

THE VOYAGE OF THE 'DAYSPRING'

the Journal of the late SIR JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER,
R.N., G.C.M.G., together with some account of the
expedition up the Niger River in 1857. By A. C. G.
FRANKS, author of 'Nigerian Days.' With an Intro-
duction by Lady Glover.



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THE VOYAGE OF THE 'DAYSPRING'

Nigeria is a country that has come very much into the public eye of late years, and very little of its early history is known. Especial interest therefore attaches to the publication of this Journal of the 'Baikie' Expedition up the Niger in 1857-8, kept by the late Sir John Glover, who as Lieutenant Glover was surveyor to the expedition. The book is a valuable record of early African exploration made by one who later played a great part in the making of modern Africa. The Journal, which has never before been published in full, is edited and presented in this volume by Mr. A. C. G. Hastings, an authority on modern Nigeria, whose recent book 'Nigerian Days' attracted much attention.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE *DAYSRING*

NIGERIAN DAYS

By **A. C. G. HASTINGS**

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LIEUT. JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER, R.N.
(Taken from an oil painting belonging to Lady Glover).

**THE VOYAGE OF THE
DAYSRING Being the Journal of
the late Sir JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER,
R.N., G.C.M.G., together with some
account of the Expedition up the Niger
River in 1857 By A. C. G. HASTINGS
With an Introduction by LADY GLOVER**

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INTRODUCTION

NIGERIA is a country that has come very much into the public eye of late years, and very little of its early history is known. Therefore I have decided to publish a journal written by my late husband, Sir John Hawley Glover, when he was a very young man, which describes the Nigeria of that day.

Lieutenant Glover, as he then was, left England with the "Baikie" Expedition, as it was called, for the purpose of making an official survey of the Niger, and his work for the British Government was to be the foundation for the charts and maps of that unknown and extensive valley. The attention of the scientific world was being directed just then to the Niger by the Royal Geographical Society, more particularly by Sir Roderick Murchison, the President, who urged the Government to undertake the surveys. The Earl of Clarendon—who was the head of the Foreign Department—therefore decided to despatch an expedition, of which the scientific head was Dr. Baikie and the surveyor, Lieutenant Glover. The latter, being an excellent

shot, was instructed to obtain and send back all the specimens of African birds he could procure for the British Museum, where his collection may be seen to-day.

When writing the *Life of Sir John Hawley Glover*, which I published some years ago, I included part of this Journal in its pages, but the larger portion remained unpublished. My old and valued friend, the late Sir Richard Temple; who wrote the Introduction to the *Life* and a chapter on the Ashanti War, wrote to me, strongly advising the publication of this Journal in book form. He said : " I think Glover's journal of mid-Niger is a valuable piece of writing, and ought, if possible, to see the light in these days when the national mind is much turned towards that region," and he goes on, in his somewhat lengthy letter on the subject, to say : " If in anything further I can be of use, you may rely on the same co-operation from me in this, as for the *Life*, either as editing or writing."

It was a great temptation to me at the time to accept his kind offer ; but, knowing that all Sir Richard's experience was of life in India and that he had no personal knowledge of Africa, I did not feel that he could enter into the very different psychology of that less known and more difficult country. Therefore I thought it desirable to wait, in the hope that later I might come into touch with a

man who himself had had personal experience of mid-Nigeria ; so I possessed my soul in patience. A recent publication, called *Nigerian Days*, written by Mr. A. C. G. Hastings, came by chance into my hands, and in reading the book I found that the author had lived for many years as Commissioner in exactly that part of Nigeria mentioned in the Journal, and had returned from Africa only a short time before. Mr. Hastings described in his book the Nigeria of to-day, with roads and railways opening up the country, showing what British enterprise has done for it in sixty or seventy years. Before that, Africa was lying fallow.

In the Journal, Mr. Glover says : “ The people, as I found them, were nothing more than heathens, worshipping trees and rocks ; yet the name of God is ever in their mouths.” That day when he first climbed the mountain at the confluence of the Niger and saw the magnificent view of the river winding like a silver thread away into the distant horizon, he was sadly thinking that a fatality seemed to hang about it, and how oppression, bloodshed, wrong and darkness polluted the splendid stream. He prayed that he might help to cleanse that river, and that one day commerce, as a means to a greater end, might cover its waters with burdens other than slaves and the result of war and depredation. And his prayer has been answered ; for Africa is awakening, rejuvenating, reinvigorating, after

centuries of savagery and debasement. Africa is the coming country to-day. She appeals to the imaginations of the men who serve her ; whenever a true Englishman travels or settles down he plants that civilizing influence which has produced an Empire that is the envy of the world.

From the time that young Glover first set foot in Africa till the last day of his life his thoughts were all for Africa. He spent fourteen years in that Dark Continent, during which time he did much greater work than that described by the Journal in this story, for later, when he became Governor of Lagos, his real work began.

Indeed, it might be said that he was the first Governor of that Colony, because his predecessor, Mr. Freeman, only held the appointment for a short time, being obliged to leave on account of ill-health, when the people petitioned that Lieutenant Glover should be appointed to take his place. Then came strenuous days of improvement in the town of Lagos, which was at that time a miserable, dirty, unhealthy place. Broad streets were cut, good houses, schools and churches built, new roads made to open up the hinterland and enable produce to be carried down without fear of interruption. The settling of tribal disputes brought the Governor into close contact with the chiefs and people of Nigeria, who all knew and trusted him. After his full term of five years of office were completed he

returned to England, and soon afterwards a petition was sent to the Colonial Office, begging that he should be sent back again as Governor, and offering a large increase of salary if he would assent to this request.

All his friends tried to dissuade him from returning to that pestilential climate, and by so doing blocking his promotion, but all to no avail. His love of Africa was stronger than any personal consideration, and he wanted to continue and complete the work he had begun. His second term of office enabled him to lay firmly the foundations of what Lagos is to-day—a thriving mercantile town. During Captain Glover's second term of office he had occasion to take up his old work of surveying. The River Volta had been until then unexplored from the point of view of navigation, and he was anxious to ascertain whether it would be a suitable water-way into the interior for commercial purposes. Subsequently the knowledge he had acquired of that river and the surrounding country led to his appointment in the Ashanti Campaign of 1872-3, when he raised the Haussa Force. The history of this war has been already written in the *Life of Sir John Hawley Glover*.

In later years he constantly spoke of the people of Africa and the old days there with a love that could not be quenched by distance or by time, or by remembrance of hardships and discomforts endured

there. It was Africa—he only remembered that. Nor is it surprising that his name has become a household word, almost a fetish, with the people both of Lagos and of Nigeria.

Through the kindness of Colonel de Satgé of the Colonial Office, I got into touch with Mr. Hastings, and found that he also took the view expressed by Sir Richard Temple, in his letter referred to above, as to the value of publishing the early history of Nigeria as set forth in this Journal which, it would appear, is the only record of the happenings of the expedition sent out in the s.s. *Dayspring* to the Niger, except, of course, a few official documents and the charts which are now at the Admiralty. And thus it was that *The Voyage of the Dayspring* has been written.

ELIZABETH GLOVER.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE *DAYSRING*

THE VOYAGE OF THE DAYSRING

CHAPTER I

THE FINDING OF THE NIGER

AND looking forward I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission, the long sought for majestic Niger glittering in the morning sun"—thus wrote the first Briton to set eyes upon the mighty river, young Mungo Park. It must have been a good moment for him then, a moment of life worth living despite all the trials and suffering on the lonely journey which had led up to it. Perhaps there is nothing in this world quite so good as achievement, and when it is the outcome of solitary dogged endeavour it raises man for a fleeting instant to the sublime.

It had fallen to him to be the first to penetrate the fog of mystery which until then had shrouded the position and the course of the Niger, a fog which had baffled all inquiry since the dawn of things.

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Three and twenty centuries ago, Herodotus, that great historian, thought that the river flowed from west to east dividing Africa in half, and named it a remote branch of the Nile. Pliny, equally vague, gave the west as its starting-point but disagreed as to its identity with the Egyptian river; Ptolemy had his view of it also, differing from both.

Much later Leo Africanus ventured his opinion that the Niger rose in a lake south of the kingdom of Bornou, and later still the Arabians, Edreesi and Abulfeda, persisted that it was the Nile. Even in 1707 De Lisle, the Frenchman, believed that it rose to the east in Bornou and ended in the Senegal river on the West Coast of Africa.

They were wrong, all of them wrong, as to the source, the course and the termination, and we cannot wonder when we consider that even the people living on the river banks knew but a few score miles of its direction, and hazarded guesses as to where it ended which were as wildly inaccurate as those of the outside world. Thus the fog hung thick as ever over it until British enterprise took the field.

The African Association was formed about 1788 to encourage exploration and, first of all, three adventurers went forth to probe the mysteries of Africa. John Ledyard tried from Egypt, but he died in Cairo. Lucas started from Tripoli;

he got no farther than five days' journey south and then had to return. Major Houghton went up the Gambia river on the west, and died of fever at Jarra two hundred miles in the interior.

Failure—three efforts and two deaths.

Then Mungo Park set out in 1795 from Portsmouth to the Gambia. "My instructions were very plain and concise," he wrote. "I was directed on my arrival in Africa to pass on to the river Niger . . . that I should ascertain the course and if possible the rise and termination of that river"—simple straightforward orders worthy of the fine effort which he made. He went forward on the daring journey alone; he found the Niger at Segou about 350 miles from its source, "broad as the Thames at Westminster" he described it, "and flowing slowly *eastward*." He went on to Sansanding and with a last effort to Silla, but there, worn out with toil and sickness, resolved to go no farther east and returned to the Gambia mouth, his starting-point, after a journey of twelve hundred miles which occupied him in all twelve months.

The mystery had been partially solved. Park had set eyes upon the river, had followed it for some miles; had learnt of the big lake—Lake Dibbie—into or through which it flowed and gathered other details of its course. The source of it, at Sankary, had been pointed out to him from Kemaliah on his

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backward journey, its distance from there being estimated at 108 miles, so that he felt that in part he had carried out his orders. He sailed to South Carolina in the slave ship *Charlestown* and so reached England at the end of 1796.

Eight years passed and then in January, 1805, Mungo Park again sailed out of Portsmouth on the selfsame enterprise, with directions from Lord Camden: "The extension of British commerce and enlargement of geographical knowledge." This time the expedition was well equipped—mosquito veils are mentioned in a list of requirements—and was financed to the extent of £5000. Two Englishmen, Scott and Anderson, accompanied him, and four British carpenters, while at the Gambia he was empowered to enrol thirty-five men of the garrison. Lieut. Martyn commanded these and two seamen joined the party to help in building and navigating two canoes in which Park proposed to embark upon the Niger.

Isaaco, the Mandingo, was the guide and interpreter, but it was significant that not one other native would join the band.

The ill-fated party left the Gambia on the 4th May, reaching the Niger at Bammako in August, and in native canoes went down it to Sansanding. Some of their trials and sufferings are told in the last rough journal—it was a terrible time. Suffice it to quote from Park's last letter to Lord Camden

in November of that year : “ Five only of forty-five Europeans who left the Gambia are alive, three soldiers—one deranged in mind—Lieut. Martyn and myself. . . . I shall set sail to the east with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, *or perish in the attempt.*” Prophetic words!

Scott had died some months before. Anderson died at Sansanding, Isaaco was sent back to the coast with letters, another man, Amadi Fatouma, being taken on in his place. A large canoe was obtained, christened H.B.M.’s *Joliba*—the local native name of the Niger, and the five stout-hearted ones set out upon their journey. That was the last that was heard of them for many a day.

The following year rumours of Park’s death began to filter through to the coast. Isaaco was sent to learn the truth, and from his report and statements made by Amadi Fatouma, who had been imprisoned by the chief of Yauri, it was understood that Park, Martyn, and the three others went down *via* Jenne and Timbuctoo to Yauri fighting *en route*. It was said that at Boussa, thirty miles below, men were sent to hold them up at a ridge of rocks across the river, that the party were attacked, and that in despair the white men jumped overboard and were drowned. What really happened as seems probable now, I shall tell later, but at the time the rest was silence—and the great river rolled

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on over their graves, its mystery still unsolved. The spirit of the stream kept close its secret, laughing inquisitive strangers to scorn.

Meantime, in 1800, Hornemann, sent out by the African Association, had reached Fezzan from the north and years after Captain Clapperton learnt that he had reached Nouffie (Nupe) on the Niger, dying there of dysentery, but none of his papers or records were ever found.

A Mr. Nicholls tried to enter the interior from the Calabar coast—he died of fever at the outset of his journey in 1804.

An American sailor named Rose, *alias* Adams, stated that he had visited Timbuctoo; but his story after sifting was discredited.

Rily, of the American brig *Commerce*, was captured and taken into the Sahara, but he added nothing useful to our information. This was in 1815. Still the efforts went on. Captain Tuckey explored the Congo—which Park had believed to be identical with the Niger—he went up it 280 miles and died of fever in 1816. In the same year Major Peddie tried to follow Park's route from the Gambia, and failed. In 1818 Captain Grey tried again but got no farther than the Bambarra country.

More attempts were made. Ritchie got to Mourzouk in South Tripoli in 1819 and died there. In 1822 Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr. Oudney got to Lake Chad; Denham stayed in

Bornou, Clapperton went to Sokoto, and Oudney died half-way between those two great provinces of what is now Nigeria. I know where he lies buried near the little hamlet of Madachi in the Hadeija district on the northern boundary of the Protectorate. The grave was undiscovered for eighty years. These travellers gained much valuable information of the Moslem states of the north, but added little to the knowledge of the Niger, and the termination of the river; that great and leading mystery of Africa remained, as ever, in the dark! The explorers returned to England in 1825, but later in the same year Hugh Clapperton with his servant, Richard Lander, Dr. Morrison, and Captain Pearce attacked the problem from Badagry on the West Coast. Morrison and Pearce died a few weeks after the start, but Clapperton and Lander pushed on due north through Yorubaland to Kaiama and Boussa. They saw where Mungo Park had died, they even heard of relics, books and papers which were preserved, but could get hold of none. They went down towards Nupe, then turned north again to Kano and Sokoto where Clapperton died in 1827. Lander alone returned to England.

And then at last came the effort crowned by success. Richard Lander and his brother, John, volunteered to carry on Mungo Park's interrupted work to find the Niger's course, and, permission given, they left England in 1830. Theirs was no

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well-found, well-equipped mission, as one gathers, nothing but the rugged steadfast essay of two honest Britons. They took the old Badagry-Yoruba-Boussa route, they reached the river and the scene of the disaster five and twenty years before. There they got hold of an old nautical book of Park's (with a dinner invitation card interleaved) and a native gown belonging to him. They even went up river to Yauri discovering there an old double-barrelled gun of the explorers'.

They came down again to Boussa and in September left in a canoe, going through the rapids of Malali, Garafini and the death-trap, Awuru, which I know so well. Onward they went past Jebba, where the railway bridge now stands, to the old Nupe town of Rabba, where they were so short of gifts to smooth their way that they were forced to yield that gown of Park's to Mallam Dendo, the old Fulani chief, of whom more hereafter. Down past the mouth of the Coodoovia as they called it—the Kaduna as we know it now—and of the Tshadda (Benue) where Lokoja stands to-day, on to Bocqua and Attah.

At Kirree they were attacked, and in the scrimmage Richard Lander's original journal was lost. The two were taken to Eboe-town—as hostages for ransom. There below Abo they saw how the great river branched into three channels, flowing south-west and in their hearts felt sure that they were

nearing the end of that long journey. They were taken to Brass-town in charge of "King Boy" of Eboe-town, where Captain Lake aboard a trading ship refused—it is inconceivable to think of—to advance the ransom money.

The brothers sailed for Fernando Po—the money afterwards being paid by the British Government—and then to England after an absence of eighteen months.

Their task was ended, they had wrested the secret of the dark river from its jealous guardianship at last, but how costly it had been to us in human lives !

The way was open now, no longer did there exist the baffling uncertainty of what lay up there behind the fringe of mangrove swamps and delta creeks. The world knew something now of the far windings of the water-way, something of the scenes and peoples of the hinterland ; but much still remained to be learned and done, and the unceasing quest went on. Three more major expeditions followed, three more ventures filled with hardship, danger, death.

In 1832 some gentlemen of Liverpool sent out two iron-built ships to explore and open up the Niger for trade. Messrs. Laird and Oldfield, accompanied by Richard Lander—now on his third venture—sailed for the mouth of the Nun river, one of the Niger's mouths. The larger ship, the *Quorra*,

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was 112 feet long, 16 feet beam, with a draught of 8 feet, and was intended for use in the lower reaches of the Niger. The *Alburkah* had a length of 70 feet, beam 13 feet and draught of $6\frac{1}{2}$. They were both paddle-steamers, and the *Quorra* had a remarkable engine of 40 h.p. which it is recorded never failed her through all her troubles. The little *Alburkah* had 16 h.p. only. They had a strenuous time. The *Quorra* was aground for four months once before she was got off. Laird went 40 miles up the Benue as far as Fundah. Then he took the *Alburkah* again over a hundred miles up the Benue, came down in her and went up to Rabba on the Niger. His was the first establishing of trade relations so high up river, and among others he founded the settlement of Lairdstown at the confluence of the two rivers. But the operations cost them heavily. Richard Lander received a gun-shot wound in a fight with natives of which he died at Fernando Po.

During the two years on the river the loss of life was terrible. Only five out of twenty-nine on the *Quorra* survived, and of the nineteen men on the *Alburkah* four only were left alive! These were heavy casualties.

In 1841 Lord John Russell sent an expedition of three steam vessels to explore and chart the river, the *Albert* the *Soudan* and the *Wilberforce*, under Captain Trotter and Lieut. Bird Allen. The death-

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rate was literally appalling for so short a stay. They got up to the confluence, entering the river about mid-August. In thirty days there had been several deaths and the *Soudan* and *Wilberforce* were sent down to the sea filled with sick or dying men. The *Albert* went on to Egga ; but, by the end of September, Trotter, Bird Allen and every officer was down with fever.

It was all tragedy after that ; on their hurried return one man after another threw himself overboard in delirium.

The relief ship *Ethiophe*, under Beecroft, met them near the Niger mouth. Eight more of the first lot had died at Fernando Po, another of the *Albert's* men died as they went there, and at Fernando Po, Bird Allen, Willie, the mate, and four more officers and men breathed their last, and all this in eighty days ! The Niger was earning well its name of the dark river.

Lastly, in 1854, another effort at exploration was made under Government auspices. Beecroft was to have led it, but he died before a start was made from Fernando Po. Dr. Baikie, the naturalist, took charge in the *Pleiad*, built by Messrs. Laird. She was of 260 tons, 100 feet long and 24 feet beam. The practical results were not considerable. A chart of a sort was made of the Niger up to the confluence and of the Benue as far as the travellers went up it.

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Some rather indefinite notes were made of tribal history, and specimens of birds and animals were brought home. The most satisfactory part of it was that there was little loss of life attending the venture, but little real advance was made in our knowledge of the great country through which the rivers flowed.

Of this expedition it was written at that time: "More is expected from the one recently undertaken by Dr. Baikie, the results of which are not yet before the public."

They never were ! Except as an incident in the life of Sir John Glover published many years ago, and for some notes made by Mr. Crowther, afterwards Bishop Crowther, and printed by the Church Missionary Society, the details of that voyage of discovery have remained untold until to-day.

These, then, were the efforts of the pioneers to find, to trace and open up the great Niger river for England's good. I have but touched on them ; the records of all their sufferings and heroic energy are available for the world to read—and they should be widely read. How many of the young generation know of Park and Lander ?

In those exactly sixty years, from 1795 to 1855, there were thirteen journeys of discovery made ; six of them at least productive—but at what sacrifice!

Think of the dread toll taken of the adventurers by the Niger and its swamps or by the vast country which it waters.

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Twenty-four of them died with Mungo Park; Clapperton and Oudney succumbed to the climate; Lander, Morrison, and Pearce met death in their turn; and all those others I have mentioned by their names. Add to them the death-roll of the *Quorra* and *Alburkah* and of those ill-fated steamships manned by service men in 1841, and you have a sombre list of lives laid down. Some may call it waste of life, not worth achievement. Let them—they are not of us.

It was no waste I know; it was a good expenditure of what those men had to give—their best—and they gave it willingly. A few of them died violently—the luckless five at Boussa, and Richard Lander—and for the rest, malaria, dysentery, and all the other enemies of unprotected men, ill-nourished and ill-equipped, waged war against them, and I think they had small comfort in their dying.

I, who know the last resting-place of some of them and who have seen the spots where others met their end, can picture very easily in my mind their passing, yet I know too that mostly they passed finely, for theirs was a fine ideal—the spread of knowledge and of civilization. As one whom I know has fitly written :

“Just a thought for the workers of yesterday,
The men on whose bones we build.”*

* *Lyra Nigeria*, by E. C. Adams.

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All honour to them.

Perhaps—I do not know—this is a chapter overfull of sadness, or may seem to be. All sacrifice is sad, I think ; it must be so, and yet the world would have made but little progress without it. My object has been in writing of these men to show how great were the difficulties which they had to face and how strong was the determination helping them forward in their efforts of discovery. Even though the memory of them and of what they did holds sadness mingled with our pride, it is the pride which comes uppermost after all, for the achievement was very great.

So long as there are new and unknown things to seek, strange lands to penetrate or objects to attain, so long will there be Englishmen to do the work just as those others did, and the story to be told here is a proof of it.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW EXPEDITION

WITH each successive effort of exploring during those years the possibilities of that vast territory had become more and more evident. They had been further increased by Barth's great journey in the Haussa country and the information he had collected by 1856. Far-seeing men began to realize that the hinterland was to be a great field for British enterprise one day. For many years the trade in palm-oil had been going on in the delta at the river mouths, but it was obvious that there were other valuable products to be tapped as soon as activities could be extended even farther up the Nile than the point which the Laird expedition had reached. There was much exploration work to be done, and the getting into touch with powerful chiefs inland was essential ; while missionary and education matters also had their claim.

Nothing, perhaps, was more important to begin with than the sounding and the accurate charting of the river channels and an examination of its course

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to see how far up it light-draught ships could go. On that depended the Niger's value as a trade highway. The Royal Geographical Society realized this and urged the Government, in 1857, to further another expedition which should embrace the varied interests put forward. There were men available and willing to take part in it, and the time was ripe.

After some correspondence Lord Clarendon, at the Foreign Office, approved of the idea, and the machinery of official organization began cumbrously to move. Dr. W. Balfour Baikie was made leader of the expedition for a second time; Lieut. John Glover of the Navy was selected by the Admiralty and seconded on half-pay for the work of river survey. He had made a reputation for himself both in hydrography and gallantry at that time. John Glover's career had been a remarkable one even in those stirring days. The son of Frederick Glover, soldier, author,* cleric, and mechanical inventor, and a man of extraordinary versatility, he had from his boyhood the keenest desire to be a sailor like his grandfather, Admiral Broughton. His father wished him to be a soldier, but young Glover with his mother's interest obtained a nomination and joined the *Queen* as first-class volunteer at the age of twelve. His father cut off his allowance—in the nature of pocket money one imagines—and the boy's pay being £9 a year, of which £5 went in

* His books on Egyptology were standard works at the time.

fees to his naval instructor, he could not have continued in the service, except by the aid of his Captain and Admiral who together worked matters so that his career was assured. His first eight years were hard ones, but he stuck to it and became a proficient marine surveyor. In 1850 he was on the West African coast in the *Penelope* and was made a lieutenant in the following year. Appointed to the *Sphinx* soon afterwards he took part in the second Burmese war, and did some very gallant work up the Irawadi, at Pegu and Donabew, names almost forgotten now. He was recommended for special promotion for this ; but he was considered too young, being only twenty-three in that year. Later work included service on the *Rosamond* in the Baltic in 1854 and special employment in the *Otter* in '55, when he took more than 800 recruits in batches from the Elbe and Weser to join the British Foreign Legion then forming at Heligoland—an arduous and delicate business. Quite obviously he had begun, by 1857, to show the qualities of character which were to take him through the forthcoming Niger expedition and later to serve him so well during his governorship of Lagos.

He proved to be no whit behind the early pioneers in pluck and perseverance, and from first to last held firmly to what was a great object in his life—the betterment of Africa. The later years were to prove it and to-day in Lagos and the coast

they might well write as his epitaph—"He was a man, we shall not soon look upon his like again."

The other official members of the expedition chosen were Surgeon Davis seconded from H.M.S. *Hecla* then on the West African coast for service as medical officer ; Barter as botanist, Dalton, zoologist, and D. J. May, who had been with Baikie on his previous venture up the Niger, and was to act as assistant to Glover in survey work. Fisher, Lieut. Glover's servant, accompanied him, and Messrs. Crowther and Taylor, native missionaries, were to join the party, together with Baikie and Davis, at Fernando Po in the Gulf of Guinea.

Dr. Baikie, himself an eminent naturalist, was the titular head of the expedition, but for all practical purposes John Glover turned out to be the moving spirit.

He was a real leader of men, full of resource and initiative, of magnificent physique and a good shot. He was enthusiastic about everything he undertook and was inspired by very fine ideals. So long as he was with them, he did much to uphold the *moral* of the party, always one of the biggest factors of success in ventures of the kind which were about to be undertaken, and in a word he was the backbone of the expedition.

The main objects to be kept in view were, then, the survey and charting of the Niger, the making of treaties with native chiefs for encouragement

of trade and missionary work, and the general furthering of British interests with the extension of geographical knowledge and civilizing influence.

The final objective was to be Sokoto, the headquarters of the Moslem Fulani Empire, which was thought to be the most powerful sphere in all West Central Africa, and worthy of relations being established with it. For that reason Queen Victoria had caused a letter to be written to the then Sultan of Sokoto, Alieu, son of Bello, son of that Othman dan Fodio who had carried the standard of Jihad over the land about the time that Mungo Park had set out upon his second journey. This missive explained the reasons for the expedition, requested the friendly attitude of the Sultan towards the members of it, and was accompanied by a firman from Constantinople obtained as a religious introduction. At the point on the river where the rocks would stop their ship from going any farther, some of the party were to make their way by land to Sokoto and, after a stay of several weeks, return by a different route, striking the Niger high up at Say or thereabouts, coming down by canoe to the point of debarkation. They were to be guided by circumstances naturally, but Glover wanted if possible to push north first into what is now the French Sudan.

The schemes of mice and men ! The womb of time held other plans, though they were not to

know them. Uncertainty, that essence of adventure, hovered over the future, but so far as the journey could be mapped those were the lines it was to follow.

The men got to work on their preparations, and meanwhile the Government entered into a contract with the firm of Lairds' in Liverpool to provide a ship suitable to requirements.

The wording of the old document runs quaintly enough. The vessel "should not be less than 160 tons burden, 80 feet long, 22 feet beam, draught not more than 5 feet loaded and must make 10 knots. Should be supplied with machinery, engines, apparel, furniture, stores, tackle, boats, fuel, oil, tallow, provisions, anchors, cables, lightning conductors, charts, chronometers, medicines, medicaments, etc." Other specifications included engine power at 30 h.p., provisions for three months, and coal for 20 days of 12 hours' steaming. For this vessel and her maintenance, and for subsequent annual relief ships there was to be paid £8000 for the first year, £7500 for the second and so on in descending scale to £6000 for the fifth year of their employment—the scale representing diminishing requirements I imagine. The contract as to size was not enforced apparently, for the little ship which ultimately sailed out of Liverpool was a good deal smaller. But Messrs. Laird were by this time fully au fait with the conditions on the Niger and were expert advisers

on the size and type best suited to them. They constructed the *Dayspring*—appropriate name—“the dawn” of enlightenment in Africa.

I have some account of her from her builders and, in these days of 50,000 ton liners, it amazes one to think of a 4000 mile ocean voyage being made in such a cockle-shell. It brings to mind Drake's *Golden Hind* and the old adventurous days.

For the *Dayspring* was only 76 feet 3 inches in length, 22 feet in the beam, and draught 5 feet 8 inches. Her engines were of about 30 h.p. and she was of 77 gross tonnage! The illustration reproduced is of a photograph, taken from a picture painted of her at the time. It is interesting to record that the engines were the first to be constructed by that famous firm, all previous machinery of that sort having been made by outside contractors.

She was propelled by screw, not paddles as in the case of the *Quorra*, *Alburkah* and other vessels, and was rigged as a yawl with full equipment of sail, for she was intended to go out to the coast under her own canvas, the engines being auxiliary and destined chiefly for river work.

Some of us went out to the West Coast a good many years ago in little steamers built for crossing the river bars. We had sailed before on great ships of the P. and O., Cunard, or Union Castle, so we grumbled a bit at the size, accommodation or

the food according to our experience and our frame of mind.

Sometimes it was the deck space which didn't please us, or the small and stuffy cabins, or the paucity of bathrooms. But they were of 2000 tons or so—real palaces compared to the little *Dayspring*. I wonder what we should have thought of sailing out of Liverpool in her? When one thinks that she could have been placed crosswise on the deck of a big ocean liner of to-day and still have been shorter by many feet of the great vessel's breadth, one realizes better how minute she must have been. Drake's *Pelican*—later rechristened the *Golden Hind*—was a ship of 100 tons, but they were built higher with more top hamper in those days. The accommodation in the *Dayspring* must have been very limited with such shallow draught. Take away the engine-room and screw shaft space, the cargo hatch and storeroom, and there was not much left for sixteen men. A small bunk space and hammocks slung in odd corners and the fo'c'sle, no doubt a messroom for them all and little else. They tubbed on deck and for their exercise walked the few feet of deck space which was cumbered by the small deck house and the smoke stack in the centre. Cramped quarters for them all!

One wonders what the food was like aboard ship in those days. Dried beef, salt pork and the huge biscuits which were the common sea fare, I



THE 'DAYSPRING.'

(From a painting in possession of Messrs. MacGregor Laird).

suppose, for there would be no live stock on so small a boat. The grumblers at the food in 1905 would have thanked their stars and seen that they were lucky men had they sat down to the tack of fifty years before. It was not until the year following this voyage of the *Dayspring* that regular communication was kept up with the West African Coast. In 1858 three ships, the *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*, were built and run as regular packets under auxiliary steam by Messrs. Fletcher, Laird & Co., followed soon after by others, and thus was maintained a monthly service which replaced the uncertain voyages of the palm-oil trading ships. Even these boats, I imagine, left much to be desired in the way of present-day comfort, with dark cabins set round the saloon and vile-smelling oil-lamps blackening the beams with dirty smoke ; but they too were better than the cribbed surroundings of this little ship which was going out to face not only ocean but all that might lie in wait for her up the dark river. I wish that I had seen her moving through the shipping of the Mersey, when she started on her way, beginning her voyage with fair promise as we read of her.

To work the *Dayspring* out to Fernando Po there was a captain and a crew of ten. Captain Alexander Grant had at one time served in the American Navy, it was said—and from what one had heard of it in the early nineteenth century it

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must have been a rough school—and afterwards had been on the African coast with a certain Captain Jackson, who was a notorious character, as Baikie subsequently reported. Grant was to take charge of trading operations in the Niger. The second in command was John Penman MacIntosh, and the ship's doctor was one George Berwick. The purser was a man named Howard ; Rees was the mate, and there were two engineers and four other ratings, seamen and supercargoes. A crew of natives, Krumen, was to be engaged when they reached the coast for service up the river.

The *Dayspring* therefore carried sixteen men in all—the ship's complement of eleven, and the Government party of five, and at Fernando Po the other two official members were to join them.

To me the start of that expedition is fascinating—for they were going out into the little known, the mysterious.

Nearly fifty years after that May of 1857, I too was to go out to the same country. I too was to do my small share in treading the still untrodden paths out there, although much of the mystery had been solved by then. But I can understand better than many what the feelings and the speculations of those men were. The chances of active danger was always problematical, since hardly anything was known of the people of the hinterland and their passions. Still that had to be reckoned with.

Also there was one grey spectre stalking along the river and waiting for them there. It was malaria. The black records of the past left them in no doubt about that. Had there been cravens among them, there must have been heart sinkings at the thought of the miasma of the delta and beyond—for those were the days when the whole world believed that we inhaled the fever with every breath. The wise ones spoke gravely of malarial effluvia, of noxious gases and the like. They did not seriously consider the anopheles, that busy cunning little carrier of the parasite, which had done so much damage to us all. So might those men have been quite reasonably fearful, if they had let themselves dwell on what was coming ; but they did not. I think that there were no cowards among them, and to each one in his nature the future must have brought hope and fair promise, and, as I believe, no undue reck of danger.

Of each other these men, I suppose, knew little or nothing at the start. Even on an ordinary voyage to some ordinary civilized place, travellers penned up together on a ship eye one another, speculate as to each man's possibilities, and in the end sum them up as companions. But here there was much more to be considered. Character and endurance, pluck and spirit had to be gauged and tested in every one of them. Theirs was no voyage of a week, a month with separation at the end of it,

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each man going his way to other interests. These men were bound together in a common task, every one a link in the chain of fellowship, and the strength or weakness of that chain had to be proved by stern experience. There would be rocks ahead of them on that journey, and no man knew which of them might come to grief and which survive.

