Young and beautiful,¹ remarkably accomplished, a daring horsewoman, a charming Diana; mistress of many tongues, including Arabic, and generous to a fault, it is little wonder that the "Signorina" (as she was called in the days when most dragomen were Italian or Maltese) has lingered as a beautiful and gracious demi-goddess in the remembrance of such Arabs and Nile Negroes of the Egyptian Sudan as were not exterminated by the Mahdi's revolt.

Theodor von Heuglin was a native of Würtemberg. He was a scientific observer and a naturalist much in the style of Schweinfurth. His interest in the explo-

¹ She was only thirty-three at the time of her death.

ration of the Nile basin was rather in the direction of zoölogy and anthropology. He began to travel in these regions in the fifties of the last century. With Munzinger, a Swiss (afterwards Munzinger Pasha), and Dr. Steudner, a German, he explored Kordofan, and the regions round Khartum. In 1862 Von Heuglin and Steudner joined Miss Tinne's Nile expedition, and as her guest or alone on their own account, explored the affluents of the Bahr-al-Ghazal and the main White Nile. After the death of Steudner and of Miss Tinne's aunt and mother from blackwater fever, Heuglin turned away from these regions with some disgust, and devoted himself henceforth to the exploration of the healthier regions along the upper waters of the Blue Nile and of the Atbara. In all this part of western and northern Abyssinia he made valuable collections of natural history. Von Heuglin's books are of very great interest, and are full of valuable natural history notes. His writings were published between 1860 and 1875, generally in Germany.

