A decorative border in a dark, embossed style surrounds the text. At the top, two spears with feathers are crossed. On the left, a fan-shaped object and a staff with a circular disc are visible. On the right, a staff with a fluted top and a staff with a curved blade are shown. At the bottom, a banner-like element and a staff with a circular disc are depicted.

GREAT
EXPLORATIONS
IN AFRICA.

J. T. HEADLEY.

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R. A. H. MORROW, GENERAL AGENT, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALL explorations in Africa in former years were made by travelers simply to gratify curiosity or from a desire to penetrate beyond lines reached by other men. All the results they desired or expected to achieve were amusement and fame. But in later years they have assumed an entirely different aspect. From Livingstone, who first began to open up the "dark continent," to Cameron and Stanley, who pierced its very heart, all the explorations have tended to one great end—the civilization and Christianization of the vast population that inhabits it. No matter what the ruling motives may have been in each—whether, as in Livingstone, to introduce Christianity; or, in Baker, to put a stop to the slave trade; or, in Stanley, to unlock the mystery of ages—the tendency has been the same: to bring Africa into the family of continents instead of being the earth's "pariah;" to throw light on this black spot of our planet, and make those who inhabit it practically and morally what they are really—a portion of the human race.

The men who have contributed most to this great end are those whose explorations are traced in this volume. As in all books of travel there is much that is merely personal, and a *great* deal, though necessary to accurate geography and natural science, yet is of no interest to the ordinary reader, one is able to curtail them without in any way lessening their intrinsic value. So, also, the incidents and adventures of any special interest may be groped together without all those minute details that go to make up a daily journal. In fact, the great drawback to the interest one takes in a book of travels, is, those *tedious details* that go so far toward making it up. What the traveller thinks worthy of recording, is not

always what the reader deems worthy of perusal. There are always meteorological observations, geological theories, dissertations on language and ethnological questions and statistics, that may be more or less valuable, and yet possess little interest to the general reader. All these may be left out or results alone given, without not only not injuring the book, but really adding to its interest.

We have acted on this theory in giving in one volume the contents of seven. In doing this, we have endeavored to leave out nothing of real value to the general reader, but, on the contrary, to make the narrative, by being more consecutive and direct, more interesting. The truth is, the trouble is not to make a *large* book of travels, but a *compact, racy, and readable* one. The tendency always is to expand too much—to spread a little matter over a large space. The works of the travelers mentioned in this volume cover different ground, and hence each one possesses an interest peculiar to itself, while all tend to the same end. A person, therefore, who reads the narrative of only one, gets but a partial idea of what has been going on in Africa for the last few years. It is desirable to know all, and yet few can buy all the expensive books of the various travelers. We have in this work endeavored to meet that want, so that one, at a moderate expense, can acquaint himself with all that has been lately achieved in Africa, as well as obtain a thorough knowledge of the habits and customs of the various people and tribes that inhabit that continent.

Acknowledgment is due and is hereby tendered to Messrs Scribner & Co. for their kind permission to draw from Mr. Stanley's first volume, "How I found Livingstone." Also to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who have kindly permitted us to extract from Sir Samuel Baker's book "Ismailia."

J. T. HEADLEY.

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CHAPTER I.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

How Republican Institutions Develop Character—Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant and Stanley—The Latter a Native of Wales—Educated in a Poor-House—Becomes a Teacher—Ships as a Cabin-boy to New Orleans—Adopted by a Merchant and takes his Name—Lives in the Arkansas Forest—Given up as Dead by his Adopted Father—Returns on Board a Mississippi Flat-Boat—Death of his Father without making a Will—Life with the Miners and Indians—Enters the Confederate Army—Is taken Prisoner—Enlists in the United States Navy—Goes to join the Cretans to Fight against Turkey—Robbed by Brigands—Travels—Visits his Native Place—Gives the Children of the Poor-House a Dinner—Makes an Address—Herald Correspondent in the War between England and Abyssinia—Beats the Government Messenger—Sent to Spain as War Correspondent—Receives a Startling Telegram from Mr. Bennett to come to Paris—Hasty Departure—Affectionate Parting with Children—Singular Interview with Mr. Bennett—Accepts the Leadership of an Expedition to find Livingstone—His peculiar Fitness for the Undertaking—His Remarkable Qualities as Exhibited in this and His last March across Africa.

STANLEY is one of those characters that forcibly illustrate the effect of Republican institutions in developing a strong man. Despotism cannot fetter thought—that is free everywhere—but it can and does restrain its outworking into practical action. The former do not make great strong men, they allow those endowed by nature with extraordinary gifts, free scope for action. This fact never had, perhaps, a more striking illustration than in the French Revolution. The iron frame-work of despotism had rested so long over the heads of the people that it had become rusted in its place, and no individual force or strength could rend it asunder. But when the people, in their fury, shattered it into fragments, there was exhibited the marvelous effects of individual character. A lieutenant of artillery vaulted to

the throne of France and made marshals and dukes and kings of plebeians. A plebeian himself, he took to his plebeian bed the daughter of the Cæsars. He took base-born men and pitted them against nobles of every degree, and the plebeians proved themselves the better men. Thus, no matter how despotic he became, he and his marshals and new-made kings were the most terrible democracy that could be preached in Europe. The mighty changes that were wrought, simply show what results may be expected when the whole world shall be thus set free and every man be allowed to strike his best and strongest blow. When the race is thus let loose on the planet we inhabit, we shall see the fulfillment of that prophecy, "a nation shall be born in a day." The same truth is apparent in our own country, though its exhibitions are not so sudden and startling. Indeed they could not be, because this freedom of action has no restraints to break through, and hence no violent effort is required. Every man grows and expands by degrees without let or hindrance. In a despotism, Webster would probably have taught school in a log school-house all his days, and the "mill boy of the sloshes" never made the great forum of a nation ring with his words of eloquence, nor the "rail-splitter" been the foremost man of his time, nor the tanner-boy the president of the republic. Republican institutions never made any of those men, they simply allowed them to make themselves. Stanley is the latest and most extraordinary example of this. It is folly to point to such men as he as a stimulus to youthful ambition, to show what any man may become. No amount of study or effort can make such a boy or man as he was and is. The energy, daring, self-confidence, promptness and indomitable will were born in him, not acquired. The Latin proverb, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," the poet is born, not made, is not truer of the poet than of a character like him. His characteristics may be pointed out for the admiration of others, his good qualities made a lesson to teach youth how perseverance, and determination, and work will

elevate a man whatever may be his walk in life. A man born with a combination of qualities like Stanley's, must have room given him or he will make room. He has such a surplus of energy and will-power that it must have scope and field for action. A despotism could not have repressed him. He would either have become a wanderer or adventurer in strange lands, or he would have headed a revolution, vaulted to power or to a scaffold, as others have done before him.

But although Stanley developed his whole character under free institutions, he was not born under them, being a native of Wales. He was born near Denbigh, in 1840. His parents' name was Rowland. At three, he was sent to the poor-house at St. Asaph, to get an education. Here the poor, unpromising lad remained till he had finished such an education as this institution could furnish, and then sought employment as a teacher; and for a year was employed as such at Mold, Flintshire. But now the strong instincts of his nature began to show themselves. He felt that a school-teacher's life, however honorable and useful, could not be his, and, with his scant earnings, shipped as cabin-boy in a ship bound for New Orleans. Arriving in safety, he began to look about for employment. By what lucky chance it happened we do not know, but he fell into the hands of a merchant named Stanley, who became so attached to the frank, energetic, ambitious youth that he finally adopted him and gave him his name. Thus the Welsh boy Rowland became the American youth Stanley. Fortune had certainly smiled on him, and his future seemed secure. As the partner and eventually heir of his benefactor, as he doubtless would become, fortune, ease, and a luxurious life lay before him. But even here, so pleasantly situated and cared for, the same restless spirit that has since driven him over the world, exhibited itself, and he wandered off into the wilds of Arkansas, and in his log-cabin on the banks of the Wichita River, with the pine-trees moaning above him, he dwelt for a long time, among the strange, wild dreams

of imagination and daring youth. His adopted father mourned him as dead, never expecting to behold him again. But he made his way to the Mississippi, and going on board a flat-boat, became the companion of the rough western characters to be found on these boats, and slowly floated down to New Orleans, and was received by his overjoyed father as one risen from the dead.

But just here, fortune, which seemed to have had him in her special care, took another step forward by apparently deserting him. His adopted father suddenly died without making his will. His place and prospective heirship both disappeared together, and the curtain was let down between him and a pleasant successful future. Doubtless that father intended to provide for his adopted son, but now all the property went to the natural legal heirs, and he was once more thrown upon the world. In the delirium of an African fever, tossing in his hammock, far from the haunts of civilization, there came back to him an episode of his life at this point. We learn that impelled by his roving disposition, he wandered away among the California miners, and at last among the Indians, and sat by their council fires. He seemed destined to see every phase of human life, to become acquainted with the roughest characters, to prepare him for the wildest of all men, the African savage. This kind of life also toughened and hardened the fibre of the youth, so that he settled down into the man with a constitution of iron, without which he could not have endured the trials he has since undergone, and still retain his health and physical powers unworn. At this time a new field opened before him. The civil war broke out, and being a Southern man, he enlisted in the Confederate army. This was a kind of service just adapted to his peculiar character, one in which a man with the courage, daring, energy, promptness and indomitable will that he possessed, was sure to win fame and promotion. But before he had time to exhibit these qualities, fate, that seemed against him to human

eyes, again advanced a step toward future success by causing him to be taken prisoner by the Union troops. As a prisoner he was worthless, and the Union cause really having his sympathies, he proposed to enlist in the Northern army. Whether the military authorities were afraid of this sudden conversion, or not daring to give too much freedom of action to one who showed by his whole bearing and language, that there was no undertaking too daring for him to attempt, we are not told, but they put him where he would probably have little chance to show what stuff he was made of, and he was placed on the iron-clad ship *Ticonderoga*. It is said, he was released as a prisoner and volunteered to enlist in the navy. Be that as it may, though totally unfit for service of any kind on board of a man-of-war, he soon became acting ensign. At the close of the war he looked about for some field of active service, and what little war he had seen seemed to fit his peculiar character, and hearing that the Cretans were about to attempt to throw off the Turkish yoke, he resolved to join them. He proceeded thither with two other Americans, after having first made an engagement with the *New York Herald* as its correspondent. Disgusted, it is said, with the insurgent leaders, he abandoned his purpose, and having a sort of roving commission from Mr. Bennett, he determined to travel in the East. But he and his fellow-travellers were attacked by Turkish brigands, and robbed of all their money and clothing. They laid their complaint before Mr. Morris, our minister at Constantinople, who in turn laid it before the Turkish Government. At the same time he advanced them funds to supply their wants and they departed. After various journeyings he finally returned to England. Here a strong desire seized him to visit the place of his nativity in Wales, the house where he was born, and the humble dwelling where he received the first rudiments of his education at St. Asaph. One can imagine the feelings with which this bronzed young man, who had travelled so far and wide, entered the quiet valley from which he had departed so long ago

to seek his fortune. It speaks well for his heart, that his sympathies turned at once toward the poor-house of which he had been an inmate in his childhood. Remembering that the greatest boon that could have been conferred at that time on him would have been a good, generous dinner, he resolved to give those poor children one. One would like to have been present at it. The daring young adventurer in the presence of those simple, wonder-struck children would make a good subject for a picture. We venture to say that Mr. Stanley enjoyed that unobtrusive meal in that quiet Welsh valley more than he has ever since enjoyed a banquet with nobles and princes; and as the shadows of life lengthen he will look back on it with more real pleasure. He addressed them, giving them a familiar talk, telling them that he was once one of their number, accompanying it with good advice, saying for their encouragement, and to stimulate them to noble endeavors, that all he had been in the past and all he hoped to be in the future, he should attribute to the education he had received in that poor-house.

This was a real episode in his eventful life, and, though it doubtless soon passed away in the more stirring scenes on which he entered, yet the remembrance of it still lingers around that quiet, retired Welsh valley, and, today, the name of Stanley is a household word there, and the pride and glory of its simple inhabitants. And as time goes on and silvers those dark hairs, and the "almond-tree flourishes" and "desire fails, because man goeth to his long home," he, too, will remember it as one of those green oases he once longed to see and found in the arid desert.

In 1867, then twenty-seven years of age, he returned to the United States and, in the next year, accompanied the English army in its campaign against Theodore, King of Abyssinia, set on foot to revenge the wrongs the latter had committed against the subjects and representatives of the British government. He went as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and gave a vivid and clear account of the painful march and skirmishes up to

the last great battle in the king's stronghold, where, with a gallant dash, the fortress was taken, the king killed and the war ended. With that promptness in acting, which is one of his chief characteristics, he at once dispatched the news of the victory and the ending of the campaign to London, beating the governmental dispatches sent by the commander-in-chief, so that one morning the readers of the London newspapers knew that of which the government was ignorant. This, of course, was a genuine surprise. A young American newspaper correspondent, without a vessel at his command, had nevertheless, by his enterprise, beat the governmental messenger, and steady old conservative England was disgusted to find its time-honored custom reversed, which was that the government should first give notice of successes to the public, leaving to newspaper correspondents to fill up the minor details. But an enterprising young American had furnished the important news, leaving the British government the secondary duty of supplying these details. Notwithstanding the admiration of the enterprise that had accomplished this great feat, there was a ludicrous aspect to the affair, in the position in which it placed official personages, that raised a quiet laugh on both continents. His letters contain the best history of that expedition that has ever been written. This was still another onward step in the great work before him, of which he, as yet, had no intimation. The next year, 1868, he returned to the United States, and in the following year was sent by the *Herald* into Spain, to follow the fortunes of the civil war there, as correspondent. Like everything else that he undertook, he performed his duties more than faithfully. Exposure, danger, hardships, nothing interfered when there was a prospect of acquiring valuable information. It mattered not to him whether he was on the margin or in the vortex of battle—he never thought of anything but the object before him and toward which he bent all his energies. His letters from the seat of war not only gave the best description of the battles fought and of the military

position of affairs, but, also, of the political state of the kingdom. But while he was here, considering himself fixed down for an indefinite period, for Spain is proverbial for the protracted duration of its civil wars, Mr. Bennett, in Paris, was planning an expedition to go in search of Dr. Livingstone, buried, alive or dead, somewhere in the heart of Africa. The sympathies of everybody were enlisted in his fate, yet the British government, though he had done so much to enhance the fame of his native country, refused to stir a step toward ascertaining his fate or relieving him if in want or bondage. The Royal Geographical Society, ashamed of the apathy and indifference of the government, had started a subscription to raise funds from private sources to defray the expenses of an expedition to go in search of him. In the meantime this American editor, scorning alike state patronage or private help, conceived the bold project of finding him himself. Looking round for a suitable leader to command an expedition, his eyes rested on Stanley in Spain. And here should be noted the profound sagacity of Mr. Bennett in selecting such a leader for this desperate expedition, that was to go no one knew where, and end no one knew at what point. Most people thought it was a mammoth advertisement of the New York *Herald*, nothing more. If he was in earnest, why did he not select some one of the many African explorers who were familiar with the regions of Central Africa, and had explored in the vicinity of where Livingstone was by the best judges, supposed to be, if alive? Men, for instance, like Speke, Baker, Burton, Grant and others. This certainly would have given eclat to the expedition, and, if it failed in its chief object, would unquestionably furnish new facts for the geographer and the man of science. But to send one who made no pretensions to science, no claims to be a meteorologist, botanist, geologist, or to be familiar with astronomical calculations, all of which are indispensable to a great explorer, seemed absurd. But Mr. Bennett had no intention of making new scientific or geographi-

cal discoveries. He had but one object in view—to find Dr. Livingstone—and on the true Napoleonic system of selecting the best man to accomplish a single object, he, with Napoleonic sagacity, fixed on Stanley. The celebrated men who would have given greater distinction to the enterprise would, doubtless, divide up their time and resources between scientific research and the chief object of the expedition, and thus cause delays that might defeat it; or, with more or less of the martinet about them, push their researches only to a reasonable extent and be content with reports instead of personal investigation. But he wanted a man who had but one thing to do, and not only that, but a man who would accomplish the errand on which he was sent or die in the attempt. This was to be no mere well-regulated expedition, that was to turn back when all reasonable efforts had been made. It was one that, if desperate straits should come, would resort to desperate means, and he knew that with Stanley at its head this would be done. He knew that Stanley would fetch out Livingstone, dead or alive, or leave his bones to bleach in the wilds of Africa. The latter was comparatively young, it was true; had always accompanied, never led, expeditions. He knew nothing of Africa, how an expedition should be organized or furnished; it mattered not. Bennett knew he had resources within himself—nerves that never flinch, courage that no amount of danger could daunt, a will that neither an African fever nor a wasted form could break down, and a resolution of purpose that the presence of death itself could not shake, while, to complete all, he had a quickness and accuracy of judgment in a perilous crisis, followed by equally quick and right action, which would extricate him out of difficulties that would overwhelm men who had all his courage, will and energy, but were slower in coming to a decision. This latter quality is one of the rarest ever found even in the strongest men; to think quick and yet think right; to come to a right decision as if by impulse, is a power few men possess. To go swift and yet straight as the can-

non ball or lightning's flash, gives to every man's actions tenfold power. In this lay the great secret of Napoleon's success. The campaigns were started, while those of others were under discussion, and the thunder and tumult of battle cleared his perceptions and judgment so that no unexpected disaster could occur that he was not ready to meet. This quickness and accuracy of thought and action is one of the prominent characteristics of Stanley, and more than once saved his life and his expedition.

On the 16th day of October, 1869, as he was sitting in his hotel at Madrid, having just returned from the carnage of Valencia, a telegram was handed him. The thunder of cannon and tumult of battle had scarce ceased echoing in his ear when this telegram startled him from his reverie, "Come to Paris on important business." In a moment all was hurry and confusion, his books and pictures were packed, his washed and unwashed clothes were stowed away, and in two hours his trunks were strapped and labeled "Paris." The train started at 3 o'clock, and he still had some time to say good-bye to his friends, and here by mere accident comes out one of the most pleasing traits of his character. Of the friends he is thus to leave, he merely refers to those of the American legation, but dwells with regret on the farewell he must give to two little children, whom he calls his "fast friends." Like a sudden burst of sunlight on a landscape, this unconscious utterance reveals a heart as tender as it is strong, and increases our interest in the man quite as much as in the explorer. At 3 o'clock he was thundering on toward Paris ready, as he said, to go to the battle or the banquet, all the same. His interview with Mr. Bennett reveals the character of both these men so clearly that we give it in Stanley's own words:

"At 3 p.m. I was on my way, and being obliged to stop at Bayonne a few hours, did not arrive at Paris until the following night. I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel,' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

“‘Come in,’ I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

“‘Who are you?’ he asked.

“‘My name is Stanley,’ I answered.

“‘Ah, yes, sit down; I have important business on hand for you.’

“After throwing over his shoulders his *robe de chambre*, Mr. Bennett asked: ‘Where do you think Livingstone is?’

“‘I really do not know, sir.’

“‘Do you think he is alive?’

“‘He may be, and he may not be,’ I answered.

“‘Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.’

“‘What,’ said I, ‘do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?’

“‘Yes? I mean that you shall go and find him, wherever you hear that he is, and get what news you can of him; and, perhaps’—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—‘the old man may be in want. Take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and you will do what is best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!’

“Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with most other men, believed to be dead: ‘Have you considered seriously the great expense you are liable to incur on account of this little journey?’

“‘What will it cost?’ he asked, abruptly.

“‘Burton and Speke’s journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.’

“‘Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand and so on—but FIND LIVINGSTONE!’

“Surprised, but not confused, at the order, for I knew that Mr. Bennett, when he had once made up his mind, was not easily drawn aside from his purpose, I yet thought, seeing it was such a gigantic scheme, that he had not quite considered in his own mind the pros and cons of the case, I said: ‘I have heard that should your father die you would sell the *Herald*, and retire from business.’

“‘Whoever told you so is wrong, for there is not money enough in the United States to buy the New York *Herald*. My father has made it a great paper, but I mean to make it a greater. I mean, that it shall be a newspaper in the true sense of the word; I mean, that it shall publish whatever news may be useful to the world, at no matter what cost.’

“‘After that,’ said I, ‘I have nothing more to say. Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?’

“‘No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. I hear Baker is about starting for Upper Egypt. Find out what you can about his expedition, and, as you go up, describe, as well as possible, whatever is interesting for tourists, and then write up a guide—a practical one—for Lower Egypt; tell us about what is worth seeing, and how to see it.

“‘Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear that Captain Warren is making some interesting discoveries there. Then visit Constantinople, and find out about the khedive and the sultan.

“‘Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea. I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may get through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis.

“‘Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then, when you have come to

India, you may go after Dr. Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but, if not, go into the interior and find him, if alive. Get what news of his discovery you can; and if you find that he is dead, bring all possible proofs you can of his being dead. That is all. Good-night, and God be with you.'

"'Good-night, sir,' I said, 'what is in the power of human nature I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon God will be with me.'

"I lodged with young Edward King, who is making such a name in New England. He was just the man who would have delighted to tell the journal he was engaged upon what young Mr. Bennett was doing, and what errand I was bound upon. I should have liked to exchange opinions with him upon the probable results of my journey, but dared not do so. Though oppressed with the great task before me, I had to appear as if only going to be present at the Suez Canal. Young King followed me to the express train bound for Marseilles, and at the station we parted—he to go and read the newspapers at Bowles's Reading-room, I to Central Africa and—who knows? There is no need to recapitulate what I did before going to Central Africa."

He started on his travels, and we hear of him first in Constantinople, from our minister there, Mr. Morris, who had relieved him and his companions when plundered by Turkish brigands. One of Mr. Stanley's traveling companions who had been robbed with himself, accused him of dishonesty in a published letter regarding the money our minister had advanced. It is not necessary to go into this accusation or a refutation of it now, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Morris declared the whole charge false, and as the shortest and most complete refutation of such a charge, we give Mr. Morris's own views of Mr. Stanley:

"The uncouth young man whom I first knew had grown into a perfect man of the world, possessing the appearance, the manners and the attributes of a perfect

gentleman. The story of the adventures which he had gone through and the dangers he had passed during his absence, were perfectly marvelous, and he became the lion of our little circle. Scarcely a day passed but he was a guest at my table, and no one was more welcome, for I insensibly grew to have a strong attachment for him myself." In speaking further on of his projected travels, he said he advised him to go to Persia, which Stanley suddenly came to the conclusion to follow out. "He therefore," he says, "busied himself in procuring letters of introduction to the Russian authorities in Caucasus, in Georgia and in other countries through which he would have to pass."

This is quite enough to put to rest the scandal, that at one time produced quite a sensation, that Stanley had cheated him and misappropriated the funds advanced by him. No explanations are required after this indorsement by Mr. Morris himself.

Of this long and hazardous journey, the columns of the *Herald* gave all the principal details. There is nothing in them that illustrates the peculiar characteristics of Stanley any more or even so much as his subsequent acts, hence his brief summary of this tour, that seems to have had no definite object whatever, except to give the correspondent of the *Herald* something to do, until the proper moment to start on the expedition for Livingstone, is, perhaps, the best account that could be given, so far as the general reader is concerned. All we can say is, it seems a very roundabout way in which to commence such an expedition.

"I went up the Nile and saw Mr. Higginbotham, chief engineer in Baker's expedition, at Philæ, and was the means of preventing a duel between him and a mad young Frenchman, who wanted to fight Mr. Higginbotham with pistols, because Mr. Higginbotham resented the idea of being taken for an Egyptian through wearing a fez cap. I had a talk with Captain Warren at Jerusalem, and descended one of the pits with a serjeant of engineers to see the marks of Tyrian workmen on the

foundation-stones of the Temple of Solomon. I visited the mosques of Stamboul with the minister resident of the United States, and the American consul general. I travelled over the Crimean battle-grounds with Kinglake's glorious books for reference. I dined with the widow of General Liprandi, at Odessa. I saw the Arabian traveler, Palgrave, at Trebizond, and Baron Nicolay, the civil governor of the Caucasus, at Tiflis. I lived with the Russian ambassador while at Teheran, and wherever I went through Persia I received the most hospitable welcome from the gentlemen of the Indo-European Telegraph Company; and following the example of many illustrious men, I wrote my name upon one of the Persepolitan monuments. In the month of August, 1870, I arrived in India."

In completing this sketch of Mr. Stanley's character, it is only necessary to add that his after career fully justified the high estimate Mr. Bennett placed on his extraordinary qualities. These were tested to their utmost extent in his persistent, determined search after the man he was sent to find. But we believe that Livingstone, when found, with whom Stanley passed some months, exerted a powerful influence on the character which we have attempted to portray. Stanley was comparatively young, full of life and ambition, with fame, greater probably than he had ever anticipated, now within his reach. Yet, here in the heart of Africa, he found a man well on in years, of a world-wide fame, yet apparently indifferent to it. This man who had spent his life in a savage country, away from home and all the pleasures of civilized society, who expected to pass the remnant of his days in the same isolated state, was looking beyond *this* life. He was forgetting himself, in the absorbing purpose to benefit others. Fame to him was nothing, the welfare of a benighted race everything. This was a new revelation to the ambitious young man. Hitherto he had thought only of himself, but here was a man, earnest, thoughtful, sincere, who was living to carry out a great idea—no less than the salvation of a continent—

may more than this, who was working not for himself, but for a Master, and that Master, the God of the universe. He remained with him in close companionship for months, and intimate relations with a man borne up by such a lofty purpose, inspired by such noble feelings, and looking so far away beyond time for his reward, could not but have an important influence on a man with Stanley's noble and heroic qualities. It was a new revelation to him. He had met, not a successful, bold explorer, but a Christian, impelled and sustained by the great and noble idea of regenerating a race and honoring the God of man and the earth. We say such a lengthened companionship of a man of this character could not but lift him on to a higher plane, and inspire him with a loftier purpose than that of a mere explorer.

But while this expedition brought out all the peculiar traits we have spoken of, his last expedition developed qualities which circumstances as yet, had not yet exhibited. When he emerged on the Atlantic coast with his company he was hailed with acclamations, and a British vessel was placed at his disposal in which to return home. But the ease and comfort offered him, and the applause awaiting him were nothing compared with the comfort and welcome of the savage band that had for so long a time been his companions and his only reliance in the perils through which he had passed. True, they had often been intractable, disobedient and trustless, but still they had been his companions in one of the most perilous marches ever attempted by man, and with that large charity that allowed for the conduct of these untutored, selfish animals of the desert, he forgot it all, and would do nothing, think of nothing, till their wants were supplied and their welfare secured. He would see them safe back to the spot from which he took them, and did, before he took care of himself. A noble nature there asserted itself, and we doubt not that every one of those ignorant, poor savages would go to the death for that brave man to whom their own welfare was so dear.

From this brief sketch of Mr. Stanley's career and character, one might, without presumption, predict that what he had done for Africa, great as it is, may be only the beginning of what he proposes to do.

The mantle of Livingstone may fall upon his shoulders, and the ambition of the explorer give way to the higher impulse of redeeming this benighted country, and these two names become as closely linked with the civilized, Christianized Africa of the future, as that of Columbus with America. Having laid open to the world the great work to be done there, let us hope he will be the great leader in performing it.

CHAPTER II.

“The Dark Continent”—Description of it—Difficulties of Exploring it—Hatred of White Men—The First Real Encroachment made by a Missionary—Description of the Portion to be Explored—Its Articles of Commerce—Its Future Destiny.

ALL there was of civilization in the world was found at one time in Africa. Art and science had their home there, while now it is the most benighted and barbarous portion of the earth and is, not inaptly, called “the dark continent.” With a breadth at the equator of four thousand five hundred miles, with the exception of thin lines of sea-coast on each side, this vast space was as much unknown as the surface of a distant planet. The Barbary States and Egypt, on the Mediterranean and Red Seas, some Portuguese settlements on the Indian Ocean, the English and Dutch colonies of South Africa, a few trading ports and the English and American colonies in Guinea, constituted Africa, so far as the knowledge of the civilized world went. And yet beyond these outer rims lay real Africa, and there lived its vast

population. That it was fertile was well-known, for out of its mysterious bosom flowed magnificent rivers, the Congo being ten miles wide at its mouth. That it contained a mighty population was equally apparent, for in two centuries it yielded forty millions of slaves, which were distributed over the world. Slave hunters here and there pierced a little way into this unknown region, and faint echoes came now and then out of this vast solitude, but they were echoes only, and Africa rested amid the continents a mystery and a riddle that seemed likely never to be solved. The vast Desert of Sahara on the north, stretching down to the equator, presented an impenetrable barrier to explorers entering from that direction, while along the eastern and western coasts they were beaten back by savage tribes or fell victims to the diseases of the country. Matted forests, wild beasts and venomous reptiles were added to the other obstacles that beset their path, so that only now and then an adventurous explorer got beyond the outer rim of the continent.

The Nile, piercing to the equator, seemed the most natural avenue by which to enter this region, but the slave hunters by their cruelty, and the petty wars they had engendered among the various tribes, made the presence of a white man in their midst the occasion of hostile demonstrations. The lofty mountains and broad rivers that came out of this vast unknown region added to the mysterious interest that enveloped it. Though certain death awaited the daring traveler who endeavored to penetrate far into the interior, fresh victims were found ready to peril their lives in the effort to solve the mystery of Central Africa. The path of these travelers, when traced on the map, appears like mere punctures of the great continent. Missionary effort could only effect a lodgment along the coast, while colonies remained stationary on the spot where they were first planted.

Although holding the entire southern portion, the English colony could make but little headway against the tribes that confronted them on the north. The most

adventurous men urged not by curiosity or desire of knowledge, but cupidity, penetrated the farthest into the interior, but, instead of throwing light on those dark places, they made them seem more dark and terrible by the miserable naked and half-starved wretches they brought out to civilization, to become more wretched still by the life of slavery to which they were doomed.

Hence it could not be otherwise than that the name of white man should be associated with everything revolting and cruel, and that his presence among these wild barbarians should awaken feelings of vengeance. A white man, to those inland tribes, represented wrong and cruelty alone. The very word meant separation of wives, and husbands, and families, and carried away to a doom whose mystery only enhanced the actual horrors that really awaited them. Hence the white man's rapacity and cruelty put an effectual bar to his curiosity and enterprise. The love of knowledge and physical science was thwarted by the love of sin and wrong, and the civilized world, instead of wondering at the ignorance and barbarity that kept back all research and all benevolent effort, should wonder that any one bearing the slightest relationship to the so-called outside civilized world, should have been allowed to exist for a day where these wronged, outraged savages bore sway.

It is singular that the first real encroachment on these forbidden regions was not made by daring explorers either for adventure or geographical knowledge, or to extend commerce, but by a poor missionary, whose sole object was to get the Gospel introduced among these uncounted millions of heathen. Livingstone broke the spell that hung over tropical Africa, and set on foot movements that are to work a change in the continent more important and momentous than the imagination of man can at present conceive.

But, before entering on the explorations of the last thirty years, which are destined to work such a change in the future history of Africa, we wish to give a clear, definite idea of the region embraced in these explora-

tions, and which is yet but partially unveiled, and on the development and management of which the future of Africa turns. The names used by these explorers are not, for the most part, found on our maps, and hence the reader is left very much in the dark respecting the territory over which he is carried by the explorer. We endeavored, a little farther back, to give a general idea of the map of Africa, as showing its partially civilized and barbarous portions, as well as the known and unknown parts of the continent. We will not give the more scientific divisions, but would say that it is the more tropical regions of Africa that give birth to its largest rivers—is covered by its most magnificent forests—is crossed by its loftiest mountains, and where dwell its teeming millions. And this is the unknown part of the continent and the central point toward which all explorers press.

This tropical Africa extends from about ten degrees above to ten degrees below the equator, and from ten to thirty-five east longitude, or in round numbers, nearly a thousand miles above and below the equator, or two thousand or more east and west between these parallels of latitudes. With an ordinary map before him, and with Zanzibar on the east and Congo on the west, as great landmarks, the reader will get a very clear idea of the ground aimed at and touched, or pierced and crossed by recent explorers, and the thorough final exploration of which will unlock not only the hidden mystery of Africa, but open all there is of interest to both the Christian and commercial world. That to the former there is a field to be occupied that will tax the self-sacrifice and benevolence of the Christian world, there can be no doubt; while to the commercial world a field of equal magnitude and importance will be laid open. From the mere punctures into the borders of this unknown land, and the two slight trails recently made across it, there is no doubt that from sixty to one hundred millions of men are here living in the lowest and most degraded condition of heathenism, while the

country is burdened with those articles which the commercial world needs, and can make of vast benefit to man.

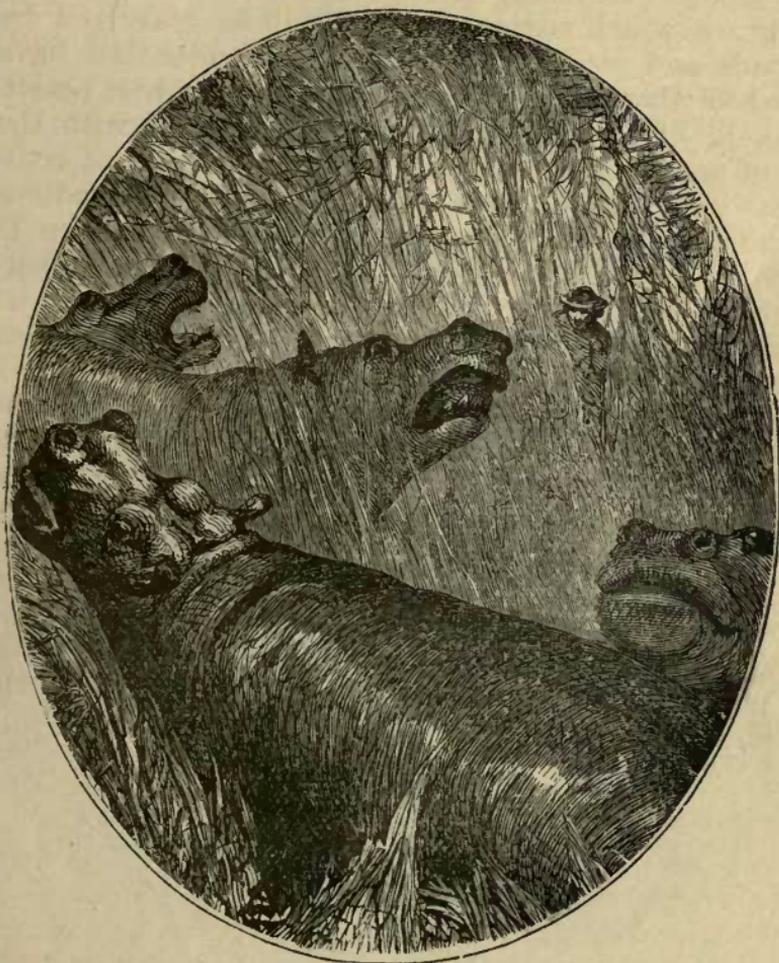
A glance at the map will reveal what a vast territory remains to be explored and what a mighty population exists there, and yet to come into contact with the civilized world. It is probable that that unexplored region between the equator and the great Desert of Sahara will reveal greater wonders than have yet been discovered.

Previous to Livingstone, most of the expeditions having Central Africa for their objective point, made the Nile their guide. Mungo Park went up the Niger, on the west coast, in the beginning of the present century, and some twenty years later Denham and Clapperton started from Tripoli and, crossing the Great Desert, reached Lake Tschad, nearly a thousand miles north of the equator, and worked west to the Niger, and so to the coast of Guinea. Other explorers have visited this region, comprising the central part of Northern Africa, but the equatorial region was sought by following up the Nile. The western coast had been the scene of so much cruelty by slave traders, that the powerful tribes in the interior were so hostile to white men that they would not allow them to enter their country. It was left to Dr. Livingstone to discover a new route to tropical Africa and make an entering wedge that is likely to force open the whole country.

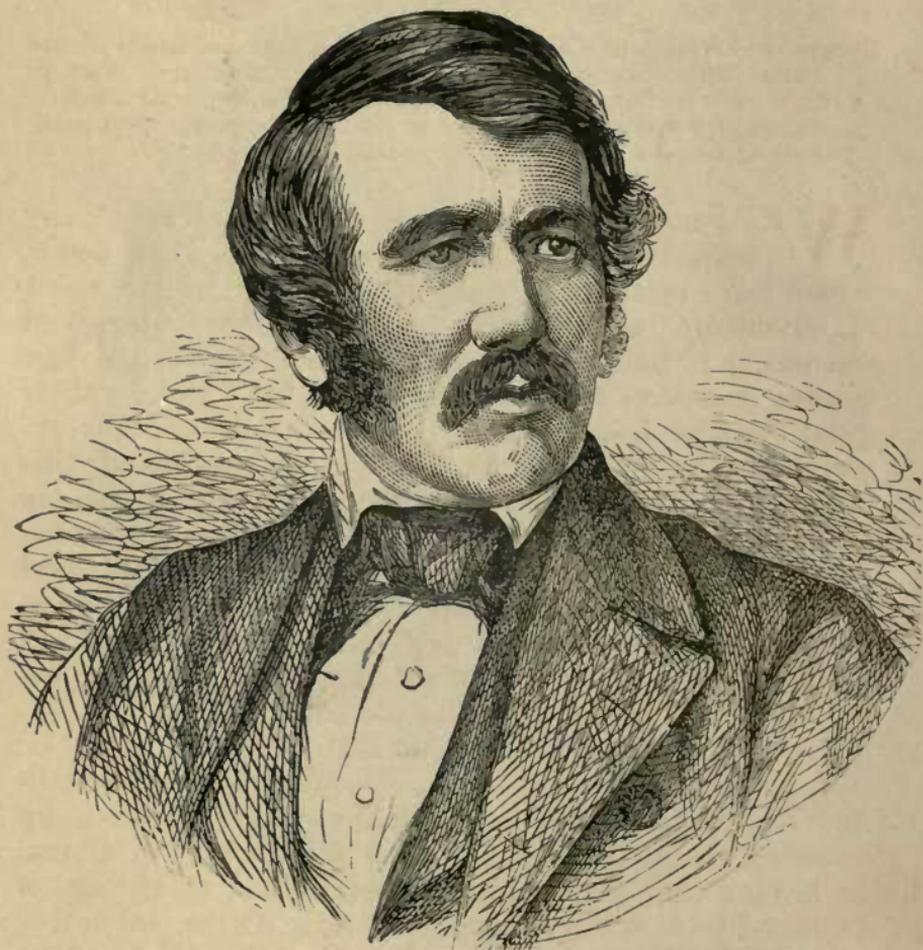
What little has been traversed reveals untold wealth waiting the enterprising hand of commerce to bring forth to civilization. A partial list of the products of this rich country will show what a mine of wealth it is destined to be: sugar-cane, cotton, coffee, oil palm, tobacco, spices, timber, rice, wheat, Indian corn, India rubber, copal, hemp, ivory, iron, copper, silver, gold and various other articles of commerce are found here, and some of them in the greatest profusion.

Thus it will be seen that this vast continent, which from creation seemed destined only to be the abode of wild beasts and reptiles, and man as wild and savage as

the animals amid which he dwelt, and when brought into contact with civilization to become more debased, if possible, by the bondage in which he was kept, contains almost everything that civilization needs, and in the future, which now seems near, will be traversed by railroads and steamboats, and the solitudes that have echoed for thousands of years to the howl of wild beasts, and yells of equally wild men, will resound with the hum of peaceful industry and the rush and roar of commerce. The miserable hut will give way to commodious habitations, and the disgusting rites of heathenism to the worship of the true God. Reaching to the temperate zones, north and south, it presents every variety of climate and yields every variety of vegetation. What effect the great revolution awaiting this continent will have on the destiny of the world, none can tell. But he would be considered a mad prophet who would predict one-half of the changes that the discovery of the American continent, less than four hundred years ago, has wrought. That the Creator of these continents of the earth had some design in letting this, nearly, fourth part of our planet remain in darkness and mystery and savage debasement till now, and then, by the effort of one poor missionary, cause it to be thrown open to the world, none can doubt.



HIPPOTAMI AT HOME.



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER III.

Outlines of Livingstone's Explorations During a Period of nearly Thirty Years—First Exploration—Crosses the Continent from West to East—His Second Expedition—The Last—His Supposed Death—Sympathy for Him—Indifference of the British Government to his Fate—Bennett's bold Resolution to send Stanley after him.

WE do not design to give an account of the many explorations of Africa, from Mungo Park down, which have been made to gratify curiosity, or the spirit of adventure, or for fame, or even in the interest of science, or to increase our geographical knowledge, but confine ourselves to those only which have had for their great end the destruction of the slave trade and the regeneration of Africa. As Livingstone originated this philanthropic spirit, and lifted the expeditions to explore Central Africa to a higher plane than they had ever before occupied, till finally they became national, and hence have assumed an importance they never before possessed, it is not only proper but necessary to a full understanding of these explorations, that a brief account or outline of his Herculean labors should be given.

He was born in 1815, so that if alive now he would be near his threescore and ten. Educated as a physician and designing, originally, to make this profession an entering wedge to his career as a missionary in China, he having changed his purpose, embarked at the age of twenty-five as a missionary to South Africa, intending to spend his life among the wild tribes that bordered on the English settlements there. This very simple and by no means extraordinary step fixed his destiny, and, to all human appearances, has changed the destiny of Africa; and though he is dead, the movement he started will go on widening and deepening, controlling the fate of millions, till time shall end. He located himself

among a tribe in the Baknona country, over which a noted and able chieftain named Sechele ruled with arbitrary power. For nine years he labored and explored in this section of the country, learning the various dialects and customs and manners of the people, and thus preparing himself unconsciously for the greater work before him.

Nine years after, he went to Cape Town, and entered on his missionary labors. It must be borne in mind that, though at this time, the tribes that Livingstone visited and dwelt among were strangers to white men, yet they had little of the hatred of the stranger that characterized the tribes of Central Africa. They had never been so heavily cursed by the slave hunter or trader, and hence had less occasion for animosity and suspicion. The missionary, with his wife and children, trusted themselves fearlessly to the generosity of these savage chiefs, many of whom in intelligence, sagacity and magnanimity, resembled Red Jacket, Tecumseh and others among our Indian tribes. They were received with distinguished hospitality and treated with royal generosity.

About this time his explorations of the African continent began. Two travelers having arrived at his station, he started with them to visit Lake Ngami, a sheet of water between one and two hundred miles in circumference, that had never before been visited by a white man. They set out on the 1st of June, and arrived on its solitary shores on the 1st of August, having been two months on the route, and everywhere treated with kindness. His chief object in visiting the lake was to see a great chief, Sekeletu, who was said to live some hundred and fifty miles beyond it. Livingstone was received and entertained by him cordially. Consulting with this able and generous chief, Livingstone determined to push west to the coast, and in November, 1853, the two, with quite a train and numerous guides, set out, and, thanks to the precautions and orders of Sekeletu, were received by the various tribes through

which they passed with great hospitality. For three months he toiled onward across rivers and through swamps, his only companions being wild barbarians, who, notwithstanding their idolatrous worship and heathenish rites, treated this solitary white man, who had put himself completely in their power, as an honored guest. The Inongo Valley, on which he now entered, was under the sway of the Portuguese, though several hundred miles from the Atlantic. The scenery through which he had passed had been tame and uninteresting, with nothing to alleviate the monotony of the way but the curious customs and wild antics of the savages through whose territory he passed. But he was filled with rapture when he came in sight of Inongo, lying in a beautiful valley below him. He thus describes it:

“It is about one hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forest, except where the light green grass covers meadow-lands on the Inongo River, which here and there glances in the sun as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from one thousand to twelve hundred feet. Emerging from the gloomy forest of Loanda, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted from our eyelids. A cloud was passing across the middle of the valley, from which rolling thunder pealed, while above all was glorious sunlight. It was one of those scenes which, from its unexpectedness and great contrast to all that has gone before, makes it seem more like a vision than a reality, and one wonders that so much beauty and loveliness was created only for wild beasts or wilder men to gaze upon.”

He reached Loanda in April, having made the journey to the coast from the Mokololo district in four months. He now took the bold determination to cross the continent, from west to east. It must be remembered that this daring expedition was undertaken nearly a quarter of a century ago, without the companionship of a single

white man. It is true, he crossed the southern portion of Africa, yet he started some two hundred miles north of where Cameron recently came out. Instead of working northerly, his course lay somewhat to the southeast. For a year he was now locked up in these unknown wilds, and reaching the water-shed of the continent, he discovered the Zambezi, in the heart of Africa, and traced it down to its mouth. The results of this remarkable expedition have been long given to the world. But it will be seen at a glance that this formed, as it were, a base line for all his future explorations, and gave that impetus to explorations of the continent which are fast laying it open to the civilized world.

This brief summary gives a very inadequate idea of Mr. Livingstone's labors in Africa up to this time. He had now been sixteen years among its wild tribes, acting as missionary, statesman and scientific explorer. He had wrought marvelous changes among them, and started them forward toward civilization.

He now returned to England, reaching there on the 12th of December, where the story of his wonderful career was received with great admiration by people of every class. He published an extended account of his work and explorations in Africa, which was warmly received on both sides of the Atlantic.

Having fairly launched his book in the world, he now determined to return to Africa, but not, as before, alone. He did not go out as a missionary, but as consul to Killimane, with the understanding that his duties were in no way to conflict with his explorations. We do not design to give an account of the second expedition, which, among other things, before it ended, shed new light on the sources of the Nile and the waters that flow east into the Indian Ocean.

He left in 1858, and was gone some four years. He then returned to England. In the meantime, stimulated by his success and fame, several expeditions started up the Nile, by which the vast lake, or, as it might be termed, inland sea system around and beyond the head

waters of the Nile was brought to light, as well as all the diabolical cruelties of the slave trade, which was carried on by Egypt and the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa. Livingstone, by his vivid descriptions of its horrors, and loud and righteous outcry against it, had aroused the English people, and created such a public sentiment that the English government felt compelled to move in the matter; so that while Livingstone was preparing for a third expedition, or rather continuing this last, which had only been intermitted (for his researches up the Zambezi and Raverna Rivers were preparatory to his great undertaking to explore the sources of the Nile and the great lake region, near which he was to die), a movement was on foot to suppress the slave trade in Africa. England and the United States having declared it piracy, and kept their cruisers on the west coast of Africa, had effectually suppressed it there. If, therefore, it could be suppressed by way of Egypt, the Portuguese settlements alone on the east coast could carry it on, and hence its doom be sealed, and this curse of centuries to Africa be ended. There was but one way to do this, to enlist the sympathies, or at least secure the co-operation of the khedive of Egypt in the great undertaking. No matter whether his claims were founded in justice or not, no one had a better one to the vast unknown regions of tropical Africa than he. Certainly no one had the power to enforce that claim as well as he.

The khedive is the most intelligent ruler that Egypt ever had, of liberal principles, and in sympathy with all the great improvements going on in the civilized world. Though the plan was obnoxious to a great portion of his subjects who lived by the slave trade, he at once entered into it and agreed to stop, with her assistance, the traffic in human beings throughout his kingdom. Livingstone at the time was not where he could hear of this first great result of his exposure of the iniquities of the slave trade in Africa. He was swallowed up in the wilds of that continent; in fact, was by

most men supposed to be dead, and his body mouldering, unburied, on the field of his last great exploration. He had been three years absent from England. Deter-



THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

mined to explore the great water-shed of Central Africa, he had sailed for Zanzibar in August, 1865, and thence, in March of the next year, with a small band, composed of Sepoys and others, left that island, and in the last of the month struck inland, proceeding by the River Rohenna. He was heard from, from time to time, until at last the leader of his Johanna men, arrived at Zanzibar and reported that he had been killed almost at the outset of his journey. The particulars of his death were related with great minuteness of detail—how the fight commenced, and that after Livingstone

had shot two of the natives, he was struck from behind and shot dead. The news was received with feelings of gloom and sorrow throughout the civilized world. This brave, true-hearted Christian man, whom all the native chiefs who knew him had learned to love, had at last fallen by the hand of those he came to benefit. But at length there came letters from him, dated far in advance of the place where it is said he was murdered. Time passed on, and at long intervals faint echoes came out of the African solitudes, of a white man toiling all alone in those desolate regions. At length came another report that the news of Livingstone's previous death was false, for he had recently been killed. But the former false rumor caused this to be discredited, and sympathy was again aroused for this undaunted solitary Englishman, and wonder was expressed that his government would do nothing to relieve him. At length, Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, determined, at his own expense, to find this daring explorer if he was alive, and if dead, bring his bones out to his friends. He fitted out, as we have seen, an expedition at the cost of \$25,000, and placed Stanley at its head, second only to Livingstone for daring, perseverance, and indomitable will. At first he inclined to ascend the Nile and push forward in the direction toward which it was known that Livingstone had determined to push his researches, but finding that Baker was to move in that direction, he at last decided to proceed to Zanzibar, and taking the direction in which Livingstone had gone, three years before, follow him up till he found him or the spot where he died, or was killed.*

*The full Life-History of Livingstone and his Explorations may be had of the Publishers of this volume, in one large 8vo volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated, price \$3.50. Will be sent to any address post-paid on receipt of price.

CHAPTER IV.

Stanley's Search for Livingstone—Lands at Zanzibar—Organizes his Expedition—The Start—Stanley's Feelings—The March—Its Difficulties—Men Sick—Delays—Meeting with a Chief—Dialogue on the Burial of a Horse—Loss of his Bay Horse—Sickness and Desertion—Terrible Travelling—A Hospitable Chief—A Gang of Slaves—African Belles—A Ludicrous Spectacle—A Queer Superstition—Punishment of a Deserter—A Ludicrous Contrast—A Beautiful Country—News from Livingstone—A Walled Town—Stanley attacked with Fever.

WE have seen in a former chapter how suddenly Mr. Stanley was recalled from Spain, to take charge of an expedition to go in search of Livingstone—how he was sent to see Baker, who was about to go in toward him from the north, and how he was sent east first. But the time came at last to enter upon his work in earnest, and he sailed from Bombay, on the 12th of October, for Zanzibar.

On board the barque was a Scotchman, named Farquhar, acting as first mate. Taking a fancy to him, he was engaged to accompany him on his expedition to find Livingstone.

Nearly three months later, on the 6th of January, he landed at Zanzibar, one of the most fruitful islands of the Indian Ocean, rejoicing in a sultan of its own. It is the great mart to which come the ivory, gum, copal, hides, etc., and the slaves of the interior. Stanley immediately set about preparing for his expedition. The first thing to decide upon, was:

“How much money is required? How many pigeons as carriers? How many soldiers? How much cloth? How many beads? How much wire? What kinds of cloth is required for the different tribes?”

After trying to figure this out by himself, from the books of other travellers, he decided to consult an Arab

merchant, who had fitted out several caravans for the interior. In a very short time he obtained more information than he had acquired from books in his long three months' voyage from India.

Money is of no use in the heart of Africa. Goods of various kinds are the only coin that can purchase what the traveller needs, or pay the tribute that is exacted by the various tribes. He found that forty yards of cloth would keep one hundred men supplied with food per day. Thus, three thousand six hundred and fifty yards of three different kinds of cloths would support one hundred men twelve months. Next to cloths, beads were the best currency of the interior. Of these he purchased twenty sacks of eleven varieties in color and shape. Next came the brass wire, of which he purchased three hundred and fifty pounds, of about the thickness of telegraph wire. Next came the provisions and outfit of implements that would be needed—medicines and arms, and donkeys, and, last of all, men.

A man by the name of Shaw, a native of England, who came there as third mate of an American ship, from which he was discharged, applied for work, and was engaged by Stanley in getting what he needed together, and to accompany him on his expedition. He agreed to give him \$300 per annum, and placed him next in rank to Farquhar. He then cast about for an escort of twenty men. Five who had accompanied Speke, and were called "Speke's Faithfuls," among whom, as a leader, was a man named Bombay, were first engaged. He soon got together eighteen more men, as soldiers, who were to receive \$3 a month. Each was to have a flint-lock musket, and be provided with two hundred rounds of ammunition. Bombay was to receive \$80 a year, and the other five faithfuls \$40.

Knowing that he was to enter, and, perhaps, cross a region of vast inland lakes, much delay and travel might be avoided by a large boat, and so he purchased one and stripped it of all its covering, to make the transportation easier. He also had a cart constructed to

fit the goat-paths of the interior and to aid in transportation.

When all his purchases were completed and collected together, he found that the combined weight would be about six tons. His cart and twenty donkeys would not suffice for this, and so, the last thing of all, was to procure carriers, or pagosi, as they were called. He himself was presented with a blooded bay horse, by an American merchant, at Zanzibar, named Gordhue, formerly of Salem, Mass.

On the 4th of February, or twenty-eight days from his arrival at Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley's equipment was completed, and he set sail for Bagomayo, twenty-five miles distant on the mainland—from which all the caravans started for the interior, and where he was to hire his one hundred and forty or more pogasis or carriers. He was immediately surrounded with men who attempted in every way to fleece him, and he was harassed, and betrayed, and hindered on every side. But, at length, all difficulties were overcome—the goods packed in bales weighing seventy-two pounds—the force divided into five caravans, and in six weeks after he entered Bagomayo he was ready to start. The first caravan had departed February 18th; the second, February 21st; the third, February 25th; the fourth, on March 11th, and the last on March 21st. All told, the number comprised, in all the caravans connected with the "Herald Expedition," was one hundred and ninety.

It was just seventy-three days after Stanley landed at Zanzibar, that he passed out of Bagomayo, with his last caravan, on his bay horse, accompanied by twenty-eight carriers and twelve soldiers, under Bombay, while his Arab boy, Selim, the interpreter, had charge of the cart and its load.

Out through a narrow lane, shaded by trees, they passed, the American flag flying in front, and all in the highest spirits. Stanley had left behind him the quarreling, cheating Arabs, and all his troubles with them. The sun speeding to the west, was beckoning him on ;

his heart beat high with hope and ambition ; he had taken a new departure in life, and with success would come the renown he so ardently desired. He says, "loveliness glowed around me ; I saw fertile fields, riant vegetation, strange trees ; I heard the cry of cricket and pewit, and jubilant sounds of many insects, all of which seemed to tell me, 'you are started.' What could I do but lift up my face toward the pure, glowing sky, and cry, 'God be thanked ?'"

The first camp was three miles and a half distant. The next three days were employed in completing the preparations for the long land journey and for meeting the Masike, now very near, and on the 4th, a start was made for Unyanyembe, the great half-way house, which he resolved to reach in three months.

The road was a mere foot-path, leading through fields in which naked women were at work, who looked up and laughed and giggled as they passed. Passing on, they entered an open forest, abounding in deer and antelope. Reaching the turbid Kingemi, a bridge of felled trees was soon made ; Stanley, in the meantime amusing himself with shooting hippopotami, or rather shooting at them, for his small bullets made no more impression on their thick skulls than peas would have done. Crossing to the opposite shore, he found the traveling better. They arrived at Kikoka, a distance of but ten miles, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having been compelled to unload the animals during the day, to cross the river and mud pools. This was slow marching, and at this rate of speed it would take a long time to reach the heart of Africa. The settlement was a collection of rude huts. Though bound to the same point that Speke and Burton had reached, Ujiji, Stanley took a different route from them, and one never traveled by a white man before. On the 27th, he left this place and moved westward, over a rolling, monotonous country, until they came to Rosako, the province of Ukwee. Just before his departure the next morning, Magonga, the leader of the fourth caravan, came up and told him that

three of his carriers were sick, and asked for some medicine. He found the three men in great terror, believing they were about to die, and crying out like children, "Mama, mama." Leaving them, with orders to hurry on as soon as possible, he departed. The country everywhere was in a state of nature except in the neighborhood of villages. Sheltered by the dense forests, he toiled on, but was so anxious about the fourth caravan left behind that, after marching nine miles, he ordered a halt and made a camp. It soon swarmed with insects, and he set to work to examine them and see if they were the tsetse, said to be fatal to horses in Africa. Still waiting for the caravan, he went hunting, but soon found himself in such an impenetrable jungle and swamp, filled with alligators, that he resolved never to make the attempt again. The second and third days passing without the arrival of the caravan, he sent Shaw and Bombay back after it, who brought it up on the fourth day. Leaving it to rest in his own camp, he pushed on five miles to the village of Kingaru, set in a deep, damp, pestiferous-looking hollow, surrounded by pools of water. To add to the gloominess of the scene, a pouring rain set in, which soon filled their camping-place with lakelets and rivulets of water. Toward evening the rain ceased, and the villagers began to pour in with their vendibles. Foremost was the chief, bringing with him three measures of matama and half a measure of rice, which he begged Stanley to accept. The latter saw through the trickery of this meagre present, in offering which the chief called him the "rich sultan." Stanley asked him why, if he was a rich sultan, the chief of Kingaru did not bring him a rich present, that he might give him a rich one in return. "Ah," replied the blear-eyed old fox, "Kingaru is poor, there is no matama in the village, I can give but a yard of cloth," which would be equivalent to his present. Foiled in his sharp practice the chief had to be content with this.

On the 1st of April, he lost his gray horse. The burial of the carcass, not far from the encampment, raised

a terrible commotion in the village, and the inhabitants assembled in consultation as to how much they must charge him for burying a horse in their village without permission, and soon the wrinkled old chief was also at the camp, and the following dialogue took place, which is given as an illustration of the character of the people with whom he was to have a year's trading intercourse:

White Man—"Are you the great chief of Kingaru?"

Kingaru—"Huh-uh—yes."

W. M.—"The great, great chief?"

Kingaru—"Huh-uh—yes."

W. M.—"How many soldiers have you?"

Kingaru—"Why?"

W. M.—"How many fighting men have you?"

Kingaru—"None."

W. M.—"Oh! I thought you might have a thousand men with you, by your going to fine a strong white man who has plenty of guns and soldiers two doti for burying a dead horse."

Kingaru (rather perplexed)—"No; I have no soldiers. I have only a few young men."

W. M.—"Why do you come and make trouble, then?"

Kingaru—"It was not I; it was my brothers who said to me, 'Come here, come here, Kingaru, see what the white man has done! Has he not taken possession of your soil, in that he has put his horse into your ground without your permission? Come, go to him and see by what right! Therefore have I come to ask you who gave you permission to use my soil for a burying-ground?'"

W. M.—"I want no man's permission to do what is right. My horse died; had I left him to fester and stink in your valley, sickness would visit your village, your water would become unwholesome, and caravans would not stop here for trade; for they would say, 'This is an unlucky spot, let us go away.' But enough said; I understand you to say you do not want him buried in your ground; the error I have fallen into is easily put right. This minute my soldiers shall dig him out again

and cover up the soil as it was before, and the horse shall be left where he died." (Then shouting to Bombay). "Ho, Bombay, take soldiers with jeinbes to dig my horse out of the ground; drag him to where he died and make everything ready for a march to-morrow morning."

Kingaru, his voice considerably higher and his head moving to and fro with emotion, cries out, "Akuna, akuna, Bana"—no, no, master. "Let not the white man get angry. The horse is dead and now lies buried; let him remain so, since he is already there, and let us be friends again."

The matter had hardly been settled, when Stanley heard deep groans issuing from one of the animals. On enquiry, he found that it came from the bay horse. He took a lantern and visited him, staying all night, hoping to save his life. It was in vain—in the morning he died, leaving him now without any horse, which reduced him to donkey riding. Three days passed, and the lagging caravan had not come up. In the meantime, one of his carriers deserted, while sickness attacked the camp, and out of his twenty-five men, ten were soon on the sick list. On the 4th, the caravan came up, and on the following morning was dispatched forward, the leader being spurred on with the promise of a liberal reward if he hurried to Unyanyembe. The next morning, to rouse his people he beat an alarm on a tin pan, and before sunrise they were on the march, the villagers rushing like wolves into the deserted camp to pick up any rags or refuse left behind. The march of fifteen miles to Imbike showed a great demoralization in his men, many of them not coming up till nightfall. One of the carriers had deserted on the way, taking with him a quantity of cloth and beads. The next morning, before starting, men were sent in pursuit of him. They made that day, the 8th, but ten miles to Msuwa. Though the journey was short, it was the most fatiguing one of all. As it gives a vivid description of the difficulties experienced in traveling through this country, we quote his own language:

"It was one continuous jungle, except three inter-jacent glades of narrow limits, which gave us three breathing pauses in the dire task of jungle-traveling. The odor emitted from its fell plants was so rank, so pungently acrid, and the miasma from its decayed vegetation so dense, that I expected every moment to see myself and men fall down in paroxysms of acute fever. Happily this evil was not added to that of loading and unloading the frequently falling packs. Seven soldiers to attend seventeen laden donkeys, were entirely too small a number while passing through a jungle; for while the path is but a foot wide, with a wall of thorny plants and creepers bristling on each side, and projecting branches darting across it, with knots of spiky twigs, stiff as spike-nails, ready to catch and hold anything above four feet in height, it is but reasonable to suppose that donkeys, standing four feet high, with loads measuring across, from bale to bale, four feet, would come to grief.

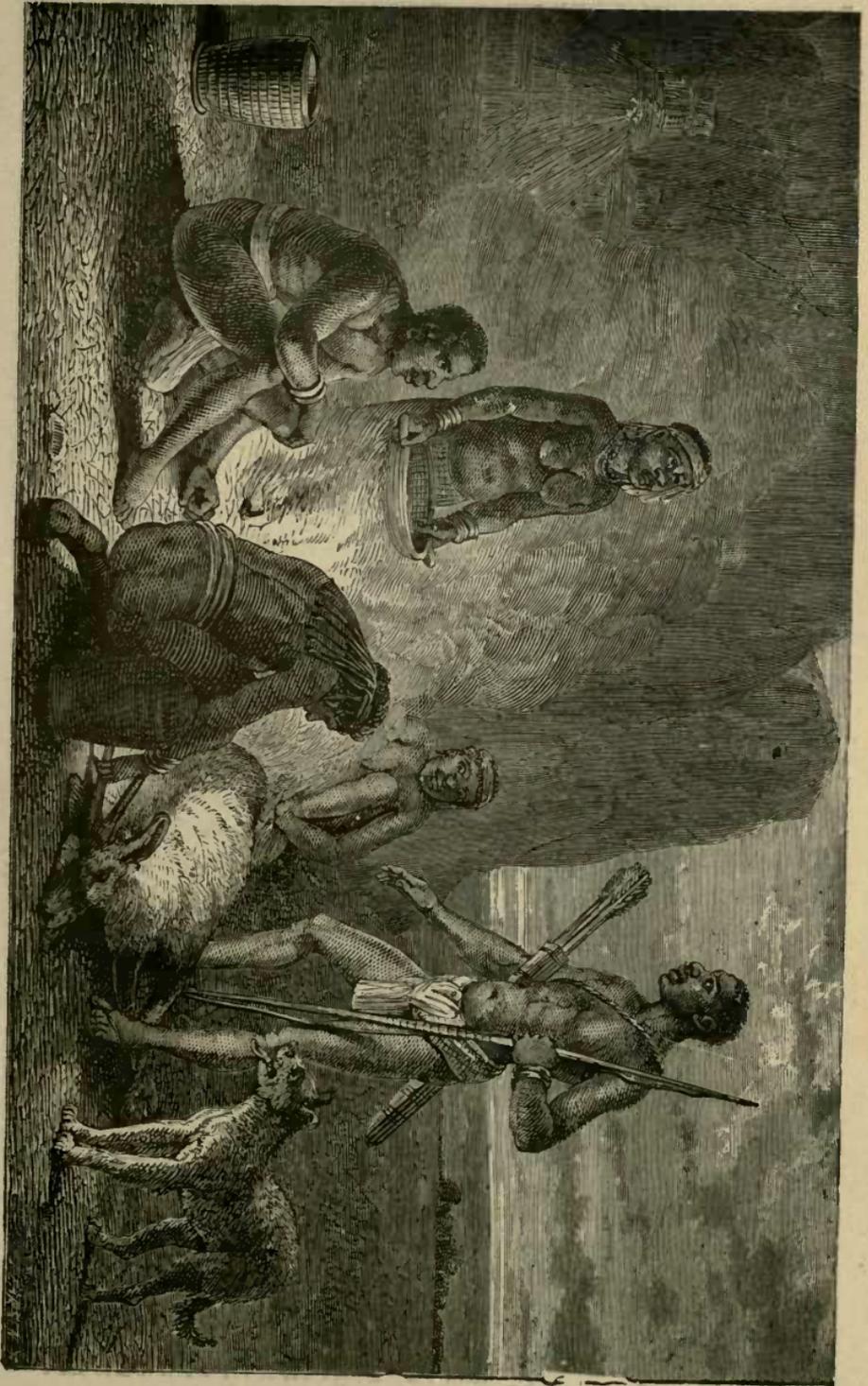
"This grief was of frequent recurrence here, causing us to pause every few minutes for re-arrangements. So often had this task to be performed, that the men got perfectly discouraged, and had to be spoken to sharply before they set to work. By the time I reached Msuwa, there was nobody with me and the ten donkeys I drove but Mabruk, the Little, who, though generally stolid, stood to his work like a man. Bombay and Uledi were far behind with the most jaded donkeys. Shaw was in charge of the cart, and his experiences were most bitter, as he informed me he had expended a whole vocabulary of stormy abuse known to sailors, and a new one which he had invented *ex tempore*. He did not arrive until two o'clock next morning, and was completely worn out. Truly, I doubt if the most pious divine, in traveling through that long jungle, under those circumstances, with such oft-recurring annoyances, Sisyphean labor, could have avoided cursing his folly for coming hither."

A halt was made here, that men and animals might recuperate. The chief of this village was "a white man

in everything but color," and brought him the choicest mutton. He and his subjects were intelligent enough to comprehend the utility of his breach-loading guns, and by their gestures illustrated their comprehension of the deadly effects of those weapons in battle.

On the 10th, somewhat recuperated, the caravan left this hospitable village, and crossed a beautiful little plain, with a few cultivated fields, from which the tillers stared in wonder at the unwonted spectacle it presented. But here Stanley met one of those sights common in that part of the world, but which, it is to be hoped, will soon be seen no more. It was a chained slave gang, bound east. He says the slaves did not appear in the least to be down-hearted, on the contrary, they were jolly and gay. But for the chains, there was no difference between master and slave. The chains were heavy, but as men and women had nothing else to carry, being entirely naked, their weight he says could not have been insupportable. He camped at 10 a.m., and fired two guns, to show they were ready to trade with any of the natives in the region. The halting place was Kisemo, only twelve miles from Msuwa, which was the centre of a populous district, there being no less than five villages in the vicinity, fortified by stakes and thorny abattis, as formidable in their way, as the old fosse and draw-bridge of feudal times. "The belles of Kisemo," he says, "are of gigantic posterioral proportions," and are "noted for their variety in brass wire, which is wound in spiral rings round their wrists and ankles, and for the varieties of style which their hisped heads exhibit; while their poor lords obliged to be contented with dingy, torn clouts and split ears, show what wide sway Asmodeus holds over this terrestrial sphere—for it must have been an unhappy time when the hard besieged husbands gave way before their hotly-pressing spouses. Besides these brass ornaments on their extremities, the women of Kisemo frequently wear lengthy necklaces, which run in rivers of colors down their black bodies." But a more comical picture is seldom presented than that of one of

NATIVES PREPARING SUPPER FOR STANLEY'S PARTY.





STANLEY BARTERING WITH THE NATIVES.

those highly-dressed females, "with their huge posterior development, while grinding out corn. This is done in a machine very much like an old fashioned churn, except the dasher becomes a pestle and the churn a mortar. Swaying with the pestle, as it rises and falls, the breast and posteriors correspond to the strokes of the dasher in a droll sort of sing-song, which give to the whole exhibition the drollest effect imaginable."

A curious superstition of the natives was brought to light here by Shaw removing a stone while putting up his tent. As he did so, the chief rushed forward, and putting it back in its place, solemnly stood upon it. On being asked what was the matter, he carefully lifted it, pointed to an insect pinned by a stick to the ground, which he said had been the cause of a miscarriage of a female of the village.

In the afternoon the messengers came back with the deserter and all the stolen goods. Some of the natives had captured him and were about to kill him and take the goods, when they came up and claimed both. He was given up, they being content with receiving a little cloth and beads in return. Stanley, with great sagacity, caused him to be tried by the other carriers, who condemned him to be flogged. They were ordered to carry out their own sentence, which they did amid the yells of the culprit.

Before night a caravan arrived, bringing, among other things, a copy of the *Herald*, containing an account of a presidential levee in Washington, in which the toilets of the various ladies were given. While engrossed in reading in his tent, Stanley suddenly became aware that his tent-door was darkened, and looking up, he saw the chief's daughters gazing with wondering eyes on the great sheets of paper he was scanning so closely. The sight of these naked beauties, glittering in brass wire and beads, presented a ludicrous contrast to the elaborately-dress belles of whom he had been reading in the paper, and made him feel, by contrast, in what a different world he was living.

On the 12th, the caravan reached Munondi, on the Ungerangeri River. The country was open and beautiful, presenting a natural park, while the roads were good, making the day's journey delightful. Flowers decked the ground, and the perfume of sweet-smelling shrubs filled the air. As they approached the river, they came upon fields of Indian corn and gardens filled with vegetables, while stately trees lined the bank. On the 14th, they crossed the river and entered Wakami territory. This and the next day the road lay through a charming country. The day, following, they marched through a forest between two mountains rising on either side of them, and on the 16th reached the territory of Wosigahha. As he approached the village of Muhalleh he was greeted with the discharge of musketry. It came from the fourth caravan, which had halted here. Here also good news awaited him. An Arab chief, with a caravan bound east, was in the place, and told him that he had met Livingstone at Ujiji, and had lived in the next hut to him for two weeks. He described him as looking old, with long, gray moustache and beard, just recovered from illness, and looking very wan. He said, moreover, that he was fully recovered, and was going to visit a country called Monyima. This was cheering news, indeed, and filled his heart with joy and hope. The valley here, with its rich crops of Indian corn, was more like some parts of the fertile west than a desert country. But the character of the natives began to change. They became more insolent and brutal, and accompanied their requests with threats.

Continuing their journey along the valley of the river, they suddenly, to their astonishment; came upon a walled town containing a thousand houses. It rose before them like an apparition with its gates and towers of stone and double row of loop holes for musketry. The fame of Stanley had preceded him, being carried by the caravans he had dispatched ahead, and a thousand or more of the inhabitants came out to see him. This fortified town was established by an adventurer famous for his kidnap-

ping propensities. A barbaric orator, a man of powerful strength, and of cunning address, he naturally acquired an ascendancy over the rude tribes of the region, and built him a capital, and fortified it and became a self-appointed sultan. Growing old, he changed his name, which had been a terror to the surrounding tribes, and also the name of his capital, and just before death, bequeathed his power to his eldest daughter, and named the town the Sultana, in her honor, which it still bears. The various women and children hung on the rear of Stanley's caravan, filled with strange curiosity at sight of this first white man they had ever seen, but the searching sun drove them back one by one, and when Stanley pitched his camp, four miles farther on, he was unmolested. He determined to halt here for two days to overhaul his baggage and give the donkeys, whose backs had become sore, time to recuperate. On the second day, he was attacked with the African fever, similar to the chills and fever of this country. He at once applied the remedies used in the Western States—namely, powerful doses of quinine, and in three days he pronounced himself well again.

CHAPTER V.

The Rainy Season sets in—Disgusting Insects—The Cook Caught Stealing—His Punishment and Flight—The March—Men Dispatched after the Missing Cook—Their Harsh Treatment by the Sultana of the Walled Town—A Hard March—Crossing the Makata River—The Rainy Season Ended—Five Miles of Wading—An Enchanting Prospect—Reaches His Third Caravan, and Finds it Demoralized—Shaw, its Leader, a Drunken Spendthrift—Delays the March—Stanley's Dispatch to Him—Lake Ugombo—Scene between Stanley and Shaw at Breakfast, the Latter Knocked Down—Attempt to Murder Stanley—Good Advice of an Arab Sheikh—A Feast—Farquhar Left Behind.

HE had now traveled one hundred and nineteen miles in fourteen marches, occupying one entire month lacking one day, and making, on an average, four miles a day. This was slow work. The rainy season now set in, and day after day it was a regular down-pour. Stanley was compelled to halt, while disgusting insects, beetles, bugs, wasps, centipedes, worms and almost every form of the lower animal life, took possession of his tent, and gave him the first real taste of African life.

On the fifth morning (the 23rd of April), he says the rain held up for a short time, and he prepared to cross the river, now swollen and turbid. The bridge over which he carried his baggage was of the most primitive kind, while the donkeys had to swim over. The passage occupied five hours, yet was happily accomplished without any casualties.

Reloading his baggage and wringing out his clothes, he set out—leaving the river and following a path that led off in a northerly direction.

With his heart made more light and cheerful by being on the march and out of the damp and hateful valley, made still more hateful by the disgusting insect life that filled his tent, he ascended to higher ground, and passing with his caravan through successive glades, opening one

after another between forest clumps of trees hemmed in distantly by isolated peaks and scattered mountains. "Now and then," he says, "as we crested low eminences, we caught sight of the blue mountains, bounding the horizon westerly and northerly, and looked down on a vast expanse of plain which lay between. At the foot of the lengthy slope, well watered by bubbling springs and mountain rills, we found a comfortable Khembi with well-made huts, which the natives call Simbo. It lies just two hours, or five miles, north-west from the Ungerengeri crossing."

We here get incidentally the rapidity with which he traveled, where the face of the country and the roads gave him the greatest facilities for quick marching, two "hours or five miles," he says, which makes his best time two miles and a half an hour. In this open, beautiful country no villages or settlements could be seen, though he was told there were many in the mountain inclosures, whose inhabitants were false, dishonest and murderous.

On the morning of the 24th, as they were about to leave Simbo, his Arab cook was caught, for the fifth time, pilfering, and it being proved against him, Stanley ordered a dozen lashes to be inflicted on him as a punishment, and Shaw was ordered to administer them. The blows being given through his clothes, did not hurt him much, but the stern decree that he, with his donkey and baggage, should be expelled from camp and turned adrift in the forests of Africa, drove him wild and, leaving donkey and everything else, he rushed out of camp and started for the mountains. Stanley, wishing only to frighten him, and, having no idea of leaving the poor fellow to perish at the hands of the natives, sent a couple of his men to recall him. But it was of no use, the poor, frightened wretch kept on for the mountains, and was soon out of sight altogether. Believing he would think better of it and return, his donkey was tied to a tree near the camping-ground, and the caravan started forward, and passing through the Makata Valley, which

afterward became of sorrowful memory, it halted at Rehenneko, at the base of the Usagara Mountains, six marches distant. This valley is a wilderness, covered with bamboo, and palm, and other trees, with but one village on its broad expanse, through which the harte beast, the antelope and the zebra roam. In the lower portions, the mud was so deep that it took ten hours to go ten miles, and they were compelled to encamp in the woods when but half-way across. Bombay with the cart did not get in till near midnight, and he brought the dolorous tale, that he had lost the property tent, an axe, besides coats, shirts, beads, cloth, pistol and hatchet and powder. He said he had left them a little while to help lift the cart out of a mud-hole and during his absence they disappeared. This told to Stanley at midnight roused all his wrath, and he poured a perfect storm of abuse on the cringing Arab, and he took occasion to overhaul his conduct from the start. The cloth if ever found, he said, would be spoiled, the axe, which would be needed at Ujiji to construct a boat, was an irreparable loss, to say nothing of the pistol, powder and hatchet, and, worse than all, he had not brought back the cook, whom he knew there was no intention to abandon, and he then and there told him he would degrade him from office and put another man in his place, and then dismissed him, with orders to return at daylight and find the missing property. Four more were dispatched after the missing cook; Stanley halted here three days to wait the return of his men. In the meantime, provisions ran low, and though there was plenty of game, it was so wild that but little could be obtained—he being able to secure but two potfuls in two days' shooting—these were quail, grouse and pigeons. On the fourth day, becoming exceedingly anxious, he dispatched Shaw and two more soldiers after the missing men. Toward night he returned, sick with ague, bringing the soldiers with him, but not the missing cook. The soldiers reported that they had marched immediately back to Simbo, and having searched in vain in its vicinity for the missing

man, went to the bridge over the river to inquire if he had crossed there. They were told, so they said, that a white donkey had crossed the river in another place driven by some Washensi. Believing the cook had been murdered by those men, who were making off with his property, they hastened to the walled town and told the warriors of the western gate that two Washensi must have passed the place with a white donkey, who had murdered a man belonging to the white man. They were immediately conducted to the sultana, who had much of the spirit of her father, to whom they told their story.

“The sultana demanded of the watchmen of the towers if they had seen the two Washensi with the white donkey. The watchmen answered in the affirmative, upon which she at once dispatched twenty of her musketeers in pursuit to Muhalleh, who returned before night, bringing with them the two Washensi and the donkey, with the cook’s entire kit. The sultana, who is evidently possessed of her father’s energy, with all his lust for wealth, had my messengers, the two Washensi, the cook’s donkey and property at once brought before her. The two Washensi were questioned as to how they became possessed of the donkey and such a store of Kisunga clothes, cloth and beads; to which they answered that they had found the donkey tied to a tree with the property on the ground close to it; that seeing no owner or claimant anywhere in the neighborhood, they thought they had a right to it, and accordingly had taken it with them. My soldiers were then asked if they recognized the donkey and property, to which questions they unhesitatingly made answer that they did. They further informed Her Highness that they were not only sent after the donkey, but also after the owner, who had deserted their master’s service; that they would like to know from the Washensi what they had done with him. Her Highness was also anxious to know what the Washensi had done with the Hindi, and accordingly, in order to elicit the fact, she charged them with murdering him, and informed them

she but wished to know what they had done with the body.

“The Washensi declared most earnestly that they had spoken the truth, that they had never seen any such man as described; and if the sultana desired, they would swear to such a statement. Her Highness did not wish them to swear to what in her heart she believed to be a lie, but she would chain them and send them in charge of a caravan to Zanzibar to Lyed Burghosh, who would know what to do with them. Then turning to my soldiers, she demanded to know why the Musungu had not paid the tribute for which she had sent her chiefs. The soldiers could not answer, knowing nothing of such concerns of their master’s. The heiress of Kisabenga, true to the character of her robber sire, then informed my trembling men that, as the Masungu had not paid the tribute, she would now take it; their guns should be taken from them, together with that of the cook; the donkey she would also take, the Hindi’s personal clothes her chiefs should retain, while they themselves should be chained until the Musungu himself should return and take them by force.

“And as she threatened, so was it done. For sixteen hours, my soldiers were in chains in the market-place, exposed to the taunts of the servile populace. It chanced the next day, however, that Sheikh Thani, whom I met at Kingaru, and had since passed by five days, had arrived at Simbamwenni, and proceeding to the town to purchase provisions for the crossing of the Makata wilderness, saw my men in chains and at once recognized them as being in my employ. After hearing their story, the good-hearted sheikh sought the presence of the sultana, and informed her that she was doing very wrong—a wrong that could only terminate in blood. ‘The Musungu is strong,’ he said, ‘very strong. He has got ten guns which shoot forty times without stopping, carrying bullets half an hour’s distance; he has got several guns which carry bullets that burst and tear a man in pieces. He could go to the top of that mountain and

kill every man, woman and child before one of your soldiers could reach the top. The road will then be stopped, Lyed Burghosh will march against your country, the Wadoe and Wakami will come and take revenge on what is left; and the place that your father made so strong will know the Waseguh ha no more. Set free the Musungu's soldiers; give them their food and grain for the Musungu; return the guns to the men and let them go, for the white man may even now be on his way here.

"The exaggerated report of my power, and the dread picture sketched by the Arab sheikh, produced good effect, inasmuch as Kingaru and the Mabrukis were at once released from durance, furnished with food sufficient to last our caravan four days, and one gun with its accoutrements and stock of bullets and powder, was returned, as well as the cook's donkey, with a pair of spectacles, a book in Malabar print and an old hat which belonged to one whom we all now believe to be dead. The sheikh took charge of the soldiers as far as Simbo; and it was in his camp, partaking largely of rice and ghee, that Shaw found them, and the same bountiful hospitality was extended to him and his companions."

Stanley was now filled with keen regrets that he had punished the cook in the manner he did, and mentally resolved that no matter what a member of his caravan should do in the future he would never drive him out of camp to perish by assassins. Still he would not yet believe that he was murdered. But he was furious at the treatment of his soldiers by the black Amazon of Limbamwanni, and the tribute she exacted, especially the seizure of the guns, and if he had been near the place would have made reprisals. But he had already lost four days, and so, next morning, although the rain was coming down in torrents, he broke camp and set forth. Shaw was still sick, and so the whole duty of driving the floundering caravan devolved upon himself. As fast as one was flogged out of the mire in which he had stuck, another would fall in. It took two hours to cross

the miry plain, though it was but a mile and a half wide. He was congratulating himself on having at last got over it, when he was confronted by a ditch which the heavy rains had converted into a stream breast deep. The donkeys had all to be unloaded, and led through the torrent, and loaded again on the farther side. They had hardly got under way when they came upon another stream so deep that it could not be forded, and over which they had to swim and float across their baggage. They then floundered on until they came to a bend of the river, where they pitched their camp, having made but six miles the whole day. This River Makata is only about forty feet in width in the dry season, but at this time was a wide, turbid stream. Its shores with its matted grass, decayed vegetable matter, reeking mists, seemed the very home of the ague and fever. It took five hours to cross it the next morning. The rain came down in such torrents that traveling became impossible, and the camp was pitched. Luckily this proved the last day of the rainy season.

It was now the 1st of May, and the expedition was in a pitiable plight. Shaw was still sick, and one man was down with the small pox. Bombay, too, was sick, and others complaining. Doctoring the sick as well as he knew how, and laying the whip lustily on the backs of those who were shamming, Stanley at length got his caravan in motion and began to cross the Makata plain, now a swamp thirty-five miles broad. It was plash, plash, through the water, in some places three or four feet deep, for two days, until they came in sight of the Rudewa River. Crossing a branch of this stream, a sheet of water five miles broad stretched out before the tired caravan. The men declared it could not be crossed, but Stanley determined to try, and after five hours' of the most prostrating effort reached dry ground, but his animals began to sicken from this day on, while Stanley himself was seized with the dysentery, caused by his exposure, and was brought to the verge of the grave. The expedition seemed about

to end there on the borders of the Makata swamp.

On the 4th, they came to the important village of Rehennoko, the first near which they had encamped since entering the district of Usagara. It was a square, compact village, surrounded by a mud wall and composed of cane-topped huts, and containing about one thousand inhabitants. The air was pure and the water as clear as crystal, coming from the mountain, on the very top of which the village is situated. They rested here four days to recruit. On the 8th, they started forward and began to ascend the mountain. Having reached the summit of the first range of hills, Stanley paused to survey the enchanting prospect. The broad valley of Makata stretched out before him, laced with streams sparkling in the sun, while over it waved countless palm-trees, and far away, blue in the distance, stretched a mighty range of mountains. "Turning our faces west," he says, "we found ourselves in a mountain world, fold rising above fold, peak behind peak, cone jostling cone; away to the north, to the west, to the south, the mountain tops rolled away like so many vitrified waves, not one adust or arid spot was visible in all this scene." The change from the pestilential swamps, through which they had been so long floundering, was most grateful, but the animals suffered greatly, and before they reached their first camping-ground, two had given out. The 9th they descended into the valley of Mukondokno, and there struck the road traversed by Speke and Burton in 1817. Reaching the dirty village, Kiora, Stanley found there his third caravan, led by Farquhar. By his debauchery on the way he had made himself sick and brought his caravan into a sad condition. As he heard Stanley's voice, he came staggering out of his tent, a bloated mass of human flesh that never would have been recognized as the trim mate of the vessel that brought Stanley from India. After he examined him as to the cause of his illness, he questioned him about the condition of the property intrusted to his care. Not able to get an intelligent answer out of him, he resolved to overhaul his

baggage. On examination, he found that he had spent enough for provisions on which to gormandize to have lasted eight months, and yet he had been on the route but two and a half months. If Stanley had not overtaken him, everything would have been squandered, and of all the bales of cloth he was to take to Unyan-yembe not one bale would have been left. Stanley was sorely puzzled what to do with the miserable man. He would die if left at Kiora; he could not walk or ride far, and to carry him seemed well-nigh impossible.

On the 11th, however, the two caravans started forward, leaving Shaw to follow with one of the men. But he lagged behind, and had not reached the camp when it was roused next morning. Stanley at once dispatched two donkeys, one for the load that was on the cart and the other for Shaw, and with the messenger the following note: "*You will, upon the receipt of this order, pitch the cart into the nearest ravine, gully or river, as well as all the extra pack saddles; and come at once, for God's sake, for we must not starve here.*" After waiting four hours, he went back himself and met them, the carrier with the cart on his head, and Shaw on the donkey, apparently ready, at the least jolt, to tumble off. They, however, pushed on, and arrived at Madete at 4 o'clock. Crossing the river about three, and keeping on, they, on the 14th, from the top of a hill, caught sight of Lake Ugenlo. The outline of it, he says, resembles England without Wales. It is some three miles long by two wide, and is the abode of great numbers of hippopotami, while the buffalo, zebra, boar and antelope come here by night to quench their thirst. Its bosom is covered with wild fowl of every description. Being obliged to halt here two days on account of the desertion of the cooper, with one of the carbines, he explored the lake. Two more donkeys died here.

The deserter having returned of his own free will, the caravan started forward, cursed by the slow progress of the peevish, profane and violent Shaw. The next day, at breakfast, a scene occurred that threatened serious

consequences. When Shaw and Farquhar took their places, Stanley saw by their looks that something was wrong. The breakfast was a roast quarter of goat, stewed liver, some sweet potatoes, pancakes and coffee. "Shaw," said Stanley, "please carve and serve Farquhar." Instead of doing so, he exclaimed in an insulting tone, "What dog's meat is this?" "What do you mean?" demanded Stanley. "I mean," replied the fellow, "that it is a downright shame the way you treat us," and then complained of being compelled to walk and help himself, instead, as he was promised, have servants to wait upon him. All this was said in a loud, defiant tone, interlarded with frequent oaths and curses of the "damned expedition," etc. When he had got through, Stanley, fixing his black, resolute eye on him, said: "Listen to me, Shaw, and you, Farquhar, ever since you left the coast, you have had donkeys to ride. You have had servants to wait upon you; your tents have been set up for you; your meals have been cooked for you; you have eaten with me of the same food I have eaten; you have received the same treatment I have received. But now all Farquhar's donkeys are dead; seven of my own have died, and I have had to throw away a few things, in order to procure carriage for the most important goods. Farquhar is too sick to walk, he must have a donkey to ride; in a few days all our animals will be dead, after which I must have over twenty more pagosis to take up the goods or wait weeks and weeks for carriage. Yet, in the face of these things, you can grumble, and curse, and swear at me at my own table. Have you considered well your position? Do you realize where you are? Do you know that you are my servant, sir, not my companion?"

"Servant, be ———" said he.

Just before Mr. Shaw could finish his sentence he had measured his length on the ground.

"Is it necessary for me to proceed further to teach you?" said Stanley.

"I tell you what it is, sir," he said, raising himself up,

"I think I had better go back. I have had enough, and I do not mean to go any farther with you. I ask my discharge from you."

"Oh, certainly. What—who is there? Bombay, come here."

After Bombay's appearance at the tent-door, Stanley said to him: "Strike this man's tent," pointing to Shaw; "he wants to go back. Bring his gun and pistol here to my tent, and take this man and his baggage two hundred yards outside of the camp, and there leave him."

In a few minutes his tent was down, his gun and pistol in Stanley's tent, and Bombay returned to make his report, with four men under arms.

"Now go, sir. You are at perfect liberty to go. These men will escort you outside of camp, and there leave you and your baggage."

He walked out, the men escorting him and carrying his baggage for him.

After breakfast Stanley explained to Farquhar how necessary it was to be able to proceed; that he had had plenty of trouble, without having to think of men who were employed to think of him and their duties; that, as he (Farquhar) was sick, and would be probably unable to march for a time, it would be better to leave him in some quiet place, under the care of a good chief, who would, for a consideration, look after him until he got well. To all of which Farquhar agreed.

Stanley had barely finished speaking before Bombay came to the tent-door, saying: "Shaw would like to speak to you."

Stanley went out to the door of the camp, and there met Shaw, looking extremely penitent and ashamed. He commenced to ask pardon, and began imploring to be taken back, and promising that occasion to find fault with him again should never arise.

Stanley held out his hand, saying: "Don't mention it, my dear fellow. Quarrels occur in the best of families. Since you apologize, there is an end of it."

On the 16th of May the little caravan started off again, and after a march of fifteen miles, camped at Matamombo, in a region where monkeys, rhinocerae, steinlaks and antelopes abounded. The next day's march was through an interminable jungle, and extended fifteen miles. Here he came upon the old Arab sheikh, Thani, who gave him the following good advice : "Stop here two or three days, give your tired animals some rest, and collect all the carriers you can ; fill your insides with fresh milk, sweet potatoes, beef, mutton, ghee, honey, beans, matama, maderia, nuts, and then, Inshalla ! we shall go through Ugogo without stopping anywhere." Stanley was sensible enough to take this advice. He at once commenced on this certainly very prodigal bill of fare for Central Africa. How it agreed with him after the short trial of a single day, may be inferred from the following entry in his diary :

"Thank God ! after fifty-seven days of living upon matama porridge and tough goat, I have enjoyed with unctuous satisfaction a real breakfast and a good dinner."

Here upon the Mpwapwa, he found a place to leave the Scotchman, Farquhar, until he should be strong enough to join him at Unyanyembe. But when he proposed this to the friendly chief, he would consent only on the condition that he would leave one of his own men behind to take care of him. This complicated matters, not only because he could not well spare a man, but because it would be difficult to find one who would consent to undertake this difficult task. This man, whom Stanley had thought would be a reliable friend and a good companion in his long, desolate marches, had turned out a burden and a nuisance. His wants were almost endless, and instead of using the few words in the language of the natives to make them known, he would use nothing but the strongest Anglo-Saxon, and when he found he was not understood, would fall to cursing in equally good round English oaths, and if the astonished natives did not understand this, relapsed into regular John Bull sullenness. When, therefore, Stanley

opened up the subject to Bombay, the latter was horrified. He said the men had made a contract to go through, not to stop by the way ; and when Stanley, in despair, turned to the men, they one and all refused absolutely to remain behind with the cursing, unreasonable white man—one of them mimicking his absurd conduct so completely, that Stanley himself could not help laughing. But the man must be left behind, and somebody must take care of him ; and so Stanley had to use his authority, and notwithstanding all his protestations and entreaties, Sako, the only one who could speak English, was ordered to stay behind.

Having engaged here twelve new carriers, and from the nearest mountain summit obtained an entrancing view of the surrounding region for a hundred miles, he prepared to start, but not before, notwithstanding the good milk it furnished, giving Mpwapwa a thorough malediction for its earwigs. "In my tent," he says, "they might be counted by thousands ; in my slung cot by hundreds ; on my clothes they were by fifties ; on my neck and head they were by scores. The several plagues of locusts, fleas and lice sink into utter insignificance compared with this damnable one of earwigs." Their presence drove him almost insane. Next to these come the white ants, that threatened in a short time to eat up every article of baggage.

He now pushed on toward the Ugogo district, famous for the tribute it exacted from all caravans.

CHAPTER VI.

Three of his caravans meet—A waterless desert traversed—Stanley down with the fever—A land of plenty and of extortion—A populous district—A modern hercules—An African village—Stanley curbs his temper for economy's sake—A good sultan—News from one of his caravans—Curious natives—Flogged by Stanley into proper behavior—Salt plains—Stanley stops to doctor himself—A curious visit from a chief—A noble African tribe—A mob—Quarrel over the route to be taken—Settled by Stanley—A merry march—Condensation of Stanley's account of the character of the country and the tribes of Central Africa.

ON the 22nd of May, the two other caravans of Stanley joined him, only three hours' march from Mpwapwa, so that the one caravan numbered some four hundred souls—but not too large to insure a safe transit through dreaded Ugogo. A waterless desert, thirty miles across, and which it would take seventeen hours to traverse, now lay before them. On the way, Stanley was struck down with fever, and, borne along in a hammock, was indifferent to the herds of giraffes, and zebras, and antelopes that scoured the desert plain around him. The next morning the fever left him, and, mounting, he rode at the head of his caravan, and at 8 A. M. had passed the sterile wilderness and had entered the Ugogo district. He had now come into a land of plenty, but one also of extortion. The tribute that all passing caravans had to pay to the chiefs or sultans of this district was enormous. At the first village the appearance of this white man caused an indescribable uproar. The people came pouring out, men and women, naked, yelling, shouting, quarreling and fighting, making it a perfect babel around Stanley, who became irritated at this unseemly demonstration. But it was of no use. One of his men asked them to stop, but the only reply was "*shut up*," in good native language. Stanley, however, was soon oblivious of their curiosity or noise—heavy doses of quinine to check a chill sent him off into a half doze. The next

day, a march of eight miles brought him to the sultan of the district. Report did not exaggerate the abundance of provisions to be found here. Now came the pay of tribute to the exorbitant chief. After a great deal of parley, which was irritating and often childish, Stanley satisfied the sultan's greed, and, on the 27th of May, shook the dust of the place from his feet and pushed westward. As he passed the thickly-scattered villages and plenteous fields, filled with tillers, he did not wonder at the haughty bearing of the sultan, for he could command force enough to rob and destroy every caravan that passed that way. Twenty-seven villages lined the road to the next sultan's district, Matomhiru. This sultan was a modern hercules, with head and shoulders that belonged to a giant. He proved, however, to be a much more reasonable man than the last sultan, and, after a little speechifying, the tribute was paid and the caravan moved off toward Bihawena. The day was hot, the land sterile, crossed with many jungles, which made the march slow and difficult. In the midst of this desolate plain were the villages of the tribe, their huts no higher than the dry, bleached grass that stood glimmering in the heat of the noon-day sun. Here he was visited by three natives, who endeavored to play a sharp game upon him, which so enraged Stanley that he would have flogged them with his whip out of camp, but one of his men told him to beware, for every blow would cost three or four yards of cloth. Not willing to pay so dearly to gratify his temper he forbore. The sultan was moderate in his demands, and from him he received news from his fourth caravan, which was in advance, and had had a fight with some robbers, killing two of them. It was only eight miles to the next sultan. The water here was so vile that two donkeys died by drinking of it, while the men could hardly swallow it. Stanley, nervous and weak from fever, paid the extravagant tributes demanded of him, without altercation. From here to the next sultan was a long stretch of forest, filled with elephants, rhinoceros, zebras, deer, etc. But they

had no time to stop and hunt. At noon they had left the last water they should find until noon the next day, even with sharp marching, and, hence, no delay could be permitted. The men without tents bivouacked under the trees, while Stanley tossed and groaned all night in a paroxysm of fever, but his courage in no way weakened. At dawn the caravan started off through the dark forest, in which one of the carriers fell sick and died.

