STANLEY'S STORY

OR

THROUGH THE WILDS OF AFRICA

A THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF HIS

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES, TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES,
WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES AND AMAZING
ACHIEVEMENTS IN

The Dark Continent.

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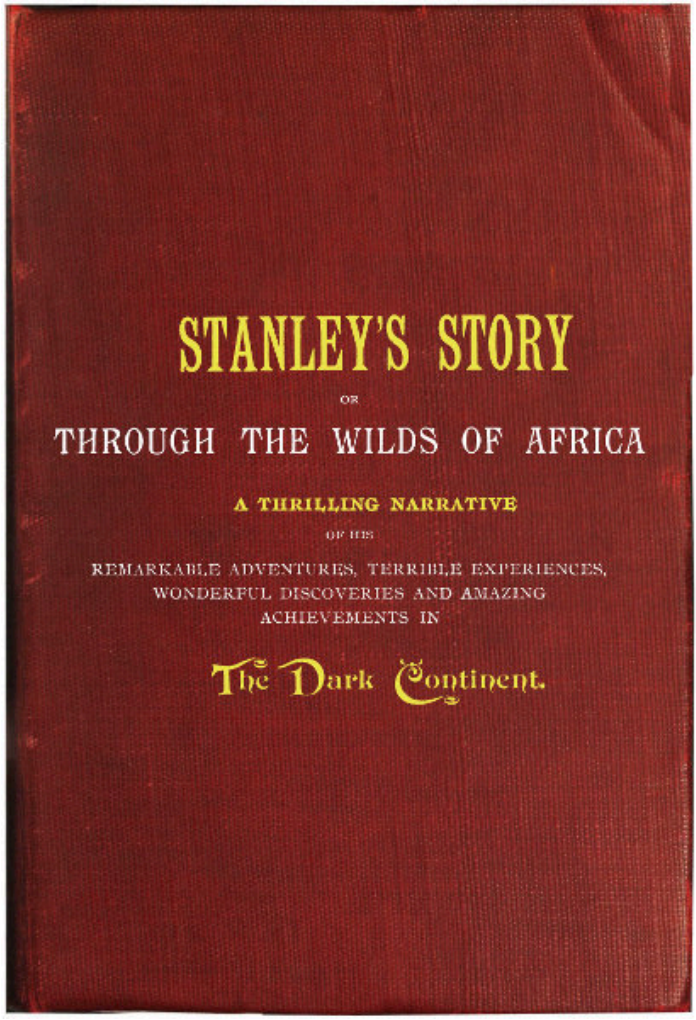
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From Information, Data, and the Official Repo

OF

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By our Special Foreign Correspondent,

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

BRAVE AND FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS

THROUGH WHOSE

FIDELITY AND UNSELFISH DEVOTION TO DUTY, UNFALTERING COURAGE
AND PATIENT SUFFERING UNDER SEVERE TRIALS, HE WAS ENABLED TO SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISH
HIS GREAT MISSION,

AS ALSO

To those Public Spirited Citizens

WHO THROUGH THEIR GENEROUS LIBERALITY SO ABLY AND CHEERFULLY SUPPORTED

The Emin Bey Relief Expedition,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST CORDIALLY

DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

Fifty years have hardly elapsed since Dr. Livingstone first entered the dark and benighted regions of South Africa as a missionary. Till then the country had been little less than a sealed book to the outside world, and the student of geography only knew its face as a blank and unknown void. History also stood silent, giving little information or evidence of what these hidden recesses in the Dark Continent might contain. What knowledge the world did have was limited to the coasts, and that only obtained through the prominence given it by the atrocious slave trade—at that time the leading feature of its commerce. But what a mighty change has been wrought since then! To-day, thanks to the missionary spirit, labors and exploits of Livingstone, who first planted the germs of Civilization and Christianity within her borders, as well as to the patient and persevering spirit of the bold and intrepid Stanley, upon whose shoulders so fitly fell the mantle of the dead Livingstone, we are in possession of a more comprehensive map of Africa. History, too, is no longer silent. Her pages now teem with marvellous accounts of the wonderful regions developed by these and other daring explorers—with the still more remarkable tales of the immeasurable wealth lying dormant and quietly awaiting the developing arms of Commerce. Geography and Science have also received a mighty impetus through the discoveries made by these fearless adventurers into the wilds of the Dark Continent; and to-day we are enabled to

record the fact that a satisfactory solution to the great problems, which for ages have so much mystified the world, has been arrived at. The return of Stanley and his followers, with the fruits of their experiences and the light which they are able to throw upon the subject, will give to the literature of the world an addition of almost incalculable value. The expedition will take historic rank with the famous "retreat of the ten thousand" under Xenophon. As the tale unfolds, of the arduous toils and dangers encountered in the vast African wilderness, wonder at its success increases.

Though much has been done since Livingstone's time to fill up the blanks of Central Africa's physical geography, no expedition has ever returned with a richer harvest of discoveries than Stanley's last. The almost impenetrable forest of the Aruwimi, probably the largest of African forests—extending over four hundred miles of latitude and longitude—with a dense jungle in all stages of decay, resounding with the murmurs of monkeys and chimpanzees, strange noises of birds and animals, and the crashes of troops of elephants rushing through the dark and tangled copse, is an obstacle that, once surmounted, gives us the hydrography of the greatest lake-system of the globe, adds to the giant mountains of geography the stately and snow-clad Ruwenzori, whose rocky peak towers eighteen or nineteen thousand feet above sea-level, and to the lakes the Albert Edward Nyanza, whence issues the mysterious stream which fertilizes Egypt and makes the valley of the Nile the most marvellous seat of human culture, art and science.

In STANLEY'S STORY the reader has presented a most thrilling narrative of the terrible experiences encountered, as well as a graphic account of these wonderful discoveries and the amazing achievements

accomplished by Mr. Stanley during his career in Africa. The subject—one of unparalleled interest—is presented in the characteristic style of the writer, from thoroughly reliable information, data, and the official reports of Mr. Stanley himself. It favorably commends itself to every lover of geographical science, as well as to the admirer of the marvellous in life and nature. It has been prepared in a popular form, and at a price much lower than books of like character and value, and very much lower than others which claim to give the story of Stanley in Africa, but are simply compilations from the writings of the different explorers who have in times past essayed to traverse its vast interior, and failed. Stanley, however, has not failed. Fate has decreed otherwise. His story has been told. It is the only authentic story, as recorded in these pages, and the reader will find it not only interesting but highly entertaining and thoroughly instructive throughout.

The Publishers.



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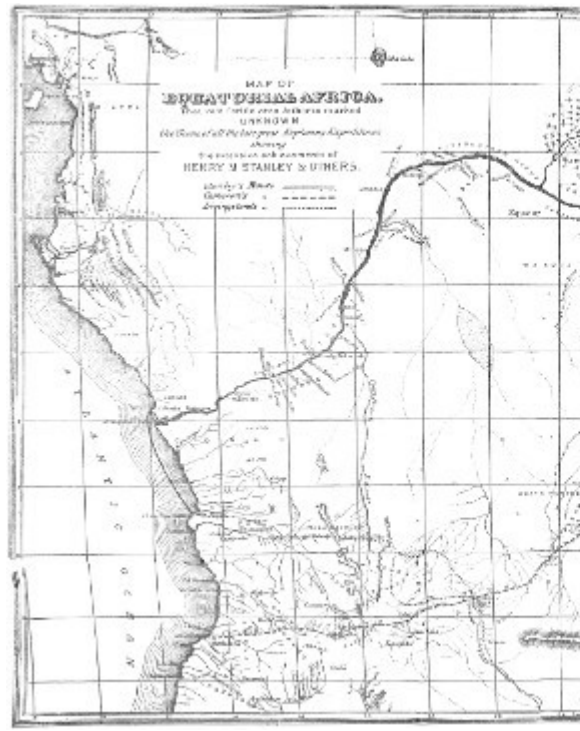
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Stanley's Route
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Livingstone's „



STANLEY'S STORY·

OR,

THROUGH THE WILDS OF

AFRICA.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A Brief Account of Africa — Its Ancient Civilization — Little Information Extant in Relation to Large Portions of the Continent — The Great Field of Scientific Explorations and Missionary Labor — Account of a Number of Exploring Expeditions, including those of Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, and others — Their Practical Results — Desire of Further Information

Increased — Recent Explorations, notably those of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, representing the New York "Herald" newspaper.

A work of standard authority among scholars says that "Africa is the division of the world which is the most interesting, and about which we know the least." Its very name is a mystery; no one can more than approximately calculate its vast extent; even those who have studied the problem the most carefully widely disagree among themselves as to the number of its population, some placing it as low as 60,000,000, others, much in excess of 100,000,000 souls; its superficial configuration in many portions is only guessed at; the sources of its mightiest river are unknown. The heats, deserts, wild beasts, venomous reptiles, and savage tribes of this great continent have raised the only barrier against the spirit of discovery and progress, elsewhere irrepressible, of the age, and no small proportion of Africa is to-day as much a *terra incognita* as when the father of history wrote. Many of its inhabitants are among the most barbarous and depraved of all the people of the world, but in ancient times some of its races were the leaders of all men in civilization and were unquestionably possessed of mechanical arts and processes which have long been lost in the lapse of ages. They had vast cities, great and elaborate works of art, and were the most successful of agriculturists. Noted for their skill in the management of the practical affairs of life, they also paid profound attention to the most abstruse questions of religion; and it was a people of Africa, the Egyptians, who first announced belief in the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. Large numbers of mummies, still existing, ages

older than the Christian era, attest the earnestness of the ancient faith in dogmas which form an essential part of the creed of nearly every Christian sect. The most magnificent of women in the arts of coquetry and voluptuous love belonged to this continent of which so much still sits in darkness. The art of war was here cultivated to the greatest perfection; and it was before the army of an African general that the Roman legions went down at Cannæ, and by whom the Empire came near being completely ruined. Indeed, it may with much show of argument be claimed that the continent over so much of which ignorance and superstition and beasts of prey now hold thorough sway, was originally the cradle of art, and civilization, and human progress.

But if the northern portion of the continent of Africa was in the remote past the abode of learning and of the useful arts, it is certain that during recent periods other portions of the continent, separated from this by a vast expanse of desert waste, have supplied the world with the most lamentable examples of human misery and the most hideous instances of crime. Nor did cupidity and rapacity confine themselves in the long years of African spoliation to ordinary robbers and buccaneers. Christian nations took part in the horrid work; and we have the authority of accredited history for the statement that Elizabeth of England was a smuggler and a slave-trader. Thus Africa presents the interesting anomaly of having been the home of ancient civilization, and the prey of the modern rapacity and plunder of all nations. It is natural, therefore, that in regard to the plundered portions of this devoted continent, the world at large should know but little. It is also natural that with the advancement of the cause of scientific knowledge,

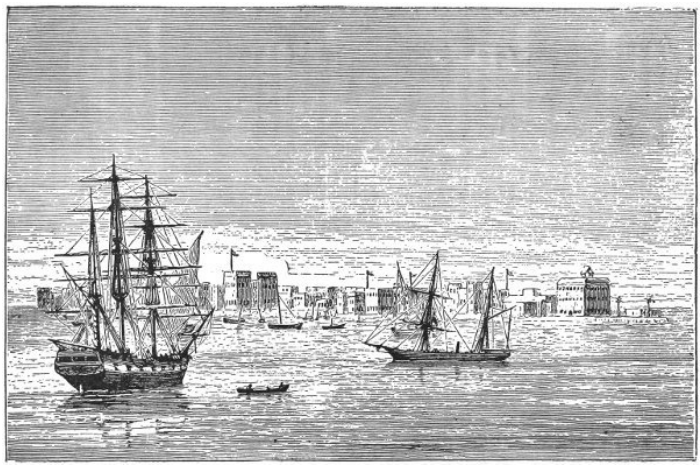
humanity, genuine Christianity, and the rage for discovery, this vast territory should receive the attention of good and studious men and moral nationalities. Accordingly we find that during a comparatively recent period Africa has become a great field of scientific explorations and missionary labor, as well as of colonization.

The first people to give special and continued attention to discoveries in Africa, were the Portuguese. During the fifteenth century, noted for the great advance made in geographical discoveries, the kingdom of Portugal was, perhaps, the greatest maritime power of Christendom. Her sovereigns greatly encouraged and many of their most illustrious subjects practically engaged in voyages of discovery. They were pre-eminently successful both in the eastern and western hemisphere, and one of the results of their daring enterprise is the remarkable fact that Portuguese colonies are much more powerful and wealthy to-day than the parent kingdom.

"The Child is father of the Man."

The Portuguese sent many exploring expeditions along the coast of Africa, and in the course of a century they had circumnavigated the continent and planted colonies all along the shores of the Atlantic and the Indian oceans. Bartholmew Dias having discovered the Cape of Good Hope, the reigning sovereign of Portugal determined to prosecute the explorations still further, with the object of discovering a passage to India. This discovery was made by the intrepid and illustrious mariner, Vasco de Gama, November 20, 1497, a little more than five years after the discovery of America. He pursued his voyage along the eastern coast of Africa, discovering

Natal, Mozambique, a number of islands, and finding people in a high stage of commercial advancement, with well-built cities, ports, mosques for the worship of Allah according to the Mohammedan faith, and carrying on a considerable trade with India and the Spice Islands. Of this trade, Portugal long retained supremacy. Other European powers also meantime established colonies at different places on the African coast, so that in the sixteenth century a considerable portion of the outer shell, so to say, had been examined The vast interior, however, long remained unexplored, and much of it remains an utterly unknown primeval wilderness to this day. The settlements and colonies of the Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English were for commercial purposes only, and added very little to the general stock of information.



VIEW OF ZANZIBAR.

It was not until a year after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States that any organized effort in behalf of discoveries in Africa was made. In

the city of London a Society for the Exploration of Interior Africa was formed in 1788, but it was not until seven years afterwards, that the celebrated Mungo Park undertook his first expedition. Thus it was more than three hundred years from the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope before even a ray of light began to penetrate the darkness of benighted Africa. Meantime, great empires had been overthrown and others established in their place and beneficent governments founded on both continents of the western world.

The life and adventures of Mungo Park form a story of exceeding interest, between which and the life and adventures of Dr. Livingstone there are not a few points of remarkable coincidence. Park was a native of Scotland, and one of many children. He was educated also in the medical profession. Moreover, while he was making his first tour of discovery in Africa, having long been absent from home, reports of his death reached England and were universally credited. His arrival at Falmouth in December 1797, caused a most agreeable surprise throughout the kingdom. An account of his travels abounding with thrilling incidents, including accounts of great suffering from sickness and cruelty at the hands of Mohammedan Africans on the Niger, was extensively circulated. Many portions of this narrative were in about all the American school books during the first half of the nineteenth century, and the name of Mungo Park became as familiar as household words in the United States. In 1805, Park undertook another tour of discovery, which he prosecuted for some time with indomitable courage and against difficulties before which an ordinary mind would have succumbed. He navigated the Niger for a long distance, passing Jennee, Timbuctoo, and Yaoori, but

was soon after attacked in a narrow channel, and, undertaking to escape by swimming, was drowned. His few remaining white companions perished with him.

The discoveries of this celebrated man were in that part of Africa which lies between the equator and the 20th degree of north latitude. They added much to the knowledge of that portion of the country, and keenly whetted the desire of further information. Several journeys and voyages up rivers followed, but without notable result till the English expedition under Denham and Clapperton in 1822. This expedition started with a caravan of merchants from Tripoli on the Mediterranean, and after traversing the great desert reached Lake Tsad in interior Africa. Denham explored the lake and its shores, while Lieut. Clapperton pursued his journey westward as far as Sakatu, which is not greatly distant from the Niger. He retraced his steps, and having visited England, began a second African tour, starting from near Cape Coast Castle on the Gulf of Guinea. Traveling in a northeastern direction, he struck the Niger at Boussa, and going by way of Kano, a place of considerable commercial importance, again arrived at Sakatu, where he shortly afterwards died. He was the first man who had traversed Africa from the Mediterranean sea to the Gulf of Guinea. Richard Lander, a servant of Lieut. Clapperton, afterwards discovered the course of the Niger from Boussa to the gulf, finding it identical with the river Nun of the seacoast.



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Other tours of discovery into Africa have been made to which it is not necessary here to refer. The practical result of all these expeditions, up to about the middle of the nineteenth century, was a rough outline of information in regard to the coast countries of Africa, the course of the Niger, the manners and customs of the tribes of Southern Africa, and a little more definite knowledge concerning Northern and Central Africa, embracing herein the great desert, Lake Tsad, the river Niger,

and the people between the desert and the Gulf of Guinea. Perhaps the most comprehensive statement of the effect of this information upon Christian peoples was that it seemed to conclusively demonstrate an imperative demand for missionary labors. Even the Mohammedans of the Moorish Kingdom of Ludamar, set loose a wild boar upon Mungo Park. They were astonished that the wild beast assailed the Moslems instead of the Christian, and afterwards shut the two together in a hut, while King and council debated whether the white man should lose his right arm, his eyes, or his life. During the debate, the traveler escaped. If the Mohammedan Africans were found to be thus cruel, it may well be inferred that those of poorer faith were no less bloodthirsty. And thus, as one of the results of the expeditions to which we have referred, a renewed zeal in proselytism and discovery was developed.

Thus, the two most distinguished African travellers, and who have published the most varied, extensive, and valuable information in regard to that continent, performed the labors of their first expeditions cotemporaneously, the one starting from the north of Africa, the other from the south. We can but refer to the distinguished Dr. Heinreich Barth, and him who is largely referred to in this volume, Dr. David Livingstone. The expeditions were not connected the one with the other, but had this in common that both were begun under the auspices of the British government and people. A full narrative of Dr. Barth's travels and discoveries has been published, from which satisfactory information in regard to much of northern and central Africa may be obtained. The narrative is highly interesting and at once of great popular and scientific value. Hence the world has learned the geography of a wide

expanse of country round about Lake Tsad in all directions; far toward Abyssinia northeasterly, as far west by north as Timbuctoo, several hundred miles southeasterly, and as far toward the southwest, along the River Benue, as the junction of the Faro. Dr. Barth remained in Africa six years, much of the time without a single white associate, his companions in the expedition having all died. Dr. Overweg, who was the first European to navigate Lake Tsad, died in September, 1852. Mr. Richardson, the official chief of the expedition, had died in March of the previous year.