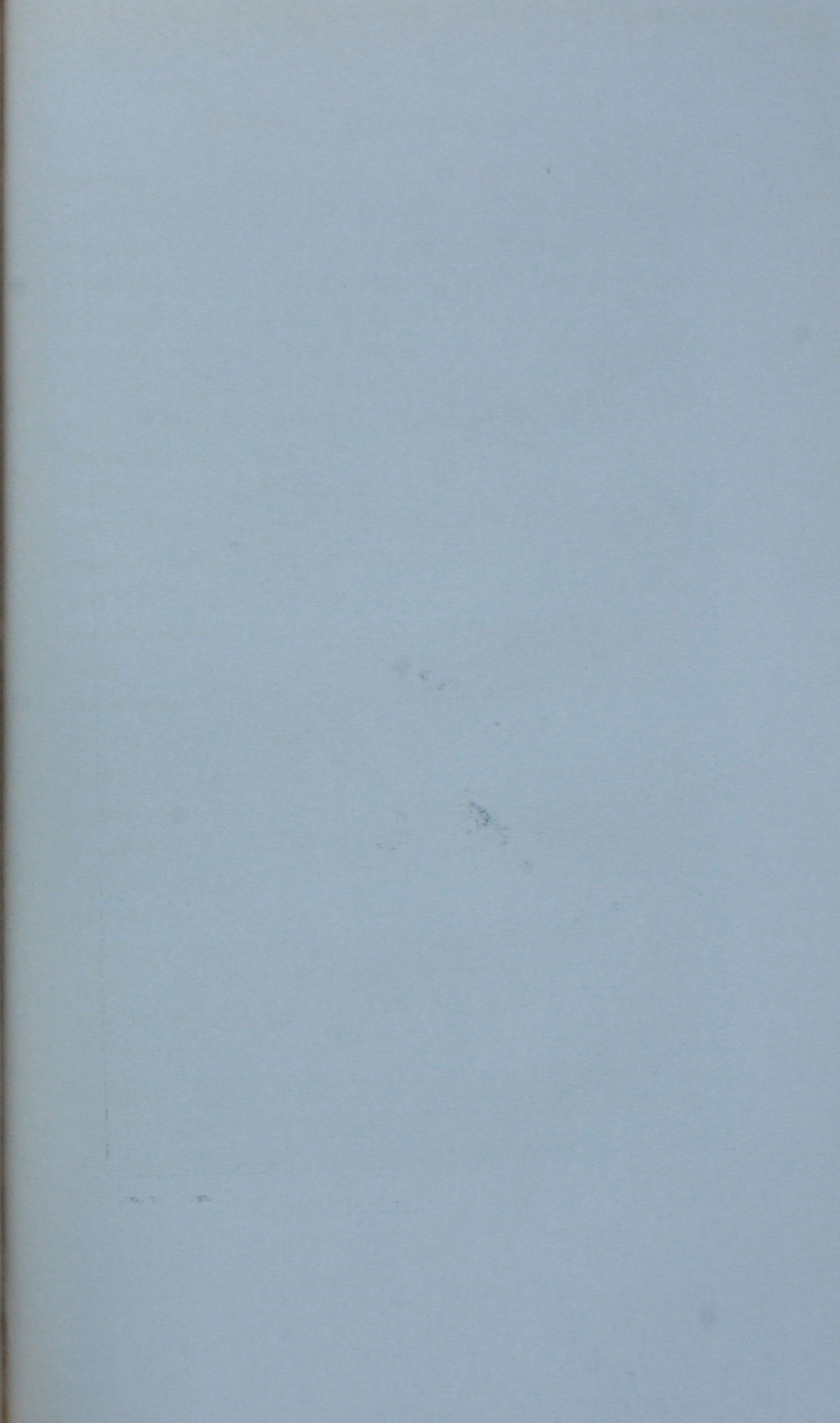
CHAPTER XVII

SCHWEINFURTH AND THE BASIN OF THE BAHR-AL-GHAZAL

AS already related down to 1869, but little had been placed on the map concerning the western tributaries of the Nile in the region now styled generally the Bahr-al-Ghazal Province. The Bahr-al-Ghazal itself is the gathering up of some nine great rivers. These unite to form a marshy, lake-like stream, which indeed widens out into a lake of variable size (Lake No) at its junction with the main or Mountain Nile. The great breadth of the Bahr-al-Ghazal is often disguised, and the open water reduced to a mere thread by an immense floating vegetable growth which we now know by the name of *sudd*. The name "Bahr-al-Ghazal" simply means a "River of Antelopes," and is a designation given to the great western affluent of the Nile by the Sudanese Arabs. Rumours of this important contribution coming to the Nile from the west (and the tributary periodical streams known as the Bahr-al-Arab or Bahr-al-Hamr extend the Nile basin as far west as the frontiers of Wadai) reached even the Greek geographers two thousand years ago, and induced some of them to believe that the main sources of the Nile lay far to the west, near where Lake Chad is situated

on the map. Then this was forgotten, and it was not until Arabs and Nubians had begun to extend their commerce into the Sudan, when Egypt was under Turkish rule, that the existence of the Bahr-al-Ghazal was again mooted. This affluent of the Nile was first sketched on the map with an approach to definiteness in 1771, when D'Anville plainly indicates its existence. In a very truncated form it appears on the maps of the Nile drawn from the surveys of the Frenchmen who accompanied the three expeditions sent by Muhammad Ali to conquer the Sudan between 1839 and 1841. In the forties of the last century Nubian slave-traders started in numbers to explore these regions, firstly to purchase ivory, and secondly to acquire slaves. The strange Nyam-nyam cannibals began to be heard of at Khartum about 1845. Petherick himself went in these directions in 1848. He was followed, as has been related, by Miani the Venetian, and by Miss Tinne and Von Heuglin. First of all Europeans, Miani had penetrated so far south up these affluents of the Bahr-al-Ghazal as to have heard from the Nyam-nyam people of the existence of the Welle River, which he reported to Petherick, and through Petherick to Speke, as a great river flowing steadily to the west. This was the first hint received of the southwestern limits of the Nile basin.

But little precise information about the southern portions of this wonderful region had reached Europe until the work of Schweinfurth was completed in 1871.





GEORG SCHWEINFURTH (1875).

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Georg Schweinfurth is a native of Riga in the Baltic Provinces of Russia. He is consequently of German extraction. He was born in 1837, and in the early sixties spent much time in exploring for botanical purposes Nubia, Upper Egypt, southwestern Abyssinia, and the regions between these countries and the Red Sea coast. The tropical luxuriance of the vegetation in the outlying districts of Abyssinia attracted him to further journeys towards the equator. He conceived the idea of visiting the then least known part of the Nile basin, the Bahr-al-Ghazal province. For this purpose he obtained ample funds from the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin. Apart from the fact that he was a German by descent and speech, his great explorations of the Nile were due entirely to German support, and must be considered one of Germany's many contributions towards the Nile Quest.

