

Stories of Ancient Egypt and Africa

WORLD HISTORY SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of Ancient Egypt and Africa

Selected Authors

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Stories of Ancient Egypt and Africa

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Wonder Tales of Africa

Taken from
Wonder Tales of the Ancient World
by Rev. James Baikie

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BOOK I: TALES OF THE WIZARDS

CHAPTER I

About the People Who Told These Wonder Tales

Most people, I suppose, whoever trouble to think about the Egyptians, think of them as a very wonderful, but at the same time a very gloomy and terribly serious people. Their great country seems to be mainly interesting for old stones and old bones. While we think their great buildings, such as the Pyramids and some of the temples, very extraordinary, we wonder why in all the world people ever were so silly as to build such things; and when we see their mummies, and learn what an amount of thought they used to give to death, and to the life that was to come after death, we are rather glad, on the whole, that such terribly serious people are all safely dead.

Most of this strange idea about these old Egyptians has arisen from the fact that nearly all we know about them has come from their tombs. What sort of folk would people think us if they had nothing but our churchyards to go by? We should like rather to be judged by our houses and our home life. But you can't do that with the Egyptians, for this reason: When an Egyptian made a tomb for himself, he knew that it was to be his resting-place

for quite a long while, and so he made it very carefully; but when he built a house, he said, "Well, this may please me, but I shan't live in it for more than a few years, and my son, when he comes after me, may like something quite different." And so he built his house very prettily and comfortably, but very lightly, so that it would last his time and not much more. Perhaps he was wiser, after all, than we who have to go on sometimes living in places we don't like at all, just because our fathers built them. Anyhow, that is why you learn most about the Egyptians from their tombs, because the tombs have lasted far longer than the houses.

Another reason for our curious idea about the Egyptians is because some of the old Greek travellers who went through the country when Greece was very young and Egypt was getting very old, brought home some wonderful travellers' yarns about the tremendous wisdom and seriousness of the Egyptians. Some things they told were true; and some were partly true, only they had taken them up wrong; and some of them—well, I think the Egyptians had been playing a quiet joke off on the Greek globe-trotters, and were laughing in their sleeves at them all the time.

It was one of these Greeks who first told the story which, more than anything else, has made people believe that the Egyptians were a gloomy, sour, long-faced folk—the story, I mean, of how whenever a company was gathered at a feast, the model of a mummy in its coffin was brought in,

dragged round, and shown to everybody with the words, "Look on this, and then eat and drink; for as this is, so shalt thou be." It sounds very unpleasant and uncomfortable, certainly. Well, perhaps they did do that now and again, though certainly they did not do it always, or perhaps even often; but I am very sure that they enjoyed their feast none the less.

For, indeed, instead of being the dark, gloomy, mysterious people that we are apt to imagine them, the Egyptians were really one of the gayest, most light-hearted, and most easily amused of peoples. They were very fond of music and singing, and some of the oldest songs in all the world are the simple old verses that the workmen used to sing at their work—the fisherman as he hauled his nets, the farm-servant as he drove the oxen round and round to tread out the corn. They were very fond of sports of all kinds—fishing and fowling and hunting; and when their work or their sport was done, there was nothing they liked better than a big feast, with plenty to eat and drink, with garlands of roses to fasten on their heads, and sweet scents to fill the rooms with pleasant odour, and musicians, dancers, and acrobats to keep things going cheerily.

I said that most of our knowledge of them came from their tombs. Well, it is from the paintings on the walls of the tombs that all these pictures of feasting and merriment come; and surely they cannot have been so gloomy and sour if they adorned

their very tombs with pictures of gladness and fun

Most of the other nations of old days had most unpleasant ideas about the other world to which people go after their life here is done. The Greeks thought of it as a dim, shadowy, gloomy abode, where the ghosts of even the greatest heroes wandered miserably and aimlessly about. The Babylonians and Assyrians called it The Land of No Return, where people live on dust and mud and dwell in darkness, and the Hebrews called it The Pit, and dreaded nothing so much as going down into it. But the Egyptians' Heaven was one of the cheeriest places you can imagine, where the good folks who had got there ploughed and sowed and reaped the most wonderful corn, whose stalks were three yards long with ears a yard more, and sailed, fishing and fowling, in little papyrus canoes, over beautiful lakes and canals, and then played draughts and enjoyed a glass of beer under the shade of the sycamore-trees in the evening.

Now, if you want to know what people really are like, I fancy as good a way as any of finding out is to learn what they like to read or to be told. There are some nations in whose literature you can scarcely imagine it possible to find a joke or even a story that is not as solemn as a sermon. But the Egyptians were not like that; they liked a story with all their hearts; they liked it with a little taste of the wonderful and mysterious about it; they liked a joke in it, though some of their jokes seem rather clumsy to us, as I dare say ours would to

them; and they liked the story, if possible, to end happily. So you will find nothing very solemn and nothing very terrible in these wonder tales. They are the simple, unaffected attempts of just about the first people who ever tried to make stories. No doubt the thing can be very much better done now —it ought to, after 5,000 years' practice—but, all the same, these stories should be interesting to us, for they are the forerunners of all the great race of "once upon a time," and, indeed, of all our modern novels.

How is it that these quaint old tales have come down to our times? You can scarcely form any idea of how old they are. Some of them tell us of things that happened, if they ever happened at all, about 5,000 years ago. Some of them belong to much about the time when Abraham was journeying about in the world; and some of them Moses may have heard when he was a schoolboy learning "all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Now, I am very sure that no book of our times is likely ever to last so long as any of these old stories have done, and so the question is, How did they come to last like that?

You know that a great deal of the information that has come down to us from the days of ancient Egypt has lasted so long because it was carved in stone upon the walls of some great building. The Egyptians had a very beautiful form of writing, which is called "hieroglyphic," or "sacred writing." It is really made up of hundreds of little pictures—an eagle for an *a*, a lion for an *m*, and so on. And

when they had anything very important to write, they carved it in this beautiful picture-writing, sometimes filling in the picture-letters with brightly coloured pastes, so that the whole story blazes with all sorts of colours. But that kind of writing was generally kept for very important things. There is one long poem telling of a great battle between the Egyptians and the Hittites which is carved on the walls of a great temple in Egypt; but it wasn't everybody who could afford to build a temple when he wanted to publish a poem. So most Egyptian books, and all Egyptian story-books, were written not in the beautiful and difficult hieroglyphic, but in one or other of two simpler forms which we call "hieratic" or "demotic"; and they were written not on stone, but on papyrus. The papyrus, from which our word "paper" comes, was a reed with a long, fleshy, thick stem, which grew plentifully in Egypt. They used to split up the inside of the stem into broad, thin layers, which, when pasted crosswise over one another, were strong enough to bear writing upon.

Then the scribe, or writer, took his palette, which had holes for black ink and for coloured inks, and his pens, which were really little brushes made of reeds with their ends bruised, and painted in the letters on the papyrus, something in the same way as a Chinaman paints his letters now. Then the papyrus, when it was finished, was rolled together. (It might sometimes be a very long roll, for sheet was joined to sheet as the story went on.

There is one papyrus in the British Museum more than one hundred and thirty feet long.) It was then put into a case, and when the owner of it wanted to read he took it out of the case and unrolled a little of the beginning. As he went on he rolled up on the one side and unrolled on the other until he got to the end.

Now, these rolls of papyrus were very costly to make, so that only rich people could afford to have them; and they were very easily destroyed, so that great care had to be taken of them. And sometimes they were prized so much that when the owner of the roll died he left orders for his favourite roll or rolls to be buried in his coffin with him. And there the papyrus has lain, beside the mummy of its old owner, for hundreds upon hundreds of years, the desert sands drifting over them both, until some European explorer, or perhaps some Arab thief, has found out the old grave, dug up the coffin, and taken the precious papyrus out of its old master's keeping. Some years ago a lady's grave was discovered, and when her coffin was opened, they found, beneath her long, beautiful hair, a papyrus roll with part of Homer's great poem, the "Iliad," written upon it.

Nearly all the stories that follow in this book were written on papyrus. Where some of them were found is not known; they were sold to tourists, who sold them or gave them to some of our museums. But one way or another they all have been dug up from under the sands of Egypt, which

have preserved them safe and sound for all these centuries. Of course, they are very brittle and fragile, and have to be very carefully handled; but using them with the greatest care (for they are worth infinitely more than their weight in gold), scholars have been able to read them and to translate what is written on them into English and French and German, so that we all can listen to the tales that people listened to in palaces and cottages when the world was young. One of the finest of these old rolls, with a long story on it, once belonged to a Pharaoh of Egypt, Sety II., when he was Crown Prince. He lived about twelve hundred years before Christ, and his is by no means one of the oldest of the rolls, so that you see how old they are.

When we come to read the stories we may look at them in two ways. The first is the way that only cares for the story itself—that is only anxious to find out what happened to the Doomed Prince, or how the Shipwrecked Sailor was saved, or how the Ghost made the Wizard Prince give back the magic roll. After all, stories are meant to be read that way too, and nobody can blame those who like to see their hero or heroine safely settled, and don't care much for anything else. And some of the Egyptian stories are worth reading even from that point of view, especially those in which we can see the seeds from which some of our own favourite stories have sprung. We shall hear later on about the old Egyptian General whose adventures gave

the first idea of the story of Ali Baba, and the sailor who was the original of Sindbad, and the Prince who has figured in the stories of nearly every country under the sun, sometimes as a Prince, sometimes as a Princess, but always under the shadow of the doom pronounced at birth by the Fates or Fairy Godmothers.

But quite apart from the interest of the stories, we may look at them from the point of view of what they tell us about the Land of Egypt itself, the people who lived in it, their manners and customs, what they thought and what they believed, and about the other lands and peoples which lay around Egypt. And in this respect these stories are of extraordinary value and interest. They give you pictures of all kinds of Egyptian life. You see Pharaoh in his palace, wearying of everything, and asking for stories to be told him, just as the Sultan in the "Arabian Nights" wearied till Scheherazade took him in hand. You see the extraordinary belief that the Egyptians of all periods had in the power of magic. It appears in the very first story, the Story of the Waxen Crocodile, where you have the absolute beginning of the strange belief, which lasted in our own country down to comparatively recent times, and still lasts in Italy and other European countries, that you can make waxen images which will become alive and do harm to your enemies, or which can represent your enemies themselves, so that by injuring them you can injure the person you hate.

Rossetti's Sister Helen, who melts her waxen man that she may have vengeance on her false lover, is first cousin to the learned scribe Uba-aner, who lived more than 5,000 years ago, and made his waxen crocodile to avenge himself on the man who had wronged him. The belief in the efficacy of magic colours almost every one of the tales to the very last, in point of date, the stories of Setna, which are the most magical of all; and one remembers that these last stories belong almost to the very time at which we believe that Moses appeared at the Egyptian Court to plead for the oppressed Israelites. The scene in which the little boy Senosiris, the reincarnation of an old Egyptian sage, confounds the Ethiopian wizard before Pharaoh and his Court, is strikingly suggestive of the scenes in the succeeding reign, when a greater power than that of the Ethiopian baffled the wisdom of the Egyptians, and the wizards of the Nile were forced to confess, "This is the finger of God."

Once again you go forth with the Egyptian explorer, first on the long roll of those who have sought to penetrate the mysteries of the Dark Continent; and you see the strange dangers and marvels that he believed to lie about his path—talking serpents, and vanishing islands, and young ladies who are brought to earth on the wings of a thunderbolt. Or you get a glimpse into the sinister realm of Court intrigue, with its atmosphere of suspicion, jealousy, and sudden death, then—as

now—the natural medium in which an Oriental monarchy moves; and you see how the exiled Egyptian, suppliant for shelter among the tribes of Palestine, nevertheless comes surely to the top wherever his lot is cast, by virtue of his higher civilization, just as the Briton or the American takes the first place among the less civilized races of the earth to-day.

Stories like that of Tahuti, and the Doomed Prince, show you Egyptian sentiment in those days, which, for Egypt, correspond most nearly with our own Elizabethan period; the days when the land was beginning to waken to the idea of world empire, and to reach forth her hands to those Syrian and Mesopotamian lands which were to be the scene of her greatest glories and greatest overthrows. And, perhaps not least important, the placid, peaceful, laborious life of the ordinary Egyptian fellah, who goes his quiet way, knowing little and caring less of the great deeds of the mighty ones of earth, is mirrored for us in the opening scenes of the Tale of the Two Brothers, with its extraordinary resemblance to the story of Joseph, and its strange later maze of reincarnations and wizardries.

The stories which are here narrated cover, from first to last, a period of about 2,000 years; and they are a faithful—because an entirely unstudied—reflection of the changing manners, customs, and beliefs of one of the most interesting peoples of the world during two millenniums.

Scanty as the fragments may seem, there is no body of literature extant in any other land on earth which, from this point of view, has a value even remotely approaching that of these Wonder Tales of the Ancient World.

CHAPTER II

Tales of the Old Magicians

The three stories which follow in Chapters II. and III. are written in an old papyrus, which was brought back from Egypt sixty years ago by an English lady, Miss Westcar. She gave it to the famous scholar, Lepsius, and it is now in the Berlin Museum, and is known as the Westcar Papyrus. It is the oldest of all the books of stories which have come down to us, for though the legends of the gods in their original form must, of course, have been the oldest of all, the form in which they are now best known is later than the Westcar Papyrus. Some scholars hold this book to have been written about the time of the Twelfth Dynasty, not less than 2,000 years before Christ, perhaps round about the time when Abraham was living; and though others do not think it quite so old, all agree that it must date from before 1500 B.C. But this, of course, only means that our copy of the stories is 4,000, or at least 3,500, years old. The stories themselves are far older, just as a copy of Shakespeare's plays may be published this year, but contains stories which Shakespeare wrote 300 years ago, and some of which were many hundred years old already when he wrote them down in the form in which we now have them. Thus, these

three stories are supposed to be told to King Khufu by his three sons, Khafra, Baufra, and Hordadef. Now, King Khufu reigned not later than 2900 B.C., and some think very much earlier. Khafra's Story of the Wax Crocodile mentions a King who reigned more than a hundred years before Khufu; so that these tales take us very far back indeed. If Professor Petrie's views as to the dates of the earliest Egyptian Kings are correct, they take us back 6,000 years, and even if we take the shorter dates, they refer to events and people of about 5,000 years ago. Perhaps 1,000 years more or less scarcely matters much at that distance.

At the very beginning of Egyptian story-telling we notice that extraordinary belief in and love for magic of all kinds which has already been referred to. Zadkiel and the rest of his tribe would have made their fortunes in Egypt, for the Egyptians believed with all their heart in the influence of the stars, in lucky and unlucky days, in omens of all kinds, and in the influence and significance of dreams. On certain days it was unlucky to bathe—a great deprivation, for the Egyptians of those days were a cleanly race. On others it was certain that if you went in a boat you would be devoured by a crocodile; while the 13th day of the month Mekhir was specially unlucky, because on that day the Goddess Hathor, or Sekhmet, went forth to slay the men who had rebelled against God—a story that you will find later on. Some people still believe that Egyptian magic was something very real and

terrible. Here is a famous spell from which anyone may judge its quality. It is a spell for producing dreams which were supposed to convey knowledge and warning from the gods:

"Take a cat, black all over, and which has been killed; prepare a writing-tablet, and write the following with a solution of myrrh, and the dream which thou desirest to be sent, and put it in the mouth of the cat. 'Keimi! Keimi! I am the Great One in whose mouth rests Mommon, Thoth, Nanumbre, Karikha, Kenyro, Paarmiathon, the sacred Iau iee ieu aeoi who is above the heaven, Amekheumu, Neumana, Sennana, Ablanathanalba, Akramm, Khamaria, brasuia, lampsor, eieeieiei aoeeo theuris O.'" Then follows a lot more of similar drivel, and the spell ends: "'Thy name answers to the seven vowels, a, e, ê, i, o, y, ô, iauoeeao ouee oia. I named thy glorious name, the name for all needs. Put thyself in connection with N. N., Hidden One, God, with respect to this name, which Apollobex also used.'" Let us hope that N. N. got his dream, though it ought to have been a nightmare. The fact of the matter is that Egyptian magic is just as sensible as printers' pie, and just as terrible as a turnip lantern.

Khafra's story, according to Professor Petrie, was written by an anti-suffragist. Women always held a very influential position in Egypt, and this story was written to counteract their undue influence. It is the woman who is at the bottom of the mischief all through the story, and she comes to a

very bad end, an end so unusual—for burning alive is scarcely ever heard of elsewhere in Egyptian story— that it is evident that her fate was meant as an awful warning to any of her sex who might be tempted to presume on their favoured position in the land. By which it appears that the vexed question of women's rights is scarcely a thing of yesterday.

The fact that when Uba-aner takes the terrible crocodile into his hand it becomes nothing but wax again reminds one forcibly of the story of how Moses' rod, which had been changed into a serpent, became a rod again when laid hold of by its owner.

The amusement which Zazamankh the wizard devised for King Seneferu in Prince Baufra's story was exactly paralleled by that employed by the great Khedive of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, to divert him in his hours of ennui. It is not on record, however, that any miracle happened during the progress of his voyage.

Prince Hordadef's story really contains two tales. The first, which is really only the introduction, is a simple piece of wizardry; but the story of Rud-didet and her babies is something more. It was no doubt invented for a political and religious purpose. The Fifth Dynasty, which succeeded that to which King Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid, belonged, was a priestly dynasty, devoted to the worship of Ra the Sun-god. It is from its rise that the Kings of Egypt begin to take, as part

of their regular style, the title Son of the Sun. The story, which tells how the three babies (whose names in the original are those of the first three Kings of the Fifth Dynasty) are really the children of the Sun-god, was no doubt invented to explain and justify the revolution by which the priests of Ra seized the throne, and to glorify their dynasty.

The regard which was paid to Kings and to common folks respectively may be seen in the offerings which King Khufu makes to the Kings, his ancestors, and to the wizards. Nebka and Seneferu get a thousand loaves and one hundred jugs of beer. Uba-aner and Zazamankh have to content themselves with one loaf and one jug.

TALES OF THE OLD MAGICIANS.

Once upon a time it fell out that the great King Khufu, Lord of the Two Lands, bearer of the White Crown and the Red, was in his palace, and time hung heavy on his hands. He turned to this and that, and he knew not what to do, for the day seemed long and weary. At last he said to his sons, the royal Princes, who were gathered about his throne: "Is there one among you who can tell me a tale of the wizards of the olden times?"

Then the royal son Khafra arose to speak, and he said: "I shall tell your Majesty the story of a wonder which befell in the times of your ancestor the King Nebka, of happy memory, on an occasion when he was going to the Temple of Ptah, Lord of

Ankhtaui.

"The Story of the Waxen Crocodile.

"Now, it fell out on a day when His Majesty went to the Temple of Ptah, Lord of Ankhtaui, that he paid a visit to the house of the learned scribe, the first reciter, Uba-aner. Now, in the train of His Majesty there was a young page, of comely face and form, and when the wife of Uba-aner saw him, her heart was turned away from her husband, and she loved the young man. Without regard for her husband's welfare, she wasted his substance in gifts to the page, and she invited him to spend the day with her in a pavilion by the side of the lake in the garden of Uba-aner. There they passed the day in eating and drinking, and when the evening came the page bathed in the lake. Now, when the steward of the house of Uba-aner saw the falseness of his master's wife, he said to himself: 'It is not good that such things should be done, and my master know nothing about them.'

"Therefore, when the dawn appeared, and the second day came, the steward went to Uba-aner and told him what had happened. When the first reciter, Uba-aner, knew all, he said to his steward: 'Bring me the casket of ebony, inlaid with vermilion, which contains my book of spells.' When the steward had brought it, Uba-aner fashioned a waxen crocodile, seven inches long; he recited a spell over it, and he said to it: 'When this page comes to bathe in my lake, then drag him to the bottom of the water.' He gave the crocodile to the

steward, and said to him: 'Whenever the page goes down to bathe in the lake, throw the waxen crocodile in after him.' Then the steward went away, and took the crocodile with him.

"Now, it fell out that the wife of Uba-aner sent once more to the page, and said to him: 'Come and let us make a good day in the pavilion by the lakeside'; and to the steward, who had charge of the lake, she said: 'Prepare the pavilion by the lakeside, for I am going to spend the day there.' The pavilion was prepared, and furnished with all kinds of dainties, and the lady and the page came and passed the day in amusements. When the evening came, the page went into the lake to bathe, according to his custom, and the steward cast the waxen crocodile into the water after him. The crocodile changed into a crocodile of seven cubits long; he seized the page, and dragged him under water.

"Meanwhile the first reciter, Uba-aner, remained at Court seven days with His Majesty King Nebka, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, while the page lay under the water without breathing. But when the seven days were past, and when the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, of happy memory, was going to the temple, the first reciter, Uba-aner, came before him and said: 'May it please your Majesty to come and see a wonder which has happened in these days of your Majesty's reign to a page of your royal retinue?'

"Then His Majesty went with the first reciter,

Uba-aner. Uba-aner said to the crocodile: 'Bring up the page out of the water,' and the crocodile came forth, and brought up the page out of the water. The first reciter, Uba-aner, said: 'Stop!' He cast a spell upon the crocodile, and made him stand still before the King.

"Then His Majesty, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, of happy memory, cried: 'Mercy upon us, this crocodile is dreadful!'

"Uba-aner stooped down, he seized the crocodile, and it became in his hands nothing but a crocodile of wax once more. Then the first reciter, Uba-aner, told His Majesty King Nebka, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, the whole story, and how the page and his wife had deceived him.

"His Majesty said to the crocodile: 'Take what is thine.' Then the crocodile plunged to the bottom of the lake, and what became of him and the page no one has ever known. Then His Majesty, of happy memory, King Nebka, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, caused the wife of Uba-aner to be led to the north side of the palace; there they burned her alive, and threw her ashes into the river. Behold, this is the wonder which happened in the days of thine ancestor of happy memory, King Nebka, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt—one of the wonders wrought by the first reciter, Uba-aner."

Then His Majesty, King Khufu, said: "Let there be offered to the Majesty of the King Nebka, an offering of a thousand loaves, one hundred jugs of beer, a bullock, and two measures of incense; and

let there be offered also to the chief reciter, Ubaaner, of whose skill I have had proof, a loaf, a jug of beer, and a measure of incense." It was done as His Majesty commanded.

Then the royal Prince Baufra rose to speak, and he said: "I am going to tell your Majesty of a wonder which happened in the time of your father, King Seneferu, of happy memory, and which was wrought, among other wonders, by the chief reciter Zazamankh:

"The Story of Zazamankh and the Lost Coronet.

"One day when King Seneferu was in his palace, he was terribly bored with everything. Nothing seemed to please him, and he was dreadfully depressed. He called his household together, and asked the courtiers if they could not devise something that would amuse him, and help to pass the time. They all suggested different things, but each bored His Majesty worse than the other.

At last the King said: 'Hasten, someone, and bring to me the chief reciter, Zazamankh;' and they brought him immediately. His Majesty said to him: 'Zazamankh, my brother, I have called together the whole royal household to see if any of them could invent something to relieve me of my weariness (for my heart is very heavy); but not one of them could imagine anything.'

"Then said Zazamankh: 'Let His Majesty condescend to go down to the lake of the Royal Pleasance, and let him man one of the royal barges with all the prettiest girls of the royal harem. Your

Majesty's heart will grow light as you see them bending to their oars, and when you admire the beauty of the lake and its banks, and the fine lawns around it. For my share in this business, behold, this is how I shall arrange the voyage. Let them bring me twenty oars of ebony, inlaid with gold, with blades of tough wood, inlaid with vermilion, and let these twenty girls be chosen from among the very loveliest in the harem—young and fresh —and let them be clothed in fishing-nets.'

"All was done according to His Majesty's command. The girls swung to their oars, back and forward, und His Majesty's heart grew light as he watched their rowing, when suddenly the loom of the steering-oar of one of the steerswomen struck her hair, and her coronet of new malachite fell into the water. Then she stopped her rowing song, and ceased to steer, and her companions on that side of the boat were silent also and ceased rowing. And His Majesty said: 'Why have you stopped rowing?'

"They said: 'Our companion has stopped her rowing song and her steering.'

"His Majesty turned to her and said: 'Why are you not steering?'

"She answered: 'My coronet of new malachite has fallen into the water.'

"'Never mind,' said His Majesty; 'go on, and I shall give you another one just as good.'

"But she said: 'I want my own coronet, and not another one just as good.'

"'If that is so,' said His Majesty, 'bring me the

chief reciter, Zazamankh.' They brought him at once, and His Majesty said: 'Zazamankh, my brother, I have taken your advice, and My Majesty's heart has rejoiced to see the rowing of the girls; but, behold, the coronet of one of these little ones has fallen into the water. She has stopped singing, she has stopped steering, and she has checked all her companions on this side of the boat. I said to her: "Why don't you steer?" and she said: "My coronet of new malachite has fallen into the water." I said to her: "Never mind, go on steering, and I shall give you another one, just as good"; but she said: "I want my own jewel, and not another one just as good."'

"Then the chief reciter, Zazamankh, arose, and spoke wonderful words out of his magic book. Half of the water of the lake rose up, and stood upon the other half. The bottom of the lake was bare; for it was twelve cubits deep in the middle before, and now, where it was piled up, it was twenty-four cubits deep. Then Zazamankh leaped down upon the dry bed of the lake; he found the coronet of malachite lying upon the sand; he took it, and gave it back to the girl. Then he reversed his spell, and the water of the lake sank down, and was as before. So His Majesty passed a happy day with the royal household, and he rewarded the chief reciter, Zazamankh, with all sorts of good things. Behold this is the wonder which happened in the days of thy father, of happy memory, the King Seneferu, and which was wrought, among others, by the

chief reciter, Zuzamankh, the wizard."

Then said His Majesty, King Khufu: "Let there be presented to His Majesty, the King Seneferu, of happy memory, an offering of one thousand loaves of bread, one hundred jugs of beer, a bullock, and two measures of incense; and let there be given also a loaf, a pint of beer, and a measure of incense, to the chief reciter, Zazamankh, the wizard, of whose skill I have had proof." It was done as His Majesty commanded.

CHAPTER III

Tales of the Old Magicians—Continued

Dedi the Wizard, and the Sun-God's Babies.

Then Hordadef, the King's son, rose and said: "May it please your Majesty, so far your Majesty has heard stories of wonders which only the men of bygone days have known, and whose truth no man can swear to; but I am able to bring before your Majesty's eyes a sorcerer of your own day, whom your Majesty does not know."

His Majesty said: "Who is he, Hordadef?"

Prince Hordadef answered: "He is a man named Dedi, who lives at Ded-sneferu. He is a hundred and ten years old, but he still eats every day his hundred loaves of bread, and a whole side of beef, and drinks a hundred jugs of beer. He knows how to join on again a head which has been cut off, he knows how to make a lion follow him without a halter, and he knows the plans of the house of Thoth." (Now, behold, His Majesty King Khufu had long sought those plans of the house of Thoth, in order to make a copy of them for his pyramid.)

Therefore His Majesty said: "Hordadef, my son, bring the man to me yourself."

Barges were prepared for the Prince Hordadef, and he set sail for Ded-sneferu. When the boats came to the landing-place, he sat upon a litter

made of ebony, whose poles were of cedarwood, inlaid with gold. Then, when he came to Ded-sneferu, the litter was set down, and he rose up to salute the wizard. He found him sitting upon a low couch at the door of his house, one slave at his head, scratching it for him, and another rubbing his feet.

Prince Hordadef said to him: "Thy state is that of one who lives in the restful shade of old age. Commonly old age is a coming into harbour, a wrapping of the mummy, a return to the earth; but, thus to rest at ease all day long, without bodily infirmities, without decay of one's mental powers, this is, indeed, a happy lot! I have come in haste to give you a special invitation from my father, His Majesty, King Khufu. You shall eat of the best that the King can give and the Court provide; and, thanks to His Majesty, you shall come at last with honour to your fathers who rest in their tombs.'

Dedi replied: "Peace be to thee, peace be to thee, Hordadef, royal son, beloved of his father! May thy honourable father praise thee, may he place thee amongst the elders! May thy guardian angel triumph over his enemies! and may thy soul find out the steep paths which lead to the gate of mercy, for verily thou art wise!"

Prince Hordadef stretched out both hands to him; he helped him to rise, and he walked with him to the landing-place, holding his arm. Dedi said to him: "I would need to have a boat for my household and my books." Two boats with their crews

were granted him, and Dedi himself sailed in the barge along with the Prince Hordadef. Now, when he had arrived at the Court, the Prince entered to make his report to the Majesty of the King of the two Egypts, Khufu, and he said: "Sire (life, health, strength!), my master, I have brought Dedi."

His Majesty answered: "Bring him quickly to my presence." And when His Majesty had seated himself in the audience-hall of Pharaoh, Dedi was presented to him.

His Majesty said: "How is it, Dedi, that I have never before seen you?"

Dedi answered: "A man can only come when he is called. My King (life, health, strength!) calls me, and behold, I have come."

His Majesty said: "Is it true, as they say of you, that you can join on again a head which has been cut off?"

Dedi answered: "Surely it is true, sire, my master."

Then said His Majesty: "Bring hither a prisoner of those who are lying in prison under sentence of death."

But Dedi cried: "No, no, your Majesty; not a man. Do not let us venture such a thing upon a human being."

So a goose was brought to him, and its head was cut off, and the goose was placed at the right side of the hall and its head at the left side. Then Dedi spoke words of power out of his book of spells. The goose rose up and hopped forward, the head did

the same, and when the one had joined the other, the goose stood up and cackled. Then a pelican was brought, and the same thing happened. His Majesty ordered a bull to be brought, and its head was struck off and fell to the ground with its halter. Dedi recited his spells, and the bull stood upright behind him, but its halter still lay upon the ground.

Then said King Khufu: "Do you know that people say of you that you know the plans of the house of Thoth?"

Dedi answered: "Pardon me, your Majesty, I do not know the plans themselves, but I know where they are."

"And where is that?" said His Majesty.

Dedi said to him: "There is a block of gritstone in one of the chambers of the Library at Heliopolis, and the plans of the house of Thoth are in the block."

Then said the King: "Bring me the plans which are in this block."

But Dedi said to him: "May it please your Majesty, it is not I who shall bring them."

"Who, then, shall bring them to me?" said the King.

And Dedi answered: "They shall be brought to you by the eldest of the three children who shall be born of Rud-didet."

"By my faith," said His Majesty, "and who is she, this Rud-didet of whom you speak?"

Dedi answered him: "She is the wife of a priest of the god Ra, Lord of Sakhebu. She shall bear three

children, who shall be the sons of Ra, Lord of Sakhebu, and the great god has said that they shall exercise this excellent dignity over this whole land (*i.e.*, shall be Kings), and the eldest of them shall be also High-Priest at Heliopolis."

Then His Majesty's heart was troubled; but Dedi said to him: "Why are your thoughts so sad, sire, my master? Is it because of these three children? Verily, I tell thee it shall not happen in thy day. Thy son shall reign, then his son, and then one of these."

Then said His Majesty: "When shall the children be born?"

The wizard replied: "They shall be born on the fifteenth of the month Tybi."

The King said: "If the banks of the canal of Letopolis were cut, I would go there myself to see the temple of Ra, Lord of Sakhebu."

And Dedi answered: "Then I will cause that there shall be four cubits of water between the banks of the canal of Letopolis."

When His Majesty had returned into his chamber, he said: "Let Dedi be lodged in the house of Prince Hordadef, and let him dwell with him; and let there be given to him a daily ration of one thousand loaves, one hundred jugs of beer, an ox, and one hundred bunches of onions."

It was done as His Majesty had commanded.

Now it came to pass that the time for the birth of the children drew nigh. The Majesty of Ra, Lord of Sakhebu, said to Isis, to Nephthys, to Meskhent,

to Heqt, and to Khnumu: "Go and watch over the birth of these three children of Rud-didet, who shall reign over this whole land, building your temples, furnishing your altars of offerings, supplying your libation-tables, and adding to your endowments." Then these divinities set forth. The goddesses changed themselves into singing-girls, and Khnumu went with them in the guise of a porter. They arrived at the house of Ra-user, and they found him spreading out linen. They passed before him with their musical instruments, and told him that they had come to be present at the birth of the children. When the children were born, beautiful in all their members, they said: "These are kings, who shall reign over this whole land of Egypt."

Then the goddesses went forth, and said to Ra-user: "Rejoice, Ra-user; for, behold, three children are born to thee."

He said to them: "My ladies, and what can I do for you? Behold, let me give this bushel of barley to your porter that you may carry it away as your wages to the brew-house."

So Khnumu loaded himself with the barley, and they set out for the place whence they had come.

But Isis said to the others: "What are we thinking about, that we have come to the house of Ra-user without doing a wonder for these children that we may tell it to their father who has sent us?" (*i.e.*, to the god Ra).

Then they made three royal diadems, and hid

them in the barley; they brought down a storm of rain from heaven. They returned to the house of Ra-user, and they said: "Store for us this barley in a sealed chamber, until we come north again."

So the grain was stored in a sealed chamber.

Now, it fell out that one day, a fortnight after the children were born, Rud-didet said to her servant: "Is everything in good order in the house?"

The servant answered: "All things are in order; only the barley for brewing has not been brought."

Then said Rud-didet: "Why is the brewing barley not brought?"

The servant said: "It might have been ready long ago, only it was given to these singing-girls, and lies in the chamber sealed with their seal."

So Rud-didet said: "Go down and fetch it; Ra-user will give them more in place of it when they come back again."

The servant went and opened the room; behold, she heard voices, singing, music and dancing, all that one would do to welcome a King, in the room. She came back and told Rud-didet what she had heard. Then Rud-didet came down to the room, and could not find the place whence the sound came. She placed her head against the sack of barley, and found that the noise was inside it; therefore she placed the sack in a wooden coffer. She sealed it with another seal; she tied it round with leather, and she placed the whole in the storeroom, and sealed the door with her own seal. When Ra-user returned from working in his

garden, Rud-didet told him the whole affair, and he was highly delighted, and they sat down and made a holiday of it.

Now, some time after all this, it befell that Rud-didet quarrelled with her servant, and caused her to be beaten.

The servant said to the others who were in the house: "Does she think that she can treat me thus, she who has borne three Kings? I will go and tell the whole affair to his gracious Majesty King Khufu."

So she went away, and she found her uncle, her mother's brother, who was busy bundling up flax.

He said to her: "Whither goest thou, my little maid?"

And she told him the whole story.

Then said her uncle: "And you have the impudence to come to me. I will teach you to rebel and play the traitress."

So he took a bunch of the flax, and gave her a sound thrashing. The servant ran down to the river to bathe her bruises; and, behold, a crocodile carried her away.

When her uncle ran to Rud-didet to tell her what had happened, he found the lady seated, her head bowed upon her knees, and her heart sadder than tongue can tell.

He said to her: "Madame, why so sad?"

She answered: "Because of that little traitor who was in the house; behold, she has gone away saying, 'I will go, and I will denounce them to the

King.'"

Then the uncle made salaam, and said to her: "My lady, when she came to tell me what had happened, and made complaint to me, I gave her a sound beating; then she went to bathe her bruises, and lo! a crocodile carried her away."

(The rest of the story is lost; but probably it may have contained the account of how King Khufu endeavoured to obtain possession of the children who were to dethrone his descendants, and how the Sun-god's children escaped his efforts, and came at last to the throne.)

CHAPTER IV

The Wizards of the Empire: Setna and the Magic Roll

The two stories of Setna and the Magic Roll, and Setna and his son Senosiris, which follow in Chapters IV. and V., are of very much later date than the Tales of the Old Magicians. The first was written in the time of the Ptolemaic Pharaohs of Egypt, about 300 B.C. or later; the second in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, about A.D. 46-47. At the same time, though they are thus almost modern, as things go in Egypt, they no doubt represent very ancient traditions which had been handed down in one form or another for many centuries. The Prince who gives the title to both stories is a well-known historical personage. Setna-Khaemuas (Setna Glory-in-Thebes) was the favourite son of the famous Egyptian Pharaoh, Ramses II., who may have been the oppressor of the Hebrews. In all probability he was destined for the throne, for he exercised the highest offices during his father's lifetime, being High-Priest at Memphis among other things; but he died before the long reign of Ramses closed, and the succession fell to his brother Merenptah. Khaemuas had a great reputation in Egypt for learning; and, as almost always happened in ancient days—witness Michael Scott

and Friar Bacon—a reputation for learning meant almost inevitably a reputation for skill in the magic arts.

The story of Setna and the Magic Roll is again double—a tale within a tale; and it is more difficult to decide the period to which the dead Prince, Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and his wife Ahura, are supposed to belong. There is no King of Egypt known who bears the name Mer-neb-ptah given by Ahura in her story. The probability is that the name is a corruption of one of the titles of the famous and magnificent Pharaoh Amenhotep III. The Setna part of the story, therefore, dates from about 1300 B.C., and Ahura 's tale takes us back, roughly speaking, another century.

In Ahura's account of how Na-nefer-ka-ptah gained the book of Thoth we see again the persistent Egyptian belief in the possibility of making and vivifying waxen images, and obliging them to do the will of their creator; while the enclosing of the book in a series of boxes is perhaps the oldest illustration of a formula for the protection of precious things which occurs in the wonder tales of almost all nations.

In the second story of the Setna tradition, apart from the reappearance, on both sides of the struggle, of the waxen images as instruments of the wizard's will, the interest centres upon the altogether extraordinary parallel which is presented, by the visit of Setna and his wondrous child to the underworld, to our Lord's parable of the rich man

and Lazarus. The date of the manuscript is such that it does not absolutely preclude the possibility of some echo of the parable of Jesus having floated down into Egypt and reached the writer of the tale; but it is also such as to render such a thing highly improbable. All that can be said is that the resemblance is wonderfully striking.

The contest between the old Egyptian wizard reincarnate in the boy Senosiris, and the reincarnation of the old Ethiopian wizard, naturally calls up the appearance of Moses and Aaron before the Egyptian Court, with the difference that here the advantage, naturally, is made to lie with the native wizard, and it is interesting to remember once more that in the whole Setna tradition we are dealing with a person who almost certainly comes very close in point of time to the actual period of the Exodus, and who may have been absolutely a contemporary of the great Hebrew leaders.

The marriage of Prince Na-nefer-ka-ptah to his sister the Princess Ahura, is strictly in accordance with ancient Egyptian ideas of a fitting matrimonial arrangement for children of the royal house; while the old priest's demand for two coffins to be made for him and a splendid funeral to be accorded him in return for his information, illustrates the extraordinary importance which the Egyptian mind attached to all details connected with the life after death. Na-nefer-ka-ptah's way of learning the spells of the book of Thoth, by copying them and then washing off the ink with beer, and

drinking the beer, is a regular Oriental fashion of literally absorbing knowledge. Many Egyptian and Babylonian drinking-vessels, both ancient and modern, have charms engraved upon them whose virtue is supposed to be imparted to the liquid which is drunk from them. At the end of the story, "How Isis stole the Great Name of Ra," will be found directions for using the story as a spell exactly as Na-nefer-ka-ptah used the spells of the Magic Roll.

The Story of Setna and the Magic Roll.

Once upon a time there was a great King of Egypt named User-maat-Ra (Ramses II.), to whom be life, health, and strength. He had a very large family, and one of his sons, whose name was Setna-Khaemuas, was a very wise and learned man. He used to spend nearly all his time studying the sacred books, or reading the inscriptions engraved upon the walls of the temple and the tablets in the cemetery of Memphis. Moreover, he was a great magician, there was none like him in all the land of Egypt. He knew all kinds of charms and spells, and could speak and write words of power that made all creatures and spirits do his bidding.

Now, it happened one day that Setna was standing in the court of the temple of the great god Ptah, reading the inscriptions on the walls, when a man of noble appearance who stood near him began to laugh loudly. Setna turned angrily to him, and said:

"Why are you laughing at me?"

The man answered: "I am not laughing at you, but I am laughing to see you wasting your time reading these senseless words when I can tell you where to find a book which the god Thoth wrote with his own hand. To read it will make you only a little lower than the gods. There are two spells in it. When you repeat the first, you will charm heaven and earth, sea and sky, mountains and rivers; you will understand what the birds say as they fly, and the serpents as they crawl; and when you call to the fish, a divine power will bring them up to the surface of the water. When you repeat the second spell, though you were in your grave you will come back to life again as you were before; and you will see the sun in the sky, and the moon in her changes, and all the company of the gods."

"By my life," said Setna, "show me where this book is, and I will give you anything you like to ask."

"The book is not mine," said the stranger. "It lies in the tomb of Prince Na-nefer-ka-ptah, son of King Mer-neb-ptah (to whom be life, health, and strength). Only I advise you not to meddle with it, for Na-nefer-ka-ptah will make you bring it back again, with a forked stick in your hand and a fire-pan on your head."

As soon as Setna heard where the book was, he cared for nothing else on earth. He hastened away, as fast as his feet would carry him, to the King his father, told him everything that had been said, and

asked his permission to go down into the tomb of Prince Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and bring back the magic book. So he took with him his foster-brother An-he-hor-er-u, and for three days and three nights they searched the cemetery of Memphis, reading all the inscriptions on the tombs, that they might find the tomb of Prince Na-nefer-ka-ptah. When at last, on the third day, they found it, Setna recited a spell over it; the earth opened, and he went down into the long rock-hewn passage that led to the chamber of the tomb, leaving his foster-brother to wait for him above. A vulture and a crow flapped slowly on before him down the passage till they came to the door of the chamber, where they perched, one on either side. A great stone closed the door of the tomb; but Setna, putting out all his strength, rolled it aside, and went boldly into the chamber.

At first his eyes were dazzled, for a great light shone from the magic roll, and the whole chamber was as bright as day. After a little he looked round, and there was Prince Na-nefer-ka-ptah sitting in his chair, and beside him were the ghosts of his wife Ahura and his little boy Merab. Their bodies were buried far away up the Nile at Coptos; but, by the power of his magic book, Na-nefer-ka-ptah had brought their spirits back to Memphis to keep him company in his grave.

So, when Setna came in, the Princess Ahura sprang up and cried: “Who art thou?”

And Setna answered: “I am Prince Setna-

Khaemuas, son of King Ramses" (to whom be life, health, and strength), "and I am come to carry away this book of Thoth which I see between you and your husband. Give it to me, or I will take it by force."

Then said the lady Ahura: "Do not take it away, I beg of you; but listen first to the story of all the evils which it has brought upon us, and how the getting of it shortened our days upon earth."

So Ahura began, and told to Setna the story of the magic book.

The Story of Princess Ahura.

"My name is Ahura, and when I was alive I was the daughter of King Mer-neb-ptah (to whom be life, health, and strength), and Na-nefer-ka-ptah, my husband, was my brother, and we loved one another very dearly. When I grew old enough to be married, the King my father said to the Queen my mother: 'See, Ahura our daughter is quite grown up, and it is high time that she was married. To whom shall we marry her?' Now, I had told my mother that I loved Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and would have none other but him for my husband. So my mother said to my father: 'Ahura loves Na-nefer-ka-ptah; let us marry them, the one to the other, according to the custom.' But my father said: 'We have only these two children, why should they marry one another? Let us marry the one to the daughter of a General, and the other to the son of a

General; for this will be far better for the family.'

"That night there was a banquet in the palace, and I had to appear before Pharaoh my father; but I was grieved at what he had said, and was not so gay and bright as usual. So Pharaoh said to me: 'Little stupid, what folly is this that you have said to your mother about marrying your brother?' 'Oh, well,' I said, 'do what you like—marry me to the son of a General, and marry my brother to the daughter of a General, and let us be a happy family.' Then I laughed, and Pharaoh laughed, for he saw that I should never be happy without Na-nefer-ka-ptah. And he said to his Chamberlain: 'Marry Ahura to Na-nefer-ka-ptah this very night, and send to their house treasures of gold and silver, and all sorts of good things.' So we were married, and were very happy together for a while; and we had this one son, little Merab, whom you see.

"But after a time my husband began, like you, to think of nothing but reading the sacred books, and the inscriptions in the temples and the tablets on the tombs of the Pharaohs. Now, one day, when he was reading the writings on the walls of the Temple of Ptah, an old man who was standing by laughed at him. 'Why are you laughing at me?' said Na-nefer-ka-ptah.

"'I am not laughing at you,' said the old priest, 'but I am laughing to see you wasting your time in reading this nonsense. If you really wish to see something worth reading, come to me, and I shall show you a book which Thoth wrote with his own

hand. There are two spells in it. When you repeat the first you will charm heaven and earth, sea and sky, mountains and rivers; you will understand what the birds say as they fly, and the serpents as they crawl; and when you call to the fish, a divine power will bring them up to the surface of the water. When you repeat the second, though you were in your grave, you will come back to life again as you were before; and you will see the sun in the sky, and the moon in her changes, and all the company of the gods.'

"'By the life of Pharaoh,' said my husband, 'tell me anything you wish, and I will give it you, if only you will bring me where this book is.'

"Then said the priest: 'If you wish me to show you where the book is, you must give me one hundred pieces of silver, and cause two coffins to be made for me, that so I may be buried as a rich priest.'

"So the money was handed over, and the coffins were made, and then the priest said: 'The book you wish is in the middle of the River Nile at Coptos, in an iron box. In the iron box is a bronze box; in the bronze box is a sycamore box; in the sycamore box is an ivory and ebony box; in the ivory and ebony box is a silver box; in the silver box is a gold box; and in the gold box is the book. Round about the box are snakes and scorpions, and all sorts of crawling things; and a deathless serpent keeps guard over all.'

"When my husband heard this he was so glad

that he scarcely knew where he was. He came and told me all about it, and said: 'I am going to Coptos to bring back this book, and then I will never leave you anymore.' But when I knew what was in his mind, I was very angry with the priest for what he had said, and I threatened him; for I was sure that if my husband went up the Nile to look for the book, harm would come of it. Then I besought Na-nefer-ka-ptah not to go to Coptos; but he would not listen to me. He went to Pharaoh and told him everything, and Pharaoh said to him: 'What do you really want, then?'

"'Give me your royal barge, with the crew and tackle,' said he, 'and I shall take my wife and my son, and go south and bring back this book; and then I will never leave this place anymore.'

"So we embarked on the royal barge and came to Coptos. When we arrived, the High-Priest and the other priests of Isis at Coptos came down to meet us, bringing their wives to salute me. We offered sacrifice and stayed there for five days, the priests making holiday with Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and their wives making holiday with me. On the morning of the sixth day my husband caused a great quantity of pure wax to be brought to him. Out of it he made a boat with rowers and sailors. He recited a spell over them, which gave them life and breath, and then he launched the boat in the river, filling it with sand. Then he went on board, and I waited by the bank of the river, saying: 'I must see what will happen to him.'

"So Na-nefer-ka-ptah cried to his waxen sailors: 'Oarsmen, row me to the place where the book of Thoth lies;' and they rowed day and night, till in three days they came to the place. Then he threw sand into the river, and the water parted this way and that way, and lo! in the midst of the river-bed there was a great tangle of serpents and scorpions and all sorts of creeping things over the box. He recited a spell over them, and in a moment all their wriggling and twisting ceased, and they were held motionless by the power of his magic. Then he came to the deathless snake, and, as it reared its fiery crest against him, he struck it a mighty blow, so that it fell dead before him; but immediately it came to life again. A second time he slew it, and a second time it came to life. But the third time he filled his left hand with sand and drew his sword, and as the serpent reared up against him, he smote it so that it fell in two halves, and then in a moment he cast the sand between the writhing pieces of the creature's body, so that they could not come together again. The deathless snake was dead.

"Na-nefer-ka-ptah took the iron box out from the midst of the stiffened coil of serpents and scorpions, and opened it. Within it was a bronze box, and inside that a sycamore box, and inside that an ivory and ebony box, and inside that a silver box, and inside that a golden box, and in the golden box lay the book. He took it out, broke the seals and undid the knots, and unrolled it. When he had read the first spell, he charmed the heavens and the

earth, the sea and the sky, the mountains and the rivers: he understood what the birds say as they fly and the serpents as they crawl; and when he called to the fish, a divine power made them come to the surface of the water. Then he recited another spell, and the river closed again over the place where the box had been.

"So he went on board the waxen boat once more, and said: 'Oarsmen, row me back again to the place where Ahura waits for me;' and they rowed day and night for three days, till they found me sitting by the river-bank at Coptos. For all the time he was absent I had tasted neither food nor drink, but had sat like one dead.

"After we had welcomed one another, 'By the life of Pharaoh,' said I to him, 'let me see this book for which we have taken so much trouble.' He put the roll into my hand, and when I had read it, I could enchant everything just as he could. Then he made a copy of the whole book, washed off the ink with beer, and drank the beer; and so he knew everything that had been written in the roll of Thoth.

"So we embarked once more on the royal barge, and rowed northwards from Coptos. But the god Thoth had learned what we had done, and he went to Ra, the chief of the gods, and complained to him that Na-nefer-ka-ptah had robbed him of his book and killed its guardian serpent. Then said Ra: 'He is in your hands, he and all that is his.' Then Thoth sent a curse from heaven, saying: 'Forbid that Na-

nefer-ka-ptah should ever return to Memphis safe and sound with his family.' In that very moment when the curse descended the little boy Merab came out from under the awning of the barge, and lo! he fell into the river. As he fell, all who saw him cried out, and his father came swiftly from the cabin. Swiftly, too, he spoke with words of power, and Merab rose to the surface of the water and was drawn on board. Then, as they laid him down on the deck, Na-nefer-ka-ptah recited another spell, and Merab opened his cold lips and told him all that had happened and how Thoth had accused him before the gods; but no spell could bring our little boy back to life again.

"So we returned sadly to Coptos, and there we embalmed little Merab, and laid him in the tomb with such honour as becomes a Prince of the house of Pharaoh; and we hastened northwards again, lest the King our father should hear first from others of what had happened, and should be troubled. But when we came to the place where Merab had been drowned, the curse wrought once more, and as I came out from under the awning of the barge, I too fell into the river. My husband brought me to the surface again by his spells; but he could not bring me back to life. So he returned with me to Coptos, embalmed my body, and buried me beside our little son with the state that becomes a Princess.

"Then with a sad and lonely heart he embarked once more for Memphis; but as the barge passed

the place where the curse had fallen upon us, he said to himself: 'Would it not be better to die, and to be buried with them both? How shall I face Pharaoh and say to him: "I have taken your children with me; I have slain them, and now I come back alive to you"?' He took a long piece of fine royal linen, and fastened the magic roll tightly round his waist; and then he went out from under the awning of the barge, and cast himself into the river. And all who saw it cried out: 'Woe and lamentation! He is gone, the good scribe, the wise man who had no equal!'

"So at last the barge of Pharaoh finished its voyage, in very different guise from that in which it went forth, and no one knew what had become of Na-nefer-ka-ptah. But when the galley came to Memphis, Pharaoh and his courtiers, the garrison of the city, and all the priests came out in mourning garments to meet it; and, behold! they saw the body of Na-nefer-ka-ptah, which, by his spells, had entangled itself with the steering-oars. They lifted it up, but none dared to take from his bosom the magic roll for which he had paid so dearly; and when they had embalmed him and mourned him for many days, they buried him in this tomb.

"Behold, therefore, Setna, I have told you all the sorrows which have come to us because of this book which you covet, and would fain take by force. You have no right to it, but we have; for because of it our days of life on earth have been cut short…."

So said Ahura; but Setna would not listen to her pleading.

"Give me the book," he said roughly, "or else I take it by force," for he knew that the ghosts could not withstand a living man.

Then said Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and he spake craftily: "If you are so hard-hearted, let us stake the book upon a game of draughts. I will play you for it, the best of fifty-two points."

"Done," said Setna. So the board was taken from the funeral furniture; and the two magicians, the living and the dead, sat down to play for the magic roll. Na-nefer-ka-ptah won the first game. Triumphant, he recited a spell; then he struck Setna on the head with the board, and Setna sank into the earth up to his knees. The pieces were arranged once more, and the second game began. It ended like the first, and Setna sank to his waist. Then the third game, Setna's last hope, went as the first and second had done, and the defeated wizard sank to his neck.

In despair he called for his foster-brother, An-he-hor-er-u, and said: "Hasten to Pharaoh, tell him what has happened, and bring here my book of incantations and the talisman of Ptah." An-he-hor-er-u hastened to the palace, and came back with the talisman. He placed it upon Setna's head, and Setna immediately rose out of the earth again. Then, stretching out his hand, he took the magic roll from between the two helpless ghosts; and as he went forth from the tomb, light went before

him, and darkness was behind him. Ahura wept as he went, crying: "Glory to the King of Darkness! Glory to the King of Light! All power is gone from our tomb." "Do not trouble yourself," said Na-nefer-ka-ptah, "I will make him bring back the book before long, with a forked stick in his hand and a fire-pan on his head." So Setna went forth from the tomb, and it closed behind him, even as it was before, so that no man might know of the entrance. Then he went to Pharaoh, and told him all that had happened; and Pharaoh said to him: "If you are a wise man, you will put the book back in the tomb of Na-nefer-ka-ptah: otherwise he will make you bring it back, with a forked stick in your hand and a fire-pan on your head." But Setna paid no heed to Pharaoh's warning; he could think of nothing but unrolling the book and reading it to everybody whom he met.

