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Towards Ruwenzori.

By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 6, 1906.)

WHEN I last read a paper before the Club—it was on Kangchenjunga—my companion reproached me with being dull. I am afraid I shall be duller to-night. If so, you must put the blame on your Secretary, who has forced me to tell the story of a failure. My only hope is that I may be instructive; this is always the last hope of dulness. I trust that I may be able to give my successors some of the information Mr. Mumm and I failed to get last summer as to how best to approach the Mountains of the Moon.

I had better, perhaps, at once defend myself for using this term. I am of course aware that the identification has been, and is still, disputed by geographers of reputation. I have read what the learned Mr. Ravenstein, and the first conqueror of Kilimanjaro, Dr. Meyer, have to say on the subject. But they fail to convince me. I find that Herodotus reports the existence of pygmies, that Ptolemy describes a snowy range feeding two lakes as the source of the Nile; in the Harleian Atlas (A.D. 1536) I see the Silva Lunæ planted beside the Montes Lunæ (Stanley's forest and Ruwenzori) close to one of these lakes; I am referred to Arab chroniclers who describe snow mountains and the inconveniences of climbing them. In the face of these authorities it seems to me quite incredible that nothing was known, that no tradition or report had reached Egypt or Europe, concerning the heart of Africa, and that so many of its natural features were described and depicted by a process of happy invention, or what might be called telepathic geographical inspiration. I state my own conviction crudely. I shall not trouble you with a discussion

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which might be spun out by irrelevant learning to as great a length as that on 'The Pass of Hannibal.'

While I am dealing with nomenclature I had better explain the principles on which I shall employ modern names. It may be incorrect to speak of Ruwenzori as a single peak, but see no reason whatever for declining to speak of 'the Ruwenzori Range.' The name rightly, or wrongly, has been accepted in European usage, and any change now would be vexatious. As to particular peaks I must decline altogether to follow Dr. Stuhlmann in affixing to them the names of German savants whom I fear not to know argues oneself unknown. I shall prefer the native names employed by Sir Harry Johnston to others because, as the head of the Government of the Protectorate, he had the best right to establish a nomenclature. I trust that in this region we may not have to protest against the further introduction of the names of European celebrities, princely or scientific. Our maps are already blotted with too many—and that in inhabited countries where there is little excuse for them. Herr Grauer's intentions are courteous, and I trust he will not think me the contrary if I suggest that it would be a mistake to name a relatively insignificant rock after the sovereign of the British Empire.*

I have spoken of Government. This may serve as the place to point out that a question has arisen as to what Government the different parts of the Ruwenzori Range are properly subject to, Great Britain or the Congo State. Lord Salisbury, who was fond of short cuts in African politics, agreed to take the 30th meridian of E. longitude as the provisional frontier line. This was at that time laid down on maps as running along the W. base of Ruwenzori and bisecting Lake Albert Edward. Corrected observations have since shown that it cuts the eastern spurs of the range, and thus would give the crest of the chain and the whole of the lake to the Congo State. If this artificial boundary line were accepted as permanent, local trouble and loss must result. It would cut off our vassal, the King of Toro, from a salt-producing district which is his chief source of revenue; it would exclude our commerce from the waterway of the western Nile, it would block another bit of the Cape to Cairo route. To the native tribes the question is one of much concern. One of the chiefs has recently shown his anxiety to remain a British subject by tendering in advance to the Government of the Uganda Protectorate the whole house-tax

* See *post*, p. 143.

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for his tribe. To the Alpine Club it is also a matter of legitimate concern. We cannot afford to give away any more African snows, to have to show passports for Ruwenzori. The case is clearly one that calls for the attention of our former President, the author of the Access to Mountains Bill.

All those who know the district will, I believe, agree in urging that the time has come when negotiations should be entered into for substituting the boundary provided by Nature for an inconvenient and artificial line that disregards local features, commercial interests, and tribal limits. We must trust Mr. Bryce to see, when the Mixed Commission anticipated by the Belgian authorities meets, that the frontier line is drawn in a way agreeable to the inhabitants of the country as well as to the members of the Alpine Club.