Schweinfurth landed at Suakin in September, 1867. Before proceeding on his voyage up the White Nile, he resolved to commence with a preliminary exploration of the mountains to the south and west of Suakim between the end of the Nubian Alps and the beginning of the Abyssinian highlands. This elevated district lies for the most part within the watershed of the Atbara's tributaries, though it also sends down intermittent torrents to the Red Sea. In the mountains to the south of Suakin first appears to any traveller coming from Egypt and the north the characteristic vegetation of tropical Africa, especially such types as the dragon trees (*Dracænæ*) and arbores-

cent euphorbias. These types begin at an altitude of about two thousand feet, as at that height they obtain some moisture, whereas lower down the country is mostly an arid desert. The Nubian *Dracænæ* and those of the slopes of the Abyssinian tableland are relatively dwarfish (at most some twenty feet high) compared to the giant forms of these tree-lilies which are met with in equatorial Africa. Aloes, of course, grow in the same districts as the euphorbia and the dracæna. "Found in company with them is a wild, unearthly-looking plant called the 'Karaib' (*Bucerosia*), of which the branches are like wings, prickly and jagged round the edges like a dragon's back. They produce clusters of brown flowers as large as one's fist, which exhale a noxious and revolting smell, the plants themselves being swollen with a white and slimy poisonous juice." Another item in this harsh vegetation is the *Sansevieria*, a plant belonging to the same group as the aloes, lilies, and dracænas, with isolated, leathery leaves like sword blades, though sometimes with rolled edges like a thick, leathery whip. Higher up, at altitudes of from four thousand to six thousand feet, the trees are covered with clusters of *Usnea* lichen. On the northern spurs of the Abyssinian highlands is found the wild olive tree, "of low bushy shape, with box-like foliage." The wild olive is found nowhere else in tropical Africa beyond the Abyssinian region.

All watercourses with a supply of moist soil under ground just sufficient for a few months' vegetation

are comprehended within the Arab designation *Wadi*. Cheerless through the dry season, after the first rain their level sand flats are clothed with the most luxuriant flora; fresh-springing grasses put forth their pointed leaves and give the sward the appearance of being dotted with a myriad spikes; then quickly come the sprouting blades, and the river bed is like a waving field of corn. Half-way between Singat and Erkowit Schweinfurth halted at a wady of this character, which bore the name of Sarrowi. He writes:—

“What a prospect! How gay with its variety of hue,—green, red and yellow! Nothing could be more pleasant than the shade of the acacia, nothing more striking than the abundance of bloom of the Abyssinian aloe, transforming the dreary sand beds into smiling gardens. Green were the tabbes-grass and the acacias, yellow and red were the aloes, and in such crowded masses, that I was involuntarily reminded of the splendour of the tulip beds of the Netherlands: but here the garden lay in a waste of gloomy black stone. One special charm of a desert journey is that it is full of contrasts, that it brings close together dearth and plenty, death and life; it opens the eyes of the traveller to the minutest benefits of nature, and demonstrates how every enjoyment is allied to a corresponding deprivation.”

When he reached the Nile, coming from Suakin, he was received at Berber by an old acquaintance, M. Lafargue, who was settled in that starting-point for Suakin as a merchant and French vice-consul. Lafargue, himself an experienced traveller on the Upper Nile, received the German explorers with that

hearty hospitality "which many other desert wanderers have proved besides myself."

"Sir Samuel Baker [writes Schweinfurth] aptly compares such receptions to the oasis in the desert. No necessity for letters of introduction here as with us in Europe, no hollow forms of speech, exchanging courtesies which perchance mean the very reverse; no empty compliment of at best a tedious dinner; but here in the Egyptian Sudan we are received with free and genial amiability; all Europeans are fellow-citizens, and everything is true and hearty. 'What pleases me the most is the ease with which you travel in this country; you come, you go, you return again as though it were a walk.' Such were M. Lafargue's cordial words to me. We parted well pleased with one another; I shall not see him again."

About that part of the journey from Berber to Khartum by way of the Nile Schweinfurth gives a vivid description. For the first part of the voyage, as far as Shendi and Matammah, the only considerable towns in this district, the shore offered nothing attractive. It reminded him of the Egyptian valley of the Nile only in two places, — the mouth of the Atbara, and one spot where the renowned pyramids of Meroe formed a noble background.

Matammah was then a populous town, but dull and unenterprising. The buildings, constructed of Nile earth, were insignificant in themselves, and irregularly crowded together in a mass like huge ant-hills; not a single tree afforded shade in the dreary streets, which were filthy with dirt.