Then it happened one day that, as he walked in the court of the temple of Ptah, he saw a very beautiful girl. There was not a woman in all the land to match her in beauty; she was richly dressed and bedecked with golden ornaments; a number of young girls walked behind her, and she had fifty-two servants in her train. When Setna saw her, he was enchanted with her beauty. He sent his page to inquire her name, and found that she was Tabubua, daughter of a priest of the cat-goddess Bast. So eager was he that he followed her to her house, and there pled hard with her that she would marry him. Really, he was in a dream which Na-

nefer-ka-ptah had sent upon him by enchantment, and Tabubua was an evil spirit sent to torment him; but this he did not know. Before she would consent to marry him, Tabubua insisted, first that he should give her all his estate as her marriage portion, next that he should disinherit his own children, and at last that he should cause his children to be slain. So in his madness he granted her wishes; the children were slain, and their bodies were cast to the dogs and cats. Then he claimed her promise; but, as he stretched out his arms to her, she gave a dreadful cry and vanished; and Setna awoke, and found himself lying in a miserable hovel, without a stitch of clothes to cover him.

Terribly ashamed and frightened, he hurried back to Memphis, and when he got to the palace he found his children, to his great joy, not as he had seen them in his dream—all mangled and bleeding—but safe and sound. Everyone marvelled to see the wise Prince in such a state, and Pharaoh his father looked upon him and said: "Setna, have you been drunk, that you come here in such a miserable condition?" So Setna told him the whole story of his evil dream, and Pharaoh said:

"Well, I warned you already that you would come to a bad end unless you gave back the book. Now take it back to Na-nefer-ka-ptah, with a forked stick in your hand and a fire-pan on your head."

So Setna took the book, and with a forked stick in his hand and a fire-pan on his head, he went

down again into the tomb. When she saw him, Ahura said: "Setna, you may thank the great god Ptah that you are here alive."

But Na-nefer-ka-ptah chuckled and said: "What did I tell you before?" And while they talked, behold the whole tomb was filled with light.

Then said Setna very humbly: "What penance do you put upon me, Na-nefer-ka-ptah?"

And Na-nefer-ka-ptah answered: "You see, Setna, that the bodies of my wife Ahura and my son Merab are still at Coptos, though by my arts their ghosts are here with me. I order you to go to Coptos and bring them here, that we may be all united in one tomb."

So Setna took the royal barge and went to Coptos, and there he searched vainly for three days and three nights in the cemetery, moving the tombstones and reading the inscriptions upon them, but nowhere could he find the tomb of Ahura and Merab. At last he found an old, old man, and asked him if he knew where they lay. The old man thought for a while, and then said: "My father's father once said to my father's father: 'The tomb of the Princess Ahura and her son Merab is under the southern angle of the priest's house.'"

"Has the priest done you any harm," said Setna, "that you want me to knock down his house?"

"Keep me under guard," said the old man, "while you knock down the house, and if you do not find the tomb, you may punish me as a rogue." So they put him under guard, and pulled down the

priest's house, and under its southern corner they found the tomb with the bodies of Ahura and Merab. Then they built up the house exactly as it was before, and taking Ahura and Merab on board the barge, Setna went back to Memphis. Then Pharaoh (to whom be life, health, and strength) caused the dead Princess and her son to be carried with honour to the tomb of Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and when the family had been united once more, the tomb was sealed, and they were left in peace.

This is the complete writing of the story of Setna-Khaemuas, and Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and his wife Ahura, and their son Merab. It was written by the scribe Zeharpet, in the fifteenth year, in the month Tybi.

CHAPTER V

The Wizards of the Empire—Continued

The True Story of Setna-Khaemuas
and his Son Senosiris.

Once upon a time there was a great King of Egypt, called User-maat-Ra (to whom be life, health, and strength). He had a son named Setna-Khaemuas, who was the wisest of all scribes in the land of Egypt; but Setna had no child, and his heart was very sad, and so was the heart of his wife. Now, it fell out that one night when Setna's wife was sleeping, the god Imhotep appeared to her in a dream, and promised her that a son should be born to her and her husband, and that he should work great miracles in the land of Egypt. When the little boy was born, they called him Senosiris, and he grew so fast that when he was one year old people would have said he was two, and when he was two they would have said that he was three. His father was so fond of him that he could not bear to let him out of his sight even for an hour. When he grew big he was sent to school, but in a very short time he knew more than his teacher. Then he began to read spells with the scribes of the Double House of Life of the temple, so that all who heard him were filled with wonder; and Setna delighted to take him

before Pharaoh on festival days, that he might see him striving with his magic against the magicians of Pharaoh, and holding his own with the best of them.

Now, after this it happened one day when Setna was bathing on the terrace of his house and Senosiris with him, that they heard a loud lamentation. They looked down, and behold there was a rich man being carried to his burial in the Mountain of the West with great mourning and honour. And while they looked, behold, a poor man was carried also to his grave, wrapped in a mat, and with no one to follow him or to weep over him.

Then said Setna: "By the life of Osiris, Lord of the Underworld, may my lot in Hades be like that of the rich man for whom they make mourning, and not like that of the poor man whom they bury without honour!"

But Senosiris, his little son, said to him:

"Father, may your lot in Hades be like that of the poor man, and may there never happen to you that which is happening to the rich man in Hades."

When Setna heard these words, he was greatly grieved, and said: "Are these the words of a child who loves his father?"

Then Senosiris said to him: "If you wish it, I shall show to you, each one in his own place, the poor man over whom no one wept, and the rich man over whom such lamentation was made."

So Senosiris, the little boy, recited his spells. He took his father by the hand, and led him to a place

which he did not know, in the mountain of Memphis. Here were seven great halls, and in them were people of all sorts. They passed through the first three, no man offering to hinder them. In the fourth they saw a number of men toiling hard, while behind them asses devoured all the fruit of their labours. Beside them were men over whose heads hung bread and water. Every now and then they sprang up to seize the food, but as fast as they sprang, others dug away the ground from beneath their feet, so that they were no nearer the bread than before.

When they came to the fifth hall, behold the pivot of the great door turned in the eye-socket of a man who lay beneath it, beseeching the gods for mercy, and uttering terrible cries of pain. When they came to the sixth hall, Setna saw the forty-two gods of the jury of the other world, sitting to try the causes of the souls of men, while the ushers of the court called the causes. When they came to the seventh hall, Setna saw the great god Osiris sitting on his throne of pure gold, and crowned with his diadem with its double plumes. Anubis, the great god, stood on his left, and Thoth, the great god, on his right, while all around sat the jury of the gods. In the midst of the hall stood a balance, and there the hearts of men were weighed. Those whose sins were more than their virtues, their souls and bodies were cast to the Devourer of the Unjustified; but he whose virtues were more than his sins, was led in among the gods, and his soul went

up to heaven among the souls of the blest.

Then Setna saw a distinguished person, clothed in garments of fine linen, standing in a place of honour close to the throne of Osiris; and while he marvelled at all this that he was seeing, Senosiris said to him: "My father, do you see this noble personage, clothed in fine linen, standing close to the throne of Osiris? This is the poor man whom you saw being carried to the grave, wrapped up in a mat, with no one to mourn over him. When he came here to judgment, it was found that his virtues were more than his sins, and that on earth he had not had the good fortune and happiness that he deserved; and so it was ordained that all the treasures of the rich man whom you saw carried with honour to his grave should be transferred to him, and that he should be placed among the souls of the blessed, near to the throne of Osiris. As for the rich man, his sins were found to be more than his virtues, and punishment has fallen upon him. It is he who lies beneath the door of the fifth hall, with the pivot of the door turning in his eye-socket, while he prays for mercy and utters cries of pain. By the life of the great god Osiris, was not I right when I said to you on earth, 'May your lot be like that of the poor man, and not like that of the rich?'"

Then said Setna: "My son Senosiris, many are the wonders I have seen in Hades. Now may I know who are the men who toil while the asses devour behind them, and who are they who leap to grasp

the bread hanging over their heads, while others dig the ground from beneath their feet?"

Senosiris replied: "My father, the first are men who on earth were cursed of the gods, and who toiled day and night for their living, only that their extravagant wives might devour all that they earned. When they came to Hades, it was found that their sins were more than their virtues, and so their punishment here is the same as it was on earth. As for those whose bread hangs over their heads, and who yet can never reach it, these are men who on earth seemed to have prosperity in their grasp, but God's providence, no man knew why, never allowed them to attain it. When they came here, it was found that their sins were greater than their virtues, and so their punishment here is the same as that which had begun for them on earth."

So when Senosiris had spoken thus, he and his father returned to Memphis, and Setna could not tell what was the way by which he had descended into Hades. Therefore Setna marvelled greatly because of the things which he had seen in the other world, and when the little boy Senosiris was twelve years old, there was not a scribe or a magician in Memphis who could equal him in the reading of spells.

Now, after this, it fell out on a day that Pharaoh was seated in the audience-chamber of his palace at Memphis, while all the Princes, the chief officers, and the great men of Egypt, stood before him, each

according to his rank at Court. Then came there an usher to the King and said: "Thus and thus says a vile Ethiopian, even that he carries with him a sealed letter unto Pharaoh (to whom be life, health, and strength)."

So the man was brought unto the Court, and he made obeisance, saying: "Is there any man here who can read the sealed letter which I bring to Pharaoh without opening it or breaking the seals? If there is no man in Egypt, scribe or magician, who can do this, then I will proclaim Egypt inferior to the land of the negroes—my country."

When Pharaoh and his servants heard these words, they were greatly troubled, saying: "By the life of Ptah, where is there a wise scribe or a magician clever enough to read a letter without opening it or breaking the seals thereof?"

Then said Pharaoh: "Call to me Setna-Khaemuas, my son." When Setna came, he bowed to the ground and adored Pharaoh; then he arose and stood upright, blessing and praising Pharaoh. Then said Pharaoh to him: "My son Setna, have you heard the words wherewith this filthy Ethiopian has spoken before my Majesty, saying, 'Is there a good scribe or a wise man in Egypt who can read the letter which is in my hand without opening it or breaking the seals?'"

The moment Setna heard this he was troubled and said: "Mighty Lord, who is there that can read a letter without opening it? Nevertheless, let me have ten days' grace, that I may see what I can do,

lest Egypt should be proclaimed inferior to the land of these negroes."

Then answered Pharaoh: "So be it, my son Setna."

So they appointed a lodging for the Ethiopian messenger, and they made him filthy food, such as the Ethiopians love; and Pharaoh arose from his throne heavy and displeased exceedingly, and went to bed without eating or drinking.

Setna went to his house, scarcely knowing whither he went. He wrapped himself in a mantle from head to foot, and lay down upon his bed in great perplexity. His wife heard of it and came to his room. "Setna, my husband," she said, "you have no fever, your limbs are whole, your sickness is nothing but sadness of heart."

"Leave me, my wife," he answered; "the business that troubles me is not a matter to tell to a woman."

Then came the little boy Senosiris. He bent over his father and said to him: "My father, why have you lain down, heavy at heart? Tell me the troubles that weigh upon you, that I may take them away."

"Leave me, my son Senosiris," he answered; "you are too young to understand the matters that grieve my heart."

"Tell me them, all the same," said Senosiris, "that I may calm your heart with regard to them."

Then said Setna to him; "My son Senosiris, it is a vile Ethiopian who has come into Egypt, carrying with him a sealed letter, and saying: 'Is there

anyone here who can read this letter without opening it? If there is no good scribe or wise man able to read it, I will proclaim Egypt inferior to my country, the land of the negroes.' I have lain down grieved and heavy of heart over this business."

When Senosiris heard this he laughed in his father's face.

"Why are you laughing?" said Setna.

"I am laughing to see you making such a to-do over such a trifle. Rise up, my father, for I will read everything that is written in the letter without opening it or breaking the seals."

"But what proof can you give me, Senosiris, my son, that you can do this?"

"My father," said he, "go to your library in the basement of the house, and I will tell you the name of each book that you choose as you take it out of its case, remaining here myself all the time."

So Setna went to his library, and Senosiris read for him every book that he took out, without its being opened. Setna came up from the basement the happiest man on earth. He lost no time in going to the palace where Pharaoh was; he told him all that Senosiris had said, and Pharaoh rejoiced exceedingly.

When the morrow came, Pharaoh came into the audience-chamber in the midst of his nobles; he sent for the vile Ethiopian, who was brought into the hall with the sealed letter upon him, and stood in the midst of the Court. The child Senosiris also came and stood in the midst, beside the vile

Ethiopian. Then he spake thus against him, saying: "The curse of Amen thy god be upon thee, Ethiopian! Thou hast dared, then, to come to Egypt, the sweet pool of Osiris, saying, 'I shall proclaim the inferiority of Egypt to the land of the negroes.' May the anger of Amen thy god fall upon thee! Listen to the words which I shall recite unto thee, and which are written in the letter, and do not dare to deny them falsely before Pharaoh thy sovereign."

When the vile Ethiopian saw the child he bowed his head to the ground and said: "I will say nothing false concerning what thou sayest."

Here beginneth the story which Senosiris recited in the midst of the Court before Pharaoh and his nobles, the people of Egypt listening to his voice, while he read all that was written in the letter which the vile Ethiopian carried. Thus he spake:

"It happened one day, in the prosperous times of the King Siamen, that, as the King of the Land of the Negroes took his siesta in the pleasaunce of Amen, he heard three vile Ethiopians talking in a house behind him. One of them spake loudly, saying, among other things, 'If Amen would keep me safe from the anger of the King of Egypt, I would cast my spells upon Egypt, so that for three days and three nights there should be thick darkness, and no one should see the light.' The second said, 'If Amen would keep me safe from the anger of the King of Egypt, I would cast a spell upon

Egypt, and bring Pharaoh of Egypt to the Land of the Negroes, give him publicly, before the King, five hundred blows with the courbash, and carry him back to Egypt in exactly six hours.' The third said, 'If Amen would keep me safe from the anger of the King of Egypt, I would cast a spell upon Egypt so that nothing should grow in the fields for three years.'

"Then the King of Ethiopia caused the three vile Ethiopians to be brought before him, and said to the second of them: 'Execute by your magic spells that which you have said, and, by my god Amen, if you do it well, I will make you rich.'

"So the wizard, whose name was Horus, made of wax a litter with four bearers; he recited a spell over them, and breathed hard upon them; he gave them life, and said: 'You will go to Egypt; you will bring back Pharaoh to this place where the King is; you will give him a good beating, five hundred blows with the courbash, before the King, and then you will carry him back again to Egypt, all in six hours, and not a minute more.'

"They answered, 'We will leave nothing undone of what you have ordered.' So the familiars of the Ethiopian hastened to Egypt; they made themselves masters of the night; they took possession of the Pharaoh Siamen; they brought him to the Land of the Negroes where the King was; they gave him a good beating, five hundred blows of the courbash, in public before the King, and then they carried him back to Egypt, all in six hours, and not

a minute more."

Thus spake Senosiris before Pharaoh and his nobles and the people of Egypt; and then he said to the Ethiopian: "The curse of Amen thy god be upon thee! Are not my words the words of the letter which is in thy hand?"

The vile Ethiopian answered: "Go on reading, for all your words are true, so far as you have gone."

Then said Senosiris: "After all this had happened, Pharaoh awoke, sore all over with the blows which he had received. In the morning he said to his courtiers, 'What evil thing has happened to Egypt that I have been obliged to leave it?'

"Ashamed at their own thoughts, the courtiers said one to another: 'Has Pharaoh gone mad?' Then they said aloud: 'What is the meaning of the words which thou hast spoken before us, O great Lord?' Then Pharaoh arose; he showed them his back, all scarred with blows, and he said: 'By the life of the great god Ptah, someone has carried me to the Land of the Negroes during the night. They have given me a good beating, five hundred blows with the whip, before the King of the Ethiopians, and they have brought me back, all in six hours, and not a minute more.'

"When his courtiers saw the scarred back of Pharaoh, they uttered loud cries of astonishment. Now, the Pharaoh Siamen had a head librarian named Horus, son of Panehsi, and he was very wise.

"When he came before the King, he gave a great cry, saying: 'My lord, this is the magic of the Ethiopians. By the life of your royal house, I will make them come to your house of torture and execution!'

"Then said Pharaoh: 'Be quick about it then, lest I be carried to the Land of the Negroes another night.'

"So the chief scribe Horus went at once. He took his magic books and charms to the palace, and put a charm upon Pharaoh, so that the spells of the Ethiopians should not take hold upon him. Then he went to the temple of Thoth, the nine times great god, and prayed for his help.

"The image of the great god spake to him, saying: 'Go to-morrow morning to the library of the temple; there you will find a shrine, closed and sealed; open it, and you will find a box in which is a book which I have written with my own hand. Take it, copy it, and put it back again; for it is the spell which protects against evil, and it will protect Pharaoh, and save him from the sorceries of the Ethiopians.'

"The wise scribe Horus therefore did as the god had told him, and wrote a charm for Pharaoh; and the next night, when the familiars of the Ethiopian came, they could not master Pharaoh, because he was guarded by the spell which Horus had made for him.

"Next day Pharaoh told the chief scribe Horus all that he had seen during the night, and how the

familiars of the Ethiopian had failed.

"Then Horus the son of Panehsi got a quantity of pure wax; he made a litter with four bearers out of it; he spake a spell over them; he breathed hard upon them, and gave them life, and he said to them: 'You will go to the land of the Negroes; you will bring back the King of the Ethiopians to Pharaoh's palace; you will give him a sound beating, five hundred blows with the courbash in public before Pharaoh, and you will carry him back to the Land of the Negroes all in six hours, and not a minute more."

"They answered: 'Truly we will perform all that thou hast commanded.'

"The familiars travelled swiftly by night on the clouds of heaven to the Land of the Negroes. They took possession of the King; they brought him into Egypt; they gave him a sound beating with the courbash, five hundred blows before the King of Egypt; then they carried him back to the Land of the Negroes, all in six hours, and not a minute more."

Thus spake Senosiris in the midst of the Court before Pharaoh and his nobles, with the people of Egypt hearkening, and then he said: "The curse of Amen thy god be upon thee, wicked Ethiopian. Are the words that I speak those which are written in this letter?"

Bowing to the ground, the Ethiopian answered: "Continue to read, for all that thou hast said is as it is written."

Then Senosiris went on: "After all this had happened, and the King of the Ethiopians was back in the palace again, he awoke, sore all over from the blows which he had received in Egypt. He said to his courtiers, 'What my sorceries did to Pharaoh, the sorceries of Pharaoh have done to me. I have been carried into Egypt, beaten before Pharaoh, and brought back again.' He turned his back to the courtiers, and, seeing his scars, they made a great outcry. The King sent for Horus the Ethiopian magician, and said: 'Beware of the anger of Amen my god! Let me see how you will save me from the enchantments of your Egyptian rival.' The Ethiopian wizard made charms and fastened them upon the King to save him; but the next night he was carried to Egypt and beaten once more, and the same thing happened the third night. Then the King was very angry, and said to his wizard: 'Bad luck to you, enemy of Ethiopia! You have humbled me before the Egyptians, and have not been able to save me from their hands. By the life of Amen, unless you can save me from the spells of the Egyptians, I shall deliver you over to a cruel and lingering death!'

"'My lord the King,' said he, 'let me go into Egypt, that I may see this Egyptian wizard, and work my magic against him, and punish him for all that he has done.'

"So the King gave him leave to go, and he went first to his old mother, and told her all that had happened, and how the King had threatened him

with a cruel and lingering death unless he was able to conquer the wizardries of the Egyptian magician. 'My son,' said she, 'be wise, and do not go near the place where Horus of Egypt dwells. If you go to Egypt to work magic, beware; for you cannot conquer the Egyptians, and you will never come back again to the Land of the Negroes.' 'It is of no use to talk in such a fashion,' said he, 'for I must go.' Then said his mother: 'Since you must go into Egypt, let us fix upon signals between us, so that if you are conquered I may come to help you.' 'If I am beaten,' he said, 'whenever you drink or eat the water will change to the colour of blood, the food will change to the colour of blood, and the sky will change to the colour of blood before you.'

"So when they had agreed upon these signals, the Ethiopian wizard journeyed into Egypt. When he came into the hall of audience before Pharaoh, he cried with a loud voice, saying: 'Ha! who is this that works sorcery against me in the presence of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and has brought the King of Ethiopia into Egypt against his will?' Then Horus the Egyptian wizard stood forth and cried: 'Ha! thou vile Ethiopian! Is it not thou who hast carried Pharaoh my master to the land of Ethiopia and beaten him there? Yet thou comest to Egypt saying, "Who works sorcery against me?" By the life of the god of Heliopolis, the gods of Egypt have brought thee here to punish thee! Gather thy courage, for I come against thee!' Then said the Ethiopian wizard: 'Is this dog who barks at me he who works

magic against me?'

"So saying he spake a spell; and lo! a flame burst out in the audience-chamber, and Pharaoh and the chiefs of the land of Egypt cried aloud: 'Help us, O Horus, chief of the scribe!' Then the Egyptian wizard spake a spell, and lo! a great rain from the south fell upon the fire, and it was extinguished in a moment. Then the Ethiopian spake another spell, and lo! a huge black cloud came over the audience-chamber, so that no one could see his neighbour. But the Egyptian wizard recited a spell towards the sky, and it became clear once more. The Ethiopian spake a third spell, and lo! a great vault of stone—two hundred cubits long and fifty cubits wide—rose up over Pharaoh and his Princes to separate Egypt from its King. Pharaoh looked up; he saw the immense vault hanging over his head, and he and all that were with him uttered a great cry of fear. But Horus the Egyptian spake another spell, and behold! a papyrus boat appeared, and loaded itself with the great vault of stone and sailed away with it to the Lake Moeris.

"Now, when the vile Ethiopian saw that he could not contend with the Egyptian wizard, he made himself invisible by art magic, thinking to go back to the Land of the Negroes, his own country. But the Egyptian wizard cast a spell over him, and, behold! Pharaoh and all his Court saw the vanquished wizard like a loathly bird, ready to fly away. Horus recited another spell, and cast him down upon his back with a falconer over him, his

knife in his hand, ready to kill him. Then away in Ethiopia the signals which the Ethiopian wizard had agreed upon with his mother came to pass, and her food and drink changed to the colour of blood.

"At once she changed herself into the form of a goose, and flew towards Egypt, where she hovered over the palace of Pharaoh, calling loudly to her son. Horus, the Egyptian wizard, looked up to the sky; he saw her there, and knew who she was. He spake a spell, and threw her down to the ground with a falconer standing over her, and threatening her with his knife. Then she changed her shape once more, and became again an Ethiopian woman, and besought the Egyptian wizard, saying: 'Slay us not, O Horus, son of Panehsi! but pardon our crime. Only give us a boat to travel in, and we will never return to Egypt.' Horus refused to reverse his spells unless the wizard and his mother swore by the gods never to return to Egypt. She raised her hand and swore, and her son also swore, saying:

'I will not return to Egypt until 1,500 years have passed.' Then the Egyptian reversed his spells; he gave a boat to the Ethiopian wizard and his mother, and they hastened back to the Land of the Negroes."

Thus spake Senosiris before Pharaoh, while Setna his father and all the people listened. Then, turning to the Ethiopian, who bowed with his head to the ground, he cried to Pharaoh: "By thy life, my

mighty lord, this wretch whom thou seest here is Horus the Ethiopian wizard, whose wicked acts I have recounted. He has not repented him of his evil; but now that the 1,500 years have passed he has returned to work sorcery upon Egypt again. And I! I am Horus the Egyptian! When I learned in Hades that this vile Ethiopian was coming to bewitch Egypt, knowing that there was no scribe in Egypt strong enough to contend with him, I besought Osiris to let me return to earth again that I might hinder him from humbling Egypt before Ethiopia. I was born again as the son of Setna for this one end, that I might work wizardry against this filthy Ethiopian who stands here."

So saying, he spake a spell against the Ethiopian, and he wrapped him in fire, which straightway consumed him in the sight of Pharaoh and all his Court. Then Senosiris himself vanished like a shade from before Pharaoh and his father Setna, and they saw him no more. Pharaoh and all his nobles marvelled exceedingly at what they had seen, saying: "Never was there a good scribe or wise man like Horus, the son of Panehsi; neither will there ever be another like unto him again." But Setna mourned, and made great lamentation, because his son had vanished like a shadow. In the fulness of time his wife bore him another son; but he never ceased to make offerings to the spirit of Horus the son of Panehsi, who had also been his little son Senosiris.

BOOK II TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

CHAPTER VI

The Story of the Shipwrecked Sailor and the Talking Serpent

Our next story requires a little bit of explanation to begin with. It was found on an old papyrus roll which is now in one of the museums of Petrograd, and perhaps part of the story has gone amissing, for at present it begins very abruptly; but we can quite well picture what must have gone before. The story is told by one of the officers of an exploring vessel to his chief, the Prince in command of the expedition. The Egyptians, you know, were really the first African explorers. So long ago that we can scarcely realize it, they sent their ships away down the Red Sea to the country which we now call Somaliland. Of course they didn't call it Somaliland then; they called it The Divine Land, or The Land of Ghosts, and they got all sorts of wonderful things from it—incense, and gold-dust, and giraffes and apes.

But besides that, they sent expeditions both by land and river southwards into the Land of Ethiopia and the Soudan. They called that land The Land of Wawat, and their expeditions were often quite big affairs, lasting many months, and sometimes running great risks. More than once a whole exploring party was cut off by the natives and

never returned, and sometimes the Egyptians had to send a flying column of armed men down into the south country to bring back the bodies of the explorers who had perished, so that they might have honourable burial in their own country.

Well, then, you are to imagine one of these expeditions coming home by river. The great galley, gorgeous with scarlet and green and gold, comes flashing round the bends of the river between the stony Nubian hills, the rowers bending lustily to their oars because they know that every stroke is bringing them nearer home. In the waist of the great ship is piled the cargo—gold-dust in bags, ivory, ebony—perhaps a prisoner or two, one of them, maybe, a little dwarf, whom they are bringing down as a present to the Pharaoh. By-and-by he will be made a jester in the Court, and the King and his courtiers will laugh at his uncouth dances and his quaint foreign ways.

Mile after mile the galley swings on, and now the great rock of Abu Simbel is passed. Someday a famous Pharaoh will come up here himself and order that rock to be made into a huge temple. The Egyptian architects will hew away at it till they have hollowed out the very heart of the cliff, and left it changed into the most wonderful of temples, in front of which four great statues of the Pharaoh, hewn from the solid rock, sit with their hands on their knees, looking solemnly across the river. But that will not be for many a long day yet, and meanwhile there is nothing but the great rock, bare and

frowning and grim.

Still northward the galley swings day by day, until at last the Island of Philae can be seen in the distance, and the sailors know that they are almost at their journey's end. Behind the island lie the docks of Shellal, where their ship will moor, and the familiar thunder of the First Cataract is already in their ears as the vessel rushes onwards with a line of foam at her bows.

On board the vessel everyone is wild with excitement and delight at seeing Egyptian soil again after so long a journey—everyone except one man. He lies under the awning in the gaily decorated little cabin at the stern of the ship, and his heart is very heavy. To-day his men will reach home and be at the end of all their toils and troubles; but his are only beginning. He has still to make a long journey down the river to Pharaoh's Court, and at the end of it he will have to make his report to the King. Perhaps he knows that the report is not too favourable; for some think that one of the ships of the expedition had been lost, or perhaps the cargo is not so good as was expected.

But even if he can report a most successful journey, he knows perfectly well that he will have no peace till the terrible interview with Pharaoh is over, for Pharaoh is God; to enter his presence is a terror. If he is angry with his servants, his anger is a consuming fire; and the Prince, as he lies in his cabin, feels that he would rather face the Nubian bows and spears a dozen times over than face "the

good God" who is waiting to hear his story. So he lies tossing to and fro on his couch in the cabin, wondering whether his fate will be favourable or the reverse. If he makes a good impression with his report, or finds Pharaoh in a good humour, he may get promotion, and have a gold collar put round his neck by the King's own hand; but if he does not happen to please the King, well, he knows what the upshot of that is likely to be—banishment to some miserable frontier-station on the eastern desert will be the least of it. Oh, if it were only all over, and he knew what his fate was to be!

In the midst of all his misery there comes in the ship-captain to make his report. He is an old sailor who has grown grey in the royal service, and has himself commanded smaller expeditions both on the river and on the Red Sea; so, when he saw his chief looking utterly miserable, he knew perfectly what was the matter. He had been there himself, and knew what it was to have the report to Pharaoh hanging over one's head. So it came into his mind that he would try to cheer up his chief by telling him a story of his own adventures, and of the wonders that had befallen him. I dare say the Prince was in no great mood to listen to stories; but he might as well let the old sailor talk as lie there eating his own heart out. So he signed to the captain that he could speak, and this is what the old man said:

"Good luck, Prince! Behold, we have reached home. They have taken the mallet and driven in the

mooring-post, and the ship's cable has been passed ashore. The crew is shouting and praising God, each man embracing his neighbour, and the crowd is shouting 'Good luck' to us. Without any loss among our soldiers we have reached the end of the Land of Wawat, we have passed the Island of Sen-mut, and now, see, we have come back in peace, and are in our own country. Listen to me. Prince, for I am talking simple sense without exaggeration. Pluck up heart, wash yourself, and pour water on your fingers. Then, when you are called to speak, answer the King like a man with a good heart in you. Reply to him without losing your head; for a man's speech either saves him or condemns him. Follow your own good sense, and may your speech be pleasing in the ears of Pharaoh.

"Hearken, now, to me, and I shall tell you the story of a similar adventure which happened to myself. I was going to the Royal Mines, and I went down on the Great Green Sea in a vessel of one hundred and fifty cubits long and forty cubits broad. She carried one hundred and fifty sailors, the very pick of all the land of Egypt, men who were both weather-wise and war-wise, and who were bolder than lions. They were sure that there would be no storm, and that no harm would come to us; but the tempest burst upon us while we were in mid-ocean, and before we could sight land the increasing wind had raised enormous waves. Our ship went down, and not one soul of the crew was saved except myself.

"I managed to seize a plank, and by good fortune a great wave washed me ashore upon an island. I passed three days alone, with no other companion than my own heart. Night by night I slept in the fork of a tree, and day by day I sallied out in search of something to eat. I found figs and grapes, magnificent pears, berries and grain, melons in abundance, fish and birds—there was nothing wanting that heart could desire. I satisfied myself, and left lying on the ground what was over of the abundance with which my hands had been filled. I made a fire-drill, I lighted a fire, and I made an offering to the gods.

"Suddenly I heard a voice like thunder, and I thought, 'It is a great wave of the sea.' The trees groaned, the earth trembled, I uncovered my face, and looked round. Behold, a great serpent was drawing near! He was thirty cubits long, and had a beard more than two cubits in length; his body was overlaid with pure gold, his eyebrows were of true lapis-lazuli, and his form was even more perfect than his face. I flung myself on my face and made salaam before him, and, towering over me, he opened his mouth and spake, saying: 'What has brought thee here, what has brought thee here, little one, what has brought thee? If thou dost not tell me speedily what has brought thee to this isle, I shall quickly show thee, by burning thee to ashes, what it is to become invisible.'

"So he spake, and I hearkened without understanding; I was before him like a man without

sense. Then he took me up in his mouth, he carried me to his lair, and he set me down there without any hurt. I was safe and sound, and no harm had been done to any of my limbs.

"Then once more he opened his mouth while I lay on my face before him, and this is what he said to me: 'What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, to this isle of the sea, whose two shores are washed by the waves?'

"With my hands hanging down before him, I replied: 'I was going to the Royal Mines on a mission of the King in a ship of one hundred and fifty cubits long by forty cubits broad. She carried one hundred and fifty sailors, the pick of the Land of Egypt; they were both weather-wise and war-wise, and they were bolder of heart than lions. They were sure that there would be no storm, and that no disaster would happen to us; each one was stronger of arm and braver of heart than his neighbour, and there were no cowards among them. But the storm burst upon us while we were on the open sea, and before we could reach the land the gale increased, and raised enormous waves. I snatched a plank; but, as for the ship, she perished, and of the crew not one survived but myself alone, who am now here before thee. And as for me, it was only by the good fortune of being washed up by a wave that I got to land.'

"He answered me: 'Fear not, little one, fear not, and do not wear so sad a face! If you have come to me, it is because the gods have allowed you to live,

and have brought you to this Island of the Blest, where nothing is lacking, and which is filled with all sorts of good things. Now, behold, you shall pass month after month, until you have spent four months on this island. Then a ship will come, with sailors of your own people; you will go home with them, and you will die in your own town.

"'Now, it is a pleasure to talk about one's own experience, when once the sadness is past; so I shall tell you the exact story of what is in this isle. I was here with my brethren and my children, in the midst of them; we numbered seventy-five serpents, my children and my brethren, without counting a young girl who was brought here by art magic. For, a star having fallen from heaven, those who were in the fire with the girl perished, even all my companions; and, though I could not come near to the fire lest I should be destroyed, I found her afterwards lying among the dead bodies. But now she is dead, and all my brethren are dead, and I am alone. Now, if you are brave and of a stout heart, you shall yet clasp your children to your bosom, you shall embrace your wife, you shall see your own house; and, best of all, you shall return to your own land and live among your own people.'

"Then I cast myself on my face and made salaam, and I said to him: 'I shall describe your Highness's being to my Sovereign; I shall make him understand your greatness, and I shall send to you ointment, holy oils, perfumes, cassia, and the sacred incense with which men seek the favour of

the gods. I shall recount what has happened to me, and what I have seen of thy wonderful nature, and they shall adore thee in my town in presence of all the mighty men of the earth. I shall slay for thee bulls in burnt-offering, I shall slay birds for thee, and I shall send thee ships laden with all the treasures of Egypt, as one would do to a god who is the friend of man in a distant and unknown land.'

"He laughed at what I said, and, chuckling at his own thought, he answered me: 'Is there not plenty of myrrh under your eyes, and abundance of incense on every hand? For, as for me, I am Lord of the Land of Ghosts, and I have myrrh in plenty; only this holy oil which you talk of is not common in this island. But do not think that you will ever see this isle again; for, as soon as you have left it, it will be transformed into waves once more.'

"Now, behold, even as he had predicted, the vessel came after four months: and when I saw her in the distance I ran and climbed a high tree, and I recognized the sailors. Then I went to tell the news to my good friend, the serpent; but I found that he knew of it already, for he said to me: 'Good luck, good luck, little one! Return to your dwelling-place, behold your children, and may your name be good in your town; these are my wishes for you.'

"Then I cast myself on my face, and made salaam before him, and he gave me gifts of myrrh, of perfume, of ointment, of cassia, of pepper, of antimony, of cypress, much incense, courbashes of hippopotamus-tail, ivory, greyhounds, apes,

giraffes, and all excellent treasures. I loaded the whole upon the ship; then once more I cast myself upon my face, and adored the serpent. He said to me, 'Behold, in two months you will arrive at your own land, you will press your children to your heart, and, afterwards, in a good old age you will go to inherit new life in your tomb.'

"So then I went down to the shore where the ship lay, and I called the soldiers who were on board. I rendered adoration on the shore to the master of the island, and those who were with me on the ship did likewise. We returned to the north, to the palace of the King, arriving there the second month, even as the serpent had said. I obtained audience of Pharaoh, and I offered to him the presents which I had brought from the enchanted island, and he honoured me in presence of the mighty men of the Double Kingdom. Behold he made me his personal attendant, and, for a reward of my labour, I received a number of handsome slaves. Look upon me now that I have come back to the land of Egypt, having passed through such hazards; and take my advice, for it is a good thing for men to hearken unto wise counsel."

But the Prince would not listen; he said wearily: "Do not be a fool, my friend; does anyone give water to a goose the night before it is killed?"

Thus it is finished, from the beginning to the end, as it has been found in the writings. He who has written it is the swift-fingered scribe, Ameny-Amenu (life, health, strength!).

CHAPTER VII

The Adventures of Sinuhe

The story which follows differs from the others which we have to recount (with the possible exception of the tale of the capture of Joppa) in this, that it bears all the marks of being an absolutely true story. It gives a picture of Egyptian and Syrian life in the great period of the Twelfth Dynasty, when Egypt reached a height of power and splendour scarcely surpassed in her later days. The old King who dies at the beginning of the story is the Pharaoh Amenemhat I., and the King who succeeds him is Senusert I., a famous soldier of those old days. Why Sinuhe was so terrified when he heard of the old King's death is rather a puzzle. It is possible that he may have been closely connected with the royal family in some way or other, and may have been afraid that the new King might look upon him as a possible rival, and might think it advisable to get rid of him.

A general slaughter of brothers and other near relations has never been thought an out-of-the-way act on the part of a newly enthroned Oriental King, but rather a reasonable and prudent precaution. Or perhaps Sinuhe may have known that he had an enemy in the new King, and while he felt himself safe so long as the old Pharaoh was alive,

he may have feared what might happen when his protector was dead.

Possibly someday an explorer may light upon the actual tomb that the wanderer was so proud of; and we may learn how it was that he was so frightened, and why, even when he came back to Egypt, he had to leave his family behind him in Palestine. Meanwhile he has left us a very useful and interesting picture of life in the East, not very long before the days of Abraham. We see the Egyptian fugitive with his higher training and greater skill in war, taking at once a leader's place among the Syrian tribesmen—just as an Englishman might do in Africa—while his single combat with the Syrian champion is quite in the style of David and Goliath. Then we see the Egyptian's passionate yearning for his native land, and, what seems strange to us, the manner in which he counted it absolutely unbearable that he should have to be buried in a foreign country without all the funeral ceremonies on which the people of the Nile Valley laid such stress. And when the yearning has conquered the dread which he still had of the enmity of Senusert, and the fugitive is welcomed back to the Court with every mark of honour and regard, we see how overwhelming was the awe which was felt by a loyal Egyptian when he came into the presence of the Pharaoh, who, to him, was God manifest in the flesh. Altogether there is no piece of ancient Egyptian literature which gives a fresher or more vivid picture of the manners and

customs of those far-off days than the story of the Adventures of Sinuhe.

The hereditary Prince, the King's servant, the Sole Friend, administrator of the royal domains, and Keeper of the Gate of the Desert, the true and beloved royal acquaintance Sinuhe, saith:

"As for me, I am the attendant of my master, servant of the household of the hereditary Princess Neferit, the feudal chieftainess, the royal daughter of Amenemhat. On the seventh day of the third month of the season Akhet, in the thirtieth year of his reign, the god entered his horizon, the King Sehotepabra flew up to heaven, and was united to the Solar disc, the members of the god were joined to Him Who had created them. (All this high-flown language simply signifies that King Amenemhat I. died.) Behold the place was in silence, all hearts mourned! the double Great Gate was shut and sealed, the courtiers crouched with head on knees, and the people lamented.

"Now, it was so that His Majesty had sent a great host to the land of the Libyans, and his eldest son, the good god Senusert (life, health, strength!), was in command. He had been sent to smite the foreign lands and to subdue the Libyan tribes, and now he was returning, bringing Libyan prisoners and numberless cattle of all kinds. The councillors of the palace had sent messengers westwards to tell the Prince of what had happened in the royal hall. The messengers found him by night on the march, for the matter was urgent. The Hawk

soared with his followers without saying aught to the host; even the royal Princes who were with the army were commanded not to breathe a word of what had taken place." (The Hawk is the new King Senusert, who hastens secretly with his bodyguard to the palace to secure the throne against any possible claimant.)

"But it came to pass that I was standing near, and I heard his voice as he spake. Then I fled, for my heart wellnigh burst, my arms were powerless, fear fell upon all my members, and I ran hither and thither seeking a place wherein to hide me. Slipping between two thickets that I might get off the beaten track, I journeyed southwards; but I did not dream of returning to the palace, for I knew not but that civil war might already have broken out there. I called down no blessing on the royal house, but I turned towards the district of the Sycamore. I reached the Isle of Seneferu, and I passed the day there in a field; at the next dawn I started again and fared onwards. I overtook a man by the wayside, and he cried me mercy, for I was terrible to behold. Towards evening I came to the town of Nekau, and I crossed the river on a rudderless raft, helped by the west wind. Then I travelled eastwards by the quarries of Aku and the land of the goddess Herit, Lady of the Red Mountain.

"Turning now towards the north, I reached the Royal Wall, built to keep back and to control the desert tribes; and lest I should be seen by the guards upon the wall, I kept myself hidden all day

in a thicket. When night came, I set out once more, and by the dawn of the next day I reached Peten, and rested in the defile of Kamur. Then thirst fell upon me and overwhelmed me. I fainted; my throat was parched; already I said in my soul, 'Verily this is the taste of death,' when suddenly I lifted up my heart again and gathered my strength —I had heard the noise of a caravan. The Arabs noticed me, and one of their chiefs, who had been in Egypt, recognized me. Behold, he gave me water, and caused milk to be boiled for me; then I went with him and his tribe, and one tribe passed me on to another. I turned away from the land of Sunu and reached the land of Edom, where I dwelt for a year and a half.

"Then the chief Ammianshi, who is the Prince of the Upper Tenu, sent for me to come to himself, and said: 'Thou wilt be happy with me, for thou canst hear the speech of Egypt in this place.' This he said because he knew who I was, and what was my quality; for some of the Egyptians who dwelt in the land with me had testified to him concerning me. Therefore he spake thus unto me: 'Wherefore hast thou come hither? What had come to pass? Was it that the King Amenemhat, Lord of the Two Lands, had died, and thou didst not know what might be the result of his death?'

"Then I answered him with guile: 'Verily, when I was returning with the host from the land of the Libyans, I heard a report. My heart failed me, and drew me forth into the desert paths. I have not

been accused, no one has blackened my face, I have had no fellowship with evil-doers, and my name has never been spoken by the mouth of the herald. What has brought me to this land I know not; perhaps it was the will of God.'

"Then said Ammianshi: 'What will become of the land of Egypt without that beneficent god, the terror of whose name spreads among foreign nations like that of the goddess Sekhet in a year of plague?"

"Then I uttered my mind to him and spake thus: 'God forbid that any evil should befall! His son hath entered into the palace, and hath laid hold on the heritage of his father. Verily he is a god who hath no equal, and none can compare with him. He is a master of prudence, wise in his plans, beneficent in his decrees, saying to one, "Go," and he goeth, and to another, "Come," and he cometh. He it was who already subdued foreign lands when as his father still remained in the palace, and he reported to his father concerning all that had been ordered to be done. He is the mighty man of valour who toils with his sword, a champion who hath not his match, when he is seen rushing against the barbarians and plunging into the fray. He is a mighty bull who gores with his horns, and paralyzes the hands of his enemies; they cannot stand before him. He is the smiter who beats in the skulls of his opponents; none can make it good in his presence. He is the swift pursuer who destroys the runaway; there is no refuge for him who has turned to flee. When

the armies clash together his heart is firm. He returns and returns again to the charge; never has he turned his back in the day of battle. He is strong and of a good courage, and when he sees crowds of enemies he lets no faintness enter his heart. When aught opposeth him, then he dasheth forward. His heart rejoiceth when he rushes upon the barbarians; he grasps his buckler, he overthrows the adversary. Never hath he need to strike a second blow when he slayeth, for there is none who can ward off the stroke of his lance or bend his bow. The barbarians flee, for his arms are strong as the souls of the Great Goddess. In combat he knows no check; he spareth not, nor leaveth any remnant. He is the well-beloved, the conqueror of hearts, and his city loves him more than she loves herself; she rejoices in him more than in her native god, and men and women triumph because of him. He is the King who governed while he was yet in the egg, and who has borne the double diadem ever since his birth. Under his care the nation has increased, for he is God's gift to us, and the land rejoices to be ruled by him. He it is who hath enlarged our borders; he shall conquer the South, and the North shall be to him no more than a dream. He has been created to smite the desert rovers and to crush the rulers of the sands. If he should send his hosts hither, may thy name be pleasing in his sight, and curse not the King lest he hear of it! For he is rich in mercy and goodness to the lands which submit to him.'

"Then the chief of Tenu answered: 'Verily Egypt is a happy land in that she knoweth the prime vigour of her Prince. As for thee, abide with me, and I shall do thee good.' He gave me rank before his own children; he gave me his eldest daughter to wife, and he allowed me to choose for my own possession the very best land which he possessed, on the border of a neighbouring land. It is indeed a goodly land; laa is its name. There are found figs and grapes in plenty. Wine is more abundant than water, honey and oil abound, and the trees are laden with all kinds of fruit. There is no end to the wheat and barley, and the cattle are without number. Great were the honours that were bestowed upon me, for the Prince himself came on my behalf and set me up as chief of one of the best tribes of his land. Every day bread and wine were brought to me, boiled and roast meat and fowl, besides the game of the land; for every day the tribe hunted on my account, besides what my own greyhounds brought in. Food of all sorts was prepared for me, and milk cooked in various fashions. Thus I spent many years; my children became mighty men, each one leader of his clan. The messenger who came from the North towards Egypt, or who returned from Egypt by the South road, tarried at my tent, for I welcomed every wayfarer. I gave water to the thirsty; I set the wanderer on the right way; I delivered him who had been spoiled. When the bowmen were sent to conquer the rebel Princes of the land, I ordered their march, for the chief of

Tenu made me for many years captain of his host. Whenever I marched against a land the people trembled in their pastures by the wells. I carried off their cattle; I led captive their servants; I took their slaves; I slew their men. By my sword and my bow, my swift marches and my well-laid plans, I won the heart of the Prince, and when once he had learned my valour and the vigour of my arm, he loved me, and made me first of all his children.

"Behold, a certain mighty man of Tenu came, and challenged me in my tent; he was a champion who had no equal in the land, for he had conquered the whole of Tenu. Being urged on by his tribe, he said that he would contend with me; he purposed in his heart to plunder me, and he boasted loudly that he would take possession of my flocks and herds. Ammianshi took counsel with me concerning the matter, and I said: 'I have no knowledge of the man, and verily I am no friend of his. Have I ever opened his door, or broken into his enclosure? This is pure jealousy on his part, because he knows that I am your captain. God be my guard, for I am like a bull in the midst of his cows when a young bull from without rushes upon him to take them for himself. Is he a bull greedy of battle, a chosen bull who loves to give blow for blow? Then if he has a heart to fight, let him speak his mind! Is God who knoweth all ignorant of what He hath foreordained?'

"I spent the night in stringing my bow, preparing my arrows, unsheathing my dagger, and

making ready my harness. When the day dawned, the whole land of Tenu came together; for he had foreseen this combat, and had gathered the men of his tribe and summoned the neighbouring lands. When the mighty man came, I rose and went forth to meet him. All hearts burned for me; men and women uttered cries, and all were anxious on my behalf, saying: 'Is there indeed any other champion strong enough to contend with him?' Behold, he grasped his buckler, his spear, and his javelins, ready for the fray. When he had tried all his weapons in vain against me, and I had turned aside his javelins so that they struck the earth harmlessly on this side and on that, he rushed upon me; then I drew my bow against him, and as my arrow pierced his throat, he gave a loud cry, and fell upon his face. I made an end of him with his own battle-axe; I stood upon his back, and shouted my cry of victory, and all the tribesmen shouted with joy. Then I gave thanks to Mentu the War-god, while the friends of the vanquished mourned over him, and Prince Ammianshi clasped me in his arms. Behold, I took possession of all the goods of the fallen champion; I carried off his cattle, and all that he had wished to do to me that did I to him. I took all that was in his tent; I plundered his village and enriched myself with the spoil, and increased the number of my cattle.

"Thus, then, hath God shown himself gracious to him who was forced to flee into a strange land, so that now my heart rejoices. Once I was a

fugitive, and now they speak well of me at the Court of Egypt; once I was a wanderer, wandering about half dead with hunger, and now I have bread to give to my neighbour. Once in misery I fled from my land in nakedness, and now I have abundance of garments of fine linen; once I had to run my own errands because I had no one to send, and now I have many vassals. My house is fine, my estate is large; I am remembered at the royal palace. O ye gods, who have ordered my flight, be gracious unto me; bring me back to the palace; grant me to see once more the place of my heart's desire! How great my happiness, if my body may lie at last in the land where I was born! May my good fortune abide with me still; may the Good God (Pharaoh) grant me peace. May he have compassion on the man whom he has forced to live in a foreign land. Is not his anger against me now appeased? Let him hearken unto the man who beseeches him from a far land, and let him turn his heart towards him whom he has overwhelmed. May the King of Egypt be favourable unto me; so shall I live by his gifts; so shall I watch over the goods of the Queen of the Land who is in his palace, and hear the greetings of her children. Ah, to be young again! for now old age draws nigh; weakness hath possessed me. Mine eyes are heavy; my arms hang down; my legs are feeble; my heart faileth. Death draweth near to me, and soon I shall be carried to the Eternal City and become a follower of the Lady of Death!

"Now, behold, when mention of my affairs had

been made to His Majesty the King Kheperkara (Senusert I.), whose word is truth, His Majesty condescended to send me a message with royal gifts to rejoice my heart, gifts such as are given to the Princes of foreign lands, and the Princes of the Blood Royal sent me their greeting.

"Copy of the Royal Order which was brought to thy servant concerning his recall to Egypt.

"'The Horus, the life of lives, the Lord of the Red Crown and the White, life of lives, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Kheperkara, Son of the Sun, living for ever and ever! An order of the King for the vassal Sinuhe! Behold, this order of the King cometh to thee that thou mayest learn his will concerning thee. Thou hast traversed strange lands from Qetem to Tenu, and hast gone from one land to another following only the counsel of thine own will. What hast thou gained thereby? Do not argue with my messengers, for thy words shall not be hearkened unto, and do not discuss this business with my councillors, for thy words shall be set aside. As for me, there is no ill-will in my heart towards thee. The Queen, who is thy Heaven, abides and flourishes in the Palace, her head is exalted above the Queens of the earth, and her children are with her in the inner chambers of the Great House.

"'Come thou therefore into Egypt, and see once more the home of thy birth, make salaam before the Great Gate, and join thyself to the King's friends. For, behold, old age is now creeping upon

thee; thy strength faileth, and thy thoughts turn to the day when the wrappings shall be put around thee [the mummy-cloths], and to thy journey to eternal bliss. The oils for thine embalmment and the mummy-swathings have already been assigned for thee by the hand of Taït. Thy funeral procession hath already been arranged, and a gilded coffin, the head whereof is painted blue, hath been prepared, together with a canopy to cover the funeral sledge. Oxen shall draw thee to thy grave, singing-women shall wait before thee, funerary-dances shall be performed at the door of thy tomb; the prayers of the tables of offerings shall be said for thee, sacrifices shall be slain for thee beside thy funeral pillars, and thy pyramid shall be built of white stone side by side with those of the Princes of the Blood. Thou shalt not die in a strange land, neither shall the people of the Aamu lead thee to thy grave, nor shalt thou be wrapped in a sheepskin when thy funeral vault is made; but when thou hast come back hither there shall be amends for all the affliction that has gone over thee.'

"When this order came to me I was abiding in the midst of my own folk. As soon as it was read to me, I threw myself on my face, and bowed with my head in the dust; then in the joy of my heart I walked to and fro in my dwelling, saying: 'Is it of a truth possible that such things shall be done unto me, even me, whom my heart hath led into strange lands? Beautiful verily is the compassion of the

King which delivereth me from death! For the King's spirit will allow me to end my days in mine own land.'

"Then I returned unto the Majesty of the King of Egypt an answer praising his goodness and his mercy towards me, and giving thanks to him for his goodness in allowing me to return to mine own land. Then I celebrated a feast-day in the land of Aia and divided my goods among my children; my eldest son became chief of my clan, and the clan and all my property came under his authority, my vassals, all my cattle, my crops, and my date-palms. Then I journeyed southwards, and when I arrived at Zaru the General in command of the frontier guard sent an orderly to the royal palace for instructions. His Majesty sent a courteous overseer of the royal household, and with him several barges full of gifts from the King for the Arabs who had come along with me to guide me to Zaru. I bade them good-bye, calling each one by his own name, and giving to each who had toiled for me his own share. Then I voyaged onwards, and food and drink and apparel were provided for me until I arrived at the royal city of Thet-taui.

