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The Khedive of Egypt's Expedition to Central Africa

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ACCESSIONS TO THE LIBRARY FROM NOVEMBER 24TH TO DECEMBER 8TH, 1873.—‘*Die Stammverwandschaft der Meisten Sprachen der Alten und Australischen Welt.*’ Von D. E. D. Europæus. Donor the author. ‘*Die finnisch-ungarischen Sprachen und die Urheimath des Menschen geschlectes.*’ Von D. E. Europæus. Helsingfors. Donor the author. ‘*Letter by Baron von Richthofen from Singan-fu, on the Rebellion in Kansu and Shensi.*’ Shanghai, 1872. Donor the author. ‘*Geological Report on the Upper Essequibo Rivers.*’ By C. B. Brown. Demerara, 1871. ‘*Currents and Surface Temperatures of the North Atlantic Ocean.*’ London, 1872. Donors the Meteorological Committee.

ACCESSIONS TO THE MAP-ROOM SINCE THE LAST MEETING OF NOVEMBER 24TH, 1872.—A Map of the Ashantee War, showing the positions occupied by the Troops. Scale, 2 in.=1 mile. Presented by the Secretary of State for War. Admiralty Charts, 6 in number. Presented by the Hydrographer, Admiral G. H. Richards, C.B.

Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, were present at this evening’s meeting, and an unusually large number of Fellows and their friends were assembled, to welcome back from the Nile Sir Samuel Baker, and to hear his discourse, entitled—

The Khedive of Egypt’s Expedition to Central Africa.

By SIR S. W. BAKER.

In introducing Sir Samuel Baker to the Meeting, the PRESIDENT spoke as follows:—

Your Royal Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society: On an occasion like the present we feel somewhat as our ancestors must have felt when welcoming home from regions which were theirs by right of discovery or conquest one of their fellow-Englishmen. But we have not only to give a welcome to Sir Samuel Baker; we have also to hear from him those details of the countries which he visited, which are to us, at present, simply matters of distant rumour. Without further preface, I will, therefore, ask Sir Samuel Baker to give us an account, or as much as he can describe within the short limits of the meeting, of what he has seen, and heard, and done in the regions of the Upper Nile.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER then addressed the Meeting:—

Your Royal Highness, Sir Bartle Frere, Members of the Royal Geographical Society: After an absence of between four and five years, I return again to this Society with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure; of pleasure, at seeing around me so many friends who have given me this kind welcome; of deep regret, at missing so many faces that in the short space of five years have disappeared from our midst. Among those faces the one most dear to me was that of the father of our Society, Sir Roderick Murchison. Many, many times when I have all but despaired amidst the difficulties that surrounded me I have looked forward to seeing him some day and obtaining his approval, as my great reward. But with this lament is coupled some satisfaction at finding that so great a loss has been so well repaired by the election of his able successors, Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Bartle Frere.

I will now proceed to give, in as graphic and concise a manner as I can, a narrative of all that has passed from the commencement to the end of my late expedition. But before I commence it is of great importance that every one should know what was the real meaning and intention of the Viceroy of Egypt in undertaking this great enterprise. In the countries beyond the pale of authority in the Upper Nile—that is, in Central Africa—there were between 10,000 and 15,000 slave-hunters, people who were mere outcasts from the miserable society of the Arabs of the Soudan. These men, instead of cultivating the land and following some honest industry, had adopted the nefarious business of kidnapping women and children in the upper countries. Now the Viceroy had heard of this crying evil, through his consuls, and more especially through myself, after my return from my journey in those parts, and, in the interests of humanity, he was determined to put it down. The question, however, was, how to put down so great an evil, and one which had existed from time immemorial. I had received a communication on this subject from the Khedive's minister, Nubar Pasha, just before I had the honour of being invited to accompany their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on a tour in Egypt. On the arrival of His Royal Highness in Egypt, he, having heard from myself and also from others of the iniquitous slave-trade that was carried on in the Upper Nile, having also conversed with the Khedive on the same subject, with the sympathy and the kindness of heart which he is so well known to possess, interested himself most deeply in the subject. I can safely say that, although I might have had the command of the

Expedition offered to me, I am sure I should never have accepted it had it not been for the kindness of His Royal Highness, and the great interest he showed in its main object—the suppression of the slave-trade. It was by the advice, and I may say by the kind personal interference, of His Royal Highness that the arrangements were made with the Viceroy, and that I accepted the command. Therefore, throughout the Expedition, I not only felt perfectly certain that the English public would regard the undertaking with interest, as carrying out what had always been the great aim of England, freedom and liberty for every human being; but I also trusted that I should not disgrace my royal patron.

It was of course necessary to make the most complete arrangements. The Viceroy, first of all, wished to found a great Empire in Central Africa. He desired to suppress the slave-trade, and the annexation of the country was the first step necessary to accomplish that object. A military force was therefore required, and I was to start with 1700 men, including cavalry and the different arms necessary. But you must recollect that the Viceroy is, in Egypt, a man a century in advance of his age—a man of high intelligence and European ideas. The progressive principle in Egypt is indeed represented by only three persons, the Viceroy himself and two of his ministers, Nubar Pasha and Cherif Pasha. Thus, when he undertook the grand reform to which we are alluding, he placed himself in direct opposition to the most ancient institutions of his country. He, as one man, supported by two ministers, was in fact going against all Egypt. I therefore found myself in the unenviable position of being a Christian in command of two or three Mohammedan regiments, appointed to put down a most cherished Mohammedan institution. You may readily imagine that, however anxious the Viceroy was to do his duty, and however sincere he was, the expedition was sure to be thwarted by every intrigue that could possibly be used.