But unquestionably the most popular of African explorers is Dr. Livingstone, an account of whose first expedition—1849-52—has been read by a great majority of intelligent persons speaking the English language. Large and numerous editions were speedily demanded, and Africa again became an almost universal topic of discourse. Indeed, intelligence of Dr. Livingstone's return after so many years of toil and danger, was rapidly spread among the nations, accompanied by brief reports of his explorations, and these prepared the way for the reception of the Doctor's great work by vast numbers of people. Every one was ready and anxious to carry the war of his reading into Africa. And afterwards, when Dr. Livingstone returned to Africa, and having prosecuted his explorations for a considerable period reports came of his death at the hands of cruel and treacherous natives, interest in exact knowledge of his fate became intense and appeared only to increase upon the receipt of reports contradicting the first, and then again of rumors which appeared to substantiate those which had been first received. In consequence of the conflicting statements which, on account of the universal interest in the subject, were

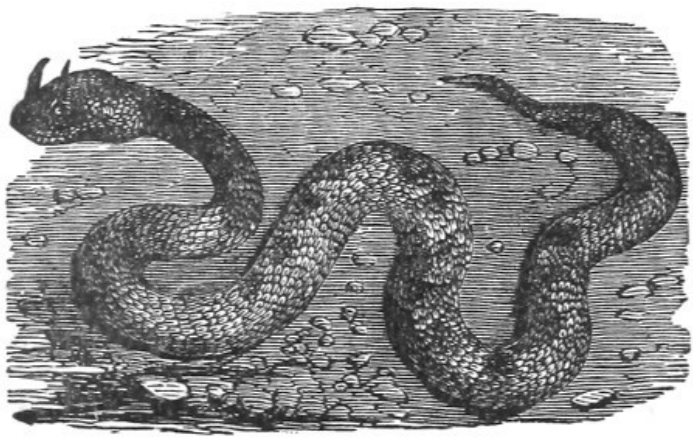
published in the public press throughout the world, the whole Christian church, men of letters and science became fairly agitated. The sensation was profound, and, based upon admiration of a man of piety, sublime courage, and the most touching self-denial in a great cause to which he had devoted all his bodily and intellectual powers, it was reasonable and philosophical.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the English government should have fitted out an expedition in search of Livingstone. Accordingly, the Livingstone Search Expedition, as it is called, was organized early in the winter of 1871-72, and under command of Lieut. Dawson, embarked on its destination, on the 9th of February of the last year. The expedition reached Zanzibar April 19, and the members were most kindly received by the Sultan, Sayid Bergash, and greatly assisted by his Grand Vizier, Sayid Suliman. A company of six Nasik youths, originally slaves in a part of Africa through which the Search Expedition would pass, were being drilled for the purpose, and were expected to be of great assistance.

But before intelligence of the Livingstone Search Expedition at Zanzibar awaiting favorable weather, had arrived, the world was startled by the news that a private expedition, provided solely by the New York “Herald” newspaper, and in charge of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, had succeeded, after surmounting incredible difficulties, in reaching Ujiji, where a meeting of the most remarkable nature took place between the great explorer and the representative of the enterprising journal of New York. Unique in its origin, most remarkable in the accomplishment of its beneficent purpose, the Herald-Livingstone expedition had received the considerate approval of mankind, and Mr. Stanley had come to be regarded,

and with justice, as a practical hero of a valuable kind. His accounts of his travels, his despatches to the "Herald" from time to time, the more formal narratives furnished by him, composed a story of the deepest interest and, when properly considered, of the greatest value. This interest has also been deepened and greatly strengthened by the later labors of Stanley in the great field made memorable by Livingstone; and in the results of later explorations we have it fairly demonstrated that the life-work of the elder explorer did not end with his death, but has fallen upon the shoulders of one in every respect qualified to carry on the good work.

To fully appreciate the work done and to thoroughly comprehend its bearing upon Christian civilization, the reader will find in these pages a brief resume of the most important incidents in the life history of Livingstone, with accounts of his several explorations into the African continent. Hence, these, in connection with those of Stanley respecting his later researches, will serve to make a volume of extremely interesting reading upon a subject of universal interest to all Christian people.



CHAPTER II.

GEOLOGY OF AFRICA—ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

The General Geological Formation of the Continent — The Want of Comprehensive Investigation — Singular Facts as to the Desert of Sahara — The Question of the Antiquity of Man — Is Africa the Birth-place of the Human Race? Opinions of Scientists Tending to Answer in the Affirmative — Darwinism.

It is to be greatly regretted that no comprehensive geological surveys of Africa have ever been made; because there are certain questions, eventually to be settled by geology, whose determination, it appears to be agreed, will be finally resolved by investigations in this continent. In a volume of this nature, designed for the general reader, those facts and reasonings only need be referred to which may be supposed to have the most interest. Reference has already been made to Sir Roderick Murchison's exposition of the trough-shaped form of South Africa in his discourse before the Royal Geographical Society in 1852—an exposition which was so remarkably substantiated by Dr. Livingstone in his journey across the continent from Loanda to Kilimane. Though in its geographical configuration Africa is not greatly unlike South America, in its geological structure it much more resembles the northern continent of the western hemisphere. The Appalachian range of mountains extending through nearly the whole of the eastern portion of North America, parallel with the coast, and the Rocky

Mountains and Sierra Nevadas in the west, bear a notable resemblance to those ranges of mountains in Africa, which, rising first in the northern portions of Senegambia, pursue a south-easterly, then a southerly course to near the southern limit of the continent, when they sharply bend toward the northeast, and with many lofty peaks, some of which reach the region of eternal snow, pass through Mozambique, Zanguebar, and end not until after they have passed through Abyssinia and Nubia, and penetrated the limits of Egypt. In Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, is the Atlas range, between which and the beginning of the other the distance is hardly so great as that between the southern limits of the Appalachian range and the mountains of Mexico. The course of each of the great rivers of these continents is also across the degrees of latitude instead of generally parallel with the equator, as is the case with the great river of South America. There is a similarity also between North America and Africa in an extensive system of inland lakes of fresh water and vast extent.



ARAB CHIEF OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

The geological structure of the mountains of Africa, especially of South Africa, appears to be quite

uniform. They have a nucleus of granite which often appears at the surface and forms the predominating rock, but in the greater proportion of the mountains, perhaps, the granite is overlain by vast masses of sandstone, easily distinguished by the numerous pebbles of quartz which are embedded in it. The summit, when composed of granite, is usually round and smooth, but when composed of the quartzose sandstone is often perfectly flat. Of this Table Mount, in South Africa, is a notable illustration. The thickness of this stratum of sandstone is sometimes not less than 2,000 feet. Such is the case in the Karoo mountains of Cape Colony. When thus appearing, it may be seen forming steep, mural faces, resembling masonry, or exhibiting a series of salient angles and indentations as sharp, regular, and well-defined as if they had been chiselled. With the granite are often associated primitive schists, the decomposition of which seems to have furnished the chief ingredients of the thin, barren clay which forms the characteristic covering of so much of the South African mountains. In some places, more recent formations appear, and limestone is seen piercing the surface. The geological constitution of the Atlas Mountains, in northwestern Africa, presents old limestone alternating with a schist, often passing to a well-characterized micaceous schist, or gneiss, the stratification of which is exceedingly irregular. Volcanic rocks have here been found in small quantities. There are veins of copper, iron, and lead.

In Egypt we find the alluvial soil a scarcely less interesting object of study than the rocks upon which it rests. These are limestone, sandstone, and granite, the latter of which, in Upper Egypt, often rises 1,000 feet above the level of the Nile. Not many years ago were discovered about 100 miles east of the Nile,

and in 28 deg. 4 min. of north latitude the splendid ruins of the ancient Alabastropolis, which once derived wealth from its quarries of alabaster. Farther south are the ancient quarries of jasper, porphyry, and verd antique. The emerald mines of Zebarah lay near the Red Sea.

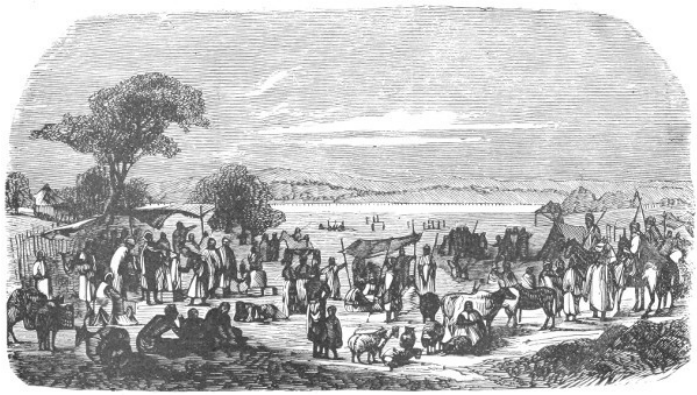
The Atlas range in Algeria is better known than elsewhere. It is as described above, but at Calle there are distinct traces of ancient volcanoes. Iron, copper, gypsum, and lead are found in considerable quantities. Cinnabar is found in small quantities. Salt and thermal springs abound in many parts of Algeria, amethysts in Morocco, slates in Senegambia, and iron in Liberia, Guinea, the Desert of Sahara and many other parts of Africa.

Gold, gold-dust, and iron are among the best known of the mineral riches of Africa, and are the most generally diffused throughout the continent. In the country of Bambouk, in Senegambia, most of the gold which finds its way to the west coast is found. Here the mines are open to all, and are worked by natives who live in villages. The richest gold mine of Bambouk, and the richest, it is believed, yet discovered in Africa, is that of Natakoo—an isolated hill, some 300 feet high and 3,000 feet in circumference, the soil of which contains gold in the shape of lumps, grains, and spangles, every cubic foot being loaded, it is said, with the precious metal. The auriferous earth is first met with about four feet from the surface, becoming more abundant with increase of depth. In searching for gold the natives have perforated the hill in all directions with pits some six feet in diameter and forty or fifty feet deep. At a depth of twenty feet from the surface lumps of pure gold of from two to ten grains weight are found. There are other mines in this portion of Africa, gold

having been found distributed over a surface of 1,200 square miles. The precious metal is not only found in hills, the most of which are composed of soft argillaceous earth, but in the beds of rivers and smaller streams, so that the lines of Bishop Heber's well-known missionary hymn are truthful as well as poetical:—

"Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sands."

The gold mines of Semayla, which are some forty or fifty miles northward of those of Natakoo, though nearly as rich as the latter, are in hills of rock and sandstone, which substances are pounded in mortars that the gold may be extracted. Barth judged that gold would be found in the Benue river, the principal eastern tributary of the Niger. Gold, silver, iron, lead and sulphur have been found in large quantities, and were long profitably mined in the mountainous districts of Angola. In Upper Guinea gold and iron are deposited in granitic or schistose rocks. The interior contains vast quantities of iron which might be easily mined, but the natives are not sufficiently enterprising to accomplish much in this respect. Gold is also obtained in the beds of some of the rivers of Guinea. In Mozambique, on the east coast, the Portuguese have for a great length of time had a considerable commerce in gold obtained from mines near the Zambezi, in the region near the western limit of that province. It has already been stated that here Dr. Livingstone discovered deposits of coal. Along the Orange and Vaal rivers, in extreme South Africa, have recently been discovered diamond fields which some noted scientists believe will yet prove to be among the richest in the world.



ARRIVAL OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE BANKS OF THE ZAMBESI.

Perhaps the portions of Africa which are the most interesting on account of geological investigations which have been made, are the valley of the Nile in Egypt, and the Desert of Sahara. It is well known that the river Nile annually overflows its banks in Egypt, and the inundation remaining a considerable period, a thin layer of soil is each year added to that which existed there before. This Nile mud, as it is called by geologists, has been the subject of considerable scientific examination for many years. In his work upon the “Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man,” Sir Charles Lyell gives a full account of certain systematic borings in the Nile mud which were made between the years 1851 and 1854, under the superintendency of Mr. Leonard Horner, but who employed to practically conduct the examinations an intelligent, enterprising, and faithful Armenian officer of engineers, Hekekyan Bey, who had for many years pursued scientific studies in England, was in every way qualified for the task, and, unlike Europeans, was able to endure the climate during the hot months, when the waters of the Nile flow within

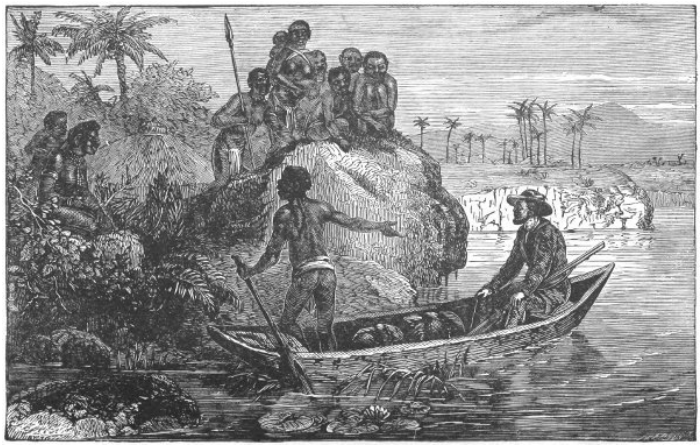
their banks. Sir Charles Lyell states that the results of chief importance arising out of this inquiry were obtained from two sets of shafts and borings—sunk at intervals in lines crossing the great valley from east to west. One of these consisted of fifty-one pits and artesian perforations made where the valley is sixteen miles wide between the Arabian and the Libyan deserts, in the latitude of Heliopolis, about eight miles above the apex of the delta. The other line of pits and borings, twenty seven in number, was in the parallel of Memphis where the valley is five miles wide. Besides Hekekyan Bey, several engineers and some sixty workmen, inured to the climate, were employed for several years, during the dry season, in the furtherance of these interesting investigations.

It was found that in all the works the sediment passed through was similar in composition to the ordinary Nile mud of the present day, except near the margin of the valley, where thin layers of quartzose sand, such as is sometimes blown from the adjacent desert by violent winds, were observed to alternate with the loam. A remarkable absence of lamination and stratification, the geologist goes on to say, was observed almost universally in the sediment brought up from all points except where the sandy layers above alluded to occurred, the mud closely agreeing in character with the ancient loam of the Rhine. Mr. Horner attributes this want of all indication of successive deposition to the extreme thinness of the film of matter which is thrown down annually on the great alluvial plain during the season of inundation. The tenuity of this layer must indeed be extreme, if the French engineers are tolerably correct in their estimate of the amount of sediment formed in a century, which they suppose not to exceed on the average five inches. It is stated, in

other words, that the increase is not more than the twentieth part of an inch each year, or one foot in the period of 240 years. All the remains of organic bodies found during these investigations under Hekekyan Bey belonged to living species. Bones of the ox, hog, dog, dromedary, and ass were not uncommon, but no vestiges of extinct mammalia were found, and no marine shells were anywhere detected. These excavations were on a large scale, in some instances for the first sixteen or twenty-four feet. In these pits, jars, vases, and a small human figure in burnt clay, a copper knife, and other entire articles were dug up; but when water soaking through from the Nile was reached, the boring instrument used was too small to allow of more than fragments of works of art being brought up. Pieces of burnt brick and pottery were constantly being extracted, and from all depths, even where they sank sixty feet below the surface toward the central parts of the valley. In none of these cases did they get to the bottom of the alluvial soil. If it be assumed that the sediment of the valley has increased at the rate of six inches a century, bricks at the depth of sixty feet have been buried 12,000 years. If the increase has been five inches a century, they have lain there during a period of 14,400 years. Lyell states further on that M. Rosiere, in the great French work on Egypt has estimated the rate of deposit of sediment in the delta at two inches and three lines in a century. A fragment of red brick has been excavated a short distance from the apex of the delta at a depth of seventy-two feet. At a rate of deposit of two and a-half inches a century, a work of art seventy-two feet deep must have been buried more than 30,000 years ago. Lyell frankly states, however, that if the boring was made where an arm of the river had been silted

up at a time when the apex of the delta was somewhat further south, or more distant from the sea than now, the brick in question might be comparatively very modern. It is agreed by the best geologists that the age of the Nile mud cannot be accurately, but only approximately calculated by the data thus far furnished. The amount of matter thrown down by the waters in different parts of the plain varies so much that to strike an average with any approach to accuracy must be most difficult. The nearest approach, perhaps, as has been observed by Baldwin, to obtaining an accurate chronometric scale for ascertaining the age of the deposits of the Nile at a given point, was made near Memphis, at the statue of King Rameses. It is known that this statue was erected about the year 1260 B. C. In 1854 it had stood there 3,114 years. During that time the alluvium had collected to the depth of nine feet and four inches above its base, which was at the rate of about three and a half inches in each century. Mr. Horner found the alluvium, below the base of the statue, to be thirty feet deep, and pottery was found within four inches of the bottom of the alluvium. If the rate of accumulation previous to the building of the statue had been the same as subsequently, the formation of the alluvium began, at that point, about 11,660 years before the Christian era, and men lived there some 12,360 years ago, cultivating the then thin soil of the valley. But it would appear to be certain that the average deposit is so slight annually that many centuries more than those formerly quite universally received as the age of the world for the stage of mankind’s achievements must have passed since the work of man’s hands have been buried under these vast deposits of alluvium. Thus, geology insists, is the fact of man’s existence, long before the

historic era, conclusively established.



AN OBJECT OF INTENSE INTEREST.

The Desert of Sahara presents some interesting facts of the same nature. It has already been stated that this part of Africa was ocean within a comparatively recent geological period. Tristram and several French officers of scientific attainments, who have made geological examinations of large portions of the desert have shown that the northern margin is lined with ancient sea-beaches and lines of terraces—the "rock-bound coasts" of the old ocean. Numerous salt-lakes exist in the desert which are tenanted by the common cockle. A species of *Haligenes* which inhabits the Gulf of Guinea is found in a salt lake in latitude 30 deg. north and longitude 7 deg. east, separated, therefore, from its present marine habitat by the whole extent of the great desert, and the vast expanse of Soudan and Guinea. Geologists hence conclude that the existing fauna, including man, occupied Africa long before the Sahara became dry land. Reference has been made in the preceding

chapter to the supposed remarkably beneficent effect this great expanse of desert, heated sands, and hot air, has upon the climate, and consequently upon the civilization of Europe.

It is probable that from the fact that Sahara was about the last extensive portion of earth to be abandoned by the ocean, that the general opinion became prevalent that the continent of Africa was, geologically, the most recent of the grand divisions of the earth. Though supposed to be the oldest in civilization, it has been supposed to be the youngest in geological constitution. I am informed by scientific men that on account of recent investigations and reasonings, the opinion has for some time been gaining ground that Africa is likely to be shown to be the oldest part of the globe in both respects, and to have been the original birthplace of the race of man.

The negroid race, comprehending the Negroes, Hottentots, and Algutos, are, it is claimed by many scientists, the most ancient of all the types of mankind, and since their appearance on earth vast geographical changes have taken place. Continents have become ocean and sea has become land. “The negroes,” says Lubbock, “are essentially a non-navigating race, they build no ships, and even the canoes of the Feejeeans are evidently copied from those of the Polynesians. Now what is the geographical distribution of the race? They occupy all Africa south of Sahara, which neither they nor the rest of the true African fauna have ever crossed. And though they do not occur in Arabia, Persia, Hindoostan, Siam, or China, we find them in Madagascar, and in the Andaman Islands; not in Java, Sumatra, or Borneo, but in the Malay Peninsula, in the Phillippine Islands, New Guinea, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Feejee

Islands, and in Tasmania. This remarkable distribution is perhaps most easily explicable on the hypothesis that since the negroid race came into existence there must have been an immense tract of land or a chain of islands stretching from the eastern coast of Africa right across the Indian ocean; and secondly that the sea then occupied the area of the present great desert. In whatever manner, however, these facts are to be explained, they certainly indicate that the race is one of very great antiquity." "It is manifest," says Baldwin in his Pre-Historic Nations, "that Africa at a remote period was the theatre of great movements and mixtures of peoples and races, and that its interior countries had then a closer connection with the great civilizations of the world than at any time during the period called historical." It is the opinion of this writer that the Cushite race—the Ethiopians of Scripture—appeared first in the work of civilization, and that in remote antiquity that people exerted a mighty and wide-spread influence in human affairs, whose traces are still visible from farther India to Norway. Nor is he by any means alone in the opinion that the Carthagenians, ages ago, sent their ships across the Atlantic to the American continent. The Cushites, or original Ethiopians originated in Arabia, but their descendents are still found in northern Africa from Egypt to Morocco. Of this race are the Tuariks, the robbers of the Great Desert, to this day among the most magnificent specimens of physical man to be found anywhere on the globe.

The final solution of these problems of the geological status of Africa, and the great antiquity of man can but be of the greatest interest to all thoughtful persons. Unquestionably their solution will be greatly hastened, should Dr. Livingstone

succeed in the great enterprise upon which he is now engaged, and soon make known to the world the true sources of the Nile. His success therein would stimulate endeavor, study, exploration, and, it is to be hoped, comprehensive and systematic surveys of a continent the evidences of whose civilization in remote ages lie buried among the debris of countless centuries.

