JOURNAL
OF THE
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.
VOLUME THE THIRTY-THIRD.
1863.
EDITED BY THE ASSISTANT-SECRETARY.
PROPERTY OF
UNIV. OF ALASKA LIBRARY
LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
Bakker's Journey to Algystoria.

Geliblat is the chief town of the Tokrowis, and is a considerable market; large quantities of honey, wax, cotton, hides, horses, and cattle are collected on the market-days bi-weekly. The cotton is cultivated by the Tokrowis principally, although much is supplied by the Arabs.

The Tokrowis are settlers from Darfur, who, passing through the country during their pilgrimage to Mecca, have remained as emigrants. These men are more industrious than the Arabs, and, were they assured of protection, would shortly form large settlements and cultivate cotton throughout the beautiful country between the Sellite and Atbara.

After the rains, the Egyptian troops will, I believe, make an expedition against Mak Nimmer; this nest of villains removed, there will be an opening in the country.

From Geliblat I went due west, reaching the River Rahad near the mountain "Hattowa." This river has not been examined further than about 70 or 80 miles from Khasha; thus no European had ever been through the country I now reached. It was a vast flat of rich land, inhabited by wandering tribes of Arabs during the dry season, but deserted during the rains; no permanent habitations.

About 70 miles lower down, much cotton was grown, and tobacco, all of which is sent to Algystoria.

A good stream was running forward at the first point I reached, but this was absorbed within 60 miles.

There are no rocks in the Rahad, but its deep bed has the appearance of a caisson. The great objection to its navigation during the rains is its tortuous course.

After following its course for 140 miles, I crossed the river Dinder, then to the Blue Nile, and along its banks to Khartoum.

APPENDIX.

Route of S. W. Bakker, 1857-58.

Copper is in large quantities in the rocks of the route between H. Ma Serd and H. Rasheda.

There are some rocks in the range higher than the peaks commemorated, but I could not learn their names; the country being uninhabited, it was difficult to gather information.

The lower ranges of mountains are chiefly basalt, with some exceptions, which are granite; such as those at Cassala, and the three isolated hills in the Bash country.

The Sellite flows through extraordinary masses of granite, floating water.

* H. signifies hot, a stream or river.
to the mouths of small rivers. Here and there fields of a lighter green give evidence of plantations; and the clusters of brown batea prove it to be not deficient in population. The semishores are dark masses of schistose gneiss, against which the waves break and spend themselves. inland the horizon is bounded by a line of low blue hills, its crested slopes, its集团股份 front towards the east, similar to those found at the head of the Gaboon River, and probably part of the same line. After visiting them in sundry places, I conceived it would be pleasant to visit a few of them, especially to the summit of the "Elephant Mountains," which are clearly distinguishable from the rest. On the other hand, the hills, bearing north-west, and distant apparently 10 miles. Curious to saith, there is a similar formation on the East African Coast, with great difference of latitude. The latter, however, enjoys the celebrity of Aronin's Peripus; the Peripus of Hanno nowhere alluded to the West African Cape. At a distance the resemblance to an elephant coast is striking. When the clouds clear away, a long cloud extends high above the horizon; sudden depressions form the ear and neck: a swelling on the right of the profile, dipping towards the southern base, is the trunk; and the body everywhere bends with trees. At this season it is rarely seen. I need hardly say that it has never been ascended by Europeans, none of whom have resided for years without exploring a mile of the interior.

On 12th September, 1902, the morning after our arrival, the Bloodhound was surrounded by a flock of the little canoes for which Batonga is celebrated. Their invention is probably due to the surf, which is fatal to ordinary ship's boats. The material is cotton-wood, or some other light timber, painfully hollowed out with a native adze; sometimes carved and decorated with red paint, yet selling for 1 dollar each; the weight rarely exceeds 15 lbs., the length is about that of a man. The thinnest of cross-bows connect the sides, and the propellor sits upon a bridge of wood about an inch thick, curved shaped, and a little raised above the gunwale. Nothing can exceed the skill with which these people launch, through a heavy surf. The vehicle is placed upon the water's edge, and the paddle mounts it as he would a horse, pushing forward with his feet till he saw a break in the waves; he then moves off vigorously, and uses, as soon as possible, a paddle, corresponding in size with the canoe. When the paddle is once

