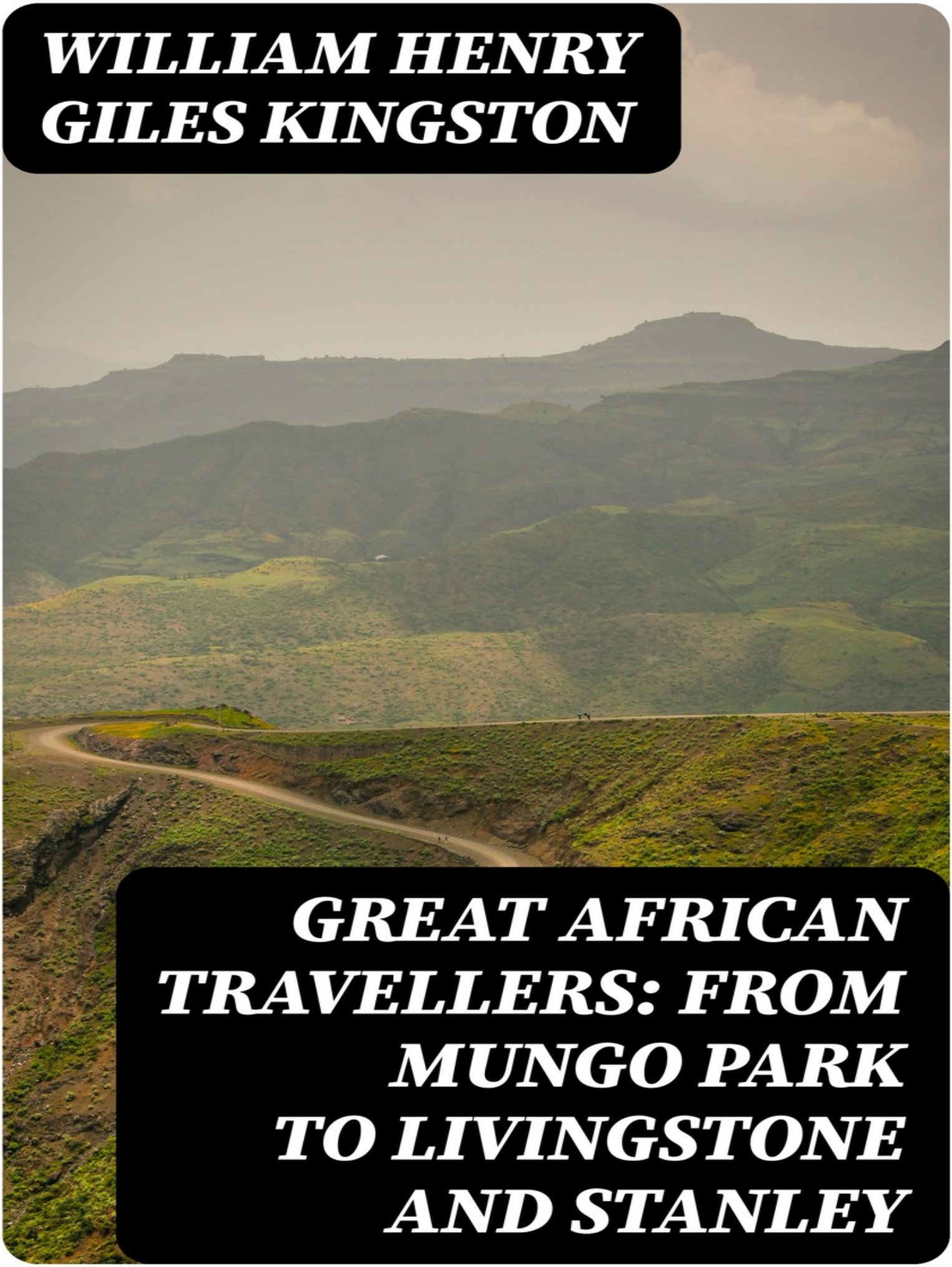


WILLIAM HENRY GILES KINGSTON

GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLERS: FROM MUNGO PARK TO LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY

William Henry Giles Kingston

Great African Travellers: From Mungo Park to Livingstone and Stanley

EAN 8596547370017

DigiCat, 2022
Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info

Table of Contents

Chapter Twenty Seven.

Chapter One.

Table of Contents

Introductory.

Introduction—The African Association—Ledyard—Lucas—First information respecting the Niger, or Quorra, and the Gambia—Timbuctoo heard of—Thompson and Jobson’s voyage up the Gambia—Major Haughton’s expedition and death.

When the fathers of the present generation were young men, and George the Third ruled the land, they imagined that the whole interior of Africa was one howling wilderness of burning sand, roamed over by brown tribes in the north and south, and by black tribes—if human beings there were—on either side of the equator, and along the west coast.