We know, from the imperfect investigations which have already been made, that cities have been engulfed in the sands of Sahara. We know that vast changes have taken place in the physical structure of the continent of Africa and of the world since the negro race first appeared. It is not improbable, therefore, that where for so many ages beasts of prey and savage tribes have occupied a land oppressed with heat and burdened with many ills, there may yet be found evidences of former civilization and power in greatest possible contrast to present barbarism and national weakness. And who shall say that when the face of the continent was changed, whether by a great convulsion or by a gradual process, some of the people did not migrate northward, cross the Mediterranean and populate the continent which has since become the abode of the highest civilization and the greatest intellectual culture? Who shall say that these races of remote antiquity were not possessed of culture and arts and literature placing them very high in the scale of civilization? Within the historic period those nations have passed away which were the acknowledged parents of modern culture and art. The power and versatility of the human mind, reason, eloquence, and poetry, were most sublimely illustrated by the Greeks, whose works still remain to benefit and instruct mankind. Yet the freedom and power of this

wonderful people have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated. The people, in the eloquent diction of Macaulay, have degenerated into timid slaves; the language into a barbarous jargon; and the beautiful temples of Athens “have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen.” The vast empire of Rome has passed entirely away within a few centuries. She had herself annihilated Carthage leaving nothing, as we have seen, of the arts, literature, or institutions of a people whose ships had sailed on every wave from the Hellespont to the Baltic, and, not improbably, from the Mediterranean to the delta of the Mississippi. Other great nations are also known to have passed away or been destroyed, the nature of their civilization and institutions being left to conjecture based upon a few monuments or a few literary remains preserved by foreign writers. It being once established that man existed ages before what is commonly called the beginning of the historic period it would be simply logical, considering many national destructions which have occurred during the historic period, to conclude by analogy that races of remote antiquity flourished and passed away leaving no sign, which has been yet discovered, of their power and civilization. It is evident the historian Macaulay thinks it not improbable such may be the fate of England, and he expressly states in a well-known passage that the time may come when only a single naked fisherman may be seen in the river of the ten thousand masts. It is difficult, if not impossible, for mankind entirely to overcome the tendency to decay.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS.

We shall presently see that Africa is a field upon which must soon be decided a great issue of politico-social importance; an issue which involves the abolition of polygamy, domestic slavery, and the suppression of the foreign slave trade. From what has gone before in this volume, it will have been seen that here, too, are likely to be most conclusively demonstrated the vast age of the world, the great antiquity of man, and the nature of his origin. In comparison of the settlement of this issue and the solution of these problems of science, even the discovery of the true sources of the Nile may be regarded as unimportant, except for the reason that

Dr. Livingstone's great achievement will arouse other men of science to similar sacrifices, labors, and fortitude. Thus Africa is found to present another remarkable contrast for our contemplation; for while civilization is there at a lower ebb than in any other grand division of the globe, the highest intellectual efforts of the most astute thinkers of the times are turning their best efforts thitherward, in the confident hope of greatly enlarging the sphere of human knowledge, and of extending the triumphs of science and civilization.

There are many, it is true, who imagine that the scientific inquiries which are being made in regard to the great age of the world, the races which existed long anterior to the historic period, and the origin of the human species are founded in a spirit of skepticism and hostility to Christian civilization, or, rather to Christianity as a religion. Doubtless there are many scientists who put no faith in Holy Writ, as much of it has been commonly understood. Others, and those among the most distinguished of men, are no less devout believers in Christianity than they are firm believers in the great age of the world and antiquity of man. The devotees of Christianity have in not a few instances mistaken an ally for an enemy. This was notably the fact, in an example which is here most appropriate, in the case of the modern origin of the science of astronomy. The Christian church, as then existing, pronounced as religious heresy the plain truth that the world moves, and that the sun neither rises nor sets, but is stationary—the sublime centre of a universe of planets and stars, and, perhaps, inhabited worlds, whose movements must be controlled, as the vast system must have been originated, by One of infinite wisdom and power and goodness. In due course of time it was

discovered that astronomy did not militate against Christianity, and the church not only ceased putting astronomers in prison, but learned that the acceptance of all truth, come from whatever source it may, is a Christian duty. And many of the most distinguished astronomers have been no less earnest exemplars of the Christian system of religion than any monk who ever wore the pavements of a monastery and left the world no wiser or better than he found it.

As it was with astronomy, so it has been even of late years with the science of geology. The era of imprisonment for heresy had indeed passed by when men began to construct a comprehensive science on the study of rocks; but as their revelations became more extensive and more wonderful, it again appeared to many that here had arisen a formidable foe of Christianity, and the new science was assailed accordingly. It has not turned out that these disputants were as wise as they were zealous and as they were undoubtedly sincere. Though the sun never rises and never sets, we should be stupid indeed were we always, when speaking of his appearance on our horizon, or his disappearance therefrom, to state the fact in words of scientific accuracy. The world has never yet been slow enough justly to permit such waste of time and words. Not only the almanac-makers, but the most celebrated astronomers persist in saying that the sun rises and the sun sets. And, properly understood, it is perfectly true though scientifically false. To all appearance and for all practical purposes to the inhabitants of earth the sun does rise and set, and when one so says, whether inspired or uninspired, one simply conveys the idea that he intends to convey, and this is the province of language. As astronomy appeared

to be utterly opposed by certain expressions in Scripture, but was found not to be, upon more liberal construction of the language, as well as more philosophical, so geology appeared to be, in its apparent demonstration of the vast age of the world, and, later, of the great antiquity of man, hostile to the received canons of the church, and especially subversive of the Mosaic account of creation and the generally received system of chronology. The conflicts thus arising have dissipated many erroneous theological constructions and dogmas, but they have in no manner affected the foundations of Christianity. There are many eminent geologists who are earnest Christians, and though Dr. Livingstone himself has done geology incalculable service he has done Christianity incalculably more. It may well be doubted whether any single theologian of the age has conferred more valuable service upon Christianity than Hugh Miller, the great geologist of Scotland, whose scientific works are, perhaps, the most fascinating of any in the English language.

There can be, then, no well-grounded fear of science overturning Christianity. It is more likely thereby to be in the end not only more thoroughly and correctly understood, but more firmly established and more generally adopted. Even the inquiry which is now receiving so much attention from men of thought—that into the origin of man—need not be deemed as fraught with any real danger to the system which has given the world its present civilization. Were it possible to establish Mr. Darwin's theory of evolution—and that it is more than a theory cannot be claimed for it by its most devoted advocate—and establish man's origin in the ape, still would the act of his creation into man from ape be an act of infinite power and goodness. For the

infinite power and goodness of the act consist in the creation, by some means, of a being of intellectual and moral attributes. The act of divine power is in breathing into the nostrils the breath of life, and causing the being to become a living soul. Even Mr. Darwin will not dispute that the ape was in the long ages evolved from dust, nor that, so far as science has shown or probably ever can show, there is no being in the universe with capacity to evolve thought except only God, as shown in His manifold works, and man.

Whatever may be the result, therefore, of the interesting inquiries in commerce, religion, geography, geology, ethnology which now are being more and more directed toward Africa with each passing year, we may quite safely conclude, judging from the results of the past, that Christianity will come forth out of the conflicts that may arise, whether they be scientific or of other nature, with renewed beauty and power; with more liberal and enlightened views, doubtless, upon some questions which have been erroneously considered, but with greater influence on this account, and with brighter prospects of more speedily than might have been but for these conflicts extending the rule of her pure and beneficent morality among all the nations and tribes of men.



CHAPTER III.

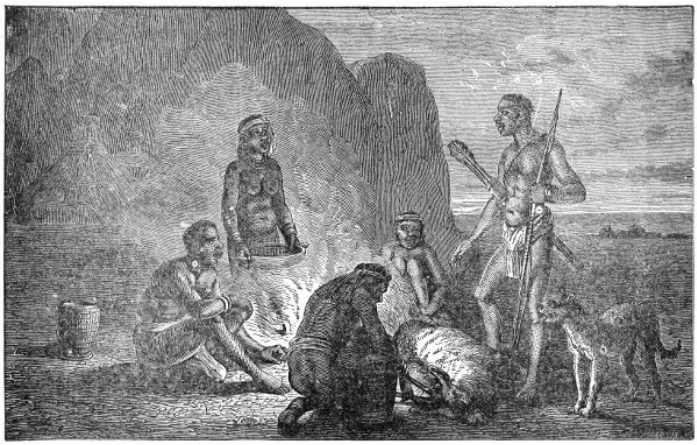
THE RESULTS OF THE EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA.

The Result in Behalf of Science, Religion, and Humanity of the Explorations and Missionary Labors of Dr. Livingstone and Others in Africa — Review of Recent Discoveries in Respect to the People and the Physical Nature of the African Continent — The Diamond Fields

of South Africa — Bird's-Eye View of that Division of the World — Its Capabilities and Its Wants — Christianity and Modern Journalism Dissipating Old Barbarisms, and Leading the Way to Triumphs of Civilization.

It would be difficult to estimate the result present and sure to come, in behalf of science, religion, and humanity, of the explorations and missionary labors of Dr. Livingstone and others in Africa during a period which embraces but little more than a quarter of a century. The manner in which Livingstone conducted his missionary labors has already been pointed out, but more with reference to their connection with peoples outside of Africa: with men of letters, of science, and of trade in the civilized world: than with reference to the natives themselves. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the Christian religion has nowhere in Africa been anything like so generally adopted, practiced, and honored by the natives as in the country of the Bakwains. And it was among the Bakwains that Dr. Livingstone performed his principal missionary work. Among that people only did he establish a permanent missionary station. There he had his home in Africa: there his children were born. Unquestionably the labors of the Rev. Dr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, were of the highest importance in some respects. The scene of his studies was at Kuruman, several hundred miles to the southward of Kolobeng where Livingstone was stationed. He translated the Scriptures into the Bechuana language, travelled and preached over a wide domain in South Africa, and accomplished vast good. But it was Livingstone who infused into the spirit of Christian propagandism practical wisdom and the argument of present as well as future good. He is the Franklin of missionaries, having wonderful

power in showing pagans that, even so far as their temporal affairs and material prosperity are concerned, the religion of Him of Nazareth is the best policy. Much has been accomplished at the "Gaboon Mission" as it has been called, on the east coast, but it may be said that the principal good is in the mitigation of the woes of the slave trade, which here, with the aid of nations which keep cruisers off the coast, has received, perhaps, a mortal wound. Nevertheless, the tribes of this coast are exceedingly depraved, drunken, and ignorant. They are universally idolatrous and given to disgusting superstitions and habits. Scarcely more than a hundred miles in the interior are tribes of cannibals, which are doubtless succeeded by others practicing the horrid orgies of man-eating across the continent to Tanganyika Lake. But with the great decrease in the slave trade has sprung up among all these people a wish to engage in legitimate commerce. With half the ideas of Christian civilization which have been instilled into the Bakwains of South Africa, these unhappy people would soon find ways and means to conduct a large trade in ebony, India-rubber, ivory, and other products of their country so much prized by commerce. Those who live on the coast have become somewhat skilful and daring in navigation, their little vessels, made of great trees hollowed out and pointed, making considerable coastwise voyages. Upon the arrival of a vessel on the coast, great numbers of these canoes, filled with natives, are constantly moving about from ship to shore, too often carrying off the miserable beings from the baracoons. This terrible traffic completely done with, they must perforce seek other means of trade; and these their country happily affords in great abundance.

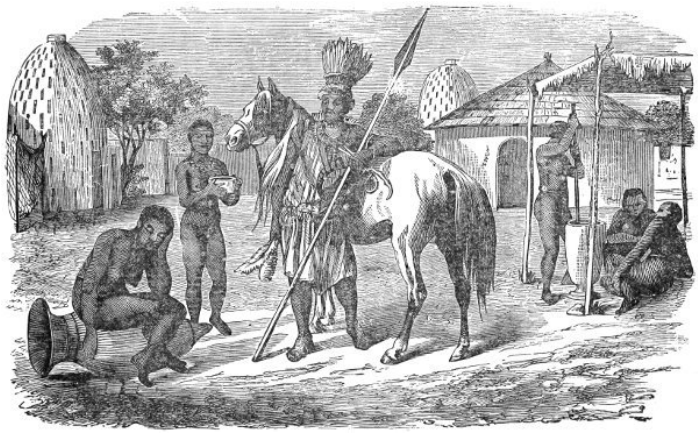


DISCUSSING THE FEAST OF GAME.

The Makololo of central South Africa, so often mentioned in this volume, were greatly improved by the restless genius of the warrior-statesman Sebituane, whose remarkable career has been delineated in these pages. These people, possessing a country of great beauty and fertility along the valley of one of the most magnificent rivers of the world; possessing also vast herds of cattle and many villages and towns; and endued by nature with tractable dispositions and ambitious spirit, continue greatly to profit by the teachings and example of Dr. Livingstone. Related to the Bakwains and with them speaking the Bechuana language, Christian ideas are rapidly gaining adherents, so that it is but reasonable to expect that ere long, that vast extent of country from Cape Colony to Londa, between the eastern and western coast “shells” of South Africa will have come under the benignant and progressive influences of Christian civilization.

The value of the results of Dr. Livingstone’s explorations to science can hardly be overestimated. Geography, geology, botany, natural history,

ornithology, have all received new facts of value by his labors, while the latest intelligence from him clearly points to his speedy success, should his life be spared, in the solution of that problem in geography which for many years has elicited the studies of the learned and the adventures of the adventurous.



A STREET SCENE IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

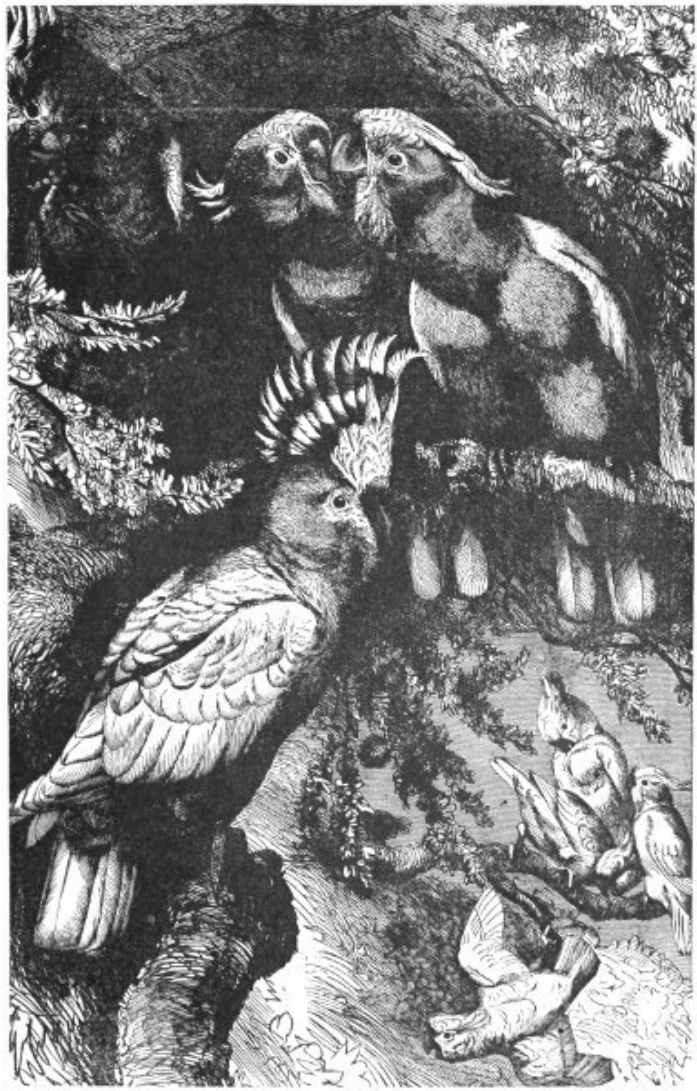
But Dr. Livingstone has not been alone in giving the world intelligence of the long unknown continent. In the interest of commerce, England sent an expedition to central Africa in 1850 under Captain Richardson, with whom were associated Dr. Overweg and the celebrated Dr. Barth, upon the latter of whom the work of the mission devolved on account of the death of both of his colleagues. The result was published in a most elaborate work of which mention has been made in the early pages of this volume. Dr. Barth traversed the African Sahara from north to south and again from south to north, near the middle, passing through Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, Ghat, Tintellust, the capital of Asben, Agades, and Katsena, whence on the journey out Dr.

Barth proceeded to Kano, Messrs. Richardson and Overweg going to Lake Tsad. Dr. Barth remained in Africa about five years, exploring the country from east of Lake Tsad to Timbuctoo. All this vast country is inhabited by a remarkable people, or a variety of remarkable peoples, who are good horsemen, sustaining large armies, chiefly of cavalry, adroit robbers, cruel, vindictive, having the worst form of domestic slavery, but who number many millions of souls; cultivate vast tracts of land, raising corn, rice, millet, tobacco, cotton, and other products; have many extensive towns and walled cities, carry on great operations in manufactures, trade, and mining; and are almost constantly at war: for the different states are independent of each other, each empire governed by its own sheik, the lesser sovereignties by sultans. The common religion of the people is that of Mahomet, but there are remnants of pagan tribes, some of which are even yet independent, and wage deadly war with their cruel oppressors. The country is well watered, and may be generally described as a vast plain, diversified only at wide distances by insulated mountains of no great height. In this expanse, the general name of which is Soudan, or Soodan (Berr es-Soodan, “Land of the Blacks”), the most celebrated city, perhaps, is Timbuctoo, which, from remote antiquity, has been the meeting-place of many caravans and converging lines of traffic. Sokato, or Sukatu, was formerly a city of 50,000 inhabitants, but has of late years decreased in importance. It is noted for its excellent manufactures of leather and iron, and its general markets, which always bring together great numbers of people and a wonderful variety of articles for sale. Kano, the capital of the province of Houssa, has a population of forty thousand souls. The city is surrounded by a

wall of clay, thirty feet high, and more than fifteen miles in extent. Much of the enclosed space is occupied by gardens and cultivated fields. The cotton cloth woven and dyed at Kano is the chief article of commerce. The fine cotton fabrics of the Timbuctoo market are really manufactured at Kano. Dyed sheep-skins, sandals, ivory, the kola nut are largely exported. Kuka, the capital of Bornu, is near Lake Tsad, but is a small city of inconsiderable importance. Yola, the capital of Adamwa, is larger than Kuka. It was in this province that Dr. Barth discovered the Benue river, a navigable stream and the principal affluent from the east of the Niger. There are many cities in this portion of Africa of far more importance than the capitals of Bornu and Adamwa. Polygamy is universally practiced, and there are probably more slaves than freemen throughout all the vast expanse between the equator and the Desert of Sahara, and Senegambia and Abyssinia.

In 1856, Captain Burton, whose “Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca” (which he made in the disguise of a dervish) had just made a sensation in the reading world, explored, with the lamented Speke, a considerable portion of East Africa. The explorations of Grant and Speke in this portion of the continent were also of the greatest value. Thus was a knowledge of the expanse lying between Lake Nyassa, Tanganyika Lake, Victoria Nyanza and the Indian ocean made known to the world. The explorations of Sir Samuel Baker and others in search of the sources of the Nile are familiar to the intelligent public. At this moment there are at least two expeditions engaged in attempting to solve this interesting geographical problem, one, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the other under

that of the Khedive of Egypt. With this latter is a representative of the same American journal whose Search Expedition under Mr. Stanley discovered the great discoverer on the shores of Tanganyika.



AFRICAN BIRD-LIFE.