out, a canoe rarely takes place; the legs are allowed to hang over the sides. The vehicle is buoyant as a water-bird, and if it turns over, it is easily righted by men who are expert in such gymnastics. Backing out is managed by a succession of dextrous kicks, and the legs are drawn in when speed is desired. Sometimes a limb is lost by sharks, but these are rare in the Batonga waters. From afar, the fisherman appears to be sitting buoyant upon the waves; and when there are rollers, nothing but his head protrudes above the surface. When beconmed on board, he will climb up the side with his canoe and paddle under his arm, for fear of a theft. Our visitors brought a small supply of long and large knives, from barbed and jagged pieces of native iron, large wooden and brass-wire pipes, and pipe-bows, strapped like those of the Simbile Arabs.

After visiting the supercargoes, and bearing their grievances, I invited the two chiefs of the maritime country to a palaver on board the Bloodhound, and proceeded with Lieutenant Stokes in his gig, caused by four Koomans, to inspect the falls of the "Ekoo River." For about 3 miles we rowed through a tumbling water that foamed upon the outlying rocks, along a yellow strip of sand, backed by patches of black and green verdure. After an hour we turned the point, and suddenly found in a mass of breakers, that rose as if by magic from the comparatively smooth surface.

On our return, about 5 p.m., the bar was breaking right across under the freshening breeze, and though the gig escaped being capsized, my awl and sketch-book did not. Landing on the smooth sand, we walked a few paces, and called at Messrs. Hutton and Cookson's factory, tenanted by Mr. Hardy, acting under a native "trade man" from the Gaboon. The factories are wretched native houses, fitted with a few articles of European furniture. Although the country is rich, there is no trade but ivory, which comes from considerable distances; elephants being rarely found within four days' march of the coast.

We then proceeded to the Falls of the Ekoo River, which, though dignified by the name of Caprataa, are mere fish-ponds. I could not resist a desire to explore the "Elephant Mountain," and to obtain, if possible, a view of the unknown interior. Travellers of the Parkian Age already preferred the "green" to travel, holding this rainy to be the deadly season. We moderns have inverted our belief. It is well, however, to remark that the rains bring with them one deadly scourge—swollen and ulcerated feet. Our three days journey lay through a wholly undrained land; a country which had never seen a white man, which had never been traversed by a
stranger; the details therefore, though of little intrinsic value, may be considered interesting, as a proof how easily an explorer might penetrate into this part of Africa.