The following extract from an article in the 'Mouvement Géographique' for October 29, 1905, by its editor, M. A. T. Wauters, Secretary-General to the Congo Railways Company, would seem to show that there should be no difficulty in coming to an amicable and satisfactory arrangement:—

'La frontière politique qui sépare l'Etat Indépendant du Congo du colonie anglaise de l'Uganda coupe le massif du Ruwenzori en deux portions d'inégales superficies: la partie nord-est, la plus importante, se trouve dans la sphère d'influence anglaise: la partie sud-ouest, qui comprend les contreforts en pente vers le lac Albert-Edouard, est située sur le territoire de l'Etat.

'Cette limite purement géographique est provisoire: il viendra un moment où elle devrait être précisée sur le terrain par une expédition mixte. Telle quelle est elle a été fixée par diverses conventions et documents, notamment la déclaration de neutralité adressée aux puissances le 1er août, 1885, la carte officielle en 5,000,000 dressée par M. Friedericksen et annexée aux "Protocoles et Documents de la Conférence de Berlin," enfin l'arrangement de 20 mai 1892, conclu avec l'Angleterre.

'La limite est indiquée par un pointillé spécial sur le croquis joint à cette étude et qui a été mis au courant des dernières observations reçues en Europe. A l'ouest du lac Albert et du cours moyen de la Semliki elle est formée par la ligne de faîte des bassins du Nil et du Congo jusqu'à sa rencontre avec le 30me méridien; elle est continuée vers le sud le long de ce méridien qui coupe la grande forêt de l'Aruwimi à ses confins orientaux, la Semliki à peu près vers le milieu de son cours et le lac Albert-Edouard à son extrémité nord-est près du poste

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anglais de Katve.' (The writer has here given the uncorrected position of the Meridian.)

I must assume that all my readers want to go out to Ruwenzori, or, at any rate, to know how they can best go should they want to. If you embark at Marseilles or Brindisi it takes from sixteen to twenty days to reach Mombasa through the Suez Canal. The Austrian steamers are the best, the English the slowest; there are also fair French and German boats. A white town situated on an island between two fine harbours, blue bays framed in palm forests, Mombasa is a characteristically tropical port.

In 1883 I feared I was signing a death-warrant in drawing up the instructions to Joseph Thomson to find a way to the great lake between Kenia and Kilimanjaro. A most unassuming railway station is now the starting-point of a train which performs in 48 hrs. the journey of 580 miles which used to take three months. This line is one of the most marvellous products of British enterprise. A wedge run into the heart of a scarcely discovered continent, it crosses two ridges, one of which is as high as the top of the old St. Gotthard carriage-road, 8,300 ft. But to the traveller an even greater attraction than the scenery is the fact that the best part of Noah's Ark promenades about the line, and that Adam and Eve may be seen watching the trains pass. Deer, antelopes and zebras in herds, jackals, hyænas, baboons, ostriches, giraffes, all these we saw close at hand, and on our way down the train pulled up to give us a better view of a lioness who calmly trotted beside it, caring no more for Mumm and his rifle than her ancestors did for a certain prophet.

The Victoria Nyanza is reached at the head of the Kavirondo Gulf, whence a luxurious steamer carries visitors to Entebbe, the capital of the Uganda Protectorate. The northern lake-shores are low, hills of 300 to 400 ft., but they are exquisitely wooded. The open spaces are as green as English meadows, and the giant ant-heaps add to the illusion by their resemblance from a distance to haycocks.

Entebbe is in a situation of singular beauty. The town, a group of villas and a street or bazaar, has been planted on the steep side of a wooded peninsula and looks out east and south over a labyrinth of bays and islands towards the centre of the great inland sea. Its site has been more or less cut in a primæval forest, and in the villa-gardens English roses blossom round the trunks of the tall smooth-stemmed giants of Africa. The sunrises are the peculiar glory of Entebbe.

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The surface of the lake has at all times a greenish hue, at dawn it shines like a translucent emerald floor, the islands become bars of the deepest sapphire, the grove that still lines the water's edge forms a dark frame to the luminous landscape, while the white-robed natives in the foreground resemble the figures of a dream. I never enjoyed any sunrises so much; I ought perhaps to add that one of their charms was that I could see them from my bed.

Beyond Entebbe civilised communications come to an end. Here the traveller first learns what 'going on safari' means. He must organise a caravan and procure tents and provisions. He will find a great deal ready to his hand, but he may do well not to rely too exclusively on the local resources of Uganda. The language difficulty is considerable, unless one of the party can talk Swaheli—which, like Latin in the Middle Ages in Europe, is a means of intercourse between the superior natives throughout East Africa. We solved it by engaging a young Englishman, who had come up from Natal to try his luck under the Equator, to act as our interpreter and the controller of our caravan of sixty Uganda natives.