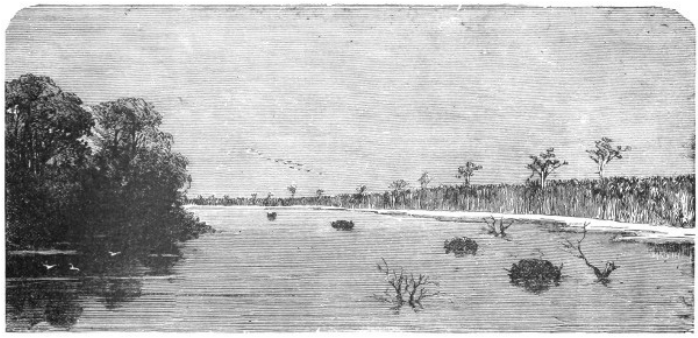
The most interesting and valuable series of explorations from the west coast of Africa which have been made of late years were those by Paul B. Du Chaillu, an American traveller and student whose work has been freely quoted from in this volume. His explorations embraced some three degrees of latitude and six of longitude near the equator. He penetrated far into the country of the gorilla and the cannibal, and his researches in respect of the people, animals, vegetation, and birds of this part of the continent are confessedly of great value to science.

Thus, if we consider the known portions of Africa at the time Dr. Livingstone began his first expedition of discovery, and compare them with the known portions of Africa at the time of the finding of Livingstone by the "Herald" expedition, we shall see that nearly all South Africa and much of East Africa has been explored by Livingstone himself; that Baker, Burton, Speke, Grant have added much to our knowledge of the supposed regions of the upper Nile and the "lake country" of East Africa; that Richardson and Barth have informed us of the true nature of the Desert of Sahara, the latter adding a vast fund of information in respect to north-central Africa; that Du Chaillu's explorations and direct information almost impinge upon the vast area, both upon the east and the south, explored by Dr. Livingstone. The unexplored regions of Africa, therefore, are now small in comparison of the regions explored and in regard to which trustworthy information has been gathered. Whereas, when Dr. Livingstone went to Africa, only the outer portions of the continent had been examined, the regions now unknown are a wide belt eastward of Lake Tsad; a

considerable expanse south of Abyssinia; portions of the Desert of Sahara, and of Kalahari; and that expanse in equatorial Africa between the recent explorations of Livingstone among the supposed sources of the Nile and the eastern limit of Du Chaillu's journeys. It is true that these still unexplored regions embrace the most interesting portion of the continent and extend over an area several times larger than that of France, but in comparison of the portions of this great division of the earth which have now come under the view and the study of civilized man, they are but like a little cloud in a clear sky.

Within the long explored regions of South Africa, a most important discovery in respect to commerce has recently been made. Reference can be had, of course, only to the discovery of the diamond fields of the Orange and Vaal rivers, some seven or eight hundred miles, by a traversable route, northeastward of Cape Town, but considerably nearer either Port Elizabeth in Cape Colony, or Port Natal on the east coast. Some twenty years ago England abandoned the tract of country now known as the Orange River Free State, and it was occupied by emigrant Boers, some of whom also proceeded still farther north and established the Trans-Vaal Republic—a region over which Great Britain never had dominion. The Boers are generally supposed to be descendants of the Dutch colonists, but by some they are believed to be descended of certain warlike North Germans, whom the Dutch employed to guard their distant settlements, giving them lavish grants of lands in return for their services. This latter opinion would seem to be substantiated by the fierce and warlike nature of the present race of Boers. The diamond fields commence near the junction of the Orange and

Vaal rivers, and extend indefinitely up both those streams. The diamond region is described as “a desert country of bare rock and sand, far from the upland pastoral districts” where the Boers successfully conduct agricultural pursuits. The fields are reached by a journey of some eight hundred miles from Cape Town. The distance from Port Elizabeth is about five hundred miles; that from Port Natal about four hundred and fifty. By the Port Elizabeth route, the traveller passes over the Zumberg mountains, and over the Drakensberg range, should he start from Port Natal. By either route, the scenery is described as magnificent and calculated to put the traveller at once in love with the country. But the region between Port Natal and the diamond fields is more wild and desolate than that on either of the other routes, and great suffering is often experienced by the way.



A STRETCH OF THE NILE.

The first South African diamond is said to have been found in March, 1867. The fortunate person was a Dutch farmer named Schalk Van Niekerk, who was struck with the appearance of a stone with which some children were playing. It turned out to

be a genuine diamond, and was purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse, then governor of the Colony, for $2,500. In a short time the governor purchased several other fine and valuable stones. In May, 1869, the magnificent diamond “Star of South Africa” was discovered by a man named Swatbooy, near Sandfontein, on the Orange river. This was a diamond of eighty-three and a-half carats and was purchased for $56,500. Being cut, it produced a fine gem of forty-six and a-half carats, valued at $100,000. The finder of this diamond sold it for 500 head of sheep, 10 head of cattle, and a horse. In a single year since their discovery these fields have yielded more than five stones above forty carats. Professor Tennant thinks we shall have diamonds from South Africa exceeding the famous Koh-i-noor in size and equaling it in beauty when cut and polished. The Sultan of Matan, of the island of Borneo, has a diamond of the first water, weighing 367 carats, and worth at least $3,500,000. The Orloff diamond, belonging to the Czar of Russia, weighs 195 carats, but is worth only about $500,000 on account of being a little off color. It is not too credulous to believe that the diamond fields of South Africa may produce stones equal to these, and which will throw the fabulous “Moonstone,” about which Wilkie Collins has written one of his most fascinating stories, completely in the shade.

These diamond fields have already been visited by great numbers of explorers, many of whom have been exceedingly lucky, while others had better remained at home. Astonishingly few scenes of lawlessness and violence have been witnessed, a fact which is owing to the peaceful nature of the Africans who do the most of the digging. The result of the discovery of this extraordinary diamond region was

greatly to lower the price of rough diamonds for a season. It is not believed that the price will be permanently affected. Only about one tenth of the African diamonds are of the first water. The ordinary trade in diamonds had been about $800,000 a month —$400,000 from the mines of South America and India, and $400,000 from private parties. The increase from the South African fields has not yet been $100,000 a month, or anything like it on the average. The introduction of machinery and of capital to direct and control the workings, will doubtless add largely to the yield of these precious stones. Rubies are also found here in large numbers, but they are generally small. The probability of the discovery of gold also is very great.

Reflecting upon all these recent explorations and discoveries in Africa, how different would be a bird's eye view of that continent now from what it was when Dr. Livingstone first went ashore at Cape Town! The extreme southern portion of the continent is under the dominion of Great Britain. On the east and northeast are Natal and the Boer republics of Orange River and Trans-Vaal. Here, of course, we find a people not unlike the peasantry of Europe, with towns and cities and farms and manufactures and commerce. The political institutions are liberal, and popular education supported by the state, is becoming general. The original inhabitants of this region were the Hottentots, a race bearing more resemblance to the Mongols than to the negroes, having broad foreheads, high cheek bones, oblique eyes, thin beards, and a yellow complexion. They are of a docile disposition, and quick intellectual perception. They were possessed of vast herds of cattle and large flocks of sheep, but were enslaved by the Dutch. Emancipated in 1833 by England, they

are still found all over this region—still enslaved by the Boers in their so-called republics—and in small bodies here and there to a great distance in the interior. The Caffres, who inhabit the eastern portion of South Africa north of the British possessions, and form a large proportion of the population of the northern part of Cape Colony, are described by Livingstone as “tall, muscular, and well made; they are shrewd, energetic, and brave; altogether they merit the character given them by military authorities of being magnificent savages! Their splendid physical development and form of skull show that, but for the black skin and woolly hair, they would take rank among the foremost Europeans.” Near the east coast of Africa the Caffres are brown or copper-colored. Their government is patriarchal, a petty chief presiding over each kraal or village, who is tributary to a higher chief, and these higher chiefs owe allegiance to the great chief, with whom they form the National Council. They live by hunting and raising cattle. Their women attend to the agriculture. They have no notion of a Supreme Being, but are exceedingly superstitious in respect to witches, spirits, and the shades of their ancestors. The missionary labors of more than forty years have made no perceptible impression upon this stalwart race except those who live under the British Colonial government, and these have only been partially won over to civilization. Caffre women are described as superior in beauty to the other native races of South Africa. Then, and farther to the left, still looking northward, we have the Bushmen, who are described by Livingstone as true nomads. Then we come to the Griquas, an independent people north of the Orange river. By Griquas is meant any mixed race sprung from natives and Europeans. These are of Dutch

extraction through association with Hottentot and Bushwomen. Many of these have adopted Christianity. The human inhabitants of the Kalahari Desert are Bushmen and Bakalahari, the former supposed to be the aborigines of Southern Africa, the latter the remnants of the first emigration of Bakwains. Both of these singular people are possessed of an intense love of liberty, but the Bushmen live almost exclusively on wild animals, while the Bakalahari have an irrepressible love of flocks of domestic animals. They procure a precarious existence over the dry expanse of Kalahari. East of the Desert are the Bakwains, among whom Moffat and Livingstone labored. These, numbering many different tribes, inhabit a large portion of Southern Africa and by their migrations under Sebituane, have for a number of years also held a vast territory on the Chobe and Zambesi rivers, north of Lake Ngami. Many of the Southern tribes have embraced Christianity and all are noted for intelligence and the desire of progress. Between the Southern Bechuanas and their relatives the Makololo are the Bamangwato and the Bayeiye, the latter “the Quakers of Africa,” who do not believe in fighting. The former are sufficiently savage and indolent. They live round about Lake Ngami. To the westward of Kalahari and as far northward as the country under Portuguese dominion we observe a region possessing many fertile tracts. A wide expanse is called Namaqua Land, and is sparsely inhabited by Hottentots among whom live a few Dutch. Northward of these are the Damaras, whose domains extend far into the interior, but of whom little is known. Far up the east coast extends the country of Mozambique, long known to geography. Near the middle of this country the waters of the Zambesi

empty into the Indian ocean. Far up this stream we find many tribes of ignorant men, all polygamous, but none, until we reach the watershed of central South Africa, devoted to disgusting fetiches. There, where the country is for a vast distance an immense flat, with a river, part of whose sluggish waters seek outlet in the Atlantic and part in the Indian ocean, we see negroes of the most savage nature and the most degrading superstitions. And as we cast our vision westward toward the Portuguese colony of Angola, we find them becoming more and more degraded, through the immense territory of the Balonda, until we reach the magnificent valley of the Quango, and begin to perceive the beneficent effects of civilization, even though its representatives have not been of the best. We shall look in vain over the whole expanse of Lower Guinea for notable prospects cheering to the cause of man's advancement. Then extending our vision northward and eastward over what may for convenience sake be called the equatorial region of Africa, we shall observe great lakes and rivers on the east, the lakes scarcely less great in surface extent than those of interior North America, while at the west we perceive extensive rivers, and immense forests. Here the nobler wild animals do not live, but repulsive apes and cannibals possess the gloomy shade of the vast wilderness. Near the eastern portion of this expanse the great explorer of Africa is at this time engaged in traversing that now most interesting portion of the globe whence spring the sources of the Nile. Still farther north, and extending nearly across the continent, we see an immense territory crowded with a commercial, trading people, whose cities have been noted for ages through the reports of caravans which have brought their goods and gold across the great

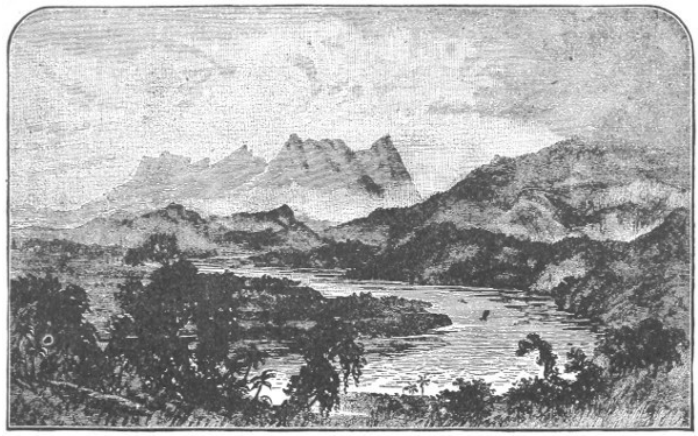
desert to the Mediterranean sea. On the right of the desert we find Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt. The desert itself is seen to have many oases, stately mountains, and in places a growth of singular trees. Its caravans are sometimes submerged by the terrible simoon; but the robbers of the desert are more cruel and destructive than the winds and sands. On the north of Sahara we see the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, where in ancient times the great rival of Rome exercised supreme authority, which was doubtless wrested from Carthage in a calamity to mankind. To the westward of this famous seat of ancient empire, the French now have a numerous and prosperous colony. Still farther westward and looking out upon the pillars of Hercules, live the remnants of that singular people who once possessed a large part of Spain, and whose melancholy fate has been rendered wonderfully interesting to the intelligent of all lands by the great and tender genius of our American Irving. The descendants of the old possessors of Granada, the builders of the Alhambra, may now be found in northwestern Africa, and penetrating deeply into the regions of the Desert, with little to suggest the ancient taste, and culture, and warlike prowess. With the exception of Liberia, and the English, Portuguese, Dutch, and French colonies, and of late some of the Bakwains who have become Christianized, the people of whom we are taking this rapid view are devoted to polygamy. As it exists throughout nearly the whole of the vast continent it is both a social and a political institution. Of all these people, perhaps those only who are actually progressive are the Bakwains, under Sechele, the Makololo, under Sekeletu, successor to the greatest of South African chieftains, Sebituane, some of the colonists of extreme South Africa, and a

province or two of central West Africa.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Confining our view now to the physical aspect of Africa, we perceive that the four great rivers are the Nile, the Zambesi, the Quango, or Congo, and the Niger. The Orange river of the south is of less magnitude, as is the Senegal of the west. Of these, the Nile is the greatest and most interesting, the most interesting river, perhaps, of the world. The Niger drains much of western and central Africa, and with its affluents forms a system of drainage for an immense empire. The Quango is the principal river of central South Africa, but between it and the Niger are the Gaboon and the Fernand Vas with their many affluents. The Zambesi is seen to drain a region many times larger than Great Britain. The Orange with its affluents is at least equal to the Ohio in the United States. All these rivers, with the exception of the Nile, force their way through mountains which reach in almost unbroken range around the continent from Abyssinia southwestward to Cape Colony, then northwestward to Senegambia, whence they shoot off in broken fragments over the Desert of Sahara.



VIEW ON THE LUALALA.



VIEW ON THE ZAMBESI.

The northern half of Africa is chiefly Mohammedan, the southern half chiefly pagan. In the north we have sheikhs, khedives, sultans, harems, intrigues, treachery, vindictiveness, and tortures. In the south we have man-eating, superstitions, fetiches, degradation, but, unquestionably as I think, very much less of man’s

inhumanity to man. North and south, except where the English have control, domestic slavery exists in its most cruel forms, but nowhere in the world has it ever existed, perhaps, in such monstrous shape of iniquity as in central Africa under the rule of Islamism. Dr. Barth accompanied the sheikh of Bornoo on a predatory (slave-catching) expedition into the Musgu country on one occasion. He thus relates the principal business of a single day:

"The village we had just reached was named Kakala, and is one of the most considerable places in the Musgu country. A large number of slaves had been caught this day, and in the course of the evening, after some skirmishing, in which three Bornoo horsemen were killed, a great many more were brought in; altogether they were said to have taken one thousand, and there were certainly not less than five hundred. To our utmost horror, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body."

The number of "slaves" (that is, free persons captured) on this expedition was about 4,000, of whom nearly 1,000, being full-grown men, were disposed of in the horrible manner above described.

—Those who have read the preceding pages can hardly help arriving at the conclusion that the capabilities and the wants of Africa are very great. Leaving out those portions of the continent which were known when Dr. Livingstone first reached South Africa, we find that there have since been discovered lakes, rivers, mountains, regions abounding in precious stones and metals, vast fertile plains, forests rich in valuable trees and vines, animals producing rare articles of commerce, peoples

rude indeed and degraded but neither cruel by nature, vindictive, nor revengeful. Many of them are magnificent specimens of mankind, so far as physical nature is concerned, while a great majority of them are far above that which is too generally considered the typical African. They are by no means wanting in intellectual powers; and their almost universal love of children must be regarded as a most admirable and redeeming trait. Even the cannibals of the equatorial regions are unquestionably less cruel and infinitely less treacherous than the Mohammedans of north Central Africa, while the numerous tribes of Bakwains and Makololo are for the most part by nature gentlemen; brave, magnanimous, and reasonable. The Bakalahari are a pastoral people; and those who are fond of both children and flocks cannot be irreclaimably depraved. Over a large part of South Africa, idolatry is unknown; and skepticism is a much less powerful antagonist of Christian civilization than fetiches.

These people have many navigable rivers, vast extents of arable lands, large numbers of domestic animals, and some of them are wonderfully skilful in the manufacture of certain fabrics and tools. Perhaps it is hardly too much to say that the Fans (cannibals) of equatorial Africa are the best blacksmiths in the world.

There can be little doubt that many of these people would have adopted Christian civilization before this time but for polygamy. As has been said a moment ago this is both a social and political institution. The more wives a chief has the more fathers-in-law, the more friends, and consequently the more influence. We have seen how this long kept the chief Sechele from espousing Christianity. It appeared to his generous nature like a cruelty to return his

supernumerary “wives.” It is difficult to see how any general progress can be made toward the adoption of Christian civilization by these people until this institution shall have been destroyed.

The abolition of domestic slavery is one of the greatest wants of the continent. In no part of pagan Africa is this inhuman system upheld by such barbarous practices as in many large portions under the sway of Islamism. In pagan Africa the captives of war are made slaves, but the adult males are not mangled and slain. Throughout a great extent of Mohammedan Africa the system of slavery is upheld by nameless atrocities in gratification of the terrible cruelty and scarcely less terrible lust of the most cruel and lustful people. The legend of Legree in Mrs. Stowe’s celebrated novel of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” is a pleasant fable in comparison of many acts pertaining to African domestic slavery of which truthful accounts might be given. It might appear that time is necessary to prepare a people so cruel for the reception of Christian civilization. The Boers of South Africa are exceedingly hard task-masters with their slaves, compelling them to do a great deal of hard labor and drudgery, but they have not been charged with blood-thirstiness.

This wide-spread system of domestic slavery is, of course, an important ally of the foreign slave trade but the slave trade is in some respects a wrong and unutterable woe of itself. There is a certain intronational slave trade, if we may so speak, in Africa, carried on between tribes which are independent of each other. The importance of a chief is often estimated by the number of his slaves and wives. Now that the recent explorations of white men have made intercourse between tribes of more frequent occurrence than formerly, a rude diplomacy

has sprung up, which is chiefly exercised in matters pertaining to slaves and the purchase of wives. A chief strengthens himself at home by marrying as many of the daughters of his “head men” as he can, and among other tribes by the same course among them. A large number of slaves adds to the consideration in which he is held at home and abroad. Thus polygamy, domestic slavery, and the foreign slave trade are the great obstacles which stand in the way of civilizing the continent of the black man. And of these the greatest obstacle is the foreign slave trade. This, not only because of its own cruelty, fearful wrongfulness, and hideous practices, but because it gives the black man a fairly unanswerable practical argument against civilization. Dr. Livingstone expressly tells us, in letters which we have quoted, that the practices of the slave-traders are more horrible and cruel than even those of the man-eating Manyema. Is it to be expected that the natives of Africa will adopt a system which, so far as they see, is more cruel than the most horrible customs of their most degraded tribes? Those Africans only who have to any considerable extent adopted Christian civilization live at the greatest distance from the scenes of the foreign slave trade.



A DANCE BY TORCHLIGHT.