I started with a European staff, composed of Lieutenant J. A. Baker, R.N. (my young nephew); Mr. Higginbotham, a most able engineer; six mechanics from Samuda and Penn's yards; Dr. Joseph Gedge, chief medical officer of the Expedition, and Signor Marcopolo, who had the entire charge of the *matériel*.

Some delay at the outset was occasioned by the opening of the Suez Canal, and that delay was favourable to the intrigues of the slave-hunters at Khartoum; for when I arrived there I found that the officers who had been sent forward with the regiments had fraternised with the masters of the slave-hunters; it was, in fact, preconcerted that the expedition should fail. At first there was a

difficulty in getting vessels, but in course of time all difficulties were surmounted, and I started with 800 men.

On my arrival at latitude $9^{\circ} 21'$, I found that an enormous and terrible change had come over the River Nile. Instead of the grand, broad stream which waters Egypt, I found at this point nothing but immense marshes. The Nile had entirely disappeared, in a manner almost incredible. Looking up the river, neither land nor water was to be seen; nothing, so far as the eye could reach, but an unbroken marsh. Near this point, however, a branch of the Nile, called the Bahr-el-Giraffe, enters the main river, and the slave-hunters had pushed their light vessels (which carried no merchandise but many men, some upwards of 100) through that channel, and over all obstacles, to the open water of the Upper Nile, far above the obstruction; but they generally took six months on the journey. The region beyond this horrible vegetable obstruction was cut off from all law and authority, and was thereby admirably adapted for piracy. It was so late in the season when we arrived that I found it would be impossible to cut our way through the Giraffe branch before the rainy season commenced. We did cut through about 32 miles, but with a loss of more than 100 men, and the rain then fell in torrents, so that it was absolutely necessary to return. I would not, however, return to Khartoum, as I knew that if I did intrigues would be set going that would be likely to ruin the Expedition. I returned as far as the mouth of the Sobat, and formed a camp there. The retreat appeared to be a most unfortunate one, but in reality it was a most fortunate circumstance, because none of the slave-hunters knew that I had formed a station there: they thought I had gone back to Khartoum, and in a short time down came the fleets of boats laden with slaves, and of course they all fell into my hands. I released a great many slaves, and put the captains of the vessels in irons and sent them down to Khartoum.

The following year I started again, with an increased force of 1200 men, and with all sorts of instruments for cutting through the obstructions. We worked for four months in nothing but mud and slush and tangled vegetation, succeeding at last in dragging through the steamer of 32-horse power and 100 feet long, and a fleet of vessels of 50 or 60 tons each, with 1500 men, including officers, soldiers and boatmen. We dragged the whole of the flotilla through until we regained the Nile above.

When I reached Gondokoro, in latitude 5° , I found that the slave-hunters had been there the year before, and had had time to foment intrigues and to incite all the tribes against us. Instead, therefore, of meeting friends we encountered many enemies. Now it may

appear to people who have had no experience, that a person going out from England would meet with a grand reception from the natives if they knew he had come to suppress the slave-trade; but, unfortunately, those gentlemen who lecture at Exeter Hall about "a man and a brother" know very little about it. "A man and a brother" will invariably, if he can, enslave his fellow man and brother. When I was travelling up the Nile, after cutting through the obstructions, I felt somewhat between a general and a missionary, and when I landed I of course made friends with the native chiefs, and tried to interest them in the object of the mission. There was one chief, a very intelligent man, with whom I had a long talk under a tree: in fact, I almost preached him a sermon upon the abolition of the slave-trade, explaining to him how horrible it was that people should be bought and sold like cattle, and the man appeared extremely touched. Now you must know that in those countries on the borders of the Nile there is no iron or other metal; every implement is made of hard wood; even the arrows are pointed with hard wood; and any piece of iron has an extreme value, but the most valuable is a piece shaped exactly like the ace of spades. It may almost be called the money of the country, for you can purchase anything with it. Well, after I had given a long lecture to this chief on the abomination of the slave-trade and the horror of buying and selling children, he asked me, "Have you got a son with you?" "No," I said; "unfortunately I have not." "I have," he said; "I have got a charming boy, about so high. He is very thin now, but he is always hungry, and if he could stop with you, he would eat from morning to night, and so in a short time grow enormously fat. He is a dear boy; I'll sell him to you for a spade." Here I had got the real knave of spades. The son was always hungry, eating from morning to night, and so he was to be sold to me, when the expedition was all but starving. That little incident will give you a notion of the obtuseness of these people. They listen to nothing. They do not believe in any horror of the slave-trade at all, provided their own women and children are not kidnapped. They do not believe in you unless you will assist them to steal somebody else's cattle or to kidnap somebody else's children. It is a delusion, therefore, to believe in the virtues of these negroes, for the description I have given applies to all the tribes I have been among. This greatly increased our difficulties, because I had not only to repress the slave-trade but to reform the whole character of the inhabitants of Central Africa.