The maps then existing afforded them no information. Of the Mountains of the Moon they knew about as much as of the mountains in the moon. The Nile was not explored—its sources unknown—the course of the Niger was a mystery. They were aware that the elephant, rhinoceros, cameleopard, zebra, lion and many other strange beasts ranged over its sandy deserts; but very little more about them than the fact of their existence was known. They knew that on the north coast dwelt the descendants of the Greek and Roman colonists, and of their Arab conquerors—that

there were such places as Tangiers, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers with its piratical cruisers who carried off white men into slavery; Morocco, with an emperor addicted to cutting off heads; Salee, which sent forth its rovers far over the ocean to plunder merchantmen; and a few other towns and forts, for the possession of which Europeans had occasionally knocked their heads together.

From the west coast they had heard that ivory and gold-dust was to be procured, as well as an abundant supply of negroes, whose happy lot it was to be carried off to cultivate the plantations of the West Indies and America; but, except that they worshipped fetishes, of their manners and customs, or at what distance from the coast they came, their ignorance was profound. They possibly were acquainted with the fact that the Portuguese had settlements at Loango, Angola, and Benguela; and that Hottentots and Kaffirs were to be found at the Cape, where a colony had been taken from the Dutch, but with that colony, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Town, where ships to and from India touched, they were but slightly acquainted.

Eastward, if they troubled their heads about the matter, they had a notion that there was a terribly wild coast, inhabited by fierce savages, and northward, inside the big island of Madagascar, that the Portuguese had some settlements for slaving purposes; that further north again was Zanzibar, and that the mainland was without a town or spot where civilised man was to be found, till the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, at the mouth of the Red Sea, was reached.

HUNTING SCENE.

That there, towards the interior, was the wonderful country of Abyssinia, in which the Queen of Sheba once ruled, and Nubia, the birthplace from time immemorial of black slaves, and that, flowing northward, the mysterious Nile made its way down numerous cataracts, fertilising the land of Egypt on its annual overflows, till, passing the great city of Cairo, it entered the Mediterranean by its numberless mouths.

About Egypt, to be sure, more was known than of all the rest of the continent together—that there were pyramids and ruined cities, colossal statues, temples and tombs, crocodiles and hippopotami in the waters of the sacred

river, and Christian Copts and dark-skinned Mahommedans dwelling on its banks. But few had explored the mighty remains of its past glory, or made their way either to the summits or into the interiors of its mountain-like edifices.

Those who had read Herodotus believed in a good many wonders which that not incredulous historian narrates. The late discoveries of Livingstone, however, prove that Herodotus had obtained a more correct account of the sources of the Nile than has hitherto been supposed. Indeed, free range was allowed to the wildest imagination, and the most extravagant stories found ready believers, there being no one with authority to contradict them.

When, however, Bruce and other travellers made their way further than any civilised man had before penetrated into the interior of the continent, their accounts were discredited, and people were disappointed when they were told that many of their cherished notions had no foundation in truth; in fact, up to the commencement of the present century the greater part of Africa was a *terra incognita*, and only by slow and painful degrees, and during a comparatively late period, has a knowledge of some of its more important geographical features been obtained.

We will now set forth and accompany in succession the most noted of the various travellers who, pushing their way into that long unknown interior, bravely encountering its savage and treacherous tribes, its fever-giving climate, famine, hardships, dangers and difficulties of every description, have contributed to fill up some of the numerous blank places on the map. Although, by their showing, sand enough and to spare and vast rocky deserts

are to be found, there are wide districts of the greatest fertility, possessed of many natural beauties—elevated and cool regions, where even the European can retain his health and strength and enjoy existence; lofty mountains, magnificent rivers and broad lakes, and many curious and interesting objects, not more wonderful, however, than those of other parts of the globe, while the inhabitants in *every* direction, though often savage and debased, differ in no material degree from the other descendants of Ham.

Although our fathers knew very little about Africa, their interest had been excited by the wonders it was supposed to contain, and they were anxious to obtain all possible information respecting it. This was, however, no easy matter, as most of the travellers who endeavoured to make their way into the interior had died in the attempt.

A society called the African Association, to which the Marquis of Hastings and Sir John Banks belonged, was at length formed to open up the mighty continent to British commerce and civilisation.

The first explorer they despatched was Ledyard, who as a sergeant of marines had sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and after living among the American Indians had pushed his way to the remotest parts of Asiatic Russia. If any man could succeed, it was thought he would.

He proceeded to Egypt, intending to make his way to Sennaar, and thence to traverse the entire breadth of the African continent; but, seized with an illness at Cairo, he died just as he was about to start with a caravan.