At 7 A. M. they drew near Nyambwa, where excellent water was found. The villagers crowded round them with shouts and yells, and finally became so insolent that Stanley grabbed one of them by the neck and gave him a sound thrashing with his donkey-whip. This enraged them, and they walked backward and forward like angry tom-cats, shouting, "Are the Wagogo to be beaten like slaves?" and they seemed, by their ferocious manner determined to avenge their comrade, but the moment Stanley raised his whip and advanced they scattered. Finding that the long lash, which cracked like a pistol, had a wholesome effect, whenever they crowded upon him so as to impede his progress, he laid it about him without mercy, which soon cleared a path.

The Sultan Kimberah was a small, queer and dirty old man, a great drunkard, and yet the most powerful of all the Ugogo chiefs. Here they had considerable trouble in arranging the amount of tribute, but at length everything was settled and the caravan passed on, and emerging from the corn-field, entered on a vast salt plain, containing a hundred or more square miles, from the salt springs of which the Wagogo obtained their salt. At Mizarza, the next camping-place, Stanley was compelled to halt and doctor himself for the fever which was wearing him to skin and bones. Early in the morning he began to take his quinine, and kept repeating the doses at short intervals until a copious perspiration told him he had broken the fever which had been consuming him for fourteen days. During this time, the sultan of the district, attracted by Stanley's lofty tent, with the American flag floating above it, visited him. He was so astonished at

the loftiness and furnishings of the tent, that in his surprise he let fall the loose cloth that hung from his shoulders and stood stark naked in front of Stanley, gaping in mute wonder. Admonished by his son—a lad fifteen years old—he resumed his garb and sat down to talk. Stanley showed him his rifles and other fire-arms, which astonished him beyond measure.

The 4th of June, the caravan was started forward again, and after three hours' march, came upon another district, containing only two villages, occupied by pastoral Wahumba and Wahehe. These live in cow-dung cone huts, shaped like Tartar tents.

“The Wahumba, so far as I have seen them, are a fine and well-formed race. The men are positively handsome, tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was the peculiar feature, that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their lower limbs have not the heaviness of the Wagogo and other tribes, but are long and shapely, clean as those of an antelope. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for a sculptor who would wish to immortalize in marble an Antrinus, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Appolo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebon skins, not coal black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass pendant from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining their calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and depending from the shoulder, shade one half of the bosom, and fall to the knees.

“The Wahehe might well be styled the Romans of Africa.

"Resuming our march, after a halt of an hour, in four hours more we arrived at Mukondoku proper.

"This extremity of Ugogo is most populous. The villages which surround the central tembe, where the Sultan Swaruru lives, amount to thirty-six. The people who flocked from these to see the wonderful men whose faces were white, who wore the most wonderful things on their persons, and possessed the most wonderful weapons; guns which 'bum-bummed' as fast as you could count on your fingers, formed such a mob of howling savages, that I, for an instant, thought there was something besides mere curiosity which caused such a commotion, and attracted such numbers to the roadside. Halting, I asked what was the matter, and what they wanted, and why they had made such a noise? One burly rascal, taking my words for a declaration of hostilities, promptly drew his bow, but as prompt as he had fixed his arrow my faithful Winchester with thirteen shots in the magazine was ready and at my shoulder, and but waited to see the arrow fly to pour the leaden messengers of death into the crowd. But the crowd vanished as quickly as they had come, leaving the burly Thersites, and two or three irresolute fellows of his tribe, standing within pistol range of my leveled rifle. Such a sudden dispersion of the mob which, but a moment before, was overwhelming, caused me to lower my rifle and indulge in a hearty laugh at the disgraceful flight of the men-destroyers. The Arabs, who were as much alarmed at their boisterous obtrusiveness, now came up to patch up a truce, in which they succeeded to everybody's satisfaction.

"A few words of explanation, and the mob came back in greater numbers than before; and the Thersites who had been the cause of the momentary disturbance were obliged to retire abashed before the pressure of public opinion. A chief now came up, whom I afterwards learned was the second man to Swaruru, and lectured the people upon their treatment of the 'white strangers.' "

The tribute-money was easily settled here. On the

7th of June, the route was resumed. There were three roads leading to Uyanzi, and which of the three to take caused long discussion and much quarrelling, and when Stanley settled the matter and the caravan started off on the road to Kiti, an attempt was made to direct it to another road, which Stanley soon discovered and prevented only by his prompt resort to physical arguments.

At last, they reached the borders of Uyanzi, glad to be clear of the land of Ugogo, said to be flowing with milk and honey, but which proved to Stanley a land of gall and bitterness. The forest they entered was a welcome change from the villages of Ugogo, and two hours after leaving them, they came, with the merry sound of horns, to a river in a new district. Continuing on, they made the forest ring with cheers, and shouts, and native songs. The country was beautiful, and the scenery more like cultivated England in former times than barbaric Africa.

Passing thus merrily on, they had made twenty miles by five o'clock. At one o'clock next morning, the camp was roused, and by the light of the moon the march was resumed, and at three o'clock arrived at a village to rest till dawn. They had reached a land of plenty and fared well. Kiti was entered on the 10th of June, where cattle and grain could be procured in abundance.

A valley fifteen miles distant was the next camp, and a march of three hours and a half brought them to another village, where provisions were very cheap.

They were now approaching Unyanyembe, their first great stopping-place, and where the term of service of many of Stanley's men expired. They marched rapidly now—to-day through grain fields, to-morrow past burnt villages, the wreck of bloody wars.

At last, with banners flying and trumpets and horns blowing, and amid volleys of small arms, the caravan entered Unyanyembe.

Of the three routes from the coast to this place, Stanley discarded the two that had before been travelled by Speke

and Burton and Grant and chose the third, with the originality of an American, and thus saved nearly two hundred miles' travel.

Mr. Stanley, after reaching this first great objective point, goes back and gives a general description of the regions he has traversed. To the geographer, it may be of interest, but not to the general reader. But the following, taken from his long account, will give the reader a clear idea of the country traversed and of its inhabitants. Beginning with Wiame River, emptying into the Indian Ocean near Zanzibar, he says :

"First it appears to me that the Wiame River is available for commerce, and by a little improvement, could be navigated by light-draft steamers near to the Usagara Mountains, the healthy region of this part of Africa, and which could be reached by steamers in four days from the coast, and then it takes one into a country where ivory, sugar, cotton, indigo and other productions can be obtained."

"Four days by steamer bring the missionary to the healthy uplands of Africa, where he can live amongst the gentle Wasagara without fear or alarm ; where he can enjoy the luxuries of civilized life without fear of being deprived of them, amid the most beautiful and picturesque scenes a poetic fancy could imagine. Here is the greenest verdure, purest water ; here are valleys teeming with grain-stalks, forests of tamarind, mimosa, gum-copal tree ; here is the gigantic moule, the stately mparamnsi, the beautiful palm ; a scene such as only a tropic sky covers. Health and abundance of food are assured to the missionary ; gentle people are at his feet, ready to welcome him. Except civilized society, nothing that the soul of man can desire is lacking here.

"From the village of Kadetamare a score of admirable mission sites are available, with fine health-giving breezes blowing over them, water in abundance at their feet, fertility unsurpassed around them, with docile, good-tempered people dwelling everywhere, at peace with each other and all travellers and neighbors.

“As the passes of the Olympus unlocked the gates of the Eastern empires to the hordes of Othman; so the passes of the Mukondokwa may admit the Gospel and its beneficent influences into the heart of savage Africa.

“I can fancy old Kadetamare rubbing his hands with glee at the sight of the white man coming to teach his people the words of the ‘Molungu’—the Sky Spirit; how to sow, and reap, and build houses; how to cure their sick, how to make themselves comfortable—in short, how to be civilized. But the missionary, to be successful, must know his duties as well as a thorough sailor must know how to reef, hand and steer. He must be no kid-glove, effeminate man, no journal writer, no disputatious polemic, no silken stole and chasuble-loving priest—but a thorough, earnest laborer in the garden of the Lord—a man of the David Livingstone, or of the Robert Moffatt stamp.

“The other river, the Rufiji, or Ruhwha, is a still more important stream than the Wiami. It is a much longer river, and discharges twice as much water into the Indian Ocean. It rises near some mountains about one hundred miles south-west of Nbená. Kisigo River, the most northern and most important affluent of the Ruhwha, is supposed to flow into it near east longitude thirty-five degrees; from the confluence to the sea, the Ruhwha has a length of four degrees of direct longitude. This fact, of itself, must prove its importance and rank among the rivers of East Africa.

“After Zanzibar, our *debut* into Africa is made *via* Bagomayo. At this place we may see seven different tribes; yet it would be a difficult task for any person, at mere sight of their dresses or features, to note the differences. Only by certain customs or distinctive marks, such as tattooing, puncturing of the lobes of the ears, ornaments, wearing the hair, etc., which would appear, at first, too trivial to note, could one discriminate between the various tribal representatives. There are certainly differences, but not so varied or marked as they are reported.

“The Wasawahili, of course, through their intercourse with semi-civilization, present us with a race, or tribe, influenced by a state of semi-civilized society, and are, consequently, better dressed and appear to better advantage than their more savage brethren farther west. As it is said that underneath the Russian skin lies the Tartar, so it may be said that underneath the dish-dasheh, or shirt of the Wasawahili, one will find the true barbarian. In the street or bazaar he appears semi-Arabized; his suavity of manner, his prostrations and genuflexions, the patois he speaks, all prove his contact and affinity with the dominant race, whose subject he is. Once out of the coast towns, in the Washensi villages, he sheds the shirt that had half civilized him, and appears in all his deep blackness of skin, prognathous jaws, thick lips—the pure negro and barbarian. Not keenest eye could detect the difference between him and the Washensi, unless his attention had been drawn to the fact that the two men were of different tribes.

“The next tribe to which we are introduced are the Wakwere, who occupy a limited extent of country between the Wazaramo and the Wadoe. They are the first representatives of the pure barbarian the traveler meets, when but two days' journey from the sea-coast. They are a timid tribe and a very unlikely people to commence an attack upon any body of men for mere plunder's sake. They have not a very good reputation among the Arab and Wasawahili traders. They are said to be exceedingly dishonest, of which I have not the least doubt. They furnished me with good grounds for believing these reports while encamped at Kingaru, Hera and Imbiki. The chiefs of the more eastern part of Ukwere profess nominal allegiance to the Dwians and the Mrima. They have selected the densest jungles wherein to establish their villages. Every entrance into one of their valleys is jealously guarded by strong wooden gates, seldom over four and a half feet high, and so narrow, sometimes, that one must enter sideways.

“These jungle islets which in particular dot the extent

of Ukwere, present formidable obstacles to a naked enemy. The plants, bushes and young trees which form their natural defence, are generally of the aloetic and thorny species, growing so dense, interlaced one with the other, that the hardiest and most desperate robber would not brave the formidable array of sharp thorns which bristle everywhere.

“Some of these jungle islets are infested with banditti, who seldom fail to take advantage of the weakness of a single wayfarer, more especially if he be a Mgwana—a freeman of Zanzibar, as every negro resident of the island of Zanzibar is distinguished by the Washensi natives of the interior.

“I should estimate the population of Ukwere, allowing about one hundred villages to this territory (which is not more than thirty miles square), at not more than five thousand souls. Were all these banded together under the command of one chief, the Wakwere might become a powerful tribe.

“After the Wakwere we come to the Wakami, a remnant of a once grand nation, which occupied the lands from the Ungerengeri to the Great Makata River. Frequent wars with the Wadoe and Waseguhha have reduced them to a narrow belt of country, ten rectilinear miles across, which may be said to be comprised between Kiva Peak and the stony ridge bounding the valley of the Ungerengeri on the east, within a couple of miles from the east bank of the river.

“They are as numerous as bees in the Ungerengeri Valley. The unsurpassed fertility has been a great inducement to retain for these people the distinction of a tribe. By the means of a spy-glass one may see, as he stands on the top of that stony ridge looking down into the fair valley, clusters of brown huts visible amid bosky clumps, fullness and plenty all over the valley, and may count easily over a hundred villages.

“From Ukami, we pass Southern Udoe, and find a warlike, fine-looking people, with a far more intelligent cast of features, and a shade lighter than the Wakami

and Wakwere—a people who are full of traditions of race, a people who have boldly rushed to war upon the slightest encroachment upon their territories, and who have bravely defended themselves against the Waseguhha and Wakami, as well as against nomadic marauders from Uhumba.

“Udoe, in appearance, is amongst the most picturesque countries between the sea and Nyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forest, tipped by the light, fleecy clouds, through which the warm, glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in sunlight, which brings out those globes of foliage, which rise in tier after tier to the summit of the hills, colors which would mock the most ambitious painter’s efforts at imitation. Udoe first evokes the traveller’s love of natural beauty after leaving the sea, her roads lead him up along the sharp spines of hilly ridges, whence he may look down upon the forest-clad slopes, declining on either side of him into the depths of deep valleys, to rise up beyond into aspiring cones which kiss the sky, or into a high ridge with deep, concentric folds, which almost tempt one to undergo much labor in exploring them for the provoking air of mystery in which they seem to be enwrapped.

“What a tale this tribe could relate of the slave-trader’s deeds. Attacked by the joint forces of the Waseguhha from the west and north, and the slave-traders of Whinde and Saádani from the east, the Wadoe have seen their wives and little ones carried into slavery a hundred times, and district after district taken from their country and attached to Useguhha. For the people of Useguhha were hired to attack their neighbors, the Wadoe, by the Whinde slave-traders, and were also armed with muskets and supplied with amunition by them, to effect large and repeated captures of Wadoe slaves. The people of this tribe, especially women and children, so superior in physique and intelligence to the servile races by which they were surrounded, were eagerly sought for as concubines and domestics by the lustful Mohammedans.

“This tribe we first note to have distinctive tribal

marks—by a line, punctures extending lengthwise on each side of the face, and a chipping of the two inner sides of the two middle teeth of the upper row.

“The arms of this tribe are similar to the arms of the Wakami and Wakwere, and consist of a bow and arrows, a shield, a couple of light spears or assegais, a long knife, a handy little battle-axe and a club with a large knob at the end of it, which latter is dexterously swung at the head of an enemy, inflicting a stunning and sometimes a fatal blow.

“Emerging from the forest of Mikesch, we enter the territory of the Waseguhha, or Wasegura, as the Arabs wrongly call this country. Useguhha extends over two degrees in length, and its greatest breadth is ninety geographical miles. It has two main divisions, that of Southern Useguhha, from Uruguni to the Wiami River, and Northern Useguhha, under the chieftain Moto, from the Wiami River to Umagassi and Usumbara.

“Mostly all the Waseguhha warriors are armed with muskets, and the Arabs supply them with enough ammunition, in return for which they attack Waruguru, Wadoe and Wakwenni, to obtain slaves for the Arab market, and it is but five years since the Waseguhha organized a successful raid into the very heart of the Wasagara Mountains, during which they desolated the populated part of the Makata plain, capturing over five hundred slaves. Formerly wars in this country were caused by blood feuds between different chiefs; they are now encouraged by the slave buyers of the Mirma, for the purpose of supplying these human chattels for the market of Zanzibar. The Waseguhha are about the most thorough believers in witchcraft, yet the professors of this dark science fare badly at their hands. It is a very common sight to see cinereous piles on the roadside, and the waving garments suspended to the branches of trees above them, which mark the fate of the unfortunate ‘Wagana’ or medicine man. So long as their predictions prove correct and have a happy culmination, these professors of the magic art are regarded with favour by the

people; but if an unusual calamity overtakes a family, and they can swear that it is the result of the magician's art, a quorum of relentless inquisition is soon formed, and a like fate to that which overtook the 'witches' in the dark days of New England surely awaits him.

"Enough dead wood is soon found in their African forests, and the unhappy one perishes by fire, and, as a warning to all false professors of the art, his loin-cloth is hung up to a tree above the spot where he met his doom.

"In Southern Usagara, the people are most amiable; but in the north, in those districts adjacent to the Wahumba, the people partake of the ferocious character of their fierce neighbors. Repeated attacks from the kidnappers and robbers on the south-west, west and north, have caused them to regard strangers with suspicion; but after a short acquaintance they prove to be a frank, amiable and brave people. Indeed, they have good cause to be distrustful of the Arabs of Zanzibar. Mbumi, Eastern Usagara, has been twice burned down, within a few years, by the Arabian kidnappers.

"The Wasagara, male and female, tattoo the forehead, bosom and arms. Besides inserting the neck of a gourd in each ear—which carries his little store of tobacco, and lime, which he has obtained by burning land shells—he carries quite a number of primitive ornaments around his neck, such as two or three snowy cowrie-shells, carved pieces of wood, or a small goat's horn, or some medicine consecrated by the medicine man of the tribe, a fund of red or white beads, or a string of copper coins, and sometimes small brass chains, like a cheap Jack watch-chain. These things they have either made themselves or purchased from Arab traders for chickens or goats. The children all go naked; youths wear a goat or sheep-skin; grown men and women, blessed with progeny, wear domestic or a loin-cloth of Kaniki, or a barsati, which is a favorite colored cloth in Usagara; chiefs wear caps such as are worn by the Arabs.

"Next on our line of march, appears the Wagogo, a powerful race, inhabiting the region west of Usagara to

Uyanzi, which is about eighty miles in breadth and about one hundred in length.

“The traveler has to exercise great prudence, discretion and judgment in his dealings with them. Here he first heard the word ‘houga’ after passing Limbomwenni, a word which signifies tribute, though it formerly meant a present to a friend. Since it is exacted from him with threats, that if it is not paid they will make war on him, its best interpretation would be, ‘forcibly extorted tribute or toll.’

“Naturally, if the traveler desires to be mulcted of a large sum, he will find the Wagogo ready to receive every shred of cloth he gives them. Moumi will demand sixty cloths, and will wonder at his own magnanimity in asking such a small number of cloths from a great white man. The traveler, however, will be wise if he permits his chief men to deal with them, after enjoining them to be careful, and not commit themselves too hastily to any number.

“They are, physically and intellectually, the best of the races between Unyamwezi and the sea. Their color is a rich dark brown. There is something in their frontal aspect almost leonine. Their faces are broad and intelligent. Their eyes are large and round. Their noses are flat, and their mouths are very large; but their lips, though thick, are not so monstrously thick as those our exaggerated ideal of a negro has. For all this, though the Mgogo is a ferocious man, capable of proceeding to any length upon the slightest temptation, he is an attractive figure to the white traveler. He is proud of his chief, proud of his country, sterile and unlovable though it be; he is proud of himself, his prowess, his weapons and his belongings; he is vain, terribly egotistic, a bully, and a tyrant, yet the Mgogo is capable of forming friendships, and of exerting himself for friendship’s sake. One grand vice in his character, which places him in a hostile light to travelers, is his exceeding avarice and greed for riches; and if the traveler suffers by this, he is not likely to be amiably disposed toward him.

“This sturdy native, with his rich complexion, his lion front, his menacing aspect, bullying nature, haughty, proud and quarrelsome, is a mere child to the man who will devote himself to the study of his nature, and not offend his vanity. He is easily angered, and his curiosity is easily aroused. A traveler with an angular disposition is sure to quarrel with him—but, in the presence of this rude child of nature, especially when he is so powerful, it is to his advantage and personal safety to soften those angles of his own nature. The Kigogo ‘Rob Roy’ is on his native ground, and has a decided advantage over the white foreigner. He is not brave, but he is, at least, conscious of the traveler’s weakness, and he is disposed to take advantage of it, but is prevented from committing an act because it is to his advantage to keep the peace. Any violence to a traveler would close the road; caravans would seek other ways, and the chiefs would be deprived of much of their revenues.

“The Mgogo warrior carries as his weapons a bow and a sheaf of murderous-looking arrows, pointed, pronged and barbed; a couple of light, beautifully-made assegais; a broad, sword-like spear, with a blade over two feet long; a battle-axe, and a rungu or knob-club. He has also a shield, painted with designs in black and white, oval-shaped, sometimes of rhinoceros, or elephant, or bull-hide. From the time he was a toddling urchin he has been familiar with his weapons, and by the time he was fifteen years old he was an adept with them.

“He is armed for battle in a very short time. The messenger from the chief darts from village to village, and blows his ox-horn, the signal for war. The warrior hears it, throws his hoe over his shoulder, enters his house, and in a few seconds issues out again, arrayed in war-paint and full fighting costume. Feathers of the ostrich, or the eagle, or the vulture nod above his head; his long crimson robe streams behind him, his shield is on his left arm, his darting assegai in his left hand, and his ponderous man-cleaver—double-edged and pointed,

heading a strong staff—is in his right hand; jingling bells are tied around his ankles and knees; ivory wristlets are on his arms, with which he sounds his approach. With the plodding peasant's hoe he has dropped the peasant's garb, and is now the proud, vain, exultant warrior—bounding aloft like a gymnast, eagerly sniffing the battle-field. The strength and power of the Wagogo are derived from their numbers.

Though caravans of the Wagogo are sometimes found passing up and down the Unyamwezi road, they are not so generally employed as the Wanyamwezi in trade. Their villages are thus always full of warriors. Weak tribes, or remnants of tribes are very glad to be admitted under their protection. Individuals of other tribes, also, who have been obliged to exile themselves from their own tribes, for some deed of violence, are often found in the villages of the Wagogo. Wanyamwi are also frequently found in this country. Indeed, these latter people are like Scotchmen; they may be found almost everywhere throughout Central Africa, and have a knack of pushing themselves into prominence.

As in Western Usagara, the houses of the Wagogo are square, arranged around the four sides of an area—to which all the doors open. The roofs are all flat, on which are spread the grain, herbs, tobacco and pumpkins. The back of each department is pierced with small holes for observation and for defence.

“The dwelling is a fragile affair as constructed in Ugogo; it merely consists of a line of slender sticks daubed over with mud, with three or four strong poles planted at intervals to support the beams and rafters, on which rests the flat clay roof. In Uyanzi, the dwelling is a formidable affair, because of the abundance of fine trees, which are cut down and split into rails three or four inches thick.

The house is divided into apartments, separated from each other by a wall. Each apartment may contain a family of grown-up boys and girls, who form their beds on the floor, out of dressed hides. The father of the

family, only, has a fixed cot, made of ox-hide, stretched over a frame, or of the bark of a tree. The floor is of tamped mud, and is exceedingly filthy, smelling strongly of every abomination. In the corners, suspended to the rafters, are the fine, airy dwellings of black spiders of a very large size, and other monstrous insects.

The Wagogo believe in the existence of a God, or sky spirit, whom they call Mulungu. Their prayers are generally directed to him when their parents die. A Mgogo, after he has consigned his father to the grave, collects his father's chattels together, his cloth, his ivory, his knife, his hoe, his bows and arrows, his spear and his cattle, and kneels before them, repeating a wish that Mulungu would increase his worldly wealth, that he would bless his labors and make him successful in trade. They venerate, and often perform a dance in honor of the moon.

The following conversation occurred between Stanley and a Mgogo trader :

“ ‘ Who do you suppose made your parents ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Why, Mulungu, white man. ’ ”

“ ‘ Well, who made you ? ’ ”

“ ‘ If God made my father, God made me, didn't He ? ’ ”

“ ‘ That's very good. Where do you suppose your father has gone to, now that he is dead ? ’ ”

“ ‘ The dead die, ’ said he, solemnly, ‘ they are no more. The sultan dies, he becomes nothing—he is then no better than a dead dog ; he is finished, his words are finished—there are no words from him. It is true, ’ he added, seeing a smile on my face, ‘ the sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar. There. ’ ”

“ ‘ But then he is a very great man, is he not ? ’ ”

“ ‘ While he lives only—after death he goes into the pit, and there is no more to be said of him than any other man. ’ ”

“ ‘ How do you bury a Mgogo ? ’ ”

“ ‘ His legs are tied together, his right arm to his body, and his left is put under his head. He is then rolled on his left side in the grave. His cloth he wore during his

life is spread over him. We put the earth over him, and put thorn-bushes over it, to prevent the hyena from getting at him. A woman is put on her right side in a grave apart from the man.'

"What do you do with the sultan, when he is dead?"

"We bury him, too, of course; only he is buried in the middle of the village, and we build a house over it. Each time they kill an ox, they kill before his grave. When the old sultan dies, the new one calls for an ox, and kills it before his grave, calling on the Mulungu to witness that he is the rightful sultan. He then distributes the meat in his father's name.'

"Who succeeds the sultan? Is he the eldest son?"

"Yes, if he has a son; if childless, the great chief next to him in rank. The msagira is the next to the sultan, whose business it is to hear the cause of complaint, and convey it to the sultan, who, through the sultan, dispenses justice, he receives the hongga, carries it to the sultan, places it before him, and when the sultan has taken what he wishes, the rest goes to the msagiri. The chiefs are called manya-para; the msagiri is the *chief* manya-para.'

"How do the Wagogo marry?"

"Oh, they buy their women?"

"What is a woman worth?"

"A very poor man can buy his wife from her father for a couple of goats.'

"How much has the sultan got to pay?"

"He has got to pay about one hundred goats, or so many cows, so many sheep and goats, to his bride's father. Of course, he is a chief. The sultan would not buy a common woman. The father's consent is to be obtained, and the cattle have to be given up. It takes many days to finish the talk about it. All the family and friends of the bride have to talk about it before she leaves her father's house.'

"In cases of murder, what do you do to the man that kills another?"

"The murderer has to pay fifty cows. If he is too

poor to pay, the sultan gives permission to the murdered man's friends or relatives to kill him. If they catch him, they tie him to a tree, and throw spears at him—one at a time first; they then spring on him, cut his head off, then his arms and limbs, and scatter them about the country.'

"'How do you punish a thief?'

"'If he is found stealing, he is killed at once, and nothing is said about it. Is he not a thief?'

"'But, suppose you do not know who the thief is?'

"'If a man is brought before us accused of stealing, we kill a chicken. If the entrails are white, he is innocent; if yellow, he is guilty.'

"'Do you believe in witchcraft?'

"'Of course we do, and punish the man with death who bewitches cattle or stops rain.'

"Sacrifices of human life as penalty for witchcraft and kindred superstitions—indeed for many trivial offences—are painfully numerous among nearly all the tribes.

"Next to Ugogo is Uyanzi, the Hot Field.

"Uyanzi is at present very populous. Along the northern route water is plentiful enough, villages are frequent and travelers begin to perceive that the title is inappropriate. The people who inhabit the country are Wakimbu from the south. They are good agriculturists, and are a most industrious race. They are something like the Wasagara in appearance, but do not obtain a very high reputation for bravery. Their weapons consist of light spears, bows and arrows, and battle-axes. Their tembes are strongly made, showing considerable skill in the art of defensive construction. Their bomas are so well made, that one would require cannon to effect an entrance, if their villages were at all defended. They are skillful, also, in constructing traps for elephants and buffaloes. A stray lion or leopard is sometimes caught by them."

CHAPTER VII.

Reception in Unyanyembe—His House—Reports of the Chiefs of his Caravans—A Feast—Luxurious Living of the Arabs—Arab Country—War against Mirambo, in which Stanley becomes an Ally—Is taken Sick—Bombay Thrashed—Stanley joins the Arab Army—Capture of Mirambo's Stronghold—Villages laid waste—Mirambo's Revenge—Arabs Defeated and Stanley Left Alone—Is Sick—Final Departure—His Indomitable Will and Courage—A Touching Extract from his Journal—Deserters—Shaw, the last White Man, left Behind—Corpses on the Road—Mollifies a Sullen Chief—Strong Medicine—A Ludicrous Scene—The Paradise of Hunters—A Right Royal Hunt.

STANLEY received a noiseless ovation in Unyanyembe as he walked with the governor of his house. Soldiers and men, by the hundreds, hovered round their chief, staring at him, while the naked children peered between the legs of the parents. Tea was served in a silver tea-pot, and a sumptuous breakfast furnished, which Stanley devoured only as a hungry man can, who has been shut up for so many months in the wilds of Africa.

Then pipes and tobacco were produced, and amid the whiffs of smoke, came out all the news that Stanley had brought from Zanzibar, while the gratified sheikh smoked and listened. When Stanley took his leave to look after his men his host accompanied him to show him the house he was to occupy while he remained. It was commodious and quite luxurious after his long life in a tent.

All the caravans had arrived, and he received the reports of the chief of each, while the goods were unpacked and examined. One had had a fight with the natives and beaten them, another had shot a thief, and the fourth had lost a bale of goods. On the whole, Stanley was satisfied and thankful there had been no more serious misfortunes. Food was furnished with lavish prodigality, and while he was surfeiting himself, he ordered a bullock to be slain for his men, now reduced to twenty-five in number.

On the second day of his arrival, the chief Arabs of Tabna came to visit him. This is the chief Arab settlement of Central Africa, and contains a thousand huts and about five thousand inhabitants. The Arabs are a fine, handsome set of men, and, living amid rich pastures, raise large herds of cattle and goats, and vegetables of all kinds, while their slaves bring back in caravans from Zanzibar, the luxuries of the East, not only coffee, spices, wines and salmon, etc., but Persian carpets, rich bedding, with elegant table service. Some of them sport gold watches and chains. Each one keeps as many concubines as he can afford—the size of his harem being limited only by his means.

These magnates from Tabna, after finishing their visit, invited Stanley to visit their town and partake of a feast they had prepared for him. Three days after, escorted by eighteen of his men, he returned the visit. He arrived in time to attend a council of war which was being held, as to the best manner of asserting their rights against a robber-chief named Mirambo. He had carried war through several tribes and claimed the right to waylay and rob Arab caravans. This must be stopped, and it was resolved to make war against him in his stronghold. Stanley agreed to accompany them, taking his caravan a part of the way and leaving it until Mirambo was defeated, and the way to Ujiji cleared.

Returning to Unyanyembe, he found the caravan which had been made up to carry supplies to Livingstone on November 1st, 1870. Having gone twenty-five miles from Zanzibar, to Bagomayo, it had stayed there one hundred days, when, hearing that the English consul was coming, had started off in affright just previous to Stanley.

Whether owing to his great change in diet or some other cause, Stanley was now stricken down with fever, and for a week tossed in delirium. Selim, his faithful servant, took care of him. When he had recovered, the latter was seized with it.

But by the 29th of July, all the sick had recovered, and the caravan was loaded up for Ujiji. But Bombay

was absent and they had to wait from eight o'clock till two in the afternoon, he stubbornly refusing to leave his mistress. When he arrived and was ordered to his place he made a savage reply. The next moment Stanley's cane was falling like lightning on his shoulders. The poor fellow soon cried for mercy. The order "March" was then given, and the guide, with forty armed men behind him, led off, with flags streaming. At first in dead silence, they moved on, but soon struck up a monotonous sort of chorus, which seemed to consist mostly of "Hoy, Hoy," and was kept up all day. The second day, he arrived at Masangi, where he was told the Arabs were waiting for him at Mfuto, six hours' march distant. The next morning, he arrived at the place where the Arab army was gathered, numbering in all two thousand two hundred and twenty-five men; of these, fifteen hundred were armed with guns. With banners flying and drums beating, they, on the 3rd of August, marched forth, but in a few hours, Stanley was stricken down with fever. The next day, however, the march was resumed, and at eleven o'clock, Zimbize, the stronghold of the enemy, came in view. The forces quickly surrounded it. A general assault followed and the village was captured, the inhabitants fleeing towards the mountains, pursued closely by the yelling Arabs. Only twenty dead bodies were found within. The next day, two more villages were burned, and the day after, a detachment of five hundred strong scoured the country around, carrying devastation and ruin in their path. At this critical period of the campaign, Stanley was again taken down with fever, and while he lay in his hammock, news came that the detachment of five hundred men had been surprised and killed. Mirambo had turned and ambushed them, and now the boasting of the morning was turned into despondency. The women made the night hideous with shrieks and lamentations over their slain husbands. The next day there was a regular stampede of the Arabs, and when Stanley was able to get out of his tent only seven men were left to him—all the rest had returned to Mfuto, and

soon after to Tabna, twenty-five miles distant. It was plain that it was useless to open the direct road to Ujiji, which lay through Mirambo's district. In fact, it seemed impossible to get there at all, and the only course left open was to return to the coast and abandon the project of reaching Livingstone altogether. But what would Livingstone do locked up at Ujiji? He might perhaps go north and meet Baker, who was moving, with a strong force, southward. But he was told by a man that Livingstone was coming to Nyano Lake toward the Tanganika, on which Ujiji is situated, at the very time it was last reported he was murdered. He was then walking, dressed in American sheeting, having lost all his cloth in Lake Leemba. He had a breech-loading double-barreled rifle with him and two revolvers. Stanley felt that he could not give up trying to reach him, now it was so probable that he was within four hundred miles of him.

On the 13th, a caravan came in from the east and reported Farquhar dead at the place where he had left him. Ten days after, Mirambo attacked Tabna and set it on fire. Stanley, at this time, was encamped at Kwihara, and in sight of the burning town. The refugees came pouring in, and Stanley, finding the men willing to stand by him, began to prepare for defense, and counting up his little force, found he had one hundred and fifty men. He was not attacked, however, and five days after, Mirambo retreated. The Arabs held councils of war, and urged Stanley to become their ally, but he refused, and finally took the bold resolution of organizing a flying caravan, and by a southern route and quick marching, reach Ujiji. This was August 27th, and the third month he had been in Unyanyembe. Having got together some forty men in all, he gave a great banquet to them prior to their departure, but an attack of fever caused him to postpone it. But, on the 20th of September, though too weak to travel, he mustered his entire force outside the town, and found that, by additional men which the Arabs had succeeded in securing, it now numbered fifty-four men. When all

was ready, Bombay was again missing, and when found and brought up, excused himself, as of old, by saying he was bidding his "misses" good-bye. As he seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with Stanley, the latter not being in the most amiable mood, and wishing to teach the others a lesson, gave him a sound thrashing.

Soon, everything being ready, the word "march" passed down the line, and Stanley started on his last desperate attempt to push on to Ujiji—not much farther than from Toronto to Montreal as the crow flies—but by the way he would be compelled to go, no one knew how far, nor what time it would take to reach it. But Stanley had good reason to believe that Livingstone was alive, and from the reports he could get of his movements, must this time be at or near Ujiji, and therefore to Ujiji he was determined to go, unless death stopped his progress. He had been sent on a mission, and although the conditions were not that he should surmount impossibilities, he would come as near to it as human effort could approach. Though sick with fever, and with that prostration and utter loss of will accompanying it, he, nevertheless, with that marvelous energy that is never exhibited except in rare exceptional characters, kept his great object in view. That never lost its hold on him under the most disastrous circumstances—neither in the delirium of fever nor in the utter prostration that followed it. This tenacity of purpose and indomitable will ruling and governing him, where in all other men it would have had no power, exhibit the extraordinary qualities of this extraordinary man. We do not believe that he himself was fully aware of this inherent power, this fixedness of purpose that makes him different from all other men. No man possessing it is conscious of it any more than an utterly fearless man is conscious of his own courage. The following touching extract from his journal at this time lets in a flood of light on the character and the inner life of this remarkable man:

"About 10 p.m., the fever had gone. All were asleep in the tembe but myself, and an unutterable loneliness

came on as I reflected on my position, and my intentions, and felt the utter lack of sympathy with me in all around. Even my own white assistant, with whom I had striven hard, was less sympathizing than my little black boy Kalulu. It requires more nerve than I possess to dispel all the dark presentiments that come upon the mind. But, probably, what I call presentiments are simply the impress on the mind of the warnings which these false-hearted Arabs have repeated so often. This melancholy and loneliness which I feel, may probably have their origin from the same cause. The single candle which barely lights up the dark shade which fills the corners of my room, is but a poor incentive to cheerfulness. I feel as though I were imprisoned between stone walls. But why should I feel as if baited by these stupid, slow-witted Arabs, and their warnings and croakings? I fancy a suspicion haunts my mind, as I write; that there lies some motive behind all this.

“I wonder if these Arabs tell me all these things to keep me here, in the hope that I may be induced another time to assist them in their war against Mirambo! If they think so, they are much mistaken, for I have taken a solemn, enduring oath—an oath to be kept while the least hope of life remains in me—not to be tempted to break the resolution I have formed, never to give up the search until I find Livingstone alive, or find his dead body; and never to return home without the strongest possible proofs that he is alive or that he is dead. No living man or living men shall stop me—only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die!

“And something tells me, I do not know what it is—perhaps it is the everliving hopefulness of my own nature; perhaps it is the natural presumption born out of an abundant and glowing vitality, or the outcome of an over-weening confidence in one's-self—anyhow and everyhow, something tells me to-night I shall find him, and—write it larger—**FIND HIM! FIND HIM!** Even the

words are inspiring. I feel more happy. Have I uttered a prayer? I shall sleep calmly to-night."

There is nothing in this whole terrible journey so touching, and revealing so much, as this extract from his journal does. It shows that he is human, and yet far above common human weakness. Beset with difficulties, his only white companion dead or about to be left behind, the Arabs themselves and the natives telling him he cannot go on, left all alone in a hostile country, his men deserting him, he pauses and ponders. To make all these outer conditions darker, he is smitten down with fever that saps the energies, unnerves the heart and fills the imagination with gloomy forebodings, and makes the soul sigh for rest. It is the lowest pit of despondency into which a man may be cast. He feels it, and all alone, fever worn and sad, he surveys the prospect before him. There is not a single soul on which to lean—not a sympathizing heart to turn to while fever is burning up his brain, and night, moonless and starless, is setting down around him. He would be less than human not to feel the desolation of his position, and for a moment sink under this accumulation of disastrous circumstances. He does feel how utterly hopeless and sad is his condition; and all through the first part of this entry in his journal, there is something that sounds like a mournful refrain—yet, at its close, out of his gloomy surroundings, up from his feverish bed speaks the brave heart in trumpet tones, showing the indomitable will that nothing can break, crying out of the all-enveloping gloom, "*no living man or living men shall stop me—only death can prevent me.*" There spoke one of the few *great* natures God has made. The closing words of that entry in his journal ring like a bugle-note from his sick-bed, and foretell his triumph.

But, at last, they were off. Shaw, the last white man left to Stanley, had been sick, and apparently indifferent whether he lived or died; but all, after a short march, became enlivened, and things looked more promising. But Stanley was again taken sick with the fever; the

men began to be discouraged. Staggering from his sick-bed, he found that twenty of his men had deserted. Aroused at this new danger, he instantly dispatched twenty men after them, while he sent his faithful follower, Selim, to an Arab chief to borrow a long slave-chain. At night, the messengers returned with nine of the missing men. Stanley then told them that he had never used the slave-chain, but now he should on the first deserters. He had resolved to go to Ujiji, where he believed Dr. Livingstone was, and being so near the accomplishment of the mission he was sent on, he was ready to resort to any measures rather than fail. Deferring the use of the chain at present, he started forward and encamped at Iresaka. In the morning, two more men were missing. Irritated but determined, this resolute man halted, sent back for the fugitives, caught them, and when brought back, flogged them severely and chained them. Notwithstanding this severe treatment, the next morning another man deserted, while, to add to his perplexities and enhance the difficulties that surrounded him, a man who had accompanied him all the way from the coast asked to be discharged, while several others of the expedition were taken sick and unable to proceed; and it seemed, notwithstanding the resolute will of the leader, that the expedition must break up. But, fortunately, that evening men who had been in caravans to the coast entered the village where they were encamped, with wondrous stories of what they had seen on the coast, which revived the spirits of all, and the next morning they started off, and after three hours' march through the forest came to Kigandu. Shaw, the last white man now left to him, between real and feigned sickness, had become such a burden, that he determined to leave him behind, as the latter had often requested to be.

That night, the poor wretch played on an old accordion "Home, Sweet Home," which, miserable as it was, stirred the depths of Stanley's heart, now about to be left alone amid Arabs and natives in the most desperate part of his undertaking. But it could not be helped—speed was

now everything on this new route, or Mirambo would close it also. So on the morning of the 27th, he ordered the horn to sound "get ready," and Shaw being sent back to Kwihara, set off on his southern unknown route to Ujiji with his caravan, and entered the dark forests and pressed rapidly forward, and in seven hours reached the village of Ugunda, numbering two thousand souls. It was well fortified against the robber, Mirambo. Around the principal village, some three thousand square acres were under cultivation, giving them not only all the provisions they wanted for their own use, but also enough for passing caravans, besides furnishing carriers for those in want of them. On the 28th, they arrived at a small village well supplied with corn, and the next day reached Kikuru, a place impregnated with the most deadly of African fevers. Over desert plains, now sheering on one side to avoid the corpse of a man dead from the small-pox, the scourge of Africa, and now stumbling on a skeleton, the caravan kept on till they came to the cultivated fields of Manyara. A wilderness one hundred and thirty-five miles in extent stretched out before them from this place, and Stanley was inclined to be very conciliatory toward the chief of the village, in order to get provisions for the long and desperate march before him. But the chief was very sullen and wholly indifferent to the presents the white man offered him. With adroit diplomacy, Stanley sent to him some magnificent royal cloths, which so mollified the chief that abundant provisions were soon sent in, followed by the chief himself with fifty warriors bearing gifts quite equal to those which Stanley sent him, and they entered the tent of the first white man they had ever seen. Looking at him for some time in silent surprise, the chiefs burst into an incontrollable fit of laughter, accompanied with snapping their fingers. But when they were shown the sixteen-shooters and revolvers their astonishment knew no bounds, while the double-barreled guns, heavily charged, made them jump to their feet with alarm, followed by convulsions of laughter. Stanley then showed them his chest of medi-



A TROOP OF ELAND ATTACKED BY A TIGER.



GIRAFFE, ZEBRA AND CAPE BUFFALO OF AFRICA.

cine, and finally gave them a dose in the form of brandy. They tasted it, making wry faces, when he produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, saying it was for snake bites. One of the chiefs asked for some of it. It was suddenly presented to his nose, when his features underwent such indescribable contortions that the other chiefs burst into convulsions of laughter, clapped their hands, pinched each other and went through all sorts of ludicrous gesticulations. When the chief recovered himself, the tears in the meanwhile rolling down his cheeks, he laughed and simply said, "*strong* medicine." The others then took a sniff and went off into paroxysms of laughter.

Wednesday, October 4th, found them traveling toward the Gombe River. They had hardly left the waving corn-fields, when they came in sight of a large herd of zebras. Passing on, the open forest resembled a magnificent park, filled with buffalo, zebra, giraffe, antelope and other tropical animals, (see illustrations) while the scenery on every side was entrancing. These noble animals, coursing in their wild freedom through those grand, primeval forests, presented a magnificent sight. Stanley, thoroughly aroused, crept back to his camp, which had been pitched on the Gombe River, and prepared for a right royal hunt. He says :

"Here, at last, was the hunter's paradise! How petty and insignificant appeared my hunts after small antelope and wild boar; what a foolish waste of energies, those long walks through damp grasses and thorny jungles. Did I not well remember my first bitter experience in African jungles, when in the maritime region? But this—where is the nobleman's park that can match this scene? Here is a soft, velvety expanse of young grass, grateful shade under close, spreading clumps, herds of large and varied game browsing within easy rifle-shot. Surely I must feel amply compensated now for the long southern detour I have made, when such a prospect as this opens to the view! No thorny jungles and rank-smelling swamps are to daunt the hunter, and to sicken his aspir-

ations after true sport. No hunter could aspire after a nobler field to display his prowess.

“Having settled the position of the camp, which overlooked one of the pools found in the depression of the Gombe Creek, I took my double-barreled smooth bore, and sauntered off to the park-land. I first sighted a fine troop of Elands with their heads down feeding on the tall grass. But before I arrived near enough to fire, a large leopard sprang upon the neck of one and frightened the whole troop away at a rapid pace. Soon after emerging from behind a clump, three fine, plump spring-bok were seen browsing on the young grass just within one hundred yards. I knelt down and fired; one unfortunate antelope bounded forward instinctively and fell dead. Its companions sprang high into the air, taking leaps about twelve feet in length, as if they were quadrupeds practising gymnastics, and away they vanished, rising up like India-rubber balls, until a knoll hid them from my view. My success was hailed with loud shouts by the soldiers, who came running out from the camp as soon as they heard the reverberation of the gun, and my gun-bearer had his knife at the throat of the beast, uttering a fervent ‘Bismillah’ as he almost severed the head from the body.

“Hunters were now directed to proceed east and north to procure meat, because in each caravan it generally happens that there are fundi whose special trade is to hunt for meat for the camp. Some of these are experts in stalking, but often find themselves in dangerous positions, owing to the near approach necessary before they can fire their most inaccurate weapons with any certainty.

“After luncheon, consisting of spring-bok steak, hot corn-cake and a cup of Mocha coffee, I strolled toward the south-west, accompanied by Kalulu and Majwara, two boy gun-bearers. The tiny perpusilla started up like rabbits from me as I stole along through the underbrush; the honey-bird hopped from tree to tree chirping its call, as if it thought I was seeking the little sweet treasure, the hiding place of which it only knew; but,

no! I neither desired perpusilla nor the honey. I was on the search for something great this day. Keen-eyed fish-eagles and bustards poised on trees above the sinuous Gombe thought, and probably with good reason, that I was after them; judging by the ready flight with which both species disappeared as they sighted my approach. Ah, no! nothing but harte beest, zebra, giraffe, eland and buffalo this day.

“After following the Gombe’s course for about a mile, delighting my eyes with long looks at the broad and lengthy reaches of water, to which I was so long a stranger, I came upon a scene which delighted the innermost recesses of my soul; five, six, seven, eight, ten zebras switching their beautiful striped bodies, and biting one another, within about one hundred and fifty yards. The scene was so pretty, so romantic, never did I so thoroughly realize that I was in Central Africa. Mine they were, without money and without price; yet, knowing this, twice I dropped my rifle, loath to wound the royal beasts, but—crack! and a royal one was on his back, battling the air with his legs. Ah, it was such a pity! but hasten, draw the keen, sharp-edged knife across the beautiful stripes which fold around the throat, and—what an ugly gash! it is done, and I have a superb animal at my feet. Hurrah! I shall taste of zebra to-night.

“I thought a spring bok and zebra enough for one day’s sport, especially after a long march. The Gombe, a long stretch of deep water, winding in and out of green groves, calm, placid, with lotus leaves resting lightly on its surface, all pretty, picturesque, peaceful as a summer’s dream, looked very inviting for a bath. I sought out the most shady spot under a wide-spreading mimosa, from which the ground sloped smooth as a lawn to the still, clear water. I ventured to undress and had already stepped to my ankles in the water, and had brought my hands together for a glorious dive, when my attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the surface which I was about to explore by a ‘header.’ Great heavens,

it was a crocodile! I sprang back instinctively, and this proved my salvation, for the monster turned away with the most disappointed look, and I was left to congratulate myself upon my narrow escape from his jaws, and to register a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African river."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Beautiful Picture—A Mutiny—Narrow Escape of Stanley—Saved by His Prompt Courage—Swift Punishment of the leaders of the Mutiny—Exciting News from Ujiji—Difficulties in the Way—Resolves to go Round the next Village—Stealthy Marching—A New Danger—Vain Attempt to Stop a Woman Screaming—Rapid Marching—Stanley Startled by the Sound of Waves Bursting in Rocky Caverns—An Unexpected Danger—Narrow Escape—The End Approaches—Hurrah.

THE following extract from his journal, written up that night, shows that this strong, determined, fearless man was not merely a courageous lion, but possessed, also, the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet. With a few strokes of his pen, he sketches a picture on the banks of the forest-lined river, full of life and beauty:

“The adventures of the day were over; the azure of the sky had changed to a deep gray; the moon was appearing just over the trees; the water of the Gombe was like a silver belt; hoarse frogs bellowed their notes loudly by the margin of the creek; the fish-eagles uttered their dirge-like cries as they were perched high on the tallest trees; elands snorted their warning to the herd in the forest; stealthy forms of the carnivora stole through the dark woods outside of our camp. Within the high inclosure of the bush and thorn which we had raised about our camp, all was jollity, laughter and radiant, genial comfort. Around every camp-fire, dark forms of men were seen squatted: one man gnawed at a luscious bone; another sucked the rich marrow in a zebra’s leg bone; another turned the stick, garnished with huge kabobs, to the bright blaze; another held a large rib over a flame; there were others busy stirring, industriously, great black pots of ugali, and watching anxiously the meat simmering, and the soup bubbling, while the firelight flickered and danced bravely, and cast a

bright glow ever the naked forms of the men, and gave a crimson tinge to the tall tent that rose in the centre of the camp, like a temple sacred to some mysterious god; the fires cast their reflections upon the massive arms of the trees, as they branched over our camp; and in the dark gloom of their foliage, the most fantastic shadows were visible. Altogether, it was a wild, romantic and impressive scene."

They halted here for two days, the men hunting and gormandizing. Like all animals, after gorging themselves they did not want to move, and when, on the 7th of October, Stanley ordered the caravan to be put in motion, the men refused to stir. Stanley at once walked swiftly toward them with his double-barreled gun, loaded with buck shot, in his hand. As he did so he saw the men seize their guns. He, however, kept resolutely on till within thirty yards of two men, whose heads were peering above an ant-hill, with their guns pointed across the road—then suddenly halting, he took deliberate aim at them, determined, come what would, to blow out their brains. One of them, a giant, named Azmani, instantly brought up his gun with his finger on the trigger. "Drop that gun or you are a dead man," shouted Stanley. They obeyed and came forward, but he saw that murder was in Azmani's eyes. The other man, at the second order, laid down his gun, and, with a blow from Stanley that sent him reeling away, sneaked off. But the giant, Azmani, refused to obey, and Stanley aiming his piece at his head and touching the trigger was about to fire. The former quickly lifted his gun up to his shoulder to shoot. In another second he would have fallen dead at Stanley's feet. At this moment an Arab, who had approached from behind, struck up the wretch's gun and exclaimed, "Man, how dare you point your gun at the master?" This saved his life, and perhaps Stanley's also. It requires nerves of iron in a man thus to stand up all alone in the heart of an African forest surrounded by savages and defy them all, and cow them all. But the trouble was over, peace was concluded,

and the men with one accord agreed to go on. The two instigators of this mutiny were Bombay and a savage, named Ambari. Snatching up a spear Stanley immediately gave the former a terrible pounding with the handle. Then turning on the latter, who stood looking on with a mocking face, he administered the same punishment to him—after which he put them both in chains.

For the next fourteen days, nothing remarkable occurred in the march, which had been in a south-westerly direction. Near a place called Mrera, Stanley, for the first time, saw a herd of wild elephants, and was deeply impressed with their lordly appearance. Here Selim was taken sick, and the caravan halted for three days, Stanley spending the interval in mending his shoes.

He now had four districts to traverse, which would occupy him twenty-five days. Taking a north-westerly route having, as he thought, got around the country of Mirambo, he turned north-westerly and pushed forward with all speed. Buffaloes, leopards and lions were encountered; the country was diversified, and many of the petty chiefs grasping and unfriendly, so that it was a constant, long wearisome fight with obstacles from the beginning to the end of each week. But, on November 3rd, a caravan of eighty came into Stanley's camp from the westward. The latter asked the news. They replied that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji. This was startling news indeed.

"A white man!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Yes, a white man."

"How is he dressed?"

"Like the master," pointing to him.

"Is he young or old?"

"He is old, with white hair on his face; and he is sick."

"Where has he come from?" was the next anxious inquiry.

"From a very far country, away beyond Uguhha."

"And is he now stopping at Ujiji?"

"Yes, we left him there eight days ago."

"How long is he going to stay there?"

"Don't know."

"Was he ever there before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

Stanley gave a shout of exultation exclaiming: "It is Livingstone!"

Then came the thought, it may be some other man. Perhaps it is Baker, who has worked his way in there before me. It was a crushing thought, that after all his sufferings, and sickness, and toils, he should have been anticipated, and there was now nothing left for him to do but march back again. So he exclaimed to himself: "Baker has no white hair on his face." But he could now wait no longer, and turning to his men, he asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt. If they would, he would, on their arrival, present each two doti of cloth. They all shouted yes. Stanley jots down: "I was madly rejoiced, intensely eager to resolve the burning question, 'Is it Dr. Livingstone?' God grant me patience; but I do wish there was a railroad, or at least, horses, in this country. With a horse I could reach him in twelve hours"

But new dangers confronted him. The chiefs became more exorbitant in their demands and more hostile in their demonstrations, and but for Stanley's eagerness to get on, he would more than once have fought his way through some of those pertinacious tribes. But his patience, at last, gave out, for he was told after he had settled the last tribute that there were five more chiefs ahead who would exact tribute. This would beggar him, and he asked two of the natives if there was no way of evading the next chief, named Wahha.

"This rather astonished them at first, and they declared it to be impossible; but, finally, after being pressed, they replied that one of their number should guide us at midnight, or a little after, into the jungle which grew on the frontiers of Uhha and Uvinza. By keeping a direct west course through this jungle

until we came to Ukavanga, we might be enabled—we were told—to travel through Uhuia without further trouble. If I were willing to pay the guide twelve doti, and if I were able to impose silence on my people while passing through the sleeping village, the guide was positive I could reach Ujiji without paying another doti. It is needless to add that I accepted the proffered assistance at such a price with joy.

“But there was much to be done. Provisions were to be purchased, sufficient to last four days, for the tramp through the jungle, and men were at once sent with cloth to purchase grain at any price. Fortune favored us, for, before 8 P.M. we had enough for six days.

“November 7th.—I did not go to sleep at all last night, but a little after midnight, as the moon was beginning to show itself, by gangs of four the men stole quietly out of the village; and by 3 A.M. the entire expedition was outside the bonna and not the slightest alarm had been made. After whistling to the new guide, the expedition began to move in a southern direction along the right bank of the Kanenzi River. After an hour's march in this direction, we struck west across the grassy plain, and maintained it, despite the obstacles we encountered, which were sore enough to naked men. The bright moon lighted our path; dark clouds now and then cast immense long shadows over the deserted and silent plain, and the moonbeams were almost obscured, and at such times our position seemed awful—

“ ‘Till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.’

“Bravely toiled the men, without murmur, though their legs were bleeding from the cruel grass. ‘Ambrosial morn’ at last appeared with all its beautiful and lovely features. Heaven was born anew to us, with comforting omens and cheery promise. The men, though fatigued at the unusual travel, sped forward with quicker pace as daylight broke, until, at 8 A.M., we

sighted the swift Rusugi River, when a halt was ordered in a clump of jungle near it, for breakfast and rest. Both banks of the river were alive with buffalo, eland and antelope, but though the sight was very tempting, we did not fire, because we dared not. The report of a gun would have alarmed the whole country. I preferred my coffee, and the contentment which my mind experienced at our success.

“An hour after we had rested, some natives carrying salt from the Malagarazi were seen coming up the right bank of the river. When abreast of our hiding-place they detected us, and dropping their salt-bags, they took to their heels at once, shouting out as they ran, to alarm some villages that appeared some four miles north of us. The men were immediately ordered to take up their loads, and in a few minutes we had crossed the Rusugi, and were making direct for a bamboo jungle that appeared in our front. Almost as soon as we entered, a weak-brained woman raised a series of piercing yells. The men were appalled at this noisy demonstration, which would call down upon our heads the vengeance of the Wahha for evading the tribute, to which they thought themselves entitled. In half an hour we should have hundreds of howling savages about us in the jungle, and probably a general massacre would ensue. The woman screamed fearfully again and again, for no cause whatever. Some of the men, with the instinct of self-preservation, at once dropped their bales and loads and vanished into the jungle. The guide came rushing back to me, imploring me to stop her noise. The woman’s husband, livid with rage and fear, drew his sword and asked permission to cut her head off at once. Had I given the least signal, the woman had paid with her life for her folly. I attempted to hush her cries by putting my hand over her mouth, but she violently wrestled with me, and continued her cries worse than ever. There remained nothing else for me to do, but try the virtue of my whip over her shoulders. I asked her to desist after the first blow ‘No!’ She continued her insane cries with increased force and volume. Again my whip

descended on her shoulders. 'No, no, no.' Another blow. 'Will you hush?' 'No, no, no,' louder and louder she cried, and faster and faster I showered the blows for the taming of this shrew. However, seeing I was as determined to flog as she was to cry, she desisted before the tenth blow and became silent. A cloth was folded over her mouth, and her arms were tied behind her; and in a few moments, the runaways having returned to their duty, the expedition moved forward again with redoubled pace."

That night they encamped at Lake Musunya, which swarmed with hippopotami. No tent nor hut was raised, nor fire kindled, and Stanley lay down with his rifle slung over his shoulders, ready to act on a moment's notice. Before daylight they were off again, and at early dawn emerged from the jungle and stretched rapidly across a naked plain. Reaching the Rugufa River, they halted in a deep shade, when suddenly Stanley heard a sound like distant thunder. Asking one of his men if it were thunder, the latter replied no, that it was the noise made by the waves of Tanganika breaking into the caverns of a mountain on its shore. Was he, indeed, so near this great inland sea, of which Ujiji was the chief harbor?

Pressing on three hours longer they encamped in the forest. Two hours before daylight they again set out, the guide promising that by next morning they should be clear of the hostile district. On this Stanley exclaims, "Patience, my soul! A few hours more and then the end of all this will be known. I shall be face to face with that white man with the white beard on his face, whoever he may be." Before daylight they started again, and emerging from the forest on to the high road, the guides, thinking they had passed the last village of the hostile tribe, set up a shout, but soon, to their horror, came plump upon its outskirts. Fate seemed about to desert him at the last moment, for if the village was roused he was a doomed man. Keeping concealed amid the trees, Stanley ordered the goats to be killed lest their bleating should lead to their discovery, the chickens

to be killed also, and then plunged into the jungle, Stanley being the last man to follow. It was a narrow escape. After an half-hour's march, finding they were not pursued, they again took to the road. One more night in the encampment and then the end would come. Next morning they push on with redoubled speed, and, in two hours, from the top of a mountain he beholds with bounding heart the Lake Tanganika; a vast expanse of burnished silver with the dark mountains around it and the blue sky above it. "Hurrah," shouts Stanley, and the natives take up the shout, till the hills and forest ring with their exultant cries. The long struggle was nearly over; the goal toward which he had been so long straining almost won.

CHAPTER IX.

THE excitement that Stanley felt at this supreme moment of his life can never be described or even imagined. When he started from Zanzibar, he knew he had thrown the die which was to fix his fate. Successful, and his fame was secure, while failure meant death, and all the chances against him. How much he had taken upon himself no one but he knew; into what gloomy gulfs he had looked before he started, he alone was conscious. Of the risks he ran, of the narrow escapes he had made, of the toils and sufferings he had endured, he alone could estimate them. With the accumulation of difficulties—with the increasing darkness of his prospects, the one great object of his mission had increased in importance, till great as it was, became unnaturally magnified so that, at last, it filled all his vision, and became the one, the great, the only object in life worth pursuing. For it he had risked so much, toiled so long and suffered so terribly, that the whole world,

with all its interests, was secondary to it. Hope had given way to disappointment and disappointment yielded to despair so often, that his strong nature had got keyed up to a dangerous pitch. But now the reward was near; and Balboa, when alone he ascended the solitary summit that was to give him a sight of the new, the hitherto unknown, the great Pacific Ocean, was not more intensely excited than Stanley was when he labored up the steep mountain that should give him a view of the Tanganika.

The joy, the exultation of that moment, outbalanced a life of common happiness. It was a feeling that lifts the soul into a region where our common human nature never goes, and it becomes a memory that influences and shapes the character forever. Such a moment of ecstasy—of perfect satisfaction—of exultant triumphant feeling that asks nothing better—that brings perfect rest with the highest exaltation, can never happen to a man but once in a life-time, and not to one in ten millions of men. To attempt to give any description of this culmination of all his efforts, and longings, and ambition, except in his own words, would be not only an act of injustice to him, but to the reader.

The descent to Ujiji and the interview with Livingstone is full of dramatic interest and should not be given, except in his own words. To attempt to improve on it would be presumption and would end only in failure, and we, therefore, give it in Mr. Stanley's own words, that glow with vivid life from beginning to end, and this shall be his chapter:

“We are descending the western slope of the mountain, with the valley of the Linche before us. Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matite brake, which grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of the Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotion.

I notice the graceful palms, neat plats, green with vegetable plants, and small villages, surrounded with frail fences of the matite cane.

“We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived! our dreams, our hopes, our anticipations are about to be realized. Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the white man with the gray beard, we heard about on the Malagarazi.

“‘Unfurl the flags and load the guns.’

“‘Ay, Wallah, ay, Wallah, bana!’ responded the men, eagerly.

“‘One—two—three—fire.’

“A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect, presently, on the peaceful-looking village below.

“‘Now, Kirangazi, hold the white man’s flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market place, or before the white man’s house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganika. I can smell the fish of the Tanganika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest awaiting for you. MARCH!’

“ Before we had gone one hundred yards our repeated volleys had the desired effect. We had awakened Ujiji to the fact that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag, borne aloft by the gigantic Asmani, whose face was one broad smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mast-heads of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of ‘ Bindera Kisungu !’—a white man’s flag! ‘ Bindera Mericani !’—the American flag!

“ Then we were surrounded by them—by Wajiji, Wanyamzi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyuema and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shout of ‘ Yambo, yambo, bona! Yambo bona, Yambo bona!’ To all and each of my men the welcome was given.

“ We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say: ‘ Good morning, sir!’

“ Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his wooly head, and I ask: ‘ Who the mischief are you?’

“ ‘ I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,’ said he, smiling and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

“ ‘ What! is Dr. Livingstone here?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ In this village?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Are you sure?’

“ ‘ Sure, sure, sir. Why I just left him.’

“ ‘ Good-morning, sir,’ said another voice.

“ ‘ Hallo,’ said I, ‘ is this another one ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Well, what is your name ?’

“ ‘ My name is Chumah, sir.’

“ ‘ What are you, Chumah, the friend of Wekotani ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ And is the doctor well ?’

“ ‘ Not very well, sir.’

“ ‘ Where has he been so long ?’

“ ‘ In Manyema.’

“ ‘ Now you, Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ and off he darted like a madman.

“ By this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, “ How did you come from Unyanyembe ?”

“ Soon Susi came running back and asked me my name; he had told the doctor that I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name Susi was rather staggered.

“ But during Susi’s absence the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib and others—had gathered together before the doctor’s house, and the doctor had come out on his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

“ In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted and the Kirangozi were out of the ranks, holding the flag aloft, and Selim said to me, ‘ I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.’

And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing some trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

"So I did that which I thought was most dignified; I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"I replace my cap on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

"He answered: 'I feel thankful I am here to welcome you.'

"I turned to the Arabs, took off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of 'Yambos' I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces toward his tembe. He points to the veranda, or rather mud platform, under the broad over-hanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa have suggested, namely, a straw mat with a goat skin over it, and another skin

nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more benefits him than me, but the doctor will not yield: I must take it.

"We are seated—the doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

"Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as: 'How did you come here?' and 'Where have you been all this long time? the world has believed you to be dead.' Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot exactly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man, at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.' What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truths I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

"Oh, reader, had you been at my side that day at Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvelous history of deeds.

“The Arabs rose up with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves. I sent Bombay with them to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. Sayd bin Majid was the father of the gallant young man whom I saw at Masange, and who fought with me at Zimbizo, and who soon afterwards was killed by Mirambo's Ruga—Ruga in the forest of Wilyankuru; and knowing I had been there, he earnestly desired to hear the tale of the fight; but they had all friends at Unyanyembe, and it was but natural that they should be anxious to hear of what concerned them.

“After giving orders to Bombay and Asmani for the provisioning of the men of the expedition, I called ‘Kaif-Halek,’ or ‘how do ye do,’ and introduced him to Dr. Livingstone as one of the soldiers in charge of certain goods left at Unyanyembe, whom I had compelled to accompany me to Ujiji that he might deliver, in person, to his master the letter-bag he had been intrusted with by Dr. Kirk.

“This was the famous letter-bag marked ‘Nov. 1st, 1870,’ which was now delivered into the doctor's hands, three hundred and sixty-five days after it left Zanzibar! How long, I wonder, had it remained at Unyanyembe, had I not been dispatched into Central Africa in search of the great traveler?

“The doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then, presently opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children's letters, his face, in the meanwhile, lighting up.

“He asked me to tell him the news. ‘No, doctor,’ said I, ‘read your letters first, which, I am sure, you must be impatient to read.’

“‘Ah,’ said he, ‘I have waited years for letters, and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No; tell me the general news; how is the world getting along?’

“‘You probably know much already. Do you know

that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?’

“‘I did not hear about the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?’

“Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration—of any penny-a-line news, of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a regent had been appointed; General Prim was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the ‘Man of Destiny’ was a prisoner at Wilhelms-höhe; the queen of fashion and the empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in purple had lost forever the imperial crown intended for its head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke, and France, the proud empire, was humbled to the dust.

“What could a man have exaggerated of these facts? What a budget of news it was to one who had emerged from the depths of the primeval forests of Manyema! The reflection of the dazzling light of civilization was cast on him while Livingstone was thus listening in wonder to one of the most exciting passages of history every repeated. How the puny deeds of barbarism paled before these! Who could tell under what new phases of uneasy life Europe was laboring even then, while we, two of her lonely children, rehearsed the tale of her late woes and glories? More worthily, perhaps, had the tongue of a lyric Demodocus recounted them; but in the absence of the poet, the newspaper correspondent performed his part as well and truthfully as he could.

“Not long after the Arabs had departed, a dishful of

hot hashed-meat cakes was sent to us by Sayd bin Majid, and a curried chicken was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession, and as fast as they were brought we set to. I had a healthy, stubborn digestion, the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order, but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, he kept repeating, ‘You have brought me new life.’

“‘Oh, by George,’ I said, ‘I have forgotten something. Hasten, Selim, and bring that bottle; you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.’

“Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and, handing the doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said: ‘Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, sir.’

“‘And to yours,’ he responded.

“And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drank with hearty good wishes to each other.

“But we kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was brought to us all that afternoon, and we kept on eating every time it was brought until I had eaten even to repletion, and the doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Halimah, the female cook of the doctor’s establishment, was in a state of the greatest excitement. She had been protruding her head out of the cook-house, to make sure that there were really two white men sitting down in the veranda, when there used to be only one, who would not, because he could not, eat anything; and she had been considerably exercised in her mind over this fact. She was afraid the doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abil-

ities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten, and she was in a state of delightful excitement. We could hear her tongue rolling off a tremendous volume of clatter to the wondering crowds who halted before the kitchen to hear the current of news with which she edified them. Poor, faithful soul. While we listened to the noise of her furious gossip, the doctor related her faithful services and the terrible anxiety she evinced when the guns first announced the arrival of another white man in Ujiji; how she had been flying about in a state of the utmost excitement, from the kitchen into his presence, and out again into the square, asking all sorts of questions; how she was in despair at the scantiness of the general larder and treasury of the strange household; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man.

“‘Why,’ said she, ‘is he not one of us? Does he not bring plenty of cloth and beads? Talk about the Arabs! Who are they, that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!’

“The doctor and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles, and his disappointment upon his arrival at Ujiji when told that all his goods had been sold, and he was reduced to poverty. He had but twenty cloths or so left of the stock he had deposited with the man called Sheriff, the half-caste, drunken tailor, who was sent by the British consul in charge of the goods. Besides which he had been suffering from an attack of the dysentery, and his condition was most deplorable. He was but little improved on this day, though he had eaten well, and already began to feel stronger and better.

“This day, like all others, though big with happiness to me, at last, was fading away. We, sitting with our faces looking to the east, as Livingstone had been sitting for days preceding my arrival, noted the dark shadow which crept up above the grove of palms beyond the

village, and above the rampart of mountains which we had crossed that day, now looming through the fast-approaching darkness; and we listened, with our hearts full of gratitude to the great Giver of Good and Dispenser of all Happiness to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganika, and to the chorus which the night insects sang. Hours passed, and we were still sitting there with our minds busy upon the day's remarkable events, when I remembered that the traveler had not yet read his letters.

“‘Doctor,’ I said, ‘you had better read your letters. I will not keep you up any longer.’

“‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘it is getting late, and I will go and read my friends’ letters. Good-night and God bless you.’

“‘Good-night, my dear doctor, and let me hope your news will be such as you desire.’”

Since the creation of the world there never has occurred such another interview. The feelings of Stanley that night, in the heart of Africa, can only be imagined. The strain had ended, the doubt and suspense was over—he *had found Livingstone*—he had succeeded—his most extravagant dreams had been realized—his wildest ambition satisfied, and from that hour the adventurer, the newspaper correspondent, took his place among the great explorers of the world. But it was no stroke of luck—it was the fitting reward of great risks and great endeavor.

CHAPTER X.

Rest at Ujiji—Stanley's love for Livingstone the best eulogium on his own character—The night—The morning interview—Life with Livingstone—Survey the Tanganika together—Livingstone accompanies Stanley to Unyanyembe—The long march—Life in the place—Preparations for parting—The last breakfast—The last sad farewell—Stanley's homeward march—Its perils—Inundations—Makata swamo—Terrible marching—Stanley sends off for relief—Its arrival—Bigomayo reached at last—Noisy entrance—Stanley's joy—It is suddenly dashed—Cruel conduct of the press—Start for home.

THE rest and repose that Stanley now enjoyed cannot be described nor even imagined. His long struggle—his doubts, and fears, and painful anxiety were over, and the end toward which he had strained with such unflagging resolution, under the most disheartening circumstances, and which at times seemed to recede the more he pressed forward, was at last reached. The sweet repose, the calm satisfaction and enjoyment which always come with the consciousness of complete success, now filled his heart, and he felt as no one can feel who has not at last won a long and doubtful battle. It was *complete* rest—entire fruition of his hopes; and, as he sat down there, in the heart of Africa, beside Livingstone, he was, doubtless, for at least the first few days, the happiest man on the globe, and well deserved to be. The goal was won, the prize secured, and for the time being his utmost desires satisfied—and why *should* he not be happy.

His intercourse with Livingstone for the next four months will be marked by him with a white stone, as the brightest portion of his eventful life. Independent of all he had undergone to find this remarkable man, the man himself enlisted all his sympathies and awakened the most extravagant admiration and purest love, and a more charming picture can hardly be conceived than these two men walking at sunset along the beach of the wild and lonely lake of Tanganika, talking over

the strange scenes and objects of this strange, new world, or recalling those of home and friends far away, amid all the comforts and luxuries of civilization. The man whom Stanley had at last found was almost as new and startling a revelation to him as the country in which he now found himself. Simple, earnest, unselfish—nay, unambitious, so far as personal fame was concerned, borne up in all his sufferings and trials by one great and noble purpose, and conquering even savage hate by the power of goodness alone, he was an object of the profoundest interest. And no greater eulogium on the innate goodness and nobleness of Stanley's nature could be given than he unconsciously bestowed on himself by the deep attachment, nay, almost devotion, he expresses for this lonely, quiet, good man. He fastens to him at once, and casting off all prejudices and rejecting all former criticism of his character, he impulsively becomes his champion, and crowns him the prince of men.

The talk between them, at this first meeting in this far-off land, was long and pleasant, and when the good-night was given, it was with strange feelings Stanley turned into his—not tent—but regular bed. After all the toils and almost unnatural excitement of the day, he soon sank into a profound slumber. The next morning he awoke with a sudden start, and looked about him for a moment in a dazed way. He was not on the ground, but in a bed—a roof, not a tent, was above him, while not a sound broke the stillness save the steady, monotonous roar of the surf beating on the shore. As he lay and listened, strange thoughts and varied emotions chased each other in rapid succession through his heart. At length he arose and dressed himself, intending, before breakfast, to take a stroll along the shore of the lake. But the doctor was up before him, and met him with a cordial "Good-morning," and the hope that he had rested well.

Livingstone had sat up late reading the news that Stanley had brought him from the outside world, from which he had heard nothing for years.

“Sit down,” said the venerable man, “you have brought me good and bad news,” and then repeated, first of all, the tidings he had received from his children.

In the excitement of the day before, the doctor had forgotten to inquire of Stanley the object of his coming, or where he was going, and the latter now said: “Doctor, you are probably wondering why I came here.”

“It is true,” was the reply, “I have been wondering.”

That wonder was increased when Stanley said: “I came after you, nothing else.”

“After me!” exclaimed the now utterly bewildered man.

“Yes,” said Stanley, “after you. I suppose you have heard of the New York *Herald*?”

“Yes,” said the doctor.

“Well, Mr. Bennett, son of the proprietor, sent me, at his own expense, to find you.”

Poor Livingstone could hardly comprehend the fact that an American, and a stranger, should expend \$25,000 to find him, a solitary Englishman.

Stanley lived now some four months in the closest intimacy with Livingstone. Removed from all the formalities of civilized life—the only two in that far-off land who could speak the English language, and who were of the same lineage and faith—their relations of necessity became very intimate. All restraint was thrown off, and this noble man poured into the astonished ears of Stanley all he had thought, prayed for, endured and suffered for the last long five years. It was a new revelation to him—opened up a new world—gave him a new and loftier conception than ever before of what human nature is capable of attaining to, and he says: “I had gone over battle-fields, witnessed revolutions, civil wars, rebellions, and massacres; stood close to the condemned murderer, to record his last struggles and last sighs; but never had I been called to record anything that moved me so much as this man’s woes and sufferings, his privations and disappointments, which were now poured into my ear. Verily did I begin to believe

'the gods above us do with just eyes survey the affairs of men.' I began to recognize the hand of an overruling Providence."

After resting for a week, during which time Stanley became thoroughly acquainted with Livingstone and learned to respect and love him more and more, the former asked the doctor if he would not like to explore the north end of the Tanganika Lake and, among other things, settle the question whether the Rusizi River flowed *into* or *out* of the lake. The doctor gladly consented, and they set off in a canoe manned by sixteen rowers. The weather was fine, the scenery charming, and it seemed like floating through a fairy land. Day after day they kept on—landing at night on the picturesque shores, undisturbed, except in one or two instances, by the natives. The luxuriant banks were lined with villages, filled with an indolent, contented people. With no wants, except food to eat, and the lake full of fish, they had nothing to stimulate them to activity or effort of any kind.

Islands came and went, mountains rose and faded on the horizon, and it was one long holiday to our two explorers. As the rowers bent steadily to their oars and the canoe glided softly through the rippling waters, they spent the time in admiring the beautiful scenery that kept changing like a kaleidoscope, or talking of home and friends, and the hopes and prospects of the future. A hippopotamus would now and then startle them by his loud snort, as he suddenly lifted his head to breathe—wild fowl skittered away as they approached—a sweet fragrance came down from the hill-sides, and the tropical sky bent soft and blue above them. The conventionalities of life were far away and all was calm and peaceful, and seemed to Stanley more like a dream than a reality. They were thus voyaging along the coast twenty-eight days, during which time they had traversed over three hundred miles of water.

But now the time came for Stanley to turn his footsteps homeward. He tried in vain to prevail on Living-

stone to go home with him, but the latter though anxious to see his children, resolutely refused, saying that he must finish his work. He, however, concluded to accompany him as far as Unyanyembe, to meet his stores which had been forwarded to that place for him from Zanzibar. On the 27th of December they set out by a new route. Nothing occurred in the long journey of special interest, except the shooting of a zebra and buffalo, or meeting a herd of elephants or giraffes, or a lion. It was a tedious and toilsome journey, during which Stanley suffered from attacks of fever, and Livingstone from lacerated feet. They were fifty-three days on the march, but at last Unyanyembe was reached. Stanley once more took possession of his old quarters. Here both found letters and papers from home, brought by a recent caravan, and once more seemed put in communication with the outside world. Being well housed and provided with everything they needed, they felt thoroughly comfortable.

The doctor's boxes were first broken open, and between the number of poor articles they contained, and the absence of good ones which had been abstracted on the way, proved something of a disappointment. Stanley then overhauled his own stores, of which there were seventy-four loads, the most valuable of which he intended to turn over to Livingstone. These, also, had been tampered with; still many luxuries remained, and they determined to have their Christmas dinner over again. Stanley arranged the bill of fare, and it turned out to be a grand affair. But now he saw that he must begin to prepare for his return to the coast, and so left Livingstone to write up his journal and finish the letters he was to send home. In overhauling his stores and making up the packages he should need on his return route, he was able to select out and turn over to the doctor two thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight yards of cloth, nine hundred and ninety-two pounds of assorted beads, three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, besides bed, canvas boat, carpenters' tools, rifles,

revolvers, ammunition, cooking utensils and various other articles of use—making in all about forty loads; which, with his own stores, made Livingstone quite a rich man for Central Africa—in fact, he had four years' supplies.

At length the letters were all written, the loads strapped, and the next day fixed for Stanley to turn his face homeward, and Livingstone his to the heart of Africa. At night the natives gave a great dance as a farewell compliment, and a wild, weird dance it was. Bombay wore a water-bucket on his head, while each carried or wore something grotesque or dangerous. The first was a war dance, and when it ended, a second and different one was started, accompanied by a chorus or song chanted in a slow, mournful tone, of which the burden was "Oh-oh-oh, the white man is going home."

That night as Stanley lay and pondered on the morrow, when he should see the "good man" for the last time, he was filled with the keenest sorrow. He had grown to love him like a son; and to see him turn back alone to the savage life he must encounter in his great work, seemed like giving him over to death.

It was a sad breakfast the two sat down to next morning. But it was over at last and the parting hour came.

"Doctor," said Stanley, "I will leave two men with you for a couple of days, lest you may have forgotten something, and will wait for them at Tura; and now we must part—there is no help for it—good-bye."

"Oh," replied Livingstone, "I am coming with you a little way; I must see you off on the road;" and the two walked on side by side, their hearts burdened with grief.

At last Stanley said: "Now, my dear doctor, the best friends must part, you have come far enough, let me beg of you to turn back."

Livingstone stopped and, seizing Stanley's hand, said: "I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home and bless you, my friend."

“And may God bring you safe back to us all, my friend,” replied Stanley, with a voice choked with emotion. “*Farewell.*”

They wrung each other's hands in silence for a minute, and then Stanley turned away to hide his tears, murmuring: “Good-bye, doctor; dear friend, good-bye.”

He would not have been the man he is, not to have been overcome at this parting; alas, to be, as it proved, an eternal parting, so far as meeting again in this life. But this was not all—the doctor's faithful servants would not be forgotten, and, rushing forward, seized Stanley's hands and kissed them for their good master's sake. The stern and almost tyrannical man, that neither danger nor suffering could move, completely broke down under this last demonstration, and could recover himself only by giving the sharp order MARCH! and he almost drove his men before him, and soon a turn in the path shut out Livingstone's form for ever. Yes, for ever, so far as the living, speaking, man is concerned, but shut out *never* from Stanley's life. That one man fixed his destiny for this world, and who knows but for the eternal ages. No wonder he said, long after, “My eyes grow dim at the remembrance of that parting. For four months and four days,” he says, “I lived with him in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I am a man of a quick temper, and often without sufficient cause, I dare say, have broken ties of friendship; but with Livingstone I never had cause of resentment, but each day's life with him added to my admiration of him.” Thus closed the first volume of the book of Stanley's life.

The caravan marched wearily back, meeting with nothing eventful till it entered the Ugogo territory, where, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of natives, who got it into their heads that Stanley meant to pass them without paying the accustomed tribute, a fight seemed inevitable. Had it occurred, it is doubtful whether he or Livingstone's papers would ever have been heard of again. But Stanley had seemed from his

infancy a child of destiny, and escaped here, as everywhere, by the skin of his teeth. It was a constant succession of toilsome, painful marches, even when the natives were friendly, while there was often a scarcity of provisions. To secure these he, at last, when on the borders of the wilderness of Marenge Mzali, dispatched three men to Zanzibar, with a request to the consul there to send them back with provisions. These messengers were told not to halt for anything—rain, rivers or inundations—but push right on. "Then," says Stanley, "with a loud, vigorous hurrah, we plunged into the depths of the wilderness which, with its eternal silence and solitude, was far preferable to the jarring, inharmonious discord of the villages of the Wagogo. For nine hours we held on our way, starting with noisy shouts the fierce rhinoceros, the timid quagga and the herds of antelopes, which crowd the jungles of this broad Salina. On the 7th, amid a pelting rain, we entered Mpwapwa, where my Scotch assistant, Farquhar, had died."

In twenty-nine days they had now marched three hundred and thirty-eight miles. Twelve miles a day, including stoppages and delays, was, in such a country, rapid marching—nay, almost unparalleled; but Stanley had turned his face homeward and could stand no African dilly-dallying on the way. We cannot go into the details of this homeward march—to-day startled by a thousand warriors, streaming along on the war-path—to-morrow on the brink of a collision with the natives, the end of which no one could foresee—the caravan pressed on until they came to the neighborhood of the terrible Makata swamps, that Stanley had occasion so well to remember. Heavy rains had set in, swelling all the streams and inundating the plains, so that the marching was floundering through interminable stretches of water. Now swimming turbulent rivers—now camping in the midst of pestiferous swamps, and all the time drenched by the rain, that fell in torrents—they struggled on until, at last, they came to the dreaded Ma-

kata swamp. The sight that now met them was appalling, but there was no retreat, and for long hours they kept toiling slowly through it—sometimes up to their necks in water, and where it was shallow sinking in deep mire. They thus fought their way on, and at last, weary, worn and half-starved, came to the Makata River. But no sooner were they over this, than a lake, six miles wide, stretched before them. The natives warned him against attempting to cross it; but nothing could stop him now, and they all plunged in. He says: “We were soon up to our armpits, then the water shallowed to the knee, then we stepped up to the neck and waded on tiptoe, until we were halted on the edge of the Little Makata, which raced along at the rate of eight knots an hour.” Fierce and rapid as it was, there was no course left but to swim it, and swim it they did. For a whole week they had been wading and swimming and floundering through water, till it seemed impossible that any one could survive such exposure, but, at last, they came to dry ground, and to the famous walled city of the Sultana Limbomwenni, which we described in his upward journey. But the heavy rains that had inundated the whole country, had so swollen the river, near the banks on which it was situated, that the water had carried away the entire front wall of the town, and fifty houses with it. The sultana had fled and her stronghold had disappeared. All along the route was seen the devastating power of the flood as it swept over the country, carrying away one hundred villages in its course. The fields were covered with debris of sand and mud, and what was a paradise when he went in was now a desert. With the subsidence of the water the atmosphere became impregnated with miasma, and the whole land seemed filled with snakes, scorpions, iguanas and ants, while clouds of mosquitoes darkened the air till life became almost intolerable. At last, on May 2nd, after forty-seven days of incessant marching, and almost continual suffering, they reached Rosako, where, a few minutes after, the three men he had sent forward arrived, bring-

ing with them a few boxes of jam, two of Boston crackers, and some bottles of champagne; and most welcome they were after the terrible journey through the Makata Valley. The last great obstacle (a ferry of four miles across a watery plain) being surmounted, the caravan approached Bagomoyo, and in their jubilant excitement announced its arrival by the firing of guns and blowing of horns, and with shouting hurrahs till they were hoarse. The sun was just sinking behind the distant forests, from which they had emerged and which were filled with such terrible associations, when they entered the town, and sniffed with delight the fresh sea-breeze that came softly stealing inland. The putrid air of the swamps, the poisonous miasma that enveloped the entire country, were left far behind with want and famine, and no wonder the heart was elated and their bounding joy found expression in exultant shouts.

Happy in having once more reached civilization. Happy in the thought of his triumphant success; and still more happy in the joy that he believed the good news he brought would give to others, Stanley's heart was overflowing with kindness to all, and the world seemed bright to him. But, in a moment it was all dashed on opening the papers at Zanzibar. Scarcely one had a kind word for him; on the contrary, he found nothing but suspicion, jealousy and detraction, and even charges of fabricating the whole story of having found Livingstone. He was stunned at this undeserved cruel reception of his declaration, and the faith in the goodness of human nature, with which Livingstone had inspired him, seemed about to give way before this evidence of its meanness and littleness. He could not comprehend how his simple, truthful, unostentatious story could awaken such unkind feelings, such baseless slanders. It was a cruel blow to receive, after all that he had endured and suffered. No wonder he wrote bitter words of the kid-glove geographers who criticized him, and the press that jeered at him. But he has had his revenge—for he has triumphed over them all.

He now set to work to organize a caravan to send off to Livingstone the things he had promised, and then started for home. Before he left, however, he saw the leaders of the new expedition that had reached Zanzibar to go in search of Livingstone. How his arrival broke it up, and its reorganization under Cameron was effected, will be found related in the account given of this explorer in another portion of the volume.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION UP THE NILE.

The Expedition of the Khedive of Egypt to suppress the Slave Trade—Sir Samuel W. Baker placed at the Head of it—Extent of the Slave Trade—Outfit of the Expedition—Preparations on a grand scale—The Army—The Rendezvous at Khartoum—Failure on the part of the Khedive—The Expedition starts—Obstacles met—Cutting Channels for the Fleet—Slow, toilsome work—A Hippopotamus charges the Vessel—Men become sick—Baker shoots a Hippopotamus—A Crocodile killed—The Expedition permanently stopped—Discouragements.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER had been distinguished for his explorations in Central Africa, and his representations of the evil effects produced by the slave trade on a country rich in soil and well peopled induced the khedive of Egypt to fit out an expedition to put a stop to this nefarious business and give protection to the inhabitants, whom he claimed to be his subjects, from the ravages of slave traders. Companies of brigands had been formed that absolutely depopulated the country by driving away those they did not enslave. One of these traders had twenty-five thousand Arabs under pay, engaged in this inhuman traffic. And it was estimated that fifteen thousand of the khedive's subjects were engaged in this business. Each trader occupied a special district, and with his band of armed men kept the population in submission. It was estimated that fifty thousand negroes were annually captured by these land pirates. The khedive determined to put a stop to this, and organized an expedition for that purpose and put Mr. Baker at the head of it with supreme power, even that over life and death. Although this was more than a year before Stanley started after Livingstone, he had talked with Baker respecting the route he intended to take, and it was thought likely that if Livingstone was alive he might be working his way by the Nile, and hence be met by him and relieved.

The force placed under him was to be composed of one thousand four hundred infantry and two batteries of artillery, with which he was to march one thousand four hundred and fifty miles to Gondokoro and annex the country.

He knew that there would be more or less fighting, for Soudan, the home of the slave-trader, would be wholly opposed to the attempt to break up their business. The organization of the expedition was as follows:

The English party consisted of himself and wife, Lieutenant Julian Alleyn Baker, R.N.; Mr. Edwin Higginbotham, civil engineer; Mr. Wood, secretary; Dr. Joseph Gedge, physician; Mr. Marcopolo, chief store-keeper and interpreter; Mr. McWilliam, chief engineer of steamers; Mr. Jarvis, chief shipwright, together with three others, and two servants. He laid in stores sufficient to last the European party four years, and provided four galvanized iron magazines, each eighty feet long by twenty in width, to protect all material. He personally selected every article that was necessary for the expedition, at an expenditure of about \$45,000. This included an admirable selection of Manchester goods, such as cotton sheeting, gray calico, cotton, and also woollen blankets, white, scarlet and blue; Indian scarfs, red and yellow; handkerchiefs of gaudy colors, chintz printed; scarlet flannel shirts, serge of colors (blue, red), linen trousers, etc., etc. Tools of all sorts—axes, small hatchets, harness bells, brass rods, copper rods, combs, zinc mirrors, knives, crockery, tin plates, fish-hooks, musical boxes, colored prints, finger-rings, razors, tinned spoons, cheap watches, etc., etc.

He thus had sufficient clothing for a considerable body of troops, if necessary, while the magazines could produce anything from a needle to a crowbar or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail. It will be seen hereafter that these careful preparations secured the success of the expedition, as the troops when left without pay could procure all they required from the apparently inexhaustible stores of the magazines.

In addition to the merchandise and general supplies, he had several large musical boxes with bells and drums, an excellent magic lantern, a magnetic battery, wheels of life, and an assortment of toys. The greatest wonder to the natives were two large girandoles; also the silvered balls, about six inches in diameter, that, suspended from the branch of a tree, reflected the scene beneath.

"In every expedition," he says, "the principal difficulty is the transport.

"'Travel light, if possible,' is the best advice for all countries; but in this instance it was simply impossible, as the object of the expedition was not only to convey steamers to Central Africa, but to establish legitimate trade in the place of the nefarious system of pillage hitherto adopted by the so-called White Nile traders. It was therefore absolutely necessary to possess a large stock of goods of all kinds, in addition to the machinery and steel sections of steamers.

"I arranged that the expedition should start in three divisions.

"Six steamers, varying from forty to eighty horse-power, were ordered to leave Cairo in June, together with fifteen sloops and fifteen diahbeeahs—total, thirty-six vessels—to ascend the cataracts of the Nile to Khartoum, a distance, by river, of about one thousand four hundred and fifty miles. These vessels were to convey the whole of the merchandise.

"Twenty-five vessels were ordered to be in readiness at Khartoum, together with three steamers. The governor-general (Djiaffer Pasha), was to provide these vessels by a certain date, together with the camels and horses necessary for the land transport.

"Thus, when the fleet should arrive at Khartoum from Cairo, the total force of vessels would be, nine steamers and fifty-five sailing vessels, the latter averaging fifty tons each.

"I arranged to bring up the rear by another route, via Sonakim, on the Red Sea, from which the desert

journey to Berber, on the Nile, north latitude $17^{\circ} 37'$, is two hundred and seventy-five statute miles.

“My reason for this division of routes was to insure a quick supply of camels, as much delay would have been occasioned had the great mass of transport been conveyed by one road.

“The military arrangements comprised a force of one thousand six hundred and forty-five troops, including a corps of two hundred irregular cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments supposed to be well selected. The black, or Soudani, regiment included many officers and men who had served for some years in Mexico with the French army, under Marshal Bazaine. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be, for the most part, convicted felons, who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan.

“The artillery were rifled mountain guns of bronze, the barrel weighing two hundred and thirty pounds and throwing shells of eight and a quarter pounds. The authorities at Woolwich had kindly supplied the expedition with two hundred Hale’s rockets—three pounders—and fifty Snider rifles, together with fifty thousand rounds of Snider ammunition. The military force and supplies were to be massed in Khartoum ready to meet me upon my arrival.

“A train of forty-one railway wagons laden with sections of steamers, machinery, boiler sections, etc., etc., arrived at Cairo and were embarked on board eleven hired vessels. With the greatest difficulty, I procured a steamer of one hundred and forty horse-power to tow this flotilla to Korosko, from which spot the desert journey would commence. I obtained this steamer only by personal application to the khedive.

“On the 5th of December, 1869, we brought up the rear, and left Suez on board an Egyptian sloop-of-war, the *Senaar*. In four days and a half we reached Sonakim, after an escape from wreck on the reef of Shadwan, and a close acquaintance with a large barque, with which we nearly came into collision.

“We anchored safely in the harbor of Sonakim, and landed my twenty-one horses without accident.

“I was met by the governor, my old friend, Moontazz Bey, a highly intelligent Circassian officer, who had shown me much kindness in my former expedition.

“A week’s delay in Sonakim was necessary in order to obtain camels. In fourteen days we crossed the desert, two hundred and seventy-five miles, to Berber on the Nile, and found a steamer and diahbeeah in readiness. We arrived at Khartoum, a distance of two hundred miles by water, in three days, having accomplished the journey from Suez in the short space of thirty-two days, including stoppages.”

But while he pushed forward with great speed he had found, when he reached Khartoum, that his fleet had not arrived. None of the steamers from Cairo had passed the cataracts, the fifteen sloops he had depended on for the transportation of camels had returned, while only a few small vessels were above the cataract. The first division, consisting of the merchandise, had arrived, and he heard that a train of a thousand camels with all his machinery and steamers were slowly traversing the desert to meet him, while the third division soon came up. Thus everything had moved like clockwork except that portion of the expedition especially under the charge of the khedive. Mr. Baker now urged the governor to purchase vessels, and in a few weeks thirty-three of fifty or sixty tons each, such as they were, were rigged for the voyage of one thousand four hundred and fifty miles to Gondokoro. He found that the two hundred and fifty cavalry sent to him were worthless and dismissed them.

On the 8th of February he was ready to start, and having embraced the black pasha, a host of boys and a fat colonel, that he could not reach around, the bugles rung cheerily out, and two steamers of thirty-two and twenty-four horse-power, and thirty-one sailing vessels, carrying a military force of eight hundred men, moved off under a salute from shore. Among these were forty-

six men selected from two regiments, half black and half white, which were to serve as a body-guard. They were armed with Snider rifles, and Baker named them "the forty thieves." Sweeping down to the White Nile, they began to ascend it under a strong wind from the north. The White Nile is a grand river up to the junction of the Sobat, when it becomes impassable on account of the masses of vegetation that cover it, and floating islands. He here entered the Bahr Giraffe, a stream some two hundred and fifty feet wide but very deep and winding. Up this they slowly worked their way for two weeks, when they came to so much drift vegetation that it took four hours to force a passage through it. The next day, February 26, the obstructions increased, and a canal one hundred and fifty yards long had to be cut. Large masses of tangled grass, resembling sugar-canes, had to be cut out with swords and then towed away by ropes. Having at length cleared a passage they pushed on.

The next day similar obstructions had to be removed, and the day after, just after starting, they were surprised to find the river, though fourteen feet deep, had suddenly disappeared. The entire surface was covered with matted vegetation, under which the invisible river swept on. They now returned down the river eighty miles to their old wooding place. On the way back they met the fleet, composed of one steamer and twenty-five vessels, coming up with a good supply of wood and bringing the troops, which were in good health—one man alone missing, he having been carried off by a crocodile while sitting with his legs dangling over the side of the vessel. Two days after, a brisk wind sprang up and the vessels started off again. At one o'clock, Baker, who happened to be sleeping on the poop-deck, was suddenly awakened by a heavy shock, succeeded by cries of "the ship is sinking." A hippopotamus had charged the steamer's bottom and smashed several floats from one of her paddles. The next instant he charged the diahbeeah, or boat, and striking her bottom about ten feet from her bow with

his tusks, drove two holes through her iron plating, letting the water in with a rush. All hands fell to and unloaded as rapidly as possible. They then pumped out the water, and with some thick felt and white lead stopped the leak.

At length they came to where the river disappeared, and Baker, though he did not know how far this level plain of vegetation extended, ordered seven hundred men to cut a channel. The next day they cut a mile and a half with their swords and knives, piling up the stringy mass on either side like a bank. It was deadly work, and at night thirty-two men were taken sick. Five days of terrible work finally brought them through it, and they entered on a lake a half a mile wide with its ripples dancing in the sunlight. A loud shout went up at the sight, while bugles and drums filled the air with glad sounds. But the farther end was choked up with the same matted vegetation. It was, however, cleared away in an hour, when they emerged on another lake, but its farther extremity was closed up solid, and Baker, from the mast-head, could discern nothing but rotten vegetation as far as the eye could reach. This was discouraging, but only two courses lay before him—return or cut his way through. He determined on the latter, and by probing the marsh with long poles he discovered the deep channel underneath and set the men to clear it, and soon the stream was black with swimmers hard at work. The men became sick and dispirited, for there seemed no end to their toil. Besides, the marsh was filled with snakes, one of which crawled into Baker's boat.