"Now, behold, when the next day dawned, I was summoned, a guard of ten men appeared to conduct me to the palace. I bowed to the earth before the Great Gate, then the Princes of the Blood who were loitering in the anteroom came to meet me, and the courtiers who were ordered to lead me to the audience-chamber brought me into the

presence of the King. I found His Majesty seated upon the Great Throne, on the daïs of electrum; I cast myself prostrate before him, and my senses left me. The Good God (Pharaoh) spake gently to me, but I was like a man bewildered in the twilight; my spirit failed, my limbs refused their office, my heart stood still, and I felt neither alive nor dead. His Majesty said to one of the courtiers: 'Raise him, and let him speak.' Then said His Majesty: 'Behold thou art come, then, who didst once take to flight, and who hast wandered in foreign lands. Old age hath come upon thee, and it is a comfort to thee that thy body shall be embalmed, and that the barbarians shall not carry thee to thy grave. Refuse not to speak when thou art questioned.' Then I trembled for fear of punishment, and I answered like a man in dread: 'What hath my lord now said? Lo, this is my answer. This befell not by my own deed, but by the will of God. My present dread is even as the dread which caused my flight. Behold me in thy presence. Thou art Life; let thy Majesty do according to his good pleasure.'

"Then the royal children passed before me, and His Majesty said to the Queen: 'See, here is Sinuhe, who has come like an Asiatic, looking like a regular desert-warrior.' She broke into loud laughter, and all the royal children burst out laughing together before the King, saying with one voice: 'Nay verily, O Lord King, this cannot be he!' But His Majesty said: 'In truth it is he!' Then the Princesses took their cymbals, their castanets, and their sistra, and

they danced and sang before His Majesty, speaking thus to him:

"'Thy hands, O King, do mercifully; may the blessing of the Queen of Heaven abide upon thee. The Golden Goddess gives life to thy nostrils, the Lady of the Stars unites herself to thee, as thou voyagest to the North wearing the Southern crown and to the South wearing the crown of the North, and with the Asp upon thy brow. Thy bow is strong, and thine arrow slayeth! Give breath, therefore, to him who is afflicted, and grant this great boon to our entreaty on behalf of this chief Sinuhe, this Bedawy, who yet was born in Egypt!'

"Then said His Majesty: 'Let him fear no longer, neither cry out in dread. He shall be an officer of the royal household, and take his place among those who stand around the throne. Go with him to the dining-hall, and see that food is provided for him.'

"When I went forth from the audience-chamber the royal Princes took me by the hand, and we passed on to the Great Gate. I was lodged in the house of a royal Prince, richly furnished, with its bathroom, its ceilings painted like the heavens, its furniture sent from the Double White House (the royal treasury), clothing from the royal wardrobe, and choice perfumes. Each room was in charge of a chosen royal official, attending to his own particular duties. Then I cast off the years from my limbs, I shaved myself and dressed my hair, I washed off the dirt of the foreign land, and threw

aside the clothing of the desert wanderer. I dressed me in fine linen, I anointed me with chosen ointments, I slept upon a bed, and I left the sand to those who live upon it, and cedar-oil to those who like the use of it.

"There was allotted to me the house of a nobleman; many bricklayers toiled in the building of it, all its woodwork was renewed, and delicacies were brought to me from the royal palace three and four times a day, besides what the Princes of the Blood were continually giving me. There was founded for me a stone pyramid amidst the pyramids, the royal quarry-master chose the site for it, the chief designer designed its decorations, the chief sculptor carved them, and the clerks of works attached to the cemetery scoured the country to make the furnishing of its store-chambers complete. Priests for my spirit were appointed, and all the funerary equipment was provided. I made all the necessary appointments for the upkeep of the pyramid, acquired land around it, and established a funerary endowment suitable to a Royal Friend of the first rank. His Majesty caused my statue to be made. It was overlaid with gold, and the kilt thereof was of electrum (gold-silver alloy). Not for any common man would such things be done! May I enjoy the favour of the King until the day of my death shall come!" Thus the book is finished from the beginning to the end, as it hath been found in the writing.

CHAPTER VIII

How Tahuti Took the Town of Joppa

We have all read and delighted in the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and, above all, the part of the story where the Captain of the thieves brings his men into Ali Baba's courtyard in the oil-jars, and finds his clever stratagem defeated by the cunning and bravery of Morgiana. Now, here is a story of Ancient Egypt, quite possibly a true story in its main outlines, which, almost beyond a doubt, was the original fountain from which the idea of the robber-chief's oil-jars flowed. It is not, perhaps, a very great story, viewed as a story; but as you read it you will see how remarkably Tahuti's stratagem resembled that of the Captain of the Forty Thieves—with this exception, that Tahuti was entirely successful.

Before we begin the story, let me tell you that the Egyptians concerned in it are real historical people. The King, Menkheperra, is the great conqueror, Thothmes III., the greatest soldier that Egypt ever bred. He was both a brave man and a skilful general, and Egyptian history becomes quite interesting at the point where the King, in opposition to the timid advice of all his Captains, himself leads his army in single file through the pass of Aaruna, in Palestine, and then scatters the

whole army of the Syrian League, which had gathered at Megiddo to oppose him, by the mere dash and fury of his charge. Tahuti was one of the best and most trusted generals of this great soldier. Curiously enough, some relics of the crafty old veteran are lying to-day in some of the great museums of Europe. His dagger, perhaps the very one that he wore as he talked with "the Foe in Joppa," is at Darmstadt, and one of his funeral vases is at Leyden.

Most splendid and most interesting of all, because it tells us how much King Thothmes valued this faithful soldier, is the great gold salver, which now lies in the Louvre at Paris. It was given by the King, when the old soldier died, that it might be placed in his tomb and used by his spirit; and these words are written on it: "Given in praise by the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Menkheperra, to the hereditary chief, the divine father, the beloved by God, satisfying the heart of the King in all foreign lands, and in the isles in the midst of the Great Sea, filling stores with lapis-lazuli, silver-gold, and gold, Keeper of all foreign lands. Keeper of the troops, praised by the Good Lord of both lands and his Double—the royal scribe Tahuti, deceased."

So now we are to hear of one of the deeds by which the wily old soldier and scribe satisfied the heart of his King by the shores of the Great Sea, and if it does not seem to you anything very great as a story, remember that, but for it, you might never

have had the best part of the story of your old friend Ali Baba. The idea of a fortress being taken by soldiers who are smuggled into it in one way or another is a very old one; but it is worthwhile noticing that this is the oldest of all such stories, and belongs to a considerably earlier period than even that of the Wooden Horse of Troy. The fragments of the story are found on a papyrus roll, now lying in the British Museum, on which is also found the story of the Doomed Prince. All that has been added to it in the present version is a small introduction to make the beginning of the story intelligible.

Now, it came to pass that in the land of Egypt there reigned a great King whose name was Menkheperra. He ruled in great power and glory over the Two Lands, and when he went forth to war, either against the vile Asiatics or the vile sons of Kush, they fell down in heaps before the chariot of His Majesty. Now, among the soldiers of Menkheperra, whose hearts were braver than lions, there was a general of infantry called Tahuti. He followed King Menkheperra in all his wars, whether in the North or the South; and everywhere he approved himself an excellent soldier, strong and of a good courage in the day of battle, and cunning to bring skilful devices to pass against the enemy. More than once His Majesty, with his own hand, gave to Tahuti "the gold of valour" before the whole army; for he was a mighty man of valour, who had not his equal in all the land.

Now, behold, it came to pass in those days that a messenger came from the land of Kharu (Palestine), and brought an evil report unto His Majesty, saying: "The Governor of the Northland has sent me unto thy Majesty, saying, 'The Foe in Joppa has revolted against His Majesty, and has slain the spearmen and the charioteers of His Majesty, and, behold, we are not sufficient to fight against him.'"

Then His Majesty, when he heard these words, became furious as a panther of the South, and he called together the chief of the whole land—his Princes, his rulers, and his mighty men of valour. Then said His Majesty to them: "Behold, how this vile Asiatic has arisen against my Majesty! Whom shall we send, and who will go for us, that he may cause the Foe in Joppa to smell the ground before my Majesty, and may destroy his city?"

Then the General Tahuti arose and made salaam, and spake on this fashion to His Majesty: "O thou who art the Good God of Both Lands, in whose beams Upper and Lower Egypt rejoice every day, I will go for thee to bring down the pride of the high looks of this vile Asiatic; only let it be done unto me on this wise: Let the great leading staff of Menkheperra, in whose name is power, be given unto me for a season; let there be given unto me also spearmen and bowmen and charioteers, the best of the mighty men of the army of Egypt; then shall I slay this Foe in Joppa, and I shall take his city."

Then said His Majesty: "What thou hast spoken is good in mine eyes; be it done according as thou hast said."

Now, after many days, Tahuti came with his host unto the land of Kharu; neither at this time did he purpose to fight against the Foe in Joppa, but rather to take him by guile. Therefore he made ready a great sack of leather, large enough to hold a man, and he caused the smiths of the army to make many fetters for the feet and manacles for the hands; he caused them also to make one great set of irons with four rings, and many wooden stocks for the necks of men, and, chief of all, two hundred great earthen vessels. Then, when all things were now ready, he sent a messenger unto the Foe in Joppa, saying: "Now, when this is come unto thee, know that I am Tahuti, Captain of the host of the land of Egypt, and I have followed the King of Egypt in all his wars. But now, behold, the King Menkheperra hath indignation and jealousy towards me because of my great deeds; therefore I have fled from before his face, and I have carried away the great leading staff of His Majesty, in whose name is power, and I have hidden it in the forage of my horses. Now, therefore, let us speak with one another face to face in the field, and if thou wilt, I will give thee the leading staff of Pharaoh; and I, and all the men who are with me, even the best of all the mighty men of valour in Egypt, will fight for thee."

Now, when the Foe in Joppa heard this saying,

he rejoiced exceedingly because of the words which Tahuti had spoken. Therefore he sent unto Tahuti, saying: "Let it be as thou hast said, and the gods do so unto me and more also if I make thee not as my brother, and give thee not the best of the land of Joppa!"

So the Foe in Joppa came out from the city with his charioteer, and with many of the women and children of the city; and he came face to face with Tahuti. Then Tahuti took him by the hand, and embraced him, and caused him to enter into his camp; but in his guile Tahuti had pitched his tent at a distance from the tents of his men, that so the companions of the Foe in Joppa might not see nor hear what befell their Prince. And while the Foe in Joppa ate and drank along with Tahuti, the men that were with him drank and were drunken along with the soldiers of Egypt.

Now, when they had well drunk, then said the Foe in Joppa unto Tahuti: "Now, as touching this great leading-staff of Menkheperra, of which thou hast spoken unto me, where is it? For my heart is set upon seeing it, and if thou showest it to me thou shalt do well." Now, Tahuti had hidden the leading-staff of Menkheperra in the forage of his horses, and the forage was in baskets, even as the forage of the chariot-horses of the host of Egypt was wont to be carried. Therefore, when the Foe in Joppa had spoken on this wise, Tahuti answered him: "If thou wilt, I shall cause my men to bring in the baskets of forage, and thou shalt see the great leading-staff of

His Majesty the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Menkheperra." Then the soldiers of Tahuti came in, bearing the baskets of forage; and the eyes of the Foe in Joppa were blinded by his heart's desire, so that he could not see how he was falling into the pit which Tahuti had digged.

Now, it came to pass that they searched in the baskets of forage, and Tahuti found the great leading-staff; and the Foe in Joppa said: "By the soul of Menkheperra, show it unto me, for my heart desires to see it." Then Tahuti rose and stood erect, the leading-staff of Menkheperra in his hand. He seized the Foe in Joppa by his robe, and he cried with a terrible voice; "Look on me, thou Foe in Joppa, behold the leading-staff of the King Menkheperra, the terrible lion, the son of Sekhet, to whom Amen, his father, gives might and strength!" Then, raising the staff in his hand, he struck the Foe in Joppa on the temple, and stretched him senseless on the ground. Meanwhile his trusty soldiers had seized and bound the men of the Foe with the fetters which Tahuti had provided, and their chief was now thrust into the leathern sack, bound hand and foot in the irons with four rings.

Now, behold, Tahuti caused his men to bring the two hundred great earthen vessels which had been made, and into each vessel he put a soldier, a mighty man of valour, with his harness and his weapons. Then he slung the jars on poles, each jar between two stout soldiers, and in the sides of the

jars with the soldiers were other fetters and collars of wood; and to the men who bare the jars he said: "When you have entered the town, you shall break the jars and let your companions out, and you shall seize upon all the dwellers in the town and put them in irons immediately." Then Tahuti went forth, and spake to the charioteer of the Foe in Joppa. "Behold, O miserable one, thy master is fallen! Now, therefore, go, say to his wife, 'Rejoice with me, for Sutekh our god has given into our hands Tahuti and all that is his!' Then shalt thou show to her as the spoil of the Egyptians these two hundred earthen vessels which are full of men of war, of fetters and of manacles."

Then in that great hour the heart of the charioteer melted within him for fear, and he hearkened unto the voice of Tahuti to do according unto his commands. So he went before the Egyptian soldiers, and cried to the Princess as she stood upon the wall over the gate: "Rejoice, for we are masters of Tahuti!" Then were the bars of the gate undone and the soldiers entered bearing the vessels. And when they were within the city they brake the jars, and their companions came forth, and they took possession of the city and all that were therein, both great and small, and bound them with fetters of iron and collars of wood.

And when the army of Pharaoh had taken the city, and Tahuti had refreshed himself, he sent a message even unto Egypt, to the King Menkheperra his master, saying unto him: "Rejoice! Amen,

thy father, hath given into thine hands the Foe in Joppa, with all his subjects and his city. Send, therefore, thy people to lead them into captivity, that thou mayest fill the house of thy father Amen Ra, the King of the gods, with men-servants and maid-servants, who shall be under thy feet for ever and ever.'

CHAPTER IX

The Doomed Prince

Just as "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" were the time when our nation began to waken up to the idea of the great destiny that lay before it as a world-power, and to send its adventurous sons out into all quarters of the globe, so the early days of the Eighteenth Dynasty were the time when Egypt began to believe in her own future as a conquering power. The Egyptian never was either a great sailor or a great soldier by nature. He did creditably in both these capacities when circumstances urged him; but naturally he was always what he is to-day—a quiet, peaceable, hard-working, good-natured and submissive being, who will put up with a great deal if he only gets peace and quietness.

But about the year 1500, or thereby, before Christ, it seemed for a while as though the whole character of the Egyptian race had changed. After being kept in subjection for a long time by the people known as the Hyksos or Desert Princes, the native Egyptians rose in rebellion, and after a long and fierce war drove their oppressors out. They followed them up across the desert into Syria, and then for several reigns the whole nation, accustomed to war, and proud of its newly found

strength, seemed intent upon making itself ruler of the ancient world. First one King and then another led the Egyptian armies up through Palestine to the Euphrates, and at last all their efforts came to a head in the successful campaigns of the great soldier Thothmes III., of whom we have already heard in the story of Tahuti and the Town of Joppa. Thothmes conquered and held all the land from the border of Egypt to the River Euphrates, and before he died was by far the greatest and most powerful King on earth.

Now, the land north of Palestine, in which the Egyptians carried on these wars, became to them a kind of land of romance. It was to them what the golden city of Manoa and Eldorado were to the Spaniards and the English adventurers of the Elizabethan period. They called it Naharina—the Land of the Rivers—and it was the place where any kind of adventure might be expected to happen. So the Prince in this story goes away to the land of Naharina, and remarkable things happen to him, as every Egyptian would naturally expect.

In this story we have what is probably the first recorded appearance of our old friends the Fairy Godmothers, who have been so hard at work arranging difficulties for the heroes of all the stories ever since. The Hathors, or Fates, who foretell the Prince's doom are really the genuine article in its first manifestation. The goddesses who made the crowns for Rud-didet's babies are different, and not on the same footing. They were sent down as

an exception, on a special mission; but these are the regular practitioners without whose intervention no hero or heroine of any wonder tale has ever since been considered to be adequately started in life.

Here, again, we get no less than two instances of the secluded and inaccessible house which holds the hero or the heroine; and one of them has even the liberal provision of windows, which has been part of the stock plan of such houses from this time onwards. In fact, as Professor Petrie has pointed out, "it would not be difficult from these papyrus tales to start an historical dictionary of the elements of fiction; a kind of analysis that should be the death of much of the venerable stock in trade."

The story itself is found on one of the Harris Papyri in the British Museum. The papyrus was complete when it was discovered, but it suffered in an explosion which took place near the house at Alexandria in which it was stored. It is believed that a copy was made of it before the accident; but no one knows what has become of it. So in the meantime we have no authentic information as to what happened to the Prince after the crocodile made its appearance and remarked, "I am thy doom, following after thee." Various attempts have been made to provide a satisfactory ending. Among others, one will be found in Andrew Lang's "Brown Fairy Book." The most elaborate, and perhaps on the whole the most satisfactory, is that of Ebers, and the general outline of his

continuation of the story has been here followed, though the conclusion has been altered, and now owes its chief feature, the recognition, by the faithful dog, of the treacherous Princes of Kharu, to a well-known passage in the work of a greater romancer, the scene of the detection of Conrad of Montserrat in "The Talisman." It must be admitted, however, that all such attempts to put a conclusion to the work of the early storyteller are more or less unsatisfactory and improbable. The chances are, reasoning from what we know of the Egyptian attitude of mind towards fate, that the Doomed Prince succumbed at last to one of his fates—probably to a blunder on the part of his dog; but only the discovery of a complete papyrus can settle the question.

Once upon a time there was a King who had no son to reign after him. He was very sorry because of this; he prayed to the gods to give him a boy, and they answered his prayer. When the Fates came to appoint the destiny of the little baby, they said: "He will die either by the crocodile, or by the serpent, or by the dog." When those who were with the child heard this, they went to tell it to His Majesty (life, health, strength!), and His Majesty (life, health, strength!) was very sad at heart over the doom which threatened his boy. So he caused a house of stone to be built for the boy on the edge of the desert; it was furnished with servants, and with all sorts of good things from the royal household, and the child was never allowed to go out of

it.

Now, it came to pass, when the boy grew big, that he went up one day on the roof of the house, and he saw a hound which ran behind a man who was travelling along the road. So he said to the page who was with him: "What is this creature which runs behind the man who is walking along the road?"

The page replied: "It is a hound."

The boy said to him: "Well, then, I want to have one exactly the same."

The page went to report the matter to His Majesty (life, health, strength!), and His Majesty (life, health, strength!) said: "Let them bring him a young puppy greyhound, so that he may not be grieved." And, behold, they brought him a young hound.

Now, after many days had passed over his head, when the child had grown a strong young man, he sent a message to his father, saying: "Wherefore should I be kept here like an idler? Since I am doomed to three evil fates, why should I not do according to my own desire; for, whatever I do, God will not less accomplish what is in his heart." His father hearkened to his request; he gave him all kinds of weapons, he gave him also his hound to follow him, he caused him to be escorted to the border of the eastern desert, and there it was said to him: "Go wherever thy heart desires."

His dog was with him, and he went wherever his heart inclined, living upon the best of all the

game of the country. By-and-by he came to the land of the Prince of Naharina. Now, the Prince of Naharina had no child, saving one daughter alone. Therefore he had built for her a house whose seventy windows were seventy cubits above the ground; he caused all the sons of the Princes of the land of Kharu to be gathered together, and he said to them: "He who shall climb to the window of my daughter shall have her to wife."

Now, many days after, while the Princes of Syria were at their daily occupation of trying to climb to the window of the Princess, the Prince of Egypt happened to pass by the place where they were. They greeted him, they conducted him to their camp, they led him to the bath, they gave fodder to his horses, they showed him every kindness, they poured perfume on him, they anointed his feet, they gave him food, and as they talked, they said to him; "Whence comest thou, gallant young man?"

He answered: "I am the son of an Egyptian, an officer of the chariot brigade. My mother died, and my father married a second time. When my stepmother had children of her own she hated me, and I have fled from her anger." Then they embraced him, and kissed him, and welcomed him to their company.

Now, after certain days had passed, he said to the Princes: "But what do you all here?"

They answered him: "We spend our time in trying to climb to the windows of this house on the

rock, and whoever is able to climb to the window of the daughter of the Prince of Naharina, the same shall have her to wife."

Then the Prince of Egypt said to them: "If you will allow it, I shall enchant my limbs and try my luck in climbing along with you."

They went to climb, according to their daily custom, and the Prince kept at a distance to watch them; and the daughter of the Prince of Naharina marked him where he stood, and her countenance was turned towards him, and her heart also.

So when more days had passed, the Prince went to climb with the sons of the chiefs, and he climbed so hardily that he reached to the window of the daughter of the chief of Naharina, and she kissed him, and embraced him with all her heart.

Then went a messenger to carry the good news to the father of the Princess, and said to him: "A man has climbed even unto the window of thy daughter."

The Prince questioned the messenger, saying: "What son of a Prince is he who has succeeded?"

And the messenger answered: "He is the son of an officer of the chariotry who has come as a fugitive from the land of Egypt to escape from his stepmother, who had children of her own."

But the Prince of Naharina broke out into fierce anger, and cried: "Shall I give my daughter to a refugee from the land of Egypt? Let him go home again."

Therefore they said to the young man: "Return

to the place whence thou camest."

But the Princess held him close in her arms, and sware by heaven, saying: "By the life of Ra-Harmakhis, if ye take him from me, I will not eat, I will not drink, I will die within the hour."

The messenger went to repeat to her father all that she had said, and the Prince sent his guards to slay the young man in the house where he was.

Then the Princess said: "By the life of Ra, if he is killed, I shall be dead by sunset. I will not remain alive an hour if I am separated from him."

So they went to tell this to her father, and he caused the young man to be brought into his presence along with the Princess. The young man was affrighted when he came before the Prince of Naharina; but the Prince embraced and kissed him, and said unto him: "Tell me who thou art, for, behold, thou shalt be my son."

The young man said: "I am the son of an officer of chariotry of the land of Egypt. My mother died, and my father married another wife. She hated me, and I have fled from before her face."

Then the chief gave him his daughter to wife; he gave him a house, servants, fields, cattle, and all kinds of good things.

Now, after a time, it came to pass that the young man said to his wife: "Behold, I am doomed to one of three evil fates—to die by the crocodile, or by the serpent, or by the dog."

"Why, then," said she, "do you not slay this dog which always runs before you?"

But he answered: "Nay, verily. I will not kill my dog which I have brought up since he was a puppy."

Thereupon she was very anxious about her husband, and she never suffered him to go out alone.

At length the young man wished to return home again, and he went down to the land of Egypt, his wife bearing him company. Now, after a time, the Prince was making a good day in his house in Egypt, and when the night came, he lay down upon his bed, and deep sleep came upon him. His wife filled a bowl with milk and placed it beside her while she kept watch over her husband. Then a great serpent came stealing forth from his hole to bite the Prince, but his wife beguiled the serpent by giving it the milk to drink. The serpent drank till it could drink no more, and lay helpless on the ground, and the Princess cut it asunder with blows of her axe. Then she aroused her husband, who was greatly astounded, and she said to him: "Behold, thy God has given into thy hands one of thy fates; he will also give thee the others." He made sacrifices to God, he adored him, and magnified his power day by day.

Now, behold, a great crocodile of the Nile came forth out of the river, and came even to the midst of the town in which the Prince dwelt; but there was a mighty man, a son of the giants, who overcame it, and shut it up in his dwelling. For many days he kept it closely shut up; only when the

crocodile slept the mighty man went forth to walk in the cool of the evening, and, when the sun arose, he came back to his house. So it went on for two months. But one night, when the mighty man had left the crocodile asleep, and was gone forth to walk according to his custom, the crocodile awaked out of sleep, and seeing no one at hand to guard it, it stole out of the house and went down to the river, and there, lurking among the reeds by the river-bank, it watched for its prey.

When the day dawned the Prince went forth to hunt in his park, and his dog went with him. The dog ran off in pursuit of game, and the Prince followed. When he came to the river bank, he ran down to the margin of the stream alter his dog, and behold the crocodile came forth from the reeds and laid hold upon him with its cruel jaws, and dragged him in among the reeds. Then said the crocodile to him: "I am thy doom, following after thee. Whatsoever thou mayest do, thou and thy mighty man, thou must come to me at last. Yet now, behold, I shall let thee go this once, only thou must swear to me to kill the mighty man who has kept me so long in prison. If thou wilt not do this, thou shalt see the face of death."

Meanwhile the dog had seen that his master was in the power of the crocodile. He listened, and he heard the crocodile say: "Will you swear to me to slay the mighty man?"

The Prince answered him; "Why should I slay him who has watched over me?"

Then said the crocodile: "Your fate must have its way. If by sunset you do not give me the oath I ask, you shall see the face of death."

When the dog heard these words, he ran to his master's house, and there he found the Princess in tears because her husband had been so long away. When she saw the dog come back alone, she wept aloud and beat her breast; but the dog caught her by the hem of her garment, and pulled her towards the door, as though asking her to go out. She rose up, she seized the war-axe with which she had killed the serpent, and she followed the dog to that part of the river-bank where the crocodile was, near to the house of the mighty man. There she hid herself among the reeds, and she neither ate nor drank, but prayed continually to the gods for her husband's life.

Then, as the evening drew on, and the sun was near to his setting, she heard the crocodile say once more: "Are you going to swear to me that you will slay the mighty man? If not, I carry you down the bank into the stream, and you shall see the face of death."

But he answered boldly: "Why should I slay him who has watched over me?"

Then the crocodile dragged the Prince down the bank quite close to the spot where the Princess was hidden, and just as he opened his jaws to devour his victim, she leaped out from the reeds and struck him over the skull with her axe; and the mighty man, aroused by the noise of the struggle,

came rushing out, threw himself upon the half-stunned crocodile, and made an end of him. Then the Princess embraced her husband, and said: "Behold, God hath given thee into thy hands the second of thy fates; he will also give thee the third." He made offerings to God, he adored him, and magnified his power day by day.

Now, after many days, it came to pass that enemies entered into the land. For the sons of the Princes of the land of Kharu were angry because the Princess had been given to wife to an Egyptian adventurer. Therefore they gathered their armies; they overthrew the army of the chief of Naharina, and they made him prisoner. As they could not find the Princess and her husband, they said to the old chief: "Where is thy daughter and that base son of a charioteer of Egypt to whom thou hast given her to wife?"

He answered them: "He is gone away with her on a hunting expedition. How should I know where they are?"

Then they considered, and they said one to another: "Let us divide our forces up into small bands, and let us go hither and thither throughout all the world, and whoever shall find them, he shall slay the young man, and take his wife to himself."

So they went, some to the east, others to the west, to the north, and to the south; and those who went to the south arrived at the land of Egypt, at the very town where the young man dwelt with the daughter of the Prince of Naharina. But the mighty

man saw them, and he ran to the young man, and said to him; "Behold, seven sons of the Princes of the land of Kharu are drawing nigh to seek for thee. If they find thee, they will slay thee, and take thy wife to themselves. They are too many to be resisted; now, therefore, flee before them, and as for me, I shall return to my brethren."

Then the Prince called his wife unto him; he took his dog with him, and they all hid themselves in a cave of the mountain. They had been there for two days and two nights, when the sons of the Princes of Kharu came with many soldiers, and they passed before the mouth of the cave, and none of them saw the Prince; but as the last of them went by, the dog ran out at him, and began to bark. The sons of the Princes of Kharu remembered the dog, and they retraced their steps and entered the cave. Then the Princess threw herself before her husband to protect him; but, behold, a spear pierced her, and she fell dead before him. The young man slew one of the Princes with his sword, and the dog slew another with his teeth, but the others smote them both with their spears, and they fell bleeding to the ground. Then the Princes dragged the bodies out of the cave, and left them stretched upon the ground to be devoured by wild beasts and birds of prey; and they went away to rejoin their comrades and to divide among themselves the lands of the chief of Naharina.

Now, behold, when the last of the Princes was gone, the young man opened his eyes, and saw his

wife stretched upon the ground beside him, and the carcass of his dog. Then he groaned, and said: "Of a truth, the gods accomplish without fail whatsoever they have decreed aforetime. The Fates had decreed, at my birth, that I should die by the dog; and, behold, their sentence is accomplished, for it is my poor dog which has delivered me into the hands of mine enemies. Let me now die, for, without these two beings who lie beside me, life is unbearable."

Then he raised his hands to heaven, and cried: "O ye gods, I have in nowise sinned against you! Therefore grant to me an honourable burial in this world, and in the world to come justification before Osiris and the gods of Amentet." Having so spoken, he fell back as one dead; but his voice was heard.

The nine gods came to him, and Ra-Harmakhis said to his companions: "Fate is accomplished! Now, therefore, let us grant new life to these two lovers, for it is right to recompense worthily the faithfulness which they have showed one to the other."

And the mother of the gods, nodding her head, assented to the words of Ra-Harmakhis, and said: "So great faithfulness deserves a very great reward."

Last of all came the seven Hathors, and said: "Fate is satisfied! Now let them return to life." And they returned to life straightway, they and the faithful dog also.

Then it came to pass that when the Prince of Egypt and his wife were restored to one another, the Prince went to his father, even unto Pharaoh (life, health, strength!), and showed unto him that he was his son, and told him all that had happened to him, and how his fate had been accomplished. "Now, therefore," said he, "let Pharaoh give into my hand charioteers, and spearmen, and bowmen, that I may avenge me and my wife upon these vile sons of the Princes of Kharu." Then His Majesty (life, health, strength!) gave command according to his request, and with chariots and spearmen and bowmen, even a great host, the Prince set forth to go to Naharina. His wife remained in the house of Pharaoh, but his faithful dog accompanied him.

Now, when they came to the land of Naharina, the hearts of all the vile Asiatics failed them for fear to see so great an host coming against them. The Princes took counsel together, and said: "We cannot fight against so great an host. Therefore let us make submission unto this son of Pharaoh. He knows us not, nor how we have dealt with the chief of Naharina, and his hand shall be with us to establish our hands in the kingdom." Then the sons of the Princes of Kharu came before the Prince of Egypt, and bowed down with their faces to the ground, making salaam. But as soon as the dog saw the Prince of Kharu who had smitten him with the spear, he flung himself upon him, and bore him to the ground.

Then said the other Princes: "Doth the son of

Pharaoh suffer his servants to be thus abused by this vile beast?" But the Prince of Egypt arose and said: "O ye sons of the Princes of Kharu, know ye not the man whom ye left for dead in the cave of the mountain in the land of Egypt? Now, therefore, your blood be upon your own heads; because ye showed no mercy, mercy shall not be shown to you." And to his Sardinians he said: "Cover their faces." Then the Princes of the land of Kharu were led forth and slain, and their bodies thrown to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; and the Prince of Naharina was delivered from the prison-house and established once more in the land.

And the Prince of Egypt returned with much spoil, gold, and electrum, and lapis-lazuli, to his own land, and he made offerings to God, and adored him, and magnified his might every day, and lived with the wife whom God had given him in great peace and prosperity, even unto a good old age.

CHAPTER X

The Tale of the Two Brothers

This is perhaps the most famous of all Egyptian tales, though by no means the most interesting. The manuscript of it was bought in Italy by Madame Elizabeth d'Orbiney, and sold by her to the British Museum. Since then the story has been translated and annotated at least twenty times. The original manuscript still bears in two places the name of its first owner, who was no less a personage than Sety Merenptah, then Crown Prince of Egypt, and afterwards Pharaoh (Sety II., 1214-1209 B.C.).

Nothing can be finer than the earlier part of the story, where the quiet toilsome life of the Egyptian tiller of the soil is set forth, as it was in the beginning, is now, and, in all probability ever shall be. The whole incident of the wicked wife and the quarrel between the two brothers is told with considerable dramatic force, particularly where the younger brother reaps the reward of his kindness to and sympathy with the cattle in their warning of him concerning his brother's designs. Thereafter, however, the simple directness of the narrative ceases, and the thread becomes inextricably tangled with a multitude of marvels and transformations which may have been intensely

interesting to the ancient Egyptians, but are merely wearisome to us. The only trace of the same constructive skill which is so evident in the earlier part of the story is seen in the character of the wonder-wife who is provided for Bata, and who remains, like all such doubtful gifts of the gods in fiction, utterly and consistently heartless and selfish.

Some of the resemblances of various features in the story to stock elements of fiction are sufficiently obvious. The extraordinary likeness between the earlier part and the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife needs no pointing out. The King's search for the beautiful damsel whose fragrant lock of hair had been found is a flower from the same root which produced the hunt for Cinderella when she had left her glass slipper behind her. And the request of Bata's selfish wife to the King is quite in the line of Esther's petition to Ahasuerus, and that of the daughter of Herodias to Herod. "It is the Oriental way of doing business."

Once there were two brothers, sons of the same mother and father; Anpu was the name of the elder, and Bata was the name of the younger. Now, Anpu had a house and a wife, but his younger brother lived with him and had the lot of a younger brother. It was he who made the clothes; it was he who followed the cattle to the fields; it was he who did the ploughing, who thrashed the corn, and who did all the field work. For this younger brother was a most excellent workman; there was not his equal

in all the land, and, behold, the spirit of God was in him. Now, for many days the younger brother followed his cattle, according to his regular custom, and returned to the house every evening laden with field produce. Then he set meat before his elder brother, who sat down with his wife and ate and drank; and then each night he went to sleep in the byre, along with the cows. When the new day came, and when he had baked the bread-cakes, he set them before his elder brother, who gave him his share to take with him to the fields. He drove out his cows to pasture them in the fields, and, as he walked behind them, the cows said to him, "There is good pasture in such and such a place." So he listened to them, and understood what they said, and led them to the good grass which they wished. Therefore the cows which were under his charge became exceedingly fine, and they had calves in great number.

Now, it came to pass, in the ploughing season, that his elder brother said to him: "Let us prepare our team to begin ploughing, for the water of the inundation has gone back, and the ground has begun to appear, and is in good condition for ploughing. Go you to-day to the field with the seed, for we shall begin ploughing to-morrow morning."

Thus he spake to him, and the younger brother did everything exactly as he had been told. When the dawn appeared and the new day came, they went to the fields with their team to begin ploughing, and they were exceedingly happy at their

work, and they stuck closely to it all day long.

Now, after a good many days, while they were still at work ploughing and sowing, Anpu sent his younger brother on an errand, saying: "Run and bring some more seed from the house."

The younger brother found his sister-in-law busy dressing her hair; and he said to her: "Rise and give me some seed, so that I may run back to the fields; for my brother said, when he sent me, 'No loitering!'"

She answered: "Go and open the bin yourself, and take away what you want, for I cannot move in case my hair should all come down again."

The young man went into the stable, and chose a large jar, for he meant to take a great quantity of grain. He filled it with wheat and barley, and he came out of the shed.

She said to him: "How much have you got upon your shoulder?"

He answered: "Barley, three measures; wheat, two measures; in all five measures. That is what I have upon my shoulder."

Thus he spake; but as for her, she answered him, saying: "How strong thou art! I admire thy strength day by day." And her wicked heart turned to him. She rose; she caught him by the hand, and she said: "I love you. Stay with me for a while. If you do, I shall make fine clothes for you."

But the young man became furious as a panther of the South because of the base suggestion she had made to him, and she was in deadly fear of him.

He spoke to her saying: "Verily you have been as a mother to me, and your husband has been as my father, my own elder brother, who has given me my living! Never repeat another word of this abomination which you have spoken to me, and, as for me, I will never let a word of it pass my lips to anyone."

He lifted up his burden, and went out to the fields; and when he reached his elder brother, they set to work again as before.

Soon the evening came; the elder brother went back to his house, and the younger brother followed slowly behind his cows, laden with all the tools for the field-work, and driving the cows before him to the byre in the farm steading. Now, because the elder brother's wife was terrified because of what she had said, she laid a plot. She took some grease, and some old linen, and besmeared herself, and arrayed herself in tatters, like one who has been beaten by a scoundrel, so that she might say to her husband: "Your younger brother has assaulted me." Therefore when her husband came back at evening, according to his daily custom, when he arrived at the house he found his wife lying on the ground and making moan as if she had been ill-used. She did not pour water on his hands as she usually did; she had no light burning for him; but his house was in darkness, and she lay all defiled.

Her husband said to her: "Who has been here with you?"

She answered: "No one but your younger brother. When he came to fetch the seed for you, finding me sitting all alone, he made wicked suggestions to me. As for me, I would not hearken to him. I said to him: 'Am not I thy mother? And is not thy elder brother as a father to thee?' So I spake to him. Then he grew frightened, and he beat me to make me afraid to tell thee of the matter. Now, therefore, if you let him live, I shall slay myself; for when he comes back this evening, and finds out that I have told of his villainy, it is perfectly plain what he will do to me."

Then the elder brother became furious, like a panther of the South; he gripped his dagger, and put a keen edge upon it. He went and hid himself behind the door of the byre, meaning to kill his younger brother when he came back to drive his cows into the byre. Now, when the sun had set, the younger brother came back to the byre with his cows, laden, as usual, with the field-stuff. Just as she entered the byre, the first cow turned her head and said to her keeper: "Behold, thine elder brother is waiting before thee, with his dagger to slay thee; save thyself and flee from before him!" When he had hearkened to what the first cow said, the second, as she went in, spoke to him in the same words. He looked below the byre-door, and there he saw the feet of his elder brother, who was standing behind the door, with his dagger in his hand. Then the younger brother cast down his burden on the ground, he ran away as fast as he

could, and Anpu ran after him, knife in hand.

Then Bata cried to the great god, Ra-Harmakhis: "My good lord! it is thou who dost discern between the righteous and the wicked!" Behold Ra heard his cry, and Ra caused a great canal to separate between the two brothers, and the canal was full of crocodiles, and the one brother stood on the one side of it, and the other stood on the other side; and the elder brother wrung his hands in fierce anger because he could not slay his brother; thus he did. Then the younger brother shouted to him from the opposite bank, saying: "Stay there until the day dawns. When the Sun-god rises I shall plead my cause with thee before him, so that I may convince thee of the truth; for I shall never be with thee again, I shall never dwell any more in the place where thou art; I shall go to the Valley of the Acacia!"

Now, when the land brightened, and the new day came, Ra-Harmakhis arose and shone, and each saw his brother. Then Bata spake to his elder brother, saying: "Wherefore didst thou come behind me to slay me by guile, without having heard what I had to say for myself? Am not I thy younger brother? Hast not thou been as a father to me? And thy wife, has not she in very deed been as a mother? Now, behold, when thou didst send me to fetch the seed, thy wife made evil suggestions to me; and now she has twisted the matter to thee the wrong way about." Then he told him truly all that had happened between him and the woman. He

sware by Ra-Harmakhis, saying: "As for thee, to come behind me, dagger in hand, to slay me by stealth, what an infamy!" Then Bata took a knife and wounded himself sorely; he sank down and swooned. Anpu cursed himself bitterly; he stood there weeping over his brother; he sprang towards him, but he could not cross to the bank where Bata lay because of the crocodiles.

Then Bata cried to him, saying: "Lo, while thou didst imagine an evil deed of mine, thou didst not call to mind a single one of my good actions, or of all the things which I have done for thee! Shame on thee! Return to thine house, attend to thy cattle thyself, for I shall dwell no longer in the place where thou art; I am going to the Valley of the Acacia. Now, behold, this thou shalt do for me, when thou hast returned to thine own house; for thou must understand that certain things are going to happen to me. I am going to draw out my soul by art magic, in order that I may place it upon the top of the flower of the Acacia; and when the Acacia is cut down, and my soul falls to the ground, thou shalt come to seek for it. Even though thou mayest have to pass seven years in seeking for it, do not be discouraged; but once thou hast found it, place it in a vessel of pure water. Verily I shall return to life once more, and I shall requite the evil that has been done unto me. And, now, behold, thou shalt know when something has befallen me, on this wise: When the cup of beer that is placed in thine hand shall foam, and when the cup of wine that is placed

in thine hand shall be muddy. Make no delay, then, assuredly, when this hath happened to thee." So Bata went to the Valley of the Acacia, and Anpu returned to his house in sackcloth and ashes, with his hand upon his head. When he reached his house he slew his wife, he cast her carcass to the dogs, and he went in mourning for his younger brother.

Now, it came to pass that, for many days, Bata dwelt in the Valley of the Acacia alone, with no one beside him, spending the day in hunting the wild beasts of the desert, and passing the night under the Acacia, on the top of whose flower his soul was placed. And after a while longer he built a house with his own hands, and fitted it with all kinds of good things, that he might have a home to dwell in. One day, as he went forth from his home, he met the Nine Gods, who were going about to arrange the affairs of their dominion; and the Nine Gods spake all together, and said unto him: "Ah! Bata, bull of the gods, hast thou not dwelt here alone since thou didst flee from thy native land before the face of the wife of thine elder brother Anpu? Behold, his wife is dead, and vengeance has been taken for all the evil that was done thee!"

Their hearts were exceedingly grieved for his sake, and Ra-Harmakhis said to Khnumu, the artificer god, "Lo thou! make a wife for Bata, that he may no longer dwell alone."

So Khnumu made him a companion to dwell with him, and she was more beautiful in all her

members than any woman who dwelt in all the land; but she was evil of heart, though the spirit of all the gods was in her. The Seven Fates came to see her, and they said, with one accord: "She shall die by the sword." Bata loved her exceedingly, and she dwelt in his house, while he spent the day in hunting the wild beasts of the desert, that he might lay them before her. And he said to her: "Go not out of doors lest the River should seize thee; thou couldst not deliver thyself from him, for thou art only a woman. As for me, my soul is placed on the top of the flower of the Acacia, and if anyone else should find it, I must fight with him for it." Thus he revealed to her all that concerned his heart.

Now, after a time it fell out that when Bata had gone, as he was wont, to the hunt, and when the damsel had gone forth to walk under the Acacia which was close beside the house, lo! she beheld the River sending his waves after her, and she fled before him, and entered into the house.

The River cried to the Acacia: "Would that I could catch her!" And the Acacia cast to him a lock of her hair.

The River bore it to Egypt, and cast it up on the bank where the washermen of Pharaoh washed the royal linen. The scent of the lock of hair entered into the linen of Pharaoh, and complaint was made to the launderers, saying: "There is a scent of perfumed oil among the linen of His Majesty." The same complaint was made every day, so that the launderers were beside themselves with

annoyance, and the chief of the laundry came to the bank to see what was wrong, for he was exceedingly disgusted at the complaints which were made day by day. He stopped and stood on the bank, just opposite to the lock of hair which floated in the water; he caused it to be brought to him; he found that it had an exceeding sweet savour, and he himself carried it to Pharaoh.

Then were brought the learned magicians of Pharaoh, and they said to His Majesty: "This lock of hair belongs to a daughter of Ra-Harmakhis, in whom is the spirit of all the gods. Since this is a tribute to thee from a foreign land, do thou cause that messengers be sent into every foreign land that they may seek for this damsel, and as for the messenger who goes to the Valley of the Acacia, let him take a great number of men with him to bring her back."

Behold His Majesty made answer: "That which we have decided is exceeding good;" and the messengers were sent forth. And many days after the men who had gone to foreign lands returned to make report to His Majesty; but as for those who had gone to the Valley of the Acacia, they did not return, for Bata had slain them, leaving but one alone from among them to return and tell His Majesty.

Then His Majesty sent many bowmen and spearmen and charioteers to bring back the damsel; moreover, a woman went with them, whose part it was to give into her hand all kinds of

trinkets and ornaments such as a woman loves. So the damsel came into Egypt with her, and all the land rejoiced at her coming. His Majesty loved her exceedingly, so that he named her "Great Royal Wife." Then Pharaoh talked with her as to what should be done concerning her husband, and she said to His Majesty: "Let the Acacia be cut down, and as for him, he will be destroyed!" Then were bowmen and woodmen sent with their tools to cut down the Acacia. They cut down the flower upon which was the soul of Bata, and he fell dead in that evil hour.

Now, it came to pass that when the dawn came upon the day after the Acacia had been cut down, Anpu, the brother of Bata, came into his house and sat down to eat and drink, having washed his hands. He took a cup of beer, and lo! it foamed over in his hand; he called for a cup of wine, and, behold, it was all muddy with sediment. He seized his staff, buckled on his sandals, girt his cloak about him, and belted on his sword; he journeyed to the Valley of the Acacia, he entered into his brother's house, and there he found Bata lying dead upon his bed. He wept when he saw his brother lying cold and stiff; but immediately he went forth to search for the soul of Bata under the Acacia, beneath which the younger brother used to sleep at night. Three years he spent in the search without finding it. The fourth year had begun when the longing to go home to Egypt arose in his heart, and he said: "I will go to-morrow." Thus he said in his heart. Yet,

when the land brightened and another day came, he still went forth under the Acacia, and spent the day in searching; and as he was returning in the evening, still looking around, as though loth to leave off the search, he found a seed, he brought it back with him, and, behold, it was the soul of his brother. He brought a cup of pure water, he cast the seed therein, and he sat down as he was wont.

Now, when it was night, the soul had absorbed the water; Bata shuddered through all his members, and stared fixedly at his elder brother, while his soul was still in the cup. Anpu seized the cup of pure water in which was the soul of his younger brother; he brought it to him, and Bata drank, and his soul returned to its place, and he became even as he had been aforetime. The two brothers embraced each other and conversed together, and then Bata said to his elder brother: "Lo! I am going to become a great bull, which will have all the good marks. As for thee, seat thyself upon my back when the sun rises, and when we come to the place where my wife dwells, I shall answer for myself. Therefore do thou bring me to the place where His Majesty dwells; for Pharaoh will bestow great favours upon thee, and will load thee with silver and gold, because thou hast brought me to him; for I shall be a great wonder, and everyone in the whole land shall rejoice because of me, and afterwards thou shalt go unto thine own town."

Now, when the next day dawned, Bata changed himself into the form of which he had spoken to his

brother. Anpu seated himself upon his back at dawn, and he came to the place where the King was. When the news was brought to His Majesty, he came and looked at the bull; he was greatly delighted; he made high holiday, saying: "This is a great wonder which has happened." And everybody in the whole land was glad because of him.

Pharaoh loaded Anpu with silver and gold, and he went and dwelt in his own town. Then Pharaoh also bestowed upon the bull many slaves and abundance of goods, for he loved him greatly, more than any man in all the land.

Now, after many days, it befell that the bull entered into the holy place, and he stopped at the spot where the Great Royal Wife stood, and he began to speak to her, saying: "Behold me, I am yet alive."

She said to him: "And who art thou?"

He said to her: "I am Bata. Thou knewest well, when thou causedst the Acacia to be cut down by Pharaoh, that it would destroy me, so that I could not live; nevertheless, behold, I am still alive. I am a bull!"

Then the Queen feared exceedingly because of the word which her husband had spoken unto her. The bull went forth from the holy place, and His Majesty came to spend a holiday with his wife. She was at table with His Majesty, and he showed her great favour. Therefore she said to His Majesty: "Swear to me by God, saying, 'Whatsoever thou sayest, I will hearken unto thee.'" He hearkened to

what she said, and thus she spake: "Give me the liver of this bull to eat, for he is no good for any kind of work."

Pharaoh was exceeding sorry at what she said, and his heart was very heavy.

Nevertheless, when the next day dawned, His Majesty proclaimed a great feast, and ordered the bull to be offered up as a sacrifice, and His Majesty sent one of the chief royal slaughterers to slay the bull. Now, when the blow had been struck, and while the bull was upon the shoulders of the men who carried him away, he shook his head, and two drops of blood fell towards the great double door of His Majesty; the one fell on the one side of the great gate of Pharaoh, the other on the other side, and, behold, there sprang up two great persea-trees of wondrous beauty. Report was made to His Majesty, saying: "Lo, a great wonder! Two great persea-trees have sprung up during the night beside His Majesty's great gate." The whole land rejoiced because of them, and Pharaoh made offerings to them.

Now, after a time. His Majesty put on his diadem of lapis-lazuli, and hung around his neck garlands of all kinds of flowers. He mounted his chariot of electrum, and he went out from the royal palace to see the persea-trees. The Great Royal Wife followed Pharaoh in a two-horse litter, and then His Majesty sat down under one of the perseas, and his wife sat down under the other. When she was seated, the persea-tree spake to his

wife: "Ah, traitress! I am Bata, and I still live in spite of thine ill-treatment. Well didst thou know that to cause Pharaoh to cut down the Acacia was to destroy me; then when I had become a bull, thou didst cause me to be slain."

And after many days, when the Great Royal Wife was seated at His Majesty's table, and Pharaoh's heart inclined to her, she said to His Majesty: "Swear to me by God, saying, 'Whatsoever my wife shall ask of me, I will hearken unto her.'" He hearkened unto her, and she said: "Cause these two persea-trees to be cut down, that they may be made into beams."

Then Pharaoh hearkened unto what she said. And, after a time, His Majesty sent skilled carpenters who cut down the two royal persea-trees, and made them into beams, while the Great Royal Wife stood and looked on to see it done. Then a chip flew from one of the trees, and fell into the mouth of the Queen, and in due course she bore a son. The news was carried to His Majesty, saying: "A son is born unto thee!" Nurses and attendants were assigned to him, and the people of the whole land rejoiced. Pharaoh made a great feast on the day of naming the child. His Majesty immediately loved him exceedingly, and he was saluted "Royal Son of Kush"; and after some time he was created Crown Prince of the whole realm (being really, all the time, Bata in another incarnation).

Now, many days after, when Bata had for many years been Crown Prince, His Majesty flew up to

heaven (*i.e.*, died), and Bata reigned in his stead. Then the new King said: "Let all the chief officers of My Majesty be summoned that I may inform them of all which hath happened unto me." His wife was brought before him, he judged her in their presence, and they ratified his judgment. Then his elder brother Anpu was brought unto him, and he made him Crown Prince of the whole realm. Bata ruled over Egypt for twenty years, then he passed into new life (*i.e.*, died), and his brother Anpu reigned in his stead from the day of his burial.

(This book is finished in peace, for the soul of the scribe Qagabu, treasurer of the treasure of Pharaoh—life, health, strength!—and the scribe Herua, and the scribe Meruemapt; the scribe Ennana, master of books, has written it. And whoever shall speak against this book, may the god Thoth fight against him!)

BOOK III: LEGENDS OF THE GODS

CHAPTER XI

The Egyptian Gods—How Men Rebelled Against the Sun-God

The Egyptians, as everybody knows, worshipped a great number of gods, and besides that their religion seems rather ridiculous to us at the first glance, because of the worship of all kinds of animals, which is generally the first thing that attracts attention in it. But in reality it was not nearly so ridiculous as it seems, for the animals were not actually worshipped as gods, but as emblems of that particular aspect of the divine power which they were thought to represent. The bull Apis, for instance, was worshipped with great reverence at Memphis. When a properly marked bull calf was born, there was great rejoicing in the land; he was brought to a grand abode at the temple; he was served all his life by trains of priests; and when he died he was buried in a magnificent granite coffin—finer even than those of the Pharaohs. You can still see the coffins of these bulls at a place called the Serapeum, not very far from Cairo. But the Apis bull was not worshipped because he was a bull; he was worshipped because people regarded him as the type of the creative power of the great god of Memphis, Ptah, whom the Memphites believed to have created the

world. So with the other animals; each was worshipped because people saw in it some likeness to an aspect of their god.

As for the multitude of gods, that largely arose from the fact that Egypt is such a long and straggly land. It is just a great river valley—length without breadth. The towns which grew up along the banks of the Nile had no neighbours at all on either the east side or the west, which are all desert, and so they kept each one pretty much to itself, and they thought out their own religious ideas, and in course of time there came to be a separate god for each separate town. But what one town believed about its own god was very much like what the next town believed about its god, though he had quite a different name and was represented by a different image.

There were two gods, however, in whom all the Egyptians believed. The first, and the oldest, was the Sun-god—Ra they called him. People who have been in Egypt will never have any difficulty in understanding why the ancient Egyptians worshipped Ra, for the sun plays in Egypt a part that we in these cold northern lands have no idea of. Egypt is bathed in sunshine practically from year's end to year's end, and all life there depends on two things—the sun and the river. The other great god was called Osiris, and the reason of his being worshipped by the whole nation was that he was the god of the Resurrection; and of all people who ever lived in this world, the Egyptians were the

people who believed most firmly in the Resurrection and the life everlasting. There were other gods who came to great honour in the land in later days, as the cities to which they belonged rose to power. Amen, for instance, who to begin with was only the insignificant god of a country town called Thebes, became for a while the great god of the land after the Theban Princes took the lead in driving out the Eastern invaders who had conquered Egypt. But Ra and Osiris were really, from first to last, the great gods of Egypt, whom everybody knew and everybody believed in, though at the same time also they worshipped their own town or village god.