The next traveller engaged by the society was Mr Lucas, who, having been captured by a Salee rover, had been

several years a slave in Morocco. He started from Tripoli, but was compelled by the disturbed state of the country to the south of that place to put back.

It should have been said that it had been long known that two mighty rivers flowed through the interior of Africa, one called the Gambia and the other the Niger, or Quorra; but whereabouts they rose, or the direction they took, or the nature of the country they traversed in their course, no exact information was possessed.

From Arab traders, also, accounts had been received of a vast city, situated near the banks of the Niger, far away across the desert, called Timbuctoo, said to possess palaces, temples and numberless public buildings, to be surrounded by lofty walls and glittering everywhere with gold and precious stones, to rival the ancient cities of Mexico and Peru in splendour and those of Asia in the amount of its population.

A century and a half before, two sea captains, Thompson and Jobson, sent out by a company for the purpose, had made their way some distance up the Gambia in boats, and early in the eighteenth century Captain Stibbs had gallantly sailed up the same river to a considerable distance, but, his native crew refusing to proceed, he was compelled to return without having gained much information.

As a wide sandy desert intervened between the shores of the Mediterranean and the centre of Africa, it was naturally supposed that the unknown region could be more easily reached from the west coast than over that barren district, and, soon after the return of Lucas, Major Haughton, a high-spirited, gallant officer who had lived some time in Morocco,

volunteered to make his way along the bank of the Gambia eastward, under the belief that a journey by land was more likely to succeed than one by water. Some way up that river is the the town of Pisania, where an English factory had been established, and a few Europeans were settled, with a medical man, Dr Laidley. Leaving this place, he proceeded to Tisheet, a place in the Great Desert, hoping from thence to reach Timbuctoo; but, robbed by a Moorish chief, of everything he possessed, he wandered alone through the desert, till, exhausted by hunger and thirst, he sat down under a tree and died. The news of his fate was brought to Dr Laidley soon afterwards by some negroes.

These expeditions threw no light on the interior of the continent. A fresh volunteer, however, Mungo Park, then unknown to fame, was soon to commence those journeys which have immortalised his name, and which contributed

so greatly to solve one of the chief African problems—the course of the Niger.

Chapter Two.

Table of Contents

Travels of Mungo Park.

Parentage—Returns from India—Sent out by the African Association—Sails for Africa—Arrives at Pisania—Starts with a come eastward—Mumbo Jumbo—Arrives at Koojar—Reaches capital of Bondou—Welcomed at the capital of Kaarta by King Daisy—Seized at the town of Dalli by Moorish soldiers, and carried captive to Benowm—Barbarously treated by Ali—Taken to visit Ali’s wife Fatima—She compassionates him—Almost starved—Difficulty of obtaining water—His servants taken from him—Ali attacked by Daisy—Park again falls into Ali’s hands—Resolves to escape.

Mungo Park, who long ranked as the chief of African travellers, was born on the 10th of September, 1771, at Fowlshiels, a farm occupied by his father on the banks of the Yarrow, not far from the town of Selkirk, in Scotland.

The elder Mr Park, also called Mungo, was a substantial yeoman of Ettrick Forest, and was distinguished for his unremitting attention to the education of his children, the greater number of whom he saw respectably settled in life. The young Mungo, after receiving with his brothers a course

of education at home under a private tutor, was sent to the Grammar School at Selkirk, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to Mr Thomas Anderson, a surgeon of that town. Hence he removed to the University of Edinburgh, and during his vacations made a tour with his brother-in-law, Mr Dickson, a distinguished botanist. On going to London he was introduced by his relative to Sir Joseph Banks, whose interest procured for him the appointment of assistant surgeon to the “Worcester,” East Indiaman. Returning from India, he offered his services to the African Association, who, notwithstanding the failure of the first expeditions they had sent out, still determined to persevere in their efforts.

Possessed of unbounded courage and perseverance, he was admirably fitted for the task he undertook, and his offer was gladly accepted.

Having received his final instructions from the African Association, he sailed from Portsmouth on the 22nd of May, 1795, on board the “Endeavour,” an African trader bound for the Gambia, where he arrived on the 21st of the following month.

His directions were to make his way to the Niger, by Bambook or any other route, to ascertain the course of that river, and to visit the principal towns in its neighbourhood, particularly Timbuctoo and Houssa, and afterwards to return by way of the Gambia or any other route he might deem advisable.

Houssa is not a city, as was then supposed, but a kingdom or province.

The vessel anchored on the 21st of June at Jillifree, where he landed and from thence proceeded up the Gambia to

Pisania. The only white residents were Dr Laidley and two merchants of the name of Ainsley, with their numerous black domestics. It is in the dominions of the King of Yany, who afforded them protection.