So, then, in ignorance of each other's value, and most of them ignorant too of what they were going to, you have these sixteen sailing out of a British port much as their ancestors of Elizabeth's day fared forth to the Americas. The story of their doings is based upon John Glover's letters written in a journal form. They were addressed to a woman, a very dear friend, and one who at that time was a great influence in his life. As such they are not a complete record of all that happened to the writer and his companions; sometimes references to happenings are very brief, while at others he expands on descriptions meant to interest the one who was to read them. There have been gaps to fill, in the light of other knowledge, and some amplifications to make, but to my mind they stand as a very clear and vivid picture of the venture, and of the man himself.

They were penned under strange and difficult conditions and often enough during fever and exhaustion, and for that very reason they show the

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pluck and doggedness of the writer in a remarkable way.

The journal begins on the morrow of the *Day-spring's* start from Liverpool for Fernando Po on the 7th of May in 1857—and between the first word which he wrote of it and the last are set down experiences such as are good to read.

CHAPTER III

THE VOYAGE OUT

MAY 8th. *At Sea.*—I sent you a letter by the Pilot last night, telling you of our sailing and the fair promise with which we commenced our voyage. We have had a fine fair breeze all day from the S.S.E., and the little *Dayspring* with wings outspread is speeding gallantly on her way to the warm South. We have been most fortunate in our start ; let us hope it is a happy Omen, and trust that The Great Being Whose Hand is in all smiles upon our Mission of Mercy and Peace, and that indeed our little vessel may be bearing to those regions of ceaseless warfare and strife the Olive Branch of Peace.* My entire morning has been occupied in fixing up our meteorological instruments. I read our Morning Service, and then Dr. Barth's Book until dinner time, which is 4 o'clock. I am hoping that the interest of Dr. Barth's adventurous sojourn in these hitherto mysterious lands may compensate for the dry ground of his narrative. I must tell you that the little cat disappeared when we left Liverpool and I was afraid had gone overboard, but to-day she made her

* The figure-head of the vessel has a Dove bearing an Olive Branch.

appearance and I cannot tell you how glad I was to see her again. Venn is great friends with her and does not seem *much* to mind her sitting on my knee.

Sunday, May 10th.—I did not write last evening, for I believe for the first time for many days I *rested*. In vain I tried not to sleep. In the morning I had re-arranged my cabin, read Morning Service and Barth's book, then dinner and reading again, and altho' I thought I had quite got over my feeling of illness of the day before, I believe it was not so, and I was glad to lose all consciousness of it in sleep. After tea I tried to be up again and write to you, but it was all in vain. And now for to-day. I am writing in my Cabin, wrapped in my Bournos it is so cold. I read the Morning Service to all our Party and then read alone in my Cabin till Evening Service ; then to dinner. Poor Mr. May is very ill ; I scarcely think he can live : he has a dreadful cough and I give him Morfia Lozenges to still it and make him sleep.

Wednesday, May 13th.—For the last two days I have not written, and how much has happened in those two short days ! I was up early on the Monday morning, I believe at 4, to look at the Weather, which was beginning to threaten with squalls of rain, which promised to bring the wind into the South, just right against us. Fisher brought me some tea, and lying down again on my bed, I lighted my lamp and read Barth till I again fell asleep. I was shortly awakened by screams on deck. I knew at once why, and rushing out of my cabin into the Saloon, felt a violent shock

which almost threw me on my face. At the same time the vessel's head was depressed. On gaining the deck I found that a large Barque was under our bow : the little *Dayspring* bounded back some 20 yards, so light and buoyant is she on the water. The Barque passed on, having knocked away our bowsprit, jibboom, and pretty Figure Head, the Dove with the Olive Branch. Beyond this we found that she had received no damage. It was a stupid Prussian from Gastia in the Baltic, and her owners will have to pay the damage, for it was her fault. Thank God ! that it was no worse, and that it has not caused us to turn back. Of course it has left us in a most crippled state and we shall be detained a couple of days at Madeira while our defects are made good, but alas ! our pretty Dove cannot be replaced. I went below and dressed and then assisted the Captain and our slender crew to clear the wreck. We were just off the Bay of Biscay and the turbulence of its waters seemed determined to compel our homage, for we had to reduce our sail before the freshening breeze, which soon increased to a gale from the S.W. with a heavy sea and squalls of rain, we having only a few men, just enough to navigate the vessel to the coast, where we shall engage our regular crew of 50 men. I was at the Helm all the forenoon assisted by Fisher, in whose praise I cannot speak too highly. He seems ready in adapting himself to all circumstances and bore up manfully under his seasickness while it lasted. The gale lasted until last evening and our little vessel proved herself a most perfect sea boat, only

her decks leaked most horribly and there was not a single dry bed on board. However, most of us found some spot on which to lie down. I slept on a sofa abaft, wrapped in my Bournoos, while Fisher found a dry place on the deck beside me, Venn sleeping by his side. Altogether it has not been a desirable state of things, and most thankful was I to Him Who rules both winds and waves when last night the storm broke. To-day has been very fine with a nice warm sun which has enabled us to dry all our soaked clothes and bedding. It is scarcely possible to write, for the *Dayspring* is tumbling about with no wind to steady her in the heavy sea which has not yet gone down, for we have the calm which always follows a storm. To-morrow no doubt we shall have a breeze.

Thursday, May 14th.—We have been rolling about all day with little or no wind and it is most tiresome. After my morning reading I took down my guns and revolver to clean after the storm. Fisher came to help me and asked a great many questions about all that we are going to. I gave him a book and told him I expected he would read up the whole thing, as it was quite necessary he should know as much as myself.

Friday, May 15th.—Except morning reading and casting a few bullets, in which I gave Fisher a lesson, I have done nothing all day but read Dr. Barth's book, and learnt a great deal of the geography of these parts.

So in the first week of her voyage the *Dayspring*

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had two adventures. The escape from disaster by collision was much narrower than the reference to it makes one believe. A few feet farther aft, and the "stupid Prussian" would have cut the yawl in two or sent her to the bottom. There would have been no turning back, and in the dawn the *Dawn* ship would have found her grave.

The south-west gale on the edge of the "Bay" was no child's play either, with the jib and foresail gone, bowsprit smashed, and a meagre crew to work the ship.

All the landsmen were sick, no doubt, and I expect quite useless at a time like that. Good sea-boat as Glover found her, the *Dayspring* must have been a wet ship in her hampered condition and in weather such as that.

To be out in the Bay in a craft of that size, watching the mountain seas rolling overside and threatening to swamp her, would make all land-lubbers feel mighty small and unconfident. It needed a good hand at the wheel to keep her steady, and even Glover, used to that sort of thing, was glad when the storm broke and the danger passed.

Followed a couple of days which the battered *Dayspring* spent in ceaseless tumbling in the aftermath of the storm, before she got the breeze to take her southward.

They would be chary of using their coal for steaming, for many miles of sea-going stretched away

before them and none knew what calms would lie off the hot coast of Africa, when they would have to work the engines, or what other accidents might cause the use of precious fuel.

Sunday, 17th.—I did not write yesterday, for after drawing all day I lay down after tea, and thought of all the plans that must be carried out before I can return to England from this new Crusade against the Moslem, for so it really is, only we will hope a bloodless one. While dressing my eye rested on my picture of The Saviour and the thought came into my mind and the words to my lips, “*that shall be the Altar Piece for the first Church in Central Africa, the seat at no distant time of a Bishopric, and I will build that Church at our trading station, the very centre of this hitherto sealed land, with its great wide rivers branching out East and West, and all their small tributary streams again coming to them North and South, navigable for the small canoes of the country, must bear from this central station the trade and civilisation of England : the means to the end, that great end for which I feel that God’s blessing goes with us. Since I have read Barth’s book, and studied hard as I have done since I left you at the geography of this land, I am so convinced of all this and that Barth’s view is the right one.*

At present all these regions depend entirely on caravans from Tripoli across the desert. Kano is the central emporium, the place where all produce from all parts is collected before it is dispatched to

Tripoli, and where all goods are brought *from* Tripoli, before being dispersed to all the countries of Central Africa ; by goods I mean our manufactures. It takes the Merchants at Kano fourteen months to get back their caravans from Tripoli with the goods from Europe which they receive in exchange for those they have sent : while from our own Station Kano is only 30 days' easy travelling, and that without risk. See what Laird's town *must* become, see what is to flow from this little central spot, what life-blood through the arteries of this land ! The splendid rivers branching out East and West for 600 miles and even more. You will send me an Altar Cloth and I want a bell ; the Church, small though it may be, shall with God's blessing be ready when your Altar Cloth arrives. I mean to make this especially my work, and to labour at its wooden structure with my own hands, not that I would shut out others. It will be the ground of a future great Bishopric, and it will be something to have planted the first " Mustard Seed," the little modern Church of Laird's town.

I read Morning Service to them all, and I suppose that I shall continue to do this until Mr. Crowther comes on board. Then I have my own reading in my Cabin, and in spirit kneel with you in the Cathedral for Holy Communion. Venn is looking so nice and handsome, the hair on his legs and feet is getting so long, like a King Charles. The little cat is quite at home with him, they play together till she boxes his ears, whereupon he makes a high plunge at her, and by the time his great heavy

paws come down she has skipped five yards behind him.

Monday, May 18th.—We are rolling along before a nice fair but gentle wind, and shall be at Madeira to-morrow night or Wednesday morning. A sea came into my Port this morning and wet so many of my things. I have been reading Broun's Journey to Darfour, but it is not very interesting, as it is as far back as 1792.

Tuesday, May 19th.—We shall be at Madeira by noon to-morrow, and I believe it will take us until Saturday to make good all our defects. I am so glad of this, for it will give us the Service for Ascension Day in a Church. I rise now at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, have a cold bath and a cup of coffee and then read on deck in the cool morning until breakfast. Our high pressure engine so shakes the little *Dayspring* that it is difficult to write straight.

One sees in these letters how strong were the writer's convictions of the burning necessity for introducing civilization into the land he was going to. Slavery, bloodshed, and savage ignorance were abhorrent to him, and there was so much of it in Africa.

There is a curious little old book preserved to-day, published in the year 1787 at Anne Smith's Navigation Shop in Pool Lane, Liverpool—a quaint-sounding birthplace for the printed word!

In it one may read an account of the established evidence of the slave trade of that time given at the bar of both Houses of Parliament. It was estimated

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that between the degrees 16 South and 16 North of the Equator lay the slave-hunting ground on the West Coast, from which not less than 80,000 slaves a year were taken to the West Indies. They were not kidnapped in most cases by the slave ships but sold by the native chiefs and owners. Often they were criminals or enemies of chiefs. The British purchased about half of that number, ultimately reselling seventy-five per cent. to the French and Spaniards. The other 40,000 went to French, Portuguese, Dutch, and Danes. About five per cent. died on the voyage.

Even the abolition of the slave trade did not put a stop entirely to the British participation in the traffic which was still going on in a few cases, and up-country enslavement accompanied often by the greatest cruelty was unchecked. Other forms of savagery, such as the human sacrifices in Benin which were of an appalling nature, were happening constantly as the world well knew, and doubtless many other crimes of which it knew nothing. To a man like John Glover such a state of things was utterly repellent, and he wanted to use every force possible to pierce and dissipate that dark cloud of horror—the Church, commerce, education, and administration of the country. He was deeply and sincerely religious, and the frequent references to his feelings on that subject show them to have been very real.

The old explorers seem to have given much more expression to those feelings than men of our time. One could quote instances by the score. When Francis Drake, after Nombre Dios and the burning of Porto Bello, crossed the Isthmus of Panama and from the highest ridge looked out upon the vast waters of the Pacific he "besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once an English ship in that sea"—and his prayer was granted. So too Mungo Park, greatly daring, came to the waters of the Niger, and seeing them "hastened to the brink and lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler."

Somehow the prototypes of those men to-day do not seem to write or speak like that. Did their religion mean more to them in the old days, I wonder? Has the spirit of the age changed and have men become less reverent and grateful than they were? Or is it just that we have become more reticent in our emotions, more shy of speaking of religion?

At any rate the travellers of an earlier time felt no shame in speaking as they felt, and one cannot doubt that they were greatly heartened by the outward expression of their fervour, while as to their exploits and their courage the old records are the proof.

Ascension Day.—Yesterday was such a tiresome

day until evening, when we steamed along the beautiful shore of Madeira. It was delightful after the long hours of expectation, for the island had been in sight from daylight, and it seemed as if we should never reach it. The sun was just setting behind the distant mountains as we rounded the eastern point of the Bay of Funchal and the splendid colours in light and shade, could they have been seen by those who fancy the colouring of Mr. Woodall's pictures exaggerated, would have silenced their doubts for ever. A fortnight since they had heavy rains, which have clothed the whole Island in the richest verdure down to the very edge of the water, and the innumerable cottages of the peasantry, each standing on its own little terrace, made a perfect picture. By the time we anchored the sun had gone down, and immediately the whole town lighted up for the Eve of the Ascension. The bells rang as you have heard them, while Rockets of every hue that you can imagine shot up against the splendid background of the mountains. Far away high up shone the Church del Monte like a meteor, while farther to the westward her sisters of St. Rosas vied with her in brilliancy. Bye and bye all was still, the bells ceased, the lights burned out, and all on board, tired with the day or not caring for the scene, have gone to bed, leaving me and Venn alone. It was near morning when I lay down. Mr. Blandy, a merchant and Mr. Laird's correspondent, had called upon us as we anchored, and invited Mr. May, the Doctor and myself to breakfast. I was up at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, and after a bath only wrapping my Bournos

round me, I went on deck to enjoy the cool morning air : then dressing, we went on shore, Venn so enjoying his swim and release from confinement. Mr. Blandy lives some way up the mountain, and as we were rather late I pushed on till at last my guide broke down, assuring me that he could go *that* pace no longer. We found such a House ! Such gardens ! Such flowers ! Such a profusion of lilies, roses and geraniums almost in hedges ! There is a large family. Two daughters and a son joined us at breakfast, after which we separated, a riding party being arranged for four o'clock, and I shall enjoy the gallop, for I have not crossed a horse since the winter that I went down to Altenburg. I took Fisher to church, and great was my joy to find that there would be Holy Communion, for I had not expected It. I am scribbling this at an Hotel with a horrid steel pen. A brig will sail at three this afternoon and will take it. We are to leave this on Saturday, and I shall leave a letter here which will reach you somewhere about the 16th or 20th of June.

Madeira, Saturday, May 23rd.—Mr. May and I dined on shore on Thursday, and at 4 our horses were brought but he was too unwell to ride, so that our riding party consisted of the two Miss Blandys, their brother and myself. As we rode along between hedges of roses, geranium and heliotrope I could not help thinking what a pleasant life one might arrange here. Such charming houses, large, with the rooms on the ground floor opening into gardens with walks shady even to darkness. Trellis covered with

creeping plants and roses, while little streams of water trickle in water courses by the sides of each path, so fresh, so cool and nice ! We were joined by some cousins of the Blandys and had a famous gallop, getting back at eight to one of those half suppers half teas I have so often told you of. Some Portuguese guests came in the evening and there was singing and playing, while a Portuguese Major of Engineers and I talked of Science in various branches. He is a man after my father's own heart, and I intend that they shall correspond. We talked of rivers and breakwaters, and he was charmed with my account of the *Instruments*. We arranged to spend the next morning together. Returning to our Hotel we lost our way, or rather Mr. May took me a *short cut* which resulted in our wandering through the deserted and badly lighted streets of Funchal till one in the morning. Altho' dead tired when I laid down, I was up early the next day and went on board, breakfasted and came on shore to take sights in order to correct our chronometers. The Major joined me and I took him off to show him all our instruments. He was delighted with them, especially with my Father's, and not less so with my guns. He is quite as enthusiastic as my father. We then went to his house to take meridian observations together and this occupied the day until one o'clock. Then I had to go to the Consul to sign a protest about collision, then to Mr. Blandy's town and business house, where we dined with him and his son at two. He afterwards showed us the Governor's palace and all his own Stores.

Then I went to return the visit of the Chaplain who had called while I was riding yesterday. I found his wife and her sister. They invited me to come in the evening, but Mr. Blandy had already asked me to ride with his brother and son, and then to come to his house to tea. We had again a pleasant ride through hedges of flowers. We shall sail as soon as Mr. Blandy and his family have seen the *Dayspring*. He begged us to come to them again for our last evening among civilised people, and as we found we would not sail before morning we went. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of this nice family. The Dean of Christ Church officiated at Holy Communion on Thursday, and left for England with his wife yesterday. And now I must lie down for a few hours that I may be ready for the morning.

Monday, May 24th.—Once again we are fairly on our way. I wrote to you last night when I came on board and then lay down till a little past 4, when I got up and wrote to Capt. Washington, to my Agent and to Mr. Blandy, who is kind enough to get a chronometer repaired for me, which I leave with him to come by the next steamer. We sailed at 6, and when I came on deck at 10 Madeira lay far behind us. There was so much to be done (and as often happens at sea to be done at the moment) that we had no Service, so I read it alone. In the evening after reading Mr. Stanley's * lectures (which I like so much that after you have read them you must send them to me as they come out) till it

* Dean Stanley.

became too dark to read. I closed the book, and looking up I saw hanging to the beams large branches of green bananas to ripen during the voyage, while opposite were great baskets of oranges and lemons. It is so strange that I have come back to all this ; and yet I like it all so much, this summer land of fruits and flowers, its open hospitality, its frankness meaning all it says, " We are glad to see you " to the strangers accident had brought to their shore. When we left them last night the whole family came with us outside their garden gate. There is a simplicity and freshness in them that seems to come from the fruit and flowers and rippling waters by which they are surrounded throughout the year and the bright sky above them.

Monday, May 25th.—Such a perfect day on the verge of the Tropics ! The first thing I did after breakfast was to have all my hair cut off quite short, and it is very cool and nice. Then I began to learn the Haussa language, and hope to have made great progress by the time we get to Fernando Po. I am also reading Wrenn's Expedition to discover the Source of the White Nile in 1840-41. The Peak of Teneriffe was in sight at sunset but far away as it is 12,500 feet high. There is little wind, almost a calm, and we are heaving about on the great swell of the Atlantic. The *Dayspring* is somewhat eccentric in her motion, so that it is not easy to write. The evening has been so lovely that I stayed on deck till the moon went down. The Pole Star sinks lower in the horizon, but in a few days we shall rise the Southern Cross.

May 26th. Night.—The high Peak of Teneriffe has been towering above our head all day, and there being no wind in the afternoon, we steamed past the mountainous shore of Gronaco, by sunset the Peak was far astern. A nice breeze sprang up, so our fires were put out and a quiet sail enabled us to enjoy the cool evening air, the charm of which would have been entirely broken by the thumping of the engine and the phizzing of the steam. Our party were all at dominoes in the cabin, so I had the deck to myself till long after the moon had set. I plan and dream, and so pray God that I may be permitted to do Him service. No one knows what Africa is to me.

They got upon their way once more after three pleasant days spent at Funchal, which must have been a relief after having been cooped up for nearly a fortnight in their close quarters.

It took them three days to reach and pass Teneriffe, and they had to steam out of the calm. In fancy I can see the little ship with the coming of the breeze, sailing on again, fires drawn, till the last vestige of the land had dropped below horizon. The Peak of Teneriffe, a small blue-grey triangle hanging in mid-air above the island cloud mist, would dim and fade out in the nightfall, and on that summer sea under the sinking moon the *Dayspring* moved like a dream ship towards Africa. Only Glover and the helmsman were on deck, the rest

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had gone below, so that they did not see the last of the islands, but for some of them down there, had they but known it, those islands would never rise up above the sea-line again, never welcome them as homing travellers when their work was done.

CHAPTER IV

MADEIRA TO FERNANDO PO

MAY 27th.—When I had put my writing by last night I went on deck to look at the weather, before lying down, and found the officer in charge of the watch very unwell, so I sent him to bed and kept the watch myself; this lasted till 4 in the morning. It was very fine and altho' tired I enjoyed the quiet night so much. I rose late, had a shower bath and rather a long dressing, in fact I am afraid it was a very idle morning.

28th.—I fell asleep while writing last night. This morning after my bath I read on deck till breakfast, it was so fresh and nice. After my morning reading I studied Haussa with the Doctor till lunch. I sleep for an hour. In the evening I went on deck to enjoy the moonlight but not alone. We have got the N.E. Trade Wind and are sailing away South, each day getting warmer and rising new stars, while old friends sink behind us in the northern horizon, and I am fearing that we shall arrive too soon and so be obliged to leave again before the Packet arrives.

29th.—Our Trade Wind has steadily increased,

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and we are sailing away so fast that I am sure we shall miss the mail. This morning after my own reading I tried to get the Doctor to join me for a lesson in Hausa, for I find it so simple when we are together, and so tiresome and stupid and heart-breaking alone. There are no rules, and the formation of the plural is most whimsical. For instance, A great sheep is *Baba Dunkia*, the plural of which is *Mainya Dumakia*. Then I sharpened all my knives, cleaned my guns, and had a great turn out in my Cabin. I am reading "The White Nile," by Weiner a German, dreadfully stupid, but I must wade through it in the hope of gleaning a correct *general* impression : his detail is too tiresome. Then I have Beecroft's Journal of his Voyage up the Niger in 1842, which is most interesting, and I am longing to begin it. I am afraid that I must make a rule to go to bed earlier, that is at least to lie down by 12, for I do not get up in the morning before 7, 2 hours too late. The fresh morning air after a bath and a cup of coffee I look upon as essential and I have always been used to it.

Whitsun Eve.—Poor Venn was pushed overboard by the Captain's great dog.

Whit Sunday.—A splitting head all day. I read the Service in the Saloon.

Monday, June 1st.—We are sailing southwards on such a summer sea, the tiny glittering waves rippling in the bright moonlight, and I have been lying for hours on the deck. I enjoy the cool night air after a melting day. We were to-day sailing past the Cape de Verde Islands, though we did not

sight them, and are fairly within the Tropics. Strange things come up to look at us, the monsters of the deep : sperm whales and porpoises and the pretty dolphins. This morning we sailed through a whole fleet of the beautiful nautilus with their delicate sails of silver silk, dancing merrily over the tiny waves, while last night, attracted by our light, enough flying fish flew on board to give us a fresh dish for breakfast. I am looking for the Southern Cross, but the horizon southward is clouded. To-morrow night I hope it will be visible.

June 2nd. Whit Tuesday.—I have at last finished Weiner's account of the White Nile. Send for a little book called "Abaskasla or Sun Rise in the Tropics." It is nicely written and there is in it an account of Mr. Crowther. My day of reading has only been varied by my Hausa lesson. We are again to-day sailing through myriads of the pretty nautilus. I have never seen anything like it before. Well might the imaginations of our first voyagers delight to fancy that they bore the souls of drowned mariners. To-night we have the Southern Cross shining in all its glorious splendour, and I have been lying on deck and gazing at it for hours.

Wednesday, 3rd.—Steaming and impossible to write.

Thursday, 4th.—A nice cool breeze, the fires all out and we are sailing again.

Friday, 5th.—Our first day of African weather. After breakfast I saw very near us lying on the water 2 large whales and their 2 young ones, but

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by the time that I had loaded my rifle they had placed a very prudent distance between us and themselves. This is the rainy and inclement season, and began to show itself in the forenoon, continuing to rain ever since without intermission.

Saturday, 6th.—Still no tornado has visited us, tho' several have passed very near us, and all sail has been shortened on board the little *Dayspring* more than once. I hail them as old friends. The angry clouds seem tearing themselves to pieces just above your masthead. On it comes with lightning and a mighty rushing sound. The vessel with all canvas loosened is put right before it, and there is the stillness of Death. Not a breath of air but a damp heat that is suffocating you. Then comes stealing on its first cold breath, and in an instant as if Heaven and Earth were coming together it is upon you. The sea is smooth as a lake, for the deluge of rain and the pressure of the whirlwind will not suffer it to rise, but the little ripples curl up as if they would kiss your feet. In 5 minutes it has passed away and you can scarcely conceive the coolness of the atmosphere and the clearness of the sky above. The freshness is delicious and you drink it in. Do not dread tornadoes, they are our *best friends*, and to-night we are surrounded by them, and lying with shortened sail ready for them, all looks dark and threatening, no moon or bright Southern Cross, both are hidden in the black curtain of the heavens.

It took them sixteen more days to crawl down

to Cape Palmas where the Guinea Gulf begins. The weary slow moving days were passed somehow in reading books of travel and trying to learn the Hausa language. Glover found it a difficult business, and I think it must have been in his time, for the knowledge of grammar and vocabulary was very small then. Even the text-books which we had later, mediocre as they were, were not at his disposal, and I fancy he made heavy weather of the construction of the language with his limited material. It is probably the easiest of all the African languages really.

They got into the hot weather at the beginning of June, when the tornadoes were ushering in the rains. What hundreds of them I have seen ! To me a tropic storm at night is the epitome of restless strained expectation, violent crisis, and cool relief.

Under a vast black canopy one waits breathless and suffocating ; all around a tension which becomes almost unbearable, a heavy silence pregnant with menace—nerve-racking.

It swelters. There seems no ending to the interminable torture of suspense. Time passes ; nothing happens, only that the night seems closing down like an evil thing upon one's head. Then pale lightning shivers across the sky. Away on the horizon shows the hard outline of storm cloud piled up and coming on ; the lightning stabs again within it, this time viciously. Fast it climbs upon

the sky in humps and shoulders and the first low boom of thunder strikes upon the ear. The advance guard comes, cloud streamers floating on the air blotting the stars out ; it passes overhead fast hurrying, splayed out in wisps and wreaths. A wavering draught of air touches the sweat-damped cheek, and in the now vivid flashes one sees low down a huge grey veil of rain in a perfect curve come speeding on. The draught becomes a breeze, a rush of wind, a roar, and with the yell of all hell's devils in a mighty chorus tornado leaps and strikes in flame and thunder. The rain falls in sheets of deluge, an inferno of water violence, and for some twenty minutes of stunning din one crouches beneath that pandemonium of the elements—a puny atom against Nature's giant force.

Then it is gone—suddenly. With abrupt change the rain dies into a gentle hiss, the thunder fires its last parting shells in the distance, and the lightning glimmers vaguely through the storm cloud. The last drops fall, the wind is gone and, in the after calm, one draws thankfully into the starved lungs great breaths of cool moist air. Tornado has gone.

Trinity Sunday.—A splendid day with a cool S.E. wind. I was on deck so early and afterwards read the Service in the Saloon. I hope after next Sunday Mr. Crowther will be on board. Mr.

Stanley's last lecture with Evening Service and some of Dr. Baikie's "Niger" has filled up my day. The evening I passed on deck under a cloudless sky and a moon of which the *intense* brightness dazzled the eye.

Monday, June 8th.—Not quite well and too tired to write.

Tuesday, 9th.—To-day quite well but so tired of this voyage! I am reading Burton's "First Footsteps in Eastern Africa."

Thursday, 11th. St. Barnabas.—I was so late on deck that I did not write last evening. We made the land, and stood off shore for the night. All to-day we have been steaming along with the endless heavy swell that is ever rolling on this to me (though I can hardly tell you why) fascinating shore. It has little to recommend it to the wise and prudent. The richness and rank luxuriance of its dark green weeds makes a pleasant background under this scorching sun to the sandy shore and racing surf. The highest part of the land will not be above 200 feet above the level of the sea, but its view is so varied by undulating slopes between which numberless rivers find their way to the sea, or are lost in lagoons teeming with animal and monster life, while the thick jungle by which they are fringed and the forest of mangoe and palm by which the whole country is bound affords shelter to birds of gorgeous plumage which only display their gay colours in the glare of a tropical sun. In spite of its fevers and mosquitoes all this has a charm for me. We have anchored for the night off a

place called "Grande Sestoss," and by daylight we shall be awakened by a babel of tongues, swarming, shrieking in a mixture of broken English and gibberish with a little pleasant divertisement of fighting and upsetting of canoes. We shall engage here or a few miles further South at Cape Palmas fifty of these natives.

Friday, 12th.—Such an odd day ! We weighed anchor early and steamed a few miles along the shore, anchoring again between Grande Sestoss and Cape Palmas. The day has been squally with torrents of rain, and our decks crowded with half-naked savages. We have not been very successful among them, having only engaged seven. They are somewhat shy and high in their demands, as the bargain is for what they call "War Palaver," not "Palm Oil Palaver," that is instead of their being required to go to the rivers and load our ship with palm-oil, we are taking them to the "War Country." By noon to-morrow, however, we shall have completed our required number. I hardly know whether to call the whole scene ludicrous or sad, perhaps the latter. They are nearly always at war with their neighbours, that is the Towns on either side of them, and the fair sex are invariably the cause. They wanted (but did not get) muskets and powder, as they are at war at the present moment, and told us that they had killed 6 of the next Town *this Moon* ; pretty well considering that this is only the 12th and their fighting is more demonstrative than sanguinary. The word "Chop" with them means something to eat, and

stands for breakfast, dinner or supper according to the time of day. The Captain asked them if they had made "Chop" of the six; upon which a tall gentleman, whose full dress consisted of 6 or 7 ivory armlets reaching from the left wrist nearly to the elbow, a piece of cloth round the loins, and an English beaver hat covered with a coloured silk handkerchief to protect it from the rain, said, "No, sir, we *gentlemen*, we kill, we no make such chop."

Monday, 15th.—I have not written for two days. I am so glad that they are over. We did not complete our shipment of Kru-men until yesterday afternoon, consequently no morning leisure. And now to give you as good an idea as I can of the hooting, screaming, fighting and bargaining by which we have been surrounded for these 2 days. At early dawn about 20 or 30 canoes are seen coming from the shore, each having from 4 to 7 men in it. The men sitting at the bottom of the canoe facing the bow propel it with paddles which they use in the water as you may have seen a gardener use his spade while filling up a hole back-handed. Some canoes come alongside and their crews climb up, but the greater number, when a few yards from the ship, jump overboard and swim to it, leaving a boy in each canoe. Arrived on board, the Kru-man takes a cloth and dries himself, he then takes his *full* dress from round his head. It consists of about 2 yards of cotton which he wraps not ungracefully about his loins; he then turns towards you and shaking you by the hand assures you that Prince Albert is glad to see you, or it may

be King Tom, Prince of Wales, Jack Smoke, Black Will, Sea Breeze, Bottle of Beer, and suchlike dignified names which distinguish their head men. These are *gentlemen*, who having saved enough to buy from 2 to 4 wives, are rich men, and have given up the sea. They come on board on this occasion to hire out their sons, who when they are engaged receive 2 months' pay in advance, that is 2 pieces of cotton cloth like pocket handkerchief stuff, each piece containing 14 yards and costing five shillings. The whole of this these affectionate fathers take to themselves, and as soon as the bargain is completed the sons are locked up until the canoes are gone or the ship at sea, else they would jump overboard and be off. Such is the custom of the country. Once *away*, they *must* remain with us, for if they were to run away the people among whom we are going would make slaves of them. Then there is a good deal of jobbing in all this; the fathers have to be propitiated with bacon or a piece of tobacco; then it is a great object with them to make the affair take as long a time as possible, because the longer they remain on board the more they contrive to beg and steal from you. At last the bargain is completed and their sons having been stripped of every ornament, ear knobs, ivory amulets, anklets, a hat if they happen to have one, by these affectionate paternities, are safely locked up in the hold. You then beg them to take themselves off, they beg a little more rum or a little piece of almost anything that is made in England. At last your patience is at an end. If a sailing ship you fill



SURF.

your sails, if a steamer you move on. Then begins a scene ! Their canoes are instantly left behind or those who try to hold on are capsized. They begin to beseech the Captain to stop or go back that they may get into their canoes. They appeal to him as "a *good* man." He is inexorable. They shout and scream, they are in despair. Their canoes are by this time a quarter of a mile astern, some much farther. The Captain is now "a *bad* man." "Does he want to drown them?" But they see he is firm and gives himself not the least concern, for he has known them for years. Placing on their heads all that they have succeeded in getting, they slip into the water without wetting their load and swim to their canoes as quietly as if it were quite natural, which to them indeed it is. Now our Kru-men are released from the hold and there is no hardship in their fate. In 3 or 4 voyages they too will have enough to purchase their wives and in course of time will do as their fathers are now doing by them ; "It is our custom," they say. After tea this evening I played a game of dominoes with the Captain, and then went on deck to enjoy the cool night breeze. We are speeding gallantly away and the phosphoric appearance of the water is, I think, more splendid than I have ever seen it.

John Glover found the coast intensely fascinating, even though he admits that to the wise and prudent it had little in its favour. I think it was the spirit of it, what it represented as the ground of his endeavour, rather than the coast line itself which

drew him to it. Far inland the country of West Central Africa is full of interest and beauty, but to me the coast line is ugly, dreary, and depressing.