The Nile voyage below Shendi was, however, rich

in the charms of scenery. This was especially applicable to the views afforded by the river islands. These islands were so many throughout the whole extent of the sixth cataract between the island of Marnad and the lofty mountain-island of Royān, "that no one pretends to know their precise number, and the sailors call them in consequence the ninety-nine islands." The landscapes on shore afforded the traveller a treat "which no other river voyage could surpass." Splendid groups of acacias, in three varieties, with groves of 'holy-thorn,' overgrown by the hanging foliage of graceful climbers, made the profusion of islands set in the surface of the water appear like bright green, luxuriant, and gay tangles.

"Wildly romantic on the contrary, reminding one of the Bingerloch on the Rhine, are the narrow straits of Sablu where the Nile, reduced to a deep mountain stream, flows between high, bare granite walls that rise to several hundred feet.

"So much the more surprising appeared the breadth which the Nile exhibited above this cataract, where it displays itself in a majesty which it has long lost in Egypt. Below their confluence, the waters of the Blue and the White Nile are distinctly visible many miles apart. It is highly probable that at certain times the level of the streams might show a difference of several feet; the proposed establishment of a Nilometer should therefore take place below the confluence, in order that with the help of the telegraph accurate intelligence of its condition might be remitted to Cairo."

Schweinfurth reached Khartum on the 1st of November, 1868. He left that place in January, 1869,

for the Bahr-al-Ghazal. Of his voyage up the White Nile he writes: —

“As the morning sun fell upon the low, monotonous shores of the flowing river, it seemed at times almost as though it were illuminating the ocean, so vast was the extent of water where the current ran for any distance in a straight and unwinding course. . . . The districts along the shore mostly retained an unchanging aspect for miles together. Rarely does some distant mountain or isolated hill relieve the eye from the wide monotony. . . . The attention is soon attracted by the astonishing number of geese and ducks which are seen day after day. The traveller in these parts is so satiated with them, fattened and roasted, that the sight creates something akin to disgust. The number of cattle is prodigious: far as the eye can reach they are scattered alike on either shore, whilst, close at hand, they come down to the river-marshes to get their drink.

“The stream, as wide again as the Nile of Egypt, is enlivened by the boats belonging to the shepherds, who row hither and thither to conduct their cattle, their dogs in the water swimming patiently behind.”

Early on the third day he reached Getina, a considerable village inhabited by Hassaniah Arabs (long since wiped out by the Dervishes). Getina was then a favourite rendezvous of the Nile boats. The flats here were bright with the luxuriant green of sedges which in their abundant growth imparted to the banks the meadow-like character of European river-sides. Thousands of geese (*Chenalopex ægyptiacus*), in no degree disconcerted by the arrival of humans, paced the green-