In three days, however, they had cut a canal to a third and larger lake some two and a half miles long. On exploring this, another lake was discovered ahead, with only a slight obstruction between. All was wild and desolate around, and now, as the sun stooped to the west, in the south great clouds began to roll up the heavens and the deep thunder broke heavily along the sky. The fleet coming up slowly began to assemble on

the lake preparatory to passing the night. The paddles had to be taken off, as the channel was made no wider than absolutely necessary, and they were towed through. This retarded their progress, and it became doubtful when they could be used again. Thus their chief reliance became a hindrance, for instead of towing they had to be towed. Here Baker killed a hippopotamus. He says:

“About half an hour before sunset I observed the head of a hippopotamus emerge from the bank of high grass that fringed the lake. My troops had no meat—thus I would not lose the opportunity of procuring, if possible, a supply of hippopotamus beef. I took a Reilly, No. 8, breech-loader, and started in the little dingy belonging to the diahbeeah. Having paddled quietly along the edge of the grass for a couple of hundred of yards, I arrived at the spot from which the hippopotamus had emerged. It is the general habit of the hippopotami in these marsh districts to lie in the high-grass swamps during the day, and to swim or amuse themselves in the open water at sunset. I had not waited long before I heard a snort, and I perceived the hippopotamus had risen to the surface, about fifty yards from me. This distance was a little too great for the accurate firing necessary to reach the brain, especially when the shot must be taken from a boat in which there is always some movement. I therefore allowed the animal to disappear, after which I immediately ordered the boat forward, to remain exactly over the spot where he had sunk. A few minutes elapsed, when the great, ugly head of the hippopotamus appeared about thirty paces from the boat, and having blown the water from his nostrils and snorted loudly, he turned around and appeared astonished to find the solitary little boat so near him. Telling the two boatmen to sit perfectly quiet, so as to allow a good sight, I aimed just below the eye, and fired a heavy shell, which contained a bursting charge of three drachms of fine-grained powder. The head disappeared. A little smoke hung over the water,

and I could not observe other effects. The lake was deep, and after vainly sounding for the body with a boat-hook, I returned to the diahbeeah just as it became dark."

The next day the body of the hippopotamus was found floating near them, and all hands turned to to cut him up, delighted with the prospect of fresh meat. A pouring rain soon after set in, wetting the cargoes and stores of the miserable vessels.

The next day, while digging the steamers out of the vegetable rafts that, after they had been cut away by the men to make a canal, had drifted into the lake, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They had hardly scrambled away from the place when the huge head of a crocodile protruded through the mass. The men immediately fell upon him with bill-hooks and swords, and soon dispatched him, and that night made a good supper off his flesh.

They now kept on, day after day, it being a continual succession of marshes and open patches of water. The men grew more discouraged and heart-broken. One soldier died, but there was not a foot of dry ground in which to bury him. Day after day it was the same monotonous, disheartening, slow pushing up this half-hidden stream. Another man died, and how many more would follow before the fifteen miles of marsh that now lay before them was cut through, none could tell. By March 26th, six more had died, and one hundred and fifty were on the sick-list. Two days after Mr. Baker killed another hippopotamus. On the 30th, they got once more into the open river, with dry land on both banks. As they were polling along wild buffaloes were seen on the bank, one of which Lieutenant Baker killed, while Mr. Baker wounded another.

They had now been fifty-one days toiling up this miserable stream, the men almost constantly in the water, cutting a channel; and just as things became to look hopeful, they were suddenly stopped. The water

became so shallow that everything grounded, and Mr. Baker, going ahead for three miles in a row-boat, found the river dividing into shallow channels, which made farther advance impossible. This, then, was the end of it all—the end of nearly two month's incessant toil and suffering. All were thoroughly disheartened. Instead of cutting their way to open water, they had reached solid land. Nearly two months of constant toil had been wasted, and worse than that, so much must be taken out of the time allowed him to perform his work. It was enough to discourage any man; but Baker was too old an explorer to give up because he was compelled to turn back for awhile.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN.

Baker's Heroic Wife—A Slaver Caught—A Sickening Spectacle—Freedom—Description of the Camp—A Cargo of Slaves Discovered—Slaves Freed—Wholesale Matrimony—Exploring the White Nile—A New Start—A New Lake—The White Nile reached at last—A Fierce Night Attack by a Hippopotamus—A Thrilling Scene—Gondokoro at last reached.

THERE was now nothing left to do but to return, and April 2d, with a heavy heart, Baker gave the necessary orders. But he had no intention of abandoning his object. He was determined the next season to return by the same route and cut his way through to the Nile. He, however, communicated his resolve to no one but his heroic wife and Lieutenant Baker. One of the most remarkable features of this expedition was the presence of this solitary lady, who, rejecting the comforts and luxuries of a home which were hers, resolved to accompany her husband into the heart of Africa—braving fever, toil and probable death to stand by his side and share his fortunes. The possibility of being left alone, as she would be in case her husband fell before disease or the bullet of the savages, she thought only of being by his side if struck down by sickness, or perchance to save him in the hour of danger. Cool, self-possessed, fearless and full of resources, she became his guardian angel and stands out in bold relief in this dangerous expedition as one of the most remarkable characters in it.

Not much of interest attended this return trip—to-day stalking an antelope, to-morrow, shooting a hippopotamus or crocodile, or bagging some wild fowl, made up the most exciting incidents.

April 20th, just below the junction of the Bahr-Giraffe with the White Nile, he came in sight of one of the governors' vessels of this district, and, watching it

through his powerful telescope, he noticed suspicious movements on board of her, and thought he saw a number of people driven on board. Coming down stream at the rate of eight miles an hour, he soon ranged up along side the bank on which the governor's tent was pitched, and invited him on board. He told him of the impossibility of advancing that year by way of the Bahr-Giraffe and had therefore returned. After some conversation with him, and putting some close questions as to certain movements he had noticed, Baker sent his aide-camp to visit the vessels lying near. The result was the discovery of a gang of slaves. Mr. Baker then politely requested to be shown round the encampment on shore. To his horror, he found a mass of slaves squatted on the ground—many of the women secured by ropes round the neck, and amid the filthy fetid mass, not only children but infants. Altogether, on the boats and on shore, were found one hundred and fifty-five slaves. Though this territory was not in Baker's jurisdiction, as fixed by the khedive, yet he insisted on the liberation of the slaves, and though the governor rebelled at first, he, at length, on being threatened with the wrath of the khedive, yielded, and the naked, astonished crowd of slaves departed with loud discordant yells of rejoicing to their distant homes.

Mr. Baker now determined to establish a permanent camp, selecting a forest on a high bank near the junction of the Sobat, commenced operations. He had passed the junction of this river on his way up in the middle of February, and now in the latter part of April he found himself there again, having accomplished nothing except to learn how apparently impossible was the route in that direction. More than two months had been passed, and the total result of his efforts could be summed up in the death report of the number that had sunk before the exposures they had to meet in the pestiferous country they had traversed. Mr. Baker says in his journal:

“I gave the name Tewfikeeyah to the new station, which rapidly grew into a place of importance. It

was totally unlike an Egyptian camp, as the lines were straight. Deep ditches, cut in every direction, drained the station to the river. I made a quay about five hundred yards in length, on the bank of the river, by which the whole fleet could lie and embark or disembark cargo. A large stable contained the twenty horses, which by great care had kept their condition. It was absolutely necessary to keep them in a dark stable on account of the flies which attacked all animals in swarms. Even within the darkened building it was necessary to light fires composed of dried horse-dung, to drive away these persecuting insects. The hair fell completely off the ears and legs of the donkeys (which were allowed to ramble about) owing to the swarms of flies which irritated the skin; but in spite of the comparative comfort of a stable, the donkeys preferred a life of outdoor independence, and fell off in condition if confined to a house. The worst flies were the small gray ones with a long proboscis, similar to those that are often seen in houses in England.

“In an incredibly short time the station fell into shape. I constructed three magazines of galvanized iron, each eight feet in length, and the head storekeeper, Mr. Marcopolo, at last completed his arduous task of storing the immense amount of supplies that had been contained in the fleet of vessels.

“This introduced us to the White Nile rats, which volunteered their services in thousands, and quickly took possession of the magazines by tunneling beneath and appearing in the midst of a rat's paradise, among thousands of bushels of rice, biscuits, lentils, etc. The destruction caused by these animals was frightful. They gnawed holes in the sacks, and the contents poured upon the ground like sand from an hour-glass, to be immediately attacked and devoured by white ants. There was no lime in the country, nor stone of any kind, thus it was utterly impossible to stop the ravages of white ants except by the constant labor of turning over the vast masses of boxes and stores, to cleanse them

from the earthen galleries which denote the presence of the termites.

“I had European vegetable seeds of all kinds, and having cleared and grubbed a portion of forest, we quickly established gardens. The English quarter was particularly neat. The various plots were separated by fences, and the ground was under cultivation for about two acres, extending to the margin of the river. I did not build a house for myself, as we preferred our comfortable diahbeeah, which was moored alongside the garden, from the entrance of which a walk led to a couple of large, shady mimosas that formed my public divan, where all visitors were received.

“In a short time we had above ground sweet melons, watermelons, pumpkins, cabbages, tomatoes, cauliflowers, beet root, parsley, lettuce, celery, etc.; but all the peas, beans, and a very large selection of maize that I had received from England were destroyed during the voyage. Against my express orders the box had been hermetically sealed, and the vitality of the larger seeds was entirely gone. Seeds should be simply packed in brown paper bags and secured in a basket.”

In a few weeks a marvelous change had taken place in this uninhabited wilderness. In addition to the long rows of white tents and iron magazines which had been erected, a hundred neat huts stood arranged in an exact line. These, besides various workshops and the sound of lathes, saws, and the hammer and anvil filled the forests with strange, unwonted sights and sounds. Here he killed his first ostrich, notwithstanding his long travels in Africa. He was now located where the governor could be detected in his nefarious business as slave-trader, which he stoutly denied, as all cargoes would have to come down the Sobat directly past his encampment. A watch was kept up, and in less than a week it was rewarded by the outlook seeing a vessel descending the river; and although taken by surprise at the number of vessels moored to the bank, the stranger made no signal, but, keeping the middle of the river,

endeavored to pass. This looked suspicious, and Baker sent a boat with the orders to halt, and directed his aide-de-camp, Abd-el-Kader, to go on board to inquire about her cargo. She had a quantity of corn stowed in bulk, nothing else, beside her crew and a few soldiers, said the captain, who was indignant at being suspected of anything wrong. But there seemed an awkward smell about the cargo, and Abd-el-Kader, drawing a steel ramrod from a soldier's rifle, ran it into the corn; a smothered cry, followed by a woolly head, was the result, and a negro woman was pulled out by the wrist.

“The corn was at once removed; the planks which boarded up the forecastle and the stern were broken down, and there was a mass of humanity exposed, boys, girls and women closely packed like herrings in a barrel, who under the fear of threats had remained perfectly silent until thus discovered. The sail attached to the mainyard of the vessel appeared full and heavy in the lower part; this was examined, and, upon unpacking it, yielded a young woman who had thus been sewn up to avoid discovery.

“The case was immediately reported to me. I at once ordered the vessel to be unloaded. We discovered one hundred and fifty slaves stowed away in a most inconceivably small area. The stench was horrible when they began to move. Many were in irons; these were quickly released by the blacksmiths, to the astonishment of the captives, who did not appear to understand the proceedings. I ordered the rakeel and the reis, or the captain of the vessel, to be put in irons. The slaves began to comprehend that their captors were now captives. They now began to speak, and many declared that the greater portion of the men of their villages had been killed by the slave-hunters.

“Having weighed the ivory and counted the tusks, I had the vessel reloaded; and, having placed an officer with a guard on board, I sent her to Khartoum to be confiscated as a slaver. I ordered the slaves to wash, and issued clothes from the magazines for the naked women.

“On the following day I inspected the captives, and I explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a reasonable distance, they should be returned; if not, they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed. If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands. I gave each person a paper of freedom, signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed, and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex and country were registered in a book corresponding with the number on their papers.

“These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officers whether any of the negresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands! This was wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey and a whole company of clergy.

“Fortunately, matters are briefly arranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately, however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once asserted ‘woman’s rights.’

“I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements, and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes; some I gave to the English workmen to be instructed in carpenters’ and blacksmiths’ work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoemakers, etc., in the regiment, while the best looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl of

about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife.

“Little Mostoora, as the child was called, was an exceedingly clever specimen of her race, and although she was certainly not more than three years old, she was quicker than most children double her age. With an ugly little face, she had a beautifully shaped figure, and possessed a power of muscle that I have never seen in a white child of that age. Her lot had fallen in pleasant quarters; she was soon dressed in convenient clothes, and became the pet of the family.”

He spent some time now in exploring the White Nile and perfecting his arrangements for a new start. Many difficulties had presented themselves, and complications of various kinds arose, owing to the hostility of the traders to the object of his expedition.

But everything at last being ready, the first division of eighty-eight vessels started on the 1st of December, and Baker followed, closing up the rear, with twenty-six vessels, making quite a formidable fleet with which to pierce to the centre of Africa.

The journal of the slow ascent of the river during this month and the next is monotonous, relieved only now and then by some accident or the killing of game. Over the same ground, cutting the same canals, the expedition forced its weary way onward—sometimes discharging cargoes in the mud to lighten vessels over shallows—in one case, cutting a channel six hundred yards long through stiff clay, and advanced so slowly that it did not seem difficult to tell where the strange inland navigation with such a fleet would end. But at last, on the 9th of March, they emerged into a lake five miles long, from the extremity of which they found a stream, only a mile and a quarter long, flowing directly into the great White Nile above all its obstructions. “Thank God!” was echoed from all lips. Still it required great labor to get the fleet up to this point which Baker had reached in his exploring boat. A dam had to be made to float them to the lake, a work of immense labor; but it was

at length completed and the fleet brought safely up. Mr. Baker killed that day two hippopotami, and the lake seemed to be full of them.

The night was clear and cool and the moon silvered this lovely lake with her brightness, while the deck was covered with sleepers under their mosquito nets, and all was still, when suddenly Mr. Baker was aroused by a loud splash close to his boat, accompanied with the loud snort of a hippopotamus. Jumping up he saw a huge fellow making straight for the boat. Instantly tearing away the strings that held the mosquito netting in its place, he aroused the sleepers and shouted to his servant to bring his rifle. But before it could be brought, the furious animal, with one blow, capsized and sunk the zinc boat. He then seized the dingy in his immense jaws and Baker heard, with rage, his favorite boat crack. The servant hurried up with the rifle but it was unloaded. In the meantime, the people were shouting and screaming at the top of their voices to scare away the beast, which, however, paid no attention to them, and kept up his ferocious attack. Baker now returned with a loaded rifle, but the beast charged and plunged so rapidly that it was difficult to get a fair shot. In a few moments, however he came straight for the boat again. The moon was shining bright, and Baker planted a shot in his ugly head. It stopped him but a moment, however, and he charged again. Baker now kept up a rapid fire, till, at length, the beast appeared to be badly wounded, and, crawling to the bank, lay down on the grass blowing and snorting. Thinking he would die, Baker returned to bed again and fell asleep, but was soon awakened by a loud splash. Jumping up, he saw the animal, furious and strong as ever, dashing full on the boat. But a bullet in the head sent him rolling over down the stream. But he soon recovered and came thrashing back. He did not repeat his attack, but retired to the shore, where he remained snorting and blowing. Baker again went to bed, when he was awakened the third time by a loud splashing in the water. Rising, he saw

the animal slowly walking across the stream broadside to. This gave him a fair shot, and he planted two balls in his shoulder. He, however, kept on, and, reaching the right bank, turned round and attempted to walk back again. This gave Baker a chance at the other side, when a well-planted shot rolled him over, dead. In the morning, on examination, it was discovered that he had received three shots in the side and shoulder, four in the head, while another had passed through his nose. Beside this, his body was covered with old scars—one two feet long—showing that he was a desperate fighter, and had had many savage encounters with bulls of his own species.

The work of getting through to the White Nile now re-commenced, and, being safely accomplished, the fleet in a month from that time reached Gondokoro, its great objective point. This was the 15th of April, or four months from the time he last set out. On this very day, Stanley was climbing the Kira Peak, on his way to Livingstone.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Country formally taken possession of—War at last—A night attack on a Native Village—Disaffection in the army—Attacked by crocodiles—An old man-eater killed—A campaign against the enemy—The army propose to return home—Baker obtains corn and restores subordination—The army greatly reduced—A fight—Target-shooting at men.

MR. BAKER had thus accomplished his one thousand nine hundred and fifty-six miles from Khar-toum, surmounting difficulties that would have daunted most men. This was to be the central point of the new territory he was to annex in the name of the khedive. He immediately sent for the chief Alloron, and told him the object for which he had come, but was not well received. In the meantime his men were set to work making garden, and in a few days it was well planted. The Baris, a warlike tribe in the vicinity, Baker expected to have trouble with, and prepared early to meet it.

The next month, on May 26th, he had fixed for the official annexation of the country to Egypt. The troops, one thousand four hundred strong, in clean, bright uniforms, were paraded around the flag-staff; the official proclamation, declaring that the khedive took possession of the country, was then read; the flag was run up the staff, saluted by the officers with their drawn swords, the artillery fired a salute, and the ceremony was over. The natives looked on in mute surprise, but were told that this was for their own good, to protect them from the slave-traders, who had taken possession of and desolated their country.

Steps were now taken to get the natives to work, and, for awhile, things looked promising; but the warlike Baris soon showed signs of insubordination and began to be hostile. On the 7th of June, Baker found that the Baris of Gondokoro had leagued themselves with the natives of Belinian against him. War had come at last,

and he gave orders for an attack on a town of Belinian that night. With twenty of his "Forty Thieves," and fifty Egyptian troops, he started off in the darkness. It rained heavily, and the ground was in some places marshy, so that it was near five o'clock in the morning when they arrived in the neighborhood of the villages. Lieutenant-Colonel Tayib Agha, with three companies of Soudan troops, had been left behind to get the gun through a heavy swamp, and join them as soon as possible. Just before daylight, Baker and his force marched on, but had not proceeded far when they heard the alarm given, which was quickly repeated on every side. No time was now to be lost, and, putting the horses at a hard gallop, and the infantry on a run, they rushed forward, and, in a couple of minutes emerged into an open space, in which was a circular stockade. This was immediately surrounded, and the firing commenced—arrows against musketry. It was awkward fighting, and, as the full daylight revealed the door, Baker ordered the bugle to sound "cease firing," and prepare to force the entrance. This was a narrow doorway, about four feet and a-half high, built of large pieces of hard wood. Transverse bars of a species of ebony blocked it, between which was jammed a mass of hooked thorn. It was an ugly obstacle to surmount, but Abdel-Kader and Lieutenant Baker, with the "Forty Thieves," rushed against it, protected by the fire of the other troops.

In the meantime the immense drum within the stockade was thundering out the summons to collect the whole of the neighborhood for war. This signal was answered by the heavy booming sound of innumerable drums throughout the district, far and near; and, as it had now become light, Baker could distinguish the natives collecting from all parts, and evidently surrounding his position. He therefore posted his men as skirmishers around the circle, about eighty yards distant from the stockade, facing outward, while the small party forced the gateway.

The fire of the Snider rifles and the steady shooting

of the "Forty Thieves" quickly reduced the number of arrows, and the natives, finding it was getting too hot, suddenly made a dash by a secret entrance and rushed through the troops, now of necessity widely scattered, and they gained the forest.

At the same time the gateway was forced, and they found a prize within of upward of six hundred cows. The stockade, or zaveeba, was immensely strong, formed of massive logs of iron-wood, deeply imbedded in the earth, and arranged so closely together that not one bullet out of ten would have found its way through the crevices if fired from a distance. The proper way to attack the circular strongholds is to make a sudden rush close up to the defense, and to lay the rifle between the openings; the stockade then becomes a protection to the attacking party, as there is no flank fire to enfilade them. Baker says: "The natives were now gathering from all sides; but we were in possession, and although our party consisted of only seventy men, we had an impregnable position, which I could hold until joined by Tayib Agha. I accordingly took a few of the 'Forty Thieves' to a distance of about one hundred and fifty paces away from the centre and concealed them as sharpshooters wherever I found a convenient cover. The fire of the Sniders kept the enemy at a respectful distance, and I took a few shots myself at long range, to teach them the real value of a Snider rifle.

"There were no signs of Tayib Agha. The sun was risen and clouds of steam began to rise from the wet ground and the dripping trees. I ordered some grass huts to be fired, as the volumes of smoke might attract the attention of Tayib Agha's detachment, which had evidently gone astray. If near, they must have heard the sound of our rifles.

"The huts were soon in flames, and the smoke rose high in the air, which would be a signal to be seen from a great distance.

"I sent two buglers to the top of a small tree, from which elevated post they blew the call for the lieutenant-

colonel and his three companies continually for about half an hour."

The gun having finally come up, Baker marched through the district, scattering the natives in every direction. Soon after this Baker discovered that the Egyptian commander of the troops of the khedive was in close intimacy with a native chief who was hostile to the whole expedition, while the officers fraternized with the slave-traders of the White Nile, and had actually purchased slaves. The result was, the army began to be disaffected, and talk of returning home. Added to this, the camp became sickly. In the meantime the crocodiles began to be very ferocious in the neighbourhood, and in one day took off two soldiers and a sailor, while others were bitten, and others still had narrow escapes. Baker shot them at every opportunity. He killed an old man-eater over twelve feet long. In his stomach was found five pounds of pebbles, which he had doubtless swallowed while devouring his prey on the shore, a matted lump of hair, a necklace and two armlets, such as are worn by the negro girls. "The girl had been digested."

The Baris, in the meantime, kept Baker perpetually harassed. Every night they lurked around the cattle-yard, often attacking the men: and, on one occasion, made a desperate assault on the camp.

On the last of July, Baker received news that an officer and six men, whom he had left under the protection of a neighboring sheikh, had been killed by a hostile tribe. As the summer wore away it became certain that all attempts to raise a crop this year would fail, on account of the drought, and hence it was an anxious question how the army was to subsist. But, the first thing to be done was to subdue the Bellinians, and Baker projected and carried out a regular campaign against them of thirty-five days, in which he completely subdued them and drove them out of the country. But now disaffection showed itself openly in the army. They disliked both the discipline they were compelled to

maintain and the refusal to let them hold as slaves those they had captured in war.

On the 13th of October it came to a head—he received a letter from the Egyptian commander and subordinate officers of the troops, the substance of which was they had determined to abandon the expedition—the chief reason given being there was no corn in the country, and the soldiers would starve.

Baker, disgusted with such conduct, did not condescend to make any reply. Instead, he sent the following unexpected order: “Colonel Raouf Bey, with six companies of troops, to be under orders at 2 a.m., to await me at head-quarters.”

Leaving Mr. Higginbotham in entire charge of the vessels, he ordered three boats to be in readiness to cross the river at two o'clock. With two days' provisions, he determined to push straight for the Bera island, to look for corn, for the want of which the army wished to return.

Pushing seven miles up the river, they landed on the west bank, and hauling the boats up stream by ropes, passed through a country that looked more like a gentleman's park than an African wilderness. Among these, countless villages were scattered, out of which the naked inhabitants swarmed like bees, brandishing their spears and gesticulating wildly. Baker now turned toward them, when they retreated inland to the shelter of some large, isolated, curious-shaped granite blocks. Advancing to within one hundred and twenty paces, he, through his interpreter, told them he had not come to fight, but to buy corn, for which he would pay them in cattle. They replied in insulting language, saying they were going to take his cattle by force, and bade him be off. Still advancing and making offers of peace, which were rejected with scorn, he at length suddenly changed his tactics, and ordered the bugler to sound the assembly, and drew up his troops in force. The echoes of the bugle through the wood, and the sudden approach of such a force, sent them to the right about, and they retreated, blowing their whistles as they did so, in defiance.

Baker now extended his two companies a half mile along, so as to cover the villages in front of him, and then advanced, giving strict orders not to enter any of the huts, but to tap on their googoes or granaries to see if they were full. These varied in size, some holding forty and others sixty bushels. The inhabitants looked on in mute astonishment at this strange proceeding, while the line steadily moved on through village after village, quietly tapping the granaries till they had gone through twenty or thirty villages or more, in each of which were at least fifteen granaries, nearly all quite full of corn. As far as the eye could reach innumerable villages were seen scattered around the open glades, all of them containing corn in abundance.

From the high land near by, he gazed down on a long series of rich islands in the river that looked like a long "line of granaries." He felt as the Israelites did when approaching the promised land, and thanked God and took courage. "Sailors," he said, "who have been in danger of shipwreck on a lee shore in a heavy gale may understand the relief offered by a sudden shift of wind in the moment of extremity. Such experience alone can allow an appreciation of the mental reaction after a great strain of anxiety that I had suffered for some time past." He now addressed his "Forty Thieves," telling them that he knew the country of old, and was well aware that this was the true granary of Gondokoro, and that he was glad that he could increase their rations of corn.

Having given the necessary orders for the night to the now utterly discomfited Raouf Bey, he, for the first time in twenty-four hours, obtained a little nourishment in the shape of porridge. A fire of dry cattle dung having been made by his officer, Monsoor, to keep off the mosquitoes, with a log for his pillow, he lay down and slept. With the bugle's morning call, he arose and sent Raouf Bey to occupy the islands, while he marched south and established well-posted stations about a mile apart upon high ground which commanded a view of the vessels in the river—the three forming a triangle. Having made

these arrangements, he returned to the river, and, taking the little dingy, started for Gondokoro, and, in an hour and a half, reached it, ten miles distant. The sight of the boat all alone, advancing with such rapidity, filled soldiers and people with anxiety, and they thronged the shore as it shot to the beach. The report filled all but the disaffected Egyptian troops with delight.

On the 17th of October, he started again to hurry on the gathering and shipment of the corn. He found Raouf Bey negligent and careless,—he had, in fact, occupied but one Island, leaving the natives to carry off the corn from the others at their leisure. He immediately detailed troops to occupy these, and sent Raouf Bey back to Gondokoro with orders to dispatch all the invalids to Khartoum, but on no account permit any others to go.

On the 13th of October, he sent Lieutenant Baker farther up the river to occupy some rich islands in that direction. On the 21st, a boat returned with a letter from him, reporting his success. After twelve days of hard and successful work, he received notice that the two stations he had established were finished, and so he sent Abdullah, commanding one, to take his detachment and march south and occupy the villages on the mainland opposite the vessels anchored alongside the islands.

On the 24th of October, having loaded several vessels with corn, Baker was amusing himself shooting ducks, when, about half-past four, he heard rapid file-firing in the distance. He at once returned to his boat, where he found his wife stationed on the high poop deck, watching the engagement taking place on the mainland.

“The troops were about a mile distant, and while steadily on the march according to my instructions, they were suddenly attacked by the natives in great force. This was a square stand-up fight. The big drums and horns were sounding throughout the country, and the natives were pouring from all directions to the battle. The white uniforms of the soldiers formed a strong contrast to the black figures of the native Baris; thus we

could see the affair distinctly. We could also hear the orders given by bugle.

“Major Abdullah had prudently secured his rear, by the occupation of one of the small villages, fortified by a hedge of impenetrable euphorbia. He then threw out skirmishers in line, supported by the force that held the village. The natives were yelling in all directions, and I never before saw them make such a good fight upon the open ground. They not only outflanked, but entirely surrounded Abdullah's detachment of ninety men. The troops were keeping up a heavy fire, which did not appear to produce any decided result, as the natives thronged to the fight and advanced close up to the fire of the soldiers, whom they attacked with bows and arrows. I ordered our solitary field-piece to be dismounted and placed in the large rowing-boat, together with a rocket-trough and the requisite ammunition, in readiness to support Abdullah with a flank attack upon the natives, by crossing the river should it be necessary. As our vessels were in close view, I waited for the signal by bugle, should Abdullah require assistance.

“I had only twenty-two men of the ‘Forty Thieves’ with me, together with the eight artillery-men belonging to the gun. The remainder of the ‘Forty’ were holding the second island, about four miles in our rear. Just before dark, I noticed the Baris were giving way; they had evidently suffered some loss, which caused a sudden retreat. I heard the bugle sound ‘the advance,’ and we could see the troops advancing and firing in pursuit. The Baris ceased blowing their horns, and collected in dense bodies at a great distance from the troops, who had halted and now held the position.

“Only occasional shots were now fired, and the sun having set, darkness gradually dissolved the view.

“I fully expected that the Baris would renew the attack during the night, but I knew that Abdullah was safe in his strong position within a village surrounded by the high and dense hedge of the euphorbia; the thick, fleshy branches of this tree are the best protec-

tion against arrows. I ordered the boat with the gun to remain in readiness, so as to start at a moment's notice, should we hear firing renewed during the night. I should then be able to land the gun and take them unexpectedly on the flank with case shot.

"Morning broke without any night alarm. I had filled the vessel with the last of the corn upon the island, therefore I determined to cross over with my force and to meet the detachment under Major Abdullah. This occupied about an hour, and we dropped down the channel and took up an excellent position against a high shore that formed a convenient landing-place. From this point the land rose rapidly, and the entire landscape was covered with villages abounding in corn. The natives appeared to have deserted the country.

"Having given the necessary order, I took my shot gun, and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, Monsoor, and two soldiers of 'the Forty,' I walked along the river's bank toward the village occupied by Major Abdullah's detachment, who I imagined might have found a large quantity of corn, which accounted for the delay in commencing the morning's march.

"There were great numbers of ducks and geese on the river's bank; thus as we walked toward Abdullah's village, about a mile and a-half distant, we made a tolerable bag. We had at length arrived within half-a-mile of the village, which was situated upon high ground, about six hundred yards from the river, when I noticed a number of people issuing from the gateway, carrying large baskets upon their heads,

"The soldiers have found plenty of corn,' remarked Monsoor, 'they are carrying it from the googoos.'

"My eyes were better than Monsoor's. I at once perceived that the people thus employed were Baris!

"We were only five guns now, separated from our vessels by about a mile, and the troops under Major Abdullah had evidently evacuated their position!

"Where upon earth had they gone? and for what reason? Certainly we had the river on our right flank,

but we might have been attacked and cut off from our vessels had the Baris the pluck to assume the offensive. It was time to retreat, but as I wished the Baris to believe we felt quite at our ease, we accomplished the move very easily, and strolled quietly homeward, shooting ducks and snipe as we walked along.

"The moment I arrived at the vessels, I dispatched a party in the steamer's large boat, under Captain Mohammed Deii, of the 'Forty Thieves,' to row down the river and to recall Abdullah's detachment, that must have retreated for some inconceivable reason. The current ran at nearly four miles per hour; thus the boat would be sure to overtake them.

"I was exceedingly annoyed. A force of ninety men had evidently been cowed by their engagement with the natives on the previous evening, and had retreated upon Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet's position, instead of joining me, according to orders. At the same time my vessels had been in sight only a mile and a-half distant. I was thus left with a small party of thirty men while ninety men had fallen back.

"This was an example of the utter helplessness of the officers and men when left to themselves. If the natives had repeated the attack, they would most probably have got into dire confusion.

"Having started the boat I took ten men of 'the Forty' and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, I marched along the bank in order to meet the detachment on its return when recalled by Mohammed Deii. During the march I continued to shoot ducks, as this amusement would deceive the natives respecting the retreat of Major Abdullah, which might then be attributed to some other cause than fear.

"In about an hour I distinguished a sail coming round the point. The wind was fair, and she quickly ran up the stream. I now discovered that she was towing the boat that I had sent down the river to recall Abdullah's detachment. Upon her near approach I hailed the

vessel and ordered her to land the troops (with which she was crowded) upon the west shore.

"In a short time, Major Abdullah and his gallant company had landed and formed in line. His excuse for the precipitate retreat which he had commenced at day-break was, that he feared a renewed attack and he was short of ammunition. He had, therefore, determined to fall back on the station occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet. He appeared to have forgotten that he could have communicated with me by bugle.

"I inspected the men's pouches and found that most of them had eighteen or twenty rounds of cartridge, while the minimum contained eleven rounds; this is what the Major considered a short supply of ammunition for a march of a mile and a-half along a beautiful open country to my vessels."

Abdullah described the overwhelming number of the natives and their extreme bravery in the attack which his troops had repelled without any loss to themselves. At the same time the troops under his command had killed twenty Baris, whose bodies he had himself counted.

"I now ordered them to advance to the village, as I wished to examine the position. Upon arrival at the spot where the battle had taken place, there were a number of vultures settled in various spots where the ground was marked with blood, and the cleanly-picked skeleton of a man lying close to the euphorbia hedge, showing that the Baris had really come to close quarters."

The natives had carried off their dead with the exception of this one body that had been cleaned by the vultures. Baker now marched south until he came to six villages close together all full of corn. Here he established Major Abdullah to collect corn—making this his central station. On the 3rd, he sent vessels loaded with corn to Gondokoro. The next day, he dispatched fifteen of his "Forty Thieves" to the south, to villages that had not yet been disturbed. In the meantime, he had made a nice little camp on the bank, erected huts and gran-

aries, which were soon filled with corn, awaiting transportation to Gondokoro. While busily engaged in superintending all these arrangements, he suddenly heard steady firing in the direction taken by the small party of "the Forty."

Ordering his horse, and taking with him three of the "Forty Thieves" and Monsoor, he started off on a trot in the direction of the firing. After riding about a mile and a half, he came suddenly upon a village, on two of the tallest huts of which two of the "Forty Thieves" were standing as sentries, while the rest were taking long shots at negroes who had attacked them. It was regular target practice at long range. Baker says:

"My arrival on the summit, on a white horse, attended only by Monsoor and three soldiers, was a signal for a great blowing of horns and beating of drums. Immense numbers of natives were to be seen in all parts of the view before us. They ran eagerly from their villages, and collected from every quarter, evidently bent upon a fight with my little party.

"I ordered my men to cease firing, as they were wasting their ammunition uselessly and destroying the prestige of the rifles by missing at long ranges.

"I ordered a general advance in open order, about four yards apart; thus twenty men covered a line of about seventy-six paces.

"This front, with the men in scarlet uniform, made a tolerable show. I rode at the head on a very beautiful Arab, 'Greedy Grey,' that was the most perfect of all the horses I had brought from Egypt; excelling in breed, speed, beauty and temper. He was very powerful; and would stand the fire of heavy guns without flinching.

"My little company moved forward in quick time. This was the signal for a chorus of yells upon all sides; the big drums sounded louder than before, and the horns of the Baris bellowed in every direction.

"Great numbers of natives now advanced with their bows and arrows, gesticulating and leaping from side to

side in their usual manner, so as to prevent the possibility of a steady aim.

“As yet they were about six hundred yards distant, and I continued the march forward as though no enemy were present. As we descended a ravine and marched up the opposite incline, I found that the natives retired over the next undulation. Their line of front extended about a mile and a quarter, while we occupied, at the most, eighty paces.

“Having marched about a mile without firing a shot, and finding that the natives invariably fell back as we advanced, at the same time they kept the same interval between us, I at once understood their tactics. It was now five o'clock; the sun would set within an hour, and their intention was to draw us forward until darkness would reduce the power of the rifles. They would then be able to surround us, and very possibly overpower our small force during our retreat to the vessels in the dark.

“I halted my men and explained to them the Baris's dodge. I now ordered the retreat after this manner. We should hurry down hill and up the next undulation, so as to deceive the enemy with the idea of a precipitate retreat. This would induce an advance on their side. The Baris would be certain to follow us at full speed if they supposed we were afraid of them. It was my intention to cross rapidly the first undulation, where my men would for a few minutes be out of view of the enemy, and there to conceal them in a deserted village which I had noticed during our advance. This would be an ambush that would take the Baris by surprise, as they would imagine we had passed ahead, they would, therefore, come near the village.

“The order to the ‘right about’ was given, and my men, who took a keen interest in the plan, commenced so precipitate a march down hill, that my horse was forced to a jog-trot. I heard the savage yells of the enemy, who, as I had expected, now followed us with the hope of cutting off our retreat to the vessels.

“We crossed the dry, rocky bed of the torrent in the

bottom, and ascended the hill-face rapidly. Looking back, I saw the natives running at full speed in pursuit. They began to descend the hill just as we had crossed the summit of the high ground; thus they lost sight of us as we quickly concealed ourselves behind the huts and granaries of a deserted village. I hid my horse behind a hut, and the men, having surrounded the positions, crouched low on the ground behind the most convenient cover. Unfortunately, the natives, who were on the high ground on our right flank as we faced about, perceived the snare, and endeavoured to give the alarm by blowing upon their whistles of antelope horn. This was either misunderstood or unheeded by the enemy in our rear, who quickly made their appearance.

“I had ordered my men to reserve their fire, and not to expend any ammunition until the command should be given. My good Monsoor was to reload for me, and I borrowed a Snider rifle from a soldier. I rested the ‘Dutchman’ against the googoo or wicker granary, behind which I was concealed.

“The natives on our right flank now pressed forward, which would bring them in our rear; at the same time those in our front appeared in very loose and open order, evidently looking for us in all directions.

“I observed a man painted red, like a stick of sealing-wax, with large ivory bracelets upon his arms. This fellow was in advance, and he ascended a small ant-hill to obtain a better view. Monsoor whispered: ‘That’s the Sheikh.’ At the same time I had taken a rest with the rifle as I knelt down by the googoo stand. A puff of smoke, and the sharp crack of the rifle startled the enemy, as the red shiekh rolled over. The yells increased on all sides, the whistles of the antelope-horns now sounded a shrill alarm, during which the red shiekh recovered his legs and vainly attempted a dance of defiance. The leading Baris shot off their arrows, but they fell short. In the meantime my men had remained motionless. Concealment was now useless; I therefore threw off the cover of a googoo, into which excellent

position I had climbed, while Monsoor stood upon the framework to hand me a spare rifle.

"The circular googoo raised three feet from the ground afforded a splendid lookout. In this I could turn and fire in every direction, like a pivot gun on a Martello tower.

"The red sheikh was now about two hundred yards distant, and was gesticulating to his people, who were evidently shy of closing with our position. A shot from the googoo struck him through the body, and he staggered and fell, never to rise again.

"A few natives immediately made a rush forward to recover him. One immediately fell at a shot from the googoo, but recovering himself like a cat, he staggered down the hill. Another quick shot cracked upon the body of a native, who was caught in the arms of his comrades and dragged away as they precipitately retreated in all directions from the dangerous locality.

"My men now begged me to allow them to charge and capture the man who was endeavouring to escape. I gave them leave, and a party of fifteen dashed out in pursuit, with loud yells, after the retreating natives. For about a minute the natives faced them and shot their arrows, but the gallant fifteen coolly knelt upon the clear ground, and, taking steady rest upon their knees, opened a fire that wounded one man, who was immediately supported by his fellows, and drove the enemy before them. The fifteen immediately charged forward and bayoneted a fugitive, and returned with his bow and arrows in triumph.

"The enemy had quickly had the worst of it. They were now standing in all directions at distances varying from four hundred to one thousand paces. Many of them were actually in our rear, but I noticed that these fellows were already opening to the right and left, as though they faltered in their determination to resist our retreat to the vessels. I determined to follow up the first advantage. I therefore ordered my men to hand me their rifles as quickly as I required them, and I

opened fire in all directions from my elevated position.

"The Baris would not stand in the open ground before the Sniders.

"Having set the sights for four hundred yards, I took them first and continued until the country was completely cleared of an enemy up to one thousand paces.

"The ground was dry and dusty, thus each bullet marked its hit as the puff of dust rose from the earth like a jet of smoke.

"Some of the enemy were knocked over at very long ranges; others were so scared by the close practice, as the bullets either struck the ground at their feet or pinged close to their ears, that they cleared off as quickly as possible. Their noisy drums had ceased, and suddenly I perceived a general skedaddle, as those upon our right flank started off at full speed, shouting and yelling to alarm the rest. I now distinguished a body of troops hurrying at the double-quick down the hillside in the distance. These were commanded by an active Soudani officer (lieutenant), who had been in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine. He had heard the firing as he was returning with his day's collection of corn to the vessels; he had, therefore, dropped the corn and hurried on with his party to our support. I ordered the bugles to sound the retreat, and, having joined forces, we marched without further opposition.

"We reached the diahbeeah and my little camp about half an hour after dark."

CHAPTER XIV.

Vessels leave for Khartoum with the Invalids—Abdullah's villainy—Exploring the White Nile—Meeting a friendly tribe—Interview with the Sheikh—Sorcery and Talismans—Magic—An elephant hunt—Its moral effects—Scramble for the flesh—The tribes seek peace—Elephants enter the fort—A wild scene—Elephants gathering fruit—An adventure with a hippopotamus—The country at peace—Baker resolves to start south.

AFTER the departure of Major Abdullah, the natives attacked the other station near him, commanded by Colonel Achmet, and had wounded him in the back with a barbed arrow, which had to be cut out. Another passed through the heart of his servant, killing him on the spot, while several soldiers had been wounded. On the 3d of November, thirty vessels had left Gondokoro for Khartoum, taking about one thousand one hundred people, including women, sailors and invalids. This was contrary to Baker's express orders, and was done on purpose by Raouf Bey, to weaken the force and cripple him so that he could not carry out the object of his expedition. By this means he was reduced to five hundred and two officers and men, which should have numbered one thousand six hundred and forty-five. This was really the work of the ruffianly slave-trader, Abou Saood, who had now apparently gained his point, and the expedition was paralyzed. Baker had written for reinforcements, but he did not know when they would arrive, while there remained but one year and four months of the time allowed him to accomplish his work. But he determined, reduced, as he was, not to relax his efforts to secure the great end of the expedition. He had conquered the Baris and Gondokoro was well fortified, so that he had nothing to fear from that quarter.

On the 10th of November he took one hundred and fifty men to reconnoitre the country, at the last cataracts of the White Nile, some six miles distant. As he

marched along the high ground, nothing could exceed the beauty of the country as an agricultural settlement. The long, sloping undulations were ornamented with innumerable villages, in all of which were overflowing granaries. Ascending a slope, to his astonishment he saw a large number of natives who appeared friendly. Leaving his rifle with Monsoor, he rode up within fifty yards of them. His interpreter explained that he was only on an exploration, and had no intention of taking their property, but wished to see their sheikh. They said they were governed by a great sheikh named Bedden, whose territory was bounded by the torrent bed he had just crossed. They promised he should pay Baker a visit on the morrow; in the meantime, if he required any corn, they would supply him. This was a politeness to which he was quite unaccustomed. He therefore thanked them, but declined their offer, saying that he wanted nothing from them except friendship. He now discovered that these people had never had any connection with the slave-traders, who were afraid to molest so powerful a tribe. At parting, he gave them a white handkerchief, as a signal to his sentries, when they should arrive.

"We then," he says, "returned to our station, the troops sharing the satisfaction that I felt, in having at length discovered friends.

"On the following day, at about Three p.m., the sentry on the hill called to the guard that a very large body of natives were approaching the station. I presumed that these were the followers of Bedden, I therefore ascended the slope and examined them with a telescope. My suspicions were aroused from the extraordinary number of people—at least seven hundred natives were accompanying their sheikh. I returned to camp and made preparations to receive his visit with a guard of honour. I drew up a hundred men paralld with the river, about fifty yards from the bank, near the bow of my diahbeeah. Fifty men were in line at right angles with the river—thus the lines formed two sides of a

square. In the front I placed the field-piece, loaded with canister-shot. I intended to receive Bedden with due honour in the hollow square, thus protected. In the event of treachery, his force could be almost annihilated by one discharge.

“The hill sentry now reported the arrival of a messenger, who waved a white handkerchief on the end of a bamboo. This was the signal agreed upon, and the messenger was allowed to pass. He communicated the fact of Bedden’s approach; in a few minutes later the great sheikh arrived. He was very tall and gaunt; and, without any delay, he and his people were ushered into the hollow square, where they all stuck their lances in the ground and sat down.

“I now sent for Bedden and a few of his principal men to the poop deck of my diahbeeah, which being covered with carpets, and arranged with sofas and chairs, was something very astonishing to the great sheikh, who had never seen anything but a vessel in the distance.

“I now explained the objects of the expedition; at the same time I presented him with a long Egyptian blue shirt that reached to his ankles and made him look more respectable. A crimson sash round his waist, and a red tarboosh (fez) upon his head, improved his appearance wonderfully and he began to feel at home.

“I presented him with six pounds of beads of various colours, together with some strings of harness bells. A brass bugle and a large mirror attracted more attention than any other curiosities. I gave him a brass bugle, to his great delight.

“The use of the cannon was then explained to him, and the effects of the shell were pardonably exaggerated to produce a respect for the weapon.

“He gave us six pots of Merissa and some fowls, promising to come again to-morrow.

“All these people believe in sorcery, and each sheikh possesses spells and conjurers. Tortoise shells, scales of the manis, lion’s claws and those of the leopard, roots,

knots of trees of peculiar shape, and many other things, are worn as talismans.

While here, Baker examined carefully the geological formation of the country, and frequently worked for gold in the most likely spots in the deep ravines, but he found no signs of gold or other precious metals.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

“On 13th November, at sunrise, Lieutenant Baker started with the troops to convey corn from a distant village. I was sitting on the poop deck of the *diah-beeah*, enjoying a pipe and a cup of coffee, when he suddenly galloped back with the news that a herd of bull elephants was approaching from the west. I was not prepared for elephant-shooting, and I recommended him to return to the troops, who would otherwise waste their time. I had no suspicion that elephants would approach our position after having been disturbed by the soldiers, in a country that was perfectly open.

“Lieutenant Baker cantered back to his men, while I commenced to write up my journal according to my daily custom.

“In about a quarter of an hour the sentry reported a herd of elephants. All my people clambered up upon the *gogoos* and huts to obtain a good view of the herd, which, from the high poop-deck of the *diah-beeah*, we could see distinctly.

“There were eleven bulls, and they were marching in close order along the bank of the river, approaching us at about four hundred yards distance.

“I should have thought it almost as likely to meet a herd of elephants in Hyde Park, as to find them in this open and thickly-populated country. I now distinguished natives along the distant heights, all of whom were attracted by the uncommon occurrence. In the meantime the elephants approached, swinging their trunks and huge ears to and fro, apparently unconscious of the presence of the vessels and the people.

“I always kept my guns and ammunition in beautiful

order, arranged on a rack in the cabin. On the left hand side were the shot guns, *i.e.*, two breach-loading No. 12; four muzzle-loading No. 10. On the right the rifles; the little 'Dutchman,' two breech-loading Reilly No. 8, two muzzle-loading Holland half-pounders that carried an iron lead-coated explosive shell, containing a bursting charge of half an ounce of fine grain powder. These two elephant rifles were very hard hitters, and carried twelve drachms of powder. The ammunition for the rifles was on a shelf that formed the rack, contained in a small bag with a simple reload, and a large bag with a considerable supply.

"I quickly mounted 'Greedy Gray' and told my servant Suleiman to send on my rifles directly with ammunition. I ordered my men to run up the heights and to come down at about two hundred paces in the rear of the elephants, where they were to form a line as though in skirmishing order. This line of red shirts would most probably check the elephants from rushing back. My men had orders to fire at the elephants, and to endeavor to turn them should they attempt to retreat.

"I was now on 'Greedy Gray,' the sloping ground was as clean as a race course, I therefore galloped up the slope so as to keep above the elephants. The horse flew along at full speed.

"In a few seconds, I reined up the slope about a hundred yards above the herd, which had now halted close to the river's bank. They regarded the horse with some curiosity and massed themselves together.

"In the meantime my 'Forty,' who were capital runners, were moving rapidly along the heights, and they presently came down and formed in a long open line from the edge of the river up the slope. During this operation the elephants only moved their ears and trunks, but remained in the same position. They were now completely surrounded; the diahbeeah and my people were in the front, I was above them on one flank, and the servants were coming up with the rifles. In their rear was a line of about twenty soldiers, and on the other

flank was the deep river, about one hundred and ten yards wide from the mainland to the island.

“Just as the rifles were in a few yards of me, and I was preparing to dismount, the elephants wheeled suddenly round and took to water. They had been standing in a low, swampy spot, that was frequently overflowed; thus they had no difficulty in descending to the river. Close to this place the bank was perpendicular and as hard as brick.

“I ran down to the river, but, by the time of my arrival, the elephants had gained the opposite bank; there, however, they were in difficulty. The water was deep, and the shore of the island was perpendicular and about six feet above the water. They could not get out without breaking down the bank so as to form an incline. Already these enormous creatures, which are accustomed to such difficulties, were tearing down the earth with their tusks and horny-toed feet; still it was a work of time, that gave me a good opportunity.

“It was difficult to obtain a shot, as the elephants were end on. The distance was about one hundred and ten yards, which is very uncertain for so large an animal, that must be struck exactly in the right place. I fired several shots with the No. 8 breech-loader, aimed at the back of their heads, but none of these were successful.

“Monsoor had the ammunition and reloaded for me. The stunning effect of the heavy metal confused the animals and caused one to fall backwards into the scrambling herd. This turned an elephant sideways. The bank had already given away and fallen in large masses into the river which reduced its depth. The elephants, which had now gained a muddy footing, ploughed and tore down the yielding earth with redoubled vigor, as my men in great excitement opened a hot fire upon them with Snider rifles. These had about as much effect as though they had been pelted with stones.

“Presently, as the depth was lessened by the falling bank, the elephants showed more body above the surface. The splashing and scrambling was extraordinary; at

length a large bull half ascended the bank, and for a moment exposed his flank; I fired a quick right and left shot with a Reilly No. 8, behind his shoulder, and he fell backward into the river, where he commenced a series of wild struggles that brought him within twenty yards of me, and I sent a ball into his head which killed him. The powerful stream at once carried away the floating carcass.

“The bank had now completely given way, and an elephant was nearly on the summit. I fired at him with one of the Holland half-pounders, which, by the recoil, flew out of my hands for a distance of several yards; this was loaded with twelve drachms of fine-grain powder. The elephant fell on his knees on the steep incline, and was bogged to all intents and purposes; but believing that I had plenty of ammunition on hand, I fired another half-pounder into his shoulder, which killed him on the spot, and he rolled into the water, and the current took him away. I immediately sent a man to order boats, with ropes and axes, to follow the carcasses.

“In the meantime, I fired my last No. 8 into the shoulder of an elephant that had just climbed the bank and gained the island. I now had a glorious opportunity of a shoulder-shot at every animal as it should ascend the steep incline.

“My ammunition was exhausted! My servant Suleiman had sent the little bag that contained only one re-load for the breech-loaders, and no powder-flask or shells for the half-pounders. I had now the annoyance of witnessing the difficult ascent of the elephants in single file, exposing their flanks in succession to the shoulder-shot, while I remained a helpless looker-on.”

The moral effects of this elephant hunt were wonderful. The sound of the firing had brought in the natives from far and near, and they gazed with astonishment on the carcasses of the two dead elephants. Their hostility was at once changed into friendship, and on the following morning Baker held a levee on board his boat, at which

twenty chiefs came to him for peace. He gave them presents, and they said the taking of their corn was of no account.

In their conversation they told him that elephants were seldom seen in that region, and that they did not understand killing them, and concluded by asking for some of their meat. Permission being given, they went off in the direction where the carcasses lay, and soon there was a general scramble for the precious morsels. This seemed strange, as they had cattle enough. But Baker said "the African negroes are an incomprehensible people, and they cannot be judged by the ordinary rules of human nature."

Each division of the district in succession followed each other's example in desiring peace, and on the 19th of November he returned to Gondokoro, highly satisfied with the results of the campaign, and he now began to prepare, feeble as his force was, to push into the interior toward the equator. In the meantime the elephants became quite thick around Gondokoro, and one night two immense bull elephants walked coolly past the sentries into the very centre of the fort, and a scene of the wildest confusion followed. The garrison was aroused, and for a time it was a random discharge of firearms on the one side, and a wild, frantic charge of elephants on the other. The men pursued them on horseback, on oxback and on foot, but they finally made their escape. But Baker had no time now to hunt, as he was busy in preparing for his march southward. It seems the elephants, at this time of the year, are attracted toward this place by the ripe lalobes. The trees producing this fruit, if of medium size, are frequently torn down for the sake of this small production, that would appear too insignificant for the notice of so huge an animal. But there is no fruit so much coveted by elephants.

"Near this spot, on the following day," Baker says, "I had a close adventure with a hippopotamus. I had gone to the same place where I had seen the elephants,

and as I was returning through the forest within a few rods of the river margin, when, upon suddenly turning round a dense thorn bush, I came within four or five paces of a large bull hippopotamus. This animal had left the river for an evening ramble on the shore, and was munching some succulent grass with such gusto that he had not heard my approach. Unfortunately, I had come upon him exactly at right angles, which restricted my shot to the temple. This is the most difficult of penetration in the hippopotamus. I only had the 'Dutchman,' and my attendant, Moonsoor, carried a Snider rifle; thus we were badly armed for so impenetrable a beast. I fired just in front of his ear, certainly within fifteen feet. The only effect produced was a shake of his head, and he appeared rather stupid, as though stunned. The left hand barrel followed quickly upon the right; Moonsoor fired with his Snider. The 'Dutchman,' being a breech-loader, was ready again, and we fired into this stupid-looking brute as though he had been a target, and with about the same effect.

"Suddenly, as though we had just awakened him, he turned round and bolted into a dense mass of thorns about thirty paces from us.

"In the meantime, the troops at the vessels, that were within three hundred paces, having heard the rapid and continued firing, supposed I had been attacked by the natives. The 'Forty Thieves' rushed to the rescue. I heard the bugle, and presently the voices of the men, as they approached, running at full speed. The hippopotamus had moved from his thorny retreat, and was moving slowly forward, when he was stumbled against by 'the Forty,' some of whom literally ran against him. The animal appeared quite stunned and stupid, and he merely stood and stared at his new assailants. The sight was perfectly ridiculous. Every rifle was fired into him, but the hollow bullets of the Sniders had no penetration, and we might as well have peppered the stone bulls of Nineveh in the British Museum. At length, having been the centre of a blaze of fire-work,



HUNTING THE HORNED WILD-HOG OF AFRICA.



HUNTING 'THE ELEPHANT' ON OX-BACK.

as every man did his best to kill him, during the space of about a minute, he coolly approached the edge of the cliff, which was quite perpendicular and about eighteen feet high. A tremendous splash was the end of the encounter, as the hippo committed himself to the deep, with a clumsy jump from the midst of the disappointed soldiers,"

Everything was now in order in Gondokoro—peace reigned throughout the district, food was abundant and the station strongly fortified, and Baker was ready to start south. He determined to carry a steamer in sections to north latitude $3^{\circ} 32'$, and there put it together and launch it on the Albert Nyanza.

CHAPTER XV.

The Determination to Advance—A Desperate Position—Soldiers draw the Carts to Labore—A Beautiful Country—The Future Capital of Africa—Reaches Fatiko—Power of Music over the Natives—Grotesque Dancing of Naked Women—Starts for Unyoro—Beautiful Country Depopulated—Proclaims Peace—Livingstone.

MR. BAKER, in this determination to proceed at all hazards and finish the work assigned him, showed his true Saxon pluck; while his wife, notwithstanding all she had endured and suffered, and the still greater trials awaiting her, persisted in accompanying him to the end, whatever that end should be, exhibited a spirit, if possible, still braver and more worthy of admiration. Selecting carefully those to compose his force on whom he could rely in the last extremity, he prepared to set out on his hazardous enterprise. Major Abdullah, who had served in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine in that unhappy invasion of Maximilian, formed with six boys the domestic corps. Sending off a hundred and fifty men to drive several thousand cattle and sheep to a well-known rocky ravine some six miles in advance, he started at eight o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of January, 1871, to complete his annexation of this vast

tropical region to Egypt, and open commerce with it through the Nile to Europe. These same two hundred men set out in high spirits, and on the 27th arrived with the vessels at the foot of the cataracts, $4^{\circ} 38'$ north latitude. His old friend Bedden, a native chief whom he had known in his former explorations in Africa, met Baker here, but seemed to treat him coldly; and when the latter said he wanted to hire two hundred carriers, left him in such a suspicious manner that he was sure he should never see him again. He was right; and hence felt that his position was becoming desperate. Without carriers he was helpless. With cattle and sheep together he had over four thousand head, which he saw was a great temptation to these unprincipled savages; and the first thought when night came on was to secure them. He knew they would think it a far better speculation to get his cattle than to carry his baggage. He was not mistaken; that night a stampede was attempted, but, thanks to his precaution, failed. In order to clear the neighbourhood of the thieves, he set off a number of rockets, which soon sent them scampering in every direction.

He now was compelled to change his plans; and, as the steamer could go no farther with his load, he determined to push on to Labore, sixty miles distant, if the soldiers would draw the carts. There he knew he could obtain carriers and continue his march, and fulfil his mission to establish the khedive's authority in that region and suppress the slave trade.

After some objections and complaints by the soldiers, they agreed to take the place of the carriers and move on. Before the carts were all loaded and they were ready to start, an old man seventy or eighty years of age, paid him a visit, and Baker, from the numerous spells hung about his person, concluded he was a "rain-maker." His face was smeared with wood ashes to give him as demoniacal an appearance as possible. Baker gave him a glass of Marsala wine and a blue shirt, as he wished to make friends with him, because the natives

hold these rain-makers in respect. He kept giving the old toper wine till his heart was enlarged and he was ready to converse. He said that he knew the country well and would act as guide to Labore for the small consideration of a cow, saying that if he was with him, the natives on the way would treat him with civility. Baker asked him if he could keep the rain away during the journey. He immediately blew his rain whistle, which he carried suspended to his neck, and looked as much as to say what do you think of that? Baker sent for a German horn, which was a polished cow's horn with a brass mouth-piece, and presented it to him. The wine had made the old conjurer mellow, and he was profuse in his gratitude, and kept blowing the horn and grinning till the tears ran down his cheeks. He then suspended it round his neck and said proudly, "I am now a great sheikh; there is no rain-maker so great as I; you will travel with me and this horn shall keep you dry. Don't trouble yourself about the Baris, they won't molest you, but travel as soon as you can."

A valuable ally had been gained. At three p.m., February 8th, they set out, old Lokko, the rain-maker, showing the way and waving a couple of thin-peeled sticks at a black cloud in the sky and blowing his horn frantically. The black cloud soon melted in the clear air. He had evidently conquered, and so gave his face an extra coat of wood ashes to make himself still more hideous.

"Baker's wife rode "Greedy Gray" with as much baggage as could be hung on the saddle, while he himself rode a powerful chestnut. Lieutenant Baker rode a light chestnut and Colonel Abd-el-Kader an Arab steed, while ten donkeys carried ammunition, flour, etc. Mr. Baker, with his wife and the lieutenant, headed the procession, followed by old Lokko. Behind him marched the "Forty Thieves," while two Egyptian officers led the rear guard, driving one thousand cows and five hundred sheep, which swelled the little caravan into

immense proportions, and filled the air with their lowing and bleating. All the boys and girls carried loads, and the best of spirits prevailed. After a march of three miles, they halted in a little village, from which, at their approach, the inhabitants fled.

Saving his flour for an emergency, Baker ordered the troops to eat that which was in the village. Next morning, on leaving, he tied up two cows as payment for it, which were worth fifty times as much as the flour, but he wished to show the inhabitants that he had no intention of wronging them. The next morning he started at half past five, and, after marching for two hours and a half through a beautiful, undulating country, came to a little village where the people, being well acquainted with Lokko, received him kindly, and where he hired five natives to help carry his loads. At night, having made twelve miles, they stopped at a small village, where the natives brought him, as a great curiosity, a shell that Baker had fired at the Bari and which they had sold to these villagers for old iron. He inquired what they were going to do with it. "Oh," they said, "hammer it into hoes." It had never exploded, and he told them if they put it on the fire it would burst and tear them to pieces. They made no reply, but carried away the shell, and it is not known whether they ever tried the experiment.

The next day they again took up the line of march, the country being even more beautiful and charming than the day before. That night they slept at a village named Marengo. The next day, old Lokko seemed at fault about the direct road to Labore, and Baker hired two natives as guides. The following day they marched fourteen miles, straight to the place, and halted beneath a tree to wait for the immense herds to come up. He was now out of the country of the Bari. The following day he held a regular market, trading off cattle for flour. The next day the whole country turned out to hunt, and the natives returned in the evening with two buffaloes and a few small antelope.

On the 24th of February, all the troops commanded by Major Abdullah arrived, and reported that after Mr. Baker's departure the Baris had attacked him and tried to burn the vessels. On the night of the 17th, when Baker and his party were quietly sleeping at Moogoo, the troops left behind with the vessels were suddenly attacked, the sentries being nearly all asleep. The one cannon, on which they depended so much, was loaded with shell instead of canister, while the artillery-men were fast asleep beside it. The spies of the Baris having ascertained the state of things came suddenly upon them. If one or two of the cattle sentries had not been awake the whole force would have been massacred. As they approached the silent camp, they gave a succession of terrific yells and shrieks and rushed forward in a mass. Fortunately a row of thorn branches had been laid about sixty feet from the camp, which caused a momentary confusion, during which the cattle sentries fired off their muskets. The cattle guard of sixty men instantly jumped to their feet and poured in a volley on the dark mass of warriors that had been momentarily stopped by the thorn-bushes. This gave time for the camp to arouse and fire the cannon which, at that point-blank range, would have ploughed a lane through the crowded mass of naked warriors and scattered them in every direction. But the gunners fled as the appalling yells burst on their ears. One brave fellow, however, stood by the gun and pulled the lanyard; it missed fire, and he was immediately transfixed with spears and the gun captured. The savages now made for the vessels, with fire-brands in their hands. But the frightened troops had taken refuge here, and, being driven into a corner, showed fight and poured rapid volleys into the yelling, excited crowd, and they were forced back and the gun recaptured. Another tube was now found and fitted, and the lanyard again pulled. Again the tube missed fire. Another was brought and fitted, and this time the gun spoke with a roar that drove the assailants back and finally put them to flight.

The next morning, however, the big drums of the natives were heard, on both sides of the river, and thousands of savages were congregated on the neighboring heights, and a general attack was expected. But they thought better of it, and the troops reached Labore and joined Baker.

The latter was now ready to move forward. He engaged five hundred natives to accompany him—they to select the cows to be given in payment for their services beforehand. This was a tedious job, for they were very particular; but the five hundred cows were at last selected and driven out, and everything was ready for a start, when a soldier deserted. The natives found him, but dared not arrest him, as he threatened to shoot them. Baker then sent out a sergeant, with three men of the "Forty," who soon brought him back, when he was put in irons.

Before he started the natives had a grand dance—the men and women, stark naked, leaping, and yelling wild songs, and beating two sticks of wood together. Baker says "some of the girls were pretty, but being smeared with red ochre and fat, were not attractive." At least a thousand were present.

On the 29th of February, Baker ordered the reveille to be beaten, when, to his surprise, only four hundred and thirty-three of the five hundred carriers engaged presented themselves—sixty-seven having absconded with their cows, nor could they be found, and he was compelled to start without them. There was considerable quarrelling about the choice of parcels to be carried, especially the zinc boat of Mr. Baker's, weighing three hundred and sixty pounds. But everything was finally arranged, and at half-past three the caravan was put in motion, and Baker, with five picked men, pushed on at the rate of four miles an hour, leaving the rest far behind. They halted at six o'clock in a rocky ravine, where they expected to find water, but were disappointed, and compelled to dig wells in the sand. At half-past seven the troops, and baggage, and cattle arrived by torchlight.

The next morning, March 1st, there was a frightful scramble among the carriers over the packages they were to carry. Through a fine country of hills and forests they now marched for sixteen miles, but villages and large tracts of land, which had formerly been under cultivation, were now desolate, having been ravaged by the ruthless slave-hunter. This day Baker killed an antelope that would weigh over four hundred pounds. This day, as from an elevation he saw the White Nile flowing on in a calm, deep stream from the Albert Nyanza, far above all the cataracts; he felt sorely disappointed, that, owing to the peculiar obstructions in the White Nile, he had not been able to bring his steamers to this point, and launch them permanently on the Albert Nyanza.

He now descended into a beautiful plain, to which he gave the name Ibrahimme yah, in honor of the khedive's father. "This point," he says, "is destined to become the capital of Central Africa." It will be the general depot for steamers when the trade of this vast region is developed by steamers on the Albert Nyanza. He adds: "It is a curious fact, that a short line of a hundred and twenty miles of railway would open up the very heart of Africa to steam-transport between the Mediterranean and the equator, when the line to Khartoum is completed." The country was lovely and full of game, and he "reveled" in it.

On the 3d of February, he started for Fatiko, which he reached in three days. He had been here years before. As he now approached it, he passed through a country fit for a paradise. The line of march was as follows: Mr. Baker, his wife and Lieutenant Baker on horseback in advance, preceded by five of the body-guard of the "Forty Thieves." Next came the remaining portion of the guard, commanded by Colonel Abd-el-Kader; after which followed the regiment in single file, succeeded by the four hundred carriers with the baggage—the herd of cattle bringing up the long, imposing procession. The sky was clear, the air in this high region cool and balmy, the scenery enchanting, which caused every heart to

bound with joy; while Baker was exhilarated with the fact that he had reached the hot-bed of the slave-trader, and come as a deliverer to the down-trodden inhabitants. The long caravan suddenly appeared on a green plateau that over-looked Fatiko about a mile distant, their presence being announced by the sound of bugles and the beat of drums. The inhabitants streamed out of their houses at the unwonted sound, and gazed at the long procession winding down to the notes of the bugle, as if it were an apparition. Baker, in the meantime, dismounted, and, taking out his glass, scanned carefully the slave-station of his arch-enemy, Abou Saood, below, covering thirty acres. It was in wild confusion and alarm, and he heard the slaver's drum beat, and saw slaves driven away in great haste.

Baker and his wife had been here before as travelers, and were at once recognized; but his present appearance, with a disciplined force of over two hundred men, was a new sight to Central Africa. He was hailed, however, on all sides as a deliverer. Abou Saood was taken completely aback. After he had secretly aroused the Baris to hostility at Gondokoro, he had come hither with seventy of them as retainers, and reported that the great expedition had failed, and was, therefore, lording it in his own way. With his old cunning, he professed great friendship for Baker and his policy. The latter, though knowing his duplicity, did not dare at this moment to liberate the thousand or more slaves he had at different stations, but set about his great work methodically and earnestly. He says of the men of this region, that they are the best proportioned that he has hitherto seen—muscular, well-knit and handsome. The women were short, and it was a little singular that the usual custom among savage tribes was here reversed—the women going entirely naked, while the men were partially clothed with the skin of an antelope, thrown over the shoulder like a scarf.

Baker now dispatched two faithful men to go throughout the country and inform the head men and all the inhabitants of his intentions, and that the atrocities commit-

ted by Abou Saood and his slave-hunters were at an end, and that in twenty days the latter would have to take all his people out of the country. The news they carried filled the inhabitants with joy; for, once rid of these banditti, the deserted villages would be repopulated and the neglected fields retilled.

After their departure, he had a long conversation with an old servant of his in his former explorations, who gave him a detailed account of the acts of Abou Saood and his brigands for the last few years. It was a history of massacres and cruelty.

One day he reviewed his troops, a display that filled the natives with astonishment. The music of the band, which was composed of several bugles, drums and cymbals, together with a big bass-drum, drove them into ecstasies. They are passionately fond of music, and Baker says than he believes that a London organ-grinder could march through Central Africa unguarded—followed the whole way by an admiring and enthusiastic crowd, and adds: "As my troops returned to their quarters, with the band playing rather cheerful airs, we observed the women racing down from their villages and gathering from all directions toward the common centre. As they approached nearer, the charms of music were overpowering, and halting for an instant, they assumed what they considered the most graceful attitudes, and then danced up to the band. In a short time my buglers could hardly blow their instruments for laughing at the extraordinary effect of their performances. The women throughout the Shooli are entirely naked, and the effect of naked women bounding about as musical enthusiasts was very extraordinary. Even the babies were brought out to dance, and strapped to their mother's back, and covered with pumpkin-shells, like tortoises, were jolted about without the slightest consideration for the weakness of their necks, by their infatuated mothers. The men, squatted on the rocks, looked on in admiration. We stayed in this 'paradise of Africa' nearly two weeks, talking with the chiefs and putting things in order."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARCH TO UNYORO.

The Start—Exodus of the White Ants—A Great Luxury—A Beautiful Country—Masindi—King Abba Rega—His Walk and Appearance—The Interview—Buffoons—Queer result of a Lecture on the Slave Trade—A Station Commenced—Planting Vegetables—The King's Visit—Magnetic Battery—Photographs—A Curious Interview—Formal Annexation of the Country—Sends off a part of his Force—Commerce Established—Vegetables Planted—Dark Omens—A Drunken King—Asks after Livingstone—A Fort Built.

A BOU-EL SAOOD having sworn by the head of Mahomet to do all that was right, Baker gave his instructions to Major Abdullah, who was to be left with one hundred men in the place, and, on the 18th of March, started for Unyoro, seventy-eight miles south across an uninhabited prairie, nothing occurring to break the monotony of the march except the stalking now and then of an antelope by Baker. On the 23rd, they came opposite the last station of Abou Saood, commanded by a man named Suleiman, who, two days after, summoned his men to volunteer for the government as irregular troops. On the 28th, Baker received a visit from the great sheikh, Lokara, who was commander-in-chief of Abba Rega's army, encamped a few hours' march on the banks of the Nile, ready to attack King Rionga, who was settled on an island in the river, farther up. He came to ask his aid in his war against Rionga, which the latter refused to give. While here he witnessed an exodus of young white ants from the mound in which they had been hatched out. Millions of these large, fat and winged insects began to struggle out and prepare for their first short flight, and were quickly caught by the men with lighted wisps of straw. The annual exodus of these ants takes place at the commencement of the rainy season, and the gathering of them before they can fly is an important harvest in Central Africa. They

are considered a great delicacy when fried in a little butter. Baker, although now started on his journey still farther south, toward the equator, would have stopped had he known how Abou Saood, at Fatiko, was plotting against him. Ignorant of this he kept on and travelled through a beautiful country, but, as everywhere else, desolated by the slave-traders. Though his carriers deserted him, he pushed resolutely on, and, April 20th, from a hill sighted the Albert Nyanza Lake, only twenty miles distant.

At last he arrived at Masindi, the capital of Unyoro. The town is large, composed of a thousand or more straw huts, shaped like a bee-hive, and scattered around as if they had been dropped from the clouds at random. The next day, he visited the king, Abba Rega, officially. The king was about twenty years old and dressed very neatly in bark cloth. Baker explained to him, at length, the intentions of the khedive, and that he hoped the country, once freed from the slave-traders, would be prosperous and happy. He told him, moreover, that he had not released all the slaves that he had found at the different stations because he had no way of returning them home, but now he should do so.

The next day Baker made suitable preparations to receive the king in return. But, after waiting a long time, the latter sent word that he would rather Baker would come to his house, evidently being afraid of foul play. Baker bade the messenger tell the king that he was not old enough yet to have learnt good manners, and that he should at once dismiss his troops that had been kept waiting for two hours, and ordered the bugler to sound the "return." The sound of the bugle terrified him, and he agreed to come at once, and the troops resumed their old position. "In a few minutes," he says, "a great din of horns, and drums, and whistles announced his approach, and we observed him walking down the road with an extraordinary gait. He was taking enormous strides, as though caricaturing the walk of a giraffe." As he stalked along he was followed by a number of chiefs.

When he came opposite the band, the bugles, and drums, and cymbals saluted him with such a terrible din that he forgot his gait and cautiously, shyly entered the tent of Baker, and hesitatingly took his seat upon the divan which had been prepared for him, while a crowd of two thousand or more surrounded the tent, which was guarded by Baker's troops. The young king was about five feet ten inches in height, with a very light complexion and beautifully shaped hands, which were kept scrupulously clean. His forehead was low but broad, and his mouth large, with exceedingly white but prominent teeth. He was cruel, cunning, and treacherous, and the moment he mounted the throne invited all his principal relations to visit him, and then treacherously murdered them. He was suspicious of Baker, and would not drink the coffee and sherbet offered him. The conversation soon turned upon Rionga, and the king took it for granted that Baker would assist him to get rid of his enemy, as otherwise, he said, it would be useless to attempt any improvement in the country. Baker changed the conversation by ordering a large metal box to be brought forward, filled with an assortment of presents. Among these was a watch, which Baker told him was intended for his father, who was his friend when he visited the country before. The king appropriated them all. Baker gave him, also, a musical snuff-box. After some time had been spent examining the toy, he again entered at length on the object of his mission and how he hoped to open an extensive commerce with the country, etc., etc. To all of which Abba Rega's constant reply was, it was all useless to attempt anything till Rionga was killed and he must help him. Baker declined, saying he hoped to make peace between them. But to all his propositions the young barbarian replied, "You were my father's friend, your wife was the same. My father is dead; but Rionga is still alive. Now, you are my father, and your wife is my mother; will you allow your son's enemy to live?"

Baker had no idea of being a father to the young

reprobate, and changed the subject to Abou Saood. He found that the latter had told a pack of absurd lies about him, and, moreover, had acted treacherously.

After the interview was over, a space was cleared for a number of buffoons of the king to exhibit themselves. A curious theatrical scene was performed, followed by a knock-down fight with clubs—the whole ending in a disgusting act of indecency, which created roars of laughter among the natives.

Baker now set about establishing a station, and began to build a government house. He also commenced restoring slaves and punishing slave-traders. He had given up lecturing the natives on the cruelty of the slave trade. It was all right so long as their women and children were not taken. In fact, slaves were considered by them a legitimate article of commerce. Once, when Baker had been lecturing an old chief on the wickedness of the practice, the chief asked him, when he had finished, if he had a son. The latter replied that his sons were all dead. "Indeed!" exclaimed the savage. "I have a son; an only son; he is a nice boy, a very good boy," he then went on to expatiate on his good qualities, the chief of which, that he was always *hungry*, and wound up by saying, "he's a good boy, indeed, and he's my only son. *I'll sell him to you for an iron spade.*" It was plain the lecture on slavery had not yielded much fruit.

Besides the erection of a government house, Baker now began a dwelling for himself, and commenced to clear away some fifty acres of ground for the planting of vegetables. But Abba Rega, under one pretext or another, did not supply the necessary laborers. Things did not go on smoothly between Baker and this young barbaric king. Baker now promised to send to Fatiko, one hundred and sixty miles distant, and recover there all the slaves that Abou Saood had taken captive in his dominion, and then order Major Abdullah, with one hundred troops there, to join him when Rionga, his old enemy, would have to come to terms peaceably or forcibly.

This plan seemed to satisfy Abba Rega, especially as he thought this would necessarily be the first step toward conquering Rionga. In the meanwhile, Baker amused the young savage with sky rockets and other European marvels.

All this time the station was progressing rapidly. The soil was so rich that the seeds planted sprung up like magic. Melons, pumpkins, cucumbers and cotton seeds showed themselves above ground in *three days* after they were planted. Baker's private residence, which was capacious and well-furnished for Central Africa, had been completed. This, with everything else that Baker did, was reported to Abba Rega by his spies, that were always hanging about.

Things did not wear a satisfactory aspect, although nothing was done alarming which was not declared to be merely a practical joke. One night, especially, a hellish noise of drums and shouts seemed to announce an attack on the camp, but nothing came of it. The next morning after this very serious practical joke, Baker sent to the king to come and visit him. But the messengers returned, saying that he was either drunk or asleep. In fact, it was the custom of this young negro king to get drunk every night and sleep till two o'clock next day, when he dressed and attended to public business. He was suspicious of Baker, but the latter, on the 11th of May, prevailed on him to visit him, and he was astonished and delighted at the superb appearance of the room, which had been adorned with all sorts of goods, and musical instruments, and toys of endless variety. The magnetic battery was the chief object of curiosity, and the king ordered each of his chiefs to take a shock, the effect of which sent him into roars of laughter. At length one of the wires gave way as one of the members of his royal cabinet was kicking and rolling on the ground, which finished the entertainment. The king now wished to see the private apartments. As they entered, each one put his hand on his mouth, and cried, "Wah! wah!" in astonishment at the magnificent dis-

play that met their eyes. The large looking-glasses that had been brought on as presents—especially two, that hung opposite each other, giving an endless reflection—completely bewildered them, and they cried out, “Magic!” The photographs were next examined, and the king wanted to know why the eyes in all the pictures kept looking at him, whichever way he turned. This was also magic. The guns and various breech-loading rifles were curiously examined, and the large musical-box set agoing, which the king thought would be an excellent thing to send him to sleep when too drunk to play himself. He begged for everything, even Mrs. Baker’s trinkets, and was vexed that they were not given him. A small and beautifully-made revolver was shown him, and he asked: “Does this belong to the ‘sit’ ‘woman’ too?” When told that it did, he burst out laughing, saying: “Do women also carry arms in your country? I see everything belongs to the ‘sit.’”

Mrs. Baker now gave him some Venetian beads and a handsome gilt bracelet, set with four large French emeralds—something he had never seen before—together with a few strings of imitation pearls, which delighted him, and the greedy young cub was finally got rid of.

The day was fixed for erecting the flag and taking possession of the country formally in the name of the khedive. The troops assembled in the morning, the flag was hoisted, the salutes made, the drums beat, and the volleys fired; and, as far as mere form went, the country was annexed to Egypt.

Mr. Baker had constant trouble with this young barbarian, who had more of the thief, and liar, and traitor about him than any man he had yet seen.

On the 23rd of May, he sent off the party to Fatiko, bearing dispatches to England and Egypt. He also sent instructions to Major Abdullah to arrest Abou Saood and Suleiman and send them to Gondokoro, and march himself with his detachment to Foweera, near Rionga’s capital. This reduced his force to a hundred regulars, four sailors, and four armed Baris.

Mr. Baker now began to carry out one of the objects of his expedition, which was, after taking measures to break up the slave trade, to establish the industries of civilized life. There was a vast amount of ivory in this region, and he began to trade off goods for it. Those that the natives prized most were toys—such as beads, mirrors, butcher's knives, gaudy-colored handkerchiefs, ear-rings, and all sorts of cheaply-gilded ornaments. A couple of shillings' worth of these would buy a tusk worth \$150. Although this looks like taking advantage of the savage, it must be remembered that these paltry trinkets were worth to him more than money or valuable articles of clothing. He was well satisfied with the bargain, for he got just what he wanted. Of course, valuable goods would take the place of these baubles—cloths for dresses, implements of husbandry and mechanical tools be in demand as civilization advanced. The troops behaved well, and kept order as quietly as a police force would have done. Baker next attempted to establish a school—making a young man, a clerk of his detachment, schoolmaster. Everything that had been sown was above ground—such as cucumbers, melons of various kinds, pumpkins, radishes, onions, tomatoes, as well as some wheat and cotton—all growing with that luxuriance and rapidity seen nowhere except in the tropics. Every cottage was surrounded by a garden; boys and girls had formed partnerships in raising vegetables, and things began to wear a civilized aspect. Although so near the equator, the air was cool and invigorating, for they were nearly four thousand feet above the sea level. The only drawback was, the men were intolerably lazy, and passed most of the day sleeping, or idling around those at work. But amid all this quiet and peaceful life, Baker could not but observe that things had changed since he had sent away so large a part of his force to Fatiko. At length he became so uneasy, that he sent a messenger to bring the party back.

The king, in the meantime, began to show his real character; he studiously kept aloof and did not furnish

the provisions as he had promised, while the chiefs showed a different demeanor. Suddenly, one day, things seemed to have come to a head. While Baker was drilling his troops, as usual (he and his officers being unarmed), the huge war-drum in the house of the king sounded, and in less than ten minutes, horns were blowing in every direction, and the negroes came pouring in from all quarters, till in an incredible short space of time five or six thousand men were gathered around the little band. Baker immediately gave orders to form a square, and, with the officers, stepped inside of it, and a row of fixed bayonets confronted the crowd on every side. This puzzled them, though they danced within a few feet of the glittering points of steel. Baker gave strict orders not to fire, and he and the officers stepped outside the little phalanx of eighty men. Walking quietly up to two of the principal chiefs he pretended to think it was all a joke, saying carelessly, "well done, famously managed, let us have a general dance." While they hesitated, he ordered the band to strike up a lively tune. Whatever had been the original intention, all hostile demonstrations now ceased, and Baker demanded to see the king. After some delay he came out, but so drunk that he apparently comprehended nothing, and soon reeled back to his hut. Baker now demanded of the principal chief the meaning of this strange proceeding, but he could give no satisfactory answer, except that the king was so drunk that he beat the war-drum without knowing what he was about. He told him the thing must not happen again, for if he allowed his warriors to surround his troops in this fashion, he should certainly fire on them. On the whole, he felt he had a narrow escape, and began to have serious misgivings for the future.

Ten native merchants, arriving at this time from Karagwe, a long distance off, reported that two travelers were with their king. Baker questioned them very closely to ascertain if one of them might not be Livingstone, but he was convinced that neither could be.

As May now drew to a close, Baker became very

anxious—the native warriors assembled in great numbers and assumed a hostile attitude, which he could not account for. Not dreaming of hostilities, he had not prepared for defense and, hence, became concerned for the safety of his troops, and at once began to erect a fort or stockade, and in three days (on the 5th of June) had completed it. He now felt secure.

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF MASINDI.

The troops poisoned—A sudden attack—The town set on fire—A sad spectacle—Baker discouraged—A perilous position—Fears of Abdullah—Hypocrisy of Abba Rega—Presents pass between him and Baker—Treachery—A narrow escape—Baker's quarters set on fire—A second attack—the neighboring villages set on fire—Forethought of Baker's wife—Preparations to start for Rionga.

BUT matters grew steadily worse, until one day, just after dinner, word was brought Baker that many of the troops appeared to be dying. On inquiring what was the matter, he was told that they had been drinking some plantain cider which the natives had sent them. A horrible suspicion shot through his mind, and he immediately flew to his medicine-chest and began to give antidotes. He at once suspected that this was preliminary to an attack by the natives. With half the troops sick or dying, they expected to make quick work with the remainder. Hence, as night drew on, Baker had all the sick taken inside the fort and the sentries doubled. About a quarter to six, he was walking with his wife, smoking his pipe, suspecting nothing, when he says:

“Suddenly we were startled by the savage yells of some thousand voices, which burst unexpectedly upon us!

“This horrible sound came from the direction of

Matonsé's house, and was within a hundred and twenty yards from where we stood; but the town was not visible, owing to the thick covert of oil bushes.

"The savage yells were almost immediately followed by two rifle-shots in the same direction.

"Sound the taboor!' Fortunately I gave this order to the bugler at my side without one moment's delay.

"I had just time to tell my wife to run into the divan and get my rifle and belt, when the sharpshooters opened fire upon me from the bushes, within a few yards.

"I had white cotton clothes, thus I was a very conspicuous object. As I walked toward the divan to meet my rifle, the sergeant who followed close behind me fell, shot through the heart. Poor fellow, the shot was aimed at me.

"The troops had fallen into position with extraordinary rapidity, and several ascended the roof of the fort, so as to see clearly over the high grass. A soldier immediately fell, to die in a few minutes, shot through the shoulder-blade. Another man of the 'Forty Thieves' was shot through the leg, above the knee. The bullets were flying through the government divan and along the approach. A tumultuous roar of savage voices had burst from all sides, and the whole place was alive in a few instants after the first two shots had been heard. Thousands of armed natives now rushed from all directions upon the station. A thrill went through me when I thought of my good and devoted Monsoor! My wife had quickly given me my belt and breech-loading double rifle. Fortunately, I had filled up the pouches on the previous evening with fifty rounds of cartridges.

"The troops were now in open order, completely around the station, and were pouring a heavy fire into the masses of the enemy within the high grass, which had been left purposely uncleared by Abba Rega, in order to favour this treacherous attack. The natives kept up a steady fire upon the front from behind the castor-oil bushes and the densely-thronged houses.

With sixteen men of the 'Forty Thieves,' together with Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker, R.N., I directed a heavy fire into the covert, and soon made it too hot for the sharpshooters. I had ordered the blue lights at the commencement of the attack. My black boys Saat and Beltall, together with some soldiers, now arrived with a good supply. Covering their advance with a heavy fire from the Sniders, the boys and men rushed forward and immediately ignited Abba Rega's large divan. These active and plucky lads now ran nimbly from hut to hut, and one slight touch of the strong fire of the blue lights was sufficient to insure the ignition of the straw dwellings.

"I now sent a party of fifteen Sniders, under Lieutenant Ferritch Agha, one of my most courageous officers, with a supply of blue lights, to set fire to the town on our left flank, and to push on to the spot where the missing Monsoor and Ferritch had fired their rifles.

"Every arrangement having been rapidly carried out, the boys and a few men continued to fire the houses on our right flank; and giving the order to advance, our party of sixteen rushed forward into the town.

"The right and left flanks were now blazing, and the flames were roaring before the wind. I heard the rattling fire of the Sniders, under Ferritch Agha, on our left, and knowing that both flanks were now thoroughly secured by the conflagration, we dashed straight for Abba Rega's principal residences and court, driving the enemy before us. Colonel Abd-el-Kader was an excellent officer in action. We quickly surrounded Abba Rega's premises and set fire to the enormous straw building on all sides.

"If he had been at home, he would have had a warm reception, but the young coward had fled with all his women before the action had commenced, together with the magic bamba or throne and the sacred drum.

"In a few minutes, the conflagration was terrific, as the great court of Abba Rega blazed in flames, seventy

or eighty feet high, which the wind drove in vivid forks into the thatch of the adjacent houses.

“ We now followed the enemy throughout the town, and the Sniders told with sensible effect wherever they made a stand. The blue lights continued the work of vengeance ; the roar of flames and the dense volumes of smoke, mingled with the continued rattle of musketry and the savage yells of the natives, swept forward with the breeze, and the capital of Unyoro was a fair sample of the infernal regions.

“ The natives were driven out of the town, but the high grass was swarming with many thousands, who, in the neighborhood of the station, still advanced to attack the soldiers.

“ I now ordered ‘ the Forty ’ to clear the grass, and a steady fire of Snider rifles soon purged the covert upon which the enemy had relied.

“ In about an hour and a quarter, the battle of Masindi was won. Not a house remained of the lately extensive town. A vast open space of smoke and black ashes, with flames flickering in some places where the buildings had been consumed, and at others, forked sheets of fire where the fuel was still undestroyed, were the only remains of the capital of Unyoro.

“ The enemy had fled. Their drums and horns, lately so noisy, were now silent.

“ I ordered the bugle to sound ‘ cease firing. ’ We marched through the scorching streets to our station, where I found my wife in deep distress.

“ The bugle sounded the assembly, and the men mustered and fell in for the roll-call. Four men were missing.

“ Lying on the turf close to the fort wall were four bodies, arranged in a row, and covered with cloths.

“ The soldiers gathered around them as I approached.

“ The cloths were raised.

“ My eyes rested on the pale features of my ever-faithful and devoted officer, Monsoor ! There was a sad expression of pain on his face. I could not help feeling

his pulse; but there was no hope; this was still. I laid his arm gently by his side and pressed his hand for the last time, for I loved Monsoor as a true friend. His body was pierced with thirty-two lance wounds; thus he had fought gallantly to the last, and he had died like a good soldier; but he was treacherously murdered, instead of dying on a fair battle-field.

“Poor Ferritch Baggara was lying next to him, with two lance wounds through the chest.

“The other bodies were those of the choush who had fallen by my side, and the soldier who had been shot on the parapet.

“We were all deeply distressed at the death of poor Monsoor. There never was a more thoroughly unselfish and excellent man. He was always kind to the boys, and would share even a scanty meal in hard times with either friend or stranger. He was the lamb in peace and the lion in moments of danger. I owed him a debt of gratitude; for although I was the general, and he had been only a corporal when he first joined the expedition, he had watched over my safety like a brother. I should ‘never see his like again.’

“Monsoor was the only Christian, excepting the European party.

“The graves were made. I gave out new cloth from the stores in which to wrap the bodies of four of my best men, and they were buried together near the fort.

“My heart was very heavy. God knows I had worked with the best intentions for the benefit of the country, and this was the lamentable result. My best men were treacherously murdered. We had narrowly escaped a general massacre. We had won the battle, and Masindi was swept from the earth. What next?

“I find these words, which I extract from my journal, as they were written at that moment:

“‘Thus ended the battle of Masindi, caused by the horrible treachery of the natives. Had I not been quick in sounding the bugle and immediately assuming a

vigorous offensive, we should have been overwhelmed by numbers.”

It was a narrow escape for the expedition, and shows on what apparently trivial incidents not only an expedition may fail, but a great moral enterprise come to nought and the fate of a continent be changed. Had Baker fallen before the bullet so coolly aimed at him, it is doubtful whether another expedition would have been started for the same great object during this century.

Baker now felt himself in a perilous position. Although one of the chiefs assured him that Abba Rega had nothing to do with this treachery, but that it was the work of Matonsé, who had escaped, and that the king had hid in the grass through fear, but had ordered provisions and ivory to be sent him as a present, Baker's suspicions, however, were not allayed; and if Abba Rega was at the bottom of it, then his three hundred natives, whom he had sent as carriers with Abdullah to Fatiko, were traitors too, and would, doubtless, seize the first good opportunity to attack the unsuspecting commander and massacre him and all his troops. He could not communicate with him, and his only course, shut up here in the heart of Africa, seemed to be to push on to Rionga, whom he refused to attack at the request of Abba Rega, and claim his support. He knew that the defeat of Abba Rega's army and destruction of his capital had reached him, for he always had spies in Unyoro, informing him of everything that transpired, and he would only be too glad to help complete the overthrow of his enemy. He thought, too, if he could only get word to him, that he would send three hundred of his own men to Fatiko to take the place of those sent by Abba Rega, and save Abdullah on his way back, as he had, no doubt, received his order to return. While he was planning how to get a message to Rionga, messengers arrived from Abba Rega, who attempted to explain the cause of the late outbreak, declaring that the blame lay on Matonsé and that the king would soon deliver him up. Baker replied, that if the king could

clear himself, he should be only too happy. The principal chief said that Abba Rega was in despair, and had given orders for a large quantity of ivory and provisions, to be sent him. Baker, pretending to believe him, sent him a porcelain dish, that he had previously promised, as a peace-offering. Through his telescope he could see everything that passed in the distant village where the king had taken up his abode, and when he saw that the present was received with great delight he took hope. Two beautiful white cows were sent as a present in return, together with a polite message from the king; the bearer stating that a large quantity of provisions and twenty large elephant tusks were on the way to him, as a token of Abba Rega's sincerity. This looked well, and Baker, to propitiate still more the black young reprobate, sent him the big musical box the former had so coveted in their first interview. Ramadan, the clerk, who had frequent meetings with the natives since the battle, and believed in the king's sincerity, was sent with Hafiz to present the box.

In the meantime, Baker, with two officers and two of "the Forty," walked around the burnt town, unarmed, in order to conciliate the natives that still lurked amid the ruins; He came upon two men standing close to the high grass at the edge of the town and asked them to approach. They said they were afraid of the two sentries, which were some forty yards in his rear. As he turned round to order these to retire, one of the villains hurled his spear at him, which struck at his feet and stuck quivering in the ground, and both dodged in the tall grass. This unlooked-for treachery disheartened him and, for once, Baker feels discouraged, and jots down in his journal: "I believe I have wasted my time and energy, and have uselessly encountered difficulties, and made enemies by my attempt to suppress the slave trade and thus improve the condition of the natives." He was now anxious about Ramadan and Hafiz, who had not returned, for, as he said, "it is impossible to believe one word in this accursed country." Evening came and

still they did not return, and Baker was without an interpreter. About eight o'clock, he was suddenly aroused by a bright light that soon illumined the whole sky. The quarters which he had abandoned for the protection of the fort had been set on fire. The soldiers were immediately placed in position to receive an attack, and all remained as silent as death—nothing was heard except the roaring of the flames. Suddenly, loud yells rent the air, seemingly about two hundred yards distance, but not a soldier stirred. The negroes had, doubtless, supposed that the soldiers would rush out to extinguish the fire, when they would fall upon them and murder them. The attempt had failed.

Two days passed, and still the messengers with the mnsical box had not returned. This was ominous. They never did return—they were cruelly murdered.

On the 13th of June, the curtain was lifted, and Abba Rega's treachery stood clearly revealed. About ten o'clock a sudden rush was made upon the cattle, grazing within sixty yards of the fort, and a general attack made upon the station. Baker at once ordered the men into line, and with the bugle at once gave the order to charge bayonet. With a high and ringing cheer the gallant "Forty" dashed through the ruins of the town and into the high grass, scattering the frightened wretches in every direction. Enraged and thoroughly aroused, Baker now ordered Colonel Abd-el-Kader to take blue lights and burn every village in the neighborhood, and soon the whole region was a mass of rolling flame, that spread with frightful rapidity among the straw huts. This settled the matter, and Baker now saw that his only hope lay in pushing on as fast as possible to Rionga. He knew that he would have to fight every inch of the way, but that was safer than to stay there and starve to death. It was possible they might starve on their way; but, in this critical moment, Baker's wife told him that, as a precaution, while grain was abundant—she had, from time to time, secreted a little, till now there was hidden away about twelve bushels. This announcement gave

new life to all, for they now had enough to last them during the seven days' march it would take them to reach Foweera, fifteen miles from Rionga and in his dominions, and preparations were made for an immediate departure. The advance and rear guards were to carry nothing but their knapsacks and a small bag of flour, so as to be ready at any moment to meet the enemy. The order of march was carefully arranged, while buglers were scattered the whole length of the line, so that constant communication could be kept up by the troops, though concealed from each other by the tall grass. No talking was allowed—nor, however thirsty, was any one to stop and drink unless the bugle sounded halt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARCH TO RIONGA.

The start—The station fired—The march—The country aroused—An ambuscade—Howarte speared—Second day's march—A sharp fight—Stripped for the race—Constant fighting—Eating the enemy's liver—Foweera at last reached—interview with the king—His appearance—Baker offers to make him ruler over the territory of Abba Rega—A treaty made—sealed by drinking each others' blood—Baker resolves to return to Fatiko—Arrival of messengers with bad news—The return—The wife compelled to walk—Arrival at Fatiko—Treachery—The attack—The flight and pursuit—The victory—Baker turns surgeon.

THE morning of the 14th of June, 1872, dawned dark and dull, and a drizzling rain began to fall. At nine o'clock the advance guard filed along the path in silence, and halted at a little distance till the station that had been built with so much care should be fired. As the smoke curled slowly up, Baker thought with regret of the pictures and other mementos of home that he had been compelled to leave behind to perish in it. He waited till the flames had got under uncontrollable headway, and then gave the order "forward," and they soon entered the tall grass. Baker's wife carried a

Colt's revolver in her belt and a quantity of spare ammunition in her bosom for his favorite rifle, the "Dutchman." When they had gone about a mile, they heard shouts in the rear, evidently made by the natives around the conflagration. The march was slow through the tall grass, while the rain came down steadily. Soon all over the country, in every direction, the sound of drums and horns was heard, as the alarm spread from village to village. The little band heard them with anxious hearts, for the fight was to be hundreds against one.