Before we set out on our journey I may take the occasion to say once for all that the maps of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, though good round Lake Victoria, are practically useless in the interior. They are compilations from the itineraries of early explorers, and fail to indicate even the line taken by the beaten postroad from Kampala to Toro and the Upper Congo, or to give the names by which the halting places are now known. Ruwenzori is shown by conventional contours having no reference to Nature. There is no respectable map of Ruwenzori in existence. The early travellers were misled by the idea that it was volcanic and indicated a vast crater in its centre. Stanley's guesses were accepted by stay-at-home cartographers as indisputable, and his successors' work distorted in order to make it fit in with them. Mr. Moore and Mr. Scott Elliot * have each contributed some fragments of observation. A German cartographer has plotted out in detail Dr. Stuhlmann's discoveries on the W. side of the chain.† But all the work done has been somewhat amateurish, and I regret that I have nothing to add to it. For surveying in such a region time and fair weather

* *A Naturalist in Mid Africa.* By G. F. Scott Elliot. London, 1896. *To the Mountains of the Moon.* By G. E. S. Moore. London, 1901.

† *Mitteilungen der Geographischer Gesellschaft in Hamburg* (vol. xvii.), 1901.

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are essential. I trust that the expedition sent from the British Museum to spend a year on the mountain may be able to produce an authentic map of its central group. The Government, I am glad to learn, are taking up seriously the mapping of the Protectorate as a whole.

Either from Entebbe or Kampala it is 200 miles, or 12 days' good marching, more generally 14, to Fort Portal, the British post a few miles from the northern spur of the Ruwenzori Range. A march varies from 14 to 20 miles and covers two stages, at each of which is a rest-house or hut, protected by a fence. The day's journey begins at daybreak and is as a rule completed by noon. Towards evening a troup of villagers comes in with the carriers' food, unripe bananas, and much bargaining goes on. If there is a chief of any importance in the neighbourhood he brings a present, poultry or a lamb, and expects something in return. Strange to say, we found the most acceptable gift to be writing-paper and envelopes. Among the old aristocracy of Uganda it is apparently held a high distinction to be a man of letters!

It is worth while to visit Kampala, a ride of 4 hours in a rickshaw from Entebbe. The former capital of Uganda is in one respect like Rome: it stands on several hills. On one hill is the English Station; on another the royal palace, in old days the scene of the many atrocities of King Mwanga, now the residence of his grandson, a boy of thirteen. He has an English tutor to teach him lawn tennis and football, and hacks his subjects' shins instead of cutting off their ears and noses. So quickly does the old order change in Darkest Africa. A long street lined with the high fences of chequered bamboos that enclose the residences of the nobility of Kampala leads to the Protestant cathedral. It is called a cathedral, but it is no more like a real cathedral than, let me say, a colonial bishop is like the real thing. The building is constructed almost entirely of reeds and has a vast thatched roof which is fine in colour and impressive from a distance. It is said to be capable of accommodating 2,000 worshippers. Perhaps the best idea of it will be given by describing it as a gigantic Gothic summer-house. On a more distant hill stand the important buildings of the Roman Catholic Mission, which does good work throughout Uganda in encouraging agriculture and spreading the rudiments of civilisation. There is no visible town, except the bazaar, a long row of well-furnished booths. In the early morning it is a very pretty sight. 'White cotton nightgown country' Uganda might then be called. The shining figures, in their flowing robes, reminded me of the inhabitants of

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the Celestial City in some old Florentine picture. The illusion vanished when on nearer approach the colour of their faces became visible.

The walk or ride (we were successful in hiring two mules at Entebbe) to Fort Portal may be roughly divided into three sections. The scenery in each differs, and each has its distinctive character. We began by traversing an upland region cut by shallow valleys. In their flat bottoms are not streams but swamps, from which foul water oozes out to the N. to join the Nile. Here as elsewhere Africa gives one the idea of the work of a 'prentice hand. The architect of the Uganda plateau omitted to give it any sufficient general slope to carry off its drainage. On the heights are many hamlets and banana groves, in the hollows either exquisite little samples of tropical forest, or, more often, fields of papyrus covering stinking, stagnant mud. These the path traverses on narrow causeways.