Assisted by Dr Laidley, Park here set to work to learn the Mandingo tongue, and to collect information from certain black traders called Seedees. During his residence at Pisania he was confined for two months by a severe fever, from which he recovered under the constant care of his host.

A coffle, or caravan, being about to start for the interior of Africa, Park, having purchased a hardy and spirited horse and two asses, arranged to accompany it. He obtained also the services of Johnson, a negro who spoke both English and Mandingo. Dr Laidley also provided him with a negro boy named Demba, a sprightly youth who spoke, besides Mandingo, the language of a large tribe in the interior. His baggage consisted only of a small stock of provisions, beads, amber and tobacco, for the purchase of food on the road; a few changes of linen, an umbrella, pocket compass, magnetic compass and thermometer, with a fowling-piece, two pair of pistols and other small articles. Four Mahommedan blacks also offered their services as his attendants. They were going to travel on foot, driving their horses before them. These six attendants regarded him with great respect, and were taught to consider that their safe return to the countries of the Gambia would depend on his preservation.

Dr Laidley and the Mr Ainsleys accompanied him for the two first days, secretly believing that they should never see him again.

Taxes are demanded from travellers at every town, by the chiefs.

Madina was the first town of any size he reached. He was here received by King Jatta, a venerable old man, who had treated Major Haughton with great kindness. He was seated on a mat before his hut, a number of men and women ranged on either side, who were singing and clapping their hands. Park, saluting him respectfully, informed him of the purport of his visit. The king replied that he not only gave him leave to pass, but would offer up his prayers for his safety. He warned him, however, of the dangers he would encounter, observing that the people in the east differed greatly from those of his country, who were acquainted with white men and respected them.

The king having provided a guide, Park took his departure, reaching Konjowar the next night. Here, having purchased a sheep, he found Johnson and one of his negroes quarrelling about the horns. It appeals that these horns are highly valued as being easily converted into sheaths for keeping secure certain charms, called *saphies*. These *saphies* are sentences from the Koran, which the Mahommedan priests write on scraps of paper and sell to the natives, who believe that they possess extraordinary virtues. They indeed consider the art of writing as bordering on magic; and it is not in the doctrines of the Prophet, but in the arts of the magician that their confidence is placed.

On the 8th, entering Koloa, a considerable town, he observed hanging on a tree a masquerading habit, made of bark, which he was told belonged to Mumbo Jumbo, a sort of wood demon, held greatly in awe, especially by the female

part of the community. This strange bugbear is common to all the Mandingo towns, and much employed by the pagan negroes in keeping their women in subjection. As the Kaffirs, or pagan Africans, are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain; and it frequently happens that the ladies disagree among themselves, their quarrels sometimes reaching to such a height that the authority of the husband can no longer preserve peace in his household,—in such cases the interposition of Mumbo Jumbo is called in and is always decisive. This strange minister of justice, who is supposed to be either the husband or some person instructed by him, disguised in the dress which has just been mentioned, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming by loud and dismal screams in the woods near the town.

He begins the pantomime at the approach of night, and as soon as it is dark he enters the town and proceeds to the *bentang*, or public meeting-house, at which all the inhabitants immediately assemble. The women do not especially relish this exhibition; for, as the person in disguise is entirely unknown to them, every married female suspects that the visit may possibly be intended for her; but they dare not refuse to appear when summoned.

The ceremony commences with songs and dances, which continue till midnight, about which time Mumbo fixes on the offender. The unfortunate victim being thereupon immediately seized, is stripped naked, tied to a post, and receives a severe switching with Mumbo’s rod, amidst the derisive shouts of the whole assembly, the rest of the

women being the loudest in their exclamations against their unhappy sister. Daylight puts an end to the unmanly revel.

The desert was now to be passed, in which no water was to be procured. The caravan therefore travelled rapidly till they arrived at Koojar, the frontier town of Woolli, on the road to Bondou, from which it is separated by another intervening wilderness of two days' journey.

While crossing the desert, they came to a tree, adorned with scraps of cloth, probably at first hung up to inform other travellers that water was to be found near it; but the custom has been so sanctioned by time that nobody presumes to pass without hanging up something. Park followed the example and suspended a handsome piece of cloth on one of the boughs. Finding, however, a fire, which the negroes thought had been made by banditti, they pushed on to another watering-place, where, surrounded by their cattle, they lay down on the bare ground, out of gun-shot from the nearest bush, the negroes agreeing to keep watch by turns, to prevent surprise.

They soon after reached Koorkarany, a Mahommedan town, which contained a mosque, and was surrounded by a high wall. The *maraboo*, or priest, a black, showed Park a number of Arabic manuscripts, passages from which he read and explained in Mandingo.