They were marching steadily on through the rain, when suddenly rapid volleys were heard from the advance guard, and the bugles rang out the order "halt." Lances now flew out of the grass, and Howarte fell thrust through with a spear, which he himself pulled out of his body, but, before doing so, shot dead the negro who had hurled it. Baker bandaged up the wound as best he could, and, amid a shower of lances, again gave the order to advance and fire wherever a spear appeared. At length they came to open ground, where there was no grass. Here they halted and felled the plantain trees to make a wall around the camp. The night passed quietly, but Baker, as he lay awake and pondered on his condition, felt that the coming day would be one long running fight. The next morning, at half-past seven, they again started, Baker ordering the cattle to be left behind, as they cumbered his march. In about an hour and a-half they descended into a valley, in which was a broad swamp. They were just entering this, when suddenly there arose an uproar of yells, screams, drums, horns, and whistles from thousands of concealed negroes, as if all the demons in hell had been let loose, while a tremendous rush through the grass showed that a general attack was being made. Instantly every load was upon the ground, and the files knelt facing to the right and left. Next moment the lances were flying thickly across the path, several passing close to Mrs. Baker's head, but she never winced. The

bugles rang out "fire," and the rapid volleys swept the grass in every direction. Baker took his elephant breech-loader and sent explosive shells from it into the grass, which carried consternation among the savages. When the fight was over and the men mustered, it was found that Howarte had died during the conflict. They soon gained an open space, where they felt secure.

Baker now saw that the men were too heavily laden, and he ordered a fire to be kindled, in which everything (even Lieutenant Baker's naval uniform) which was not absolutely indispensable was thrown and consumed. He was stripping himself for the race. When this was done, the order to advance was again given; and as they once more entered the cover, the horns and drums were again heard. Although frequent halts were made to receive the enemy, they made no attack, and they for some time marched unmolested. The ambuscades were frequent, and Abd-el-Kader received a painful wound in his arm.

On the 16th of June, the little band started at half-past six. From that time until ten they fought nearly the whole way, and one soldier was killed. The next day it was the same thing over again—one man was killed, and a boy, leading a horse a few paces in front of Baker, uttered a wild shriek, as a spear, intended for the latter, passed through his body. Mrs. Baker, in these long and heavy marches, became dreadfully fatigued. Soon a spear passed through Baker's horse, Zofter, which was a grievous loss to him. The next day wore slowly on, the air ever and anon pierced by the now familiar cry of "Co-co-me, co-co-me," which always heralded an attack. On this day one of the negroes killed was dragged into camp, and a scene occurred of a most disgusting character. Baker's men had a superstitious idea that if they devoured a part of the enemy's liver, that every bullet they fired would kill an Unyoro. Accordingly, they had cut out the liver of this dead man, and were eating it *raw*. After the barbaric meal was finished, they cut the body into pieces

and hung them on the limbs of trees, as a warning to all Unyoros following them.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the events of each day's march. How much the enemy suffered it was impossible to tell, but Baker's small force was gradually diminishing, and its only hope lay in getting quickly into Rionga's territory. This they did on the 23rd of June, after ten days of fatiguing march through an almost endless ambushade, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded. It had been eighty days of almost continual fighting.

The place where he encamped, and now began to build a new station, was called Foweera, and was only some fifteen miles from the island on which Rionga lived. A fort was soon erected, though of a primitive kind. In the meantime no message was received from Rionga. This might be owing to the fact that the inhabitants on that side of the river were hostile to him, and Baker therefore felled palm-trees and constructed canoes, to cross over to the king. These were in a few days completed, and it was arranged that the whole party should cross in two trips. This consisted now of ninety-seven soldiers and officers, five natives, three sailors, fifty-one women, and boys, and servants, and three Europeans—in all, one hundred and fifty-eight persons.

On the evening of the 29th, a party in search of greer plaintains captured a native and brought him into camp. He proved to be an old servant of Baker, in his former explorations of this country. Here was an unexpected piece of good luck. From him he learned that Rionga was friendly disposed, but that he had been deceived so often that he was afraid to trust himself in his hands. From him he also learned that Abdullah had been betrayed by the three hundred natives, as he feared, but that these had not gone on to Fatiko with the detachment. This showed that Abdullah was safe, which was a great relief to Baker.

The next day messengers came from Rionga. Baker sent back a present to the king, with a message saying

that he had refused to join Abba Rega in a war against him, and had, in consequence, been attacked by him, and that, if he, Rionga, would swear allegiance to the Egyptian government, Abba Rega should be deposed, and he put in his place. He also sent a present of an entire piece of red Turkey cloth, and blue twill, and some handkerchiefs, and asked for provisions, as his people were very hungry. In two days the provisions came, and with them canoes to transport the party to the island. After paddling some fifteen miles, they reached the island at five o'clock, but nobody was there to receive them—"a true negro welcome"—and they camped for the night with nothing but porridge and curry to eat.

On the 18th, messengers arrived, saying that Rionga would visit the camp that morning. About eight o'clock, drums beating and horns blowing, announced his arrival. He was a handsome man, about fifty years old, and with exceedingly good manners. It turned out that he had kept himself well posted in all that had transpired, and knew long ago that Abou Saood had conspired with Abba Rega for Baker's destruction, should he push on beyond Gondokoro, and seemed much gratified that the latter, long before he knew him, should have refused to molest him, and took him by the hand. He declared that he would always remain faithful to the Egyptian government, but that to make the contract sure, they must exchange blood—a ceremony indispensable—if he would secure the co-operation of the people. The next morning was fixed for the performance of this ceremony, which Rionga declared, with childish delight, would fill Abba Rega, when he heard of it, with despair.

The ceremony commenced that evening with drinking large quantities of plaintain cider, and the night passed in singing and dancing. At about nine o'clock, amid several witnesses, Baker made a slight incision in his arm with a lancet, from which a few drops of blood flowed. Rionga immediately seized his arm and sucked it. Baker did the same to the king's arm, taking care,

however, to make so slight an incision that but a single drop oozed forth, which, with extreme disgust, he was obliged to lick up. Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker performed the same ceremony with the king's minister and son, and the bond was sealed and they were friends forever. After this the heads of several tribes appeared, and a general coalition was formed which promised well for the future. Baker now arranged to leave Colonel Abd-el-Kader with sixty men, in the stockade he had built, to support Rionga, and return himself to Fatiko.

On the 27th of July, he went down the river and arrived at his station in the middle of the afternoon. The next day, before starting, he saw eight natives, who shouted: "Are you the pasha's soldiers?" (I. G. Baker's). Being answered that they were, they said that they were messengers sent by Abdullah from Fatiko. Abou Saood, it seemed, had been carrying it with a high hand during Baker's absence. Wat-el-Mek, in command of the irregular forces, wished to remain true to the government, but this treacherous slave-trader had prevented him. These messengers had come to find Baker, if alive, and hurry him back, for Abdullah was in danger of being overpowered and the station destroyed. If Baker had received this disheartening news sooner, he would not have left Colonel Abd-el-Kader behind with sixty men. But it was too late now to change his plan, and he immediately pushed on for Fatiko, some eighty miles distant. Only one horse was now left to Baker, and he had such a sore back that his wife had to walk, as the mud was too deep for the solitary donkey that remained to him. With only dried fish for food, they pushed rapidly on through the uninhabited wilderness, and on the third day arrived within ten miles of Fatiko. He here learned that an attack had been planned on Abdullah, which was to be made by Wat-el-Mek and Ali Hussein, while Abou Saood, its author, had prudently retired to Fabbo, twenty miles distant.

On the 2d of August, Baker again set out, and march-

ing rapidly through a beautiful country of dells, woods and open park-like lands, at last ascended the hill that rose toward Fatiko. As he approached the place, he ordered the bugles to sound the assembly. He entered the village at half-past nine, and was warmly received by Abdullah, who simply said, as he grasped his hand, "Thank God, you are safe and here, all will go well now." No one from Abou Saood's station came to welcome him which was meant as an insult. After Baker had changed his dress he ordered Major Abdullah to form the troops in line, as he wished to inspect them. When he had finished the inspection he was about to return, when Abdullah asked him to wait a little longer, as Wat-el-Mek, with his people, were now approaching, with their numerous flags, to salute him. Seven large crimson flags upon tall staffs, and ornamented with ostrich feathers, marked the intervals in the advancing line. Two hundred and seventy strong, they formed in line, in open order, directly facing the government troops. Wat-el-Mek was dressed in bright yellow, with loose flowing trowsers, and Ali Hussein in a snow-white long robe and black trowsers. By way of *complimenting him they had brought out two large cases of ammunition*. These were placed with a guard under a tree. Baker's wife now suspected treachery and begged her husband to dismount. He, however, remained on horseback until all the arrangements were finished, when he ordered Abdullah to retire to camp with the troops. He then sent to Wat-el-Mek, saying that he wanted to see him; the latter promised to come but did not. Baker sent five different messengers, with the same result. He then ordered Abdullah to go himself, with some soldiers and, if he refused to come, arrest him. The bugle summoned the men, who had dispersed, and they immediately formed, two deep, in the open space in the camp. Lieutenant Baker offered to go and see Wat-el-Mek in person, and Baker, having given his consent, advised him to take some soldiers with him.

While he was giving them some instructions, he was

interrupted by a volley of musketry, concentrated on the mass of scarlet uniforms. In a few seconds seven men were struck, and the bullets were whistling on every side. He says:

“My wife, who was always ready in any emergency, rushed out of her hut with my rifle and belt.

“The soldiers had already commenced firing by the time that I was armed and had reached the front, by the edge of the light fence of wattles, that were inferior to the lightest hurdles.

“I now observed the enemy about ninety yards distant; many of them were kneeling on the ground and firing, but immediately on taking a shot they retired behind the huts to reload. In this manner they were keeping up a hot fire. I perceived a man in white upper garments, but with black trousers; this fellow knelt and fired. I immediately took a shot at him with the ‘Dutchman,’ and without delay I kept loading and firing my favourite little breech-loader at every man of the enemy that was decently dressed.

“We should have lost many men if this hiding behind huts, and popping from cover, had been allowed to continue. I therefore ordered my ‘Forty Thieves’ together, and ordered the bugler to sound the charge with the bayonet.

“Pushing through the narrow wicker gateway, I formed some thirty or forty men in line and led them at full speed, with fixed bayonets, against the enemy.

“Although the slave-hunters had primed themselves well with araki and merissa before they had screwed up courage to attack the troops, they were not quite up to standing before a bayonet-charge. The ‘Forty Thieves’ were awkward customers, and in a quarter of a minute they were amongst them.

“The enemy were regularly crumpled up! and had they not taken to flight, they would have been bayoneted to a man.

“I now saw Wat-el-Mek in his unmistakable yellow suit; he was marching alone across a road about a hun-

dred and eighty yards distant. He was crossing to my right; and I imagined, as he was alone, that he intended to screen himself behind the houses, and then to surrender.

"To my surprise, I observed that when he recognized me, he at once raised his gun and took a steady aim. I was at that moment reloading; but I was ready the instant he had fired and missed me.

"He now walked quickly toward a hut across to my right. I allowed about half a foot before him for his pace, and the 'Dutchman' had a word to say.

"The bullet struck his right hand, taking the middle finger off at the root, and then striking the gun in the middle of the lock-plate, it cut it completely in halves as though it had been divided by a blow with an axe. He was almost immediately taken prisoner. One of 'the Forty' (Seroor) was so enraged that he was with difficulty prevented from finishing Wat-el-Mek with a bayonet-thrust.

"I now ordered a general advance at the double; and the troops spread out through the extensive town of huts, which occupied about thirty acres.

"As we ran through the town, I observed about one hundred and fifty of the enemy had rallied around their flags, and were retreating quickly, but steadily, in the direction of the Shooa hill. They continued to turn and fire from the rear of their party. Having reduced the distance to about one hundred and fifty yards, the crimson silk banners afforded excellent marks for rifle practices. They fell to the right and left, as the shots were directed a little low, so as to hit the bearers. In a few minutes not a flag was to be seen. The fatal Sniders poured bullets into the dense body of men, who, after wavering to and fro, as the shots thinned their number, at length ran off without any further effort to maintain a formation. For upwards of four miles Lieutenant Baker and I chased these ruffians with the 'Forty Thieves.' Many were killed in the pursuit; and upon our return to the camp, at Fatiko, at 2 p.m., we

had captured a herd of three hundred and six cattle, one hundred and thirty slaves, fifteen donkeys, forty-three prisoners, seven flags, together with the entire station. The enemy had suffered the loss of more than half their party killed."

Abdullah's men had behaved shamefully, and all the fighting had been done by the 'Forty Thieves.' These, and Baker, and the other officers, had neither eaten nor drunk since the previous evening, except to quaff a little water as the pursuit ended. They, besides, had walked ten miles in the morning to reach Fatiko—fought the traitors—chased them four miles on a run, and then returned four miles.

Baker's wife, who seemed equal to every emergency, and whose forethought was as remarkable as her presence of mind in danger, had prepared a warm breakfast for them, which was eaten with a sharpened appetite.

Baker had asked where the villain Hussein was.

"Dead!" cried a number of voices.

"Are you certain?" asked Baker.

"We will bring you his head," was the reply, and started off.

He had hardly finished his breakfast, when he heard a heavy thud on the floor of the hut, and turning, saw there the ghastly head, with the hair matted with blood.

There was no mistaking the villainous expression, even in death. He had received two bullets, but was still alive when found. The natives, however, soon dispatched him.

Baker, owing to the death, previously, of his chief surgeon, and the retirement of another at Gondokoro, had been left with so weak a medical staff, that he could take no surgeon with him, and he therefore was now compelled to act as one himself. In the fight he had not lost a single man killed, but more than a sixth of his force had been wounded, some of them badly. He dressed the wounds with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and removed a bullet from the broken thigh of one of his brave "Forty," and soon had them all doing well.

The gun of Wat-el-Mek, which he had shivered with a bullet, was one given him by Speke in his travels. The man seemed to be so truly penitent for his conduct, and averred so stoutly that he acted under the orders of Abou Saood, and swore so solemnly that he would serve Baker faithfully in future, the latter, wishing to have his services, for he was an invaluable man, finally pardoned him.

Abou Saood swore that he had nothing to do with the late conspiracy, and though Baker knew that he lied and ought to be hung, yet he thought it more prudent to let him alone, and the consummate villain started for Cairo to lodge a complaint against him with the khedive of Egypt. From this date all trouble was over. Baker had gained a complete victory. Perfect confidence was established among the natives throughout the large country of Shooli; the children and women flocked to the camp; marketing on a large scale was conducted quietly, and Baker felt rewarded for all the toils he had endured; grieving only for those who had fallen while aiding him in the good work. Slave-hunting was at an end down to the equator, fields were planted, and a prosperous future seemed in store for Africa.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival of cannibals—Children devoured—Small-Pox disperses them—A grand hunt—The modes of conducting it by nets and fire—The result—Life at Fatiko—A second hunt—Killing a lion—A woman's rights meeting—A happy community, in which neither religious dogmas or law cases enter—News from Livingstone—King Mtesa—Arrival of reinforcements—Bad military conduct—Baker writes out a set of rules for Abdullah and starts for home—Releases captive women and children—An expression of gratitude not asked for—Kissed by a naked beauty—Concluding remarks—A missionary's outfit—Official report—A handsome tribute to his wife—Africa's future.

BAKER now sent to Gondokoro for reinforcements. In the meantime, a large body of Abou Saood's slave-hunters, together with three thousand cannibals, arrived on the Nile from the far west, whom this arch-traitor had sent for before his downfall, which he had not anticipated. These wretches were eating the children of the country as they advanced, and their proximity filled the people of Fatiko and the Shooli country with alarm. Baker at once took measures to prevent them from crossing the Nile. He sent spies among them, and they finding they had been deceived by Abou Saood, began to quarrel among themselves—agreeing in nothing but in devouring the children of the district. Providentially, at this critical juncture, the small-pox broke out among them and killed more than eight hundred of their number, which dispersed the remainder. Abba Rega had been defeated by Rionga and his allies, and fled to the shores of the Albert Nyanza.

Everything having at length been put on a peaceful footing, Baker turned his attention to hunting with the people of Fatiko, much to their delight, especially as they were short of meat. When the grass is ready to burn, a grand hunt always takes place, in which nets form a conspicuous part. Every man in the country is provided with a strong net of cord, twelve feet long and eleven feet deep, with meshes six inches square.

On the day appointed, the big drum is beaten and the natives assemble and select the region for hunting. Sometimes a grand entertainment precedes a hunt, at which the natives to the number of a thousand present themselves, painted with fresh cow-dung and adorned with ostrich feathers, leopard skins, etc. On arriving in the district where the hunt is to take place, the nets are lashed together and sunk in the grass, making an invisible fence a mile and a half long, while the men lay concealed behind a screen of grass bound together at the top.

When everything was arranged in this hunt, men went to windward some two miles to set fire to the grass. The game would, of course, flee before the flames and rush unsuspectingly upon the nets, when they would be shot down. Every man is entitled to the game that is killed in his section of the net. But sometimes an animal is mortally wounded by a man stationed at his net, yet finally killed by his neighbor, which often causes serious quarrels. On this day, when everything was ready, and the men had already been stationed at regular intervals about two miles to windward, to wait with their fire-sticks for the appointed signal, Baker says that suddenly "a shrill whistle disturbed the silence. This was repeated at intervals to windward.

"In a few minutes after the signal, a long line of separate thin pillars of smoke ascended into the blue sky, forming a band extending over about two miles of the horizon. The thin pillars rapidly thickened and became dense volumes, until at length they united and formed a long black cloud of smoke, that drifted before the wind over the bright, yellow surface of the high grass.

"The natives were so thoroughly concealed, that no one would have supposed that a human being beside ourselves was in the neighborhood. I had stuck a few twigs into the top of the ant-hill to hide my cap; and having cut for myself a step at the required height, I waited in patience.

"The wind was brisk, and the fire travelled at the rate of about four miles an hour. We could soon hear

the distant roar, as the great volume of flame shot high through the centre of the smoke. The natives had also lighted the grass a few hundred yards to our rear.

"Presently I saw a slate-colored mass trotting along the face of the opposite slope, about two hundred and fifty yards distant. I quickly made out a rhinoceros, and I was in hopes that he was coming toward me. Suddenly he turned to my right and continued along the face of the inclination.

"Some of the beautiful leucotis antelope now appeared and cantered toward me, but halted when they approached the stream, and listened. The game understood the hunting as well as the natives. In the same manner that the young children went out to hunt with their parents, so had the wild animals been hunted with their parents ever since their birth.

"The leucotis now charged across the stream; at the same time a herd of hartbeest dashed past. I knocked over one, and, with the left-hand barrel, I wounded a leucotis. At this moment, a lion and lioness, that had been disturbed by the fire in our rear, came bounding along close to where Molodi had been concealed with the luncheon. Away went Molodi at a tremendous pace, and he came rushing past me as though the lions were chasing him; but they were endeavoring to escape themselves, and had no idea of attacking. I was just going to take the inviting shot, when, as my finger was on the trigger, I saw the head of a native rise out of the grass directly in the line of fire; then another head popped up from a native who had been concealed, and, rather than risk an accident, I allowed the lion to pass. At one magnificent bound it cleared the stream and disappeared in the high grass.

"The fire was advancing rapidly and the game was coming up fast. A small herd of leucotis crossed the brook, and I killed another, but the smoke had become so thick that I was nearly blinded. It was, at length impossible to see; the roar of the fire and heat was terrific, as the blast swept before the advancing flames and

filled the air and eyes with fine black ashes. I literally had to turn and run hard into fresher atmosphere to get a gasp of cool air and to wipe my streaming eyes. Just as I emerged from the smoke a leucotis came past and received both the right and left bullets in a good place before it fell. The fire reached the stream, and at once expired. The wind swept the smoke on before and left in view the black surface that had been completely denuded by the flames.



THE ANTELOPE.

“The natives had killed many antelopes, but the rhinoceros had gone through their nets like a cobweb. Several buffaloes had been seen, but they had broken out in different directions. Lieutenant Baker had killed three leucotis, Abd-el-Kader had killed one and had hit a native in the leg with a bullet while aiming at a galloping antelope. I had killed five. I doctored the native, and gave him some milk to drink, and his friends carried him home. This was a very unfortunate accident, and

from that day the natives gave Abd-el-Kader a wide berth.

“Most of the women were heavily laden with meat, the nets were quickly gathered up, and with whistles blowing as a rejoicing, the natives returned homeward.”

The time now passed very pleasantly at Fatiko, and on the 30th of December, Baker went out again to hunt with a few natives in order to obtain some meat. About a half an hour after they were in position the whistles sounded—the smoke began to ascend, and soon a long line of fire stretched across the plain and moved slowly toward them. Shots were now heard in various directions, and the game began to break cover in herds of several hundreds. Baker could see the game and heard the firing along the line, but did not get a shot. At length, however, he saw a buck antelope walking slowly straight toward him, and he expected in a few minutes to have him in range, when he says :

“Just at that moment I saw a long, yellow tail rise suddenly from the green hollow, and an instant later I saw a fine lion, with tail erect, that had evidently been disturbed by the advancing fire.

“The lion was down wind of the buck leucotis, which was now close to the unseen enemy, and was just descending the bank which dipped into the green hollow; this would bring the antelope almost upon the lion’s back. The two animals appeared to touch each other as the leucotis jumped down the bank, and the lion sprang to one side, apparently as much startled as the antelope, which bounded off in another direction. The lion now disappeared in the high grass, with the head toward my position. I whispered to my boys not to be afraid, should it appear close to me, and at the same time I took the spare gun from Bellaal and laid it against the ant-hill, to be in readiness. This was a breech-loader, with buck-shot cartridges for small antelopes.

“In a few moments, I heard a distinct rustling in the high grass before me. The two boys were squatting on the ground to my right.

“Presently a louder rustling in the grass, within forty yards in my front, was followed by the head and shoulders of a large lioness, who apparently saw the two boys and, with her brilliant eyes fixed, she advanced slowly toward them. Not wishing a closer acquaintance, I aimed at her chest and fired the ‘Dutchman.’ The lioness rolled completely over backwards, and three times she turned convulsive somersaults, at the same time roaring tremendously; but, to my astonishment, she appeared to recover, and I immediately fired my left-hand barrel. At this, she charged in high bounds straight toward my two boys. I had just time to snatch up my spare gun and show myself from behind the ant-hill, when the lioness, startled at my sudden appearance, turned, and I fired a charge of buckshot into her hind-quarters as she disappeared in the high grass from my right. I now heard her groaning in a succession of deep guttural sounds, within fifty yards of me. In a few minutes I heard a shot from Abd-el-Kader, and he shortly came to tell me that the wounded lioness, with her chest and shoulder covered with blood, had come close to his hiding-place; he had fired, and had broken her ankle-joint, but she was still concealed in the grass. The lion is generally hunted on foot, and the natives are seldom otherwise armed than with spears. As with the Europeans and colonists, however, they are for the most part, accompanied by numerous dogs, which are undoubtedly a great protection.

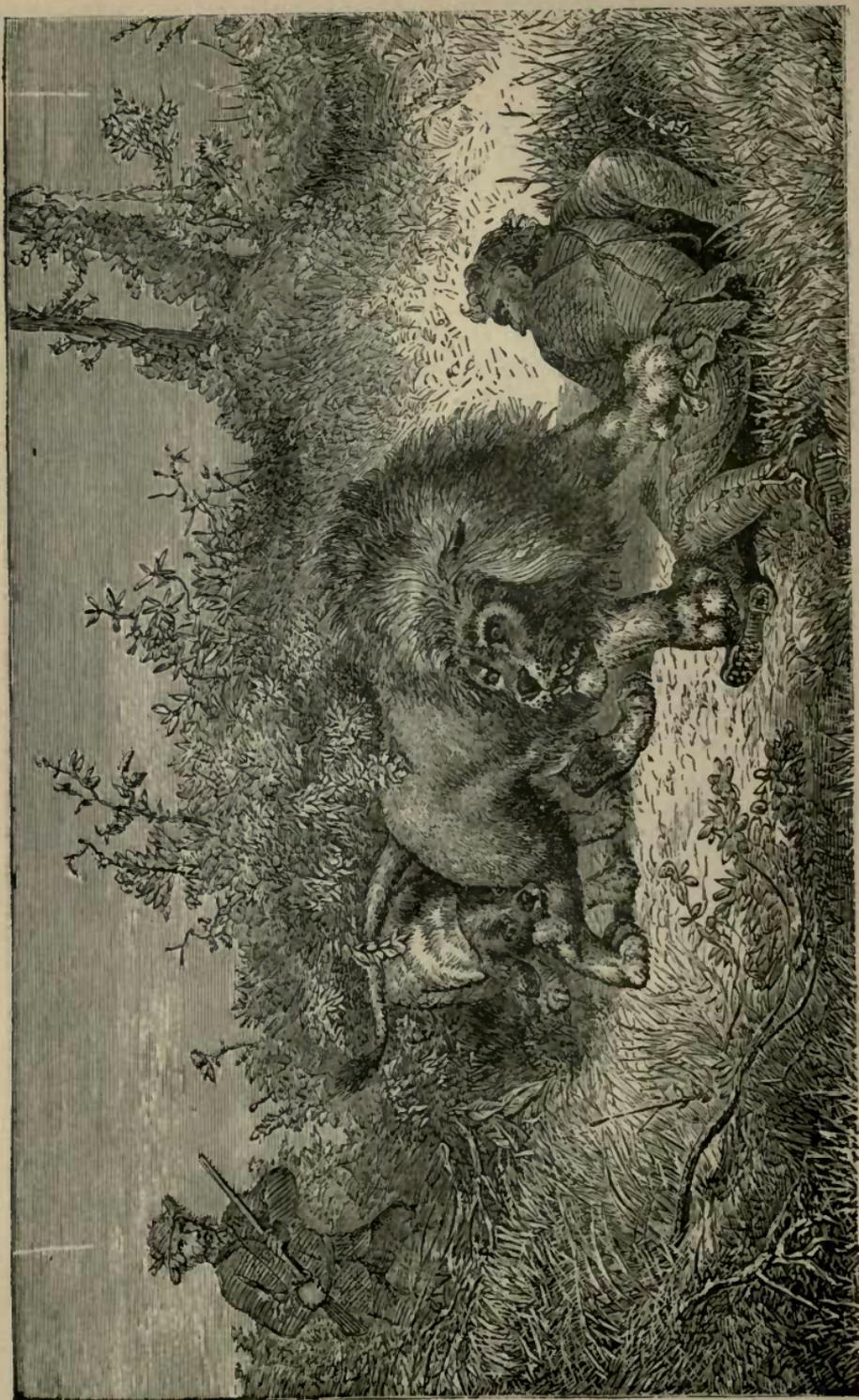
“Shooli and Gimoro now came up with some of the natives, as they had heard the lioness roar, and feared some accident might have happened. These were very plucky fellows, and they at once proposed to close up and spear her in the grass, if I would back them up with the rifles.

“We arrived at the supposed spot, and, after a search, we distinguished a yellow mass within some withered reeds.

“Shooli now proposed that he should throw his spear, upon which the lioness would certainly charge from her

LION HUNTING WITH DOGS.





A PERILOUS SITUATION.

covert and afford us a good shot, if the guns were properly arranged.

"I would not allow this, but determined to fire a shot at the yellow mass to bring her out, if every one would be ready to receive her.

"Lieutenant Baker was on my right with a double-barreled express rifle that carried a No. 70 bullet. This minute projectile was of little use against the charge of a lion.

"I fired into the mass at about twenty yards distance. The immediate reply was a determined charge, and the enraged animal came bounding towards us with tremendous roars. The natives threw their spears but missed her. Mr. Baker fired, but neither he nor a left-hand barrel from the 'Dutchman' could check her. Everybody had to run, and I luckily snatched a breech-loading No. 12, smooth-bore, loaded with ball, from a panic-stricken lad, and rolled her over with a shot in the chest, when she was nearly in the midst of us.

"She retreated with two or three bounds to her original covert.

"I had now reloaded the 'Dutchman,' and having given orders that every one should keep out of the way, and be ready, I went close up to the grass with Shooli, and quickly discovered her. She was sitting up like a dog, but was looking in the opposite direction, as though expecting an enemy in that quarter. I was within twelve yards of her, and I immediately put a bullet in the back of her neck, which dropped her head. In an instant the dogs were clinging to her ears, throat, head, etc. The brute, who was still alive, grappled bravely with her assailants. Baker wished to let the dogs finish the beast, and they did so; though they got badly wounded in the scuffle."

She measured nine feet and six inches from the nose to the extremity of the tail. Inside her were the remains of an antelope calf divided into lumps of about two pounds each, which the natives distributed among themselves as precious morsels.

The women, who had come to look on Baker as their protector, and were happy and contented under his rule, heard of his encounter with the lioness, and held a meeting in which it was resolved that he should not endanger his life again in this way. Mr. Baker jocosely remarks that this was not "*petticoat* government, as they had not a rag on their bodies, but it was an assertion that they meant to protect the man who had protected them." He stayed here seven months, and says that perfect order prevailed—there were no pickpockets, because nobody had a pocket to pick, for all were naked—there were no vagrants, beggars or anything to require a police—there were no cases of divorce, or crim. con., or in chancery—no high church or low church—no Dissenters, or Catholics, or Independents—no Jews or Gentiles—no conflicting interests—no dogmas of any kind.

To his great disappointment, he had obtained no direct news from Livingstone. But one day some envoys arrived from the great King Mtesa, of Uganda, of whom Stanley speaks in such enthusiastic terms in his next and last exploring expedition into and through Africa two years later. Baker had written to him to send out his people in every direction in search of Livingstone. These envoys reported that the king had dispatched messengers to Ujiji, who learned that the explorer had been there, but had crossed the lake to the west, since which nothing had been heard of him. Baker immediately wrote a letter to Livingstone, and gave it to these envoys, of which the following is a copy:

“FORT FATIKO (N. lat. 3° 1', E. long. 32° 36').

February 13th, 1873.

“MY DEAR LIVINGSTONE,—

“Mtesa, the king of Uganda, has been searching for you according to my instructions sent to him in June, 1872. He also forwarded my letters, to be given to you when met with. His envoys have now visited me at Fatiko, with the report that Mtesa's messengers heard of you as having formerly been at Ujiji; but that you

had left that station and had crossed the Tanganika to the west. Nothing more is known of you. I have sent a soldier with the envoys who convey this letter; he will remain with Mtesa. * * *

"Mtesa will take the greatest care of you. He has behaved very well to the Government. * * *

"I trust, my dear Livingstone, that this letter may reach you. Do not come down the lake. It is now well known that the Tanganika is the Albert Nyanza; both known as the great M'wootan N'zige.

"A steamer, I trust, will be on the lake this year.

"Ever, most sincerely,

"SAMUEL W. BAKER, H. H."

Nothing better shows how uncertain all communication is in Africa than this message of the envoy's and Baker's letter. Mtesa's dominions are not far distant from the very lake of which Ujiji is the chief port, where Stanley found Livingstone, more than two years before, and with him explored a large portion of it. Still this report was doubtless true, and the last departure of Livingstone referred to was the one taken after Stanley had left. This letter not only reached Mtesa, but the latter sent an answer back the whole way to Gondokoro.

No word had been received respecting the reinforcements he had sent for, and Baker began to despair, when, at last, at the end of three months, they arrived, though bringing no cattle with them. Tayib Agha, the officer in charge of them, had shown his utter unfitness to command troops, for not only had the Baris attacked him and killed twenty-eight of his men, but stripped the bodies and left them unburied, and carried off all the cattle.

Baker had now six hundred and twenty men, and he at once reinforced the various stations. He also wrote out a code or set of rules to govern Major Abdullah, who was to remain in command at Fatiko, and turned his face homeward. He had placed under his protection a

number of women and girls of the Baris tribe, whom the Egyptian officers had pressed into their service to carry loads for them in their former journey from Gondokoro to Fatiko, and now took them back with him. Their captors had intended to make perpetual slaves of them, but Baker determined to restore them to their homes. On their way back he directed them to tell him when they came into their native country. One day, as they halted under a large tree for breakfast, about two miles from Gondokoro, the women and children approached in a timid and hesitating manner and told him that this was their country and that their villages were near by. They evidently had never fully believed him, which, he said, hurt him exceedingly. Looking at them sorrowfully, he exclaimed, "Go, my good women, and when you arrive at your homes explain to your people that you were captured entirely against my will, and that I am only happy to have released you." For awhile they stood bewildered, and, looking around, as if hardly believing him to be in earnest. The next instant, as the whole truth flashed on their dazed, overwhelmed hearts, they rushed on him in a body, and before he had time to think what they were about, a "naked beauty" threw her arms about his neck and almost smothered him with kisses, ending by licking both his eyes and tongue in a manner far more affectionate than agreeable. If the sentries and servants had not come to his rescue, both he and his wife would have been subjected to the same exhibitions of affection and gratitude from each member of the naked group.

After a few words of explanation to them, he gave each a present of beads, when, with hearts overflowing with joy, they went singing on their way homeward, to meet friends and relatives they never expected to see again.

Liberating seven hundred slaves that were on their way down the Nile, he at last reached Souakim, and took ship for Suez. Narrowly escaping wreck on the voyage, he at length arrived safely at Cairo, and laid his

report before the khedive, and also his complaint and charges against Abou Saood.

In conclusion, he states what he has done, and says that if the khedive will now do his duty, the slave trade, by way of the Nile, will be suppressed, civilization extended to the equator, and the whole vast rich and populous country be opened to commerce and the missionary. Speaking of the latter, he says that devotional exercises he may introduce should be chiefly musical, and all psalms should be set to lively tunes, which the natives would learn readily. Moreover, the missionary should have a never-failing supply of beads, copper rods, brass rings for arms, fingers and ears, gaudy cotton handkerchiefs, red or blue blankets, zinc mirrors, red cotton shirts, to give to his parishioners, and expect nothing in return, and he would be considered a great man, whose opinion would carry considerable weight, provided he only spoke of subjects which he thoroughly understood. He should also have a knowledge of agriculture, and carry with him seeds, tools and implements of labor.

He and Stanley seem to have views very similar concerning missionary labors, and though they are not exactly of the orthodox kind, they evidently are very practical.

In his official report of the conduct of those who shared with him the dangers and responsibilities of the expedition, he thus speaks of his noble wife: "Lastly, I must acknowledge the able assistance that I have received, in common with every person connected with the expedition, from my wife, who cared for the sick when we were without a medical man, and whose gentle aid brought comfort to many whose strength might otherwise have failed. In moments of doubt and anxiety she was always a thoughtful and wise counselor, and much of my success, through long years passed in Africa, is due to my devoted companion."

A handsome, well-deserved tribute to the wife who, in danger, sickness and battle, had ever stood by him

with the same fearless, devoted heart. He retired from his arduous work feeling that he had opened a great future to Africa.*

CHAPTER XX.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON'S EXPEDITION. †

Its Origin—Change of Leaders—Difficulties at the Outset—Start—A Tall and Manly Race—Naked Savages—News from Livingstone—A Methuselah—The Country Improved—Unyanyembe Reached—Occupies Stanley's House—A Slave Auction—Sickness and Discouragements—A Stunning Blow—Livingstone Dead—Death of Dillon—Despondent Thoughts—A Desperate Resolve—Crossing the Lugungwa—Ujiji.

THE English government having refused to send out an expedition in search of Livingstone, the Royal Geographical Society of London determined to dispatch one, and raised the money necessary to carry it out by subscription. But, before it started, the news that Stanley had discovered him having been received, the commander of it, Lieutenant Dawson, resigned. Another officer was put in his place, but he also resigned. The position was then given to Oswald Livingstone, son of the great explorer. But, before the expedition was ready to start, he also withdrew, and the whole attempt to reach Livingstone was abandoned. At length it was resolved to use what remained of the subscriptions to the expedition to organize another, which should proceed to Dr. Livingstone, and place itself at his disposal, to be used by him in completing the great work of exploration to which he had been devoted for the last six

* Sir Samuel Baker's full history of the expedition, from which we have been privileged to quote so liberally, is published by Messrs. McMillan & Co., of London, England, under the title of "Ismailia," and is without doubt one of the best written and most entertaining works on African exploration yet published. Price \$10.

† We are indebted to Messrs Dalby, Isbester & Co., of London, England, the publishers of Mr. Cameron's Book, "Across Africa," for the following summary of their publication.

or seven years. To the command of this, Lieutenant Cameron was appointed. Taking Dr. Dillon with him as surgeon, he left England on the last day of November, 1872; but, retarded by vexatious delays and sickness, he did not start inland from Zanzibar till February of the next year.

Owing to the faithlessness of a man named Bombay, who had been of great service to Speke, in his expedition into Central Africa, the thirty good men and true which he promised to obtain for him, turned out to be the off-scourings of the place. Engaging a few more men as carriers, and buying six dozen donkeys, he left Zanzibar on the 2d of February, 1873, and set sail for Bagomayo, where he arrived the same afternoon. This, as we have seen, is the principal point of departure for caravans to Unyanyembe and the countries beyond. He returned to Zanzibar on the 11th, to receive the rest of the stores designed for the expedition, which had just arrived from England, and where Lieutenant Murphy joined him.

It is needless to go over the delays and troubles that followed in getting away, but the little caravan was finally off, on the route which Stanley had taken, just before Murphy was taken sick with the fever, and he had to be carried by four men. There had been many desertions, and vexatious delays, and changes; but the expedition, at this time, besides Cameron, Dillon, and Murphy, and Issa, the store-keeper, consisted of thirty-five azkari, with Bombay as commander, a hundred and ninety-two pagasi or carriers, six servants and three boys—in all, one hundred and forty, besides several women and slaves, which some of the men took along. There were also seventy-two donkeys and three dogs, so that it made quite an imposing little caravan. Cameron and Dillon had each a double-barreled rifle, besides revolvers and a double-barreled fowling-piece, which were carried by the men. Murphy also had two double-barreled guns. The men had arms of some kind, revolvers or muskets, except a few, who carried spears and bows and arrows. Of the three dogs, Leo, a large, sin-

gular-looking dog—Cameron's special favorite—was admired much by the natives.

To illustrate the difficulties, and vexations, and delays inseparable from traveling in Africa, it is necessary only to state that while we chronicle the start here on the 30th of May, the expedition had really been organized, and the men under pay, for a whole month. And even now in starting there was a wrangle respecting the duties of each, not so much because of the burdens being unequal to be carried, but because of the distinctions in rank they indicated.

Through rocky gorges, over steep mountains, the long caravan now wound its slow way, pressing on toward Ujiji, in the neighborhood of which Stanley had left Livingstone, and where they expected to find him. The region was not new, for Burton, and Speke, and Stanley had been there before, yet the progress was slow and difficult—perhaps as slow and difficult as fifteen years before when some of these explorers first traversed it.

There had been desertions and accretions, till now at the end of the month, the caravan was over five hundred strong—destined, alas! to a terrible diminution in the coming months. It passed through various tribes, the different characteristics of which were not very noticeable, till they came to the Wadingo tribe, a tall and manly race, despising all such refinements of civilization as clothing—the men and many of the women being stark naked, with the exception, perhaps, of a single string of beads around the neck or wrist. One would hardly think it worth while, in speaking of clothing, to guard himself against the charge of misrepresenting, or of using unguarded language in asserting that the natives had no clothing, by saying “with the exception of a string of beads around the neck or wrist.”

The progress was slow and toilsome, beset with innumerable difficulties, but Cameron was borne up with the thought that he was nearing the brave Livingstone every day, and would soon be with him in prosecuting the great discoveries on the immense water plateau of Cen-

tral Africa. Through drenching rains, matted swamps, across wide rivers and over rugged mountains, accompanied by knavish, trustless men, met at every step by extortionate and thievish or hostile tribes, he, at last, camped at Kanyenze, the largest and most ancient of all the districts in Ugogo, where he received a visit from a grandson of Magomba, the head chief, who invited him to his grandfather's home. But what was more important, he met here a caravan bound to the sea-coast, from which he received the cheering information that Livingstone was alive and well, though they could not tell his exact whereabouts.

Moving on to Kanyenze he found a camp already provided for him, built by some of the many caravans that pass backward and forward from the interior to the coast. Cameron found Magomba still living, who was the chief in power when Burton passed there, in 1857. He was said by his subjects to be over three hundred years old, and to be cutting his fourth set of teeth. Whether this extraordinary story be true or not, it was evident that he was over a century old, if one could judge by his grandchildren, who were gray and grizzled. Livingstone mentions a similar case, showing the longevity of the African race, the man being, he said, at least one hundred and thirty years old.

He remained here several days, and then passed on to Khoko, the largest settlement he had yet seen. Noting the peculiar customs of the people, he passed on to Mgunda Mkali, or hot field, which lay between him and Unyanyembe, paying tribute to every tribe through whose territory he took his caravan. This last country was only just beginning to be cleared when Burton and Speke passed through it, but now there were large tracts of cultivation. He had heard that Dr. Livingstone had come to Unyanyembe, but here he was informed by an Arab caravan that the report was untrue. Still the men were encouraged at finding themselves safely through the first part of their journey. The villages that he passed for the next few days were clean and well built, for sav-

ages. Through tracts of jungle and prairie the caravan now toiled on, the monotony occasionally relieved by a snake in the camp, or the desertion of a man, or the news that Mirambo, a warlike chief, was still holding his own against the surrounding tribes. At last, in the forepart of August, he reached Unyanyembe. The governor conducted him to a house which he had formerly lent to Stanley and Livingstone. He occupied the very rooms where, a short time before, these intrepid travelers had sat and talked over the field of future explorations and the future of Africa. The Arabs live in great comfort here, occupying large and comfortable houses, surrounded with gardens and fields, but still troubled, as they were when Stanley passed through it, by the ravages of Mirambo. Here a part of the men, who had been engaged only to this point, were paid off and departed for Zanzibar. Cameron expected to hear from Livingstone at this point and receive orders to proceed to Victoria Nyanza, but was disappointed. A large auction was held while he was here, to sell the effects of an Arab chieftain who had been killed in battle. After the sale of various articles the slaves were put up. They were led around and made to show their teeth, to cough and run, and exhibit their dexterity. They were all semi-domestic, and, hence, brought high prices—one woman, a good cook, fetching \$200, while the men ranged from \$40 to \$80. Cameron stayed here from the 1st of August to the latter part of October, he or some of his party being down, most of the time, with fever or some other African disease. He could hear no tidings from Livingstone, except that he was somewhere ahead. Cameron was anxious to proceed at once, but we find at the last moment the following entry in his journal, which shows the unpleasantness of the situation. Writing on August 23d, Dillon, who was usually blessed with buoyant spirits, commenced his letter:

“Now for a dismal tale of woe! On or about (none of us know the date correctly) August 13th, Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better, ditto Murphy. In the

evening we felt seedy. I felt determined not to be sick. 'I *will* eat dinner; I'll *not* go to bed.' Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on, and I had to turn in. For the next four or five days, our diet was water or milk. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked, and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy; that our legs would scarcely support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said, 'the fellows have regularly blocked me in—I have no room to stir. The worst of it is, one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away on it all day. It's all drawing room furniture that they have blocked me in with.' I was under the impression that my bed was on top of a lot of ammunition paniers, and I told Murphy I was sorry I could not get away sooner, to *call on him*; but I had the king of Uganda stopping with me, and I must be civil to him, as we would shortly be in his country. Murphy pretty well dozed his fever off, but I never went to sleep from beginning to end. We all got well on the same day, about, I suppose, the fifth (of the fever), and laughed heartily at each other's confidences. The Arabs sent every day to know how we were, or called themselves, bringing sweet limes, pomegranates or custard apples.

Writing himself, on September 20th, with his troubles uppermost in his mind, he said:

"I am very savage just at this moment; I have been trying for two days to get enough men together to form a camp a short way out, in order to see all right for marching, and all the pagosi declare that they are afraid. I think I am past the fever here, now; as, although I have had it six times, the last attacks have been getting lighter, and the only thing bothering me now is my right eye, which is a good deal inflamed, but I think it is getting better. It was caused by the constant glare and dust round the house."

The above is sufficient to show how constantly they were ill. But something worse than delay or fever now occurred. The object of the whole expedition had disappeared for ever. Cameron jots down in his journal: "A sad and mournful day now arrived." As he was lying on his sick-bed, weak and languid from his repeated attacks of fever, his head dizzy with whirling thoughts of home and its loved ones far away, and with the thick-coming fancies of what might yet be in store for him, his servant came running into his tent with a letter in his hand. Snatching it from him, he asked where it came from. His only reply was, "some man bring him." Tearing it open, he read, with a strange, stunned feeling, the following letter:

"UKHONONGO, October, 1873.

"SIR:

"We have heard, in the month of August, that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyanyembe, and again and again, lately, we have heard of your arrival. Your father died of disease, beyond the country of Bisa, but we have carried the corpse with us. Ten of our soldiers are lost, and some have died. Our hunger presses us to ask you for some clothes to buy provisions for our soldiers, and we should have an answer, that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns, then send some powder. We have wrote these few words in place of Sultan or King Albowra.

"The writer, JACOB WAINRIGHT,
"Dr. Livingstone's Expedition."

"Being half blind, it was with some difficulty that I deciphered the writing, and then failing to attach any definite meaning to it, I went to Dillon. His brain was in much the same state of confusion from fever as mine, and we read it again together, each having the same vague idea—'Could it be our own father who was dead.'

"It was not until the bearer of the letter, Chuma,

Livingstone's faithful follower, was brought to us that we fully comprehended what we had been reading. The writer had naturally supposed that the doctor's son was the leader of the relief expedition. We immediately sent supplies for the pressing needs of the caravan, and dispatched a messenger to the coast announcing Dr. Livingstone's death."

On the arrival of the body, a few days later, Salim and other chiefs, and the principal Arabs, without exception, showed their respect to Livingstone's memory by attending the reception of the corpse, which they arranged with such honours as they were able. The askari were drawn up in front of the house in two lines, between which the men bearing the body passed; and as the body entered, the colours were shown half-mast high.

Susi, on whom the command had devolved on the death of Livingstone, brought a couple of boxes belonging to him, and his guns and instruments. He also stated that a box containing books had been left at Ujiji, and that shortly before his death, the doctor had particularly desired that they should be fetched and conveyed to the coast.

Dr. Livingstone's death, as far as could be ascertained from the description given by his men, occurred rather to the westward of the place marked in the map published in 'Livingstone's Last Journal.' He had been suffering from acute dysentery for some time, but his active mind did not permit him to remain still and rest. Had he done so for a week or two after his first attack, it was the opinion of Dr. Dillon, upon reading the last few pages of his journal, that he would most probably have recovered.

It is not for me here to speak of Livingstone, his life and death. The appreciation of a whole nation—nay, more, of the whole civilized world, will testify to succeeding generations that he was one of the world's heroes.

And that title was never won by greater patience,

self-denial and true courage, than that shown by David Livingstone.

It was now necessary to consider what course they had better pursue, since he, to whom they were to have looked for guidance, was taken away from them.

Murphy resigned his position, and announced his intention of returning to the coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was now completed, and that nothing further remained for us to do.

Dillon and Cameron decided upon proceeding to Ujiji, and securing that box to which Livingstone had referred with almost his last breath, and after having safely dispatched it to the coast, to push on toward Nyangwe to endeavour to follow up the doctor's explorations.

They now redoubled their exertions to get away, and equipped Susi and his companions for the march to Bagomayo. But, unhappily, Dillon and he were not destined to go forward together, for a few days prior to the time fixed for their departure, Dillon was attacked with inflammation of the bowels, and much against his wish, felt constrained to return to the coast, as that seemed the only course that gave hope of recovery.

Difficulties crowded at this time very heavily about our bold explorer. The object for which the whole expedition was organized could not now be secured. He could only try to carry out the purpose as he understood it of Dr. Livingstone. It was a difficult position in which he found himself, as the plan and design of the expedition having come to nought, he must return with nothing done, or take the responsibility of attempting what might prove a more disastrous failure still. Besides, not expecting to go beyond this great lacustrine region of Central Africa, he had made no arrangements for any farther explorations. But still he determined that a movement set on foot by the Royal Geographical Society of London should not end in nothing done, and he resolved to move westward and complete, as far as possible, Livingstone's work, and, perhaps, push on to the Atlantic coast. His whole force was reduced to about one hun-

dred men; yet, with these, encouraged by the successes of Livingstone and Stanley, he determined to proceed. It was a condition, which, in its sadness, discouragement, and the fearful forebodings it conjured up, might well appall the stoutest heart. It was in these circumstances that Cameron showed that he was worthy to stand beside Livingstone and Stanley, as one of the most intrepid explorers of this or of any age. In very simple language, without any attempt at dramatic effect, and yet, in its very simplicity, dramatic in the highest sense, he says: “On the 9th of November, Livingstone’s caravan, accompanied by Dillon and Murphy, started for the coast, whilst my cry was ‘westward ho!’”

While trying to enlist men to compose the force, with which he now proposed to continue his march, and carry out a project not at all contemplated beforehand, he received another shock by the arrival of a messenger, announcing the death of Dillon, his physician, friend and mainstay. In the delirium of the African fever—some firearms having been left near him—he seized a pistol, and placing the muzzle to his head, blew out his brains. Thus, discouragements, one after another, were piled on him to drive him back. Not only was the main object of the expedition defeated, but his physician, on whom he depended, was dead, and taken from him under circumstances calculated to throw a gloom over all his plans. Not only was he now left alone in the heart of Africa, but he himself was under the influence of this same deadly fever, which might end just as tragically. No wonder, in the sudden despondency produced by this irreparable loss, he said: “The day on which I received this news was the saddest of my life. I had lost one of the best and truest of my old messmates and friends; one whose companionship, during the many weary hours of travel and suffering, had helped to cheer and lessen the difficulties and vexations by which we were so frequently beset. And the shock so stunned me, in my enfeebled state, that for some days I appeared to have existed almost in a dream, remembering scarcely anything

of the march to Konongo, and leaving my journal a blank." No wonder that he felt so prostrated and bewildered. The wonder is, that, now left alone, the only white man in the party—the expedition, so far as accomplishing the object, being a failure—exhausted by sickness, and depressed by the loss of his one dear friend—he did not wheel about and return to Zanzibar, his starting point, instead of turning his face, all alone, to the untrodden wilderness that lay between him and the unknown to which he was hastening.

After much delay and troubles with his men, he at length started forward, and soon came to the spot where poor Dillon died. He tried in vain to find where he was buried, in order to put some rude monument over his grave. He found, at last, that he had been buried in a jungle, to keep his grave from being desecrated, and there the true-hearted, brave physician rests to-day—adding one more to the number of those who have sacrificed their lives in the attempt to solve the mystery of the dark continent.

It was now December, and Cameron's journal between this and Ujiji is very similar to that of Stanley, as they passed over nearly the same district of country. He took a different road, however, from Stanley, striking westward between his route and the direct one through Mirambo's country.

He remained some time at a village named Hinnone, waiting to be able to steer clear of Mirambo, who was carrying on war, as usual, with the native tribes. Sometimes he was sick, sometimes he went hunting, and would fetch in a gazelle or zebra. He jots down: "Christmas-day passed very miserably. A heavy rain commenced the day, flooding the whole village—the ditch and bank round my tent were washed away, and I had over six inches of water inside it." Now and then a ludicrous scene broke the monotony of his dismal journey. One day he was greatly amused by seeing one of his guides, who had got possession of an umbrella, strutting along under it with a pompous air. "He kept it

open the whole day," he says, "continually spinning it round and round in a most ludicrous manner; and when we came to a jungle, he added to the absurdity of his appearance by taking off his only article of clothing—his loin-cloth—and placing it on his head, after having carefully folded it. The sight of a naked negro walking under an umbrella was too much for my gravity, and I fairly exploded with laughter." Passing village after village made desolate by the slave-traders, he kept on, crossing river after river—among others the Lugungwa, a beautiful stream, which had cut a channel fifty feet deep in the soft sandstone, and not more than eight feet wide at the top. At length he came in sight of the great inland sea of Tanganika. He had finally reached Ujiji. His first inquiries were for Dr. Livingstone's papers, which he found safe in the hands of one of the chief men of the place.

He arrived at Ujiji in February and remained there till March, when he set out on a long cruise around Lake Tanganika, which continued till May. With the exception of the description of the customs and manners of some of the tribes that live on its shores, his journal is of more value to the geographer than to the general reader.

CHAPTER XXI.

Cameron pushes on to the Lualaba, and resolves to follow it to the sea—It has no connection with the Nile system—No canoes to be had—Tipo-tipo—Handsome women—Inquisitiveness of the women—Stopped by a ruse—Interview with King Kasongo—resolves to visit some curious lakes—Attacked by the natives—Contracts with a slave-trader to take him to the coast—Explorations of lakes—Houses built in the lakes—Description of Kasongo and his character and habits—His harem—The rules that govern it—The religion of the country—A curious bridal ceremony—Floating islands—The Congo route abandoned.

CAMERON now resolved to push on to the Lualaba, and thence follow the Congo down to the sea. His first objective point was Nyangwe, where he expected to obtain canoes for the voyage.

On the 1st of August he reached the Lualaba, having been two months on the road. Where he struck the river it was fully a mile wide, dotted with islands and flowing in a broad, turbid current, at the rate of three or four knots an hour. The next day he floated down to Nyangwe. Jumping ashore he entered the settlement alone, much to the astonishment of the natives, to whom this sudden appearance of a solitary white man seemed like an apparition.

The great question to be solved now was, could he trace this river to the sea. No white man but Livingstone had ever penetrated to this remote spot before: and whether he should go farther or not depended, in the first place, upon whether he could get canoes and men to work them, who would consent to accompany him. That the Lualaba had no connection with the Nile system, was now apparent as noonday, independent of the former discussions as to the mean heights of this stream and the Nile. Cameron calculated that the volume of water passing Nyangwe was one hundred and twenty-three thousand cubic feet per second, even in the dry season, which is five times greater than that of the Nile at

Gondokoro, Baker's extreme point of navigation of the river, where it was only twenty-one thousand five hundred feet per second. This settled the fact beyond all controversy, that the Lualaba had nothing to do with the Nile. It settled, also, another fact, that such a stream now evidently on the western slope, could have no connection with any other river flowing west except with the Amazon of Africa, the Congo. The two must constitute one river.

After Cameron had remained a fortnight at Nyangwe, one of the expeditions that had been off after slaves, returned. The men composing it owned the canoes that Mr. Cameron wanted, and he immediately entered into negotiations with them for their purchase, but they would listen to no offers for them. He now began to despair, when, one day, while sitting listlessly in front of his hut, he heard the sound of firearms, and knew at once that another marauding party was returning. It proved to be the advance-guard of Tipó-tipó, whose camp was near a lake called Sankora. Two days after Tipó-tipó himself arrived.

"He was a good-looking man," Cameron says, "and the greatest dandy I had seen among the traders. Notwithstanding he was perfectly black, he was a thorough Arab in his ideas and manners." He advised Cameron to return with him to his camp, where he could easily procure guides to Lake Sankora. So, on the 26th of August, he commenced getting his party over the river, preparatory to start with Tipó-tipó for the latter's camp.

Having crossed with a portion of his men and baggage, he left the everlasting Bombay of Stanley to bring over the rest with the stores. But Bombay, true to his instincts and character, had returned to the village to have a big drunk. Cameron, however, determined to go on to Tipó-tipó's camp, and did, though on the way he had such an attack of fever that he reeled like a drunken man, and could scarcely drag one foot after another, they having become so swollen and blistered that he had to cut open his boots to get relief.

They at last encamped two miles from Ruzzuna's village, a friend and ally of Tipo-tipo. This chief, with a half a dozen wives, came to stay near him while he remained, and visited him frequently, bringing a new wife each time. Cameron says: "They were the handsomest women I had seen in Africa, and, in addition to their kilts of gray cloth, wore scarfs of the same material across their breasts. At first they were afraid of him, but on the second day all their timidity disappeared, and they began to examine him very curiously. The pictures he showed them soon wearied them, and they proceeded to investigate him personally. He says: "They turned up the legs of the sleeping-suit which I always wore in camp, to discover whether it was my face alone that was white." They prosecuted their investigations so thoroughly, that he saw, if there was not a stop put to it, he would soon be stripped naked, and he sent for some beads and shells, and strewing them over the ground, sent them scrambling after them, and thus escaped their further scrutiny. Ruzzuna, when he came, brought with him a handsomely-carved stool, on which he sat, using the lap of one of his wives, seated on the ground, as a footstool, on which he planted his feet.

The next thing "in the programme" was to receive a visit from the great chief or king of the district, Kasongo. The imposing ceremonies that heralded his approach would furnish a good example to the crowned heads of Europe, who in nowise differ from these savage negro chieftains in their ridiculous pageantry. First, each sub-chief arrived, preceded by drummers, while his rank was proclaimed in true European style and his position in the coming reception made known. Then drumming and shouting announced the approach of the great man himself. First came a half a dozen drummers, then thirty or forty spearmen, followed by six women carrying shields, and then his negro majesty. A dance followed, and then a talk was held, in which Cameron informed him that he wanted to visit Lake Sankora, through which he believed the Lualaba flowed.

Two days after, he returned the visit, and was there informed that the chief of the territory which he must cross to reach the lake had said that "no strangers with guns had ever passed through his country and never should, without fighting their way." Cameron then cast about to see if he could not get to the lake without passing through his dominions. Having received, as he thought, satisfactory information on this point, he, on the 12th of September, set out with his guides. From these he obtained information about two other lakes in which huts were built on piles, and still another in which there were floating islands covered with inhabitants.

For several days they journeyed through a fairly-populated country, "with large villages of well built and clean huts disposed in long streets with bark-cloth trees planted on each side"—all the streets running east and west. The natives seemed friendly, and they travelled on quietly for several days; but this friendly conduct at last changed, and Cameron found his road ambushed and arrows thickly falling around him. He learned afterward that he had been mistaken for a slave-trader. He finally had to resort to retaliation, and after burning one hut and wounding one man, was allowed to leave quietly the last village, where hostilities had been commenced. The next village, however, showed the same hostile feeling, and he was compelled to kill two or three and wound several more before peaceful relations could be established. He at length arrived in King Kasongo's dominions, where he found a trader named Judah Merikani, who had travelled the country extensively. He had seen Livingstone, Speke and Burton. He found here, also, a Portuguese trader, but, though he could speak Portuguese, he was an old and ugly negro.

Here, also, he made an agreement with a man named Alvez, to conduct him to the Atlantic coast; but as the latter said he could not start under a month, Cameron resolved to spend the intermediate time—as he could not reach Sankora—in exploring the neighboring lake of Moheya, in which, it was said, houses were built on piles.

But, before starting, he visited Kasongo's capital, which was about one hundred rods long by thirty wide, and surrounded by a neat fence of sticks five feet high, in the centre of which was his dwelling. He was absent, but his chief wife received him courteously, and after many questions as to where he came from and what he wanted, made him take off his boots and stockings, that she might examine his feet.

After some parleying, she consented to give him a guide to Lake Moheya. He started on the 30th of October, and came in sight of the lake two days after, and in it found three villages built on piles, besides several detached huts scattered over its surface. He could get no canoes to visit them, and had to be content with a distant view of them through his glass. They were built on platforms raised about six feet from the water, and resting on piles driven into the bed of the lake. Underneath them canoes were moored, while men could be seen swimming from hut to hut.

Kasongo not arriving, and his return being uncertain, he determined to visit some other curious lakes in this region. But, before starting, he gives a description of the large district of Urua, which extends from this point to Lake Tanganika. This vast territory is governed by King Kasongo. He thus speaks of him and his religion:

“Kasongo, or the chief for the time being, arrogates to himself divine honors and power, and pretends to abstain from food for days without feeling its necessity; and indeed declares, that as a god he is altogether above requiring food, and only eats, drinks and smokes for the pleasure it affords him.

“In addition to his chief wife and the harem maintained in his private inclosure, he boasts that he exercises a right to any woman who may please his fancy when on his journeys about the country; and if any becomes *enceinte*, he gives them a monkey-skin for the child to wear, if a male, as this confers a right to live by taking provisions, cloth, etc., from any one, not of the royal blood.

“Into the inclosure of his harem no male but himself is allowed between sunset and sunrise, on pain of death or mutilation; and even if one of the harem should give birth to a male child during the night, the mother and infant are bundled out immediately.

“His principal wife and the four or five ranking next to her, are all of royal blood, being either his sisters or first cousins; and amongst his harem are to be found his step-mothers, aunts, sisters, nieces, cousins, and still more horrible, his own children.

“As might be expected from such an example, morals are very lax throughout the country, and wives are not thought badly of for being unfaithful; the worst they may expect being severe chastisement from the injured husband. But he never uses excessive violence, for fear of injuring a valuable piece of household furniture.

“When Kasongo sleeps at home, his bed-room furniture consists of members of his harem. Some on hands and knees form a couch with their backs, and others lying flat on the ground, provide a soft carpet.

“It is the rule for all Warná to light their fires themselves and cook their own food, Kasongo being the only one exempt from this observance; but should either of the men appointed to do this service for him, by any chance be absent, he then performs these duties himself.

“No Warná allows others to witness their eating or drinking, being doubly particular with regard to members of the opposite sex; and on pombé being offered, I have frequently seen them request that a cloth might be held up to hide them whilst drinking.

“Their religion is principally a mixture of fetish and idolatry. All villages have devil-huts and idols before which offerings of pombé, grain and meat are placed, and almost every man wears a small figure round his neck or arm. Many magicians also move about with idols, which they pretend to consult for the benefit of their clients; and some being clever ventriloquists, manage to drive a flourishing business.

“But the great centre of their religion is an idol named

Kunqué a Banza, which is supposed to represent the founder of Kasongo's family, and to be all-powerful for good or evil. This idol is kept in a hut situated in a clearing amidst a dense jungle, and always has a sister of the reigning chief as a wife, who is known by the title of Mwali a Panga. Round the jungle live a number of priests, who guard the sacred grove from all profane intruders, and receive offerings for the idol, and also a large portion of the tribute paid to Kasongo. But, although they hold this official position, and are thus intimately connected with all the rights and ceremonies pertaining to the deity, they are not permitted to set eyes upon the idol itself, that privilege being reserved for its wife and the reigning sovereign, who consults it on momentous occasions, and makes offerings to it upon his accession, and after gaining any great victory over his adversaries. Notwithstanding my efforts, I could not discover the exact position of this idol's habitation, but am perfectly convinced of its existence, as all the accounts I received were precisely similar on all material points."

As there appeared no prospect of Kasongo's return, Cameron asked the queen for guides to visit Lake Kasali, that he had heard of. She promised to do so, but kept deferring taking any steps in the matter till he got wearied out, and securing a guide himself, started off.

Arriving at a village on the way, he witnessed a curious bridal ceremony. A head man and a niece of the chief were to be married. The first day of the ceremony was devoted to dancing, in which yells, and shouts, and rude music made a continual din from morning till night. The next day the bridegroom danced alone for an hour, when a circle was formed, and the bride, a child nine years old, was brought in on the shoulders of a woman and given some tobacco and beads by the bridegroom. "After this ceremony was concluded, the bride was set down and danced with the bridegroom, going through the most obscene gestures for about ten minutes, when he picked her up, and tucking her under his arms, walked

her off to his hut." The dancing and yelling continued, and was still going on when Cameron left next day.

He at length came to a village in sight of the lake, but there the wife of the chief forbade his farther advance. The husband was with Kasongo, and thither Cameron sent messengers to get permission to proceed to the lake, but could not obtain one. He sent some of his men, however, to it, who reported that a large number of natives lived on floating islands in it. These were made of "large pieces of tingi-tingi, cut from the masses with which the shore is lined." On these, logs and brushwood are placed and covered with earth. Huts are then built and bananas are planted, while goats and poultry are reared upon them. They were usually moored to stakes driven into the bed of the lake, that are pulled up when the people wish to shift their locality, and lines thrown around other stakes, by which the heavy mass is slowly towed along.

When Cameron returned, he asked Alvez when they could start. He replied he was all ready whenever Kasongo got back. This was in December, but Kasongo did not return till the end of next month, and even then he was delayed by the falsehood and cowardliness of Alvez. Kasongo received him with barbaric ceremony, and he thought he would now soon be off. But he was destined to disappointment. This savage king, who thought himself the greatest man in the world, seemed in no haste to lose his novel guest—while he absolutely refused to give his consent to let him visit Lake Sankora.

Cameron was now compelled, with great reluctance, to give up his cherished plan to trace the Congo to its mouth, and to seek the Atlantic coast in another direction by land.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Departure—Character of the Caravan—Horrible ceremonies at the Burial of a Chief of Urua—Start of the Caravan—Its bad conduct—Joined by a slave-gang—Its sorrowful appearance—The camps of the caravan—Dreary marching—Appearance of the country—Naked women dressing their hair elaborately—Arrival at Alvez village—The luxury of Coffee, Onions and Soap—Reduced state of Cameron's men—Reaches a Portuguese trader's house—A festival—A lascivious dance—Beautiful scenery—Interview with King Kongo—Cameron's sufferings begin—Desperate condition—A forced march to the sea with a few men—First sight of the sea—His welcome—His dangerous sickness—Visit to the Consul at Loanda—Men sent to Zanzibar—His return home—The slave trade.

CONSPIRACIES, duplicity and falsehood kept delaying the departure of the caravan, so that it did not get off till the 25th of February. Thus months of valuable time had been almost entirely wasted. But time seems to be of no account in Africa, and the great object apparently is not to get a thing *done*, but to see how long they can keep from doing it.

The undisciplined, motley caravan to which he intrusted himself numbered, at the outset, some seven hundred; but before they left the kingdom of Urua, Alvez had collected over one thousand five hundred slaves to take to the coast.

They marched slowly, and, after three days reached the village of Totelo, where they found Kasongo. Here another long delay occurred, in order to build Kasongo a house. During the tedious weeks that followed, Cameron busied himself in writing, drawing, taking lunars and working them out. Evenings he would stroll out with his gun and shoot guinea-fowl and wood-pigeons to replenish his larder. An occasional visit to one of the chiefs varied the monotony. He says:

"I also busied myself in collecting a vocabulary of Kirna and in inquiring into the manners and customs of the people, and by this means became acquainted with

the ceremonies observed at the burial of a chief of Urua, which are probably unequalled in their savagery.

"The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet.

"The earth is then shoveled in on them, and all the women are buried alive with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered and their blood poured over the grave; after which the river is allowed to resume its course.

"Stories were rife, that no fewer than one hundred women were buried alive with Bambané, Kasongo's father; but let us hope that this may be an exaggeration.

"Smaller chiefs are buried with two or three wives, and a few slaves only are killed that their blood may be shed on the grave; whilst one of the common herd has to be content with solitary burial, being placed in a sitting posture with the right fore-finger pointing heavenward, just level with the top of the mound over his grave."

When everything at last was ready for a start, Alvez insisted on going through a ridiculous ceremony to propitiate the sun and guard them against fire on the way. The next day, however, June 10th, the caravan took its departure, and in its march through the country plundered every small party they met on the road, robbing fields of their fruit, and seizing everything they desired which fell in their way.

Thus they traveled for four days, crossing four rivers on their route. The country during this time had been wooded and hilly, but they now came to a succession of level plains, indented with the tracks of a herd of ele-

phants, that Cameron thought must have numbered over five hundred animals. They at length reached the village of Lunga Mandi, where Cameron was shown the spot on which the first white trader had pitched his camp. Leaving this place, they made a march and came to a village where Coimba, who was on a slave-hunt for Kasongo, was to join them.

He came up in the afternoon with fifty-two women, tied together in lots of seventeen or eighteen. Some had children in their arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all carried heavy loads. They were footsore and covered with welts and scars, showing how unmercifully they had been treated. To obtain them, ten villages had been destroyed, containing a population in all, of one thousand five hundred. Alvez claimed a part of these slaves, to pay him for waiting, and they were given him.

With this additional amount of misery engrafted on the caravan, it next day started forward again. It consisted of several camps—one composed of Cameron and his men; another of Alvez, with his people and their slaves; a third, of Coimba, his wives and slave-gang; Bastian, a fourth; two independent parties, and two more, made up of different tribes, completed the whole. The long procession moved on over the diversified country and past numerous villages without any exciting incident to vary the tedious monotony of the journey, and came at last to Lupanda, where the caravan halted a day. Here Cameron had some conversation with the natives, as well as trials of physical strength in holding out weights at arm's length, in which he excelled them all. Keeping on their south-western course, they at length, on the 25th of July, reached the territory of Ulunda, a long, narrow strip of country, about one hundred miles wide where they entered it.

The next territory was Lovali, the tedious march to which was varied by the escape of a number of slaves. Their condition was becoming fearful—the ropes that confined them were eating into their flesh, while some

of the women were carrying dead infants, that had died from starvation. Cameron was powerless to help them, and could only rejoice at the escape of any.

The march of this caravan is hardly worth recording. Starting from the Lualaba, and striking south-west through an unknown region, it was reasonable to expect that new and interesting revelations would be made. On the contrary, the scenery, for the most part possessed but little interest, being tame compared with that on the eastern slope, as the traveler approaches the great lake plateau, with its grand mountain ranges. There was not even the excitement of forcing their way through hostile tribes—for the caravan was too large to admit of resistance, while its gang of slaves closed every village which they passed against them. Hence it was a dreary, monotonous march through a country without fine scenery—past villages they could not enter—without incident, and remarkable only as it revealed a vast region of savage life, that formed a part of a great continent thickly populated, over which is spread the very blackness of darkness.

Cameron was now traveling on a line that would fetch him to the sea at a rather sharp angle. To state it more accurately, he had started at about five degrees south latitude, and on the course he was taking would come out nearly fifteen degrees south latitude, or, in round numbers, some seven hundred miles south of the point where Stanley was destined to emerge on the Atlantic.

Cameron's account of the march through the Lovali country is perhaps a fair specimen of the whole route after he left the Lualaba till he reached the Portuguese settlements on the Atlantic. He says: "The first part of the Lovali country consisted of a continuation of large, open plains, patches of forest and jungle, and many neatly-built villages. The huts were square, round and oval, having high roofs—in some instances, running into two or three points." The marching, he says, was free from any variety. Delays by runaway slaves—old slave-camps on the road—"fetishes" of the

natives—their curious customs, were the only things worth noting.

On the 28th of August, they came to the principal village of the kingdom, named Katende. Here Cameron heard of Livingstone, who had passed through this place on his journey across Africa, nearly thirty years before. It seemed that the principal impression that Livingstone made on the natives here was that *he rode an ox*.

Cameron was now getting reduced very low in the articles which he could use in the way of barter to procure what he wanted.

The caravan, however, pressed steadily on, over enormous plains, which are flooded in the wet season, and arrived on the 7th of September, at the village of Sha Kembe, the last in the district of Lovali, through which they had been so long marching. He describes the customs of the natives here, and says: "The women devote most of their time to dressing their hair, which is a very elaborate performance, and when finished is plastered with grease and clay, and made permanently smooth and shiny." With regard to their attentions to the adornment of other portions of their bodies, he says: "That a stick of tape would have clothed the female population of a half a dozen villages."

Caravans were frequently met, but no news could be obtained from the outside world.

At length, in the forepart of October, the caravan arrived at the village where Alvez lived, who was received by the inhabitants with shouts and yells, and a general drunk followed. Here the carriers were paid off, and Cameron began to cast about for new guides to the coast. He stayed here a week, which, compared with those that made up the last year, was one of luxury, for, on being well paid, Alvez supplied him with coffee, onions, and soap. This last article he had been without for a year, and he gave himself a thorough cleansing, which greatly revived him. Alvez's settlement was very much like those of the natives, except some of the huts were larger.

Cameron was now approaching Portuguese settlements, near the coast, and it was necessary to buy provisions for the march, and clothes to clothe his people before entering civilized society. All his European cloth had disappeared, and his men were dressed in rags of grass cloth, often so scant that the wearers might as well have been stark naked. Alvez supplied his wants, but cheated him in doing so. Cameron, however, felt he was at his mercy and paid him his prices, and was finally off on the 10th of October. He was glad to get rid of him and his great caravan, with its suffering slaves, and turned his face resolutely toward the coast. After passing several villages, he came to the town of Kagnombe, the largest he had yet seen—being three miles in circumference. A ceremonial visit to the braggart chief of it ended in the latter getting beastly drunk, when Cameron wandered about the town noting the peculiarities of the place and its savage customs.

The next morning, after a walk of a few hours, he arrived at the settlement of Senor Goncalves, a Portuguese, who had formerly been master of a ship, but had finally settled down in this remote region. He owned six villages, the inhabitants of which were practically his slaves. Each one furnished a caravan, by which he kept up a brisk trade with the coast, and lived in luxury and comfort here, in the healthy uplands of Bibi. For the first time for nearly two years Cameron now slept between sheets.

It was a long and weary distance yet to the coast, but somewhat refreshed by this slave-trader's hospitality, he set off again, and passing village after village, at length came to Lungi, where there was to be, the day after his arrival, an important festival, and as a natural consequence a big drunk. Of course, his men refused to travel till it was over. At the appointed time, the inhabitants assembled under a huge banyan tree, and began to sing, and dance, and drink their pombé. The men and women danced together, their suggestive motions being accompanied by ribald songs,

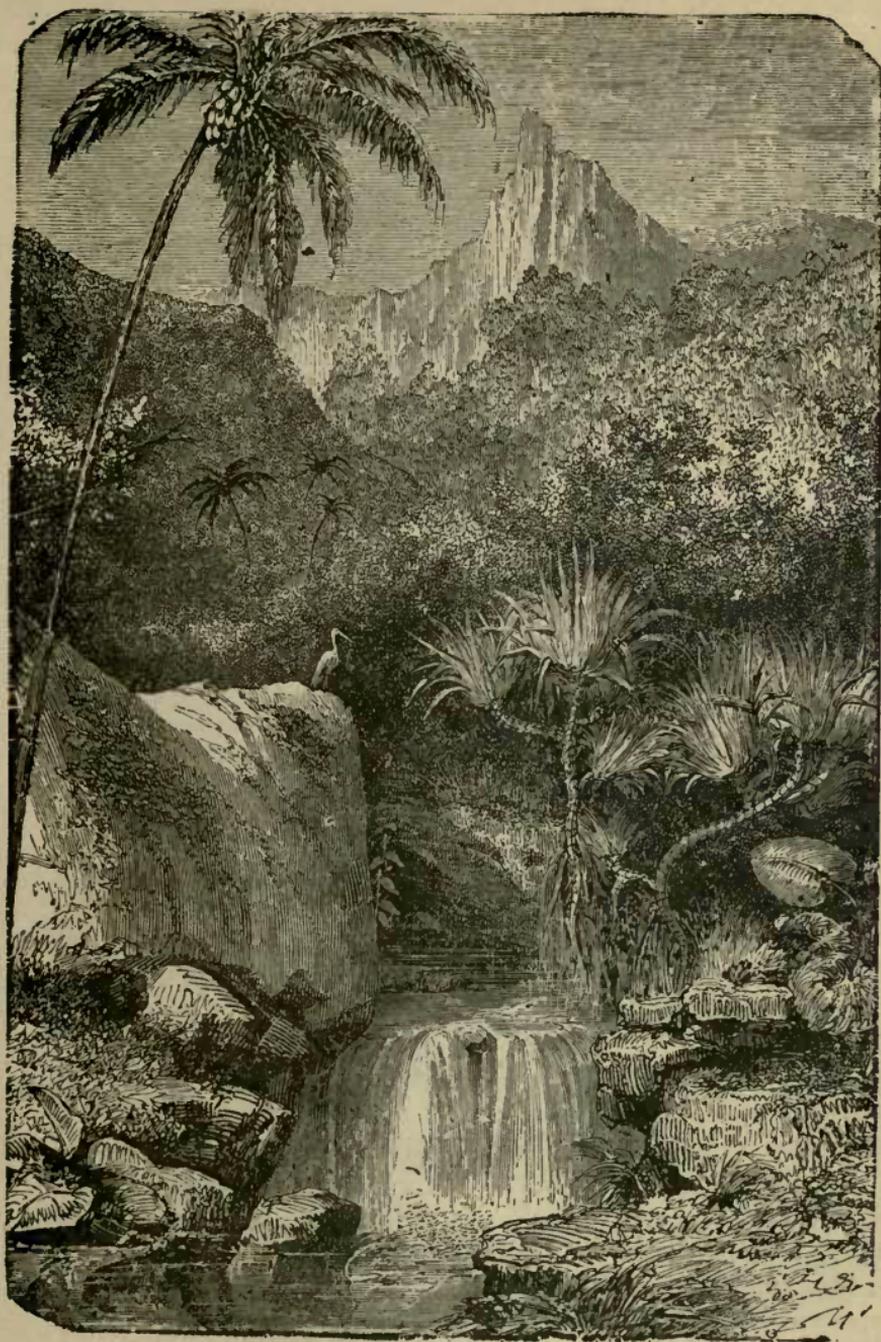
and the scene was one of licentiousness almost beyond belief. It was one of those scenes that exhibit in the strongest colors the utter debasement of the savage tribes of Africa.

He had some difficulty in getting away from here, owing to the rheumatism and swollen feet of many of his people, caused by the wet and cold. At length they were off, and he says:

“Almost directly after starting, we came upon rocky hills, with brawling streams rushing along their rugged courses, and here and there falls, from twenty to thirty feet in height, the crystal water sparkling in the sunlight, as it dashed from crag to crag. Large tree ferns grew on the banks, and amongst the bushes were myrtle, jasmines, and other flowering shrubs, whilst a variety of beautiful ferns, similar to maiden-hair, and other delicate kinds, flourished in the damp crevices of the rocks.

“As we went forward the scenery increased in beauty, and at last I was constrained to halt and surrender myself to the enjoyment of the view which lay before me. I will content myself with asserting that nothing could be more lovely than this entrancing scene, this glimpse of a paradise. To describe it would be impossible. neither poet, with all the wealth of world-imagery, nor painter, with almost supernatural genius, could by pen or pencil do full justice to the country of Bailunda. In the foreground were glades in the woodland, varied by knolls crowned by groves of large, English-looking trees, sheltering villages, with yellow thatched roofs; plantations, with the fresh green of young crops and bright red of newly-hoed ground in vivid contrast, and running streams flashing in the sunlight; whilst in the far distance were mountains of endless and pleasing variety of form, gradually fading away, until they blended with the blue of the sky. Overhead there drifted fleecy-white clouds; and the hum of bees, the bleating of goats and crowing of cocks broke the stillness of the air.

“As I lay beneath a tree, in indolent contemplation of



ON THE WEST HIGHLANDS, NEAR THE CONGO.

“Where Afric’s sunny fountains roll down their golden sand.”



THE WONDERFUL PLANT "MIRABILIS."

the beauties of nature in this most favoured spot, all thought of the work still before me vanished from my mind; but I was rudely awakened from my pleasant reverie by the appearance of the loaded caravan, with the men grunting, yelling, and laboring under their burdens. Thus the dream of fairy-land was dispelled and the realities of my work, with its toil and trouble, returned.

“That evening we encamped in a wood, a clear space having literally to be cut out of the masses of sweet-scented creepers which festooned the trees.”

Cameron here turned aside to visit the Kongo chief of the Bailunda at his capital, Kambala. The huts were built on a hill-side among rocks, and were surrounded by a palisade. He was kept some time waiting for his appearance, sitting on a stool—several of which surrounded an old arm-chair that served as a throne for the sable monarch. Kongo, at last, entered, dressed in a much-faded and dilapidated uniform, with a huge, battered cocked hat on his head, and being very aged and much under the influence of drink, he had to be helped along and placed on his throne. He was too drunk to know what he was about, and Cameron having presented him with a gun, retired. Though now near the coast, among people who had more or less intercourse with white men, Cameron began to suffer more severely than he had at any time since leaving the Lualaba. He had now been some two months pushing his way slowly in a south-westerly direction, since he abandoned the effort to follow the Congo to the sea. Through the various provinces and districts, and past innumerable villages, the caravan had pressed on without serious inconvenience; the natives either being too peaceably inclined or too weak to offer any resistance. But, now, his men were gradually giving out—getting every day more unfit to march—and, at the best, made such short ones that the coast, *practically*, was yet a great way off. Added to this, the rain set in, and the weak, discouraged, foot-sore caravan, as it slowly dragged

itself over the wet ground, looked like a long funeral procession. Besides, the only money that could buy food had given out—both cloth and trinkets. Stragglers also disappeared and had to be waited for or hunted up—one died and was thrown into a jungle because, if buried, the grave might be discovered and they be delayed to settle the matter with the natives. Things were getting in a desperate condition. At last, one day, they had been six hours on the march, in a pouring rain, and yet were compelled to rest so often that they had been moving onward only two hours and a-half, Cameron now saw that something decisive must be done. He found that he was yet one hundred and twenty-six miles from the coast, while upwards of twenty men were sick or lame, and all hungry and filling the air with their groans and complaints. When, therefore, they went into camp, he took his pipe and sat down to think over his situation, and, after a half an hour's reflection, resolved to throw away his tent, boat, bed—everything but instruments, journals and books—and, selecting a few strong men, make a forced march to the sea, and send back assistance to the main body. So, early on the following morning, taking five of his own men, and some natives who joined him after his visit to Kongo and hence were fresh, he started. All he had in the way of provisions, or anything to purchase them with for himself personally, were a half a fowl, a little flour, and two yards of cloth. They made a sharp march the first day and, at night, pitched their camp on a mountain, five thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. Up with the dawn they pushed on again, meeting caravans from the coast, bound inland, the leaders astonished at seeing a white man on foot and none but natives for his companions.

After eleven hours of stiff marching, they were compelled to go into camp at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet above the sea. At five o'clock the next morning they were off again—passing cultivated fields, the owners of which, however, would enter into no

negotiations for the sale of food. At two o'clock they came suddenly upon a village so entirely hidden by rocks and trees, that they did not see it till they were almost at the entrance. Here they got a little flour, and pushed on. That night Cameron was completely fagged out, having been on his feet eleven hours.

The next day, the way became fearfully rough, and the tired travelers were compelled to crawl on their hands and knees over rocks and slide down into deep ravines, and then climb their precipitous sides by aid of vines, while graves and skeletons along the path told how many had lain down and died on this terrible march. Clogs and forks of wood were lying by their side, telling the sad story of the fate of many a slave who, wearied with his long, painful journey from the interior, finally succumbed here, getting a happy release from the sufferings of the middle passage and the brutality of a task-master.

At night they encamped near a village, and Cameron offered all the cloth he had for a little milk, which was refused, and he had to borrow more from one of the caravans before he could get it, and then found it sour. He passed a feverish, painful night, but was off at half-past four in the morning, and soon met noisy caravan after caravan pushing inland. At length, with much hard scrambling, he reached the summit of a ridge, and looking off westward, asked himself, with eager anxiety.

"What is that distant line upon the sky?"

At length he exclaimed, in rapture, "The sea! the sea!" His men took up the shout, and "the sea! the sea!" went up in one exultant cry. But the welcome sight did not give them strength, and they crawled wearily over the ground, and at four o'clock were obliged to stop and go into camp.

The next morning they were compelled to march through a pass that was like a furnace, from the reflection of the sun's rays striking against the rocks. That night was the last passed out of civilization. Before sunrise the next morning they were on the march, and soon came in sight of the sea and a little later of Katom-

bella, situated on the shore. Swinging his rifle over his head, Cameron ran down the slope, crazed with joy, and in a short time was in the house of Monsieur Cauchoix, an old officer of the French navy, who had settled as merchant at Benguella. Here they were all provided with quarters and as much food as they desired, and soon the men were all gloriously drunk.

Cameron having dispatched relief to the main body, now turned his attention to himself. His mouth, which had begun to bleed the day before, suddenly grew worse—his tongue became so swollen that it protruded out of his mouth, from which the blood flowed profusely, while he was unable to speak or swallow.

In the meantime his body was covered with blotches, purple, blue and green, and he was threatened with immediate suffocation. The doctor of the hospital was sent for, who began at once to apply powerful remedies. Yet, in so dangerous a condition did he consider him to be, that he did not leave his side for forty-eight hours. Had this attack seized him a day sooner, when away from medical aid, he would inevitably have died. It was a narrow escape. He now began to mend rapidly, and on November 11th, the rest of his men came in, except one, who had died since he had left them on his forced march. Bombay celebrated his deliverance by getting drunk and abusing everybody, not excepting the host, Cauchoix, himself. Cameron wished to flog him, but those whom the drunken brute had abused interceded for him, and he was let off.

Here he came across a queer specimen of a Yankee, who was in the employ of Cauchoix. He asked Cameron whether he had been traveling "on his own hook," or been "working for a company." He said he should like to have been with him, but "he didn't care about the darned walking." Among other things, he had been master of an American barque, and traded in snakes, that he found up some African river. He liked the business, he said, and asked Cameron if he could easily get hold of some big snakes.

A fortnight later he and his men were landed in the harbor of Loanda by a little Portuguese steamer, that had been ordered to convey him there. Cameron went at once to the English consulate. As the consul entered the room where he was awaiting his arrival, the latter said, "I have come to report myself from Zanzibar, overland."

The consul stared at him a moment in blank surprise, then, stepping quickly forward, and placing both his hands on his shoulders, exclaimed: "*Cameron! my God!*"

He was detained here some time in getting a ship to convey his men back to Zanzibar; but at last he saw them aboard a ship and sail out of the harbor, and then took a steamer for home, and on the 2d of April arrived in the Mersey, and was welcomed by scores of delighted friends, who never expected to see him again.

More than three years had passed since he first set sail on his perilous expedition, much of the time having been spent in the very heart of Africa. He had heard nothing of Stanley, and now public attention was turned to this daring explorer. Would he accomplish more than this man who had crossed the continent without one white man as a companion, or would he leave his bones in some African forest? It will be seen in the following chapters what he was doing, and, in the end, accomplished.

As Mr. Stanley went over the same ground that Cameron gave most of his attention to, we have not dwelt on the discoveries of the latter, because the former explored it more thoroughly, and hence the results of his work will be more satisfactory to the reader.

The iniquitous slave trade occupies the same prominence in Cameron's sight that it did in Livingstone's, and as it does in Baker's and Stanley's estimation, and he says, in conclusion: "The question now before the civilized world is, whether the slave-trade in Africa, which causes, at the lowest estimate, an annual loss of

over a half a million of lives, is to be permitted to continue. Every one worthy of the name of a man will say, 'No!' But it is not to be stopped by talking and writing. Every one must put his shoulder to the wheel—some to aid commerce, and some missionary effort, till civilization and light are forced into the heart of the dark continent."

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY ON CAMERON'S NEW ROUTE.

Beyond the ranges of Kilimacho and Nyoka are broad and well-watered plains, extending to Kalomba, east of which is a shallow basin about five or six miles across, where the soil is salt and there are some salt springs.

From Kalomba to Lunga Mandis, the country consisted of wooden hills, flat-topped table-lands of sand and broad marshes bordering streams. The channel of the river is continually changing, and in a year or two no trace remains of its former course. This is owing to the growth of semi-aquatic vegetation, which quickly closes up every space where the water does not flow rapidly; and this accounts for the fact that towards the end of the dry season, the actual channel is much smaller than in the rainy.

If these swamps prove to be the modern representatives of the old coal-measures, we should find ferns, papyrus—especially its roots; trees—some fallen on their sides and half-rotten, others still standing, and stumps and grasses amongst the vegetable fossils; whilst those of the animal kingdom should include skeletons of mud-fish and frogs, and also of an occasional crocodile, buffalo or hippopotamus.

The country in Ussambi consisted mostly of flat-topped sandstone hills. Strata of red and yellow sandstone alternated, and between them and the granite were usually masses of water-worn pebbles.

Ulunda is a thickly-wooded country, with gentle undulations and occasional savannahs or meadows,

watered by numberless streams, most of them running northward to the Kongo.

At its western side, broad plains stretch right across Lovali. They are light and sandy in the dry season, with belts of trees along the different watercourses intersecting them, but during the rains become quagmires and morasses. The water-shed between the Zambesi and Kongo basins lies along the centre of these plains—which in the annually rainy season are waist-deep in water, and the two basins then actually join.

West of Lovali, is the county of Kibokwi, where the rise out of the central depression becomes very marked, and the country is nearly all covered with forests. Bee culture is here the chief occupation of the natives. The large trees are utilized to support their beehives, the produce of which forms a considerable and profitable item of barter. They exchange the wax for all the foreign trade goods they require, and from the honey make a sort of mead, which is strong and by no means unpalatable. The people work iron tastefully and well. They obtain the ore from the nodules found in the beds of the streams. The basins of the Kongo and Zambesi terminate in the western portion of Kibokwi, where that of the Kwanza commences.

The country of Bihi is entered after the Kwanza is crossed—the eastern portion being formed of wooded hills of red sandstone, with many running brooks and rills, whilst in the western part are wide prairies and bare downs, with a few patches of wood. A peculiar feature is the number of streams which flow underground for a portion of their course, the most remarkable instance being the “Burst of the Kulato,” the boundary between Bihi and Bailunda. The eastern portion of Bailunda is moderately level, with rocky hills, on the summits of which are situated the villages of the chiefs; but, as the western portion is reached, the country breaks into mountains of every shape and form, among which are needles and cones of granite. In the foreground the hills are of red sandstone, crowned with groves of mag-

nificent trees, festooned with jessamines and other sweet-scented creepers.

At the western side of Bailunda the caravan reached the culminating point of the section across the continent.

A mountainous and rocky tract lies between this and the west coast. In some of the passes the solid granite hills are cupola and dome-shaped, like the Puy-de-Dome, in Auvergne. But even among this mass of rocky, sterile mountains, lie fertile valleys, where the people cultivate large quantities of corn, which they carry down to the coast to exchange for cloth.

After passing Kizanji, forty miles from the sea, no more human habitations are seen till Katombela is reached. Nearly thirty miles of this part of the road is through one continuous pass of bare granite rocks, with only the occasional shelter of a boabab-tree, or a giant euphorbia. To this pass succeeds a barren waste of sand and gravel, separated from the sea by a low, flat strip of land on the seaward side; and here the towns of Katombela and Benguella are situated. This strip only needs irrigation to make it yield all tropical productions, and, as water is obtained everywhere close to the surface, large and productive gardens are easily cultivated.

STANLEY'S LAST GREAT EXPEDITION

ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT OF AFRICA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Stanley thinks of Africa and Livingstone's unfinished work—Determines to complete it—Takes a boat of his own along—At Zanzibar again—Starts for the interior—Takes a new route—The country passed through—Deserted by his guides—Loses the path—A painful march—Starvation and death—A gloomy prospect—Two young lions killed and made into broth—A trunk used for a kettle—A painful spectacle—Men sent off for food at last return—Joy of the camp—The march—A new type of natives—Naked beauty—Sickness and death—Death of Edward Pooke—His burial—Stanley's letter to his father—A man murdered—Itwru reached—A populous plain—Intercourse with the people—A magic doctor.

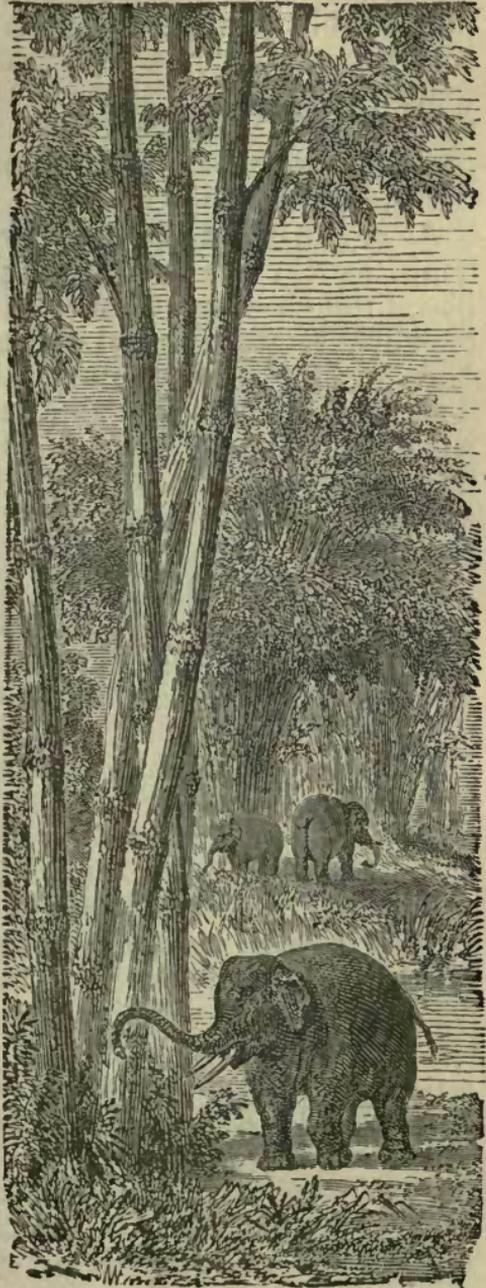
STANLEY, after he had found Livingstone, naturally thought much of the latter's explorations. Africa had become to him an absorbing subject, till he began to imbibe the spirit of Livingstone. This was natural, for he had won fame there, and why should he not win still greater laurels in the same field? This feeling was much increased after the death of the great explorer, with his work unfinished, and he longed to complete it. True, Cameron was on the ground to accomplish this very object, but Stanley knew the difficulties he would have to contend with without a boat of his own. The matter was talked over a good deal, and finally the proprietors of the New York *Herald* and London *Telegraph* determined to send him out. The vast lake region, embracing some six degrees of longitude and extending from the equator to fifteen degrees south latitude, had become a region of the greatest interest to explorers. On this vast water-shed lived a mighty population, and these lakes, with the rivers running into and out of them, must

furnish the roads to commerce and be the means by which Africa would be lifted out of its barbarism into the light of civilization.

The large lakes Nyassa and Tanganika had been more or less explored, but the one possessing the greatest interest—the Victoria Nyanza, on account of the general impression that it was the head of the Nile—was almost wholly unknown. The persistence with which the Nile had mocked all the efforts to find its course, had imparted a mystery to it and caused efforts to be made to unlock the secret, apparently wholly disproportioned to its value or real importance. This lake, therefore, was to be Stanley's first objective point. Livingstone, Speke and Burton, and others had seen it—he would sail round it in a boat which he would take with him. This he had made in sections, so that it could be carried the nearly one thousand miles through the jungles of Africa to its destination.