The stories which follow belong, with one exception, to these two great gods. They are very old, especially the stories relating to the Sun-god; and these, which are intensely interesting to the students of religion, may perhaps interest others also, as showing us what the very oldest people in the world thought about God and his relations to men, and how trouble and separation came between God and men. They show us, too, how natural men have always found it to imagine their god as "altogether such an one as themselves"—just a bigger man with much greater powers, but with a man's feelings and jealousies and bad tempers. The story of Osiris we know best from an account given of it by a famous Greek writer called Plutarch; but though there is no connected story like his in the actual Egyptian writings, yet we

know from many references to Osiris that he was not far wrong in what he told. Probably he got his information from some Egyptian priest of Osiris, who told him what had been handed down for thousands of years about the great God of the Dead. These are probably the very oldest legends of human invention that exist in the world—far older even than the Tales of the Magicians, which belong to the age of the Pyramid builders. No one can tell how old they may be; but they are certainly six thousand years old at the very least, and perhaps hundreds or thousands of years older than that. Some of them are written, as we have them now, on rolls of papyrus, like the others of which we have been hearing, and some of them are cut in picture characters on the walls of tombs and on pillars in temples in different parts of the land of Egypt.

How Men rebelled against the Sun-God.

Ra was the greatest of all the gods. No other god created him, but he created himself, and was from the beginning; and he was King both of gods and men. But it came to pass that when he had reigned for many ages over the world, men grew weary of serving him, and they said in scorn: "Behold, His Majesty the God Ra groweth old; his bones have become silver, his flesh gold, and his hair is pure lapis-lazuli." Thus they spake in rebellion against him, and His Majesty heard the wicked words

which they uttered. Then he called to him all the other gods, and they came to him quickly and silently at the great temple of the Sun in Heliopolis —the swift goddess of love and war, whom Ra calls the apple of his eye, and whom men call Hathor, or sometimes Sekhmet, when she is in the fury of war and destruction; and the god Shu, who holds up the heavens; and the god of the earth, whose name is Seb; and the goddess Nût, whose starry body arches from east to west across the world, and makes the midnight sky to all the men who live thereon. These and many others came at their Sovereign's call.

Now, when all these gods were come together to the temple of Ra, they made salaam before His Majesty, and said to him: "Speak thou unto us that we may hear thy words."

Then His Majesty spake unto Nu, who is the eldest of the gods, the god of the waters that were before the world was made, and thus he said: "O thou eldest of the gods, and ye other ancestral gods, behold, mankind, whom I myself created, hold counsel against me. Tell me what ye would do in this strait, and do ye take counsel for me, for I am loth to slay them until I have heard what ye will say as touching this matter."

Then spake Nu, the god of the waters, saying: "O thou who art the greatest of all the gods, thy throne standeth fast, and great is the fear of thee! Only turn thine eye against them who conspire against thee."

But the Majesty of the god Ra answered: "Behold, already men flee unto the hills, for their hearts tremble within them because of the evil words which they have spoken; and who shall catch them among the dens and caves of the hills?"

Then said all the gods before His Majesty the King of the gods: "Send forth thine Eye in the form of the goddess Hathor. Let it destroy for thee these people who have imagined wicked devices against thee; for there is none among mankind who can withstand Hathor when she descendeth to destroy."

Then went forth the fierce goddess Hathor, whose delight is in battle and in slaughter, and wherever she went, up and down the long valleys that run among the hills, she slew mankind, and her heart exulted in the slaughter. And at night she returned well-pleased, and the great god Ra spake to her, and said: "Come in peace, my daughter Hathor! Never will I be parted from thee, who hast avenged me on mine enemies."

And Hathor answered, with a fierce and cruel joy: "Long live the King! Blessed be his name who hath given me such a task to accomplish; for this liketh me right well, and when I lay hold of man to slay him, then my heart rejoiceth."

Then the Majesty of the god Ra answered: "Verily, I will triumph over mankind as their King, and will destroy them!"

But even while he spake his blood ran cold because of the dreadful joy which Hathor had in

slaying the men whom he had created. So it came to pass that for many nights Hathor went forth throughout the land of Egypt as far as Henensuten, and her hands were red with slaughter, and she waded with crimsoned feet in the blood of the men whom she had slain.

But Ra looked forth upon the world and, behold, men were dying everywhere, and the great river ran red with blood. Then it repented him that he had sent Hathor forth to destroy, and he would fain have recalled her; but the word of the King of the gods could not be broken, neither could Hathor be obliged to leave the prey which had been given into her hand. Therefore Ra took counsel with himself how he might by subtlety turn aside the heart of his daughter Hathor from the fierceness of her anger against men. Then spake the Majesty of the god, saying: "Call to me messengers; let them run like a blast of wind." They came, therefore, and made obeisance before the Majesty of the great god. Then spake Ra unto them: "Run swiftly even unto Elephantine, and bring thence to me abundance of the sleepy fruit that grows there. Hasten, so that it may be here before the dawn." Then the messengers ran swiftly, like the blast of wind that blows from the desert, and they came unto Elephantine, where the great god Hapi pours the waters of his river in thunder over the rocks that bar its passage. And at Elephantine there grew the crimson clusters of the sleepy fruit, whereof if one eat, or drink of its juice, heavy slumber and

forgetfulness falls upon his eyes and brain.

Then the messengers of Ra gathered great plenty of the clusters of this fruit, and brought them back to His Majesty at Heliopolis; and Ra gave them to Sekti, the grinder-god who dwells in Heliopolis, that he should grind them. And while Sekti ground the sleepy fruit, the women-slaves crushed much barley, and made beer; and when the beer was ready the juice of the sleepy fruit was poured into it, and, lo! it became crimson, like human blood. And they filled seven thousand jars with the blood-coloured beer. Then came His Majesty the great god Ra, Lord of the Two Lands, with the other gods, to see this beer, ere yet the day had dawned. And when Ra saw the beer, he said: "This is excellent! Now will I protect mankind against Hathor by the virtue of this beer." Then said he: "Let these jars be carried and emptied over the land at the place where men are being slaughtered; and hasten, that it may be done while yet the night is dark and cool, before the dawning of the morning." It was done as His Majesty had commanded; and all the country on every side was flooded four palms deep with the beer, whose colour was even as the colour of blood.

Now, when the day dawned came the goddess Hathor, eager once more to slay; but when she looked abroad over the fields, she saw nothing but blood, blood on every hand, so that her feet stood in it, and her face was mirrored back to her crimson from the crimson flood. Then her heart

rejoiced yet more, and in the madness of her cruel joy she stooped and drank of the crimson tide at her feet; and it liked her well, and she drank again, and yet again, and the fumes of the sleepy fruit mounted to her brain, and she went about drunken and helpless, and could no more see to slay man.

Then said the Majesty of Ra unto Hathor: "Come back to me in peace, O sweet one! Because thou hast done my will, therefore shall drinks be prepared for thee on every New Year's Feast-Day of the sleepy fruit in which thine heart rejoices, and the number of the measures of them shall be according to the number of mine handmaidens the priestesses." Therefore, even unto this day, on the feast-day of Hathor, sleepy drinks are made by all men according unto the number of the priestesses who wait upon the great God Ra in Heliopolis.

But though His Majesty had avenged him on his enemies and had spared the residue of them, his heart was still sore because of their ingratitude. Then spake he to Hathor: "My heart is pained within me with a burning pain. Verily my heart is weary at the thought that I have to live with such creatures as men; I have destroyed some of them, but not nearly as many as I should have done according unto my might and my dignity."

Then answered the gods that were of his following: "Be not weary of heart; thou hast but to command, and it is done, for thy might is according to thy desire."

But the Majesty of the god spake unto the

Majesty of Nu: "Now, for the first time, I feel my limbs fail; I will not wait until this weakness seizeth upon me a second time."

Therefore His Majesty the god Nu commanded Nût, the goddess of the starry heavens, to make an abode for the great god Ra, far from the men who had grieved his heart. And Nût raised herself over the earth in the form of a great cow, whose legs stood at the four corners of the world, north and south, east and west; and Ra rested upon her back far above the sinful children of men. But when the earth grew light, and the morning dawned, it came to pass that men came forth into the fields again, and, behold, they saw that Ra, their god, was departed from them, and was seated afar upon the back of the celestial cow. Then their hearts failed them for sorrow, and they repented them of their evil; and they went forth with their bows and did battle against the enemies of Ra. Then spake the Majesty of this god: "Your crime is forgiven you; for the shedding of blood hath brought remission, and the slaughter that ye have done for me atoneth for the slaughter that was purposed against me." Nevertheless, the great god would not return unto men, for he said unto Nût: "I have determined to cause myself to be uplifted into the sky. There will I dwell, and not on the earth, for it is full of evil."

And when the Majesty of the great god Ra had rested in heaven, he spake and said: "Let there be set a great field of Rest;" and the Field of Rest appeared. "I will gather plants in it;" and the Field

of Bulrushes appeared; and all the flowers of these fields Ra turned into stars. Then Ra gave it in charge to Shu, the god of the air, and Nût, the goddess of heaven, to give light to all the sons of men who live upon earth. Then, calling to him Seb, the god of the earth, he warned him against the poisonous serpents that are in the world, saying: "Watch thou the reptiles of the earth and the water, and bid them beware of harming anything. Let them know that though I go hence, I shall still shine upon them. Their father in heaven shall keep watch upon them, and thou shalt be their father on earth eternally. Let heed be paid to those creatures. The men who know my words of power shall charm them, and shall deal as they will with the creatures of the earth, charming those that are in their holes." Then the Majesty of the god Ra spake and said: "Let Thoth be brought unto me;" and Thoth was brought. The Majesty of the god spake unto him and said: "Let us go, thou and I, leaving heaven; and I will make a place, great and wonderful, in the Underworld, and in the Land of the Deep. There shalt thou write the names of those who did wicked deeds on earth, and there shalt thou imprison them, even the evil servants whom my heart hateth. And, behold, henceforward thou art in my place; and thou shalt be called Thoth, the Viceroy of Ra."

Now, when anyone wishes to recite the words of this book for himself, he shall rub himself with oil and ointment, an incense-burner full of incense

shall be in his hands, behind his two ears shall be natron, and sweet-smelling ointment shall be upon his lips. He shall be clothed with two new garments, he shall be purified with water of the inundation, he shall wear white shoes upon his feet, and the figure of Truth shall be painted upon his tongue with green paint. Then shall he purify himself seven times in three days; priests and men shall do the like.

CHAPTER XII

How Isis Stole the Great Name of Ra

Now, in the beginning, Ra was the divine god who created himself, maker of heaven and earth, of the breath of life, of gods and of men, of wild beasts, of cattle, of creeping things and flying fowl, and of the fish that are in the great river and the Very Green (the sea). He was the King of men and of gods, to whom the centuries are but years, who hath many names, whom none knoweth, whom even the gods do not know. But Isis was a woman, very cunning, and very mighty in words of power; and her heart was weary of the sons of men, and she was fain to dwell with the gods. Then she bethought herself in her heart that if only she knew the great secret name of Ra, which no man knoweth, saving only the god himself, and whose knowledge gives power over all beings, whether they be gods or men, she would be able to reign over the whole creation in heaven and on earth, even as Ra did, and the majesty of the great god himself would be subject unto her.

Now, day by day Ra came forth in the excellency of his glory, journeying from his horizon in the East, till at eventide he came to his horizon in the West, and descended into the Underworld to lighten the eyes of those that sit in darkness. But

now the burden of the years was coming heavily upon him, and he grew old; so that his mouth watered, and the water fell down upon the ground as he dribbled. And Isis watched him, and with her hand she kneaded the water with earth and made clay thereof; and out of the clay she moulded a sacred serpent with a head like unto a spear—even such a serpent as His Majesty the Pharaoh (life, health, strength!) wears coiled upon the front of the crown of the Two Lands. But she coiled it not about her head, but cast it in the way, on the path which the great god traversed day by day in his journey from the one horizon of the Double Kingdom to the other.

Now, it came to pass that the new day dawned, and the venerable god Ra came forth from his eastern horizon; and the gods who followed him as their Pharaoh were in his train, and he went on his journey as at other times. Then that sacred serpent that lay in the path raised its head and bit him. Then the great god opened his mouth, and his cry reached even unto heaven. The gods that were around him cried: "Lo! What is it? What aileth thee?"

But Ra could not answer them. His jaws chattered, his limbs trembled; and the poison rose in his veins and seized upon his flesh, even as the waters of the great river spread out across the lands in the days of the Inundation.

When the Majesty of Ra had quieted his heart, he cried unto his followers: "Come unto me, O ye

children of my body; ye gods who went forth from me, and whom I created. A painful thing hath injured me. My heart feeleth it, but mine eyes see it not; neither did my hand create it. I know not who hath done this unto me; never did I feel pain like this. No evil can be worse than this. Lo, I am a Prince, son of a Prince; the seed of a god! I am he of many names, and of many forms! When my name was first pronounced it was hidden in me so that no magician might arise who should use art magic against me. Behold, I had come forth, according to my custom, to look upon the things which I have made. I was walking in the Two Lands which I have formed, when something which I knew not stung me. Fire it is not, water it is not; yet my heart is burning, my limbs tremble, and my members shudder. Let all the children of the gods be brought unto me; they who have magic words, and an understanding utterance whose power reacheth unto heaven."

Then came the children of all the gods full of lamentation for the sorrows of Ra; and with them, mourning also in semblance, but joyful in her secret heart, came the subtle Isis, mistress of all guile and of magic arts, whose mouth is full of the breath of life, whose command drives forth disease, and at whose word the dead live again.

Laughing in her heart, she said: "What is it, O divine father? What is it? Verily a serpent hath spread this evil in thy veins; one of thine own creatures which thou hast made hath lifted up his

head against thee. But of a truth it shall fall by my mighty spells. I will cause it to flee before the glory of thy rays."

Then the venerable god opened his mouth and answered: "Behold, I was walking in my daily path. I was going abroad in the Two Lands of mine own earth; it was the desire of my heart to see that which I had created. Then of a sudden was I bitten of a serpent which I saw not. Fire it is not, water it is not; yet I am colder than water, and I am hotter than fire; all my limbs sweat. I tremble; mine eye seeth not the heavens, and the water runneth down my face as in the fierce heat of summer."

Then spake the subtle Isis, low and gently, as though her heart were sore for the sorrows of her divine father, while in very deed she rejoiced: "O tell me thy Great Name, my divine father, for only he can be delivered from the evil and live who is called by his secret name."

But Ra had no mind to tell to anyone his Great Name, lest his power should go forth with it, and another become greater than he; therefore he answered her on this wise: "I am the Creator of the Heavens and the Earth, the Maker of the Mountains and the River and the Inundation. I made the starry sky and the secret of the two horizons, and I set the souls of the gods within them. When I open mine eyes it is light; when I close them it is darkness. Maker of Hours and of Days am I; sender of Festivals and Fire-Bringer in all houses. I am Khepera in the morning, Ra at midday, and Tum in

the evening."

Yet for all this Isis did nothing; the poison was not turned back in its course, and the great god was not healed. Then she spake again: "In all that thou hast said thy name—thy Great Name—was not spoken. Now tell it unto me, that the poison may go forth from thee, for only he whose name is known to me can be healed and live."

And ever the poison burned with fiercer burning, and stronger was it than the living flame of fire. And at last the Majesty of the great god Ra could bear no more, and he cried: "I grant that Isis search me, and that my name pass from my bosom into her bosom."

Then there fell upon heaven and earth a space of awe and darkness, for the god hid himself from the gods, and the bark of eternity in which Ra traverseth the heavens was empty. But when the moment had come for the Great Name to go forth from his heart, the cunning Isis said: "Bind thyself with an oath, O Ra! to give to my son Horus thy two eyes—the Sun and the Moon."

So the great god's name was taken from him, and Isis, the great enchantress, cried: "Flee, poison! Go forth from Ra! Depart out of this god, and flow forth glittering out of his mouth! For I, I it is who work; I make the conquered poison to return to the earth whence it came, for the name of the great god has been taken from him. Let Ra live, but let the poison die!" Thus spake the cunning Isis, the Great One, the Mistress of the gods, she who

knoweth Ra and the great hidden name of Ra itself.

Now, it is an excellent charm against the poison of any snake who should bite a man as the serpent of Isis bit Ra, to recite this story over an image of Ra as he setteth, or Horus, or Isis. Or let it be written down, and dissolve the writing in beer, and let the beer be drunk; or let it be written on a piece of linen, and worn for an amulet about the neck.

This curious old story illustrates the importance which the Egyptians, in common with many other nations, attached to the name, whether of a god, a man, or a demon. The knowledge of the true name, and the ability to pronounce it correctly, was supposed to give the possessor of this information a magical power over the being whose name had thus got into other hands. A great part of an Egyptian's hope of happiness in the other world rested on the belief that he was able to address gods or demons, and even the very gates, fires, and rivers in the world of shades by their proper names, and so to exercise dominion over them. This superstition, as is well known, survives among Eastern races to this day. An Arab in Petrie's Sinai Expedition accounted for the supercilious look which is so conspicuous on the camel's face, by saying that to man it has been given to know the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah, but the camel knows the hundredth, *and will not tell.*

CHAPTER XIII

The Princess and the Demon

Many years ago a great French scholar, who was exploring the temple of the Moon-god Khonsu, at Thebes, found there a pillar with a long inscription on it. At the top of the pillar there was a carved picture. On the one side stood King Ramses the Great, with a vessel of burning incense in his hand, welcoming an image of the Moon-god. The image is covered from sight in a gaily coloured shrine, which is carried in a model boat by means of long poles which he on the shoulders of a number of priests. Just so the Ark of the Covenant was carried on the shoulders of the Jewish priests during the wanderings in the Desert. On the other side of the picture a priest is burning incense before another image of the Moon-god which has come out to meet its companion. Below the carving ran many columns of beautiful picture writing. The pillar is now in one of the museums at Paris, and the writing on it has been several times translated. It turns out to be a story made up by the priests of the Moon-god in honour of their god; and the wonders which it tells are pretended to have happened in the days of Ramses—that is to say, about the time when Moses was growing up in Egypt—though, as a matter of fact, the story was not

written till hundreds of years after that. It shows us not only the tricks which the priests used in order to gain credit for their god, but also the way in which some of the images of the gods were made with joints, so that they could be made to nod or shake their heads so as to give whatever answer the priests wished to be given, favourable or the opposite, to any petition addressed to them.

Now, all that is here written befell in the days of the Mighty King, the Powerful Bull, the Conqueror, mighty with the sword, the destroyer of the tribes of the Nine Bows, the Lord of the Two Lands, User-maat-ra, Sotep-en-ra, Ramses Mer-Amen—a valiant warrior who commanded armies while he was still a child, and who rushes forward on the day of battle like the War-god. It came to pass that His Majesty was in Naharina, the River-Land, where the great river Euphrates turns from his journey toward the western sea, and rolls south-eastwards towards the sea of the east. He passed through the whole land, as was his custom every year, and the Princes of all the countries round about came to make salaam before His Majesty, walking in order one behind the other, and bending low under the weight of the offerings which they brought to the Great King; for each one brought from his stronghold of what was best in his land, store of gold, and of silver, of lapis-lazuli and of turquoise, and all the sweet-smelling woods of the land of Arabia.

But the Prince of Bekhten brought a gift more

precious than any. For at the head of all the slaves who carried his tribute he set his eldest daughter, and she came before His Majesty, and bowed herself lowly before his throne, and besought him that he would give her life, and that she might find grace in his sight. Now, when His Majesty looked upon her as she stood before his throne, he remembered no more the gold and silver, the precious stones, or the sweet odours of the costly Arabian woods; for she was very comely to behold, and more beautiful than any other of the daughters of the land. Therefore his heart inclined unto her, and he lifted her up and set her upon the throne beside him, and made her his Great Royal Wife. And when he returned in peace to Egypt he gave her a new name, Neferu-Ra, "Beauty of the Sun," for that she was as beautiful as the Sun when he goeth forth in his glory. And Neferu-Ra became Queen over all the land of Egypt.

Now, it came to pass in the fifteenth year of the reign of the Great King, on the 22nd day of the month Payni, that His Majesty was in his royal city of Thebes, in the temple of the mighty god Amen-Ra, the Hidden One, the Lord of Karnak. Behold, while His Majesty was yet in the temple, a message was brought unto him, saying: "There is here a messenger from the Prince of Bekhten, who is come with numerous presents for the Great Royal Wife." Then the King sat upon his throne, and the messenger, with all his gifts, was brought into the presence, and he made salaam before His Majesty

and said: "Glory be unto thee, who art the Sun of the outlandish people, and by whom we live."

Then, when he had adored His Majesty, he spake on this wise: "I come unto thee, O King, my master, concerning the younger sister of thyself and the Royal Wife, Neferu-Ra, whom men call Bint-resht, 'Daughter of Joy'—Daughter of Joy is she no longer, for a sore sickness hath fallen upon her and hath invaded all her limbs. Therefore her father, the Prince of Bekhten, hath sent me unto thee, that thou mayest order a wise man to be sent forth from thy house to see her and to drive out her sickness. For all men know that wisdom dwelleth in the land of Egypt, and that its physicians have skill to heal every sickness."

Then said the King: "Bring unto me the scribes of the Double House of Life who belong to the palace" (for so are they called who are skilled in medicine to heal divers diseases, and who are of the King's household). When they were come and had made obeisance, His Majesty spake unto them saying: "Behold, I have summoned you that ye may hear these words: 'Choose me out one of yourselves who is expert of heart in his calling, a scribe skilful to heal.'"

Then the scribes of the Double House of Life went out from the presence of His Majesty, and they made election of the Royal Scribe Tahuti-em-heb, and when he had entered into the presence of the King, His Majesty gave him command to journey even unto Bekhten, along with the messenger

of the Prince. But when he was come into the land of Bekhten, behold he perceived that it was no common sickness which had befallen the Princess Bint-resht; for she was possessed of an evil spirit, and the demon who possessed her was exceeding stubborn and mighty, so that neither by drugs nor by art magic could he be driven forth. Then was Tahuti-em-heb greatly cast down, and his countenance fell, and the Prince of Bekhten sent a second messenger unto His Majesty saying: "Now, when this is come unto thee, O Sire, my master, let thy Majesty order a god, and not a physician, to be sent unto me. For an evil spirit hath entered into my daughter, neither will he be driven forth maugre all the pains of the learned scribe whom thou didst send unto me at the first."

Now, from Bekhten unto Egypt the journey is great, so that it was even the twenty-third year of the reign of His Majesty before the second messenger was come unto Thebes. Then, on the first day of the month Pakhons, His Majesty came into the temple of Khonsu, the Moon-god, in Thebes. Now, in that temple there were two images of the god. The name of the one was called "Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes," and the name of the other was called "Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons." Then came His Majesty before Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes, and spake unto him, saying: "Excellent Lord, behold I come unto thee again, concerning the daughter of the Prince of Bekhten." Then Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-

Thebes gave command that he should be brought unto Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons, and the two images of the great god came face to face. Then said His Majesty unto Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes: "Excellent Lord, if it please thee to turn thy countenance unto Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons, he will be ready to go even unto Bekhten." And Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes nodded his head twice before the eyes of all men, that so all might know that it was his will that Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons should be sent unto Bekhten. Then, said His Majesty: "Grant unto him thy virtue, so that I may send the majesty of this god unto Bekhten, that he may deliver the daughter of the Prince of Bekhten from the demon of whom she is possessed." And Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes nodded his head twice, yet more openly, and, behold, he gave his magical power fourfold unto Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons.

Therefore His Majesty ordered that Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons should be sent forth to go unto Bekhten. And the image of the god was placed in the Great Bark, and around the Great Bark was an escort of five other boats borne on the shoulders of the priests, and on the right hand and on the left were chariots and horsemen. Thus they made their journey even for the space of a year and five months, and came into the land of Bekhten. And, behold, as they drew nigh, the Prince of Bekhten came forth to meet them with his mighty men of valour and his chief Captains. He came even

unto the presence of Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons, and he made obeisance, bowing his face unto the dust, and thus he spake: "Thou hast come unto us. Oh, have mercy upon us, according unto the good words of the Lord of the Two Lands, Ramses, King of Egypt."

Now, behold, they brought the god even unto the place where Bint-resht lay in her sickness, and when he had wrought mightily his magic over her, lo! she was sound and well in a single moment. Yea, the demon that was in her spake thus in the presence of Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons, and in the hearing of all men: "Come in peace, O great god who drivest away the demons. Bekhten is thy city; its people are thy slaves; yea, I, even I myself, also am thy slave. Therefore, that I may satisfy thy heart as touching this matter for the which thou hast come hither, I shall depart at thy word to the place whence I came; only, that my power be not slighted, or mine honour lightlied, let thy Majesty command the Prince of Bekhten that he make a feast-day for me before I depart."

Then Khonsu nodded his head unto his priest, signifying unto him: "Let the Prince of Bekhten make a great offering to this demon."

Now, while these words were passing between Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons and the spirit, the Prince of Bekhten stood by with his chief Captains and his mighty men of valour, and they were all stricken with terror, and their hearts became as water within them. So when a great festival day

had been celebrated for Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons, and for the demon of the Prince of Bekhten, and great offerings had been made unto them, the demon departed in peace to the place that his heart desired, according unto the command of Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons.

So the Prince of Bekhten and all the people of the land rejoiced greatly when they saw the power of the great god Khonsu. But the Prince of Bekhten took evil counsel with himself, and he discoursed with his heart, saying to himself: "Since this god has been given to Bekhten, why should I send him back to Egypt?" So Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons was kept in the land of Bekhten for the space of three years and nine months, and his shrine in Thebes stood empty. But it came to pass at the end of three years and nine months that the Prince of Bekhten was lying on his bed, and he dreamed a dream, and behold he saw the doors of the shrine of the great god Khonsu open, and therefrom there came a golden hawk with wings of many colours outspread, and the hawk circled high into the heavens, and flew away towards the land of Egypt; and the Prince of Bekhten knew that he had seen the spirit of Khonsu returning to his home. So he awoke, and behold it was a dream; but his heart was afraid and his limbs shivered with fear lest the wrath of the great god should fall upon him. And when it was day he called to him the priest of Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons, and said to him: "This god, who once dwelt with us, he

returns to Thebes. Let his chariot also go to Egypt."

Then the Prince of Bekhten gave command that the god should be allowed to return to Egypt, and he gave unto him gifts very many and very precious, and along with his chariot he sent a guard of all the chief of his mighty men of valour, both of bowmen and horsemen. And when they came unto Thebes, Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons entered into the temple of Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes; he set the presents which the Prince of Bekhten had given him before Khonsu-of-Good-Counsel-in-Thebes; behold, he kept nothing for himself. Thus ended the journey of the great god Khonsu-the-Expeller-of-Demons. He entered his temple once more in peace on the 19th day of the month Mekhir in the thirty-third year of His Majesty the King of the Two Lands, User-maat-ra, Sotep-en-ra, who lives forever like the sun.

CHAPTER XIV

The Story of Osiris and His Wicked Brother

Now, in the beginning of all things, it befell that Ra, the chief of all the gods, had a quarrel with Nût, the goddess of the heavens, whose starry body we see at night, arching from horizon to horizon as she bends over the earth; and in his anger he laid this curse upon her: that her children should not be born on any day in all the year. But so it was that Nût in her sorrow besought the help of another god who loved her—Thoth, the wisest of all the gods; and though Ra's doom once passed could never be recalled, yet Thoth, in his cunning, devised a way to evade it. For he went to Khonsu the Moon-god, who rules the night as Ra rules the day, and proposed that they should play at draughts together. No man knows what were the stakes on the side of Thoth, but the Moon-god wagered on his side the seventieth part of all his light. And when they had played many games, the luck or the skill of Thoth proved the greater, and he won from the Moon-god the stake of so much of his own light. Then he gathered up the twelve fragments of light which he had won, and by art magic he made them into five whole days, and these he added to the three hundred and sixty days of Ra, which in olden

times made the year; and even unto this day the Egyptians call these five days that belong not to Ra's year, "the added days," and they say that they are the birthdays of the gods. And since that unlucky game, the moon has never been able to shine in all his glory for the whole month, as once he did when the world was young; but when he has come to his full brightness, he dwindles slowly away again because of the light which he lost at draughts to the wily Thoth.

Now, therefore, upon these five days which Thoth added between the old year and the new, the curse of Ra did not rest, for they belonged to neither the one year nor the other; and so upon these five days were the children of Nût born, year after year: Osiris on the first day, Horus on the second, Set on the third, Isis on the fourth, and Nephthys on the fifth. And when Osiris was born, it was not without signs and wonders being manifested throughout the world, that it might be clear to all men how great an one was He who had come to the earth. For a great voice was heard, sounding across all the world, though no man could see him who uttered it, and saying, "The Lord of all the earth is born." Moreover, it befell that when a worthy priest, named Pamyles, was drawing water for the service of the Hidden One, Amen, in his temple at Thebes, the spirit of the god came upon him, commanding him to proclaim in the hearing of all men these words: "The good and great King Osiris is born." And so it was that to this good

priest was given the charge and upbringing of the new-born King, and a feast was made, to be kept forever in his honour, and it was called the Pamylia, after his name.

And as the years passed on, the good Osiris married his sister Isis, for such was the custom among the Kings of Egypt, and the wicked Set also married his sister Nephthys; but though she was married to him she loved him not, but all her heart was still with her good brother Osiris and her sister Isis.

So in the fulness of the time, it came to pass that Osiris was made King of Egypt. But in those days Egypt was not as it is now—a land of diligent and peaceful men, tilling the soil and reaping its fruits, and pious above all others in building temples to the gods. It was a land of fierce and cruel men, ever at strife with one another, living lives but little better than those of the beasts that perish, and even in their vileness eating human flesh. So Seb, the god of the earth, seeing the land's need of a good ruler, gave over to Osiris the government of the two Egypts to guide the lands into prosperity: the water, the air, the plants, the herds, all that flies and all that hovers, its reptiles and its wild beasts—all were given in charge to the son of Nût, and the two lands were contented therewith. For Osiris was a ruler among rulers, most excellent in wisdom and in goodness; he shone forth on his throne like the sun when he arises on the horizon, and sheds light on those who sit in darkness. He

established truth and justice in Egypt; moreover, he was a mighty warrior, glorious when he overthrew his enemies, and powerful when he slew his foes. Yea, the fear of him fell upon all his adversaries, and he enlarged the boundaries of his own land, and so excellently did he rule that the Great Nine of the Gods praised him, and the Lesser Nine loved him.

Neither did he confine his good works to the land of Egypt, but he journeyed over the rest of the world teaching people everywhere, and persuading them to submit to his will; for he did not constrain them by force of arms, but reasoned with them, teaching them by means of hymns and songs, and softening their natures by the sweet strains of music. Withal his wife Isis was his loyal and worthy helpmate, for she stood by his side in all things, and protected him from his enemies, warding off all dangers from him, and snaring his enemies by the excellence of her speech—for Isis was the most skilful in speech of all beings, whether gods or men—nor did her words ever fail. But the Red Fiend Set, the brother of Osiris, hated the good King and envied him. Yet even so he always cringed and bowed before him, and fawned upon him, for the fear of the justice and might of Osiris had fallen upon him. Moreover, the great god Ra, from whose eyes nothing is hidden, had seen the evil that was in the heart of Set, and had spoken unto him and his followers, saying: "Have ye done aught against Osiris, and said that he should die?

He shall not die, but he shall live forever." So Set was constrained to hide his enmity, though he nursed it all the more in secret. And even when Osiris had passed away out of Egypt into other lands to teach and to bless them, Set, though fain to have found his opportunity in his brother's absence, was hindered and frustrated by the prudent counsel of Isis.

Yet though he could not profit by the absence of Osiris, the Red Fiend used the time to frame a conspiracy against his brother. There were those in Egypt for whom the wise and strong and righteous rule of Osiris was too strait, so that he had become hateful unto them. These evil men did Set seek out, speaking to one and then to another in secret places and in whispers, until he had got together a band of seventy-two men, evil-hearted like himself

So when Osiris returned from his long journeyings, who so glad to meet him, who showed such smiling faces, as the black-hearted Set and his companions in guile? The better both to mask and to accomplish his evil designs. Set prepared a great feast to celebrate the home-coming of his brother, so dearly beloved; and to that feast were invited Osiris himself, and all who were with his traitor brother in his plot. Now, Set had caused to be made in secret a most wonderful chest. It was framed of costly wood from Lebanon, and inlaid with ebony and ivory from the Southland, with gold from the land of the Wawat, and with silver from Cilicia, and

it was studded with the green turquoise of Sinai, beloved of Hathor, and with the lapis-lazuli that is as blue as the heavens, and so beautiful was it that no man could look upon it without desiring to possess it. And the length and breadth and height of this chest were so contrived in secret that they were exactly according to the measure of the stature of the good King Osiris.

Therefore when the company of conspirators was gathered, and Osiris in their midst, with Set, smiling upon him whom he meant to slay, and the garlands and the perfumes had been put upon the heads of the company, and men had well eaten and drunk, and song and jest were passing round, there came into the banqueting-hall certain slaves of Set, bearing upon their shoulders the wondrous chest. And when they saw it, all men cried out in admiration of its beauty. Then said the cunning Set: "Behold, O great Osiris (to whom be life, health, strength), I have caused make this chest as a memorial to celebrate thy happy home-coming to thy land, and to thy brother who loves thee so dearly. And it is in my heart that the chest shall be given to that man in this company, whosoever he may be, who shall fill the chest with his own body, being neither too great nor too small. To him I say, it shall be given, whether he be the least worthy among us, or even thyself, O great Osiris! Now, therefore, let my lord the King speak the word, and thy servants shall prove which of them can fill the chest without excess and without deficiency."

So Osiris, in the guilelessness of his heart, said: "Let it be even as thou hast said, O my brother," and first one man, and then another of the company laid him down in the chest until all had made trial of it. But none of them fitted the measure of the chest, neither did any so purpose. So at last came Set, bowing and smiling unto his brother, and said unto him: "Behold, my lord, O King, the chest will fit none of us. Will not thy Majesty make proof of it? for save for thyself my vow must go unfulfilled, and to none other would I so gladly give the chest as to my King and my brother." Then in the truth and simplicity of his upright heart Osiris the King arose, and did off the Red and White Crown of the Two Lands from off his head, and laid him down in the chest. And looking down upon his brother, the fashion of the countenance of Set was altered, and he looked even as a devil, for so he was in his heart; and he cried unto his fellows: "Now is this pestilent vagabond delivered into our hands." And they all ran upon him with one accord and fastened down upon the good King the heavy lid of the chest, and made it fast with many nails, and poured molten lead upon it to seal every opening, so that none might lie within it and yet live and breathe. And so, by the guile of his wicked brother died the good King Osiris, King of gods, and King of men also; but the end was not yet.

Now, when these evil men had thus foully slain their King and god, they took upon their shoulders the chest in which his body lay, and with jests and

laughter they carried it to the bank of the great river, the River Nile. Then they flung it far into the stream, and returned rejoicing to their homes, saying that Osiris was gone on his voyages again sooner than he had willed, and believing that they were done with him and his righteousness forever. Yet the hearts of some misgave them, and the wicked murderer Set lived in fear lest even the shade of Osiris should return to trouble him. Therefore he ranged the land like a hunter day and night, giving out that he was hunting; but in good sooth the desire of his heart was only to make sure that in nowise could the chest have come to land, and Osiris been restored to life.

So Hapi, the great river, bore the chest with the dead god in it down his stream through the wide-lying marshlands which men of the Greek tongue call Delta; and at last it floated out upon the Great Green Sea by the Tanitic mouth of the river. Therefore the men of Egypt hold in abomination this branch of the river even unto this day, and never speak its name without cursing it. And all these things were done upon the seventeenth day of the month Athyr, when Ra the Sun-god was in the sign of the Scorpion, and when Osiris was in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, or, as some say, of his age.

Now, it came to pass that the first who knew what had befallen the King were the Pans and Satyrs, creatures of the thicket and the fen, half men and half beasts; for they had seen and heard

the seventy-two as they bore the body of Osiris to the river. So they went and told it in the city nearest to them, and all men were amazed and affrighted with a great amazement and fear; wherefore even unto this day any sudden affright of a multitude is called a Panic Terror. But Isis the wife of Osiris had need of no one to make report unto her of what had befallen; for in that very moment when the soul of Osiris departed out of his body, there came to her by her inward spirit of knowledge the assurance that her husband had been slain by Set; and so, taking her little son Horus, for she dreaded lest Set should slay the son as he had slain the father, she journeyed with him into the Marshlands of the North, seeking a place of refuge where she might bestow the child, while she went in search of the body of her husband. So at last she came to the ancient city of Pe, which men oft-times call Buto; for there dwelt the goddess Uatchet, whose name is also called Buto. Then she besought Uatchet that she would guard her son till she should come again; and Uatchet took him and brought him up as her own.

And Isis by her art magic cast a spell upon all the land where the city stood, so that it floated like an island upon the waves of the Great Green Sea, and no man could draw nigh unto it to do the lad harm. Then Isis went on her journey to seek the body of Osiris.

Now, it was so that the winds and waves had borne the chest with the body of Osiris even unto

the shore of the city of Byblos, where reigned King Malkander and Queen Athenaïs his wife; and the waves swept the chest gently into the branches of a bush of Tamarisk that grew by the sea. And when the Tamarisk felt the body of the god among its branches, it shot up in no long space of time into a great and beautiful tree, which grew around the chest and enclosed it on every side so that it was in nowise to be seen. And all men marvelled at the greatness and beauty of the Tamarisk-tree, insomuch that the thing came unto the ears of King Malkander. The King came therefore unto the place where it grew; and when he saw it so exceeding great and splendid, not knowing that within it was the body of a god, he ordered the tree to be cut down and made into the great centre pillar of his own presence-chamber, for that so kingly a tree was fit for nothing meaner than a King's hall. Therefore the tree, with the coffin of Osiris in its heart, stood in the hall of King Malkander at Byblos.

Isis, therefore, having left her son at Buto, journeyed ever onwards seeking her husband's body; and as she went she asked of all men whether they had seen the chest. And when none could help her, she bethought her that she would turn to the children. And so it fell out, that meeting with some little ones by the wayside, she asked them if by any hap they had seen a chest floating on the river; and they answered her that but the other day while they were playing on the bank, a gaily adorned

coffer drifted past them down the stream; and being amazed at its beauty they followed and watched it, and saw it drifting ever northwards until it was received into the waters of the Great Green Sea. And even unto this day the people of Egypt look upon children as being in some sort wiser than grown men, and having knowledge that men have lost; and this because of the wisdom of these children who directed the goddess Isis in her search.

So Isis journeyed on ever northwards, until at last she came even unto Byblos; and her familiar spirits revealed unto her how that her husband's body was in the presence-chamber of King Malkander. Thereupon she went to the seashore at Byblos, and sat her down upon the yellow sand, close by a fountain where the Court-maidens of Queen Athenaïs came to bathe; and there she wept and made moan for her dead lord. And when the Queen's maidens came down to bathe, she offered herself to be their tire-woman, and braided for them their long hair with her fragrant fingers. Now, when they returned unto the Queen Athenaïs, she smelled a sweet savour, and, behold, it proceeded from the hair of her maidens; for Isis had perfumed all their hair in the braiding of it by the mere touch of her fingers.

Then said Queen Athenaïs: "Whence got ye this sweet savour that is in your hair?"

And they answered: "As we went to bathe, there sat by the waters a woman, sad and heavy of

heart, and of an outlandish nation, but noble in bearing; and she tired our hair, and wheresoever her fingers touched, behold there abode this sweet savour."

Then Athenaïs sent her maidens to bring Isis unto her; and when they had seen one another face to face, and talked one with the other, the heart of the Queen was turned unto the stranger, and she besought her to stay with her, and to become the nurse to her little son; for Athenaïs also had a son, and his name was called Diktys, and he was sick, as men deemed, even unto death.

Then said Isis, the skilful in counsel, the mistress of art magic: "Trust thy son into my keeping, and he shall be restored unto thee safe and well; but in mine own fashion must this thing be done, and none must look upon me or meddle with my doings." So the Queen gave Diktys into the keeping of the stranger, and day by day the boy grew mightily in stature and in strength, so that his mother marvelled what means his nurse should use so to change him from imminent death to the fulness of life. And she questioned her maidens, and they answered her: "As touching this matter of the child, we know naught, save only this: that she feeds him not, giving him only the tip of her finger to suck, and that at night, when all men sleep, she bars the door of the presence-chamber, where is the great pillar of tamarisk wood, and listening at the door we can hear her pile the fire high with logs. And then we hear no other sound, save that

there comes from the hall a twittering like the twittering of a swallow flying round the fire."

When Queen Athenaïs heard these things, her heart was troubled for her child; so that night she hid herself in the presence-chamber that she might see for herself what would befall. And when all men slept, behold, Isis came into the presence-chamber carrying the child, and laying him down by the hearth, she piled the logs upon the fire until the flames roared, and the heart of the fire grew red and white with heat. Then, when all the fire was like a great furnace for heat, she cleared a space, hot and glowing, in the midst of it, and there she laid the child as in a cradle; but she herself changed into the form of a swallow, and flew round and round the tamarisk pillar, mourning and bewailing herself. And in all the room was heard nothing but the roaring of the flames and the twittering of the swallow.

Then Queen Athenaïs shrieked aloud, and springing forth from her hiding-place, snatched the child from the fire, and would have carried him away; but at her cry the swallow ceased to circle round the pillar, and in its place there stood Isis, the great goddess, angry and terrible.

"O fool and slow of heart!" she said to the Queen, "wherefore didst thou doubt my power? Hadst thou not snatched him from the cleansing fire, within a brief space of days all that is mortal would have been purged from him, and he should have been as the gods, ever beautiful, ever young,

ever strong; but now, because of thy folly, he must know age and decay and death even as thou."

Then the heart of Queen Athenaïs became as water, for she knew that she stood before one of the immortal gods. And she called for her husband, King Malkander, and the twain besought Isis to accept of a gift, even whatever her heart desired; but she would have none, saving only this—that she commanded them to give her the pillar of tamarisk wood that stood in the presence-chamber. And when it was given unto her, she split it open, and took out the chest with the body of her husband; then, wrapping the rest of the pillar in fine linen of Egypt, and pouring sweet-smelling oil upon it, she gave it back to the King and Queen. Now, the King and Queen set it up in a temple which they built at Byblos unto Isis, and, behold, it is there even unto this day, and all men worship it.

So when Isis had found the body of her husband, she set the chest in a boat, and sailed away from Byblos. And some say that she took with her the little Diktys, the son of Queen Athenaïs, and that he was lost upon the voyage; and other some affirm that her lamentation when she saw the chest was so terrible that the boy's heart failed him for fear, and he died; and yet others say that he grew up and reigned in King Malkander's stead, and was a good King and a wise, above the wont of Kings, for that so much of the mortal and sinful part of his nature had been burned away in the cleansing fires. And between these three stories I

cannot discern; judge ye according as it seems good in your sight.

Queen lsis, therefore, in her ship sailed unto Egypt, and when she came over against the outgoing of the river called Phædrus, a cold wind from off the river went hard to overturn her ship and lose the chest. And in her anger she cursed the river, and behold it dried up, and so remains even unto this day. Then, coming to Egypt to a desert place, where she believed herself alone, she opened the chest, and looked upon her dead husband's face, and embraced him and wept bitterly, and the song of lamentation which she made, and which she and her sister Nephthys sang, behold, it was written in stone and set up in the temples of the gods, and all men in Egypt know it even unto this day. And when she had mourned and wept, she hid the chest for a season in a place remote and unfrequented, and she herself went into the city of Buto that she might see how her son Horus fared in the care of the lady of Buto, Uatchet.

Now, while she was on her journey came the Red Fiend Set, hunting with his evil companions and his dogs; for his evil conscience would not suffer him to rest. And in the moonlight he saw the glitter of the chest which he himself had caused to be made, and knew it. At the sight his heart was inflamed with rage and terror, and he resolved to make an end of Osiris; so, opening the chest, he tore out the dead body of his brother and rent it into fourteen pieces, and the pieces he scattered

throughout the length and breadth of the land of Egypt. Then he returned home, believing of a surety that he had put away the fear of Osiris from the earth forever.

And when Isis was returned from Buto, she found nothing but the chest where her husband had lain, and she knew that her enemy Set had done this thing; therefore she went forth once more on her journeyings to find the fragments of the body of Osiris. And to take her through the lakes and canals of the land which the Greeks call Delta, she made her a boat of papyrus reeds, such as the men of Egypt have used ever since; but Isis, the skilful in speech and in deed, was the first to make it. And when Sebek, the crocodile god of the land which the outlandish desert-folk call Fayum, saw the goddess in her skiff, he gave commandment unto his crocodiles in all the waters of Egypt not to do her harm. And, even unto this day, the crocodiles of the river of Egypt do no harm to any who journey in papyrus boats, whether it be that they fear the wrath of Isis, or that they still hearken unto the command of Sebek and honour the skiff which once carried the goddess. So Queen Isis went throughout all the land of Egypt, and wherever she found a part of her husband's body, she buried it and built a shrine. And thus it is, as some say, that there are in Egypt so many sepulchres of Osiris.

But other some aver, and the truth is with them, that she did not bury the fragments of the body,

but only reared a shrine where each one was found. But, having so deceived her enemy, she took the fragments with her, and when she had gathered them all together, she besought the great god Ra; and the god heard her prayer, and he sent down from heaven Anubis, the fourth of his sons, whose head is the head of a jackal, and who guides the dead through the ways of the Shadow-World. And Anubis gathered together the members of Osiris and united them as they were at the first. And he wrapped the body in swathings of fine linen of Egypt; and unto this day men do so unto their dead in the land of Egypt, calling them even by the name of Osiris. But though Anubis had done this unto the body of the god, Osiris remained cold and dead. Then came Isis, and waved her cunning hands over him, and wrought her spells; and, behold, the breath of life came back into his nostrils, and he bestirred himself, and arose from the dead.

Yet because he had been dead and was alive again, the Council of the Gods gave judgment that he should not return to live as an earthly King among men, but that he should reign as King and judge of all the dead in the Under-World, giving justice unto all men according to the deeds done in the body. So Osiris dwelleth even now in the Hall of the Twofold Truth, and all men who pass out of this world into the other must needs appear before his judgment-seat. There their deeds are judged, and their hearts are weighed. They who have done

evil are condemned and perish in the jaws of the Devourer of the Unjustified; but they who have done righteously are approved, and pass into the Fields of Rest, where is everlasting peace and abiding happiness.

But as for Set, the Red Fiend, he endures in defeat and misery. For when Horus the son of Osiris was grown and came to man's estate, he challenged the murderer of his father; and though Set used all his arts and deceits he was overthrown and vanquished. But the end is not yet; for Set is of the immortals and cannot be abidingly slain so long as men on earth are feeble and foolish. Therefore the fight goes on day by day; and Set, ever overthrown, ever rises from his overthrow and renews the strife. But in the fulness of the time Horus shall one day overthrow him utterly; and in that day Osiris shall return once more as King to this earth, and his kingdom shall be righteousness and peace.

CHAPTER XV

The Wanderings of Isis

This is one of the many stories that belong to the great legend of Osiris. There must have been others which have not come down to us, for there are references in many Egyptian writings to parts of the adventures of Isis and Horus, of which we know nothing; but what we have is enough to show us that Plutarch was not only romancing when he told us the story of Isis and Osiris, but was really repeating what had been told to himself. Shortly before the coming of Christ Isis became by far the most popular of all goddesses, not only in her own land, but all through the Roman Empire. The story of the persecuted mother, and her faithful love to her son seemed to find an echo in men's hearts everywhere. The following story describes some of the adventures of Isis after the enemy Set had slain Osiris, and was trying to usurp his brother's kingdom and make himself master of Egypt. It is written in hieroglyphics upon a large stone pillar which was made about four hundred years before Christ for an Egyptian priest. The pillar was dug up at Alexandria in 1828, and was presented by the ruler of Egypt, Mehemet Ali Pasha, to the Austrian statesman Prince Metternich. In the inscription the goddess herself is supposed to be speaking.

"I am Isis, the Great Goddess, the Lady of Magic, to whom belong words of power. Now, it befell that when the Evil One, the Red God Set, had slain his twin-brother, my husband Osiris, by guile, he seized upon me, and shut me up in prison that there might be none to stand between him and the lordship of Egypt. But there came unto me in the house where Set had placed me the great god Thoth, who is the Prince of Truth and Wisdom both in Heaven and on Earth, and he spake unto me saying: 'Hearken unto me, O goddess Isis! It is a good thing to hearken, for he who will be guided shall live. Hide thyself with thy child which shall be born unto thee, and these things shall happen unto him: He shall grow and flourish in his body, and strength of every kind shall be found in him. Yea, he shall sit upon the throne of his father, and he shall hold the exalted dignity of "Lord of the Two Lands."'

"Then I escaped from the dwelling in which my evil brother Set had placed me. At evening I left his house, and, behold, there journeyed with me Seven Scorpions, that were to travel with me as my guard, and to sting with their stings in my defence. Behind me came two of them, Tefen and Befen, on my right hand came Mestet, and on my left hand, Mestetef, and three went before my face to prepare the way before me, and their names were Petet, Thetet, and Maatet. And to these my guards I spake, charging them straitly: 'Salute no one, neither make acquaintance with any; speak to no

Red Fiend, harm no child nor helpless creature, and be diligent to keep your eyes on the ground that ye may show me the way!'

"So they led me through the land, until at last they brought me to Pa-sui, the town of the Sacred Sandals, which is at the head of the land of the papyrus swamps. For here the river no longer runs in a narrow bed, but wanders hither and thither across the land, and the people of the land from here even unto the Great Green Sea in the north are all marshmen, who are scorned by the people of the south. Then I arrived at Teb, and came to a part of the town where women dwelt. And as I journeyed along the road, looking for a place wherein to hide my head for the night, for I was weary and footsore, a certain woman of rank, whose name was Usert, saw me; but her heart was afraid because of the Seven Scorpions that were with me, and she shut her door in my face.

"Then the Seven Scorpions took counsel together as to what should be done unto this woman for her hardness of heart, and they shot out all their poison on the tail of the scorpion Tefen, so that his sting should have sevenfold venom in it. But a peasant woman named Taha opened her door unto me, and into the house of this woman of low degree I went, and laid me down there and rested. But while I rested, the scorpion Tefen crawled in under the door of the house of the woman Usert, who had shut her door against me, and stung her son. And when she rose at his cry,

behold, her house was on fire. There was no water to put it out, for it was not the time of the inundation; but a great marvel happened. The heaven grew black with clouds, and the sky sent down water, so that the fire was quenched. Yet the heart of the lady Usert was heavy within her, and her sadness was great upon her, for her child lay in pain, and she knew not whether he would live or die; and she ran through the streets crying with a loud voice for help, but none hearkened unto her, for all were in great fear because of the Seven Scorpions. But I heard the voice of her weeping, and it repented me of the evil for the child's sake, and I wished the innocent one who had done me no harm to live again. So I cried aloud to her, saying: 'Come to me! Come to me! There is life in my words. I am a woman well known for my skill to heal. I can drive out the devil of death by a spell which my father taught me; for I am his daughter and his beloved.'

"Then I came to where the child lay, still and cold as the dead; and when I beheld him I laid my hands upon him and I spake this spell: 'O poison of Tefen, come forth, fall on the ground, go no farther. O poison of Befen, come forth, fall on the ground. For I am Isis the goddess, the lady of words of power. I am the weaver of spells, cunning to utter magic words. Hearken unto me, every reptile that stingeth, and let your venom fall upon the ground. Poison of Mestet go no farther. Poison of Mestetef, rise not up in his body. Poison of Petet and Thetet,

enter not his body. Poison of Maatet, fall upon the ground. Do not my words rule to the utmost limit of the night? Unto you I speak, O ye scorpions. For I am alone and in sorrow, and wherefore should our names be made to stink throughout all the homes of the land of Egypt? The child shall live! The poison shall die! For my child Horus, that shall be, shall be saved through his mother Isis, and he who is stricken shall likewise be saved.'

"Then the child was restored, strong and well as before, and the fire in the house of Usert was extinguished, and the rain from heaven ceased. And the lady Usert repented and was ashamed because she had shut her door against me; and she brought to the house of Taha, the woman of low degree, gifts many and precious, and laid them at my feet. For I am the lady Isis, a great goddess, mistress of words of power, and mighty in word and in deed.

"Now I, Isis, bore my son Horus, the son of Osiris, in the papyrus-swamps where the great river spreads out over the land. And I rejoiced greatly over my son, because now I knew that the avenger of his father had appeared, and that the Red Fiend Set should not have dominion over the land. I hid him, and I kept him secretly, for I was afraid of the Red Fiend. Then I went forth to the town of Am, and the people received me and did homage unto me, for they knew the greatness of my power, and were afraid. So when I had spent the day in gathering food for the child, I returned,

and took Horus into my arms. But, behold, I found him lifeless, my beautiful Horus, my golden one, my fatherless child! His tears and the foam on his lips had bedewed the ground, his body was relaxed, and his heart did not beat.