Moving on at noon of the 21st of December, the traveller...

This page and the next page are missing.

This page and the previous page are missing.

His fellow-travellers considered it necessary to journey by night till they could reach a more hospitable part of the

country. They accordingly started as soon as the people in the village had gone to sleep. The stillness of the air, the howling of the wild beasts and the deep solitude of the forest made the scene solemn and impressive. Not a word, except in a whisper, was uttered; and his companions pointed out to him the wolves and hyaenas, as they glided like shadows from one thicket to another.

The inhabitants of Bondou are called Foulahs. They are naturally of a mild and gentle disposition; but the uncharitable maxims of the Koran have made them less hospitable to strangers and more reserved in their behaviour than the Mandingoes.

Leaving Bondou, the caravan entered the kingdom of Kajaaga. The inhabitants, whose complexion is jet-black, are called Serrawoollies. The *dooty*, or chief man of Joag, the frontier town, though a rigid Mahommedan, treated Park very civilly; but while he was staying there a party of horseman, sent by the king, arrived to conduct him to Maana, his residence. When there, the king demanded enormous duties, and Park had to pay him the five drachms of gold which he had received from the King of Bondou, besides which his baggage was opened and everything of value taken. His companions now begged him to turn back, and Johnson declared it would be impossible to proceed without money. He had fortunately concealed some of his property; but they were afraid of purchasing provisions, lest the king should rob him of his few remaining effects. They therefore resolved to combat hunger during the day and wait for another opportunity of obtaining food.

While seated on the ground, with his servant-boy by his side, a poor woman came up with a basket on her head, and asked Park if he had had his dinner. The boy replied that the king’s people had robbed him of all his money. On hearing this the good old woman, with a look of unaffected benevolence, took the basket from her head, and presented him with a few handfuls of ground nuts, walking away before he had time to thank her.

Leaving Joag in company with thirty persons and six loaded asses, he rode on cheerfully for some hours till the caravan reached a species of tree for which Johnson had frequently inquired. On seeing it he produced a white chicken which he had purchased at Joag, tied it by a leg to one of the branches, and then told his companions that they might safely proceed, as the journey would be prosperous.

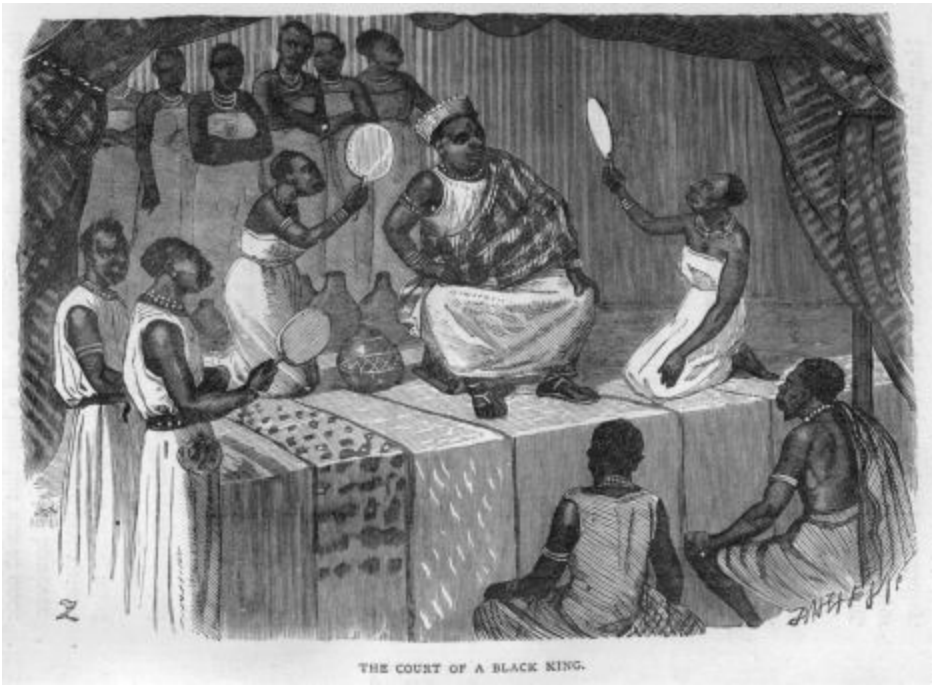
This incident shows the power of superstition over the minds of negroes; for though this man had resided seven years in England, it was evident that he still retained the superstitions imbibed in his youth.