I founded a station at Gondokoro, and shortly afterwards the Bari war broke out. These Bari people, the most warlike in

Central Africa, had for many years been allied with the slave-hunters in pillaging the other tribes in the interior. When, therefore, regular government was established by us, it was naturally opposed to the interests of the natives themselves; for they could no longer join with the slave-hunters in pillaging. It was necessary to establish order where the population lived in disorder, and it was also necessary to travel onward, for every tribe wished to war against the other. In a very short time we were plunged into the Bari war. I will not detain you by any description of that war. I dare say it was not so bad as the Ashantee war. I really do not know, but it was a difficult affair, with constant bush fighting. In the course of two months, however, the Baris were entirely subdued. Then, unfortunately, a spirit of discontent arose among my troops, and the officers again conspired to ruin the expedition. The Baris had been beaten in every fight, with a very trifling loss on our side; but this did not conciliate my troops. One evening, about 9 o'clock, some very large letters were placed in my hands, looking very suspicious. I would not open them that night, for I was sure something was going wrong; but on the following morning I found that a conspiracy had been formed among the officers, the lieutenant-colonels included; and the full colonels in command of the troops declared that they must abandon the expedition and return, beaten, to Khartoum. Now that was the most difficult position I ever felt myself in. Danger, most people can get over; but here was treason and conspiracy, and I had not a single man to rely upon. This trying occasion brought out the valour and constancy of my own countrymen. They were very few in number. My nephew was an officer in the Navy—of course there was no question about him; but we had with us mechanics from Samuda's yard and Penn's yard; and there was also a most able engineer. All were unanimous in declaring, "We will never go back; let them all return to Khartoum if they will; if we have to die here, we will die; they shall never say the English people deserted you." But the question was, What could be done? because it is all very well to talk of dying; most people can manage that. The question was, How were we to get on? Well, I thought the best thing to be done under the circumstances was to take no notice whatever of the Egyptian officers' letters; and so I gave orders that six companies should be under arms at midnight, ready for an attack on the Baris. That little change in the train of ideas saved the expedition. If I had written a letter in reply I should have been lost. That would have afforded plenty of time for them to breed a mutiny; but the sudden order to have six

companies under arms at midnight saved the expedition. We attacked the Bari on the south, and in about twenty days gathered sufficient corn from the Bari granaries to last the force nearly six months. This took place at a time when we were nearly starving.

The question then arose, how to get farther into the interior. I had three steamers brought up the Nile, in sections, built by Samuda and Company, with beautiful engines by Penn; but unfortunately there were no railways there, and we had no camels and not a single beast of burden. In the state in which we found the Nile, so closed up by vegetation, it was perfectly impossible to bring the camels from Khartoum. We thus had to contend with accumulating difficulties. We had met enemies and had beaten them; intrigues had arisen, and they were overcome; but we were at last conquered by the question, Who should carry the hat-box? We could not move. No native would give us a lift with any luggage, and we had an enormous mass of material without any possibility of moving it. Now, fortunately for me, I had the experience of my former journey, and knew that beyond the Bari frontier there was a tribe called the Lohoré, who were carriers, and who for the payment of a cow per man would always take a heavy load. I therefore started for their country with 100 men, a herd of cattle and a few boatmen, just carrying a change of clothing for Lady Baker, my nephew and myself. We travelled through a populous and beautiful country—a country formerly traversed by Captains Speke and Grant, and by myself. I had supposed, with our small force, that we should of course be attacked in a populous country like this, inhabited by a most warlike people; but whenever I went to a village of an evening, I called the natives together and explained to them that I should feed upon them, but that at the same time I should pay them for what I had. On the following morning I left a cow or two as a present, and in that way we passed through the whole country without firing a shot. The people were exceedingly obliged for the payment, to which they were quite unaccustomed. I collected 500 carriers, and sent them with 50 soldiers down to Gondokoro. They brought up 500 loads of merchandise and everything that was required, and in that way we pursued our march until we came to Fatiko, on the third parallel of north latitude.

When we arrived at Fatiko we found the Paradise of Africa. The country is situated among the mountains, at an elevation of about 4000 feet above the sea. The average temperature is about 78° or 76°. The rainy season lasts about nine months, but the rain does not fall every day. Six or seven days sometimes succeed each

other without rain, and then follows a very heavy shower; in fact, it is just like a very fine English July. The soil is beautifully fertile; there are most lovely timber trees; game of all kinds is plentiful; and, above all, the population is most docile. I had been in the country years before, and when I arrived I found that many parts which I had formerly seen most flourishing had been entirely devastated by those rascally slave-hunters. Whole villages had been burnt, and for 84 miles we passed through a country without a single inhabitant, whereas I recollect that years ago there was a teeming population there. This population was now gone. When I arrived at Fatiko, I found that the slave-hunters had a very large station there, standing on about 30 acres; that they had another 22 miles distant, another 20 miles from that, another at the same distance from that, and so on; and that in those stations there were about 1100 armed men, organised after an irregular military fashion, with flags and drums, a few cannon, and so on. These people had entirely destroyed the greater portion of the country. Now, with the orders I had received from the Viceroy, the question was, How was I to suppress the slave-trade? Under the circumstances, I thought that the best thing that could be done was simply to give them notice to quit the country by a certain day. I did not take the slaves from them, for I should not have known what to do with them. I could not have fed them, for there were thousands and thousands. I found that the arch-ruffian of the whole country had made some arrangement with the Governor in Khartoum, and that he was at the head of about 2500 armed slave-hunters, 1100 of whom were in this one district; that he incited every tribe against the Government, and told them that they were to assassinate me, if they possibly could. He had gone on to the country of Kamrasi, which I had formerly visited, long before the slave-hunters had ever been there, and he incited the son of Kamrasi (Kamrasi being dead) to assassinate me if I should ever arrive in his country, promising that his slave-hunters should attack the troops on my arrival at Fatiko, and endeavour to create a tumult; but the natives, who remembered my former visit, refused to attack. We shortly became the greatest of friends, and when I explained that the slave-hunting was at an end, and that the Government would protect them, the whole country declared their allegiance to the Government. Now it is all very well to give protection, provided you have sufficient force, but after the conspiracy of the officers, 600 men out of my 1100 (for 100 were dead) had gone back to Khartoum. I was therefore left at Gondokoro with only 500 men to carry out the whole of the Viceroy's instructions. I had to annex Central Africa and suppress the slave-trade.