Once in a cargo boat I lay rolling for days off just such a spot as Grande Sestoss, while we took in great casks of palm-oil. The long hot swell heaved endlessly day and night beneath us, rolling on to smash down at last in foam upon the dull yellow sands. Ashore, the traders' bungalows stood in a row, forlorn, and backed by a few shadeless palms. Through my glasses I could see the untidy littered compounds, bare of vegetation, inches deep in sandy dust, old rotting oil-casks standing here and there to emphasize the desolation. Miles away over the dull green bush, dreary and lifeless, low-lying hills showed faintly blue in the distance and as far as the eye could reach to right and left the thin white line of breakers stretched tumbling in monotonous unchange. Under the glaring sun life wilted, struck into listless coma. Only the surf boomed on through the long hot hours singing its endless dirge.

Not all the coast is like that. Here and there the red and yellow bluffs come down to the sea and green hills, tree topped, break the monotony of flat low-lying shore. The white towns of Cape Coast, Elmina and Axim, and other settlements, show up bravely, speaking of life and movement, with shipping lying in their roadsteads. But as

they drop astern, they dwindle slowly to what they are, small solitary footholds on that immense expanse of shore—emphasizing its loneliness.

To the end of my life, whenever I think of Africa's shore, it will recall to me a slow gliding panorama of dim green bush, flat foreshore and surf, surf, surf.

Tuesday, 16th.—Such a disagreeable day tossing about on a heaving swell with a little wind and torrents of rain, which oblige us to keep our skylights closed, making it so hot and sultry in the cabin. I have been reading Denham's Travels in Africa, and I like his account fifty times better than Barth's. He does not expect you to feel at every line what a wonderful traveller and man he is. I am so tired of this voyage and shall be so glad to find ourselves in Clarence Cove, as I hope by Saturday. I shall live on shore while we are there, and if no shore-going is to be had I shall pitch my tent and live in it. We had a most amusing scene this morning on board giving our new men their English names. They chose their own, and three requested that they might severally be called Tin Pot, Jack Saucepan, and Will Peasoup.

Wednesday, 17th.—After breakfast I sat down regularly to Haussa. On Friday night or Saturday morning we shall be in Fernando Po. I shall be glad, it will be a change, and the work for which I left England will begin : as it is I am getting ill and wretched.

Saturday, June 20th.—We sighted the land

again this afternoon about Cape Formosa but owing to light winds we have not yet overhauled it, so that I am afraid it will be Monday before we reach Clarence Cove. The day has been pleasantly cool and the evening so nice ; my head is quite well again. I have learned a fair quantity of Hausa and Arabic. I am reading a book called "The Testimony of the Rocks," by Hugh Miller, or "Geology in its Bearings with Theology." I find by a manuscript furnished by the late Sultan Bello, Sultan of the Fellatah who conquered the country of Hausa, that the Ghobeer (Ghobeer is a Province of Hausa) derived their origin from the Copts of Egypt : this tradition was found in records they possess.

Sunday, 21st.—I was on deck so early this morning and read some of the "Last words of an English Catholic." I recognised Athens as the scene of his early foreign life. I can sympathise in much of his life and feelings. Have I not seen it all, and more than all that he describes ? I read the Service in the Saloon. It is almost too hot to write. I send you my first attempt at etching in ink one of our Kru-men to show you their tattooing.

Monday, 22nd.—At last after 47 days' passage we are in Clarence Cove at Fernando Po. The island had been in sight from daylight, but we did not anchor till 3 o'clock this afternoon. Dr. Baikie came and carried me on shore to dine with the Spanish Governor, Mr. Lynslager a Dutchman. After dinner I went for a short walk with Dr. Baikie that we might talk things over quietly. I like

Mr. Crowther's appearance very much, as well as that of a Dr. Taylor, also black, who goes with us. We shared tea, and as we were all talking round the table, when in the same breath every one exclaimed, "Dr. Baikie, a centipede !!" and on his shoulder was one at least 4 inches long. I was next to him and as it ran over his back I brushed it away with my hand ; but where to ? I did not see it fall and it was not to be found. His jacket was pulled off and he was searched in vain. Some one thought it must be on me, but no one could see it and we all sat down again, but I *felt* that it was on me. Full 20 minutes after we all broke up, and in passing under the glare of the lamp it was on my sleeve. I cannot tell you the satisfaction with which I killed it.

Tuesday, 23rd.—And we are expecting the packet to-morrow. I shall often look to see if it is in sight. My left arm and shoulder are so painful from rheumatism.

Friday, 26th.—We dine every day with the Governor ; on Tuesday I tried with him the range of my rifles. I fired a great many rounds with some very heavy charges of powder, and until yesterday morning I have had such a wretched headache. I could not write, work of course I did, and when it has to be done I *cannot* help doing it. This morning I began at 6 and it was 11 before our compasses were re-adjusted. Then I hurried on shore for letters, for the mail had come in, but there were none and I must wait so many months ! Then I went to make a survey of the harbour, came

back at 3 and observed to correct our chronometers then dinner and surveying again, then to walk with Dr. Baikie and a Frenchman. We walked beneath palms and cedars ; orange, lemon, lime and guava trees forming merely a mass of tangled underwood to this splendid forest of stately cedars and the silk cotton tree looking such monarchs of the wood.

Saturday.—I was up at daybreak on shore and took angles till eight ; then sights for our chronometers, then on board for my bath, and while I was at breakfast I had a visit from Captain Close commanding the *Indane*, which had anchored in the morning. Then I went to see one of his Lieutenants who was Mid of my watch in the *Winchester*. Then on shore to try and persuade Dr. Baikie not to start to-day as it is raining as it can rain *only* in the Tropics during the rainy season. Our additional party and their things would have been soaked without any possibility of their being dried again for many days. I found him with an attack of fever, so that he was easily amenable to reason, and we shall not leave this until Monday morning. When the rain ceased I continued my Survey until one of the Governor's servants came to call me in to dinner. After dinner surveying again and to call on Mr. Crowther to enquire when Holy Communion would be administered. I am so sorry not to-morrow. He has no Plate and was delighted to find that I was provided. Then a quiet gathering for tea at the Governor's. He has been so kind and hospitable.

Monday, June 29th.—I did not write yesterday.



FERNANDO PO IN 1857.

for I have been ill. I was seized at about 3 in the morning (Sunday) with the most dreadful vomiting, cholera and pain. Nothing that the Doctor gave me would remain on my stomach ; this lasted for five hours. When it ceased I wrapped myself in a blanket and slept for some hours, which with a profuse perspiration did me good. I was awakened by Abdul Kadar (of whom more hereafter) shampooing my feet and legs. I got up and went on shore to Evening Service, but turned back at the door, my head feeling so light, and went to the Governor's, who gave me a seat in his cool verandah. It was well I did not go to Church, for I had a sharp attack of fever which did not last above an hour and after a short sleep I got up quite well. The Governor would not let me go on board, but made me up a bed in a nice large cool room. After breakfast this morning I came on board to seal my letters, for we sail this evening. I will write again from the Brass River.

The main ocean voyage had ended, for from the island they had only a short run over to the Brass river on the mainland.

For close on seven weeks the *Dayspring* had sailed and steamed over the 4400 miles from Liverpool to Fernando Po, a voyage uneventful except for the collision, and the last part of it even tedious. But they were tired of it. The lack of exercise and cramped quarters had told on the health

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and spirits of the party, especially on Glover, a man of action.

They spent a week ashore, joined by Baikie and Davis and by the two native missionaries, Crowther and Taylor, making their final preparations for the start. Fernando Po Island and its conditions were extremely interesting at that time.

At one time in the hands of the British and abandoned by them, it came into the possession of Spain and the direction of its affairs was most curious. Two men, remarkable for their characters, came to the island about the same time in 1829—Beecroft and Lynslager. Beecroft was master of a sailing vessel and lived there till his death in 1854. He became H.B.M.'s Consul and eventually Governor of the island under a Spanish Commission. Old records give him that title, but I imagine Spanish Government Agent was the real position. During his life at Fernando Po, Beecroft had an active career. He went up the Niger in 1840 and did much to open up trade in the Bight. In his time the first palm-oil ship started trading in Bonny which till then had exported nothing but slaves. He made treaties with every slave export port in the Bight, and was an explorer of old Calabar river. Beecroft died a poor man, although in those days, 1830-1850, money was made without trouble in the slave and oil trade.

Lynslager, who succeeded him as so-called

Governor, was in some ways an even more remarkable man. Glover calls him a Dutchman, but it is believed that he was English. He was 17 years of age when he landed as a poor sailor boy, and for a time lived by mending and making sails. Later he became a merchant, making no doubt a profitable thing of it, and finally became British Consul and Spanish Governor of the island. His situation as Spanish representative was comic. Spain paid him no salary, but allowed him to take the import and export dues as personal revenue. Since, however, he was the chief trader by that time, he paid most of the dues himself, and was only taking with the left hand what he paid with the right. "Daddy" Jim Lynslager, as he was affectionately called, was popular but an autocrat, and there are some quaint stories of his methods of keeping order among the natives. He died in 1864 after 37 years in Fernando Po, but the year after Glover saw him he was superseded by a Spaniard as Governor.

Fernando Po then became a dumping ground for political exiles from Cuba. It is recorded that 250 were brought a 65 days' voyage from Cuba. A few wealthy ones managed to live comfortably, but the moneyless subsisted on the Spanish rations of 1 lb. of rice and a few ounces of pork or dried beef per day. They continually tried to escape, and there is an interesting story of how some thirty got to the mainland and eventually to Europe in the *Biafra*;

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but they paid heavily for assistance, £600 for the first stage and over a £1000 to the Captain of the *Biafra* trading ship to get them away.

The Niger Expedition got under way at last. The schooner *George* was attached to them for trading service up the Benue river, and the party was divided between the two ships, eleven white men and fifty natives remaining on the *Dayspring*. The last letters for England were left for the home packet, for all knew that, once the curtain of the mangroves in the Brass river had closed behind them, it would be many a day ere news of them could reach the outer world again, and thus in the evening of that 29th of June they sailed out of Clarence Cove on the adventure.

CHAPTER V

THE DELTA

JULY 1st.—We left Clarence Cove at 8 o'clock the night before last, the hospitable Governor giving us an illumination of blue lights and the ships in harbour cheering as we went out. All yesterday and last night were too dreadful to describe. We were steaming against a heavy sea, everything close shut, for the rain poured in torrents the whole time. I was the only one not sick of our party of eleven, even the Captain was ill. It would have been no joke anywhere, but in this climate, the trial to *all the senses* was one which I trust never again to experience. A fine day and fresh breeze have made things more sweet and comfortable. Abdul Kadar is a character. You will hear much of him and perhaps some day see him, for he has an immense admiration for me and proposes accompanying me to Egypt, in which case I have promised to take him to England, only he says he must go and see his mother first.

Sunday, 5th.—On Thursday afternoon we sighted Cape Formosa, and running along the land for about 5 miles eastward, anchored for the night outside the bar of the Rio Bento, or St. John's River,

called by the English traders the Brass. The heavy swell made it impossible to write, so I lay down early to be ready for the eventful morrow. I was up at dawn and away in a boat sounding the approach to the bar off the entrance to the River, for by this River we have to enter Africa. After breakfast we weighed, and now came a moment of some excitement as to how our little vessel would surmount the heavy surf on the Bar ; but all was most propitious, and with a fair wind, smooth sea and flowing tide we entered the St. John's River, one of the mouths of the Niger. After lunch I went on shore for a quiet stroll alone and gathered some of the yellow Hybiscus. I believe these which I send you are the first that have been seen in England. The Harbour is very pretty, and the trees which grow quite into the water are most luxuriant. There are five English vessels here taking in palm oil, and the English cask houses on shore dotted among the splendid foliage, give an air of life and movement to this otherwise solitary and deserted scenery. Will it be always so ? This must eventually be the central port of central Africa, and I have been so busy all yesterday making a plan to send to Lord Clarendon for the ease of the many ships which as we hope will soon follow us up the Niger. It poured most piteously the whole of yesterday, but I was away the whole day from early dawn and did not return till late in the evening.

Monday, 6th.—We had our first regular Service on board yesterday. I was up very early this morning and a few minutes after six away in my



DELTA SCENERY.

boat, all day sounding the Bar and not on board again till six in the evening. Then my book to lay down and dinner hastily over, I am early fit for sleep. I shall be away again at daybreak in the morning to survey the Creek we are to pass through into the main stream of the Niger, and shall not be back till late in the evening. Our little schooner is at anchor outside the Bar, and I tried to-day to bring two pilots off to her, but was obliged to give up, the surf was too heavy, feeling nevertheless very dissatisfied with myself. I have no time to write to anyone, so make my peace with all. The little fern-leaf I enclose was gathered under the shade of the tree under which I lunched when I landed to make one of my surveying stations.

Wednesday, 8th.—We sail in an hour. I was away yesterday morning to survey the Creek into the River Niger. It passed the whole day; it was after 4 when I reached the other river, and past 9 at night when I got on board. I had to lay down my work on paper, so that it was $\frac{1}{2}$ past two before I could lie down. This morning I was up early, and have just finished a Chart to send to Mr. Laird for the vessel that is to come out to us in September. I have tried hard to get one off to Lord Clarendon, but I had not time and I have no assistance. I am quite well. Perhaps it will be Xmas before you hear from me again. I am hoping now that we are commencing our regular work and a start made that I shall find more time, or I must make some.

The *Dayspring* had a severe buffeting as she

crossed from Fernando Po to Cape Formosa, and the eleven white men confined below must have had an unenviable time in their close quarters. It took three days to cover the 300 odd miles to the mainland in a sea which can be very heavy at times for such a craft.

Glover mentions Abdul Kadar for the first time. This man was a Fulani of Futa Toro, the son of Mukhtar Demba, a war-chief of Dingarai, and was a very faithful adherent to his master. He was also an Arabic scholar, and it was expected that he would prove useful at Sokoto.

After a night at anchor off the bar of the Brass river the *Dayspring* went in on the tide and anchored off the trading station, but the *George* arriving later found the surf too heavy and came in the next day. Glover made a preliminary survey of the channel through which they were to pass from the Brass river to the Nun branch of the Niger, and this accomplished the two ships set out. In those days little enough was known about the labyrinth of creeks in the delta. The previous expedition had in some cases charted more or less accurately the particular water-ways which they had followed to get into the main stream, but the trading vessels, even when they penetrated the few miles of coast fringe, had made no useful record of their journeys. The depth of water varied so enormously that even careful sounding did not prevent the vessel going

aground unexpectedly. The line taken by the *Dayspring* to the Nun channel and up it was longer than that by the Forcados mouth. I have never travelled over it myself, but my memory of the Forcados river and the Warri creeks has left an everlasting impression of intricate and bewildering water-ways such as the early pioneers must have felt when they first set eyes on the swamp land.

July 20th.—These many days that I have not written and yet I have been quite well, but for some time to come it will be only on days like the present that I can quietly sit down to give an account of myself. We started from the St. John's River (or Rio Bento) on the 8th and I must now fill up the space from that day up to the present time. We entered the Acasa Creek which unites the 2 rivers, the Niger and the Brass (or St. John's or Rio Bento), and which I had as I told you explored and surveyed the day before. We started about 2 in the afternoon, having the schooner *George* lashed alongside the *Dayspring*, and entered a large lagoon just as it was getting dark. Here we had to pass through a very narrow crooked creek of about a mile in length and just sufficient breadth to allow the two vessels to pass abreast before again finding a clear channel and broad water. But before going further I must endeavour to give you some idea of the—What? I can hardly find a name for it, for from the one river to the other I could find no spot of ground on which to land for the Kru-men to

cook their rice. The whole is one entire swamp covered at high water and exposed at low water about the width of 5 feet, displaying the richest and as I should think the most stinking mud the earth can produce, so densely covered with mangrove trees as to be quite impenetrable. I believe this describes every feature of its scenery and yet withal it is very pretty, sometimes beautiful. The trees are of the most intense green almost meeting overhead, their fantastic shaped stems and roots, with the branches and many creepers hanging gracefully into the stream, formed pretty vistas, through which our little vessels made their way. Innumerable parrots overhead screamed in discord all their own, and long-legged cranes and the graceful white egrets were disturbed perhaps for the first time by such apparitions in their joint fishing preserve. From river to river is ten miles and the lagoon stretches half way. Dr. Baikie was naturally most anxious to get if possible into the open water of the Niger before night, and asked if I would attempt the Creek. I said "Yes," tho' I thought it most probable we should stick in the mud, for at high water (which has now past) there is in one or two places only water enough to float our vessels. We proceeded, and at the entrance of the Creek grounded and remained fast in the mud until the morning tide floated us again. How shall I describe the tortures of that night! Mosquitoes and sand-flies *devoured* us, and tired as I was I walked the deck the entire night and smoked, by which I kept at least my face from them. At day-

break, wrapping my Bournoos round me I lay down and got one half-hour's refreshing sleep. We started again early and found it even in daylight difficult but great fun getting the vessel through the Creek, but I think I had better give an outline of our quagmire ditch. I was just congratulating myself upon getting past all difficulty when the tide having gone down we stuck fast again at the other end of the narrow ditch. All hope of getting afloat before the return of the tide being given up, it was decided after vain endeavours that Captain Grant and Mr. May should proceed in a boat and explore one of the creeks through which the next day we were to pass into the main stream of the Niger, which is choked at its mouth by many islands, making its navigation difficult. In the meantime Dr. B. and myself have to go and look for a better passage than the one we had made and to complete my survey of the day before. We returned on board at 4 and found our vessels cheerily afloat, so we started at once and at 6 o'clock were at anchor in the Niger. We were rejoined by Mr. May and Captain Grant who had been successful in finding a clear channel for the next day. Since then my time has been occupied in one incessant drawing and fixing the various points and windings of the River as we ascend. We weigh anchor in the morning as soon as it is light enough for me to see, and we go on, I sketching all the time until dark. I am perched on a small platform in the bow of the vessel with all my instruments and drawing-board. I rise with the

first streak of dawn, take a bath and a glass of quinine, then a cup of chocolate and I am on my perch, the anchor weighed and the day begun. My breakfast is brought to me, so is lunch, so that work and eating all go on together. In the lower part of the river to which I am happy to say we have bid good bye, it has rained regularly from eleven till four in the afternoon. I am generally dry again by the time it is dark, but I always change my dress before sitting down to dinner, which I do with Captain Grant at about 7 or later. The others dine at 4. After this I am fit for nothing but to lie down in my Spanish hammock which is slung on deck under an awning until the drum again beats for the break of day. I had looked forward all the first week to the Sunday, and when it came after Morning Service I slept. I could not help it, and again after dinner in the evening. I could do nothing but lie on deck and dream. Then came the week that has just gone by, and I was again looking to the Sunday with such expectation for a real day of rest, when on Saturday Dr. Baikie came to me and said that from the lateness of the season, the early rising of the River and the schooner being such a drag upon us, he wished to go on, only anchoring for Morning Service and weighing anchor again at one o'clock. If I had been Chief I should not have done it. I said "Very well," and so another Sunday passed and I was working and could not write. Twice only during this past fortnight have I found time to read and that was only when we have anchored for a few minutes at some village. I

must try to alter this, for I cannot so live on without daily reading and writing.

Glover's description of the part of the delta which they traversed gives a good idea of the scenery, but I doubt if any pen picture can convey adequately, to those who have not seen it, the sense of dreary desolation, lurking menace and mystery which the mangroves hold.

The great Niger, as we know now, flows for 2600 miles to its delta which covers an area of 270 miles in coast breadth and 120 in depth. Its two mouths are the Forcados and the Nun, but the Brass, Opobo, Benin, and Bonny streams help to increase the area of the swamp land. The sea fringe is a close woven fabric of the most hideous growth in all the world—the slimy rooted mangroves—which covers a belt of 30 miles in depth. Throughout this part there is a tidal rise and fall of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, never more, and at low water it is indescribably unpleasant.

Behind in the forest swamp, stretching back for ninety miles, there is a river rise and fall of no less than 45 feet.

Both in the mangrove and forest swamp lie swarms of crocodiles and crabs, mudfish and iguana, water-snakes and frogs of all their species; while insects, winged and crawling, make life a burden of the worst. In that dark area, a very web

of waterways, the mud is criss-crossed by mysterious slow-moving creeks and the river's main arteries go swirling through it to find their outlet in the sea. The mangroves themselves are impenetrable, their slender stems close set and twisted and their tortuous snake-like roots deep fastened in the evil-smelling mud. It is a gloomy, green-grey haunt of everything unpleasant, yet in a way with a horrid beauty of its own.

Up the creeks lie the villages peopled by a race low down in the human scale. For this is a land of darkness and ignorance, terrorized by fetish and the secret superhuman power of *ju-ju*. The tribes are animist, swayed by demonology and witchcraft in all its beastliness and their moral standard is extremely low. For the climatic conditions of the delta do so much to devitalize them. The elemental force of nature is terrifically displayed in the seasonal changes. Storms and atmospheric disturbances are intense and awe-inspiring, and it rains as I imagine it can do nowhere else quite in the same way. The annual fall may be but 180 inches, but the steady soul-deadening daily drip of it must have its evil effect upon the dwellers in those swamps.

The conditions they live in must be miserable enough. One village the expedition visited lay right in the swamp, the houses damp and water-logged for nine months in the year. This was



A HOUSE IN THE SWAMPS
(At high water the lower story is submerged).



THE PLACE OF ORDEAL.
(A Delta Ju-ju).

Tuon, whose inhabitants traded in the palm-oil brought down to the ships. They saw as many as 100 Brass river canoes come down before they left the mouth, each carrying six puncheons of oil. They visited 27 of such villages in the delta which lay along their route to Abo.

What a deadly business the palm-oil trade must have been in those days ! The *Dayspring* coming across the bar dropped anchor in mid-stream, but the five trading ships they found there were tied up alongshore. They were closely housed in with bamboo mats to protect those on board from mosquitoes and—one suspects—from the swamp miasma which it was then believed brought the fever.

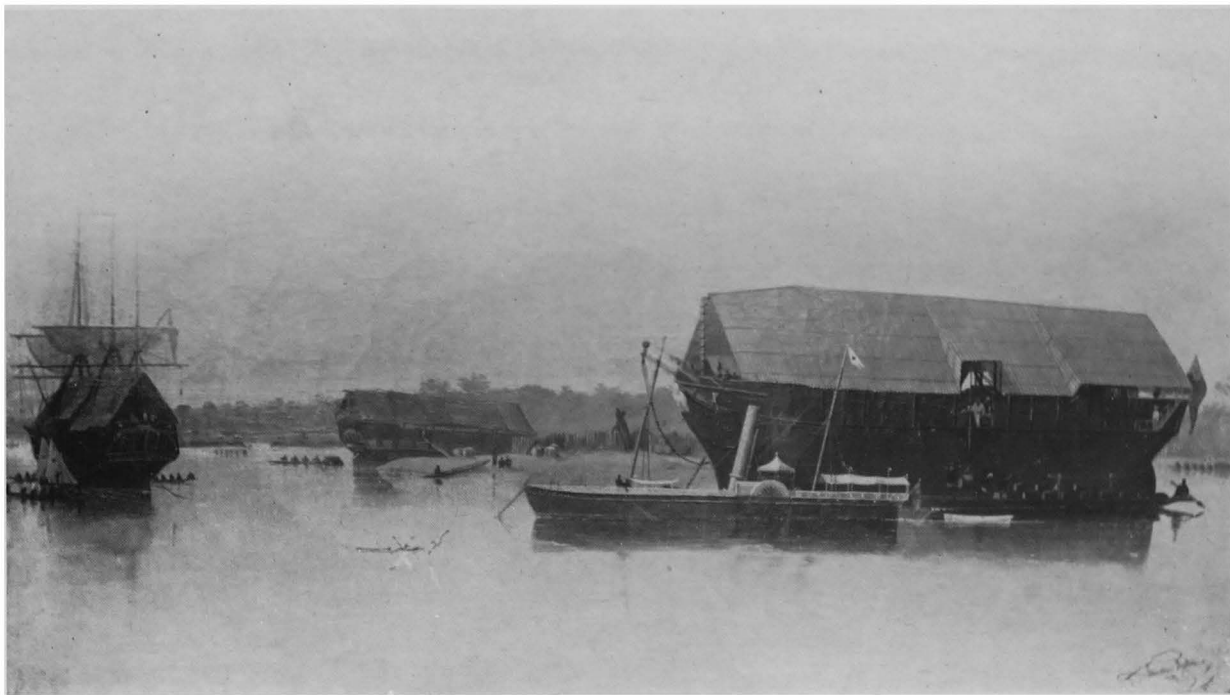
Poor devils of white men, captain or super-cargo ! They earned none too good a name for themselves—palm-oil ruffian was a mild one—and it is certain that at times they were both cruel and careless in the handling of the natives, and that there were many unrecorded crimes committed by these pioneers of industry in the delta rivers. But it was a ghastly life. Easy enough to sit away off in England and revile the blackguards who degraded the name of Englishman ; easy enough to sneer at the down-and-outers who drank themselves to death after a period of unlicence and uncontrol ; granted that they were not of the best stuff that our country can produce.

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But put men of that type into the conditions of that time and place ; think of them living under those noisome verminous mats stung to pieces by mosquito and sand-fly, with the smell of palm-oil and swamp mud ever in their nostrils ; think of the malaria destroying their life-blood in alternate burning hours and the cold shuddering aftermath, till they drank to keep warmth in them under the pitiless rain, and then judge lightly, if you judge at all. They were of their time and class out in a country where no writ ran, and for my part I think no worse of them—rather better—than of the men who to-day in healthy England brutally murder some old woman for her purse, or stand snivelling with matches in the gutter of the Strand.

It took the *Dayspring* twelve days to make her laborious way through the Akassa creek into the Nun branch of the Niger and up the latter to where Abo town stands above the forking of the ways. It was hard work, especially for Glover, who spent all the daylight hours at the ship's bow mapping and sketching the route, exposed to incessant rain in the lower river, and blazing sun as they went farther up. Little wonder that he slept when he could, despite the sand-flies and other pests, and was good for little but his hammock after dark. Only a man of the strongest physique could have stood it, but even he was to pay for it later on.

The schooner *George* was lashed to the *Dayspring*



A TRADING SHIP AND PALM-OIL HULKS AT BONNY, 1857.
(From a painting in possession of R. L. Holt, Esq.)

going through the creek, and towed behind her afterwards. This evidently delayed their progress, for it was no easy matter for the little engine to make way against the river current with the deadweight behind her.

We anchored here yesterday and in a couple of hours came off his sable Majesty of Abo, a very tall man of about five-and-thirty, dressed in the scarlet coat of a mail coach guard, party-coloured trowsers, the whole surmounted by a Cardinal's hat. The buttons on the coat have a Crown with V. R. as had also his sword, which was carried before him. He brought with him his favourite wife, a girl of about 16, rather pretty, whose duties in public seemed to be to sit at his feet and fan him, and when he spat, which he continually did over her, she carefully wiped the deck clean. I had written thus far when his Majesty made his appearance for a second visit, bringing this time 7 wives, his brother and his own as well as his brother's suite. I was obliged to close my portfolio on the 26th of July and from that time until this 16th of August I have made but one attempt and that a vain one to write.

Chief Aje of Abo was the first of the more important chiefs on the Niger whom they met. He proved to be a greedy rascal, rather spoilt by intercourse with the few European traders he had met. The gifts made to him were evidently suitable to his personal vainglory, for I find that they included a pink cocked hat and red umbrella. He

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got furiously angry at one interview on discovering that his brother Pehukuma had been given precisely the same kind of things. Royal dignity and jealousy were appeased, however, by a further gift; but I doubt if the unpleasant Ibo chief cared a brass farthing for any civilizing influence or friendly messages conveyed to him, or indeed for anything but what he could get out of the Englishmen. Mr. Crowther, I am sure, found him stony ground for seed. They got some fresh meat, which must have been a godsend after the salt meat, and the yams—great tubers weighing sometimes 20 lbs. apiece—were greatly welcomed. The bullocks must, I think, have been the bush cow, for there would be no cattle as far down the Niger as Abo.

So, safely through the delta and the lower river, the *Dayspring*, now burning wood for fuel, went slowly on her way once more towards the confluence of the Benue with the Niger, where Lairdstown lay.



MANGROVES OF THE DELTA.

CHAPTER VI

TO THE CONFLUENCE

T*TENTH Sunday after Trinity.*—We are at anchor at the confluence, where we have been since last Monday. I was attacked after the anchoring with a sharp ague and fever accompanied by wretched sickness, which lasted until Friday when I got much better, and to-day do not feel *much* weaker from my illness. I have got our dining table placed on deck, so that I can write at night when the mosquitoes will not be so troublesome as in the Cabin. I am now writing by the dark lantern of my tent. This morning H. C. was administered. The *Dayspring* is at anchor at the foot of the Kenach Mountains, and in the morning at daybreak I shall ascend one of them to take angles. I have generally a party who take the opportunity of enjoying a walk and a fine view. The mornings are so misty that all objects are indistinct, but towards sunset it becomes beautifully clear, so that I usually make a day of it. I never go out of the ship without a gun or rifle, and seldom return without a brace of something, pelicans or cranes or egrets, and hope to have a fine collection of tropical birds. Now I must go

back to Ebo and give you a description of our progress up the river from thence. From the Rio Bento little of interest occurred ; the entire country is one delta with its countless palms and the large silk cotton tree, very beautiful, but the sameness tires the eye. Our first stoppage was at a place called Assomare, marked on the left bank of the river. I did not go on shore, having too much to do, but I received a message from Dr. Baikie, asking me to bring my rifle and shoot a bullock which the King had given us. Presents are the custom all over Africa : very nice, you will say, but a return is also expected, and you may put it down as a rule that it is a very expensive way of buying things. Their bullocks all run wild in the bush, and when they give you one you must get it the best way you can. I have begged Dr. B. always to call me in on these occasions, as it will give me practice for nobler game. When the King gave the bullock he thought that of course we should not go to look for it, and when quite different in costume and appearance to those who had preceded me, I entered his yard, rifle in hand, with half the town following at my heels, his Majesty seemed not at all sure that I had not come to shoot him. This uneasiness appeared rather to increase when I said I had come to shoot the bullock, and there was some demur. At last as I suppose thinking it might be the easiest way to get rid of his visitor, he said he would show me the way himself, but assured me the bullock was a very wild one. This is a land of war, distrust and rapine ; you never take a cup of water without

making the donor taste it before you. He led the way evidently with the greatest distrust of poor me. As we approached nearer the ground, I cocked my gun to examine the priming, for it had been loaded some days, and how you would have laughed could you have seen the start poor frightened Majesty gave! After all I lost my sport. Having, I suppose, no relish for facing the herd himself, he sent some of his people, who after much fussing brought in a bullock. I was returning to the town not very well pleased when an eagle soared over our heads, and my ball brought it to my feet. The people who were with me screamed and ran into the town, and when I entered it all avoided me as if I had the plague. They have not the slightest idea of attempting to shoot a bird on the wing, a bullock or any wild animal always takes 10 or 12 shots before it is brought down, so that I had performed a feat which in their eyes stamped me at once a necromancer.

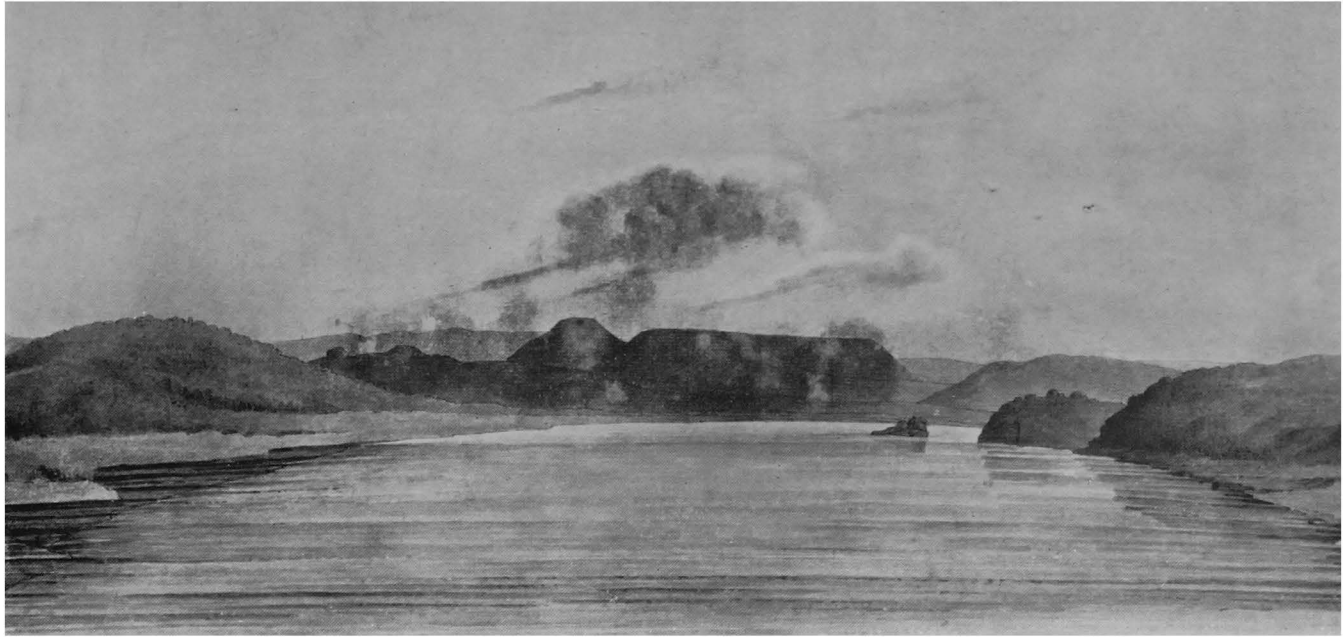
The Expedition reached the junction of the Benue and Niger in the middle of August, and remained there for three weeks. On their way up at Onitsha they encountered some opposition, and for a time the situation tended to become unpleasant, as the town armed itself and looked like putting up a fight. Baikie and Glover visited the chief, Akazua, and eventually things settled down. The Onitsha people were constantly at war with their neighbours in those days, and they were in a state

of nervous excitement which the advent of strangers raised to a perilous pitch. After the usual exchange of presents and goodwill messages, a site was granted by the chief for a trading station and another for missionary teaching.

