**MAJOR EDMUND BARTTELOT 1859-1888**

**Extracts from his diary on meeting Casement in 1887**

Major Barttelot’s diary:

<https://archive.org/stream/in.ernet.dli.2015.501895/2015.501895.The-Life_djvu.txt>

*The life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, captain and brevet-major Royal Fusiliers, commander of the rear column of the Emin Pasha relief expedition*, *being an account of his services for the relief of Kandahar, of Gordon, and of Emin, from his letters and diary* and his Diary of the Congo

Richard Bentley, London, 1890, edited by W.G. Barttelot

Major Barttelot d. 19 July 1888, was shot by Sanga, a Manyuema porter of Tippu Tip’s, after complaining about his wife’s drumming noise.

Edited section in my 3rd edition with footnote:-

From *The life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, captain and brevet-major Royal fusiliers, commander of the rear column of the Emin Pasha relief expedition; being an account of his services for the relief of Kandahar, of Gordon, and of Emin, from his letters and diary*, Richard Bentley, London, 1890, edited by W.G. Barttelot.

Major Edmund Barttelot of the Stanley expedition (which included Herbert Ward) and Casement, then working for Sanford’s Exploring Expedition, were co-incidentally together for five days from 16 to 21 April 1887. The Major’s comments from his diary give a rare and very favourable impression of Casement at that time. He was obviously taken with the 23 year-old, met at the Inkisi River: [16th] We “encamped on the other side, just the far side of a camp of Casement, an uncommon nice fellow belonging to the Sandford expedition… [17th] came across Casement and had lunch with him; also Jephson, who was bringing up the boat… [18th] Stanley and Casement came up in the afternoon and camped with me. We dined together... [19th] Casement helped my Soudanese on tremendously; he is a real good chap… [20th] Tried to send my Soudanese soldiers on earlier, but Stanley stopped them – perfectly unnecessarily, only he hates them so. However, I got to camp at Makoko village at 11.35 a.m. Jephson had a slight fever here. The king of this village, also Makoko by name, has a wonderful beard, which he keeps plaited up in two rolls under his chin, but when let down it reaches the ground, so that he can stand on it. Casement came up late at night, and camped near me. Our sugar was finished to-day… [21st] Breakfasted with Casement; left camp at 5.45 a.m.” Barttelot became commander of the famous rear column of the Emin Pasha relief expedition. He was to die the next year on 19 July when shot by a Manyuema porter called Sanga, employed by the Zanzibari slave trader Tippu-Tib, after he complained one morning about Sanga’s wife’s incessant drumming.

[The Sabina Murray novel *Valiant Gentleman* mentions the meeting.]

R, CASEMENT. [unedited diary extract]

Saturday, April 16. — There was heavy rain and thunderstorm all night, so we could not leave camp till 7.45, and arrived at the Inkissi River at 8.30, crossing it in -uii boat at 2.30 p.m.; and encamped on the other side, just the far side of a camp of Casement, an uncommon nice fellow belonging to the Sandford expedition.

Sunday, April 17. — Left camp at 6 a.m. I found my leading men had taken the wrong road. I sent Kane’s pony on to bring them back. He brought back a few, but said the remainder had crossed a large river, and would hit off the right road by a cross track. After plunging through an awful jungle, I and a few hit off the right road, and came across Casement and had lunch with him; also Jephson, who was bringing up the boat. I waited half an hour for the rest of the men, but no one appearing, at 1.45 p.m. I started to meet them, and came on the Zanzibaris, but no Soudanese. I asked where they were. “Miles in rear.” So back I went to within two miles of the Inkissi, where I found the last man. Collected them all, thirty-five in number, the rest ahead, and left them with Assad Farran, and walked into camp; arrived at 6.30 p.m.

Monday, April 18. — Rained in the night. Started at 6.30 a.m., arriving at Kirfuna village at 10.30. Stanley and Casement came up in the afternoon and camped with me. We dined together.

April 19. — Light rain at night and in the early morning. Left at 7.30, and arrived at the Luila

River at 11.30? where I found Stanley checked by the flood. I got over about 5.30 p.m. in the boat. Casement helped my Soudanese on tremendously; he is a real good chap.

Wednesday, April 20. — Left camp at 7 a.m. Tried to send my Soudanese soldiers on earlier, but Stanley stopped them — perfectly unnecessarily, only he hates them so. However, I got to camp at Makoko village at 11.35 a.m. Jephson had a slight fever here.

The king of this village, also Makoko by name, has a wonderful beard, which he keeps plaited up in two rolls under his chin, but when let down it reaches the ground, so that he can stand on it. Casement came up late at night, and camped near me. Our sugar was finished to-day.