with 500 men. I had started from Gondokoro with only 200 men, leaving 300 in the fortified camp there ; so that, although the people at Fatiko declared their allegiance to the Government and I had promised to protect them, there were, forsooth, only 200 men for their protection, and there were 1100 slave-hunters who could pillage at discretion. However, I left 100 men in a little camp close to the slave-hunters' camp, to represent the Government and to overawe them, so that if they continued to massacre or kidnap the women and children I should hear of it from the reports of the commandant.

I then continued my journey to my old country Minyoro. On my arrival there I found that the head-ruffian had not only passed through, but had been to Masindi, the capital of the country, and had made preparations for our murder if we arrived there. He had a station on the banks of the Nile, at Kuruma Falls. The man who commanded that station of slave-hunters, though pretending allegiance to the Government, actually, with his own hand, murdered a man to whom I had given protection. I could only give him 200 lashes (I did not like to shoot him), put him in irons, and take him prisoner. When I arrived at Masindi, which is only one day's journey from the Albert Nyanza, I found a population of about 8000 men with the king, but these 8000 men appeared to be all bachelors, for there was not a single woman amongst them, and that is the very worst sign amongst natives. If you see many women and children it means peace, but if there are many men without women or children it generally means hostility. Those people are celebrated for treachery, and they certainly deceived me. I had taken with me many things to establish trade. I explained the wishes of the Viceroy to them ; I hoisted the Viceroy's flag, and formally annexed the country. Every day men came in with elephant tusks, which they sold for a few beads, and everything seemed as prosperous as possible. I had driven the slave-hunters out of the country, and the people appeared perfectly content. But this was merely treachery. The king prevailed upon me to call up from Fatiko the whole of the men I had left there, with the merchandise and ammunition, and he offered to supply 300 carriers to accompany ten of my men if I would send them to Fatiko, 160 miles distant. I wished to concentrate my little force, which would then number 200, and I started off eleven men with some of the slave-hunters' people, with a letter for the commandant, telling him to come to me with his men and all the merchandise and ammunition, intending to form one large camp at Masindi, from which point I should be able to explore the Albert Nyanza. Now it was

a very great mercy that I did not go to the Albert Nyanza. Eleven of my men started with twenty-five slave-hunters, who formed the irregular force of the Government, and with 300 native carriers. These 300 native carriers unfortunately, or fortunately for me, attacked my men before they got to Fatiko. Their intention at first was to get the men from Fatiko, with all the merchandise, close to the river, and then to murder them while asleep in the grass. I knew nothing of this, and believed them to be perfectly friendly. My men had been gone about fifteen days, when one evening, while we were at dinner, the sheikh sent me seven large jars of what they call plantain cider. The troops were very fond of the cider, and I immediately sent it to them: but hardly five minutes had elapsed when the colonel who commanded them rushed frantically into my room and said, 'The troops are all poisoned.' Fortunately I had a small medicine-chest containing everything necessary, and I gave them as much emetic as I possibly could, but there were about forty of them lying down with constriction of the throat; delirious, and some of them perfectly insensible. That night the guards were doubled; but the night passed without any sound whatever. Generally speaking, at night there was singing and drumming till the morning, but that night there was perfect silence. On the following morning, before daybreak, I was walking up the approach, for our place was very well laid out, just like an English garden, and I sent the men to call the sheikh, the chief of the district, to explain to me what had happened the evening before. The men had hardly gone into the village (we being in the centre of it), when I heard shouts and yells from thousands of savages, followed quickly by two shots. It was capitally organised. There were about 7000 or 8000 of these fellows, perhaps about 50 of them armed with guns, concealed in the very high grass that surrounded the place, and a sharp musketry fire opened on the troops. Fortunately the bugler was at hand. He sounded the alarm; and the men, being well drilled, protected the camp immediately. The battle lasted about an hour and a half. Having rockets and blue-lights, we were enabled to set fire to the town on the right and left flanks, so as to protect our flanks, and the fifty body-guards, armed with Snider rifles, which on several occasions entirely saved the Expedition, charged into the town. The enemy suffered tremendous loss, and in an hour and a half the whole town was totally destroyed. Unfortunately the king escaped. Now this fellow, although young, was a notorious character. He had murdered the whole of his family. When his father died he went through the funeral rites; but these require to be explained.