Taylor was left here to establish himself and open a school. There was some risk to him in this, but he stuck manfully to his job and made some headway in his arduous duties in the end.

At Idah they met the Atta, a youth who had just succeeded his father. More resistance was met with here, but of a passive kind, and it was some time before a trading site was granted. The young Atta was apparently regarded as a very sacred person, and for some days the interview was denied to the Europeans. He too proved amenable and friendly eventually. It was here that the first Moslems from Nupe and one from Zaria in the north were met, and Abdul Kadar became a useful intermediary with his fellow Fulanis.

Arriving opposite the old Lairdstown at the confluence, the *Dayspring* anchored under "Birds Rock," a column 300 feet in circumference projecting 20 feet out of the water. The party were badly in need of a rest. There had been no active warfare on the way up the four hundred miles of river, for war was not the object, and a good deal of tact and patience had been necessary to avoid it. But malaria had begun to fasten on the Europeans



VIEW TAKEN OFF LAIRDSTOWN FACTORY LOOKING DOWN RIVER NIGER
300 MILES FROM SEA.

November, 1859.

(From a water-colour sketch by Mr. Glover).

in real earnest. Glover was the hardest worked man of them all, for May, the second master, who should have assisted him in the survey work, had turned recalcitrant. For some time he had complained of having to serve under Glover, saying that the latter had usurped his place. At last he definitely refused to obey orders and was taken off the work by Baikie, who eventually reported him to the Foreign Office and asked for his suspension. The whole work was thrown on Glover and the strain was too heavy. He had a sharp attack of fever, and Baikie, Davis, Rees, the mate, and one of the engineers went down with it about the same time.

There was much trouble with the native crews who were constantly hovering on the verge of mutiny. They complained bitterly of their treatment by Captain Grant and Berwick, the surgeon of the *Dayspring*. The conduct of these two towards the natives and the Government party on the ships became impossible, and Baikie flew to paper on that subject also to the Foreign Office.

I imagine that had Glover been in command of the expedition he would have dealt with the position in a far stronger way, but it was not for him to take action. Fortunately Grant was under instructions to transfer to the *George* and take her up the Benue to trade, but he left Berwick on the *Dayspring*, and his orders to MacIntosh, who was to be in command

of her, were very peremptory and prejudicial to maintaining good relations with Baikie's people. He evidently left Berwick, his *fidus Achates*, on board, to see that MacIntosh obeyed his commands.

This clash of natural dispositions or interests—or perhaps both—did a lot of harm to the Expedition both up to that time and after. Grant was a “hard case” I fancy, and Berwick no better, judging by the official reports on both of them, and no doubt they jeered at the methods of Baikie and his officers in opening up the country. Their own views were very different, and it was nearly the ruin of the Expedition that these two were members of it.

The site of a new factory and a church were fixed upon, and Glover, after his recovery from the fever, did a great deal of survey work among the hills behind what is now Lokoja. From Mount Patte he would have seen that wonderful panoramic view of the two great rivers winding in from north and east to meet below him after their journey from sources two thousand miles apart.

It was a sight at that time given to but few white men to behold. When in my turn I came to stand there, the two rivers flowed towards me out of the far haze of the unknown. I little knew that one day I was to see three hundred miles of the one, and of the Niger all its length which lies in British territory, and the far hills which stand about it in the French Sudan. Nor did I know what lay ahead of

me in that strange land, what dangers, hardships and experiences were to be mine and what would be the outcome of it all. These men were ignorant too of that which would befall them, and we are kin, they and I, at least in that, as all must be who follow the unknown paths.

September 9th.—Yesterday came off well, and my trip up the mountain was very successful. After a cup of chocolate I started, my party consisting of Dr. Davis and Mr. Barter the naturalist, with five blacks to carry my instruments and our necessaries, and a guide, spear in hand. On landing I shot a white vulture, which I sent on board to be preserved. Our path led over a pleasant upland country for about five miles until we came to the base of the mountain ; and after ascending about 500 feet we came to a pretty little plain, nicely cultivated and studded with trees. A ditch and mud wall looped for shooting arrows barred our further progress, and as beyond it the tops of some huts composing a town peeped through the trees, I proposed staying for breakfast under the shade of a most inviting tree, and sending to tell the King of the Mountains that we would call upon him after breakfast. My companions were quite agreeable, and the little kettle you have seen was soon boiling some chocolate. Before our repast was ended came a messenger from the King bidding us welcome and saying that he had never seen white men and was delighted that we had come. He received us most warmly and, seated on leopard

skins, we drank his country beer with great relish. This Hut of Audience was soon crowded and nothing escaped the most scrutinizing examination. By this time I am certainly not a white man, which my two companions were. The greatest compliment which my admirer Abdul Kadar can pay me is that I am an Arab Amasoca, that is, an Arab Nazarene. At all events I can say that I am quite well and strong, for which I am most grateful, and rather more slim than when I left England, but I shall come back with an old face and grey hair. I made the King a present of a piece of cloth and a looking-glass and a note to Dr. B. to show him all the wonders of the *Dayspring*, and so we parted, he giving me a guide for the Mountain which was towering above our heads. It was very hot, the thermometer showing 126 in the sun and 92 in the shade. We had started from our boat at 7, and allowing an hour for our breakfast and visit to the King, we had had five hours' hard walking when we reached the summit, for it was then one o'clock. The top presented a flat table land of about three acres studded with trees, under the shade of which we quickly found shelter from the scorching sun. We also found water, but *so hot* that it was impossible to drink it. I laid down my gun, put off my belt and gladly uncovered my head to enjoy the scene that lay below and around us. Altho' the sun was scorching, there was a cool delicious breeze and a climate quite different to that below. The vegetation belonged to the description of that which characterises the plants and herbage of the Cape of Good Hope.



THE CONFLUENCE OF THE NIGER AND THE BENUE.

(From Mnt. Patti).

By the 9th September the *Dayspring*, freed from her burdensome consort, the *George*, had reached Mureji, where the Kaduna river enters the Niger. On their way, at Muye, they came in contact with the tax-gatherers of Usuman Zaiki and Masaba, the dual rulers of the Nupe Kingdom. Muye's tax was three hundred slaves that year or cowries to their value, a slave being worth £5 to £7 according to sex and age !

Glover and Baikie tried to get up Mt. Soracte here, but were prevented by the pagans living on the summit and had to return. The expedition went on to Egga, where the ill-fated ships under Trotter turned back in 1841, and about here Rees, the mate of the *Dayspring*, died of malaria and was buried on the right bank of the river opposite a shoulder of the Rennell Mountains, one of which Glover climbed during his survey work. This was the first death among the party and, although they could congratulate themselves that they had suffered less loss of life than any previous expedition up to this point, they were in a pretty bad way. Every one was down with fever at one time or another, and there was a continual sick list of daily increasing severity, for their constitutions were getting overtaxed, and their blood was swarming with the parasite.

Sunday, Sept. 27th.—So many days that I have

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not been allowed time to write. We remained on the mountain (one of a group of seven 1300 feet above the sea) until the setting sun warned me to put up my sketch book and descend. I staid till the last, the view was so grand, extending over at least 400 square miles, and the river winding its way brought some sad thoughts to my mind. From all its various sources till its entrance into the sea, Oppression, Bloodshed, Wrong and Darkness blot with foul spots its splendid stream. A fatality seems to hang over it. May it please God that we shall aid in its removal and soon commerce as the means to a greater end may cover its waters with other burdens than slaves and the results of war and depredation. We got on board about eight, having had a pleasant day, and the next morning I was up early and busy again at my work. I came back about three in the afternoon and found Dr. B. in a state of fever. We started up the river, and the second day brought us to the mouth of the Kedunia River or Lafon River. Up this lay our course to visit the dreaded Othman Zarki, Dansaba and Dando, three Chiefs of the Fullani or Fullata. The first of these (Othman Zarki) was King of this country some 14 years ago, but was driven from it by his half-brother Dansaba. I had better give you a short history of them and of the country they have made their own. The Fullani up to the end of the last century were wandering cowherds moving from place to place as their cattle required for pasture, encamping always outside the walls of towns and villages, and never mixing with the Caffir

or heathen people of the land, being themselves strict Mahommedans. Suddenly started up Othman ben Fadi, declaring that he was inspired by God and the Prophet to bring these heathen to the true Faith, and declaring to his wandering brethren that all (both land and people) was theirs. A doctrine so pleasing to homeless and wandering but proud Mussalmen gained ready attention, and they have overturned all the kingdoms of Central Africa. By the sword they won the land and by the sword alone they keep it. Sakoto, their first headquarters, remains so still, the present Sultan being the grandson of Othman ben Fadi. But to return to Nuffi and its troubles. These began about 1800. Two rival Kings (Ednisa and Mahamaja) contended for the throne of Nuffi. Mahamaja in an evil hour called the Felani to his assistance and they sent Mallam Dendo with an army from Sakoto. When the war was ended, Mallam Dendo instead of returning to Sakoto, seated himself down in Rabbah, a most unwelcome guest, his army being even worse than himself. This state of things continued for some time and King Mahamaja (King in name only) and Mallam Dendo both departed this life, each leaving a son. The rightful Prince Musa, who was the eldest, and the young Fullani Chief Othman *Zarki*, that is "the clean *breasted*." Shortly after the Prince Musa also died, the "clean breasted" having as it was supposed hastened the event by poison. The mask was now thrown off and Othman *Zarki* seized the country, Rabbah, from the ruins of which I am now

writing, being the seat of Government. How long this state of things continued I do not know, but trouble came from its (in this country) invariable cause—a plurality of wives. M. Dendo added a Nuffi wife to his establishment. The result was another son, Dansaba, and he, half Nussi, might be supposed to have some feeling for his half-countrymen, that is that *he* had the best right to govern and oppress them. Having gained over Almoza, the war-chief of Othman Zarki, he succeeded in driving his half-brother (Othman Zarki) from Rabbah and making himself King. Othman Zarki took refuge in Sakoto and Rabbah was destroyed. Things remained in this state about seven years, when the same war-chief (Almoza) drove Dansaba from the country and was himself for three years its merciless scourge and oppressor. A few months ago, peace being made between the two half-brothers, Othman Zarki came back from Sakoto, and joining his forces with those of Dansaba he attempted to drive Almoza from the land, but was beaten in every engagement. In the meantime a nephew of the 2 half-brothers, Amun, a powerful prince, stood by watching events, as the eagle watches the moment to strike. He chose rather to save and then to help them and he did it, and the head of the war-chief Almoza decorated the landing place of Rabbah until a few nights since, when Dr. Baikie (I think very improperly) carried it off. The crowning event came off about three months ago, and in the course of another month the conquerors will return and rebuild Rabbah : in the meantime they are in their

camp at Bidda, to which place I am now going to take you. Hearing that messengers had been sent from Othman Zarki and Dansaba some way lower down the river, bringing us "Welcome" and a basket of Kola Nuts (a mark of respect to visitors), we proceeded, and turning up the Kudemia or Lafon River, arrived at Wiage, the landing-place of Bidda. A messenger was sent to the King and 8 horses requested instead of 12 at least.

Glover gives a rough outline of part of the history of Nupe and such inaccuracies as exist are very natural under the conditions. Information of any sort gained through interpreters of Nupe or Fulani must suffer in its passage through native brains. From our later knowledge we know the founder of the Nupe dynasty was Edeji an adherent of the Atta of Idah about the year 1700. A long line of his descendants followed all with the title of "Etsu"—King—till the reign of one Mohammedan in 1805.

From the far-off Emirate of Gwandu the ruling chief, son of the great Fulani Othman dan Fodio, sent down a flag to the Nupe Etsu to hold as recognition of his chiefship—but he died before it reached him. Two cousins, Majia (the Mahamaja of Glover's letters) and Jimada, claimed the throne. Jimada was killed in battle, leaving Idrisa, his son, to carry on the dispute. The Mallam Dendo was not sent for as Glover describes, but came of his

own accord and settled down as Majia's scribe. In due time they quarrelled as they were bound to do, the haughty Fulani and semi-Moslem savage king. From Ilorin Dendo collected a Fulani force, returned to help Idrisa and with him defeated Majia. But from that hour there remained dissension in Nupe; Dendo, the stormy petrel, played one Nupe Chief off against the other, supporting first Idrisa and then Majia, and when he died in 1832, just after the Lander brothers had passed down towards the sea, the Fulani blood had come to stay. For Mallam Dendo left two among many sons, Usuman Zaiki, pure Fulani, and Masaba (the Dansaba of Glover) half Nupe, who were to carry on intrigue against each other for years. The northern Fulani put a stop for a time to this, by sending Usuman Zaiki to Sokoto, and making Masaba the chief Fulani representative. The old town of Rabba, destroyed during these constant struggles, remained a ruin. Eventually Masaba became unpopular, and, after a series of intrigues in which new actors of the next generation passed upon the scene, Usuman Zaiki after many years was recalled and made Sarkin Fulani Nupe, Masaba being relegated to a subordinate position.

This was the situation when the *Dayspring* anchored off Wuyaji, and the Europeans were invited to pay a visit to Bida, where Usuman Zaiki held his Court. He was not to hold it long, for

he died eighteen months later, and the ever ready Masaba jumped again into his shoes, and reigned as Emir of Nupe for another 14 years.

Then he too died at a ripe age, and the grandson of old Mallam Dendo, by another line, ruled in his stead, and to this day a descendant of each of the three branches, Usuman Zaiki, Masaba, and Majigi, succeeds to the Emirship in rotation. This is the native custom, which is sometimes stronger than all law, and we support it.

But, in the days when the expedition visited Bida, the political situation was strained, and I know well how Usuman Zaiki and Masaba must have been watching each other like cats, on the *qui vive* to get a chance of useful intrigue. The whole country was ravaged by constant war, villages were depopulated and starving, and the voracious tax-gatherers were poking like vultures among the half-ruined habitations for slaves and property to feed into the Fulani maw.

The tenure of the throne of Nupe was precarious enough. "To-day to you, to-morrow to me" must have been the cry of the contestants for power in those days, and no man knew whom he should call King—almost from hour to hour—while the white men were steaming slowly up the Kaduna river.

CHAPTER VII

THE VISIT TO BIDA

AT Wuya the party waited a few days to enable Baikie and Davis to recover from their fever. There was a lot of difficulty in getting food and the general ill-health was not improved by this. Attempts were made to fish with a seine in the Kaduna, but the force of the current broke the ropes and their labour was lost. To add to the discomfort the rain fell incessantly, and it must have been a rather wretched assembly which lingered by the landing-place. Glover, ever ready to push on, became impatient. A driving force was behind this man—apparent in all he did—a restlessness which could not tolerate inaction. Englishmen who explore new countries, who seek the wilds to make their work there, all have it in a varying degree. In them the national phlegm, so often mentioned by the foreigner, is set off by an abundant nervous energy, which is a source of wonder to other nations. I remember how a French colonial official, an old friend of mine, regarded our methods. "*Voyez-vous, mon ami,*"

he used to say to me, " you are *épatant*, you English. You come out here, and you are never still. You travel round and round like uneasy spirits. Always you must be doing something. Even when your work is done, do you rest ? *Jamais de la vie*—you play the polo, the tennis, or you must be shooting something. *Nous autres*, we know well how the tropic life should be led. We work, yes, but not too much ; we attend to the serious matter of good living. Always you will find the well-cooked omelette ! the *poulet en casserole* and the little *vin blanc* at our table. And, after, do we rush about as you do ? Pah ! That is for children. We take things gently, we conserve the vital force. *Comme résultat*, we pass five, seven years at a stretch in this *sale pays*, and we return to France as strong as ever, while you, you die—*pouf*—like a blown-out candle, or drag home your dried up bones for burial there."

Perhaps he was right ; it makes no difference, we are as we are.

Eventually Glover had his way and made a start.

I had had fever two days previously, but I put my lips together and would not *give in*. I can do this unless it is accompanied by ague, and indeed it is best if you can. Dr. B. did not get better and the King sending impatient messages, at the end of 4 days I begged him to send me with his message

to the King. He said it rained, I had fever, and he would not consent. At last the rain ceased and he gave in. Mr. Crowther said he would come too and I felt that a gallop would cure my fever, but indeed it was gone before we were in the saddle. Abdul Kadar had taken my saddle (the only one in the expedition) on show, and put it on the best horse. Our party require all the horses sent, so I asked Dr. B. what horses he would require. He said the messengers would provide for him and we rode off. Our party consisted of Abdul Jolire, Mr. Crowther, Abdul Kadar, Abdul Tai bearing my rifle, another man with my gun, and our pack-horse and a guide. We started at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 and after riding 100 yards floundered into a marsh, through which for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile we waded our horses, sometimes swimming, at others striking with their hind legs and bounding half out of the water. We got at last on firm ground. Our horses were fresh, so that I am afraid Mr. C. was *led on* at a most unclerical pace. Soon, however, sunset, darkness, and a bad road obliged us to go more soberly and also to wait for our lagging attendants, owing to which it was 9 before we reached our huts. I say *our* huts, for they had been prepared for us. We found the chief hut (about 20 feet in diameter) the very picture of comfort. Three large logs burnt clear and bright on the ground in the centre. Beside it stood a small earthen water bottle holding a quart of hot water, water from which, like good God-fearing people and after Mahommedan fashion we were to wash before prayer. On one side of



THE ESCORT.

the fire was a Danbi (a platform raised from the floor a foot and made of bamboo) on which, as well as on the floor on the opposite side, were spread skins and mats on which to sleep. I could not get Mr. C. to take the higher one, so I soon made my arrangements, and in ten minutes my copper kettle was boiling on the logs and the walls of the hut furnished. You might have supposed that we had lived there some days. My saddle, holsters, saddle bags (all have their place like pictures hiding the otherwise bareness of the walls. In the meantime a message of "a thousand welcomes" came from the King, and men bearing smoking dishes. These our attendants discussed, we preferring chocolate and biscuits. Then a nice appropriate prayer from good Mr. C., after which we sat up talking over our pleasant logs until late, I smoking and he on his back with his feet high above his head, resting against one of the posts of the hut. I went on talking till, receiving no answer, I found that my companion was fast asleep, still heels up and head down. It was so pleasant and so strange, the night noises of the camp, occasional voices of women and the cry of children, the sound of our horses eating as they stood tethered outside the hut, and an occasional neigh made music in my ear; and I, a sailor, bearded and turban'd, a guest in the camp of King Othman Zarki!

The visit to Usuman Zaiki passed off very well. It was eleven miles ride to Bida along a road which I know very well. I know that trappy little belt

of mud and water through which Glover and Crowther, the advance guard, had to ride. A heavy, nervous horse makes a great pother in going of this sort, as he will sink almost to his belly in places and, if not well steadied, is liable to throw himself nastily as he plunges terror-stricken to get out. Along a pleasant path thereafter they would ride till they topped the last rising ground and saw Bida lying before them.

The warmth and dryness of the well-thatched hut was a welcome thing to a drenched and fever-stricken Englishman, and I can picture him enjoying the comfort of a restful smoke in quarters infinitely better than his berth aboard the *Dayspring*—friend Crowther snoring peacefully by his side. He depicts well the sense of well-being which comes to travellers, lodged dry after a wet ride. The wood fire warms the sodden shivering body while the water boils and food is cooked. Perhaps the smoke causes the eyes to smart at first, perhaps the rain falls pitilessly still outside the hut and it is cold out there in the mud and mire. It matters not so that your roof is water-tight, and your bed is dry, and presently you fall asleep, dreamlessly after the long tiring march.

Sunday, October 4th. Rabba.—But I must go back to Bidda. Soon after daylight came a message from the King, hoping that we “rose in peace,” a pretty morning salutation. I was performing my

morning ablutions in the garden outside the hut, which was only divided from the road or street by a mat partition, over which I could see and be seen. Quite unknown to me, it appears that 5 ladies were beholding the extraordinary apparition, but before I had finished came men with sticks and drove them away and quickly built me up a higher screen. Then we had Morning Prayer and the Psalms for the day from Mr. Crowther. After breakfast the rain kept us in, and a message came from Dansaba bidding us "Welcome," and making excuses for not having done so before, as he did not know where we have lodged. This was a little piece of African political finesse, to show us that *Othman* was King and that we were *his* guests : as although he calls *Othman* "Father" and says he is but the Hand to do the will of the Head, *his* name and *his* acts meet you at every turn in this wild country. We expected Dr. B. at noon and proposed walking over the camp before he came. We were just starting, intending if possible to break through the mob which from daylight had infested the door of our hut, when there arrived a bevy of Princes. *Othman* has 30 children living and *Dansaba* 50. I believe that from five and twenty descendants nearly all came, so that my levee was a large and distinguished one. They were charmed with my guns, knives, saddle, bits and stirrups. After they were gone came 2 Princesses and begged for a looking-glass. According to the custom of the country, they knelt down before me, bending their heads to the ground, and then placed themselves

at the foot of my mat. I offered them a *chair*, that is a seat *on my mat, a very large one*. It seems that Abdul Kadar had placed under the mat some writing paper for safety, as it is a great article of barter and much prized. He wished to get at this, and was most unceremoniously proceeding to turn my Princesses off, but I told him that for once in his life he must wait upon women ; that this tent was *England* and that he must see how we treated women and wait till they should go away. He said, "Then in England you are fools," but I made him wait and he is breaking in wonderfully well. A train of dishes from the King now appeared for our morning meal and at last we got out.

The camp was prettily pitched where 2 streams joined, the camp of Dando (the nephew) being on the confluence, and those of Othman and Dansaba on the left bank, the whole covering a space of 150 acres and counting men, women and children, not less than sixty thousand persons. The huts were in shape all like our own, some larger some less. But these puny, tall lank sons of Africa reminded me so much of what Hypatia's lover said of himself and his countrymen : What mincemeat we could make of them ! If I took a step on the right, they rushed from me like frightened sheep, knocking each other head over heels, and then laughing when they were sure that I had devoured no one ; and yet these were men of war with swords by their sides. We shall do well to remember that this crushing superiority, so felt, so expressed and acknowledged by them, is one of God's gifts to us. May He grant

that we use it rightly. Mr. C. and myself went into an armourer's tent to see him tempering a small blade. He was much pleased at our visit, as who was not? As we were passing into the armourer's tent (this Abdul Kadar told me, for I did not see the lady) the daughter of King Othman was passing it. Abdul Kadar ben Muchtar is, as his name implies, Son of Muchtar, a cousin of the famous Abdul Kadar and one of the three great war chiefs of the N.W. of Africa. He therefore went to visit the Princess, and found her in a state of great excitement. She was passing that morning to her father's quarters and had seen "the white stranger." In dismay she had thrown away her upper garment and her sandals, and had never ceased running till she reached her father's enclosure. But, said my admirer Abdul Kadar, "He is good, he would not have hurt you." "And does he pray to God?" "Yes. And his arms! Look at mine! And God made them both! God is wonderful!" "But will not the sun *melt him*? Can he bear fatigue?" He told her of the mountain we had ascended together and that I had left him far behind. She only answered, "God is wonderful!"

Mr. Crowther and I were sitting in our hut when news came that the Chief had arrived, and we proceeded to the huts which had been assigned to him and his suite. We found them refreshing themselves from a large bowl of milk and quickly joined them, for it was a treat we had not enjoyed for months. After resting from their long ride,

we all proceeded on our visit to the King, whom we found seated on a low dais in a large yard. We entered on his left, having to pass through some hundreds of armed retainers, all seated cross-legged on the ground. On his right were, as I suppose, his courtiers and the princes of his family, and before him were spread mats, on which we seated ourselves. He is a very gentlemanly looking man of about 65, drest in the simple robe of the country. He received us most *warmly*. Then followed our congratulations on his return to his country. He said: "Yes, God is great. He has brought me back after an absence of eleven years." He gave us permission to form a Mission at Rabba and to teach the people, and said that we might choose any spot of ground that pleased us. We then offered the presents we had brought, consisting of a German hunting knife, a pistol, a robe of scarlet cloth edged with gold lace, and some pieces of velvet and satin stuff. He was greatly pleased, and after some conversation our visit ended, he begging that we would see him again.

Masaba, ever watchful and observant of etiquette, tendered his welcome at the proper moment. He was playing the age-old game of self-interest with exquisite finesse. He had, as it were, to slur over the fact that for the moment he was only the runner-up in the game of Kingship, but also to accentuate the saying that "the game is never lost until it is won," and that he was still a factor to be



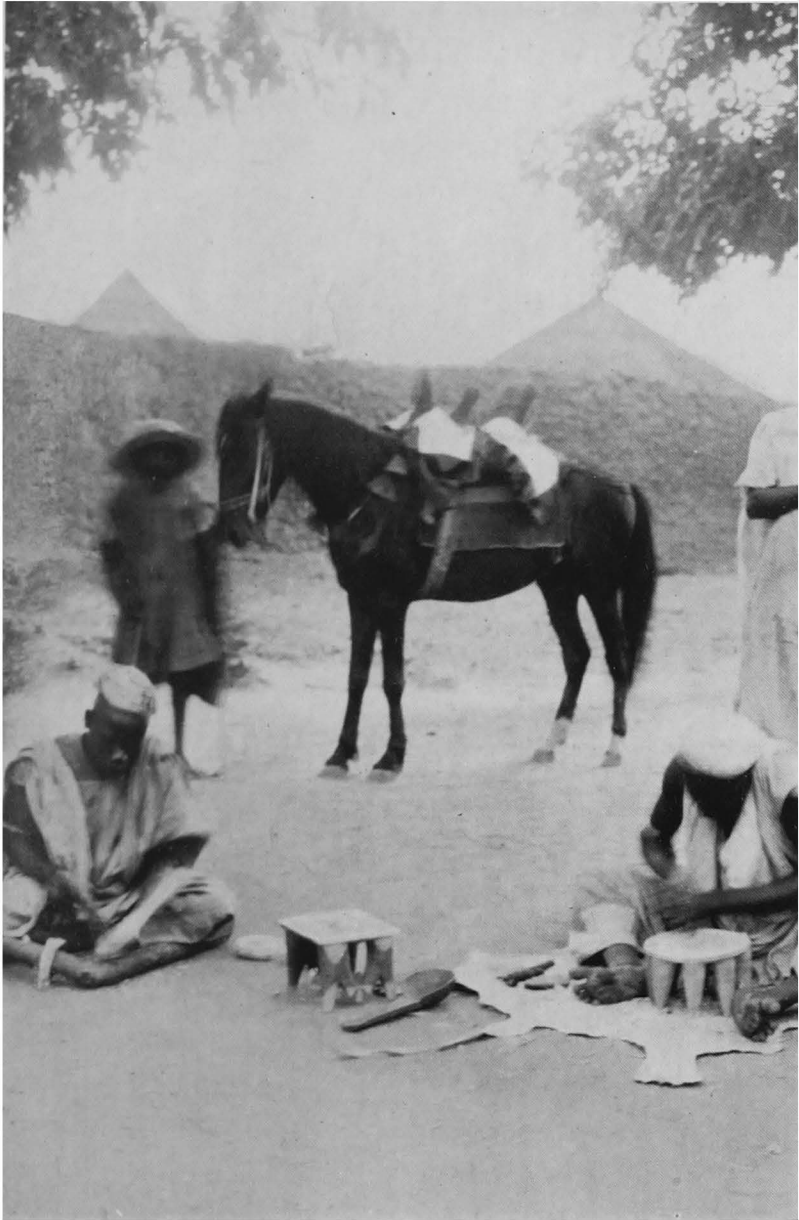
AN EMIR'S VISIT.

reckoned with. Who knew when his rival might die or be overturned again? Anything might happen and it was politic that he too should be remembered to have well treated the white strangers on their visit; one never knew but that it might help him in the future. So each in their degree, these two sons of old Mallam Dendo, showed pleasant faces to the visitors and welcomed them with great hospitality. Usuman Zaiki was then about sixty years old and Masaba about fifty. Masaba is said to have been a lively, good-humoured man, more unbending than his half-brother, and at the different interviews—for of course they did not give audience together—Masaba's geniality was much appreciated. They died, the one nineteen, the other five years before I was born, but they sit there in Bida to-day, clothed in the bodies of their grandsons, with all the old wiles and attributes, and the same old spirit which they had in Glover's time.

John Glover's reference to the superiority of the white over the black, so felt and acknowledged by the Fulani and Nupes during that visit, is most interesting. No one who has lived and worked in Africa can doubt that it has been the key of European success there, and a key well used. Forty-five years later, when those of us now middle-aged went out as young men to carry on the work in the new Nigeria, we held that key, perhaps 300 of us

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against nineteen millions of the blacks, and *we* alone know what an aid that recognition was to the bare handful of administrators, soldiers, and the rest during their hard labours.



A. COMPOUND IN BIDA.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WRECK OF THE *DAYSRING*

T*UESDAY, 6th.*—I am so vexed that again an attack of fever has made me leave my writing, so this must go as it is. Letters will leave us again in about 6 weeks or two months, and before that I hope to have more time to myself. Dr. B. has kept the bag open for me and delayed our departure from this place (Rabba) that I might close this when the fever left me. And now I must be brief and tell you of our plans. We go up to examine the rocks at Yauri to see if a passage is practicable, and then return to the confluence about 6 weeks from this date to meet the *Sunbeam* and letters, of which I have had not one since we left England. We shall then come up this river again and make our journey to Sokoto, reaching the confluence again about March. For the last fortnight I have been working early and late that I might send a tracing of my work to Lord Clarendon, and now it must go, like this letter, half finished. You shall hear again in two months much that will amuse and interest you.

After a successful ending to their visit, the party,

including Baikie, Glover, Davis, Dalton, and Barter, rode back to Wuya and got aboard the *Dayspring*. Things had gone from bad to worse there : another death had taken place, that of a sailor, and fever was rampant on the little ship. Berwick, the ship's doctor, was held responsible for the death by reason of his inattention and ill-care of the sick. This was so marked that one of the engineers openly stated that he would not continue to risk his life under the man's ministrations, sick as he then was, and begged to be sent back to the confluence. Every one was getting demoralized and frightened. The land party were in no better case as regards fever—they were full of it, but it speaks volumes for surgeon Davis that he had kept his men going and able, between the attacks, to carry on their work.

Baikie in his reports to Lord Clarendon about that time gave unstinted praise to Glover and Davis, the first for his survey work, and for the chart from the delta to Rabba entirely constructed by Glover (for May had idled sullenly), and the latter for his unrelaxed devotion to the men under his care.