"Then I shrieked and made lamentation: 'My father is in the Under-World, and my mother in the realms of the dead, and my husband lies in his coffin. None have I to answer for me or to avenge me on mine adversary. I will call unto some one of the sons of men, if haply their hearts will turn unto me.' So I called unto the marshmen, and their hearts turned at once unto me. The people came forth out of their houses, and hastened to me at my call. They lamented for the greatness of my sorrow, but none of them could help me or give me back my son. There came a woman to me, the wisest and most experienced of the town. She said unto me: 'This cannot be the work of the Red Fiend, for Set does not come into this province, he does not wander through the land of Khemmis. May it not be that a scorpion hath stung him?'

"Then I laid my nose close to the mouth of the child, and I smelled the smell of the poison. I recognized the sickness of my son, the heir of the gods, and knew that he had been poisoned. I took him swiftly in my arms, and my cry rang even unto heaven: 'Horus is stung, O Great God Ra. Horus is stung, the inheritor of thy heritage!' Then came my sister Nephthys weeping, and her lamentations echoed through the swamps, and with her came

Selkis, the scorpion goddess. And she said: 'What has happened? What has happened? Cry unto heaven, and the Sun will stop even in the mid-firmament, and the Boat of Ra will not travel across the sky so long as Horus is dead.'

"Then I made my voice reach unto heaven, and my cry came even unto the Bark of Eternity. Behold, in that hour the sun stood still in the mid-firmament, and moved not from his place. And out of the Bark of Eternity came Thoth, bringing his magic with him, and a great commission from Ra, and thus he spake: 'What is the matter? What is the matter, O Isis, thou glorious goddess with the skilful tongue? Surely nothing evil hath happened to the child Horus? Lo I come from the Bark of the Sun, from his place of yesterday; for darkness hath come on, and light hath fled, until Horus is healed and given back to his mother Isis. Verily the defender of Horus is the Sun, who lightens both lands with his beaming eyes, and is the protector of the suffering. Verily the defender of Horus is the Ancient of Days who is in the mid-heaven, who gives commands to all who are there or elsewhere, and is the protector of the suffering. The ship of the Sun stands still, and the Sun moves not from his place of yesterday until Horus is made whole once more, and the sufferer is restored to his mother.'

"So Thoth, the great god, the Lord of Truth and of Wisdom, stood over the child Horus and spake his words of power on this wise: 'Wake up, O Horus. Thy defence is sure. Rejoice the heart of thy

mother Isis. Let your hearts be glad, all ye that dwell in the heavens, for Horus, the avenger of his father, shall cause the poison to retreat. The word in the mouth of Ra shall run swiftly, and the tongue of the Great God shall triumph. Now the Bark of Ra standeth still and moveth not, and the Sun's disc is in the place where it was yesterday, to heal Horus for his mother Isis. Come to earth; draw near, O ship of Ra, and ye mariners of Ra! Make the ship of Ra to come hither to heal Horus for his mother Isis. Lo I, even I, am Thoth, the first-born son, the son of Ra! The company of the gods have commanded me to heal Horus for his mother Isis. Behold the poison is its own destruction; it is destroyed because it smote the strong one. O ye gods, your temples are safe, for Horus liveth for his mother.' Then my son was given back to me alive and well, and the great god Thoth returned to the Bark of Eternity, and the Bark sailed on in heaven, and there was great joy among all the gods from the one end of heaven even unto the other. Now doth Horus my son grow strong in the town of Buto among the marshes; and in the fulness of the time he shall fight the Red Fiend Set, and overthrow him, and avenge me and Osiris his father upon our adversary."

Stories of Africa

Taken from
The Boys' Book of Exploration
by Tudor Jenks

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The Boy's Book of Explorations: Africa as Known to the Ancients

In his article "About Africa," J. Scott Keltic says: "Till within the memory of men now living, the great interior of Africa was a blank filled by imaginative geographers with a perplexing and impossible network of lakes and rivers and mountains, interspersed with pictures of monstrous animals, imposing cities, and monarchs with crown and sceptre sitting in majesty on their thrones."

Dean Swift expressed the same idea in his well-known verse:

> *"So geographers, in Afric maps,*
> *With savage pictures fill their gaps,*
> *And o'er unhabitable downs*
> *Place elephants for want of towns."*

And yet Egypt, especially the Nile Valley, was the site of the oldest civilisation whose recorded history we possess in any completeness. For centuries African Carthage disputed with Rome the supremacy over the Mediterranean, then the great route by which all the riches of Asia and Africa were carried from the East to the West. Even after Carthage had been destroyed, and the Roman generals left not one stone upon another, the great fertile land of Egypt, far up the Nile, was Rome's

granary; and scattered along the northern coast of Africa everywhere are gigantic ruins, proving the presence of Roman and Byzantine buildings, bridges, and fortifications. The great fruitfulness of north Africa probably gave the name to the continent, though the origin of the name is so old that it is impossible to decide which of the many stories told about it is true. The word *feric* meant a grain of corn, and from this word *Africa* was applied to the region containing Tunis and Tripoli, which for many ages was to the Romans "Africa proper." The symbolic figure for Africa was a woman bearing a cornucopia, or holding ears of corn.

The continent of America, and that of Australia, which have been called respectively the gifts of the fifteenth and of the eighteenth century, though discovered so many ages later, are to-day the homes of civilised man, and, as far as their physical condition will allow, fully possessed. In Africa, until our own days, civilisation found an abiding place only on the merest fringe of the continent.

For this there are many good reasons. Two-thirds of this great continent lie wholly within the tropics; hence it has rainy seasons, with their accompaniment of luxuriant and rapidly decaying vegetation, and dry seasons bringing intense solar heat; and, as a result, we find vast deserts. The greatest desert, the Sahara, a broad belt shutting off "progress, commerce, civilisation, and conquest," lies like a dead-line between the northern

coast and the whole of Central Africa. The coast line of the continent is remarkable in having few breaks. There are no deep gulfs, peninsulas, or islands, excepting Madagascar alone, which is divided from the mainland by a wide and deep strait, and is believed to be part of a lost continent. Even the rivers are not highways for navigation, owing to the fact that central Africa is in most parts south of the Sahara an elevated tableland, bordered along the coasts by only a narrow belt of lower land. All the great rivers, the Congo, Niger, and Zambesi, are interrupted by cataracts. The Nile, too, has its cataracts, and even after these are passed there is at times an even greater obstacle. For long periods enormous masses of floating vegetation entirely prevent the passage of vessels. This region of the Nile, called "the sudd," is a sluggish reach of the river, where it passes through a low, swampy country overgrown with rank reeds and water vegetation. Of course, when this vegetable dam is once formed, it keeps on increasing till some very heavy flood forces the mass down stream. Several expeditions up the Nile have come to grief upon reaching this region.

As to the lowlands lying along the coast, and between the sea and the elevated central plateau, they are swampy, thickly overgrown with vegetation, miasmatic, and most difficult to traverse. Indeed, Joseph Thomson, a recent explorer, says: "Africa has been compared to a nut—only hard to deal with from the outside; once through the shell

and the prize is gained. In East Africa the 'shell' means the low-lying country between the coasts and the edge of the plateau."

These, in short, are the physical reasons—the difficulties made by the country itself—which long prevented explorers from going far from the coast. In the earliest days the east coast of Africa, lying along the Red Sea and extending to some distance southerly, was known to Arab geographers and described by them. There is also a statement that a certain Carthaginian admiral named Hanno sailed down the western coast, possibly as far as the Gulf of Guinea. He commanded a large fleet, carrying some 30,000 colonists from the regions around Carthage, and established several settlements along the west coast. But the records of this expedition are scanty, and the mere statement is all that is known of his voyage. Herodotus, the old Greek historian, who was fond of recording all striking stories that came to his ears, tells us that the Phœnicians once sent an expedition down through the Red Sea; and that this expedition returned homeward by way of the Straits of Gibraltar, passing between the two rocky points called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules. Another story, recorded by the same gossiping historian, has just a bit more detail. He tells that five young men, called Nasamonians, were chosen by lot to make an expedition through the Sahara Desert into Central Africa. When they had come near to the Atlas Mountains, they were received so enthusiastically

by a numerous delegation of lions that they unanimously decided to take another route, and turned westward. This brought them into an arid part of the desert, and they were in sore straits until they fortunately discovered an oasis. Here they met with dwarf natives, described as being about half the size of ordinary men, and by them taken to a city inhabited by blacks. How they finally returned to their own country I do not know. This legend, or historical incident, whichever it may be, was long regarded with suspicion, but when the dwarfs of Central Africa, the "pigmies," were discovered, their existence was looked upon as strong evidence tending to sustain the story told by Herodotus. It is true that these dwarfs were in a very different part of Africa, but that was easily explained, since they might have been driven south by the invasion of a more northern and warlike race.

The Emperor Nero, to come down to the comparatively recent period of eighteen centuries ago, sent a military expedition in the year 60 A.D. to explore the upper waters of the Nile, and if possible to find out the source of the river. His expedition succeeded in reaching a point about 500 miles south of Khartoum, which is about in an east and west line with the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. These old Romans were not stopped by the Nile cataracts, but when they met the sudd, even their Roman fortitude was choked in the mass of weeds.

Nearly a hundred years later Ptolemy, the most learned geographer of his time, gave a full description of Central Africa. Undoubtedly much of this was made up from a floating mass of tradition, with a liberal mixture of downright fiction; but the whole account, both chaff and grain, was accepted, for want of anything better to take its place, till about the sixteenth century. Five hundred years further down toward our own time, the Saracens, in their progress westward, conquered Northern Africa, and so long as they remained in possession, all direct knowledge of the continent was cut off from Europe. Of what went on during the possession of the Saracens, we gain no hints except in the words of a few Arab historians, who tell vague stories of minor kingdoms, probably mere settlements, south of the Sahara.

Between the last paragraph and the present one there comes a period of more than seven hundred years, during which there is really little that is worth telling about affairs in this region of the world. From our hasty summary of the past knowledge of Africa it will be understood that, even so late as the time of Columbus, the map which could be made of the African continent would not pass muster to-day in the poorest schoolroom in the country. If you would like to make for yourself a fourteenth-century map of Africa, it can be easily done. Draw a line from the Strait of Gibraltar in a wavy south and southeasterly direction straight across the Desert of Sahara, and then bring it up

with a round turn anywhere you please near the Red Sea. Next, without troubling to consult a modern map, put in a hasty sketch of what you think the Nile might look like, and attach half a dozen lakes here and there, like bunches of grapes, to imaginary branches of the river. A few scattered rivers and lakes also may be put in wherever the fancy seizes you, and the result will fairly represent what knowledge the fourteenth-century map recorded. Just below the lake at the supposed source of the Nile are Latin words signifying "region in which no one can live on account of the heat." I can find nothing more upon the map worth mentioning.

About the time this map was made, a Portuguese named Pedro de Covilham was sent to Abyssinia in search of that fabulous personage Prester John. "Prester" is short for Presbyter, meaning priest or Christian. During the Middle Ages there were stories afloat about an African or Asian monarch (it was uncertain which) who became converted to Christianity by a chance visit to a church, and who thereafter carried on a holy warfare against the Mussulmans and acquired untold wealth. It was eagerly desired to reach and converse with this far-famed Prester John, either on account of Christian brotherliness or, possibly, because of his attractive wealth; and Covilham, the Portuguese, visited Abyssinia with a letter for the fabulous monarch. Of course he did not find him, but he made many journeys through the eastern

region of Africa, and left behind him a journal describing the cities and ports which he visited. He also became learned in the lore of the Arabs and impressed with the idea that there was no impossibility in circumnavigating the Cape of Good Hope, as it was called later, he wrote to the king of Portugal a letter advising him to send an expedition around the southern end of Africa; and with the letter went a chart made by a learned Moor, showing the cape and cities along the coast. The writings of this Portuguese of the fifteenth century were believed to have exercised a strong influence over Vasco da Gama, who knew from Covilham's letter and chart that it was possible to double the cape and then to sail to India.

Prince Henry of Portugal, born in 1394, nearly a century before Columbus's voyage, in order to carry on successful warfare against the Moors, who had held the greater part of Spain for nearly seven hundred years, established a school of navigation in which noblemen were educated to sail the seas. He understood the use of those astronomical instruments which were due to the learning of the Arabs themselves. This Prince Henry was a descendant of John of Gaunt, and had the blood of the English Plantagenet kings in his veins. Trained as a warrior, he distinguished himself in an expedition against the Moors, and with his brothers captured in one day the strongly fortified city of Ceuta in Morocco, directly opposite the rock of Gibraltar and on the promontory forming one of

the "Pillars of Hercules." It would not have been surprising if the young soldier after this victory had dreamed of nothing but a life of glory in arms; but, as if satisfied with this single triumph. Prince Henry never fought again, henceforth giving his life to study, and especially to dreaming of new countries and new conquests in exploration.

> *"Ancient ideas shut up the world at Ceuta and Gibraltar, as the Philistines shut up Samson. Prince Henry, like the Hebrew giant, rose up out of sleep, and carrying the bars and gates away with him, opened that world, of which European people, from the Pope to the peasant, were then ignorant.*
>
> *"Prince Henry found that some of his Moorish prisoners in Ceuta, instead of being horned devils, were polished gentlemen of noble rank, liberally educated and well-travelled. He treated them kindly. They in return told of the great continent of Africa where they lived; of the mountains, deserts, and oases; of the city of Timbuctoo, with its ivory palace and gilded roofs; of the Niger River, of Guinea, of Mozambique and Zanzibar. Still further, they thrilled the young Christian prince, their captor, with stories of voyages to India, whence shiploads of pearls and rubies, gold and spices, came to enrich the Mahometans; of the huge animals; of amazing forests and fruits, and of the*

populous countries of the great continent over which blazed the Southern Cross amid starry skies.

"All this set Prince Henry's imagination on fire. 'Africa for Christ' became his watch-word—to be understood, of course, in his own way. He used his opportunity at once. He was Grand Master of the Order of Christ, and had control of its vast revenues. He was Governor for life of Algarve, the extreme southeastern province of Portugal and of Europe. At Sagres, down at the very tip of the kingdom and the continent, he founded an observatory, the first in Portugal. He devoted himself to the study of astronomy and mathematics. He summoned to his aid all the men skilled in navigation, or in making maps or instruments, of whom he could hear. He trained up young Portuguese naval officers, who became fearless captains. In a decade he had won away from Venice and Genoa the monopoly of seamanship and natural science."

This spirited description by William Elliot Griffis, from his excellent book, "The Romance of Discovery," will give you the mainspring from which all modern exploration of Africa has proceeded. Gradually the Portuguese extended their voyages southward along the western coast, till Diaz had reached the Cape of Good Hope. Ten years later Vasco da Gama rounded the cape, sailed

northward up the eastern coast, finding rich cities all the way; visited Melinda and there procured pilots from the king of that region, who took him safely across the Indian Ocean, whence he returned to Portugal, the first circumnavigator of Africa so far as accepted history knows. By the end of the fifteenth century the general coast-line was known, and not long afterward there were Portuguese and Dutch settlements in various places. In spite, however, of the increased definiteness given to the coast-line, the maps of the interior still contained the usual mass of rubbish that had been handed down by one ignorant geographer to another since the time of Ptolemy. Then arose an honest geographer, D'Anville, who lived about the time of the American Revolution. Having convinced himself that the mass of details which littered the maps of Africa of his time was so inaccurate as to be worthless, he bravely wiped it from the maps, as a schoolboy wipes a sum from his slate. Frankly confessing that the interior of Africa was wholly unknown, he prepared the way for a real record of true discoveries.

About this time Europe was enjoying a period of peace, the first since the French Revolution, and men turned from news of battles and the fall or creation of kingdoms to scientific pursuits. We may look upon the map of Africa, after the clean sweep made by the French geographer, as a new leaf turned over, upon which to write the discoveries of modern times.

Beginnings of African Exploration

Of course, no one having even the slightest acquaintance with the subject needs to be told that a history of African exploration can no more be included in a single small volume than the great continent itself can be mapped on a sheet of note paper. Besides, in telling the story for boys' reading, it should not include all those scientific and historical facts that are important only to students who will go to the explorers' own books or to histories for them. Leaving such details to other volumes, we shall select from the travellers' diaries only the curious, the wonderful, the striking experiences that give colour and flavour to the record of their journeyings. We shall try to make acquaintance with the explorers as men of bravery and daring, of resource and fortitude, rather than with their achievements and their routes as landmarks in the history of exploration.

The modern fuller and more scientific knowledge of Africa began, according to the best authorities, with the thirty years' journeys of the greatest pathfinder of all, the missionary David Livingstone; but at least a few of the most prominent explorers must be spoken of, and their exploits recorded, so that we may better understand those of our own day.

James Bruce

About the end of the last century a giant of a Scotchman, six feet and four inches in height—Miss Burney, the novelist, said, "He is the tallest man you ever saw gratis"—had married the orphan daughter of a wine merchant, and acquired a share in the business. Losing his wife soon after marriage, Bruce made a journey into Spain and Portugal to visit the vineyards. He became interested in the Moorish manuscripts preserved in the Royal Library, and studied Arabic in order that he might read them.

England was upon the point of war with Spain, and upon his return Bruce told the English Government that the port of Ferrol was undefended and could easily be taken. Though the plan was not adopted, the shrewd Scotchman was rewarded by an appointment as consul to Algiers, and instructed to study and copy the early ruins of Northern Africa. This work led Bruce at length to resign his office, so that he might give all his time to exploration and research, and he spent several years in Syria and Asia Minor making drawings of the relics of old-time civilisation.

In 1768 he was in Egypt bent upon seeking out the source of the Nile, and, sailing down the Red Sea to Bab-el-mandeb, he made a landing at Massawa, the seaport of Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. He was the first European to enter the country since a century and a half before.

Bruce found that in order to accomplish

anything in Abyssinia he must gain the favour of one Michael, a powerful prime minister or "ras," who, having assassinated one king and poisoned another, was now at the dishonourable old age of seventy-two ruling in the name of a third. Owing to an attack of small-pox that killed several courtiers before Bruce was called upon for aid, and to the recovery of the patients after the white doctor was called in, Bruce was soon in high favour with the queen and with the wife of the prime minister. To complete his reputation as "medicine man," Bruce performed the miracle of shooting a tallow candle through a wooden table, and since none of the natives ever discovered that anybody might do the same, Bruce lived in high repute.

But outside the capital city much territory was held by a powerful chief in rebellion, and the clever explorer, having gained an interview with this rebel, won his regard by taming wild horses and shooting birds upon the wing—a miniature Wild West show.

The way being thus cleared, Bruce traced the Blue Nile to its source in Central Abyssinia, and finding a grassy hillock from which flowed the baby Nile "not four yards over, and not above four inches deep," exulted to think that he had solved the mystery that had baffled all mankind for three thousand years. It is not Bruce's fault that the source he found was that of the branch called the Blue Nile, and the fact should not detract from his credit.

Returning to the capital city, Bruce finds 20,000 rebels in possession, and the place "reeking with massacre." His remonstrances against the bloodshed were "considered childish," and the merry game went on. At the end of one of these civil wars Bruce found the dignified old scoundrel Michael arrayed in cloth-of-gold, sitting patiently in his house awaiting his death. But Bruce records that Michael was imprisoned, and before his career was ended once more ruled Abyssinia.

Bruce remained for a while in the army of Abyssinia, gaining renown by his great strength, skill in horsemanship, and knowledge of medicine. Among other valuable things, he secured the "Chronicles of the Kings of Abyssinia," the only historical record of the ancient history of this land—said to have been once ruled by the son of the Queen of Sheba by Solomon—and had enough adventures and experiences to fill five large volumes that one of his biographers calls "The Epic of African Travel." He had made himself so valuable that when he wished to leave the country the king was unwilling to let him go.

One day, with truly Oriental magnificence, the king carelessly promised Bruce to grant "whatever request he might make," and the Scotch explorer seized the opportunity to beg that he might return to his native land. The king was in a rage, but felt bound to keep his word; and Mr. Bruce hastily packed up his relics, his drawings, and valuable journals, secured camels and servants, and started

for Egypt. He had learned by this time enough of the changeable nature of the Oriental monarch to take the precaution of assuring the king that he should return along the same route by which he had come. Then he wisely chose an entirely different road, betaking himself to the deserts of Nubia, which is the ancient name for the southern regions of Egypt.

His journey through a thickly wooded country and across the deserts was filled with perils and accompanied by disaster. During the whole journey the party did not see a single native, but met with wild beasts and robbers, suffered from hunger and thirst, underwent whirling storms of sand, and thus toiled on for four months of hardship. One by one the men and camels perished, with the exception of Bruce and one servant. Unable to carry their baggage, it was carefully packed in a few boxes and left on the sand, and the two survivors made their way forward on foot, having no clue to the right direction except a general impression that it was best to keep to the west. Bruce's shoes soon went to pieces, and his feet were swollen, blistered, and wounded. After a most painful journey they reached the city of Siana. There an officer of the court, though he reproached Bruce bitterly with being an infidel, gave him camels and attendants that he might recover his baggage, saying scornfully at the same time: "Of what value are any books and papers that you can have, you infidel?"

Bruce assured him that he had among his

papers valuable recipes for curing disease, which it was a pity to lose. This argument prevailed, and four days afterward Bruce had recovered the baggage, which remained untouched where he had placed it.

Bruce's explorations, lasting five years, had done much to make known the kingdom of Abyssinia and the country between the Nile and the Red Sea. He returned to England in 1773, married again, and settled down. After thus escaping the perils of Africa, he was unfortunate enough to die as the result of falling down the stairs of his own house when hastening to hand a lady to her carriage. A queer modern parallel to this peculiar fate may be found in the story of the celebrated Alpine traveller who, after safely accomplishing the ascent and descent of many a lofty peak, broke his leg upon the stairs which led to the lecture platform from which he was about to give an account of his experiences.

Bruce's chief reward was an interview with the king of England, and a reputation as the most gigantic liar of his age. Too proud to complain, the explorer retired to his estate and left his reputation to the care of posterity. To-day his statements are known to be true, and his career has won the admiration it deserved.

Mungo Park

The next noted explorer was also a Scotchman, Mungo Park. He was a young student of medicine

who had gained some reputation as a writer upon natural history, through a series of papers describing some new species of fish which he had observed during a voyage to Sumatra as surgeon on an East Indiaman.

The British Association had been formed, in 1788, for promoting the discovery of the interior of Africa. Among the most prominent members of the society was Sir Joseph Banks, one of the friends of Benjamin Franklin, and through his influence Mungo Park was selected to ascertain the source and course of the Niger, a much disputed African problem. Three explorers had been sent out by the Association before this time. Two were known to have died in Africa, and the third was missing at the time and reported dead. This was a Major Houghton. The first two of these three explorers had attempted to reach the river from the northward and had failed, accomplishing little. Major Houghton had gone in from the west coast, and was unheard of.

Park also decided to start from the west coast. He embarked on a trading vessel, the "Endeavor," from Portsmouth, with a letter of credit for about $1,000. Reaching the African coast, he ascended the Gambia River to the English trading post at Pisania, 200 miles from the coast. Here he spent over two months preparing himself for the trip into the interior, studying the languages, and at last made up his party, seven in all, he being the only European. It is interesting to compare his

equipment with that of some more recent travellers. He says:

> *"My baggage was light, consisting chiefly of provisions for two days; a small assortment of beads, amber, and tobacco, for the purchase of a fresh supply as I proceeded; a few changes of linen, and other necessary apparel; an umbrella, a pocket sextant, a magnetic compass, and a thermometer; together with two fowling-pieces, two pairs of pistols, and some other small articles."*

It will be enough to characterise the greater part of Park's journey into the interior by saying that it was a long series of detentions and discouragements; as, indeed, one might conclude from reading this catalogue of his slender equipment. He was bullied and robbed by the half-civilized Arab slave-dealers and officials; and, although he suffered no serious bodily harm, he was treated as a curiosity and a show, being in one instance compelled to dress and undress in order that the natives might see how his clothes were managed.

As an example of his experiences with the potentates of the small Arab settlements which he visited, I will quote his interview with the king of Bondu. Park had heard that he had treated Major Houghton with great unkindness, and had caused him to be plundered, and says:

"As I was entirely in his power, I thought it best to smooth the way by a present. Accordingly, I took with me in the evening one canister of gunpowder, some amber, tobacco, and my umbrella; and as I considered that my bundles would inevitably be searched, I concealed some few articles in the roof of the hut where I lodged, and I put on my new blue coat in order to preserve it.... When I had delivered my presents, he seemed well pleased, and was particularly delighted with the umbrella, which he repeatedly furled and unfurled, to the great admiration of himself and his two attendants, who could not for some time comprehend the use of this wonderful machine. After this I was about to take my leave, when the king, desiring me to stop a while, begun a long preamble in favour of the whites, extolling their immense wealth and good dispositions. He next proceeded to an eulogium on my blue coat, of which the yellow buttons seemed particularly to catch his fancy; and he concluded by entreating me to present him with it, assuring me, for my consolation under the loss of it, that he would wear it on all public occasions, and inform every one who saw it of my great liberality towards him. The request of an African prince in his own dominions, particularly when made to a stranger, comes little short of a command. It is only a way of obtaining by

gentle means what he can, if he pleases, take by force; and as it was against my interest to offend him by a refusal, I very quietly took off my coat, the only good one in my possession, and laid it at his feet.

"In return for my compliance, he presented me with great plenty of provisions, and desired to see me again in the morning."

At last Park succeeded in reaching the Niger, found that it flowed eastward, and traced its course for about seventy miles. He had come within 200 miles of the mysterious city of Timbuctoo. This city had attained in European tradition a wonderful place. It was reported to be a city of fabulous wealth and of veritable enchantment. It was inhabited by bigoted Mohammedans, sworn foes to all infidels. No European had ever reached it, and there were offers of large rewards in money to any one who should succeed in visiting the unknown metropolis.

As he was sick, entirely alone in the country, and on foot, Park resolved to return before it was too late. He joined a slave-trader's party, was a witness to the cruelties of the slave-owners, of which he gives a most moving account, and at last made his way to the trading post whence he had set out. During this journey Park discovered that his predecessor had been led into a desert by Arab guides, and then robbed; whether the unfortunate traveller was then murdered or simply deserted,

Park could not learn. At all events, it was a distinction without difference.

Then Park seemed inclined to forswear further travel; but being again summoned a few years later, he made up a small party of Europeans and returned to the same region, intending to make his way to the Niger and by sailing down the river to ascertain its own course to the ocean. Few expeditions to Africa have been more unfortunate. Nearly all of the members died of fevers, twenty-eight perishing in six days before the most difficult part of their work was really begun. Park wrote home just before embarking upon the river:

> *"I shall set sail to the coast with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt.... Though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die in the Niger."*

His journal ends with the entry dated November 16, 1805. He began his voyage next day, and nothing of his fate was known for years afterward, when it was learned that in attempting to escape an attack from the shores, Park jumped into the river and was drowned in the rapids. This was about 1806.

Denham and Clapperton

The next important expedition was led by Major Denham, an officer who had served against Napoleon; Captain Clapperton, another Scotchman, who had commanded the vessel "Confiance" in the battle of Lake Erie, and a Dr. Oudney. At the head of a strong party these explorers left Tripoli in 1822, and marched southward over the desert, hoping to complete European knowledge of the troublesome Niger. They found the desert dotted with skeletons of men and animals: and these increased in number till, near one of the oases, they were "too thick to be counted." Their caravan was led by a Mohammedan, Boukhaloum, a celebrated slave-hunter.

Owing to the strength of their well-armed party, they made their way in safety, being entertained with music and dancing by the barbaric chiefs of the settlements they passed. Where these towns were strong, the inhabitants received them hospitably, but the smaller places were deserted by the inhabitants at their approach.

Without any remarkable adventures, they made their way to Lake Chad, which they believed to be the source of the Niger, a widely mistaken supposition, as will be seen by a glance at the map. They found the lake frequented by thousands of water birds, such as pelicans, cranes, and spoonbills, so tame that they showed little fear of man. After a slight exploration of the lake along its southern shores, they advanced to the kingdom of

Bornou, which had never before been visited by Europeans. They were detained here by the king and allowed to make only short journeys. Their next stopping-place was Mandara. The Sultan of Mandara rode out to visit them, attended by "500 horsemen, in dark blue robes striped in bright colours." Boukhaloum explained to this monarch that he had come a long distance in order to obtain slaves, and invited the African potentate to point out some village that he might attack it. The obliging ruler was glad to name certain villages of Fellatahs situated not far from his capital. Indeed, the sultan kindly volunteered to take command of the expedition.

This enterprise of these cheerful scoundrels seemed to promise entertainment to Major Denham, and he accompanied them while they attacked three villages. The first two villages were easily destroyed and the inhabitants slain or reduced to slavery without any unusual inconvenience to the marauders; but in their attack upon the third village something went wrong, and fortune favoured the defenders. They completely defeated and routed the slave traders, putting them to flight. Among the survivors was the leader of the caravan, Major Denham, and a few others. Denham had several narrow escapes from his pursuers, but at last was captured by them. They were so much delighted with their prize of a strangely dressed European that they quarrelled among themselves about sharing the plunder, and

during the quarrel Denham escaped by crawling under a horse, threw himself over a steep bank, crossed a river, and found himself again among his surviving friends. Boukhaloum, the leader of the slave catchers, had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and you will be pleased to know that he died soon after the battle.

Meanwhile Clapperton and Oudney had set out for a town named Houssa. On this trip Oudney died of fever. Clapperton succeeded in reaching a town called Sakkatu. Here the natives gave him an account of the fate of Mungo Park, and it was by this means news of the lost explorer reached Europe. No further discoveries of importance were made by this expedition.

Clapperton, however, made a second expedition to the Niger country intending to follow the river to the ocean from the scene of Park's death.

Among the members of Clapperton's second party was Richard Lander, who served as his attendant, and later became celebrated by his own explorations. At the very beginning of their expedition, tempted by the beautiful weather, the white men slept out in the open air, and as a result were attacked by fever which before long proved fatal to all except Clapperton and Lander. These two made their way to a kingdom with the remarkably pretty name of Wow Wow. Here they met with a comic-opera adventure. An African belle, who is described as "a mountain of flesh," fell in love with one of the white men. Accounts differ as to which was

the object of her affections, probably because Clapperton tried hard to fix the honour upon Lander, while Lander disclaimed it in favour of his companion. Whichever was the favoured object, the lady, whose name, Zuma, meant *honey*, begged one of the white men to marry her, dethrone the reigning king, and take his place. They had much difficulty in escaping the attentions of this "Dark Cloud," but finally abandoned her to her fate and reached the Niger. Crossing the river, they were detained by illness for nearly two months. Lander remained at Kano, to recover, while his companion went on to Sakkatu. The sultan made up his mind to get both of the explorers into his power, and therefore sent news to Lander that his companion needed him. Although too ill to travel except in a litter, Lander made the journey.

The two Europeans were detained three months by this too hospitable monarch, when, owing to a hurried journey of the whole tribe, made to escape the attack of a neighbouring people, Clapperton's illness increased, and at last he died in the arms of his friend. Lander made his way homeward, nearly perishing in the desert. He tells that upon one occasion, being almost dead from exhaustion and thirst, he sent his native servant forward to procure aid, while he rested under a tree. Here thousands of Fellatahs and Tuaregs passed the suffering European, but to all his entreaties for help their only reply was, "He is an infidel: let him die." Lander reached London in

1826.

The Landers

The British Government sent out Richard Lander to make another Niger expedition. He was accompanied by his brother John as a volunteer. The object of their expedition was to determine whether the Niger flows into the Chad or to the ocean. They returned to the region where Richard had already been, reached a town named Boussa, and embarked on the river in two leaky canoes to determine where it emptied. Soon the river grew wider, till it was fully three miles broad. Along the banks were large towns, the inhabitants of which were often hostile. The Landers were at last captured and taken to the slave market, but arranged for their release and conveyance to the sea by promising a large ransom.

After 800 miles of travel upon the river, they came at last to the ocean, and settled once for all that the mouth of the Niger was a delta or group of branches flowing into the Atlantic Ocean.

Thus the Landers' expedition was successful in its main object, but Richard had received a wound from which he died soon after his return. One of their most interesting experiences during this journey, and, in fact, that which resulted in their capture, was a meeting with a large force of natives who had dressed themselves to represent Europeans, even making an imitation flag which they carried at the head of their canoes.

Timbuctoo: Laing and Caillié

The unknown city which had been vainly sought by so many was reached at length by a Scotch officer, Major Laing, and by the Frenchman, René Caillié. It is true that they were not the first Europeans to enter its walls, for it is said that two Americans who had been wrecked on the north coast of Africa travelled into the interior, and one of them, named Adams, being taken prisoner, had entered the city as a captive, and remained for six months. The Scotch major, Alexander Gordon Laing, certainly had succeeded in entering Timbuctoo, as we shall find that the French explorer mentions his residence in the city; but although a letter dated in the city was received from Laing, from Caillié came the first complete account published in Europe, and to him the credit for entering the city is usually given. This Frenchman, born in 1709, was the son of a baker. He was left an orphan at an early age, brought up by an uncle, and had but little education, probably being able to read and write only. It is said that his reading of "Robinson Crusoe" gave him a love for a wandering life. His first journey began at the age of sixteen years. Having collected a small capital of sixty francs, he sailed for Senegal on the western coast of Africa. Thence he made his way to Bondu in the interior, but being attacked by the African fever, he returned to France.

In 1824 he again sailed to Senegal, probably with the idea of entering Timbuctoo, since a large

prize in money had been offered for this achievement. He spent fully a year in making an Arab of himself, learning the language, customs, and manners of the people, so that he might disguise himself successfully as a Mohammedan. Meanwhile, he carried on a trade in indigo to supply himself with funds, and raised about $400. When he considered himself equipped for his enterprise, he represented that he was an Egyptian slave owned by a Frenchman in Alexandria, and having been freed by his master in Senegal, he said he was now on his way to regain his home. Joining a caravan going toward the Niger, he reached the river on June 11, 1827. For some time he was disabled by a wound in the heel, followed by an attack of scurvy, but he recovered from his illness owing to the nursing of a kindly old negro woman. Having reached the town of Djenné, he gave his umbrella to one of the citizens in return for a letter of introduction to a merchant of Timbuctoo, which city he reached on April 13, 1828.

He remained in the city two weeks or more, and occupied a house just opposite to that where the Scotch officer already mentioned had resided. On leaving the city, the skeleton of his European predecessor was pointed out to him where it lay glistening in the desert. Upon his return to France, Caillié received 10,000 francs from the Geographical Society, another prize of 1,000 francs for the greatest discovery of the year, and the Legion of Honour from the French Government as a

reward for his enterprise. At the end of his account of Caillié's adventures, Hugh Craig says: "It is worthy of notice that while his profession of the religion of Mahomet rendered his travelling easy, it prevented him from taking sketches or astronomical observations."

Major Alexander Gordon Laing, a Scotch officer in the British army, was undoubtedly the first explorer who succeeded in entering Timbuctoo, although European captives had been taken as slaves into the forbidden city. He had already distinguished himself in explorations of the Niger country, from which he had been recalled for a campaign against the Ashantees. After serving with distinction, Laing was put in command of an expedition to visit Timbuctoo, joined a caravan bound for that great market-town, and entered the city, which Laing declared to be disappointing only in its small size.

Upon his return he was murdered by Tuaregs, the desert Arabs; and proofs afterward came to light showing that the major's death had been brought about by the semi-civilised Arabs of the coast, the authorities of Tripoli, and that his own guide had been in correspondence with the conspirators from the beginning of the journey. There are hints of European jealousies behind this foul murder.

A prize of £3,000 had been offered by a London society to the first explorer who entered Timbuctoo; but I do not know whether Laing's

widow received the money. The Paris Geographical Society sent her a gold medal in honour of her husband's achievement.

Truly the Scotch explorers make a wonderful showing in the history of the opening of Africa, and down to our own times no land can show a prouder list of African explorers.

Richardson and Barth

The next expedition of importance was suggested by James Richardson, who had made a few trips from the north to the oases of the Sahara Desert.

The reports of the slave trade that were made by Denham and Clapperton, together with the accounts of the cruelties witnessed by Mungo Park, had aroused in England a desire to take measures to suppress the traffic. The British Government authorized Richardson to gather a party for the purpose of verifying the results of Denham and Clapperton's expedition, and to connect the regions traversed by them with those in which Mungo Park had been lost.

It was decided that a German traveller should be invited to join the party, and Henry Barth, known for his journeys through Syria and Asia Minor, was selected. Barth made the request that Oberweg, a geologist, should be allowed to accompany them.

Having been well provided with all things necessary, they made excellent progress through the

desert, succeeded in reaching Timbuctoo, and were received by the king. No adventure of importance is recorded until after the members of the expedition separated, Richardson to explore Lake Chad, Barth to reach the town of Kano. Richardson died before reaching the lake.

Barth and Oberweg, after keeping in company for some time, also separated, Oberweg going toward Lake Chad, while Barth took a course further to the westward, penetrating the desert of Sahara, and making his way toward the Niger. After reaching the town of Katsena, on the southern border of the desert, the head men of the town detained Barth, probably with the purpose of robbing him when the caravan he had so far accompanied should have left him behind. Giving up whatever he could spare, and exchanging his imposing steed for a poor bag of bones, Barth succeeded in escaping from his hosts, and entered the town of Kano a year after the beginning of his journey. He reported on his return that Kano was a thriving place, thronged with natives from all the neighbouring countries of Africa, and carrying on a profitable trade.

Of course in his state of destitution Barth was unable to remain long in so civilised a place, and he passed onward with the purpose of reaching Kuka, where he hoped to meet the other members of the expedition, for he did not yet know of Richardson's death. He was now not far from Lake Chad, and he took advantage of its neighbourhood to visit the

lake. At this place he met again the German geologist, and both of them joined an expedition about which they seem to have known very little, being satisfied with the knowledge that it was going southward into the interior.

They were not greatly pleased, after they had gone too far to return, upon finding that they had joined an expedition which was nothing less than a slave-hunt on the largest scale. To the credit of Dr. Oberweg it is recorded that he was unable to reconcile himself with the slave trade, and returned to Kuka; but Barth, alleging as an excuse his purpose to continue the exploration of the region, accompanied the slave traders and witnessed the extermination or enslaving of peaceful villagers. After the return of the slave traders, proceeding westward, he reached the town of Mashena, and here was visited by a blind man who proved not only well read in Arabian literature, but was also familiar with the works of Greek philosophers.

During his stay at Mashena, the ruler returned from a successful slave raid and made a triumphal entry into the city, bringing with him captive chieftains and all the fruits of his successive raids. This chief was much interested in the European traveller, and seized the opportunity to make many inquiries in regard to the outer world. While not dissatisfied with the presents he had received from the explorer, the ruler intimated that to be perfectly happy he required but one thing more, and in reply to Barth's timid question as to what

this might be, he asked for a cannon. Barth regretted that he had not carried one with him through the desert, and the chief wished to know whether he would not make one. Despite his disappointment at not receiving the piece of artillery, the ruler made Barth a number of presents, and permitted him to proceed with his journey. Barth thereupon returned to Kuka, where he had left his companion, whom he found dying.

Barth set out westward, intending to reach the Niger, and, if possible, enter the city of Timbuctoo, thus connecting the routes of Clapperton and Park. For this purpose he followed the example of Caillié. Disguising himself as a Mussulman, he crossed the Niger, and, in company with a true Mussulman, entered the city. Apparently there was some reason to suspect that Barth was not what he seemed, for soon he was forbidden to leave his dwelling, and therefore could learn about the city only what he could observe from its roof. During his stay some of the townsmen, believing him to be a Christian, made many attempts upon his life, but owing to the protection of the rulers of the town, Barth was saved from their hands.

During the long absence of Richardson's party, there were many reports that they had all perished, and one after another six different expeditions were despatched to find out the fate of the travellers. Nearly all of these are said to have been disastrous. Even the most successful of the rescuers, a man named Vogel, although he succeeded

in reaching Barth, was not wise enough to return with the German explorer, but ventured into the unknown region beyond Lake Chad, was captured by barbarous natives, and having in vain attempted to escape, was beheaded.

The results of Barth's expedition were the discovery of a large river flowing into Lake Chad and the tracing of a branch of the Niger. Among the important results must also be mentioned the discovery by Dr. Oberweg, the geologist, that in general the desert of Sahara is rather a lofty plateau than a sunken region. We shall see when we come to sum up the results of the labours of David Livingstone the difference between the work of a man who is an explorer, and nothing more, and one inspired by a noble and different purpose.

David Livingstone's First Journeys

The expeditions so briefly mentioned in the preceding chapters have been grouped together because they are alike in having for an object the finding out of a few particulars about a given region of the unknown continent. The purpose of each one of them has been to determine the source, or course, of some river, or to solve some such minor problem, without any hope of really opening a way into the vast interior so long unknown to Europe. With David Livingstone, the missionary, doctor, and great statesman, we enter upon an entirely new method of discovery, and shall find a difference of the greatest importance in the results of each of his journeys.

It will be seen by a little consideration of the successive expeditions made by Livingstone why it is that he is regarded as the creator of the modern exploration of Africa. No one of his journeys can be summed up by the statement that he went from this place to that, or discovered that a certain river flows in one direction or another. His purpose from the first was to open the continent to the outer world. He began with the intention of carrying the gospel to the heathen negroes, but as a result of his study of the land and its conditions, he came to see that there could be no religion in Africa without civilisation, and no civilisation without the

suppression of the slave trade. While we shall not consider his journeys mainly from the standpoint of their good to humanity, or their value to geographical knowledge, yet it will be seen almost at once that his travels cannot be at all understood without a knowledge of the motives that sent him first in one direction and then in another. When we know what results Livingstone was seeking to bring about, we shall understand his complete disregard of danger, his fixed resolve to spend his life in exploration, and the wise, practical purpose that directed every step of his way.

We shall also give more space to Livingstone's travels than to the journeys of those who either preceded or followed him; and this for two good reasons. First, his career is the most comprehensive of all, and gives in full the experiences that other explorers likewise met. A detailed account of Livingstone's thirty years in Africa will be better than to tell over and over the similar events in the travels of a dozen explorers. Second, later explorers were taught and inspired by his methods and his example. By treating fully the life of Livingstone, we may the more quickly understand all the rest. The world agrees that he was the greatest of all.

David Livingstone, like so many of those already mentioned, was Scotch, a descendant of a sturdy, hard-working, and poor family. He was born in 1813 in the town of Blantyre, the son of a travelling tea merchant. The traditions of his

family, as he learned them from his grandfather, were that all the members of it had been distinguished for honesty, and that there were "no donkeys among them." As a little boy, David was a brave and athletic youngster, as indeed he proved by climbing higher than any one before had gone in the ruins of Bothwell Castle, and carving his name there; much as Washington cut his name highest on the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

Being poor, the boy went to work in the cotton mills, but, despite the fact that his work hours were from six in the morning till eight at night, he studied Latin after his return home, till his mother would insist upon his going to bed at midnight. With his first week's earnings he bought himself his Latin book. Besides his studies, David showed a keen interest in natural history, trying to find in the fields about his home the herbs he found mentioned in a little medical treatise he owned. It is mentioned to show both his pride and his good nature, that he used to offer to scrub the floor for his mother, provided she'd see that the front door was kept closed in order that no one might catch him at the work.

When David was about twenty years old, there was a branch of a missionary society established in his native town, and his imagination was so worked upon by the accounts of missionary work he heard here, that it became his fixed resolve to go to China as a missionary; and finally he wrote to the London headquarters offering his services. In

order to qualify himself for the work, he studied theology. At this time it had been learned that a medical education was the most valuable equipment a missionary could carry with him into foreign lands, and Livingstone set out to educate himself in both theology and medicine. He went to Glasgow in 1836 and studied at the University, returning to the mills between the sessions. The assistant to the professor of chemistry at the University, a Mr. James Young, had in his room a bench, turning lathe, and other tools. Livingstone here learned, in company with two fellow-students, both of whom became distinguished as Lord Playfair and Lord Kelvin, much mechanical skill which afterward proved most valuable during his African life.

Within two years Livingstone was equipped for his life work and went to London to offer his services. He was accepted, and according to custom, was sent to a small country town to practise preaching. His first attempt was successful—so far as it consisted in announcing his text. After an awful pause, Livingstone's opening sentence was, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say"; whereupon he descended from the pulpit and fled from the chapel.

Two years later he had overcome his first difficulties in preaching, was well instructed in theology, and had received his diploma in medicine.

Up to this time Livingstone had never wavered in his purpose of going to China, but owing to the

breaking out of what is known as the "Opium War," this country was for a time closed to the English. It happened that a Dr. Moffat, who had been for years stationed as a missionary in Southern Africa, called at the boarding-house for young missionaries where Livingstone lived. This began an acquaintance which aroused a great interest in Moffat's work, and all of his public lectures were attended by the young missionary. "By and by," as Dr. Moffat says, "he asked me whether I thought that he would do for Africa. I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north where I had sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had been. Livingstone said in reply: 'What is the use of my waiting for the end of this abominable Opium War? I will go at once to Africa.'" On November 20th he was ordained a missionary in London, and on December 8th, 1840, he sailed for Algoa Bay in South Africa.

It was characteristic of Livingstone's thoroughness of method that he spent much of his time on shipboard in taking instructions from the captain in the use of the quadrant, often sitting up till midnight to take observations of the moon.

Upon reaching Cape Town, it happened that one of the ministers had received a message summoning him home, and he offered Livingstone the pulpit during his absence, but this did not prove the slightest temptation to a man of so fixed a

purpose as the young missionary. As soon as it was possible, he left the civilised portion of the Cape, and travelled 700 miles in an ox-wagon to the little settlement of Kuruman, where Moffat lived among the tribe called Bakwains. This was then the most advanced missionary settlement in the south of Africa. Before deciding exactly where to form a settlement of his own, Livingstone thought it necessary to acquaint himself with the natives of the country round about, and made journeys for this purpose. He found the whole region in terror because of the raids of a fierce chieftain named Mosilikatse, who had been driven by the Boers to the westward, but still remained near enough to the Bakwains (or Bechuana) to keep them in constant alarm. The presence of this enemy made Livingstone's work easier among the more peaceable tribes, since they knew the value of the weapons which the white man carried, and looked upon his presence among them as a safeguard.

A little adventure upon one of these trips throws some light upon the state of the country. Livingstone says: "When about 150 miles from home [meaning Kuruman] a little girl, about eleven years of age, came up and sat down under my wagon, having run away for the purpose of going with us to Kuruman. She had lived with a sister whom she had lately lost by death. Another family took possession of her for the purpose of selling her as soon as she was old enough for a wife." Hence she had run away, intending to follow

Livingstone's wagon on foot. Livingstone fed her, and shortly afterward heard her sobbing as if her heart would break. He found that a man armed with a gun had been sent after the fugitive, and had just arrived. As it was Livingstone's policy to interfere with native customs as little as he could, he was much puzzled what action to take, but was relieved when a native convert with the party saved Livingstone the trouble of taking action. A compromise was arranged by which all the beads with which the poor victim had been decorated to make her a better bargain, were stripped from her and given to her pursuer. With these the pursuer left, and Livingstone says: "I afterward took measures for hiding her, and though fifty men had come for her, they would not have got her."

Another experience shows Dr. Livingstone's shrewdness. He had been practising medicine among the natives, and they desired that he would bring rain for them, since rain-makers and doctors among these people are one. Livingstone solved the difficulty by boldly asserting that he could bring rain to the drying crops, but that he had a method of his own. Having thus gained their good will and excited their curiosity, he set the whole village to digging an irrigation canal to bring water from the river near by. As they had very poor tools to dig the canal, they were forced to make it wind about the rocks wherever they came to them; and Livingstone states that it gradually assumed "a beautiful serpentine appearance." He also notes

that this was the first instance in which these natives had been induced to work without wages. Former missionaries had asked the natives' permission to do whatever they did, which was the very way to make them put on airs and be disobliging. If they perceived any one to be dependent upon them they began to tyrannise. Livingstone's plan was to make his presence with them a favour, and whenever they were impudent he threatened to leave them, which brought them to terms at once.

The chief of these people certainly was not cured of his superstitions by the white man's teaching, since after Livingstone's departure "he was burned to death by the explosion of gunpowder which one of the royal sorcerers was trying by means of burnt arrows to unbewitch." The very appropriate name of this chief was Bubi.

In returning from one of the journeys of inquiry, the oxen became sick, and the whole party were forced to leave their wagons and proceed on foot. During this pedestrian trip Livingstone heard the natives, who did not know that he understood their language, sneering at him as a weak man. "he is not strong," they said. "He is quite slim, and appears stout only because he puts his legs into those bags [trousers]." Immediately Livingstone exerted himself to the top of his speed, and took the lead of the party for day after day, till he had brought the natives to a very different opinion of his pedestrian powers.

Before he reached Kuruman, messengers came from a chief named Sebehwe, who, having been attacked by the fierce Mosilikatse, had been driven into the desert, and was unable to grow crops. Sebehwe and his people begged Livingstone's advice, and invited him to join them, so that they might make successful resistance against the marauder. Livingstone advised them to stay where they were for the time, but after reaching home, discovered that they had been forced to seek a more fertile country so as to plant corn, had been attacked and many of their people killed. In order to do what he could for these people, another trip to them was at once planned, but he found that the Bechuana dared not accompany him, and the trip had to be given up. At last, the native wars having been in some way settled or burned themselves out, Livingstone succeeded in making up a party to visit Sebehwe and his tribe. Here he delivered an address to the natives, who were very attentive. But Livingstone intended to go still further into the country, and passed onward to other tribes, the second of which was ruled by a chief named Sechéle. This chief had become jealous because the white men had visited others and neglected him, but the missionary gained his good will by curing his sick child. These slight incidents are told simply to show how the explorer won his way into the interior by his medical knowledge and his evident good faith toward the natives.

The most remote tribe visited by Livingstone

upon this journey was that named the Bakaa, who accused him of having poisoned a native whom he had treated on a former visit. Their idea of getting even with the medical missionary was to refuse him all supplies of food, and he wrote to his friends that he had to content himself with the "sumptuous feasts of his imagination." This involuntary starvation Livingstone looked upon as a blessing, because, having wounded himself by the recoil of his revolver, which he fired to drive off a lion during a night attack, he found that the wound healed readily and without inflammation.

The result of his preparatory journeys was to lead Livingstone to the conclusion that there were altogether too many missionaries settled within easy travelling distance of Cape Town; and he concluded, therefore, that he would make a settlement further northward, where there was reported to be a fertile and very populous country into which no white man had yet penetrated. Livingstone believed that after training native converts to carry on missionary work in their own tribe, the white missionary should leave them to complete the conversion of their own people, while he passed on to new fields. This view he always advocated and acted upon, and so never settled permanently at any station. Another missionary volunteered to go with him, and in company with three hunters who had come to South Africa for sport, they set forth into the untravelled country.

Livingstone's Search for a Permanent Station

These hunters were supplied with everything that wealth could procure to make their progress easy, and had numbers of servants; and yet so great was the devotion of Livingstone's men to him, that he was much more comfortable than the better equipped party. "When we arrive at a spot where we intend to spend the night," Livingstone wrote to his family, "all hands immediately unyoke the oxen. Then one or two of the company immediately collect wood; one of us strikes up a fire; another gets out the water bucket and fills up the kettle; a piece of meat is thrown on the fire; and if we have biscuits, we are at our coffee in half an hour after arriving. Our friends [meaning the hunters] sit or stand swearing at the fire before they get their things ready, and are glad occasionally of a cup of coffee with us."

The goal toward which they were making their way was a certain lake, the banks of which were said to be well wooded and thickly inhabited, but, though favourable in other respects as a site for a settlement, it was reported to be a hot-bed of fever. Even at this time Livingstone began to think that the salvation of Africa was to be brought about by settlers rather than by missionaries.

The tribe among whom Livingstone decided to settle was known as the Bakhatla—the prefix "Ba" in all these names means "people"; but, in order that they might have sufficient water for their crops, they were induced by Livingstone to remove from their town to a valley situated, as Livingstone writes, "in what poetical gents would call 'almost an amphitheatre of mountains.'" This place was named Mabotsa, which means *a marriage feast*, and it was in this town, strangely enough, that Livingstone was married to Mary Moffat, the daughter of the man from whom he first received the suggestion of making Africa the field of his life work. Here he built his house with his own hands, and settled down for three years with the Bakhatla tribe.

Lions were very plentiful about this village, and often leapt into the cattle pens by night to carry off cattle, and at times attacked the herds even in open day; which was so unusual that the natives believed themselves bewitched by a neighbouring tribe. If one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder abandon that part of the country; so Livingstone decided that he would go with his people to give them courage in their lion hunt. The animals were on a small hill thickly wooded. This was surrounded by a circle of men which advanced, gradually closing up. One of the lions was crouched on a piece of rock within the ring, and a native convert, Livingstone's companion, fired at him, striking the rock on which the animal was

sitting. The lion broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. The native spearmen showed great cowardice in facing the animals: even after they were surrounded a second time they broke through and escaped. Livingstone, disgusted with the cowardice of the hunters, turned to go home. On the way he and his party suddenly came upon a lion behind a little bush about thirty yards away. Livingstone fired both barrels of his gun, and the man called out, "He is shot!" and advanced toward him. Livingstone warned them to wait till he should load again. While ramming down the bullets he heard a shout, and turned just in time to see the lion spring upon him. We continue the account in Livingstone's own words:

"He got me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was passing....As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels."