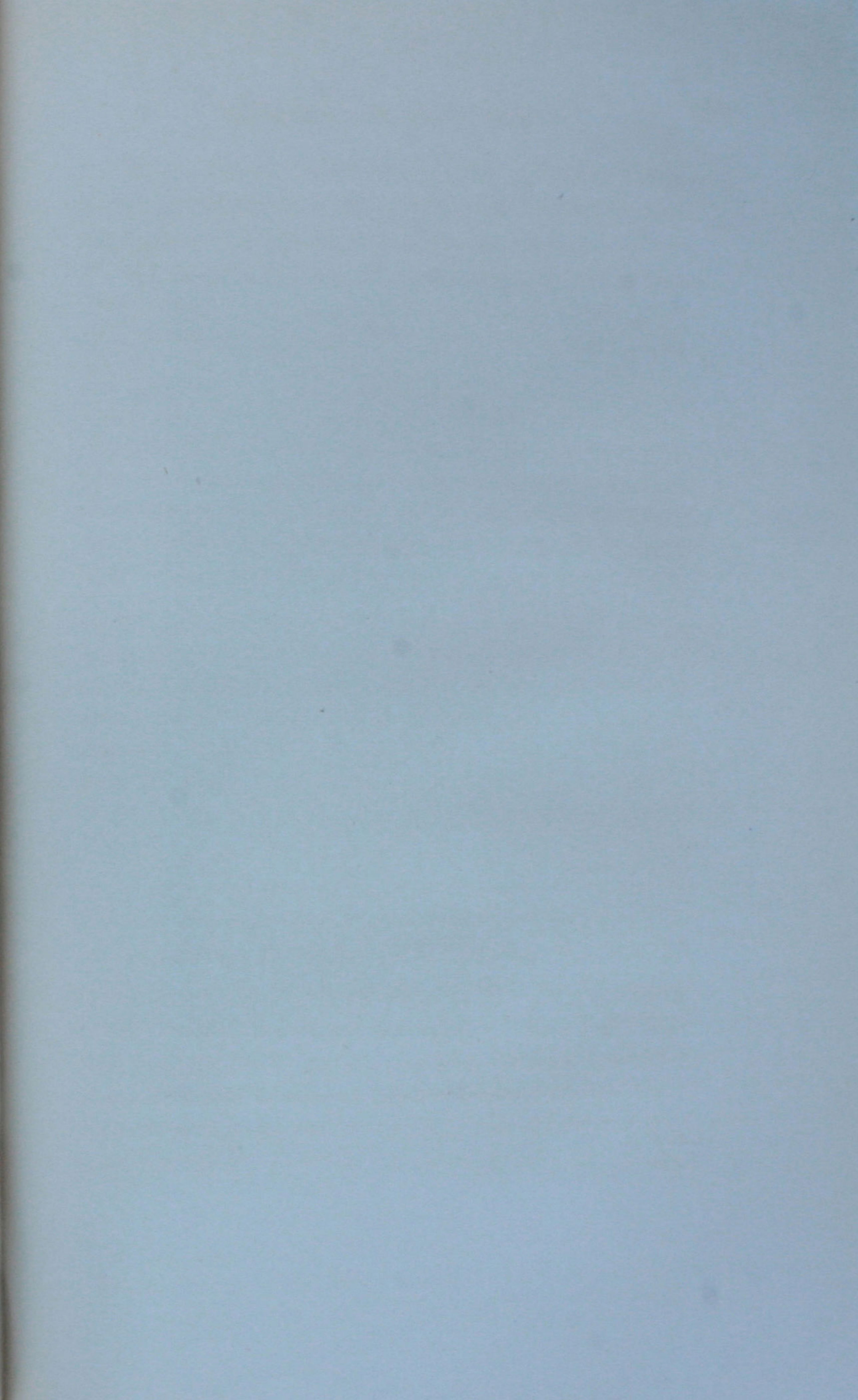
sward. Although in places the right bank was bounded by sand-banks thirty feet high, the left appeared completely and interminably flat, and occasionally admitted the culture of sorghum. "This remarkable difference which exists between the aspect of the two banks, and which may be observed for several degrees, is to be explained by a hydrographical law, which is illustrated not only here, but likewise in the district of the Lower Nile. As rivers flow from southerly into more northern latitudes, their fluid particles are set in motion with increased velocity, the result of which is to drive them onwards so as to wash away the eastern bank, leaving a continual deposit on the west."

About two hundred miles to the south of Khartum more signs of Tropical Africa begin to appear. Graceful, shade-giving acacias (*A. spirocarpa*) grew on the river banks, where also were seen great masses of large-leaved shrubs, many of them covered with the beautiful blossoms of the *Ipomæa convolvulus*. Hippopotamuses were abundant, lions were heard roaring at night, and the semi-Arab, somewhat Nubian population was gradually replaced by the naked, black, and lanky Shiluk Negroes. Great monitor lizards (*Varanus*) and snakes rustled in the dry grass, while *Cercopithecus* monkeys, crowned cranes, and handsome red and white waterbuck diversified the aspect of the river-banks; huge crocodiles lay on the foreshore. In Negro Nileland Schweinfurth first noticed the ambatch. This is really a member of the bean tribe (*Herminiera elaphroxylon*), which grows in shallow water. Its

leaves resemble those of the acacia, and its blossoms are bold, pea-like flowers of bright orange.

"The ambatch is distinguished for the unexampled lightness of its wood, if the fungus-like substance of the stem deserves such a name at all. It shoots up to fifteen or twenty feet in height, and at its base generally attains a thickness of about six inches. The weight of this fungus-wood is so insignificant that it really suggests comparison to a feather. Only by taking it into his hands could anyone believe that it were possible for one man to lift on his shoulders a raft made large enough to carry eight people on the water. The plant shoots up with great rapidity by the quiet places on the shore, and since it roots merely in the water, whole bushes are easily broken off by the force of the wind or stream, and settle themselves afresh in other places. This is the true origin of the grass-barriers so frequently mentioned as blocking up the waters of the Upper Nile, and in many places making navigation utterly impracticable. Other plants have a share in the formation of these floating islands, which daily emerge like the Delos of tradition; among them, in particular, the *Vossia* grass and the famous papyrus of antiquity, which at present is nowhere to be found on the Nile either in Egypt or in Nubia."