So the *Dayspring* went back to the Niger again and farther up it to Rabba. But it was a very sick expedition now. They had been ninety days on the river, exposed to every kind of climatic danger—heat, damp, the fancied miasma *and* the unrecognized danger of the anopheles. Some of them wore turbans, poor protection for white men's necks

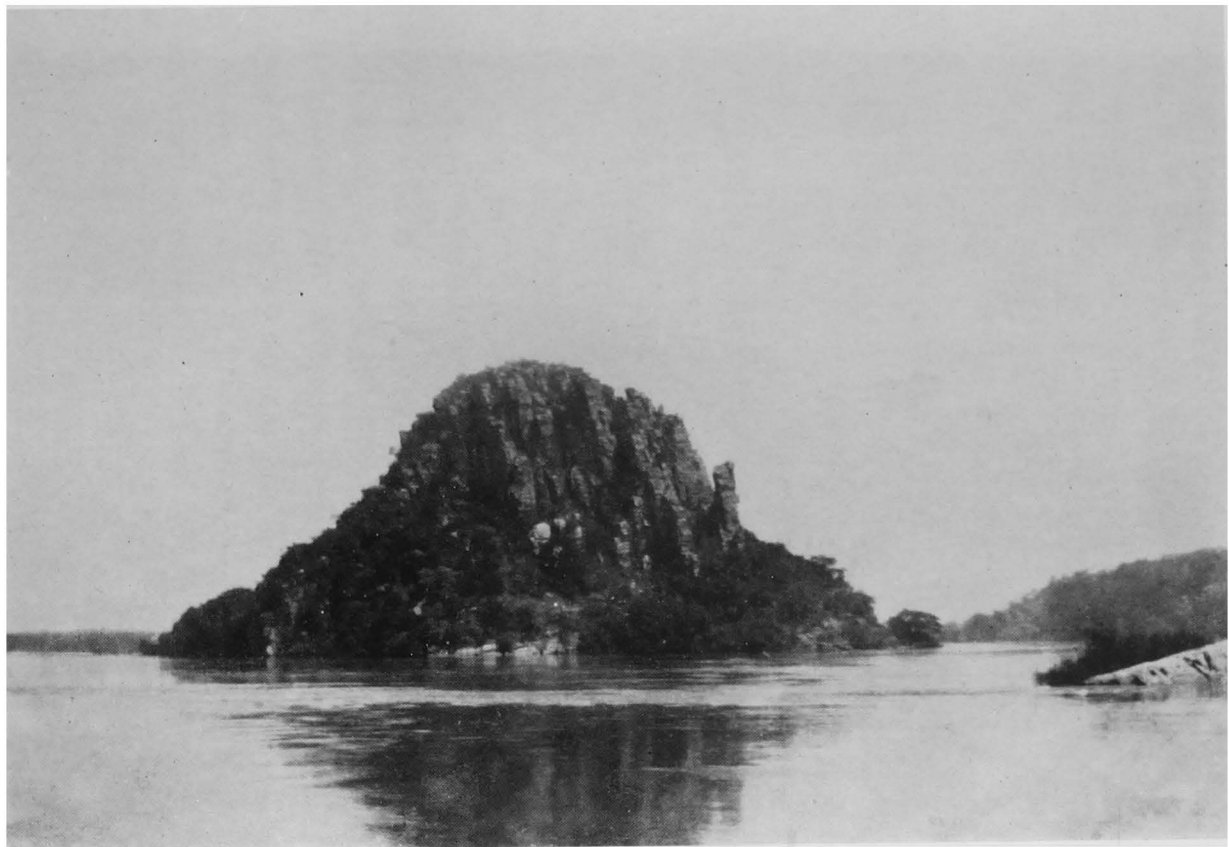
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against the sun. They had no proper nets to keep out mosquitoes and the smaller sand-flies; they were ill-nourished by wretched ship food—one can imagine what the salt beef, biscuits, and weevilly flour was like—and their chief preventive medicine was quinine. The Government party kept their hearts up, but the *Dayspring's* crew began to murmur and be afraid.

Camp Jebba, Oct. 31st.—This must be but a postscript to my last. Events follow fast and I have at present little paper to record them. The *Dayspring* was wrecked the day after my last date. I have been a heavy loser. I was ill at the time, having had an attack of ague the evening before but still working. I had carefully examined the passage and naturally concluded that what I could make head against in my boat, the vessel with her steam could overcome, but the current swept her on a rock. I must describe the scene when she struck in my next. I was troubled with continual vomiting the whole day, but kept up. The ship filled except the forecabin, and during the night went down head foremost as you see it in the sketch, the stern remaining above water. The Captain was sick and the chief took himself off, being anxious to save his dog. Somehow I found myself in possession with a naked sword, driving overboard the wretches that would save their rags instead of getting sails and provisions on shore. However, by dark three tents were pitched and most

of the things on shore. That night we enjoyed the cooling pleasure of a tornado. You may imagine the work and exposure for the first week, at the end of which I fell ill in earnest with fever and ague, and this has for the first time taken away my roses. I have been working hard to send away a chart to Lord Clarendon, done very much in the style that this letter is written, for I have had periodical attacks, my last being the day before yesterday.

The blow fell suddenly. The *Dayspring* went on from Rabba on 6th October to Jebba and next day tried to get up the passage by the Ju-Ju rock. Glover had examined it in his five-oared gig, and felt sure the *Dayspring's* engines could face the current, strong as it was, between two big rocks. The little ship went in, crawled forward inch by inch, stopped, struggled hard to hold her own. Then some swirl of current caught the bow, swung her round and drove her on to a rock where she crashed and settled—filling fast. There was something of a panic among the crew, but of the sick party, Glover (as ill as the rest) took the lead and restored some sort of order. Every one was got off safely, and a small proportion of stores and goods were rescued before she settled down to the water's edge on the rocks. Glover and MacIntosh were the last to leave her and that night the party, twelve Europeans and thirty-eight blacks, huddled on a



THE 'JU-JU ROCK OF KETSA.
(Where the 'Dayspring' was wrecked).

sandbank, in three small tents, shipless, almost everything lost, and probably in as sorry plight as men could be. As a last straw, "tornado" came that night, blew down no doubt the tents ill-pegged in shifting sand—and poured a last deluge on their defenceless heads.

Weeks after when the news reached Lagos, Consul Campbell there, writing of it home, suggested that the cause of the disaster in the current was that the ship had a screw propeller, and he believed that side paddles would have kept her straight against the stream. It may be so, or it may be that her engines were not powerful enough for Niger's rushing force. It matters nothing now. The little *Day-spring* after over 5000 miles of sea and river voyage lay piled up under Ju-Ju rock, and Ketsa, the very ancient god who lived up there in a topmost cave, laughed at the white strangers' puny efforts to conquer the great river at his feet. And the Niger rolled ever onward, silent, inscrutable, washing the bones of the little ship.

15th.—Since my late date (4th) I have been laid up, three days with my foot and the rest with fever and ague ; thank God I am well again, altho', as you may see, my hand is not quite steady yet. The fact is that since leaving Rabba I had not been well. So long as the excitement and exertion consequent on our wreck and encamping lasted I shook it off, and had I gone to Lagos the change of air would have

done me good, but when that disappointment came and nothing to do, it got the better of me. Now I hope it is all over.

I am starting to-morrow with the naturalist, Mr. Barter, on a cruise of three weeks up the river and hope to reach the Rocks of Yauri. I close this for the mail, which leaves on the 1st December (before I shall be back), but I hope to be able to send an enclosure down in time with some sketches of the river, should it prove interesting enough. Mr. Crowther and I had intended riding up and returning down the river in a canoe, but the horses are so long coming and I cannot wait here any longer in sickening inactivity; I should be ill again. Our only inconvenience here arises from the want of tea, coffee, sugar or chocolate; and of wine, flour and all their attendant luxuries we have none. We roast Indian corn and pound it as a substitute for coffee; and this is our beverage at breakfast and tea. We have a few goats which give a small supply of milk, and as I cannot take our coffee, I have 2 teaspoonsful of milk in a cup of hot water. This consumes my share of the milk, so that for the rest I content myself with cold water. In a few days, however, we hope to get a cow. We have plenty of supply in the way of fowls, sheep, goats, plantains and a fruit called pawpaw, very like a bad melon. By Xmas a supply of tea and sugar will be sent from Lagos and then we shall be well off until the arrival of the *Sunbeam*.

Standing on the Jebba hills I have looked down

THE WRECK OF THE *DAYSRING* 111

upon the spot where the wretched-plighted party were stranded. When the day dawned again they gathered up their few poor possessions and made for shore, where they made themselves as comfortable as they could with grass thatch shelters to keep off the sun ; for Baikie, Glover, Davis, and Dalton were almost prostrate with malaria by then.

The *Dayspring* still just showed masts and a funnel above water, but seemed to be settling deeper. Three days later the river level fell considerably. The engineers visited the ship and found an enormous hole in the starboard bottom. MacIntosh decided to abandon her. A few more odds and ends were recovered, but the loss of stores, cargo, and personal effects was very great. Baikie and Glover suffered most. Clothes, books, instruments, collections of birds, fishes, and plants had gone, and a great part of Glover's original survey papers in their portfolio were at the bottom of the river, together with almost all the goods which had been brought as presents to the chiefs. They were reduced to a very small quantity of tea, coffee, and sugar, and all luxuries were lost.

In three or four days the effects of the disaster and idleness ashore began to show themselves among the ship's party. The engineers became unruly and refused to obey their officers' orders. The Krumen came to the verge of mutiny and were only quelled by the strong stand taken by Baikie,

Glover, and MacIntosh, who restored order by a show of arms. The unpleasant Berwick was undoubtedly the instigator of the trouble, and Baikie in reporting the occurrence later stated he was nearly compelled to have him arrested. It was time to take steps to stop this rot which was setting in, and eventually Berwick, one engineer, and Fisher were sent down in two canoes to Lairdstown to await the coming of the relief ship *Sunbeam*, which was due out as previously arranged in January. J. D. May, whose conduct had temporarily improved, was sent with Abdul Kadar to Abeokuta by land in order to facilitate the carrying of mails to the coast, since their passage had been impeded both there and at Ilorin.

The decision to continue the journey to Sokoto was not yet abandoned, and it was arranged that Glover and Barter should go on up the Niger as far as Boussa to chart and inspect the rapids and procure horses for the land journey.

The rest of the party, Baikie, Davis, and Dalton—all very sick men—with MacIntosh, an engineer, and Howard, the purser, who were alone left of the *Dayspring's* crew, settled down on the Niger bank, with Crowther, to recuperate and carry on their various occupations. Glover and Barter started in a canoe on 16th November for Boussa.



ESIONAGE, OR PLACE OF DANGER. ABOUT 100 MILES ABOVE RABBA.

December, 1857.

(From a water-colour sketch by Mr. Glover).

CHAPTER IX

FROM JEBBA TO AWURU

IT was roughly ninety miles by river from the Ketsa Island camp to Boussa, and along its course existed several rapids to be charted and inspected. It was a huge relief to Glover to be up and doing again, for to a man of his energy the idea of sitting in camp and waiting for relief increased his ill-health. So, in spite of their poor condition, he and his companion Barter set off in good spirits, and a Nupe canoe hollowed out of a great tree trunk by fire and chipping, on their first stage to Wuru.

Almost at once they got into cooler weather, for the season of the *harmattan* began, that cold dry wind which blows ever from the north-east, bringing with it thick haze which veils the sun's heat but not its actinic ray. It was a relief to them, no doubt ;, but, to men unhelmeted, there lay a danger in it and sunstroke was its name. They had an uneventful peaceful journey as Glover describes.

November 24th. Wuru.—Such a pleasant week since I last wrote! I am by the side of rushing waters, such music to my ear! I have been quite well the whole week, altho' both on Friday and Saturday I had to pass all day in the sun, getting my boat through the rocks and tumbling waters, and it seems fated that when post day comes I am to have fever. This has delayed my sending this for two days, but I am well again.

From the nice position on which we have encamped there is a fine fresh wind blowing all day, and at night it is positively *cold*. During the day we have the thermometer at 98 in the shade and 122 in the sun. And now to tell you of my week's journey. I left the camp at Jeba on the 16th, accompanied by Mr. Barter (botanist). My object was to push up the river as far as possible, the season being late and the water low in the river. Dr. B. expects me back by the 1st December. We shall see, perhaps I may not be back before Xmas. As he gave me supplies only for a fortnight and presents for the Chiefs quite insufficient, I have seated myself down here and shall to-morrow send a canoe to him with this letter, and it will return with a fresh supply both of provisions and presents. About noon we reached the little village of Kadamo seated on its island, and seeing a fine shady tree on the right bank I stayed there for dinner. The ladies, who are the great traders, soon came to us, bringing onions, limes, and one of them brought me her cooking pot, lest I might not have one of my own. We left again at three, and passing the

island of Lyange and its village, reached the extensive town of Buka at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. Up to this point we had mountains on both sides, but here they ceased and the country on either side became open and diversified with sloping hills and large plains. Buka is on the left bank. At Lyange the King (for the head men are all little Kings) gave me a sheep. It was quite dark when we reached Buka, but the people lighted torches to show us their landing-place. A dense mob soon crowded round us, almost by their curiosity preventing us from cooking our supper. Presently came a man from the King, who banged them well over the head and shoulders with a long pole ; this had its effect, and we were left in peace for the night. In the morning I went to see the King, a very old man who kept me a good hour waiting. I was now the messenger of the Queen of England, so I gave him a good scolding, which I then softened down, telling him that I had no doubt the fault had been in his people not telling him I had arrived. He was very anxious to put things right, and we parted good friends, he making me a present of a goat. I then went to visit the *Tax*-man, and a very great man he is in these parts. He gave me a large jar of beer, one of palm wine, and some eggs : I then went to see some great gentleman who gave me a fowl and some rice, so that I left laden with provision. Shortly after starting I came to a small island, on which were feeding upwards of 200 Crown birds. They are something between a peacock and a swan and a crane, and are beautifully

marked with red feathers on the wing and crown of the head ; but the current was strong, so I withstood the temptation and passed on. The land on either side is cultivated with the dawa corn. The immediate banks being lined with fine large trees which, overhanging the stream, afforded us shade as we pulled up under them. The branches were covered with the convolvulus which, it being early morning, were out in all their splendour. Passing the village of Kasa on the left bank, the dawa corn was gaily diversified with the tobacco plant in full flower ; the blossom is very pretty red and white. Leaving the villages of Bisunge and Tambaye on the left bank and Yada on its island, I reached Saukte at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five. After finding a convenient place for our night bivouac and leaving a man to prepare our supper, I went on to Saukte to see the King and make him a present. He was very civil and gave me some yams, which he said was all the War had left him. There seemed no one in his village but old men, women and boys. The whole country has suffered terribly, and they say that all their best men have been killed. We left the next morning (18th) at 7 and reached Bajibo at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight. We found here a large town and in the market place seated ourselves under the shade of a large tree, while the King was preparing his little court to receive us, and he did not keep us long waiting. He is a fine-looking old man and received us and our message most gracefully. I made him a present of some cloth, in return for which he presented me with a large fowl, the *only one* in the

town. A description of my visit to *him* will be sufficient to give you an idea of *all*. You enter a round hut with a conical roof, a door being on each side. The King is seated on a raised dais of earth covered with a mat ; over this is thrown a white sheep-skin ; if, as in this instance, he is a great man, he has a leopard-skin. Seated on the ground and filling the hut to suffocation are the elders or chief men of the place. A mat is spread for the visitors and being seated the King asks " if you are well," and then waits for your account of yourself. I begin, " I am no trader. I do not come to buy or sell, but I bring you a message from the Queen of England. She wishes you *Peace*, she sends you *Good Will*. She hopes *Peace* will remain in this country, and that her people, black and white, may come and trade with you and bring you all that you want. They want in exchange your ivory, butter, cotton, spices, skins ; she wishes to send you her wise men to teach your children all that we ourselves know. She hopes that when you see them in your country you will be kind to them, they will come in peace and for good. They will be strangers among you, protect them. She says that war is bad and drives people far apart, but peace and trade bring them near together and make them brothers. All this she wishes for you and for us, and with this message I am also to deliver to you this present." So my part ends. There is a pause. The presents are examined and held up that all may see them. Then a consultation as to what shall be said in answer. It is agreed on, and it is

invariably the same at every place. "We thank God that we see your face this day. Your words are good. We hope that all you say God will bring to pass." Then they thank God twenty times, bending low, for they are nearly all Mahomedans. Then is brought in a sheep or goat or fowls or beer, and so the visit ends. Here we found that Beecroft's expedition ended. He remained here a week and attempted to ascend in his boat. The King sent a canoe with me to show me the way. Half a mile above the town is the island of Sanbagi which we passed, leaving it on the left, and taking the channel to the right, our difficulties began, the river being studded with rocks and having high rocks lining the shore on either side. Half a mile of this difficult navigation brought us to Kilambagi or the Gates. Here the river is confined to the space of about 100 feet, having a high rock in the centre and rocks on either side, and it was here that, as they told us, Beecroft in vain endeavoured to get his boat past. By the help of an anchor and rope, carried out by the canoe, I succeeded in getting past. We dined at noon in the boat under the shade of a large spreading tree that overhung the water. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 we started again, and about a mile further on came to rocks and rapids. Ugly enough they looked, but the anchor, rope and canoe were again in requisition, and by their aid and an oar the difficulty was again surmounted.

At Buka they made the acquaintance at close quarters of the Tax-man, the Ajele, or Jekada as

we of a later generation came to know him by. No wonder he was able to provide food and drink to the strangers, for he was living on the fat of the land without expense! He was representing the fief-holder of that part of the Nupe Kingdom who would, of course, be living in Bida and relying on the greedy, rapacious powers of his emissary to reap a rich harvest of so-called "tax" from the wretched villagers.

It was a ruined land that they were passing through, very slowly recovering from the depredations of the never-ending wars. For that was Nupe history in the making, ever since old Mallam Dendo had come to put the Fulani finger into the pagan pie, and now that Usuman Zaiki was back on the throne again, pure-bred Fulani with all the haughtiness of his race in evidence, the poor country Nufawa felt the weight of his hand in no uncertain fashion.

The interview at Bajibo is one that I picture to myself most clearly. The town chief would, of course, have had the tip from Bida to show every courtesy to the white men. The distinction would have been drawn between the diplomatic and the commercial side of such a mission, and suavity and dignity were the order of the day.

I do not suppose for one moment that the Queen's message conveyed to those Fulani and Nupe Moslems anything beyond pleasant sounding commonplaces. They were curious and interested in

the sight of white men, but they were concerned chiefly to pass them on and be rid of them, and their minds would be jumping to know what was the real object of the visit. The incomprehensible is always suspicious to the native mind. They were urbane but unimpressed.

The canoe passed on and safely negotiated the first of the difficult spots above Bajibo. Glover's sea-craft helped him to warp himself up with rope and anchor. He had now got farther up the water-way, albeit in a native canoe, than any other European. Trotter's expedition had reached Egga, Laird had got to Rabba, and the Beecroft mentioned in the journal, who had been H.B.M.'s Consul at Fernando Po, had tried to get past Bajibo in a small boat, but as we know had failed some years before. These rapids are terrific things and above from Wuru upwards are quite impassable, even by canoes, in the low water. The natives get round them by portage, unloading and reloading on the other side, a lengthy and expensive business of paying local carriers to take the merchandise by land. Shooting the rapids is a breath-holding business. The Nupe canoes, unlike the Canadian birch-barks, are cumbersome and unwieldy to handle in rough water, and again, unlike the grave American Indian, the African adds to the sense of excitement and danger by his vociferation and wild caperings in emergency.



BUBARI RAPIDS.
(Where Mungo Park died).

From the word "go," once the smooth gliding upper water is left behind, the whole traverse is a thing of noise. Noise of the rushing waters, noise of shoutings half heard above the din. Violent gestures, frantic dashes to this side or that, vast struggles with the poles. Into it one goes lurching and swaying; white broken roaring water on both sides. The canoe veers sickeningly till you get the feeling that control is lost and that you are going broadside on to rocks. Only for a moment, then you swing back again and see a huge boulder half smothered in foam slide furiously past, a few bare inches from the gunwale—by so little have you missed it. You look the other side to see where another lies covered by a great curving mound of thick brown water. So you go on faster and faster, missing destruction by inches or seconds with every canoe length, gripping the canoe side, ready every instant for the plunge. Then you are out of it, into quick-flowing but quiet stream; you have escaped the danger, but as you look back up the rapid you wonder how.

Passing by Ketsayi we came to the small village of Njiba on the left bank. As there was a nice dry landing-place, we prepared to pass the night, not at all to the satisfaction of the inhabitants who, having never seen white men before, ran into their village and would have nothing to say to us. At last I induced them to a parley, and having given the

chief man a piece of cloth and explained who we were, they came back and cleared a piece of ground for our bivouac, and made me a present of some yams. Poor people! They told me the Fulani had left them nothing. The next morning (19th) we passed the village of Cheleko on the left bank and the island of Eyakada. Here we found a large town. On landing we were welcomed by the Galadima or Prime Minister, who conducted us to the King. On our way we met apparitions, how shall I describe them? On a pole 20 feet high is fixed a hoop, from which depends a tube of dressing trailing on the ground. Within this tube is a man; he has a small hole in the tube through which he looks and goes masquerading about, accompanied by a wild kind of music from three or four stringed instruments. Standing close together, they barred our way, filling up the path until the Galadima, going down on his knees to them and throwing dust on his head, they opened on either hand and then scampered off, their band following them. We found the King a pleasant old man, who after our interview begged us to return to the shade of a large tree, under which we found a numerous assembly. He gave me a goat and some eggs. Again appeared these mumming devils. Every one took off his cap and stepping out of the circle, knelt before them and threw dust on his head. I told my men to give them a hundred cowries (value 4*d.*), and this relieved us from their presence. I found them to be future Hadjis about to start for Mecca, and in this manner obtaining funds for their journey.

They are held in the greatest respect. The King and all his suite accompanied me to the boat, wishing me "God speed." The rocks in the centre and rocks on either side, which mark the scenery of this river, would make it almost dreary, were it not for the beauty of the trees and of the creeping plants which cover them. We dined at noon opposite to the village of Ketaya in the boat under the shade of a tree. The King sent me over a message of welcome, and on my sending him back a small present, I received from him a goat. Passing the villages of Ketanya and Ketsafuga and Chankadi we spent the night on a piece of land on the left bank near the village of Danko and at 2 the next day reached the sheltered and once flourishing town of Leaba. The King had gone to Bidda, so I gave my message and present to an Ancient and left. The country here is flat and as the water in the river is low our view is confined to its banks, composed of masses of black rock and trees. Night brought us to Chequn. I sent a message to the King that I would see him to-morrow, so he came down to welcome me. Some of the people would not come near us, declaring that we were dead people who had come to life again. The King gave us a canoe to pilot us to Wuru, which we reached about noon, and I saw at once that in the present state of the river it would not be wise (I will not say that it would be impossible) to go farther. So here I have pitched my tent, and have sent down for fresh supplies and my saddle to open further explorations by land. The people are kind and civil beyond

description. Presents of rice, fish, ground nuts, shea butter, fire-weed, palm wine, pour in upon us at all hours of the day. The old King, who comes often to see me, promises to take care of my people and things while I am absent at Boussa. The head war man of Faku, a town on the way to Boussa, is here. He came to see me, bringing me ground nuts and palm wine, and said he would accompany me. I told him I was not going for some days. "Never mind : he would wait a month for his friend," as he is very proud of calling me. He has sent to the King for horses for us, and he seldom comes to me empty-handed. This morning the Prince of Wawa came to see me. His father is powerful, though tributary to the King of Boussa. I gave him a small handkerchief, upon which he put his head to the ground and, throwing sand upon it, said that I had crowned him. Yesterday I had a levee of Queens who, on receiving necklaces of beads, did the same. One of them brought some rice, some shea butter to cook it with and some wood to cook by. My fever has entirely left me, and in a few days I shall be ready for the saddle. There is little in all this to interest, but I hope there may be more adventure in my next. Pulling up a river where every one is civil gives one nothing to relate.

November 26th.—The old King came to see me just as I was beginning my toilette, so I have had to put that off that I may close this. He is seated on my white sheep-skin, intently watching all my operations.

The chief war man of Fayoum, " my friend "

who was so anxious to wait my time for departure, soon became so captious and exacting in his friendship that I constantly found myself in a state of defence against his reproaches for some slight or want of attention towards him on my part. I quickly put an end to this, telling him he must take me as he found me, and that if I did not please him I begged he would take himself off, upon which he was again my humble servant. To heal the supposed wound I gave him a present, whereupon he immediately started for Faku, and although I was going there myself the next day he would not wait for me ; in fact he had got all he had waited for. This was my first specimen of Wawa people, and as I ultimately found, a very true one. They are suspicious, captious liars and thieves, and ask for all that you possess.

Tuesday, 27th.—Bought and killed a sheep, sending some of it to the head man of each village and to my Faku friend. Men and women from morning till night on their knees before me with their heads touching the ground, bringing little presents of rice, ground nuts, pepper, fish or guinea fowl. I am expected to give a present in return, and when this pleases them they throw dust on their heads. This, however, latterly seldom happened, for the system of presents became such a nuisance that I took care mine should not be very satisfactory, consequently theirs soon ceased to trouble me. After the heat of the day had passed, I went to arrange about a canoe with the King in which I might cross the river in the morning, and carried him a clay pipe

for which he had asked. He at once began to smoke it, and I left him very sick indeed from its effects.

The mumming which Glover describes was one of the many methods adopted by those Mohammedans who were preparing to follow the long pilgrimage to Mecca. It was and is for the people of Nigeria an arduous undertaking to travel right through Africa to the shores of the Red Sea. The majority had very little in the way of goods or money to help them, but would set off, whole families sometimes together, with the serene confidence born of their religion, to the north-east of Bornu, where they would join a caravan starting north. There are no records of the proportion of these pious ones who reached Jeddah, nor of those who ever came back. Some died by the way, others gave up and settled in the country between Chad and the Nile. We know that many were caught and sold as slaves in Africa, and thousands after they had attained their object had to stay for years in Arabia in pledge for their very livelihood—virtual slaves.

When in late years the Emir of Katsina under English safeguard made the pilgrimage by ship to England and Jeddah, he found hundreds of the Nigerian people stranded there unable to return to their country, and like a pious and a patriotic man he redeemed them from their plight and sent them home. But they were the fortunate ones. For the

others many weary years had often to pass before, braving once more the difficulties and dangers of the long road back, they were to see again the towns or villages of their birth and settle down to their life's end in the land they loved.

Truly it was a test of doggedness and endurance in those days, an example of the survival of the fittest. Now, in these enlightened days, we help the Nigerians. We give them passports of identification, we ensure that each has the means to support himself on the road, or is capable of earning his viatic, and we try in Khartoum and elsewhere to keep track of our would-be Hadjis, so that they may come through in safety.

So with the white man's talisman tied in their gowns, till they grow black and tattered with much handling, they start out as cheerfully as they did in old days ; and, if their confidence in Allah the All-powerful is stronger than in the printed word, that is as it should be and causes us no sorrow.

Arrived at Wuru or Awuru, Glover saw that the passage up the rocky channel at that state of the water was difficult. It was about the same time of the year or a little later that I stood at the river's edge and looked down on that seething inferno perhaps a thousand yards in length. The roar of the torrent through the passage could be heard a mile away, and it was a heart-shaking sight of Nature's force. Even at full flood this rapid, like the others

up to Boussa, Bubari, Malali Garafini, and Potashi, all have the element of danger in the shooting of them, but, at that state of the falling river, it was asking for trouble to venture on them. We had for some time been getting statistics of casualties to trading canoes from the upper Niger in their attempts to get down at high water, and they were so numerous that a marine officer was sent up to blow up the larger rocks in the different channels between Boussa and Bajibo. I remember that at Awuru he had fired 4000 charges before the work was half done there, and in the end a very great deal was done to lessen the danger to canoe traffic.

With the farther passage blocked from this point Glover and Barter made their headquarters camp at Awuru and prepared to ride the rest of the way to Boussa. They had had a pleasant week's journey from Jebba, their health had temporarily improved and their reception by the people had been good everywhere, for they travelled under the ægis of the Fulani Emir of Bida whose word was law in all that region. But those good conditions were not to last much longer. They had come now to the rough boundary of the Nupe country. To their left front as they faced up river lay the vast bushland of the Borgu pagan tribes, and to their right the sparsely populated country of Kontagora, which another great Fulani chief, nicknamed Nagwamache the Destroyer, had ravaged in his

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fierce search for booty and his Mohammedan Jihad. In those territories of Borgu, peopled by a wild congeries of drunken heathens owning allegiance to the pagan chief of Boussa, they were to have less hospitable treatment. Meanwhile their larder was being well furnished, and their prospects brighter than for some days past.

CHAPTER X

FRESH GROUND

IT is not given to many of us in these days to walk forward into country never before seen, or at least visited, by white men. There is not much of it left in Africa to-day, although here and there one could find spaces of untrodden ground in the Congo lands, no doubt, which know only the bare foot of the local tribes.

It is a fascinating business, this experience of the unknown, but you must have the love of it born in you, and the ever constant wish to see what "lies beyond." And the essence of all exploring is the doing of it alone. With companions hardships are shared and lightened, interests also, and the end of the journey, the achievement of the aim is, in a sense, not one's own unaided work. But alone the traveller bears the whole brunt of it; alone he must depend so utterly on himself, go forward or give up as his endurance lets him, conquer in the end if he can do it, so that, if he finds the goal, his contentment is peculiarly his own. Mungo Park's first finding of the Niger, Speke's

struggle to Victoria Nyanza, Henry Stanley's meeting with Livingstone, and his later coming to Boma with all his white companions dead, were accomplished solitarily, and by so much more gloriously, to my idea.

And even when it is not a question of huge adventure such as those fine travellers encountered, when it is but the breaking of a little fresh ground, the pushing forward into unmapped country in ignorance of what lies there, that too has in its degree the sporting element of hazard which none but those who have experienced it can really understand.

Once, at sunset, I sat in a small pagan hill-side village in the more strenuous days of Nigeria, when we few political officers spent our time in poking into unbroken tracts of country because we wanted to find out. I had had a busy time for some weeks in a little district. There had been troubles, but they were over for the moment, or as much over as I could reasonably expect. The difficulty was that the half-dozen small tribes living on the hill-tops were always at logger-heads with each other—for, being cannibals, they drew upon their neighbours for their larder. The men and women of one tribe wandering too far from the protection of their village on farm work or hunting were liable to be killed and eaten by another crew, and then war started naturally.

My scheme for getting them to live in amity with each other was to go from tribe to tribe taking with me a dozen of one lot to visit the other. They were proclaimed to be under my protection—whoever injured them injured me I let it be known. I can afford nowadays to chuckle at the comic scheme, for considering that I had six rifles of the West African Force with me only, and that if any tribe wished to they could have swamped me and my protégés in five minutes, the idea had its drawbacks. However, it worked very well as a whole. But we had one contretemps, for a young man out of one of my visiting parties—like a complete idiot—dropped behind as we were leaving a village to drink at a stream at the foot of the hill, and two lusty youths of his erstwhile hosts saw their opportunity and speared him just as he had finished. There was a whole heap of trouble after that.

However, on this evening I sat and watched the sunset, feeling tolerably satisfied with things in general.

The view was magnificent. Away in front of me stretched a rolling expanse of bush country for sixty miles or more, to where the blue mountains of Muri lay faint upon the skyline—with a few isolated hills dotted here and there about it. On my right hand the wonderful Tangale Peak rose like a spire into the evening sky. Only a few

months later that peak was to be the scene of a most painful tragedy. A brother officer—an ardent mountaineer—tried to climb it. Native tradition said that it never had been climbed, although there was a small faint track upon the rock made, it was believed, by the baboons who were its only denizens. What happened we shall never know. All that was found of him was the skull, a bone or two, to one of which a leather gaiter still adhered, and some tattered clothing, for the leopards or hyenas had got at him when he died. The local tribe were certain that he had climbed to the point of difficulty—the smooth steep rock slope up which the worn track showed—and there the baboons had attacked him or pushed stones down on him and he fell sheer into a bush-choked gully below.

But on the night when I sat watching it the peak was stainless yet of human blood, and very beautiful in the sunset glow. The light faded and presently through the dusk dark forms approached my chair—with information. A man from the hill-top had seen nine elephants moving through the hills into the open country. They might stop or they might travel through the night—no one could tell. Would I go after them before dawn to-morrow? I would and did, though I had no business to, for somewhere out in that great expanse ran the imaginary boundary of two provinces—my own and another where my work did not lie.

I asked who lived out there, had any white man passed into it? They told me no, but there were one or two villages in the small hills, people of Bamuko near the Benue river. Two hunters would go with me and my interpreter and steer clear of the villages, for quite certainly they were unfriendly.

Long before dawn we were away off the hill. We picked up the spoor of the great beasts and followed it, I mounted and my three on foot. Mile after mile we went through as rough a country as I have ever known, the real bush probably never trodden by human foot since the world began—for it belonged to the unoccupied spaces of the earth. Perhaps a hunter or two had crossed it in his wanderings during the century or so that had seen the first coming of inhabitants.

We never saw the elephants, though we passed still-smoking dung—and that was not surprising, for elephants once on the move make nothing of forty miles at a stretch before they stop. I suppose I went over twenty miles into that wide country, and all the time I never saw a sign of human presence. I took some bearings with my prismatic compass on the far mountains hardly nearer than they were when I started; and on the hill-land I had come from I got back bearings, and somewhere about midday we rested in a stream bed of sand and rocks with a few pools of cold clear water in it.

I munched some chocolate and biscuits and was reflecting that not much had come of the trip, in the way either of sport or information, when quite suddenly we found ourselves involved in the sort of little matter that I had been trying to urge my own people to give up. Something struck the flat slab of rock on which I sat and clattered down a yard or two beyond. I reached for it—an arrow!

I have been shot at quite often enough. I know the clipped whine of a bullet, it is unpleasant to hear, though you don't see it. But an arrow is a concrete visible thing, equally unpleasant, especially when you know it is bound to be poisoned with strophanthus. It is not the beautifully befeathered toy we used to play with when we were young, nor is it headed like those used at toxophilite meetings. It is a nasty looking object, often set with many barbs, and if the poison gum is fresh upon it—which you can tell at a glance—it is about as beastly a thing to be hit by as there is. I had barely time to look at mine, when another came sailing out from a tree-capped ridge some forty yards away and plopped into the sand. There was no use in "mucking about" as the coster would have said, so I fired a round at the ridge and then another. I saw some forms spring up and stand and gaze in our direction; but a third shot settled it, for they slipped away down the other side and we saw

no more of them. They were evidently a hunting party who had wandered out from the Muri side, and thought they had a soft thing on when they found four peaceful individuals by the stream. If they had killed no game we should have been all right as a substitute. They must have been surprised to see us, and even more so when they heard my rifle.