Koomakary was the birthplace of one of Park’s companions from Pisania, a blacksmith, who had been attentive to him on the road. On approaching the place shouts were raised and muskets were fired. The meeting between the long-absent blacksmith and his relations was very tender. The younger ones having embraced him, his aged mother was led forth, leaning upon a staff. Every one made way for her as she stretched out her hands to bid her son welcome. Being totally blind, she stroked his arms, hands and face with great care, and seemed highly delighted that her ears once more could hear the music of

his voice. “It was evident,” observes Park, “that, whatever may be the difference between the negro and European, there is none in the genuine sympathies and characteristic feelings of our common nature.”

The king, Dembo Sego, gave the traveller an audience, and appeared well-disposed towards him. An escort was also sent to conduct him to the frontiers of Kaarta.

The capital of that province was reached on the 12th of



THE COURT OF A BLACK KING.

February, and as soon as he arrived a messenger came from the king, bidding him welcome, and a large hut was at once provided for his accommodation. The people, however crowded in till it was completely full; when the first visitors went, another took their place—in this way the hut being filled and emptied thirteen different times.

Park found the king, whose name was Daisy, surrounded by a number of attendants, the fighting men on his right-hand and the women and children on his left. A bank of earth, on which was spread a leopard-skin, formed the

throne. Daisy seemed perfectly satisfied with the account the traveller gave of himself, but warned him of the dangers in his way on account of the war which was then raging, and advised him to return to Kason, there to remain till it was over. Wise as this advice was, the approaching hot months made it important for him to proceed, dreading as he did having to spend the rainy season in the interior of Africa.

Daisy presented him with food, and sent a party of horse men to conduct him to Jarra, while three of his sons, with about two hundred horsemen, undertook to accompany him part of the way.

He had evidence of the disturbed state of the country while staying at the next town he entered. A body of Moors approached the gates and carried off the cattle, and one of the horsemen was shot by a Moor. The wounded man was brought in, when, as he was borne along, his mother went before, clapping her hands and enumerating the good qualities of her son. The ball had passed through both his legs, and as he and his friends would not consent to have one of them amputated, he died the same night.

Going forward, on the 18th they passed through Simbug, the frontier village of Ludamar. It was from hence Major Haughton wrote his last letter, with a pencil, to Dr Laidley. After leaving the place, when endeavouring to make his way across the desert, he was murdered by some savage Mahommedans, who robbed him of everything he possessed.

At this time, while Daisy was employed in fortifying a strong position among the hills, his territory was overrun by his enemy, Mansong.

On the evening of the 5th of March Park reached the town of Dalli. Here the people crowded in so disagreeable a manner to see the white stranger, that his host proposed, in order to avoid them, going in the cool of the evening to a negro village called Samee, at a short distance off.

As he was now within two days' journey of the heathen kingdom of Goumba, he had no apprehensions from the Moors, and readily accepted the invitation. His landlord was proud of the honour of entertaining a white man, and Park spent the forenoon very pleasantly with these poor negroes, their gentleness of manner presenting a striking contrast to the rudeness and barbarity of the Moors.

While thus enjoying himself, greatly to his dismay a party of Moorish soldiers suddenly appeared in the place. They were sent, they said, by their chief, Ali, to convey the white stranger to his camp at Benowm. If he would come willingly it would be better for him, but come he must, as they had orders to convey him by force; because Fatima, Ali's wife, having heard much about Christians, was anxious to see one. Park, unable to resist, was compelled to accompany them. The journey occupied many days, during which both Park and his attendants suffered much from thirst.

On the evening of the 12th they came in sight of Benowm, which presented to the eye a number of dirty-looking tents scattered without order over a large space of ground. Among the tents appeared large herds of camels, cattle and goats. As soon as he was seen the people who were drawing water threw down their buckets and, rushing towards him, began to treat him with the greatest discourtesy; one pulled at his clothes, another took off his

hat, while a third stopped him to examine his waistcoat buttons.

At length the king’s tent was reached, where a number of men and women were assembled. Ali was seated on a black leather cushion, clipping a few hairs from his upper lip, a female attendant holding up a looking-glass before him.

He enquired whether the stranger could speak Arabic, and being answered in the negative he remained silent. The ladies, however, asked a thousand questions, inspected his apparel, searched his pockets, and obliged him to unbutton his waistcoat to display the whiteness of his skin.

In the evening the priests announced prayer. Before they departed his Moorish guide told him that Ali was about to present him with something to eat. On looking round he saw some boys bringing a wild hog, which they tied to one of the tent ropes, when Ali made signs to him to kill and dress it for supper. Though very hungry, he did not think it prudent to eat any part of an animal so much detested by the Moors, and therefore replied that he never touched such food. The hog was then untied, in the hopes that it would run at the stranger, the Moors believing that a great enmity subsists between hogs and Christians. In this, however, they were disappointed, for the animal no sooner regained his liberty than he began to attack indiscriminately every person who came in his way, and at last took shelter under the couch upon which the king was sitting.