But the lion left Livingstone and attacked his new assailant, biting him in the thigh. Another man, whose life Livingstone had once saved when tossed by a buffalo, proved his gratitude by

attempting to spear the lion, upon which the animal turned to attack this third enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but the wounds the animal had received now weakened him, and therefore his strength failed, and he fell dead.

To an inquirer who asked Livingstone afterward what his thoughts were when the lion was above him, the explorer answered: "I was thinking what part of me he would eat first." The result of this adventure was a broken arm by which years afterward the body of Livingstone was identified when brought home in 1874. Sir Bartle Frere says: "So far as Livingstone's journals go, little is made of this adventure with the lion, and he seems to have spoken of it only when closely questioned;" but in the obituary notice of Livingstone, Sir Bartle Frere added: "For thirty years afterward all his labours and adventures, entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful for him to raise a fowling piece, or, in fact, to place the left arm in any position above the level of the shoulder."

Livingstone, as already mentioned, married at this station, and brought his wife to live with him. Here they established native schools, to prepare native converts to work in settlements throughout the country; but this project was not approved of by the authorities of the missionary society at home, and had to be abandoned for the time. Owing to a disagreement with his missionary companion, who became jealous and accused

Livingstone of being "a nonentity," this settlement was abandoned by Livingstone and his wife, who decided to move forty miles further into the unknown country, and established themselves with the tribe of Sechéle. These were Bakwains or Bechuana.

This African chief showed an immediate willingness to become a Christian;, and not only that, but to convert all his people, which he proposed to do by getting some good long whips of rhinoceros hide and silencing all objection to the new creed. He was bitterly disappointed that Livingstone did not approve of this plan. Personally, Sechéle found no difficulty with the Christian religion, except that he was somewhat puzzled to know what to do with his numerous wives. He was quite willing to part with the superfluous ones, but found that this involved him in difficulty with their relatives, who had looked upon their daughters as well settled for life. As a result of the hostility of the wives' relations, the conversion of Sechéle caused a rapid decrease in Livingstone's congregation, and sometimes the chief and his family (that is, his reformed family) made up his entire audience.

A policeman of a somewhat peculiar order was once employed to collect the people for service—a tall, gaunt fellow.

"Up he jumped on a sort of platform, and shouted at the top of his voice, 'Knock that woman down over there! Strike her, she is putting on her cooking-pot! Do you see that one hiding herself?

Give her a good blow. There she is—see, see! Knock her down!' All the women ran to the place of meeting in no time, for each thought herself meant. But, though a most efficient policeman, we did not like to employ him."

Two causes combined to force Livingstone to abandon what might otherwise have been a permanent settlement. First, the drought, which, according to Livingstone's observations, resulted from a gradual change in the level of the country that had been going on for a great number of years, and was gradually influencing the flowing of the rivers and the amount of rainfall. This drying up of the whole region was forcing the native villagers to occupy land near the lakes and rivers, and as these became smaller, they were driven continually to find new sites for their villages. Second, the Boer settlements to the eastward of this region shut the natives up between the desert lands and the civilised colonies—if we may call those colonies civilised which were doing all in their power to exterminate the natives or to reduce them to slavery. Livingstone came in conflict with the Boer authorities as soon as he tried to educate these tribes and to establish native converts among them. In his journeys eastward from this settlement, he found that the Boers were in the habit of shooting the cattle of the natives, and forcing them to work without wages; in other words, enslaving them. Besides, the Boers had seized nearly all the springs in the arid country, so that the natives

were completely at their mercy. Blaikie, Livingstone's biographer, says: "When at war, the Dutch forced the natives to assist them, and sent them before them into the battle to encounter the battle-axes of their opponents, while the Dutch fired in safety at their enemies over the heads of their native allies. Of course, all the disasters of the war fell on the natives; the Dutch had only the glory and the spoil." One of the leading Boers told Livingstone that he would attack any tribe that might receive a native teacher. The Boers also sent complaints to the Colonial government, declaring Livingstone a dangerous influence in the country. To Livingstone's remonstrances the Boer commandant replied: "You must teach the blacks that they are not our equals. You might as well try to teach baboons." Livingstone's reply was an offer to test whether the Boer or his native attendant could read best! Nevertheless, many of the Boers came to visit Livingstone on trading journeys, to be treated for illness, or to get advice. The reports which these visitors carried away with them caused the Boer rulers to order Sechéle to cease his traffic with the English, and not to procure fire-arms from them. Sechéle's reply was: "I was made an independent chief and placed here by God, and not by you. The English are my friends: I get all I want from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like." Then, learning that the Boers had planned an attack upon the settlement, Livingstone went to the commandant, whose name was

Krieger, and induced him to keep the peace. The threatening attitude of the Boers, which Livingstone believed was caused by his presence with the tribe, and the drying up of the stream upon which the settlement was located, convinced Livingstone that his usefulness was at an end in this place.

It happened that during the infancy of the chief Sechéle his life had been saved by another chieftain, who was a man of great ability, and now ruled a large territory to the northward, occupied by the Makololo, with whom had become united the remnants of other tribes destroyed by warfare or driven northward by the Boers. Sechéle consented to go with Livingstone to this new region; and it fortunately happened that about this time two English hunters, Murray and Oswell, arrived on a hunting tour. As the savages had no idea of hunting animals except with a view of procuring food, they were much puzzled to know what had brought Livingstone's friends into their country. They saw that these Englishmen were wonderful hunters, in fact, declared Oswell the greatest hunter they had ever seen; but in order to find out why they killed so many animals, they questioned Livingstone. "Have these hunters, who come so far and work so hard, no meat at home?" Livingstone replied: "They are rich: they kill oxen every day: they hunt for the pleasure it gives them." But at this the savages laughed in scorn, as if to say: "Your friends are simply fools."

Livingstone never met a more devoted friend and companion than Oswell. He says in a letter written at a later time: "Oswell was one of Arnold's Rugby boys. One could see his training in always doing what was brave and true and right."

The expedition consisted of twenty men, with as many horses and eighty oxen. They found the country, the Kalahari, as indeed they had expected, to be almost absolutely a desert, in which water could be procured only by digging deeply for it. The first native met in the desert was, when seen at a distance, taken by Oswell for a lion. She proved, on the contrary, to be an old bushwoman, who immediately offered the Englishmen all the property she had with her, which consisted of a few traps made of cords. Learning that they were in need only of water, and would pay her for guiding them, she set off briskly, and in an eight-mile walk brought them to a settlement. "We rewarded her with a piece of meat and a good large bunch of beads. At the sight of the latter she burst into a merry laugh."

Here Oswell was deceived by a mirage into thinking that they had reached the long-sought Lake Ngami; but it was still 300 miles off. Yet the worst of their troubles were over, since they had come to the bank of a river, the Zouga, along which they proceeded in comparative comfort, now and then taking to canoes. A little before reaching the lake they came upon a second large river, which they were told flowed out of a fertile and populous

country, from which confirmation of the rumours that had first sent them in this direction they derived great hopes of the success of their enterprise. They finally succeeded in reaching the lake of which they were in search. This was Lake Ngami, and Livingstone and his party were the first white men who had ever looked upon it. Other expeditions had previously attempted to reach Lake Ngami, but for one reason or another had failed. It was believed by the Geographical Society at home that Livingstone had succeeded only because of the friendship of the natives toward him, and his influence over them, due to his services as missionary and doctor. Thus the success of his expedition was looked upon as a triumph for missionary methods. Even after Livingstone had shown the way, another expedition, led by a successful explorer, Francis Galton, again failed to repeat his journey. For his discoveries, Livingstone received an award of twenty-five guineas, of which he wrote to his family: "It is from the Queen. You must be very loyal, all of you. Next time she comes your way, shout till you are hoarse."

Their further progress was suddenly interrupted by the refusal of a native chief to furnish them with canoes, which were necessary in order to reach the northern country. He feared lest the white men should by their presence strengthen the chief, Sebituane, to whom they were going. Sebituane's people lived at the north end of Lake Ngami. Livingstone was obstinate and angry, and

for a long time attempted to construct a raft, but was forced to give it up because he found the wood dry and rotten. He learned afterward that this river, in which he had worked so long to make his raft, swarmed with crocodiles, and congratulated himself upon his providential escape from them. During this journey it was necessary at times to cut down trees in order that the wagons might pass, so thickly was the country wooded.

Failing to cross the river, the whole purpose of the explorers was defeated. After a consultation, it was decided to return to Livingstone's station, from which Oswell volunteered to make a journey back to Cape Town and then to return at the next fitting season, bringing a boat with which to cross the river and proceed on their way to the lake. Livingstone hoped to find beyond the lake a populous country, toward which he was ever desirous to make his way. Upon the return to the station it was found that the drought not only continued, but was becoming so much worse that the people were threatened with starvation. Men, women, and children had to go far afield collecting roots, insects—whatever was eatable. Of course the attempt to teach the natives had to come to an end, and the mission station was a failure. The natives had begun to fear that Livingstone's presence was responsible for all these evils, since they themselves were in an arid district, while the tribes all about them, not very far away, still had rain enough to provide them with crops.

Livingstone's Missions Defeated by the Boers and Portuguese

Feeling that his station no longer was worth maintaining, Livingstone decided to abandon it, and to make another trip northward to reach Sebituane's tribe. He took with him his wife and child, and was accompanied also as far as the Zouga River by the chief, Sechéle. When they came, travelling in ox-wagons once more, to the banks of a large river, they found there a most formidable enemy, the tsetse fly. This little insect has had a marvellous influence upon the development of Africa, making it nearly impossible for Europeans to settle in certain regions, or even to pass through them. It attacks oxen, horses, and many domestic animals. Mankind and the wild animals do not seem to be seriously affected by its bite, but domestic animals, even the ox, soon die after being bitten.

During this journey the whole route of the party had to be changed to avoid the dangerous fly, but by a roundabout way the party succeeded in coming again to the southern end of the lake. The chief who had formerly opposed their further progress now took a fancy to Livingstone's rifle, and vowed that if he could have the gun he would give Livingstone whatever he wished to help him

on his way. Livingstone sacrificed the rifle, hoping that now his way was clear to the north end of the lake, but, unfortunately, fever broke out and the attacks were so violent that the whole expedition had to be abandoned in order that they might nurse the invalids far from the malarious lake. The only good accomplished by the expedition was the rescue of a party of English, who were in distress some sixty miles from Livingstone's route. They found one of these Englishmen dead, and the others in a dangerous condition, but Livingstone's medical aid put the sick on their feet again. The whole party returned once more to their station with the Bechuana; and here a daughter was born to Livingstone, but died in a short time.

The doctor and his wife soon after went again to their old quarters at Kuruman.

The chieftain, Sebituane, had now heard of Livingstone's repeated attempts to reach him, and did all in his power to make the explorer's way easy, sending presents of cattle to Sechéle and to the chiefs of Lake Ngami, in order to induce them to help Livingstone on his way. Unfortunately Sechéle did not tell Livingstone of the arrival of these messengers, who could have been of great use in making the explorer's third journey, which he undertook the next year, a far easier one.

Mrs. Livingstone and the children once more accompanied the explorer, and his faithful friend, Oswell, went ahead with a party for the purpose of digging wells along the route through the desert.

Thus they succeeded in passing over their old route, and had a comparatively easy journey until their Bushman guide lost his way. This man, Shobo, would then sit down in the path and say: "No water, all country one—Shobo sleeps—he breaks down—country one." Next he would curl himself up and go to sleep. After four days of this uncertainty Shobo vanished altogether. For several days Livingstone and his family were almost famished, as the water was all gone; but then Shobo appeared at the head of a party of rescuers.

Oswell and Livingstone now went forward and finally reached Sebituane, who had come to meet them at the head of all his principal men. They were most hospitably received, well fed, and cared for. Livingstone gives an interesting account of the methods by which this chief had gained a great ascendency, not only over his own people, but among the surrounding tribes. He seemed to be a man not only of great ability, but of unbounded generosity and good nature. Everything that this chieftain could do to make Livingstone comfortable and to aid him in his work was done; and it seemed that at last the explorer's dream was to be realised by the establishment of a station in the dominions of a powerful king, able and willing to aid him in establishing native teachers throughout all the surrounding country; but within a few days after Livingstone's arrival, this mighty chief was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, and, in spite of all the native doctors could do, died. Livingstone

did not dare to treat him medically for fear of the jealousy of the native doctors, and for fear he might be accused of having killed the king in case the disease ended fatally.

To this chief succeeded his daughter, and she was equally kind to the explorers, giving the white men permission to travel wherever they pleased. Their first journey in her country was 150 miles northward, and here they came upon the Zambesi River, along whose banks they discovered many populous villages, so many that Livingstone concluded that here was the right field for his future labours; and he determined, therefore, to send his wife and children back to England, in order that he might pick out a favourable spot for a settlement, which they had failed to find on this first visit to the river. He might have left his family at Kolobeng, the station to which they had so often returned, but on their way home they discovered that the discouraged Bechuanas had finally given up the attempt to live there, and the place was deserted.

Livingstone arrived at Cape Town after an absence of eleven years of missionary life, and found himself at the end of his resources. He had spent not only all the money allowed him, but, also, had drawn his salary far ahead; but his good friend Oswell, whose hunting trips had been exceedingly profitable, assured Livingstone that the profits ought to be shared equally between them, and generously supplied him with whatever money he needed.

From Cape Town Livingstone sent his family home to England, resolving to devote himself thereafter entirely to discovering a proper station from which he might open a route from eastward or westward to the coast. His purpose was that English traders, landing their goods from the sea, might be able to carry them into the interior and supply the natives with those civilised products used by the slave traders to tempt the interior tribes to engage in procuring slaves. At this time he wrote: "If I were to follow my own inclinations, they would lead me to settle down quietly with some small tribe and devote some of my time to my children; but Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond." He believed that the Zambesi River might become a highway of commerce. Another object he had in view was to form his settlement in a healthy place, so that missionaries might go thither from unhealthy districts and regain their health.

The explorer remained two months at the Cape after his family left, and made the time useful by putting himself under the instructions of the Astronomer Royal, to qualify himself more thoroughly for taking observations. On the 8th of June, in 1852, he was ready to start northward again.

His wagon was loaded with packages that out of good nature he had agreed to deliver for friends. His oxen were poor, because he could not afford better ones. During this trip over the old route toward the interior he was detained for some time

by the breaking of one of his wagon wheels. This seemed at the time most unfortunate, but turned out to be the means of saving his life, since, if not thus delayed, he would have come to the region of Kolobeng in August, and would thus have been caught by a party of Boers who had come to that place on a raid, and would probably have carried out their threat to kill the explorer. As it was, they wrecked his house and carried off all his property, leaving the ground strewn with fragments of his journals and letters. They destroyed whatever they could not carry away in their wagons. The crops were burned, the cattle driven off, and many on both sides killed. Livingstone wrote home a full description of this raid, and declared that the Boers were resolved to shut up the interior of Africa, while he was determined, "with God's help, to open the country. Time would show which would be most successful in resolution, they or he."

The country was so unsettled that Livingstone could not get guides to take him to Sebituane's for a long time, but, after some delay, he made his way through Sebituane's kingdom and moved forward to Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo. This journey was made through a flooded country, through swamps of water three or four feet deep. He says after passing through the thorns and thick reeds they at length emerged "with our hands all raw and bloody and knees through our trousers." At one time he narrowly escaped an attack from a lioness

which, seeing his wagon, evidently considered it a trap and turned away when just about to make the spring. Sometimes, in order to get water, they were forced to dig wells and wait a day or two till enough water had trickled in to quench the thirst of their cattle. At length, however, Livingstone found himself among the Makololo, who said that he had dropped from the clouds. Sekelétu, the son of Sebituane, had become the chief, his sister having resigned the throne because the fashion of the people had required her to take more husbands than she cared for.

The slave-trading Portuguese had made a beginning with a neighbouring tribe, called the Mambari, in establishing the slave trade, and even the Makololo were being tempted to capture slaves, in order that they, too, might secure some of the goods exchanged for them. The reigning chief, Sekelétu, was opposed to slavery, and this made him unpopular with some of his people. One of his half-brothers had therefore begun an intrigue to take possession of the throne by assassination. An attempt was made to spear the king, but it failed because Livingstone accidentally stepped before him and so prevented the attack. The plot against the king being betrayed, Sekelétu seized his half-brother, had him led out a short distance from the settlement and speared to death.

In company with Sekelétu Livingstone made many expeditions round about Linyanti, but failed to find any healthy settlement. Even the natives

themselves decreased in numbers while living here, and Livingstone decided that he must carry out his original plan of finding an outlet to the coast. He looked upon this journey with discouragement, but, nevertheless, decided to make it, saying: "Cannot the love of Christianity carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader? I shall open up a path to the interior or perish."

Toward the end of 1853 Livingstone began his journey to the west coast. The first part he was able to make easier by following the rivers, and the chief, Sekelétu, lent him his own canoe, which "being broader than usual," as the explorer remarks, he could turn about in it with ease. The party had very few supplies, expecting to depend for provisions upon what they could shoot; but among their baggage they carried a magic lantern, which afterward proved to be of the greatest value. Owing to the orders given by the chieftain, the men whom Livingstone had with him showed the most eager devotion, jumping into the water whenever there was the slightest danger that the canoes would be injured or caught in the eddies; for the canoes, being flat-bottomed, would have been overturned at once if they were allowed to swing around across the stream.

At length, without any misadventure, they had passed beyond the kingdom of Sekelétu, and were in a thickly wooded country dwelt in by the Balonda. Although Sekelétu's people and the

Balonda natives were on bad terms, because each had been tempted to steal slaves from the other for purposes of trade with the Portuguese, Livingstone had brought back with him several Balonda children, captured by the Makololo (which, you remember, is the name given to Sekelétu's people), and was at once received as a friend.

The most interesting ruler of the Balonda was a young Amazon queen, or chieftainess, who ruled over that part of the country because she was the niece of the head chief, Shinte, to whose court the explorers were going. It had been the intention of Livingstone, who was usually accustomed to command his own expeditions, to remain in the canoes, and to travel by water to the chief Shinte's village, but the young African chieftainess wouldn't have it. She calmly gave orders that the travellers should pick up their baggage and march by land. Livingstone says: "My men succumbed and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and with a motherly look said, 'Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done.' My feeling of annoyance of course vanished."

Manenko was the name of the young Amazon. Her costume consisted of a coat of red ochre. She trudged along on foot so rapidly that the men could hardly keep up with her, and seemed to have breath enough left to keep the whole party in hot water with her repeated scoldings.

After they left the river a tract of forest land

succeeded, and heavy rain began to fall. Livingstone, who was riding upon an ox named Sindbad, inquired why Manenko did not protect herself from the rain with clothing. She replied scornfully that it was effeminate for a chief to wear any protection. Under her leadership they came to the village of her uncle, the chief Shinte, a place containing many thousands of people. Here a royal reception in honour of the travellers was given by the natives. Shinte—seated on his throne, which was covered with leopard skins, placed so as to face a space one hundred yards square—presided over a military exercise consisting of imitations of warfare and spear-throwing. This courtesy Livingstone was able to return after a few days by the exhibition of the powers of his magic lantern. The native court was gathered, and the show began. One of the pictures represented Abraham slaying Isaac. The Balonda men remarked that the picture, which was life-size, was much more like a god than the images which they had worshipped. All went well until the slide was suddenly moved to one side, when the ladies of the royal court, fearing lest they would be stabbed by the knife which Abraham held uplifted, rushed helter-skelter out of the hut, shrieking, "Mother! Mother!" tumbling over one another, and disappeared. The men, however, remained and saw the show through, and afterward examined the lantern with great interest. Livingstone being careful to explain to them as well as he could just how the pictures were

made, for fear that they might think there was something magical in the instrument.

Since the rainy season had commenced, it was impossible to secure guides for the journey toward the coast, and the party were compelled to remain Shinte's guests. This chief not only liked Livingstone, and did all he could to entertain him, but seemed to believe that no ill-luck could come to his people so long as the white man was with them. One dull, rainy day the chief came alone to visit Livingstone in his tent, and was much entertained with the wonders of the white man's property, his looking-glass, books, hair brushes and combs, watch, and so on. When he had examined all these to his heart's content, he seemed anxious to make some return, and carefully closing the opening of the tent, he produced a string of beads and a bit of conical shell. Hanging the beads around Livingstone's neck, he said with much satisfaction, "Now you have a proof of my friendship." Livingstone learned that the present was considered of great value in the Balonda country, since two such necklaces would pay for a slave, and five would buy an elephant's tusk.

After a week Shinte furnished Livingstone with a guide who was to remain with the party till they should reach the coast. Their route now led them into great flooded plains, which made camping difficult, as it was necessary to select mounds and then to dig trenches round about them, using the earth to raise their sleeping places above the

water.

The next chieftain into whose territory they entered, named Katema, received them hospitably. He was a tall man, wore a snuff-brown coat with gilt tinsel upon the arms, and a helmet of beads and feathers. He addressed the white man as follows: "I am the great Moeni Katema. I and my fathers have always lived here; and there is my father's house. I never killed any of the traders:, they all come to me. I am the great Moeni Katema of whom you have heard." He furnished Livingstone with three guides, advising him to avoid the lowlands, which were impassable from floods. Livingstone presented to him a shawl, a razor, some beads and buttons, and a powder-horn, which the chief received graciously, laughing heartily, and asking the explorer to bring him a coat from Loanda on the coast, as the one which he was wearing was old.

The rest of the journey to the coast was not so pleasant. All big game seemed to have disappeared, and animal food became so scarce that it was looked upon as a piece of great luck when they succeeded in catching moles and mice. In crossing one of the rivers, Livingstone was thrown from his riding ox and nearly drowned, but rescued by his followers, twenty of whom dashed into the water to save him. They seemed delighted to find that Livingstone could swim, and he was equally delighted to see their devotion to him. In passing through a native village one of the guides stole

some pieces of property and ran away. The chief held Livingstone responsible, and it looked as if there would be serious trouble for a while, but this was avoided by making the chief a present of an ox. The first one offered happened to have lost a piece of his tail, and the natives would not accept it at any price, as they said the tail had been purposely cut off and "witchcraft medicine inserted." This suggested to Livingstone that it would be wise to cut off part of the tails of each of his oxen, since he had only four left, and all of the natives with whom they came in contact seemed to desire them. The shrewd trick worked to a charm, and saved him his oxen.

As the party approached nearer to the coast, they began to see the effect upon the natives of the presence of the Portuguese slave dealers. When they came to the country of the Chiboques, the warriors swarmed around them like a band of highwaymen. Livingstone awaited them, seated coolly on his camp stool, with a double-barrelled gun across his knees, while his spearmen were gathered closely about him. The explorer says: "The more I yielded, the more unreasonable they became; and at every fresh demand a shout was raised, and a rush made around us with brandished weapons. One young man even made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought around the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated." Livingstone had asked the Chiboque chieftain and his followers to be seated

for a conference, and when they had gathered about him, Livingstone's men surrounded the hostile natives, and they saw that they were in a trap. Livingstone then said that he had done his best to satisfy them, but they evidently meant to fight, "and if so, they must begin and bear the blame before God." At last the present of an ox settled the controversy; but thereafter Livingstone was careful to avoid these natives.

From this point he made for the nearest Portuguese settlement, travelling through the woods. There was so much rain that the party were constantly drenched, and Livingstone himself was attacked by fever, which reduced him almost to a skeleton. Then their troubles multiplied. Livingstone was thrown from his riding ox and was kicked as he fell; the guides missed their way, and by accident led their party once more into the Chiboque territory, where demands were made upon them by every chieftain; Livingstone's followers began to mutiny, and he was forced to give up another of his few oxen to them to make a grand feast. Over this they made such a horrible noise that he ordered them to be quiet; but they laughed in his face, and were brought to terms only by his rushing out and threatening them with a double-barrelled pistol. At night they were compelled to build stockades to protect them from the natives, and during the day had to march in a compact body for fear of the Chiboque warriors. His followers refused again and again to go onward, but at last

Livingstone defied them, telling them that he should go on alone; whereupon they repented and said they were all his children, and would die for him.

At last they gained a high ridge overlooking the valley of the Quango River, not far from the coast, and the Portuguese settlements were in sight; but just as they were about to cross the river, they were stopped for the last time by a village chief and his men. He demanded some gift before he would let them pass, but as Livingstone had nothing left but his blanket, watch, and instruments, and a few tusks belonging to Sekelétu, which he had promised to sell to the Portuguese, the explorer flatly refused to give them anything. Just at this point a young Portuguese sergeant of militia came to their rescue, his aid helped them to cross the Quango, and they had left the savage natives behind.

In the Portuguese country they met with no adventures, but, on the contrary, were very fortunate, selling the tusks of ivory at a very high price—"two muskets, three small barrels of powder, and English calico and baize enough to clothe my whole party, with large bunches of beads, were given for one tusk, to the great delight of my Makololo, who had been used to get only one gun for two tusks."

During this journey to the coast, the explorer had had about thirty attacks of intermittent fever, together with other ills; his medicines had been stolen almost at the beginning; he had been

thrown several times by his ugly-tempered riding ox Sindbad; and the party had been drenched by rains and by wadings of flooded streams. The mosquitoes had been terrible in their assaults. In spite of his illness, hardships, and accidents, Livingstone never failed to keep himself neat, clean, and as well dressed as was possible, a matter to which he attached the utmost importance, because of its effect upon the natives, who soon lose their respect for a white man if they find him to be at all slovenly or careless in his dress. The explorer Glave, whom the writer knew personally, once said that many an explorer failed to keep on good terms with the natives simply because he was careless about his dress or personal cleanliness; and that he had found that as soon as the natives lost respect for a white man, they ceased to fear him. Livingstone says: "I feel certain that the lessons of cleanliness rigidly instilled by my mother in childhood helped to maintain that respect which these people felt for European ways." In speaking of the natives of this part of Africa, he says: "They are never seen without a spear or a club in their hands; seem only to delight in plunder and slaughter, and yet are utter cowards. The women, like the men, went almost unclothed, and seemed to know no shame."

The first view of the sea amazed the Makololo, who had come from the interior. "We were marching along with our father," they said, "believing what the ancients had told us was true—that the

world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

At St. Paul de Loanda, the large Portuguese town on the coast, Livingstone was most hospitably received by the one Englishman in the place, who was a commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade. "Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good bed after six months of sleeping on the ground." Here Livingstone was once more in touch with the world, and eagerly listened to the news of what had happened while he was in the interior of Africa. One achievement that interested him greatly was news of the success of an expedition to the Arctic regions in finding the remains of the party under Sir John Franklin. Imagine what it must have been to emerge from the darkness and torrid heat of the interior forests and the presence of threatening enemies, into the breezy freshness of the sea coast, and to be received with the warm hospitality of Europeans.

For this journey the Geographical Society voted Livingstone their gold medal, the highest honour they had to bestow.

It is gratifying to note that Sindbad, the cross-grained riding ox that had given Livingstone so much trouble, was bitten by the tsetse fly, and died in merited unhappiness.

Livingstone Crosses Africa

Livingstone was so exhausted by illness and hardships upon his arrival at Loanda, that as soon as the responsibility for his followers was removed he broke down completely, and for more than three months was helpless. During all this time he was cared for by the surgeon of an English vessel that happened to be in port, and, being treated with the utmost tenderness, entirely recovered. The first duty he attended to on being able to go about again was to make inquiry as to the welfare of his men. He found that these clever fellows, being thrown upon their own resources, had established a little business in supplying the people of the town with fire-wood, and when English vessels came to anchor at the town, the industrious blacks became longshoremen, and added to their earnings at the rate of sixpence a day. For "lazy, shiftless negroes" this is a record that might make many white men ashamed of themselves.

There was a mail-packet named the "Fore-runner" about to sail, and Livingstone's friends urged him to embark for home in her. It was a temptation to which many would have yielded; but Livingstone had given his word to his faithful men, and although he had been bitterly disappointed not to find letters from home at Loanda, he sent by

the packet his letters and despatches, and turned back toward the swampy rivers, the fevers, and the savages that were between him and the homes of his followers.

The return journey was less troubled by hostile natives, for the very good reason that the party were better armed. Livingstone wrote to his wife: "Two chiefs who plagued us much on going down (to the coast) were now quite friendly. At that time one of them ordered his people not to sell us anything, and we had at last to force our way past him. Now he came running to meet us, saluting us with great urbanity…. The alteration in this gentleman's conduct—the Peace Society would not believe it—is attributable solely to my people possessing guns. When we passed before we were defenceless." Nevertheless the Chiboque tribe were still ready to rob the travellers if a good opportunity offered, as was shown once when Livingstone, ill with fever, was unable to keep on the alert. Some difficulty arose between Livingstone's men and a Chiboque village. "They began," said Livingstone, "by knocking down the burdens of the hindmost of my men, and several shots were fired, each party spreading out on both sides of the path. I fortunately had a six-barrelled revolver, and, with this in my hand, staggered along the path with two or three of my men, and encountered the chief. The sight of six barrels gaping into his stomach, with my own ghastly visage looking daggers at his face, seemed to produce an instant

revolution in his martial feelings, for he cried out, 'Oh, I have only come to speak with you and wish peace only.' Thus was secured another convert for the Peace Society."

This was the last of the warlike encounters, and henceforward they met only the usual pleasures of African travel in these regions, attacks of fever being not infrequent, together with vicious, biting red ants that drove all before them. Adventures in hunting the buffalo, hippopotamus, and smaller game were of daily occurrence, as may be read in the bigger books that have room to tell the minor happenings of these wonderful journeys through a richly wooded and watered country thronged with inhabitants, swarming with animal life, and rich in vegetation. Until Livingstone toiled through it, this part of Africa was a blank on the maps, and had been entered only once or twice by Portuguese trading parties.

One piece of work that made the homeward journey the harder for the explorer was the necessity of rewriting all the despatches and letters he had sent home by the packet "Fore-runner," for this vessel had been wrecked on her homeward trip, as he heard while still near the coast, and all but one passenger drowned. While the labour of rewriting the voluminous journals, redrawing the many maps, and composing again the letters that "covered sheets almost as large as a newspaper," was enormous, there was always the cheering thought that Livingstone's

faithfulness to his men had saved him from losing his life.

After coming again to the countries of the Makololo their progress became a sort of triumphal march, since the people considered nothing too good for those who had opened a route to the coast, making friends with so many of the chiefs along the road. They were hailed as men risen from the dead, and great was the joy to find not even one of the party missing. With the joy there must have been mingled some surprise, for the wives of a few of Livingstone's men had looked upon themselves as widows, and consoled themselves by new alliances. But the deserted husbands, having several other wives still left, took their fate philosophically, cheered by Livingstone's remark that they still had as many wives as he.

After his return from the journey to the west coast Livingstone remained for eight weeks with Sekelétu's people—not too long a rest after a journey lacking only nine days of lasting a full year.

Here Livingstone busied himself with letter-writing, though he found awaiting him only a single letter from Kuruman, and some packages of food from his wife's mother, which had been delivered, by the Matabele, Moshkatse's people and enemies of the Makololo. The Makololo being afraid to receive the goods, these were left on the other side of the river, the Matabele saying: "Here are the goods. We place them before you. If they are lost it is your fault." After their enemies went

away the Makololo plucked up courage enough to bring the packages half-way over the river, and left them on an island, building a little hut over them. Here they remained until Livingstone's return. Among other gifts brought all the way from Loanda was a colonel's uniform for Sekelétu; and the chief appeared at church arrayed in the uniform, with all the pride a civilised woman feels in a new Easter bonnet, and "attracted more attention than the sermon."

Although the journey to the west coast had not been unsuccessful, since it had discovered a good market in which the Makololo could sell their elephant tusks at a high price, yet Livingstone was not satisfied. He wished to find a healthful region for white men, and an easy way to the sea for traders. So, as soon as he could equip another expedition, Livingstone set out for the east coast by way of the Zambesi River, hoping that this would prove a possible highway into and out of the fertile lands of the interior. Sekelétu did all he could for his white friend, and by his kindness and generosity Livingstone was better equipped than if he had great wealth at his command. The chief went with them a part of the way, and gave them authority to call upon the tribes subject to him for supplies on their journey.

Livingstone was now in command of one hundred and twenty men, had ten cattle for eating, besides three trained as saddle oxen. The route along the Zambesi had been chosen, though known

to be the most perilous because of the savages upon its shores, in the hope that it would prove a navigable river. Only a short distance from their starting-point there was said to be a remarkable cataract, known by the natives as *Mosi-oa-tunya*, "smoke does sound there," and Livingstone with one native companion went to visit this natural wonder.

No other falls excepting Niagara can compare with the Victoria Falls, for so Livingstone named them; and the African falls are in some ways the more remarkable. The Zambesi, 3,600 feet broad, comes to an abrupt break in its bed, "seeming suddenly to vanish in the very bowels of the earth," and tumbles straight down, 320 feet, into a fissure of fifteen to twenty yards' width, where it is churned into white foam, that dashes itself into five great clouds of white spray thrown in columns of smoke high above the falls, looking white, and then grey, to descend again in showers of rain, while rainbows are formed upon the white clouds. Livingstone was the first to make the existence of these falls known to the modern world, though after he had described them somebody declared that they were marked upon an old map—which is highly unimportant if true, since the old map had never attracted particular attention until Livingstone had described the marvellous falls, and enabled white men to find them. Below the cataract the Zambesi is hemmed into a narrow zigzag course between unscalable precipices hundreds of

feet high, and roars its way through the hills in miles of boiling foam.

The explorer's examination of the river and cataract led him to the conclusion that before this great rock fissure was formed the whole country round had been a vast fresh-water lake—of which Lake Ngami was the remnant—a view that had been independently adopted some time before by Sir Roderick Murchison, a member of the Geographical Society and a loyal friend of Livingstone.

Leaving the river in order to reach it again below the rapids, they marched northeastward through a forest region where remains of large towns were frequent. Millstones worn down several inches were a proof that these towns had in some instances been long occupied.

On returning to the river they met hostile natives, for they had passed beyond those ruled or controlled by Sekelétu.

At a place where the Loangwa River, flowing southward, joins the Zambesi, they were believed to be Portuguese half-breeds, and an attack upon them was prevented only by Livingstone showing his straight hair and white skin, and asking "if the Bazimka (Portuguese) were like that?" They secured only one canoe after much difficulty, though there were two tied near by, and began ferrying their baggage, cattle, and men to an island half-way across the river—here "a good mile broad." Livingstone was the last to enter the canoe, keeping the armed natives busy by showing them

his watch, a burning-glass, and other curiosities. They made their escape, and Livingstone ends his account with the words, "I thanked them all for their kindness, and wished them peace."

On the opposite bank of the river they found the remains of a Portuguese church, with a broken bell marked I.H.S., proving their nearness to the settlement Tette, and within a day or two met a native of that town wearing hat and jacket, and were warned by him that there was war between the Portuguese and natives on this side of the river. As no canoes were to be had, Livingstone could not cross, and for a time there was a gathering of the natives that looked dangerous. To give his people courage, Livingstone ordered an ox to be roasted, and sent a choice leg to the chieftain of the enemy. This present made peace between them, and on finding that the party were not Portuguese, the chief consented that they should go onward, and when Livingstone sent his man Sekwebu to buy a canoe to carry a sick man, the chief showed his shrewdness by the remark, "This white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions." Thereafter he did all he could to help them forward.

After this they had no difficulty, and in time came safely to Tette, where they were kindly welcomed by the commandant, to whom Livingstone had letters from the Bishop in Loanda and other friends. The rest of the way to the seaport town of Quilimane was through civilised places, and

Livingstone, having arranged that his native followers should await his return at Tette, went aboard the brig "Frolic" to sail for Mauritius. One native named Sekwebu accompanied him, but the sight of the ocean and the ship, and all the strange experiences of the voyage, drove the poor fellow out of his wits, and he at last jumped overboard and was drowned.

From Mauritius Livingstone sailed for England, and arrived in December, 1857, after sixteen years' absence, to find himself, as Thomas Hughes writes in his biography of this explorer, "the most famous man for the time in the British Isles."

So ended Livingstone's first years in Africa.

Of his visit to England we cannot give any account. He was made a popular hero, and received every honour England had to offer. He never wavered, however, in his efforts to prepare himself for the return to Africa, and in his devotion to that land and its people. The most important results of his visit to England were his abandonment of all connection with the Missionary Society; the writing of his book that told of his travels, which brought him a fortune of £12,000; and his addresses, which stimulated an interest in the African Continent that since that time has never abated. Meanwhile his Makololo followers awaited his return to the Portuguese town on the east coast.

Livingstone's Second Visit to Africa

While in England Livingstone heard from Loanda that a company of Sekelétu's people had made the westward journey to the coast with ivory, proving that the route found by the explorer was of some use to the tribes of the interior; while from Cape Town came news of a great meeting in honour of the successful explorer, where speeches were made in praise of his courage, scientific accuracy, and worth as a missionary.

Livingstone returned to Africa with the advantages he had fairly won by sixteen years of exploration, "which had found Africa the Dark Continent, and left it the most interesting part of the globe to Englishmen." Instead of entering an unknown land as a friendless, untried young missionary, he now held an appointment as "Consul at Quilimane for the East Coast and Interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa." This enterprise was known as the Zambesi Expedition, and it was well provided with money. Livingstone on this occasion was accompanied by his wife and his son Oswell, named for the hunter and companion who had so greatly befriended him. His companions in the present expedition included Dr.—now Sir—John Kirkhis; brother, Charles Livingstone, who was skilled in geology, and one assistant, Mr. Thornton.

A steam launch, shipped in sections and named the "Ma-Robert," was also carried on the steamer "Pearl," which conveyed the expedition to the east coast, stopping at Sierra Leone to ship twelve natives as a crew for river navigation. At Cape Town Mrs. Livingstone and Oswell were left with her father and mother, while the "Pearl" sailed northward to the mouths of the Zambesi—of which there were four—reaching the end of her ocean voyage in May, 1858.

After a thorough examination of the different mouths of the river, it was decided that the one known as the Kongone was best, and up this they sailed forty miles to land their supplies on an island. Then the "Ma-Robert" and the ship's pinnace came into service to carry the goods further up the river to Tette, where (as Livingstone had learned from his father-in-law at Cape Town) most of his native followers still waited his return, though thirty of them had died of smallpox and six had been slain by other natives. They welcomed Livingstone with joy, crying: "The Tette people often taunted us, saying, 'Your Englishman will never return'; but we trusted you." The natives' faith in their white friend was never betrayed, and much of Livingstone's influence over them was because of their trust in him.

Since his followers were in no hurry to return to Linyante, Livingstone explored the Zambesi as far as the great rapids, thirty miles above Tette, and decided that, although he would have been

lost if he had tried to descend the river in canoes upon his journey from the interior, yet a better steamer than the "Ma-Robert" might in time of flood pass up the Zambesi beyond the Kebrabasa Rapids, and thus open the inner country to trading journeys. Sending to England for a better steamer, Livingstone meanwhile made what use he could of the "Ma-Robert." Before testing this vessel, it had been named in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, whom the natives called "Ma-Robert"—that is, "the mother of Robert"—in accordance with their custom of naming the wife from her first-born son. But the vessel had not proved worthy; she consumed enormous amounts of fuel, made steam slowly, leaked badly, and snorted so horribly that she was renamed "The Asthmatic." Nevertheless, Livingstone in this rickety craft succeeded in making many discoveries of value, the most important being Lake Nyassa and Lake Shirwa, which lakes, being in regions suitable for colonies of white men, and lying across the slave traders' route to Zanzibar, were considered by the explorer as the "Keys to Central Africa."

But leaving such conclusions for older heads, let us see what the explorer's experiences were and how he met them. His steamer was a wonder to the natives of the region, both animals and men. Crocodiles chased it, and one man who fell overboard was instantly pulled down by them. Once they ran into a herd of elephants and shot several, and at another time caught a baby elephant,

dragging him into the water by his trunk to escape the charge of the bereaved mother. Livingstone hoped to send this young one home to Queen Victoria, but one of the natives, "in a sort of frenzy peculiar to the chase," wounded its trunk. The wound, though sewed, never healed, and the poor little fellow bled to death. At Lake Nyassa a chief's wife was seized by a crocodile and carried off not long after the white men had taken a bath in the waters. The chief complained to a neighbour that the white men "had rubbed themselves with a white medicine" (meaning soap), and that his wife was taken by a crocodile; he did not know whether the medicine was to blame or not. In another chief's hut they met some Arab slavers who offered a young girl for sale, but who departed at once on learning that the explorers were English. Though tempted to release the slaves he saw led in gangs by means of forked sticks around their necks, Livingstone decided that this would be only another form of cruelty, since there was no way of providing for the poor creatures; but he never forgot the horrors he witnessed, and in later days used his best efforts to suppress the slave trade.

During this time also the explorers saw many strange creatures: troops of dogs that hunt wild animals; birds that lead men to honeybees' nests for the sake of sharing in the honey; and a laughing rat, whose cry, "he—he—he," kept them nervously awake. Elephants abounded everywhere.

The discovery of Lake Nyassa, over two

hundred miles long, the shores of which seemed well adapted for missionary stations, was the beginning of a series of unfortunate expeditions for the purpose of seeking practical trade routes which would connect it with the sea coast.

But before these researches could be entered upon, Livingstone must redeem his promise to his Makololo men by taking them back to their homes with Sekelétu. With three other Englishmen the journey was begun, and the party proceeded at the rate of over twelve miles a day. Some of the Makololo had been spoiled by civilisation, and sneaked back to the Portuguese settlement, though they had Livingstone's permission to stay there if they chose. Roaring lions often came about the camp at night, and some of the natives, believing lions to be inhabited by the spirits of dead chiefs, would reproach them for cowardice in stealing their food instead of hunting for themselves. During this trip Livingstone and the other white men found themselves superior in endurance to the blacks, and not only led the way on the marches, but also did the work of supplying meat by hunting while the Makololo were resting. At one place Livingstone was charged upon by a rhinoceros, and probably was saved only by being white, since the great beast halted and wheeled just as he reached the explorer—possibly, as Blaikie says, "doubtful if hunting a white man would be good sport."

Another visit to the Victoria Falls showed that

they were even grander than Livingstone's first report had made them.

Reaching Sekelétu's country, they were met by evil tidings. The chief was stricken with leprosy, and was believed to have been affected by witch-craft. His superstition had caused him to put to death a number of leading men in the tribe, and now he was secluded from his people and attended only by his nearest relatives and by an old woman who professed wonderful powers. Dr. Livingstone could not cure the chief, but helped to make him comfortable, and in return was provided with an escort of young men to aid him in descending the river to the coast. They had been charged to bring back some remedy for the king.

Two remarkable results followed from Sekelétu's decease. First, the great empire founded by Sebituane, his father, broke up, and a few years later was destroyed, *all* the Makololo being slain by their enemies excepting two families. Second, the Makololo who went with Livingstone—only two of them were pure-blooded Makololo—remained near the coast, and founded a tribe that later became known as the Shiré, or Eastern, Makololos, which within twenty or thirty years numbered over 150,000 members, and were known as honest, industrious, and opposed to slavery. Their national greeting is the English phrase, "Good morning!"

Another discouraging piece of news that came to Livingstone while returning his men to their

homes, was to the effect that the missionaries at Mabotse (his old station) had been attacked by fever, and that their mission was destroyed.

After six months' absence Livingstone was again at Tette, and embarked in the "Asthmatic" for the trip to the sea. The old vessel grounded during her voyage down the river, and on December 20, 1860, she was abandoned on a sandbank, without serious regret, her passengers being thankful that she had brought them as far as within one day's journey of Senna.

The next month, January, 1861, the "Universities Mission" arrived, consisting of Bishop Mackenzie and his party, in a little steamer named the "Pioneer." Though of light draught, this vessel yet drew too much water to ascend the Shiré River toward Lake Nyassa, and so Livingstone decided to use the time while waiting for higher water in exploring another river, the Rovuma, in the hope that this might be a way to the lake.

There is no space to tell in full of the exploring trips upon these rivers—a discouraging series of attempts to sail the steamer through shoals and rapids. The only important fact to note is the discovery, on approaching the lake, that the Portuguese had taken advantage of Livingstone's explorations and his good reputation with the peoples of that region to extend their own slave traffic to this new field. At first Livingstone, as we have seen, hoped that he need not fight the slaving parties. But at last the sight of pillaged villages,

deserted fields, and gangs of slaves driven by brutal masters proved too much for the humanity of the missionaries. They came upon a long line of chained men, women, and children, being driven through a friendly village, and their indignation boiled over. Upon the approach of the English the slave drivers bolted into the forest, and the slaves were set free—eighty-four of them. "The others tied and starved us," said one little boy. "You cut the ropes and told us to eat. What sort of people are you?" Before long the freed slaves were at work cooking food around the camp-fires, and the question of rescuing slaves was settled. It was also thus settled that henceforward Livingstone and the Portuguese were to be enemies. As it had been Livingstone against the Boers and slavery, so now it was Livingstone against the Portuguese and slavery. The fight begun that day is not yet over in Africa, nor will it be at an end until the last slave is freed.

Among the slaves rescued by Livingstone's party was Chumah, who took part in the later expeditions of Livingstone, and afterward in those of Stanley and Joseph Thomson.

Within a week they had scattered several other gangs of slaves, and then Bishop Mackenzie arranged to settle at a village of Manganja, whose chief had promised him a friendly reception. But this tribe was at war with another, the Ajawa, and Livingstone and the bishop started on the 22d of July to see whether the trouble with these savages

could not be settled.

The day after our battle of Bull Run in America, journeying through a land where the Ajawa warriors had left only ruin and desolation, the missionary bishop and Dr. Livingstone met a war party. These natives, crying, "*Nkondo!*"—"War!"—advanced until within fifty yards, and opened fire with poisoned arrows and bullets, a few of these Ajawa warriors having guns. Livingstone's party returned the fire, and the warriors fled.

Leaving the Manganja under the militant bishop to fight out their quarrel with the Ajawa, Livingstone next took a boat expedition to Lake Nyassa, and thoroughly explored its banks, finding a peaceable and industrious population everywhere except at the north, where a lawless tribe of Zulus made raids. The slave-trading in this region was causing the capture or death of about one hundred thousand slaves every year.

After another meeting with the bishop, who reported that the war was proceeding favourably, Livingstone once more returned to the coast, intending to return with a new boat called the "Lady Nyassa," and also to bring to the mission Miss Mackenzie, the bishop's sister.

As these journeys covered the same regions he had often traversed, they are not explorations, and need not be told here in detail. Let it suffice to say that Livingstone on meeting the English ship learned that Mrs. Livingstone had come with the party for the mission, and then the whole company

began the return trip, only to be halted by the news that the bishop, in attempting to release some captives from slave traders, had been upset from a canoe, and had died from illness and exposure. Livingstone therefore returned to the coast, and before the ship came for them the whole party were attacked by fever. Among its victims was Mrs. Livingstone, who died April 27, 1862.

It was not until 1863 that Livingstone could once more resume his attempts to carry a steamer into Lake Nyassa, and he had hardly completed his attempts to prepare a way past the rapids of the Shiré River when the "Zambesi Expedition" was recalled by the English Government—that is, its supplies and money were cut off. Livingstone wrote home: "I don't know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do. I make Africa that shelf. If the 'Lady Nyassa' is well sold I shall manage."

Until the rainy season there would not be water enough in the rivers to take the two steamers to the coast, and Livingstone spent the time in making an exploring tour to the northeast of Lake Nyassa to find out whether any river gave access to the lake from the north. Here, again, they found the slavers at work, and came within a few days' march of Lake Bangweolo, a region the explorer visited later; but Livingstone could no longer pay his men, and they turned back. During the return they were told of the abandonment of the mission station, and Livingstone's kindness of heart secured the transportation to the Cape of many

native children who otherwise might have been left to relapse into savagery. One of these in after years became a successful teacher.

Having thus come to the sea, the explorer was without money to continue his work unless he sold the "Lady Nyassa." No one on the African coast would buy the vessel except the Portuguese, and a sale to them meant her use in the slave trade. The nearest other market was Bombay, India, and so plucky Dr. Livingstone got up steam, and with a mixed crew, most of whom had never seen the sea, sailed 2,500 miles to the coast of India. "This voyage," says Blaikie, "has only escaped fame because of the still greater wonders performed by Livingstone on land."

But again we must pass hastily over Livingstone's experiences in the intervals of his explorations. While at home he succeeded in selling the "Lady Nyassa" for £2,600, which was safely put into a bank that soon after failed; he attended the funeral of the explorer Captain Speke, whose work in Africa is yet to be told; he heard of President Lincoln's assassination; he learned the "sad news" that his son Robert had enlisted in the United States army ("sad news" it was, since Robert Livingstone laid down his life for the cause of the Union, and lies buried in the Gettysburg cemetery); he attended his mother's funeral; he appeared before the House of Commons to plead for missions; he visited the school where his son Oswell was studying, and ended his address to the

boys with these concluding words, in the last public address he made to his own countrymen, "Fear God, and work hard."

Livingstone's Last Expeditions and His Death

In 1866 Dr. Livingstone sailed for Africa in the "Thule," a pleasure yacht meant as a gift to the Sultan of Zanzibar—"the whole 2,000 miles being an everlasting see-saw, shuggy-shoo, enough to tire a chemist, the most patient of all animals," he said, in a letter. He reached the Rovuma River with an ill-assorted lot of Sepoys from India and rowdy natives, most of whom were discharged soon after.

He pushed toward Lake Tanganyika, losing what resources he had, including his medicines, which were stolen, as he notes in his journal with the remark, "Felt as if I had received my death sentence." Seeking a route that would avoid Portuguese influence, and accompanied by only five followers, Livingstone disappeared into the unknown interior, resolved upon reaching the sources of the Nile.

His deserting followers carried to the coast a detailed lie that Livingstone had been killed by Zulus, and the English did not know the truth until expeditions of inquiry had been sent as far as Lake Nyassa.

Though alive, Livingstone was so ill that his progress was a long martyrdom; but even in his litter he persisted in his purpose to settle the

question as to the sources of the Nile and the Congo. He discovered new lakes and rivers, including Lake Bangweolo, and reached Ujiji, where he expected to find stores he had forwarded. But these had been plundered, and the sick explorer, though revolted by the daily horrors of the slave trade carried on by the Arabs, was compelled to seek aid from them.

Once these Arabs made in Livingstone's sight a barbarous and unprovoked attack upon a busy market-place, shooting down hundreds in cold blood, while as many more were drowned in attempting to escape. Livingstone said he had "the impression he was in hell," but was helpless. From the scene of this massacre, Livingstone returned to Ujiji, and five days afterward was blessed by the arrival of Stanley, in the nick of time. Of this meeting we shall tell in connection with Stanley's first expedition, sent out because of the uncertainty as to Livingstone's fate, since no word had been received from him in two years.

After waiting five months for a fresh party to be sent from the coast, Livingstone set out with new supplies, given by Stanley, in search of the Nile or Congo sources, and soon became involved in the swampy shores of Lake Bangweolo. Again attacked by illness, the explorer was carried to a little town on the south shore of the lake, and here, on the morning of the 1st of May, 1873, his men found their master on his knees, his face buried in his pillow—dead.

We may believe that his last prayer will be answered, for though he knew death was near, he would have had no other thought than for the civilisation and regeneration of Africa.

His native followers proved their love for him by reading over him the service for the dead, and then by making the long journey to the coast with his body—a journey requiring eight months of toil and danger.

Sir Bartle Frere says of this first of explorers: "I never met a man who fulfilled more completely my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modelled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar."

Blaikie writes: "Livingstone travelled 29,000 miles in Africa, and added to the known part of the globe about 1,000,000 square miles." He discovered five great lakes, the Victoria Falls, and many rivers; his name and character so impressed the natives that the work of later explorers was never so dangerous or difficult as his own; his death amid his work made it certain that the objects for which he died will never be abandoned.

When the Continent of Africa is civilised, the slave trade a memory, and the natives redeemed from superstition and savagery, the influences that have brought about Africa's redemption will be traced back to David Livingstone, whose inspiration was Christian faith.