Anyway they did not want to hear it again, for presently when we scouted up the ridge they had disappeared altogether, and we saw no further signs of them. So we turned back. Nothing would persuade my two hunters to go near the hill they pointed out and on which they said there was a village, about eight or ten miles farther on, and for two of us alone to go there, even for information, was rather asking for trouble, so I got home to my own hills well after dark and after a good forty-mile trek.

True I had accomplished nothing. Had I been free to do it, and had my food and kit with me, I should have pushed on, for the real love of seeing what would happen. But I was a political officer with other fish to fry. I had my own work to do, my own people to keep in order, more than sufficient to employ me without poking my nose into that no-man's-land for the moment. Moreover, orders were orders and for the time being that was enough.

Yet I remember, as I sat upon my hill again, thinking with a curious pleasure of my excursion. In its minute way it had held many of the elements of the wild. Isolation and self-dependence—I was a hundred and fifty miles from any other white in all directions ; a profound ignorance of what lay before me—no one had ever crossed that strip of bush land, not even the tribes themselves, and the country might have held anything for all I knew ; and last but not least, the feeling that no one had ever walked just as I was doing over that ground before. All these feelings are components of what I know must have been the ecstasy of exploration in the hearts of the great pioneers. And they were so strong those feelings, allied no doubt with the wish to civilize and open up the lands they traversed, that they outweighed everything. The man might be sick or wounded, worn out by a thousand hardships, lonely or abandoned by his people. Often he might be in doubt, wondering if he should take the right hand or the left, go on or back, do this or that ; sometimes delirious or too prostrated by fever or another ill he could not for the time give thought at all to the future, but must lie there like a log until the sickness passed. But, once on his feet again, the undying wish to know what lay beyond the forest or the far ranges, the joy of overcoming the Hill Difficulty, and the sense that he was the first to see the new country, would rise as

strong as ever in his heart, and take him forward to the end. Mere will-force alone in those men would not have been enough to bring success without the spirit of discovery which burned in them like some unquenchable flame, strengthening their endeavour.

In this Niger Expedition, when the voyage of the *Dayspring* came to its untimely end, I imagine that John Glover revelled in the chance of going forward by himself—or at least with a subordinate member of the party. Although, nowhere in his letters, does he for a moment cavil at the conduct of the expedition, I judge that the long delays got often on his nerves. He had sized up his companions, and some of them had disgusted him no doubt. He would hate the obstructiveness of Grant, the unpleasant actions of Berwick, and the surliness of May. He must have longed to shake some of them from his shoulders and get on with it, undeterred by the mishap at Ketsa island.

For he also had the spirit of discovery in him, and every day not spent in going forward was a wasted day. There was so much to do, so little time to do it in, and for him till now a mere fraction of the work had been accomplished.

CHAPTER XI

HELD UP

T*WENTY - EIGHTH.* — Started early and walked to the end of the island, where we found the canoe in readiness ; crossed the stormy water in the most rickety of all conveyances, Mr. Barter taking off his boots, preparing for the worst, and my old interpreter, who cannot swim, in perfect horror. We crossed safely and ascended the wooded hill on the left bank (see sketch), and from its summit had a most splendid view of the winding river with all its rocks and rushing waters surrounded by peaceful wooded scenery : behind us the mountain country of Nussi, and before us the open undulating plains of Wawa. My sketch finished and the theodolite packed up, I whistled in Mr. B., who was filling his box with herbs and flowers in the valley below, and we returned to our tent by noon, quite ready for a cold bath in the river and breakfast, which we scarcely had time to finish when in walked four stately gentlemen with carved wands and tobies striped in patterns of red and white or flowered chintz such as we make hangings for bedrooms of in England. They were accompanied by a dozen followers armed with spears and bows and arrows. They introduced

themselves as envoys from the King of Wawa, bringing an answer to the message I had sent to the head man of Faku, who, it seems, had sent my message and present to his Majesty. One of them was presented as bearing the title of "Etsa," or "Friend of the King"; he was the chief person of the party. The second was, as he explained to me himself, "the King's ear"; the third "receiver of high strangers," and the fourth was a friend of the head man of Faku. . . . Their message was one of welcome, and they were to bring me to his Majesty without let or hindrance. They brought me a sheep from the King, ground nuts from the head man of Faku, and eggs from the governor of Potishee. Having drunk some rum and expressed their admiration of all that I showed them, especially when I fired off a revolver, they took their departure after a lengthened visit of about three hours. I gave them mutton, rice, pepper and salt for their evening meal, and promised to visit them at [space left in MS.] where they were staying. They will return to Faku and wait there till I am ready to start for Wawa. I gave the eldest some camphor and spirit of wine for his eyes, and afterwards sent them half a sheep. They asked the interpreter if I were not an old man. "No; why do you ask?" "Because of the length of his beard." They have scarcely any beyond a few straggling hairs.

29th.—Very early came a message from the envoys, expressing a hope that I had slept well. Then came themselves to say "Good bye" before starting for Faku. I gave to each of them a yard of

red baize, and with renewed expressions of friendship and service they departed for Faku after another long visit. One of them presented me with a fan and coolly asked for a snuffbox in return. It was nearly noon before we were able to get any breakfast. I then read Morning Service to a congregation of 2, my boat's crew being heathens.

Monday, 30th.—Out early, surveying until noon, returned to breakfast. Went for more M. Altitudes, but was too late, my watch having stopped. Bad headache and fever. In the cool of the evening went to see my friend the King.

December 1st.—Out early, surveying till noon, came back quite done up with cold and fever; lay down. About 4 p.m. came the canoe, bringing palm wine, milk, honey and limes. Letters from Dr. Baikie and Mr. Crowther, urging me to be back by the 18th, but I do not see how this can be, unless I throw up everything else.

2nd.—Started the men who had brought the present from Faku with a present and message to say that I was quite ready to start as soon as horses arrived. Discovered that the man Brown whom I had sent down in a canoe had made away with 8,900 cowries, besides stating that the 500 which had been given him for his maintenance on the journey had been lost overboard, so that he had borrowed 500 more from the [space in MS.] which I had to repay.

Thursday, 3rd.—Two messengers came, bringing horses for myself, Mr. B. and the interpreter. I was ill with fever, as was also Mr. B.

Friday, 4th.—Quite well, but Mr. B. too ill to proceed.

Saturday, 5th.—Mr. B. still very unwell, but we started, as he thought that the ride would do him good, and this proved to be correct, for the change of air and exercise quite set him up. We did not get off before 10 a.m., a palaver having arisen between the people who have come for us and the head men of the village of Wuru. The former had seized a boy for a debt owed to them by some one belonging to the village of Wuru. The boy was at last given up without my interference, and we started. Three-quarters of an hour's riding brought us to the little village of Laka, situated about 400 yards from the river, and another half hour to the [space in MS.] or [space in MS.] river, a few hundred yards above its junction with the [Niger]. At this spot it is about 400 yards across and deep, altho' choked with rocks above the ferry and the small island at its junction with the [space in MS.]. We crossed in a canoe, our horses swimming. Here I suffered a sad accident, for "the King's Ear" let my holsters fall into the river. They were recovered, but as they were fitted with a bandolier all my pistol ammunition was spoilt. A ride of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour brought us to the village of Charzafor where, as we were seated under a wide-spreading tree, palm wine was brought and I was requested to fire off my gun as a signal of our approach to Faku, distant only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. Having plumed our feathers and arranged the train of bearers to the satisfaction of our conductors, we entered Faku,

a straggling town of detached clumps of houses, the whole containing about 4,000 inhabitants. Riding up to the King's house, he came out, bade us welcome, and directed that we should be shown to the quarters prepared for us.

Writing now, almost seventy years after it happened, and with the scene of it clear in my mind, I find this journey of the two white men a very stout-hearted piece of work. For now the fever, as Glover calls it, attacked them with redoubled force. Under almost every date he alludes to it, casually as one would expect of him perhaps, but, to those who know what real malaria is, its mention is significant. By this time these men's blood was impregnated with the parasite, and even if they had plenty of quinine—which is doubtful after the loss of stores in the wreck—it would do little to clear their system. The microbe feeding on the impoverished blood would be dormant for a while, but everything was at hand to wake it to its evil work again. The sun heat beating on their turbaned heads and unprotected spines, the chill wind of *harmattan*, even over-exertion would start the devil burning up their tissues in a moment.

It is not hard for man to fight, to tackle concrete danger in self-defence or for the object he must attain. That is his job in life in one form or another. But it takes a very fine endurance to keep one's end up and struggle forward in the grip of

the malarial fiend which never lets go his strangle hold. That is what these two were doing and working at their jobs the while. Easy enough to give up, throw in their hand and turn their backs on that cursed land. Some down below had done so and gone back to meet relief. Even Barter was to give it up presently—though he did his best. But there was something in John Glover : a divine unquenchable spark that would not be extinguished ; an indomitable something which was to take him on through fourteen after-years of strenuous work in Africa, years in which he must have suffered keenly from the effects of this Niger Expedition. One sees the man in that hour imbued with the spirit which made him what he was in the end—an abiding memory in the minds of native Africa.

Delayed by one thing and another it was a week before they went to Faku, riding along the right bank of the Niger and crossing the Oli river, which is filled from bank to bank with sharp-toothed rocks. I crossed that river once on foot in the dry weather, skirting the rock pools, and clambering up and down the razor ridges and worn boulders, and it took me thirty minutes to get over !

In truly native fashion the four envoys of the Chief of Wawa had made a great show of dignity and importance on their first introduction to the white men. Do I not know well their type, the calm complacent air with which they inform you



MEN OF WAR.

that now everything is right, leave it to them, upon their heads be it and so forth. Unwise, as Glover was to find soon enough, to leave a thing trustingly in their hands—the result would be nothing done. These hangers-on of any Chief are adepts at the raising of high hopes and superlative in their non-accomplishment.

In this case they had been sent by the Wawa Chief to spy out the land and see what the strangers were like and find out what had brought them. They said that they had come to bring the visitors “without let or hindrance” to the Chief, but they knew better than to do so without first reporting what they had learnt and wasting time till their instructions came. It was just that concealed method of action lying behind all their pleasant statements which gave us such a lot of trouble in the beginning of our later administration of these people. They don't play that game quite so much now, for we understand them better, but it took us twenty years to do it.

Thus it was not until the fifth day that horses were provided by the gentlemen with the high-sounding titles who had “according to plan” held up the white men for the requisite time.

Sunday, 6th.—Visited the King and delivered him a message and present. Half of the present was kept back at the King's request, that his master the King of Wawa might not know the amount of

it, lest he should despoil him of part of it. At night, when all the town was quiet, he came to see me and to carry away the remainder of his present. He asked for rum, but not having any, I burned his throat with some spirit of lavender which happened to be in my medicine chest and answered the purpose equally well. I read Divine Service and then had visitors all day.

Monday, 7th.—I went to visit the “King’s Friend” at Potishee Island and the head man of the island. This is the extreme northern possession of Wawa. The entire island is fringed by a broad range of palm trees, which are also dotted singly over the Island. It is in a high state of cultivation. The numerous palms, the only ones (except a few single ones scattered here and there) in this part of the country, supply Wawa daily with palm wine, which must render them a source of great profit to their owners. Etsa, “the Friend of the King,” is a real friend to the white man, and I would recommend him to the especial notice of all future traders who may visit this spot. He is much given to palm wine, but this is his only fault. He had had cooked for us, a little cake made of the bean flour boiled in Shaa butter, and when eaten hot with salt and red pepper is very light and nice. Having washed these down with palm wine sweetened with honey, we proceeded to visit the head man (or King, as they are called) of the island. During the whole time of these two visits a perpetual drumming was kept up; that is as soon as one drummer got tired the other began, and we were eventually drummed

back to Faku. I now discovered that our proceedings were most jealously watched. Mr. B. was prevented from collecting extensive specimens, but I battled it out with the King ; and on condition that he did not strip the bark from the [space in MS.] and other large trees, which are sacred, he was allowed to continue his pursuits, altho' most strictly watched. I was continually receiving complaints of his infringing the contract, which I need hardly say were entirely without foundation. The cause of all this annoyance was their belief in charms; their fear of our proficiency in the dark science made them keep up this espionage over all our movements. Nothing could shake their conviction that if I put all their country down upon paper, and Mr. B. took pieces of all their trees and herbs home, that we should make charms of these things to use against them, and then return and take their country from them. I attribute much of this to an old one-eyed Mallam (a scribe) who always looked at us with suspicion and could never be induced to any intercourse with us. There appeared some intention of preventing our visit to Wawa, or at least of prolonging our stay at Faku. This I had not the least intention of submitting to, as every day diminished my slender stock of cowries and cloth, and I wished to make the visit and get back in time to meet a messenger I had sent to the camp for a fresh supply, so as to enable me to visit Boussa. After a palaver which lasted far into the night and ended in my threatening to walk to Wawa the next day, I was told in the morning that Bak (the Receiver of

high Strangers) had ridden off when the moon rose to Wawa to see the King on the subject, and they begged me to await his return. This I very sulkily consented to do. In the meantime Honey, Milk and a Bullock had arrived from the King of Wawa.

Tuesday, 8th.—Continued visits. The King came in the evening to impress on me the necessity of patience.

Wednesday, 9th.—Sulky with the authorities. Went to see the head man of Poteshee, my real intention being to reach the other side of the island and ascertain the breadth of the river. Found myself closely watched, but succeeded in pacing a base and determining the breadth of the river at the ferry, which is 150 yards. While with the King, received intimation that a messenger had arrived from the King of Wawa and that I must return to receive the message. This I did with a very bad grace, for it was the 2nd time that I had failed in reaching the other side of the island. I, however, kept King, Messenger and company (Bak included) waiting till I was arranged in a manner befitting so important an occasion. When I entered the assembly, Bak was still on his horse, and from it (as he afterwards explained to me) "the thunder of the King could not be uttered from the ground," he delivered to the King a reprimand for delaying our coming to him : then to myself a most gracious message of welcome. I had to send out cloth to sell for cowries to pay our expenses, upon which the King sent me [space in MS.] until the return of

the messenger. I of course thanked him and begged he would accept the cloth as a gift.

Thursday, 9th.—Did not start till past 10 a.m., altho' the proposal of the envoys was to do so as soon as the moon rose. The delay was owing to the difficulty of procuring bearers. Three horses were provided. Mine paid no more attention to a pair of sharp hunting spurs than a donkey would have done. Mr. B.'s was quite lame from the hoofs having been cut too close; and the one the interpreter rode fell down dead $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the town. Such was the nature of the treatment I received during my first visit to the town of Faku. I was very ill with fever and could with difficulty sit my horse, so that had we had an Italian sky I could have observed nothing; but as it happened the country was shrouded in a thick fog, so that I reserved all my observations for my return. I was obliged to dismount and sleep for a couple of hours under some large trees during the noontide heat. I was still very ill, but Mr. B. made me an effervescing draught, and by the help of this I got into the saddle again. As the sun went down I was better, and we reached the gates of Wawa an hour before sunset. At the particular request of our conductors I fired off my revolver. We dismounted under some large trees before the gate of the palace. The King came out and bid us welcome, and we then retired to the yard and huts prepared for us. I slept for 2 hours, and woke to find beside me our friend Bak with a large calabash of fresh milk and pap. Not having eaten that day except a little

pap in the morning, I need not say that we made a hearty supper.

It was only natural that Glover should find the surveillance and dilatory behaviour of the Faku people extremely irritating. He had not yet, however, become familiar with the psychology of the native nor of the social system which governed them. Faku "followed"—as they would say, that is, was tributary to—Wawa, and Wawa followed Boussa.

The Sarkin Boussa was paramount Chief of all that river-side and for miles inland. Nothing could be done without his knowledge and sanction. There was a recognized if laborious procedure in a matter of this sort. Faku informed Wawa, and Wawa sent to Boussa for instructions, and meanwhile the local people, naturally suspicious and alarmed, had to control the impatience and wrath of the strangers as best they could. Their position was invidious, for had they obeyed the white men's wishes and sent them forward without their overlord's instructions they would have had to pay heavily for it later.

It takes long residence among tribes of this sort to understand their point of view, and it was not to be expected that a close knowledge of them could be gained after a few months on the river. When, as in the case of the Borgawa, the people were not of a high order of intelligence, drunkards

by tribal custom and of a low class of morality, one is not surprised that they kept a stubborn, constant watch upon their guests' actions. These would be worthy of the gravest suspicion to native minds. Glover's survey work on the river, his theodolite and plottings on the board, and Barter's wanderings in search of tree and plant life, must have caused a continual speculation in the ignorant minds, and of course the old Mallam, probably a ne'er-do-weel of his class, made great capital out of the foreign spells which were being worked by these dangerous new-comers. In fancy I can see him nodding mysteriously among a group of awe-struck village elders hinting of witchcraft and the evil eye, and impressing his superstitious hearers with the danger of the white men's activities. He would write charms too, scrawled verses of the Koran on grubby bits of coarse paper, which he would sell at great profit, for the averting of calamity.

They have a great prestige among the pagans, these wandering men of so-called learning, and great potentiality for causing trouble on occasion, for the Borgawa are simple folk with thoughts confined to their primitive needs and passions. I like too the bit of by-play of the "thunder of the King" pronounced from horseback by Bak, that excellent actor. With his tongue in his cheek he thundered nobly, I have no doubt, and the headman of Faku

received it with the true mimic display of accepting reproof—both knowing that it had all been so arranged. For, as a fact, the time was up and they knew that they could no longer deal with Glover's impatience. Clever as monkeys, they had sized him up and knew it was dangerous to shilly-shally any more with him ; so, although they knew that orders had not yet come from the fountain head at Boussa, they had to pass him on to Wawa and gain time that way.

Marvellous prevaricators and most excellent of mountebanks !

The delay had been aggravating and their transport when they got it was indifferent, but the two men were almost too ill to bother about anything. They fought off the rising tide of fever as best they could, and plodded their weary way along the road to Wawa town, sunk in that semi-coma of malaria when nothing much matters and one wonders vaguely what it is all about, while the road-side objects slide past like phantoms in a dream.

Then the red walls of Wawa rose from the bush before their dull eyes, and into the huts made ready for them they crawled and lay exhausted, finding in feverish sleep some small relief from the torture of their ride.

CHAPTER XII

THE VISIT TO WAWA

THE town of Wawa is picturesquely situated on rising ground not far from the Oli river. It lies upon the fringe of the great Borgu bush, and for fifty miles north and south and near a hundred towards the west one may wander and see nothing but a hunter's hamlet set by a small bush stream. This must have been a great hunting country at one time, full of elephant, buffalo and the larger game, but the Borgawa have wandered to and fro across its trackless wilderness armed with the Dane guns of the south and killed off much of it. So few are the villages that one treks hour after hour and from rising ground can see nothing but the rolling virgin bush with never a sign of human life on the right hand or the left. Once on a trek from Kaiama, a district town far west of the Niger, I travelled on a hunter's path to Leaba on the river and, save for one lonely hut where lived a solitary hunter and his wife, I met nothing human till late on the second night the roofs of Leaba town showed clear under a full

moon upon the bank, and I walked in to the sound of baying dogs.

The visit to Wawa had no practical result or interest to Glover. He was far too ill to do anything and, even if he had not been, the Chief of Wawa had no intention of letting him see or survey the town. He had learned, of course, that the white men were getting restive at Faku and decided to keep them under his own eye until he should get word from Boussa. Sick as he was, Glover recognized the position during his stay there, but, as he records himself, he was unable to make use of even the limited opportunities of observing local customs. For a pagan town it is rather pretty, well wooded with old silk-cotton, tamarind and locust-bean trees, with mud-built houses surrounded by grass-mat compound fences. It is now the headquarters of a district Chief of the Boussa administrative division.

Friday, 10th.—Fresh milk and pap and continual visits. Still very ill from fever. In the evening I went to see the King and delivered a message and presents. I found him seated outside the palace gate, watching some men and women dressed up in strips of coloured cotton, who were dancing; the performance being, as we were informed, in honour of our arrival. I find both King and people profuse in compliments, but we are little better than prisoners, not being allowed to

move outside the yard of our huts unless accompanied by one or two of the head men of the town, who show us all honour and take care that we shall see the least possible of their people and town. It matters little, for I am so ill with fever that I can accomplish nothing beyond a slow crawl to the King's palace and back again, which quite knocks me up for the day.

Saturday, 11th.—No sleep during the night. Very ill with fever. We have to see the King and be formally introduced to the head man, after which, as I was informed, we should be allowed to walk about the town, but the King went to his farm. In the evening I received a message from the King, with some rice and fresh eggs, that as I was so ill I had better defer my visit till the morning and that he would come and see me in the evening. Feeling rather better, I had intended stealing out in spite of the strict watch kept over us, but this message kept me a prisoner on my mat until past 10 at night when, receiving no message from the King, I went into my hut to sleep, after a day of continual visits from Princesses and the King of Fellani, who afterwards sent me some milk. The Fellani in Borgu are the low [space in MS.] but are kept in great subjection, being only allowed to carry a stick and a bow but only three arrows in their quiver, and no sword.


Sunday, 12th.—Quite well, and I visited the King and remonstrated at being kept waiting so long without any message being sent to me. The King promised to visit me in the evening, an honour I would rather have declined, but there was no

help for it. I fired off a revolver to his great delight, and he presented me with fresh eggs and rice, and so our visit ended. This visit to Wawa would have had quite a different colouring, but I had been so ill with fever as to be quite prostrated. I had no strength or power to exert myself, and altho' on Sunday the fever had left me, I could only look forward to getting back to Faku as quickly as possible, and resting there until I should be able to start for Boussa, where I felt assured all this inhospitable state of things would be set right, and the result of my visit to that place proved this assurance correct. Read Morning Service. Then came envoys from the King of Boussa, but too late, for at 3 p.m., when I was just setting out to steal a plan of the town, two messengers came to say that the King was coming to see me. I gave them to understand that if the King should not come I expected that they should inform me. This they promised to do, but I was again kept waiting far into the night. In fact, the sole object of the proposed visit was to prevent us from seeing the town. Mr. B. had succeeded in getting outside the town early in the morning and following up his botanical pursuits, but this again involved me in difficulty and explanation. A present of milk from the Fellani King. This delicacy has compensated for a great deal of annoyance. I supped on it and lay down on my mat for the night. A large caravan of traders are here on their way from Kano to Nikki; 150 slaves, 32 horses, 26 donkies, traders' servants and slaves for sale 301,

bringing spices, bitter kolas, minerals, knives, silk things and sword suspenders.

Monday, 14th.—I packed up early for a start and moved everything out of the yard under a large tree in the street; breakfasted and waited for Bak, who presently appeared, accompanied by “the King’s Ear” and one or two others. They were much annoyed at our readiness to set out, as they did not intend that we should leave to-day. It seems that last night the King and all his court got drunk and did not break up until 4 this morning, consequently their heads were rather heavy for travelling. After spending about 2 hours in useless endeavour to persuade me that we could not go, they gave it up and left us to procure bearers. They had brought presents of rice and milk from the King, and rice and beer from the Queen. By the Queen is not to be understood *the* wife or *a* wife of the King, but the chief among the women in the town, and she is generally chosen from the family of the late King. Mr. B. and I had set out to get, if possible, a plan of the town, and had partly succeeded when we were arrested and brought back, and told that we must remain under the tree, a head man remaining with us. Only one horse was promised, and it being now past noon, Mr. B. and five bearers started on foot, I remaining until 2 other bearers could be procured to carry the 2 remaining loads. Another hour passed and they appeared. I was in no humour to go and say good b’ye to the King, and started at once, the head man who had been my guard seeing me safely out

of the town. I must now mention that our landlord was the public executioner, whose services had been put in requisition a few days before our arrival. A debt was owing from some one in the village of Ishageen to some one in Wawa, who accordingly seizes the first person he meets belonging to Ishageen, holding the seizure as his slave ; this happened to be a woman. Her husband comes to Wawa and in the night carries off his wife, but is caught, and for this very natural proceeding his head is cut off. These poor people had nothing to do with the debt nor any connection with the debtor ; such is (I will not call it law but) the custom of this benighted land. The people of Borqu as I found them are nothing more than heathens, worshipping trees and rocks, and yet the name of God is ever in their mouths. They hope that God will bring you safely on your journey, that He will make you well, etc. I can only conclude that they learn this from the Mahomedans scattered among them. They laugh at the idea of a future state, and to sum up their character in a few words, I found them captious, liars, drunkards and thieves. About 2 miles from the town the road passes between 2 extraordinary hillocks of rocks, about 1,000 yards apart. I waited here for our Faku landlord (who accompanied us and was still in the rear) to come up that he might hold my horse while I should climb some of them in order to obtain a view of the surrounding country. To this he would not agree, nothing would induce him, because, as he said, "it was

sacred." Being very anxious to get bearings of some mountains to the southward, which it was quite impossible to see from the road, for the grass higher than my head even when mounted, entirely hid the country through which we were passing, I offered him 200 cowries ; upon which he settled the question by saying " not for 2,000," walked on and left me. The highest and most northern is called Baroghia and is about 150 feet. That to the south-east, Ishaden, may be 100 feet in height and is shaped thus :  . An hour's ride

brought us to the village of Kohore : and another hour to the three straggling villages of Rubaru; half an hour later we stopped under some large trees in the village of Sakulun. Just before entering this village I had observed a line of trees from the greenness of which it struck me that water must be near them. Turning off to the right, a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile brought me to the pretty river Soly, embosomed in fine trees and rushing over its rocky bed, now reduced to 100 feet in breadth, tho' in the rainy season this would be 250. Passing the village of Kapi, which we left on our right, the sun set and we were soon in darkness. The road lay as it had done the whole way, through high grass and over an almost level country, whose gentle, undulating slopes (not deserving the name of hills) were entirely covered with trees. Except for the patches of cultivated ground which surround the few scattered villages, the whole formed one vast uncleared jungle, and this character of country describes the whole

of that part of Borgu which I visited. We were yet 2 good hours from Faku, so setting spurs to my horse, I left guide and interpreter behind. Trusting to the horse to choose the right path from the many that kept presenting themselves, and to pick his own way along the wretched road, I took Orion's studded belt for my guide, and so between us horse and man reached Faku safely by 8 o'clock. Mr. B. and his party had arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before and were quietly waiting.

Tuesday, 15th.—I got a Mer. Alt., a pleasant frying, for having no watch, I had to be prepared in time. Slight fever, and Mr. B. laid up with a boil under his arm.

All his life Glover must have looked back on his experience at Wawa as one of the most irksome and unpleasant. The drunken old chief of the town stuck to his determination, even through his fuddled hours, not to let him be lost sight of until the messengers from Boussa should come, and it is probable that if Glover had resisted he might have been severely handled. The pagan, sober, is thick-witted, slow but possible of handling, unless he is out for war; the pagan, drunk, is a fire-brand smouldering and ready to burst out in flame of madness at the slightest thing. Those who know them leave the savages to sleep off their trouble before tackling them on any subject, and with good reason. Most of the catastrophes in Nigeria where the white man has been done to death have been the

result of interference with intoxicated savagery at the moment when it sees red.

On the whole it was fortunate that Glover was too prostrate with malaria to remonstrate forcibly at his treatment, otherwise there might have been a more serious end to his visit. He took away with him a poor opinion of the Borgawa of Wawa ; and Hugh Clapperton, on his journey from Kaiama to Wawa, held much the same view. He found them drunkards and thieves to a man, and their women void of chastity ; but described them as a cheerful race. I think the estimate is a fair one, and I know that their addiction to palm-wine is a real bar to their moral improvement.

The influence of Mohammedanism on the Borgawa is almost nil even to-day. The headmen in some cases have learnt parrot-like a few words of prayer, and go loosely through the prostrations and manual signs, but their heart is not in the matter, though their mouths make use of " Allah's " name in everything. The truth is they are attracted greatly by the whole outward ensemble of the Moslem, his flowing robe, his turban, and the dignity and apparent wisdom which that religion brings, without caring a straw about the religion itself. I remember being struck by the difference between that sort and the more honest old pagans who stuck to their guns, when I was at Boussa. On the one side was the then bemused old reprobate

of a Chief paramount who could not repeat the *fatiha* without reference to his mallam, who was drunk at least three days a week, stole funds—he called it borrowing—from his local treasury, and told more lies in an hour than anyone I ever met. He was the so-called Moslem convert—in name. Around him were the chief ward-heads of the town—white-headed old men most of them. They worshipped their particular trees and rocks, the homes of departed ancestors, they said what they meant without much prevarication and most certainly meant what they said, and smiled scornfully at all reference to “Allah.” They too got drunk when occasion required it, but I liked them best.

Glover does not mention in his journal any information about Mungo Park’s death being obtained at Wawa. Perhaps he did not ask, perhaps at so late a date they would not remember, but it was in that town thirty years before that they told Clapperton about the affair. The stories varied, but all agreed on one point—that the explorers were not attacked until they fired their guns first.

The Chief of Boussa’s envoys got to Wawa after the white men had been three days there—and by that time Glover, temporarily recovered from his sickness, determined to get back to Faku, and after a few hours’ delay set out without any further interview with the Chief. He had had enough of him by that time, and it was plain that there was

nothing definite to be got out of that aching-headed pagan, so without affectionate farewell he shook the dust of Wawa from his feet and got back to the river. He was anxious to push on to Boussa now, for he knew that Baikie was awaiting his return to Jebba. Had things been made easier for him, he could have ridden direct to Boussa and shortened his march by a good deal.

Wednesday, 16th.—Funds exhausted, so I sent out the interpreter to sell paper and get something for breakfast. Having got 400 cowries for paper and leaving a knife with Mr. B. to sell in case the remaining paper did not go off (he, of course, sold the knife first) I started for Wuru on foot. One of our friends who had volunteered to go with me, made some excuse when the time came; this I had expected, they are all such liars. On the road I met our supplies coming from the camp. I took out some cowries, and after 2 hours' sharp walking was glad to find myself in my own tent again at Wuru. A comfortable bath in the river, and a basin of preserved soup, and I was ready to receive my friends, who came in crowds to welcome my return.

Thursday, 17th.—Took a round of [space in MS.]. Found nothing would come in right. Got the boat housed over with grass. All day ill with fever. Better at night.

Friday, 18th.—Started 2 men by land for Faku. I had hired a canoe the previous evening to take me to Faku early this morning, but it was

10 a.m. before I could get the men to move, and another hour before we were fairly under way. Passing one of my North Base Stations, I took out my pocket compass and found the bearing of the South Base Station agreed exactly with that taken by my theodolite, which differed just 2' 30" from that taken at South Base Station. But I observed this time that the card was quite fixed whichever way I turned the compasses, owing to the attraction of the iron rocks by which I was surrounded. Having started in the canoe after innumerable difficulties from rocks and rapids (for we always took the smaller channel of an island) I reached Potoshee at 5 p.m., having added this piece of the river to my work. Got to our hut at Faku by 6 p.m., so footsore from my walking yesterday and to-day that I cannot bear even a slipper.

Saturday, 19th.—Went to visit the King and took him an umbrella to send to the King of Wawa with my request for 3 horses to go to Boussa, giving the messenger 400 cowries for the road and begging that he might start directly. At different times during the day I urged his going but in vain, he never went, and it was intended that he never should. In the evening came our friend Bak, accompanied by the 2 envoys from Boussa, bringing orders from the King of Wawa that a canoe was to be provided.

Sunday, 20th.—A grand Council in the morning, when the King of Faku informed me that I was to go in a canoe to Boussa. I told him that I would not. He said that if the King of Wawa ordered

that I should be carried on their heads, it must be, if that I should walk, I must walk, and if by canoe, in a canoe I must go. I said I must have horses, and that if I did not get them, I would give the present for the King of Boussa into the hands of the envoys and return to the camp. Upon this threat it was decided that horses and bearers should be provided for the next morning early. Mr. B. very ill with fever, and I persuaded him to return to the camp.

Six more days were spent at Faku, but during that time Glover walked back to Awuru to his main camp. Here he took the precaution to have a grass shelter rigged up over part of the canoe, apparently for the first time, and it is an interesting fact that, though the fever did not thereafter leave him, he did not mention again being so prostrated by its effect. There can be no doubt that it was the sun that nearly killed him, exposed as he was all day in the canoe from Jeba. He came back to Faku up the Awuru rapids, and completed his survey of that bit of the river.

Followed further argument and delay over horses to take him to Boussa, a refusal to go by canoe, since his preliminary survey was best done by land and not at water level below the banks, and a final threat to go back altogether, if he could not get the horses. That settled it, and after persuading Barter, who was again very ill, to go back to Awuru and await his return there, Glover set off alone for

his objective, after days of disappointment and annoyance in the Wawa territory. Altogether it had been an exasperating business, and his patience was exhausted. It had been his first experience of what native passive resistance can do, and it taught him the useful lesson that the firm hand should not be withheld too long.