After a large shallow lake, crowded with islets (Lake Isolt), has been passed on the left, our second stage is reached. The hills become bolder and more individual, about the size of English downs, the valleys wider and less insanitary. There is a good deal of bush, but no continuous forest. Here (as old travellers say) there be many fierce lions. Within an hour I marked the tracks of five on the path as I was walking ahead of the caravan one morning. The only objects I encountered, however, were a Roman Catholic missionary, travelling with a donkey, a hammock and a bicycle, and an official from the Upper Congo, to which Uganda is now, thanks to the railway, the direct postal route. A few hours later I was thrown from my mule, and a good deal hurt, so that I had to be carried in a litter for several days.

After another five or six days the country assumed a more varied aspect. The hills were no longer scattered without apparent design or connection. Something like a continuous range rose in front. We were approaching the edge of the high Uganda plateau, the watershed between the streams flowing to the Victoria Nile and to Lake Albert Edward. The pass which we crossed at the head of a very pretty flowery valley was a mild affair, comparable with the Col di Colma between Varallo and Lago d' Orta.

From this point we might have seen Ruwenzori; but we did not, that excitement was reserved for two days later, when we were camped in the vicinity of a mission station called Butiti. The spot is 17 miles (one day's march) from Fort Portal and about 40 miles from the snows. Hence we had the

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view, denied to our predecessors, which Sir H. Johnston drew from imagination and inserted in his book. His fundamental idea was sound, but he was misled by trying to incorporate the legends of cartographers.

The prospect before us was a striking one. In the immediate foreground stood bold green hills; beyond them we looked across a rolling country to a long range, rising from low foothills at either end, ridge behind ridge, to its final comb of shining snow. The vision, welcome as it was, was rather fascinating than sublime. The precipices and ice-fields were not, like those of the Himalaya, built up on a scale to excite awe; the general effect of the range was such as the European traveller is accustomed to. We might have been looking at a bit out of the panorama from the Superga.

There was one point that struck us even before we began to analyse the details of the heights. There was no doubt whatever as to the highest visible peak, no more than there is in the case of Mont Blanc when seen from Geneva.

Starting from the S. the first snow lay in streaks on a massive rock I may distinguish provisionally as the Southern Peak; a broad snowless depression, obviously meant for, and as we subsequently learnt, used as a pass, divided it from a bold comb of rock and ice, Sir H. Johnston's Kiyanja.* Its distinctive outline was at once recognisable as the reverse of that shown on the right of Dr. Stuhlmann's fine photogravure taken at the head of one of the valleys on the opposite side of the range. From its base a glacier-clad ridge stretched to the dominating summit, a shapely snow-peak of a most inviting aspect occupying the position of Sir H. Johnston's Duwoni. It reminded me in its proportions of the Weisskugel and looked quite as easy. There seemed nothing to prevent anyone armed with an ice-axe from walking straight up the snow-ridge from the saddle at its southern base. Moritz Inderbinnen was delighted, he planned another route for the descent. Misgivings were banished; we all began to count our chickens prematurely.

To the N.W. of the highest summit was a second slightly lower top. This double peak is shown in Stuhlmann's illustration, and also, I fancy, in a woodcut in Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," vol. ii., representing 'the tallest peak of Ruwenzori' seen from the N.W. But where was the Saddle Peak seen by Stairs and afterwards inserted in maps as 12 to 20 miles to the N. of the central group and equal to it in height? For

* See illustrations.

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Tallest peak of Ruwenzori from the N.W.
(Stanley)



Ruwenzori from the S.W.
(Dr Stuhlmann)



D.W.F. delt

Duwoni and the Portal Range from Butiti

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the moment a neighbouring hill prevented us from answering this question. But an hour later I saw from the path the complete range. North of and close to the double peak were three or four inferior snow-sprinkled rock-teeth; some of these no doubt were the summits seen by Stairs. Further N. the crest soon became rounded and green. In short, the Saddle Peak seems to be an African Mt. Iseran.*

It may be well to pause here, and before approaching it nearer, to give an outline sketch of the character of the Ruwenzori Range according to our present knowledge. It has already a considerable literature, but some of its explorers have employed phrases which I think they would hardly have hazarded had they been brought up in the traditions of this Club. To compare Ruwenzori with the Alps or Caucasus is to risk giving a very exaggerated impression. Its snows have been said to rival those between Mt. Blanc and the St. Gotthárd, a distance of 100 miles. Between the Simplon and the Gries would be nearer the mark. The glaciers of Ruwenzori cover, I believe, about 12 miles; they certainly do not cover more than 20 out of the 60 that, reckoning in its lowest foothills, make up the range. I should roughly divide the chain as follows: at either end 12 miles of low foothills, 20 miles for high ridges green to the top, and 16 at most for Alpine peaks and glaciers.