Burton and Speke

The expedition which finally succeeded in solving the problem of the source of the Nile grew out of the journey made by Sir Richard Francis Burton and Lieutenant, afterwards Captain Speke, both of whom had been officers in the British service in India. Burton, as an explorer, visited a great many different parts of the world, and when we take up the exploration of Asia, we shall find him penetrating to Medina and Mecca, disguised as a Moslem. Before the end of his life, Burton was said to have known more than thirty, some say thirty-five, different languages and dialects. He was very fond of adventurous exploits, and during his service as an officer in India at times joined the natives who were doing days' labour on a canal, in order that he might become thoroughly acquainted with their ideas and customs. His connection with Captain Speke began when the two decided to enter Moslem Abyssinia. Having organised an expedition in Bombay, they induced two other officers to accompany them.

During this journey they visited the city Harar, but during a night attack made by the natives at Berberah, both Burton and Speke were severely wounded, and a third officer was killed. After further service in the Crimea, Burton was thrown out of employment by the ending of the war, and he

then determined to enter Central Africa, for the purpose of exploring the regions where, from Arab reports, it was believed that there were a number of great lakes.

They entered the continent opposite Zanzibar, with a party mustering two hundred men. It was a long time before they could get enough baggage animals to carry their equipment. The first stage of their progress brought them to Tabora, then called Cazé. The only obstacle that interfered with their progress was the fear of their men to enter the regions occupied, as report said, by ferocious savages. The nearer the expedition came to this little known land, the more reluctance was shown by their native helpers; and, finally, Burton, in order to overcome their dread of the natives, resorted to an exceedingly clever trick. He hired a native medicine-man to exhibit a species of mumbo jumbo, in order that he might make a favourable prophecy as to the result of the expedition. He went through a juggling with two gourds, one filled with snuff, and the other with various magical rubbish. These were shaken up, and then two goat's horns were produced and tied together with a snake skin, decorated with little bells. When he had sufficiently impressed the natives, he professed to give a message from the spirits of the dead, promising success to the expedition, asserting that the porters would overcome all their enemies, and return to Zanzibar in triumph.

There was reason for the fear of the natives of

the interior, for at one place, not long before, a young French explorer had entered the dwelling of one of the chiefs for the purpose of making a treaty in regard to passing through the country, when the chief became so eager to secure the explorer's possessions that he was seized and put to death.

Besides the more or less imaginary dangers, there were many actual perils to be encountered, from the crocodiles that swarmed in the rivers, and from the beasts of prey in the jungles. At one place a leopard sprang upon and killed a spear-bearer before his companions could rescue him. In fact, it was only the great skill of Burton as a hunter which gave his men confidence to proceed. Even where there were no animals to dread, there were the deep swamps in which the porters would sink up to their necks, and in which, sometimes, the asses that bore their baggage had to be helped by two men apiece, in order to keep them from drowning. Discouraged by their hardships, many of those who had been brought from the coast deserted, and others had to be hired from the villages through which they passed to take their places.

At length, on the 13th of February, 1858, Burton climbed a steep hill and came in sight of a body of water. It seemed to his eyes, which were in anything but a good condition, since he had been ill and had almost lost his sight, that the lake to which they had come was too small to be worth the hardships they had undergone to reach it; but

when they came nearer. Burton discovered that the lake was truly enormous, being thirty to thirty-five miles in width.

Speke, also, had been having trouble with his eyes, and was in worse condition than his fellow-explorer, being unable even to see what they had discovered. They stood now upon the mountains which had been celebrated in all African annals for hundreds of years as the Mountains of the Moon.

Descending to the lake, the partly secured canoes and proceeded along its eastern shore for many miles, coming to the village of Ujiji. Ujiji, already mentioned in the account of Livingstone's explorations, was well known by report even as far as the eastern coast. From the Arabs Burton and Speke had learned that the lake upon which Ujiji was situated was a different lake from that known as the Nyanza, reported to be the source of the Nile. Neither of the explorers was in good physical condition. Nevertheless, after procuring boats with great difficulty, they did their best to acquaint themselves fully with the great lake upon the shores of which Ujiji was situated—Lake Tanganyika—and particularly they resolved to find out whether there was any truth in the report that a large river flowed out from its northern end. They reasoned that this river might be the beginning of the Nile. While sailing upon the lake at one time, Burton came in sight of a large island, and ordered his canoemen to approach it. They warned him that the inhabitants were cannibals who

would kill the party and eat them. In spite of their fears, Burton insisted upon going as near the island as they would venture, and the truth of his canoemen's prediction was at once evident, as the inhabitants, fully armed, at once came yelling to the shores of the island, and dared him to approach. Burton did not accept their invitation, but sheered off. These were not the only cannibal tribes that lived on Lake Tanganyika, for at the northern end were found other races quite as savage. The explorers seem not to have landed upon the north shores, but they convinced themselves that there was no truth in the report of a river flowing out of the lake.

In May Burton resolved to return to Zanzibar, and succeeded in reaching the coast, although at one time on the return journey the whole party were threatened with destruction by a great fire in the dry grass upon the hillsides. Fortunately the men were near enough to a river to escape by jumping into the water.

Meanwhile Speke, having obtained permission from Burton, the leader of the expedition, to make further explorations northward for the purpose of finding, if possible, the lake of which they had received reports from the Arabs, set out on a little expedition of his own. In the territory of a certain African queen, Ungugu, Speke was summoned to the royal palace, a small court full of little huts. After a visit from a sort of black lady's maid, who apparently had come to see whether there was any

danger to her mistress from the interview, the queen, described as having a short, squat, flabby face in an everlasting smile, came and squatted by Speke's side, shaking his hands and examining with especial interest every article of his clothing, and begging for everything that she touched. This potentate kept Speke waiting several days for permission to leave her lands, but at last consented to his going on. Passing through one jungle to another, and wading watercourses, at last he came to a long, gradually inclined hill, and from its summit viewed the vast expanse of the waters of the Nyanza. Speke believed from the first that he had discovered the long-sought prize of African exploration, the proper source of the Nile, but upon this visit he acquired no certain evidence to confirm his opinion.

When Speke rejoined Burton, and reported his discovery, his chief was inclined to make light of his claims. In his book, Burton says, speaking of the reasons given by Speke for believing the newfound lake to be the source of the Nile: "His reasons were weak; were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta when justifying her penchant in favour of the lovely gentleman, Sir Proteus: 'I have no other but the woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so.' And probably his sources of the Nile grew in his mind as the Mountains of the Moon had grown under his hand."

In short, Burton was anything but pleased at Speke's attempt to reap the larger harvest of the

honours of their expedition; which was natural enough, though hardly creditable. The new lake was named by Speke Victoria Nyanza, or Lake Victoria, the second word being the native word for *lake*. After its discovery Speke returned to Burton, and then both left Africa for England.

This first expedition, made by Burton and Speke in company, had exceedingly important results. Burton, as an experienced explorer, was able to give an interesting and complete description of the tribes living between the coast and Lake Tanganyika; and, also, a valuable report upon the condition of the slave trade, as observed by him, though he was inclined, from his long experience in Eastern countries, to see less evil in the institution than was found by such a moralist as Livingstone.

Convinced, in spite of Burton's sneers, that in Lake Nyanza he had really found the source of the Nile, Speke appealed to the English Geographical Society for aid in equipping a new expedition which should settle the matter beyond all doubt. Greatly aided by Sir Robert Murchison, Livingstone's friend, Speke secured twelve thousand dollars, besides arms and a scientific equipment. A valuable helper volunteered in the person of Captain J.W. Grant, who had been an Australian explorer. In 1860 Speke and Grant left London, and, after a stay of about two weeks at Cape Town, arrived at Zanzibar in August. Upon their voyage on the English steamer they overhauled and

captured a slaver which was on her way to Havana, and released over five hundred slaves.

Speke's Expedition with Captain Grant

Crossing from the island of Zanzibar a little southerly, the explorers reached Bagamoyo, where they hired porters, packed up their supplies, and set off for the interior. Their course led them generally westward until they reached Tabora, a town almost directly south of Victoria Nyanza, the great lake Speke had before visited. When they had travelled about two hundred miles eight of their men deserted, running away with what they carried and with eight mules. A halt was made in order to pursue the thieves, and meanwhile Speke and his friend Grant started out on a rhinoceros hunt, with attendants carrying lanterns. Speke, fastening a bit of white paper to his rifle sight, shot and killed one from a distance of eighty yards, a remarkable shot. To kill a rhinoceros with a single shot is unusual, because the hide is so thick. After two hours two more of the animals were seen, but a single shot this time only frightened them away. Speke's gun-carriers having taken flight and climbed a tree, a second shot was impossible.

Next morning, when Speke's men arrived to carry the meat to camp, they found that they would have to fight for it with the natives, who had gathered like a flock of vultures, and were tearing the great carcass to pieces with as little neatness

and order as the carrion birds themselves. The natives at last fled, but took their dinners with them.

The missing mules, however, were recovered, which was the important matter. But Speke and Grant kept losing their porters by desertion, until they had to come to a halt while they sent to a village for new recruits. During the halt they improved the time by hunting buffalo, these animals being plenty in the grassy plains round about. Speke almost at once came upon a rhinoceros, and again skilfully brought down this animal by a single shot. Then, spying a herd of buffalo, the hunters crept within range, and Speke killed four. Then the herd scattered, and a big bull charged toward the white hunter, tossing one of the blacks as he came. Speke, when he had slain this brave bull, discovered another just as it treed a black boy. This bull also charged him, but he saved himself by breaking its neck with a bullet. From another bull he had a narrow escape by dodging behind a tree just as he had fired his last shot. One imagines in reading this account that with a modern magazine rifle Speke might easily have slain the whole herd.

At a place called Minsenga, Grant took pictures of some natives, and was much amused when the husband of one woman insisted that his name should be written on the picture, so that the English at home might know whose wife she was.

This expedition also came into contact with the gangs of slaves, but seldom dared interfere with

the natives. One poor fellow, however, who had seen Speke on his former visit to Lake Tanganyika, begged so piteously for freedom that the Englishman secured his release from the Arabs, named him "Farhan," or Joy, and enrolled him in his service.

Every recruit was welcome, since, as they approached the lake, their force was reduced by one-half through desertions, and many of their beasts of burden had died. Half of their supplies were stolen, and provisions, owing to a famine in the land, were costly and hard to get. Besides these troubles a deposed native chief had begged them to side with him against the Arabs, and later the Arabs also tried to get Speke to take their side. It was difficult to put off both these enemies, and yet to quarrel with neither.

Then Speke's men mutinied, and were brought to terms only by starvation. Surmounting all these obstacles, the white men at last, in November, 1861, reached Karagwe, a region just west of Victoria Lake, and were royally treated by the chief Rumanika.

This chief, though not without superstitions, was intelligent and eager to learn of the outside world. He begged Speke to take two of the princes to England to be educated. This people were of superior race, resembled the Abyssinians, and (except the artificially fattened women) were well formed. The women of high rank were fattened on milk from early childhood, with dime-museum

effects. The children were delighted with the picture-books shown them by the white visitors, and Speke praises them for their beauty and excellent behaviour.

Rumanika entertained the expedition hospitably, and among other amusements invited the white men to a Feast of the New Moon—a magnificent drum concert, a chorus of officials yelling out oaths of fidelity to the king, and a dance of young girls. Before bidding Rumanika farewell, another rhinoceros hunt took place, and Speke performed his usual feats of wonderful shooting.

Then, after a long stay, preceded by kind messages from Rumanika, Speke, in January, 1861, marched to the kingdom of Mtesa, the land known as Uganda, Grant being delayed by abscesses on his knee, Speke was received by Mtesa in royal state. This African king, a young man of twenty-five, was a monarch indeed. He received his visitors sitting on a square red carpet, wearing his hair in a cock's-comb, radiant with beads, and rings of brass and copper. After an hour of silent staring, Mtesa inquired if Speke had seen him, and when Speke said, "For a whole hour," the ceremony was over. Later interviews, however, were more interesting, and during their acquaintance Speke discovered many pleasant traits about the young king. Yet his bringing up had developed certain faults in his character, and he was about as ruthless and bloodthirsty a mortal as can be imagined. When Speke sent him a gun, the king ordered the new

present tested by a shot at whatever citizen first came within range. His court was governed by rules of the strictest etiquette, and the slightest offence was followed by instant death, which the king at pleasure might change into a fine, a very convenient method of raising money. Mtesa gave what orders he pleased, and unless the subjects ran to obey them, the torturers and executioners were busy. If a courtier was careless in saluting, slightly disarranged his clothing, coughed, laughed, or did anything in fact that displeased the king, he might immediately be condemned, and dragged by a howling mob to execution.

There was a crowd of small boy pages, who wore turbans of aloe fibres, and always attended the king in his palace. These little imps were ready at his slightest nod to whip off their turbans and use them as cords to lead any of the palace women to execution. Nearly every day two or three of these poor creatures were led away to be butchered. Nothing more bloodthirsty and brutal than the conduct of King Mtesa can be imagined, but there is no need to dwell upon the bloody horrors of his court.

Grant, who had been delayed by a sore upon his knee, came after a few weeks to join Speke, and the explorers proceeded toward the Nile. On the way they passed through a country inhabited by savages who carried spears as broad as shovels. This region abounded in elephants, lions, and other wild beasts. At last, however, they reached

Victoria Lake. Grant had been sent ahead to King Kamrasi's country, and although this king sent one hundred and fifty men to assist Speke forward, he nevertheless refused to see the white men for several days. This action was explained when the king became better acquainted, for he admitted his belief that the white men, being possessed of enormous appetites, ate not only "lakes and mountains, but human beings three times a day." This king, having lost his fear of his visitors, proved to be a persistent beggar, and in order to get all he could, kept refusing the explorers permission to go on. Finally, when Grant threatened to go at any hazard, Kamrasi was brought to terms, and in return for a final present of carbines, a hair brush, some matches and ammunition, sent an escort of twenty-four warriors and some cattle.

The rest of their journey was a repetition of their former experiences—the cautious approach to strange villages, the giving of presents, attempts by natives to beg or steal whatever the travellers could be made to part with, and then, after a rest, onward to the next town to repeat the process.

A merchant of Gondokoro named Petherick was to send an expedition up the Nile to meet or rescue the party of Speke and Grant, and Speke sent a trustworthy man to communicate with him. Meanwhile Speke himself led his party forward, and at length met a black Mussulman named Mohammed, whom he took to be in command of the rescuers. Mohammed, when he saw Speke's

mistake, never undeceived him, but permitted the Englishmen to guard his camp while he went on a "trading expedition," which was really a slave raid.

Seeing at length that Mohammed made no move to return, Speke and Grant pushed on toward the Nile and the town of Gondokoro. At Gondokoro they met Samuel White Baker, in command of an expedition on its way up the Nile, and before long Petherick's party also came in, and the work of exploring the Nile was accomplished. The meeting of the expeditions at Gondokoro proved that the main branch of the river, the White Nile, flowed from Victoria Nyanza, and Speke had triumphantly proved his claim to be the discoverer of the main source of the great river. He had solved the greatest problem of African exploration.

Baker, whom they met at Gondokoro, was afterward Sir Samuel Baker; and of his travels in Africa, with Mrs. Baker, we shall next tell.

After Speke' s success it would seem that there was little to be said against his claim to be the discoverer of the Nile sources. But Burton challenged Speke to a public discussion on the subject when Speke came back to England, and on the very morning fixed for the debate Speke accidentally shot himself while partridge shooting. This was on September 15, 1864, about nine years before the death of Livingstone.

Sir Samuel Baker Discovers the Albert Nyanza

Samuel White Baker, born in London in 1821, having spent eight years in central Ceylon, landed in Cairo in 1861 with an ambition to discover the source of the Nile. His wife, a brave Hungarian, insisted upon going with him; and after a preparatory year spent in Abyssinia to learn Arabic, he set sail from Khartum with three boats and about a hundred men, to explore the Blue Nile, the main branch of the river. Badgered by thieving government officials, Baker defied one and thrashed another in a fist fight, and sailed triumphantly southward.

The first incident of note was a buffalo hunt, in which one of the men was killed while about forty cowards looked on, afraid to descend from an ant-hill; the second was a visit from a native chief, who wore a bracelet with spikes like a dog-collar, and his wife, who wore the scars of the wounds the spikes had made; the third interesting incident was a long discussion by Baker's men as to whether the scars upon a young hippopotamus they killed were made by the father or mother, a debate settled by Baker's wise and confident decision that they were caused by the animal's uncle.

The boats reached Gondokoro, a trading station

of the Bari people, and the expedition halted to wait for some Turkish traders who were going southward. Baker was considered a spy collecting facts about slave trading, and his unpopularity led to a mutiny by his men. An attempt to punish one of them brought on a fight between the Englishman and the ringleader, the rest joined in, and Baker's life was saved only by his cleverness in ordering the drums beaten. At this signal the men fell into line, and the excitement ended in an apology by the ringleader, Mrs. Baker having interceded for him.

Two days later came the meeting with Speke and Grant, who were able to give Baker many valuable suggestions about the journey to the lakes. It was disappointing to learn that they had already found a source of the Nile, but having heard rumours of a second lake-source, they encouraged Baker to go on. After Speke and Grant left for England, an attack of fever prostrated Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and they were hardly on their feet again when a more serious mutiny among their followers forced the commander to disarm and discharge all but a faithful few.

Deciding to wait no longer for the departure of a trader's party, new men were hired, and Baker resolved to set out in company with a Turkish expedition, in spite of their warning that they would set the natives against the Englishman if he dared follow.

Baker followed them without hesitation, and

encamped near their first stopping-place, but next morning pushed ahead, hoping to pass the dangerous natives before the Turks came up. Without guides, his progress was slow and painful, and until two natives, having been beaten by the Turks, deserted to Baker's party, he had to guess his way.

When the most dangerous part of the journey lay just before him—a narrow pass commanded by high cliffs, a defile in which over a hundred men had recently been killed by the natives— Baker was horrified to see the Turks march out from the woods just behind him. The Turks filed by with threatening scowls, the rear being brought up by their leader, Ibrahim.

Mrs. Baker told her husband to make friends; and, seeing he would not speak to the Turk, herself called Ibrahim to an interview. Threats of punishment if harm came to the English party, promises of aid in trading, and some valuable presents won the Turk's heart, and a sort of alliance was formed. Through Ibrahim, Baker was warned of yet another conspiracy among his own men; but when it broke out Baker knocked down the leader, and forced the rest to load the animals, putting an end to the trouble for a time. A few days later several of the worst characters deserted and joined some slave-trading Arabs. Baker said "their bones would be picked by vultures," and it happened that this prediction was literally fulfilled within three days, since they were tumbled from a cliff by some

natives they had attacked, died miserably, and were food for birds of prey. This gave the Englishman much power over his superstitious followers.

Ibrahim ran out of ammunition, and during his return to Gondokoro Baker's party awaited him, being too few to go on without the Turks. During his absence the party hunted elephants. Rejoined by Ibrahim, Baker went on to Obbo, a town ruled by an amusing old fellow named Katchiba, who had many wives and over a hundred children, having lost as many more.

Katchiba told Baker that the Asua River barred their way and could not, be crossed, being in flood; and while Baker went to see for himself, Katchiba took excellent care of Mrs. Baker, receiving on Baker's return a pair of sun-goggles and a looking-glass which delighted his heart. This king was feeble, and was accustomed to ride pick-a-back on one of his subjects, while a favourite wife carried a great jar of wine to refresh him. He tried to ride Baker's saddle horse, was thrown, and, deciding the horse was "too high, and that it was a long way to tumble down," contented himself with a donkey, four attendants holding him on by the legs. The Turks returned from Obbo to the Latooka country, Baker's party going too. Soon, however, the Turks made the place too hot to hold them, and all came back to Obbo once more.

Here Baker and his wife had fever again; their animals died, provisions failed, and the lack of rain

threatened the tribe with starvation. Katchiba, being the "rain-maker" and magician, was in danger of being sacrificed; but finding out that the Englishman thought rain probable, the old fellow predicted showers, and, being lucky enough to guess correctly, was saved.

Thence Baker and the Turks—as Baker calls them, though they seem to have been the same people other explorers call Arabs—went to the land of King Kamrasi, the Turks being in search of ivory, while Baker was willing to go anywhere nearer the Nile sources. Here they found the natives fearful of attack, since certain Arabs, led by Speke's reports about the country, had marched from Gondokoro and joined Rionga's people, a tribe at war with Kamrasi, and tried to conquer the region. Baker's porters all ran away, and even some of Ibrahim's men refused to go on.

Baker promised the Turks 10,000 pounds of ivory if they would accompany him, and abandoning much luggage (including Baker's big tin bathtub!), the two parties marched southward once more. At last they came to the river dividing them from Kamrasi's territory, and only by the display of rich presents for the king could they persuade his people to ferry them over.

More delays followed, but by threats of carrying away his presents, and by proving himself of the same race as Speke, Baker thought he had gained the king's confidence, and believed he had held an interview with Kamrasi himself.

The supposed Kamrasi told Baker that the lake he was seeking was six months' journey distant over a most difficult country. This was a lie. Baker made many presents and received some food in return; but the native chief insisted that Baker and his men should join him in fighting Rionga, the hostile chief. Baker refused, though Ibrahim consented and swore brotherhood with the king. This refusal of the Englishman almost ruined the expedition, as will be seen.

Another attack of fever confined the explorer and his wife to their leaky, muddy hut, and their African host showed the greatest anxiety—to beg, borrow, or steal all the valuables they had with them, which was precisely what he had done in Speke's case. When he could get no more, he let them go, making only the last condition that Baker should give Mrs. Baker to him.

The scene that followed was dramatic. Baker drew his revolver and made warm remarks; Mrs. Baker, "looking almost as amiable as the head of Medusa," joined in with an oration in Arabic—which the king didn't understand at all; and the interpreter—a woman—translated her mistress's language without weakening it. So the African apologised, expressed his surprise, and explained that it was a custom for him to give his visitors wives, and in effect said politely, "Don't make a fuss; if you don't like it, I'll never mention it again."

The expedition, escorted by a band of Kamrasi's soldiers, whom Baker calls "the devil's own,"

slowly dragged itself through rivers and swamps toward the lake. In crossing a river Mrs. Baker was sunstruck, and for days was thought to be dying or dead. Baker had to dismiss "the devil's own," who howled, robbed, and fought around the hut where his wife lay with brain fever, and he got rid of them only by threatening to shoot if they didn't go home. Coming to a deserted village, Baker, exhausted by anxiety and lack of sleep, fell insensible, while his men "put a new handle to the pickaxe, and sought a dry spot to dig his wife's grave."

But next morning the fever was gone; and two days later, on March 14, 1864, they climbed a hill, and "there like a sea of quicksilver lay, far beneath, the grand expanse of water....England had won the sources of the Nile."

Speke and Grant having named the lake they found Victoria Nyanza, Baker named this lake for the dead Prince Consort, "Albert Nyanza."

Unless Baker reached Gondokoro by April, he would not be able to return to England that year, since the Nile boats would have sailed. Delayed by fever and the difficulty of getting canoes, it was eight days before he could begin to explore the lake; but some boatmen appeared with hollowed-log canoes, and in these he sailed northward. The new men soon deserted, and Baker's men could not paddle. The explorer, however, did not lose heart, and one way or another made the journey to Magungo at the upper end of the lake. Here he beheld a long, flat, swampy plain of green reeds

"extending as far as the eye could see."

From the natives' reports and his own judgment, Baker believed this the Nile; and, having promised Speke to examine the rivers between the Victoria and Albert lakes, he felt bound to turn back. Mrs. Baker wished afterward to sail down the Nile from Albert Nyanza to Gondokoro, but the inhabitants declared that the savages along the river would kill the party, and Baker thought the journey unnecessary. So back they went along the Victoria Nile, until stopped by a great waterfall 180 feet high, preventing further navigation. This was named the Murchison Falls.

On the homeward journey more misfortunes overtook them, and at length, after a two months' delay in a fever-stricken district, unable to get carriers, Baker sent word that Kamrasi must come to their aid. Believing the explorer would now help him against his enemies, Kamrasi had them brought to his village.

Then to his utter surprise Baker learned that he had never seen the *real* Kamrasi; but that the king's brother had been ordered to represent him, because Kamrasi feared treachery. Offended, Baker long refused to see Kamrasi; and when at length he consented, he abused that monarch roundly, denying that he could be the king, since he was so great a coward and beggar. These remarks gained force from Baker's imposing garb, for he had arrayed himself in full Highland costume for the interview.

During his stay with Kamrasi the Englishman once hoisted his flag and saved the village from an attack of Arabs and native allies; then these quarrelled among themselves, and Kamrasi's people defeated them, to the great joy of the poor king.

News came of a threatened attack by Mtesa, but this attack, at first successful, also was defeated by the aid of Ibrahim's party, who were rewarded with great quantities of ivory and many slaves.

Soon after Baker and his expedition set out on their return journey, and despite many complications caused by the native wars, at length reached Gondokoro. Here they lost many men by disease, but by May 5, 1865, were at Khartum, where news came of the death of Captain Speke in England.

The rest of the way was through more civilised lands, and the days of exploration were at an end.

At Cairo Baker heard that he had received the medal of the Geographical Society, and on reaching England was knighted, becoming Sir Samuel Baker.

Baker's second expedition in 1869, four years later, consisting of fifty-nine vessels and more than a thousand soldiers, with artillery, entered the Soudan to suppress the slave trade; but, exciting and interesting as this campaign proved, it was not, strictly speaking, an exploring expedition, and does not call for more than mention in this book. Baker subdued the whole region, and returned in 1873, only to find that the Egyptian government

had not acted in good faith with him, but still continued to connive at the slave trade.

Disgusted and in despair, Baker returned to England, being succeeded in control of the Soudan by "Chinese Gordon," whose life and administration were brought to an end by the Mahdi insurrection. General Kitchener's defeat of the Mahdi is recent history, and the fate of the Soudan country is in the future.

Sir Samuel Baker's later travels included Cyprus, Syria, India, Japan, and America. He died at his English home December 30, 1893. Boys should read his book, "Cast Up by the Sea," an excellent story written especially for them, and they will also find his books of exploration and travel well worth careful reading.

Georg Schweinfurth's Journeys in Central Africa

Excepting Sir Samuel Baker, the only European traveller who reached the central regions of Africa by going up the Nile to Khartum was Georg Schweinfurth, born in Riga, Russia, in 1836, but a German by parentage. He was a botanist, and travelled in Russia, France, and Germany making collections of plants. In his school days one of his masters was the son of an African missionary, and this man's accounts of South Africa may have given his pupil the wish to visit that country. Soon after 1860 there came to the German botanist a collection of plants brought from the River Nile, and these awakened the desire to see them growing.

In 1863 he went to Egypt, visiting the mouth of the Nile, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Khartum as a botanist; but after two years and a half he was compelled to return for want of money.

Drawing up a plan for visiting the unexplored country west of the Nile beyond Khartum, where the White and Blue Nile join, he presented it to a scientific society. The plan was approved, money furnished, and in 1868 he again entered Africa. Proceeding to Khartum, he was kindly received, was aided by the government, and during the early part of his journey formed a friendship with an

Arab trader named Mohammed Aboo Sammat, whose alliance was of the utmost value to him. Leaving Khartum in January, 1869, he was absent for three years and a half, during which time he had visited several unknown tribes of savages, studied plants and animals, thoroughly explored and mapped a new country, and made many accurate drawings of natives, their homes, weapons, and customs.

His book, "The Heart of Africa," is packed full of information and interest; but the very success of his expedition deprives it of those few striking episodes which can be told in so brief an account as this. The reader receives from its pages hundreds of minor incidents that help him to understand life in Central Africa, but few thrilling scenes are told. We shall tell only such incidents as seem novel and striking.

The voyage up the Nile was marked first by an adventure on shore. With two attendants Schweinfurth landed on an island, and came suddenly upon a buffalo sleeping in the high grass. Rising, the bull tossed one of the attendants high in air. Schweinfurth's rifle, which the man had been carrying, hung by its strap from the bull's horn as the furious animal stood roaring, ready to trample the victim, so Schweinfurth was unarmed. Another man had Schweinfurth's second gun, but this missed fire; so the brave fellow hurled a small axe at the bull's head.

The axe struck the bull, who at once ran off

bellowing.

The man that had been tossed recovered after three weeks, but had lost four teeth. To make up for this misfortune, Schweinfurth paid him ten dollars for each tooth, a generosity which greatly pleased his followers.

Next, the expedition stirred up some very hostile natives—first, a countless swarm of ferocious bees which, disturbed by the men towing the boats through the weedy growths, made so terrible an attack that all took to the water or wrapped themselves in whatever covering came handiest. Schweinfurth says he remained three hours under a sheet, killing such bee-warriors as entered this fortification. After this the Shillooks pursued the expedition in 3,000 canoes, but in the end were shaken off. Later he killed a giant snake, fifteen feet long, whose skin furnished a handsome waterproof gun-case. Now they entered the Nile sudd, named by the Arabs "el sett," and had to drag their boats over the solid mass of vegetation, 200 men sometimes pulling at one rope.

In this region Schweinfurth described the inhabitants as having long heels, slender legs, long, thin necks, and small, pointed heads; he likens them to cranes. The weedy growth was mainly of three plants, and to the fact that one of these was not in season Schweinfurth says they owed their success in passing onward.

Reaching a settlement of cattle ranches, where he met an old African woman who owned 30,000

head of cattle, the explorer landed, and started overland for the unknown interior.

The first African people they met were the Dinkas, of whom a long description is given. The most striking peculiarity about them is their love of owning great herds of humped cattle, which they treat more as pets than as property. The next people, the Dyoor, were skilful workers in iron, though using the simplest tools. More interesting than either were the Niam-niam (pronounced *gnam-nam*), a nation of warlike, fearless cannibals, of whom Schweinfurth tells many striking and strange peculiarities, and the Monbuttoo, also a cannibal nation.

But most important discovery of all, among the Niam-niam Schweinfurth met several of the African "pigmies," of whom there had been traditions since the earliest accounts of the continent. He not only carefully studied these men—whose height, full grown, was little more than four feet—but even induced one of them to visit Europe. Unfortunately the little fellow died before reaching civilisation. Later explorers tell us more fully of the pigmies, but Schweinfurth first, of modern travellers, proved their existence.

Toward the latter part of his journey, the Arab, Aboo Sammat, was the hero of a fierce fight with the A-Banga natives, during which he was severely wounded, and doctored by Schweinfurth. The brave Arab then insisted upon mounting an ant-hill to make a speech of defiance to the cannibal

army that was rejoicing over his fall, they meanwhile crying out, "Meat, meat!" as a reminder of his possible fate. The expedition fought its way through this hostile region, and came at last to the Arab or Nubian settlements.

While resting here Schweinfurth was in constant terror that fire would break the thickly crowded grass lints, a fear that soon proved well grounded. When the fire once began nothing could check it. Schweinfurth lost nearly all the records of his travels, his observations, collections, everything. His watches being destroyed, he could thenceforth note his journeys' length only by counting his footsteps.

After his return to Europe Schweinfurth gave all his valuable material to museums in Berlin. Soon he was summoned again to Africa by the Khedive of Egypt, and there stayed several years, exploring the deserts between the Nile and the Red Sea. When the English bombarded Alexandria in the fight against Arabi Pasha, Schweinfurth had a narrow escape from the mob that terrorised the city.

Dr. Schweinfurth is rather a student than an explorer, and his writings will interest those who wish to know the everyday life of Africa and to acquire an acquaintance with its natural objects. As has already been said, his early explorations, though valuable in every way, were so prudently conducted as to lack many adventures into which a less cool-headed explorer would have stumbled.

In later years he has again visited northeastern Africa upon botanical researches.

Lieutenant Cameron

If space permitted it would be only fair to give many pages to certain famous explorers who must here be no more than named. Africa in recent years has been the field in which so many brave men have accomplished wonderful explorations that their books would fill a library. We must pick and choose, not claiming to do justice by giving space in proportion to merit.

Whoever will read in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the article "Africa," and note the multitude of names given even in so general a survey, written over twenty years ago, before the great expeditions of Stanley and his successors, will be content to find that in this volume only a few typical explorers are noticed with fulness.

Cameron, born in 1844, entering Africa from Zanzibar, crossed the continent to the west coast, completing the work of Burton and Speke and Livingstone in this belt. He had entered the British navy at the age of thirteen, and his first visit to Africa was a cruise along the east coast to suppress the slave trade. This experience taught him that slavery must be attacked in the interior. A study of the works of Burton and Speke and Livingstone led Cameron to offer his services in the search for Livingstone during the unexplained silence of the explorer. Furthermore, reports that Arab

merchants had reached the west coast from Zanzibar excited the naval officer's ambition to accomplish the same feat.

Stanley's return after his meeting with Livingstone prevented a great search expedition in which Cameron hoped to take part; but in 1872 the money collected for that purpose was devoted to another expedition meant to join Livingstone and aid his researches.

Cameron was placed in command, and was assisted by his messmate, Dr. Dillon, a naval surgeon, Lieutenant Murphy, and others who joined later, including Robert Moffat, Livingstone's nephew. In February, 1873, they sailed from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo, and thence marched inward, in separate divisions; Cameron and Dillon in command of the first. Murphy and Moffat following.

Joined by other caravans, they went over the regular trade route to the interior, swindled by demands for *mhongo*—that is, toll—by every petty chieftain, and continually halting to collect provisions because of warnings that the country was "hungry." Once Dr. Dillon tried to amuse the leader of an Arab caravan by playing card tricks, on a rainy day, and to his great surprise found the Arab was better at this amusement than himself.

Crossing the Makata River, the donkeys were pushed from a high bank, and towed across by a dozen men running with a rope on the opposite bank. This drew the donkey under water, where he

remained until he reached the other side. Dr. Dillon, wet to the skin in crossing the stream, suffered a severe attack of fever as a result. The natives at Rehenneko, a small village, were notable for wearing necklaces, or disks, of coiled brass wire, two feet in diameter, reminding Cameron of "John the Baptist's head on a charger." Dillon's sickness continuing for three weeks, Cameron being disabled by an abscess on his instep, and their carriers being mutinous, a long stay became necessary.

Murphy now came riding up with the second part of the expedition, and reported the death of Moffat from fever. "Poor boy," writes Cameron, "he came to Bagamoyo so full of hope, and told me that the day he received permission to join the expedition was the happiest of his life."

Murphy also was so disabled by fever that he had to be carried in a litter, which required four men at a time. But May 30, 1873, the party went on—about 250 men in all—the bearers squabbling for the "most dignified" loads: the tent-carriers ranking first, bearers of wire, cloth, and beads next, and so on. They camped on slopes "steep as the roof of a house," passed gigantic trees 140 feet high and 15 feet in diameter, and had trouble with some natives owing to the killing of a villager by an accidental gunshot, for which three loads of cloth were paid in reparation. Three more parties here joined the expedition—Arabs and natives travelling for purposes of trade—making the whole

caravan 500 strong. They marched onward over two long tracts where there was no water, and met warlike parties of Wadirigo, a naked nation of robbers who carry great shields within which are fastened a heavy spear for hand-to-hand fighting, and a bunch of small throwing lances. These they can throw 150 feet with force and accuracy. The Wadirigo terrorised the more peaceful tribes about them, but were well disposed toward so strong a caravan.

They came now to the Ugogo country, where the natives were reputed to be brave and quarrelsome, but the explorers found them, on the contrary, to be cowardly. Here they heard of an Arab who, with 900 men, some years before had tried to fight his way through; the people of Ugogo had fled before him, but destroyed their wells, and carried everything eatable into the jungles. The Arab party lost 600 or 700 men by starvation and thirst. When Cameron arrived he found a chief celebrating the funeral of a sister, and "consequently every one was drunk." These natives pierce their ear-lobes, and carry all sorts of articles in them, using them as pockets; they dress their hair in the most fantastic shapes, and anoint themselves with rancid oil instead of washing.

With the usual incidents of African travel they marched on to Kanyenyé, where they found reigning the same chief whom Burton had met in 1857; he was reported to be three hundred years old and cutting a fourth set of teeth, having lived on native

wine since losing his third set, seven years before. Cameron says this chief's grandchildren were "grey and grizzled," and believed him considerably over a hundred years of age. Owing to a fancy for a pair of "blue goggles," the headman who imposed the tax accepted the spectacles instead of 320 yards of cloth.

Here they received news of Livingstone for the second time during their journey, but later it was proved false.

As a justification for shortening the account of the journey, let us quote Cameron: "But I need not recapitulate the vexatious delays which occurred at the village of each of these petty tyrants through the drunkenness of themselves and their advisers." The most interesting passages of Cameron's journal tell of how workers of witchcraft are tied to a post, roasted in a circle of fire until they confess themselves guilty, and then are burned; how the bodies of dead chiefs, in one place, are carefully washed as part of the funeral ceremonies, of which Cameron remarks, "One is almost inclined to wonder that so unwonted a proceeding does not bring them to life;" and how a headman to whom pictures were shown always looked on the underside of the paper, and objected that the pictures showed only half of things.

They came now to Unyanyembé, a fairly civilised Arab settlement, and were hospitably cared for. Here the first lot of carriers were dismissed. Cameron found the inhabitants at war with a

native chief, Mirambo. The chief had been swindled by Arabs and denied justice. In retaliation he had considered their goods fair game, and a bloody, barbarous war resulted. Fever attacked Cameron, Dillon, and Murphy, rendering them helpless during most of their stay, which lasted four months. Among the visitors to Unyanyembé was a caravan from Mtesa, the Uganda chief, bringing a letter from Sir Samuel Baker to Dr. Livingstone, telling of Baker's troubles with Kamrasi. Another letter bore momentous tidings. It came October 20, 1873, and read thus:

> *"Sir: We have heared in the month of August that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyenyembe, and again and again lately we have heared your arrivel. Your father died by disease beyond the country of Bisa, but we have carried the corpse with us, 10 of our soldiers are lost, and some have died. Our hanger presses us to ask you some clothes to buy provision for our soldiers. And we should have an answer that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns, then send some powder. We have wrote these few word in the place of sultan or king Mbowra.*
>
> *"The Writer, Jacob Wainwright,*
>
> *"Dr. Livingstone Exped."*

It was supposed by Wainwright that Livingstone's son was the leader of the relief expedition.

Cameron at once sent supplies to Livingstone's faithful men, and despatched a messenger to the coast to carry news of Livingstone's death, which meant a complete change in the purposes of Cameron's journey.

After paying to Livingstone's body such honour as they could, a discussion was held as to their plans. Lieutenant Murphy decided to return to England, Cameron and Dillon to go on to Ujiji; but Dillon fell ill, and had to return toward the coast. So Cameron was left to go on alone. Soon after the separation of the parties Cameron was shocked by news that Dillon while in the delirium of fever had killed himself.

Starting early in November, 1873, Cameron made good progress and spent a rainy, miserable Christmas in his tent at Hisinéné, with six inches of water over the floor or ground inside. For his Christmas dinner he had saved a tin of soup, one of fish, and a plum-pudding. It was not a success, since a dog stole the fish, while his cook upset the soup, and spoiled the pudding. Along his route Cameron found that most villages could turn out about half their men armed with muskets, though in Burton's time a gun was a rarity even among the chiefs. The country was rich and full of game, but in a state of lawless confusion because of Mirambo's war with the Arabs.

Beside a liver the explorer saw the skeletons of a buffalo, lion, and crocodile, a sight which was explained by his men's story that the buffalo,

coming to drink, had been attacked by the lion, and that both were seized by a crocodile. The three had fought to the death upon the bank.

Through ruined villages, swampy streams, hostile natives, and fine forests; scared by buffalo, lost for want of guides, drenched by floods of tropical rain, and often unable to get food, the caravan came to the Sindi River and crossed it upon floating islands of matted vegetation, though Cameron says entire caravans have been lost in the attempt. In one village a headman brought his chief, a boy of eight, to see the white man. The little fellow was scared into floods of tears until Cameron showed him pictures, then at last departed happy with a few sheets of an old illustrated paper. Another village chief decided, after examining the explorer's feet and hands, that he had done little work and must therefore be an important personage at home. Here was found a curious mode of salutation:

> *"When two 'grandees' meet, the junior leans forward, bends his knees, and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, while the senior claps his hands six or seven times. They then change round, and the junior slaps himself first under the left armpit, and then under the right."*

This programme is modified for other social ranks, but Cameron says "the sound of patting and

clapping is almost unceasing."

After a fair amount of hardship, not the least being the mixing of the dough for the explorer's breakfast cakes with castor-oil, a mistake his cook made more than once, and the wearisome bargaining with the greedy chiefs, Cameron reached Lake Tanganyika, a little more than fifteen years after Burton's discovery. Here he was welcomed by Arab traders, and found many of Livingstone's papers, but suffered a wearisome delay in securing boats to complete the exploration of the unknown shores. An attack of fever, in which he "thought he was at least twenty people, all of whom were in pain, and each one had the same feeling as all the rest," was another difficulty; but at last he was afloat, with a cowardly crew of boatmen who put for the shore at every squall, and threw beads into the water at certain capes they believed inhabited by devils. One clever boatman "used his rifle as a boat-hook, holding it by the muzzle, and clawing at the gunwale of the boat with the hammer!"—and he *did* know it was loaded.

Early in May, 1874, Cameron found himself at the supposed outlet from the lake, a river called Lukuga, and he believed this to flow into the Lualaba, or Congo; but later explorers, Stanley and Thomson, could find no proof that it was more than a swampy extension of the lake itself. Leaving this "outlet," Cameron returned across the lake to Machachézi, and was delighted to receive a packet of letters a year old. An extract from his book will

show something of the African mail service:

> *"These letters had a curious escape. The caravan by which they were forwarded... was dispersed by a party of robbers, who afterwards attacked a stronger caravan, and were beaten off....On the body of one of the killed this packet of letters was found and brought on to me at Ujiji."*

Leaving Tanganyika, Cameron hoped to get boats at Nyangwé, an Arab settlement, and float down the Congo to the coast. The journey westward was quite as trying as those that preceded it, and the incidents of the days were of the same nature. A few unusual happenings may be noted at random. At Nyangwé Cameron found that the water of the Lualaba was at a much lower level than that of the Nile at Gondokoro, and asserted that it belonged to a different river system, which Stanley afterward proved. In August, 1874, the rich Arab Tipo-tipo ("Tippoo Tib"), of whom we shall hear again, arrived with a large party, and was of aid to Cameron in reaching the coast.

In the country of Urua the natives attacked them, thinking they were in league with a party of Portuguese slave stealers; and a two or three days' fight followed, which was finally ended by the friendly efforts of a woman they captured, and whom they convinced of their desire for peace. Soon after they reached the especial dominion of

Kasongo, king of Urua, and found him the most bloodthirsty wretch one can imagine, for he amused himself by ordering his subjects to have their ears, noses, arms, fingers, feet, etc., cut off for trivial offences, much after the style of King Mtesa. This villainous old wretch detained Cameron's party as long as he dared, begging from him whatever he could, and telling all possible lies to keep the white man from going onward.

When at length Cameron left in company with an Arab caravan, he found himself out of the frying-pan and in the fire, for these Portuguese were lying slavers, deceiving him in every way, besides being monsters of cruelty to the slaves they had taken by treachery and murder. Nevertheless, they kept on toward the westward, and so helped Cameron to his goal.

At Lake Dilolo a native told the white man this story of its origin. Once a poor old man came to a village and begged for food and shelter. He was denied, mocked, and pelted with mud by the children. One villager took pity on him, and fed him. In return the old man warned his host to flee from the place when he should hear a great storm coming. The storm broke out one night soon after, the one kind villager fled, and next morning a lake covered the site of the village. Sounds of village life can still be heard beneath its waters.

When within 125 miles of the coast Cameron found his men in such bad condition that he abandoned everything except about twenty pounds of

baggage, including his instruments and journals, and started with the strongest on a forced march, which, in November, 1875, brought him within sight of the sea. Cameron says:

> *"I ran down the slope, swinging my rifle round my head, which I believe was almost turned for very joy.... Coming towards us I saw a couple of hammocks with awnings, followed by three men carrying baskets; and, on meeting this party, a jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out, seized the baskets, and instantly opened a bottle to drink to the honour of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west!'"*

No one can read Cameron's travels without admiration and affection for the manly, gallant explorer who so bravely accomplished this magnificent journey. A more interesting story of African travel than his own account is hard to find.

Henry Stanley

[*Publisher's Note: The text was missing at the beginning of this chapter*.]
…boy was treated as a son, and finally adopted. But when this merchant died there was no will to provide for his adopted son, and John Rowlands, changing his name to that of his benefactor, became Henry Morton *Stanley*. Young Stanley went West, leading an adventurous life until 1861, when the Civil War began. Enlisting as a Confederate soldier, he was captured, and soon after became an ensign on a United States man-of-war. His first newspaper work was for a St. Louis paper; and then, going East, he was employed by the New York *Herald*, serving as a war correspondent and travelling special-writer. England having sent General Napier to punish King Theodore of Abyssinia, Stanley went with the expedition, saw the capture of Magdala, and was the first to report this victory and the suicide of the African king. Next he went to Spain, where the Carlists were fighting the government; and in 1869, when this insurrection was at an end, the bright and capable war correspondent received the telegram from Bennett.

In a brief interview Bennett laid out Stanley's work. Dr. Livingstone was to be found, whatever

the expedition would cost, and to be aided in whatever manner necessary.

"Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?" Stanley asked.

Bennett in answer said "No!" and then laid out the following work to be done first. Stanley was to go to the opening of the Suez Canal; then up the Nile; find out about Baker's expedition; describe whatever was interesting for tourists; write a practical guide for tourists to Lower Egypt; go to Jerusalem, where Captain Warren was making discoveries; visit Constantinople and find out about the trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan; visit the Crimea and its battlegrounds; go across the Caucasus to the Caspian, to find out about the Russian expedition to Khiva; go thence through Persia to India and Bagdad, writing up the Euphrates Valley Railway on the way. "*Then*, when you have come to India you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that he is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him, if alive."

One wonders how such an interview can have been misrepresented into a burning eagerness to find and help the missing explorer. Does it read so? The account is taken from Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," and certainly seems to show chiefly a burning eagerness for salable news, with Livingstone as one item.

After a full year of hard work upon these matters of prior moment, Stanley sailed from Bombay,

India, to Seychelles, engaging on shipboard William Farquhar for his expedition. Thence on an American whaler, Stanley, Farquhar, and a Christian Arab boy, Selim (who was to be interpreter), sailed to Zanzibar, arriving in January, 1871. Here another white man, named Shaw, was engaged, and the caravan was organized. It included many of Speke's black companions, two portable boats, twenty donkeys, a watch-dog, and two fine horses, presents to Stanley. In a month all was ready. Farquhar and Shaw were routed out of a groggery, both drunk, and the party started, well loaded down with cloth, beads, and wire with which to pay its way. Rows with Arab traders were the first troubles, quarrels between Shaw and Farquhar followed. The two horses died early in April, and Stanley, having buried one near a village, the chief came to demand two doti (four yards each) of cloth in satisfaction. Stanley objected, and settled the matter by ordering his men to dig up the horse, and leave it to taint the air; whereupon the chief withdrew. By April 3d ten men were sick, but Stanley urged them on, stopping only to recapture and flog a thievish deserter, or to refresh his men by a short rest at convenient villages. On their way they met a slave gang, chained but cheerful, and a caravan carrying 300 ivory tusks to the coast. From the Arab leader Stanley heard the first news of Livingstone, who had been met by the Arab at Ujiji, "just recovered from a long illness." The expedition next marched past a stone-walled

town of 1,000 houses named Simba-wenni; that is, "The Lion." It was ruled by the daughter of its founder, a slave-dealing chieftain as successful as he was wicked. Its inhabitants followed the caravan, Stanley says, as the rats followed the "Pied Piper," but were compelled by the sun's heat to return home. Within a few days the Sultana sent to their camp to demand tribute, but Stanley reminded her messengers that his advance guard, under Farquhar, had made payment already, to which she sent no answer, but waited a chance to make trouble. And the chance came.

Stanley's cook, caught stealing, was flogged, and ran away, thinking himself banished from the camp. He was called back, but did not come. Then the caravan moved on, leaving the cook's donkey and baggage behind. As he still did not return two men were sent back for him, and these fell into the hands of the woman ruler of Simba-wenni, and were imprisoned, while their guns were taken as tribute. An Arab sheikh who knew Stanley, coming to the town soon afterward, threatened the sultana with the white man's wrath, describing his terrible weapons, and secured the men's freedom, but she kept the guns.

The next obstacle was a terrible swamp at the Makata River, "soft as slush and tenacious as mortar," which so delayed them that in ten hours they advanced but six miles. Then all the baggage had to be carried across a shaky bridge, a task requiring five hours, and no sooner was it

deposited on the other side than torrents of rain fell, soaking everything as thoroughly as the river could have done; but this was the last of the rainy season, which, however, had been fatal to one of the carriers.

They were now beyond the swampy coast region, and entered higher ground. The caravan had been travelling in sections, and when Farquhar's party came up, it was found that he had recklessly wasted the goods entrusted to him, and had broken down his own health by laziness and overeating. Shaw was nearly as useless. Provoked by Shaw's insolence, Stanley at last knocked him down; and that night Shaw shot into Stanley's tent, trying to murder him. This Shaw explained was done "in a dream about a thief." Farquhar was now left behind, with provision for his comfort, and the party went on into the country of the Wagogo, the strong, warlike nation of whom Cameron tells. Their insolence drove Stanley beyond all patience, until he was compelled to use a whip upon them. Narrowly escaping actual hostilities, Stanley at length reached the region Unyanyembé, the largest Arab settlement in Central Africa.

Being kindly received by the Arabs, Stanley joined them in a raid against Mirambo, capturing a village. Later engagements resulted in the defeat of the Arabs, and Mirambo attacked and burned part of Tabora, their chief settlement. While in Unyanyembé Stanley met a lazy caravan that had been sent from Zanzibar with letters for

Livingstone, and he took charge of the letters. He also learned that Farquhar had died, the inevitable result of his drunkenness and gluttony.

While Mirambo was threatening an attack Stanley had to remain in readiness for a siege, and thus lost two or three months, during which his men were kept busy stringing beads. An Arab here gave Stanley a slave-boy, who from the brightness of his eyes was christened "Kalulu"—that is, "antelope"—and became Stanley's gun-bearer.

At last Mirambo was defeated in an attack on a fortified settlement, and ran away. This left Stanley free to resume his march, but compelled him to choose a more southern route to avoid the chief's hostile people. The caravan again took the road, repeating its usual programme of paying tribute, buying provisions, marching, and fever. Shaw gave out, and begged to be sent back to Unyanyembé; so, warning him that he would die there, Stanley consented. A mutiny broke out, and Stanley, at the muzzle of his rifle, compelled its leaders to drop their guns just when they were on the point of murdering him. Early in November they met a native caravan from Ujiji, and learned of a white man there, who was sick and deserted by his carriers. Being not far from Ujiji, Stanley urged his men forward, but was detained by a warlike tribe which barred his way demanding heavy tribute. After a consultation with his men Stanley resolved to go around this village by taking to the jungle and marching by night in deep silence. One of the

women with the caravan had to be flogged and gagged by Stanley to keep her from hysterical shrieking, but they circumvented the greedy chieftain, and reached Ujiji on the 16th of November, 1871.

From the crowd that welcomed them Stanley heard the English greeting, "Good-morning, sir," and met one of Livingstone's servants. Then followed the interview familiar to every one. Walking deliberately to him, Stanley took off his hat, and said: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," Livingstone said, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

Livingstone answered: "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

Then the old and the young explorers began an eager exchange of news, Stanley telling what had happened in the outside world—the opening of the Suez Canal, the election of Grant as President of the United States, the dethroning of Isabella of Spain, the humbling of Napoleon III by Prussia, the completion of the Pacific Railroad. Livingstone in return told of his explorations and discoveries, his misfortunes, illness, and poverty.

Stanley remained at Ujiji with Livingstone from November 10th to December 27th, and the two explored in company Lake Tanganyika's northern half, finding that the River Rusizi flowed *into* the lake, instead of being its outlet. During this boat

journey the mild methods of Livingstone were brought into sharp contrast with the more forceful ways of the younger explorer, and Stanley's admiration and reverence for the doctor increased daily. The alert correspondent, eager only to interview a notable explorer and withdraw, became imbued with the old missionary's spirit; and Stanley the newspaper man was changed as by a magic touch into Stanley the successor to Livingstone's great mission—the opening of Africa.

Then Stanley and Livingstone left Ujiji for Unyanyembé, Livingstone making the trip in order to meet stores sent from England. Stanley led the way, and so planned the route as to avoid the extortionate demands for tribute; but being compelled to go through the jungle, they sometimes found it hard to get food. Stanley shot at several giraffes, but his lead bullets would not go through their tough hides, until, by Livingstone's advice, he melted his zinc canteen, and made bullets partly of zinc. Angry bees once stampeded the whole caravan, so that it ran half a mile or more at full speed. At another time, meeting lions in daylight, Stanley tried to shoot one, and was disgusted when it ran away. "From that moment," he writes, "I ceased to regard him as the mightiest among the brutes, or his roar as anything more fearful in the broad daylight than a sucking dove's."