Too long signifies weakness in the natives' eyes. Too quick severity defeats its object, but there is always the right moment for it. The native is always watching to see how and when one will act, how long tolerate his small machinations. As he thinks no better of you for being taken in, so he has no rancour at being found out and pulled up. To him it is the game of life, and he must play it always; but he has the elements of the sportsman about him, and when he knows the game is up he smiles, admitting tacitly thereby that he admires you for being taken in no longer. Both in his eyes have fought honourably, and the best man won.

CHAPTER XIII

TO BOUSSA

MONDAY, 21st.—Mr. B. still very ill, he has to go by canoe to Wuru, and I was much vexed afterwards to find that he had walked, but it was his own doing. It was 10 a.m. before I could get bearers provided, but at last I got off my party, consisting of two women (Bak's wife and her slave), his horse-boy, his bearers, a Mohometan and his son who took advantage of our escort, two Kru-boys and my troublesome old interpreter ; also a man given to me by the King of Faku and a bearer from Wawa, making with myself 16 persons. Coming to Khanga, we alighted under a large tree before the King's house and drank some fresh milk. The King presented himself in a handsome Tobe of striped red and white silk. He was a very old man, who when I offered to shake hands, held up his own and drew back in horror ; but after a little remonstrance on the part of his people, he consented. I made him a present, and he gave me a fowl and some rice in return.

With the exception of the Khanga hills, the country was like that between Faku and Wawa, viz. : a patch of cultivated ground round each

village, and the rest *Bush*, tall grass and trees, in fact, a wild uncleared jungle. Our road lay a few hundred yards from the river the whole day. Leaving the village of Ohnamy on our right, we crossed a small stream ; passing Poogoy, we came to a stream called by that name. Here the opposite bank is very steep, at least 15 feet high, and formed entirely of schist. The path leads sideways until it reaches the top of the bank, where it turns suddenly to the right. I had aimed at this point when my horse, losing his footing, fell back with me. Fortunately I was able to spring from his back, and we lay side by side in the sandy slime of the river, neither man nor horse receiving the slightest injury. Pursuing our way through the same uninteresting country, we left the little village of Poogoy on the right. We stopped about 2 p.m. at the village of Malassa, where we found comfortable quarters in a clean hut, the head man giving me some rice and a fowl.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Started early for a long day's journey, two hours bringing us to the site of the old village of Descha. Dismounted under a large tree, where I was told I must wait until the head man of Descha (which is removed to an island on the opposite side of the river) came over to see me. He brought me some fresh eggs, I giving him a small present in return. This is the last place in Wawa, and after about an hour's delay we again mounted and entered the Kingdom of Boussa. We found no sign of habitation till we came to the little village of Ahrappah on the bank of the river.

Here I was told we were to sleep, as the road before us was bad and that we could not reach Boussa that night and there was no village between this and Boussa.

Wednesday, 23rd.—Started in good time and found the prediction of yesterday as to the state of the road quite correct, it having been trodden down by elephants during the rainy season. At 1 p.m. we reached the site of old Boussa and crossed the Meyneh river, famous for its alligators. Had a few holes of deep water still remaining. Our road had diverged some distance from the course of the river to reach this ford, there being now no canoe at the usual ferry, and as that part is full of alligators, it would have been dangerous for horse and man. The country the same as yesterday and entirely enveloped in fog, which had indeed been the case every day since I left the camp, so as to prevent my seeing even the nearest objects. The Meyneh is perhaps the only stream between Faku and Boussa deserving the name of river, and during the rainy season a fine body of water must rush over its rocky bed : indeed the people of Borgu say themselves that they have but one river, the Oli. About 2 hours' riding brought us to the beginning of the Boussa Farms, where we found several farm huts. Here we rested the bearers and another hour's ride through extensive farms and the walls of new Boussa were in sight, standing on a gentle eminence about 500 yards from the river and embosomed in fine large cotton trees. I dismounted under the shade of a large tree about a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the town, while

a messenger went on to announce my arrival to the King. He soon returned with permission to enter the town. On reaching the open space in front of the Palace we dismounted. His Majesty came out, and when he had seated himself and his courtiers had made all his arrangements complete, we were led towards him. He motioned me to a seat on his left hand ; on his right sat two of his wives who fanned him and brushed away the flies. He received me most graciously, and after eating kola nuts, he told them to conduct me to my quarters. My cavalcade fanning me, we all trooped past him, I (as the custom is on these occasions) making my horse prance and rear, which afterwards produced a compliment from his Majesty and a long conversation on the horses of our own country. I found that I was to be domiciled in the yard of the Galadima, who wished to put me in a very dirty corner of the yard, but this I would not stand, and told him that if I were not welcome, I would go back and sit under the large tree before the palace until the King should appoint me other quarters. Upon this threat all things became smooth, and myself and suite were immediately housed in 4 of his best huts.

Thursday, 24th.—Early in the morning came pap, 3 dishes of fufu for my followers, 6 bowls of fresh milk, a bullock and some yams. Having the bullock immediately killed, I sent (as is the custom) part of it to his Majesty and then distributed the rest among the chief men of the town. I reserved a small piece for my Xmas Dinner the next day. About 10 a.m. I went to visit the King, taking him

the presents I had brought him ; a sword, a pistol, 2 tobacs, a small bournos of plaid, and some cloth. He invited me into his inner hut, where I delivered to him my message and presents, with both of which he was much pleased, and after a short conversation I left him to examine what I had brought him and returned to my quarters, he promising to pay me a visit in the evening. Visits and presents continued the whole day, so that my larder was well stocked. I had slight fever. About 2 p.m. came the King and one of his wives (all of whom I may here mention keep their heads close shaved ; such is the custom of the Court of Boussa). He brought with him palm wine sweetened with honey, and said that we must drink together. He stayed about an hour, and I was very glad when he left to lay my aching head upon my pillow.

The journey along the river road had presented no difficulties and, at Boussa, Glover found a very different sort of treatment to that which he had received among the Wawa people.

The paramount Chief of his time seems to have been a good fellow enough, and as the head of his people was able to ensure an absence of suspicion and hostility. It is to be remembered too that Boussa had some experience of white strangers, for we know that Mungo Park and his party landed at Boussa, and Clapperton and the Landers on separate occasions had been there. More than this the Chief possessed and wore a large silver medal, three inches

in diameter, with the head of one of the Georges on one side and the royal arms on the other. It was set on a ring and worn on the forefinger. The present chief of Boussa wears it to-day and states that it was given to his grandfather, the then King of Boussa, by the white man who was drowned in the Bubari rapids three miles down stream. One hundred and fifteen years separated the two Chiefs when the statement was made, but grandfather is a loose term in pagan mouths and it may well have been great-grandfather.

Thus Boussa was no stranger to white travellers—only twenty-four years before Glover's time the Landers had been there—and the reception given to Glover himself was of the friendliest.

He had accomplished a great feat of dogged endurance. He was the first white man who had ever travelled from the delta to Boussa, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles of waterway. He had done it under the hard conditions of those days, ill-fed, ill-protected, and exhausted by fever, prolonged exertion, and exposure to a central African sun ; and he had laid down a magnificent chart of the Niger to that point.

Even though we read that he laid his aching head upon his pillow on that Christmas Eve so many years ago, I expect he had the consolation of work well done, to help him in his discomfort, and felt that it was worth the hardships.



THE CHIEF OF BOUSSA.
(Wearing medal ring given by Mungo Park).

Christmas Morning.—Early came a large white cock from the King, with bowls of milk, yams and fufu. Before I could get my breakfast came a message that the King wished to see me. I found his yard filled with people, whom he was regaling with palm wine, from the effect of which many were already very drunk. He invited me into his hut, telling me that he was keeping company with his people, and wished his stranger friend to drink some palm wine with him. I got away as soon as possible, the scene not being very congenial to my feelings on Christmas morning. Having read Morning Service, I took a Meridian Altitude, which brought on my fever of yesterday, and I was obliged to lie down the rest of the afternoon. At 5 p.m. came another message from the King, desiring my presence. I found him seated in an open space in front of his palace. The people kept flocking in till there could not have been less than 3,000. After they had all thrown dust on their heads before him, there came in 6 slave girls, bearing on their heads calabashes filled with water. The ground having been plentifully sprinkled, in front of his Majesty, his band struck up. It consisted of 6 large drums, 3 smaller, and a brass horn at least 6 feet long, a fiddle with one string made of horsehair, and two boys with calabashes filled with peas. I was seated on the right hand of the King, and as this band was within 5 yards of him I was all but stunned by the noise. When this had lasted about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, he presented each musician with a handful of cowries and a kola nut. The band having now retired to a

more agreeable distance, dancing began : this was of the rudest kind, kept up by single dancers. In the meantime a plentiful supply of palm wine was served out. The object of the dancers was to please the King and company and to obtain cowries, which were given by them to the band. The King asked me if the Queen of England danced, and on my saying " Yes," he said he would dance before me. In compliment to his Majesty's dancing, I sent him 2 handfuls of cowries, which act of mine was acknowledged by the surrounding crowds with shouts of applause. He had begged that I would bring my revolver, which I did and fired it off, and this closed the proceedings with *éclat*. The King seemed in love with his own dancing, telling me that he was going to dance home, which he accordingly did. At the gate of the palace he bid me good bye, and said that he should visit me in the evening. I then paid a visit to his brother, the Dando, and returned home quite tired and knocked up. The King is a sociable man, always surrounded by his people and accessible to all. He is very abstemious, and indeed quite a gentleman.

Saturday, 26th.—Early came a large Muscovy duck from the King, with fufu, yams, and bowls of fresh milk. Visitors all day. In the evening the King came, bringing palm wine and honey. He told me all that he had was at my service and that I must inform him in time whether I wished for horses or a canoe. Upon my saying that I wished for a canoe, he said that I should have a large one and a good one, and that if I liked I might

keep it altogether. I told him that the expedition would visit him on its way back to Sokoto, and should come here to buy horses. He showed me a fine stud of 12, and said that I might buy any one of them, even the horse that he himself rode.

Sunday, 27th.—In the morning came a present of a sheep, and with bowls of milk, rice and fufu. Read Morning Service. The King sent to say he would not come this evening as he heard that I was not well.

Monday, 28th.—The King came early, before I had packed up. He was mounted on a splendid horse, the head covered with bells. He had brought a sheep, honey and yams for my voyage down the river. I was obliged to tell him that I was not ready, which he said did not in the least signify, and rode home, telling me that I must come to him when quite ready to start. When I went, I begged him to give me a private audience, which he immediately did, telling me that it was his wish that traders and a missionary should come to him. I complained of the treatment I had received at Faku and Wawa. He said I must think nothing of it, as they were all fools, the meaning of the word Wawa being "foolish." I said that I felt that his gracious reception wiped out everything. He told me that he loved me not a little, and that the whole people of Boussa did the same: that he had tried in every way to prove this. On my subsequent visit I found that this was correct, for they refused to let me wait outside the gate, and from the crowds that welcomed my arrival my entry was quite

triumphal. My visit ended, the King mounted his horse, and followed by six horsemen and half the town, accompanied me to the canoe. Our parting was most warm, and I could not help telling him that tho' "Serki was Serki," he had been a father to me during my stay, and that I had found in Boussa a home which I was sorry to leave. He said that he should not leave the wharf till I was out of sight, and he remained till the Point shut me from his view. I was much disappointed that I could not follow the main channel of the river, but the Wari people on the opposite bank are at war with Boussa. I visited old Boussa, and in vain tried to discover the wreck of Mungo Park's canoe. Reached the village of Malali about 3 p.m. Here I was to procure a pilot to take me as far as Descha, but he was at his farm, so I was obliged to stay all night.

I wish that Glover had been able to solve the mystery of the tragedy which befell Mungo Park and his companions.

It was but fifty years then since it had happened, and there would have been among the old men some who remembered it. Scanty as our information is and coming to us, as it does, through the mouths of Isaaco and Amadi Fatouma, thereby not to be relied on in all points, yet we do know something. The five white men came down from Sansanding in the *Joliba* past Timbuctoo to Yauri—fighting *en route*.

It has been said that Martyn, the officer in charge

of the soldier volunteers, was headstrong and prone to using arms at the least provocation. It may have been so, and if true might account for the story which the Wawa people told to Clapperton.

Certainly at Yauri there was trouble. Isaaco said that it was unwise of Park to disclose that he had other goods as presents beyond those which he had given to the Chief, hinting that the latter's covetousness and greed were roused by that.

Then Amadi Fatouma, the guide, was seized and thrown into prison, and lastly from Amadi's mouth we learn that the Chief of Yauri sent men to intercept the travellers who had passed on, at a spot where rocks met across the river.

Whether it was the Yauri men only who lined the rocks, or whether the Borgawa joined them is uncertain ; whether the Yaurawa meant to attack the travellers and did so we shall never know now. At least I believe the Borgawa did not take part in that, though some of them were possibly at the head of the rapids. But I am able to reconstruct with nearer approach to accuracy than ever before the probable happenings of that day in March 1806, with the help of information given to me by a former colleague, Mr. H. S. Edwardes.

Mr. Edwardes was intimately acquainted with the Niger, from Yauri to Jebba, and had passed down all the rapids and examined them in regard to the clearing of the main rock obstructions in all five.

He has also supplied me with the photograph and sketch which illustrate the story.

The *Joliba*, I think, came down from Yauri leisurely on a smooth placid stream following the left bank of the river. They were tired and sick those five weary men in her, perhaps vaguely disturbed by their reception at Yauri.

Listlessly they watched the banks slide past, floating on beneath a grilling sun, for the long hot season would have begun. They were without a local pilot, I imagine, and perhaps it was more by good luck than knowledge that they avoided the rock channels among the small islands at Warra and found their way to the landing-place of Boussa.

Mungo Park's reception there was a friendly one—I have no reason to doubt it—he gave his presents to the Chief, including the medal, and the town's tradition says that they "left in peace" and took their way down to the Bubari rapids, three miles below.

The sketch of the Bubari rapids makes clear I think how the disaster happened. The *Joliba* drew on to the point where the river branched into channels among the islands. The main stream seemed to bear away to the left, but they could hear a ceaseless furious roar of waters there which betokened danger. Straight ahead of them opened a wide smooth channel; it looked excellent and they could hear no sound to tell of broken water



HEAD OF BUBARI RAPIDS.

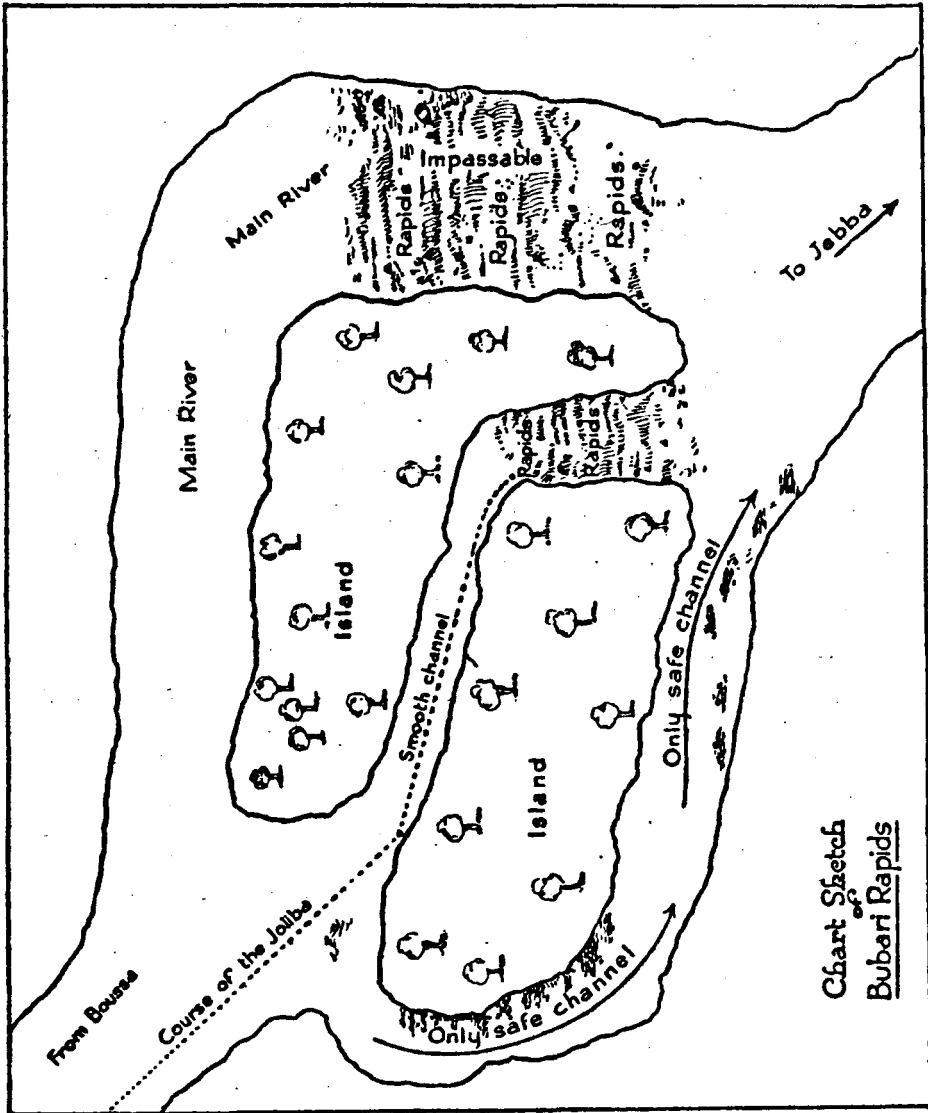
(Showing the only safety channel behind wrecked canoe).

there. At that season they would not. Sharp on their right, almost a right-angled turn, a small opening revealed another water-way. It looked so negligible that they disregarded it, if they noticed it at all. Yet it was the only road to safety!

I picture the *Joliba* swaying to the increased rush of current; I can imagine a quick short colloquy among the men as to the proper path; straight ahead was the word, and the canoe swung on into the middle channel. From the island points which split the river into three, stood natives shouting loudly and waving hands and arms with the violent gesticulation of their race. They did their best to warn the strangers against entering that fair-seeming channel, they grew more excited still when that warning was disregarded, they ran wildly to and fro with redoubled clamour. Perhaps it was then that the *Joliba's* crew, bewildered and alarmed at the loud outcries which might mean attack, snatched up their muskets and fired a warning at the capering pagans on the banks, drawing a few answering arrows. Or perhaps they never did; perhaps they swept on at ever quickening speed till some glimmer of understanding came to them of what the outcry meant, and they tried—too late—to “keep up the canoe against the current” as Isaaco in his report relates. Who knows now?

But this much is certain. The smooth flowing channel made a bend just there, and in a moment

turned into a fury of white lashing water. It was all up with them. No canoe could live in such a hell



THE SCENE OF THE "JOLIBA'S" END.

of black jagged rocks and boiling stream ; it was the end. It matters nothing whether they sprang

at once into the river, or waited till the first smashing of the *Joliba* against the cruel teeth inside that roaring mouth. It needed no murderous attack to drive them overboard ; they were doomed, and every native on the shore was well aware of it. They went, every man of them, and in a few seconds met their death, while the stream foamed on into the quiet reach below, bearing their bodies to the crocodiles—for not one was ever seen again.

So the great journey ended which had begun at far-off Sansanding, ended with dramatic suddenness, and to others it was left to fulfil the task which these five tried to do.

Glover remained four days at Boussa, getting a pleasant experience of pagan hospitality. The Chief promised him every assistance when the expedition to Sokoto should pass by, and showed himself friendly and wishful to please the strangers in every way. In a well-piloted canoe he went down all the rapids and once more got to his tent at Awuru.

Tuesday, 29th.—Started early and reached Descha about 10 a.m. Here I breakfasted and started again and came to Potashee at 1 p.m. Here my friend Bak took some offence and carried himself off. I never saw any more of him. Putting all the luggage that I did not want for the night into the house of "the white man's friend," Kobo, I

got to my old quarters at Faku by 5 p.m. Here a fresh fever began, which did not leave me before I reached the camp.

Wednesday, 30th.—Got a Meridian Altitude, and wishing good bye to the King, I sought out our old friend Kobo, whose canoe was to take me to Wawa. Unfortunately he was in palm wine, and had it not been for the kindness of the King of Boussa's canoe-man I should have been left *plante là!* At last Kobo declared that on account of his love for me, he would himself pilot me down to Wuru. This arrangement was of doubtful satisfaction for me, as I was not quite sure whether his eyes were in a state to see anything. However, we arrived safely at Wuru, and I was glad to find myself in my own tent again. The people all were down to welcome me, and at last getting rid of them, I laid my aching head on its pillow.

He reached the main camp at Jebba on 5th January after an absence of fifty-two days, and found the rest of the party still waiting for news of the relief ship, *Sunbeam*, which should have been out by then from England to support the expedition with a fresh supply of provisions and trade goods. Nothing had been heard of her and they had begun to doubt whether she had ever sailed at all—they were so sick with the hope deferred. There was no news either of the sick men who had been sent down to the confluence to meet her, and altogether ill-health, disappointment and their bankruptcy of

kit and food began to weigh rather heavily on their spirits. Eventually Baikie decided that it would be impossible for them in their destitute condition to undertake the long journey to Sokoto, and Glover, the indefatigable, volunteered to go back to Boussa and tell his friendly Chief that their coming was postponed until the next season.

He was glad to be on the move again after a fortnight of recuperating and the idleness which he loathed, so he left the others to carry on their occupations, when they were well enough to do so, and set out once more, taking with him the purser, Howard, a short way up the river, to get food. He himself was in no good condition to make the journey, but anything was better than hanging about at Jebba now that his work there was done, and I gather that the depression of the others was getting on his nerves.

He wanted some horses too, in case they might want to make for the coast overland, if there was no chance of the relief ship ever reaching them so far up the Niger.

Howard and he started off in a canoe on 18th January.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SECOND RIDE TO BOUSSA

HAVING somewhat recovered from my fever and the fatigue of my previous journey, I started again on the 18th of Jan. for Boussa, having two objects in view : 1st, that I might inform the King of Boussa that our plans were changed and that we should not visit Sokoto this season, and 2nd, to procure horses. Instead of dawn it was 10 a.m. before I could get a canoe from Jeba, so that I was obliged to sleep at the village of Egege instead of reaching Buka that night. Mr. Howard, the purser of the *Dayspring*, accompanied me as far as Kasa and then returned, procuring on his way back goats, sheep, fowls and yams for the camp. I had fever all day, but it left me at night and we slept on the sand under a mat, a large fire burning at our head and another at our feet. My companion dosed himself plentifully with quinine, and as it was, I believe, the first time in his life that he had ever slept out of his bed, he prepared himself for the worst, whether in the form of wild beasts, natives or fever. Poor man ! he

was dead that day month. We left Egege at 7 in the morning of the 19th, and reached Kasa at 3 p.m. I called on the old King, whom I had seen before, and was most cordially received. I asked him for eleven bearers to carry my loads to Loum or Loom. He promised that they should be at the quarters he had assigned me by daybreak the next morning, Jan. 20th.

At early dawn a great scene presented itself. Mr. H. had mislaid his bottle of quinine, and in a state of distraction, his wig fallen off and assisted by the servants, he was destroying all the internal arrangements of our hut. Without his morning dose he felt his life in danger, and when at last his bottle was found, the satisfaction with which he swallowed an enormous draught of its contents, told me that for that day at least he felt his life was safe. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 the bearers arrived, but what was my horror at finding that eleven out of the thirteen were women, and nearly all with babies on their backs! This was the first time that women had ever been sent to me as bearers, and all my English feeling rose up. However, there was no help for it, for no men could be got, and by 9 o'clock we were on the road. Myself and Abdul Kadar were mounted on horses provided us by the King. For about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile our road lay through large mounds of granite: passing these, the country became undulating and well cultivated with

fields of corn and yam. At one place we passed a mile of regular Irish black peat bog, and at 11 a.m. came to the village of Bataga. I left a present for the King, who was absent at his farm. My road lay past it, and he came to meet me from his fields, bringing me a large bundle of onions, which seemed to be plentifully cultivated in the neighbourhood. About 2 p.m. we left the little village of Baha on the left and came at 5.30 p.m. to the small walled town. Passing through this and crossing the river Sofa, a quarter of an hour brought us to the walled town of Loom ; it is of some extent and oval form, the River Sofa passing through it and thence entering the Niger below Wuru. I waited without the town under a large tree while Abdul Kadar went to Lucki, who is Governor of the whole upper or western district of Nusshi, to say that I had arrived. In about 20 minutes he returned with a message of welcome, and on entering the town I was conducted within the precincts of his own quarters, where I found huts already prepared for me. Lucki came to visit me with a large suite ; he expressed great pleasure at seeing me, and before he left, after vowing eternal love and friendship, he had, before I could prevent him or had an idea of what he was about to do, seized my beard and kissed it. Soon I was in the midst of a long and loud controversy. Abdul Kadar, on entering the town, had discovered on the person of a woman whom he remembered

to have seen at Wasu a piece of silk 7 yards in length which he had lost at the time of the wreck. He immediately seized it, and the woman came to make her complaint. There was not the smallest doubt of the theft, but my friend Lucki, who is a great rogue, took the woman's part, and begged that because he loved me I would make Abdul Kadar give up the piece of silk. This I refused, and as I was tired I begged that the cause might be deferred till the morrow. To this he agreed, but left me evidently much dissatisfied. Shortly after he returned, bringing me 3 large dishes of fufu, all of which he tasted and then left me.

Jan. 21st.—Lucki came early to see me, and to enquire how I had slept. He soon paid me a second visit, bringing me two dishes of fufu for my breakfast. Finding that I was going to buy horses of the King of Boussa, he insisted that I must buy them of him because he loved me. So all things considered, I consented to purchase one from him. I was to see him at noon and deliver my message and present. I found a large circular hut in which were his suite and the Governor of the town. Two large skins were spread, to one of which I was invited. In a few minutes Lucki entered, and after all present had made their salaams, he bowed to me and through my interpreter bid me welcome and expressed his pleasure at my coming. I then delivered my message and presented him with a handsome piece of French cloth. It was an imita-

tion of their own country cloth in which they dress themselves morning and evening ; only it was woven in one piece instead of being made up like theirs in stripes, and of more brilliant colours. It was held up for the admiration of all, and he expressed himself as much pleased with it. We then went to see his horses. It was a poor stud, but I chose a small bay horse which pleased me, and we retired under the shade of a large tree, while our people on each side fought the bargain over. My servant having reduced some outrageous demand to 150,000 cowries, about £16 17s. 6d. of our money, I agreed and we separated. He soon after came to me again, bringing me a bunch of ripe plantains. I paid him 75,000 cowries and the rest in goods. This caused a dreadful amount of quarrelling, but this was all managed by my Hausa servant, who was a keen trader. Lucki and myself were often appealed to, he always insisting that I must accede to his arrangement because he loved me. More than once I put an end to the bargain, which always brought him to reason.

Observed M.A. of 122. 4. 10, index error 1. 40. As I was going out of the yard in the evening to my new horse, a man stepped out from among the crowd and offered me a book for sale. I saw at once that it was one which had belonged to poor Mungo Park. I asked the price, which was, I think, 4,000 cowries. I offered half, upon which he indignantly carried off the book. I went for my ride, feeling quite contented that it would be brought to me again. Having by the purchase of the horse

reduced my loads to six, I started early in the morning of the 22nd for Boussa. Lucki had directed me by a long roundabout way, in order that the chiefs of the towns I should call at might have the pickings of the stranger's loads. Being, however, nearly as well up in the geography of his province as himself, I positively refused, and requested that I might be put in the straight road to Dadja, where I wished to cross the Niger and thence pursue my way along its right bank. Seeing that I was determined, he gave me a man to take me on to Edamego where he intended that I should sleep. Our course lay N. 20 W. Six miles brought me to the small town of Malagoo. The head man took me to his house and gave me breakfast, I giving him a present in return. Starting again, I found the country open, level and cultivated. We reached Edamego at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 p.m. On my way I was overtaken by a handsome man on horseback, having a child before him on the pommel of his saddle. He paid me great attention, and the people as we passed all addressed him as Dendo or Prince. At Edamego I was to get fresh bearers, but the chief, an apathetic old man, said that it was too late, and that Lucki had sent word that I was to sleep there. This I positively refused to do, and at last persuasion, a small bribe, and the assistance of my new friend the Dendo prevailed, and by 3 p.m. we were again on the road. Just as I was parting with the Dendo who had presented me with a large calabash of beer, he produced from the breast pocket of his tobe Mungo Park's book, and asked

what I would give him for it. Great value was evidently attached to this book but as my *apparent* interest was very little, he begged that I would accept it from him. I thanked him, and gave him in return a spear-pointed knife about 8 inches long with which he was greatly delighted. I proceeded to the small village of Carta on the river Kamia, which runs into the Niger close to Wasu. The old Chief received me most cordially, and gave me shelter in his yard for the night, a dish of fufu for supper and corn for my horse. The night was fine and we slept in the open air by a large fire, having travelled 24 miles.

On this journey Glover made a couple of short stages by canoe and then rode overland along the left bank until within a few miles of Boussa when he crossed the Niger and regained his old road. Nothing eventful seems to have occurred up to his arrival at Carta (?) except his discovery and obtaining of Mungo Park's book. It proved to be a printed book of logarithms, and it lies now in the Museum of the Royal Geographical Society.

I have seen and handled it, for I wished particularly to know whether it showed signs of immersion in water, as would have been the case had it been with Park in the canoe. It did not and, more than that, there were inside it some loose slips of paper on which were rough jottings of Park's observations of latitude and longitude made by him on his voyage

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from England to the Gambia. They were quite unstained by water. It is obvious, I think, that the book came from Yauri—a companion to the one found by the Landers there, and to me it brings an inference that more things than we shall ever know of were stolen or forcibly taken from the party at Yauri. It is unlikely that Park would have given a logarithm book to any native, necessary to himself and useless to them.

Glover obtained it by the best method in the world, an assumption of indifference and of attaching not the smallest importance to it and, if that relic of Niger's first discovery tells us no more than we knew already, it has a value that all such things must have—as a memorial of brave adventure. Much I should like to know who that man Dendo was, and to have tried to trace that old book back from his hands through all those others to the first receiver. It would, I think, have lifted a corner of the veil which now will hide for ever what happened actually at Yauri.