Park was after this conducted to a hut, where he found another wild hog—tied there to a stick for the purpose of annoying him. It attracted a number of boys, who amused

themselves by beating it with sticks, till they so irritated the animal that it ran and bit at every person within reach.

A number of people came in and made him take off his stockings to exhibit his feet, and then his jacket and waistcoat to show them how his clothes were put off and on.

Day after day he was treated in the same manner. He was also compelled to undertake various offices. First, he was told to shave the head of one of the young princes, but, unaccustomed to use a razor, he soon cut the boy's skin, on seeing which the king ordered him to desist.

On the 18th his black servant, Johnson, was brought in as as a prisoner before Ali by some Moors, who had also seized a bundle of his clothes left at Jarra. Of these Ali took possession, and Park was unable to obtain even a clean shirt or anything he required. The Moors next stripped him of his gold, his watch, the amber he had remaining and one of his pocket compasses. Fortunately he had hidden the other in the sand near his hut. This, with the clothes on his back, was the only thing Ali now left him.

Ali, on examining the compass, wished to know why the small needle always pointed to the Great Desert. Park, unwilling to inform him of the exact truth, replied that his mother lived far beyond the sands of the Sahara, and that while she was alive the piece of iron would always point that way and serve as a guide to conduct him to her. Ali, suspecting that there was something magical in it, was afraid of keeping so dangerous an instrument in his possession.

The Moors now held a council to determine what should be done with the stranger. Some proposed that he should be

put to death, others that he should only lose his right-hand, and one of Ali's sons came to him in the evening and with much concern informed him that his uncle had persuaded his father to put out his eyes. Ali, however, replied that he would not do so until Fatima, the queen, who was at present in the north, had seen him.

In vain Park begged that he might be permitted to return to Jarra. Ali replied that he must wait till Fatima had seen him, and that then he should be at liberty to go, and that his horse should be restored to him.

So wearied out was he at last with all the insults he received that he felt ready to commit any act of desperation.

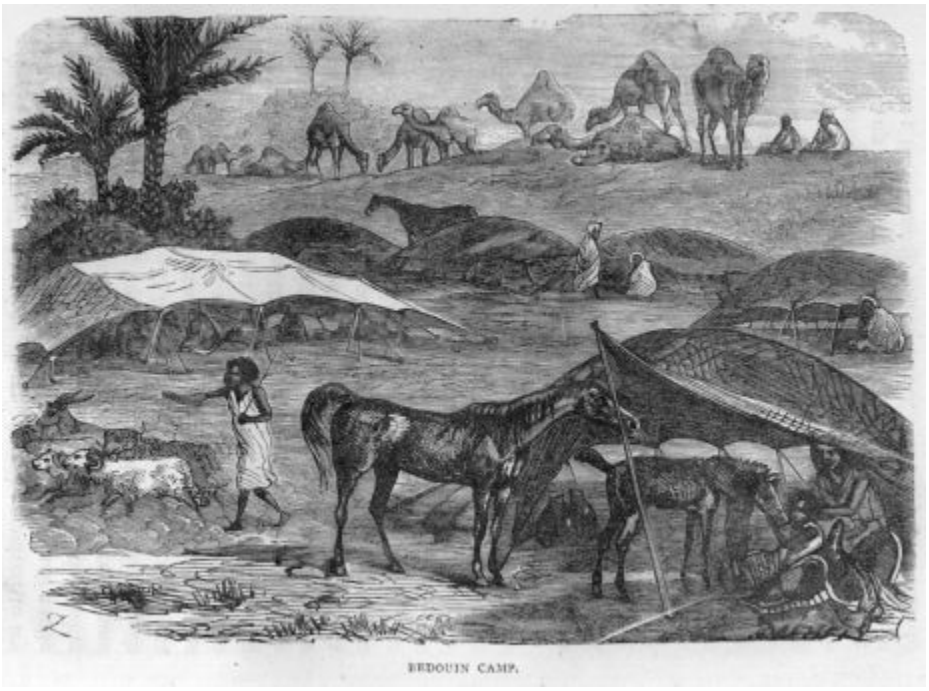
One day Ali sent to say that he must be in readiness to ride out with him, as he intended to show him to some of his women. They together visited the tents of four different ladies, at every one of which he was presented with a bowl of milk and water. They were all remarkably corpulent, which in that country is the highest mark of beauty. They were also very inquisitive, examining minutely his hair and skin, though affecting to consider him as a sort of inferior being to themselves, and pretending to shudder when they looked at the whiteness of his skin. Notwithstanding the attention shown him by these fat dames, his condition was not improved, and he was often left without even food or water, while suffering fearfully from the heat.