Having prepared our few necessities, we landed with the inevitable setting on the 14th September, 1862, and repaired to Mombasa. Langlands's factory, where we were hospitably received by his agent, Mr. McCullum. A rough and noisy crowd gathered round the door to stare, laugh, and, if possible, worry us. By way of diversions, we proceeded to call upon a neighboring chief, whose village lay but a few hundred yards distant. Our route lay along the sands, here intersected by a streamlet of sweet water, like those of the Gaboon Coast. On our way we saw some fish-balloons, which the people will not sell. The villages show a few animals—goats, sheep, and many fowls. They were usually asleep, or palavered under a shady tree, and were harangued by a Conservatore in a sky-blue coat. We then ascended a clay-bank, and, passing through scattered plantations, we entered the village of Great Sandy. He is at present the village war-chief, second and successor to King John; but he makes no secret of his readiness to become monarch of all he surveys, and, to make favour with the multitudes, he has attempted to make them Europeans. I found in them a type that is met with, though very rarely, in the Ngask race, and which was new to me on my arrival on the West African Coast. The first case seen was in Bassa Town. "Sandy," in a tawny brown, with yellow skin, red, not yellow, hair, light-brown, not pink eyes. He is clearly not a Mulatto, nor does he at all resemble the Aborigines of the latter; there is said to be a village not far in the interior. A small child sitting by his side was of the same complexion, and a woman who passed by the door showed similar characteristics. This "sandy" temperament has not, to my knowledge, been noticed by African travellers. The people, as a race, were by no means remarkable in appearance; they had their teeth filed, and they suffered apparently severely from cutaneous diseases. In the interior we afterwards saw a solitary case of goitre, the victim being an old man. The war-chief brought for us hogs, and placed them under the shady caves; preferring himself to perch upon a horizontal pole, supported by forked uprights. He showed scant civility, but went for " Young John," son of " Old John," who soon declared that " woman palaver for bush" prevented his acting guide. While affairs progressed thus unsatisfactorily, I inspected the village. It is built after the fashion that obtains from the Congo River to the Gaboon country, and how far south is to me unknown. A single long street forms the whole, and the beginning and the end are occupied by the storehouses, with bamboo slits and sitting-places, and differing from the others only in that they have no doors. The huts in which poor men lie are mere sheds of matting. The weather build basket-like walls of bamboo wattle (P. cinares), on floors often sunk below the surface, and roof them in with mats. We took scant leave of the chief Sandy. Our visit, however, had done some good. "A trade boy," which amounted to a good quarter, procuring that we were determined to try our fortune, followed us, and offered himself as guide; warning us, however, that he could bring us no rewards. The services of Mungo, alias Joseph, were accepted, 2 dollars being his remuneration, in case of success. At 7 a.m., on Monday, the 5th September, we set out, between two downpours of rain, a fearful nimbus purpling the eastern sky. Our party consisted of Lewis, the head Kromman, with two of his "Lord Howe's boys," hoisting masts, and two, and Mandula. Hereabouts we came upon a group of palaverers under a shady tree, to carry our little coils of cloth, tobacco, and well-dressed liquor. The youth Swany, who, with us, and Mungo, whose arm was solemnly held up by old King William, in sign that he had made him o'er to us, body and all, concluded the party.

As we were passing through the plantation villages, outside the maritime settlements, our attendants were somewhat deceived by the ominous wall for the dead, with which some of the village women tested their poor nerves. Entering the bush I was reminded of the scenery with which Guineo Island girt all visitors; a rolling hill, where a wonderful variety of trees, amongst which the wild mango is conspicuous, spring from the densest and deepest bush, deep shadowy hollows, waving ridges of ground, and then corresponding depressions, the latter always provided with a cold streamlet, moisture and fed by near the shore, grot and sandy island. Water was everywhere but too abundant; at this season of the year it flooded the path. The Europeans, however, drank the produce of the nearest pool, and complained of frequent deaths by dysentery, when by sending a few miles they might enjoy the freshest element. After half an hour's march we reached the villages of Jambwe, inhabited by bushmen, who are to this day maritime people. Another thirty minutes, and a broad water led us to 33° 43'; there none, it will be observed, are rather of districts, than of distinct settlements. "Tuka," a flowing stream, waist-deep, lay in our way, after which appeared stone-scutters of pebbles, and rude black conglomerates, in places forming a step. The path ran like a narrow link through the densest possible bush; here and there it was bordered by the untamed elephant-pits, the East Indian Opi—"the trap of best sea," common to this part of Africa, and bushmen's graves of small dimensions, covering pits, and bases, and evidences of Feinde, in two short
parallel railings of small sticks. During the whole march we saw not a single head of game; and, as might be expected, where guns are common, animal life, rare vermicelli, was exceedingly rare: the bark-like ho-ooh-boo of the touraco, a crested jaw of rare beauty and stupidity, being the only sound that broke the silence of the luxuriant waste. Frequent tracks of the tall grass, here the evidence of fallow land, and Clearings in the bush, showed, however, that all was not desolate. At 9 a.m. we again crossed the Tuka rivulet, at whose green banks noisome was visible. Shortly afterwards we saw, deep below us to the left, the swift brown current of "Matiba nako Eleke," by the white man called the "Batonga River." At 9 a.m. we entered the settlements of Bumbula. As usual, they were three in number; the first two, small and scattered, acting like approaches to the last, which is usually the "King's" head-quarters. The good Mungo attempted to furbish us through without paying black mail; but we soon saw the head of the Indian file stopped short, by an angry host of spearmen and musketeers, shouting, gesticulating, and flourishing their weapons. An uninitiated person would have expected the instant massacre of the whole party: Lieutenant Stokoe and I contended ourselves with retreating into the palaver-house, where, if necessary, we could use our weapons to advantage, and left black man to settle things after "black man's fashion." On these occasions to force a way would be inevitably lead to bloodshed, as to break the etiquette of a French court. The whole affair was settled with five heads of tobacco: of these each contains three leaves, now worth singly a halfpenny in invoice price, and about double in retail. The detachment lost us an hour: At 10:45 a.m. we resumed our march. After wading through another long water, called the Wiwá, we ascended a slope, and presently saw straight before us Nangí, the Elephant Mountain. It had lost, however, the peculiarity of appearance which gave it a name when viewed from the seaward, and now appeared in the shape of a regular saddleback; the pommel being its southern extremity, and seemingly perpendicular. At 11:45 a.m. we entered the settlements of Nangí, whose polite king ushered us into a private lodging, after a silence of the briefest upon the bamboo outer of the palaver-house. Here we halted for breakfast; fairly telling the people that as we intended to ascend Nangí on the morrow, we could not night in their village. The river was to be crossed; and the experienced traveller never leaves, if possible, an obstacle for the beginning of a day's march. They, on the other hand, did their best to outrove our plans. The African has three reasons for detaining the guest. Firstly, he wants rum, tobacco, and cloth; secondly, he holds the white man's visit to be an honour; and thirdly, he is jealous of, because he hates, his neighbour.
In Western Equatorial Africa.