Schweinfurth notices a remarkable extinct volcano called Defafang, one thousand feet high, which is situated some five miles from the east bank of the Nile, in about latitude $10^{\circ} 50'$ north. This extinct volcano was first discovered by Ferdinand Werne, who collected specimens of the rocks, — chiefly basaltic lava. Defafang for a long time was the boundary on that side of the Nile between the territory of the Negroes





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SHILUKS.

on the south and that of the more or less Arab shepherds on the north.

At the village of Kaka, on the east bank of the White Nile, Schweinfurth observed ruins of a fort which had once been the headquarters of a renowned robber chief, Muhammad Kher. This man, who flourished between 1840 and 1855, was a Nubian, who gathered round him a number of well-armed Baggara Arab horsemen. He was one of the first of the slave-traders to show how, by means of fortified stations, it was possible to intimidate the Negroes of the Sudan and bring them into subjection. Muhammed Kher and his Arabs devastated the country for hundreds of miles along the banks of the Nile, exterminating the population in many places. At Kaka Schweinfurth found himself greeted by a great crowd of naked Shiluks, who, prompted by curiosity, assembled on the shore.

“The first sight of a throng of savages suddenly presenting themselves in their native nudity is one from which no amount of familiarity can remove the strange impression; it takes abiding hold upon the memory, and makes the traveller recall anew the civilisation he has left behind. . . . Although these savages are altogether unacquainted with the refined cosmetics of Europe, they make use of cosmetics of their own; viz., a coating of ashes for protection against insects. When the ashes are prepared from wood they render the body perfectly gray; when obtained from cow-dung they give a rusty red tint, the hue of red devils. This colour is only donned by land-owners. Ashes, dung, and the urine of cows are the in-

dispensable requisites of the toilet. The item last named affects the nose of the stranger rather unpleasantly when he makes use of any of their milk vessels, as, according to a regular African habit, they are washed with it, probably to compensate for a lack of salt. . . . Entirely bare of clothing, the bodies of the men would not of themselves be ungraceful, but through the perpetual plastering over with ashes they assume a thoroughly diabolical aspect. The movements of their lean bony limbs are so languid, and their repose so perfect, as not rarely to give the Shiluks the resemblance of mummies; and whoever comes as a novice amongst them can hardly resist the impression that in gazing at these ash-gray forms he is looking upon mouldering corpses rather than upon living beings."

As to the Bahr-al-Ghazal, Schweinfurth opines that the volume of water brought down by the Gazelle River to swell the Nile is still an unsolved problem. "In the contention as to which stream is entitled to rank as first born among the children of the great river god, the Bahr-al-Ghazal has apparently a claim in every way as valid as the Bahr-al-Jabl (Mountain Nile). In truth, it would seem to stand in the same relation to the Bahr-al-Jabl as the White Nile does to the Blue. At the season when the waters are highest the inundations of the Ghazal spread over a wide territory; about March, the time of year when they are lowest, the river settles down in its upper section into a number of vast pools of nearly stagnant water, whilst its lower portion runs off into divers narrow and sluggish channels. These channels, overgrown as they

look with massy vegetation, conceal beneath (either in their open depths or mingled with the unfathomable abyss of mud) such volumes of water as to be in some places nearly unsoundable by moderate lengths of pole or cord."

At the commencement of the real Bahr-al-Ghazal, where that broad lake-like stream is formed by the confluence of the Dyur (Jur) and other rivers, there was, before the uprising of the Mahdi and the consequent devastation of the Sudan, a large trading-station originally founded by the Nubian, Arab, and Coptic merchants of Khartum. This was named Mashra-ar-Rak — transcribed, in the mincing Turkish fashion, "Meshra-er-Rek." Here merchants and travellers generally started on their land journeys into the Nyam-nyam countries. Miss Tinne had paused a long time at Mashra-ar-Rak, and it was supposed that there her expedition had contracted the severe malarial fevers which eventually caused the death of five out of its nine Europeans. Mashra-ar-Rak was situated on a lake-like swelling of the Bahr-al-Ghazal, which expanse is partly covered by four wooded islands. All the surroundings of this lake-like estuary are very low and swampy. In all directions the eyes rest on jungles of papyrus, with the exception of the few trees on the islands aforementioned.