Everything being completed he started on his route, and on the 21st of September, 1874, found himself once more at Zanzibar. Here, in organizing his expedition, he discovered that the builder had made his boat, which he had christened the *Lady Alice*, a great deal heavier than he had ordered; but he luckily found a man in Zanzibar who was able to reduce its weight so that it could be transported by the carriers. It is not necessary to go into a description of how he organized the new expedition, nor of his journey along the old route to Unyamwebe. His force consisted in all of a little over three hundred men, and he took with him this time several powerful dogs. The interest of the expedition begins when he struck off from the regular route of the caravans going west, and entered an entirely new country and encountered a new race of people. Instead of moving directly westward, he turned off to the north, and at length reached the western frontier of Ugogo, on the last day of the year 1874. The country at this point stretched before him in one vast plain, which some of the natives said extended clear to Nyanza. He found

that his course led him along the extremity of Whumba, which he was glad to know, as he thought his march would now be unmolested. Two days' march brought them to the borders of Usandawa, a country abounding in elephants. Here he turned to the north-west and entered Ukimbu or Uyonzi on its eastern extremity. The guides he had hired in Ugogo to take him as far as Iramba here deserted him. Hiring fresh ones, he continued two days in the same direction, when these deserted him also, and Stanley found himself one morning on the edge of a vast wilderness without a guide. The day before, the guides had told him that three days' march would bring him to Urimi. Relying on the truth of this statement, he had purchased only two days' provisions. Thinking, therefore, that they would be there by the evening of the next day, he thought little of the desertion and moved



A GROUP OF ELEPHANTS.

off with confidence. But the next morning, the track, which was narrow and indistinct at the best, became so inextricably mixed up with the paths made by elephants and rhinoceros, that they were wholly at loss what course to take. Halting, Stanley sent out men to seek the lost path, but they returned unable to find it. They then, of course, had nothing left to do but to march by compass, which they did.

As might be expected, it brought them, after a few hours' march, into a dense jungle of acacias and euphorbias, through which they could make their way only by crawling, scrambling and cutting the entangling vines. Now pushing aside an obstructing branch—now cutting a narrow lane through the matted mass, and now taking advantage of a slight opening, this little band of three hundred struggled painfully forward toward what they thought was open country, and an African village with plenty of provisions.

In this protracted struggle the third night overtook them in the wilderness, and there they pitched their lonely, starving camp. To make it more gloomy, one of the men died and was buried; his shallow grave seeming to be a sad foreboding of what awaited them in the future. The want of provisions now began to tell terribly on the men, but there was nothing to do but go forward, trusting to some outbreak to this apparently interminable wilderness. But human endurance has its limit, and although Stanley kept his little force marching all day, they made but fourteen miles. It was a continual jungle, with not a drop of water on the route. The poor carriers, hungry and thirsty, sunk under their loads and lagged behind the main force for many miles, until it became a straggling, weary, despondent crowd, moving without order and without care through the wilderness. The strong endeavored to help the weak, and did relieve them of their burdens and encourage them to hold on, so that most of them were able to reach the camp at night. But in despite of all effort five sick, despairing men, strayed from the path, which was only a blind

trail made by those in advance. After the camp for the night was pitched, Stanley sent back scouts to find them, who explored the woods for a mile each side of the track they had made, but only one man was found, and he full a mile from the trail and dead. The other four had wandered off beyond reach and were never heard of more. This was getting to be fearful marching—five men in one day was a death roll that could not be kept up long, and Stanley began to cast about anxiously to determine what step he should next take. But there was but one course left open to him, to attempt to retrace his steps was certain death by famine, to advance could not be worse, while it might bring relief, so push on was the order, and they did push on weary, thirsty, starving, and on the fifth day came to a little village recently established, and which consisted of only four huts, occupied by four men with their wives and children. These had scarcely provisions enough to keep themselves, and hence could give nothing to Stanley's starving men. It was useless to attempt further marching without food, for the men staggered into camp exhausted, and would rather die there than attempt to move again.

Stanley's experience had taught him how far he could urge on these African carriers and soldiers, and he saw they had now become desperate and would not budge another inch until they had something to eat. He, therefore, ordered a halt, and selecting twenty of his strongest men, sent them off in search of food. They were to press on to a village called Suna, about thirty miles distant, of which the natives told him, and where they said food was in abundance. As soon as they had disappeared in the forest, Stanley took his gun and strolled out in search of game. But, filled as the country seemed with it, he could find nothing to shoot. One of his men, however, came across a lion's den, in which were two cubs, which he brought to Stanley. The latter skinned them and took them back to camp. As he entered it, the pinched and worn faces of his faithful men, as they sat hungry and despairing, moved him so deeply that he

would have wept, but for fear of adding to their despondency. The two cubs would go but a little way toward feeding some two hundred and twenty men, if cooked as ordinary meat, so he resolved to make a soup of them, which would go much farther. But the question was where to get a kettle large enough to make a soup for such a large body of men. Luckily, he bethought himself of a sheet-iron trunk which he had among his baggage, and which was water-tight. He quickly dumped out of it its contents, and filling it with water, set it over a fire which he had ordered to be made. He then broke open his medical stores, and taking out five pounds of Scotch oatmeal and three one-pound tins of revalenta Arabica, he made with it and the two young lions a huge trunk full of gruel, that would give even two hundred and twenty men a good bowl apiece. He said it was a rare sight to see those hungry, famished men gather around that Torquay dress-trunk and pile on the fuel, and in every way assist to make the contents boil, while with greedy eyes, with gourds in their hands, full of water, they stood ready to pour it in the moment it threatened to boil over and waste the precious contents. But he adds, "it was a rarer sight still to watch the famished wretches, as, with these same gourds full of the precious broth, they drank it down as only starving men swallow food. The weak and sick got a larger portion, and another tin of oatmeal being opened for their supper and breakfast, they waited patiently the return of those who had gone in quest of food."

Stanley's position now became painfully trying. He was five days' march from where he could obtain food, if he attempted to go back, which, in the present condition of his men, they could never make, and if any survived, it would be on the terrible condition of the living eating the dead.

The only hope lay in reaching supplies in advance. But what if those twenty strong men he had sent on to find them never returned, having been ambushed and killed on the way, or what if they, at the end of several

days, returned and reported nothing but an unbroken wilderness and impassable jungle or swamps in front, and themselves famished, ready to die? These were questions that Stanley anxiously put to himself and dared not contemplate the answer. The hours of painful anxiety and suspense, the maddening thoughts and wild possibilities that fire the brain and oppress the heart in such crises as these cannot be imagined, they can be known only by him who suffers the pangs they inflict. This is a portion of the history of the expedition that Stanley can never write, though it is written on his heart in lines that will never be effaced.

The empty trunk lay on one side, and the night came down and the stars burned bright and tranquilly above, and all was silent in the wide solitude as Stanley sat and listened for the return of his men. But they came not, and the morning broke and the sun rode once more the tropical heavens in his splendor, but no musket shot from the forest told of the returning scouts. The weary hours wore on and the emaciated men lay around in silent suffering. To Stanley these hours seemed days. Night again darkened the forest and still no sign of the returning party. Would they ever return, was the terrible question Stanley was perpetually putting to himself, and if not, what desperate movement should he attempt? The third morning broke as calm and peaceful as the rest; he was beginning to despair, when, suddenly, a musket shot broke over the forest, and then another and another, sending sudden life and activity throughout the despairing camp. The men, as they emerged into view laden with food, were greeted with a loud shout, and the hungry wretches fell on the provisions they brought like ravening wolves. The report of abundance ahead so excited the men that they forgot their feebleness and clamored to be led on that very afternoon. Stanley was quite willing to get away from the jungle, filled with such painful associations, and cheerfully ordered the march, but before they could get away two men breathed their last in the camp and were left to sleep alone in the wilderness.

That night they encamped at the base of a rocky hill, from which stretched away a broad plain. The hill—lifting itself into the clear air—the open plain seemed like civilization compared with the gloomy jungle in which they had been starving for the last two days, and where they had left two of their number, and they awoke next morning cheerful and refreshed. Starting off with the prospect of abundant provisions ahead, they made a steady march of twenty miles and reached the district of Suna in Urimi.

Stanley was surprised, on entering the rude village, to see a new type of African life. Men and women of great beauty and fine physical proportions met his astonished sight. They stood before him in all their naked beauty, unabashed; the women bearing children alone wearing a covering of goat skins, designed evidently as a protection against external injury, and not caused by any notions of modesty. Their fine appearance seemed to indicate a greater mental development than any other tribes which they had met. Whether this were so or not, it would be difficult to tell, for they were the most suspicious, reserved people Stanley had ever met, being greatly disinclined to barter provisions, of which they had more than they wanted, for cloth and beads, of which they apparently had none. They had no chief, but seemed to be governed in their actions by the old men. With these Stanley therefore treated for permission to pass through their land. It required great tact to secure this, and still more to obtain the required food. Stanley bore this silent hostility patiently, for though he could have taken all he wanted by force, he wished to avoid all violence. While lingering here, two more of his exhausted company gave out and died, while his sick list swelled up to thirty. Among the latter was Edward Pooke, who, with his brother, Stanley had engaged in England to accompany him as attendants. This compelled him to halt for four days, but finding that the hostile feeling of the natives increased the longer he stayed, he determined, danger-

ous as it was to the sick, especially to Pooke, to leave. Dysentery and diarrhœa was prevailing to an alarming extent, and rest was especially necessary for these, if they hoped to recover; but he was afraid matters would become dangerously complicated if he remained, and he turned his soldiers into carriers and slung the sick into hammocks. Encouraging them with the prospect of plenty and comfort ahead, he gave the order to march, and they passed out and entered upon a clear, open, and well-cultivated country. Reaching a village at ten o'clock they halted, and here young Pooke breathed his last "to the great grief of all." In speaking of the sad event that cast a gloom over the camp, Stanley says: "We had finished the four hundredth mile of our march from the sea and had reached the base of the water-shed, where the trickling streams and infant waters began to flow Nileward, when this noble young man died." They buried him at night under a tree, with the stars shining down on the shallow-made grave—Stanley reading the burial service of the Church of England over the body. Far from home and friends in that distant lonely land he sleeps to-day, a simple wooden cross marking his burial place. Stanley sent the following letter home to his father, describing his sickness and death:

KAGEHYI, ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA,
March 4th, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—A most unpleasant, because sad, task devolves upon me, for I have the misfortune to have to report to you the death of your son Edward, of typhoid fever. His service with me was brief, but it was long enough for me to know the greatness of your loss, for I doubt that few fathers can boast of such sons as yours. Both Frank and Ted proved themselves sterling men, noble and brave hearts, and faithful servants. Ted had endeared himself to the members of the expedition by his amiable nature, his cheerfulness, and by various qualifications which brought him into high favor with the native soldiers of this force. Before daybreak we

were accustomed to hear the cheery notes of his bugle, which woke us to a fresh day's labor; at night, around the camp-fires, we were charmed with his sweet, simple songs, of which he had an inexhaustible *repertoire*. When tired also with marching, it was his task to announce to the tired people the arrival of the vanguard at camp, so that he had become quite a treasure to us all; and I must say, I have never known men who could bear what your sons have borne on this expedition so patiently and uncomplainingly. I never heard one grumble either from Frank or Ted; have never heard them utter an illiberal remark, or express any wish that the expedition had never set foot in Africa, as many men would have done in their situation, so that you may well imagine, that if the loss of one of your sons causes grief to your parental heart, it has been no less a grief to us, as we were all, as it were, one family, surrounded as we are by so much that is dark and forbidding.

On arriving at Suna, in Urina, Ted came to me, after a very long march, complaining of pain in his limbs and loins. I did not think it was serious at all, nor anything uncommon after walking twenty miles, but told him to go and lie down, that he would be better on the morrow, as it was very likely fatigue. The next morning I visited him, and he again complained of pains in the knees and back, at which I ascribed it to rheumatism, and treated him accordingly. The third day he complained of pain in the chest, difficulty of breathing and sleeplessness, from which I perceived he was suffering from some other malady than rheumatism, but what it could be I could not divine. He was a little feverish, so I gave him a mustard-plaster and some aperient medicine. Toward night he began to wander in his head, and on examining his tongue I found it was almost black and coated with dark-gray fur. At these symptoms I thought he had a severe attack of remittent fever, from which I suffered in Ujiji, in 1871, and therefore I watched for an opportunity to administer quinine

—that is, when the fever should abate a little. But, on the fourth day, the patient still wandering in his mind, I suggested to Frank that he should sponge him with cold water and change his clothing, during which operation I noticed that the chest of the patient was covered with spots like pimples or small-pox pustules, which perplexed me greatly. He could not have caught the small-pox, and what the disease was I could not imagine; but, turning to my medical books, I saw that your son was suffering from typhoid, the description of which was too clear to be longer mistaken, and both Frank and I devoted our attention to him. He was nourished with arrow-root and brandy, and everything that was in our power to do was done; but it was very evident that the case was serious, though I hoped that his constitution would brave it out.

On the fifth day we were compelled to resume our journey, after a rest of four days. Ted was put in a hammock and carried on the shoulders of four men. At ten o'clock on the 17th of January we halted at Chiwyn, and the minute that he was laid down in the camp he breathe^d his last. Our companion was dead.

We buried him that night under a tree, on which his brother Frank had cut a deep cross, and read the beautiful service of the Church of England over him as we laid the poor worn-out body in its final resting-place.

Peace be to his ashes. Poor Ted deserved a better fate than dying in Africa, but it was impossible that he could have died easier. I wish that my end may be as peaceful and painless as his. He was spared the stormy scenes we went through afterwards in our war with the Watern; and who knows how much he has been saved from? But I know that he would have rejoiced to be with us at this hour of our triumph, gazing on the laughing waters of the vast fountain of old Nile. None of us would have been more elated at the prospect before us than he, for he was a true sailor, and loved the sight of water. Yet again I say peace be to his ashes; be

consoled, for Frank still lives, and, from present appearances, is likely to come home to you with honor and glory, such as he and you may well be proud of. Believe me, dear sir, with true sincerity, your well-wisher,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Stanley still travelled in a north-west direction, and the farther he advanced the more he was convinced that the rivulets he encountered flowed into the Nile, and he became elated with the hope that he should soon stand on the shores of the great lake that served as the reservoir of the mighty river.

Two days' march now brought them to Mongafa, where one of his men who had accompanied him on his former expedition was murdered. He was suffering from the asthma, and Stanley permitted him to follow the party slowly. Straggling thus behind alone, he was waylaid by the natives and murdered. It was impossible to ascertain who committed the deed, and so Stanley could not avenge the crime.

Keeping on they at length entered Itwru, a district of Northern Urimi. The village where they camped was called Vinyata, and was situated in a broad and populous valley, containing some two thousand to three thousand souls, through which flowed a stream twenty feet wide. The people here received him in a surly manner, but Stanley was very anxious to avoid trouble and used every exertion to conciliate them. He seemed at last to succeed, for at evening they brought him milk, eggs, and chickens, taking cloth in exchange. This reached the ears of the great man of the valley, a magic doctor, who, there being no king over the people, is treated with the highest respect and honor by them. The next day he brought Stanley a fat ox, for which the latter paid him twice what it was worth in cloth and beads, besides making a rich present to his brother and son. To all his requests he cheerfully consented in his anxiety to conciliate him and the natives.

That day, taking advantage of the bright sun to dry

the bales and goods, he exposed his rich stores, an imprudence which he very quickly deeply regretted, for he saw that the display awoke all the greedy feelings of the natives, as was evinced by their eager looks. But the day passed quietly, and on the third morning the great man made his appearance again and begged for more beads, which were given him and he departed apparently very much pleased, and Stanley congratulated himself that he would be allowed to depart in peace.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The camp—View from it—Hostile demonstrations—A three days' fight—A massacre—A modern Sodom—A terrible vengeance—Twenty-one of the expedition killed—A complete ruin—Provisions obtained—The march resumed—Only a hundred and ninety-four men left out of three hundred with which he started—A gloomy outlook—Mistaken for Mirambo—The Nyanza reached at last—A description of the country he had passed through.

FOR a half an hour after the magic doctor left, Stanley sat quietly in his camp, his anxieties now thoroughly dissipated, thinking over his speedy departure for the Nyanza. The camp was situated on the margin of a vast wilderness, which stretched he knew not how far westward, while away to the north, south and east extended a wide open plain, dotted over, as far as the eye could see, with villages. There were nearly two hundred of them, looking in the distance like clusters of beehives. Everything was peaceful, and not a sound disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the scene, when there suddenly broke on his ears the shrill war-cry, which was taken up by village after village till the whole valley resounded with it. It was one loud "he-hu, he-hu," the last syllable prolonged and uttered in a high, piercing note that made the blood shiver. Still Stanley felt no alarm, supposing that some war expedition was about to be set on foot, or some enemy was reported to

be near, and listened to the barbaric cry simply with curiosity. The men in the camp kept about their usual avocations—some fetching water from a neighboring pool, while others were starting off after wood—when suddenly a hundred warriors appeared close to camp in full war costume. Feathers of the eagle and other birds waved above their heads; “the mane of the zebra and giraffe emcircled their foreheads, their left hand held the bow and arrows, while the right held the spear.” Stanley arose, and telling the men not to leave camp nor do anything to provoke a hostile act, waited to see what this sudden warlike attitude meant.

In the meantime the throng increased till the entire camp was surrounded. A slight bush fence had been built around it, which, although it concealed those within, was too slight to be of use in case of an attack. Seeing that this hostile demonstration was against *him*, Stanley sent out a young man who spoke their language, to inquire what they wanted. Six or seven warriors advanced to meet him, when a lively conversation followed. The messenger soon returned and reported that they accused one of the party of having stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and they must be paid for it in cloth. He at once sent the messenger back, directing him to tell the warriors that he did not come into their country to rob or steal, and if anything had been taken from them they had but to name the price they asked for it and it should be paid at once. The messenger brought back word that they demanded four yards of sheeting; although this was worth four times as much as the articles were which they alleged had been stolen, he was very glad to settle the matter so easily, and it was measured and sent to them. The elders declared that they were perfectly satisfied, and they all withdrew. But Stanley could not at once shake off the suspicion this unexpected show of hostile feeling had excited, and he watched narrowly the villages in the distance. He soon saw that the warriors were not pacified if the elders were, for he

could see them hurrying together from all parts of the plain and gesticulating wildly.

Still he hoped that the elders would keep them from any overt act of hostility. While he was watching them he saw about two hundred separate themselves from the main body, and taking a sweep, make for the woods west of the camp. They had hardly entered them when one of his men rushed out of them into camp bleeding profusely from his face and arms. He said that Suleiman (a youth) and he were gathering wood when the savages came suddenly upon them. He was struck with a stick that broke his nose, and his arm was pierced with a spear, while Suleiman fell pierced with a dozen spears. His story and bloody appearance so excited the soldiers that Stanley could with difficulty restrain them from rushing out at once and attacking the murderers. He did not yet despair of preventing an outbreak, but took care to open the ammunition and be prepared for the worst. He saw at once that an immensely large force could be brought against him, and he must fortify himself or he would be overwhelmed by numbers, and so ordered the men immediately to commence strengthening the fence. They had not been long employed at it when the savages made a dash at the camp, and sent a shower of arrows into it. Stanley immediately ordered sixty soldiers to deploy fifty yards in front. At the word of command they rushed out, and the battle commenced. The enemy soon turned in flight and the soldiers pursued them. Every man was now ordered to work on the defences; some cut down thorn-trees and threw together rapidly a high fence all round the camp, while others were ordered to build platforms within for the sharpshooters. All this time Stanley could hear the fire of the soldiers growing more and more indistinct in the distance. When the fence was completed he directed the sections of the Lady Alice to be placed so as to form a sort of central camp, to which they could retire in the last extremity. As soon as everything was finished he ordered the bugle to sound the retreat, and

soon the skirmishers came in sight. They reported fifteen of the enemy killed. All had fought bravely, even a bull dog had seized a savage and was tearing him to pieces, when a bullet put him out of his misery.

They were not molested again that day, which gave them time to make their position still stronger. The night passed quietly, and they were allowed to breakfast in peace. But about nine o'clock the savages in great numbers advanced upon the camp. All hopes of peace were now at an end, and since he was forced to fight, Stanley determined to inflict no half-way punishment, but sweep that fair valley with the besom of destruction. He therefore selected four reliable men, placed them at the head of four detachments, attaching to each one a fleet runner, whose duty was not to fight, but to report to him any disaster that threatened or befell the detachment to which he belonged, and ordered them to move out and attack the savages. As the route of the enemy was certain, he directed them to pursue them separately, yet keep before them as the place of final rendezvous, some high rocks five miles distant down the valley. The detachments poured forth from the camp, and the deadly fire-arms so appalled those savage warriors, armed only with the bow and spear, that they at once turned and fled. The detachments followed in hot pursuit, and what promised to be a fight, became a regular stampede. But one detachment having pursued a large force of the enemy into the open plain, the latter turned at bay.

The leader of the detachment, excited by the pursuit, and believing, in his contempt for the savages, that the mere sight of his little band would send them scurrying away in deadly fear, charged boldly on them. Quick as thought they closed around him in overwhelming numbers. The runner alone escaped and bore the sad tidings to Stanley. The appointment of these runners shows his wonderful prevision—that foresight which on many occasions alone saved him. He at once sent assistance to the detachment that the courier had reported

surrounded. Alas, before it arrived every man had been massacred. The aid, though it came too late to save the brave detachment, arrived just in time to save the second, which was just falling into the same snare, for the large force that had annihilated the first had now turned on this, and its fate seemed sealed. The reinforcements hurried off by Stanley found it completely hemmed in by the savages. Two soldiers had already been killed, the captain was wounded, and in a few minutes more they would have shared the fate of the first detachment. It was at this critical moment they arrived, and suddenly pouring a deadly volley into the rear of the assailants, sent them to the right about with astonishing quickness. The two detachments now wheeled and poured a concentrated volley into the savages, which sent them flying wildly over the plain. A swift pursuit was commenced, but the fleet enemy could not be overtaken, and the march up the valley was scarcely resisted. Stanley, in camp, carefully watched the progress of the fight, which could be distinguished at first by the volleys of his soldiers, and when, receding in the distance, these could be no longer heard, by the puffs of smoke which showed where the pursuit led. But at length smoke of a different character began to ascend from the quiet valley. To the right and left the dark columns obscured the noon-day sun, and far as the eye could reach the plain, with its hundreds of villages of thatched huts, presented one wide conflagration, till the murky mass of cloudy vapor, as it rolled heavenward, made it appear like a second Sodom, suffering the vengeance of heaven. To the distance of eight miles Stanley could see the jets of smoke that told of burning villages. He had delayed to the last moment hostile action, but having once commenced it he meant to leave behind him no power of retaliation.

It was a victorious but sad day, and the return of the detachments was anything but a triumphal march, for they bore back twenty-one dead men, besides the wounded, while they could report but thirty-five of the enemy killed. So little difference in the number of the slain,

when one was the pursued and the other the pursuing party, and when the former was armed only with spears and bows, and the latter with the deadly rifle, seems at first sight unaccountable, but it must be remembered that the unfortunate detachment that was surrounded and massacred to a man, furnished almost the entire list of the killed.

The camp was at peace that night, but it was a sad peace. A few more such victories as this and Stanley would be left without an expedition.

This unfortunate experience with these people showed the danger of his taking a new route. His object was not to travel among new people but to reach the lake region with his boat and settle great geographical problems and establish certain facts having an intimate bearing on the future of Africa. Yet by his course he obtained really no new and valuable information, but imperiled and wellnigh ruined the expedition fitted out with so much expense and care.

It was the nearest course to the lake, yet the long one by which Speke reached it was the safest. He had been in a perilous position, and it was clearly his own foresight that saved him. The appointment of a courier or swift runner to each detachment to act as a telegraph, would probably have occurred to few, yet this saved one detachment from destruction and how much more no one can tell.

But he was not satisfied with the vengeance he had taken and the devastation he had wrought. He had resolved to teach those savage negroes a lesson on the danger of treachery to strangers, and he meant, now he had commenced it, to make it thorough and complete, and so next morning he sent off sixty men to proceed to the farthest end of the valley, some eight miles away, and destroy what yet remained; passing on through the ruins of the villages, they came to a large village in the extreme north-east. A very slight resistance was made here, and they entered it and applied the torch, and soon it shared the fate of all the rest. Before they destroyed

it, however, they loaded themselves with grain. Provisions were now plenty, for the frightened negroes had left everything behind them in their flight. There was no longer any need of purchasing food, the valley was depopulated, and all the accumulated provisions of the inhabitants at the mercy of the victors. Finding he had enough to last the expedition six days, Stanley next morning started westward before day-break, and was soon far away from this valley of destruction, leaving the thoroughly humbled natives to crawl back to the ashes of their ruined homes. Without further trouble, in three days, he reached Iramba. Here he halted and took a calm survey of his condition and prospects. He found that out of three hundred men with which he had left the coast but one hundred and ninety-four remained.

Sickness, desertion and battle had reduced his number over a third before he had reached the point where his actual labors were to commence. It was not a pleasant look-out; for, although two hundred men, well armed with rifles, made a formidable force in a country where only arrows and spears were used, still this heavy ratio of loss must stop or the expedition stop. He was not in a country where he could recruit soldiers, and each one lost was a dead loss, and thousands of miles of exploration lay before him, in prosecuting which he knew not how many battles would be fought, nor how much sickness have to be encountered. It would not seem a difficult piece of arithmetical calculation to determine how long three hundred men would last if one-third disappeared in three months, or how many men it would require to prosecute his labors three years. But Stanley never seemed to act as though he thought defeat possible. Whether his faith was in God, himself or his star, it was nevertheless a strong and controlling faith. Still, now and then it leaks out that he was perfectly conscious of the desperate nature of his condition, and felt that disease, which carried off his friends and retainers, or the spear, might end, at any moment, his explorations and his life.

Though out of Urimi at last, he found the natives of Iramba a very little improvement on those of the former district. Mirambo was their terror, and hence they were suspicious of all strangers. Again and again he was mistaken for this terrible chieftain, and narrowly escaped being attacked. In fact, this formidable warrior was fighting at one time within a day's march of him.

Urukuma was the next district he entered after Iramba, and he found it thickly peopled and rich in cattle. It consisted for the most part of rolling plains, with scattered chains of jagged hills. He was on the slope that led to the Nyanza, and the descent was so gradual, that he expected to find the lake, whose exploration he designed to make thorough and complete, comparatively shallow, although it covered a vast area. At last he reached a little village, not a hundred yards from the shore, and encamped. At this point he describes the topography of the new country he had passed over. He says :

“As far as Western Ugogo I may pass over without attempting to describe the country, as readers may obtain a detailed account of it from ‘How I Found Livingstone.’ Thence north is a new country to all, and a brief description of it may be interesting to students of African geography.

“North of Mizanza a level plain extends as far as the frontier of Urandawi, a distance of thirty-five miles (English). At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was two thousand eight hundred feet. At Mtiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five feet. Diverging west and north-west, we ascend the slope of a lengthy mountain wall, apparently, but which, upon arriving at the summit, we ascertain to be a wide plateau, covered with forests. This plateau has an altitude of three thousand eight hundred feet at its eastern extremity ; but, as it extends westward it rises to a height of four thousand five hundred feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi and Iramba—in short,

all that part of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Nyanza north, and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed four thousand five hundred feet. From Mizanza to the Nyanza is a distance of nearly three hundred geographical miles; yet, at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than five thousand one hundred feet above the sea.

“As far as Urimi, from the eastern edge of the plateau, the land is covered with a dense jungle of acacias, which, by its density, strangles all other species of vegetation, Here and there, only in the cleft of a rock, a giant euphorbia may be seen, sole lord of its sterile domain. The soil is shallow, and consists of vegetable mould, mixed largely with sand and detritus of the bare rocks, which crown each knoll and ridge, and which testify too plainly to the violence of the periodical rains.

“In the basin of Matongo, in Southern Urimi, we were instructed by the ruins and ridges, relics of a loftier upland, of what has been effected by nature in the course of long ages. No learned geological savant need ever expound to the traveler who views these rocky ruins, the geological history of this country. From a distance we viewed the glistening naked and riven rocks as a singular scene; but when we stood among them, and noted the appearance of the rocky fragments of granite, gneiss and porphyry peeled as it were rind after rind, or leaf after leaf, like an artichoke, until the rock was wasted away, it seemed as if Dame Nature has left these relics, these hilly skeletons, to demonstrate her laws and career. It seemed to me as if she said, ‘Lo, and behold this broad basin of Matongo, with its teeming villages and herds of cattle and fields of corn, surrounded by these bare rocks—in primeval time this land was covered with water, it was the bed of a vast sea. The waters were dried, leaving a wide expanse of level land, upon which I caused heavy rains to fall five months out of each year during all the ages that have elapsed since first the hot sunshine fell upon

the soil. The rains washed away the loose sand and made deep furrows in course of time, until in certain places the rocky kernel under the soil began to appear. The furrows became enlarged, the waters frittered away their banks and conveyed the earth away to lower levels, through which it wore away a channel, first through the soil and lastly through the rock itself, which you may see if you but walk to the bottom of that basin. You will there behold a channel worn through the solid rock some fifty feet in depth; and as you look on that you will have some idea of the power and force of the tropical rains. It is through that channel that the soil robbed from these rocks has been carried away toward the Nyanza to fill its depths and in time make dry land of it. Now you may ask how came these once solid rocks, which are now but skeletons of hills and stony heaps, to be thus split into so many fragments? Have you never seen the effect of water thrown upon lime? The solid rocks have been broken or peeled in an almost similar manner. The tropic sun heated the face of these rocks to an intense heat, and the cold rain falling upon the heated surface caused them to split and peel as you see them.'

“This is really the geological history of this region simply told. Ridge after ridge, basin after basin, from Western Ugogo to the Nyanza, tells the same tale; but it is not until we enter Central Urimi, that we begin to marvel at the violence of the process by which nature has transformed the face of the land. For here the perennial springs and rivulets begin to unite and form rivers, after collecting and absorbing the moisture from the water-shed; and these rivers, though but gentle streams during the dry season, become formidable during the rains. It is in central Urimi that the Nile first begins to levy tribute upon Equatorial Africa, and if you look upon the map and draw a line east from the latitude of Ujiji to longitude thirty-five degrees you will strike upon the sources of the Leewumbu, which is the extreme southern feeder of the Victoria Nyanza.

“In Iramba, between Mgongo Tembo and Mombiti, we came upon what must have been in former times an arm of the Victoria Nyanza. It is called the Lumamberri Plain, after a river of that name, and is about forty miles in width. Its altitude is three thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea, and but a few feet above Victoria Nyanza. We were fortunate in crossing the broad, shallow stream in the dry season, for during the *masika* or rainy season the plain is converted into a wide lake.

“The Leewumbu River, after a course of a hundred and seventy-five miles, becomes known as the Monaugh River, in Usukuma. After another run of a hundred miles, it is converted into Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Victoria east of this port of Kagehyi. Roughly the Shimeeyu may be said to have a length of three hundred and fifty miles.”

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPLORING THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Mustering his Force—The Death-roll—Selecting a Crew of Eleven Men, he sets sail—Leaves the Camp in charge of Pooke and Barker—“Speke’s Bay”—Coasting Northward—Shimeeyu River—A Large Island—Description of the Shores and People—Strange Stories told him—A Lonely Channel—Superstition of the Natives—“Bridge Island”—Under the Equator—Stanley looked upon as a being from another World—Fleeing from Hippopotami—Treachery—A Narrow Escape—Three-quarters of the Lake thoroughly Explored.

STANLEY felt, as he stood and looked off on the broad expanse of water, like one who had achieved a great victory, and said that the wealth of the universe could not then bribe him to turn back from his work. The boat of a white man had never been launched on its surface, and he longed to see the Lady Alice afloat, that he might change the guesses of Livingstone, Speke, and others, into certainty. He had started to complete

Livingstone's unfinished work, and now he was in a fair way to do it. How much Cameron, who was somewhere in the interior on the same mission, had accomplished, he did not know, he only knew that with no boat at his command, like the *Lady Alice*, that he had transported through so many hundreds of miles of African jungle, his movements would be very much crippled.

He now mustered his entire force, to see what he had to rely on before setting out, and found it to consist of three white men and one hundred and six Wanguana soldiers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Itwru thirty days before, or at an average of nearly one a day. This was a gloomy prospect. Before beginning his real work one-half of his entire expedition had disappeared. Dysentery had been the great scourge that had thinned their ranks so fearfully. Stanley in the first place was not a physician, while even those remedies which ordinarily might have proved efficacious were rendered well-nigh useless by the necessity of constant marching. Rest alone would have cured a great many, but he felt compelled to march. Whether the necessity for marching with the rapidity he did was sufficiently urgent to justify him in sacrificing so many lives, he doubtless is the best judge. These poor men were not accustomed to travel at the rate he kept them moving. Had they marched as leisurely as an Arab caravan, they would have been nine months or a year in making the distance which Stanley had accomplished in one hundred and three days. He was at last on the lake that Baker hoped to reach with his steam vessels, and here he expected to meet Gordon, his successor, but he evidently had not yet arrived, for the natives told him that no boats had been seen on the water. They related strange tales, however, of the people inhabiting the shores. One told him of a race of dwarfs, another of a tribe of giants, and another still of a people who kept a breed of dogs so large that even Stanley's mastiffs were small in comparison. How much or little of this was true, he, of

course, could not tell, still it excited his curiosity, and increased his desire to explore the country.

He reached the lake on the 28th of February, and in eight days had everything ready, and launched his boat. He selected ten good oarsmen, who, with the steersman and himself, composed the boat's crew, and the whole force with which he was to overcome all the difficulties that he might encounter.

The camp was left in charge of Frank Pooke and young Barker. Naming the large body of water, into which the Shimeeyu and Ruana Rivers flowed, Speke Gulf, in honor of the distinguished explorer, he sailed along the irregular coast. To-day passing a district thinly populated, to-morrow a rugged hill country, through which the elephants wandered in immense droves, and of course, thronged with elephant hunters, he passed various tribes, until he came to the mouth of the Ruano River, discharging a large volume of water into Speke Gulf, but nothing in comparison with the Shimeeyu and the Kagera, the two great river supplies of the lake. The former is the largest of all, and at its mouth a mile wide. Its length is three hundred and seventy miles and is, he says, the extreme southern source of the Nile, thus settling a vexed question. The Gulf he named Speke Bay is on the north-eastern side, and where he crossed it about twelve miles wide. Sterile plains succeeded barren mountains, thin lines of vegetation along the borders of the lake alone giving space for cultivation, came and went until they reached the great island of Ukerewe, divided from the main-land by a narrow channel. This was a true oasis, for it was covered with herds of cattle, and verdure, and fruits, and rich in ivory. He found the king an amiable man, and his subjects a peaceful, commercial people. Although this was a large island, more than forty miles long, the king owned several of the neighboring islands. Nothing of importance occurred on this voyage, as day after day they wound in and out along the deeply corrugated coast or sailed by islands, the people on shore all being friendly. They

at length came in sight of the high table-land of Majita, which Speke thought to be an island, but which Stanley demonstrated, by actual survey, to be only a promontory. It rises some three thousand feet above the level of the lake, and is surrounded by low brown plains, which, to the distant observer, resembles water.

Stanley continued his course along the eastern shore of the lake, proceeding northerly, and at last reached the coast of the Uriri country, a district of pastoral land dotted over with fine cattle. Bordering on this is Ugegeya, a land of fables and wonders, the "El Dorado" of slave hunters and traders in ivory, or it is the natural home of the elephant, which is found here in great numbers. He first got sight of it in crossing a broad bay, rising in a series of tall mountains before him. From their base the country rolls away to the east in one vast plain twenty-five miles wide, over which roam great herds of cattle, getting their own living, and furnishing plenty of meat to the indolent inhabitants. Stanley constantly inquired of the natives concerning the country inland, its character and people, and was told many wonderful stories, in which it was impossible to say how much fable was mixed. Among other things, they reported that about fifteen days' march from this place, were mountains that spouted forth smoke.

Keeping north, he says: "We passed between the Island Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugegeya, at whose base the Lady Alice seems to crawl like a mite in a huge cheese, while we on board admire the stupendous height, and wonder at the deathly silence which prevails in this solitude, where the boisterous winds are hushed and the turbulent waves are as tranquil as a summer dream. The natives, as they pass, regard this spot with superstition, as well they might, for the silent majesty of these dumb, tall mounts awe the very storms to peace. Let the tempests bluster as they may on the spacious main beyond the cape, in this nook, sheltered by tall Ugingo isle and lofty Goshi in the mainland, they inspire no fear. It is this refuge which Goshi promises

the distressed canoemen that causes them to sing praises of Goshi, and to cheer one another when wearied and benighted that Goshi is near to protect them."

Sailing in and out among the clustering islands, they see two low isolated islands in the distance, and make toward them to camp there for the night. "There," says Stanley, "Under the overspreading branches of a mangrove tree we dream of unquiet waters, and angry surfs, and threatening rocks, to find ourselves next morning tied to an island, which, from its peculiarity, I called Bridge Island. While seeking a road to ascend the island, to take bearings, I discovered a natural bridge of basalt, about twenty feet in length and twelve in breadth, under which one might repose comfortably, and from one side see the waves lashed to fury and spend their strength on the stubborn rocks, which form the foundation of the arch, while from the other we could see the boat, secure under the lee of the island, resting on a serene and placid surface and shaded by mangrove branches from the hot sun of the equator. Its neighborhood is remarkable only for a small cave, the haunt of fishermen." After taking a survey of the neighboring mainland, he hoisted sail and scudded along the coast before a freshening breeze. At noon he found himself, by observation, to be under the equator. Seeing an opening in the lake that looked like the mouth of a river, he sailed into it to find it was only a deep bay. Coming in sight of a village, he anchored near it and tried to make friends with some wild-looking fishermen on the shore, but the naked savages only "stared at them from under pent-houses of hair, and hastily stole away to tell their families of the strange apparition they had seen."

This sail of one hundred miles along the coast of this vast lake, though somewhat monotonous and tame in its details to the reader, furnished one of the most interesting episodes in Stanley's life—not because the scenery was new and beautiful, but because he, with his white sail, and fire-arms, and strange dress, was as strange and

wonderful to these natives as was Columbus, with his ship, and cannon, and cavaliers to the inhabitants of the New World. Though often differing in appearance, and language, and manner, they were almost uniformly friendly, and in the few cases where they proved hostile, they were drunk, which makes civilized men, as well as savages quarrelsome. It was frequently very difficult to win their confidence, and often Stanley would spend hours in endeavoring to remove their suspicions. In this wild, remote home, their lives pass on without change, each generation treading in the footsteps of the preceding one—no progress, no looking forward to increased knowledge or new developments. There were no new discoveries to arouse their mental faculties, no aspirations for a better condition, and they were as changeless as their tropical climate. Hence, to them the sudden appearance of this strange phenomenon on their beautiful lake could not be accounted for. It had seemingly dropped from the clouds, and at the first discharge of a pistol they were startled and filled with amazement.

Stanley, whether rowing or sailing, kept close to the shore, that nothing worthy of note should escape him, frequently landing to ascertain the name of the district he was in, the bays he crossed, the mountains he saw, and the rivers that emptied into the lake. In short, he omitted nothing which was necessary to a complete survey and knowledge of this hitherto unknown body of water.

After leaving this bay, they came in a short time to a river which was full of hippopotami. Two huge fellows swam so near the boat that Stanley was afraid they would attack it, and ordered the men to pull away from them. Although hunting these huge beasts might be very exciting sport, and a tolerably safe one in boats properly built, to expose the *Lady Alice*, with her slender cedar sides, to their tusks would have been a piece of folly akin to madness. Her safety was of more consequence than all the hippopotami in Africa. He was an explorer, not a hunter; and to risk all the future of the former

to gratify the pleasure of the latter would have shown him unfit to command so important an expedition as this. Like the boat that carried Cæsar and his fortunes, the Lady Alice bore in her frail sides destinies greater than the imagination can conceive. So hoisting sail they caught the freshening breeze and flew along the ever-changing shore lined with villages, out of which swarmed a vast crowd of people, showing a much more densely populated district than they had yet seen. He found the name of it to be Mahita; and wishing to learn the names of some of the villages he saw, the boat was turned toward shore and anchored within fifty yards of it, but with a cable long enough to let them drift to within a few feet of it. Some half a dozen men wearing small shells above their elbows and a circle around their heads came down to the beach, opening a conversation with them. Stanley learned the name of the country, but they refused to tell him anything more till he landed. While getting ready to do so, he noticed the numbers on the shore increased with astonishing rapidity, and seemed to be greatly excited. This aroused his suspicions, and he ordered the rowers to pull off again. It was lucky he did, for he had scarcely put three lengths between him and the shore, when suddenly out of the bushes on each side of the spot where he was to land arose a forest of spears.

Stanley did not intend to go away entirely, but lie off till they became less excited, but this evidence of treachery caused him to change his mind, and he ordered the sail to be hoisted, and moved away toward a point at the mouth of the cove, which, with the wind as it was blowing, they could but little more than clear. The negroes seeing this, sent up a loud shout, and hurried off to reach it before the boat did. Stanley penetrating their design, ordered the sail to be lowered and the rowers to pull dead to windward. The discomfited savages looked on in amazement to see the prize slip through their fingers so easily. It was a narrow escape, for had Stanley landed, he would doubtless have been

overpowered, before he could use his weapons, and killed.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the savages made no attempt to follow them, and at dusk, coming to a small island, they tied up and camped for the night, lulled to sleep by the murmur of the waves on the beach.

The next day continuing their course, they at last sailed into the bay, which forms the north-eastern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza. The eastern side of this bay is lined with bold hills and ridges, but at the extreme end where the Tagama River comes in, the country is flat. The expedition now began to move westward in its slow circumnavigation of the lake, and came at length to Muiwanda. Here they found the savages friendly, and they landed and obtained from them, at fair prices, such provisions and vegetables as they desired. They also gave Stanley all the information they could of the neighboring country. They told him that the name of the bay in which they rode, and which was the extreme northern limit of the lake, was Baringo. They had evidently not been great travelers or much visited by any tribes living away from their own coast, for they said that they had never heard of any other lake great or small, except that one—the Nyanza. Considering that this whole central region of Africa is dotted with lakes, and that the Tanganika, an inland sea, is not three hundred miles distant, it is evident they must live very much isolated from any but their own people. Stanley had now surveyed the southern, eastern and north-eastern shores of the lake, and had taken thirty-seven observations and entered almost every nook and cove of this vast body of water. He had corrected the map of Speke, made on the report of the natives—proved that he was wrong in his latitude of the lake, and taken such ample notes that he could make out an accurate chart of that portion he had thus traversed. He makes the extreme eastern point of the lake end in $34^{\circ} 35'$ east longitude, and $33^{\circ} 43'$ north latitude.

After he had finished his exploration thus far, Stanley goes over his route, giving a general description of the country, the location and approximate size of the various districts, and general character of the inhabitants. The north shore he found indented with deep bays, and so completely land-locked, that they might easily be mistaken for separate lakes, while the islands clustered so thickly and closely to the shore that unless thoroughly examined, they would be taken for portions of the mainland. But Stanley has traced it out so plainly, that the outline of the shore is as distinct as that of Lake Ontario.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXPLORATION OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Stanley the first white man that ever sailed around it—Establishes the southern source of the Nile—Treachery of the natives—Stanley's revenge—A hostile fleet scattered by him—Three men killed—Two singular islands—The Ripon falls—The Nile—Curious inlets—Mtesa, king of Uganda—His reception of Stanley—Imposing ceremonies—A noble native monarch—His capital—His army and large territory—Half converted to Christianity by Stanley—Anxious to have missionaries sent to his country—Stanley's mode of sending them and the kind of men they should be—A mission established and broken up—False statements in the papers about it corrected.

THE voyage continued along the northern and then western shore of the lake, revealing at almost every turn new features of scenery and some new formation of land or new characteristic of the people, till the journey was like an ever-shifting kaleidoscope. A tribe friendly and trusting would be succeeded by one suspicious or treacherous, so that it was impossible to be governed by any general rule, and Stanley was compelled to be constantly on the alert, watching the motions of each tribe without reference to the actions of the last, and laying his plans accordingly. He continued his course down

the western shore toward his camp from which he started, finding this side more densely populated than the others, and the tribes that occupied it of a more independent, fearless character, and more inclined to hostilities. At Uvuma, an independent country and the largest on the Victoria Nyanza, the hostility took a more determined form. The natives made signs of friendship to induce them to come near the shore. They did so, sailing up to a few yards of it. At that point a large mass of natives were hid behind the trees, who suddenly rose and hurled a shower of huge stones at the boat in order to sink it, several striking it. Stanley instantly ordered the helm to be put hard up, and the boat was quickly steered away from the dangerous spot, but not before Stanley, enraged at this act of treachery, leveled his revolver at the wretches and dropped one of them. Going on some miles farther, they entered a channel between some islands and the shore, when they discovered a fleet of canoes, thirteen in number, with over one hundred warriors in them, armed with shells, and spears, and slings. The foremost one had some sweet potatoes aboard, which one of the natives held up as though he wished to trade. Stanley ordered the crew to ease rowing, but as the breeze was light the sail was kept up, but the progress was so slow that this canoe soon came up. While he was bargaining for the potatoes, the other boats approached and completely surrounded the *Lady Alice* and began to reach over and seize everything they could lay hands on. Stanley warned them away with his gun, when they jeered at him and immediately seized their spears, while one man held up a string of beads he had stolen and dared Stanley to catch him. With that promptness which has many a time saved his life the latter drew his revolver and shot the villain dead. Spears instantly flashed in the air, but Stanley seizing his repeating rifle poured shot after shot into them, knocking over three of them in as many seconds, when the amazed warriors turned in flight. He then seized his elephant rifle and began to pour its

heavy shot into their canoes, throwing them into the wildest confusion. As they now continued on their way, an occasional shot from the big gun waked the echoes of the shore to announce beforehand what treatment treachery would receive. As they kept on north they felt the current drawing them on, and soon they came to the Ripon Falls, their foam and thunder contrasting strangely with the quietness of the lake a short time before, and the silence and tranquility of the scene. It was the Nile starting on its long journey to the Mediterranean, fertilizing Egypt in its course. Coasting westerly, they came to the island of Krina, where they obtained guides to conduct them to King Mtesa, the most renowned king of the whole region. Sending messengers to announce to the king his arrival, Stanley continued to coast along Uganda, everywhere treated with kindness, so far as words went, but very niggardly in fact.

Here he observed a curious phenomenon. He discovered an inlet in which there was a perceptible tide, the water flowing north for two hours and then south for the same length of time. On asking the guides if this was usual, they said yes, and it was common to all the inlets on the coast of Uganda. At Beya they were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent to conduct them to the king.

On the 4th of April, Stanley landed, amid the waving of flags, volleys of musketry, and shouts of two thousand people, assembled to receive him. The chief officer then conducted him to comfortable quarters, where, soon after, sixteen goats, ten oxen, and bananas, sweet potatoes, plantains, chickens, rice, milk, butter, etc., etc., in profuse quantities were sent him.

KING MTESA.

In the afternoon, the king sent word that he was ready to receive him. Issuing from his quarters, Stanley found himself in a street eighty feet broad and a half

a mile long, lined with the personal guards, officers, attendants and retinue of the king, to the number of three thousand. At the farther end of this avenue was the king's residence, and as Stanley advanced he could dimly see the form of the king in the entrance, sitting in a chair. At every step volleys of musketry were fired and flags waved, while sixteen drums beaten together kept up a horrible din. As he approached the house, the king, a tall, slender figure, dressed in Arab costume, arose and advancing held out his hand in silence, while the drums kept up their loud tattoo. They looked on each other in silence. Stanley was greatly embarrassed by the novelty of the situation, but soon the king, taking a seat, asked him to be seated also, while a hundred of his captains followed their example. Lifting his eyes to the king, Stanley saw a tall and slender man, but with broad, powerful shoulders. His eyes were large, his face intelligent and amiable, while his mouth and nose were a great improvement on those of the ordinary negro, being more like those of a Persian Arab. As soon as he began to speak, Stanley was captivated by his courteous, affable manner. He says he was infinitely superior to the sultan of Zanzibar, and impressed you as a colored gentleman who had learned his manners by contact with civilized, cultivated men, instead of being, as he was, a native of Central Africa, who had never seen but three white men before in his life. Stanley was astonished at his native polish, and he felt he had found a friend in this great king of this part of the country, where the tribal territories are usually so small. His kingdom extends through three degrees of longitude and almost as many of latitude. He professes Islamism now, and no cruelties are practised in his kingdom. He has a guard of two hundred men, renegadoes from Baker's expedition, and defalcators from Zanzibar, and the *elite* of his own kingdom.

Behind his throne or arm-chair stood his gun-bearers, shield-bearers, and lance-bearers, and on either side were arranged his chief courtiers, governors of provinces,

etc., while outside streamed away the long line of his warriors, beginning with the drummers and goma-beaters. Mtesa asked him many intelligent questions, and Stanley found that this was not his home, but that he had come there with that immense throng of warriors to shoot birds. In two or three days, he proposed to return to his capital at Uragara. The first day, for Stanley's entertainment, the king gave a grand naval review with eighty canoes, which made quite an imposing display, which the king with his three hundred wives and Stanley viewed from shore. The crews consisted of two thousand five hundred men or more. The second day, the king led his fleet in person to show his prowess in shooting birds. The third day, the troops were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth, the march was taken up for the capital. In him Stanley sees the hope of Central Africa. He is a natural born king, and tries to imitate the manners, as he understands them, of European monarchs. He has constructed broad roads which will be ready for vehicles whenever they are introduced. The road they travelled increased from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet as they approached the capital, which crowned a commanding eminence overlooking a beautiful country covered with tropical fruit and trees. Huts are not very imposing, but a tall flagstaff, and an immense flag, gave some dignity to the surroundings.

The capital is composed of a vast collection of huts on an eminence crowned by the royal quarters, around which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city runs a circular road from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, from whence radiate six or seven magnificent avenues lined with gardens and huts.

The next day Stanley was introduced into the palace in state. The guards were clothed in white cotton dresses, while the chiefs were attired in rich Arab costumes. This palace was a large, lofty structure, built of grass and cane, while tall trunks of trees upheld the

roof—covered inside with cloth sheeting. On the fourth day, the exciting news was received that another white man was approaching the capital. It proved to be Colonel Lerant de Bellfonds of the Egyptian service, who had been dispatched by Colonel Gordon to make a treaty of commerce with the king and the khedive of Egypt.

This Mtesa, we said, was a Mohammedan, having been converted by Khamis Bin Abdullah some four or five years before. This Arab, from Muscat, was a man of magnificent presence, of noble descent, and very rich, and dressed in splendid Oriental costume. Mtesa became fascinated with him, and the latter stayed with the king over a year, giving him royal presents, and dressing him in gorgeous attire.

No wonder this brilliant stranger became to such a heathen a true missionary. But Stanley, in a conversation with the king, soon upset his new faith, and he agreed at once to observe the Christian as well as the Moslem Sabbath, to which his captains also agreed. He, moreover, caused the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," to be written on a board for his daily perusal. In stating this remarkable fact, Stanley says: "Though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think I may become one if such success is so feasible;" and exclaims, "Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here. What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of the Gospel. Mtesa would give him everything he desired—houses, cattle, lands, ivory, etc. He might call a province his own in one day." But he says he must not be a theological one, nor a missionary of creeds, but a practical Christian, tied to no church or sect, but simply profess God and His Son, and live a blameless life, and be able to instruct them in building houses, cultivating land, and all those things that go to make up human civilization. Such a man, he says, would become the saviour of Africa. He begged Stanley to tell them to come, and he would give them all they wanted.

The subjects of this heathen king number not far from two millions, and Stanley affirms that one good missionary among them would accomplish more toward the regeneration of Africa in one year than all other missionaries on the continent put together. He suggests that the mission should bring to Mtesa several suits of military clothes, heavily embroidered, pistols, swords, dinner service, etc., etc. This sounds rather strange to the modern missionary, and seems like trusting too much to "carnal weapons," but it is eminently practical. Anything to give the missionary a firm footing on which to begin his labors is desirable, if not wrong in itself or leading to wrong. For its own use the mission should, he says, bring also hammers, saws, drills for blasting, and blacksmith and carpenter tools, etc. In short the missionary should not attempt to convert the black man to his religious views simply by preaching Christ, but that civilization, the hand-maiden of religion, should move side by side with it in equal step. The practical effect of the missionary work, in order to influence the natives, must not be merely a moral change, which causes the convert to abjure the rites and follies of paganism, but to lift the entire people, whether converted or not to Christianity, to a higher plane of civilization. We know there are different theories on this subject, but we think that Stanley's mode might safely be tried. It was tried, after a fashion, almost immediately, but the station has been broken up and the missionaries murdered.

Perhaps it is as good a place here as anywhere to correct a wrong statement that has been going the rounds of the papers, which puts Stanley in a false light. It was not pretended that King Mtesa had anything to do with this outrage, but that a tribe with which Stanley had had a fight, killing some of its number, committed it in revenge for what he did. The truth is, the mission was established by some enthusiasts, and some three or four started with false views and hopes entirely. Only two of them reached the ground, one of them not

being a minister. They were, however, well received, and allowed to go to work. The king, or chief, of a neighboring tribe, had a daughter with whom a native fell in love. This man was repugnant to the father, and he refused to let him have his daughter for a wife. The consequence was they eloped and fled to the island on which the missionaries were stationed, and placed themselves under their protection and remained with them. The enraged savage heard of this, and doubtless believing that the missionaries had connived at the elopement—certainly harbored the fugitives against his wish—attacked the station and murdered the missionaries. How much or how little they were to blame, or if not guilty of any wrong, how unwisely they acted, they unfortunately do not live to tell us. But Stanley's conduct in that region had nothing to do with the tragedy. It was an act of wild justice by an enraged and savage chieftain, and militates in no way against carrying out the project of Stanley.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Stanley continues his explorations—Drunken natives—A suspicious reception—A Peaceful night—A Wild waking up—A startling spectacle—Hurried departure—Magassa's fleet—Lack of food—A fearful storm—Bumbireh Island—A bright prospect—Stanley entrapped—In deadly peril—A crowd of demons—A fearful night—Prompt action—Barely saved—Swift and terrible revenge—A frightful storm—Refuge Island—A grateful camp—Provisions secured—Another storm—A staunch boat—Steering for camp—His joyful greeting—Excitement of the men—The secret of the men's affection for him.

THOUGH the royal hospitality was very grateful after his long toils, and the intercourse with a white man in that remote land was refreshing, and he longed to rest, yet Stanley felt he must be about his work. To finish this would require much time, and he had now been long absent from his men, who might prove intractable while he was away, and he was anxious to get back, for the

exploration of this lake was only the beginning of what he proposed to do.

With two canoes belonging to his friend, King Mtesa accompanying him as an escort until the grand admiral of his sable majesty, Magassa, who, with thirty canoes, had been detached for his service, should overtake him, he set sail from the river and camped that night on a smooth, sandy beach, at a point called Kagya. The natives who lived there received them in a friendly, and for African negroes, hospitable manner. Stanley took this as a good augury of the reception he should meet with along the coast of Usongora, which he designed to explore.

In the morning he again set sail, and sweeping leisurely along, came in the afternoon to the village of Makongo. As the *Lady Alice* approached the shore, he saw a crowd of naked savages squatted on the ground, sucking the everlasting pombé, or beer, through a straw, just as white men do punch or a sherry cobbler. As the boat reached the shore, the chief, with the vacant stare of a drunkard, arose and reeled toward him and welcomed him in a friendly though maudlin manner. The natives also appeared good-natured and quite content with their arrival. After they had satisfied their curiosity by examining him and his boat, they went away, leaving him to arrange his camp for the night and prepare his supper. The sun went down in glory beyond the purple mountains—a slight ripple dimpled the surface of the lake, while slender columns of smoke ascended here and there, along the shore from the huts of the natives; and all was calm and peaceful, though wild and lonely. As night came down, and the stars, one by one, came out in the tropical sky, Stanley and his chosen men stretched themselves on their mats, and, unsuspecting of danger, fell asleep. About ten o'clock he was suddenly awakened by a loud and hurried beating of drums, with ever and anon a chorus of shrieks and yells that rung through the clear, still air with a distinctness and sharpness that made the blood shiver. Stanley immediately aroused his

men, and they listened, wondering what it foreboded. The lake was still below and the heavens calm and serene above, but all around it seemed as if demons of the infernal regions were out on their orgies. Stanley thought it was the forerunner of an attack on the camp, but Mtesa's men, the Waganda, told him that the drumming and yelling were the wild welcome of the natives to a stranger. He doubted it, for he had seen too many savage tribes, and knew their customs too well to believe this blood-curdling discordant din was a welcome to him.

It is strange that he did not at once quietly launch his boat and lie off the rest of the night a little way from the shore till morning, and see what it all meant. It would seem that ordinary prudence would have prompted this. His neglect to do so, very nearly cost him his life, and ended there his explorations. For some reason or other, which he does not give, he determined to remain where he was, contenting himself with the precaution of placing his weapons close beside him, and directing his eleven men to load their guns and put them under their mats. He lay down again, but not to sleep, for all night long the furious beat of drums and unearthly yells rung out over the lake, keeping him not only awake, but anxious. At daybreak he arose, and as he stepped out of his tent, he started as if he had seen an apparition, for in the gray light of the morning, he saw five hundred naked, motionless, forms, with bows, shields and spears, standing in a semicircle around him, and completely cutting him off from his boat and the lake. It was a fearful moment, and to his inquiry what it meant, no answer was given. There was no shouting or yelling, none of the frantic gesticulations so common to the African savage. On the contrary, they wore a calm and composed, though stern and determined aspect. Shoulder to shoulder like a regiment of soldiers they stood, the forest of spears above them glittering in the early light. There was nothing to be done—Stanley was entrapped, and with the first attempt to escape or seize his rifle

would be transfixed by a hundred spears. It was too late to repent the folly of not heeding the warning of the night before, and so he calmly stood and faced the crowd of stern malignant faces. For some minutes this solitary white man met glance for glance, when the drunken chief of the day before stalked into the semicircle, and with a stick which he held in his hand forced back the savages by flourishing it in their faces. He then advanced, and striking the boat a furious blow, shouted "be off," and to facilitate matters, took hold and helped launch it. Stanley was only too glad to obey him, and his heart bounded within him as he felt the keel gliding into deeper water, and soon a hundred rods were between him and the savages that lined the shore. The Waganda were still on the beach, and Stanley prepared to sweep it with a murderous fire the moment they were attacked. So dense was the crowd of natives, that had he fired at that close range, he would have mowed them down with fearful slaughter. But although there was much loud wrangling and altercation, they were, at length, allowed to embark, and followed him as he sailed away toward the isle of Musua. He had learned a lesson that he did not soon forget.

The whole had been a strange proceeding, and why he was not killed, when so completely in their power, can be accounted for only on the ground that they were in Mtesa's dominions, and feared he would take terrible revenge for the murder. Later in the day this drunken chief came to visit him on the island, and demanded why he had come and what he wanted. Being told, he went away, and sent three branches of bananas, and left him and his party to their fate. They rested here quietly till afternoon, when they saw Magassa's fleet coming slowly down the lake, steering for a neighboring island. The canoes were beached and the men disembarked and began to prepare their camp for the night. Stanley was getting impatient at these delays, and thinking he would quicken Magassa's movements by hastening forward, he set sail for Alice Island, thirty-

five miles distant. The two chiefs, with the escorting canoes, accompanied him for a mile and a-half, but, getting alarmed at the aspect of the weather, turned back, shouting, as they did so, that as soon as it moderated they would follow. Bowling along before a spanking breeze, the little craft danced gayly over the cresting waves, and when night came down and darkness fell on the lonely lake, kept steadily on and, finally, at midnight reached the island, where they luckily struck upon a sheltered cove and came to anchor. When morning dawned they found they were almost against the base of a beetling cliff, with overhanging rocks all around them, dotted with the fires of the natives. These came down to the shore holding green wisps of grass in their hands as tokens of friendliness. Stanley and his men were hungry, and now rejoiced in the prospect of a good breakfast. But these friendly natives, seeing their need, became so extortionate in their demands, that they would not trade with them, and Stanley determined to steer for Bumbireh Island, twenty-five miles distant, and obtain food.

The breeze was light and they made slow headway, and it was evidently going to be a long sail to the island. As the sun went down, huge black clouds began to roll up the sky, traversed by lightning, while the low growl of thunder foretold a coming storm. As the clouds rose higher and higher the lightning became more vivid, and the thunder broke with startling peals along the water, and soon the rain came down in torrents, drenching them to the skin. The waves began to rise while darkness, black as midnight, settled down on the lake. The little craft tossed wildly on the water, and the prospect before them looked gloomy enough. Fortunately, about midnight, they came upon Pooke Island, and anchored under its lee amid thunder and lightning, and rain and the angry roar of the surf on every side. All night long the flashes lit up the angry scene, while the heavy, tropical thunder shook the bosom of the lake. The haven they had reached was so poor a protection that

all hands were kept bailing to prevent the boat from foundering at her anchor.

We have a very faint idea in our northern latitudes of what a thunder-storm is in the tropics, and the slight affair that Stanley made of it is one of those apparently insignificant and yet most striking illustrations of his character. Storms on the water—starvation on land—deadly perils of all kinds are spoken of by him as one would speak of the ordinary incidents of travel. He has no time, and apparently no taste, for sensational writing; or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say—in his cool courage, calm self-reliance, and apparent contempt of death, he does not see the dramatic side of the scenes in which he performs so important a part. The most tragic events—the most perilous crises are treated by him as ordinary events. An escape so narrow that one's heart stops beating as he contemplates it, he narrates with as much coolness and apparent indifference as he would his deliverance from a disagreeable companion.

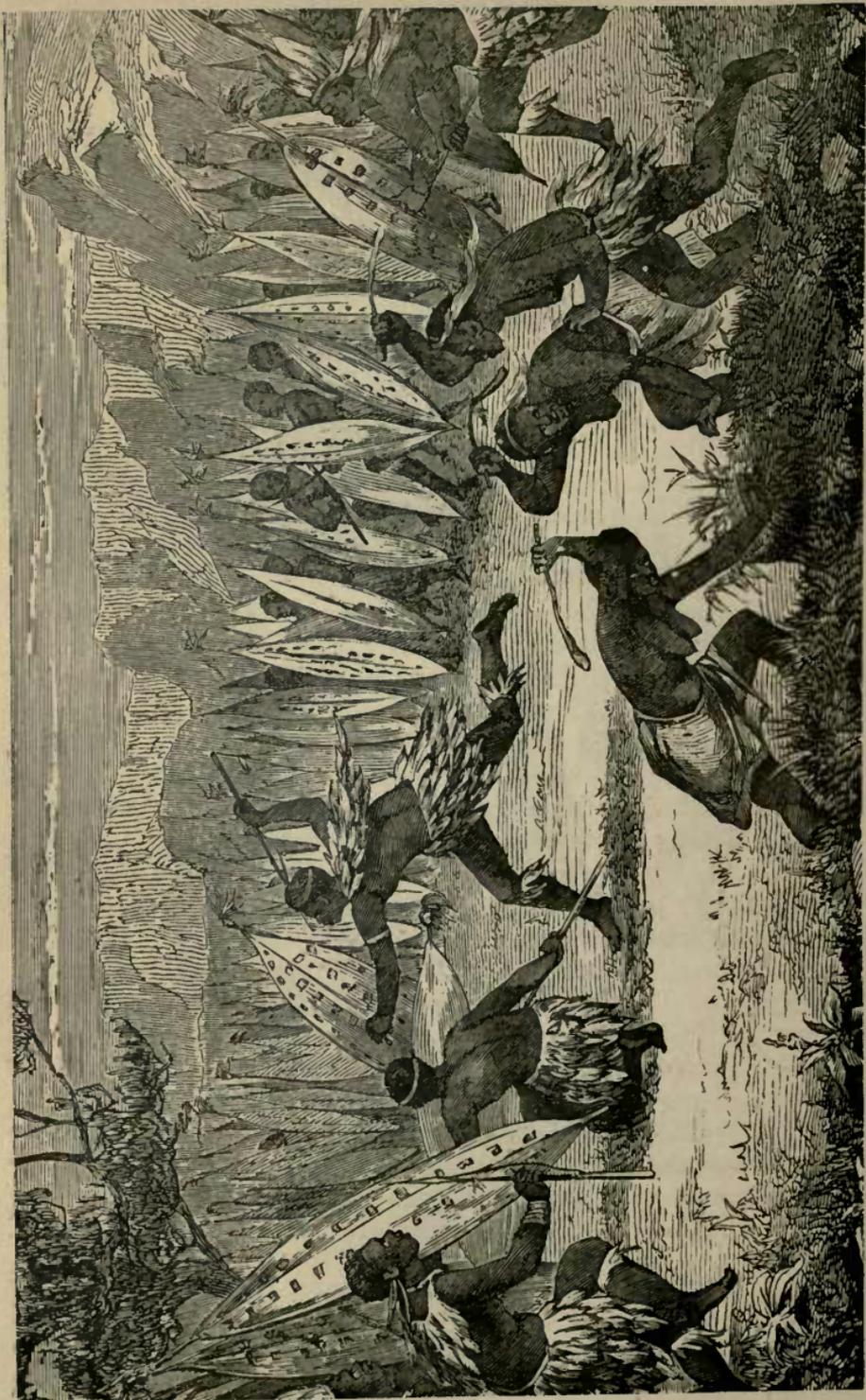
In the morning, Stanley, as he looked around him and saw the surf breaking on every side, ordered the anchor up and the sail hoisted, for this was too dangerous a place for the *Lady Alice*. The thunder-storm had passed, and a stiff north-east breeze had sprung up, before which he bowled swiftly along, and in three hours reached the mouth of a quiet cove near the village of Kajuri, at the south-eastern extremity of Bumbireh Island. After the storm and peril of the last forty-eight hours, it was a welcome sight that greeted them. The green slopes of this gem set in the sparkling waters were laden with fruits and covered with cattle. Groves of bananas, herds of cattle lazily feeding, and flocks of goats promised an abundance of food; and Stanley and his men, as they drew near the lovely, inviting shore, reveled in anticipation of the rest and good cheer awaiting them. Filled with the most peaceful intentions themselves—their hearts made glad at the sight of the bountiful provisions before them—they did not dream

of any hostility, when suddenly they heard a wild, shrill war-cry from the plateau above the huts of the village near the shore, on which were gathered a crowd of excited men. Stanley was surprised at this unexpected hostile demonstration, and halted just as the boat was about to ground, to ascertain what it meant. The savages in the meantime were rushing wildly toward the shore in front of where the boat lay rocking on the water. As they approached, they suddenly changed their warlike attitude, and, ceasing their loud yells, assumed a friendly manner, and invited them to land in tones and gestures so kind and affable that Stanley's first suspicions were at once disarmed, and he ordered the rowers to send the boat ashore. But the moment the keel grated on the pebbly beach, all this friendliness of manner changed, and the naked savages rushed into the water, and seizing the boat, lifted it up bodily and, with all on board, carried it high and dry on the bank.

Stanley was terribly aroused at this sudden treachery, and reckless of consequences, determined to avenge it, and twice he raised his revolver to shoot down the audacious wretches, but his crew begged him to desist, declaring earnestly that these people were friends, and that if he would wait a few minutes, he would see that all was right. He accordingly sat down in the stern sheets and waited to see the end. In the meantime, the savages came leaping from the hill-sides, tossing their naked limbs in the air, and uttering loud yells, till a wild frantic multitude completely surrounded the boat in which Stanley still sat unmoved and calm. The wretches seemed crazed with passion, and poised their spears as if about to strike him, and drew their arrows to the head, one discharge of which would have riddled Stanley, struck the boat by his side with their spear handles, gnashed their teeth, foaming at the mouth, and yelling till their eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. Stanley, however, never moved nor uttered a word. His life did not seem worth a thought in that frenzied, demoniacal crowd. But resistance and expostulation



A CHIEF IN S. E. AFRICA.



A KAFFIR WAR DANCE.

were alike useless, and he could do nothing but wait the final assault, and then sell his life dearly as possible. For some strange, unaccountable reason, their chief, Thekha, kept them from the last act of violence, and at last so quieted them that Stanley calmly asked him how much he demanded to let him go. The most curious part of this whole affair is, that the chief condescended to enter into negotiations with Stanley. Everything the latter had was in the boat, and he had only to give the word, and in five minutes all was his. But instead of doing this, he struck up a bargain with Stanley, and agreed to let him off for four cloths and ten necklaces of large beads. Stanley at once took them from his packages and gave them to him. But no sooner had he received them, than he gave a quick order to his men to seize the oars of the boat. In a twinkling, before Stanley had time to think what they were about, the oars were caught up and carried away. The natives seeing through the treacherous trick, enjoyed it thoroughly, and their loud laughing jeers roused all the devil in Stanley's nature, but he still said nothing. Having got possession of the oars, they thought he was helpless as a tortoise on his back, and became quiet, seemingly enjoying the white man's helplessness. Having no fear of his escape, they at noon leisurely walked to their huts to get their noonday meal, and to discuss what the next move should be. Stanley says he was not idle, he wished to impose on the savages by his indifferent manner, but he was all the while planning how to escape, and the best mode of meeting the attack when it came.

While the savages were at their dinner, a negress came near them and told them to eat honey with Thekha, as it was the only way to save their lives, for he had determined to kill them and take every thing they had. Stanley permitted his coxswain to go to Thekha and make the proposition to him to eat honey. The wily chief told him to be at ease, no harm was intended them, and next day he would eat honey with them. The cox-

swain returned delighted, and reported the good news. But Stanley checked the confidence of the men, and told them that nothing but their own wit and courage could save their lives. This was all a trick, and their next move would be to seize their guns, as they had the oars, when they would be helpless, and by no means to leave the boat, but be prepared at any moment when he should give the word to act. The men saw at once the truth of Stanley's suspicions, and kept close by him.

Thus nearly three long hours passed away, neither he nor his crew doing or attempting to do anything. But, about three o'clock, the war-drums began again their horrid din, and soon the loping, naked savages were seen running from every quarter, and in half an hour five hundred warriors had gathered around the chief within thirty paces of the boat. He was sitting down, and when the warriors were all assembled he made them an address. As soon as he had finished, about fifty of them dashed up to Stanley's men, and seizing his drum, bore it back in triumph. From some cause or other, this last and most harmless act of all aroused Stanley's suspicions to a point that made him act promptly and decisively.

Perhaps it was their scornful, insulting language, as they walked off, bidding him get his guns ready, as they were coming back soon to cut his throat. At all events, the moment he saw them approach the chief with the drum, he shouted to his men to push the boat into the water. The eleven men sprang to its sides, and lifting it as if it had been a toy, carried it, with Stanley in it, to the water's edge, and shot it, with one desperate effort, far out into the lake and beyond their depth, and where they had to swim for it. Quickly as it was done, the savages instantly detected the movement, and before the boat had lost its headway were crowding the very edge of the water, to which they had rushed like a whirlwind, shouting and yelling like madmen. Seizing his elephant rifle, Stanley sent two large conical balls into the dense mass with frightful effect. Then pulling one of the men into the boat, and bidding him help the others in, he

seized his double barreled gun, loaded with buck-shot, and fired right and left into the close-packed naked crowd. It was like firing with small shot into a flock of pigeons, and a clean swath was cut through the naked mass, which was so stunned at the horrible effect, that they ran back up the slope without hurling a spear or shooting an arrow.

With the oars gone, the great struggle would be to get out into the open lake, where they could hoist sail; for, this once accomplished, they could bid defiance to their enemies. Stanley knew the first move of the savages would be to man their canoes, which lined the shore, and surround his helpless vessel and overwhelm him. He therefore watched the first movement to launch a canoe, and as soon as a desperate-looking savage made the attempt he dropped him with a bullet through his body. A second followed his example, fell on the beach, when they paused at the certain death that seemed to await the man who dared to touch a boat. Just then Stanley caught sight of the sub-chief, who commanded the party that took the drum, and taking a cool, deliberate aim at him with his elephant rifle he sent one of its great conical balls tearing through his body, killing at the same time his wife and infant, behind him. This terrified them, for there seemed something supernatural about this deadly work, and they ceased their efforts to launch the boats, and hastened to get out of the reach of such fatal firing. In the meantime the men were slowly working the boat toward the mouth of the cove. But, just as they were feeling safe, Stanley saw two canoes, loaded heavily with warriors, push out of a little bay and pull toward him. Putting two explosive shells into his elephant rifle, he waited till they came within the distance where they would be most destructive, and then commenced firing. He fired rapidly, but being a dead-shot, with great accuracy, and the shells, as they struck inside the canoes, burst with terrible effect. Four shots killed five men and sunk both the canoes, leaving the warriors to swim ashore. This ended the fight, and

the enraged and baffled crowd vented their fury by shouting out, "Go and die in the Nyanza."

Stanley's rapid deadly firing killed fourteen, and wounded with buckshot eight, which he coolly remarks, "I considered to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, though barely equivalent, in our estimation, to the intended massacre of ourselves." This cool-blooded treachery and narrow escape roused Stanley's whole nature, and terrible as had been the punishment he had inflicted, he resolved that he would make it more terrible still before he had done with them.

During the perils of the next night that followed, he had plenty of time to nurse his wrath. Having got clear of the land, he hoisted sail, and favored by a light breeze, by night was eight miles from the treacherous Bumbireh. A little after dark the breeze died away, and he set the men to paddling. But, their oars being gone, they made slow headway. At sunrise they were only twenty miles from the island, but near noon, a strong breeze springing up from the north-west, they bowled along at the rate of five miles an hour, and soon saw it sink in the distant horizon. At sunset they saw an island named Sousa, toward which they steered, hoping to reach it by midnight and find a safe haven. But about eight o'clock the breeze began to increase till it rose to a fierce gale, and the sail had to be taken in.

Being without oars they could not keep the light boat before the wind, and she whirled away by it like a feather, and wallowed amid the waves that kept increasing, till it seemed impossible to keep much longer afloat. The men strove desperately with their boards for paddles to reach the island, and get to the leeward of it, till the storm should break, but it was of no avail. They were swept by it like a piece of drift-wood, and the lightning, as it lit up its green sides, seemed to mock their despair. The terrific crash of the thunder, the roar of the tempest, and the wild waste of the wrathful water as it was incessantly lit up by the blinding flashes, made it the most terrific night Stanley had ever passed in all his

wide wanderings. Between the dashing of the waves over the gunwale and the downfalling deluge of rain, the helpless boat rapidly filled, and it required constant and rapid bailing to keep it from going to the bottom. The imagination cannot conceive the terrors that surrounded that little boat with its helpless crew on that storm-swept lake during that long, wild night. Above them rushed the angry clouds, pierced incessantly by the lightning; the heavy thunder shook the very heavens, while all around them were islands and rocks, and a few miles ahead, the main-land peopled by hostile savages. Yet, amid all their terror, the men worn out with their long fasting and exhausting labors, would drop asleep, till awakened by the stern order to bail. The men of Bumbireh had shouted after them, "go and die in the Nyanza," and they now seemed to be prophetic words. Stanley remembered them, and he lived to make the murderous savages remember them, too. At daybreak the tempest broke, and the waves not having the heavy roll of the ocean, quickly subsided, and they saw they had drifted eight miles off the Isle of Susa, which they had made such desperate efforts to reach the night before, while other islands rose in the distance. There was not a morsel of food in the boat, and it was now forty eight hours since they had tasted any, yet the men took to their paddles cheerfully. Soon a gentle breeze set in from the westward, and, hoisting sail, they steered for an unknown island, which Stanley named Refuge Island. It was small and uninhabited, but on exploring it, they discovered that the natives had once occupied and cultivated it. To their great joy, they found green bananas, and a small fruit resembling cherries, but tasting like dates. Stanley succeeded, also, in shooting two fat ducks. The men soon stripped these of their feathers and had them in the pot, with which, and the fruit, they made what seemed to them, in their famished condition, a right royal repast. The camp was pitched close by the sandy beach, and when night closed sweetly in on the wanderers, "there were

few people in the world," says Stanley, "blessed God more devoutly than we did." And well they might, for their double deliverance, from the savages on shore and the tempest on the water, was almost miraculous.

They rested here all the next day recruiting, and then set sail, and coming to friendly natives, laid in a supply of provisions. While at anchor, some of the men plucked the poultry they had bought, and they feasted till they were thoroughly satisfied.

At midnight a favorable wind rising, they set sail for Usukuma. About three in the morning they were in the middle of the Speke Gulf, from which they had started nearly two months before, and bound for their camp. The wind had died away, and the water lay calm and unruffled beneath the tropical sky. But this calm was only the prelude to a fearful storm. Clouds, black as ink, began to roll up the heavens, their edges corrugated and torn by the contending forces that urged them on, while out from their foldings the lightning leaped in blinding flashes, and the thunder, instead of rolling in angry peals, came down in great crashes as if the very frame-work of nature was rending, and then the hail, in stones big as filberts, beat down on their uncovered heads. The waves rose to an astonishing height, and tore like wild horses over the lake. The boat became unmanageable, and was whirled along at the mercy of the wind and waves. But the staunch little craft outrode the fury of the gale, with a buoyancy that surprised Stanley.

Next morning, although almost under the equator, they saw the day dawn gray, and cheerless, and raw. On taking his observations, Stanley found that he was only about twenty miles north-west of his camp. The news sent new life into the crew. They hoisted sail, and, though at first the wind was unfavorable, yet, as if good luck had come at last, it shifted astern, and, with a full sail, they steered straight for camp—every heart bounding with joy.

The men in camp discovered the boat when miles

away, and hurrying to the shore sent up shout after shout, and tossed their arms joyfully in the air. As the boat drove swiftly on, the shouts were changed to volleys of musketry and waving of flags, while "the land seemed alive with leaping forms of glad-hearted men." Rumors of their destruction had reached camp, and his long absence seemed to confirm them, and they had made up their minds, that, with their leader lost, they must turn back. As the boat grated on the pebbly shore, fifty men leaped into the water and seizing Stanley lifted him bodily out, and, running up the bank, placed him on their shoulders, and danced around the camp like madmen. They seemed unable to contain their joy. It showed how strong was the hold Stanley had on their affections. Stern in enforcing discipline and relentless in punishing crime, he was always careful of their welfare, attentive to their wants, just in all his dealings, and generous in his reward for good behavior and faithful service, and, hence, had bound these simple children of nature to him with cords of iron.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The work accomplished—Feelings of satisfaction—Pococke's report—A narrow escape for the expedition—Death of Barker—Sweet repose—Pleasant memories—Future anticipations—Waiting for Magassa—Resolves to return to Uganda by land—Is prevented—Sends to the king of Ukerewe—His request granted—Visits him—The interview—Royal hospitality—A stratagem—Stanley starts for Uganda—A new camp—Return to the old one—Conspirators foiled—Refuge Island.

THE next morning, as Stanley looked out of his tent-door upon the broad and beautiful lake that stretched away to the distant horizon, it was with that intense feeling of satisfaction with which one contemplates a great and perilous undertaking, after well nigh abandoned, at last successfully accomplished. The waters, glittering in the morning sun, had but a short time be-

fore seemed to him an angry foe, but now they wore a friendly aspect. They seemed to belong to him. Livingstone, and Speke, and Burton, and others had looked on that lake, and sighed in vain to solve the mystery that enveloped it, while he had not only followed its winding shores their entire length, but had sounded its depths and fixed its geographical position forever. His toils were over, and the victory won in this his first great enterprise, and he could well look forward with hope to the great work still before him. His escapes had been wonderful, and he might take them as good omens for the future.

It seemed as if fate delighted to place him in positions of danger, from which there appeared to be no escape, in order to show her power to save him, under any and all circumstances. Even now, when contemplating so satisfactorily his success, he was startled by the narrowness of his escape from a danger of which he had never before dreamed. That trouble, disorder and desertion might befall his camp during his absence he had often feared, but now he was told by the men he had left in charge of it that in a few hours more the expedition would have broken up and disappeared forever.

This was Frank Pooke's report. He said that a rumor had reached camp that Stanley and his crew had been taken prisoners soon after leaving, and he at once sent off fifty soldiers to effect his release, who found the report false. They also heard of his fight with the Wamma, and that he was killed. In the meantime a conspiracy had been formed by three neighboring tribes to capture the camp and seize all the goods. It was discovered, and everything put in the best state possible to defeat it, when the whole fell through on account of the sudden death of one of the conspirators and the disaffection of another.

With the report uncontradicted of Stanley's death, nay, corroborated by his long absence, and in view of the dangers surrounding them, the soldiers and men held a meeting to determine what course they should take. He

had then been gone nearly a month and a half, and it should not have taken more than half that time to have circumnavigated the lake with a boat, that in a fair breeze could go five or six miles an hour.

Something must have happened to him, that was certain, and it mattered little whether it was death or captivity. It was finally decided to wait fifteen days longer, or till the new moon, when, if he did not appear, they would strike camp and march back to Unyanyembe. The fifteen days would have expired the next day after Stanley's arrival. If, therefore, he had been delayed forty-eight hours longer, instead of being received with the waving of flags, shouts and volleys of musketry, and wild demonstrations of delight, there would have been no welcome, but a silent, deserted camp. This would have been a terrible blow, and dashed all the joy he felt at his task, successfully accomplished, with the bitterest disappointment. But he had been saved all this; still one calamity had befallen him for which there was no remedy—young Barker had died only a few days before his arrival, and six of his strong men had fallen victims to dysentery and fever. Thus while in all the danger through which he had passed on the lake, he had not lost a man, seven had died while lying idly in a healthy camp. The death of Barker he felt keenly, for of the three white men who had started with him, two had already fallen, and now only one was left.

In writing to his mother, announcing his death, and expressing his sympathy with her in her affliction, he thus speaks of the manner in which it occurred: "I was absent on an exploring expedition on Lake Victoria, having left Francis Pooke and Frederick Barker in charge of my camp. Altogether I was absent fifty-eight days. When I returned, hoping that I would find that all had gone well, I was struck with the grievous news that your son had died twelve days before, of an intermittent fever. What little I have been able to learn of your son's death amounts to this: On April 22d, he went out on the lake with Pooke to shoot hippopotami, and

all day enjoyed himself. On the morning of the 23d he went out for a little walk, had his tea and some pancakes, washed himself, and then suddenly said he felt ill, and lay down in bed. He called for a hot stone to be put to his feet; brandy was given him, blankets were heaped on him, but he felt such cold in his extremities that nothing availed to restore heat in his body. His blood seems to have become congealed. At eight o'clock, an hour after he lay down, he was dead. Such is what I have been able to glean from Pocode of the manner of his death. But by our next letter-carrier, Pocode shall send you a complete account." He then goes on to speak of his excellent qualities and promising future, and his own great loss.

One of the curious things that struck Stanley as he looked on his party, was the strange contrast between Pocode's face and his own. The former being most of the time in camp, had bleached to his old English whiteness, while under the reflection of the fierce rays of an equatorial sun, he had been burned till his face was the color of a lobster—in fact, the natives had come to call him, not the *pale*, but the *red-faced* man, to which his blood-shot eyes gave a still more sanguinary appearance.

Now followed a season of rest and sweet repose; and how deep and sweet it was, may be gathered from his own language. He says: "Sweet is the Sabbath day to the toil-worn laborer, happy is the long sea-tossed mariner on his arrival in port, and sweet were the days of calm rest we enjoyed after our troublous exploration of the Nyanza. The brusque storms, the continued rains, the cheerless gray clouds, the wild waves, the loneliness of the islands, the inhospitality of the natives that were like mere phases of a dream, were now but the reminiscences of the memory, so little did we heed what was past while enjoying the luxury of a rest from our toils. Still it added to our pleasure to be able to conjure up in the mind the varied incidents of the long lake journey; they served to enliven and employ the mind while the body enjoyed repose, like condiments quickening diges-

tion. It was a pleasure to be able to map at will, in the mind, so many countries newly discovered, such a noble extent of fresh water explored for the first time. As the memory flew over the lengthy track of exploration, how fondly it dwelt on the many picturesque bays, margined by water-lilies and lotus plants, or by the green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus, inclosing an area of water, whose face was as calm as a mirror, because lofty mountain ridges almost surround it. With what kindly recognition it roved over the little green island in whose snug haven our boat had lain securely at anchor, when the rude tempest without churned the face of the Nyanza into a foaming sheet." The lofty rocks once more rose before him in imagination, while the distant hills were outlined against the fervid horizon, and the rich grain fields of some of the districts smiled in the sun. But his memory dwelt with fondest recollection on Uganda and its hospitable King Mtesa, for there, it not only recalled the present, but pictured a glorious future, in which smiling villages took the places of rude huts, from the midst of which church spires rose, and the clear tones of the bell called the dusky inhabitants to the place of worship. As he thus lay dreaming, close by the equatorial circle, he saw the land smiling in affluence and plenty; its bays crowded with the dark hulls of trading vessels, heard the sound of craftsmen at their work, the roar of manufactories and foundries and the ever-buzzing noise of industry.

With these bright anticipations of the future, the happy result of his endeavors, would mingle his desperate encounters with the savages, his narrow escapes, his nights of danger in the tempestuous lake, his wonderful success so near a failure at last; all these marvelous experiences and events crowded on him as he lay and rested, and dreamed on the shores of the lake that he felt to be his own. If half that he had anticipated, as he lay and rested and dreamed, turns out true, his name will be linked with changes that will sink all his great discoveries into nothing—moral changes and achieve-

ments as much above mere material success as mind is above matter—civilization above barbarism—Christianity above Paganism.

This successful voyage and safe return inspired the members of the expedition with renewed confidence in their leader, and Stanley soon set about prosecuting the great work to which he had devoted himself, and which, with all its toils and dangers and great sacrifice of life, had only just begun.

The Grand Admiral Magassa had not yet joined him. There was no reason he had not done so, except that the fight at Bumbireh and subsequent storm on the lake had sent them wide apart. But he had two of Stanley's best men with him, who would direct him to the camp in Speke Bay, toward which he knew Stanley was working, and where he should have been before this time. The latter waited nine days in camp for him, and then concluding that he did not intend to come at all, resolved to march back overland with his party (as he had no canoes to carry them by water) to Uganda. Just as they were ready to start, there came into camp a negro embassy from Ruoma, which lay between him and Uganda on the land route, with the following message: "Ruoma sends salaams to the white man. He does not want the white man's cloth, beads or wire, but the white man must not pass through his country. Ruoma does not want to see him or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face and big red eyes. Ruoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country, Ruoma and Mirambo will fight him."

"Here, indeed," as Stanley says, "was a dilemma." Mtesa's admiral had proved false to the instructions given him by the king, and no boats had arrived to convey his party to Uganda by water, and now the ruler of the district through which he must pass to reach it by land forbade him to cross it. To force a passage was impossible; for Ruoma, besides having a hundred and fifty muskets, and several thousand spear-

men and bowmen, had the dreaded Mirambo, with his fierce warriors, within a day's march of him and ready to aid him. Even if he could fight his way across the country, it would be at a sacrifice of life that he could not afford, and which the results he hoped to secure would not justify. Still, he could not give up Uganda, with its half-civilized king, for it was not only the most interesting country that bordered on the lake, but it comprised the unknown region lying between it and Tanganika. If he could only get canoes from some other quarter, he could take his party to Uganda by water; and once there, his friend Mtesa would give him all the aid he wanted. He therefore set on foot inquiries respecting the various tribes bordering on the gulf on which he was encamped, to ascertain the number of canoes each possessed. He found that the king of Ukerewe, the large island lying at the mouth of the gulf, was the most likely person to have the canoes he wanted, and he applied to him. But he was unable to negotiate for them in person, as he was taken suddenly and seriously ill—the result of his long exposure on the lake under an equatorial sun—so sent Pooke, with Prince Kaduma, to make proposals for them. These, taking a handsome present for the king, departed. In twelve days they returned with fifty canoes, and some three hundred natives under the command of the king's brother; but to convey him and his party to the king, not to Uganda.

Stanley's joy at the sight of the canoes was dampened by this request, and he told the king's brother that if the former would give him all his land and cattle, he would not let the expedition go to Ukerewe, but that he would go himself, and he himself might return as soon as he pleased. As soon as he was well enough he set out, and on the second day reached the island. Knowing how much was at stake, he put on his court costume, which meant the best clothes in his wardrobe, and equipped himself with his best arms, while his attendants bore valuable presents.

The next day after his arrival was fixed for the great audience. When the hour arrived Stanley mustered the crew of the *Lady Alice*, who had been dressed for the occasion, and the bugle sounded the order to march. In ten minutes they came to a level stretch of ground, in the centre of which was a knoll, where the king was seated in state, surrounded by hundreds of bowmen and spearmen. He was a young man, with a color tending more to the mulatto than negro—possessing an amiable countenance, and, altogether, he made a favorable impression on Stanley. He was quite a conspicuous object sitting on that knoll in the midst of warriors, for he was wrapped in a robe of red and yellow silk damask cloth. His reception of Stanley consisted in a long, steady stare, but, being informed that the latter wished to state the object of his visit to him and a few of his chiefs alone, he stepped aside a short distance to a pile of stones and invited them to join him. Stanley then stated what he wanted, how far he wished the canoes to go, what he would pay for them, etc., etc. The king listened attentively, and replied in a kind and affable manner; but he said his canoes were many of them rotten and unfit for a long voyage, and he was afraid they would give out, and then he would be blamed and accused of being the cause of the loss of his property. Stanley replied that he might blame the canoes, but not him. At the close of the conference the king said he should have as many canoes as he wanted, but he must remain a few days and partake of his hospitality. This was given in no stinted measure, for beeves, and goats, and chickens, and milk, and eggs, and bananas, and plantains were furnished in prodigal quantities, together with native beer for the crew. They luxuriated in abundance, and on the fifteenth day the king came to Stanley's tent with his chief counselor, and gave him his secret instructions and advice. He said he had ordered fifty canoes to carry him as far as Usukuma, Stanley's camp, but his people would not be willing to go to Uganda. He, therefore, had resorted to stratagem, and caused it to

be reported that Stanley was going to come and live among them. He said that the latter must encourage this report, and when he got to Usukuma, and the canoes were drawn up on shore, he must seize them and secure the paddles. Having thus rendered it impossible for them to return, he was to inform them what he intended to do.

Stanley having promised to obey his instructions implicitly, the king sent with him his prime minister and two favorites, and he departed, after leaving behind him a handsome present as an earnest of what he would do in the future. The natives bent to their paddles cheerfully, and at length reached Stanley's camp; but, instead of fifty he found there were but twenty-three canoes. Though disappointed, he was compelled to be content with these.

He accordingly whispered his orders to the captains of his expedition to muster their men and seize the canoes and paddles. This was done and the canoes were drawn up far on land. The astonished natives inquired the meaning of this, and when told, flew into a furious passion, and being about equal in number to Stanley's party, showed fight. The latter saw at a glance that any attempt to mollify them by talk would be fruitless, and that energetic, prompt measures alone would answer, and he immediately ordered the bugle to sound the rally. The soldiers stepped quickly into line, when he ordered a charge with the muzzles of their guns, and the astonished, duped creatures were driven out of camp and away from the shore. Stanley then held a parley with them and proposed to send them back, and did, or at least a portion of them, in four canoes, who could return and take off the rest, but the canoes he kept, and on the third day started for Uganda with a portion of the expedition, and at the end of five days arrived at Refuge Island. Remembering when he was there before, that the inhabitants of the mainland, which was not more than six miles off, were not kindly disposed toward him, he built a strong camp among the

rocks, locating it so that each high rock could furnish a position for sharp-shooters, and in every way he could rendered it impregnable, in case it should be attacked during his absence. As he had not been able to embark all his expedition and baggage, he now returned for them, reaching his old camp again after an absence of fifteen days. He learned on his arrival that two neighbouring chiefs were planning to seize him and make him pay a heavy ransom. He, however, said nothing; spoke pleasantly every day to one of them—Prince Kaduma, and made presents to his pretty wife, and went on loading his canoes. When the day of embarkation arrived, the two chiefs, with a strong force came to the water's edge and looked on moodily. Stanley appeared not to notice it, but laughed and talked pleasantly, and proceeding leisurely to the *Lady Alice*, ordered the boat's crew to shove her off. When a short distance was reached, he halted, and swinging broadside on shore, showed a row of deadly guns in point-blank range of the shore. Taken completely aback by this sudden movement, and not daring to make a hostile demonstration with those guns covering them, the treacherous chiefs let the process of embarkation go on without molestation, and soon the last canoe was afloat and a final good-bye given to the camp, a scornful farewell waved to the disappointed natives on shore, and the little fleet steered for Refuge Island. Rough weather followed, and the rotten canoes gave out one after another, so that he had only fifteen when he reached the island. He found the camp had not been disturbed in his absence. On the contrary, the neighboring kings and chiefs, seeing that his camp was impregnable, had proffered their friendship and supplied the soldiers with provisions. They also provided him with a guide and sold him three canoes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A rest—Resolves to punish the Bumbireh—Sets sail—Message to the people of Bumbireh—Imprisons the king of Iroba—The king of Bumbireh in chains—Arrival of Mtesa's canoes—Hostility of the natives—Moves on Bumbireh—The savages expecting him—Plan of Battle—The battle—Killed and wounded—Rejoicing over the victory—The natives completely subdued—Stanley gives them a lecture—Effect of the victory on the neighboring tribes—His losses—Prepares to start for the Albert Nyanza—Size of the Victoria Nyanza—Muta Nzienge—Is it and the Albert one lake—Stanley's journal and map do not agree—Mtesa at war—Stanley aids him—Uganda—Abba Rega once more—Baker's and Stanley's journal agree—Stanley asks for fifty thousand men—Mtesa gives him two thousand.

STANLEY now rested a few days on this island before beginning his explorations. It was associated in his mind with bitter memories, and as he wandered over it, he remembered the insults he had received, and his almost miraculous escape from death near it. The treacherous Bumbireh was almost in sight, and it awakened in him a strong desire for revenge, and he determined to visit the island again, and demand reparation for the wrongs he had received, and if it was not given, to make war on them, and teach them a lesson on good behavior. So at the end of three days he set sail and camped on Mahyiga Island, five miles distant, and sent a message to the natives saying, that if they would deliver their king and two principal chiefs into his hands, he would make peace with them, otherwise he would make war. This was a cool request, and Stanley himself, suspecting it would be refused, sent a party to invite the king of Iroba, an island only a mile from Bumbireh, to visit him, who, dreading the vengeance of the white man, came, bringing with him three chiefs. On what principle of morals Stanley will justify his course we cannot say, but the moment the king arrived, he had him and his chiefs put in chains; the conditions of their release being that his people should

deliver the king of Bumbireh, and two of his principal chiefs into his hands.

Although the people of Bumbireh had treated his message with contempt, the subjects of Iroba seized their king and delivered him into the hands of Stanley. The peril of their own king had stimulated them to effort, and Stanley at once released him, while he loaded his new royal captive heavily with chains. He also sent a message to king Antari, on the mainland, to whom Bumbireh was tributary, requesting him to redeem his land from war. In reply, the latter sent his son and two chiefs to him to make peace, who brought a quantity of bananas, as a promise of what the king would do in the future. Stanley in conversing with them detected them in so many falsehoods, and thinking he saw treachery in their faces, or perhaps it would be more in accordance with truth to say, that having got them in his power, he thought it better to keep them as hostages for the appearance of the two chiefs of Bumbireh, who had not been brought with the king, and did so. In the meantime, seven large canoes of Mtesa came up, which were out on an expedition of the king's. The chief commanding them told him that Magassa had recovered the oars captured at Bumbireh, and that on his return and reporting Stanley dead, had been put in chains by Mtesa, but subsequently released and dispatched in search of him. The latter persuaded this chief, with his canoes to remain, and assist him in his attack on Bumbireh if they refused his terms of peace.