I desire to speak with all respect of Dr. Stuhlmann, who did very good work, and has given us our best picture of what is probably the finest aspect of the central snows. But it is a singular instance of the blindness of some scientists *suprà crepidam*, that the Doctor and his critics (with one exception, whom I will not name) did not recognise as glaciers the glaciers in his photograph, or realise the fact that he had established Ruwenzori's claim to be the mother of the Glaciers of the Nile, described by Ptolemy.

Mr. Moore was, I think, the first to go up to and describe the Mubuku glaciers, and he read a paper to the Club on his excursion (vol. xxi.). He attained the crest of the chain at a height of nearly 15,000 ft. My friend Sir H. Johnston,

* In all Mumm's photographs from this spot the distance has unfortunately failed to appear. I give, therefore, a facsimile of an outline I took of the highest peak from Butiti, with two views of it from different quarters borrowed from Stanley's and Stuhlmann's books. Views of the Southern Peak and Kiyanja taken by Mumm in the Mubuku Valley will also be found in this number. [For the first three views we are indebted to the courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.—Editor, *A. J.*]

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to whom we are indebted for a fascinating and beautifully illustrated description of the whole Protectorate, has given a detailed narrative of his climb up the Mubuku to the glaciers at its head. In 1901 Mr. Wylde, 'with the aid of entrenching tools,' climbed for an hour above the end of the glacier to a height he estimated at 15,000 ft. No measurement, however, seems to have been taken.*

The main point on which I differ from Sir H. Johnston is as to the height of the mountain. He guesses it as 20,000 ft., an estimate formed on his impressions of the scenery at the head of the Mubuku Valley. I cannot help surmising that his patriotism unconsciously impelled him to raise it above the great dome, the dome of Kilimanjaro, which in a fit of misplaced and unrequited generosity we gave away to the Kaiser.

In this discussion we have now several data to start from. The level of the upper terrace of the Mubuku Valley has by repeated measurements been shown to be about 13,000 ft., the base of its glacier 13,500–600 ft. Mr. Moore, Mr. Tegart, and Mr. Wollaston have separately got heights of about 15,000 ft. for points on the watershed at the head of the glacier. I confess that I find it hard to believe that the rise from the valley bottom to the ridge is only 2,000 ft. But I cannot dispute these combined observations, and I must suppose that, like Sir H. Johnston, though in a somewhat less degree, I was misled by the well-known magnifying and distorting powers of mist. The third datum is the height of 16,600 to 16,700 ft. obtained by trigonometrical measurement by members of Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe's Frontier Survey for a peak in the range. The question (which we cannot answer without fuller details) is, which peak? From the S. and S.E. the highest peaks are often obscured by the southern peak, which is several hundred feet lower, and it is, therefore, very possible that the southern peak was the point measured. In this case the highest peak will probably prove about the height I first guessed, 17,000 to 17,500 ft. But if the gap on the Mubuku watershed is really only 15,000 ft., and Kiyanja only 16,150 ft.,† the highest peak may be not more than 16,500 ft., the height Mr. Tegart assigns to it. It must not be forgotten, however, that Dr. David ‡ claims to have climbed to 16,700 ft. on the western slope of the mountain. But until he furnishes further details this altitude must be taken with reserve.

It may plausibly be argued that a chain under the Equator must rise to more than 17,000 ft. in order to send down

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* See *Geographical Journal*, vol. xix. p. 86.

† See pp. 145, 6. ‡ See *Globus*, vol. 86.

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Photos by A. L. Mumm.

THE SOUTHERN ROCK PEAKS.
FROM THE FOOT OF THE MUBUKU GLACIER.



Swan Electric Engraving Co.,

KIYANJA.