When the king of that country dies—for I may tell you it is a highly-civilised country, and really was a kingdom—a framework is made like a huge gridiron or an iron bedstead. The king is laid on it, a small fire is lighted underneath, and he lies there until he becomes roasted, or like a very burnt-up hare, which we unfortunately see too often on the table. He is then wrapt up in cloths, and lies in state. But the completion of the roasting is the signal for civil discord, and the sons, no matter how many there are, immediately fight for the crown. This civil war may last any length of time; but at last, when one son is victorious he goes to his father's body and sticks his spear into the ground, as a symbol of victory, as though he said, "I have conquered and am here." Then the funeral takes place. It partially resembles some of the old Scythian rites, and corresponds exactly with what is described as being the custom 500 years ago in China. An immense pit is dug, capable of holding some hundred persons. It is lined with cloths, some of the wives sitting at the bottom, and the king's body is lowered down. During the night preceding this ceremony the soldiers surround certain huts, at discretion, and catch as many people as they can. On the following morning they take them to the side of the pit, break their arms and their legs below the knees, and then throw them in indiscriminately, alive, on the top of the wives and the body of the king. The pit is filled up as far as possible with these writhing people, sufficient space being allowed for the earth, and then the frantic crowd throw the earth in, and jump and shout and dance upon it until they have stamped the whole down. That is the burial of the king. But then there is a chivalrous idea with regard to the son. Before he can be throned as the monarch of the country he has to cross the Victoria Nile, and sleep one night on the east side, because, sixteen generations ago, the Gallas, from whom the kings are descended, attacked Minyoro from the east and conquered it. Therefore, before he is throned, he sleeps one night on the east side. On the following morning, with his followers behind him, he steps upon the old path of his ancestors, marches to the river, and sticks his spear on the opposite bank as a conqueror. This being the last rite, he is crowned king.

Well, this young king, having triumphed in that way, thought the best thing he could do to prevent civil discord and family dissension was to kill all his relations. So he invited them to some festival, and gave orders that as they were going away they were to be murdered. He had now, as I have described, attempted to get rid of me.

The battle of Masindi was very creditable to my few men. They behaved remarkably well, and with very great steadiness; but on the following morning there was this difficulty: this large town, which was composed of some 8000 or 10,000 houses, was utterly destroyed; there was nothing but smoking ashes left. We were in a little spot where I really fancied I was laying the foundations of civilization. I had a beautiful English garden, stocked with English vegetables: there was the house with the Government flag flying; but we were now in the very midst of desolation. It was a very difficult thing to know what to do. The enemy had been beaten, but I knew perfectly well that the population numbered some millions, and I felt quite certain that unless we could make peace we should be again treacherously attacked by an enormous force. I knew also that if we were constantly subject to night attacks our ammunition would be wasted until at last we should be helpless. I therefore came to the conclusion that the best thing to be done, under the circumstances, would be to march to the old enemy of the country, Rionga, and place him on the throne. Now, Rionga was a powerful chief at one time, and was always the great enemy of Kamrasi. When Speke and Grant passed through the country they were bothered night and day by Kamrasi to assist him in attacking Rionga. They, as English gentlemen, of course refused. When I visited the country many years ago, Kamrasi every day determined that he would attack Rionga; but I refused to assist him. They say, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee after many days;" and I think it is sometimes right. Rionga heard of this, and he heard also (for he had his spies there) that we had been deceived and attacked treacherously. He also heard that I was on the march to him. But the question with me was, how to march? We had no guide: the country was nothing but a forest of grass, nine or ten feet high; it was the rainy season; it was 93 miles from Masindi to Rionga; and the question was, how to march 100 men through an enemy's country, through the most frightful jungle ever seen? I can safely say I had serious misgivings. I made up my mind that very few of us would ever arrive there; but at the same time it was absolute madness to remain. We had no provisions, except a few bags of flour, just sufficient to last four or five days, and it was absolutely necessary to act without the slightest delay. I determined to destroy all that we could not carry, and gave the order that each man was to carry as much as he could. Thank goodness I had those Snider rifles and a picked corps of men. My march was organised in the following manner:—Fifteen Snider rifles, with a bugler,

formed the advanced guard, under the command of the colonel, who was a most excellent officer; then I followed with Lady Baker and my nephew, and the ammunition, and ten Sniders, and a bugler; and the rear-guard was commanded by a captain, a very good officer, who had fifteen Sniders. The few other Sniders were interspersed among the line, who were armed only with muskets. Every man, except the advanced guard, the ammunition guard, and the rear-guard, carried a heavy load. They had to carry the whole of the ammunition in bags, which weighed 62 lbs. each. At the same time I was perfectly certain that we should have to fight every day of the march. These simple arrangements were all that could be made, and I directed that the men should only keep the length of one man apart, so that the line should not be cut through. They were to keep profound silence throughout the whole of the march. In this manner we started. I had made arrangements to set fire to the station and to burn all the effects, so that the natives should not plunder the camp and boast that they had taken it by storm. The first day of our march it rained from morning to night,—a perfect mizzle. Everybody was wet through. We were driving seventy head of cattle, and they wandered in all directions in the grass. We lost one man, and in the evening we could obtain no water. We had to cut down trees to make a fence in case of a night attack, and everybody, in fact, was miserable. On the following morning, when we started, I gave orders to allow the cattle to run where they would, and we were in the most difficult position for fighting that can possibly be conceived. I can safely say I never saw one of the enemy, except dead, though we were fighting seven days. Of course the troops had to march in single file. The path was certainly not more than six or eight inches wide, and the grass was so dense that if you put your hand into it, you lost sight of it. Now the natives have a method of ambuscade which is very serious. At about three feet from the path they cut large clear spaces, in which, perhaps, a thousand men may be concealed. The grass conceals them like a curtain. On the other side there may be another space cut, and perhaps there may be 20,000 men on your line of march, and you may not be aware that there is a soul in the country. As the troops march along, keeping profound silence, the first intimation you have of an attack is a peculiar whistle, imitating the cry of a particular bird. Whenever we heard that whistle lances immediately came across the path, from right to left and from left to right, and of course the troops had to open fire, the alternate men facing right and left. In this way we fought for seven days, losing very few men, but having thirty wounded,

until we arrived at Rionga. I often look back on the events of that march, although I had very little to do except directing my little force. No men ever behaved in a more admirable way. They had nothing to eat, but though they were black men they had such confidence in me and my officers that they were perfectly obedient.