Ali at length moved his camp, and Park was sent forward under the escort of one of the king's sons. The new encampment was larger than that of Benowm, and situated in the midst of a thick wood, about two miles distant from a

neighbouring town, called Bubaka. Here Park was introduced to queen Fatima by Ali. She seemed much pleased at his coming, shaking hands with him, even though Ali had told her that he was a Christian. She was a remarkably corpulent woman, with an Arab cast of countenance and long hair.

After asking a number of questions, with the answers to which she appeared interested, she became perfectly at her ease and presented her visitor with a bowl of milk. She was, indeed, the only person who treated Park kindly during his stay.

Both men and cattle suffered much from thirst, and though Ali had given him a skin for containing water, and Fatima once or twice presented him with a small supply, yet such was the barbarous disposition of the Moors, that when his boy attempted to fill his skin at the wells, he generally



BEDOUIN CAMP.

received a sound drubbing for his presumption. One night, having in vain attempted to obtain water, he resolved to try his fortune himself at the wells, which were about half a mile distant. About midnight he set out, and, guided by the lowing of the cattle, he reached the place. Here a number of Moors were drawing water, but he was driven by them from each well in succession. At last he reached one where there was only an old man and two boys. He earnestly besought the first to give him some water. The old man complied, and drew up a bucket; but no sooner did Park take hold of it than, recollecting that the stranger was a Christian, and fearing that his bucket might be polluted, he dashed the water into the trough, and told him to drink from thence.

Though the trough was none of the largest, and three cows were already drinking in it, Park knelt down, and, thrusting his head between two of the cows, drank with intense pleasure till the water was nearly exhausted.

The rainy season was now approaching, when the Moors evacuate the country of the negroes and return to the skirts of the Great Desert.

Ali looked upon Park as a lawful prisoner, and though Fatima allowed him food and otherwise treated him kindly, she had as yet said nothing about his release.

Fortunately for him, Ali had resolved to send an expedition to Jarra, of two hundred Moorish horsemen, to attack Daisy. Park obtained permission to accompany them, and, through the influence of Fatima, he also received back his bundle of clothes and his horse.

On the 26th of May, accompanied by Johnson and his boy Demba, he set out with a number of Moors on horseback, Ali having gone on before. On his way Ali’s chief slave came up and told Demba that Ali was to be his master in future; then, turning to Park, said, “The boy goes back to Bubaka, but you may take the old fool,” meaning Johnson, “with you to Jarra.” Park in vain pleaded for Demba, but the slave only answered that if he did not mount his horse he would send him back likewise. Poor Demba was not less affected than his master. Having shaken hands with the unfortunate boy, and assured him that he would do everything in his power to redeem him, Park saw him led off by three of Ali’s slaves.

At Jarra he took up his lodgings in the house of an old acquaintance, Dayman, whom he requested to use his influence with Ali to redeem the boy, and promised him a

bill on Dr Laidley for the value of two slaves the moment he brought him to Jarra.

Ali, however, considering the boy to be Park’s principal interpreter, would not liberate him, fearing that he would be instrumental in conducting him to Bambarra.

Still Park was eager, if possible, to continue his journey, but Johnson refused to proceed further. At the same time he foresaw that he must soon fall a victim to the Moors if he remained where he was, and that if he went forward singly he must encounter great difficulties, both from the want of an interpreter and the means of purchasing food. On the other hand he was very unwilling to return to England without accomplishing his mission. He therefore determined to escape on the first opportunity at all risks. This arrived sooner than he expected.

On the 26th of June news was brought that Daisy had taken Simbug, and would be at Jarra the next day. Hearing this, the people began packing up their property and beating corn for their journey, and early in the morning nearly half had set off—the women and children crying, the men looking sullen and dejected.

Though Park was sure of being well treated could he make himself known to Daisy, yet as he might be mistaken for a Moor in the confusion, he thought it wisest to mount his 

horse with a large bag of corn before him, and to ride away with the rest of the townspeople.

He again fell in with his friend Dayman and Johnson. They pushed on two days' journey to the town of Queira.

While Park was out tending his horse in the fields on the 1st of July, Ali's chief slave and four Moors arrived at Queira, and Johnson, who suspected the object of their visit, sent two boys to overhear their conversation. From them he learned that the Moors had come to convey Park back to Bubaka. This was a terrible stroke to him, and, now convinced that Ali intended to detain him for ever in captivity, or perhaps to take his life, he determined at all risks to attempt making his escape. He communicated his design to Johnson, who, though he approved of it, showed no inclination to accompany him. Park therefore resolved to proceed by himself, and to trust to his own resources.