A short time before Schweinfurth reached this place with its dismal record of disease amongst Europeans, he heard that a French predecessor had died not far from the Bahr-al-Ghazal. This was Le Saint, a French

naval officer, who had been despatched by the Paris Geographical Society to make that extended exploration of the whole of the region of the Bahr-al-Ghazal which Fate had destined Schweinfurth himself to accomplish.¹

Schweinfurth's own expedition had to be conducted in a most economical and unobtrusive fashion. He made most of his great journeys between the Bahr-al-Ghazal and the Congo water-shed on foot. Remembering that his expedition was purely scientific, and was financed by a scientific society, he very wisely concerned himself with no question of ethics or reform such as had hitherto caused all English explorers of these regions to be hindered as much as possible by Nubians, Arabs, and Turks. He was not there to undertake crusades, but to make collections. He thus won and retained the friendship and confidence of men of all colours, some of them, no doubt, great ruffians, but all made equally to subserve the interests of science by affording sympathetic support to one of the greatest and most genial of African explorers, Georg Schweinfurth. Schweinfurth was no sympathiser with the slave-trade and the barbarities to which it gave rise. "Throughout my wanderings," he writes, "I was for ever puzzling out schemes for setting bounds to this inhuman traffic. On one point (i. e. the abolition of

¹ France was dogged with continual ill-luck in her attempts to open up and explore the Nile basin. Expedition after expedition and explorer after explorer, despatched directly or indirectly under French auspices, failed (generally by death from fever) in grasping the great discoveries which fell to more fortunate Germans and Englishmen.

the slave-trade) all are unanimous,—that from Islam no help can be expected, and that with Islamism no pact can be made.” His reports on the behaviour of the slave-traders did a great deal to bring about the abolition of this devastation by Gordon Pasha and his officers some years later.

CHAPTER XVIII

SCHWEINFURTH'S ACHIEVEMENTS AND DESCRIPTIONS

DR. SCHWEINFURTH spent three years exploring the regions of the Bahr-al-Ghazal, and returned to Europe in the autumn of 1871. During the course of his journeys he took no observation of latitude or longitude, but kept a most accurate dead reckoning. He laid down with astonishing accuracy much of the Bahr-al-Ghazal, of the courses of the Röl, the Roah and its affluents, the Dogoru and Tondi, the Jur, Nyenam, Ji, Biri, Kuru, and Dembo tributaries of the Bahr-al-Ghazal, the upper waters of the Sue and Yabongo; lastly, he crossed the Nile watershed and entered that of the Congo, thus discovering the upper waters of the Welle River and its many affluents. Here he thought that he had entered the basin of the Shari River, but, as we know now, he had discovered the head streams of that most important affluent of the Congo, the Welle-Ubangi.

Dr. Schweinfurth gave the first true and particular account of the Congo Pygmies under the name of Akka, whom he found in the thickly forested region on the northern limits of the Congo watershed; he

drew our attention to those remarkable "gallery" forests,¹ and to the existence in the Nile basin of the chimpanzee, the gray parrot,² and other West African types. He discovered a slightly civilised race on this Congo-Nile water-parting — the Mangbettu — speaking a language which has no known relations, but leading a life singularly similar to that of the other semi-civilised Negro states of Unyoro and Uganda. The Mangbettu and their chiefs exhibit traces of former intermixture with Hamitic people. Dr. Schweinfurth also told us much we did not know before as to the Nyam-nyam,³ the Bongo, and the Dinka tribes.

Schweinfurth possessed many qualifications for writing a book on African exploration. He was a scientific botanist, and knew a great deal of zoölogy. He had a quick ear for languages, and wrote down vocabularies of the important dialects. He collected invaluable notes on ethnology and anthropology. Although he was unable to do much photography, he was a skilled draughtsman, and his beautiful drawings are apt illustrations of his book. As regards the value of the information he collected, no such book as Schweinfurth's had appeared before, with the exception of Barth's classical work on the Western Sudan; but Schweinfurth's book was far

¹ They were, however, first mentioned by Piaggia.

² Heuglin forestalled him, perhaps, as regards the Gray Parrot.

³ These people do not call themselves by the designation. It is one applied to them by the Arabs as a nickname, indicating the gusto with which they eat human flesh. They themselves acknowledge several names, such as Azande and Makarka.