When we arrived at Rionga, I, of course, found an ally. Then we went through the ceremony of exchanging blood; but it is not the disgusting ceremony I had expected. He just pricked his arm with a lancet; you prick yours. He just puts his lips to your wound, and you put yours to his; and the whole thing is settled. That is a kind of Freemasonry among the natives, and I really believe, although I am not a Mason myself, that they attach much more importance to their Freemasonry than we do to ours, because Freemasons do quarrel now and then; but these men never do. If they exchange blood, they are allies till death; so that the moment I had gone through this unpleasant rite, I found not only that I had an ally, but that I belonged to the family.

My men, being in very great need of rest, built a stockade close to the river, and we remained there a few days until I could get from my new ally sufficient men to carry me to Fatiko. I thanked God that I had brought my men down safe. I formed an alliance with Rionga, and with the surrounding tribes, so that I had an immense force, and could walk over the country if I chose. I placed Rionga on the throne and proclaimed him king. I placed thirty men and the colonel in the stockade, and then started with Lady Baker and Lieutenant Baker and forty men to Fatiko, to see what had become of the unfortunate commandant, who I fully expected had been murdered with the whole of his troops. That was the most trying part of the expedition, because if he had been murdered we must have been likewise. It would have been quite impossible to retreat through the slave country with such a small force as I had with me. Fortunately, as I have described, the people, who had instructions from the king to march to Fatiko, and bring the luggage and men to the river, and murder them in the night, wished to retreat themselves, and so killed eleven of my men, and forsook them; and the remainder, after incredible sufferings, and nearly dead with hunger, reached Fatiko, and told their brothers the whole of the circumstances. They knew then that I must be attacked, and they all considered that I was dead. That, I think, was the foundation of the report that came to England some months ago. We had gone through a great deal of trouble (as you may imagine), which is all forgotten now; but still at the time it was very severe. For many, many nights, we had

no bed—nothing to sleep upon. My wife had to sleep upon the grass, cut down and soaked with a heavy dew like rain. We had no meat of any description for twenty-three days—nothing but wild vegetables, which we collected, and wild plantains which we boiled, and which formed but a poor substitute for potatoes. In this way we struggled on, thank God, in good health, without a sick man. The soldiers were strong, and we ourselves were strong, but very hungry.

I started to go to Fatiko with forty men; and I must tell you that Lady Baker had to march on foot the whole way. Just as I crossed the river on the road to Fatiko I met some natives, and immediately thought they were enemies, as we had done nothing but fight for so long. Half the soldiers had crossed the river, and I sounded the bugle to alarm them; but directly the bugle was blown, these men shouted out, "Is that the Pasha? Is that the Pasha?" "Yes," said my men. "Oh," they said, "that is right: we have come from Fatiko." "Is he here?" "No, he is at Fatiko; but all the slave-hunters are going to attack him, because they think you are dead." Well, it seemed ridiculous. We were no sooner out of one trouble than we were into another; and now, having won every victory and gone through incredible hardships, just as I hoped to get things into order, I heard that he was certainly not murdered, but was going to be, which was much the same. I pushed on with my forty men only, but they were good ones—the *élite* of the whole army, armed with Sniders. I had taken great pains to teach these men to shoot, and altogether they were as good fellows as I ever wish to command. It was 78 miles to Fatiko, and we arrived there at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August. No sooner was the bugle blown and the men turned out to meet me—and they were delighted, as they had heard, as you in England did, that we were all massacred—than I inspected the troops. We then had 140 men; 100 who had been left at Fatiko, and the forty that I had brought. The slave-hunters had been endeavouring to incite the whole tribe against us; but had entirely failed. The natives had noticed the difference between the Government soldiers and officers who paid for everything, and these rascals who kidnapped their women and children, and took away their cattle and destroyed their country, and they had remained true to the Government, although they saw that the Government was weak. In my absence, these slave-hunters had not only kidnapped, but had murdered the women out of spite to the natives, because they declared their allegiance to myself. They burned most of the villages and utterly destroyed this magnificent country, simply

because the natives were loyal. Still the natives said, "No, we will suffer; but we will cling to the Pasha; we will cling to the Government." When I arrived, a number of natives had followed from the native villages, because they wished to see if the Government was stronger than these slave-hunters, whose camp was close to them. No sooner had I turned out the soldiers and inspected them, than those fellows turned out theirs. They had 270, with nine flags, and everything in military order; but I could not conceive that they would have the audacity to attack the troops, because 140 disciplined men, I consider, ought to be a match for 270 irregulars. But no sooner had the troops retired into camp, than in the most treacherous manner these fellows poured a most withering volley into them from about ninety yards' distance. My men were all dressed in scarlet, so they offered an excellent mark, and six or seven fell immediately. We should have suffered very great loss, no doubt, but I sounded the advance, led the men out, and of course completely crushed the enemy.