Two days after, this chief sent some of his men to Bumbireh for food, but they were not allowed to land. On the contrary, they were attacked, and one man killed and eight wounded. This gave Stanley another strong reason for making war at once without further negotiations, to which Mtesa's chief gladly consented. Accordingly, next morning, he mustered two hundred and eighty men with fifty muskets, and two hundred spearmen, and placed them in eighteen canoes and set out for Bumbireh, eight miles distant, and reached the

island at two o'clock in the afternoon. The natives of Bumbireh were evidently expecting trouble, for they felt sure the attack on the friends of Stanley the day before would be quickly avenged. As the latter, therefore, drew near the shore, he saw lookouts on every eminence. Looking through his field-glass, he soon discovered messengers running to a plantain grove which stood on a low hill that commanded a clear, open view of a little port on the southern point of the island, from which he concluded that the main force of the enemy was assembled there. He then called the canoes together, and told them to follow him and steer just as he steered, and by no means to attempt to land, as he did not mean that one of Mtesa's men should be killed, or, indeed, any of his own soldiers—he intended to punish Bumbireh without any damage to himself. He then ordered the crew to row straight for the port—the canoes following in close order behind. He managed to keep out of sight of the lookouts; and skirting close to the land, at the end of a little more than a mile, rounded a cape and shot into view of the enemy. They were gathered in such large numbers that Stanley saw it would not do to attack them in such a cover, and so steered for the opposite side of the bay, as though he intended to land there, where the sloping hill-sides were bare of everything but low grass. The savages, perceiving this broke cover and ran yelling toward the threatened point. This was exactly what Stanley wanted, and he ordered the rowers to pull slowly, so as to give them time to reach the spot toward which he was moving. Very soon they were all assembled on the naked hill-side, brandishing their weapons fiercely in the air. Stanley kept slowly on till within a hundred yards of the beach, when he anchored broadside on the shore—the English and American flags waving above him. The other seventeen canoes followed his example. Seeing a group of about fifty standing close together, he ordered a volley to be fired into it. Fifty muskets and his own trusty rifle spoke at once, and with such terrible effect that nearly the

whole number was killed or wounded. The natives, astounded at this murderous work, now separated and came down to the water's edge singly, and began to yell and sling stones and shoot arrows. Stanley then ordered the anchors up, and gave directions to move the canoes within fifty yards of the shore, and each soldier to select his man and fire as though he were shooting birds. The savages dropped right and left before this target practice, but the survivors stood their ground firmly, for they knew if Stanley effected a landing he would burn everything on the island. For an hour they endured the deadly fire, and then, unable longer to stand it, moved up the hill, but still not out of range, especially of Stanley's unerring rifle. Though every now and then a man would drop, they refused to move farther away, for they knew that if they were not near enough to make a dash the moment the boats touched the shore, all would be lost. Another hour was therefore passed in this long-range firing, when Stanley ordered the canoes to advance all together, as if about to make a sudden landing. The savages, seeing this, rushed down the hillside like a torrent, and massed themselves by the hundreds at the point toward which the canoes were moving, some even entering the water with their spears poised ready to strike. When they were packed densely together, Stanley ordered the bugle to sound a halt, and, as the crews rested on their oars, directed a volley to be fired into them, which mowed them down so terribly that they turned and fled like deer over the hill. Stanley's men had now got their blood up, and urged him to let them land and make a complete end of this treacherous people, but he refused, saying that he came to punish, not destroy.

They had fired in all about seven hundred cartridges, and as the savages were completely exposed, and in the afternoon, with the sun directly behind the boats, and shining full in their faces, the mortality was great. Over forty were left dead on the field, while the number of the wounded could not be counted, though more than

a hundred were seen to limp or be led away. It was a great victory, and Stanley's dusky allies were in a state of high excitement, and made the air ring with their shouts and laughter as they bent to their paddles. It was dark when they got back to the island, where they were received with wild songs of triumph. Stanley was a great hero to these untutored children of nature. The next morning more canoes arrived from Uganda, and Stanley prepared to depart. He had now thirty-two canoes, all well loaded with men, which made quite an imposing little fleet as they moved in order on the lake, and constituted a strong force. They sailed close to Bumbireh, and Stanley looked to see what had been the effect of the severe thrashing he had given them the day before. He found their audacity gone, and their proud, insulting spirit completely quelled. There were no shouts of defiance, no hostile demonstrations. Seeing a hundred or more gathered in a group he fired a bullet over their heads, which scattered them in every direction. The day before they had breasted bravely volley after volley, but now the war spirit was thoroughly cowed. In another place some natives came down to the shore and begged them to go away and not hurt them any more. This gave Stanley an opportunity to preach them a sermon on treachery, and exhort them hereafter to treat strangers, who came to them peaceably, with kindness. The dead, in almost every hut, was, however the most effectual sermon of the two.

They camped that evening on the main-land, in the territory of King Kattawa, who treated them in a magnificent style for a savage, to show his gratitude for the punishment they had inflicted on Bumbireh, who had a short time before killed one of his chiefs. They stayed here a day, and then steered for the island of Muzina, where he had last seen Magassa and his fleet. The people were not friendly to him, but they had heard of the terrible punishment he had inflicted on the Bumbireh, and hastened to supply him with provisions. They brought him five cattle, four goats, and a hundred

bunches of bananas, besides honey, milk, and eggs. The King of Ugoro, near by, also sent him word that he had given his people orders to supply him with whatever food he wanted. Stanley replied that he wanted no food, but if he would lend him ten canoes to carry his people to Uganda, he would consider him as his friend. They were promptly furnished. Mtesa's chief urged him to attack the king, as he had murdered many of Mtesa's people, but Stanley refused, saying he did not come to make war on black people, he only wished to defend his rights and avenge acts of treachery. Five days after he landed at Duomo Uganda, halfway between the Kagera and Katonga Rivers, and pitched his camp. He selected this spot as the best place from which to start for the Albert Nyanza, which he designed next to explore. He wanted to see Mtesa, and get his advice as to which was the best route to take, because between these two lakes were several powerful tribes, who were continually at war with the king of Uganda.

In summing up his losses during this journey of two hundred and twenty miles by water, he found he had lost six men drowned, five guns and one case of ammunition, besides ten canoes wrecked, and three riding asses dead, leaving him but one. He had been gone fifty-six days, and though the distance was but two hundred and twenty miles, a large portion of it had been traversed three times, so that he had really traveled by water over seven hundred and twenty miles. He had brought scarcely any provisions—the expedition subsisting on the corn he bought at the start with one bale of cloth—except such as were given them. He now resolved, after he had settled his camp, to visit Mtesa again, and consult with him about the aid he could give him to reach the Albert Nyanza. This lake was the source of the White Nile, up which Baker was forcing his way, the very year Stanley started on his expedition. He hoped to launch steamers upon it, but he failed even to reach it, though he saw its waters, twenty miles distant. Between it and the Victoria

Nyanza is an unknown region. The distance from one to the other in a straight line is probably not two hundred miles, though by any traveled route it is, of course, much farther. Nothing is definitely known of its size or shape. Colonel Mason made a partial exploration of it last year, but it still remains a new field for some future explorer, for Stanley failed to reach it if the map of the former is correct. The Victoria Nyanza he computed to contain twenty-one thousand five hundred square miles, and to be nine thousand one hundred and sixty-eight feet above the sea level. There is a large lake almost directly west of the Nyanza called Muta Nzienge, which Stanley conjectures may be connected with the Albert Nyanza. The region around the latter is wholly unknown, except that fierce cannibals occupy its western shore. We say that Stanley did not reach the Albert Nyanza at all, though if it and the Muta Nzienge are one he did. He inserts in his journal that he reached the shore of the lake, yet by his map he did not. This discrepancy, owing probably to the fact that he thought, at the time, the lake he saw was the Albert Nyanza, and though Colonel Mason explored it partially last year, and makes it an entirely distinct lake, he may think so still. At all events, his map and journal should agree, but they do not, which confuses things badly. His route, as he has marked it down, does not go near it. On the other hand, if the Albert and the Muta Nzienge are one, it rivals in length that of the great Tanganika, but we believe no one thinks it to be.

Stanley found Mtesa at war with the Wavuma, who refused to pay their annual tribute. According to his account this monarch had an army with him which, with its camp followers, amounted to a quarter of a million of souls. He remained with him several weeks as the war dragged slowly along, and in the meantime, translated, with the help of a young, educated Arab, a part of the Bible for him, and apparently sent him forward a great way toward Christianity. He at length, after he had witnessed various naval battles that did not

seem to bring the war any nearer to a termination, built for the king a huge naval structure, wholly inclosed, which, when it moved against the brave islanders, filled them with consternation, and they made peace.

At this point, Stanley makes a break in his journal and devotes nearly a hundred pages to Uganda and its king, Mtesa. He gives its traditions, mingled, doubtless, with much fable; a description of its land fruits, customs of the people—in short, a thorough history, as far as the natives know anything about it. This possesses more or less interest, though the information it conveys is of very little consequence, while it is destitute of any incident connected with his journey.

It was now October, and he turned his attention directly to the next scene of his labors—the exploration of the Albert Nyanza. The great difficulty here was to get through the warlike tribes that lay between the lakes and around the latter, of which Abba Rega was one of the most hostile chiefs. This king, it will be remembered, was the great foe of Baker, whom the latter drove out of the country, after burning his capital, and put Rionga in his place. He said then that this treacherous king had gone to the shores of the Albert Nyanza. By the way, Baker's statement and Stanley's journal placed together, seem to make it certain that the Muta Nzienge, which the latter reached, and the Albert Nyanza are the same; for, in the first place, it will be remembered, Baker's last journey was to Unyoro, where he saw the Albert Nyanza. Now Stanley, it will be seen hereafter, traverses this same district to reach the lake he called Muta Nzienge. Again, Baker says that Abba Rega fled to the Albert Nyanza, and yet Stanley found him on Lake Muta Nzienge. If Stanley's attention had been called to this, we hardly think he would have made two lakes on his map, when, from these corroborating statements, there could have been but one. The fact that these separate statements, made two years apart, are purely incidental, makes the fact they go to prove more certain to be true. We have not

seen Colonel Mason's recent voyage on the lake, but it seems impossible that Baker and Stanley should reach through the same tribe two large and entirely separate lakes.

Aware not only of the hostility, but power of some of the tribes between Uganda and Lake Albert, Stanley asked Mtesa for fifty or sixty thousand men—a mighty army. With such a force he thought he could not only overcome all opposition on the way, but hold the camp he wished to establish, while he spent two months in exploring the lake. But Mtesa told him two thousand would be ample, which he would cheerfully furnish. He said that he need not fear Abba Rega, for he would not dare to lift a spear against his troops, for he had seated him on the throne of Kameazi. Though Stanley was not convinced of the truth of Mtesa's statements, he would not urge him further and accepted the two thousand soldiers, commanded by General Lamboori, as an escort, with many expressions of thanks.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE EXPEDITION TO ALBERT NYANZA.

Force of the expedition—Its start—First March—Through hostile Unyoro—The encampment—Mount Gambaragara—Its summit occupied by white people—Live on a rock in the middle of a lake—Their origin—Other strange tribes—The march—Frightened people—The lake reached without opposition—A miserable failure—The reason of it—Stanley's feelings—The return—Report to Mtesa—His wrath—Liberal offers—Wonders of the country—A generous, peaceful king—Lake Windermere—Source of the Nile—Absurd theories—The hot springs of Mtagata.

STANLEY'S expedition consisted of one hundred and eighty men, which, with the troops Mtesa gave him, made a total of two thousand two hundred and ninety men. To this little army were attached some five hundred women and children, making a sum total

of two thousand eight hundred. With this force all ordinary opposition could be overcome, and as it moved off with the sound of drums and horns, and the waving of the English and American flags, conspicuous amid those of the negro army, it presented a very animated appearance. But Stanley was destined to find out what others have learned before him, that a small force under one's own immediate command is better than a large undisciplined one, that is subject to the orders of another.

General Lamboози had no heart in this expedition, and soon showed it. But they moved off gayly over the swelling pasture-lands of Uganda, striking north-west toward the lake, which Stanley hoped to explore, as he had the Victoria Nyanza. The march through Uganda was a pleasant one, and they at length reached the frontier of Unyoro and prepared for war.

On the 5th of January they entered Abba Rega's territory, whom, two years before, Baker had driven from his throne, and who naturally felt peculiarly hostile to all white men. But no resistance was offered—the people, as if remembering the past, fleeing before them, leaving their provisions and everything behind them, of which the army made free use. Three days after they came to the base of a mighty mountain, called Kabrogo, rising five thousand five hundred feet into the air, presenting, in its naked, rugged outline, a sublime appearance. They encamped that night on a low ridge, in sight of the Katonga River, flowing east in its course to the Victoria Nyanza, bringing up many associations to Stanley's mind—while to the west the Ruanga filled the night air with its thunderous sound, as it tumbled over cataracts toward the Albert Nyanza. From an eminence near by could be seen in the distance the colossal form of Gambaragara Mountain looming up from the wilderness—a second Mont Blanc, rising some three miles into the cloudless heavens. Though under the equator, snow is often seen on its summit. But what gives it peculiar interest is, that on its cold and lonely top dwell a people

of an entirely distinct race, being white, like Europeans. The king of Uzigo once spoke to Stanley and Livingstone of this singular people, and now the latter saw half a dozen of them. Their hair, he says, is "kinky," and inclined to brown in color; their features regular; lips thin, and noses well shaped. Altogether, they are a handsome race—the women, many of them possessing great beauty. Some of their descendants are scattered through the tribes living near the base of the mountain, but the main body occupy its lofty summit. The queen of one of the islands in the Victoria Nyanza is a descendant of them. The history of this singular people is wrapped in mystery.

There is a tradition that the first king of Unyoro gave them the land at its base, and the approach of a powerful enemy first drove them to the top for safety. They have become so acclimated that they can stand the cold, while the dwellers of the plain are compelled to flee before it. Mtesa once dispatched his greatest general with an army of a hundred thousand men to capture them. They succeeded in making their way to a great height, but finally had to retreat—the cold became so intense.

The retreat of this pale-faced tribe is said to be inaccessible. The top is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano; for on it there is a lake nearly a third of mile long, from the centre of which rises a huge rock to a great height. Around the top of this runs a rim of rock, making a natural wall, in which are several villages, where the principal "medicine man" and his people reside.

This account, if true, does not touch the origin of this peculiar race of people, nor in any way explain the fact of their existence here in tropical Africa. Two men belonging to this tribe joined Stanley's expedition in this march to the Albert Lake, yet he seems to have obtained no information from them of the history of their tribe. Whether they had any traditions or not we are not informed—we only know that Stanley found

them extremely uncommunicative. It is possible they had nothing to tell, for a vast majority of the negro tribes of Africa have no past; they care neither for the past or future, so far as external life is concerned, living only in the present. These two men occupied a high position, for some cause, in the army under Lamboosi, and were the only ones who were allowed more than two milch cows on the route. Various stories about these people were told Stanley, and it is difficult to come at the truth. About the only thing that seems established is that this white race exists, of whose origin nothing definite has as yet been obtained. Stanley says that he heard they were of Arab origin, but there are plenty of Arabs in Africa—in fact, all the soldiers attached to the expedition were Arabs, and colonies of them had long existed in Central Africa; but they are not white men.

It seems impossible that Livingstone, years before, should have heard of this singular people, and Stanley seen specimens of them, if no such tribe really existed. It seems almost equally strange that they should be able for centuries to keep so isolated that their very home is a myth. The truth is, that Africa is a land of fables and traditions, that partake of the wonderful and often of the miraculous. Mr. Stanley was told of other tribes of white people living in a remote unknown region, possessing great ferocious dogs, and also of dwarfs of singular habits and customs. These traditions or reports, that are invariably vague in their character, usually have more or less foundation in truth. Mixed with the wonderful, that always holds an important place in savage literature, there will generally be found at least a grain of truth; and the traditions of white races among a people who had never seen white men, could hardly exist if no such tribes existed.

The diet of this strange race consists of milk and bananas. Stanley says the first specimen he saw of the tribe was a young man, whom he at first took for a young Arab from Cairo, who for some reason had wan-

dered off to Uganda, and taken up his residence with King Mtesa. The two attached to his expedition would easily have been mistaken for Greeks in white shirts. Stanley, after seeing these white Africans, the stories concerning whose existence he had regarded as one of the fables of the ignorant, superstitious natives, says that he is ready to believe there is a medium of truth in all the strange stories that he has been accustomed to listen to as he would to a fairy tale. Four years previous, while exploring the Tanganika with Livingstone, they both smiled at the story told them of a white people living north of Uzigo, but now he had seen them, and if it were not that their hair resembles somewhat that of the negro he should take them for Europeans. He heard afterwards that the first king of Kisbakka, a country to the south-west, was an Arab, whose scimiter is still preserved by the natives, and infers that these people may be his descendants. He also heard of a tribe that wore armor and used a breed of fierce and powerful dogs in battle.

From this point the expedition moved on toward the Albert Nyanza, along the southern bank of the Rusango River, a rapid, turbulent stream winding in and out among the mountains, and rushing onward in fierce, rapid and headlong cataracts to the peaceful bosom of the lake. For ten hours they marched swiftly through an uninhabited country and then emerged into a thickly populated district. Their sudden appearance, with drums beating and colors flying, filled the people, who had no intimation of their coming, with such consternation, that they took to the woods, leaving everything behind them—even the porridge on the fire and great pots of milk standing ready for the evening meal. Fields and houses were alike deserted in a twinkling, and the army marched in and took possession. Thus far they had met with no opposition whatever, and the warlike tribe Stanley had feared so much and had taken such a large force with him to overcome, seemed to have no existence. In fact, the days had passed by monotonously, for the most part the scenery was tame, and the march

of the troops from day to day was without incident or interest, and now, at this village, they were within a few miles of the lake, to reach which was the sole object of all this display of force. Instead of fighting their way, they found themselves in undisputed possession of a large and populous district, with not a soul to give them any information.

We confess there is something about this journey from the Victoria Nyanza to the Albert that we do not understand. By the route on the map it must have been nearly two hundred miles, and yet the expedition started on January 5th, and on the evening of the 9th was within three miles of the latter, which would make the marching about fifty miles a day—an impossibility.

Now fifty miles a day for four days would be terrible marching for veteran troops. Hence, we say, the map or journal is wrong. If he took the route he has marked down and completed it in the time he says he did, one instead of two parallels or longitude should indicate the distance between the two lakes. In fact, this whole expedition was such a miserable failure, that anywhere but in Africa it would be looked upon as a farce, and shows how utterly futile it is to rely on the native Africans in any great enterprise. The Arabs are bad enough, but they are fidelity itself compared to these black savages.

Here was an expedition numbering nearly three thousand souls, organized to secure a safe march to a lake not five days distant. It met no obstacles of any moment, reached the lake, and there, on the mere rumor that hostilities were intended, practically broke up and returned. Stanley had, with about three hundred men, traversed an unknown country for months, fought battles, and at the end of a thousand miles reached the lake he was after, pitched his camp, and with a crew of eleven men explored the lake in its entire circuit, and returned in safety. Here, with a small army, after a four days' march he reaches the Albert Nyanza, yet does nothing but turn round and march back again. It would seem

at first sight, strange that if he could march a thousand miles from the sea to the Victoria Nyanza and then explore it, he could not now with the same men explore this lake without the aid of Lamboози and his two thousand or more soldiers. Doubtless he could but for this very army. Its disaffection and declaration that they were not strong enough to resist the force about to be brought against them, created a panic among Stanley's men. If two thousand fled it would be madness for one hundred and eighty to stay. The simple truth is, the more such men one has with him, unless he is the supreme head and his will is law, even to life and death, the worse he is off. Stanley, planning, controlling and directing every movement is a power; Stanley under the direction of a swaggering African negro general is nobody.

Lamboози did, next morning after their approach to the lake, send out two hundred scouts to capture some natives, by whom they could get a message to the king of the district, saying that they had no hostile intentions, and if permitted to encamp on the shores of the lake for two months, would pay in beads, cloth and wire for whatever provisions they consumed. Five were captured and sent to the king with this proposition, but he did not deign an answer. On the 11th they moved the camp to within a mile of the lake, on a plateau that rose a thousand feet above its surface. A place was selected for a camp and men sent out to capture all the canoes they could find. In three hours they returned with only five, and those too small for their purpose. But they brought back word that the whole country was aroused, and that a large body of strange warriors had arrived on the coast to aid the king in making war on the new-comers.

General Lamboози now became thoroughly alarmed, and stubbornly refused to grant Stanley's request to move to the edge of the lake and intrench. It seemed probable that the natives meant to give battle, but with what numbers or prospect of success, Lamboози took no meas-

ures to ascertain. Next day he resolved to march back. Entreaties and threats were alike in vain, and there was nothing left for Stanley to do but to march back with him. He was greatly disappointed and thoroughly disgusted, but there was no help for it. That Unyoro and Abba Rega would be hostile Stanley knew before he started, and on that account took so large a force with him. Yet he says; after this miserable failure, that it was a foolhardy attempt at the outset. Looking at it calmly he pronounces it a great folly, redeemed from absurdity only by "the success of having penetrated through Unyoro and reached the Albert." It is difficult to see wherein lies the greatness of this success; for, according to his own account, it was one of the most peaceful marches he ever performed, with hardly enough incident in it to make it interesting. It matters little, however; all that can be said is, they marched up to the lake and then marched back again.

On the morning of the 13th, they began their return in order of battle—five hundred spearmen in front, five hundred as a rear guard, and the expedition in the centre—but no enemy attacked them or attempted to do anything but pick up some stragglers. The next day the expedition formed the rear guard, and once some natives rushed out of the woods to attack them, but were quickly dispersed by a few shots.

This is all that happened to this army in terrible Unyoro, and presents a striking contrast to Baker's gallant march through it with his little band, fighting every day for nearly a week. Four days after, without any further molestation, they re-entered Uganda, where Lamboози turned off to his home. Stanley had heard no news of Gordon or of the steamers he was to place on the lake according to the plan of Baker; and though at first he thought he would seek some other way to reach it and make his explorations, he finally resolved to start for Tanganika, which he would reach in four months, and explore it. Hence, while Lamboози turned eastward toward Lake Victoria, he, with his little band, turned

southward. He sent a letter, however, to Mtesa, informing him of Lamboози's cowardice and refusal to build a camp at Lake Albert, and telling him also that this redoubtable general had robbed him. He had intrusted to his care three porter's loads of goods to relieve his own carriers, and these he had appropriated as his own.

When the letter reached the emperor he was thrown into a towering passion, and immediately dispatched a body of troops to seize the general, with orders to strip him of his wives, slaves, cattle and everything he possessed, and bring him bound to his presence. He also sent letter after letter to Stanley, begging him to return, and he would give him ninety thousand men, with brave generals to command them, who would take him to Lake Albert, and protect him there till he had finished his explorations. Stanley was very much moved by this generous offer and the anxiety of the king to make amends for Lamboози's poltroonery and thieving conduct. The noble savage felt it keenly that he, who valued so highly the esteem of Stanley, should be disgraced in his sight, and it was hard for the latter to refuse his urgent request to be allowed to redeem his character and his pledge. But Stanley had had enough of Waganda troops, and felt that whatever was accomplished hereafter must be by his well-trained, compact, brave little band. He kept on his way, and never saw Mtesa again.

He had been able to add considerable to the geography of the country bordering on Lake Albert. Usongora, a promontory running thirty miles into the lake southward, he ascertained to be the great salt field, from whence all the surrounding countries obtain their salt. From all he could hear, it was truly a land of wonders, but he says the man who should attempt to explore it would need a thousand muskets, for the natives cannot be enticed into peace by cloth and beads. They care for nothing but milk and goat-skins. "Among the wonders credited to it," he says, "are a mountain emit-

ting fire and stones, a salt lake of considerable extent, several hills of rock-salt, a large plain encrusted thickly with salt and alkali, a breed of very large dogs of extraordinary ferocity, and a race of such long-legged natives, that ordinary mortals regard them with surprise and awe." They do not allow members of their tribe to intermarry with strangers, and their food, like the dwellers in the Himalaya Mountains, in India, consists chiefly of milk. Mtesa once invaded their territory with one hundred thousand men, to capture cows, of which the natives have an immense number, and in watching which consists their sole occupation. The army returned with twenty thousand, but they were obtained at such a fearful sacrifice of life that the raid will not be repeated.

Stanley rested a few days after Lamboози left him, before proceeding northward. He then continued his march leisurely through the country, inquiring on the way the character of the tribes westward toward the part of Lake Albert which extended south from where he struck it, but one and all were reported hostile to the passage of any strangers through their territory.

Arriving on the Kagera River in Karagwe, he found the King Rumanika a mild, pleasant-spoken man and very friendly, but he told him that all the neighboring tribes would not let him enter their lands. The latter, a little suspicious of the motives that prompted this bad report of the surrounding tribes, to test him, asked him if he had any objections to his exploring his country. He said no, and cheerfully promised to furnish him guides and an escort, and his party should be supplied with food, free of charge. Stanley, surprised at this generosity, at once got ready to start. He first went south to Lake Windermere, a small body of water so named by Captain Speke, because of its fancied resemblance to the Lake of that name in England. The Lady Alice was taken there, screwed together and launched on the peaceful waters. Accompanied by six native canoes he sailed round it and then entered Kagera

River, called by Speke the Kitangule. Suddenly it flashed on Stanley's mind that he had discovered the true parent of the Victoria Nile. It fed and drained this little lake some nine miles long. Moreover, he found that there was a depth of fifty-two feet of water and a breadth of one hundred and fifty feet. He therefore pushed up it three days and came to another lake, nine miles long and six miles wide. Working up through the papyrus that covered the stream, he came to another lake or pond, a mile and a half long. Ascending an eminence he discovered that this whole portion of the river was a lake—large tracts of which were covered with papyrus or that vegetation which we have seen Baker had to contend with in ascending the Nile. It seemed solid ground, while in fact it was a large body of water covered over, with here and there an opening, making a separate lake, of which Windermere was the largest. This apparently underground lake was some eighty miles in length and fourteen in width.

Following the river as it flowed eastward into the Victoria Nyanza, he found he entered another lake, thirteen miles long and some eight miles broad. This was, of course, the continuation of the lake, covered at intervals with this tropical vegetation, which gave to it the appearance of land. There were in all seventeen of these lakes. This river now broadening as the formation of the land causes it to expand, now narrowing till its channel is forty feet deep, it at last tumbles over cataracts and rushes through rapids into the Victoria Nyanza. All this seems of little account, except, as Stanley says, he has found in it the true source of the Victoria Nile.

The great and persistent efforts to find out the source of the Nile have led explorers to push their theories to an absurd extent. Because Herodotus made the Nile to rise in some large springs, they seem to think they must find something back and beyond a great lake as its source. Now, when a river flows right on through one lake after another, making lakes as the formation of the

ground allows, it of course maintains its integrity and oneness.

In this case there is but one main stream; and as long as the lakes are the mere spreading out of that stream on low, flat lands, it must remain the same. But when you come to great reservoirs like the Albert and Victoria Nyanza and the Tanganika—into which a hundred streams, and perhaps twice that number of springs, flow—to go beyond such reservoirs to find the head of the stream is bringing geography down to a fine point. The outlet is plain—you have traced the river up till you see it roaring from its great feeder. This is very satisfactory, and should end all research after the source of the stream. But to insist on taking measurements of a dozen different rivers that flow into a lake a thousand miles in circumference, to find which is a mile longest or ten feet deepest, and thus determine the source of the outlet, is preposterous. A lake covering twenty-two thousand square miles, fed by a hundred rivers, is a reservoir of itself, and not an expansion of any one river. One might as well try to prove which is the great source or feeder of the Atlantic Ocean—the Amazon, Mississippi or Congo.

Thus we find Stanley, when he struck the Shimeeyu in Speke Gulf, declaring he had found the extreme southern source of the Nile; and now, when exploring another river on another side of the lake of larger volume, he changes his mind and thinks he has made a great discovery in ascertaining at last the true source of the river. He found it over fifty feet deep, which showed what a volume of water it poured into the Victoria Nyanza. Descending it again, he entered another lake some thirteen miles long by eight wide. Exploring this, he was driven back by the natives when he attempted to land, who hailed him with shrill shouts and wild war-cries. The Kagera, through its entire length, maintains almost the same depth and volume.

Returning to his generous host, he asked for guides to take him to the hot springs of Mttagata, the healing pro-

perties of which he had heard of far and wide from the natives. These were cheerfully given, and after a march of two days he reached them. Here he was met by an astonishing growth of vegetation. Plants of an almost infinite variety covered the ground, growing so thick and crowding each other so closely, that they became a matted mass—the smaller ones stifled by the larger—and out of which trees shot up an arrow's-flight into the air, with "globes of radiant green foliage upon their stem-like crowns." He found a crowd of diseased persons here, trying the effect of the water. Naked men and women were lying promiscuously around in the steaming water, half-asleep and half-cooked, for the water showed a temperature of one hundred and twenty-nine degrees. The springs were, however, of different temperature. The hottest one issued from the base of a rocky hill, while four others, twenty degrees cooler, came bubbling up out of black mud, and were the favorites with the invalids. Stanley camped here three days, and bathed in the water and drank it, but could perceive no effect whatever on his system. Returning to his friend Rumaniki, he prepared to start on his journey south to Lake Tanganika, and finish its explorations.

Having discovered that the Kagera River formed a lake eighty miles long, and was a powerful stream a long distance from its mouth, he resolved, as it flowed from the south, to follow it up and try to find its source. A broad wilderness lay before him, the extent of which he did not accurately know, and he packed ten days' provisions on the shoulders of each man of the expedition, and bidding the soft-voiced pagan king by whom he had been treated so kindly a warm good-bye, he entered the forest and kept along the right bank of the stream. This was the 27th of March, and for six days he marched through an uninhabited wilderness, with nothing to break the monotony of the journey. At the end of that time he came to the borders of Karagwe and to the point where the Akanyaru River entered the Kagera. He

dared not explore this river, for the natives that inhabit both its banks are wild and fierce, having a deadly hatred of all strangers. They are like the long-legged race of Bumbireh, and he did not care to come in collision with them. They possess many cattle, and if one sickens or dies, they do not attribute it to accident, but believe it has been bewitched, and search the country through to find the stranger who has done it, and if he is found, *he dies*.

All the natives of the region are passionately fond of their cows, and will part with anything sooner than milk. Stanley says that his friend Rumaniki, with all his generosity, never offered him a teaspoonful of milk, and if he had given him a can of it he believes his people would have torn him limb from limb. He thinks that half of their hostility arises from the fear of the evil effect that the presence of strangers will have on their cattle. Hence they keep a strict quarantine on their frontiers. It is not strange that they should cherish them carefully, for they are their sole means of subsistence.

This long journey through various tribes is singularly barren of incident. He lost his last dog, Bull, on the route, who had bravely held out in all its long wanderings, but at last gave in and laid down and died, with his eyes fixed on the retiring expedition. He also met the redoubtable Mirambo, and found him not the blood-thirsty monster he had been represented to be, but a polite, pleasant-mannered gentleman, and generous to a fault. They made blood brotherhood together, and became fast friends. At length, in the latter part of May, he reached Ujiji, where he formerly found Livingstone. The following extract from a private letter of Stanley's, written to a friend while at Lake Victoria, gives a domestic picture that is quite charming. He says that "Kagehyi is a straggling village of cane huts, twenty or thirty in number, which are built somewhat in the form of a circle, hedged around by a fence of thorns twisted between upright stakes. Sketch such a village in your

imagination, and let the centre of it be dotted here and there with the forms of kidlings who prank it with the vivacity of kidlings under a hot, glowing sun. Let a couple of warriors and a few round-bellied children be seen among them, and near a tall hut which is a chief's plant a taller tree, under whose shade sit a few elders in council with their chief; so much for the village. Now outside the village, yet touching the fence, begin to draw the form of a square camp, about fifty yards square, each side flanked with low, square huts, under the eaves of which, plant as many figures of men as you please, for we have many, and you have the camp of the exploring expedition, commanded by your friend and humble servant. From the centre of the camp you may see Lake Victoria, or that portion of it I have called Speke Gulf, and twenty-five miles distant you may see table-topped Magita, the large island of Ukerewe, and toward the north-west a clear horizon, with nothing between water and sky to mar its level. The surface of the lake which approaches to within a few yards of the camp is much ruffled just at present with a north-west breeze, and though the sun is glowing hot, under the shade it is agreeable enough, so that nobody perspires or is troubled with the heat. You must understand there is a vast difference between New York and Central African heat. Yours is a sweltering heat, begetting languor and thirst—ours is a dry heat, permitting activity and action without thirst or perspiration. If we exposed ourselves to the sun, we should feel quite as though we were being baked. Come with me to my lodgings, now. I lodge in a hut a little inferior in size to the chief's. In it is stored the luggage of the expedition, which fills one-half. It is about six tons in weight, and consists of cloth, beads, wire, shells, ammunition, powder, barrels, portmanteaus, iron trunks, photographic apparatus, scientific instruments, pontoons, sections of boat, etc., etc. The other half of the hut is my sleeping, dining and hall-room. It is dark as pitch within, for light cannot penetrate the mud with which the wood-work is lib-

erally daubed. The floor is of dried mud, thickly covered with dust, which breeds fleas and other vermin to be a plague to me and my poor dogs.

“I have four youthful Mercuries, of ebon color, attending me, who, on the march, carry my personal weapons of defense. I do not need so many persons to wait on me, but such is their pleasure. They find their reward in the liberal leavings of the table. If I have a goat killed for European men, half of it suffices for two days for us. When it becomes slightly tainted, my Mercuries will beg for it, and devour it at a single sitting. Just outside of the door of my hut are about two dozen of my men sitting, squatted in a circle and stringing beads. A necklace of beads is each man’s daily sum wherewith to buy food. I have now a little over one hundred and sixty men. Imagine one hundred and sixty necklaces given each day for the last three months—in the aggregate the sum amounts to fourteen thousand necklaces—in a year to fifty-eight thousand four hundred. A necklace of ordinary beads is cheap enough in the States, but the expense of carriage makes a necklace here equal to about twenty-five cents in value. For a necklace I can buy a chicken, or a peck of sweet potatoes, or half a peck of grain.

“I left the coast with about forty thousand yards of cloth, which, in the States, would be worth about twelve and a-half cents a yard, or altogether about five thousand dollars—the expense of portage, as far as this lake, makes each yard worth about fifty cents. Two yards of cloth will purchase a goat or sheep; thirty will purchase an ox; fifteen yards are enough to purchase rations for the entire caravan.”

Why these naked savages put such a high value on cloth, none of these African explorers inform us. We can understand why they should like beads, brass wire, shells, and trinkets of all sorts. They certainly use very little cloth on their persons.

He adds: “These are a few of the particulars of our domestic affairs. The expedition is divided into eight

squads, of twenty men each, with an experienced man over each squad. They are all armed with Snider's percussion-lock muskets. A dozen or so of the most faithful have a brace of revolvers in addition to their other arms."

He then goes on to speak of the battles he has fought, and it is but just to him to give his feelings as he describes them in confidential private correspondence, on being compelled to kill the savages. He says: "As God is my judge, I would prefer paying tribute, and making these savages friends rather than enemies. But some of these people are cursed with such delirious ferocity that we are compelled to defend ourselves. They attack in such numbers and so sudden, that our repeating rifles and Sniders have to be handled with such nervous rapidity as will force them back before we are forced to death; for if we allow them to come within forty yards, their spears are as fatal as bullets; their spears make fearful wounds, while their contemptible-looking arrows are as deadly weapons. . . . Since I left Zanzibar, I have travelled seven hundred and twenty miles by land and a thousand miles by water. This is a good six months' work."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Back to Ujiji—Pleasant Associations—The Mystery of Tanganika—No Outlet—Cameron's Expedition—Thinks he Discovers the Outlet—Doubts of Stanley—The Lake constantly Rising—Stanley starts to examine for himself—Bags two Zebras—A whole village Massacred—Reaches Cameron's Outlet—Explores it thoroughly—Declares Cameron to be Mistaken—The Future Outlet—Livingstone's Influence—The Small-pox in Camp—Desertion of his Men—Prompt Measures—Crosses the Tanganika—More Desertions—People of Manyema—Singular Custom.

IT was with strange feelings that Stanley caught from the last ridge the sparkling waters of Tanganika. Sweet associations were awakened at the sight, as he

remembered with what a thrilling heart he first saw it gleam in the landscape. Then it was the end of a long, wasting and perilous journey—the goal of his ambition, the realization of his fondest hopes; for on its shores he believed the object for which he had toiled so long was resting. No welcomer sight ever dawned on mortal eye than its waters as they spread away on the horizon; and though he should see it a hundred times, it will never appear to him like any other sheet of water. He has formed for it an attachment that will last for ever; and whenever in imagination it rises before him, it will appear like the face of a friend.

As he now descended to Ujiji, it was with sensations as though he were once more entering civilized life, for there was something almost homelike about this Arab colony. People dressed in civilized garments were moving about the streets, cattle were coming down to the lake to drink, and domestic animals scattered here and there made quite a domestic scene.

At first sight, it seems strange that Stanley should have selected this lake as the next scene of his explorations. He had already, with Livingstone, explored thoroughly the upper half of it, and passed part way down the western side; Livingstone had been at the foot of it, and to crown all, he had heard, before leaving Zanzibar, that Cameron had explored the entire southern portion, so that really there was nothing for him to do, but follow a path which had been already trodden. To employ an expedition fitted out at so great a cost, and spend so much valuable time in going over old ground, seems an utter waste of both time and labor, especially when such vast unexplored fields spread all around him. But there was a mystery about Tanganika, that we suspect Stanley did not believe Cameron had solved, and which he meant to clear up. Here was a lake over three hundred miles long, with perhaps a hundred streams, great and small, running into it, and yet with no outlet, unless Cameron had found it, which he thinks he did. To find this was the chief object of the expedi-

tion Stanley and Livingstone made together to the north end of the lake. They had heard that the Rusizi River at that extremity was the outlet, but they found it instead a tributary. In fact, they proved conclusively that there was no outlet at the northern end, and it therefore must be at the southern, and if so, the commencement of a river that would become a mighty stream before it reached the ocean. But no such stream was known to exist. The Caspian Sea has large and rapid rivers flowing into it, but no outlet, yet it never fills up. Evaporation, it is supposed, accounts for this. But the Caspian is salt, while the Tanganika is fresh water, and such a large body of fresh water as this was never known to exist without an outlet, and if it could be that evaporation was so great as to equal all the water that runs into it, it would not remain so fresh as it is. We said, when sketching the route of Cameron, that we omitted his explorations on this lake because it would be better to take them with Stanley's, as the main object of both was the same. We will first let Cameron state his own case. He started with two canoes and thirty-seven men, and sailed down the eastern shore of the lake, now ravished with the surpassing beauty of the scene composed of lake and sky, and smiling shores, and again awed by beetling cliffs—one evening camping on the green banks and watching the sun go down behind the purple peaks, and another drenched with rain, and startled by the vivid lightning and awful thunder crashes of a tropical storm, yet meeting with no incident of any peculiar interest to the reader. The natives were friendly, and he describes the different villages and customs of the people and their superstitions, which do not vary materially from other native tribes. At last, on the 3d of May, entered the Lukuga Creek, which a chief told him was the outlet of the lake. He says that the entrance was more than a mile wide, "but closed up by a grass sand-bank, with the exception of a channel three or four hundred yards wide. Across this there is a rill where the surf breaks heavily although there was

more than a fathom of water at its most shallow part." The next day he went down it four or five miles, until navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. Here the depth was eighteen feet, and breadth six hundred yards, and the current a knot and a half an hour. The chief who accompanied him said that it emptied into the Lualaba. He tried in vain to hire men to cut a passage through the vegetation that he might explore the river. This was all the knowledge he obtained by actual observation, the rest of his information being obtained from the natives.

Now, we must say, that this is a sorry exhibit for the outlet to a lake almost twice as long as Lake Ontario. That such an immense body of water should trickle away at this rate seems extraordinary. Stanley at Ujiji started on foot inquiries respecting this stream, and found Cameron's guide, who stoutly denied that the river flowed south from the lake. Another veteran guide corroborated this statement, while many others declared that before Cameron came, they had never heard of an outflowing river.

These contradictory statements, together with the universal testimony that the lake was continually rising, the truth of which he could not doubt, as he saw palm-trees standing in the market-place when he was there in 1871, now one hundred feet out in the lake—made him resolve to explore this stream himself. He started on the 11th of June, and three days after landed to take a hunt, and soon came upon a herd of zebras, two of which he bagged, and thus secured a supply of meat.

On the 19th, on approaching a large village, they were astonished to see no people on the shore. Landing, they were still more astonished at the death-like silence that reigned around, and advancing cautiously came upon corpses of men and women transfixed with spears or with their heads cut off. Entering into the village they found that there had been a wholesale massacre. A descent had been made upon the place, but by whom no one was left to tell, and its entire population put to death.

As Stanley proceeded, he found other evidences of the steady rise of the lake. He continued on his course, finding the same varied scenery that Camerou did, with nothing of peculiar interest occurring, except to the travelers themselves, and at length came to the Lukuga Creek. He found various traditions and accounts here—one native said the water flowed both ways. The spot on which Cameron encamped, some two years before, was covered with water, another evidence that the lake was rising. He very sensibly says that the "rill," which Cameron states runs directly across the channel, is conclusive evidence that the Lukuga runs into, instead of out of the lake, for it must be formed by the meeting of the inflowing current and the waves. An outpouring stream driven onward by waves would make a deep channel, not a dam of sand. He tried several experiments, by which he proved, to his entire satisfaction, that the stream flowed in the lake instead of being its outlet. Having settled this question he set about finding the other river, which the natives declared flowed out westward. After traveling some distance inland, he did find a place where the water flowed west; it was, however, a mere trickling stream. His account of all his explorations here, and the traditions of the natives and description of the formation of the country and probable geological changes is quite lengthy, but possesses but little interest to the general reader.

The result of it all, however, is, he believes, that the Lukuga was formerly a tributary of the lake, the bed of which at some former time was lifted up to a higher level, that the whole stretch of land here has been sunk lower by some violent convulsion of nature, taking the Lukuga with it, and thus making a sort of dam of the land at the foot, which accounts for the steady rise of the river year by year; and that in three years the lake will rise above it, and, gathering force, will tear like a resistless torrent through all this mud and vegetation, and, roaring on as the Nile does where it leaves the Victoria Nyanza, sweep through the country till it pours its

accumulated waters into the Lualaba, and thus swell the Congo into a still larger Amazon of Africa. This seems to be the only plausible solution of the mystery attached to Tanganika. The only objection to it is, no such convulsion or change of the bed of the Tanganika seems to have occurred during this generation, and what has become then, for at least seventy years, of all the waters these hundred rivers have been pouring into the lake? We should like the estimate of some engineer of how many feet that lake would rise in fifty years, with its tributaries pouring incessantly such a flood of water into it. We are afraid the figures would hardly harmonize with this slow rise of the lake. It may be that there is a gradual filtering of the water through the ooze at the foot, which will account for the slow filling up of the great basin—a leakage that arrests the process of accumulation. But if Stanley's explorations and statements can be relied upon, the mystery will soon solve itself and men will not have to hunt for an outlet long. He makes its length three hundred and twenty-nine geographical miles, and its average breadth twenty-eight miles.

The wonderful influence of Livingstone over all African explorers, is nowhere more visible than here at Ujiji, on both Cameron and Stanley. Both had set out with one object—to try to complete the work that the great and good man's death had left unfinished. His feet had pressed the shores of almost every lake either had seen, as well as those of others which they had not seen. The man had seemed to be drawn on westward until he reached Nyangwe, where dimly arose before him the Atlantic Ocean—into which the waters flowing past his camp might enter, and did enter if they were not the Nile. Discouraged, deserted and driven back, he could not embark on the Lualaba and float down with its current, till he unveiled the mystery that wrapped it. Cameron became filled with the same desire, but disappointed, though not driven back, he had pressed on to the ocean, into which he had no doubt the

river emptied, but by another route. And now last comes Stanley, and instead of finishing Livingstone's work around the lakes, he, too, is drawn forward to the same point. It seemed to be the stopping-place, looking-off-place of explorations in Africa; and although he knew that Cameron had not returned like Livingstone, and hence might have discovered all that was to be discovered, and make his further explorations in that direction useless, still he felt he must go on and find out for himself. True, there was an interesting district between Ujiji and the Lualaba.

There was the beautiful Manyema region, about which Livingstone had talked to him enthusiastically, with its new style of architecture, and beautiful women and simple-minded people. But those did not form the attraction. He must stand on the spot where Livingstone stood, and look off with his yearning desire and see if he could not do what this good man was willing to risk all to accomplish.

At all events, he must move somewhere at once, and westward seemed the most natural direction to take, for if he stayed in Ujiji much longer the expedition would break up. He found on his return that the small-pox had broken out in camp, filling the Arabs with dismay. He had taken precaution, on starting, to vaccinate, as he supposed, every member of his party, and hence felt safe from this scourge of Africa. He did not lose a single man with it on his long journey from the sea to the Victoria Nyanza. But here it had broken out in Ujiji with such fury that a pall was spread over the place and invaded his camp, so that in a few days eight of his men died.

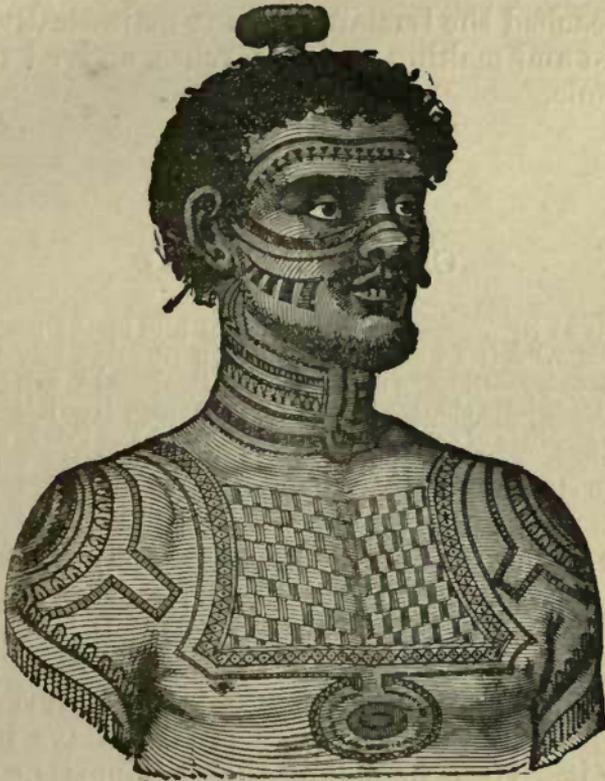
This created a panic, and they began to desert in such numbers that he would soon be left alone. Thirty-eight were missing, which made quite a perceptible loss in a force of only one hundred and seventy men. The chiefs of the expedition were thoroughly frightened, but told him that the desertions would increase if he moved westward, for the men were as much afraid of the canni-

bals there as of the small-pox in their midst. They were told horrible stories of these cannibals till their teeth chattered with fear. Besides there were hobgoblins—monsters of every kind in the land beyond the Tanganika. Stanley saw, therefore that prompt measures must be taken, and he at once clapped thirty-two of the discontented in irons, drove them into canoes and sent them off to Ukurenga. He with the rest followed after by land to Msehazy Creek, where the crossing of the lake was to be effected. Reaching the other side he proceeded to Uguha, where, on mustering his force, he found but one hundred and twenty-seven, out of one hundred and seventy, showing that one-third had disappeared. Among the last to go, and the last Stanley expected would leave him, was young Kalulu, whom he had taken home to the United States with him on his return from his first expedition. He had him placed in school in England for eighteen months, and he had seemed devoted to Stanley. A gloom hung over the camp, and the desertion was becoming too contagious, and if such men as Kalulu could not be trusted, he knew of no one that could be, and with his usual promptness he determined to stop it. He therefore sent back Pooke and a faithful chief with a squad of men to capture them.

Paddling back to Ujiji, they one night came upon six, who, after a stout fight, were secured and brought over to camp. Afterward young Kalulu was found on an island and brought in. This desertion is a chronic disease with the Arabs. Their superstitious fears are easily aroused, and they are easily tempted to break their contract and leave the man to whom they have hired themselves in the lurch. It was a sudden fear that caused the Johanna men to desert Livingstone, and then, to cover up their dastardly conduct, invent a battle, in which they said he was killed.

Stanley's march to Manyema was noticeable only for the curious customs or habits of the people, and on the 5th of October he reached the frontier of this wonder-

ful country. Livingstone had halted here several months, and this was an inducement to Stanley to stop for a few days. The weapons of the natives were excellent, and there was one peculiar custom that attracted his particular attention—the men wore lumps of various forms of mud and patches of mud on their beards,



hair and head, while the women wove their hair into head-dresses, resembling bonnets, leaving the back hair to wave in ringlets over their shoulders. He, as well as Cameron, was struck with their villages, which had one or more broad streets running through them, one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, alongside of which are ranged the square huts, with well-beaten, cleanly-kept clay floors, to which they cheerfully invite strangers.

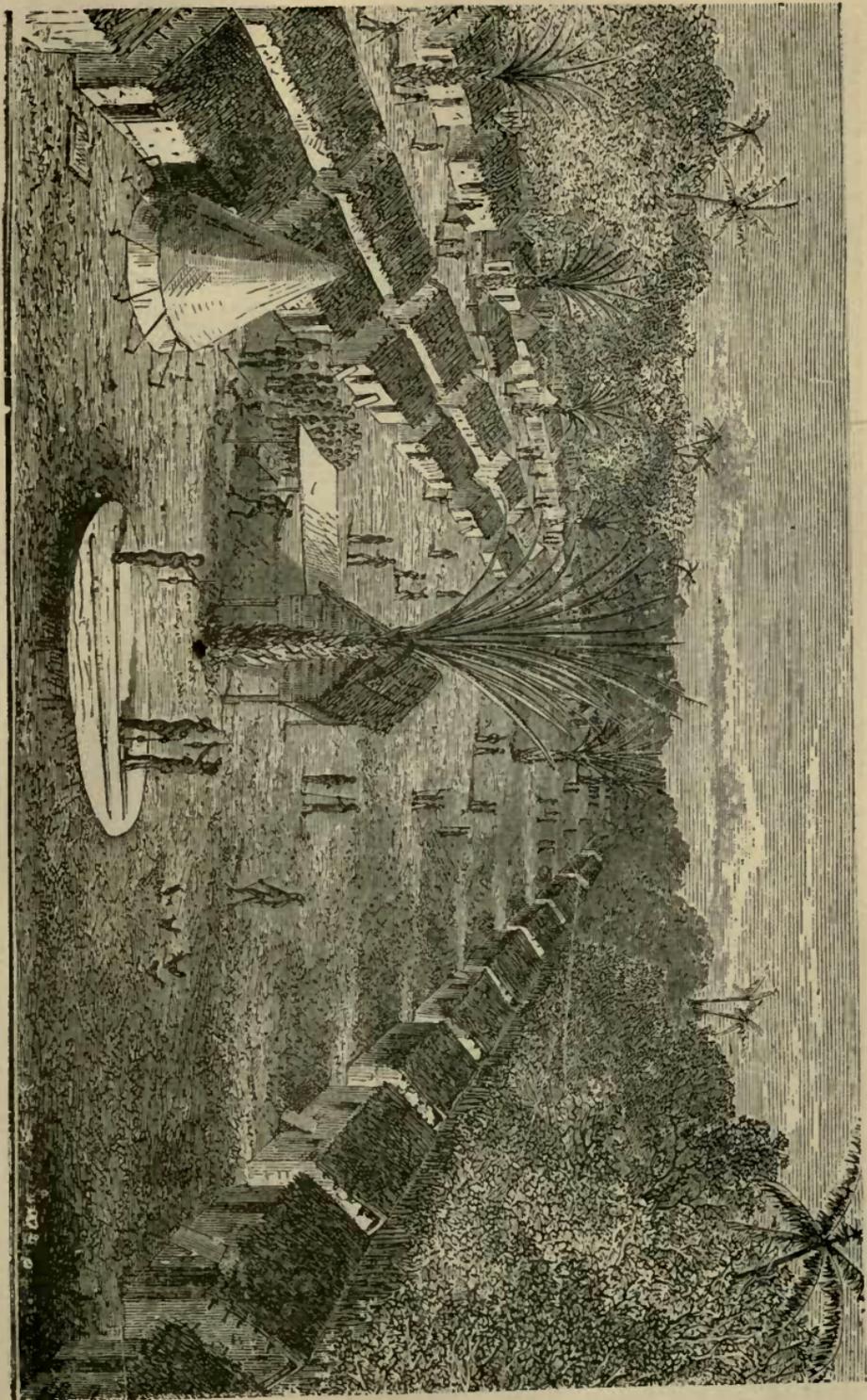
On the 12th he reached a village on the Luma, which he had been following, where both Livingstone and Cameron left it and turned directly west, to Nyangwe. He, however, determined to follow it till it reached the Lualaba, and then proceed by this stream to the same place. He found the natives kind but timid, with many curious traditions and customs. The expedition at length reached the Lualaba, moving majestically through the forest and making rapid marches, arrived next day at Tubunda.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Livingstone at Nyangwe—Remembrance of him by the natives—"The Good Man"—His troubles here awaken Stanley's pity—A magnificent country—Glowing description of it—Ruined by slavery—The slave trade—Its character—Ebony skeletons—Horrible sights—The traders—Mode of capture—Faithlessness of the Prince of Zanzibar—Extracts from Stanley's journal—A depopulated country—The way to stop the traffic.

IN the article on Cameron we said that Nyangwe was the farthest point west in Africa ever reached by a white man coming in from the east. It is about three hundred and fifty miles from Ujiji, or a little over the distance across New York State, but the journey is not made in one day—Stanley was forty days in accomplishing it. Here he found that Livingstone, the first white man ever seen there, must have remained from six to twelve months. The women he speaks of he says must be those of the district Manyema. He found that Livingstone had made a profound impression on the natives of this region. "Did you know him?" asked an old chief eagerly. Stanley replying in the affirmative, he turned to his sons and brothers and said: "He knew the good white man. Ah, we shall hear all about him." Then turning to Stanley, he said: "Was he not a very good man?"

A TOWN IN THE CENTRE OF AFRICA.





THE VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER, 400 FEET HIGH.

“Yes,” replied the latter, “he was good, my friend; far better than any white man or Arab you will ever see again.” “Ah,” said the old negro, “you speak true; he was so gentle and patient, and told us such pleasant stories of the wonderful land of the white people—the aged white man was a good man indeed.”

Every now and then it leaks out what a strong impression Livingstone made on Stanley, and he here says: “What has struck me while tracing Livingstone to his utmost researches—this Arab depot of Nyangwe—revived all my grief and pity for him, even more so than his own relation of sorrowful and heavy things, is, that he does not seem to be aware that he was sacrificing himself unnecessarily, nor warned of the havoc of age, and that his old power had left him. With the weight of years pressing upon him, the shortest march wearying him, compelling him to halt many days to recover his strength, and frequent attacks of illness prostrating him, with neither men nor means to escort him and enable him to make practical progress, Livingstone was at last like a blind and infirm man moving aimlessly about. He was his own worst taskmaster.”

Whether Stanley’s views of the mental condition of Livingstone—growing out of his sickness and want of money while in Nyangwe—are correct or not, one thing is true: that after the great explorer had apparently reached the very point when the problem was to be solved as to where the mysterious Lualaba flowed, he waited here till he found a caravan going east, and then returned to Ujiji “a sorely tried and disappointed man.” Standing on the last point which this intrepid explorer reached, Stanley is reminded of his own earnest efforts to induce him to return home and recruit, to which the invariable answer was: “No, no, no; to be knighted, as you say, by the queen, welcomed by thousand of admirers, yes—but impossible, must not, can not, will not be.”

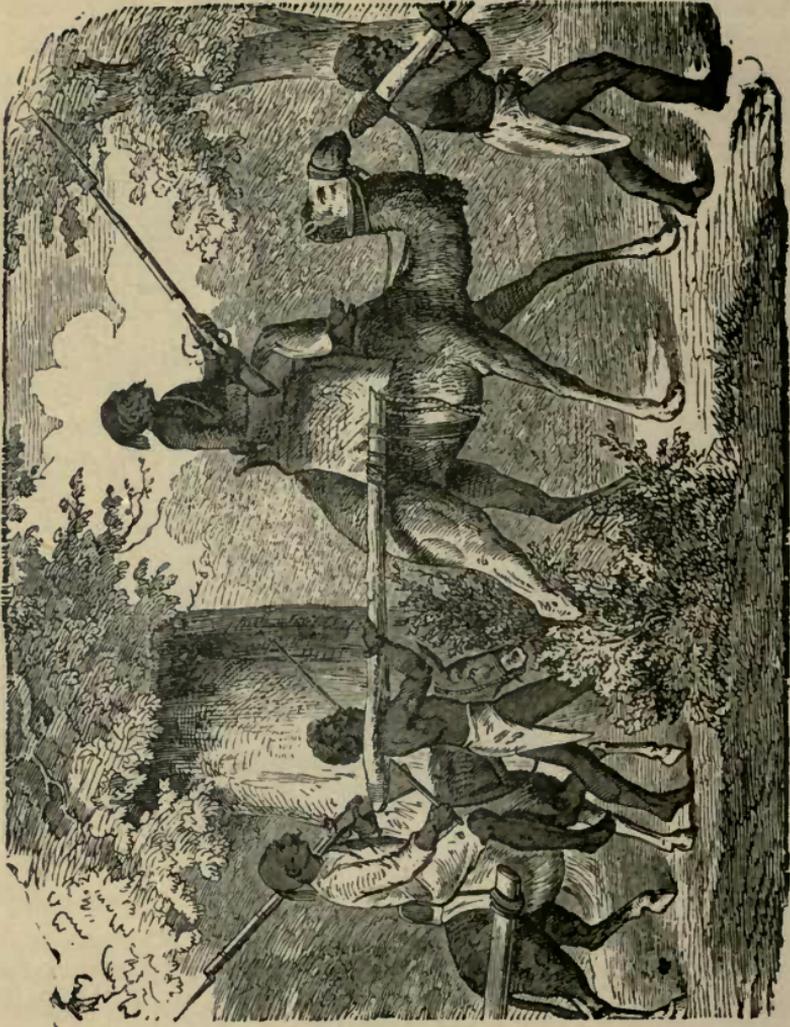
Stanley, on this outmost verge of exploration, remembers the words of Livingstone when speaking of the beauties of

the region lying west of the Goma Mountains, and says, "It is a most remarkable region; more remarkable than anything I have seen in Africa. Its woods, or forest, or jungles, or brush—I do not know by what particular term to designate the crowded, tall, straight trees, rising from an impenetrable mass of brush, creepers, thorns, gums, palm, ferns of all sorts, canes and grass—are sublime, even terrible. Indeed nature is remarkably or savagely beautiful. From every point the view is enchanting—the outlines eternally varying, yet always beautiful, till the whole panorama seems like a changing vision. "Over all, nature has flung a robe of varying green, the hills and ridges are blooming, the valleys and basins exhale perfume, the rocks wear garlands of creepers, the stems of the trees are clothed with moss, a thousand streamlets of cold, pure water stray, now languid, now quick toward the north and south and west. The whole makes a pleasing, charming illustration of the bounteousness and wild beauty of tropical nature. But, alas! all this is seen at a distance; when you come to travel through this world of beauty, the illusion vanishes—the green grass becomes as difficult to penetrate as an undergrowth, and that lovely sweep of shrubbery a mass of thorns, the gently rolling ridge an inaccessible crag, and the green mosses and vegetation in the low grounds that look so enchanting, impenetrable forests belts."

He once penetrated into one of these great forests and was so overwhelmed by the majesty and solemn stillness of the scene, that he forgot where he was, and his imagination went back to the primeval days when that great, still forest was sown, till the silent trees seemed monuments of past history. But still, this district of Man-yema, he does not think so interesting as that of Uregga. In speaking of the Lualaba, after describing the various ways in which it is spelled and pronounced, he says if he could have his own way he would call it "Livingstone River, or Livingstone's Lualaba," to commemorate his discovery of it and his heroic struggles



FULAH CHIEF.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

against adversity to explore it. The letter in which he thus speaks of this region is dated November 1st, 1876. In three days he says he is going to explore this mysterious river to the utmost of his power. Two days previous to this letter, he wrote a long one on the horrors of the slave trade that casts a pall as black as midnight over all this tropical beauty. He says, that from Unyanyembe to Ujiji one sees horrors enough, but in this region they are multiplied tenfold. The traffic in slaves is so profitable and keeps up such a brisk trade with Zanzibar and the interior of Africa, that the native chiefs enter into it on the grandest scale, or rather it is more accurate to say banditti under the leadership of so-called chiefs. The Fulah tribe are very extensively engaged in the slave trade.

Raids are made on small independent villages, the adults slain and hung up to terrify other villages into meek acquiescence to their demands, and young men, young women and children are marched off to Ujiji, from whence they are taken to Zanzibar, becoming, by their cruel treatment on the route, living skeletons, before they reach their destination. Gangs, from one hundred to eight hundred, of naked, half-starved creatures, Stanley met in his travels, and he wondered that the civilised world will let insignificant Zanzibar become the mart of such an accursed, cruel traffic.

There are regular hunting-grounds for slaves. When the business is dull, the inhabitants are left to grow and thrive, just like game out of season in a gentleman's park; but when the business begins to look up, the hunt begins and the smiling villages become arid wastes. The country, long before he reached Nyangwe, was a wilderness, where a few years before dwelt a happy population. Stanley gives extracts from his diary, showing up the horrors of this system, that makes the heart sicken as it thinks of what is daily transpiring in the heart of this unknown land.

Livingstone saw enough when he was here to awaken his deepest indignation, but since that time the Arabs

have pushed farther inland, and swept, with the besom of destruction, districts that, in his time, had been but slightly touched.

The trade in ivory is but another name for trade in human beings, and the only real commerce this vast fruitful region has with Zanzibar is through its captured inhabitants, while the slain equal the number of those sent into captivity. But, while Mr. Stanley feels keenly the disgrace to humanity of this accursed traffic, he evidently does not see so clearly the way to put a stop to it. Opposed to filibustering of all kinds, and the interference of strong powers to coerce weak ones, on the ground of humanity or Christianity, because it opens the door too wide to every kind of aggression; in fact, makes it only necessary to use some philanthropic catchword to make the annexation of any feeble territory right; yet he evidently thinks there is some limit to the Monroe doctrine of non-interference in the affairs of other nations, by the following extract from one of his letters, in which, after discussing the whole matter carefully, he says he writes it "hoping he may cause many to reflect upon the fact that there exists one little State on this globe, which is about equal in extent to one English county, with the sole privilege of enriching itself by wholesale murder, and piracy, and commerce in human beings, and that a traffic forbidden in all other nations should be permitted, furtively monopolized by the little island of Zanzibar, and by such insignificant people as the subjects of Prince Burghosh." By the influence of European philanthropists the ruler of Zanzibar has recently turned round, and is now one of the most active opponents of the slave-trade. Mr. Stanley is entirely opposed to filibustering and encroachments of strong powers on feeble ones, under the thousand and one false pretences advanced in support of unrighteous conquests, yet he evidently thinks little Zanzibar should be wiped out, or cease to be the source and centre of this cruel traffic in human beings. One has to travel, he says, in the heart of Africa to see all the horrors of this traffic.

The buying and selling of a few slaves on the coast gives no idea of its horrors. At Unyambembe sometimes a sad sight is seen. At Uganda the trade begins to assume a wholesale character, yet it wears here a rather business aspect; the slaves by this time become hardened to suffering, "they have no more tears to shed," the chords of sympathy have been severed, and they seem stolid and indifferent. At Ujiji one sees a regular slave-market established. There are "slave-folds and pens," like the stock-yards of railroads for cattle, into which the naked wretches are driven by hundreds, to wallow on the ground, and half starved on food not fit for hogs. By the time they reach here they are mere "ebony skeletons," attenuated, haggard, gaunt human frames. Their very voices have sunk to a mere hoarse whisper, which comes with an unearthly sound from out their parched, withered lips. Low moans, like those that escape from the dying, fill the air, and they reel and stagger when they attempt to stand upright, so wasted are they by the havoc of hunger. They look like a vast herd of black skeletons, and as one looks at them in their horrible sufferings he cannot but exclaim, "how can an all-merciful Father permit such things?" No matter whether on the slow and famishing march or crowded like starved pigs in the overloaded canoes, it is the same unvarying scene of hunger and horror, on which the cruel slave-trader looks without remorse or pity. It may be asked, How are these slaves obtained? The answer is, By a systematic war waged in the populous country of Marungu by banditti, supported by Arabs. These pay guns and powder for the slaves the former capture, which enables them to keep up the war. These Arabs, who sell the slaves on the coast, furnish the only market for the native banditti of the interior. These latter are mostly natives of Unyamwege who band together to capture all the inhabitants of villages too weak to resist them. Marungu is the great productive field of their Satanic labors. Here almost every small village is independent, recognizing

no ruler but its own petty chief. These are often at variance with each other, and instead of banding together to resist a common foe, look on quietly while one after another is swept by the raiders. In crossing a river, Stanley met two hundred of these wretches chained together, and, on inquiry, found they belonged to the governor of Unyamembe, a former chaperon of Speke and Burton, and had been captured by an officer of the prince of Zanzibar. This prince had made a treaty with England to put a stop to this horrible traffic, and yet here was one of his officers engaged in it, taking his captives to Zanzibar, and this was his third batch during the year. There are two or three entries in Stanley's journal which throw much light on the way this hunt for slaves is carried on.

"October 17th.—Arabs organized to-day from three districts to avenge the murder and eating of one man and ten women by a tribe half-way between Kassessa and Nyangwe. After six days' slaughter, the Arabs returned with three hundred slaves, fifteen hundred goats, besides spears, etc."

"October 24th.—The natives of Kabonga, near Nyangwe, were sorely troubled two or three days ago by a visit paid them by Uanaamwee in the employ of Mohammed el Said. Their insolence was so intolerable that the natives at last said 'we will stand this no longer. They will force our wives and daughters before our eye if we hesitate any longer to kill them, and before the Arabs come we will be off.' Unfortunately, only one was killed, the others took fright and disappeared to arouse the Arabs with a new grievance. To-day, an Arab chief set out for the scene of action with murderous celerity, and besides capturing ten slaves, killed thirty natives and set fire to eight villages—'a small prize,' the Arabs said."

"October 27th.—The same man made an attack on some fishermen on the left bank of the Lualaba. He left at night and returned at noon with fifty or sixty captives, besides some children."

"Are these kind of wars frequent?" asked Stanley.

"Frequent!" was the reply, "sometimes six or ten times a month."

One of these captives said to Stanley, on the march from Mana to Manibo, "Master, all the plain lying between Mana, Manibo and Nyangwe when I first came here eight years ago, was populated so thickly that we travelled through gardens, villages, and fields, every quarter of an hour. There were flocks of goats and black pigs around every village. You can see what it now is." He saw that it was an uninhabited wilderness. At that time, Livingstone saw how the country was becoming depopulated before the slave-traders, but, says Stanley, "Were it possible for him to rise from the dead and take a glance at the districts now depopulated, it is probable that he would be more than ever filled with sorrow at the misdoings of these traders."

He thinks there is but one way of putting a perpetual end to this infernal traffic, and that is by stopping it in the interior. English and American cruisers on the coast can have but partial success. The course of the khedive of Egypt, as described in the article in Baker's expedition, is the true one. Annex the interior of Africa to some strong power and establish stations on the great highways over which these traders are compelled to transport their human chattels, where they will be pounced upon and made to give up their captives, and the trade will soon cease from its being too hazardous and unprofitable.

Portugal has no right to the West Coast which it claims. Let England, or it and America together, claim and exercise sovereignty over it and it will need no cruisers on the coast to stop the trade in slaves. At any rate, it is high time the Christian nations of the world put a stop to this disgrace to humanity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Stanley meets Tipo-tipo, the friend of Cameron—Learns all about Cameron's movements—Stanley warned not to go on—Fearful stories—Contracts with Tipo-Tipo to escort him sixty camps—Self-reliance of Stanley—Women an obstacle in the way of advancing—Nyangwe—Its market—A lively scene—The two chiefs—A large Harem—The original inhabitants—Strength of the expedition.

ARRIVING near Nyangwe, one of the first to meet him was the Arab, Tipo-tipo, who had conducted Cameron as far as the Kasongo country, as described in the account of that traveler's journey. He was a splendid specimen of a man physically, and just the one to give Stanley all the information he wanted respecting Cameron's movements. He told him that the latter wanted to follow the river to the sea, but that his men were unwilling to go; besides, no canoes could be obtained for the purpose. He also told him that, after staying a long time at Kasongo, he had joined a company of Portuguese traders and proceeded south. Cameron left the Lualaba at Nyangwe, satisfied that it is the Congo. But he left the river at that point (a hundred miles and more short of the point reached by Livingstone on the same stream), and, in a south-west direction, he crossed the country to the Atlantic coast.

One thing was clear; Cameron had not settled the great problem that Livingstone wished of all things to solve—this great unfinished work of his had been left for him to complete, or leave it to some future, more daring or more successful explorer. Could he get canoes—could he surmount difficulties that neither Livingstone nor Cameron were able to overcome? were the grave questions Stanley asked himself. He had long dialogues with Tipo-tipo and other Arab chiefs, all of whom dissuaded him from attempting to follow the Lualaba by land, or trying to get canoes. They told

him frightful stories of the cannibals below—of dwarfs striped like zebras and ferocious demons, with poisoned arrows, living on the backs of elephants, of anacondas, of impenetrable forests—in short, conjured up a country and people that no stranger who placed any value on his life would ever encounter.

The great plateau of lakes and rivers, though on a much grander scale, may be compared with the plateau of Minnesota. On this elevated flat we have a thousand lakes and streams interlapping, some the head waters of the Red River of the North, flowing into Hudson's Bay; some the sources of the Mississippi, and some the extreme western sources of the St. Lawrence. On Livingstone's great interior African plateau of lakes and rivers, including the splendid Lake Tanganika, we have the sources of the wild and rushing Zambesi, flowing into the Indian Ocean, interlapping with the tributaries of the Lualaba, which is the Congo flowing into the Atlantic.

North of the Tanganika Lake we have the two equatorial reservoirs and basins of the Nile; the one from 800 to 1,000 feet above the other, and draining a vast extent of country east and south. Both those great lakes have been circumnavigated, and from the "divide" on the south, and the lofty mountains on the west side of Lake Albert, we know the limits of its drainage.

From the fact that the Lualaba flowed north to a distance beyond the knowledge of the natives, was doubtless one, and perhaps the chief, reason why Livingstone suspected it emptied into the Nile. Stanley now knew better. How far north it might flow before it turned he could not say, yet he felt certain that turn west it would, sooner or later, and empty into the Atlantic Ocean—and the possibility of his tracing it, had a powerful fascination for him. Its course, he knew, lay through the largest half of Africa, which was a total blank. Here, by the way, it is rather singular that Stanley, following Livingstone, who alone had explored Lake Bembe, and made it the source of the Lualaba,

adopts his statement, while Cameron, on mere hearsay, should assert that its source was in marshes. The river, after leaving the lake, flows two hundred miles and empties into Lake Mweru, a body of water containing about one thousand eight hundred square miles; issuing from which, it takes the name of Lualaba, which it holds and loses by turns as it moves on its mighty course for one thousand one hundred miles, till it rolls, ten miles wide at its mouth, into the broad Atlantic as the Congo.

Stanley, from first to last, seemed to have a wonderful power not only over the Arabs that composed his expedition, as we have before mentioned, but over all those with whom he came in contact in his explorations. Notwithstanding all the horrors depicted as awaiting any attempt to advance beyond Nyangwe, this Tipotipo agreed for \$5,000, to accompany him with a strong escort a distance of sixty camps, on certain conditions. That he would do it on any conditions was extraordinary, considering the fact, if it was a fact, that the last attempt to penetrate this hostile territory resulted in the loss of five hundred men. The conditions were, that the march should commence from Nyangwe—not occupy more than three months—and that if Stanley should finally conclude, at the end of the sixty marches, he could not get through, he would return to Nyangwe; or if he met Portuguese traders and chose to go on to the coast in the direction they were moving, he should detail two-thirds of his force to accompany said Tipotipo back to Nyangwe for his protection.

To all these Stanley agreed, except the one promising, if he concluded to go on at the end of the sixty marches, to give him two-thirds of the men of the expedition to see him safely back. On this article of agreement there was a hitch, and Stanley showed his Yankee education, by putting in a last article, by which if Tipotipo, through cowardice, should fail to complete his sixty marches, he should forfeit his \$5,000, and have no escort for his return, and then gave him time to think of it while he

went to see young Pooke and confer with him. They went over the whole ground together, and Stanley told him it was a matter of life and death with both of them; failure was certain, and perhaps a horrible death; success was honor and glory. It was a fearful picture he drew of the possible future, but Frank's ready response was, "go on."

At this point Stanley reveals one of his strongest characteristics, which we mentioned in the sketch of him at the beginning of the book—the Napoleonic quality of relying on himself. Ordinary, well-established principles and rules often condemned the action of Bonaparte—results approved them. So ordinary prudence would have turned Stanley back as it did Cameron—the stories told him of the character of the tribes in advance—the obstacles he would have to encounter, all the mystery, perils and uncertainty of the future—the universal warning and fearful prognostications of those who were supposed to know best—his isolated condition in the heart of Africa, everything that can surround a man to influence him in his actions, were gathered there around that lonely man at that outpost of civilized enterprise; yet, falling back on himself, rising superior to all outward influences, gauging all the probabilities and possibilities by his own clear perceptions and indomitable will, he determined to push forward. If he could not get canoes, which he was quite sure he could not any more than Cameron, then he would try to follow the river by land; if that failed, he would make canoes in the African forest; if he could not go peaceably, he would fight his way, and not turn back till deserted by his own men, and was left alone in the midst of a savage, hostile people. This determination, under the circumstances, show him to be a character of no ordinary stamp, and mark him, as we said, as one who, in a revolution, would control the stormy elements around him, and mount to power or to the scaffold.

There were also minor obstacles attending this desperate effort to trace the Lualaba to the sea. He had

thirteen women in his expedition, wives of his chief Arabs, some of them with young children, others in various stages of pregnancy, who would be delivered of children before they reached the Atlantic coast, and under what circumstances the hour of travail might come, no one knew. It might be in the hour of battle, or in the desperate race for life, when one hour's delay would be total ruin to the expedition, and death to all. It might be in the struggle and fight around a cataract, or in the day of extreme famine. A thousand things had to be taken into consideration before resolving on this desperate movement. But no matter, the obstacles might even be more formidable than represented, the risk tenfold greater, his mind was made up—the secrets of that mysterious river he would unlock, or his last struggles and mysterious fate add one more to the secrets it held.

At length the contract with Tipo-tipo to escort him sixty marches was made and signed, and then Stanley informed his own men of it, and told them that if at the end of that time they came across a caravan bound for the west coast, part would join it, and the rest might, if they wished, return to Nyangwe. They agreed to stand by the contract, and Stanley moved forward into Nyangwe, and was received by one of the two Arab chiefs, that bore sway in the place, with becoming courtesy, who seemed surprised at the orderly, quiet march of his force, and still more when told that the distance from Tanganika, some three hundred and forty miles, had been made in about forty days.

Stanley describes minutely the place and its political management, but seems, like Livingstone and Cameron, to be particularly struck with its market. This is held every fourth day, and from one to three thousand people assemble to trade; most of the vendors are women, and the animated manner in which trade is carried on amused Livingstone exceedingly. Though he could not understand their language, he could their gestures, which were quite as expressive. This pleasant scene,

however, was marred one day by a messenger stalking into the market with ten jaw-bones of men tied to a string and hanging over his shoulder, which he boasted of having killed and eaten, and described with his knife how he had cut them up.

Early in the morning of the market day the river, as far as its course can be seen, presents a lively appearance, for it is covered with canoes, loaded to their gunwales with natives and articles for the market piled on top of each other, as they all press toward one point. Amid the laughter and jargon of the natives, may be heard the crowing of cocks, and squealing of pigs, and bleating of goats. Having reached the landing-place the men quietly shoulder their paddles and walk up the bank, leaving the women to carry the articles up to the market-place. These are placed in a large basket and slung on their backs by a strap across their forehead. When this great crowd of two or three thousand are assembled the babel begins. But the talking and chaffering are done by the women; the men move about paying but little attention to the bartering, unless something important, as the sale of a slave, is going on. The women do not walk about, but have selected a spot where they propose to do business, they let down the basket, and spreading the articles on the ground so as to appear to the best advantage, they squat themselves in the basket, where they look like some huge shell fish.

The vendors being thus stationary, the buyers also become so, and hence it is always a close, jammed mass of human beings, screaming, sweating and sending forth no pleasant odor for three or four hours. They do not break up gradually, but on the movement of some person a general scramble will commence, and in twenty minutes the whole two thousand or more be scattered in every direction. The markets of this region are held on neutral ground by the various tribes, and their feuds are laid aside for that day. Except at Nyangwe, uninhabited spots are selected. The neighbouring chiefs are always present, and can be seen lounging lazily about.

Stanley counted fifty-seven different articles for sale, ranging from sweet potatoes to beautiful girls, while the currency was shells, beads, copper and brass wire and palm cloth.

There are two foreign chiefs at the place, who are very jealous of each other, as they each wish to be regarded by the natives as the most powerful. Sheikh Abed, a tall, thin old man with a white beard, occupies the southern section of the town, and Muini Dugumbi the other. It has not been long an Arab trading post, for Dugumbi is the first Arab that came here, and that was no later than 1868, and pitched his quarters, and now the huts of his friends, with their families and slaves, number some three hundred. He is an Arab trader from the east coast, and soon after his arrival established a harem, composed of more than three hundred slave women. Though a rollicking, joking man himself, his followers are a reckless, freebooting set. The original inhabitants of Nyangwe were driven out by Muini Dugumbi, and now occupy portions of both sides of the river, and live by fishing, and are said to be a singular tribe. Stanley estimated there must have been forty-two thousand of them in the region previous to the coming of this Arab chief, who spread desolation on every side, of which there remain to-day only twenty thousand.

Stanley remained here only about a week, for Tipotipo arriving on the 2d of November, he prepared to start on his unknown journey. The expedition, when he mustered it on the morning of the 4th, numbered one hundred and seventy-six, armed with sixty-three muskets and rifles, two double-barreled guns and ten revolvers. Besides these, there were sixty-eight axes, that Stanley, with great forethought, purchased, thinking the time might come when he would need them as much as his guns. Tipotipo brought with him seven hundred followers, though only four hundred were to accompany the expedition the sixty marches. Together, they made quite a little army, but many of them were

women and children, who always accompany the Arabs in their marches or forays ; still, the force, all drawn up presented an imposing display. A hundred of these were armed with flint-lock muskets, the rest with spears and shields.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The great march begins—Gloomy prospects—March through a dense forest—Axes used to clear the way—A Village in the forest—Superiority of the inhabitants—The men disheartened—Slow marching—Discontent—Difficulties increase—Tippo-tippo wishes to be released from his engagement—People that smelt iron-ore—A row of skulls as an ornament for the village—Hunting Sokos—The Cannibals—Naked women—The Lualaba reached—Not to be left again—The natives crossing the river.

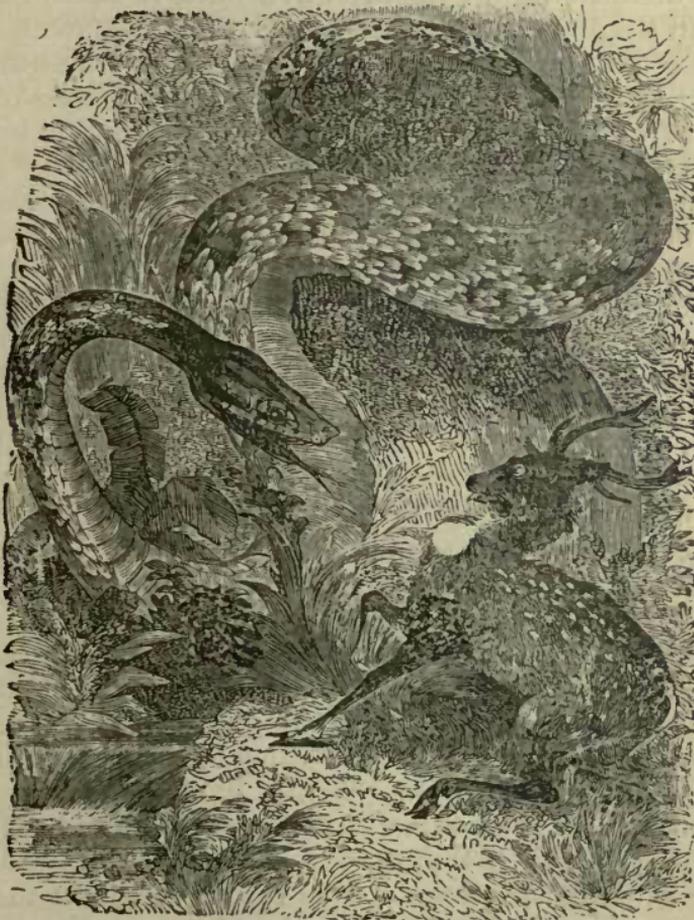
ON the 5th of November, Stanley, at the head of this motley array, turned his back on Nyangwe and his face to the wilderness. It was an eventful morning for him. Eighteen hundred miles of an unbroken country stretched before him, wrapped in profound mystery, and peopled with races of which the outside world had never heard, and filled with dangers that would appall the bravest heart. He felt, as he turned and gave a last look at Nyangwe, that the die was cast—his fate for good or ill sealed. What sad misgivings must at times have made a feeling of faintness creep over his heart—what terrible responsibilities crowded upon him ; aye, what gloomy forebodings, in spite of his courage, would weigh down his spirit. If he had canoes, the starting would have been more cheerful, but the dense and tangled forest, whose dark line could be traced against the sky, wore a forbidding aspect. They marched but nine miles the first day, and though the country was open, the manner in which the men bore it, did not promise well for their endurance when they should enter the jungle. Every pound was carried on men's shoulders,

besides their weapons, all the provisions, stores of cloth, and beads, and wire, the arms and ammunition, of which there had to be a large quantity, (for they might be two years fighting their way across the continent,) and the boat in sections. The next morning, Tipo-tipo's heterogeneous crowd started first, which impeded the march by its frequent halts, for the women and children had to be cared for. They soon entered the gloomy forest of Mitamba, when the marching became more difficult, and the halts more frequent, while the dew fell from the trees in great rain-drops, wetting the narrow path they were following, till it became a thick mud. The heavy foliage shut out the sky, and the disordered caravan marched on in gloomy twilight, and at last, drenched to the skin, reached a village four miles from camp, and waited for the carriers of the boat to arrive. These found the boat a heavy burden, for the foliage grew so thick and low over the path, that the sections had to be pushed by sheer force through it. To make the camp this night more gloomy, one of the Arab chiefs who had been in the forest before, said, with great complacency, that what they had endured was nothing to that which was before them. The next day the path was so overgrown and obstructed by fallen trees, that axemen had to go before the carriers of the boat to clear the way for them. On the 10th, having reached Uregga, a village in the very heart of the forest, they halted for a rest. The isolated inhabitants seemed to be in advance of those whom Stanley had seen. The houses were built in blocks, and were square like those of Manyema, and contained various fancy articles, some of them displaying a great taste, and he saw curiously carved bits of wood, and handsome spoons, and for the first time in Africa, beheld a cane settee.

The men carrying the boat did not come up for two days, and then quite broken and disheartened. Indeed, here almost at the very outset, everything seemed to point to an early dissolution of the expedition. Not only were his men discontented, but Tipo-tipo, with all

his elegance of manner and pompous pretence, began to glower and grumble, not merely at the hardships his people were compelled to encounter, but because sickness had broke out in his camp.

On the 13th, the three hundred out of the seven hundred of his men branched off on their expedition. The marching now became not only monotonous but extremely painful, and so slow that it took a whole day's march to make a distance of nine miles—a rate of progress that Stanley saw very clearly would never bring him to the



LARGE AFRICAN SERPENT.

Atlantic Ocean. They had now been seven days on the march and had made but forty miles, and scarcely *one* mile west. Thus far their course had been almost due north toward the great desert of Sahara, and not toward the Atlantic Ocean. These five days had been utterly thrown away as far as progress in the right direction was concerned; not an inch had been gained, and the whole expedition was discouraged. The carriers of the boat begged Stanley to throw it away or go back to Nyangwe, while the Arab chiefs made no attempt to conceal their discontent, but openly gave vent to their disinclination to proceed any farther. Even the splendid barbarian dandy, Tipo-tipo, who prided himself on his superiority to all other Arabs, began to look moody; while the increasing sickness in the camp cast additional gloom over it. Huge serpents crossed their path, while all sorts of wild animals and vermin peopled the dense forest and swarmed around them.

On the 15th, they made but six miles and a half and yet, short as was the distance, it took the men carrying the boat twenty-four hours to make it, and all were so weary that a halt of an entire day was ordered, to let them rest. Added to all this, the forest became ten times more matted than before. Both the heavier timber and the undergrowth grew thicker and thicker, shutting out not only the light of the sun, but every particle of moving air, so that the atmosphere became suffocating and stifling. Panting for breath, the little army crawled and wormed itself through the interlacing branches, and when night came down were utterly disheartened. Even the elegant Tipo-tipo now gave out, and came to Stanley to be released from his engagement. It was in vain that the latter appealed to his honor, his pride and fear of ridicule should he now turn back to Nyangwe. But to every thing he could urge, the very sensible answer was returned: "If there is nothing worse than this before us, it will yet take us, at the rate we are going, a year to make the sixty marches and as long a time to return. You are only killing everybody

by your obstinacy ; such a country was never made for decent men to travel in, it was made for pagans and monkeys."

It is in such circumstances like these that those qualities which have made Stanley the most successful explorer of modern times exhibit themselves. Napoleon said, when speaking of troops "Even brave soldiers have their '*moment de peur*,'" the time when he shrinks. But this man seems an exception to this rule. To him the moment of fear never seems to come, for he never feels the contagion of example. He adheres to his resolution to go on if but a handful will stand by him. He seems impervious to the contagion that seizes others, and a panic in battle would sweep by him unmoved. After talking to Tipo-tipo for two hours, he finally got him to accompany him twenty marches farther.

There were two things in this village, shut up in the heart of the forest, that impressed Stanley much. He found here a primitive forge, in which the natives smelted iron-ore, found in the neighborhood, and a smithy, in which the iron was worked up into instruments of all kinds, from a small knife to a cleaver; hatchets, hammers, even wire and ornaments for the arms and legs were made. How this rude people, to whom even an Arab trader had never come, should have discovered the properties of iron-ore, how to disengage the iron and work it into every variety of instruments, seems inexplicable. The whole must have been the product of the brain of some native genius.

The other remarkable thing was a double row of skulls, running the entire length of the village, set in the ground, leaving the naked, round top, glistening in the sun. There were nearly two hundred of them. Amazed, he asked his Arabs what they were, they replied "soko skulls." The soko, Cameron calls a gorilla, and we have no doubt many of the remarkable stories about gorillas refer to this monkey. But Livingstone says it is an animal resembling the gorilla, and his account of their habits shows they are not the fierce, fearless gorilla that

is afraid of neither man nor beast. It is about four feet ten inches in height, and often walks erect, with his hands on his head, as if to steady himself. With a yellow face, adorned with ugly whiskers, a low forehead and high ears, he looks as if he might be a hideous cross between a man and a beast. His teeth, though dog-like in their size, still slightly resemble those found in the human head. The fingers are almost exactly like the natives. He is cunning and crafty, and will often stalk a man or woman as stealthily as a hunter will a deer. He seldom does much damage, unless driven to bay, when he fights fiercely. It takes great pleasure in nabbing children and carrying them up into a tree and holding them in his arms, but if a bunch of bananas is thrown on the ground he will descend, and leaving the child, seize it. It seldom uses its teeth, and then, if it is a man he is in conflict with, will bite off his fingers and let him go. They are hunted and trapped by the natives for their flesh, of which they are very fond. A man hunting for them one day, having maimed one, in his attempt to spear it, the soko grabbed the spear, and breaking it, seized the man. The latter calling to his companion for help, he bit off his fingers and ran away.

A native was hoeing in his field one morning, when a soko, creeping up stealthily behind, threw his arms around him. The latter roared in terror, when the soko, grinning and giggling like a demon, let go and ran away, apparently enjoying the practical joke hugely. He will often snatch up a child, and after pinching and scratching it, let it go.

Stanley, not satisfied with the answer of his men, sent for the chief and asked him what those skulls were. He said of the Sokos, which they hunt because of the destruction they make of the bananas, and that their meat was good. Stanley offered him a hundred cowries if he would bring one to him alive or dead. The chief went into the woods in search of some, but at evening returned without any. He, however, gave him a portion of the skin of one. Stanley had the curiosity to take two

of these skulls home with him, and gave them to Professor Huxley to examine, who reported that they were the skulls of a man and woman. The former, therefore, comes to the conclusion that they were all the skulls of men and women who had been eaten by these cannibals. But we do not believe this conclusion fairly justifiable, from Professor's Huxley's report on two skulls. In the first place, the Arabs would scarcely have made such a mistake as this implies—they had seen too many soko skulls. In the second place, the chief corroborated their statement, and he had no reason for telling a falsehood. If those skulls were placed thus prominently in the streets, it was to boast of them, not to lie about. It is far more likely that there were a few human skulls mixed in with the sokos, and when Stanley asked for a couple, the largest and best-shaped were selected for him, and these proved to belong to human beings. His hunting for one was certainly not to prove he had told Stanley a falsehood. The same peculiarity was noticed here that Baker mentions of the natives of Fatiko—the women go naked, while the men are partly covered with skins. The whole apparel of the women is an apron four inches square.

On the 19th of March, they reached the Lualaba, sweeping majestically through the silent forest. Stanley immediately determined there should be no more tangled forests for him, but that broad current of the river should bear him to the Atlantic Ocean or to death. The camp was prepared and the breakfast eaten, while Pooke was getting the *Lady Alice* screwed together. Soon she was launched on the stream, amid the huzzas of the party. Although the river here was nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, and the opposite shore appeared like an uninhabited forest, sharp eyes had detected the wonderful apparition that had appeared on the farther shore, and the news spread so rapidly, that when Stanley in the *Lady Alice* approached it, he saw the woods alive with human beings, and several canoes tied to the shore. He hailed them, and tried to make a

bargain with them to transport his party across. They refused point-blank, but afterwards seemed to relent and offered to exchange blood-brotherhood with them, and appointed a place on a neighbouring island where the ceremony should be performed. It was, however, discovered that it was a treacherous plot to murder them, and, but, for precautions taken in view of its possibility, there would have been a fight.

Stanley now determined to cross his men by detachments in his own boat. He took over thirty above the village, and then told the natives that they had better assist him in carrying over the rest, for which they would be well paid. They consented, and the whole expedition was safely landed on the left bank of the river.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Congo changed to Livingstone—Frightened Natives—the March—Deserted villages—The land party lost—Stanley's anxiety—a dash on the natives, one man killed—Uledi dispatched after the missing party—The Lost Found—The March—A Floating Hospital—Passing rapids—Tipo-Tipo wishes to turn back—A queer village—Increasing sickness—The dead every day thrown into the river—A fight—Marching on—A desperate fight of two days—A successful stratagem—Tipo-tipo resolves to leave—Stanley's speech to his men—Christmas day—A frolic—A boat race—The parties separate—A touching farewell—A sad day—Stanley tries to arouse the men.

HAVING been ferried across the river by the natives, Stanley felt quite secure of the friendship of this first tribe he had met on the banks of the Lualaba. But here he resolved to change its name to Livingstone, which ever after he continues to call it. Villages lined the banks, all he says, adorned with skulls of human beings. But instead of finding the inhabitants of them friendly, there were none to be seen; all had mysteriously disappeared, whether from fright or to arouse the tribes below, it was impossible to determine; it seemed

from the former, for notwithstanding they had overcome their first fear so much as to ferry the expedition across the river, they had not taken away their canoes, nor carried with them their provisions. Leaving these untouched, as a sort of promise to the tribes below that their property should be held sacred, the expedition took up its march down the river. Stanley, with thirty-three men went by water, in the *Lady Alice*, while Tipo-tipo and young Pocke with the rest of the party marched along the bank. Village after village was passed; the natives uttering their wild war-cry, and then disappearing in the forest, leaving everything behind them. Whether it was a peaceful village, or a crowded market-place they passed, they inspired the same terror, and huts and market-places were alike deserted. This did not promise well for the future.

In the middle of the afternoon, Stanley, in the *Lady Alice*, came to a river one hundred yards wide. Knowing that the land party could not cross this without a boat, he halted to wait for its approach, in order to ferry it over, and built a strong camp. This was on November 23rd, 1876. At sunset it had not arrived, and he became anxious. Next morning it did not make its appearance, and still more anxious, he ascended this river, named the Ruigi, several miles, to see if they had struck it farther up.