The first great want of Africa, therefore, is the suppression of the slave trade. This has been to great extent accomplished on the West Coast. It has not been accomplished on the East Coast because of the neglect of the British government. Not long since Zanzibar was visited by a terrible hurricane, whose destructive fury laid waste its shipping, its houses, and scattered death and desolation over a wide expanse. The affliction was very great, and grievous to be borne. The slave trade of Zanzibar is almost infinitely more cruel than the remorseless elements. Its speedy suppression is demanded by the united cries of Christianity and humanity. It is the undoubted duty of the government of Great Britain to heed this demand, and put an end to the woes which exist through the cupidity of British subjects and the inefficiency of British officials at Zanzibar.

The other great wants of Africa are the abolition of domestic slavery and the destruction of the system of polygamy. To accomplish these great objects will be no easy achievement, nor one, it is believed, which can be speedily brought about. It certainly can be

done the more easily and the more speedily after the suppression of the foreign slave trade. Until that be done, it is simply impossible. That having first been brought about, the national characteristic of all African peoples will be found, it is confidently believed, to form an element of vast power in bringing the continent under the sway of civilization. That characteristic is the love of trade. It is another of the singular anomalies of this division of the world, that while it is, upon the whole, the least commercial of all, the people are natural traders. They are universally fond of barter. This may be called the African idiosyncrasy. Taking advantage of it, with his inculcations of religious truth, Dr. Livingstone's labors at the time and afterwards were crowned with magnificent success. Those of his co-laborers who have succeeded have pursued the same plan. Thus throughout a vast expanse have slavery and polygamy passed away, and the institutions of Christian civilization been adopted in their stead by a people naturally intelligent, progressive, and brave.



A CAMP OF ARAB TRADERS.

Christianity and modern journalism ought,

therefore, to unite in urging commerce to clasp hands with religion for the purpose of making a common triumph for trade and civilization over the vast continent much of which has so long sat in darkness. There, surely, are the foundations upon which a mighty commerce may be built; there, beyond question, is a vast field in which the labors of Christian propagandists have much to engage them, and much to encourage great zeal and self-denial. Journalism and Christianity thus succeeding in making a firm and earnest ally of Commerce, cannot help leading the way, in the good time of Heaven's providence, to most gratifying triumphs of civilization; so that the gloom and misery of centuries shall be dispelled, and even Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto GOD.



CHAPTER IV.

LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND (AND LAST) EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.

Again leaves England, March, 1858 — Resigning his position as Missionary for the London Society, he is appointed by the British Government Consul at Killimane — After a brief exploration along the Zambesi, he again visits England — Sails on his Final Expedition August 14th, 1865, and proceeds by way of Bombay to Zanzibar — Report of his Murder on the shores of Nyassa.

Among great men who have had much to do in directing the destinies of nations or any considerable number of mankind, there have been two kinds—one class, who supposed they controlled events and by imperial will and power mastered circumstances and the course of Providence; the other, composed of those who have modestly imagined they were but instruments in the hands of a Superior Power through whom some of his beneficent designs were to be accomplished. Among the former was Napoleon Bonaparte, who probably thought that in many particulars God was entitled to high respect, but that in the general conduct of military campaigns, He could not be compared with the French Emperor. It is historically true that the men of this class have generally inflicted great evils upon mankind. Of the other class of great men, David Livingstone is a conspicuous example; and the one thing of which he is the most unaffectedly ignorant is his own genius. "If the reader remembers," he modestly remarks near the close of his work, "the way in which I was led, while teaching the Bakwains, to commence

exploration, he will, I think, recognize the hand of Providence." And he goes on to show how, previously to this, Sebituane had gone north and from a country larger than France expelled hordes of bloody savages, and occupied their country with a people speaking the language of the Bakwains. Then again he was singularly turned toward the west instead of the east coast of Africa, it thus happening that when he returned upon his great expedition across the continent, the country was at peace and his life saved. Meantime, Sechele himself at Kolobeng had become a missionary to his own people and they were becoming civilized. "I think," he concludes, "that I see the operation of the unseen hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will still guide me to do good in my day and generation in Africa."



ATTACKED BY BUFFALOES.

But this explorer was withal eminently practical. He wanted British merchants as well as English missionaries to go to Africa, and thinking that

philanthropy and profit were equally interested, he believed that the explorations he had already made fully justified the opinion that still further discoveries might completely demonstrate the fact that Africa was not only a great missionary field but might become of the greatest value in the commercial world through the production especially of cotton and sugar. “I propose,” he says, “to spend some more years of labor, and shall be thankful if I see the system fairly begun in an open pathway which will eventually benefit both Africa and England.”

From all which it is clear that the second expedition of Dr. Livingstone to Africa, and which had not at that time been concluded, was the result of a deliberate opinion that, with the blessing of heaven, he might be able to accomplish that which should result in great good to Africa and at the same time help to increase the trade and commerce of his own country. Impelled by such worthy and unselfish motives, he again left England in March, 1858, and sailed for Kilimane. He had resigned his position as missionary for the London Society, but the British government had appointed him consul at Kilimane, with the understanding that he was not on this account to give up his character of explorer. On the contrary, he was supplied with a small vessel, and accompanied by a number of scientific associates, made a number of exploring expeditions by which his ideas in respect to the production of cotton and sugar and the overthrow of the slave traffic were greatly encouraged, and the conclusion reached that it would not be long before the opening of commercial intercourse between European nations and the tribes of South Africa. It was afterwards discovered by Mr. Young, in charge of an English

expedition of search, which proceeded far up the Zambesi river, that the memory of Dr. Livingstone was highly revered, and his influence manifested in the moral improvement of the people and the advancement of their material interests. Subsequently, Dr. Livingstone made an expedition in a large region of country drained by the river Rovuma, which, along the east coast of Africa is a sort of boundary between Mohammedan and Portuguese authority. For this expedition a steamer was provided, but it was found to be of too great draft of water to be of much service. Dr. Livingstone, therefore, with the object of accomplishing the great design of his second voyage to Africa, returned to England, having re-explored a large portion of country along the Zambesi and visited for the first time the tribes of a large extent of country several hundred miles north of the Zambesi in its eastward course. This return to England was, however, but a part of the expedition upon which he had started in 1858, or rather an episode in it, without which the original object—the discovery of the principal watershed of the African continent, including the sources of the Nile—would not have been accomplished. Whilst, therefore, Dr. Livingstone has made three voyages from England to Africa, it will be more convenient to group his series of explorations under the general heading of two great expeditions—the first under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, the second under those of the Royal Geographical Society, with special assistance from the British government.

For the completion of the series of explorations of this expedition, upon which the explorer was then still engaged, he left England, August 14th, 1865, accompanied by his daughter as far as Paris. Thence,

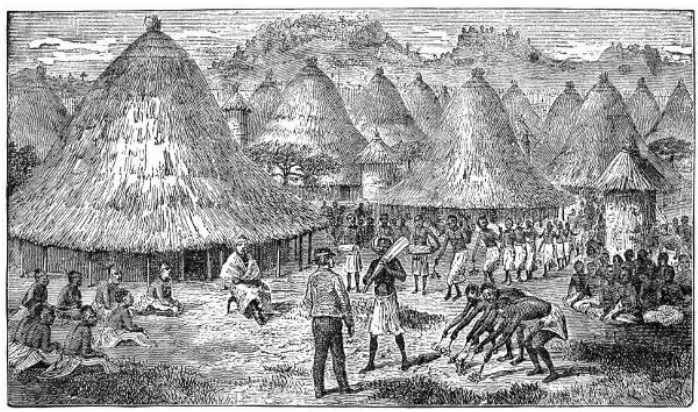
he proceeded to Bombay, and provided himself with *materiel* and men for the work before him. From Bombay he proceeded to Zanzibar, and on March 28th, 1866, left that island accompanied by two boys —Chanma and Wakotasie—a number of Sepoys, several men from Johanna Island, and some Suahili from a school at Bombay, and having reached the main land proceeded to the interior by the river Rovuma. As he proceeded he from time to time sent back accounts of his progress and the interesting incidents of his explorations. But late in this year the leader of the Johanna men arrived at Zanzibar with a story that Dr. Livingstone had been murdered on the shores of Lake Nyassa by a band of Mazitus. The tale had such an air of truth that no one doubted it. Moosa's story being fully credited, the world quite generally gave up Dr. Livingstone as lost. Dr. G. Edward Seward, resident agent of the English government at Zanzibar, condensed Moosa's information into a dispatch to Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, of which the following is the principal portion:

"ZANZIBAR, Dec. 10, 1866.

"MY LORD—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his despatch from Ngomano, informed your Lordship that he stood 'on the threshold of the unexplored.' Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow he added:—'It is but to say little of the future.'

"My Lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has 'crossed the threshold of the unexplored'—he has confronted the future and will never return. He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus of whom he says in his despatch, that they had laid waste the country round

about him and had ‘swept away the food from above and in the ground.’ With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loende and Rovuma rivers, at Nyomano, and the eastern or northeastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kompoonda or Mapoonda, on its western, probably its northwestern, shore, and was pushing west or northwest, into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Mukliosowe a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mafilte and Nyassa folk. The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and arrow, the Zulus with the traditional shield, broad bladed spears, and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear.



THE RECEPTION OF DR. LIVINGSTONE BY AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

“The Mafilte instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat; they came on

with a rush, with war cries and rattling on their shields their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment. Livingstone fired and two Zulus were shot dead (his boys fired too but their fire was harmless); he was in the act of reloading when three Mafilte leaped upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance—there could be none—and one cruel axe cut from behind him put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell his terror stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mafilte. One? at least of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

"The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kompoonda, on the lake's borders (they left the havildar of Sepoys there dying of dysentery; Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys of the Bombay Twenty-first at Mataka), and had rested at Marenga, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Mahlivoora; they were traversing a flat country, broken by small hills, and abundantly wooded.

"Indeed, the scene of the tragedy so soon to be consummated would appear to have been an open forest glade. Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Ma-zitus were coming. The boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there between the trees.

"He had just gained the party and sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire when his leader

fell. Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come. Meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads and in a body really passed Moosa, his escape and that of his party verges on the marvelous. However, at sunset, they, in great fear, left their forest refuge, and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveler lay.



AN AFRICAN SUN DANCE.

"Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay scattered some four dead fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright, he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone from their description, through the neck and spine up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was ever ready.

"They found him stripped of his upper clothing, the Ma-zitus had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave and hid from the

starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit—the body of an apostle, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labors made known to us, and which now, baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as 'Lake Livingstone.'"

Dr. Seward added the following postscript to his despatch to the foreign office:

"The date of Dr. Livingstone's death is left as much to conjecture as the place of his grave. All that we certainly know is that he was at Nyomano on the 18th of May last; that he proceeded to Mataka, whence he sent a despatch to this Consulate. From Mataka he is said to have made for and struck Nyassa, which he crossed; but where, or where Mataka is, cannot be ascertained. The runaway Reuben, with the Sepoys, states that Livingstone left Mataka a few days before they set out on their return journey to Zanzibar. They were one month and twenty days on the road to Keelwa, which they reached during the latter days of September. It may be inferred from this that Livingstone left Mataka about the middle of last July. The Johanna men named six weeks as the probable time of their return journey from Mapoonda to Keelwa with the slave caravan. The fight with the Zulus took place sixteen days before they set out. They reached Keelwa in November, Zanzibar the 6th of December. Roughly then, we may conjecture the death of their leader to have happened during September. The statements of our informants as to time, distance, and direction are distressingly vague and untrustworthy."

The publication of this despatch at once created a profound sensation throughout the civilized world. There being no apparent reason to doubt the truthfulness of the story, it was quite universally

accepted, and most men lamented the death of the great explorer with unfeigned sadness. The obituary notices which appeared in the public journals and proceedings of many learned bodies demonstrated the fame of Dr. Livingstone in a manner which will surely be exquisitely agreeable to him when he shall read the eulogiums, as, it is to be hoped, he may soon do. Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, who had, in former years, accompanied Dr. Livingstone in some of his explorations, gave the man Moosa a long and careful examination and cross-examination, and the longer he proceeded the more terrible the facts connected with Dr. Livingstone's death appeared. A letter from him, generally published and quoted by all journals, seemed to leave the painful reports fully and abundantly confirmed. The world's sorrow, therefore, expressed in every proper way, was, to all appearance, entirely reasonable.

Nevertheless, there were those who did not put their trust in Moosa's story. Among these was Sir Roderick Murchison, whose reputation for sagacity in England was very high. So early as 1844, Sir Roderick had announced, from the examination of certain rocks brought to him for study, the existence of gold in Australia, and had vainly endeavored to enlist the aid of government in behalf of practically testing the question. We have seen that he correctly decyphered the general geological formation of central South Africa before the practical discovery of the fact by Livingstone. By these and other things of like nature, Sir Roderick had acquired the reputation of a prophet. He could give no special reason for his opinion, but he did not believe Moosa's story of Livingstone's death, and the fact of his want of faith in it made many suppose there might be ground for doubt after all. Sir Roderick was sustained in his

doubts by Mr. E. D. Young, an African traveler of considerable experience who came forward and said that Ali Moosa belonged to a treacherous race. Suppose he had betrayed Dr. Livingstone, how else than by a cunningly-devised story of his death could he prevail upon the British consul to pay him. Here, at least, was a motive for the story, and it soon had many to believe in it. The consequence was a variety of conflicting reports and conflicting opinions, in the midst of which the Royal Geographical Society organized a search expedition and placed it under the charge of Mr. Young.



ZULU WARRIOR.

On the 8th of August, 1867, the little steel boat "Search," Mr. Young in command, was pointed up the Zambesi river, under the most explicit and comprehensive instructions from the Geographical Society. At Shupanga, the grave of Mrs. Livingstone was visited, and such attention given it as was

required. On the 4th of September, Mr. Young heard of a white man having been seen on Lake Pamalombi, which is far south of Lake Nyassa, the scene of the reported death. Young proceeded thither and became convinced that the white man was Livingstone. Continuing the search, he found that his views were from day to day confirmed by the reports of natives and articles which the explorer had left with them subsequent to the time of his reported murder. The search was continued till toward the close of the year, with the result that Dr. Livingstone had certainly been seen at a long distance from the Lake Nyassa, months after he had been reported killed. The expedition under Mr. Young did not find Dr. Livingstone, but discovered enough to demonstrate that Ali Moosa's story was an ably and cunningly devised romance. Then the Geographical Society received letters from Livingstone himself, which proved that he was alive and well in February, 1867, some six months after Moosa's heroic but vain defense near Lake Nyassa. Authentic reports of his presence on Lake Ujiji in October of the same year were received. But about this time Sir Roderick Murchison published a letter in the London "Times" newspaper, confidently predicting, on intelligence which he supposed to be reliable, Dr. Livingstone's return to England about the coming Christmas. It has since transpired that Sir Roderick was imposed upon by a round-about story from Trincomalee in the island of Ceylon, which had been based upon an entire misunderstanding of something that had been said by Dr. Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar, and the report of which was first transmitted from Trincomalee.

Dr. Livingstone did not appear in accordance with his friend's prediction, and the consequence was a

new variety of reports of misfortune and death. Conjecture was free; nothing had been lately heard from him; the suspense of the public in regard to the fate of one in whom there was so deep and universal interest was absolutely painful. And it was at this time of intense public anxiety that an expedition was set on foot, the like of which had not previously been known and the complete success of which has bestowed upon its projector and commander imperishable renown.

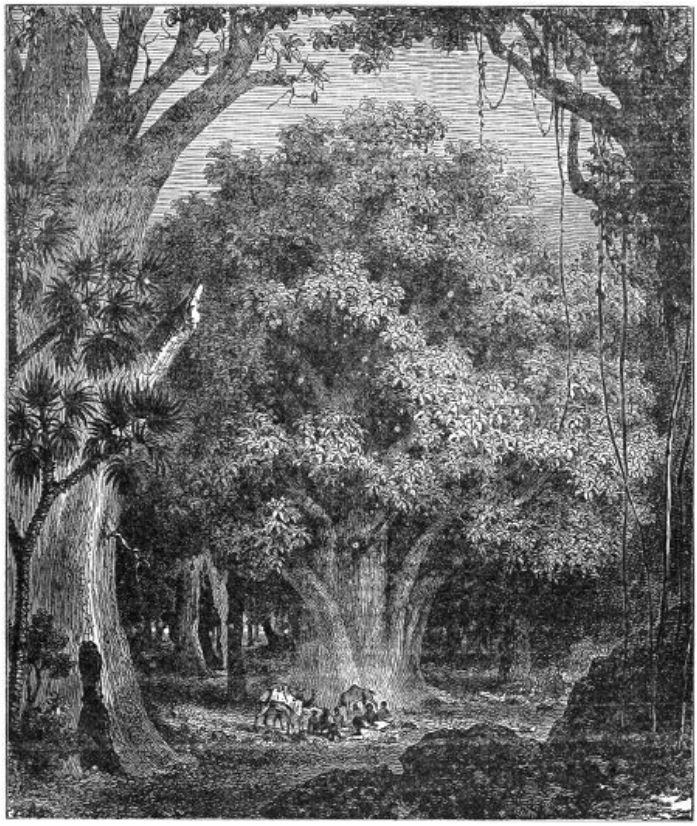


CHAPTER V.

THE HERALD EXPEDITION OF SEARCH.

The Great Development of Modern Journalism — The Telegraph — James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond — The Magnitude of American Journalistic Enterprise — The Herald Special Search Expedition for Dr. Livingstone — Stanley as a Correspondent — The Expedition on its Way Toward Livingstone.

It has already been remarked that among the many important events which had occurred in Christendom during Dr. Livingstone's first great series of explorations in Africa there were none of greater importance to mankind than the invention of the magnetic telegraph, and the prodigious development, consequent thereon—at least in great part—of the newspaper press. There is not so much difference in means of travel, between the great, lumbering wagon of Cape Colony, drawn by a number of oxen which get over a few miles in a whole day and the means of travel by the best of Americas great railways, as there is between the means of current daily intelligence in 1872 and the means of that current daily intelligence as they existed when Dr. Livingstone first placed foot in Africa. If a daily journal of the manner and style of one of that time were to be now established, it would be looked upon like a curious relic of the past or an old almanac.



A BAOBAB TREE.