That day, I may say, completed the work of the expedition. The natives had heard the boasting of these men: they had heard that I was dead, and, as they described it, they saw me suddenly spring out of the grass. They saw these people attack the troops and the troops walk over them with the bayonet; and if I had lifted up my hand 500 natives would have joined the Government. Our troops killed 141 on the spot. There were 270 at the commencement, so there is no doubt the Snider rifle had had a most terrible effect. It only shows, I think, that in almost any expedition, if it is necessary to use force, it should be used in the most unflinching manner. But the difficulty was this: from that day I had not only the trouble of establishing a Government, but I had to keep the natives from attacking the other slave-trading stations. They could not possibly understand the policy of mercy. I explained to them, "Now you are subjects of the Viceroy, therefore you must leave it to me." It would be a long story to tell, but by the use of a little diplomacy and some force I succeeded at last in driving the whole of the slave-hunters out of the country, so that not a single one remained. I confiscated the whole of the ivory in the stations, which was worth about 30,000*l.*, and I sent down to Gondokoro for reinforcements. It was four months before the reinforcements arrived, and that gave me time to establish the Government throughout the country. Now "establishing a Government" is a very curious term. You see, there are all sorts of governments—governments that yield to popular opinion, governments that rule, and governments that are ruled; but I had to form a government with only 140 men to rule in this populous

country, which had lately been the scene of nothing but anarchy. The main thing was to assure the natives that they could depend on the Government and upon its protection. They soon discovered that; and the next thing was to establish an irregular Court and taxation. These natives, like most others, are fond of protection, but do not like to pay for it. The question of taxation is an awkward one, I believe, here in England, though I know nothing about that; but taxation with a negro is a frightful difficulty, because he always has an idea that if you are his friend you must give him something and he give you nothing. When they heard that I was going to tax them, it was a serious difficulty; but at last I arranged it in a very simple form, by explaining to them that, as they had seen with their own eyes what strong men these soldiers were, and how they had driven their enemies out at the point of the bayonet, they must keep up the soldiers' strength by feeding them, and I established a corn-tax. That may appear very ridiculous to a Chancellor of the Exchequer in Europe, but it answered very well there. They have no almanacs there, but I ordered that each house should pay a certain measure of corn at each full moon; that no old man was to pay a tax, because he had not the strength to till the ground; that no woman who had lost her husband should pay, because she had not the strength to do the work; and that nothing should be required from a stranger within their gates, but that only able-bodied men should pay. This, simple as it appears, answered so well that every village paid its tax regularly, and by the time my reinforcements came up from Gondokoro, not only was the Government firmly established throughout an immense territory, but the people were paying their taxes far more regularly, I believe, than they do here, because sometimes here we read of conscience-money—somebody had forgotten to pay. When the reinforcements arrived, there were no appeals made to the Government in the newspapers about violent, atrocious outrages by policemen, or anything of that kind, and the whole country was in the most perfect state of order. No tribe could make war on another without the permission of the Government. The taxes were paid with extreme regularity. In my enthusiasm, when I started from England, I built castles in the air, as we all do; but, at the expiration of the term of this long Expedition, I can only thank God that my castle was built. I left the country, I can assure you, with the greatest possible satisfaction. The whole of that large region was in a peaceful state. I marched down to Gondokoro, through the warlike tribes of Bari, without firing a single shot. I found nothing but peace and goodwill throughout that great territory. All my cares

were therefore over, and I had nothing to do but to thank God most sincerely. I hope it continues in the same state at the present moment.

I left the territory under the charge of a colonel of the army, and I had only one fear. Although, as an Englishman, I had done what most Englishmen could have done, and the result was most satisfactory, I was very much afraid that, as my term had expired, the future Government would be entrusted perhaps to some Turk, who most assuredly would have upset all that I had done. In Cairo I heard from many that the Viceroy was not sincere. Now I had seen that he had had to struggle against public opinion in the suppression of the slave-trade, and as I had suppressed the slave-trade, the people imagined that he had become a Christian, or he would not have opposed a Mohammadan institution and employed me, a Christian, to do it. Now I am afraid that most men under the circumstances would have employed a Turk to succeed me, and that would have ruined my work; but out of respect to England, and I feel really more out of respect for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he has appointed an English officer to succeed me, being determined that, as the English have had the honour of establishing a Government, and giving peace to the country, in the name of the Viceroy, an Englishman should carry on the work that an Englishman began.

In conclusion, I can only say that frequently during my absence, in very anxious moments, I have looked forward to the time when I should return to England. I have always looked forward to meeting the Society in the old hall of Burlington House, and the change I have found has been strange to me. I have often attended meetings of the Royal Geographical Society, but I never saw such a meeting as this. While I know that so much of this welcome is for myself, and feel gratified at seeing this great meeting, I cannot but believe that a great proportion of those present came to welcome the Prince of Wales to the Society. This to me is the greatest honour that can possibly be shown me.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES then took the Chair, and said:—

Sir Bartle Frere, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society:—I do not intend to give you an address, because after the able one which my friend Sir Samuel Baker has just delivered, an address from me would be out of place. I am anxious, however, on this occasion to say a few words of welcome to Sir Samuel Baker, and, on the part of the very large meeting assembled here this evening, to tender him our warmest thanks and acknowledgments for the interesting and clear lecture which he has delivered to us. My friend Sir Samuel has been kind enough to allude to my name on several occasions during the course of his lecture. He has even been kind enough to