Pasing to the N.E., through the entire plantation of bananas, we descended into a deep hollow, and crossed the brook Nyamo, pursuing for some distance its left bank. The water is deliciously cool and clear; its sands are golden and fine, and the bits of rounded quartz that strewn the bed are a country of primitive formation, as the Sierra del Cristal is reputed to be.

We had presently reached the round of the Elephant Mountain, and began an ascent from the south-east, instead, as we expected, from the west; the sequel showed that Mongoa had chosen the better path. The incline was steep, and, as we ascended, the forest thinned out and the air became sensibly cooler. Presently the ascent became a steep path; we were compelled to bring hands to the aid of feet; in places the angle must have been 45°. The surface was of shallow mould, everywhere slippery owing to the coat of rock, and a sparse growth of small bushy shrubs, which afforded a firm hold. The antelopes were of the paguda shape noticed by travellers in the Obonou country; small earth-coloured monkeys, sometimes armed with three thorns of eve, and tenants by a small brown species. In one place, where a wall of rock some 30 feet high perpendicular across our path, we thought this trial a failure. We managed, however, to creep along a ledge that turned our difficulty. The screeching required frequent rest; though short, it was sharper than anything I had seen when ascending the Peak of Cameroon or Fernando Po. At 8 a.m., we stood breathless upon the summit, where we were followed by some fifty people, principally the tail of a Bush King, who had accompanied us with the view of making our rum and tobacco processors for the night. Having distributed homunculus doves, amidst a tremendous hubbub, we broke our fast and then inspected the place. We had marched that morning 5 hours, but probably not more than 4 miles, which would make the real distance from the Factory to the summit of More Elephas, 11 miles. Our halting-place was upon the summit of the hill, some pavement, which is composed of upright stone blocks and treas. The barometer showed 29°7, temp. 75°, thus confirming the height trigonometrically given in the chart, 1107 feet. A stream of cold water was not far distant; the air was delightful,

As in every place, except Lagos, upon the West African coast, as far as I have visited, there is a definite promulgation of a loud saturation, when the heat shall have become quiescent, and the burnish white, and the pia, the greatest enemy, shall have been improved off. If you are desisting the future of Africa, I believe every year more certain, but this sanguine, that it can be achieved more favorably for Europeans. This will be done — but when? As yet the work too hardly summated.
and already at this altitude the snow and hoar frost on the lowlands, became endurable. After cutting our initials upon a tall palm tree below the summit, we proceeded to the descent. The Bush King, who was accompanied by his brother carrying a fowl—unfortunately our dinner in jess—led us down the western face of the mountain; and we followed, nothing loth, feeling somewhat aggrieved that we had been led round the south-eastern end. It was a short cut; but if the ascent was hard, the descent was worse. Had we attempted this direction, two days would have barely sufficed. There was no path, save sometimes a deep crack in the rock, or a winding groove in the clay.