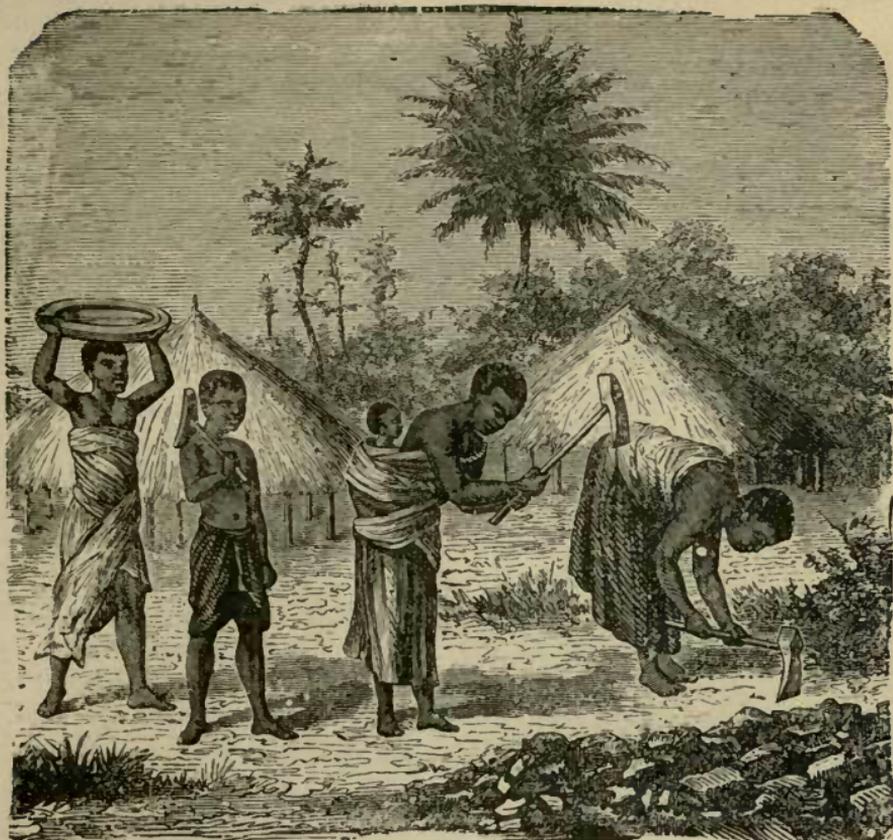
Returning, in the afternoon, without hearing anything of the expedition, he was startled, as he approached the camp, at the firing of guns. Alarmed, he told the rowers to bend to their oars, and sweeping rapidly downward, he soon came to the mouth of the stream, and found it blocked with canoes, filled with natives. Dashing down upon them with loud shouts, they fled in every direction. One dead man floating in the stream was the only result of the first fight on the Livingstone.

The day wore away and night came down, and silence and solitude rested on the forest stretching along the banks of the Ruigi, where he anxiously waited to hear musket-shots announcing the arrival of the land party.

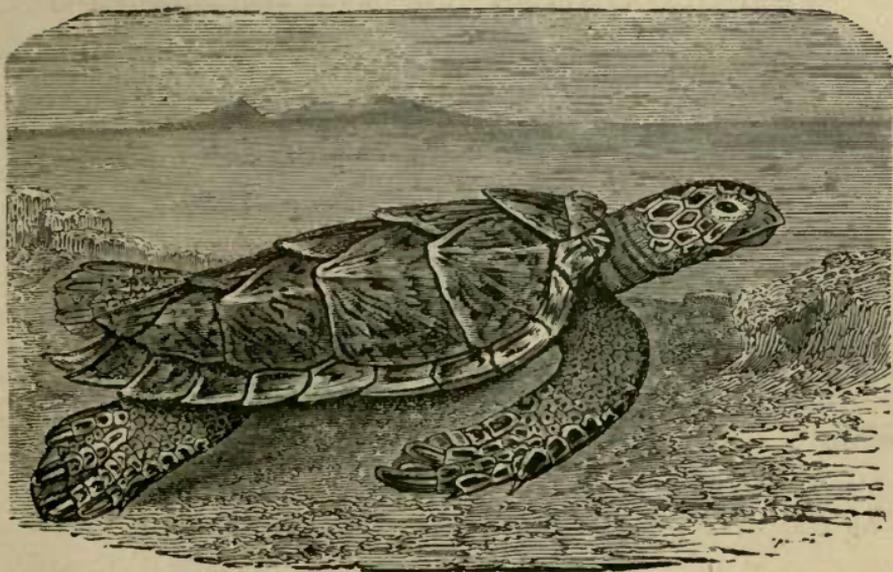
It was a long and painful night, for one of two things was certain: Tipo-tipo and Pooke had lost their way or been attacked and overpowered. The bright tropical sun rose over the forest east of the river Ruigi, but its banks were silent and still. Stanley could not endure the suspense any longer, and dispatched Uledi, with five of the boat's crew, to seek the wanderers. This Uledi, hereafter to the close of the march, becomes a prominent figure. Stanley had made him coxswain of the boat *Lady Alice*, and he had proved to be one of the most trustworthy men of the expedition, and was to show himself, in its future desperate fortunes, one of the most cool and daring, worthy, only half-civilized as he was, to stand beside Stanley. The latter gave him strict directions as to his conduct in hunting up the fugitives—especially respecting the villages he might come across. Uledi told him not to be anxious about him—he would soon find the lost party.

Stanley, of course, could do nothing but wait, though filled with the most anxious thoughts. The river swept by calmly as ever, unconscious of the troubled hearts on its banks; the great forest stood silent and still in the tropical sun, and the day wore away as it ever does—thoughtless of the destinies its hours are settling, and indifferent to the human suffering that crowds them. But at four o'clock a musket shot rang out of the woods, and soon Uledi appeared leading the lost party. They had gone astray and been attacked by the natives, who killed three of their number. Luckily they captured a prisoner, whom they forced to act as a guide to conduct them back to the river, and, after marching all day, met Uledi in search of them. They were ferried across and allowed to scatter abroad in search of food, which they took wherever found, without any regards to the rights of the natives. Necessity had compelled Stanley to relax his strict rules in this respect.

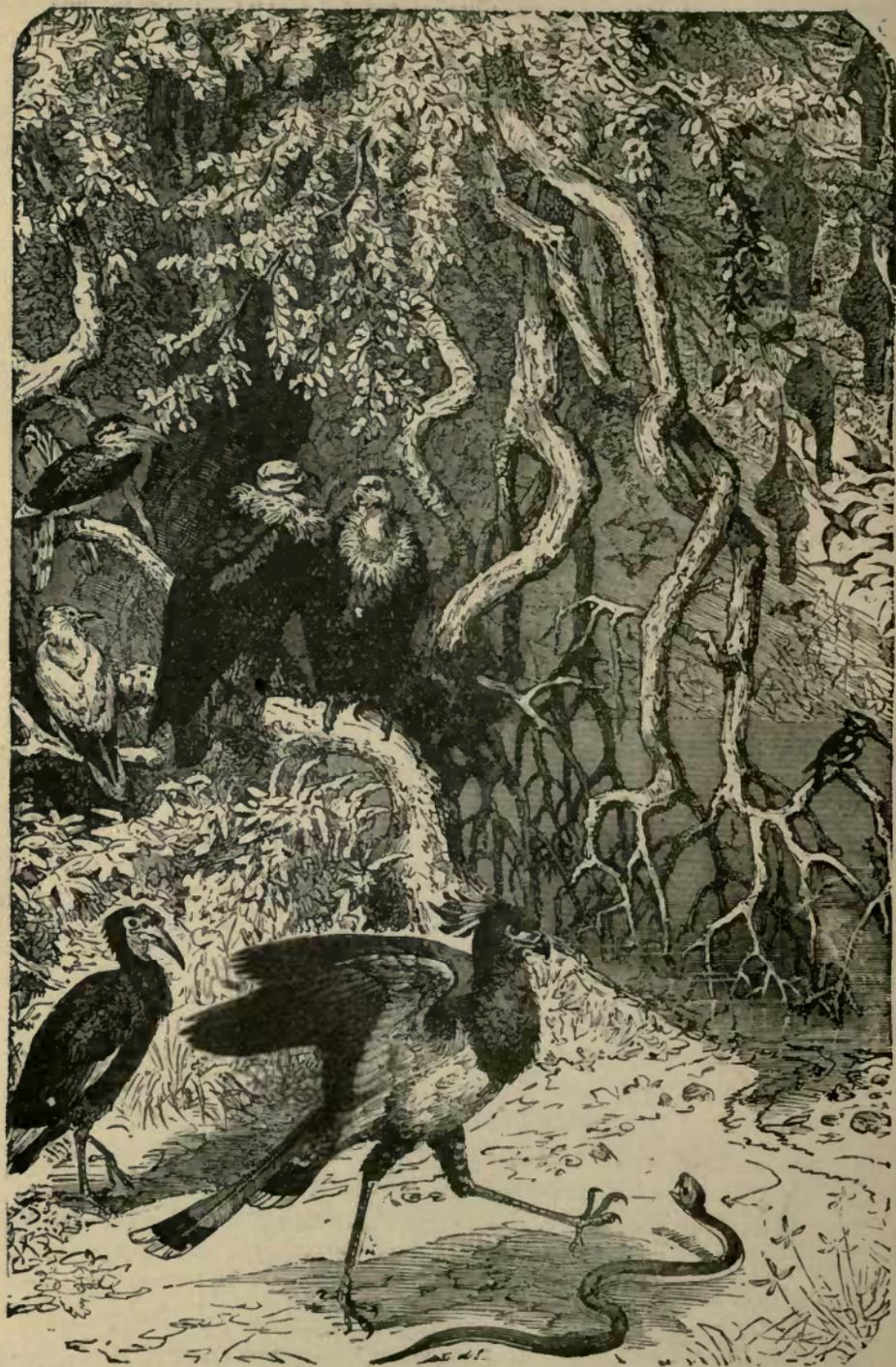
The next day the march was continued as before, communication being kept up by those on the land and on the water by drum-taps. The villages they passed were



WOMEN CULTIVATING THE SOIL.
(As seen along Stanley's route).



GREEN TURTLE.



ANIMATED NATURE AS SEEN ON THE CONGO.

(Serpent-eater, Hornbills, Vultures, Weaver Birds).

deserted—every soul fleeing at their approach. Proceeding down the river, they came across six abandoned canoes more or less injured. Repairing these, they lashed them together as a floating hospital for the sick of the land party, the number of which had greatly increased from the exposures and hardships they were compelled to undergo. In the afternoon they came upon the first rapids they had met. Some boats, attempting their descent, were upset and attacked by the natives, but they were beaten off. Four Snider rifles were lost, which brought down on Pooke, who had permitted the Arabs to run this risk, a severe rebuke, and a still severer one on the Arab chief, who had asked the former to let him make the attempt. The chief, enraged at the reproaches heaped upon him, went to Tipo-tipo, and declared that he would not serve Stanley any longer. This, together with the increased hostility of the natives, and alarming sickness, and dangerous rapids, brought the head chief to Stanley with a solemn appeal to turn back before it was too late. But the latter had reached a point where nothing but absolute fate could turn him back.

The rapids were passed in safety by the canoes—the Lady Alice being carried on men's shoulders around them. Natives were occasionally met, but no open hostility was shown for several days. The river would now be contracted by the bold shores, and rush foaming along, and now spread into lake-like beauty, dotted with green islands, the quiet abodes of tropical birds and monkeys, that filled the air with a jargon of sounds.

Among the most interesting of the feathered tribe of West Africa are the weaver birds. They owe their name to the inimitable art they display in constructing their nests, which are usually suspended over water from the smaller branches of a tree, the entrance being below; all of which precautions are used by the birds to protect themselves from the ravages of the monkeys.

On the 4th of December they came to a long, straggling town, composed of huts only seven feet long by five

wide, standing apart, yet connected by roofs—the intervening space covered, and common to the inhabitants of both the adjacent huts. It was, however, deserted, like the rest. This persistent desertion was almost as dispiriting as open hostility, and an evil fate seemed to hang over the expedition. The sickness kept increasing, and day after day all that broke the monotony of the weary hours was the tossing over now and then of dead bodies into the river. The land party presented a heart-broken appearance as they crawled, at night, laden with the sick and dying, into camp. At this place Stanley found an old, battered, abandoned canoe, capable of carrying sixty people. This he repaired, and added it to his floating hospital.

On the 8th of December he came to another large town, the inhabitants of which, in spite of all attempts to make peace, were determined to fight, and with fourteen canoes approached the bank on which the land party were encamped, and commenced shooting their arrows. This lasted for some time, when Stanley took the *Lady Alice* and dashed among them, pouring in at the same time such a close and deadly fire that they turned and fled.

The story of the slow drifting and marching of the expedition down the Livingstone is a very monotonous one to read, but was full of the deepest interest to the travelers, for the forest on either side of the great river seemed filled with horns and war-drums, while out from a creek or from behind an island canoes would dart and threaten an attack. Floating peacefully through those primeval forests on this stately river, bearing them ever on to the unknown, would make the heart heave with emotion, but when danger and death were ever present, the intensest feelings were aroused.

At length they came to a series of villages lining the bank and surrounded with plenty. There was a large population, and the natives, at the approach of Stanley, blew their ivory horns and beat their drums, and soon a whole fleet of canoes, heavily manned, attacked the

little party in the boat. By a bold dash Stanley was able to seize and occupy the lower village, where he quickly intrenched himself. The savages came down in immense numbers, filling the air with hideous shouts and rushed on the slender defenses with desperate fury. It was astonishing to see these men, to whom firearms were new, show so little fear of them. They were the boldest fighters Stanley had as yet encountered in Africa, and though he punished them severely they kept up the attack, with short intervals between, for nearly two days. At last the appearance of Tipo-tipo along the bank with the land forces made them beat a retreat, which they did with a tremendous noise of horns and loud threats of vengeance. Out of the few with Stanley, four were killed and thirteen wounded, or seventeen out of forty—nearly half of the whole force. This showed desperate fighting, and as the enemy advanced by hundreds their loss must have been fearful.

Stanley, who was equal in stratagem to an American Indian, played them a trick that night which took all their bravado out of them. Waiting till he thought they were asleep, he took the Lady Alice, and Frank Pooke a canoe, and, both with muffled oars, rowed up the river to find their camp. It was a rainy, dark and windy night, and, hence, favorable to the enterprise he had in hand, and his movements were undiscovered. By the light of a fire on the bank he ascertained the location of the camp, and advancing cautiously saw some forty canoes drawn up on shore. Bidding Frank go down stream and lie to, to catch them as they floated down, he quietly cut them all adrift. They were caught by the former, and by midnight were at Stanley's camp. He knew that he now had them in his power, and so in the morning proceeded to their camp and made offers of peace, which they were glad to accept on the condition that their canoes were returned to them. This was agreed to and blood-brotherhood made. Stanley, however, whose great need had been canoes, determined not to let these slip through his hands, and retained twenty-three, giving back only fifteen.

Tipo-tipo now told Stanley that he would proceed no further, his people were dying rapidly, the difficulties of marching were increasing, and he must return. The latter saw he was determined to go, although eight marches remained to be made, and released him. In truth, now he had boats enough to carry his entire expedition, Tipo-tipo, cumbered with the sick, would be a burden rather than a help, and at the rate they were moving, eight marches, more or less, would not amount to much. Besides, marching by land, Stanley saw must be given up or they would never get to the sea. Thus far they had scarcely made any westing at all, having gone almost due north, and were nearly as far from the Atlantic Ocean as when they left Nyangwe. The only thing he feared was the effect the departure of the escort would have on his men. In announcing to them that on the sixth day they should start down the river, he made them quite a speech, in which he asked them if he had not always taken good care of them and fulfilled all his promises, and said that if they would trust him implicitly he would surely bring them out to the ocean and see them safe back to Zanzibar. "As a father looks after his children," he said, "so will I look after you." A shout greeted him at the close. One of his chiefs followed in an address to the Arabs, while Uledi, the cockswain, spoke for the boatmen.

Preparations for starting were now set on foot, canoes mended, provisions gathered, and everything provided against future contingencies that could be thought of. Christmas day came, and the poor fugitives had quite a frolic there in the wilderness. The twenty-three boats they had captured were christened by the men, amid much merriment, and then canoe races followed, rowed by both men and women; all wound up with a wild war-dance on the banks of the river.

The next day Tipo-tipo gave a grand dinner. The day after, the camps separated, and all intercourse between them ceased.

On the morning of the 28th, Stanley embarked his

men to the sound of drum and trumpet, and Tipo-tipo hearing it in his camp, knew that the parting hour had come, and paraded his men on the bank. As the expedition slowly floated down the stream toward it, there was heard a deep, plaintive chant from the Arabs on the bank, as a hundred melodious voices arose in a farewell song; out from the dim forest, and over the rippling water it floated, in sweet melancholy strains, that touched every heart in that slowly-moving fleet of canoes. Louder and louder swelled the chant, increasing in volume and pathos, as the wanderers drew nearer. As they approached the Arab camp they saw the singers ranged in a row along the bank. Passing slowly by them, they waved a silent adieu, for their hearts were too full to speak. On they floated, and still the chant went on, until, at last, it died away in the distance, and sadness and silence rested on the stream. No one spoke a word, and Stanley cast his own eyes, not wholly dry, over the crowded boats, and was moved with the deepest pity. Nearly all were sitting with their faces hidden in their hands and sobbing. Those they were leaving behind were about to return to their homes—they to enter new dangers, out of which they might never emerge. No wonder they were sad, and it is singular that not a man, even of those who had before deserted, asked permission to go back. It was a mournful scene there in the wilds of Africa, and on that mysterious river, and Stanley said it was the saddest day in his whole life.

The casting of their fortunes in this desperate venture of his, shows what wonderful influence he had acquired over them, and with what devotion he had inspired them. No wonder his heart clung to them to the last, and he would never leave them, until he saw them safe again in their homes. In order to rouse the men, he shouted, "Sons of Zanzibar, lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? Here we are all together, like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our home. See this river, it is the

road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide ? Strike your paddles deep, and cry out 'Bismillah,' and let us forward." No shout greeted this appeal, as with sickly smiles they paddled downward. Uledi tried to sing, but it was such a miserable failure that his sad companions could not restrain a smile.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A common fate binding all—"We want to eat you"—The home of the Hippopotamus—The persuasive eloquence of the cannibal prisoners—A novel sensation—A peaceful tribe—the cannibals prevent a fight—A sudden attack—A successful stratagem—Another fight—A hard carry around the falls—An advanced tribe—River full of Islands—Magnificent scenery—Stanley's expedition—A grand barbecue—A necessary fight—Night work—Seventy-eight hours' incessant toil—Passing the rapids—A lost man—A thrilling spectacle—Great daring—Lost men—A fearful night—Rescue in the morning—Brave Uledi—A carry round the falls—A brilliant manœuvre—In a net—Man meat—Another fight—The Congo starts for the sea—Another fight A deserted village—Around the falls—Muskets—A fight—Home of the Hippopotami—A new war-cry—Astonishment of the natives at seeing a white man—More enemies—Stanley's speech—A fight—Three hundred and fifteen muskets against forty-four—Starving—Friendly savages—Abundant provisions—Death and burial of a chieftain's wife—A friendly tribe—Beautiful women—Serpents in camp—The last and fiercest fight—Stanley Pool—Friendly chiefs—Curious interview with King Itisi—A general peace.

STANLEY was now like Cortez when he burned his ships behind him—there was no returning—one and all must move on together to a common fate. All danger of desertion, for the present, was over, and he felt that the consciousness of there being no possible escape, and that one destiny awaited them all, not only bound them closer together, but would make them better fighters.

At first, on their downward march, they met a peaceful tribe, and then a hostile one who would listen to no terms, and whose reply to every request for peace was, "We don't want you; we will eat you." They, however, passed by unmolested, and swept down the river, aston-

ished to see it so thickly populated. That night they encamped in a dense jungle, which was found to be the home of the hippopotamus in the dry season. Tipo-tipo had left with Stanley two cannibals he had captured, to be used by him in conciliating the savages, as they knew their language. These tried their arts this night on the natives on the farther bank, who no sooner espied the strangers, than they beat their drums and advanced to attack them. The cannibals talked so eloquently and plausibly to them, that the savages withdrew and left them in peace. The next morning they came to a large river named Lowwa, one thousand yards wide.

On the last day of the year, they were moving quietly down the stream—the heavens bright above them and the banks green beside them—when they suddenly heard the hated war-drum sound; and soon the canoes of the natives shot out from both shores, and for a moment a collision seemed inevitable; but the two cannibals shouted *Sennenneh!* “peace,” so plaintively that they desisted and the little fleet passed on unmolested. But the next day they met other boats, which advanced, their crews shouting “we will eat you,” but they were easily driven off. It produced a novel sensation in Stanley to be hailed every day and ordered to give himself up for a good *roast*. At length they came to a peaceful tribe, from whom they obtained provisions.

Gathering such information as they could from the natives, they now continued on very quietly, when they were suddenly attacked by savages in canoes of immense size. One, eighty-five feet long, singled out the *Lady Alice* and made for it. The crew of the latter waited till it came within fifty feet, and then, pouring in a deadly volley, made a dash to run it down. The frightened crew, just before the collision, jumped over-board, leaving the big boat in the hands of Stanley.

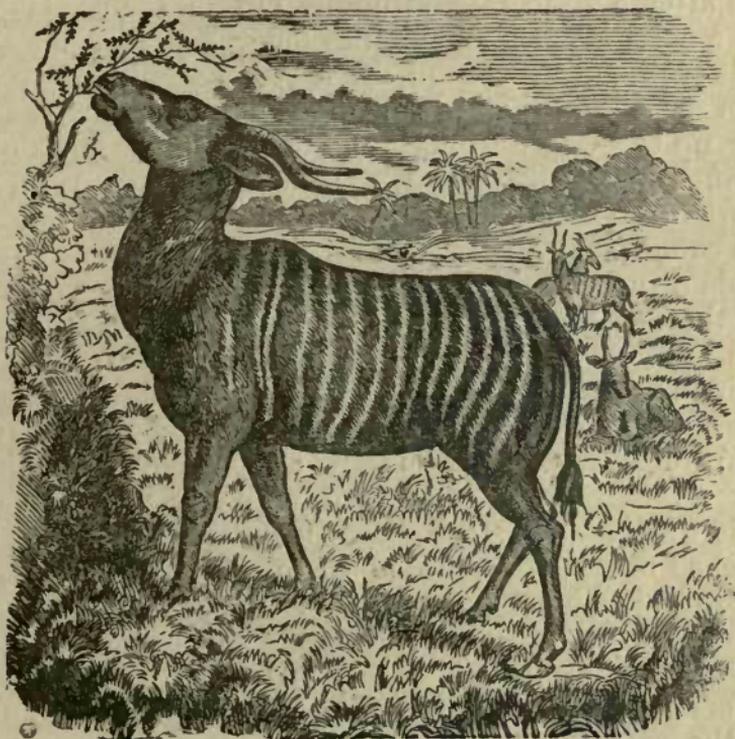
Keeping on, after this little fight, they passed small tributaries, and at length heard the roar of a cataract below. But while they were listening to the unwelcome sound, there suddenly rose over it the wild, shrill war-

cries of the savages from both sides of the river. There was no escape for the expedition now—they must turn and fight. Dropping their stone anchors near the bank, they poured in their volleys, but, not being able to dislodge them, they pulled up their anchors and rowed up stream, where Stanley divided his forces, and while one attracted the attention of the enemy in front, the other landed, and, marching across the land, took them in rear. As soon as Stanley heard the first shot, announcing its arrival, he landed and attacked the enemy in front and routed them, and camped for the night undisturbed.

Next morning, however, the natives appeared again in strong numbers and attacked the camp. The fight was kept up for two hours, when a sally was ordered, and they charged on the enemy, which, though giving way kept up the fight for four or five hours. Two of Stanley's men were killed and ten wounded. The former were thrown into the river, for Stanley had determined to bury no more men till out of the cannibal country. This defeat of the natives gave the expedition a few days' rest, so that this first of the series of "Stanley's falls," as they were named, could be thoroughly explored, not only for geographical purposes, but to ascertain the best way of getting around them. He found that the falls could not be run, and that a carry around them some two miles long must be made. A path was cleared with axes, and boat and canoes were taken from the water and carried with great labor, yet safely, overland, and launched once more on the stream without accident, and he anchored in a creek near its entrance into the main river. Not wishing to remain here, the order to advance was given, and soon they were again afloat on the great river. Sweeping downward they heard the roar of another cataract, and, although the war-horns were resounding on every side, encamped on an island in the middle of the river. The hostile natives on the island, filled with terror, escaped to the mainland. In the morning Stanley explored the island, and found it contained five villages, all now deserted—and

in them such a variety of implements as showed that the inhabitants were adepts in the manufacture of all kinds of iron tools.

The river was full of islands, winding among which, day after day, Stanley often found to be the only means of escape from the pertinacious cannibals. They presented a beautiful appearance with their luxuriant foliage, and occasionally was to be seen the beautiful striped antelope, and other animals, who would look



STRIPED ANTELOPE (FOUND ALONG THE CONGO).

on in wonderment at the flotilla of boats and then bound away; but while the eye was resting on all this loveliness, the ear would be saluted with the sound of war-drums and hideous shouts. Whenever Stanley landed and visited a village from which the inhabitants had fled, he would see human bones scattered around, flung

aside like oyster-shells, after the meat was removed, and at times the whole expedition felt as if they were destined to make a grand luncheon for these ferocious man-eaters.

The next day Stanley began to make preparations to get around the falls. The first thing was to clear himself of the savages that crowned the left bank, and were ready to pounce upon him at any moment. So taking thirty-six men he led them through the bushes and drove the natives back to their villages, a mile distant, and after a desperate struggle, out of them. He next cut a narrow path, three miles long, around the cataract. This was slow work, and, as haste was imperative, the men were kept at work all night, flaming torches lighting up the way and making the gloomy shadows of the strange forest deeper still. Camps were distributed at short intervals along the route, and to the first of these the canoes were carried before daylight. The savages made a rush on them but were driven back. At night another stretch of path was made, to which the canoes and baggage were hurried before the cannibals were astir in the morning. There was less hostility and the work went steadily on, and at last, after seventy-eight hours of unwearied labour, and almost constant fighting, the river was again reached and the boat launched. This was January 14th, but though the river had been reached new perils awaited them. There was a stretch of two miles of rapids that must be passed. After six canoes had been passed safely, one was upset, and one of those in it, Zaidi, instead of swimming ashore, as the others did, clung to it, and was borne helplessly down to the cataract below. But on the very verge was a solitary rock on which the boat drifted and split—one part getting jammed fast. To this the poor wretch clung with the strength of despair, while all around leaped and whirled and roared the boiling water. Those on shore shrieked in agony, and Stanley was hastily sent for. He immediately set to work making a rattan rope, in order to let down a boat to him by which he could be pulled ashore. But the rope was not strong enough,

and snapped asunder as soon as the boat reached the heavy suck of water just above the falls, and it was whirled into the vortex below. Other and stronger ropes were then made, and another canoe brought up and three ropes lashed to it. A couple of men would be needed to paddle and steer the boat so that it could reach the unfortunate wretch on his perilous perch, and volunteers were called for. But one glance at the wild and angry waves was enough, and no one responded. Stanley then appealed to their feelings, when the brave Uledi stepped forward and said, "I will go." Others of the crew followed, but only one was needed. The two stepped calmly into the boat and pushed off—watched with intense anxiety by those on shore. Reaching a certain distance above the falls, it drifted rapidly down toward them, guided by those holding two of the cables on shore. The third floated from the stern of the boat for the poor wretch on the rock to seize. Attempt after attempt was made to get this within Zaidi's reach, but the whirling waters flung it about like a whip-lash. At length the boat was lowered so close to the brink of the falls that he was able to reach it, but no sooner had he seized it and flung himself loose, than he was borne over the edge and disappeared below. But he held on to the rope and soon his head appeared above the boiling waves, when the word was given to haul away. The strain, however, was too great, and the cables parted and away dashed the canoe toward certain destruction, and a cry of horror arose from those on shore, for all three now seemed inevitably lost. But Zaidi below, by hanging on to the rope, pulled the boat against the rock where it lay wedged. He was then pulled up, and the three crouched together on the rock. A stone was now tied to about three hundred feet of whipcord and flung to them, but they failed to catch it. Again and again was it thrown only to be pulled in and recast, but at last it whirled so close to them that they caught it. A heavy rope of rattan was then tied to it and drawn across and fastened, and a bridge thus secured.

But this had taken so much time that night came on before they could finish their work; the three wretched men were left to crouch on the rock, and wait for the morning. All night long they held on to their wild perch, while the water rushed, and boiled, and roared around them, and the deep thunder of the cataract rising in one deep monotone over all, so that they could not hear each other speak.

The next morning early, the Arabs were set to work making more ropes, which were finally hauled across, and fastened round the waists of each man, and then, one by one, they leaped into the water and were drawn safely ashore, amid the shouts of the people.

They now set to work cutting a road three miles long through the woods. Over this the canoes were, with great labor, hauled before the savages on the farther side knew what they were about. But the moment they were afloat, they discovered them, and rushed forward with their canoes, and the battle commenced. Stanley dashed through them, and sweeping down stream for a mile, landed on the island where the tribe lived, and quietly detaching twenty men, sent them to the villages, while he kept the savages at bay. In a short time, the detachment returned, bringing with them a crowd of women and children as prisoners, and a large herd of sheep. The savages, when they saw these marching down to the landing place, were taken so completely aback, that they stopped fighting at once, and withdrew to consult what was best to do in this extraordinary turn of affairs. They sat in their canoes, waiting to see their friends massacred. Negotiations for peace were soon opened and concluded, and the ceremony of blood-brotherhood was gone through with, the captives and herds were surrendered up, and friendly terms were established.

The fifth cataract was at the foot of this island, and was safely passed, and the expedition encamped on the bank of the river, on a green plat of ground, and slept undisturbed. In the morning, to their unbounded sur-

prise, they found themselves inclosed in a net of cord, reaching from the shore above the camp, to the shore below, passing through the bushes. Stanley knew what this meant—that they were to be speared, when they approached, like so many wild beasts. He at once ordered one of the chiefs, Manwa Sera, to take thirty men, and row up the river a short distance and land, and march inland, and come up behind those lying in wait outside of the net. At the end of an hour he ordered men forward to cut the nets, when the firing commenced. The savages soon turned and fled, but to their astonishment, met the enemy advancing on them by the road leading from their villages, and fled in every direction. Eight prisoners were, however, captured, and brought into camp. On being questioned, they confessed that they were after man-meat, and said that their tribe, which lived about a day's journey inland, eat old men and women and every stranger that fell into their hands.

They now kept down the river for several miles unmolested, and at length heard the sullen roar of the sixth cataract rising over the woods, and camped on the right bank, near an island covered with villages. Stanley knew what was before him, and ordered a stockade to be commenced immediately. But, before it was finished, the everlasting drum and horn pealed through the woods, and soon the savages were upon them. After a short fight, they retreated, followed by Stanley's soldiers, to a large village, but there were only three or four old women in it, whom they brought into camp. In a short time a heavier force approached and made a furious attack, but were quickly driven back and two wounded men taken prisoners. A part of the force was all this time cutting a path around the cataract. The next morning they set to work with a will, and by noon had got safely around it. Stanley having wormed out of his captives all the information he could of the surrounding country and the various tribes that inhabit it, set them free. Passing some rapids, they came to a village, in which there was but a single old man, solitary and

alone, and who had been there for several days. The next day they halted to repair the boats. The persistent course of the river, till within the last few days, to the north, and sometimes north-east, had troubled Stanley, and but for the immense volume of water that he knew had no eastern outlet, would have shaken his faith in its being the Congo. But, since he passed the last cataract he noticed that it gradually deflected to the north-west, and now swept by almost due west, having evidently at last started on its march for the sea. Long islands still divided the river, making, most of the time, two streams and shutting out the opposite banks. Keeping down the right channel, they passed through enchanting scenery, undisturbed by war-drums and savage shouts. Though the water was smooth on their side, over the island, on the other, they could hear the roar of rapids, and a few miles farther down the loud roar of the seventh and last cataract of the "Stanley falls" burst on their ears, filling the solitude with its loud thunder. The river here was over a mile wide, and the fall of such an immense body of water over a high ledge made the earth fairly tremble.

It was one incessant fight, either with the savages or with nature, and it seemed as if fate was determined to wear out these indomitable men. Soon the loud war-drums, and horns, and battle-shouts were mingled with the roar of the cataract, showing them that here, too, they must fight before they could get below it. Dropping down as near as it was safe to the commencement of the rapids, they pulled ashore and pitched their camp in a dense forest. Fearful of being attacked before they could intrench, they immediately set to work with their axes to throw together a brushwood fence, while thirty soldiers were stationed in front toward the river, to repel any assault. They had hardly got it completed before the naked cannibals were upon them with a fury that threatened to break through their defences. All this time out from the woods, adown the gorge through which the river plunged, war-drums and horns were

heard summoning the thickly-scattered villages to the scene of combat. Before the steady fire of the musketeers the savages suffered so severely that at sunset they abandoned the attack and withdrew. Stanley now secured his boats and strengthened the brushwood fence, and laid his plans for the morning.

The camp was roused at five o'clock, and they pushed on to a point nearer the falls, so that the work of carrying around them was completed before the Wangas were upon them. Everything being made secure here, they waited for the expected attack to begin, but no enemy appearing, Stanley sent out scouts to ascertain what they were about. They brought back word that no savages were to be seen. On advancing to the villages, Stanley found to his astonishment that they were all deserted. Why or whither they had fled was a profound mystery. Here was a town or cluster of villages, each with four or five streets running through it, and capable of containing two thousand inhabitants, deserted in a single night. The silence of death reigned over it.

Left thus at peace, he began to turn his attention to the falls. He found the river here in this terrific gorge was contracted to less than one-third of its breadth a short distance above, and hence flowed with a power and strength that can hardly be conceived. Crowded together, the waters struggled and leaped, and tore onward with a wildness and fury like the Niagara River below the falls. He here found baskets tied to long poles set to catch fish. They emptied some of these, and found in them about thirty fish, of a different species from any known in our waters, showing that they had got among savages that did not wholly depend on human flesh for subsistence in the way of meat. They showed, also, in their villages and houses, and various implements and articles of household furniture, that they were in advance of the cannibals above them. At the same time, they seemed more alert, fearless and determined.

The carry around these falls was not interrupted, and

the immense labor of transporting so many boats and so much baggage along a rough-cut path was cheerfully performed. The next day, however, while congratulating themselves on the changed conditions of things, they saw a large number of canoes approaching, and soon a musket-shot rang over the water, and one of Stanley's men fell. A new peril now threatened them—they found the natives armed with Portuguese muskets. Though it was a sure sign that they were approaching the coast, it showed, also, that hereafter it was to be fire-arms against fire-arms, not rifles against spears and arrows; and if the natives continued hostile, the destruction of the expedition seemed certain with such odds against it. Heretofore in every combat the men picked up a number of native shields, almost as big as doors, which they preserved. In battle, the women and children would hold these before the soldiers, which was the chief reason why there had been so few casualties when fighting from the boats; but if bullets hereafter were to be fired, these would be of no use. Still there was nothing left but to fight to the last.

This changed condition of things caused Stanley the greatest anxiety. He, however, formed his boats in line of battle and the firing commenced—the natives after every discharge retiring to reload. Stanley's soldiers fired so rapidly, and with such deadly effect, that after an hour had passed the natives withdrew, and the expedition moved off and was soon lost to sight amid the innumerable islands that studded the river—each one loaded with the most luxuriant vegetation.

The next day they floated down the river undisturbed—the islands growing thicker as it expanded, being now several miles wide. On one of them they saw an immense elephant standing amid the trees, but no one proposed to stop and kill him, though his huge tusks were a tempting sight, and further on a large tiger; there was too much at stake to think of hunting them, or the great crocodiles, hippopotami, and other amphibious monsters, who make the channels around these islands their home.

The next day, the 13th of February, they suddenly came upon a large number of villages. They were hidden from view, till they were so close upon them, it was too late to retreat. The next minute the forest resounded with the loud war-drums and ivory horns, while the fierce war-cries had changed their character and sounded like nothing human Stanley had ever heard. Bright gun-barrels gleamed above the light, graceful boats as they came swiftly on. But as they drew near, the natives seemed to be filled with such strange wonder a



AFRICAN TIGER.

the novel spectacle of two white men, that they did not fire, but sat and stared at them as if they had been ghosts. They followed them for five miles in dead silence, when one of them fired and killed an Arab. In an instant, the boats wheeled and opened such a rapid fire, that the savages retreated. But, when Stanley again resumed his downward course, they turned and followed after, hovering like hawks around him for five miles, but making no attack.

They were now just above the equator, and were moving south-west. The next morning the islands were so

thick that they shut out both banks, but keeping on down stream they at length came upon a village, and attempted to pass it unobserved, but the tap of a drum showed that they were observed, and their hearts sunk within them at the prospect of another fight. In a few minutes drum was answering drum in every direction, and soon the savages were seen manning their canoes. Stanley, seeing his men were worn down by this incessant fighting, made them a short speech, telling them if they must die it would be with their guns in their hands. He had come to have a great contempt for the natives on the water so long as they were without fire-arms. He could soon scatter them and keep them at a respectful distance with his rifles, but when it should be five hundred muskets against his forty guns, the whole character of the struggle would be changed.

As they quietly floated down, canoe after canoe shot out into the river with gayly-decorated savages, till a whole fleet of them were in pursuit. Stanley ordered his men to cease paddling and wait their approach, determined, if possible, to make peace. But while he was standing up holding out cloth and wire and making peaceful gestures, the crew of one canoe fired into his boat wounding three men.

There was nothing left now to do but to fight, and soon the crash of fire-arms awoke the echoes of the forest-covered shores. The men had raised their shields, and to their joy found them a perfect protection, as the enemy fired bits of iron and copper, that could not penetrate them any more than the native arrows. As the fight went on, other canoes arrived, until Stanley counted sixty-three canoes, which he estimated carried five guns apiece, which would make three hundred and fifteen to his forty-four—a desperate odds, and if they had been loaded with bullets, would have doubtless then and there ended the expedition. It is a little curious that whenever Stanley gets into a desperate strait that even his boldness and pluck cannot help him out of, some unforeseen thing comes to his aid, and he escapes.

In this case, his rifles having so much longer range and greater penetrating force than these old-fashioned muskets, most of the enemy kept at a distance of a hundred yards. One brave fellow, however, kept dashing up to within fifty yards, and firing, till he was wounded. It was a lucky thing for Stanley that their guns were poor, their cartridges feeble and their aim bad. At length the fire began to slacken, and dwindling down to now and then a random shot, before six o'clock ceased altogether.

The fight being over, the men laid down their guns and once more took up their paddles and soon were out of sight of their enemies, and at sunset camped on an island that lay amidst a nest of islets. Mr. Stanley says: "We clung to the island channels for four days longer, unseen by any of the natives, for the river was very wide—between nine and ten miles. At a place called Ikengo, a great trading people, we found friends. We made blood brotherhood with many kings and collected a vast deal of information. This tribe was one of the cleverest and most friendly of any we had seen. We halted three days with them. We met no armed force to oppose us in the river below Ikengo, though a few canoes indulged in the customary little distractions of savage life by firing iron slugs at strangers; but, as no one was hurt, we permitted them to have their pleasures without regarding them. In the words of a dry humorist—one of our soldiers—'We ate more iron than grain.'"

It now began to look as if after having escaped death by battle and the cataracts, they were about to yield to famine. They met fishermen, but they would have nothing to do with them. The next day Stanley held a market on the island, where he had encamped, to which the neighboring chiefs came, as well as the villagers. Trade was brisk, and before night he had a bountiful supply of sheep, goats, bananas, flour, sweet potatoes and various tropical fruits, for which he exchanged cloth, and beads, and wire. The men revelled in the unexpected abundance, and hope and joy again took the place of

gloom and discontent. The next day they resumed their apparently endless journey, and floated peacefully amid green islands, scattered like gems over the broad bosom of the now friendly stream.

On the 23rd, while floating quietly down, word was brought Stanley that the wife of one of the Arab chiefs, who had been sick for some time, was dying, and he pulled his boat alongside of the one in which she lay. She knew she was going, and bade him an affectionate good-bye. Soon after she expired. At sunset a weight was tied to her body, and she was dropped into the waters of the river, and left to sleep on its lonely bed, far away from the cocoa-nuts and mangoes of her native land.

Their course now led them among beautiful islets, made gay by the rich plumage of tropical birds, occasionally meeting a few canoes, but no hostility was exhibited.

On the 27th, they came upon natives fishing, who at once showed themselves to be friendly, and exhibited no distrust at all. It was a new revelation to the wanderers. Hitherto, after the most patient waiting and persevering efforts, could they gain the confidence of the savages if they secured it at all; while here it was freely given, and they directed them to a good camping place, on an island from whence they looked across to the fields and villages of Chumbiri, where these fishermen belonged. The fishermen then departed, to report to their king, who sent them back with presents of food, and a promise that he would visit the camp. True to his word, he appeared next day, escorted by five canoes filled with soldiers, carrying muskets. He wore a curious hat, was very cool and self-possessed in his manner, and inclined to be sociable. He took snuff incessantly, and in enormous quantities. After a long conversation, he invited them to make his village their home, and Stanley, wishing to learn all he could of the river below, accepted the invitation, and the expedition crossed the river, and was received in savage pomp. A grand market was held,

and exchanges freely made. The women did not seem to be of the pure African blood, being brown instead of black, with large eyes, beautifully shaped shoulders, and altogether very pretty. They were very fond of ornaments, some of them wearing thirty pounds of brass wire around their necks. Stanley estimated that the forty wives, six daughters and the female slaves of the king carried on their necks about one thousand four hundred pounds of brass wire.

He stayed here a week, enjoying the hospitality of the king, who, to all his other kindness, gave him three canoes, as an escort, and on the 7th of March turned the prows of his boats again down stream. That night they encamped in a jungle, into which two immense serpents crawled, one of which was killed just as he began to twine his folds about a woman. It measured thirteen feet and a half in length, and fifteen inches round the body. The next day passing tributary after tributary they, on the 9th, went ashore to cook breakfast; the women were busily engaged in preparing it, when they were startled by loud musket shots, and six of the men fell. They were taken completely by surprise, but springing to their guns, they dashed into the woods, and a fierce fight followed, which lasted an hour. It was one incessant crack of musketry, each one sheltering himself as best he could. The savages were finally driven off, but not until they had wounded fourteen of Stanley's men. This was the sharpest fight he had had yet, and if it was a prelude to what was to follow, the expedition would soon consist of nothing but wounded men. It is astonishing, that in all these fights, of which this was the thirty-second, and last, neither Stanley nor Pooke should receive a wound.

After the wounded men had been attended to, they again set out and floated peacefully down, not suspecting any danger, when they approached a settlement which suddenly swarmed with excited armed men. Rowing away as fast as possible, they soon got clear of the village, and encamped three miles below. The next

day the voyage was charming, taking them through beautiful and ever-changing scenery. Nothing occurred to mar their pleasure the following day except a fierce south wind, which now began to set in regularly every day, making the river exceedingly rough for the canoes—especially at this point, where the river expanded to nearly two miles in width. This great breadth extended as far as the eye could reach, and, hemmed in by cliffs, resembled a pool, which young Pooke christened “Stanley Pool.”

Paddling slowly down this pool, they passed several villages. Makoneh, the chief of one, proved very kind and hospitable, and offered to conduct Stanley to the next cataract. As they swept down, they halted at a friendly village, the chief of which inquired how they expected to get over the mighty falls below. He was a bluff, genial, good-souled negro, who seemed glad to assist them in any way in his power, and finally offered to guide them to the cataract. Moving down, soon its low roar was heard swelling over the forest, gradually increasing as they advanced, till it rose like a continuous thunder-peal from the solitude below.

Makoneh led the way, and, just skirting the first line of breakers, landed on a pebbly beach. The village of Itsi was in sight, who was the petty king of a neighboring tribe. Some canoes soon crossed from it, and were received so kindly that the natives went back with such wonderful stories to their king, that next day he paid Stanley a visit. He came in a large canoe carrying eighty-six persons. It was over eighty-five feet long, and propelled by sixty paddlers. These, standing up and keeping time with their strokes to the steady beat of a drum, sent the boat like an arrow through the water, and made a stirring picture as they dashed up to Stanley's camp. There were several gray-headed men present, one of whom was introduced to Stanley as the king. The latter noticed that the rest laughed heartily at this, which afterwards turned out to be a practical joke. However, Stanley sat down with the venerable person

in amicable conversation, while a young native and Frank seemed to strike up a warm friendship for each other, or at least the native for Pocke, judging by the way he pressed presents on him.

It seemed strange to Stanley that the young savage should give twice as much to Frank as the king gave to him, but it now came out that this young man was the king, and the aged man Stanley had been conversing with, one of his counselors. Stanley at once changed his attention, and asked him what present would please him. The royal young savage had been looking about at the various things in camp, and seeing a very large goat, told Stanley that he wished "big goat." Now this happened to be the last thing the latter wished to part with. A lady in England had requested him to bring back a goat of this very breed, and he had purchased several, of which this alone had survived the long and dangerous journey. He therefore endeavored to bribe the young king by doubling the other presents he had prepared. No, he would have the "big goat." Stanley then offered to give him an ass instead. At this the savage seemed to hesitate. The donkey was very desirable, but at this critical moment the animal sent up a huge bray, which so frightened the women, that he would not take him. Other tempting offers were made but nothing would do but the "big goat," and as Stanley was short of provisions (the men having squandered those the king of Chumbiri had given them), and these he must have, he reluctantly turned over the big goat, and the young king departed highly delighted. The next day he returned bringing three ordinary goats in exchange and some provisions. Soon the kings or chiefs of other neighboring tribes came in bringing fruit, and all was harmonious, and treaties of amity were made with all. The one with Itsi was quite ceremonious. Among other things he gave Stanley a white powder as a charm against evil, in return for which, the latter, with all due gravity, presented him with a half-ounce vial full of magnesia as the white man's charm. This

and blood-brotherhood closed the formal proceedings of the treaty-making powers—quite as important, in their way, as similar councils in civilized countries.

Stanley found by observation that though he had traveled from Nyangwe over one thousand two hundred miles, he had descended not quite a thousand feet.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tribal differences—What is the cause of them—The Congro Tribes—The cannibals left behind—Change of scenery—Livingstone Falls—A wild stretch of water—Carrying boats over land—Exhausting, slow work—A canoe lost—Stanley falls thirty feet—Rocky falls—A fearful sight—Kalulu over the falls—A canoe shoots the Kalulu Falls in safety—A third canoe shoots the falls and disappears—Soudi's strange story—More rapids—Difficulties increase—Narrow escape of Stanley—Joy at his deliverance—Four cataracts in sight—Strange music—Less than a mile a day—The big cataract—Scaling a mountain one thousand feet high—Astonishment of the natives.

IT is a little singular, that in this age of inquiry and persistent effort to get at the cause of things, no one has yet attempted to explain the reason of tribal differences. Aborigines occupy the same parallels of latitude and longitude, subject to the same influences of climate, living on the same diet, are different in color, features, and more than all, in disposition. The real, or supposed influences, that lie at the bottom of the different races, do not apply here. Difference of origin, of climate, of food, all these must have great effect in changing color, features and character, and hence, to a certain extent, explain how such distinct nationalities exist, but not in the least account for tribal differences, where all these are the same, and where there are not even barriers of mountains and rivers separating them. Why should our western Indian tribes, roaming over the same prairies, living on the same food, and similar in all their mode of life, be yet so different in form, feature and disposition ?

Is there really no way of getting a satisfactory, true explanation of all this?

So in Africa, Stanley crossed the continent in the same general range of latitude. The savages he met were all dwellers of the equatorial region; hence, lived in the same climate, using the same food, dressing in the same way, and living the same life, and yet as dissimilar as different nationalities. If any educational influences had been brought to bear upon them, one could understand this, but none have been exerted. These same tribal differences Stanley found on the Congo. Fierce cannibals and gentle agricultural people were living side by side. Suspicious, faithless men, differing very little from the better class of monkeys, lived neighbours to tribes unsuspecting and trustful, and wonderfully advanced in the art of mechanism. Here at the falls, which he named "Stanley Falls," the natives were suspicious, faithless, cruel, and now when he reaches the Livingstone Falls, he finds them hospitable, kind and trusting. When this difference bursts on him practically, he feels it sensibly, but philosophically dismisses it with the simple remark, such "is the effect of trade." We cannot accept this as any explanation at all, for there was no trade with the outside world, and they showed the same kindly natures before *he* commenced trading with them.

The only evidence of their connection with civilised life was that they had muskets, and yet the very first tribe which possessed them was the most fierce, implacable and relentless he met with. This ethnological question has never yet been settled.

Still it is not singular that Stanley just then did not trouble himself with it. As long as the difference existed and was now in his favor he was content, as well he might be.

The friendly natives at the head of these falls assured him that he had passed the cannibal country, but they differed materially as to the number of falls below—one making them three and another a half a dozen or more.

No matter whether they were few or many, they had got to be passed, though he dragged his canoes over lofty mountains to do it.

But if the change in the character of the natives was great, that in the character of the scenery and aspect of the river was no less so. The wild, fierce savages had become tame, while the gently flowing river, studded with green islands, had become wild and fierce and angry. The gradually descending plain was transformed into the terrific gorge, over which hung beetling cliffs, and the placid current into a roaring torrent, dashing amid rocks and plunging over precipices, and filling the solitudes with an every-angry voice. Hostile savages were behind, but hostile nature was before the adventurers, to whom there would be no rest till they found the restless sea.

Immediately before them were two stretches of rapids and then a cataract. The first was a mere piece of broken water that was easily passed. Having no fear of hostile natives, Stanley leisurely explored both river and shore to ascertain the best way of getting around the second rapids. The goods, asses, women and children were taken overland, while the boats were led with hawsers from rock to rock along the shore. Fortunately not a rope broke, and by five o'clock the rapids were passed and all were in camp together.

The last, Stanley declared to be the wildest stretch of water he had ever seen. For four miles the river looked as if thrown upward by volcanic action beneath, and at the same time swept by a fierce hurricane above, and all the while dashing madly on at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Huge troughs would be formed, as if the stream was yawning asunder, and then the divided water would come together with a crash, sending up columns twenty feet high to dissolve in foam and spray. The crash of colliding waves and the steady roar of the rapids were awful. It was literally a "hell of waters." The land carriage around this wild stretch was a rough piece of work. Paths of brushwood were made, and

the canoes slowly hauled up rocky heights and slid down into deep gullies—the women and children toiling after. They were nearly four days getting around this four miles of impassable rapids. The men were fainting for want of food, when smooth water was at last reached. This, however, continued but a short distance, when they had to take to land again, and haul their boats over a rocky point for three-quarters of a mile, which it took three days to accomplish. When it is remembered that one of the canoes was eighty-five, and another seventy-five feet long and dug out of a solid tree, we can get some conception of the tremendous effort it required to transport them over rocks and hills. When smooth water was again reached, it gave them only a short respite. Stanley, however, found it necessary to halt and give the people rest, for the tremendous strain of the last week was telling fearfully on them.

On the 25th they found themselves once more confronted by ugly rapids. In endeavoring to lead the boats around them, the best canoe was dragged by the mere force of the current from the hands of fifty men and whirled down the mad stream and dashed to pieces. Toiling amid the rocks several men got injured—one had his shoulder dislocated, while Stanley fell into a chasm thirty feet deep, but fortunately struck on his feet, and thus escaped with some light bruises, though he was very much stunned. On the 27th they succeeded in getting past this “cauldron,” as it was called, although they narrowly escaped losing their largest canoe. The next day was smooth water for only a short distance, when they came to “Rocky Falls.” These, however, were passed with comparative ease, and two men sent forward to explore. They reported, on their return, that about a mile below was another cataract, and that at its head was an excellent camp in a sandy bay. Stanley, therefore, determined to reach it before dark, and so manning his remaining seventeen canoes, he led the way, hugging the shore, so as not to get into

the suction of the water above the falls. All were told to follow him, and by no means to venture out into the middle of the stream. Keeping close to the right bank, he felt his way carefully onward, and at last floated into the tranquil bay, at the head of the fall. Three canoes followed him, and as he was waiting for the others to come in, he saw, to his horror, the largest canoe he had, in midstream, and coming down like a race-horse. Kalulu had charge of this, and deceived by the smooth, glassy surface of the stream, pulled out into midcurrent. The moment he was caught by it his doom and that of the four men with him was sealed. There was nothing to be done by those on shore but to watch the swiftly gliding boat till it shot over the edge of the falls to disappear in the tumult below. Three of the men were Stanley's especial favorites, and he felt their loss keenly. While his eye was yet resting on the spot where they had gone down, another canoe shot in sight, driving straight for the falls. Fortunately, they struck them at the least dangerous point, and went over safely, then skilfully working the canoe toward the opposite shore, sprang overboard and swam to land. Stanley immediately dispatched his boat's crew upstream to tell the rest to hug the shore, and in no case venture out into the stream. Before they reached the canoes, another one, with only the lad Soudi in it, shot by, who cried out, as he was borne swiftly onward, "There is but one God—I am lost, master," and next moment dropped out of sight. Strange to say, though the canoe was whirled about at the bottom like a spinning top, it did not sink, and was finally swept out of sight behind an island. The rest of the canoes arrived safely.

The next day Stanley sent Frank back to bring over the goods to where he was encamped, while he traded with the natives, whom he found very friendly, and from whom he obtained abundant provisions. Resting here one day, they, on the 1st of April, got everything round the falls and encamped. In the afternoon, to the sur-

prise and joy of all, young Soudi walked into camp. He had a strange story to tell. He was borne helplessly down the rapids, confused and dizzy, till at last the boat drifted against a rock, when he jumped out and got on shore. Before he had time to think where he was, he was seized from behind and pinioned, and borne to the top of a mountain by two men, who stripped and examined him with great curiosity. The next day several of the tribe came to see him, one of whom had been in Stanley's camp when King Itsi visited it, and he told them such terrible stories about Stanley and of his gun that could shoot all day, that they became frightened and took him back to the place where they had found him, and told him to speak well of them. The other two men had swam across the river, a mile below, and also joined the camp.

Proceeding on down stream they came to more rapids, in passing which there were many narrow escapes. It was a succession of rapids, and while Stanley carried the boats through them, Frank took the rest of the party and goods overland. The former examined every inch of the way carefully before starting. Thus day after day passed, always fighting the relentless river. Sometimes the water was too rough to admit the passage of the boats, and then they had to be carried overland. It was slow and tedious work, and but little progress was made. The question each one kept asking himself was, how long will this last and when shall we see smooth water again?

Each day was but the repetition of the former, and if the natives had been as hostile as those farther up the river, they could not have got on at all. The only variation was when the river took some new whim or the formation of the country required more effort and new modes of getting on. Thus one day they undertook to lead the canoes by hawsers around a rocky point, where the eddies set up stream with the strength and velocity of a torrent, so that it seemed impossible to get them down stream. To add to the difficulty the cliffs, on the top of which the men with the hawsers

stood, were fifty feet high, with their jagged edges, sawed the ropes till they parted one after another.

So creeping along the shore to-day, and daring the mid-stream, though boisterous, yet clear of rocks, to-morrow, they kept on, hoping after the next stretch to reach a quiet flowing river. The Lady Alice fared hard in this perilous navigation, and once came near being lost. All this time the resources of the expedition were being exhausted, for though the natives were friendly, everything had to be paid for, and it was not difficult to answer the question "How long would their currency last?"

The next rapids they came to Stanley named the "Lady Alice Rapids," because we suppose both he and the boat escaped, almost by a miracle, sharing the same fate in the wild and mad waters of the Livingstone. The cables lashed to bow and stern, to let the boat down, parted, or were snatched from the hands on shore, and away she dashed down the foaming torrent. Above, the naked cliffs rose three hundred feet high—around boiled and tossed the tumultuous waters, and certain destruction seemed to await the man who had triumphed over so many obstacles, and at last was nearing the goal of his ambition. The Arabs, whose life depended on his life, were in despair—their master was gone—there was no one left to lead them out of this strange wilderness. Nothing but the coolness of Stanley saved him and his crew. Watching every change in the flow of the water—resigning himself to the wild will of the wild waters, when struggling was useless—taking advantage of every favorable change of the current, and bidding his men row for life at the right time, he at length reached shore, and at once sent messengers to his despairing camp to tell them he was safe. He knew, and they knew, that all their lives hung on his. He had had a narrow escape, and the natives on shore, as they watched his boat flung about like a cockle-shell in the boiling surge, looked upon him as lost.

If Stanley wanted any new proof of the affection of

his Arabs for him he had it now. He had been only able, after his fierce struggle with the rapids, and being carried, in the meantime, over one fall, to reach land at last two miles below his camp, where he was looked upon as lost. When, therefore, the message was received from him that he was alive and safe, they streamed forth in one confused mass, and hastening down the river, came in a long straggling line in sight of Stanley, waving their arms on high, shouting words of welcome and overwhelming him with their expressions of glad joy. This involuntary outburst of feeling and gratitude that their "master" was safe, was worth tenfold over all the suffering and peril he had endured. It is strange, when such momentous results hang on a single life, how we go on as though nothing depended upon it till the moment we are losing it comes.

The men, women, and children had joined in this grand exodus to congratulate Stanley on his deliverance from what appeared certain death, and the men now returned to bring up the goods to this point where the camp was pitched. Not twenty rods from it the Nikenke River came foaming, tumbling into the Livingstone from a precipice one thousand feet high, with a terrific roar and rumble. Almost as near, another tributary dashed over a ledge four hundred feet high, while just above was the wild rapids he had just passed, and just below another stretch of swift and tumbling water. The din of these surrounding cataracts made a fearful, strange music in these mysterious solitudes, and awakened strange feelings in Stanley, as he lay and listened and wondered what would come next.

The sharp crash of the near cataract tumbling from its height of a thousand feet, the low rumble of the lower fall, and the deep boom of the mighty river made a grand diapason there in the wilds of Central Africa. West from the great lakes, the continent seemed to stretch in one vast plateau, across which the river moved in placid strength, its gently sweeping current, parted with beautiful islands, that filled the air with perfume ex-

haled from countless flowers and tropical plants, and making a scene of loveliness that intoxicated the senses.

But all this was marred by the presence of blood-thirsty cannibals, whose war-drums and savage cries filled this world of beauty with terrific sounds and nameless fears. But the moment the stream reached the edge of this plateau, where man seemed to become more human, it rolled into cataracts and rapids, down a steep incline, till it came to the sea.

Canoes were upset and lost, and men barely saved from death, by expert swimming, during these fearful days, and yet Stanley could get no reliable information from the natives how far down this remorseless stretch of water extended. This terrible struggle, which the party underwent, and the exhausting nature of their work may be faintly imagined when it is stated that for thirty-seven consecutive days they *made less than a mile a day*. It was a constant succession of rapids from the middle of March to the latter part of April.

At length, on the 22d, they came to the "big cataract," called by the natives Inkisi, which Stanley fondly believed would be the last. The table-land here is one thousand feet high, and the natives occupying it flocked into Stanley's camp, curious to know how he was to get his canoes past the falls. When he told them that he was going to drag them over that table-land one thousand feet high, they looked at him in speechless astonishment. His own men were thunderstruck when he announced to them his determination. But they had got so accustomed to believe that he could do anything he resolved to do, that they silently acquiesced. The natives, as they looked at the heavy canoes and then on the lofty height, with its steep, craggy ascent, took their departure and began to climb back to their homes to secure their property, for, they said, if the white man intended to fly his boats over the mountains, they did not know what terrible things might next happen.

Having settled on the undertaking, Stanley imme-

diately set to work to carry it out, and the first day built a road nearly a mile long. The next day the *Lady Alice* and a small canoe were resting on the high summit. The work was done so quietly and without any disastrous results to life and property, that the native chiefs were dumb with admiration and offered to bring six hundred men next day to help haul up the heavy canoes. They kept their word, and soon boats and baggage were in camp on the top of the mountain. Sending off a party ten miles ahead to prepare the natives for his coming, Stanley took the women and children, and goods and boat's crew on to the next tribe to make a camp near the river, for the purpose of exploring the defile through which he was to work his way.

He had found many articles of English make, and dishes, etc., among the natives, showing that he was approaching the coast from which these must have been obtained. They had not, however, been brought there by traders, but had worked their way up from market to market along the river. It was encouraging, nevertheless, to the members of the expedition, who were getting worn out, while disease prevailed to a large extent and threatened to increase. Still they might be a great way off from the coast yet, in time if not in distance, if they continued to make but one mile a day. Hence Stanley had to be very economical in everything, especially in the use of meat—though the constant and terrible mental and physical strain on him made it necessary that he should have the most nourishing food. For lack of this in a simple form, he concocted a dish out of vegetables, fruit and oil, which proved a great success.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Last instructions—A magnificent forest—Stanley thinks of dug-outs at home—Resolves to build canoes—The first tree felled—Two canoes finished—The boats and expedition moving overland—Arabs stealing—Redeeming a captive held for theft—Canoes over the mountain—Rest—Third canoe built—Dispiriting news—Native superstition—A narrow escape—Launching of the third canoe—Rains—Rise of the river—Storms—The expedition moves over the mountain—Frank takes the canoes by the river—Mowwa Falls—A terrific scene—Passing the Mowwa Falls—Uledi caught in theft—His sentence—A touching scene—Atonement—Forgiveness—Christian principles in heathens—A strange superstition—The natives demand that Stanley's note-book be burned up—A painful dilemma—A successful stratagem—Shakespeare burned—Frank's last night with Stanley.

IT was the 29th of April when Stanley gave his last instructions to his Arab chiefs about getting the canoes down the mountain to Nzabi, the home of the next tribe west. On his way he entered a magnificent forest—the tall and shapely trees of which reminding him of his early wanderings in the wilds of Arkansas and on our western frontiers. It was not strange, while looking at them, that he should be reminded of the “dug-outs” of the Indians which he had often seen, and that the thought should occur to him to make some canoes, to take the place of those which he had lost in the passage of the rapids and falls above. It seems as if his early life had prepared him especially for all the contingencies that were to occur in his long and varied explorations in Africa. After thinking the matter over a short time, he resolved that the boats should be built, and having obtained permission of the chief of the district, he at once commenced operations. The first tree selected was more than three feet in diameter and run sixty feet straight before it reached a limb. As soon as it was prone upon the ground the men were set to work in sections upon it, and in a week had it finished. In a week more another was completed, measuring forty-

five feet in length and eighteen inches deep. All this time the canoes were advancing over the land at the rate of a little more than a third of a mile a day, and finally reached camp the day before the second boat was finished.

Things, however, had gone badly in the camp on the mountain-top after Stanley left, for the Arabs, following their apparently natural propensity, began to steal. One man, who had been caught in the act, was seized and made a prisoner by the natives, who resolved to keep him as a slave. Stanley spent an entire day negotiating for his redemption, and finally had to give one hundred and fifty dollars worth of cloth to get him released. It was plain that he could not afford to redeem many men at this price, and he distinctly told them that if, after this, any of them were caught stealing, they would be left in the hands of the natives, to be held as slaves for life. A terrible punishment, yet, as it proved, not great enough to deter them from committing the same crime afterwards.

The labour of the men engaged in hauling the canoes over the high mountain had been so great, that Stanley felt that some days of rest were demanded to recuperate them. But as idleness was always the fruitful source of all kinds of evil with the Arabs, he determined to keep the men who had hewed out the boats still at work, and set them to making a third canoe.

The chief of this district now informed Stanley, greatly to his surprise and disappointment, that there were five falls immediately below him, while how many lay between these and the sea no one could tell. No matter; he must still move on, and, for the present, cling to the river on account of the sick, if for nothing else.

On the 18th, he sent off a man to get some axes repaired by a native blacksmith. While the latter was engaged in the work, a spark flew from the anvil against the body of one of his children playing near by, burning him slightly. The enraged man asserted that the accident was owing to a wicked charm of the stranger,

and, running out, beat the war-drum, at which the excited natives assembled in a great fury, and the poor Arab was in danger of immediate immolation, when the chief happened to arrive and saved him.

On May 22d, the great teak canoe, the third which had been built, and which Stanley named Livingstone, was launched in the creek just above its entrance into the river, amid the shouts of the natives. It could carry forty-six people. As far as means of transportation was concerned, Stanley was now at ease—but would there ever be a peaceful river on which these twelve canoes could float?

It was now the 22d of May, and since the 24th of February there had been forty rainy days, and hence for the month they had been working their slow, tedious way over the ridges and mountains, the river had been continually rising, and now, more than eleven feet above its usual height, was rolling in a grand, resistless flood through the gorges. Thunder and lightning had accompanied the storms, lighting up the wild river and drowning its fierce roar, and drenching the wanderers, till it seemed as if heaven itself was leagued with the natives and the cataracts to drive them to despair and destruction. The river was still rising, and the rush and roar of the waters were only less terrific than the deafening thunder-peals that shook the chasm in which they were confined. Still they must move on, even though it should be to greater horrors and more desperate conditions and a darker fate. So on the 23d of May they set out, and carrying around a short fall in the creek on the banks of which they had been encamping, and ascending a mountain, pushed slowly on for three miles over a plateau—the sick and suffering complaining bitterly, while the well were almost ready to give out and die then and there on the shores of the river. Every fall was expected to be the last, and yet proved the forerunner of a worse one to come.

From this creek Stanley led the expedition—those that could walk—to the head of the Mowwa Falls.

Frank, whose lame foot did not permit him to walk, took the *Lady Alice*, followed by the canoes, out of the mouth of the creek, to coast carefully along down the river to the same camping-place. In the meantime, Stanley, who had arrived first, took a long and anxious survey of the terrific scene before him. At the head of the falls, where he stood on a grassy plot, a ledge of rock twelve feet high ran straight across the river like a wall for a mile and a quarter and then stopped. From the end to the opposite shore it was a clear space of a little more than a quarter of a mile, through which the compressed river rushed with a strength and shout and fury that were appalling. This wall of rock, however, was not solid—here and there it was cut through as if by some mighty blow, making separate channels that had a fall of twelve feet. Below, as far as the eye could reach, treeless mountains arose nearly a mile into the heavens, while half-way up from the mad river, that tore with the sound of thunder along their bases, perpendicular cliffs stood walling in this awful embodiment of power.

A scene of more utter desolation cannot be imagined than was here presented to his view in this solitary spot. The camp seemed a mere speck amid these gigantic outlines of mountain and river. As he thus looked and listened, awe-struck and subdued, he saw Frank in the *Lady Alice* coming through the rapids at a terrific pace. This was the first time he had attempted such a feat, and he got confused and finally thrown into the worst part of the rapids, and in his frantic struggles to release himself, struck a rock and stove a hole into the boat six inches square. However, all were landed in safety, though Stanley mourned greatly over the severe injury to his boat, which thus far had escaped all harm. It took him a whole day to repair it. Two days after, the goods were transferred below and the boats dropped carefully through the ledge near the shore, where the water was less rough, and reached the camp below the great falls in safety.

While resting here there occurred one of the most interesting scenes of this whole remarkable journey. In the transportation of goods over the mountains robberies had been committed of beads, etc., and now the last man in the whole party Stanley would wish to have accused of theft was found guilty—the noble, brave, reliable and kind Uledi. True as steel in the hour of danger, quiet, obedient, thinking nothing of his life if Stanley asked him to risk it, he had yet stolen—not things of ordinary value, but that on which their very existence might depend. Cloth was getting so plenty among the natives that its value was very much decreased, but beads were worth ten times their weight in gold, and these Uledi had stolen and hidden in his mat. Of course this must be stopped at all hazards and at whatever sacrifice, still Stanley would almost as soon have lost his hand as to leave Uledi, as he threatened he would the next man he found stealing, in the hands of the savages as a slave forever. He therefore called the chiefs together and made them a speech, in which he clearly showed them that their lives depended on putting a stop to theft, for if they were left without anything to buy provisions with, they all would inevitably perish of famine before they reached the sea, and asked them what should be done with Uledi, on whom stolen goods had been found. The principal chief would not answer for some time, but being urged to give his opinion said at last: It was very hard, seeing it was Uledi. Had it been any body else he declared he would vote to pitch him into the river, but now he gave his vote for flogging. The rest of the chiefs concurred with him. Stanley then turned to the boat's crew, of which Uledi was coxswain, and by whom he was dearly loved. The principal one and the most relied on, the watchman of the boat, replied, "Ah, it is a hard question, master. He is like our elder brother; but, as the fathers of the people have spoke, be it so; yet for our sakes, master, beat *him just a little*." He next accosted Zaidi, by whose side Uledi had clung all night in the midst of the

cataract, and had saved his life by risking his own. He replied, "Remember it is Uledi, master." Next he addressed Uledi's brother, who cried "Spare Uledi, but, if he must be flogged, give me half of it, I shall not feel it if it is for Uledi." Last of all he asked the poor culprit's cousin, when he replied in a speech that the London Athenæum, in quoting it said would stand beside that of Jeanie Dean's, when pleading for her sister. The poor fellow asked, "Will the master give his slave liberty to speak?" "Yes," replied Stanley. He then came forward, and kneeling before him and clasping his feet with his hands, said: "The master is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is something written. We black men know nothing, neither have we any memory. What we saw yesterday is to-day forgotten. Yet the master forgets nothing. Perhaps, if the master will look into his book, he may see something in it about Uledi. How Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how he has saved many men, whose names I cannot remember, from the river—Bill Ali, Mabruki, Komkusi and others. How he worked harder on the canoe than any three men; how he has been the first to listen to your voice always; how he has been the father of the boat-boys. With Uledi, master, the boat-boys are good and ready, without him they are nothing. Uledi is Shumari's brother. If Uledi is bad Shumari is good. Uledi is my cousin. If, as the chiefs say, Uledi should be punished, Shumari says he will take half of the punishment; then give Saywa the other half, and set Uledi free. Saywa has spoken."

All this was uttered in a low, humble tone, with his head bowed to Stanley's feet. Stanley could not resist such an appeal, and said: "Very well, Uledi, by the voice of the people, is condemned; but as Shumari and Saywa have promised to take the punishment on themselves, Uledi is set free and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned." The moment the poor fellow was set free, he stepped forward and said: "Master, it was not Uledi

who stole—it was the devil which entered into his heart.” This touching scene is given, not merely for its pathos, but because the untutored natives, here in the wilds of Africa, illustrated the principles that lie at the very foundation of the Christian religion. First, they recognized the great fundamental doctrine of atonement—of expiation—the suffering of the innocent in the place of the guilty, by which the offender can be pardoned. In the second place, Uledi uttered over again the sentiments of Paul—When a man’s whole nature revolts at the wrong he has done, and hates himself for it, it is not he that commits it, but “sin that dwelleth in him,” when he would do good, evil was present with him. It was a happy termination of the affair, for it would have been a cruel act to have had the noble, true, unselfish and brave Uledi suffer the indignity of a whip. As in God’s arrangement, forgiveness here was a severer condemnation of crime than punishment would have been.

Another scene occurred, while in camp, that shows on what an insignificant, nay, ridiculous thing the fate of a great expedition may turn. One day, Stanley being at leisure, took out his note book and began to write, as was his custom when he had a few hours to himself. The natives, who flocked into camp in great numbers daily, noticed him and began to whisper among themselves. The crowd around him gradually increased and began to be strangely agitated, as the word “tara tara” passed from lip to lip, and presently, as if seized by a single impulse, they all ran away. Stanley merely observed the fact without stopping to think what the cause of this sudden abandonment of the camp might be. He therefore went on writing, when suddenly he was startled by loud war-cries ringing far and near over the mountain top, and, in two hours after, saw between five and six hundred natives fully armed rushing down the table-land toward the camp. He quickly mustered his men to be prepared for what seemed an unprovoked attack, but determined, if possible, to avoid a collision.

He therefore advanced toward them as they drew near, and, sitting down on the ground, in a friendly tone asked what it all meant, and why they had come in such a warlike manner to their friends. A large savage, acting as spokesman, replied that they had seen him make marks on some "tara tara." Those black lines he had drawn on the paper, he said, would bring sickness and death and utter ruin on the land, and the people, and animals, unless the book containing them was burnt up.

Here was an unexpected dilemma. He must burn up that note-book or fight these five or six hundred armed, desperate savages. But that note-book, the gathered results of nearly three years of exploration, was the most precious thing on earth to him. He was astounded and sorely perplexed at the strange demand—burn up that note-book! He might as well burn up himself. Even if he could remember his main adventures, he could not recall all the observations, plans of maps and routes, and statistics of every kind it contained, and, without which, the whole expedition was a failure. No, he could not give it up, but what then—fight one against four, all armed with muskets, to retain it? Suppose he could put them to rout, it could not be done without a serious loss of life to himself as well as to them. But this was not the worst of it—with the natives friendly and aiding him as they had done and supplying him with provisions, it would be almost a miracle if he ever reached the sea-shore; but with them hostile, even if he could fight his way through them, he would certainly perish from famine, for he could obtain no provisions, without which he and the book would perish together. But, still, he could not give up that book, and he turned over in his mind every conceivable plan of averting the catastrophe. Finally, he told them to wait a moment, while, in the meantime, he stepped back to his tent as if to fetch it.

All at once it occurred to him that he might substitute another book for it, if, among his scant collection, he could find one at all resembling it. Turning them

over, he came across a volume of Shakespeare of just about the same size. True, the binding was different, but those savages knew as little of the peculiar binding of a book as they did of its contents. Besides, it lay open on Stanley's knee when they saw it, and they observed only the black lines. However, the attempt to pass it off on these wild savages for the real book was worth making. So taking it in his hand, he walked back to where they stood with ferocious looks waiting for his determination, and handing it to them, told them to take it. No, they would not touch it, he must burn it. Well, Stanley said he would do anything to please such good friends as they were. So together they went to a camp-fire near by, and solemnly consigned poor Shakespeare to the flames.

The natives were delighted at this evidence of Stanley's good will, and became faster friends than ever. What he would have done had it come to the issue—burn that note-book or fight—he does not tell us.

The river had been thoroughly explored for two miles below where they were encamped to the head of the Zinga Falls. It was a rough, wild stretch of water, but it was thought it might be passed safely by using great caution and keeping out of the midstream rapids. At all events, Stanley had determined to try it first himself in his own boat—a resolution that nearly cost him his life. The next day, the 3d of June, the attempt was to be made, and Frank passed the evening in Stanley's tent in great spirits, talking and singing songs of merry old England. He was always singing, and most of the time religious songs which he had learned at home. The wilds of Africa had equalized these men, and they held sweet communion together this last night on the banks of the wild river. Frank seemed unusually exhilarated, little dreaming, alas, that the next night his lifeless body would be tossing amid the rocks that lined the bed of the fierce torrent below—his merry songs all hushed—nevermore to while away the weary hours in this dreary solitude of Africa or brighten the life of his England home.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DEATH OF FRANK POCOKE.

Elevated from the place of servant to that of friend—Proposes to toss up to determine whether they shall follow the Lualaba to the sea or not—Chance decides they shall—Pocoke's shoes become worn out in the forest—Is made lame—Passage of the Mowwa Falls—Stanley's peril—Pocoke's fatal self-will—His death—The sight that stunned Stanley—A gloomy night for him.—Pocoke's character.

FRANK POCOKE, who, as stated previously, joined the expedition under Stanley as a servant, and whose brother had fallen at what proved to be the mere outset of the real main expedition, had, by his intelligence, geniality, ability and courage, and perhaps quite as much by the necessity of companionship that Stanley felt the need of in that wild region, and which only a white, civilised man could furnish, had risen above the position he had taken till Stanley looked upon him more as a friend than as a servant. This was natural; he was the only man he could talk with in English; the only man who had the taste and manners of civilized life; the only one who in the long halt could in any way be his companion; and, more than all, the only man who he knew positively would stand by him in the hour of danger to the last, and fall, if fall they must, side by side. Whoever else might prove false in these vast untrodden solitudes, Frank Pocoke, he well knew, would not be one of them. Under such circumstances and conditions, Stanley would not have been the true man he is if he had not lifted the servant up to the place of friend, and he did. It was therefore but natural that in the long mental discussion at Ziangwe as to whether he should return or choose some other route than through the hostile tribes whose territory the waters of the Lualaba washed, or push on at all hazards by following its current to the sea, that he should take his quondam ser-

vant into his confidence and they should together talk over all the probabilities and possibilities of the different routes to be adopted. In another place we have shown what those difficulties were, and what the real or imaginable obstacles were that confronted Stanley if he determined to follow the Lualaba at all hazards to the sea.

In speaking of the death of young Pocode, we wish to show what influence he had at last in fixing the determination that led to his own death and Stanley's fame as an explorer. One day, while Stanley was discussing with Pocode the wisest course to pursue, the latter said: "Mr. Stanley, suppose we toss up, to determine whether we shall follow the Lualaba as far as the Lowra, and then strike off for Monbruto, or follow it to the sea?"

Stanley, who had become almost indifferent as to whether one course or the other would end his life, agreed, and a toss-up was made, and the result being on the side of following the river to the sea, the drawing of straws was resorted to. Three trials of-chances were made, and the decision of fate, as proposed by Pocode was to follow the river to the sea. He little thought that accidental toss was a toss-up for his own life, and that so trivial an affair settled his fate forever. We know what was Stanley's final decision, and though he does not acknowledge that this trial by chances had any effect on his final determination, the experience of human nature, since the world began, proves that it must have had. Even Napoleon, who believed that Providence was on the side of the strong battalions, had an equally strong belief in his "star." While it, doubtless, did have more or less influence on Stanley, it did not weaken his faith in the "strong battalions," which was, in his case, a wise provision, so far as he could make it, against all possible and probable contingencies.

We have said thus much to show the real relations that Frank Pocode at last sustained to the expedition. In the long and terrible march through the gloomy forest after leaving Zywague, and before finally launch-

ing on the Lualaba, to quit it no more till they reached the sea, or lay at rest forever on its solitary banks, Pocoke's shoes had become completely worn out. In traversing, half-barefoot, the tangled undergrowth, they had at last given out entirely, and the result was his feet became chafed, and at last, through constant irritation, caused by the necessity of hastening forward at all hazards, the abrasions that would have healed, could they have made a short halt, became ulcers, so that when they again struck the Lualaba he was unable to walk any farther, and Stanley said that if at any time they would have to leave the river and carry around rapids, Frank would have to be carried also. Stanley always led the way over the rapids, and selected the paths for hauling around the canoes, while Pocoke superintended the soldiers and distributed the rations, etc. But now he was placed on the sick-list.

On the morning of the 3d of June, they came to the Mowwa Falls, around which they must carry, and the men shouldered the goods and baggage and started overland for Zinga, three miles distant, while Stanley attempted to run two small falls, named Massesse and Massassa, with the boat's crew. Hugging the shore for about three-quarters of a mile, they came at last to a lofty cliff, against which the tide threw the down-rushing stream back in such fury that great whirlpools were formed and they steered for the centre of the river and endeavored to stem the tide, but failed. After fighting fiercely against the raging of whirlpools, they tried again to advance in another direction, when Stanley discovered that his boat was fast filling with water, while the surface became still more terribly agitated at a point toward which he had been unconsciously drifting. The danger now became imminent. Shouting to the men to leave off bailing and pull for life for the shore, he threw off his coat, belt and shoes, to be in readiness to swim when the boat should capsize, as he expected it would. A wild whirlpool was near the boat and for a moment it seemed certain that it would drift into the

vortex. But by a strong effort it was forced away and they pulled for shore. By the time they had reached it, the leaky boat was half-full of water. Finding it impossible to proceed in it he returned to Mowwa Falls, and after a short rest took a canoe and tried to proceed. But while he was talking with Pocke, the crew had scattered, and as those who had gone to Zinga had not returned, he determined to go overland and look after the goods, and leave to his chief captain, Manwa Sera, the supervision of the passage of the fall. He told him to first send forward a reserve canoe with short ropes fastened to the sides. "The crew," he said, "will pick their way carefully down the river until near the falls, then let the men judge for themselves whether they are able to take the canoe farther. Above all things stick to the shore and do not play with the river." He then bade Pocke good-bye, saying he would send him his breakfast immediately with hammock bearers, shook hands and turned to climb the mountain toward the camp.

Sending back the breakfast as he had promised, he paid a visit to the kings of Zinga. Becoming anxious about the boats, as this was the first time he had ever permitted any one but himself to lead the way in any dangerous part of the river, he about three o'clock took his glass and going to the shore began to look up the river that came tearing out of the mountain like a wild animal and shaking the shores with its loud thunder. Suddenly he saw something black tossing amid the turbulent water. Scanning it closely, he saw it was an upturned canoe and to its side several men were clinging. He instantly dispatched two chiefs and ten men to a bend toward which the wreck was drifting. The crew, however, knowing there was another cataract just below, attempted to right the boat and save themselves; but, unable to do so, got on the keel and began to paddle for dear life with their hands toward the shore. As they got near the farther bank, he saw them jump off the boat and swim for shore. They had hardly reached

it when the upturned boat shot by Stanley like an arrow and with one fierce leap dashed over the brink of the cataract and disappeared in the foam and tumult below. In a few minutes a messenger arrived out of breath, saying that eleven men were in that canoe, only eight of whom were saved—the other three being drowned, one of whom was Pooke. Stanley turned fiercely on Uledi, his coxswain, and demanded how he came to let Pooke, a lame man, go in the rescue canoe. “Ah, master,” he replied, “we could not help it; he would not wait. He said, ‘since the canoe is going to camp I will go too. I am hungry and cannot wait any longer. I cannot walk and I do not want you to carry me, that the natives may all laugh at me. No, I will go with you; and refusing to listen to Captain Manwa Sera, who remonstrated with him, he got in and told us to cast off. We found no trouble in forcing our way against the back current. We struck the down current, and when we were near the fall I steered her into the cove to take a good look at it first. When I had climbed over the rocks and stood over it, I saw that it was a bad place—that it was useless to expect any canoe to go over it without capsizing, and I went to the little master and told him so. He would not believe me, but sent other men to report on it. They told the same story: that the fall could not be passed by shooting over it in a canoe. Then he said we were always afraid of a little water and that we were no men. ‘All right,’ I said, ‘if you say cast off I am ready. I am not afraid of any water, but if anything happens my master will be angry with me.’ ‘Cast off,’ the little master said, ‘nothing will happen; am I not here?’ You could not have counted ten, master, before we were all sorry. The cruel water caught us and tossed and whirled us about and shot us here and shot us there, and the noise was fearful. Suddenly the little master shouted ‘Look out! take hold of the ropes!’ and he was tearing his shirt off when the canoe, which was whirling round and round with its bow in the air, was dragged down, down, down, until I thought

my chest would burst; then we were shot out into daylight again and I took some breath. The little master and two of the men were not to be seen, but soon I saw the little master with his face upward but insensible. I instantly struck out for him to save him, but we were both taken down again and the water seemed to be tearing my legs away; but I would not give in; I held my breath hard then and I came to the surface, but the little master was gone for ever. This is my story, master." Stanley then examined the men separately, to ascertain if it were true and found it was. This man was brave but not foolhardy, and the best and most reliable in the whole party.

Stanley very briefly expressed the sadness and loneliness of his feelings that night as he sat and looked on the empty tent of young Pooke, but no language can express the utter desolation of his situation. His position, surroundings, prospects, all combined to spread a pall black as midnight over his spirit and fill his heart with the gloomiest forebodings. Sitting alone in the heart of a country never before trod by the foot of a white man, on the banks of a mysterious river, on whose bosom he was to be borne he knew not where, the gloomy forest stretching away beyond him, the huts of strange natives behind him, the water in deep shadows rushing by, on whose foam and whirlpools his friend had gone down, and whose body then lay tossing amid the broken rock, the strangely silent tropical sky, brilliant with stars, bending over him, the thoughts of home and friends far away caused a sad and solemn gathering of emotions and feelings around his heart till they rushed over it like that rushing water, and made him inconceivably sad there in the depths of the forest. With no one to talk to in his native tongue, no one to council with, without one friend on whom he could rely, left all alone to meet the unknown future, was to be left desolate indeed. Before, he knew there was one arm on which he could always lean, one stout, brave heart that would stand unflinchingly by his side in the deadliest

peril, share all his dangers, and go cheerfully to the very gates of death with him. But now he was alone, with none but natives around him, with whom he must meet all the unknown dangers of the untrodden wilderness before him—perhaps be buried by them in the gloomy forest or left to be devoured by cannibals. It was enough to daunt the bravest spirit, appal the stoutest heart, and that lonely night on the banks of the Lualaba will live in Stanley's memory forever.

Stanley pronounced a high eulogium on his young friend, saying that he was a true African explorer—he seemed to like the dangers and even the sufferings of the expedition, so well did they harmonize with his adventurous spirit. Quick and resolute, he was always docile, and in the heat and excitement of battle would obey Stanley's slightest wish with alacrity. He seemed fitted for an explorer: no danger daunted him, no obstacle discouraged him, while his frame, though slight, was tough and sinewy, and he was capable of undergoing any amount of labor and could endure the heaviest strain. He had so endeared himself to Stanley that the latter said, in a letter to young Pooke's parents, that his death took away all the joy and exultation he should otherwise have felt in accomplishing the great task the two had undertaken together.

CHAPTER XL.

Stanley mourning for his friend—A mutiny—Sadness of Stanley—Return of the deserters—Boats carried over a hill—The chief carpenter carried over the falls—Stanley runs the Mbelo Falls—Miraculous escape—Feeling of his people—The end of the chasm—One mile and a quarter a day for eight months—The Arabs steal, and are made prisoners—Arabs left in slavery for stealing—Falls of Isingila reached—Stanley resolves to leave the river—The Lady Alice abandoned—The march for Boma—Uledi slaps a king in the face—Stanley sends a letter to Boma—The messengers depart—He moves on—Meets an enemy who becomes a friend—A glad surprise—Food in abundance—Luxuries for Stanley—A song of triumph—Stanley's feelings, as shown by his letter—Reach Boma—The reaction—Stanley offered a steamer home—Prefers to stand by his Arabs—Reception at Cape Town—Zanzibar reached—Joy of the Arabs—An affecting scene—Farewell to Stanley.

THE next morning Stanley arose with a sad and heavy heart; the cruel, relentless river seemed more remorseless than ever, and its waves flowed on with an angrier voice, that seemed full of hate and defiance.

Eighty men were still behind, at Mowwa, and the next day word reached Stanley that they had mutinied, declaring they would follow the river no longer, for death was in it. He, borne down with his great loss, paid no attention to the report, and stayed and mourned for his friend for three days before he set out for Mowwa. He found the men sullen, sad and reckless. It would be strange, however, if he could not regain his old influence, which, after much effort, he did. But he did not get all down to Zinga till after four days. Meantime Frank's body had been found floating, face upward, some distance below the falls. All the canoes did not reach Zinga till the 19th, more than a fortnight after Frank's death.

On June 20th Stanley began to make preparations to continue on down the river. There had been dreadful hard work in passing and getting round the falls where Frank lost his life, but the worst of it was, when they

had succeeded, they seemed to have just begun their labors, for now it had all got to be repeated over again. The men had lost all spirit and did not seem to care what became of them; and so, when on the 20th, Stanley ordered the men to the work to lay brushwood along the tracks marked out for hauling the canoes from the Pooke basin around Zinga point into the basin beyond, the men seemed disinclined to move. Stanley, in surprise, asked what was the matter. "We are tired of this," growled a burly fellow, "and that's what's the matter."

Stanley soon discovered that he was not alone in his opinion, and, though once he would have quelled this spirit of rebellion with prompt, determined action, he did not feel like using harsh measures now, or even harsh language. He knew he had tasked them to the uttermost—that they had followed his bidding unquestioned, as far as he ought to ask them, and so he called them together to talk with them and give them an opportunity to tell frankly their grievances. But there was nothing to say, except they had gone far enough, and did not mean to make another effort. Death and famine awaited them, and they might as well give up first as last. Stanley did not attempt even to appeal to them, except indirectly. He simply told them that he, too, was hungry, and could have had meat, but saved it for them. He, too, was weary and sad. They might leave him if they chose—he had his boat still, and if he was left alone, he had but to step into it—the falls were near, and he would soon be at rest with his friend. It is most pitiful and sad to see how the indomitable will of this strong man has given way. The bold and confident manner with which he set out for Nyangwe—the healthy, cheery, tone in which he addressed them when bowed down with grief at the farewell song of Tipotipo's Arabs are gone, and in their place has come a great weariness and despair. To see such a strong man forced at last to yield, awakens our deepest sympathy. No wonder he was weary of life, and longed to die.

Under the terrible mental and physical strain of the last six months the toughest nature must give way, while to this was added the feebleness that comes from want of food and the utter dreary, hopeless prospect before him. As he stood amid his dusky followers, his once sinewy frame looked lean and languid, and his voice had a weary, despairing tone. The star of fame that had led him on was gone down, and life itself had lost all its brightness, and when he had done speaking he turned away indifferent as to the future. The men listened, but their hungry, despairing hearts felt no sympathy. They, too, had reached the point of indifference as to the future, except they would no longer cling to that cruel river, and thirty-one packed their baggage and filed away up the ascent and were soon lost to view. When it was told to Stanley, he inquired how many had gone. Learning that only thirty-one had left, and that the rest would stand by him to the last, he roused himself, and unwilling that the faithful should perish through the disaffection of a few men, he sent messengers after the deserters to plead with them to come back. They overtook them five miles away and urged them to return, but in vain. Setting the faithful to work, he dispatched two men to cut off the fugitives, and tell the chiefs not to let them pass through their territory. They obeyed, and beat the war-drum, which so terrified the wanderers that they were glad to return. It would seem strange that men who had been accustomed to obey him implicitly for nearly three years, and had stood by him so staunchly in many a fight and through countless perils, could so easily desert him now. But despair will make even a wise man mad, and these poor creatures had got into that hopeless condition which makes all men reckless. Starting off with no definite aim in view, no point to travel towards, shows how desperate they had become. No wonder they saw no hope in clinging to the river, for they had now been over a month going three miles, and it seemed worse than useless to attempt to push on farther in that direction.

On the 23d of June, the work was commenced of hauling out the canoes to take them over a hill two hundred feet high, and by noon three were safely on the summit. Next came the "Livingstone," which had been recently made. It weighed some three tons, yet, with the aid of a hundred and fifty natives, they had succeeded in getting it twenty feet up the bank, when the cables parted and it shot swiftly back into the river. The chief carpenter clung to it, and, being carried beyond his depth, climbed into it. He was only a short distance above the falls, and the brave Uledi, seeing his peril, plunged into the river, and, swimming to the boat, called out to him to leap overboard instantly. The poor wretch replied that he could not swim. "Jump," shouted Uledi, "you are drifting toward the cataract." The terrified creature, as he cowered in the canoe, faltered out, "I am afraid to." "Well, then," said Uledi, "you are lost—brother, good-bye," and struck out with all his might for the shore. A minute's longer delay, and he, too, would have been lost, for, though a strong swimmer, he was able, only by the most desperate effort, to reach shore less than sixty feet from the brink of the falls. The next minute the canoe was shooting over them into the boiling cauldron below. Tossed up and down and whirled about, it finally went down and was seen no more.

The next day the other boats were got up, and then the process of letting them down was commenced. This was done in safety, when the goods were sent overland to the Mbelo Fall beyond, while the boats should attempt to run the rapids. There was no abrupt descent, but a wild waste of tumbling, roaring water dashing against the cliffs and rocks in reckless fury. Stanley resolved to try them first, before risking his men, and embarked in the *Lady Alice*, and, with men on shore holding cables attached to the bow and stern, drifted slowly downward amid the rocks. The little boat seemed a mere toy amid the awful scenery in which it floated, and Stanley felt, as it rocked beneath him, what a helpless thing it

would be in the wild and turbulent midstream. But just as he had reached the most dangerous point, one of the cables parted. The boat swung to, when the other snapped asunder and the frightened thing was borne like a bubble into the boiling surge and carried downward like an arrow. Down, down, between the frowning precipices, now barely escaping a huge rock, and now lifted like a feather on the top of a wave, it swept on, apparently, to certain destruction. But death had lost all its terrors to these hard-hunted men, and the six in the boat sat resigned to their fate. The brave Uledi, however, kept his hand on the helm and his steady eye on the hell of waters around and before them. Sometimes caught in a whirlpool that whirled them around and around, and then springing like a panther down a steep incline, the boat continued to plunge on in its mad course with death on every side, until at last it shot into the Niguru basin, when they rowed to the sandy beach of Kilanga. Here, amid the rocks, they found the broken boat in which Pooke went down, and the body of one of the men who was drowned with him jammed among the fragments.

Stanley looked back on this perilous ride with strange feelings. It seemed as if fate, while trying him to the utmost, was determined he should not perish, but fulfil the great mission he had undertaken. His people seemed to think so, too, for when they saw his boat break adrift and launch into the boiling rapids, they gave him up for lost; but when they caught sight of him coming toward them alive and well, they gave way to extravagant joy and exclaimed, "It is the hand of God—we shall reach the sea." The escape was so wonderful, almost miraculous, that they could not but believe that God had spared him to save them all.

They now pushed on with little trouble to Mpakambendi, the terminus of the chasm, ninety-three miles long, in which they had been struggling a hundred and seventeen days. This simple statement conveys very little to the ear, yet what fearful shapes does it conjure

up to the imagination! Ninety-three miles of rapids and cataracts, with only here and there a stretch of smooth water! A mile and a quarter a day was all the progress they had made now for nearly four months. No wonder the poor Arabs gave up in despair and refused any longer to follow the river.

Although below the chasm the stream did not flow with that placidity it did through the cannibal region, still, it did not present any dangerous rapids, and they glided on toward the sea with new hopes.

The natives along the banks were friendly, though difficulties were constantly arising from the thieving propensities of the Arabs. Two were seized by the natives, and Stanley had nearly to bankrupt himself to redeem them, on which he gave the men a talk and told them plainly that this was positively the last time he would redeem a single prisoner seized for theft, nor would he resort to force to rescue him.

It was now the 7th day of July, and although hope had revived in the hearts of the people, some of the sick felt that they should never see their native island again. Two died this day and were buried on the banks of the river whose course they had followed so long. They now had clear, though not smooth, sailing for some nine or ten miles, when they came to another fall. This was passed in safety, with the assistance of the natives, who assembled in great numbers and volunteered their services, for which they were liberally rewarded. More or less broken water was experienced, but not bad enough to arrest the progress of the boats. Provisions were getting scarce, and consequently the thieving propensity of the Arabs to obtain them more actively exhibited itself, and one man, caught while digging up roots in a garden, was held as a prisoner. The men asked his release, but Stanley, finding that the price which the natives asked for his redemption was far greater than his means to pay, would not interfere, and he was left to live and die in perpetual slavery. But this did not stop thieving, and soon another man was caught in the

act and made prisoner. This case was submitted to the chiefs, and their decision was to let him remain in slavery. But the men were starving, and even this terrible exhibition of the doom that awaited them was not sufficient to deter the men from stealing food. The demands of the stomach overrode all fears of punishment, and three or four days after another man was detected and made a prisoner. He, too, was left to live and die a slave in the hands of the natives. Dangerous rapids were now and then encountered, but they were passed without accident, and Stanley at last found that he was close to the sea. He announced the fact to his people, who were intensely excited at the news. One man, a boatman, went crazy over it, and, shouting "we have reached the sea, we are at home," rushed into the woods and was never seen again. The poor wretch, probably, lay down at last in the forest, with the groves of Zanzibar, in imagination, just ahead of him. Sweeping downward, frequent rapids occurred, but the expedition kept on until it reached the district of Kilolo.

Stanley here lay down weary and hungry, but was aroused by musket-shots. His people, starving and desperate, had scattered about, entering every garden they saw to get something to eat, and the natives had attacked them. Soon wounded men were brought in, whom the natives had shot. Several had been captured whom Stanley refused to redeem, and they were left to pine in endless captivity, never again to see the hills of Zanzibar, as he over and over again had promised they should.

Changing from bank to bank, as the character of the river changed, the expedition, on the 30th of July, heard in advance the roar of the cataract of Isingila. Here Stanley ascertained that they were but five days' journey from Embomma, a distance always traveled by land by the natives, on account of the obstructions in the river.