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say that I have in some way been instrumental in furthering the commencement of that Expedition which he has so clearly shown to you has proved so great a success. He has said almost too much in that respect, for I can assure him whatever conversation I had with the Viceroy of Egypt at the outset of the Expedition, or rather at the commencement of the plans for the Expedition, arose from the great interest which I took in its objects. I felt sure that the Viceroy placed entire confidence in Sir Samuel Baker, and believed that he would be able to carry it through. The difficulties he has had to encounter have, no doubt, been extreme. Those difficulties, however, I feel convinced did not come from Cairo. Sir Samuel has told you what an enlightened ruler the Khedive of Egypt is. Perhaps he is too much in advance of the time in his own country. At any rate, I feel sure that he individually was sincere in his wish to obtain the abolition of the slave-trade in Central Africa, but he had to contend with difficulties thousands of miles from his seat of government, and it was impossible for him to control what occurred. I will say nothing further, but assure Sir Samuel of the pleasure it has given me to see him this evening. During the long years of his absence I always looked forward to meeting him again. We were, no doubt, startled and terrified by the news that he was no longer living, but we trusted the rumour was not true, and felt that so long as there was life there was hope. He has before this attained a high position as a traveller, as a sportsman, and as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and now I may say he has distinguished himself in a higher character, as a philanthropist performing a work of great benefit to mankind.

SIR BARTLE FRERE: I feel sure that I am giving utterance to the general feeling of all who are here present when I express my belief that this occasion will form an era in their lives. I think it will be a marked day in the history of the British Empire, because you have welcomed back among you one of whom it is not a small thing to say that England will never be ashamed. It is something to have had the veil lifted from that wonderful country which Sir Samuel Baker has described, with its barbarous customs, its unlimited forests, its almost insuperable difficulties of travelling: it is something to have heard from him what he, as an eye-witness, has told you of the great work in which he has been so long engaged—the suppression of the slave-trade; it is something to know that, amidst all difficulties, our English race still retains the character it always had, of being pre-eminently one able to command others, and that the power of empire has not departed, and I trust it is not likely to depart, from the race that Sir Samuel so well represents. I think I may also congratulate this meeting on having heard those details which Sir Samuel has given us of those who were his companions in travel, and of her who now, not for the first time, appears at a meeting of this Society. Under difficulties, from which it is no shame to say the stoutest manly heart among you might well have shrunk, she supported him by her love and true affection. That, I am sure, is a feature in the great work which will not be forgotten. And while we tender our thanks to Lady Baker for her share in what we have heard of this evening, do not let us forget those other noble members of the Expedition of whose support he has so generously spoken. Some among them, who were worthy to follow him—and no greater praise can be given them—have left their bones in those deserts, we may trust not having done an unfruitful work in following him; but there are others who have returned to share with him the thanks which I am sure you will return for the work he has done. I trust a grateful country will not let go unrewarded the merits of those who have followed him. Lastly, and I am sure quite as unanimously as anything that has been agreed to this evening, I trust you will allow me to express your thanks to the Vice-Patron of your Society, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for coming here this evening, as His Royal Highness and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh have so kindly done. I am sure it must have given them much

pleasure, as affording indications of the manner in which all England will be proud to follow him in taking the lead, and a very effectual lead, in the great work of philanthropy in which Sir Samuel Baker has been engaged. Will you allow me, Sir Samuel, on behalf of this meeting, to return to you and to Lady Baker the unanimous thanks of the Society for your lecture?

Sir S. BAKER: Your Royal Highness, Sir Bartle Frere,—I wish to say one or two words in reply to the kind allusions of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to me. I must say that, after passing through so many difficulties, it is good to have one kind word from any one in the position of His Royal Highness; but as he honoured me with his confidence before I started, so in every difficulty and danger I recollected the kind farewell that His Royal Highness gave me. I knew the trust he placed in me, and I was determined that he should not be disappointed. At the same time, when I listened to the kind praise he gave me, I could not help feeling that those praises came more from the kindness of his heart than from my own deserts. I therefore wish now to speak of the merits of others. First of all I must bring to the notice of England and of this Society the merits of Mr. Baker, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He has been my aide-de-camp throughout the whole Expedition. He accompanied me foot by foot the whole of the way. The whole of the topographical department was entrusted to his charge, and I think the Society will acknowledge that every position he has laid down may be accepted as a true position, so that we can now start as certainly from Fatiko, in Africa, as we could from Greenwich. I believe the Society will be satisfied with all he has done, and I trust—though perhaps I ought not to mention it here, that we shall soon see him in active service, instead of being, as he unfortunately is, on the retired list.

ADDITIONAL NOTICES.

(Printed by order of Council.)

1. *Progress of the Livingstone East Coast Relief Expedition.*

LETTERS FROM LIEUT. V. L. CAMERON, R.N., COMMANDING THE EXPEDITION.*

"SIR,

"Mpwapwa, June 16th, 1873.

"Since my last letter from Rehennoko Mr. Murphy joined us on the 26th ult., very ill and knocked up, bringing us the sad news of poor young Mofat's death, which occurred on the 22nd May, at a short distance this side of Sembo. He died from the effects of African fever acting upon a weak constitution, the symptoms being great prostration and weakness, and loss of appetite, although when first attacked he ate largely, but after some little time he could take nothing. Murphy did all he could for him, giving him stimulants, but unfortunately did not give enough quinine, or take enough himself, thinking that as the symptoms were different from those of the fever he had at Bagamoyo it was not fever at all, but some other sickness.

"Murphy, on arrival, was so weak that he could not walk without assistance, and we had to wait till the 30th ult. to enable him to be moved with safety,

* *Vide* 'Proceedings,' vol. xvii., No. v., p. 336.