Jan. 23rd.—Started by 6 a.m., the Chief giving me bearers to the next village (Bousak) going N. 30. 2. a gradual ascent of country all bush, and got to Bousak on the little River Lemko running westward to the Niger. It was some time before I could get bearers to carry on my loads or anything to eat. At last I procured some okra soup, and by 3 p.m. I was again on the road, having bargained

with the bearers that they should convey my loads to Drakoo. The country now became hilly and the tops of mountains began to show themselves in the distance. We entered a plain of about a mile in breadth and three in length, bounded on either side by mountains from eight hundred to a thousand feet in height. At the end rose two conical peaks and between them yawned the crater of an extinct volcano. We entered by a gradual ascent and found ourselves within the crater surrounded by its sides of 4 or 5 hundred feet in height, the peaks being about 2 hundred feet higher. The Shea Butter and Silk Cotton tree were growing. The ground covered with lumps of cinder and iron larger than a man could lift ; this breaking under my horse's feet cut his unshod hoofs so as to lame him, and I was obliged to dismount. Indeed it was a scramble both for man and horse up the side of the volcano, for with true Roman stubbornness they had carried their road into and up the side of the crater, when they might have easily turned it and descended into the plain below by a gradual descent. The top commanded a fine view : a plain of some miles in extent, its cultivation studded with the Shea Butter, Silk Cotton and Bambax trees, and lying some 2 hundred feet below the one I had left behind me. If the road were difficult to ascend from the mouth of the volcano, it was much more so to descend. At the foot lay the little village of Bale, where I found blacksmiths' shops and smelting furnaces. Here I halted for half an hour, and then proceeding for three miles came

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by 5 p.m. to the village of Butanfu. Here my bearers, who had obtained some beer, made themselves very comfortable and became very impudent. I soon put a stop to this, but they stoutly refused to go any further, nor could the head man prevail on them to do so. An old Mallam came up and hearing of my distress, said that he would set the matter right. I told him that I would give him some paper, which greatly delighted him, and that if he would get me fresh bearers from his village they should receive for carrying my loads to Drakoo what I had promised to my refractory bearers from Bousak. Another trouble added itself to my annoyance. At this moment my interpreter was seated in the doorway of the blacksmith's shop, for I may here remark that this village, like the one I had left behind Bousak, seemed peopled entirely by men engaged in smelting iron ore and then working it into hoes, the only agricultural implement Central Africa appears to possess, if I may except a small narrow-bladed axe. To return to my interpreter who, seated in the doorway, opposed the entrance of the friendly Mallam. I bid him move, upon which, getting up very sulkily, he walked away grumbling. I told him that I only wished him to allow the man to pass in who, as he heard, had offered his services to relieve us of our present difficulty, and I desired him to sit down again and rest himself. He still kept walking away, but seeing that I was getting off my horse, he seized a spear that was resting against the wall of the smith's hut and walked towards his seat, where he stood

looking at me as I believe only black men *can* look. I seated him very unceremoniously, and then taking hold of the spear, which he endeavoured to retain, I wrenched it from his hands, leaving him disarmed and with some very uncomfortable cuts in his hand. After this he seemed to have a better idea of our relative positions, and I never had to dismount from my horse again on his account. The Mallam having succeeded in getting me fresh bearers, I started again after a delay of 2 hours. Our road now became a gradual descent, and after a brisk walk of 6 miles I heard the sound of running water. I had been feverish all day, and this welcome sound promised speedy rest and shelter for the night, much needed both by myself and servants, for we had travelled 29 miles that day. It was not, however, to be so easily obtained; we had yet difficulties before us. It was now 9 p.m., and a thick belt of trees and jungle lined the banks of the river. I found myself at the water-side at a part where the river was not more than 15 yards across, and on the opposite bank shone the roofs of a village in the bright moonlight. Visions of a smoking supper and rest arose from the peaceful scene, but all was quickly changed. I had sent one of my bearers to cross the river by a rustic bridge somewhat lower down, that he might inform the head man of my arrival and that I required shelter for the night in his village and a boat to carry my loads across the stream, which was both deep and rapid. Suddenly arose cries for help, my bearers took at once to their heels, leaving me with my three followers to stand

the brunt of whatever might happen. Loud beat the tom-tom or drum, and above the shouts of men rose shrill screams of women. What could be the matter! It struck me at once that this was the boundary of Nuffi, and that the village on the opposite bank was Carta. I had my loads removed to the rear, and sending my servants into the bush out of sight, waited for what might follow. Though frightened, they did not know our numbers, and I therefore felt quite sure that they would not venture across the stream to molest me during the night. Even had they done so, I had a very defensible position, and with my revolver, a double-barrelled gun and double-barrelled rifle, and my own servants to load, I should not have feared the result, more especially as this would be their first introduction to English powder and to the white man. If I had had any doubt as to the kind of reception they were likely to give us by this time, it was quickly dispelled by the appearance of some 20 men, who rushed down to the opposite bank, armed with spears, bows and arrows. In vain we called out "Bullusi! Bullusi!" meaning "White Men," and one of the bearers who had returned shouted to them who I was. They only vociferated "Be off! be off!" "All Noufis are liars!" At last, after both sides hailing each other till we were hoarse, they desired that the white man should come and show himself. I went down, and by the light of the moon discovering that I really was a white man, they sent a man over to look at me. The whole scene now became so

ridiculous that I could not help laughing. There stood the man in the water, his head only visible, while I had to stoop down in order that he might see my face, which certainly was not a white one. Peeping out of the jungle in the rear were my frightened followers, while on the opposite bank spears gleamed in the bright moonlight and arrows were strung in the hands of these equally frightened men. At last, after much questioning and answering had taken place between the man in the water and his friends on the bank, shouts of delight told me that all was right. The man emerged from his watery concealment, and with many salaams hoped that I would forgive the manner in which they had treated me. I shook hands with him, and now, as if to make amends for their previous ill-behaviour, many of them crossed the stream and begged that I would come to their village. I allowed them to expend a great deal of persuasion before I granted the favour. I did so, however, at last, and they crossed my horse and loads, brought a canoe for myself, and seemed most anxious to efface by kind attentions all remembrance of the inhospitable reception they had at first given me. I soon found myself in a comfortable hut, and an old cock which I fortunately had in my possession was quickly broiling on the fire. They brought me corn for my horse, and my people having eaten their rice, I lay down at last, and not without having thanked The Great Father of All for His care of me during the past day.

Carta stands on a spot of land formed by

the confluence of the Mainya and the Kwantagora rivers, which flow thence into the Niger at Palashio.

The small trouble with the carriers was the first bit of real impudence he had had. Curious how incidents of that kind repeat themselves in other lives. It reminds me of an identical experience. I too was new to the country—had only been in it five weeks, in fact—and was marching from far up the Benue towards the Bauchi highlands.

Dawn had broken in torrential rain, and it was past ten o'clock before the storm had died off to a drizzle and I sent my loads away, to follow myself half an hour later. My men covered just three miles and I overtook them stolidly seated round quick lit fires, my loads scattered everywhere, and they refusing to go on. My cook, doing duty as interpreter, explained in pidgin-English: "They no fit, sah. Headman him say plenty too much lain (rain). They make palaver too much—catch strong head." So much for the mother tongue in the black man's mouth! In other words they'd be hanged if they would stir.

Emergencies require unusual remedies. I thought hard. Haranguing by interpretation was useless. I made a dash at one, who by his confirmatory grumbles was a ring-leader, laid him on the ground and bade my cook lay on with my riding-whip. Six was enough—in fact "ya issa" were

the words my prostrate friend gave utterance to "it suffices." Up he jumped—no whit the worse—and amid a chorus of shouts and laughter my lambs picked up their loads and set off with the best will in the world. It had been sheer bluff on their part, a try on to see how I would take it, and bested in the trial they remained my good friends to the journey's end.

The small encounter too at the village stream brings memories back to me of similar moments. All is outcry and excitement. The bush is filled with flitting forms. There is suspense, born of real truculence or mere misunderstanding. The first quiet words are spoken, are well received or the reverse—and it ends one way or the other. With pagans strangers to white faces, one can never tell, but resort to arms until the very last moment is I hold a sign of weakness. When I was very young I learnt a lesson from a wise old Moor of Fez.

"Strength and speed," he said, "are very good, and the will to fight is better. But remember that the tongue is best of all and will get you out of most difficulties"—and he was right.

There are times, of course, when one has to hit first and talk afterwards, so as to prevent a small affair from growing too big and causing endless trouble to oneself and others, but in nine cases out of ten the tongue is mightier than the stick. I have tried it often and I know. Unless the brain

of primitive men is so seething with drunken madness that nothing can reach it through his ears, keep your gun ready but hidden and you win through bloodlessly with the quiet word. I can remember sitting very quiet and watchful on a rock high up on a pagan hill. Around me stood a group of young men armed and rather truculent and with me were one soldier and an interpreter. An order had been given and was ill-received ; the moment was ticklish and the matter would have to end either in my climbing down or in a row, or in the effect of a persuasive tongue. Luckily for me the last did the trick, for the first was unthinkable, and the second alternative whichever way it went would have been unfortunate.

January 25th.—The head man brought me fufu for my breakfast, and promised me not only bearers but that he would himself see me to the “ big water,” as they all call the Niger. We started early, going N. 25 W.. Four miles brought us to the village of Dankwato on the Kwantagora River. Here for some reason we were delayed for an hour. The head man, I believe, wished that his people should carry my loads on to the Niger, but as I had bargained that the people from Drakoo should do this and their head man had promised to see me to the “ big water,” I insisted on his keeping his promise. My friends of the night before were evidently a rough set, but at last we got them again under way. Crossing the bed of the Kwantagora which

was dry, I found myself after a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour's walking again on the banks of the Niger. I could not help greeting it like an old friend. On the opposite bank stood the village of Pongai. On hailing for a canoe, one was sent over to me. Being a small one, I sent over only half my loads with one servant, while another counted out cowries to pay my carriers. Then arose another disturbance: they were not satisfied, and on my servant attempting to leave with the remainder of my things, they rushed down and seized the canoe. Taking my revolver from my holster, which was in the canoe, I explained to them the 5 barrels, presenting one for each, and then drawing my knife, I showed its point to the 6th. They seemed perfectly to understand this mode of reasoning, for quickly taking up their cowries they walked off. The canoe again returned for me and my horse, which, swimming by the side at first struck out well, but when about $\frac{1}{2}$ way over he turned on his side, and I was much afraid that I should lose him. At last, however, I got him safely over. The head man of Pongai received me most kindly and gave me a fowl for myself and corn for my horse. I found here a woman who had seen me at Wawa and appeared to have some influence in the village. She was of great use to me, sent boys to cut grass for my horse, brought me firewood, and took the entire charge of my culinary arrangements.

26th.—Left early for Anappa. I was now again on my old road, so that I shall say no more of it than that I arrived at Anappa by 3 p.m. Here

fever came on, and I could not get the shelter of a hut, but as it was a fine moonlight night this was no grievance.

27th.—Started early and got to Boussa by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 p.m. At my last visit a Mallam had told me how much I had pleased the people of Boussa, and I was now to find the truth of his words. While waiting outside the town, having sent a message to the King to say that I had arrived, I perceived a stream of people issuing from the gate. They rushed towards me, and with loud shouts welcomed my arrival. It was in vain that I remonstrated; seizing my bridle on each side, they hurried me into the town, giving me quite a triumphal entry.

The journal ends abruptly at this point. Whether there was any more of it or if the writer intended and was prevented by fever from adding to what he had set down, I do not know. Probably he stayed a few days at Boussa and made a hurried journey back, for he rejoined his companions at Jebba on February 4th, so that he had no time to write more. That was at any rate the end of his river travelling.

Looking back over his account of the expedition from the setting out of the *Dayspring* to the conclusion of his visits up to Boussa, I find it remarkable for many things.

Owing to their form and to the fact that they were written to a particular person, the letters are, as I have said, in no sense a complete record of

all that happened during that eventful time. An outstanding feature of them to my mind is the unconscious display of the man's dogged endurance of ill-health, his refusal to knuckle under to the unending fever and drop his work. It stamps him as what he was—a fighter to the last. He appears too as having immense self-control ; one sees no record of spurts of anger or irritability such as fever's after effects bring to most men. He is modest too, nothing is said of the long hard hours of work, nor of his leadership in stopping panic in the shipwreck, and in quelling the mutiny after. Finally, his description of scenery and people, and his shrewd observations on native character are highly interesting, and certainly accurate in their estimate as far as they are recorded.

The last phase of the Expedition and how it finished has been learnt from other sources.

CHAPTER XV

THE END OF THE EXPEDITION

DOWN at the main Jebba camp things had been going badly. The party was not actually starving, but they had got very short of suitable food, and of tea, coffee, sugar, and flour they had none.

A native missionary living in the Yoruba country half-way to the coast heard of their plight, made a hazardous journey to the river and brought them a small supply of groceries ; but these did not last long. They got a certain amount of native food, guinea corn flour, maize and goat-flesh, not suitable as a protracted diet for white men; but their real difficulty lay in the fact that they had very little left to buy things with. The river fell considerably and they were able to fish up from the rotting timbers of the *Dayspring* a small amount of cloth and calico which had not been washed away by the current. It had been forty days below the water when they got it and was not of much value, but they traded it for a certain amount of food. I believe too that

they sold such metal parts of the wreck as could be got at to native buyers for the same purpose.

They were in a bad way for clothes, blankets, and the bare necessities of equipment, for they had had so little time to get things out when the disaster happened. There is all the difference between luxuries and necessities ; it shows itself forcibly when one is down to bed rock. Nowadays in Nigeria we don't pamper ourselves, but we do take out absolute requirements. We sleep on a camp bed with a mosquito net. At dawn we get up, shout to a servant to bring us tea and biscuits, and consume them in the enjoyment of the cool hour of the morning. Then we shave and bathe, light a pipe and go comfortably to our work. All day it is the same ; we feed and work and play in comfort till the night comes down again—not much to grumble at in that.

But these men were in a different case ; they slept on the ground without protection from mosquitoes, they had little covering, and probably they waked to wash without soap and later eat a native mess called "*tuo*" of which they quickly wearied, and all the time were dropping bit by bit below par. In a healthy climate one may do these things—in South Africa I slept every night of my life on the ground out in the open, wet or dry, with saddle for pillow, and quite often went short of food—but in the tropics of West Africa one can play no games of

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that kind without paying for it. What is easy on the high veld becomes hardship on the Niger, and they were suffering the ill effect of it there.

Barter had come down river in a very bad state and was a sick man more or less for the rest of his time on the river. Howard, the purser, a kindly soul but from all accounts constantly frightened about himself, died of dysentery, a natural result of the conditions they were living in, and I fancy his nervousness contributed to his death.

This was in mid-February, and not long after, Davis was sent away down river by canoe in a condition so serious that it was a toss-up whether he would get out of the river alive. May returned from Abeokuta. He brought the news that the *Sunbeam* had come out from England, but would not be able to get up river at that season, for she was of too deep a draught, and the water in some parts was too shallow for her. This was another disappointment, and their spirits sank lower still.

The position was beginning to look serious, but Baikie determined to hang on while Glover, who had offered to go to Lagos, should try to reach the coast and return with supplies and carriers. Glover had volunteered to make the journey soon after the *Dayspring* had been piled up on the rocks, but for some reason Baikie had refused then to let him go. Perhaps he relied on the relief ship being up immediately, and wanted to keep the men together.

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At any rate he agreed to it at that juncture and Glover, accompanied by an interpreter named Selim, got ready for his new venture and set out to find and fetch men and provisions for the little party on the Niger bank.

He had an eventful journey, going straight across country to Ibadan. A bad attack of dysentery delayed him, but he hurried on as soon as he was able to move, got to Lagos and from there by sailing ship to Sierra Leone, which was the nearest point where stores and equipment could be got.

There he ran across some Haussas who wanted to get back to the Kano country, but dared not go overland for fear of being captured as slaves. Glover took them back to Lagos with him. Other Haussas in Lagos who were slaves joined the party to escape under the white man's protection, and there were some ticklish and exciting moments with the enraged owners. They got away at last, but more trouble awaited Glover at Abeokuta, where he was refused passage with the runaways. They nearly got him that time, but he jumped a gap in the town wall on his horse, and eluded the armed crowd which meant to finish him. The runaway Haussas played the game with their protector. He began to train them as a fighting force in emergencies, and they became very useful guards on the rest of the journey. Their possibilities as soldiers struck Glover at once, and in after years

those very men were the nucleus of the Haussa Constabulary.' Glover himself, as Governor of Lagos, recruited the first hundred men of a force which afterwards made a great name for itself in Nigeria and elsewhere on the West Coast of Africa. So with these men as escort to his carriers he made the last weary miles back to the Niger, and his arrival was only in the nick of time.

His great stand-by during the journey—for he was without an interpreter then—was a native with the English name of Harry Maxwell, who with a limited knowledge of English coupled a fidelity which was largely instrumental in saving Glover's life.

It was a very sick and dispirited little party which greeted him at the Ketsa Island camp. The records of their straits is meagre, but they were serious enough. The energy had been sapped out of them, and in one or two the spirit of despondency had reduced them to a low ebb of *moral*.

There were six of them only by then, Baikie, Barter, Dalton, May, MacIntosh, and an engineer, and it is not too much to imagine that they were down to rock bottom in that May of 1858. Baikie, however, decided that the supplies would enable them to stick on at the camp until the arrival of the *Sunbeam*, which was only waiting for the rise of the Niger to come up to their relief. Moreover, they were in no condition to travel overland to Lagos

250 miles away. Crowther alone was in good health ; it was after all his native land, and he had suffered little from the handicap of sickness as his white companions had.

John Glover alone seemed able to defy ill-health and fatigue. His work on the Niger was finished and he volunteered again to get to the coast and pilot the relief ship up the river. In ten days he was off again !

All this time they had heard nothing of what had happened to the *George* which they had left at the Benue Confluence, but now news reached them. She had been six weeks up the Benue where Grant had showed himself in his true colours and raised hell among the natives. He came back to the confluence and there at the native town of Gbebe he made further trouble. He shot one native, drove another to escape into the river where he was drowned, and incurred the hostility of the town to such an extent that they chased him into the river, caught him and tied him to a tree. They swore to kill him, and Grant showing the white feather begged for his life. He was allowed to go eventually and went away in the *George* down the Niger, but his reputation was so hateful to the river people that they attacked the schooner in canoes and wounded one of the crew. All the way down Grant was shot at, and at last, a very frightened man, he got into the Brass river, where H.M.S. *Bloodhound*, searching

for news of Baikie's party, towed him out across the bar ; whence he returned to Fernando Po, leaving the river the cleaner for his departure.

Up at Ketsa Island four months had passed since Glover left ; the river rose but still the *Sunbeam* did not come. Provisions ran out again, and in the end they were living from hand to mouth. They had sold everything saleable, and had only a few dollars left. Baikie feared they could only hold out a few weeks longer. Then MacIntosh and the engineer began to give trouble. They got drunk on native liquor and tried to make the remaining Krumen boat, seize canoes and take them down river. They obstructed Baikie in every way, refused all orders and did what they liked. May also had reverted to his earlier behaviour and was useless.

It needed a Glover to handle the situation and Baikie felt it. Barter and Dalton were excellent fellows, but they were sick and hardly the men for taking a strong line. At last, just as Baikie was sending Barter to Oyo for supplies, Crowther at Rabba sent word that a boat from the *Sunbeam* had got up there—and a few days later the *Sunbeam* herself arrived. At home Mr. MacGregor Laird had heard of Grant's conduct in the river and had sent Captain Fairweather to supersede him.

The rescued party went down river, picking up the other white men who had been sent down after the wreck, and at Iddah met Glover, hastening to

meet them in the *Rainbow*—a second relief ship sent out from England.

Together the two vessels returned to Fernando Po and reached the island on the 8th November, 1858, and that stage of the Expedition ended.

The whole of the *Dayspring's* crew which remained, including Grant, were sent home in the *Sunbeam*, and four of them died within a few days of sailing. May was sent home in disgrace and suspended from the personnel of the Expedition, and so these men pass out of the story.

The plucky four, Baikie, Glover, Barter, and Dalton, stuck to their guns. They rested awhile at Fernando Po and Lagos ; then they went back to Rabba overland in March, 1859. For six months they worked there, but Barter died in July. Glover toured the country of Abeokuta and Bida, where Usuman Zaiki had died and Masaba reigned once more. They made all preparations for that long-delayed journey to far Sokoto, but at the moment of departure Masaba of Nupe stopped them and sent them to live permanently at the confluence. Intrigues by the slave-party at Lagos, who bitterly resented the continual presence of white men so far inland, brought about their dismissal down the river, and they were forced to go.

Finally, at the end of that year, Glover, whose work was ended, sailed for England, and the Expedition shortly after came to an official end.

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Looking back now after many years on that venture of 1857-1859, one sees it in a clear perspective, realizing what those men did. They never got to Sokoto and only one of them reached Boussa. The wreck of their vessel and the loss of nearly all their possessions hindered vitally many of their schemes of exploration and research, and the ill-health which was theirs added greatly to their difficulties.

But, as results, they had to show a complete and detailed chart of the Niger from the sea to Boussa, a journey linking Jebba to Lagos, and a record of good relations established, so far as they went, with the important state of Nupe, and the pagan district of the Borgu people. Much useful information of the country and its tribes was collected, and botanical and zoological specimens gathered during their stay. The successes, then, outweighed the failures and the whole was a distinct advance in knowledge.

It had to be paid for with sickness and death; malaria, ever rampant, had its way with them again. Not one escaped the endless attacks, and eight of the eighteen died, while one was invalided home. Heavy casualties again, despite the progress of medical science.

But the worst feature of all, to me, is the poor *moral* and character of some of the members of the party. That sort of thing invariably harms a venture

such as this. Grant's character disclosed itself early in the river journey. Tyrannical, bullying, callous, he took his own line from the start, and set himself against the methods of the official party in all dealings with the natives. Berwick, the doctor, seems to have been his tool and toady, and Baikie records that he narrowly escaped arrest for his behaviour at the time of the mutiny. MacIntosh and one of the engineers failed towards the end. May, one of the official party, turned out to be a thorn in their side. Sulky and disobedient from the first, he pulled himself together for a time, but his final conduct left Baikie no alternative but to suspend him. These things are not hearsay ; they are statements of fact, set down and recorded officially.

Mr. MacGregor Laird, whose instructions to the Captain as to the conduct of the expedition give ample proof of his correct attitude in the undertaking, was compelled to admit that he had been grossly deceived as to the characters of Grant and Berwick and at once superseded them. All these men contributed more than many can realize to the injury of British prestige on the Niger. Their defection—one can call it nothing else—proved then, as it always has, how vital it is to employ men of the best standard in all dealings with native races. It is not a question of class so much as of type. One of the greatest blackguards I ever

knew in Africa was born a gentleman so-called ; another far lower in the social scale dealt as finely with the natives as any I have met. Whatever the sphere—commerce, prospecting, or administration—the good type succeeds the best. Bullying and cheating have their temporary victories ; but integrity, firmness, and tolerance win in the long end. It is the silliest mistake in the world to believe that the poor benighted heathen or the native Moslems of Africa do not, for all their backwardness, recognize the right and wrong in us. None quicker to size up character, none easier to control by right methods, and none more impossible to coerce lastingly by wrong. They may lack the attributes which are the heritage of education, but they know the value of them in others.

Reading between the lines of what is recorded of the expedition nearly seventy years ago, I look upon the story of those men's characters and adventures as an epitome of what is happening to-day.

I steam again with them upon the Niger, drenched by the torrential rains or grilled by the villain sun. I hear the blustering savage talk of Grant ; the echo of Berwick, his satellite ; the quiet voice of Baikie.

Their characters become plainer to me : Glover's earnest, purposeful, Howard's nervous and twittering, Davis's grave and steady. Of almost every one I can form a picture.

I see them struggling day by day up the brown current, one by one going down with fever, recovering, going down again. I watch some of them bite hard upon the bullet, getting to work again as soon as they can stand upon their feet; watch others throw their hand in almost from the start. I stand beside them listening to their way of dealing with the river tribes; with one it is a curse and blow, with others the open hand and steady voice of friendship. In emergency the thruster comes to the front, in the long days of waiting the steadfast hold on gamely and the weak ones whine and settle to despair.

And all the while the banks slide past just as they do to-day when the old stern-wheelers chugg their way up-stream, looking from far off like some strange awkward water beetle crawling along against the vivid green of vegetation, taking long ages to come round a bend. From the delta swamps to the high hills of Jebba they slide away in ever-changing scenery, bringing with each anchoring place some fresh experience or some agony of sickness or of death. Until in her last fight with Niger's current, the little *Dayspring* turns and jibs like a tired horse against too great a task and crashes back upon the rocks of Ketsa Islands.

The picture fades, leaving me with a sense that those men of a few generations back did just what we are doing to-day, only under greater difficulties,



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just as the men of a few generations hence will be doing too. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—the quest is eternal.

Of that enterprise not much is left on record to tell of what really happened. There are a few dry, musty official papers in faded ink, and some notes of Mr. Crowther ; there is this diary of John Glover's letters ; and preserved to-day upon the station platform at Jebba there are the last bones of the *Dayspring*—part of the boiler and little engine and of the crank-shaft which drove her all the steaming miles from England. Separate, those records would remain unread or else unrealized, and it was to prevent their being so that this book was made.

CHAPTER XVI

THE EVOLUTION OF NIGERIA

I LIKE to end the book still sounding the note I struck at the beginning—the note of Empire. From end to end the Niger is the discovery of England, a proud feather in its cap.

A Briton found it, placed its source, then ventured forth upon it. Others traced the long course of it to the sea ; still others ranged the wide lands on either side of it, telling the world of its strange peoples and yet stranger customs. British lives were sacrificed in scores to the spirit of the river, hardships and agonies incredible were endured along its length to the end that knowledge might be gained and use be made of it.

And by the seaboard of those great territories Britons since the sixteenth century have been seeking, risking life and trading all for the same end. James Welsh, merchant of London, brought back the first cargo in 1590—"590 sacks of pepper, 150 elephant teeth, 32 barrels of oil of palm trees."

A little earlier John Hawkins touched for the

first time the slave trade, taking 300 slaves from Sierra Leone.

Hakluyt tells us in his quaint language of the deeds and dangers of those old pioneers—how they landed south of Cape Verde to trade with negroes, but “both Captaine and merchants and divers of the Companie going without armour,” they got into trouble and were attacked, and some of them captured. Trading was no child’s play either then or in the centuries which followed.

In an epitaph written to Hawkins and Drake, it was said “the bravest voyages in the world have been made for gold,” as though it were the main reason for courage. Gold or gold’s value is an incentive, but it has rarely been and never will be the chief driving force which sends Englishmen into the wilds. Whatever they be, trader, explorer, administrator, hardly one but has had deep down in him the love of adventure for adventure’s sake. The quest of the unknown, the wild, the difficult, has been our birthright and our desire for all time.

From 1700 to 1850 trade went strong along the coast and at the mouth of the oil rivers in the delta. Slaves predominated as products, but oil was coming into its own. The British were forbidden by law, in 1807, to take part in the slave trade as we know, but it was a law they laughed at still. There is a man alive to-day who, but a little while

ago, told me that he went out to Lagos in 1858. Among his fellow-voyagers were three men—Englishmen—who were going to join their ship there ; and she was loading slaves for the West Indies !

But those were the “ good old days ” of oil as well. I have seen it written by a hand which set down the truth in all things that supercargoes then could make their £6000 a year in commission and yearly fortunes besides for the far-off owners of that time, and in a few years set up as merchants in their turn. A hundred pounds laid out in beads and coloured cloth brought thousands in the value of the oil, and no wonder that they called them the golden days of prosperity.

And of the men who carried on the trade out there—well, there were good and bad. There have been harsh things said of them—true and untrue. It was a harsh life, no game to play with gentle voices and kid gloves upon the hands. Some drank themselves to death, or first into a blind callousness and disregard of decency. Some were ruffians from the start, ruffians wherever they might go ; some went out clean and became dirtied by the life they had to lead. The time and place helped no man to keep hold of self-respect ; slaves were just live-stock, oil must be got as cheaply as it could be and the sellers need not be considered—knocked into acquiescence if they were foolish, cheated if they



PALM OIL. IN THE DELTA.

were wise. These men lived rough, thought roughly, and went at all times in peril of their lives from fight and fever.

But there were others, straight and upright men, who set their faces hard against rascality, and who came out clean as they went in. They touched the pitch of Africa—that they had to do—but it left no stain, and it was men like these who did their share of the work of helping Africa. To them is due as much honour as to any, for their task was hard.

What a mixed lot they were ! Baikie recorded that when he and his little band of sick and weary men came out of the Niger in 1858, to the Brass river, he asked several of the supercargoes on the various ships for the loan or sale of a little coal to get the *Sunbeam* to Fernando Po. They one and all refused him in his straits, until a certain ship captain, ignoring his own supercargo, gave them three tons to get safely across the bar with ! From another ship-master they got a little salt, much to the annoyance of a brother captain who rated the giver for bestowing salt upon "those fellows." Strange creatures ! But no doubt they did not look with a friendly eye upon the meddling explorers.

It takes all sorts to make a world.

Good and bad they had their dangers to face. As a rule they did not venture far up the creeks and rivers, but sometimes the spirit of exploring touched them too, and some strange little voyages

took place. I sat one day and listened here in England to an old, old man who had made a journey behind Old Calabar. He spoke of five and sixty years ago, at first a little haltingly, for he is ninety-two. But, as memory strengthened in the telling of it, his words came vividly recalling the adventure. He spoke of Richard Burton, who was with him, of a missionary named Thompson, and of others. Of how in their gig manned by the Krumen they crawled up the sluggish water; how they were attacked, and Thompson and himself were taken as prisoners to Itu, and how he was sent back to his party to say that if the boat did not cease to go forward into the creeks Thompson would be killed. If they went back Thompson would be freed. So in the end they returned home again, their curiosity unsatisfied.

Listening there to that old voice speaking of those early days it was not difficult for me to see the winding creeks, with crocodiles like logs awash against the banks, and those white men in the garb of long ago feeling their way up into the unknown.

That was life upon the coast at the time when the Niger Expedition came down out of the river. At Lagos, Dosumu, the Chief, was trying, as he said, to stop the trade in slaves according to the treaty made by his father, Akitoye, with Captain Beecroft in 1851. But Lagos under the usurping chief Kosoko had been the home of slavery, and

Dosumu could do nothing to prevent it. In 1861 he ceded Lagos and its territories to the British and from that date began the evolution of Nigeria. Trade was established firmly on the Niger, and in 1879 the various firms amalgamated, and seven years later got their charter as the Royal Niger Company. The British Protectorate over the oil rivers had already been recognized by the Berlin Conference, and at last in 1900 the Government took over control of the remaining territories from the Niger Company.

Nothing perhaps during those forty years is more remarkable than the small amount of fighting which was necessary to establish our footing in the country. The Jekri Chief, Nana, had to be punished up the Benin river; the massacre of Englishmen at Benin itself had to be avenged; the Emirs of Nupe and Ilorin were subdued—and that was all. Even when the Government had to undertake the subjugation of the vast territories of the north, as far as Sokoto and up to Bornu on Lake Chad, the operations were almost bloodless. Against the Moslem states and the scores of pagan tribes, the small columns, almost handfuls of men sometimes, worked their way about the country accompanied by civil officers, fighting only as the last resort, and when they must. So when, in 1903, it was all over except for some isolated cases of turbulence which we had to watch for during after

years, when for all practical purposes our rule was finally established, all those who took part in the subjugation could say with honesty that it was merciful enough.

Thus was consolidated the great territory of the lower third of the Niger and its delta coast. Behind that consummation, back through the hundred years which had passed before it, stands the long line of men who have helped us to that end. Park and Clapperton and the Landers, Laird, Bird Allen, Baikie, Glover, Goldie, and the rest of those men, some of whose names are little known. Explorers, traders, pioneers in every branch of knowledge. To all of them England owes much.

To-day Nigeria is set, a very sparkling jewel, in the Imperial Crown. More than three times the size of the United Kingdom, with nearly nineteen millions of inhabitants, it is larger than any dependency of ours save India. The five and twenty years of the present century have seen a wondrous change. In those dark lands where then enslavement, bloodshed, and cannibalism were the three main objects of its life, there are a peace and a security such as would have been thought impossible in so short a time. Enslavement was abolished at once, and to-day God help the man who tries it on. All children born after 1902 of whatever parents were *ipso facto* free, so that in these days no native would be so idiotic as to lay claim to any but an adult

as his property. Those adults in domestic slavery when we took the country, who being property could not without injustice and the dislocation of the social life be freed from their masters, are very few now. Many have freed themselves by ransom, many have been emancipated by pious owners—soon there will be none left.

Men do not eat their enemies nor each other as they used to do, there is no need of it—as well as no permission. As for war, the tribes have no more use for it, there are better things to do in these more prosperous days. The strong cannot oppress the weak just as they would like. They try to as of yore, but sooner or later they are up against that exasperating nuisance, the district officer, and their last state is worse than the first. So it goes on, improvement with every year, and a steady increase of social health and prosperity. For Nigeria is getting prosperous, internal and external trade is progressing, money is being made by natives and Europeans alike in every line.

In 1900 the total of export and import trade was three and a half millions, now it is twenty-eight. The country benefits at every turn ; in transport, there are 1250 miles of railway and thousands of miles of well-cleared road with difficult streams well bridged ; in increased value of what it produces, it gets good value for its cotton, ground nuts, hides, and all the hundred other things the

earth gives forth. It all sounds very good and yet I know that it is but the beginning.

Nigeria is standing in the front line of the countries of the future, not only in its prospects of economic prosperity but of its people's contentment. So long as that wise policy of Government in the north which Sir Frederick Lugard gave is continued, so long will it go forward, without looking back even for a single hour. Changing years will bring their problems, new generations in Nigeria will need new paths for self-expansion, but even if it be a case of *autres temps, autres mœurs*, there is no reason for fear if we go on as we have begun.

Some there are in Little England who have asked, perhaps still ask to-day, indignantly, what right had we to rule Nigeria—or any other land; what right to seek it and to meddle with the affairs of other peoples, unasked, unwanted? They can have their answer here: the right of all men who, being true, deal faithfully with those who need our help. For if ever mankind needed help it was those tribes and races of the Nigeria of to-day who five and twenty years ago were living in a bondage of slavery and oppression which only those can realize who have beheld it.

So let those who ask and are here answered live their narrow home life, carry on their sordid struggle for existence if they will, helping no one

as they cover themselves in their ragged mantle of smug and sanctimonious complacency. But let the others like the men I have written of go out into the Empire, do what they can by ever so little in the cause of broadening life, their own and others, and thereby keep for themselves a self-respect which those mean-thinking ones will never have.

“Common greed”—a Labour Research Committee once avowed—“came to be given as the best reason for capitalist exploitation of Africa in contrast to the nobler motives of Elizabethan days.”

Was it “common greed” which carried Park to Sansanding and his grave at Boussa ; which took the Landers down the Niger, and Trotter, Beecroft and the others up it? Does “common greed” account for all those pathetic graves which dot Nigeria, of the men who worked there in this present century, doing their best in administration, commerce, transport, to further the interests of the black and the white, helping England and Nigeria together?

“Common greed”—I wish those who said it had had “common sense” and spent their days one half as well.

That day when John Glover climbed the mountain at the confluence, in 1857, he looked out over that grand view and the Niger winding away into the distance, thinking sadly how a fatality seemed to hang about it and how oppression,

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bloodshed, wrong, and darkness foully spotted the splendid stream. He prayed that he and his companions might have their share in helping to cleanse that river, and that one day commerce, as a means to a greater end, might cover its waters with burdens other than slaves and the results of war and depredation.

It was a good prayer that which he made upon the mountain-top so many years ago, and we know to-day how it has been answered.

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