We now had to tread like rope-dancers on fallen trunks; most suspicious place for snakes and other vermin. For selecting a convenient cave in the rocks, we were punished by a heavy shower at 11 a.m.; and it was followed by an outbreak of sun, which, if coup de soleil were not almost unknown in these regions, might have excited apprehension. About noon we reached a new clearing, whence, desiring to preserve the new unclouded sea, we dispersed ourselves for a halt. The bush workers, however, denounced for tobacco; refusing which, we re-started. There was no improvement in the descent, although we were now approaching the lowlands. Long tracks of muddy water, under a dense fog, now took the place of ridges and gullies.

The day's work had been severe, and told upon our untrained frames. After passing a pleasant evening, we retired into the society of the mosquitoes; and at 2 a.m. Lieutenant Stokes was attacked by fever and ague. I need not describe our return march, which he effected with pain and difficulty. The sun, the violent rain, and the wading through deep water, were severe inflections to a man whose polio was at 100.

We reached at 11 15 a.m. the hospitable dores of Mr. McCollum's factory. The Bloodhound lay in a healthy position, yet an awful plague had declared itself on board. Our first shock on returning was to hear that the commander's steward, whom we had left slightly unwell, had died after three days' illness of yellow fever, and had assisted burial. Nothing therefore remained but to quit Bight Prospect without delay. The fatal sickness admitted no delay for investigation. I conveyed Lieutenant Stokes on board; and at noon, on the 15th Sept., we stood in detectable weather out to sea.

---

Lake Nyassa in 1861-63.

XII.—Dr. Livingstone's Expedition to Lake Nyassa in 1861-63.

Nov. 26, 1861.

1. Extract from Private Letter from Dr. Livingstone.

"River Thadi, 7th Dec. 1861.

"We have been up to Lake Nyassa and carried a boat past the cataracts to explore by. Went along the western shore; it is very deep; from 20 to 25 or 29 miles broad, and over 250 miles long (225). It was excessively stormy, and you must not despise us for failing to find out all about the Buvana. We were on the west side, and could not cross in a little open boat at the period of the equinoctial gales then; we could get no food in a depopulated part of the country near the north end. Pirates live on detached rocks, and human skeletons and petrel bodies were lying everywhere. It was a fair deal luck for us, and we came back. Another lake, called Moclo, was reported by two Arabs we met on the lake. They came from a place called Katanga, which seems to be a.s.w. of Carasmo, and had come down to buy cloth at Nyassa."


The following is from the hand of Mr. Burrow to the Bishop of Cape Town, and is invested with melancholy interest from the fact of its being the last letter written by the revered gentleman:


"We are now about to start on an expedition to the mouth of a river (Rena) which rises in the Melanza Mountains and runs into the Shire. This route makes the distance to the back of the Zambezi much shorter, and we do it at the suggestion of Dr. Livingstone, so it will be a great thing if we succeed. I wrote to you from Quillimania. Since then we have received little news of the Zambesi, and the extreme pleasure and satisfaction of first joining the Pioneer, and then the Bishop, and afterwards our whole party, at this our "new home," about Fifty miles by a hilly route from the Shire. We started from Quillimania on the 12th October in two large boats ourselves, and our baggage in several canoes provided by our good friend Mayor Tito, who went with us as far as the Zambezi. Our route was up the Quillimania River, which is a fine river, and forms part of the Wambesi about seventy miles from Kongoone during the wet season, but has a dry bed of about twelve miles during the rest of the year. We kept to the river Nuth (the name of the Quillimania River) for two days, and then turned up a