As the whole object of the expedition had been accomplished, and the short distance beyond these falls to

the sea was known to Europeans, he resolved to leave the river and march by land to Embomma. At sunset the Lady Alice was drawn out of the water to the top of some rocks and abandoned forever. To Stanley it was like leaving a friend behind. The boat had been his companion for nearly three years. It had carried him over the waters of the lakes, dashed at his bidding among hostile canoes, rocked him to sleep amid the storms, borne him all safely over foaming cataracts, and now it must be left ignobly to rot in the wilds of Africa. As he turned to cast a last farewell glance on it resting mournfully on the rocks, the poor boat had almost a human look, as if it knew it was to be left behind and abandoned forever.

On the 1st of August, the famished, weary column took up its line of march toward the sea—the mothers carrying infants, that had been born amid the cataracts, and the larger children trudging slowly after. Nearly forty of the one hundred and fifteen were sick, and though it was painful to travel, they were cheered by the promise that in four or five days they should once more look on the sea, toward which their longing hearts had been turned for so many weary months. Coming to a village, the king stopped them and told them they could not pass without they gave him a bottle of rum. Uledi, hastening up, asked Stanley what the old man wanted. "Rum," he replied. Hitting him a severe slap in the face, "there is rum for him," growled Uledi, as the drunken negro tumbled over. The latter picked himself up and hurried away, and Stanley and his worn and wasted band passed on without further molestation.

It was hard to get food, for one party would demand rum and refused to furnish it without, another wanted them to wait till the next market-day.

On the third day they reached Nsanda, the king of which told Stanley it was but three days' march to the sea. The latter asked him if he would carry a letter to Embomma for him. He replied no, but after four hours of

hard urging he agreed to furnish guides for three of Stanley's men.



VILLAGE OF NSANDA.

The next day they set out, carrying the following letter:—

VILLAGE NSANDA, August 4th, 1877.

To any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma.

DEAR SIR: I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased except on market-days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I therefore have made bold to dispatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Ferugi of the English mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you, but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg of you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our condition than I can tell you in a letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress, but, if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma in four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as, even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving men cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you, on my own behalf, that you will send a small supply, and add

to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of supplies for my people. Until that time, I beg you to believe me,

Yours, sincerely,

H. M. STANLEY.

*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.*

P. S.—You may not know my name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone.

H. M. S.

After writing this letter, Stanley called his chiefs and boat's crew to his tent and told them of his purpose to send a letter to Embomma for relief, and wanted to know which were the most reliable men—would travel fastest and least likely to be arrested or turned back by obstacles. The ever ready Uledi sprang to his feet and exclaimed, as he tightened his belt, "O master, I am ready now!" The other volunteers responded as quickly, and the next day the guides appearing, they started off. In the meantime, the expedition resumed its slow march, having eaten nothing but a few nuts to stay their stomachs. Coming to a village, the chief demanded payment for passing through his country, and armed his followers; but on Stanley threatening to destroy every man in the place, his rage subsided, he shook hands, and peace was made and sealed by a drink of palm wine and the promise of a bottle of rum.

In the meanwhile, Uledi and his companions pressed swiftly on, but when about half way, the guides, becoming frightened, deserted them. Unable to obtain others, they resolved to follow the Congo. All day long they pressed steadily forward, and, just after sunset, reached Boma, to which Embomma had been changed, and delivered the letter. The poor fellows had not tasted food for thirty hours, and were well-nigh famished. They soon had abundance, and the next morning (August 6th), while Stanley was leading on his bloated, haggard,

half-starved, staggering men, women and children, Uledi started back with carriers loaded down with provisions.

At nine o'clock, the expedition had to stop and rest. While they lay scattered about on the green sward, suddenly an Arab boy shouted, “I see Uledi coming down the hill! and sure enough there were Uledi and Kacheche leaping down the slope and waving their arms in the air. “La il Allah, il Allah!” went up with one wild shout—“we are saved thank God!” Uledi had brought a letter to Stanley, who had scarcely finished reading it when the carriers appeared in sight laden with provisions. The sick and lame struggled to their feet, and, with the others, pressed around them. While Stanley was distributing them, one of the boat-boys struck up a triumphant song, that echoed far over the plain. They then set to and ate as only starving men can eat.

When all were supplied, Stanley turned to his tent, to open the private packages sent to him. Heavens! what a spectacle met his astonished sight! A few hours before, he had made his breakfast on a few green bananas and peanuts, washed with a cup of muddy water, and now before him were piled champagne, port and sherry wines, and ale, and bread and butter, and tea, and sugar, and plum-pudding, and various kinds of jam—in short, enough luxuries to supply half a regiment. How Stanley felt that night as he looked on his happy, contented followers, may be gathered from the following extract of a letter he sent back next day to his kind-hearted deliverers. After acknowledging the reception of the bountiful supplies, he says:

“Dear sirs—though strangers I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, Master, we are saved—food is coming!’ The old and the young men, the women and the children lifted their wearied and worn-out frames and began lustily to chant an extemporaneous song in honor of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic),

who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would come, despite all my attempts at composure.

“Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps, whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

“Yours faithfully,
“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

That day was given up to feasting and rejoicing, and the next morning—a very different looking set of men—they started forward. All this and the next day they marched cheerfully over the rolling country, and on the third, while slowly descending a hill, they saw a string of hammocks approaching, and soon Stanley stood face to face with four white men, and so long had he been shut up in a country of blacks that they impressed him strangely. After some time spent in conversation they insisted on his getting into a hammock, and borne by eight stout bearers he was carried into Boma, where rest and abundance awaited him. He stayed in this little village of a hundred huts only one day and then embarked on a steamer for the mouth of the river, a hundred or more miles away. Turning northward he reached Kabinda, where one of the expedition died. The reaction on these poor creatures after their long and desperate struggle was great, and they fell back into a sort of stupor. Stanley himself felt its influence, and would fall asleep while eating. The sense of responsibility, however, roused him, and he attempted in turn to arouse his men. But, notwithstanding all his efforts, four died of this malady without a name after he reached Loanda, and three more afterwards on board the vessel that carried them to Cape Town.

Stanley gave these poor fellows eight days' rest at Kabinda, and then in a Portuguese vessel proceeded to Loanda. Here the governor-general offered to send him in a gun-boat to Lisbon. This generous offer was very tempting, and many would have accepted it, but Stanley

would not leave his Arab friends who had shared his toils and hardships, and shown an unbounded trust in his promise to see them back to Zanzibar. A passage being offered them in the British ship *Industry*, to Cape Town, Stanley accepted it, and, instead of going home where comfort and fame awaited him, turned southward with his Arab followers. At Cape Town he was received with every mark of distinction, and delivered a lecture there giving a brief account of the expedition, especially that part of it relating to the Congo. A British vessel here was placed at his disposal, and while she was refitting Stanley gave his astonished Arabs a ride on a railroad, on which they were whirled along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Of all the wonders they had seen since they left Zanzibar, nearly three years before, this was the greatest. Entertainments were got up for them, suitable garments for that cold latitude provided, till these poor, simple children of nature were made dizzy by the attentions they received. Among other things a special evening was set apart for them in the theatre, and they were thrown into raptures at the performance of the acrobats and made the building ring with their wild Arab shouts of approval.

At length, on the 6th of November, nearly two months from the time they reached the Atlantic coast, they set sail for Zanzibar. Stopping for two days at Natal to coal, where every possible attention was lavished on them, they again put to sea and stretched northward through the Indian Ocean.

Day after day these now contented people lay around on deck, drinking in health from the salt sea air. All but one were shaking off every form of disease contracted in their long wanderings. This was a woman who was slowly dying, and who was kept alive alone by the thought of seeing her home once more. At last the hills of Zanzibar arose over the sea, and as these untutored Arabs traced their well-known outline, their joy was unbounded, and Stanley felt repaid for the self-denial that had refused a passage home from Loanda and to stick by his faithful fol-

lowers to the last. Their excitement increased as the caves and inlets grew more distinct, and at last the cocoa-nut and mangrove-trees became visible. As the vessel entered port their impatience could not be restrained, and the captain of the vessel, sympathizing with their feelings, had no sooner dropped anchor than he manned the boats, while the eager creatures crowded the gangway and ladder, all struggling to be the first to set foot on their native island. As boat-load after boat-load reached the shore, with a common feeling they knelt on the beach and cried "Allah!" and offered up their humble thanksgiving to God, who had brought them safely back to their homes.

The news of their arrival spread like wild-fire on every side, and soon their relatives and friends came flocking in from all directions, and glad shouts, and wild embracings, and floods of glad tears, made a scene that stirred Stanley's heart to its profoundest depths. Still, there was a dark side to the picture. Scores of those that came rushing forward to greet them, fell back shedding tears, not of gladness, but of sorrow, for they found not those whom they fondly hoped to meet. Of the three hundred that had set out, nearly three years before, only one hundred and twelve were left—and of these, one, the poor sick woman, lived only long enough to be clasped in her father's arms, when she died.

The great journey was ended, and Stanley, after paying off the living and the relatives of the dead, at last started for home. As he was about to enter the boat that was to bear him to the ship, the brave Uledi and the chiefs shoved it from the shore, and seizing Stanley, bore him through the surf on their shoulders. And when the latter stood on deck, as the vessel slowly steamed away, the last object he saw on shore through his eyes, filled with tears, was his Arab friends watching him till he should disappear from sight.

An enthusiastic reception awaited him in England, while from every part of the continent distinguished honors were bestowed upon him.

He had performed one of the most daring marches on record—traced out, foot by foot, one of the largest lakes of Central Africa, followed the mightiest river, which, from the creation, has been wrapped in mystery, from its source to its mouth, and made a new map of the "*dark continent*."

Among the testimonials of the estimation in which the great work he had accomplished was held, may be mentioned the gift of the portrait of King Humbert of Italy, by himself, with the superscription:

"ALL' INTREPEDO VIAGGATORE,
ENRICO STANLEY.

UMBERTO RE.

TO THE INTREPID TRAVELER,
HENRY STANLEY.

KING HUMBERT."

The Prince of Wales also complimented him warmly on his achievements, while the Khedive of Egypt conferred on him the high distinction of the Great Commandership of the Order of Medjidie, with the star and collar. The Royal Geographical Society, of London, gave him a public reception, and made him Honorary Corresponding Member, and the Geographical Societies and Chambers of Commerce, of Paris, Italy and Marseilles sent him medals. He was also made Honorary Member of the Geographical Societies of Antwerp, Berlin, Bordeaux, Bremen, Hamburg, Lyons, Marseilles, Montpellier, Vienna, etc., etc. Honorary membership of almost every distinguished society in England and on the continent were conferred on him, and each and all seemed to vie with each other in heaping honors on the most intrepid traveler of modern times. Yet, as an American, it gives us great pleasure to record the following sentiment, showing that Stanley takes especial pride in being an American. He says: "For another

honor I have to express my thanks—one which I may be pardoned for regarding as more precious than all the rest. The Government of the United States has crowned my success with its official approval, and the unanimous vote of thanks passed in both houses of legislature, has made me proud for life of the expedition and its success.”

Dinners and banquets followed wherever he went, and he yet awaits the honor his own country will confer on him when he once more shall visit it.

CHAPTER XLI.

The great eighteen hundred mile journey down the Lualaba—Discouraged by timid Arabs at Nyangwe—Forward in spite of all—Terrible tribes of cannibals dispute the way—The mid-African plateau—Perils and difficulties in the region of the cataracts—Among the friendly natives—A land of large towns and ivory temples—The basin, watersheds, trend and length of the mighty river.

WE give the following instructive retrospect of Stanley's explorations in his own words.

“There is no such river as the Congo, properly speaking, in Africa. There is a country called Congo, occupying an extensive portion of mountain lands south of the river, and running parallel with it, at a distance of five or six miles from it, in that broad mountain range which separates the West Coast land from the great plains of the interior. Following the example of the natives among whom they lived the Portuguese colonists and fathers of the fifteenth century called it the River of Congo, which was just as if the natives of Middlesex county, England, called the Thames the River of Middlesex. By the Kabindas, near the mouth of the river, it is called the “Kwango,” or, if you do not like the African look of the spelling, the “Quango.” The natives of the cataract region also designate the river below them as the Kwango, and those living between the Mosamba and Tala Mungongo Mountains call

the Nkutu River at its source the Kwango. As Congo land does not occupy any very great portion of the river bank it has no right to give its name to the river any more than any other of the hundred different districts by which it flows. By a small tribe near the Equator I heard it called Ikutu Ya Kongo, which, in my ignorance of the word Ikutu, I take to mean the river of Congo, but after passing that tribe the name is known no more, except in books and charts of the West coast of Africa.

Dr. Livingstone, the discoverer of the Lualaba, devoted the last years of his life to exploring the head-waters of the Congo, the Chambezi and Karungwesi, which feed Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo. He traced the Luapula as far as Mweru Lake, but from Mweru Lake to the Luama River no European knows anything from personal observation of its course or its affluents. Striking across country from Tanganyika Lake Livingstone arrived at Nyangwe, near which Arab depot the Lualaba, by which name the Congo is known there, flows west of north with a volume of 124,600 cubic feet of water per second. Unable for want of men and means to extend his exploration, the renowned traveller left its further course to conjecture and theory.

But before Livingstone had described the river at Nyangwe no one, scientific or unscientific, imagined that the Congo had such a great length. Though Captain Tuckey's explorations in the neighborhood of Yellala Falls, in the year 1816, furnished the elements for Dr. Behm's computation respecting the volume of the lower Congo, geographers waited for Livingstone's arrival at Nyangwe and Dr. Schweinfurth's arrival at Monbulbu before they came to the idea that the Lualaba must be the Congo. Previous to this it is in the memory of many how scientists were involved in discussions and elaborate arguments to prove that the great Congo was simply the united Kaseye and Quango, or Congo, which was giving it a length of but 800 miles. Ah! had Speke become interested in this river and had obtained one

glance at the mouth even, and had gleaned but one or two facts from the natives, I believe that his rare and wonderful geographical instinct would have pencilled out the course of this stream somewhat nearer the truth. When Lieutenant Cameron arrived at Nyangwe he also expressed a conviction that the Lualaba must be the Congo; but with the exception of a divergence of opinion, he threw no newer light on its real course.

Sixteen months after the Lieutenant's departure for the South I appeared at Nyangwe, and I then learned definitely that he had abandoned the project of following the Lualaba. As it seemed the most important task of exploration I resolved to attempt it. Ignorant, foolish and heathenish as Europeans may deem Arab traders and African savages to be, the "Great River" has been the subject of as many hot disputes under the eaves of the mud houses of Nyangwe and the cane huts of the river fishermen as it was under the dome at Brighton or the classic roof of Burlington House, and my enthusiasm for this new field of exploration—the unknown half of Africa and the mighty river that "went no man knew where"—was stimulated as much by the earnestness with which Arabs and natives discussed it as though each member of the Royal Geographical Society had bestowed a scientific blessing on me and unanimously wished me success.

Nyangwe is in latitude 4 deg. 16 min. south. If you follow the parallel of latitude 4 deg. east to the Indian Ocean you will observe there are $13\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of longitude or 810 geographical miles. If you will measure the distance between Nyangwe and the Atlantic, along the same parallel, you will find there are $15\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of longitude, or 930 geographical miles. The eastern half of Africa is generally known, but that western half was altogether unknown. To any one arriving from the East Coast with the love of exploring unknown wilds what a field lay extended before him! The largest half of Africa one wide, enormous blank—a region of fable and mystery—a continent of dwarfs and cannibals and

gorillas, through which the great river flowed on its unfulfilled mission to the Atlantic! Darkness and clouds of ignorance respecting its course everywhere? What terrible dread thing is it that so pertinaciously prevents explorers from penetrating and revealing its mysteries! It struck me thus also, as though a vague, indescribable something lay ahead.

I believe I was made half indifferent to life by my position; otherwise I doubt if I should have deliberately rushed upon what I was led to believe—as my predecessors were—was almost certain death. I had not anticipated hearing such forbidding things as I did hear of the regions north or meeting such obstacles as I met. Neither of my predecessors could obtain canoes at Nyangwe, nor was I more successful; and the Arabs at Nyangwe, pretending to be very solicitous about my safety, said they could not think of permitting my departure. But my fate seemed to drive me on. I listened to their stories about how many caravans attempting to open trade below had been annihilated, but I had calculated my resources and had measured my strength and confidence, and I declared to the Arabs that I intended to try it.

I was quite prepared to hear that I should be murdered and eaten, and that my people would desert; that I would meet opposition of such a nature that I never dreamed of, and that they (the Arabs) could not listen to such a project. Being prepared, these things did not surprise me. It was perhaps time I should be murdered; it was perhaps impossible to penetrate the wild, wide land before me, but it was no reason why I should not try and put the practicability of its exploration to the test. "If you did not try it for more than a week or so, how do you know it was impossible?" people might ask me, and very rightly to. "You say there are cannibals who will eat me. It may be true; but I have one comfort, they cannot eat me before they kill me. Can they?" "No, certainly not." "You say they will fight me. I have had wars enough already on this ex-

pedition, and I should not like to have another war; but what can I do if savages will attack me? I have a few young men who are aware of what we can do in the way of fighting, and we do not propose to sleep or let any man draw his knife across our throats without remonstrating in a most energetic manner. Granted that we shall have fighting to do, what else is there to fear?" "Oh, plenty of things; but you will see." We did see, it is true.

The journey over the hitherto unknown half of Africa now being finished, the difficulties and terrors, wars after wars, troubles after troubles, toil upon toil, the dismay and despair being ended, it cannot be wondered that we breathe a little freer and feel more relief now than when we were about to begin our journey. Our experiences have been very sad and dreadful, and we have paid dearly for the temerity and obstinacy with which we held on. You might cull all the terrible experiences that African travelers relate in their books, and united they would scarcely present such a list of difficulties as we could show. Our losses, nevertheless, have not been so great comparatively. Our journey's length from Nyangwe is nearly one thousand eight hundred miles; our losses in men are one European and thirty-four Wanguana. Captain Tuckey lost eighteen Europeans and eleven colored men in about three months. Mungo Park lost his own life and the lives of all his people, and out of Peddie's Niger expedition the commander and all the principal officers lost their lives and the expedition was broken up. Much earnest effort was necessary to break through, and there is no doubt that if we had not made it some explorer, with a little more determination and less nonsense in him, would have done it, and his troubles would have been much the same.

A REMINISCENCE OF FRANCIS POCOKE.

But I have paid for my triumph with one of my band whose loss almost causes me to regret that I also did not permit myself to be dissuaded from entering the unknown

regions. Though born in an humble sphere of life Francis Pooke was an extraordinary man; a man to make himself respected and beloved; a man of many fine qualities, of cool, steadfast courage, that knew no quailing; of great manliness, a cheerful, amiable companion: a gentle, pious soul, a staunch friend in trouble. One instance of his courage is worth relating. The natives of Abaka prepared to attack us and advanced for that purpose. I stood up in the boat to speak to them, and while engaged in conversation with one of the chiefs a canoe crept up near Frank's, and Frank was made aware that he was a target for two or three guns, and lifted his gun to fire or to threaten them. Seeing this, that it would precipitate us into another fight, before exhausting all endeavours for peace, I cried out to Frank to drop his gun. He instantly obeyed, and permitted them to approach within thirty yards of him without making the least motion, though every one was exceedingly anxious. Finding that his eyes were fastened on them, two of the savages that were aiming at Frank suddenly changed their minds, and gave my boat's crew the benefit of their attentions, firing among us, wounding four of my best men, though fortunately not fatally, and the third emptied his gun among Frank's people, wounding one. He then received permission to avenge himself, which he did in an effective manner.

It has been a custom from a remote period, with merchants and European travellers desirous of penetrating inland from the West Coast to give "rum dashes." Rum is an article unknown on the East Coast, and I cannot but think that it acts perniciously on the insignificant chiefs of small villages. We found them exceedingly bumptious and not easily mollified without rum. Having almost crossed Africa we could not gratify their demands for rum, and had to stand firm and resolute in our determination to pass through these small tribes; and though we were not compelled to use force, there was frequently a disposition among them to oppose

by arms our journey. Neither had we the gaudy uniform coats of a bygone century to gratify their love of tinsel and finery.

Still, there was here no rupture of the peace. We were allowed to proceed without violence, more as strange curiosities than anything else, I believe, and as people who had come from wild lands whither the white people had never ventured before. Possibly on that account there may have been a small feeling of respect mingled with their jealous regard of us. I speak, of course, about the people called Basundi and those inhabiting Eastern Mbinda. The tribes above Babwende and Bateke were more kindly disposed. I am indebted to them for many a laborious service performed for very little pay, and during five months our intercourse with them was of the most amicable kind. Those of the south side vied with those of the north side of the river in the cataract districts to assist us. Food was generally more plentiful on the south side, and, in many instances, the natives were more friendly.

The entire area the Congo drains embraces about 860,000 square miles. Its source is in the high plateau south of Lake Tanganyika, in a country called Bisa, or Ubisa, by the Arabs. The principal tributary feeding Bemba Lake is the Chambezi, a broad, deep river, whose extreme sources must be placed about longitude 33 deg. east. Bemba Lake, called Bangweolo by Livingstone, its discoverer, is a large body of shallow water, about 8,400 square miles in extent. It is the residuum of an enormous lake that in very ancient times must have occupied an area of 500,000 square miles, until by some great convulsion the western maritime mountain chain was riven asunder, and the Congo began to roar through the fracture. Issuing from Bemba Lake, the Congo is known under the name of Luapula, which, after a course of nearly two hundred miles, empties into Lake Mweru, a body of water occupying an area of about one thousand eight hundred square miles. Falling from Mweru, it receives the name of Lualaba from the natives of Rua.

In Northern Rua it receives an important affluent called the Kamalondo. Flowing in a direction north by west, it sweeps with a breadth of about one thousand four hundred yards by Nyangwe, Manyema, in latitude 23 deg. 15 min. 45 sec. south, longitude, 26 deg. 5 min. east, and has an altitude of about fourteen hundred and fifty feet above the ocean. Livingstone, having lost two weeks in his dates, appears, according to Stanford's map of 1874, to have placed Nyange in latitude 4 deg. 1 min. south, longitude 24 deg. 16 min. east, but this wide difference may be due to the carelessness of the draughtsman. Those who feel interested in it should compare it with the latest map issued by Stanford or the map published with the traveller's last journals. The distance the Congo has flowed from its extreme source in Eastern Bisa to Nyangwe Manyema is about eleven hundred miles. Lake Ulenge I inquired very industriously for, but I am unable to confirm what Livingstone appears to have heard from Abed-bin-Salem and Mohammed-bin-Said, his informants. Kamalondo River, which runs through the Lualaba, is a lacustrine river, and I am told it has several small lakes in its course. Probably Ulenge may be a name given to one of these small lakes.

At Nyangwe Manyema, the Congo is distinguished by various names. To prevent confusion, it is best to adopt the spelling given by the European discoverer of the river—viz., Lualaba. A few hours north of Nyangwe the Lualaba inclines east of north. It meets impediments. High spurs from the Uregga hills bristle across the river and wild scenes of falls and foamy water meet the eye. Near these cataracts very impracticable savages are found, who resent in a ferocious manner the appearance of strangers. Arabs have paid terribly for their intrusion.

Along the river banks on both sides dwell the fishermen called Wainya—a most singular tribe, singularly cowardly, but also singularly treacherous and crafty, and utterly impenetrable to the usual "soft soap," "sugar and honey" style. North of Uvinza is a power-

ful tribe of another kind, of superior mettle; not habitually cannibalistic, but very aggressive. Each time Arabs have ventured to enter their region they have met with decided repulse. This tribe is called by the Arabs Warongora Meno, by themselves Wabroire. They inhabit a large extent of country on the right bank. On the left bank are still the Wagenya, which, as you proceed west, introduce you to the warlike Bakusu, whereas, at all hours, the traveller must be a man of action. Upon these gentry the approaches of a whole congress of bishops and missionaries could have no effect, except as native "roast beef." The Lualaba clings to longitude 26 deg. east. It begins to receive great affluents, the principal of which along the right bank are the Lira, Urmeli or Ilindi, the Lowa, and the Kankora. On the left bank are the Ruiki, the Kasuka and the Sumami, though there are scores of creeks and streams constantly visible as you proceed down the river from either bank.

For a thorough comprehension of the subject, without fatigue of study, you must understand that from the moment the Congo issues from Lake Bemba, it skirts, at a distance of two hundred miles or so, the mountain chain which shuts in the Tanganyika on the west, and—as if its bed was related to the same system by which the great lakes, Nyassa, Tanganyika and the Albert, are disposed—it still clings to the base of that extraordinary mountain region long after it has left the parallel of latitude of the north end of Lake Tanganyika. By a series of powerful affluents it drains the entire western versant of the lake regions as far north as 4 deg. north latitude, while along the counterslope torrents and unimportant streams find their steep course to the lakes Albert, Kivu and Tanganyika.

At the Equator the great river which has been the immediate recipient of all tributaries from the east, and has skirted the western base of the lake mountain region between east longitudes 25 deg. and 26 deg., sinks into a lower bed and turns northwest, having reached

the great plains which extend between the maritime mountain region and the lake mountain region.

The service the great river hitherto performed for itself—viz., to receive the northern tributaries discharged down the western region now divolves upon the Aruwimi, the second affluent of the Congo, which no doubt, at a future time will prove of immense value, as it is open to any vessel that may be successfully launched on the upper Congo. Below the junction of the Aruwimi our intercourse with the cannibals of these lands was of so precarious a nature that we dared not continue our exploration along the banks, because they involved us in conflicts of the most desperate nature with powerful tribes. For this reason I have no doubt we passed a great many important tributaries. Besides, it spread over such an enormously wide bed, with sometimes a dozen channels, that though I frequently passed what appeared to me to be new rivers, I preferred to construct my chart free from hypothetical streams. An almost certain guide to me as I journeyed down river along one of the many broad channels in distinguishing the main from the islands was that the former was inhabited, the islands below the Aruwimi rarely.

When forced by famine to risk an encounter with the ferocious savages I made for the right bank, and opportunities were then given me to explore. But the interests of humanity and the interests of geography were ever at variance in this region. The natives had never heard of white men; they had never seen strangers boldly penetrating their region, neither could they possibly understand what advantage white men or black men could gain by attempting to begin an acquaintance. It is the custom for no tribe to penetrate below or above the district of any other tribe. Trade has hitherto been conducted from hand to hand, tribe to tribe, country to country: and as the balance of power is pretty fairly maintained, only three tribes have as yet been able to overcome opposition. These are the Warunga, Wa Mangala and the Wyzanzi.

After our battle with Mangala we showed a preference for the left bank and soon after discovered the greatest affluent of the Congo, the Ikelemba, which I take to be the Kas-sye. It is nearly as important as the main river itself. The peculiar color of its water, which is like that of tea, does not commingle with the silvery water of the Congo until after a distance of 130 miles below the confluence of the two great streams. It is the union of these two rivers which gives its light brown color to the Lower Congo.

A little after passing longitude 18 deg. east we come to the river called by Europeans, on their vague charts of the Congo region, the "Kwango," a deep stream, about five hundred yards wide, entering the Congo through lines of hills which, receding from the neighborhood, assumes the altitude of mountains. This Kwango is known to the natives as Ibari Nkutu, or the river of Nkutu. A little west of longitude 17 deg. east the great river, which spreads itself out into enormous breadths, slowly contracts, becomes interrupted by lines of rocky relics of hill points, rocky islands or bars of lava rock, and thunders down steep after steep along a distance of nearly one hundred and eighty miles to the majestic and calm Lower Congo.

In these 180 miles it has a fall of 585 feet, according to boiling point. The cataracts and rapids along this entire distance may be passed overland by a month's easy march along either the south side or the north side. We encountered no difficulty with the peoples of this region. Once the cataracts are passed the explorer may push his way to Koruru, I sincerely believe, or to the southern ridge of the Great Basin; and if he can find cause to quarrel with the lower tribes he must be charged with having sought it. If we take into consideration the fact that each day's march introduces one to fresh chiefs and clans, and that a cordial reception will be given to him by all, we are compelled to respect these very various people still more for their amiability and gentle manners with strangers.

The Basundis, perhaps, may give trouble to the traveler, but, being well supplied with cloth and rum, and using tact and great patience, the traveler just starting from the West Coast has a better chance of ingratiating himself with them than I, who had exhausted my cloth and beads and all things to win particular favor. What we possessed were simply a few cloths and beads to purchase food from the natives on the south side. As travelers bound for the Great Basin must in future start from the West Coast, and may very probably take the Congo route—as they ought to do, for we have shown its practicability—they perhaps will pardon me if I suggest that a want of firmness and perseverance has caused most of the expeditions from the West Coast to collapse. Neither Bacongo nor Basundi, I feel convinced, will use force to oppose, and there is no cause to be frightened by big words. There are no martial or ferocious savages in the neighborhood of the West Coast on the north or south side of the Congo after passing Yellallas Falls. If I, with my knowledge of the character of the peoples of this region, were bound on an exploration of the Great Basin, I should undoubtedly prefer the south bank because of its greater supplies of food. In our descent of the lower cataracts we suffered terribly from want of food when the violence of the rapids happened to keep us on the north side.

As I have stated above, in rough numbers the entire area drained by the river of Congo, or the River Kwango, as it should be called, is about eight hundred and sixty thousand square miles, 450,000 miles of which is almost taken up entirely by the great basin lying between the lake and maritime regions. The length of the Congo is about two thousand nine hundred miles, divided thus:—From the source to Nyangwe, 1,100 miles; from Nyangwe to the Atlantic, nearly one thousand eight hundred miles.

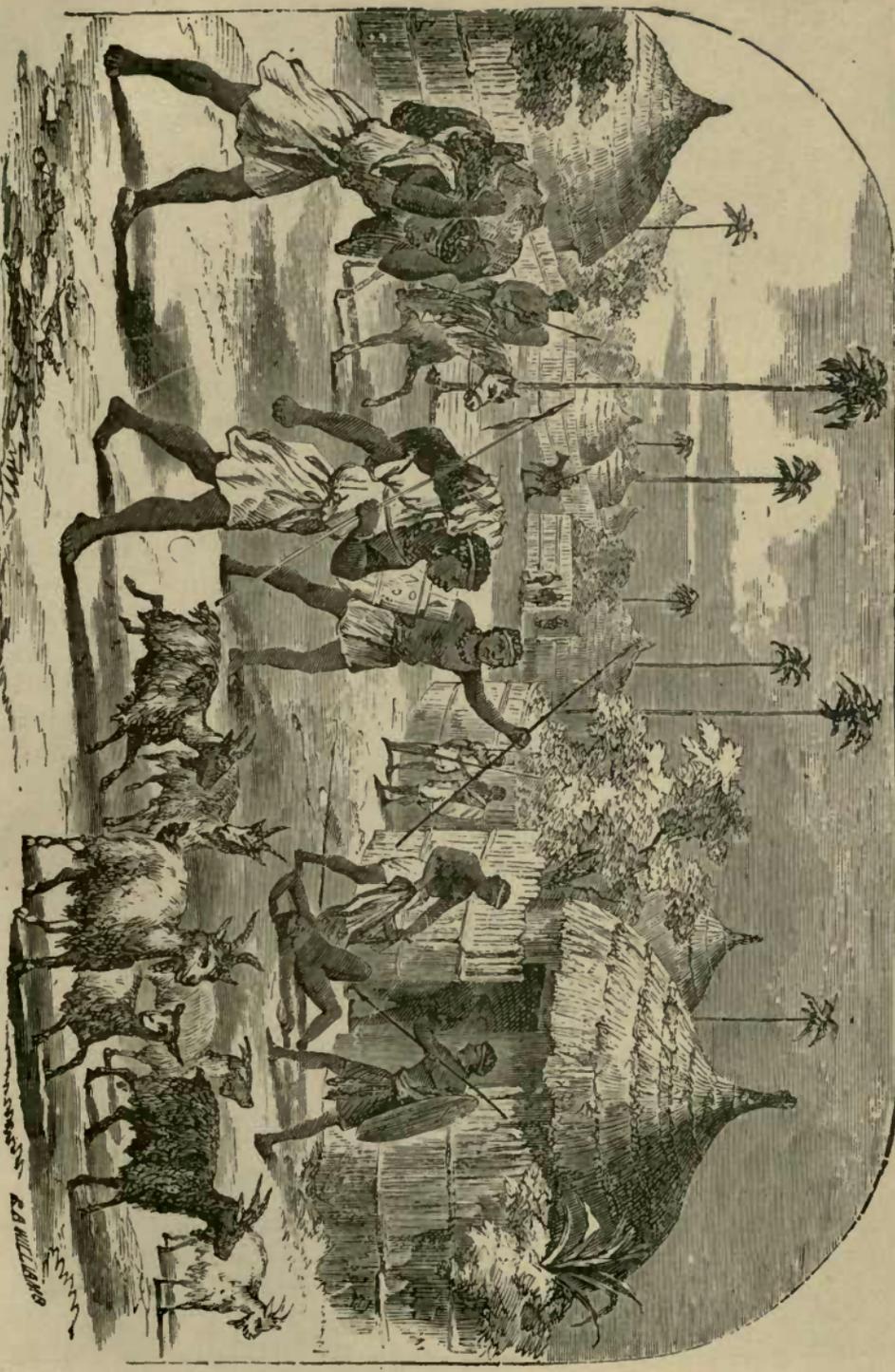
My experiences of the river date from the 1st of November, 1876, to the 11th of August, 1877, a period of over nine months. Its highest rise lasted from the 8th

of May to the 22nd of May, and was caused by the periodical rains known to us on the East Coast as the Masika. While the flood is of great advantage to the navigation above the cataracts of the maritime region, where the river assumes a lacustrine breadth, it vastly increases its terrors at the cataracts, because of the trebled fury with which the swollen water sweeps down the steep incline of its bed through the rocky narrows to the sea. The depth of the rise varies naturally, owing to the great disproportion of the breadth of the stream. Up river it is about eight feet, but in the narrows it is from twenty to fifty feet. In some places of the cataract district the rise was as much as fifteen inches per diem, but when the river was at that point only 500 yards wide. Whatever efforts may be made by the explorer in future in the commercial development of this river, no one need try to ascend through any part of the cataract region by means of any kind of floating vessel. It might be done, since very few things are impossibilities; but the ascent mainly must be overland, as nothing floating could climb six, ten, twenty and twenty-five foot falls.

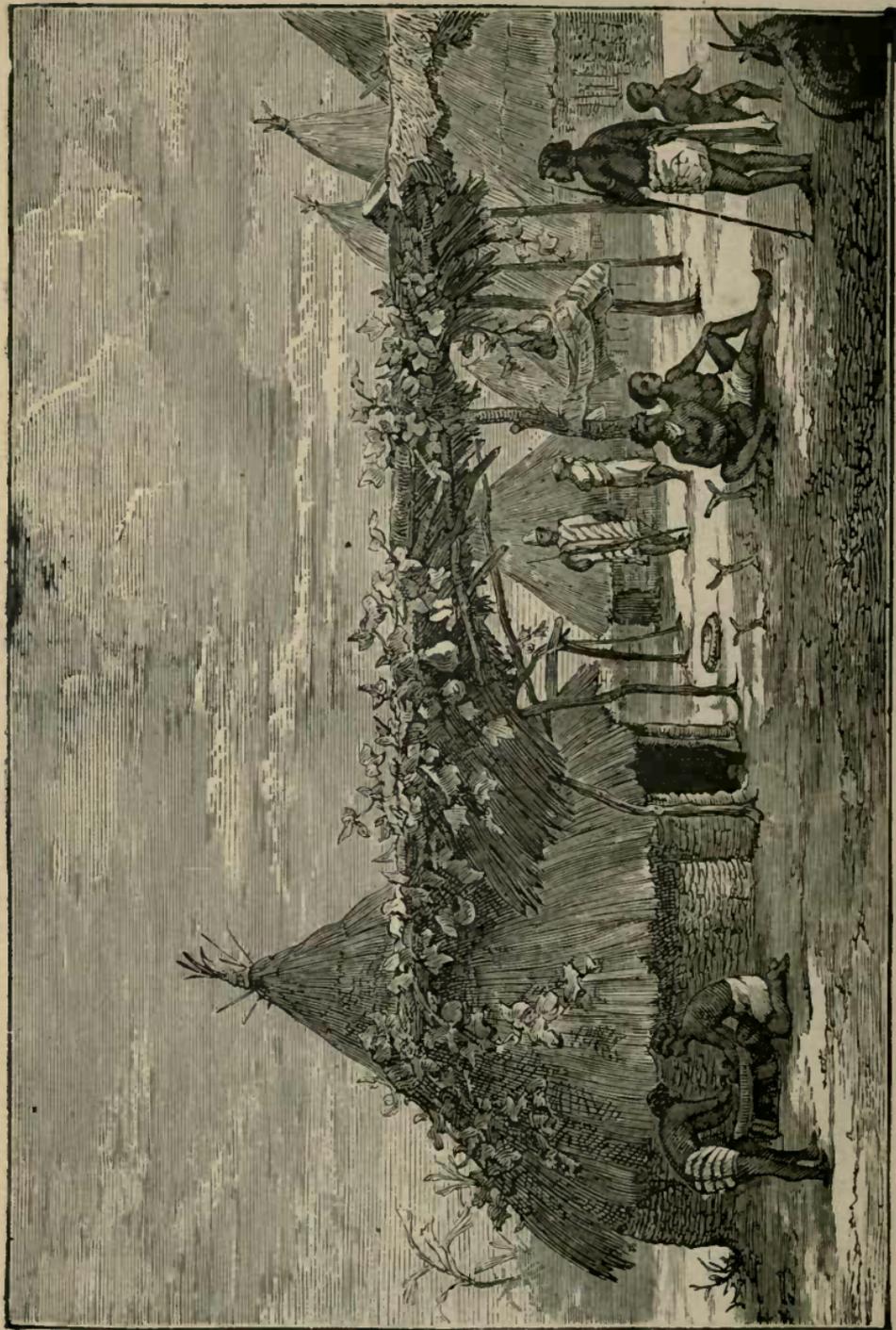
The Congo river is the Amazon of Africa, the Nile is the Mississippi. While the latter has greater length the Congo could furnish water to three Niles. It requires enormous breadth or great depth to restrain all this impetuosity. Though the Nile is a most valuable river for commerce the Congo is still better. The former has its course frequently interrupted by cataracts, but the Congo fortunately has all its falls and rapids in two series—the upper, between east longitude 25 deg. and 26 deg., consisting of six great falls, terminating all navigation that might be established above the lower series, which consists of sixty-two important falls and rapids, though there are many minor rapids I do not think necessary to include in the list. I remember when about starting from Nyangwe I told Frank that I hoped I should find the cataracts in a “lump.”

Once above the lower cataracts we have the half of

MARAUDING IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.



RA. WILLIAMS



WEST AFRICAN HABITATIONS, NEAR THE CONGO.

Africa before us with no interruption, and not, like the Lower Nile regions, deserts of sand, but one vast, populous plain, so populous, indeed, that, excepting Ugogo, I know no part of Africa so thickly inhabited. The usual term village is a misnomer for most of the collections of dwellings; they are towns in some places two miles long, with one or more broad streets between the rows of neat, well-built houses. The houses are superior to anything in East Central Africa. The natives are different also. Every thought seems engrossed with trade, and fairs and markets are established everywhere.

There has been a suspicion generally entertained that ivory must soon become a curiosity; but I can vouch that at least it will not be so for three or four generations. This is the land of ivory "temples," of idol enclosures, where the commonest utensils for domestic use are made of ivory. The people do not seem able to comprehend why any one should take the trouble to pay for it when it is so plentiful in each village.

The entire plain is also distinguished for its groves of the oil palm. In Ukusu there are huge forests of this tree. Almost everything that Africa produces is to be obtained in the Congo basin—cotton, india-rubber, groundnuts, sesamum, copal (red and white), palm kernels and palm oil, ivory, &c. By means of the Congo a journey to the gold and cotton district of Katanga is rendered moreover, very easy.

The Congo River gives 110 miles below and 835 miles above the cataracts of navigable water, while the great affluents north and south, traversing the basin, will give over one thousand two hundred miles, and perhaps much more. The greatest affluent, the Ikelemba, is over a thousand miles in length; the Nkutu River is over seven hundred, the Aruwimi must be over five hundred, while there are four or five others which, by their breadth, I should judge to be navigable for great distances. I would not advise any solitary explorer to venture near the cannibal lands unless he wishes trouble, but the influence of trade, once it is established on the

equitable basis, will soon reduce those natives also to reason.

A trader ascending the river has a better chance of ingratiating himself with the natives than an explorer descending a river from a region whither no trading native has dared to venture. As he must halt a considerable time for business at each capital his reputation for being just and good will precede him and bring him hosts of customers. Indeed, the great difficulty will be to restrain their inordinate love of barter. The islands on the river will afford him safe camps and quiet retreats, and it will be better for the trader and the native to occupy island depots near the mainland until mutual confidence is thoroughly established.

I feel convinced that the Congo question will become a political question in time. As yet, however, no European Power seems to have the right to control. Portugal claims it because she discovered its mouth; England, America and France—refuse to recognize her right, and express their determination, in plain terms, to dispute her assuming possession of the river. If it were not that I fear to damp any interest you may have in Africa or in this magnificent river by the length of my letters I could show you very strong reasons why it would be a politic deed to settle this Congo question immediately.

I could prove to you that the possessor of the Congo, despite the cataracts, would absorb to himself the trade of the whole of the enormous basin behind, which extends across thirteen degrees of longitude and over fourteen degrees of latitude. The Congo is and will be, the grand highway of commerce to West Central Africa. If so, why should it be left to dispute as to who shall rule the lower river and its banks? Why should it be left to the mercy of the piratical Mussolongos? I hear that British men-of-war have been castigating those scoundrels lately with bombshells in a more determined manner than I have been punishing the piratical cannibals on the eastern border of the Great Basin.

But merely castigating these people is not enough ;

there should be vessels of war to prevent such deeds as the destruction of European ships; and the question is, What power shall be deputed in the name of humanity to protect the youth of commerce in this little known world? An explorer is seldom called upon for the expression of his views, nor would I venture on this ground or meddle in the matter if I did not feel so very strong an interest in Africa. But I will present you with an example of what might come to pass if the question be not settled. A number of European merchants interested in African commerce construct houses and stores and depots on the Congo, say on either bank, north or south. The natives, troubled with indigestion or bad dreams, take it into their heads that it would be a fine thing to rob the white people and burn their dwellings and depots and murder them. The thing is done, pandemonium is re-enacted, the newspapers and public opinion hear the news, and expressions of "shame" on all the Powers interested are very loud and strong. British men-of-war hurry up and bombard everybody, or, to use an expressive though vulgar phrase, they "knock things into a cocked hat;" and perhaps the punishment exceeds the offence, because the innocent would be involved in the destructive fury. Or, as the case might easily be, suppose the European merchants capable of defending themselves, and that by a little strategy they capture the conspirators and doom them, one and all, without mercy, to death by chaining them in gangs, young and old, and drown them off hand in the deep water of the Congo. What would be said of this? I do not say it has or has not been done. I merely state what might happen. I put a possible case before the enlightened reader. Would you be surprised to hear that it has been done? What ought, then, to be planned to prevent Mussolongos and natives, with bad dreams and deranged indigestion, from strangling lawful, legitimate and humane commerce? What ought to be done to prevent pitiless, vengeful merchants from placing themselves under the ban of Christians?

Let England arrange with Portugal at once to proclaim sovereignty over the Congo River to prevent the sensibilities of the world being shocked some day when least expected.

I have hinted a few strong reasons why the question ought to be settled.

You may now divine the nature of our struggles to gain civilisation, of our desperate battles with the cannibals, of the patience required to cross the cataract districts with our fleet, of our daily terrors and griefs at the loss of dear and valued comrades during the passage of fifty-seven falls and rapids that interrupt the flow of the mighty river through the maritime region. I have told you little about sickness, of the insalubrity of some portions we traversed, of the intense gloom and depression we experienced in the doleful regions of Uzimba and Urinza, and of the severe fatigues we have undergone, which have bowed our manhood and reduced our energies; but you may imagine them.

I have endeavored to take you rapidly through a few of our thousand and one experiences as we struggled through the dense darkness and mystery of the unknown into light. A few exciting contests I have briefly described—contests with human demons who delighted in craft, fraud, treachery and cruelty, who regarded us much as we regarded the noble beasts that roved over the plains of Usukuma, as so many heads of seasoned game to be slaughtered and carved, and broiled and eaten. They attacked us with spears, assegays, poisoned arrows and muskets, and at one time they actually surrounded our camp with hidden nets. They drove poisoned sticks into the ground, so that in the charge to scatter them from the neighbourhood of our camp our people might have their feet pierced with these instruments of torture. On all sides death stared us in the face, cruel eyes watched us day and night, and a thousand bloody hands were stretched out to take advantage of the least carelessness. We defended ourselves like men who knew that pusillanimity would be our ruin—

that mercy was unknown to these savages. Out of charity and regard for my own people, and myself as well, on whom developed the responsibility of taking the expedition through these savage regions, I wished naturally that it might have been otherwise, and looked keenly for any sign of forbearance and peace, as I saw my African comrades drop one by one from my side in the oblivion of the terrible wilds. We thank Heaven that these dark days are over.

Yet we had some briefest intervals of pleasure even during that stormy period. One pacific tribe—the day after a desperate battle with a martial tribe above, who, it seemed, had oppressed them greatly—warned by the huge drums that sounded the approach of strangers, turned out in dense crowds along the river banks, while the boldest of their warriors manned their enormous canoes and bore down on us, taking care, however, to cry out the magic word, "Sennene!" which caused us to drop our guns and echo the happy word with such fervor of lungs that the thousands on the banks, who might have been a little distrustful, instantly distinguished its hearty sincerity, and repeated it with equal fervor until for a time, even after they had ended, the forests across the river seemed to thunder mysteriously, "Sennene! Sennene!" We dropped our stone anchors abreast, and near enough to the vast crowds on the banks, and invited the warriors on the canoes to approach.

From childish shyness they would not come nearer than fifty yards or so, and two old women—ladies, I ought to call them—"manned" a small canoe, and, coming straight to my boat, they brought their tiny vessel alongside, and after an introductory laugh offered us palm wine and a couple of chickens! Presently the warriors, shamed out of their shyness—it was not fear—drew their canoes alongside—great, enormous things, twice the length of our boat, and completely hid, almost crushed, the tiny canoe of the women; but the most pleasing sight to me, to which my eyes were constantly attracted, was the faces of the two women, and the tiny

messenger of peace and comfort to us in the midst of our days of trial. On looking into the great war canoes of this tribe I observed with pleasure that there was not one spear or bow and arrow in any of them, which caused me to confirm my opinion of their tact and delicacy, to look more attentively at the crowds on the bank, and there was not one weapon of war visible anywhere. Presently I observed one huge canoe make off for the shore, load gourds of palm wine and baskets of potatoes, and return, each man singing enthusiastically. The potatoes were for me, the palm wine for my people.

When I asked how it happened that they were so kind to strangers when we had fought three times the day before, they said that though the drums above the river summoned them to fight us, some of their people had been up river fishing among the islands the day before, and the drums had caused them to hide themselves and see what took place. They had seen us talk to the natives, offer cloths and beads, and had seen them refuse all proffers and fight us. "They are always fighting us, and stealing our people, but we are not strong enough to kill them. This morning when you left that island where you slept last night we sent very early a canoe with two slaves—a boy and a woman in it—with potatoes and palm wine; if you were bad people you would have caught that canoe and made those two slaves your own, but when you allowed it to pass you, saying 'Sennene,' we knew that you were good people, and we did not beat our drum for war, but for peace. If you had taken that little canoe this morning you would have had to fight us now. You killed our enemies yesterday, and you did not injure our two slaves this morning. You are our friends."

Throughout our entire journey, unless all opportunities for friendly intercourse were closed by furious onsets, and all minds were engrossed with the necessity of immediate and desperate defence, we made overtures of conciliation and friendship. I can recall many and many an instance when kindness, sociability and

forgiveness won many tribes from a suspicious and menacing attitude to sincere friendship and open, candid conduct. Many tribes have, on my departure from among them, implored me to return soon, and have accompanied me long distances as though loath to part with me. Others, in their desire to see their friend again, have brought their medicines and idols before me and conjured me by their sacred character to tell their white brothers how glad they would be to see them and trade with them and make eternal friendship with them; and one king, whose friendship must be secured before any explorer can enter the Congo Basin, outdid me in generosity with such delicacy and tact that I looked upon him, and still regard him, as a phenomenon of benignity.

Large as the number of cataracts and rapids mentioned above may be, we have discovered that the great highway of commerce to broad Africa is the Congo, and happy will that power seem which shall secure for itself a locality for a depot at the extreme limit of the navigation of the Lower Congo, and establish there a people such as the freed slaves, to assist it in enriching itself, the poor races employed in the service, and the redemption of the splendid central basin of the continent by sound and legitimate commerce.

So far as I have been permitted to observe I find that Eastern Central Africa and Western Central Africa must be acted on by two different influences. While all Africans, naturally, as savages, would more readily appreciate the trader than the missionary, still the missionary would be the most powerful agent in East Central Africa; while in West Central Africa the trader must precede the missionary. The reasons for this are obvious at a glance.

In East Central Africa the people are gathered under powerful emperors and kings. The great Empire of Uganda, which has an estimated population of 5,000,000; the great Empire of Ruanda, with an equal estimated population; the Empire of Urundi, with about

3,000,000; the Kingdoms of Usagara, the two Usuis, Unyoro, Karagwe and Usongora and Ukerewe—all of these empires and kingdoms governed despotically, subject to the will of their respective monarchs. In his worthy efforts for the improvement of these benighted races the missionary, using a discreet judgment, can soon secure the good will, assistance and protection of the supreme powers of these countries.

In West Central Africa, from Lake Tanganyika to the mouth of the Congo River, the people are gathered in small, insignificant districts, towns or villages, each governed by its respective chief. As we approached nearer the West Coast the explorer dares not begin to classify the people after the usual manner employed in Africa, as the districts are so small, the population so great, the number of villages so confusing, that there are as many kings ruling over a hundred-acre plot as there are officials in Greece, all animated by an intense thirst for trade and distinguished for their idolatry, hostility to each other and foolish pride. The love of trade and barter is, however, universal.

Setting aside the contributions of our expedition to geography, the grandest discovery it has made is the great field for trade it has opened to the world, especially to the English, French, Germans and Americans, the English especially, for greater attention to those fabrics and wares purchased by Africans on the West Coast. In round numbers you have thrown open to commerce an area embracing over six hundred thousand square miles, which contains nearly two thousand miles of an uninterrupted course of water communication, divided among the Upper Congo and its magnificent affluents.

For those interested in geography I may say that one time I never dreamed that you could hear anything of me until some time in 1878 or 1879, for my wonderful river continued a northerly course two degrees north of the Equator, sometimes taking great bends easterly, until I thought sometimes that I should soon be in the

neighborhood of the Mountains of the Moon, in which case I should either have to resolve, after reaching five degrees north latitude, to force my way toward Gondokoro through the wild Baris who are fighting with Gordon Pasha, or continue on my way north to some great lake, and ultimately perchance the Niger.

At the Equator the Lualaba turned north-north-east, as if it really had, by some unknown means—unless all aneroids and barometers were wrong—a connection with the Albert Nyanzi, and I hurrahed rather prematurely for Livingstone. This north-north-east course did not last long, for the Lualaba was simply collecting its force to tilt against a mountain, where, of course, there was the wildest scene imaginable.

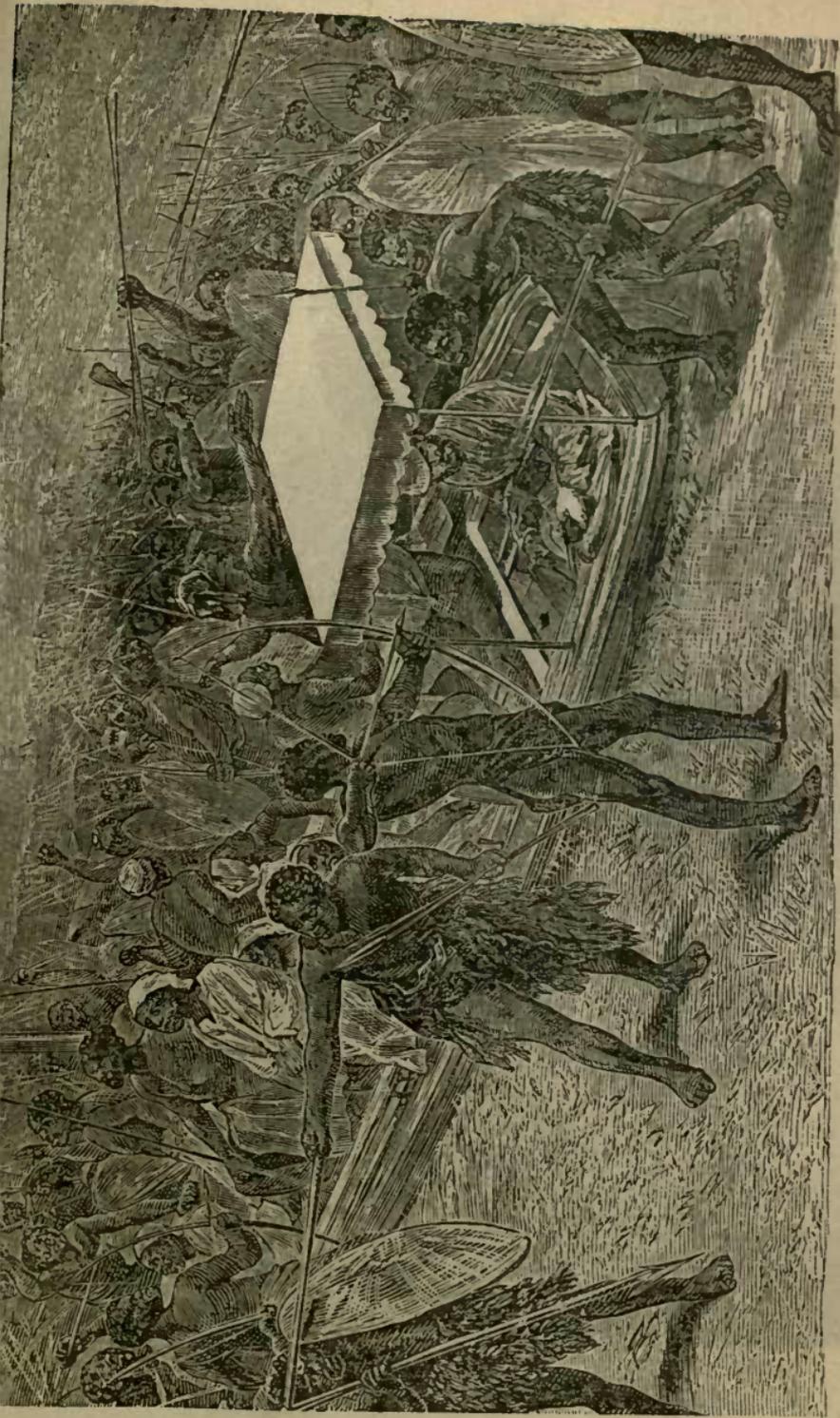
We had good cause to remember this river, for in midstream we had the second toughest fight of all. A fleet of canoes, fifty-four in number, came down on us with such determined ferocity that four of our canoes began to give way and run. One of the enemy's canoes contained over eighty paddlers: a platform on the bow, for the best warriors, held ten men; eight steersmen, with ten feet paddles, steered the great war vessel, while from stem to stern there ran a broad planking, along which the principal chiefs danced up and down, giving rehearsal of what they proposed to do with us. In half an hour the fight was decided in our favor.

Another thing I must hint to you about—the incorrectness, or rather the infamous inaccuracy of the chart of Western Africa. The chart-maker may be to blame, after all; but if he can produce his authority and the source of his information he is saved from the serious charge of having published much of his work upon hearsay, without marking his information as "such." I dare not imagine Captain Tuckey to be responsible for these errors. I should much rather accuse Portuguese traders, who might be presumed to be very uncertain about the meaning of the words "geographical accuracy." In plainer terms, nothing that can be seen on your map of Western Africa twenty miles

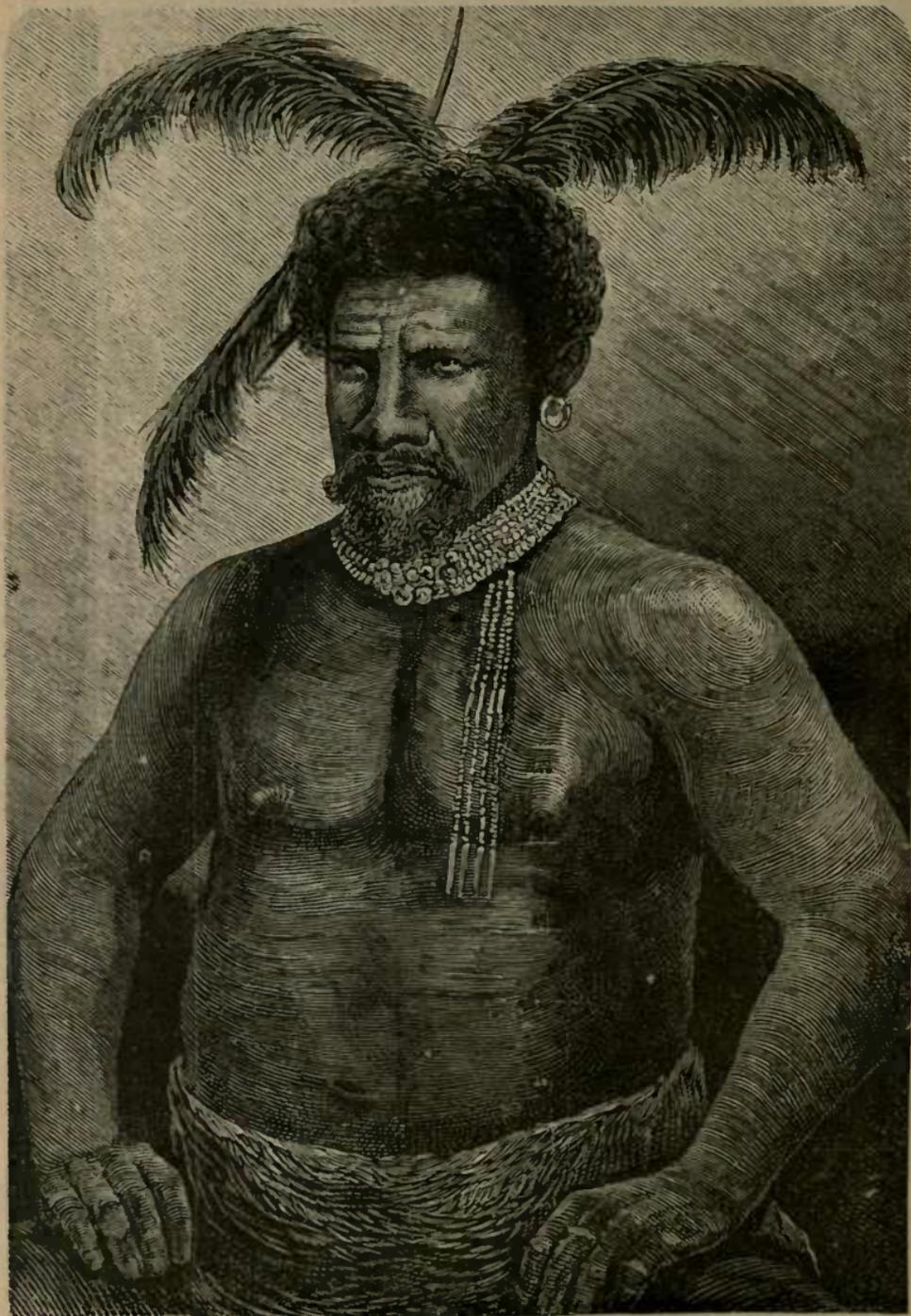
east of Yellala Falls is correct. It is a simple show of names that I hear nothing about and a wild wavy line marked deeply black which pretends to be the Congo. We have also just above the Falls of Yellala a sketch of a river four or five miles wide, with islands, the whole of which I shall be able to show you is sheer nonsense, and anybody who doubts it need only spend £100 to satisfy himself by a personal investigation. Besides the enormous amount of internal satisfaction he will receive he will have a pleasant five days' walk through a picturesque country.

With a feeling of intense gratitude to Divine Providence, Who has so miraculously saved me and my people from the terrors of slavery, from the pangs of cruel death at the hands of cannibals, after many months' daily toil through fifty-seven cataracts, falls and rapids—Who inspired us with manliness sufficient to oppose the hosts of savages, and, out of thirty-two battles, brought us safe across unknown Africa to the Atlantic Ocean—the work of the Anglo-American Expedition has been performed to the very letter.

The story is now told, how we crossed the hitherto unknown half of Africa; how we journeyed 1,800 from Nyangwe to the ocean. You have had a glimpse of the wide wild land that lies between that Arab depot and the Atlantic."



"The wretches seemed crazed with passion, and poised their spears as if about to strike, and drew their arrows to the head, yelling till their great eyes seemed bursting from their sockets." — Page 316.



CETEWAYO—KING OF THE ZULUS.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CONGO AND THE FOUNDING OF A FREE STATE IN AFRICA.

The Sequel of Stanley's Explorations—Europe's Desire for Commercial Colonization—Stanley Engaged to Carry Out the Plans—He Again Leaves for Africa—Sails Up the Congo—Trading Warehouses—Road-making—Sick with Fever—Natives Keen for Trade—Returns to Europe—Appointed Governor of Free State—Missions—Extent of Country.

THE reader has followed with much interest the account which is given of Stanley's intrepid journey through the Dark Continent. We now give the sequel of that exploration—the founding of a Free State, under the auspices of Christian civilization, in the heart of Africa. This "story," as written by Stanley, has just been published simultaneously in eight different languages, and is attracting the attention of the world as few books ever have. The work which it describes may prove to be one of the greatest movements of the age. Future ages may look back to this event as we now regard the planting of the English Colonies in Virginia and in Massachusetts Bay.

Stanley's account of the Congo had excited in Europe a strong desire to attempt the opening of that great river to commercial colonization. Leopold II., King of Belgium, took the lead of an association composed of Belgians, Dutch, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and others to prosecute this important object.

Stanley, during the year 1878, was consulted on the plans, and engaged to carry them out by an expedition to proceed from the west coast of Africa up the Congo, to select sites for the stations, entering into friendly negotiations with all the native chiefs of tribes, and to form establishments for peaceful trade. He first, however,

went to Zanzibar, on the east coast, in order to obtain the services of a sufficient number of trusty men of the same class as his followers in the expedition of 1876 and 1877. He had a flotilla of steamboats, built of steel, and made so as to be taken to pieces for occasional carriage overland; those which proved most useful were 42 ft. or 43 ft. long and 7 ft or 8 ft. wide, drawing 11 inches water, with engines of six horse-power; one was much larger, drawing 3 ft. 6 inches. He was accompanied by a dozen European officers, several of whom belonged to the Belgian army; and he had sixty-eight Zanzibar men who were armed and drilled as soldiers. This number was afterward more than doubled. Ample stores for the personal wants of the party, with tools for building and road-making, and quantities of cloth and other manufactured goods to trade with, had been provided for the expedition.

The purpose of the expedition in organizing a Free State in Central Africa was at once philanthropic, scientific and commercial: to repress the feuds of the native tribes, to survey and map the Congo River, and to prepare the way for European trade. On August 14th, 1879, Stanley reached the Congo. Here at the Dutch factory of Banana were already assembled a flotilla of three steamers and five other boats with their crews for the purposes of the expedition. In a week Stanley's steamer, the *Albion*, and the flotilla sailed up the mangrove-bordered stream, which for thirty miles is deep enough to float the *Great Eastern*. The volume of the river is surpassed only by that of the Amazon.

The second day Boma, a congeries of factories, *i.e.*, of trading warehouses, is reached. For two hundred years it was the centre of a cruel slave trade which covered the land for many a league with mourning and woe. Consequently the country is almost depopulated and untilled, and scarce a sign of life, beyond the limits of the factory, is seen. Nevertheless a large trade is done in exchanging Manchester and Sheffield goods, etc., for the palm oil, rubber, copal, and ivory, etc., of the interior.

Within thirty-four days vast quantities of stores,

wooden huts, machinery, etc., were brought ninety miles up the river to this new base of operations, and the *Albion* was sent back to England.* Stanley proceeded up the river about seven hours' sail from Boma, to Vivi, above which navigation is interrupted by strong rapids. Here he found a fine elevated plateau, accessible from the river and the interior. A "palaver" was held with the native chiefs, who were dressed chiefly in cast-off European clothes. He made a bargain with these shrewd fellows for a site for a trading station for the sum of £32 and a rental of £22 a year.

By payment of liberal wages he enlisted the natives in the work of road-making and preparing the site for his first station. The difficulty of his task may be estimated from the fact that it required the carriage of 5,000 tons of the rich alluvial soil, on men's heads, to the barren plateau 340 feet above the river to make a garden plot. Soon he had a large number of buildings erected and his stores safely housed.

He next proceeded to lay out a road fifty-two miles long, through the tangled forest and over a rugged country, to Isangila, where the Congo again became navigable. He showed much tact in negotiating with the native chiefs for the right of way, and in restraining his force of over two hundred men of many European nationalities or native tribes from any excesses that might lead to a rupture of peaceful relations. In the interior, animal life (elephants, buffaloes, antelopes, etc.) was very numerous. It was a work of great difficulty to cut down the teak and other hardwood trees, and to build bridges over the numerous streams. The road being constructed, the next work was to convey over it the steel steamers, with their heavy boilers and machinery, with all the stores for the expedition. This involved many journeys to and fro, amounting in all to 2,352 miles. The ponderous loads were dragged chiefly by human muscle. This advance

* In 1879 there were only two factories above Boma. In 1886 there were nineteen.

of fifty-two miles occupied a whole year.* It was attended by much sickness, resulting in the death of six Europeans and twenty-two natives and the withdrawal of thirteen invalided whites. Stanley himself became seriously ill with fever, which he tried to break with large doses of quinine, increasing from 20 grains to 30, 40, 50 and even 60 grains of the potent drug. Believing, after many days' illness, that his last hour had come, he summoned all his white comrades and faithful black followers. The scene was of pathetic interest. His tent was pitched on a hill-top, overlooking the broad Congo, with which his name will be forever linked. But let the story be told in his own touching words:

"In a short time there is a rush of many feet round the tent. . . I can see the rows of seated forms around. I struggle hard to recall my fleeting senses to advise them what they should do when all would be over. My thoughts seemed to be distracted between my strong desire to say something intelligible and a strange brooding over a hollowed grave somewhere which drew nearer and nearer to me. Again, and yet again, I strove to utter the words that my lips would not frame.

"'Look well on me, Albert,' I cried. 'Do not move. Fasten your eyes on me that I may tell you.'

"And the young sailor whose hand clasped mine, fixed his eyes steadily on mine to enable him to conquer the oppressive drowsiness; and the sentence was at last, after many efforts, delivered clearly and intelligently, at which I felt so relieved from my distress that I cried out 'I am saved!' Suddenly a dark cloud came over me, and oblivion, which lasted many hours, shut out the sense of things."

Though reduced to less than one hundred pounds weight he gradually recovered strength,† and took up his Herculean task as the pathfinder of civilization in the heart of Africa. There were turbulent chiefs to subdue, discontents to placate, food supply to provide for—they used 400 pounds of rice per day beside other supplies—and a thousand things to tax heart and brain.

From Isangila the Congo was navigable for 88 miles to Manyanga, over which the stores, etc., were conveyed in fourteen round voyages in 70 days. Another land journey

* For a whole month the rate of progress was only 42 yards a day, and 25 days were spent on a causeway 400 yards long.

† He was attacked with fever, he tells us, 120 times while in Africa.

of 95 miles had now to be made to Stanley Pool; above which was an unbroken river navigation of the Congo of 1,000 miles. The road to Stanley Pool was constructed in much less time than the much shorter one from Vivi to Isangila, and the strongly built station at Leopoldville was established. Although trade was not the chief object, barter with the natives was largely practised to procure supplies for the expedition, which with new recruits now numbered over four hundred men. So keen were the natives for trade that as much as £800 worth of European goods was sold in two days. From Stanley Pool the intrepid explorer sailed up the noble stream which, he thinks, surpasses in grandeur the Hudson, the Danube, or the Mississippi, and, after seven days' journey, discovered on an affluent of the Congo a fine large lake, which he named after the royal patron of the expedition, Leopold II. There was a strange charm in exploring those virgin solitudes.

They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The prescient mind of Stanley anticipated the day when the fertile soil and the salubrious climate of this vast region should become the scene of active industry and of Christian civilization.

Stanley's health was much broken, and he was compelled, after three years' absence, to return to Europe to recuperate. The voyage, in a filthy and crowded Portuguese vessel, lasted over a month. The success of his explorations had been so great that it was resolved to prosecute the work with increased energy; to arrange for the construction of a railway around the interrupted reaches of the river, and for retaining the guardianship of the country through which it would pass.

After six weeks' stay in Europe Stanley returned to Africa much invigorated. He found the state of things greatly demoralized at Vivi and Leopoldville, through the incompetence and lack of energy of the white agents. "They had already," he says, "given me more trouble

than all the African tribes put together." "I had rather," he adds, "be condemned to be a boot-black all my life than to be a dry-nurse to beings who had no higher claims to manhood than that externally they might be pretty pictures of men." Many of the subordinate officers had disappeared; conflicts with the natives had broken out which he had to appease. Leopoldville was on the verge of starvation, although abundant supplies were lying at Vivi. The station was grass-grown and ruinous. One of the steel steamers had lain seventeen months in the water, and was almost ruined with rust. Several men had been lost by accident or in quarrels with the natives, etc. Two rival missions had engaged in a "religious duel with more zeal than devotion."

Soon the indefatigable energy of Stanley brought order out of chaos. Food became again plentiful. Peace was made with the native tribes. An open mart for trade was established at the station. Everybody was set to work, and a fresh expedition was organized for exploring the Upper Congo.

This expedition occupied a month's monotonous journey—monotonous on account of the very prodigality of the forest growths. The river was one and a half times the size of the Mississippi, with "room enough and to spare to stow the half of Europe on its comfortable borders." The monotonous diet also wearied the European palates, and provoked Stanley to exclaim: "It is only a grand moral manhood like Livingstone's that rises above those petty vanities of a continental stomach. Think of his thirty-two years' life in Africa, and of the unsophisticated mannikins who to-day are weeping their eyes out at the memories of a European restaurant before they have been three months out."

Almost everywhere the natives proved friendly and keen for trade. "I was much inspired," says Stanley, "at their intelligent appearance. They had an air of worldly knowledge and travel about them. From Stanley Pool to Upoto, a distance of 600 miles, they knew every landing-place on the river." They were greatly

interested in the steamers which now first breasted the Congo's flood. "It must be strong medicine," they said, "that the engineers were cooking all day in the black pots (boilers)."

At last in N. lat. $0^{\circ} 1' 0''$ Stanley planted the Equator Station and left a little garrison of fifty men, and then returned again to Stanley Pool, which was reached after two months' absence. But evil tidings again awaited our explorers. Three of the river stations had been destroyed, one by fire, with the loss of £1,500 of stores, and thirteen men were drowned. The Bolobo tribe broke out in war, the first hostile shot fired by the natives in four years. They were soon subdued to peace, and then awed into terror by an exhibition of the effects of a small Krupp cannon.

Three months later Equator Station, 757 miles from the sea and 412 from Leopoldville, was revisited and found to be admirably established and strengthened. Stanley now proceeded 600 miles further up the stream to plant a new station and make treaties with the populous tribes. It was a dangerous experiment. For along this long river reach, crowded with hostile villages, he had run the dreadful gauntlet in 1877. But the potent "medicine" of the steam-launches awed the barbaric tribes with some sense of supernatural power and they were glad to make treaties of peace. More than fifty times Stanley made blood brotherhood with those dusky chiefs — "his poor arm," he says, "being scarified and his blood shed for the cause of civilization."

He grows enthusiastic over the resources and beauty of the country; the many islands with the gold, white and crimson flowers, fragrant as a grove of spices, and the noble forest trees "approached in aspect," he says, "as near Eden's loveliness as anything I shall see on this side of Paradise." But the chief interest was that of the human communities whose brawny muscles he hoped to enlist in the service of civilization. "In every cordial-faced aborigine whom I met," he says, "I see a promise of assistance to me in the redemption of himself from the state of unproductiveness in which he at present lives."

Some of the native towns are quite large, containing as many as 8,000 or even 12,000 people. In this once populous region the flotilla passed scores of deserted villages, and then a fleet of a thousand canoes, containing about 5,000 fugitives* from a band of Arab slave-dealers who for hundreds of miles laid waste the country in their horrid work. Stanley soon overtook this band of men-stealers, who had corralled like cattle 2,300 fettered slaves, chained in groups of twenty each, and wallowing in filth and misery. They were all women and children, not a man among them. To capture these they had ravaged a country larger than Ireland, with 118 towns and villages, occupied by a million people, and had murdered, Stanley estimated, 33,000 persons. Our hero longed for a British gunboat and for authority to sweep the miscreants from the face of the earth. The founding of the Congo Free State will do much to heal that "open sore of the world," the slave-trade.

At the fisheries at Stanley Falls, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo, a site for a station was bought for £160, and a little Scotchman, named Binnie, with thirty-one blacks, were left here as an advance guard of civilization.

After an absence of 146 days Stanley returned to Leopoldville, having travelled 3,050 miles on the great river. He made treaties of peace and friendship with 450 sovereign chiefs. He pays a high tribute to the influence of Christian missions. The Livingstone Mission, with the expenditure of £100, produced in his mind a greater degree of pleasure than the thriftless expenditure of £10,000 by the International Colonization Society. Indeed, the unthrift of the mass of European agents made him sad and sore at heart. The Society sent out abundant supplies, but it was very difficult to get energetic agents. Some of the malingerers cost hundreds of pounds for medicines and delicacies. General Gordon wrote to Stanley, in January, 1884, "I will willingly serve with and

* A fleet of 12,000 fugitives was afterward met.

under you, and we will, God helping, kill the slave-traders in their haunts. No such efficacious means of cutting at the root of the slave-trade was ever presented as that which God has opened to us." But the gallant Christian hero was soon summoned to meet his strange fate in the Soudan, as we shall see in the next chapter.

Mr. Stanley returned to Vivi on April 24th. He found the affairs of that station in a very unpromising state, owing to the negligence and incompetence of some of the European agents and superintendents, who were not of his own selection. There had been great waste of the Company's property, as well as waste of time; and Stanley, who was personally animated by strong feelings of duty and honour, might well be indignant. He soon put matters right, and then, leaving all the stations in charge of trustworthy men, returned to Europe, arriving at the end of July, 1884. He gave lectures on the resources of the Congo during the autumn months, while friendly diplomatists, above all the powerful German statesman, Prince Bismarck, took up the question of creating a neutral Free State in that region, as the alternative of permitting it wholly to become a Portuguese dominion. Prince Bismarck, desirous of aiding the Association for the sake of German trade, proposed the holding of a European Conference, which assembled at Berlin in November to settle every territorial question, and to decree resolutions for the free navigation and traffic of the Congo. At the meetings of the Conference, which ended on February 26th, 1885, Stanley attended as "technical adviser." The French, British, German, Austrian, Belgian, Russian, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and other Governments were represented by their ambassadors, aided by special delegates and experts. They consented, one after another, formally to recognize the International Association of the Congo as a new State, and conventions were made by it with France and Portugal, relating to changes of territory, which were satisfactory to Stanley and his principals. The dominions finally assigned to France and Portugal, on the western side of Central Africa, are of

great extent and value; but the Free State, of which King Leopold is the head, covers two-thirds of the whole breadth of Central Africa, as far east as Lake Tanganyika while to the north it approaches the confluents of the Upper Nile; and to the south it is on the watershed dividing the sources of the Congo from the Zambesi. It has only a very little sea-coast; but many hundred miles of the great river flow through its territory, which is rich in a variety of products affording good mercantile profit. The King of the Belgians, President of the International Association of the Congo, has conferred the appointment of Governor of the Free State upon the bold explorer and successful administrator by whose labours that region has been won to geographical science and civilization. The present disposition of the natives seems all that could be wished; and we doubt not that, while Mr. Stanley is Governor, the Congo Free State may have a good chance of prosperity, and its administration may benefit the general interests of mankind. At a meeting of the delegates of the fourteen Powers of Christendom, held in Berlin, April 20th, 1886 — Prince Bismarck presiding — “THE CONGO FREE STATE” was formally recognized and admitted into the family of nations.

The construction of 150 miles of railway around the rapids of the Congo will open up to commerce 10,000 miles of river navigation through a country peopled by 43,000,000 of inhabitants. Among its resources are ivory, palm oil, rubber, gums, varnish, ground-nuts, precious woods, fruits, rice, sugar, cotton, maize, iron, copper, coal, etc. France secures as a result of previous exploration 257,000 square miles—equal to the area of England and France combined. Portugal secures nearly half as much more. The Congo Free State covers 1,660,000 square miles, or about seven times the area of both France and England together, while the free trade area covers 2,400,000 square miles extending across the whole of Central Africa to within one degree of the East Coast. This vast region is secured forever for free trade. The slave-trade is to be rigidly suppressed. Italy, to its honour,

sought to suppress the liquor traffic, but Germany and Holland strenuously objected. But the nefarious traffic is to be rigidly regulated. Missions are to be protected and encouraged. These rights are guaranteed by the signatures of fourteen European Powers.

The founding of such a State, with its own government and its own flag, is one of the greatest achievements ever permitted to man, and to its accomplishment no one has contributed so much, as, by his seventeen years of exploration and toil, has Henry M. Stanley.

CHAPTER XLIII.

“CHINESE” GORDON IN AFRICA, AND GEN. WOLSELEY’S EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE HIM.

The Revolt in the Soudan—Extent of the Country—Kind of Inhabitants—Who is the Mahdi?—British Money Lender—“Chinese” Gordon sent to the Soudan—He believes in his own Divinely appointed Mission to succeed—He arrives at Khartoum—Burns the Government Books—Holds the place for a year against the Mahdi—Wolseley sent to rescue him—Canadian Soldiers—Difficult feats—The Camel Corps—Gordon Killed—The Fall of Khartoum—The War ended.

A FORMIDABLE religious revolt broke out on November 12th, 1882, under Mahomet Achmet, the Mahdi of the Soudan.

The Soudan, or “Black Country,” is separated by five hundred miles of rainless and waterless desert from the Egypt of the Nile valley. It extends from Assouan on the Equator, and from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to Darfour, a territory 1,650 miles long by 1,200 broad. It includes the Provinces of Khartoum, Sennaar, Fashoda, and the magnificently fertile alluvial valleys of the rivers Atbara and Ayteck. Professor Kean (a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who is the most recent authority on

the Soudan country) states that the Soudan rivals and excels the fertility of the Egyptian delta, the alluvial deposits of the Atbara being spread over many millions of arable and forest-bearing lands.

The inhabitants of the Soudan are, as the name denotes, mainly of negro race; but, as the present writer was assured by the Austrian explorer, Baron Vanderdecker, the Negroid tribes north of the Killimanjaro Range are far superior in physique to the Negroes of Equatorial Africa and the Mozambique. The hardy Arab and Moorish blood is thoroughly intermixed with that of the Negro tribes, the result being a race temperate in habits, skilled in desert warfare, and utterly without fear of death.

If there exist any survivors of the sentimentalists who fifty years ago, used to gush over Tom Moore's Veiled Prophet in "Lalla Rookh," they will recognize the Mahdi as his legitimate successor. It had been foretold them that in twelve centuries from the Hegira a new Mahomet would appear to conquer the world in the cause of Islam. A runaway schoolboy, a companion of quacks and fanatics, declared himself to be the Mahdi in 1881. In December of that year he annihilated an Egyptian force of 350 men, and by a series of subsequent successes gained command of the entire Soudan region. The Egyptian Government, which in reality represented the British money-lender, was threatened with the loss of a large portion of its income. In England a Liberal Government, professedly opposed to militancy, was in power; it was felt to be undesirable to engage in any great military operations. Yet, it was desirable to uphold the bankrupt Egyptian tyrant; hold on to the taxes extractable from the Soudanese; the Gladstone Cabinet thought that in "Chinese" General Gordon they had hit on the man for the situation.

"Chinese" Gordon was an adventurer belonging to the class of Sir Walter Raleigh and Admiral Blake, not without a dash of Captain Kidd and Praise-God Barebone. A muscular Christian and a fatalist, he had much power of attaching those whom he led to himself personally, had a blind belief in his own divinely appointed mission

—to succeed; he went into action with no other weapon than a walking-stick, and when in doubt as to military measures tossed up a copper to consult Providence by the simple but familiar method of “head or tail.” Gordon went to Khartoum with an informal mission, without an adequate force, and in the face of the foe whose most familiar weapon was treachery.

Charged by the British Government with “the pacification of the Soudan,”—in other words, the reduction into the foreign tyranny of the Egyptian tax-collector of a free and fierce nationality of over 12,000,000—“Chinése” Gordon arrived at Khartoum on February the 18th, 1884. He publicly burned the Government books, thus relieving from debt thousands of taxpayers; he released the political offenders from prison, and was apparently all-powerful. For a year this one English soldier, single-handed, held possession of Khartoum, fighting with what force he could collect against the victorious hordes of the Mahdi. At length a sense of shame was aroused in the mind of the English public, and an army under General Wolseley was once more despatched to Egypt with orders to push on to the Soudan and rescue Gordon. The wish of the British people was rather the rescue of Gordon than the conquest of the Soudan, or the “smashing” of the Mahdi.

From the first the Soudanese war had been associated with disaster, though more directly to the Egyptian Government. Egyptian armies were twice defeated by the brave fanatics hurled against the Egyptian bayonets by the Mahdi. The disasters of Hicks Pasha and of Baker Pasha were as shadows thrown beforehand by the greater loss of Gordon. After the slaughter of the gallant Hicks, the followers of the Mahdi grew infuriate in their fanaticism. They swarmed around Tokar, then held Sincat in a state of seige. Within the feeble out-works of this little place, Tewfik Bey, with his handful of followers, was abandoned to die.

The generous indignation of the English people had secured a vote of £3,000,000, and the despatch of 10,000

men under Lord Wolseley, to rescue Khartoum. In this expedition Canada was well and ably represented. Lord Wolseley knew by his experience in the Red River expedition the value of Canadian soldiership. By communicating with Lord Melgund and the Canadian authorities he procured nearly five hundred Canadian voyageurs, some from the Ottawa district, some from the Red River, and a body of Indians from the Caughnawaga reserve. This part of Wolseley's army amply fulfilled the expectation of the General. The good steering and stalwart arms of these brave sons of Canada succeeded in accomplishing apparently impossible feats in ascending the cataracts and rapids of the great Egyptian river. Ropes were attached to osier bushes above the rapids, and all hands strained to haul on the ropes till the force of the rapids had been overcome.

The following description is taken from a letter by one of our brave voyageurs, and tells of one of the most difficult feats accomplished.

"Abbatfatma was the most dangerous place we have yet encountered on the river. We arrived there just as the sudden blaze of the tropical sunset gave place to darkness. We could just see miles upon miles of river above and below, and far off in the east the sky and river meeting. The horizon broken here and there by great conical hills, table-topped, standing out of the dreary waste of the sandy desert in sullen, solitary grandeur. Our boat was unlucky in the first attempt. We lost hold on the rope, the boat swung broadside on to the eddy, and was dashed against a rock by the whole force of the current. Luckily, our oars caught the force of the collision, otherwise boat and men would have run their last trip."

Not the least successful part of the operations in the Soudan was Lord Wolseley's employment of the Canadian voyageurs; and the English Government, by their liberal treatment of the Canadians on their return, has added another link to the bonds which unite Canada to the Mother Country.

Another useful provision for the Soudan warfare for

which Lord Wolseley deserves credit was the organization of the Camel Corps. This was composed of detachments from the three Household Cavalry Regiments, seven Battalions of the Guards, sixteen Cavalry Regiments, and a part of the Naval Brigade. The camel is one of the oldest of domesticated animals. As early as the time of Herodotus (400 B. C.) no memory existed of camels being found in a wild state. "The ship of the desert," alone of living creatures, can travel for ten days without water, for twenty days without food. A good idea of the *modus vivendi* of Lord Wolseley's Camel Corps may be derived from the following statement of an eye-witness. "The scene at the starting was quaint in the extreme. Camels were there of every size and hue, bellowing one and all as though in direst agony; some of them bestridden by English soldiers on their red leather saddles; some by officers who preferred the comfortable Soudan saddle, some by naked sons of the desert, and without saddles of any kind."

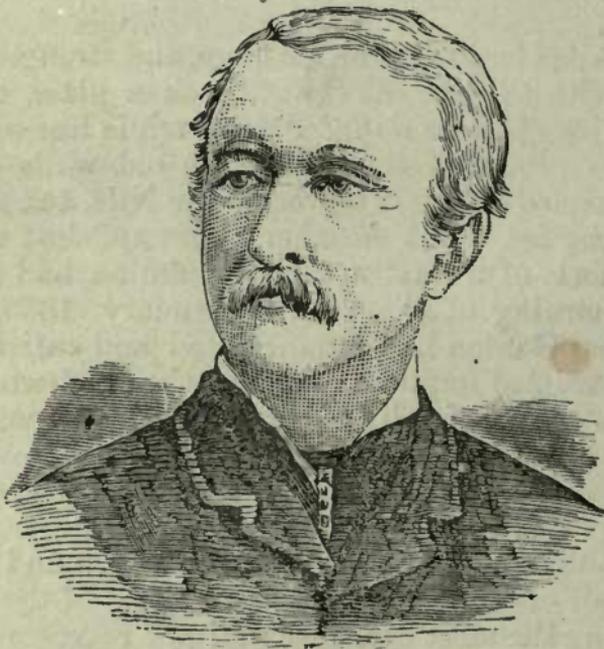
Meanwhile Gordon held Khartoum, and strengthened its defences with the utmost skill. Broken glass, crowfeet, tangled wire, *chevaux de frise* and a triple line of percussion mines protected the time-worn old walls of stone. Gordon's armed steamers traversed the Nile, and did much to check the foe. But treachery accomplished what the utmost efforts of a vast armed population had failed in. On the morning of the 27th of January, 1885, a black slave whom Gordon had emancipated and enriched, and whom he trusted implicitly, opened the southern gates of Khartoum to the Mahdi's soldiers. As they entered the main street, General Gordon came out of Government House; the moment he appeared he fell dead, shot and stabbed by the Arabs.

The stabbing to death of General Gordon and the consequent fall of Khartoum, the Nile capital of the Soudan, were among the most crushing military reverses England has sustained.

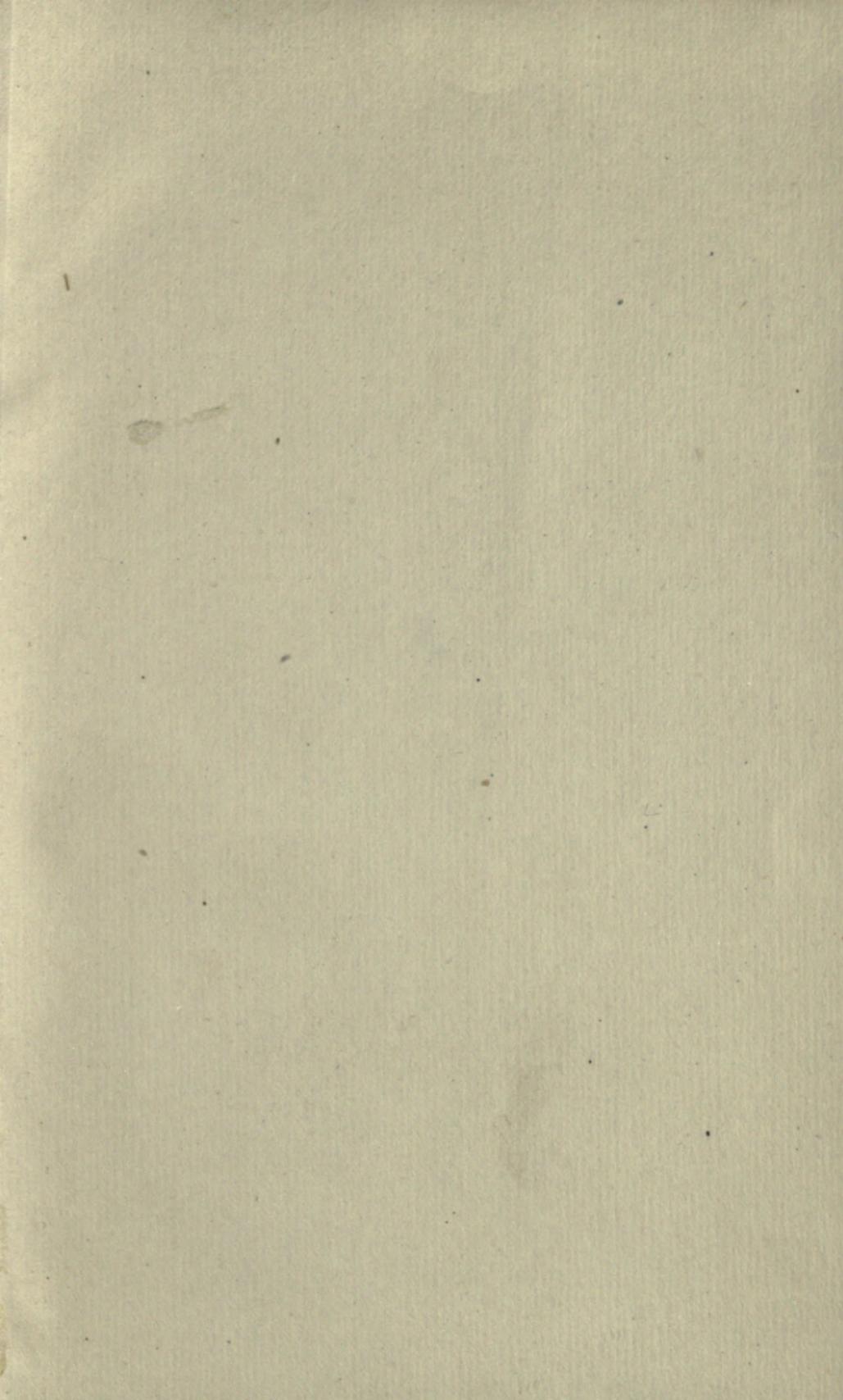
With that event the Soudanese war was practically ended. Public opinion in England, ever since Gordon's

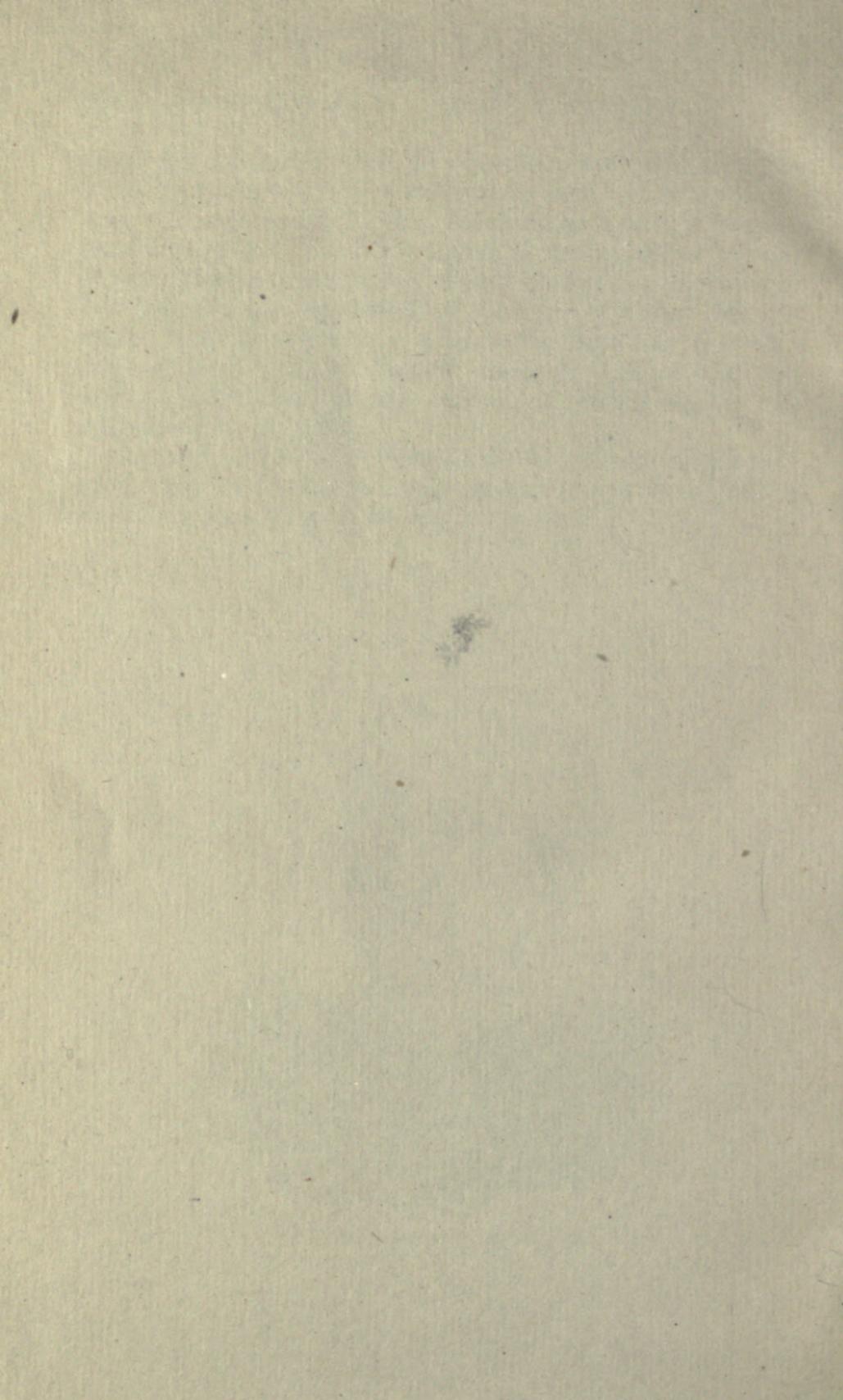
death became announced, has been against devoting more blood and treasure to an attempt to hold a country in no way connected with English interests, and with a climate fatal to Europeans. With many minor episodes of soldierly prowess, the general result of the Soudanese war has lowered the reputation of General Wolseley, has not raised that of any other commander, and has proved a military and financial burden unequalled since the disastrous expedition of the British to Walcheren, or the Athenians to Syracuse.

England leaves as memorials of her visit to the Soudanese only an unfinished railway, and many hundreds of skeletons bleaching on the desert sands.



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B.





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