Thursday, April 21. — Breakfasted with Casement; left camp at 5.45 a.m. A very woody, hilly march, and very hot. Parke very seedy. We arrived at Leopoldville at 12.15 p.m., and helped to clear a camp; secured some hippo meat for the Soudanese. We had now marched 210 miles in twenty-seven days over an awful country for marching ; no regular roads, and up and down, with heaps of rivers and small streams, which, though insignificant, yet delayed and impeded a large column like ours tremendously. A beautiful country’ (in a letter he writes). ‘densely wooded the whole way; now and again open plains of high grass. The work of driving the men on was most wearying. 1 can compare it to nothing else but slave-driving.

HOW WE GOT THE PEACE! 87

We met our first chedc liere, for the steamers we expected were non est. There was only one ready, the state steamer, the Stanley. There were two others the Peace, belonging to the English Mission, which was not ready, and which had been refused Stanley at home; and the Henry Reid, belonging to the American Mission, and which they also refused, unless it was sanctioned by the authorities at New York. The English mail had broken down; the intelligence, therefore, that the Peace had been refused was not known by the chief of the mission at the Pool, who agreed loan it to the Expedition provided that no news to the contrary from home came before she started. The mail did come in before she was ready, but Stanley had, through the chief of the station, stopped the mail, and abstracted all suspicious-looking letters, to be delivered after we had started, and when the next mail came in. This was how we got the Peace.

April 21. — Camp Leopoldville. 1 served two days’ rice all round — the last they will have. Jameson went away to shoot hippo meat for the camp. The American Mission, Mr. Billington and Dr. Sims, refused to let us have their steamer, the Henry Reid.

April 23. — Stanley sent for me, and told me to fall in the men we had to Jephson, who was to take possession of the steamer, and with the rest of the men go to Billington. demanding repayment of money paid. While falling in the men I persuaded Stanley to let me have another talk with Billington before taking such measures. He agreed, and I went with Jephson as a witness, but no good. The Belgian Free State then slipped in and formally pressed the steamer.

April 24, April 25. — Monday, at 7.30 a.m., with 150 men, Parke, and our donkey, I embarked on the Stanley. I issued three brass rods per man to buy food with for two days; they had had nothing to eat for two days. We stopped that night at Kuipoko, Bishop Taylor’s mission. The chief, Mr. Keate, was very kind to us.

April 26. — I had a slight fever; took large doses of quinine.

April 27. — Disembarked at Lisa Point in order to march to Mswata, the Stanley returning for others,’

Extract from a Letter To Miss Leopoldville, Stanley Pool.

April 24, 1887.

The very' first day out, the Soudanese grumbled because they had to carry their own kit, but when they found they had to carry rations as well, they refused to go on. However, Stanley talked them over, and they carried their rations for twenty days; but after ten days were up, they had eaten or thrown them away. Stanley refused to give them more; they refused to march. He threatened to shoot them; they said, “Shoot ! we can shoot.”

HUMAN TRANSPORT.

However, he gave in, but sent them on with seventy sick men and myself ahead. I never had such a time in my life — urging, threatening — wearing work. A man’s load is 65 lb., and then he has to carry his rations for twelve or thirteen days — 1 lb. of rice a day only.

Certainly human transport presents a very sad aspect of life. The missionaries and station, people have been very kind to us on the way up. I feel very well at present, but not always very bright, there are so many sad things happening all round: starvation, sickness, and lingering death, which nothing can avert.

I have been busy getting ready for to-morrow’s start to Mswata; I shall be away from the column about ten days. I think. I hope Parke won’t die with me, but he is very ill. I am afraid. I like all the fellows, but Jameson and Stairs the best: they never complain, and are always ready. Our tent is a failure, and our beds are so heavy we cannot carry them; my boys make me a bed of sticks and grass, which keeps me off the ground, which is always wet.

Tuesday. April 28. — We left camp at 5.30 a.m.; our road lay through a dense jungle and high grass. I fancy the reason of Stanley sending me on is that he dislikes me on account of the Soudanese, and hates them, Stanley intends leaving me in the rear, I think ; at least, he told me so at Leopoldville — a bit of spite. Parke shot a partridge.

April 29.— Arrived at Kiben village; here the King refused to let our guides go any further. After an hour’s palaver we got two more guides, presented the King with fifty metako, and bought food of him. All the women here smoke, and the men do their hair in chignons! They call food “chop.”

April 30. — Our guides gave us trouble. The natives, here are rare liars.

May 1. — Arrived at Mswata, where we stayed…