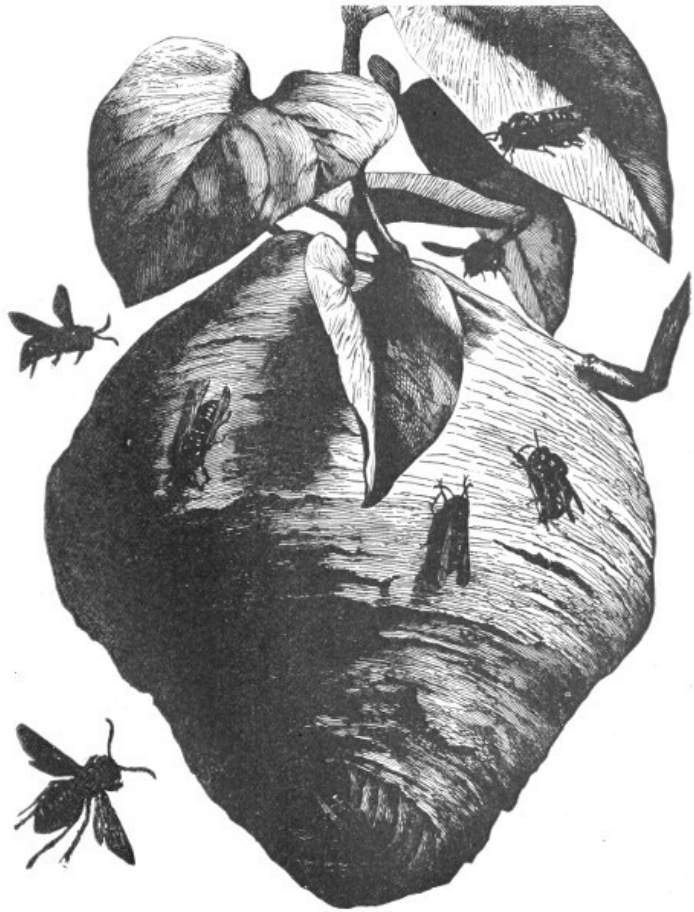
Nor is it strictly just to attribute the wonderful development of public journalism since about the year 1840 wholly to the success of Prof. Morse's invention of the magnetic telegraph. His success was largely due to the press, which at the time he sought aid of Congress in behalf of his discovery had already begun to be something more and something better than the mere organ of power or of party. At any rate it may with perfect safety be said that the practical success of Prof. Morse's invention was considerably hastened by the influence of a public press into

which had recently been infused an independent spirit and a consequent influence before unknown. Up to about the time of which we speak the most widely circulated journals of the United States had been printed at the National Capital, a city which had never been representative of the country's trade, its literature, science, art, or labor. It was only the seat of government, the centre of the political power of a nation which claimed to lodge its political power in the people. Here flourished a number of journalists of the old school, whose skill in political manipulation, money making, and editorials without beginning and without end, can never be surpassed. There is at this time more intelligence of the current events of the day in the poorest daily journals of the "far West" than there used to be in the "national organs" of the respective political parties contending for the control of our national polity. That neither one nor the other could have justly claimed any great amount of practical wisdom may be asserted with confidence since the result of the rule of both—now one and now the other—for a long period of years was a civil war of long duration and exhaustive effects, growing out of a question which both the great parties of the times had "finally" settled by act of Congress and solemn resolution on more than one memorable occasion.

It was while this not very admirable fooling was about at its height, that certain knights of the quill, no less adventurous in their enterprises than Dr. Livingstone was in his explorations through the wilds of Africa, established themselves in the commercial metropolis of America, and soon became the head of a power in the land scarcely second to that of the government. If not a new estate in government, this power became a new estate in society. There sprang

up an entirely new literature; a literature which, as regularly as the sun, appeared every morning, and soon came to be, to all well informed persons, about as necessary as the sun is to the physical world. There was no subject too abstruse, none too sacred, none too high, and few too low for the essays of the brilliant, daring, dashing minds which about this time threw themselves into the arena of journalism. Not a few who had been distinguished in the literature of former days became journalists, and the most celebrated of American novelists, the illustrious author of the "Leatherstocking Tales," finding himself too "slow" for the times, became incurably disgusted with men who cared little for venerable antiquity, and spoke of thrones and principalities, and powers, not to mention the writers of books, with all the sarcasm, wit, and irreverence of Junius and with infinitely more popular power. Here was, as we have said, a new literature. What difference was it that the individual essays were only for a day? Every day there were essays equally good, and they treated of political topics more fully and candidly than political topics had ever been discussed before by public journals, and they also treated of almost everything else under the sun. Every advance in science, every attempt at social or political reform, every humanitarian endeavor, every attack upon abuse and crime claimed to be hallowed by the lapse of time, every current event of importance of every kind, whether of fact or of idea, here in this wonderful kaleidescope could be seen, and then seen to give way to new spectacles of equal interest. Here the people were educated. There never has been discovered a means of education so powerful and so universal. It is, doubtless, owing to the fact that so many minds in America capable of creating a

“permanent literature” devoted themselves to this potential means of influence, thereby losing their individuality but for the time being augmenting their power, that we have not yet produced an American Thackeray or even an American Dickens. In the formative era of what may well be called journalism proper, a very large proportion of existing genius has been called into such active use, in America, that it has not had leisure for books. And even in England, many of the most distinguished thinkers have served their regular terms as journalists.



A REMARKABLE WASP NEST FOUND IN AFRICA.

Among the most celebrated of modern journalists was James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York “Herald” newspaper. A native of Scotland and a Roman Catholic in religion, he was educated for the priesthood, but whether, like John Randolph of Roanoke, he perceived that he had “too much spice of ‘old Nick’” in his composition for the sacred calling, or on other account, he did not take orders,

but emigrated to America instead. After various fortune—generally misfortune—embracing teaching, translating, and associate-editorship, he embarked upon the “Herald” enterprise in 1835. It was not until some years afterwards, however, that this journal acquired any considerable reputation outside the city of New York, and inaugurated those news enterprises which made it so celebrated and a not unfaithful chronicler of the passing events of the whole world. During the era of “special correspondence” the “Herald” maintained an extensive corps of writers in Europe and other foreign countries, who ever gave to the paper great interest and value.

Meantime, other young men, since distinguished, had been educating themselves as journalists, and, like Bennett, through various fortune. Among them was Horace Greeley, who established the first penny daily paper ever published in the world, but its foundations soon gave way. In 1841 the “Tribune” was established, and Mr. Bennett discovered in the great and varied abilities of Mr. Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, assistant editor, rivals whom no assaults could repress, and whose influence soon began to be felt and acknowledged throughout the country. The warfare long waged between these journalistic giants was always sharp, often fierce. The intense rivalry greatly augmented the enterprise of the printing offices which at length became vast establishments, employing thousands of men, from the greatest intellects of the age to the ragged urchins on the street, and receiving and disbursing vast sums of money.

The invention of the telegraph added immensely to the scope and power of the daily press. Greatly increasing its expenditures, it also greatly augmented

its circulation and profits. Its demand for brain-labor became perfectly prodigious, and it almost monopolized the genius of the land. In the city of New York there were established within a very few years after Morse's invention had begun regularly to click the news of the day no less than four morning journals of acknowledged reputation throughout the world, and which upon certain memorable occasions of current intelligence have contained in their combined columns nearly as great an amount of reading matter as the whole of Bancroft's history of the United States.[1] The average quantity of these journals' reading matter, of interest to the general public, is equivalent, every day, to from three to five volumes of Bancroft's distinguished work.

[1] As I write this, I take a copy of the Chicago "Tribune" of the day, and find, by actual calculation, that it contains reading matter, exclusive of advertisements, equivalent to more than 350 pages of Bancroft. Among this matter is a profoundly thoughtful speech by Horace Greeley, delivered hundreds of miles distant the night before.

Other cities of the republic have been little if any behind the commercial and financial metropolis, excepting only the city of Washington whose most successful journalism of the old school has given way at last till quite recently to a series of wretched failures.

Editorials of a journal published in the largest city of our Lake country, which was a straggling hamlet when Dr. Livingstone first went to Africa, have been known to make the proudest speculators of Wall street tremble, and powerful corporations to abandon long-conceived schemes of injustice. In an exhaustive article on the United States census of 1860, the New York "Tribune" said of the public press:

"The very great increase in the circulation of

newspapers and periodicals during the last ten years is an evidence at once of a high degree of popular intelligence and of a high standard of journalistic ability. There is no doubt that this country has the best, and the best sustained public press in the world —the best, we mean, for the people and not merely the learned few. Newspapers penetrate to every part of the country, reach even the most obscure hamlet, and find their way to almost every household. Printing offices go with the vanguard of civilization toward the west, and in the 'new country' are about as numerous as the mills. The dailies of the great cities cannot be carried by the government mails; they have created, during the decade, an entirely new line of business, supporting thousands of families; on issues fairly joined they have defeated many of the most maturely considered measures of Congressional Committees."

Having given the statistics in regard to the number and circulation of the periodicals and papers of the country at the time under examination, the article goes on to say:

"The total number of daily papers thrown from the press during the year is about half that of all the other papers and periodicals combined. Supposing each one to weigh an ounce, the weight of the whole number of daily papers printed in the United States during the year of the census was 28,644,678 pounds avoirdupois—enough to load 14,322 wagons with a ton each, or to make a train of them seventy miles in length. Were all the papers and periodicals printed in 1860 placed in such a train, it would reach from New York to Richmond. Should they be pasted into one vast sheet, they would make a covering for the continent, and leave a remnant large enough to shut out the sun from the British Islands.

"But, not to dwell upon the mere material aspect of the Public Press of America, it will suffice to say that if its records shall be preserved the historian of two thousand years hence who shall narrate the events which are now taking place, will find upon their dingy pages his best authorities and his most trustworthy sources of philosophical generalization. Not all that is left of Grecian literature, not all the grand works of the fine old Romans, give so correct a picture of the great peoples of antiquity as the daily papers of America are now taking of a people far greater than that whose phalanges swept down the barbarians from the Hellespont to the Indus, or than that 'the tramp of whose legions echoed round the world.'"

To such magnificent proportions and such stupendous influence had the American press grown during Livingstone's first sojourn in Africa. When he left England, its chief business was to chronicle small beer. When he returned its power was more than imperial, and all exercised through persuasion. As it had grown in America, so it had been immensely developed in other lands, but in respect of the publication of current intelligence at the time of the happening of events, the American press is not approached by that of any other country. There is more telegraphic news in almost any number of any Chicago daily, for example, than the average quantity of such intelligence in the London "Times."

An additional impetus to the enterprise of journalism was given by the success of the Atlantic cable during Dr. Livingstone's second great expedition to Africa. It is difficult to believe these great facts though they have occurred before our very eyes. This wonderful achievement of science, aided by the no less wonderful enterprise of the daily

press of the United States, made the inhabitants of Christendom like next-door neighbors. A dispatch from Athens in Greece, was once published by all the evening daily journals of the United States at an earlier hour than its date. The difference of time and the "girdle round about the earth" put the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley, as they took their suppers, in a situation in which they might have criticised an oration by Demosthenes before he had gone to bed, had Demosthenes belonged to this day and generation.

Thus had the press become the great means of the dissemination of knowledge, and by reason of the wonderful enterprise of its most distinguished representative men, far more potential in the affairs of the world than any potentate or any government. It had come to be acknowledged as of the greatest consequence in the dissemination of science, in popularizing literature, in aiding moral, social, and political reform. But the irrepressibility of its enterprising spirit, its superiority even to the most powerful government in respect of obtaining intelligence remained to be conclusively shown. And even this was done by the expedition of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in the employ of the New York "Herald," in search of Dr. Livingstone, long lost from Christendom in the wilds of central Africa.

So deep an interest did the government of Great Britain take in discovering the truth of the reports of the explorer's death, first given to the world through the story of Ali Moosa, as condensed by Dr. Seward, English Resident Agent at Zanzibar—the substance of which appears in the preceeding chapter—that an expedition in that behalf was organized, and after many hundred miles of journeyings by river and land found unmistakable evidences that Moosa's story was

a cruel fabrication. So, too, when years had elapsed without definite information from Dr. Livingstone, and there arose a world of wild conjecture as to his fate, the British government again organized an expedition of search, which, as we have seen, was at last accounts from it at Zanzibar, well prepared for an expedition inland but waiting for a proper season at which to begin the journey.



HENRY M. STANLEY,
AS HE APPEARED ON HIS FIRST EXPEDITION.

Meantime the great discoverer is discovered in the heart of equatorial Africa by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in command of an expedition of search sent out under the auspices of an American newspaper, the New York "Herald." Thus did newspaper enterprise accomplish that in which the combined efforts of wealthy religious societies, learned corporate bodies, and one of the most powerful governments of earth had failed. A brief account of this unique expedition will be of interest:

During the civil war in the United States—1861-65—among the many "war correspondents" of the "Herald" was Mr. Stanley, just mentioned. He was not so much distinguished as a writer as he was valuable to the journal on account of his fearless nature and his restless activity. In imitation of Tennyson's charge of the Light Brigade, he would pursue an item if the search should carry him "into the jaws of hell." Restrained by no danger, almost insensible to fatigue, he could ride all day and write all night almost, and keep up this hard work for an indefinite period. After the war he went abroad and from various countries, generally out of the way of ordinary lines of travel, corresponded with the "Herald." When the proprietors of that journal—the elder Mr. Bennett was then living—determined to organize a "Herald Special Search Expedition," they naturally selected Mr. Stanley as its commander. This was in 1868. Mr. Stanley at once accepted the charge, and, after some hesitation as to whether he should proceed through Egypt up the Nile, or by way of Zanzibar and then westward overland, or by the line of the river Rovuma, the route taken by Livingstone, he at length resolved to go by way of Zanzibar. This is an island, and town also of the same name, off the coast of Zanguebar, and is toward

the southern limit of Mohammedan rule in Africa. Here Mr. Stanley arrived in due season, and hence wrote his first letter in this special service, under date of February 9, 1869. It chiefly had reference to Livingstone's previous explorations, the story of his death, and its refutation. But the report that he was only about a week's march inland from Zanzibar also received a quietus, and Mr. Stanley was well nigh persuaded to retrace his steps to Egypt and proceed by way of the Nile, in consequence of the following note from the United States Vice Consul:

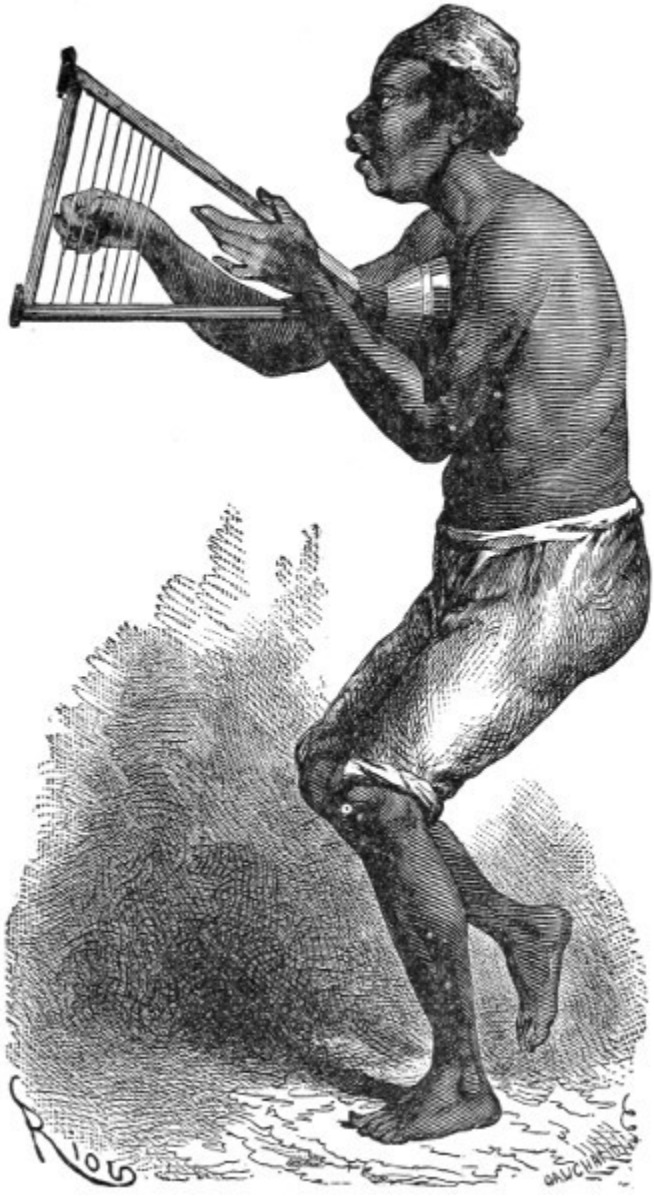
"ISLAND OF ZANZIBAR, Dec. 26, 1868.

"DEAR SIR—I should be most happy to assist you in any way whatever; but, in reply to your note, I beg to assure you of my candid belief of his non-appearance. There is not the slightest probability of his ever coming again to this island. Dr. Kirk the British Vice Consul here, and who was with Dr. Livingstone for some years during his travels in Africa, thinks it more than probable that he will come out at the Nile, and has not the least expectation of having the pleasure of seeing him here. In September, 1868, Her Majesty's ship Octavia, Sir Leopold Heath, C. B., left here, and as I see by the Bombay papers, on her arrival at Trincomalee, which is in Ceylon, reported that when she left Zanzibar Dr. Livingstone was reported within a week's march of the coast. This, if you saw it, probably misled you also to believe he would come here, but it is hardly necessary to say that the statement was without the slightest foundation of truth, and was probably written from some entire misconception by the writer of some conversation which took place between him and Dr. Kirk. Trusting, however, you will succeed on the other side, I am, dear sir, very respectfully

"FRANCIS R. WEBB,
"United States Vice Consul."

Nevertheless, Mr. Stanley determined to go on and telegraphing to an acquaintance residing at Khartoum, Upper Nubia, to send him word, if anything should be heard from Livingstone, went forward with the preparations for his journey. He was doubtless cognizant of the fact also, that the "Herald" had another Search expedition on foot to which the Khedive of Egypt was rendering generous encouragement and assistance. It may well be imagined that the drafts upon the "Herald" at this time for necessary outlays in the purchase of horses, asses, and supplies and the employment of a sufficient escort—mainly consisting of a number of Arabs—were not light. The preparations, after months' delay, caused by war in the interior, were at length made, and the expedition left Zanzibar on the long-ago trail of the great explorer.

And here it will be proper, while we are awaiting intelligence of its difficulties and final great success, to speak of the previous life of him who was to make so many hearts glad by tidings of the safety of the most distinguished explorer of our times.



AN AFRICAN MUSICIAN.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY MORLAND STANLEY.

His Nativity — Early Life — Comes to America — His Adoption by a New Orleans Merchant — His Career during the Civil War — Becomes Correspondent of the New York "Herald" — Sails for the Island of Crete to enlist in the cause of the Cretans, then at war — But changes his mind on arriving there — Instead Undertakes a journey through Asia Minor, the Provinces of Russian Asia, etc. — Attacked and plundered by Turkish Brigands — Relieved by Hon. E. Joy Morris, the American Minister — Goes to Egypt; to Abyssinia — Remarkable success there — His sudden call to Paris from Madrid by Mr. Bennett, of the "Herald" — Account of the Interview — Mr. Stanley goes to find Livingstone in command of the "Herald's" Livingstone Expedition.

The subject of our sketch was born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. His parents' name was Rowland. At three years of age he was sent to the poor-house at St. Asaph, to get an education. He, the poor, unpromising lad, remained until he had finished such an education as this institution could furnish, and then sought employment as teacher; and for a year was employed as such at Mold, Flintshire. But it was then that 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 a 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 upon him, and his future seemed secure.

But in his case, as in that of hundreds of others, the fate of war stepped in to mar his fair prospects at this stage of his career. The outbreak of the Rebellion led him into the ranks of the Southern Confederacy; but only for a brief period. He was taken a prisoner by the Union forces, and shortly thereafter, upon taking the oath of allegiance, was released on parole. As the Union cause really had his sympathies, he at once proposed to enlist in the Northern army. But 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, however, where he would probably have little chance to show what stuff he was made of —on board of the iron-clad ship Ticonderoga, he consenting to volunteer in the navy. Though totally unfit for service of any kind on board of a man-of-war, he soon became an 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. Hearing that the Cretans were about to attempt to throw off the Turkish yoke, he resolved to join them. He proceeded to that country in company with two other adventurous spirits in 1866, after having first made an engagement with the New York “Herald” as its correspondent. But upon arriving at his destination he found occasion to become displeased with the leaders of the revolution, and declined to volunteer in the army of the famous little island.



AN ARAB COURIER

"His chief recommendation at this time," says a great journal, "was his energy and industry and fearlessness in collecting facts, not the style in which he told them; for although he had previously shown some indications of literary ability, his pen was as yet neither practiced nor fluent." His energy, industry and fearlessness were doubtless better appreciated in the "Herald" office than by the general public; but his reputation as a writer grew with time, and he constantly performed his correspondential duties to the satisfaction of his experienced employers.