Arriving safely at Unyanyembé, they found letters and newspapers which told them of the terrible deeds of the Paris Commune, and

Livingstone received supplies of which he was in sore need. Most of the Arabs were absent from their towns, besieging the chief Mirambo, but Stanley was able to make the old explorer comfortable, and to supply him with a new equipment for his return to the interior to study out the sources of the Nile.

In March, 1872, Stanley began his return to Zanzibar, and Livingstone, after going one day's march with his rescuer, turned back to die in his work of exploration.

Although not without minor adventures, Stanley's journey to the coast does not need detailed description. His main difficulty was in crossing the swampy Makata River, where the carriers had to swim and to carry the baggage on a framework of poles. Stanley's anxiety over Livingstone's journal, which the doctor had entrusted to him, at one time caused him to threaten to shoot a young native who carried the precious burden and seemed likely to drop it in the river.

When they reached Zanzibar Stanley found the members of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition" about to set out, Livingstone's son being among them. He also found that in the thirteen months of the search his hair had turned grey, and he had changed so that he was not recognised.

Stanley arrived in England late in July, 1872, and after a little natural jealousy that an American should have been the means of finding and relieving Livingstone, he was honoured according

to his merits. The Geographical Society voted him its medal, and Queen Victoria sent him a diamond-decorated snuff-box, according to the well-honoured custom handed down from past generations.

Stanley's Explorations of the Lake Region

Within a little more than two years Stanley was again in Zanzibar, engaged by the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph* to complete the work of David Livingstone. He had been meanwhile acting as correspondent to report the campaign of General Wolseley against the Ashanti tribe in West Africa; and on his return to England in 1874, he learned of Livingstone's death, and was one of the pall-bearers when the body of his friend was laid in Westminster Abbey. To complete the unfinished tasks of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant, Stanley left England in August, 1874, and was ready to march toward the interior from Bagamoyo about the middle of November, at the head of a caravan numbering over 300 men. His white companions were John and Edward Pocock, brothers, and Frederick Barker. A boat forty feet long, named the "Lady Alice," was carried in sections.

Having learned wisdom by experience, Stanley avoided many of the troubles of his earlier expedition, and, going by his old route, made a successful journey half-way to Ujiji without other mishap than the death of Edward Pocock from illness, and one pitched battle with a native tribe, which cost the expedition over two dozen lives. Then, striking northward, he came to Victoria

Nyanza at the end of February, 1875. The rapacity of a chief named Kaduma made living so expensive that the "Lady Alice" was speedily launched and volunteers called for to sail around the lake. Kaduma so scared Stanley's men by stories of cannibal tribes, fierce dogs, and tailed natives, that it was only by imperative orders that eleven boatmen were made to embark. The voyagers were attacked several times by dwellers along the shores, but in most cases the discharge of firearms put the enemy to flight. One tribe, however, after running away, renewed the attack with spears; whereupon Stanley fired and killed five or six, which drove them to shelter.

Reaching a village named Kerudo, they received a messenger from Mtesa, king of Uganda, the region north of Victoria Nyanza, the same whom Speke had visited. This man, Magassa, commanding a fleet of six canoes containing 130 men, said the king's mother had been warned of the white man's coming, in a dream, and invited the caravan to visit the king. Stanley accepted the invitation, and was received in truly royal state by the most powerful monarch in Central Africa. At the head of thousands of white-robed warriors, surrounded by courtiers and officers, Mtesa received Stanley with so much dignity and goodwill that Stanley considered him a monarch who might "make the civilisation of Equatorial Africa feasible."

Mtesa had become a Moslem, and undoubtedly

had changed for the better; but the change was recent, for only a year before this same Mtesa had handsomely celebrated the arrival of Colonel Long, a friend of "Chinese Gordon," by a slaughter of thirty victims. This Colonel Long had ridden on horseback from Gondokoro, and as the horse was an unknown animal in Uganda, was taken for a sort of centaur until he dismounted.

Mtesa entertained Stanley with a sham naval battle in which 40 canoes were engaged and 1,200 men; and then at Mtesa's request Stanley shot at a young crocodile, nearly cutting off its head at 100 yards. A week's visit with the king so increased Stanley's regard for him that letters were sent to the coast appealing for a mission to complete Mtesa's conversion to Christianity, which Stanley believed he had begun.

While at Mtesa's court Stanley met a French traveller, Colonel de Bellefonde, who had come from Cairo; and the fact that both white men, strangers to each other, and from different lands, told the same stories of their religious faith seemed miraculous to the African king. The Frenchman was amazed to meet Stanley, and at first believed him to be Lieutenant Cameron, who was just then far westward near the Congo River.

Thirty of the king's canoes accompanied the explorers for fifty miles, but Magassa, who was in command, proved a nuisance, and Stanley dismissed the whole escort, and proceeded alone along the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza.

The natives were warlike, and threatened mischief, so the voyagers did not land until compelled by lack of provisions; and then, though received with apparent goodwill, no sooner were the canoes within reach than the black warriors seized them and drew them ashore. A time of peril followed, the natives surrounding them with lifted clubs and spears. A meeting was held and much wild speech-making indulged in, while the travellers sat with their weapons ready for instant service. At length a long line of warriors was seen advancing in battle array, and Stanley determined to make a dash for freedom. "With a rush the boat was slid into the lake, and pushed off. A battle followed, in which many natives were killed, but they retreated only after Stanley had sunk two of their canoes with his explosive bullets, and had with a single shot killed a hippopotamus or two that, excited by the noise, joined with the other native forces in the attack on the "Lady Alice."

Though they had beaten off their enemies, the exploring party had procured no food, and the twelve men, exhausted by many hours of fasting, passed a stormy night with no other food than four bananas, being compelled to bail the boat constantly to keep her afloat. When the storm was over they built a fire by burning one of the seats of the boat, made coffee, and rested afloat till morning. Next day they reached "Refuge" Island, shot some ducks, and were soon able to complete the last stage of their trip around the lake, a distance

of 1,000 miles.

At the camp of the expedition they were received with joy, but learned with grief that the Englishman Barker and six of the negroes had died during their absence.

The next object of the expedition was to explore the country toward Albert Nyanza, the region of Baker's discovery. Out of more than twenty canoes in which they embarked, five sank during the first night, and their occupants were rescued only by desperate daring. During one encampment fifty-three of the men got drunk on *pombé* (native beer) and engaged in a free fight, during which one man was killed, but soon they arrived at the island they had named Refuge Island, and celebrated the event by a grand moonlight dance.

When the expedition approached the Bumbireh Islands, a body of over 2,000 natives refused to listen to friendly advances, and were taught the power of firearms in a pitched battle. Thereafter no resistance was offered. Leaving most of his men in camp at Dumo, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, Stanley went again to visit Mtesa, whom he found setting out on a foray against another tribe. Stanley's object was to secure guides and an escort to the Albert Nyanza; but Mtesa refused all aid until the war was over, and so Stanley, as war correspondent, resolved to accompany Mtesa's forces and report the campaign.

The enemy, skilful sailors, were on an island, and Mtesa's army, unused to warfare on water,

encamped on a cape near by. After a disastrous naval skirmish the African king begged for Stanley's advice, and was told to build a causeway of stone from the mainland to the island. While this work was under way, a number of Mtesa's men were sent to propose peace, and were promptly butchered and thrown into the lake. Meanwhile Mtesa was discussing with his white visitor European science and Christian theology. Parts of the New Testament were translated into the native tongue, and read to the king, who soon declared a wish to give up his Islamism and to choose Christianity.

At length over 200 canoes set out for the island, while Mtesa with his army, his band, and his magicians watched from the shore, assisting the navy by applause, witchcraft, and hideous noises. But the enemies' canoes made a gallant charge, and drove the invaders back, whereupon Mtesa made a speech abusing his men for cowardice, and threatening to roast all who were cowardly over a slow fire. A second attack, aided by two howitzers and musketmen posted on the half-completed causeway, resulted in sinking many of the defenders' canoes; but instead of advancing, Mtesa's men at once retired to rejoice over the victory.

These tactics were followed in a number of attacks, but no progress was made toward conquering the islanders, and Mtesa's powder gave out. He applied to Stanley for more, but it was sternly refused. Mtesa had captured one of the

islanders' chiefs, and decided to burn him alive, but upon the intercession of Stanley the chief was forgiven. Then Stanley decided to help Mtesa in the war, and to conquer the island without bloodshed. This he accomplished by building a great floating fortress that carried 214 men, and was propelled by hidden paddlers. When near the island a voice from within threatened to "blow them all up."

Believing this strange phenomenon to be a spirit, the islanders surrendered, sent tribute—and the war was over.

Stanley Crosses the Continent

After the interesting visit in Uganda, Stanley, recalling to Mtesa his promise, received from him some 2,000 men as escort to Lake Muta Nzigé. On the eve of his departure, the explorer, in an earnest conversation with Mtesa, reviewed with him the grounds of the Christian faith, which Mtesa, an ardent admirer of white men, wished to adopt. But Stanley says: "Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal;" and he adds that "only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion to duty, and the paternal watchfulness of a sincerely pious pastor" could effect a real change in this sensual despot.

At Dumo Stanley rejoined the rest of his expedition, left three months before in charge of Frank Pocock, and at Langurivé and Kawanga came up with his Waganda guard under Sambuzi, who was the *kabaka* or acting emperor, an officer much overweighted by his new dignity.

It was now the 1st of November, 1875. Their march led through hostile Unyoro and Ankori, bringing them to the heights above Muta Nzigé early in January. Here the natives, roused to anger by the intrusion, declared war. Alarmed by their

threats, and daunted by the difficulty of the task before them, the lowering of their boats down a precipice, the Waganda, panic-stricken, prepared for flight. Neither warnings of the emperor's vengeance nor the large bribe offered by Stanley could turn their leader. Foreseeing that he would be helpless in a hostile country, if left with only the 180 men of the expedition, Stanley, angry and disappointed, turned back also. According to Uganda custom, Sambuzi—family, house, and lands—was "eaten up" joyously by Saruti, who by Mtesa's order replaced the disgraced leader. Stanley declined the second and much larger escort offered by Mtesa, and pushed on to Lake Tanganyika, pausing at the Arab depot of Kafurro, high above Lake Windermere.

Several of the chieftains encountered during their journey to Ujiji are worthy of mention: the gentle-voiced, intelligent giant, Rumanika, president of "the Geographical Society of Karagwe," and proud director of an African museum. A second notable chief was Mirambo, in preparation for whose visit the criers called: "Listen, O men of Serombo! Mirambo, the brother of Ndega, cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Send your women to dig potatoes, dig potatoes. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes, potatoes, dig potatoes, to-morrow!" This certainly sounds mild, yet the chief thus heralded was the terror of a region covering 90,000 miles. He is named the "Mars of Africa," and Stanley

found him "a thorough African gentleman in appearance." He said of the explorer, smilingly: "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend." They performed the ceremony of blood-brotherhood together, exchanged presents, and parted on the best of terms.

A third worthy of mention was Myonga, "the same valorous chief who robbed Colonel Grant as he was hurrying with an undisciplined caravan after Speke." He demanded "twenty-five cloths, a gun, and five fundo of beads" from Stanley, and the same from his Arab companions, but received only two cloths and a telling hint as to the state of the expedition's guns.

Another extortioner drew from Stanley's men the following tribute: "The white people know everything. They are better than the black people in heart. We have abundance to eat, plenty to wear, and silver for ourselves. All we give to the white man is our strength. We carry his goods for him, and he bestows a father's care on his black children. Let Ungomirwa make friends with the white man, and do as he says." Whether moved by these words or not, Ungomirwa restored to an Arab trader goods taken from him a few days before, made presents to the white man, and boasted of his new friends to his wild Watuta visitors, the Ishmaelites of Equatorial Africa.

About the end of May the expedition reached Ujiji, little changed since 1871, but robbed now of its interest, for "the grand old hero, whose

presence once filled the place," was gone.

Before entering the region of Tanganyika, Stanley had finished satisfactorily one part of his task, the exploration of the southern sources of the Nile, and had sailed completely around the Victoria Nyanza, proving that it was a single lake, and giving to Speke "the full glory of having discovered the largest inland sea on the Continent of Africa."

The expedition reached Ujiji at the end of May, 1870, and during the short time spent there the leaders enjoyed to the full the hospitality of the governor, and of a wealthy Arab trader, Mohammed bin Gharib, delicately expressed in presents of "such luxuries as sweet-meats, wheaten bread, rice, and milk." Much to their disappointment, no letters awaited them, though the governor of Unyanyembé had had over twelve months' time in which to earn the "noble reward" promised him by Stanley if he would forward the mails. "Trustworthy" messengers sent back to Unyanyembé to perform this service made the journey within fifteen days, "but from some cause they never returned to the expedition."

The "Lady Alice" was made ready again, and on June 11th, escorted by a lumbering canoe borrowed from the governor, started south with her master and picked men, to circumnavigate the lake, the particular object of the expedition being to discover the outlet of this great body of water. The voyage occupied fifty-one days, and seems to have given the party pleasure. Stanley revisited

with reverence the scenes of his life with Livingstone, enjoyed some good hunting, the scientific work, and the beautiful mountain scenery, especially the strange, natural rock towers called the "High Places" of the spirit Mtomba.

One ghastly experience is recorded. As they approached Kiwesa, a large village near the shore, the unusual, deathly silence, and the sight of household articles strewn along the path, caused alarm. Suspecting a trap laid for them, the party retreated to the boats for their arms. Climbing back to the village, "we saw," Stanley says, "a sight which froze the blood—first one dead body, then another, the defences broken down and burnt, all but about fifty huts destroyed, all the articles that constitute the furniture of African families scattered around. A coal-black cat was the only living creature met with in this desolate place. Before the chief's house was the usual supply of bleached skulls, showing that he did not himself fail to proceed to the same extremes which his enemies had now adopted to his utter ruin."

Stanley found the lake to be in length 329 geographical miles, in width from 10 to 45, averaging about 38; in depth, in mid-lake, it was beyond his power to sound. As he had surmised, after hearing the legends current among the natives to explain the steady rise of the water, the lake had for the time no outlet. There was evidence that the northern portion was of later formation, which, subsiding through the action of some great

earthquake, had received, as in a bowl, the waters of the southern portion. Its outlet, the Lukuga, became the channel for streams pouring into this new reservoir, but after working his way for some distance up the cane-choked bed of the former river, Stanley was convinced that soon "the accumulated waters of over a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap...down the steep incline to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone (Congo) River."

The expedition returned to find Ujiji scourged with smallpox. Five of their party were dead, six others seriously ill, but Pocock, though a pale and sickly convalescent, was held high in regard by the community for his devotion and sympathy during the epidemic. Here also Stanley himself was attacked by a serious fever.

However, in spite of delays, the leader by the end of August was again ready to start. But now his people, "demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals," began to desert. Forty-one out of 170 left him (among them the boy Kalulu, whom Stanley had curried with him to England and the United States, and partly educated), but by prompt arrests nearly all were brought back.

Early in September the party crossed the lake to Mtowa Uguha, and began in earnest the long journey of more than 2,000 miles to the coast. From this point on the story is one of repeated disasters.

There was first a land journey of nearly 500 miles to Rukombeh's crossing on the Livingstone River; and though the party found themselves only too soon among fierce enemies, the natives first met with were of a mild type, so amiable yet so hideous that Stanley pauses in his story to give us some idea of their appearance and their life. "As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly, uglier, ugliest." But while he "studied their nude and filthy bodies," the "hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat-horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle," and at "the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper"; smelling the strange smell of their bodies, and trying hard to conceive them human, they in their turn were loudly commenting on his appearance with "long-drawn, ejaculations of 'Wa-a-a-antu!' ('men'), 'Eha-a, and these are men!'"

West of Tanganyika the head-dress becomes a matter of vast importance to the native. Only a traveller's photographs can give a proper idea of the amount of ingenuity expended upon designs in curly wool, dried mud, boards, etc. In reading of the care taken to preserve these coiffures, one recalls the court belles of the time of Queen Anne.

At the border of cannibal land Stanley secured temporary support from the Arab trader, Tippu Tib, and from his people, gratuitously, a generous supply of alarming stories of the tribes ahead, the

choicest being those concerning the dwarfs in the deep forests of Usongora Meno. Undaunted, the leader pressed on, taking the northern route which skirts the Lualaba branch of the great river.

In the black, chill forest beyond Nyagwé, the western outpost of the Zanzibar traders, their troubles began anew. At times they could advance but six miles and a half in twenty-four hours, and then must halt a day "to recruit their exhausted strength." After about three weeks of this tedious work Stanley determined to take to the river. Canoes were secured as indemnity after a fight at Vinya-Njara, and late in December the expedition, 149 souls, embarked in twenty-three boats, the people sobbing as they bade farewell to Tippu Tib and his men and turned down stream.

Before the middle of March the little band had fought thirty-two times with the savages. Sandwiched in between fierce neighbours there were peaceable tribes, who would heed the repeated cries of "Sennenné! Sennenné!" (Peace! Peace!), seal friendship in blood-brotherhood, and barter food for cloths, beads, etc.; but the routine was war. The little fleet learned to expect the sound of the war-drums and horns as they came in sight of a village, the wild cries, the rush of attacking canoes—monster ones of eighty-five feet, or "waspish" little ones, full of shouting, dancing savages—the shower of spears and arrows.

Stanley's people learned to line up for action promptly. The "Lady Alice" "moves up to the front,

and takes position fifty yards above. The shields (taken from the enemy in one of the early combats) are next lifted by the noncombatants, men, women, and children, in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these the muskets and rifles are aimed." The commander adds amusingly: "Had I not been able to ascertain the names of these tribes, I should certainly have been justified in stating that after the 'Ooh-hu-hus' we encountered the 'Bo-bo-bos,' and after a dire experience with the fierce 'Bo-bo-bos' we met the terrible 'Yaha-ha-ha.' Any traveller who should succeed me would be certain to remark upon the fidelity of the novel classification."

For the first part of their voyage the river was their friend, though it flowed north for many days with discouraging persistence. It is broad, quiet, beautiful, studded with islands under whose friendly shelter the harassed explorers could occasionally enjoy a brief spell of peace.

On the 12th of March the party reached the wide expanse of Stanley Pool, beyond which, though the tribes, "tamed by trade, no longer resisted their advance," a more dangerous enemy was found in the "furious river rushing down a steep bed obstructed by reefs of lava, projected barriers of rock, lines of immense boulders, winding in crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids."

This is an example of the work done. At the

Inkisi Falls a path was made by which to haul the canoes "up 1,200 feet of a steep slope," over three miles of ground, and down 1,200 feet into the river again. The progress was so slow that at one period only *three miles* were covered in *thirty days*, so that one need not wonder that it took till August 9, 1877, to reach Boma, near the mouth of the river, the party entering the town on the 999th day from the date of their departure from Zanzibar.

The expedition numbered now but 115 wretched people, "in a state of imminent starvation." Many had been lost in the river, among them Kalulu and Frank Pocock; some had deserted, and some had been left as slaves to those from whom they had stolen food, no sufficient ransom being in the hands of the commander.

A relief caravan from Boma reached the travellers on August 6th, in answer to Stanley's appeal sent forward by his two best men; and "while the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious loud-swelling chant of triumph and success" which fittingly summarises their achievements. "The bard, extemporising, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the 'hell of hunger.' And at

the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus:

"'Then sing, O friends, sing, the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea.'"

Several of the men died at the coast from the effects of the journey, one saying, as he expired: "We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers. La il Allah, il Allah! There is no God but God." The survivors, refreshed in the coast towns, where Portuguese and English vied with one another in showing them attention, set sail late in September on Her Majesty's Ship "Industry." True to his promise, Stanley accompanied them back to Zanzibar, and remained to see them paid off, not forgetting even the three babies "ushered into the world amid the dismal and tragic scenes of the cataract lands."

"The master has been good to his children," his people said, and they let him go only after repeated demonstrations of their affection. Of them he writes: "For me, too, they are heroes, these poor, ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru, to the last staggering rush into Embomma [Boma], they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me."

Stanley's Expeditions to the Basin of the Congo, and to Rescue Emin Pacha

The great wealth and enormous population of interior Africa led to the International African Association, which sprang from a smaller society formed under the leadership of the King of the Belgians, to study the Upper Congo. In addressing the members of this society, Stanley pointed out the profitable exchange that might be made of European manufactures for ivory, rubber, gum, and other African products. The company having been organised, $100,000 was raised, and Stanley was sent to carry out his plan of establishing mercantile stations, steamboat routes, and roads. In January, 1879, he went to Zanzibar, thence by sea to the mouth of the Congo, and with a fleet of eight vessels began the up-stream journey. Near Boma one station was placed, and at Vivi a second, after a long negotiation with five chiefs of the neighbourhood. Then came the Livingstone Falls and other rapids and cataracts, extending over 200 miles, around which footpaths had to be enlarged to roads, boats drawn overland for miles through dense forests, rocks blasted, and great hills cut away.

Under Stanley's energetic leadership all obstacles were overcome or circumvented during

months of labour. By January, 1881, he had reached Isangila; and in another year the rapids and cataracts were passed, and Stanley Pool was reached, with a thousand miles of clear water ahead, since the elevated edge of the great central tableland had been left behind. Near Stanley Pool was established Leopoldville, an important station named for the King of the Belgians. Stanley's exploits in engineering gained from the Africans the name "Bula Matari," rock breaker.

In his work along the upper waters of the Congo, Stanley met the distinguished French explorer De Brazza, and found that the Frenchman had made many treaties with the natives, securing trading privileges of enormous value for his own nation. Although De Brazza and Stanley did not come into direct conflict of authority, the American explorer's work was hindered by misunderstandings among the native chiefs, and Stanley, who was suffering again from fever, returned to Vivi and thence to Europe in October, 1882. He had done better than his instructions, and had left behind him a secure route up the great river to the interior. His reports of the prospects for trade caused a great European rivalry to secure the benefits of business with Central Africa, and resulted, in 1885, in the creation of the Congo Free State under the guardianship of Belgium. After a short stay in Europe Stanley came back to Vivi, reorganised the parties he had left in Africa, and proceeded higher up the river, extending the work

for hundreds of miles, and coming here and there upon the scenes of desolation caused by the Arab slavers. Stanley Falls was reached in December, 1883, and the expedition returned then to Leopoldville, arriving in June, 1884.

The later history of this government and its 30,000,000 people does not fall within the scope of a book on general exploration, though much of its territory is not fully known.

Stanley had accomplished Livingstone's dream of opening Africa to Europe.

Of course there were scenes of danger and daring during Stanley's various expeditions to establish this great route; but they were not exactly the adventures of an explorer, and do not call for detailed treatment in a volume given primarily to the work of explorers in first opening unknown regions to civilisation.

Stanley's last expedition to Africa, like that for the opening of the Congo, was not in all respects an explorer's mission. His purposes in the second journey on the Congo were fulfilled by establishing a route to the interior, and did not look to the increase of geographical knowledge as its main object. Likewise, when Stanley was put in command of forces to "relieve and rescue Eduard Schnitzer, 'Emin Pacha,'" his instructions were not consistent with exploring work, and, exciting as the adventures of the expedition proved, they must not be described here to the crowding out of journeys of genuine exploration. Only the briefest

summary can be given, enough to complete the account of Stanley's travels in Africa.

After Sir Samuel Baker had subdued the Soudan, and began the task of governing, he was succeeded by Chinese Gordon, and Gordon appointed Emin Pacha to high office in the Equatorial Province. Emin Pacha had proved an excellent official, governing wisely and economically, suppressing the slave trade, and becoming popular with his people.

In 1881, however, the Mahdist insurrection began. The Mohammedans reconquered the territory Baker had won, took Khartum, killed Gordon, and though Emin's province was still held by him, the Mahdists were between him and all communication with Egypt. In 1886 letters came from Emin pointing out the difficulties of his position, since the Soudan had been abandoned to the Mohammedans, and the way to Zanzibar was long, toilsome, and dangerous.

A relief expedition was subscribed for, and Stanley, serving without pay, was put in command. The Nile route was closed by the Mahdists; and in the region between Zanzibar and Emin's province wars were raging among various tribes. It was therefore decided to go up the Congo to the Aruwimi, and then follow that river to the region of the great lakes. Emin was probably somewhere on the Nile, not far northward from the Albert Nyanza, since the last news, from one of his lieutenants, Dr. Junker, placed him at Wadelai.

Stanley estimated that the journey might be made in less than 120 days.

But although the mouth of the Congo was reached on March 18, 1887, and the Aruwimi on June 16th, after Stanley had gone onward, leaving part of the expedition at Yambuya under command of Major Bartellot, nothing more was heard of him for fifteen months. From this "rear column" to the lake where Stanley hoped to meet Emin was believed to be about two months' journey, and yet 450 days went by without news of the expedition. During this year and a quarter the Stanley party were fighting their way through the knotted undergrowth of tropical forests, attacked by natives who believed them slave traders, travelling up the Aruwimi River, hauling their boat past cataracts and rapids, and all the way marking the route so the rear column might follow.

Many of Stanley's men were shot with poisoned arrows, and died in a few days; some deserted, some sold their ammunition and rifles, others stole whatever they could from the baggage—all were more or less demoralised by hunger and despair. Among their fiercest foes were a race of dwarfs who shot showers of poisoned arrows from ambuscades. With these and other natives Stanley's men fought thirty battles, and only their rifles saved them from extinction.

At last the forests were ended, and on December 5th, "after 160 days of continuous gloom," the expedition reached the grass-land, and

plucked up heart again; but even here the fighting continued, two battles being fought a few days later.

Upon reaching the Albert Nyanza there came no news of Emin even after two weeks' stay; so Stanley built a fortress at some distance from the lake, and sent back for the rest of his forces, and for the boat, which had been left at a station on the way in command of two officers. Out of thirty-eight sick men left behind only eleven came to join the forward column, the rest having died or deserted. Then, once more advancing to the Albert Nyanza, they sighted one of Emin's steamers, and at the end of April, 1888, Emin Pacha and Stanley met on the shore of the lake.

But Emin Pacha, though thankful to Stanley for the ammunition and supplies, made many objections to returning with him, since there were about 10,000 men, women, and children to be taken out of the country if it were to be abandoned to the Mahdists.

In order to give Emin plenty of time to make up his mind, Stanley went to see what had become of his rear column at Yambuya. Here he found affairs as bad as they well could be. Out of five officers he had left in charge only one remained. Out of 257 men only 71 were yet alive, and "these mostly were scarecrows." Stanley says "the record is only of disaster, desertion, and death." The question of who was to blame—whether Stanley or his lieutenants—was bitterly disputed between them,

and the less said about it now the better.

When Stanley returned to Albert Nyanza, after eight months' absence, he found that the Mahdists had invaded Emin's province, and that Emin and Mr. Jephson (one of Stanley's lieutenants), after having been prisoners in the hands of Emin's rebellious troops, had been brought south to Wadelai because of the advance of the Mahdists, who had sent back to Khartum for reenforcements.

Then Stanley told Emin to "come or stay," once for all and at once. Emin joined him, after a few more delays, during which Stanley amused himself by hunting. He and his party killed 21 antelopes, 5 buffaloes, 13 springboks, 3 zebras, and an elephant.

Then the march homeward began, and it would require a volume to record the experiences of the caravan—their attempts to climb a lofty, snow-topped mountain then first discovered, the Ruwenzori; their discovery of Albert Edward Nyanza, another link in the Nile sources, and of a great lake of brine; their sufferings with fever; their meetings with tribes before unknown; their sufferings from heat and from cold; their skirmishes with hostile parties, and their struggles with swamps and rivers.

They came at last to Bagamoyo, and a grand feast took place, after which Emin fell from a balcony and was so severely injured that for four weeks he lay between life and death, but at length recovered.

After his return to civilisation, Stanley went upon lecturing tours for a short time, and published "In Darkest Africa," as a record of his journey. In 1890 he was married to Miss Dorothy Tennant in Westminster Abbey, and in 1895, having previously been naturalised a British subject, entered Parliament. In 1899 he became Sir Henry Stanley, G.C.B.

Stanley has been severely criticised, but his record as an explorer entitles him to rank at least next to Livingstone.

After he had opened the Congo, the interior of Africa was no longer a land of mystery. European civilisation has followed in his footsteps, and telegraph lines and railways are now invading the interior from the north, the south, and the east.

Joseph Thomson's Expedition to the Central Lakes

Joseph Thomson was surely "of our own times," being born at Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1858, and dying at thirty-seven years of age. Yet Sanderson, in his recent book, "Africa in the Nineteenth Century," ranks Thomson next to Livingstone, justifying this view by comparing "his achievements with his slender means." He was "aided by little more than his stout heart, his devotion to his task, his thirst for knowledge, his zeal for the good of his fellowmen." Having studied geology and botany at Edinburgh University, he was appointed at twenty years of age to go as geologist and naturalist with Keith Johnston, Jr., who commanded an expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society to find a route to Nyassa Lake in East Africa, and to explore between that lake and Tanganyika. No other white man was with them, and when, little more than a month's journey from the coast, Johnston died of fever, Thomson was left with the whole responsibility of the expedition.

How well the young Scotchman accomplished his task may be gathered from a few words of his preface:

"The expedition has been unique in many

ways. I have to record neither desertions, deaths (with one exception), plundering by the porters, battles, bloodshed, nor other disasters hitherto supposed to be inevitable adjuncts of African exploration."

After praising his own men highly he adds:

"Of the natives likewise I have, for the most part, nothing but good to say.... Almost everywhere I was received with genuine hospitality and friendship....Never had I occasion to fire a single shot at them."

After Johnston's death, Thomson says: "The question arose whether I should go forward, but it was soon disposed of. I felt I must go forward whatever might be my destiny. Was I not the countryman of Bruce, Park, Clapperton, Grant, Livingstone, and Cameron?"

Within a day or two after the burial of his chief, Thomson, though so weak he could hardly stand erect, and dizzy with fever, took command and set out at the head of his men. On the first day it was reported that the Mahenge, a "ferocious, slave-raiding tribe," were before them, and further progress was impossible; but, despising these rumours, on they marched until these enemies were met. Then, *unarmed*, Thomson went courageously forward to meet the hideously painted, well-armed savage band, and explained the

purpose of the expedition. Whereupon the fierce warriors told the white man that he might go on, and would be welcomed in their country. After travelling together for two days the parties separated.

Thomson's route led him past several villages that Burton had visited. He found many changes to note. Names of villages were different, and the characters of some tribes had greatly altered, while others had changed their homes, which shows how travellers may truthfully tell very different stories when speaking of the same regions.

While the Ruaha River was being crossed in their collapsible boat, the men were greatly amused by the sinking of the purposely over-loaded boat at every trip as soon as the dangerous part of the current was past. Within a few days Thomson's men unanimously refused to go on, saying they were ill and half-dead from exhaustion and needed a day's rest. He yielded, and went to bed in his tent, only to be awakened by a hideous uproar. Thomson came out to investigate, and discovered a grand dance in progress, while each of his "wornout" men "had acquired the agility of a dozen ballet dancers, and stamped and wriggled about like a madman."

Except for minor incidents the journey was not eventful, and perhaps a few of the happenings may be put down as specimens of the rest.

During his stay with the native tribes Thomson,

like other explorers, was regarded as a wonderful curiosity, and hundreds gathered about to see him, especially when eating. His attempts to carve a tough fowl once sent a whole tribe into convulsions of mirth. After leaving a village, a group of natives came to meet them with presents of rice and fowls, representing them as sent by a chief. Suitable gifts were made for this "chief," and the natives disappeared.

But these men were proved to be aboriginal "bunco" men, since no chief was ever found, and Thomson discovered he had been imposed upon by the untutored Africans. One of the porters being discovered in possession of beads like those in the loads, Thomson made some inquiries as to how he got them. At once the whole caravan threw down the loads, and clamoured to be dismissed, if they were to be accused of theft; whereupon Thomson promptly apologised, said he was "only a boy," and begged them to teach him how to travel with them. This aroused their loyalty, and all went merrily again. Another white man's party being soon after reported to be following them, a party including "a woman and four elephants," Thomson's men became wild with enthusiasm to hurry onward, "forming a procession round the village, firing guns...and thoroughly alarming the entire district."

Progress was rapid when the men were zealous. Soon the low-lying coast lands were passed, and they reached the elevated plateau of Central Africa, without losing a single carrier or one yard

of cloth during the march of 350 miles, a feat never before performed by any caravan," whether Arab or European."

Filled with pride and mountain air, Thomson says he advanced boldly to cross a swamp on a slippery tree. Suddenly he disappeared in liquid mud, was dragged out, scraped down, and "continued his march in a sloppy and bedraggled condition." He remarks: "The odour ascending from my clothes kept me in a more subdued frame of mind for the rest of the day."

Though the purer air seemed to bring out the poison of the lowlands, the inspiring mountain scenery and the cheery behaviour of the porters kept up Thomson's spirits; and except for suffering from the cold during a tempest of wind and rain, and some difficulty in obtaining food, the expedition was in fairly good condition. The young explorer warmly praises the cheerful resignation of his faithful followers under the minor misadventures of travel. Just after crossing the mountains a most irritating accident occurred. The hungry caravan bought a bullock at a high price, when, as their butcher tried to slay it, the bullock escaped and dashed down the mountainside. The men, at first dismayed, were flogged by Thomson to restore their good sense, and put off after their dinner. After three hours' chase it was caught and turned into steaks.

The next incident came from Thomson's chivalrous treatment of his men. He had tactfully given

them the idea that they were conducting *him* over the country, and were responsible for his safety. This put them on their mettle, and worked admirably. But when, to save their self-esteem, he abolished flogging and instituted fines instead, there was great discontent, which was not the less because of their suffering from the cold weather. Even Thomson wore an ulster, and the men had only cotton clothes.

When they mutinied, the white leader chased some of them out of camp with a rubber water-bottle, and these on their return persuaded nearly all the rest to go back to the coast. Next morning they started, and the young explorer had actually to run after them and yield to their demands, one of which was a promise to flog instead of fining. This promise he faithfully kept, using his leather belt as a convenient means of discipline.

A significant observation made by Thomson during this first journey was that animals in Africa are usually silent, owing to their dread of beasts of prey. He also notes that the mountaineers of Africa are the inferior races, while in other lands the opposite is true; this is explained by the supposition that in Africa the weaker races take to the hills for safety, having been forced away from the fertile plains.

When near Lake Nyassa Thomson left his men drinking native beer and went up into the mountains, hoping to see the water. Lingering too long, night overtook him, and he was startled by the roar

of a lion, which sent him, unarmed as he was, back to camp in a Hurry.

In the morning the expedition crossed a deep gorge, climbed up 3,000 feet, and then descended with painful precautions down a steep precipice into another gorge, so dangerous a descent that a single load escaping control might have swept every man to his death. As difficult an ascent followed, up another 3,000 feet, and then the lake was in view.

The first stage of the journey was done. With a wild rush Thomson dashed into the water, and he says: "I felt myself baptised an African traveller."

During the stay at the hike a strange native woman joined their party, anything but a beauty; and since to turn her adrift would simply cast her into slavery, Thomson gave her a yard of cotton, had the drum beaten to summon the caravan, and announced that some one must marry her. Amid much joking a volunteer was found, in spite of the smallness of her marriage portion, and the woman remained faithfully with the self-sacrificing husband until near the coast on the return journey, when she mysteriously disappeared. The husband made no search for her.

The next object the expedition had in view was Lake Tanganyika, but before this lake was reached they climbed the mountains again, waded through sandy shores, and floundered interminably in swamps. At length Thomson came to an earthly paradise, a neat, clean, picturesque village, filled

with innocent villagers who slept naked in the sun, amid a "perfect Arcadia," where bees hummed and birds sang and beetles droned.

A shout, and the village was awake, each warrior grasping his spear; but only to drop it in amazement at sight of a "Mzungu," or white man. A few friendly words, and Thomson and his men were made welcome, and feasted royally on bananas, sweet potatoes, yams, cassava, ground nuts, Indian corn, millet, beans, milk, and beef. All else was in keeping, and the people—the Wakinga—proved delightfully kind and friendly. They were so anxious to obtain cloth that in a short time Thomson's men were more naked than the villagers, through bartering their clothes for fruits. As the village seemed malarious, Thomson regretfully moved forward, along the Jumbaka River, and passed a conical volcanic hill in whose crater was a pond inhabited by hippopotami. This was additional evidence to prove that once "a line of volcanic activity" existed from Cape Town to Abyssinia. Reaching higher ground, Thomson became ill with feverish symptoms, and morbidly irritable, swearing until rebuked by his cook (a graduate of the Universities' Mission), who, he says, had been "taught where bad boys go to."

The next natives they saw fled at their approach; and it was not until they reached the land of the Wanyika that they came into close contact with another tribe. These were brave to impudence, and as filthy as the Wakinga were

clean. Thomson's tact and justice kept the peace. It was difficult to obtain any food except honey. This his men ate with relish, bees and all.

We must pass over the minor happenings of this part of the way, though there is no page of Thomson's writing without its charm, its bit of delightful humour or shrewd philosophy. The reader sees for himself why Thomson travelled swiftly, safely, and economically. In choosing incidents to repeat there is a continual embarrassment of riches, provided one is not seeking battle, murder, or sudden death.

In November, 1879, they reached the southern end of Tanganyika and celebrated the event with gun-shots, music, and dances. The roll was called on the lake-shore, and the whole 150 men replied. "Neither desertion nor death had deprived us of a single porter, an occurrence unique in the history of African travelling."

While at Pambeté on Tanganyika, Thomson had a narrow escape from a crocodile, and met a lay missionary named Stewart, with whom he held delightful converse. Stewart had followed Thomson, and arrived only a day later, bringing newspapers and news from civilisation. But the young Scotch explorer had now to determine his next step. His main work was done, and he might have returned with honour; but he preferred to go northward to Ujiji for two reasons: he would hear from home, and he might settle the question about Tanganyika's outlet, a question at issue between

Cameron and Stanley.

On the way Thomson met his first slave gang, a sight that made him tap his gun significantly and look unutterable things at the slave trader, who got "out of sight in a twinkling." When Thomson came to the Arab settlement Iendwe, he was made to tell his story to their leaders, and, he says, they "stroked their long beards, looked wonderingly at my embryo whiskers, and concluded that God was great and I was a 'Mzungu hodari sana' (a very strong and lucky white man)." They tried to frighten him from exploring the region west of Tanganyika, but he persisted; and, leaving all but thirty men, pushed forward for the Lukuga River.

On the way Thomson wandered alone into a village to seek shelter from a storm. The sight of his following caravan sent all the inhabitants to the stockades, and the gates were closed. Upon Thomson's appearance *inside*, the natives acted as if they had seen a ghost, which belief he humoured by "striking an attitude, and like Hamlet's spirit" striding forward with a severe expression. But he burst out laughing at the absurd scene. This scared them more than ever, and as they gazed in horror, he dashed out of the gate and was free.

By Christmas, 1879, Thomson stood beside the Lukuga, and found it a rushing torrent of rapids, draining the Tanganyika. This confirmed Stanley's view, and showed that Cameron's visit was made while this river was blocked with vegetation. When Thomson saw it Tanganyika had already

been lowered eight or ten feet. Proud of having solved this problem, Thomson set out for Ujiji in a slave trader's boat, was wrecked, and "washed ashore into the arms of the missionary agent."

Securing fresh stores, he recrossed the lake, meaning to proceed to the Congo. But, after the first march or two, the thirty men of his party came to the country of the Warua, and here they were in constant peril. Had these warriors known the party were short of ammunition, nothing could have saved the expedition. The chiefs were constantly demanding gifts and imposing fines, and only Thomson's exhibitions of marksmanship kept them in fear of the guns. At last the men refused to go further toward the Congo. Impoverished and sick of the struggle, Thomson marched his men back to the Tanganyika.

After a long voyage around the lake, the whole caravan marched through 350 miles of new country to Unyanyembé, where Thomson occupied the same house that had sheltered Stanley, Cameron, Livingstone, and others. A letter written here says, after recounting his hardships: "But in whatever position one is placed in this world something of beauty appears, a daisy meets the eye or a sweet sound the ear." Mungo Park at the time of his deepest discouragement was likewise cheered by the sight of a bit of exquisite moss in flower.

The journey to the coast was over a well-travelled caravan road, and in record-breaking-

time they reached Bagamoyo, entering "with all the pomp of a bloodless victory."

Thomson's Other Expeditions

Then Thomson returned to England, delivered lectures, wrote his book, "To the Central African Lakes," and was feasted and lionised. In one of his addresses he said:

> *"My fondest boast is, not that I have travelled over hundreds of miles hitherto untrodden by the foot of white man, but that I have been able to do so as a Christian and a Scotsman, carrying everywhere goodwill and friendship, finding that a gentle word was more potent than gunpowder, that it was not necessary, even in Central Africa, to sacrifice the lives of men in order to throw light upon its dark corners."*

In Edinburgh he met J.M. Barrie, the writer, who, in "An Edinburgh Eleven," has written of one of their meetings.

Meanwhile the Sultan of Zanzibar, having been led by a passage in one of Livingstone's journals to believe there was a coal mine on the banks of the Rovuma River, had sent an Arab and a Parsee engineer to examine it. Their reports were favourable; but in order to make sure, the Sultan sent for Thomson and employed him to take the journey. Arriving at Zanzibar, Thomson found endless

obstacles put in his way by the lazy government officials. Suddenly the Sultan gave orders to start in three days, and Thomson, securing the aid of the Sultan's guards, captured all the porters in sight, and inquired who they were *afterwards*. This expedition resulted in no adventures, but showed the supposed coal was a poor quality of shale, much to the Sultan's disgust. Thomson enjoyed the trip, despite some illness and difficulties, climbed a great solid granite hill 970 feet high, and in his tent at night read Shakespeare or Tennyson "to the romantic accompaniment of the roaring of the king of beasts," as his brother's biography puts it.

The Sultan was angry, believing Thomson had found coal and had concealed the fact, so the explorer seized the first opportunity to leave his service, and returned to his home in Scotland in the first month of 1882.

During this sojourn at home and in Europe, Thomson visited Paris, and declared he would prefer to live in Central Africa; he also engaged in a warm, though courteous, discussion with Lieutenant Cameron over the nature of the Lukuga River before the British Association.

Thomson's next expedition won him the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Between Victoria Nyanza and the coast lay an unknown land, inhabited by fierce and warlike cannibals, the Masai. This was believed to be the best way to the Nile sources and to the missionary stations. Gordon had tried to open it, but had been stopped

by the British Government. "Various travellers," says Thomson in an article in "Scribner's Magazine," "had nibbled at it, but no one had made it his own. Even Stanley considered there was but one way to cross Masailand, and that was 'with a thousand rifles.'"

The Royal Geographical Society sent Thomson on this perilous journey, and by way of Zanzibar and Mombasa the expedition arrived at the border of this region in March, 1883, and wound "like a centipede" through the palm groves. The party was 150 strong, and included Thomson, a white sailor, named Martin, and some of Stanley's and Thomson's former companions, besides a poor assortment of Zanzibari porters. Their first marches lay through 200 miles of desert land, and it was necessary to help, coax, threaten, and bully the half-hearted carriers through this dangerous belt. Eight marches covered the wilderness section, and then they "plunged into the soothing shadow of an ideal tropic forest," beside which "rose the majestic mass of Kilimanjaro, its base scorched by tropic suns, its summit capped with eternal snows, from which come icy streams and cool, refreshing breezes." Here they halted for two weeks, during which Thomson climbed 9,000 feet up the great mountain. The journey was resumed April 17th. Passing through a country nearly uninhabited but rich in big game, avoiding reported Masai war parties, they rounded Kilimanjaro, and leaving the forest, entered the Masai country May

3d. Grassy uplands were everywhere shut in by mountains on the horizon. Soon they saw distant huts, then a native warrior or two, and at length met the inhabitants face to face.

The first people met were the Wachaga, from whom was suffered nothing worse than the usual extortion of "presents" by the chief. But soon some Masai women entered the camp and promised an interview with the Masai warriors. Next day these splendid warriors appeared, and with due dignity their spokesman delivered his oration. He explained that another white man's caravan (that of Fischer, a German explorer) had arrived only a short time before, and that there had been trouble ending in a fight. Nevertheless, the Masai had decided to welcome the new party. These ambassadors remained over night.

Encouraged by their good luck, Thomson's men went forward into the dreaded Masailand, and made a fortified camp. There was no undignified curiosity or jostling, and no annoyance during this first day's march, the Masai warriors merely watching the advance with the undisturbed demeanour of men of the world. But the camp once established a detachment of warriors arrived to take the toll of beads and wire for coming into their land. The goods were prepared, the Masai stood in a ring, and then Thomson's men threw the strung-beads and wire into the middle of the ring, running to get out of the way, for the Masai then fought like wolves over the spoil, even to bloodshed. Party

after party of Masai arrived, and fought thus over what was paid them. It was the ordinary method of dividing property among themselves. Then Thomson had to show himself, and was stared at, handled, and examined until even his patience gave out, and he pushed a native away with his foot, which almost caused bloodshed instantly.

Next day Thomson went to hunt zebras, and on his return to camp was "thunderstruck by the unexpected news that the whole country ahead of us was up in arms to oppose our further progress, and to revenge themselves for the Fischer affray."

This raised the question whether to go forward and fight, or at the risk of demoralising the expedition to retreat and try another route.

Thomson's policy was to avoid bloodshed, and it was common prudence in this case to do so. So one stormy night the camp was abandoned, and leaving their camp-fires burning, they stole away, following their leader, who carried a dark lantern by which to read his pocket compass. "Drenched and crushed, morally and physically," they recrossed the frontier and returned to Taveta. Here Thomson, taking possession of his men's guns to keep them from deserting, left most of them behind, and made a flying trip to the coast, on the return from which he learned that a trading caravan was to leave Taveta for Masailand.

With this party a second start was made, and the incidents of the trip were like those of the first in general, though a terrible struggle to escape a

jungle fire set by the natives was an unpleasant novelty, and attacks by the wild buffalo and rhinoceros were frequent. From a few old men of the Masai they learned with joy that the warriors of the tribe were absent on distant expeditions, probably cattle stealing, and proceeded with less caution and dread. Still, when they were actually among the settlements they met troubles enough. "They treated me," says Thomson, "as something phenomenal, but with that lack of reverence and fear that characterises those at home who pay their shilling to see the latest human monstrosity, and thank God they are not like him or her."

The camps at night had to be surrounded with a thick fence of prickly thorns, and everything must be constantly guarded from thievery, since the Masai were utterly fearless, and the travellers dared not punish thieves if caught. Thomson gives his experience with them thus:

> *"They crowd roundabout me in a stinking circle, laying their filthy paws on my person, stroking my cheek, feeling if my nose is the same make as theirs, anxious even to see my teeth. They turn up my sleeves or my trousers to make sure that it is not a part of me, and the sight of my white skin gives them thrills of horror—it looks so strangely dreadful."*

Among these strange savages it is a great honour to be spat upon, and Thomson had to perform

this pleasing ceremony for many of his visitors, for he was believed to be a great "Lybon," or medicine-man. The Masai's mode of life is most peculiar: the younger men or warriors and women live together unmarried, eating only meat and milk alternately, and making cattle-stealing and warfare their sole occupations. After youth is past marriages take place. The Masai always fight hand to hand with spears and knobsticks, despising cover. "Through Masailand," Thomson's book descriptive of this expedition, is largely made up of the strange life and customs of this remarkable race, who are not negroes, but a Hamitic branch, like the Moors and Egyptians.

The further the expedition penetrated the more troublesome the savages became, and dealings with them had the aspect of skirmishes. Sometimes all night attempts were made to stampede their cattle, and crowds of savages bent on murder or thieving were on every hand. Once lions attacked the donkeys, causing a panic and confusion that were not allayed for three days.

A cattle plague was raging, and this threatened the natives with ruin and starvation, by no means improving their temper. Thomson had to play medicine-man to impress the inhabitants, and used his two artificial teeth for this purpose with great effect. But when, seeing the teeth taken out, a native tried to remove the white man's nose in the same manner there were objections made by the "magician."' The Masai wished Thomson to

stay and cure the cattle of the plague. But after a visit to Mount Kenia, companion to Kilimanjaro, the expedition marched secretly away by night and through an uninhabited forest toward Lake Baringo, which was found by a lucky guess, since it was not on any maps.

From Baringo to Victoria Nyanza was a dangerous journey, in which three previous caravans had each lost over a hundred men, killed by savages. But by gentle methods, and careful explanations that they were not slave traders, Thomson brought his men safely through to the lake, but dared not go into the Uganda country, since he heard that the king objected to his country "being entered by the back door."

Turning back once more to Baringo by a new route, Thomson discovered a great series of artificial caves in a volcanic mountain, and decided that these enormous caverns must have been cut by the ancient Egyptians. On the last day of 1883 Thomson was tossed by an African buffalo, and almost killed, and thenceforward had to travel in a litter. At Baringo he recovered, but was attacked soon after by serious illness, and on the way home—his route being in part parallel with his advance from the coast—often despaired of recovery. But his pluck saved his life, and at length he led his caravan safely out of the perilous land of the Masai.

Space will not permit a description of Thomson's later expeditions, which must be merely

mentioned, though each was interesting and full of incident. In 1885, though opposed by native authorities and hampered by a body of mutinous followers, Thomson went up the Niger and secured treaties from the rulers of the Soudan, visiting Sokoto (Sakatu), Wurnu, Gandu, and other places more or less explored by previous travellers, in the interest of the British Government and in competition with German agents. In the next three years we hear of Thomson as advocating the route through Masailand for the rescue of Emin Pacha, and in 1888 as the commander of a projected expedition that never was sent. In the same year Thomson had on his own account visited the Atlas Mountains, near the northwest coast of Africa, and after ascending two peaks some 13,000 feet high, was recalled at the time of the plans for his Emin Pacha expedition. In 1888-89 he opposed the "pusillanimous" withdrawal of Great Britain from the Soudan.

His last African journey was made in 1890, for the British South African Company, under the instructions of Cecil Rhodes, to report upon the value of the territory north of the Zambesi. On this expedition he entered the interior from Quilimane, fooling the Portuguese authorities, who opened fire on his boats when too late, and by way of the Shiré River reached Blantyre, Matopé, and Lake Nyassa. After leaving the lake the porters suffered terribly from smallpox, and Thomson himself contracted a disease that afterward proved to be

cystitis. Excellent white lieutenants made the expedition a success, but Thomson never recovered his health. From 1892 to 1895 he was ill at intervals, and died on August 2, 1895.

Thomson's ability as an African explorer was marvellous. He could outmarch any of his men, had a wonderful genius for observing and noting facts, and a "most amazing capacity for dealing with men." He "passed through the midst of the most ferocious tribes when their hostility against white men was at fever-heat, without firing a shot or leaving a needless grave."

Boys will find his books delightful. They are lively in style, never dull, always written with kindly humour, and full of the very details young readers wish to know.

Later Explorers.

The reader will see that since the explorations here described the work of examining the African continent becomes one of detail. The greater divisions and the races occupying them are known, but there yet remain years of study to round out and to complete our knowledge of the land and its people.

The great powers have divided Africa into parcels, and at the beginning of 1900 only five independent governments remained—Abyssinia, Liberia, Morocco, Congo Free State, Orange Free State. But the Congo Free State is really a Belgian dependency, and the Orange Free State lost

independence in the Transvaal War. The Abyssinians are pressed upon by the Italians of Erythrea, Morocco will have to fight the French, while Liberia owes the English about £200,000, apparently a debt destined to swallow up the country. Independent Africa will soon cease to exist.

It remains only to mention the names of the recent African explorers whose work will interest those desiring to follow the subject further. It must be remembered that only the most noted explorers have been mentioned, the few very greatest or best known.

E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's lieutenants, crossed the continent successfully in 1893, and wrote most interestingly of his journey, which was especially noteworthy because of his visit to the tree marking the burial place of Livingstone's heart, and because of his excellent report of conditions in the Congo Free State. After his journey across Africa, the death of Glave in May, 1895, while awaiting a ship to return home, cut short a career that promised to write his name among those of the greatest modern explorers.

The travels of Bent, in Mashonaland, brought to light perhaps the most interesting ruins in Africa—those at Zimbabwe, which are believed to be the remains of the mines and fortress of Ophir, whence King Solomon's gold was procured. The Sahara region has been the theatre of the most dramatic incidents, resulting from the conflicts of French explorers with the Tuaregs and other fierce

natives. The works of Lloyd, Donaldson Smith, Ausorge, Gibbons, Dècles, Johnston, Burrowes, and a dozen others should be consulted by all who wish to bring the knowledge of Africa up to date; but once the continent was opened the swarm of explorers became too great to be treated in any single book. Besides, the methods of exploration become fixed, and the histories of later expeditions differ only in minor details from those of the first comers.