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glaciers to 13,500 ft. I thought so myself until I went to the spot. But now, after suffering from the rainfall and observing the pall of wet mist, which hangs for weeks over the loftier ridges, I can easily believe that perpetual humidity and frequent absence of sunshine may be efficient causes for the descent of the ice to a comparatively low level. In this connection I may quote a fact recorded in the 'Geographical Journal' for March last. On the slopes of Ruwenzori a temperature of 39° Fahrenheit has been recorded at 3,670 ft., while no equally low temperature has been recorded on Kilimanjaro at 6,200 ft.

The snow-line is another matter on which my predecessors' ideas have, I venture to think, got somewhat mixed. A snow-line is not where snow sometimes falls, or where névé turns into ice, but where snow lies all the year round. Snow often falls on Ruwenzori down to 12,500 ft.—perhaps lower—but trees grow up to 14,400 ft. That is about the height where snow lies permanently in gullies and hollows. There is not, as in the Alps, a broad bare space between the forests and the snows. When we were in Toro the only continuous snows were those between Kiyanja and Duwoni; the outlying rock-peaks were only flecked.

It was a rare day in more ways than one, the last of our journey to Fort Portal. As our path wound over the shoulders of high downs I recognised the black serrated crest of the Portal Peaks, buttressed towards the plain by the army of green hills which divides the basins of the Wimi and Mubuku torrents. We lost the view by plunging into a dark wood, a sample of the famous forest beyond the Semliki in which Stanley wandered. In one place the brushwood was torn and the path pounded by the recent passage of a herd of elephants. Toro is the home of elephants. It is also a land of streams. In the thickest of the grove we heard the welcome sounds of running water and came on a considerable torrent, tearing its way through the tropical greenery.

Fort Portal is finely situated on a hill in open country, a few miles from the northern spur of Ruwenzori. It consists of a fort, a large camp of beehive huts occupied by the Nubian garrison, a few Indian stores, and one or two official residences. The Collector, Mr. Haldane, was unluckily absent, but by his kindness Mumm and I were installed in comfort in his house. From the balcony there is a very pretty view along the range, but the central group is hidden and only a few snow patches are visible on its northern outliers and one white speck in the extreme S.

Fort Portal is over 5,000 ft. above the sea, the valley of

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the western Nile is under 3,000 ft. It is a pleasant, almost level, walk of 2 hrs. past a small lake full of wild ducks and water-lilies and over a level grassy upland to the brink of the escarpment of the Semliki Valley. From a hillock to the left of the pass there is a most impressive view. In the foreground the last spur of Ruwenzori makes its plunge into the deep-lying trench through which the Nile wanders in wide curves on its way to the Albert Lake. The plain is green and apparently cultivated in parts, burnt up and red in others, dotted everywhere with acacia groves. Opposite rises the long range which forms the watershed of Africa, breaking down in cliffs to the Lake, the waters of which shimmer faintly in the far distance.

Two miles from Fort Portal on the opposite hill lives a black king, Kasagama by name, whom the Government recognises and supports. He has for neighbours a colony of Church of England missionaries, with their wives and children, who live in comfortable houses with pleasant gardens. Under the instructions of the Collector and through the able hands of his Katakiro, or Prime Minister, the king organised our transport for Ruwenzori. The missionaries proved valuable sources of information as to climate and paths. Mr. Maddox, one of them, has been up to the glaciers, and is a keen climber, though inexperienced. I left him an ice-axe, and I trust he may make good use of it.* By him and by the native chiefs we were repeatedly assured that there are two dry seasons on Ruwenzori, mid-summer and mid-winter. Then, they said, it is much colder on the mountain, and the higher swamps are frozen. The dryness can, however, only be relative, since Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, the plucky missionary lady, and the Austrian—Herr Grauer—who attempted the mountain after us with Mr. Tegart and Mr. Maddox, met with broken weather in January.

The British Museum party, of whom our member Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston is one, seem, however, to have been more fortunate a week or two later, and we look forward with great interest to fuller accounts of their doings. Whatever escapes them in the way of summits will doubtless fall before the stupendous expedition led by the Duke of the Abruzzi, which all mountain-lovers will be glad to learn includes Signor Vittorio Sella.

(To be continued.)

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* Mr. Maddox was subsequently one of Herr Grauer's party in 1906. See *post*, 'Further Attempts on Ruwenzori,' p. 143.

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