It appears that he had a sort of roving commission from the "Herald," and now undertook a journey on foot with a few traveling companions of his own country, by which it was contemplated to pass

through Asia Minor, the provinces of Russian Asia, the Khanates, Bokhara, and Kiva, Eastern Turkestan, and so through China to the coast. This project came, however, to a disastrous end. The little party had not penetrated more than about an hundred miles from Smyrna, when it was attacked by Turkish brigands, completely plundered, and compelled, in consequence, to return. Arriving at Constantinople in a most sorry plight, the members of the party were kindly received by the Hon. E. Joy Morris, then United States Minister to the Turkish Sultan, and their wants supplied by a check upon the generous Minister's private banker. An account of the affair, written by Mr. Stanley, had appeared in a public journal of the country, so that Mr. Morris had been apprised of the facts—afterwards fully substantiated in a court of justice—before the travelers appeared, in shabby attire, attesting a needy situation.

On the return of Mr. Stanley to Constantinople, a few years after this event, and during the last year of Mr. Morris' official residence in Turkey, he called upon that gentleman. He had then just come from Egypt. We here give Mr. Morris' description of Stanley, in his own words:

"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 marvellous, 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 admiration and felt an attachment for him myself. Instead of thinking he was a young man who had barely seen twenty-six summers you would

imagine that he was thirty-five or forty years of age, so cultured and learned was he in all the ways of life. He possessed a thorough acquaintance with most of the Eastern countries, and, as I took an interest in all that related to Oriental life, we had many a talk about what he had seen and what I longed to see. He stated to me that he had a sort of roving commission for the 'Herald,' but that he had exhausted all known countries, and was at a loss to understand where he should go next. I said to him, 'Stanley, what do you think of trying Persia? That is an unexplored country, and would well repay a visit, if you could get back with your life.' Stanley thought over the proposal, and rapidly came to the conclusion he would go. I busied myself in procuring him letters of introduction to the Russian authorities in the Caucasus, in Georgia, and in other countries through which he would have to pass. He saw the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople in person, who was so well impressed with him that he made extra exertions to facilitate his progress to the mysterious home of the Grand Llama. I had some time previous to this had a Henry rifle sent me from a friend in New York, as a specimen of American art, and this I presented to Stanley, with my best wishes for the success of his undertaking. He started on the desperate enterprise some time after, and my table thereby lost one of its most entertaining guests. When I say desperate enterprise I mean it, for Persia is to a European a practically unexplored country; and in consequence of its weak government and the marauders with which it abounds, a journey to Zanzibar or Unyanyembe would be a safe trip compared to it. How Mr. Stanley accomplished the task he undertook the columns of the 'Herald' will tell. I received a letter from him, while on the way,

narrating the hospitable manner in which he had been entertained by the Russian authorities, and the way in which he had astonished them by the performances of his Henry rifle. His journey through the Caucasus and Georgia was a sort of triumphal march, though he was looked upon as a lost man by all who knew anything of the East. The route he took was an entirely new one, as he went in a kind of zigzag way to Thibet, and he must have a charmed life to have come through so much peril in complete safety."



EQUIPPED FOR WAR.

A considerable portion of the year 1868 was spent by Mr. Stanley in Abyssinia, where he accompanied the British expedition against King Theodore. He went with the English army as far as Magadla, and upon several occasions was enabled to transmit accounts of the expedition, embracing most important news, to the "Herald" in advance of intelligence sent to the British government. The people of America were thus supplied with intelligence of this singular British foray in northeastern Africa in advance of the people of England. These remarkable successes in Abyssinia were highly appreciated by the "Herald," and considerably enhanced the correspondent's abilities and services in the special line he was working upon. And it was no doubt the signal ability thus displayed which led the younger Bennett to choose this man for his purpose when he had decided to send an expedition after Livingstone.

The account of the interview and the incidents leading to it between James Gordon Bennett, Jr., and Mr. Stanley are exceedingly interesting, as given in the words of Mr. Stanley himself. He was at the time in Madrid, Spain, October 16th, 1869. At 10 o'clock A. M. he was handed a telegram, which read: "Come to Paris on important business," and bore the signature of James Gordon Bennett, Jr., then the young manager of the "Herald."

"Down come my pictures from the walls of my apartments on the second floor; into my trunks go my books and souvenirs; my clothes are hastily collected, some half-washed, some from the clothes-line half-dry, and after a couple of hours of hasty hard work my portmanteaus are strapped up and labelled for Paris.

"The express train leaves Madrid for Hendaye at 3

P. M. I have yet time to say farewell to my friends. I have one at No. 6 Calle Goya, fourth floor, who happens to be a contributor to several London dailies. He has several children in whom I have taken a warm interest. Little Charlie and Willie are fast friends of mine; they love to hear of my adventures, and it has been a pleasure to me to talk to them. But now I must say farewell.

"Then I have friends at the American Legation whose conversation I admire. There has come a sudden ending of it all. 'I hope you will write to us. We shall always be glad to hear of your welfare.' How often have I not during my feverish life as a flying journalist heard the very same words, and how often have I not suffered the same pang at parting from friends just as warm as these.

"But a journalist in my position must needs suffer. Like a gladiator in the arena, he must be prepared for the combat. Any flinching, any cowardice, and he is lost. The gladiator meets the sword that is sharpened for his bosom—the flying journalist or roving correspondent meets the command that may send him to his doom. To the battle or the banquet it is ever the same—'Get ready and go.'

"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 proceeded to ask Stanley, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir," answered Stanley.

"Do you think he is alive?" continued Bennett.

"He may be, and he may not be," replied Stanley.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him," was Bennett's rejoinder.

"What!" said Stanley. "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 may hear that he is, and to 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 do what you think best—BUT fiND LIVINGSTONE!"

"Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?" suggested Stanley, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom he, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead.



RECEPTION OF THE OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE, ZANZIBAR.

"What will it cost?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"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," replied Mr. Stanley.

"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!"

Stanley, though somewhat surprised, yet not confused at the order—for he knew that Mr. Bennett, when once he had made up his mind, was not easily drawn aside from his purpose—thought, seeing it was such a gigantic undertaking, that he had not quite fully considered in his own mind the pros and cons of the case, and said, "I have heard that should your father die you would sell the 'Herald' and retire from business."

"Whoever told you that is wrong, for there is not

money enough in New York city to buy the 'Herald.' My father has made it a great paper; but I mean to make it greater. I mean that it shall be a newspaper in the true sense of the word. I mean that it shall publish whatever news will be interesting to the world, at no matter what cost."

"After that," says Stanley, "I have nothing more to say. Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?"

Mr. Bennett thereupon outlined a course of instructions as to what he would have Stanley do in the matter, closing with these words:

"Bagdad will be close on your way to India. Suppose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railroad. Then, when you have come to India, you can go after 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 discoveries you can; and, if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all. Good night, and God be with you."

Thus it was that Stanley received his *carte blanche*, and as promptly set out upon his mission. He was then about twenty-nine years of age, a thick-set, powerful man, though short of stature, being only about five feet seven inches in height. He is a sure shot, an expert swimmer, a fine horseman, a trained athlete. But few men living have had more experience in "roughing it." A better selection for the command of its singular undertaking could not possibly have been made by the "Herald," and this the result, so astonishing to the world, has practically demonstrated.

All civilized nations had shared the anxiety to know whether Livingstone was living or dead. If

living, where; if dead, where he died, and how. It was surmised that he had with him the records of a number of years, covering many of the most important discoveries ever made in Africa, containing many things of infinite consequence in connection with the great work of African evangelization, and of immense importance in the interests of science. There were reasons, therefore, why he should not die in the forests of Manyuema.

Mr. Stanley was a "flying correspondent," but God saw in him the elements of a hero demanded by so great an occasion. We do not believe that he does himself justice in insinuating that he went to Africa only as he would have gone anywhere else under orders from his employer. Such a spirit of obedience and faithfulness under an engagement is commendable; but we prefer to recognize in Mr. Stanley a spirit which lifts him above the common level of ordinary business honesty. He manifested an enthusiasm in this undertaking which betrayed a greatness of soul which he has preferred to conceal, that his employer might have the more honor. He might not have essayed this expedition at the suggestions of his own benevolence—he probably could not have done so; but when he found that he might do it, his heart bounded to the work. We believe he went forth from Paris under a higher commission than that of Mr. Bennett. There was needed money, and there was needed a man. God knew where to find both, and He did find them just when He saw that one of His noblest servants was approaching an extremity.

From Mr. Stanley's Zanzibar letter of February 9th, 1869, we quote his conclusion:

"Now the readers of this letter know really as much of the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone as I do;

but probably from conversations heard from different persons I have greater reasons for judging of the case, and I believe it will be a very long time yet before Dr. Livingstone arrives, and that his return will be by the river Nile."

With this opinion, but with a good stock of supplies for Livingstone's journey down the Nile, should he be found proceeding in that way, and with the best escort attainable, Stanley, in charge of the unique newspaper expedition, after long delay, on account of wars, plunged into the wilderness, to be heard from no more until after many long months of suspense and conjecture.



CHAPTER VII.

MR. STANLEY IN AFRICA.

The Search for Dr. Livingstone Energetically Begun —

Progress Delayed by Wars — The Successful Journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji in 1871 — The "Herald" Cable Telegram Announcing the Safety of Livingstone — The Battles and Incidents of this Newspaper Campaign — Receipt of the Great News — The Honor Bestowed on American Journalism.

Mr. Stanley found it much more difficult to get into Africa than to that singular land. It was understood, according to the best intelligence to be had that Dr. Livingstone would probably be found, if found at all, not far from Ujiji. From Bagamoyo, on the mainland of Africa, opposite the island of Zanzibar, there is a caravan route to Unyanyembe. The journey generally takes some four months. At the time Mr. Stanley undertook to proceed inland, he found the country disturbed by wars, and though starting now and again, he was delayed many weary months on this account. "Forward and back" was the necessary call of the situation. At length the country became so far quiet between Bagamoyo and Unyanyembe that the expedition, which terminated in success, set forth very early in April, 1871, and, after an unusually rapid journey, the caravan reached Unyanyembe on the 23d of June. Hence letters were dispatched home, but from this time for more than a year, the world remained in ignorance of the fate of the expedition.

Upon the morning of the 2d of July, 1872, however, in the midst of the great Peace Jubilee at the city of Boston, appeared a cable telegram from London to the New York "Herald," announcing the discovery of Livingstone and the consequent complete success of the great American journal's enterprise. This telegram is worthy of preservation, though superseded by the fuller information in Mr. Stanley's letters, as an illustration of newspaper

enterprise:

LONDON, JULY 1, 1872.

THE GLORIOUS NEWS.

It is with the deepest emotions of pride and pleasure that I announce the arrival this day of letters from Mr. Stanley, Chief of the HERALD Exploring Expedition to Central Africa. I have forwarded the letters by mail. Knowing, however, the importance of the subject and the impatience with which

RELIABLE NEWS

is awaited, I hasten to telegraph a summary of the HERALD explorer's letters, which are full of the most romantic interest, while affirming, emphatically,

THE SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE,

and confirming the meagre reports already sent on here by telegraph from Bombay and duly forwarded to the HERALD. To bring up the thread of

THE THRILLING NARRATIVE

where the last communication from him ended he proceeds with his account of the journey. It will be recalled that when last heard from he had arrived in the country of Unyanyembe, after a perilous march of eighty-two days from Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar. The road up to this point had been in

THE REGULAR CARAVAN TRACK,

and the journey was performed in a much shorter time than the same distance had been traversed by previous explorers. The expedition

ARRIVED AT UNYANYEMBE

on the 23d of June, 1871, where he sent forward his

communication. The caravan had need of rest, and it was necessary to refit while an opportunity was at hand through the medium of the Arab caravans then on their way to various points on the coast with ivory and slaves. The expedition had suffered terribly, but the heart of the HERALD explorer never gave out.

THE TERRIBLE CLIMATE

of the countries through which it had passed told on it even more than the difficulties of the tribes at war among themselves and upon everything that came in their way and which they were in sufficient force to attack. The caravans met at the various halting places threw every discouragement in the way, which tended to destroy the *morale* of the expedition.

SEEDY BOMBAY,

however, the captain of the expedition, proved invaluable in controlling the disaffected, whether with tact or a wholesome display of force when necessary.

THE INCESSANT RAINS,

alternated with a fierce African sun, made the atmosphere heavy, charged with moisture, and producing a rank, rotten vegetation. In the mountainous regions which we traversed the climate was of course, much better, and the result was that the expedition much improved in health. The miasmatic vapors and other hardships of the journey had played sad havoc with its number and force.

THE TOTAL LOSS

up to this point by sickness had been one white man, two of the armed escort, and eight of the pagazis or native porters. The two horses had also succumbed, and twenty-seven of the asses had either fallen by

the wayside and had to be abandoned or else the rascally native donkey leaders had allowed them to stray from the kraal at night. As a consequence, a considerable quantity of the stores were either lost or wasted, but the rolls of Merikani (American cloth)—for shukkah and doti—the beads and wire—had been as far as possible preserved, they being the only money in Central Africa. In July

ALL WAS PREPARED TO MOVE

through Unyanyembe; but before long it was found that almost insuperable difficulties were interposed. The country there is composed of thick jungle, with large clearings for the cultivation of holcus. The utmost alarm and excitement were spread through the native villages at

THE EXPECTATION OF A WAR.

The inhabitants were shy of intercourse, and it was with great difficulty that supplies could be obtained. A little further on the villages on either side of the track were found to be filled with Arab

CARAVANS AFRAID TO ADVANCE

and gathering together for security. The cause of all this alarm was soon discovered. The ku honga or blackmail levied by the head men of the tribes as a sort of toll for passage through their territories, had been inordinately raised in the Ujowa country by

MIRAMBO,

King of the Wagowa. Obstinate fights had already occurred in which small bands of his soldiers had been beaten, several being killed. He had, therefore, declared to the traders that no caravan should pass to Ujiji except over his body. The Arabs hereupon held a council, and, finding themselves strong in fighting men,

DECLARED WAR ON MIRAMBO.

The HERALD commander took part in this. The Arabs appeared to anticipate a speedy victory, and preparations for a jungle fight were accordingly made. The ammunition was looked to, muskets inspected and matchlocks cleaned. The superior armament of the HERALD expedition made their assistance a matter of great importance to the Arabs.

THE HERALD GOES TO WAR.

An address was delivered to the members of the expedition through Selim, the interpreter, and the forces, with the American flag flying, were marshalled by Captain Seedy Bombay.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

At daybreak on the day following, according to previous arrangement, the armed men were divided into three parties. The vanguard for attack, the rear guard as immediate reserve, and the remainder, consisting of the less active, were stationed with the *impedimenta* and slaves in the kraals. The advance was ordered and responded to with alacrity, and the first village where the soldiers of Mirambo were lying was at once attacked and speedily captured. The inhabitants were

EITHER KILLED OR DRIVEN AWAY.

Another village followed the fate of the first, and both were left in ashes before nightfall. The troops were wearied with the hot day's work, but all were elate at their success thus far. The commander of the HERALD expedition, on his return to camp, passed a sleepless night, and morning found him

IN A HIGH FEVER.

He was therefore obliged to remain in camp, and his

forces refused to fight except under his lead. This weakened the Arab force considerably, and, although the dreaded Mirambo and his followers, thirsting for vengeance, were known to be in the vicinity, the day was passed in fatal inactivity.

THE AMBUSH OF MIRAMBO.

The third day seemed as if about to pass like the preceding, the HERALD commander still suffering from the fever, when shots were heard in the direction of the Arab kraals, and it soon became evident that the wily Mirambo had ambushed the Arabs. This, in effect, was the case. A superior body of natives, armed with muskets, assegais (spears) and poisoned arrows, had suddenly burst upon the Arabs.

A TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER ENSUED,

which ended in the rout with the Arabs, who took refuge in the jungle. The fourth day brought with it the fruit of the disaster. The Arabs could not be prevailed upon to renew the fight, and desertion and flight became the order of the day. Even the

MEN OF THE HERALD EXPEDITION DESERTED,

leaving but six with the commander. Mirambo now threatened the town of Unyanyembe. By stupendous exertion the commander collected one hundred and fifty of the fugitives; these being convinced by their numbers, when collected together, that resistance was still possible, resolved to obey the commander.

FORTIFYING FOR A SIEGE.

With five days provisions on hand the houses were loopholed and barricades erected, videttes stationed and the defenders told off as well as their numbers, armament and *morale* could be individually depended on.

THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS HOISTED

and the trembling inhabitants awaited the expected attack. This, however, was destined not to come off, for, to the general delight, a Wanyamwezi scout brought in the joyful intelligence that Mirambo, with all his forces, had retired, not caring to risk an engagement, except in the jungle. Mustering what force was possible, the intrepid HERALD commander then

STARTED FOR UJIJI,

on the Tanganyika Lake, or Sea of Ujiji. The Arabs endeavored in vain to dissuade him from this. Death, they said, was certain to the muzanyu (white man) and his followers. This frightened the already demoralized pagazis and caused a serious loss to the expedition in the person of Shaw, the English sailor. Undaunted by the forebodings of ill and the losses by desertion, the caravan once more was on the march and pushed forward.

BY ANOTHER ROAD,

to the one where Mirambo and his Africans were awaiting the first caravan. This road lay through an untrodden desert, and caused

A GREAT DETOUR

in order to come again upon the caravan road in the rear of the Wajowa. No great mishaps were met with, and when the villages and cultivated fields of sorghum, and holcus were reached everything progressed favorably.

AFTER A FOUR HUNDRED MILE JOURNEY

the outlying portions of the province of Ujiji were reached. Word had reached the expedition of the presence of Dr. Livingstone in the province within a

recent period, and accordingly preparations were made for

A TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO UJIJI.

The pagazis who chanced to be unladen proceeded, beating drums and blowing upon Kudu horns. The armed escort fired salutes every moment, keeping up a regular *feu de joie*, and the American flag floated proudly over all. In the distance lay the silver bosom of Tanganyika Lake, at the foot of the stately mountains in the background, and fringed with tall trees and lovely verdure. It was a wonderful relief to the pilgrims of progress. Before them lay the settlement or town of Ujiji, with its huts and houses looking dreamily like a land of rest.

THE ASTONISHED NATIVES

turned out at the unwonted display, and flocked in crowds to meet them with deafening shouts and beating of drums. Among the advancing throng was noticed a muscular group of turbaned Arabs. As they advanced still nearer

ONE OF THE GROUP

who walked in the centre was noticed to be differently attired from the others. The group halted, and the word was passed back that a muzangu was among them. Spurring forward the HERALD commander indeed saw that, strongly contrasting with the dusky, sunburnt Arab faces, was

A HALE-LOOKING, GRAY-BEARDED WHITE MAN,

wearing a navy cap, with a faded gold band and a red woolen jacket. It was a trying moment, wherein every emotion of hope and fear flashed through the brain. The fatigues faded in the intensity of the situation. The questions, was this he who had so long been sought, or could it be a delusion of the mind, or

was the white man some unknown waif of humanity? crowded the mind, bringing their changing feelings with them. A few feet in front of the group the HERALD commander halted, dismounted and advanced on foot.

A HISTORIC MEETING.

Preserving a calmness of exterior before the Arabs which was hard to simulate as he reached the group, Mr. Stanley
said:—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

A smile lit up the features of the hale white man as he answered:

"YES, THAT IS MY NAME."

The meeting was most cordial, and the wearied caravan, joyous at the triumph of the expedition were escorted by the multitude to the town. After a rest and a meal, in which milk, honey and fish from Tanganyika were new features,

LIVINGSTONE TOLD HIS STORY,

which is briefly as
follows:—

In March, 1866, he informed the HERALD explorer that he started with twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men and seven liberated slaves. He travelled

UP THE ROVUMA RIVER.

Before they had been gone very long the men became frightened at the nature of the journey, and the reports of hostile tribes up the country they were to pass through. At length they deserted him, and, as a cover to their cowardice in doing so, circulated

THE REPORT OF HIS DEATH.

Livingstone proceeded on his journey in spite of

the isolation, and after some difficult marching reached the Chambezi River, which he crossed. He found that this was not the Portuguese Zambezi River, as had been conjectured, but, on the contrary, wholly separate. He traced its course, and found it called further on

THE LUALABA.

He continued his explorations along its banks for 700 miles, and has become convinced in consequence that the Chambezi is

DOUBTLESS THE SOURCE OF THE NILE,

and that this will make a total length for the mystic river of Africa of 2,600 miles. His explorations also establish that the Nile is not supplied by Lake Tanganyika. He reached within 180 miles of the source and explored the surrounding ground, when,

FINDING HIMSELF WITHOUT SUPPLIES,

he was obliged to return to Ujiji and was in a state of destitution there when met by the commander of the "Herald" expedition. On the 16th of October, 1871,

THE TWO EXPLORERS LEFT UJIJI.

and arrived at Unyanyembe toward the end of November, where they passed twenty-eight days together exploring the district. They then returned and

SPENT CHRISTMAS TOGETHER

at Ujiji. The HERALD explorer arrived at the point of sending this important intelligence on the 14th of March, 1872, leaving Livingstone at Unyanyembe.

LIVINGSTONE'S FURTHER PLANS.

He will explore the north shore of Tanganyika Lake and the remaining 180 miles of the Lualaba

River.

This herculean task he expects will occupy the next two years.



RAPIDS OF THE LIVINGSTONE RIVER.

There have been but few “sensations” more profound than the sensation created by this despatch. As has been said, it threw the great Peace Jubilee into the shade. Sporting men who had just won on the race-horse “Longfellow” or lost on “Harry Bassett,” paused for a while to think of the strange intelligence. The report of the trial of him who had been charged with the murder of the noted James Fisk, Jr. attracted but comparatively little attention. All through the section of the great city known as “Five Points” the news was discussed by the tatterdemalions of the metropolis; all up and down Fifth Avenue, thousands of the best representatives of wealth and of culture canvassed the double-leaded

telegram; and Wall street gave it as much attention as it gave to stocks and government securities. The substance of the telegram was sent to the evening papers all over the country and to Europe, and before sunset of July 2d a vast majority of intelligent people of Christendom knew that Livingstone had been found, and through the means of American private enterprise. It was a triumph in which the "Herald" might have been excused, had it indulged in no little self-glorification. Its article upon the subject, however, was greatly national in spirit, and awarded the credit of the success to American journalism, rather than claimed it for itself.[2]

[2] The leading article of the "Herald" upon this subject is worthy of quotation here as a part of the journalistic history of this remarkable expedition:

The triumph of the HERALD exploring expedition to search in the heart of Equatorial Africa for the long-lost Doctor David Livingstone is one which belongs to the entire press of America as well as to the journal whose fortune it was to originate and carry it out. It marks the era in which the press, already beyond the control of even the most exalted among men, who may hold states and empires in their grasp, strikes out boldly into new fields and treads daringly on *terra incognita*, whether of mind or matter. This is distinctively the work of the American press, whose aspirations and ambitions have grown with the majesty of the land, and whose enterprise has been moulded on the national character. In even recent times the work of progress lay in government hands, or else was wholly neglected. Sir John Franklin started out amid Polar snows to work out the Northern passage only to leave his bones among the eternal ice. Hand or foot was not stirred to learn his fate until Lady Franklin, with woman's devotion, fitted out the expeditions to search for him or his remains. When the gentleman entrusted with the

command of the "Herald" expedition had arrived at Unyanyembe, half way on his journey to Ujiji, he wrote:—"Until I hear more of him, or see the long-absent old man face to face, I bid you farewell; but wherever he is, be sure I shall not give up the chase. If alive, you shall hear what he has to say; if dead, I will find and bring his bones to you." To those who neither understood the man nor the *esprit de corps* which gives the representative of an American journal his stamp of vitality the words may have sounded like bombast. For answer it is sufficient to point to the columns of the HERALD of to-day. It may have seemed to those who reasoned from a foreign standpoint that no man could so wrap himself up in his work as to give utterance to such words with an earnestness of purpose, backed by a life at hazard from day to day. They simply mistake the spirit of the American journal. If it were in any other quarter of the globe, by land or sea, the same enthusiasm, the same dash, enterprise and pluck would be exhibited, because of the race which he runs for his journal against equally keen-witted rivals, and not alone for the work itself. Enterprise, then, is the characteristic of the American press. It is confined to no one paper, to no one locality. Whatever the Herald may have done in advancing the national reputation in this respect it is proud to claim, as the victor in the Olympic games of old was proud of his laurel crown above all gifts of gold or gems. But there is not a paper published between the Narrows and the Golden Gate which has not its own laurels in the line of enterprise to glory in, and there is not one leaf of the wreath that has not been snatched at and wrestled for by a hundred sinewy journalistic minds. Thus no one journal on the Continent looks up to a permanent head of the profession. To-day one paper may be "ahead on the news;" to-morrow another will snatch the chaplet from its brows. The enterprise of a contemporary in the late Franco-Prussian war was celebrated all over the land, as we have no doubt the

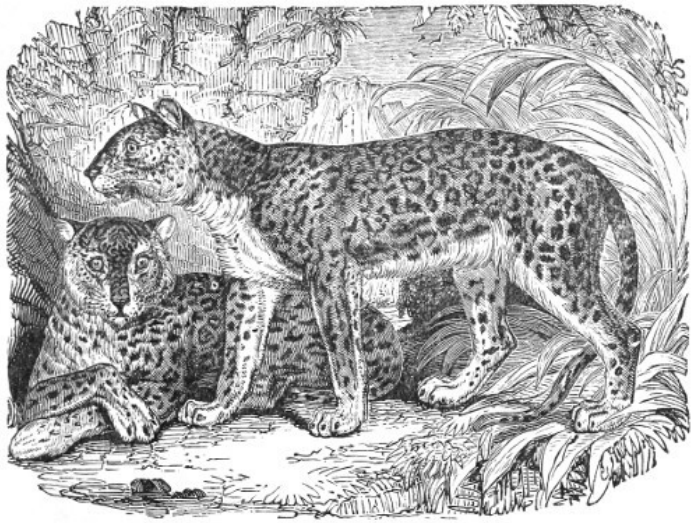
success of the HERALD will be when the HERALD'S special columns are perused to-day.

In England the London *Times* is looked up to all over as a Triton among the minnows. It is the great paper. The *Daily Telegraph* is the cheapest, spiciest paper published there; the *Standard* is a careful, able Tory organ; the *Post* is a quiet, aristocratic sheet, but the Thunderer overshadows them all. Instinct with the democratic spirit of our institutions, the press of America looks up to no lord among them. As each man born on the soil may be President of the United States, so each paper—no matter what its origin or where its birthplace—feels within itself the possibility of precedence in point of worth, brains and news over all others. We, therefore, reassert that the triumph of the HERALD Livingstone expedition is the triumph of American journalism in its broadest sense.

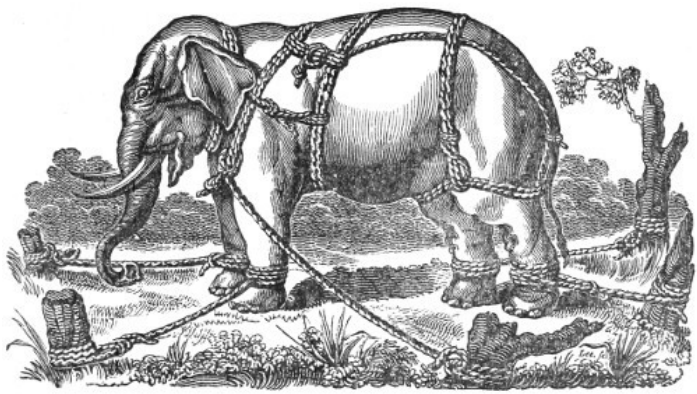
To point this something more, we may say that an American war correspondent has achieved what one of the most powerful governments in the world failed to accomplish. How it was done is easily told. It is probable that an English journal might have succeeded, if it had undertaken the task; but, like Columbus with the egg, the enterprise which knocked in the end of the oval difficulty and made the expedition stand for itself is not a British article.

The story of the meeting of the greatest explorer of any time with the HERALD correspondent, by the shores of Lake Tanganyika, with one thousand miles of desert, jungle, jagged mountain path and sodden valley trail, peopled with brutal, ignorant savages, behind him, is one which will long be remembered. The HERALD correspondent has kept his word. Happily for civilization there was no necessity to carry back to distant civilization the relics of her hero. He is alive and well and hopes to carry himself home when he has attained the object of his stay. In March 1866, he started up the Rovuma, but was deserted, and the false Moosa spread the lying story of his death to cover his own poltroonery, as was

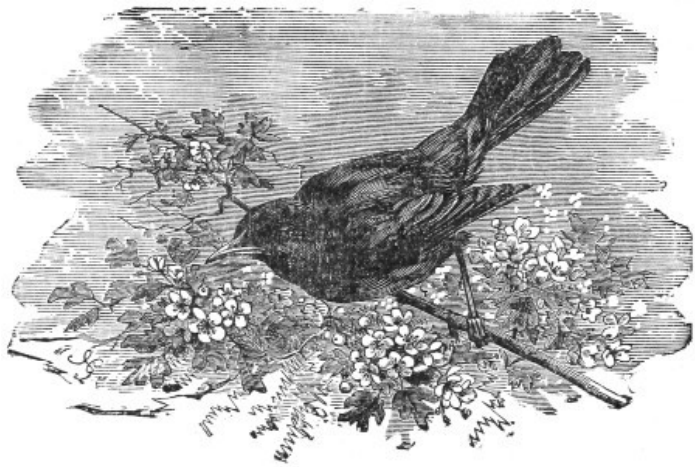
hoped against hope when the baleful tidings first came to hand. The undaunted Livingstone then set forward and reached the Chambezi River, which he discovered has no connection with the Portuguese Zambesi River, which disembogues into the Mozambique Channel opposite Madagascar. But the gem of his discovery lies in the fact that the Chambezi is the true source of the Nile. He followed its course for seven hundred miles towards its source, but was obliged to turn back in want, with one hundred and eighty miles unexplored. The Chambezi towards its source is called the Lualaba, and is not supplied from Lake Tanganyika, and the latter lake has no effluence to the Nile. To solve the problem of the Lualaba and pass round the northern shore of Lake Tanganyika, Livingstone purposes spending two years more in Central Africa. Truly this is great news, and we congratulate the world that neither the life nor the toil of so great a man is lost to the world, as the fates seemed so grimly to threaten. The story of his solitary land-finding will now be read by joyful millions, who, if they cannot all appreciate fully his labors, will not grudge him the tribute of lasting admiration.



THE AFRICAN TIGER.



THE STRONG BEAST CONQUERED.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

The "Land of the Moon" — Description of the Country and People — Horrid Savage Rites — Journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji — A Wonderful Country — A Mighty River Spanned by a Bridge of Grass — Outwitting the Spoilers — Stanley's Entry Into Ujiji and Meeting with Livingstone — The Great Triumph of an American Newspaper.

With the object of presenting to the curious a *fac simile* of the famous cable telegram announcing to an anxious world the discovery of the great discoverer and of undertaking to preserve it in book form, as vividly illustrative of the important part borne by journalistic enterprise in opening up Africa to

progress and civilization, that despatch has been literally copied in the preceding chapter. But the full particulars of the journey of the "Herald" special search expedition, after leaving the main caravan track at Unyanyembe, are of thrilling interest. Instead of going directly from the last named place to Ujiji, Mr. Stanley was compelled, by reason of hostile tribes, to make an extensive detour to the southwest, and then march up in a northwesterly direction, not very far distant from the east shore of Lake Tanganyika. But first let us have quotations from the letter written just before the fourth and finally successful journey written from Kwihara in the district of Unyanyembe, on the 21st of September, 1871:

"In the storeroom where the cumbersome moneys of the NEW YORK HERALD Expedition lie piled up bale upon bale, sack after sack, coil after coil, and the two boats, are this year's supplies sent by Dr. Kirk to Dr. Livingstone—seventeen bales of cloth, twelve boxes of wine, provisions, and little luxuries such as tea and coffee. When I came up with my last caravan to Unyanyembe I found Livingstone's had arrived but four weeks before, or about May 23 last, and had put itself under charge of a half-caste called Thani Kati-Kati, or Thani 'in the middle,' or 'between.' Before he could get carriers he died of dysentry. He was succeeded in charge by a man from Johanna, who, in something like a week, died of smallpox; then Mirambo's war broke out, and here we all are, September 21, both expeditions halted. But not for long, let us hope, for the third time I will make a start the day after to-morrow.

"Unyamwezi is a romantic name. It is 'Land of the Moon' rendered into English—as romantic and sweet in Kinyamwezi as any that Stamboul or Ispahan can

boast is to a Turk or a Persian. The attraction, however, to a European lies only in the name. There is nothing of the mystic, nothing of the poetical, nothing of the romantic, in the country of Unyamwezi. If I look abroad over the country I see the most inane and the most prosaic country one could ever imagine. It is the most unlikely country to a European for settlement; it is so repulsive owing to the notoriety it has gained for its fevers. A white missionary would shrink back with horror at the thought of settling in it. An agriculturist might be tempted, but then there are so many better countries where he could do so much better he would be a madman if he ignored those to settle in this. To know the general outline and physical features of Unyamwezi you must take a look around from one of the noble coigns of vantage offered by any of those hills of syenite, in the debatable ground of Mgunda Makali, in Uyanzi. From the summit of one of those natural fortresses, if you look west, you will see Unyamwezi recede into the far, blue, mysterious distance in a succession of blue waves of noble forest, rising and subsiding like the blue waters of an ocean. Such a view of Unyamwezi is inspiring; and, were it possible for you to wing yourself westward on to another vantage coign, again and again the land undulates after the same fashion, and still afar off is the same azure, mystic horizon. As you approach Unyanyembe the scene is slightly changed. Hills of syenite are seen dotting the vast prospect, like islands in a sea, presenting in their external appearance, to an imaginative eye, rude imitations of castellated fortresses and embattled towers. A nearer view of these hills discloses the denuded rock, disintegrated masses standing on end, boulder resting upon boulder, or an immense towering rock,

tinted with the sombre color age paints in these lands. Around these rocky hills stretch the cultivated fields of the Wanyamwezi—fields of tall maize, of holcus sorghum, of millet, of vetches, &c.—among which you may discern the patches devoted to the cultivation of sweet potatoes and manioc, and pasture lands where browse the hump-shouldered cattle of Africa, flocks of goats and sheep. This is the scene which attracts the eye, and is accepted as promising relief after the wearisome marching through the thorny jungle plains of Ugogo, the primeval forests of Uyanzi, the dim plains of Tura and Rubuga, and when we have emerged from the twilight shades of Kigwa. No caravan or expedition views it unwelcomed by song and tumultuous chorus, for rest is at hand. It is only after a long halt that one begins to weary of Unyanyembe, the principal district of Unyamwezi. It is only when one has been stricken down almost to the grave by the fatal chilly winds which blow from the heights of the mountains of Usagara, that one begins to criticize the beauty which at first captivated. It is found, then, that though the land is fair to look upon; that though we rejoiced at the sight of its grand plains, at its fertile and glowing fields, at sight of the roving herds, which promised us abundance of milk and cream—that it is one of the most deadly countries in Africa; that its fevers, remittent and intermittent, are unequalled in their severity.

"Unyamwezi, or the Land of the Moon—from U (country) nya (of the) mwezi (moon)—extends over three degrees of latitude in length and about two and a half degrees of longitude in breadth. Its principal districts are Unyanyembe, Ugunda, Ugara, Tura, Rubuga, Kigwa, Usagazi and Uyoweh. Each district has its own chief prince, king, or *mtemt*, as he is

called in Kinyamwezi. Unyanyembe, however is the principal district, and its king, Mkasiwa, is generally considered to be the most important person in Unyamwezi. The other kings often go to war against him, and Mkasiwa often gets the worst of it; as, for instance, in the present war between the King of Uyoweh (Mirambo) and Mkasiwa.

"All this vast country is drained by two rivers—the Northern and Southern Gombe, which empty into the Malagarazi River, and thence into Lake Tanganyika. On the east Unyamwezi is bounded by the wilderness of Mgunda Makali and Ukmibu, on the south by Urori and Ukonongo, on the west by Ukawendi and Uvniza, on the north by several small countries and the Ukereweh Lake. Were one to ascend by a balloon and scan the whole of Unyamwezi he would have a view of one great forest, broken here and there by the little clearings around the villages, especially in and around Unyanyembe."

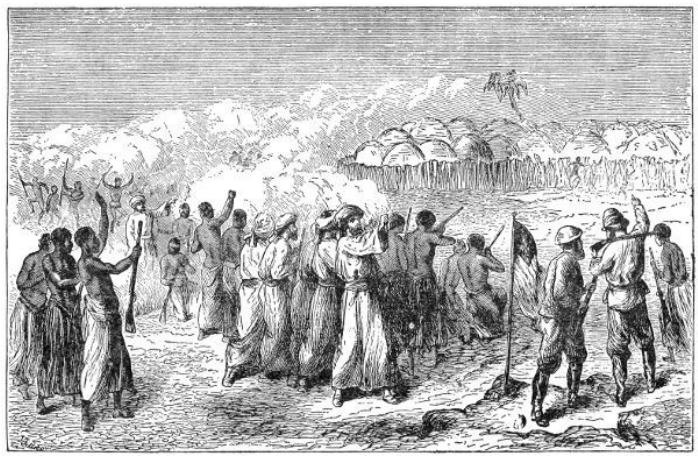
On account of troubles in the country, the Search Expedition was detained some three months in Kwihara. Mr. Stanley lived in quite a large, strong house for that country, consisting of a main room and bathroom, built of mud about three feet thick. He thus describes "the daily round":

"In the early morning, generally about half-past five or six o'clock, I begin to stir the soldiers up sometimes with a long bamboo, for you know they are such hard sleepers they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him, and Feragji, the cook, who, long ago warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring 'chai' (tea), for I am like an old woman, I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kalulu, a boy of seven all the way from Cazembe's country, is my waiter and

chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by sheer diligence and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kalulu—young antelope—is frisky. I have but to express a wish and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kalulu clears the dishes and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea cup licking up the sugar that was left in it and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained. If I have any calls to make this is generally the hour; if there are none to make I go on the piazza and subside quietly on my bearskin to dream may be, of that far off land I call my own, or to gaze towards Tabora, the Kaze of Burton and Speke, though why they should have called it Kaze as yet I have not been able to find out; or to look towards lofty Zimbili and wonder why the Arabs, at such a crisis as the present, do not remove their goods and chattels to the summit of that natural fortress. But dreaming and wondering and thinking and marvelling are too hard for me; so I make some ethnological notes and polish up a little my geographical knowledge of Central Africa.

"I have to greet about four hundred and ninety-nine people of all sorts with the salutation 'Yambo.' This 'Yambo' is a great word. It may mean 'How do you do?' 'How are you?' 'Thy health?' The answer to it is 'Yambo!' or 'Yambo Sana!' (How are you; quite well?) The Kinyamwezi—the language of the Wanyamwezi—of it is 'Moholo' and the answer is 'Moholo.' The Arabs, when they call, if they do not give the Arabic 'Spal-kher,' give you the greeting

'Yambo;' and I have to say 'Yambo.' And, in order to show my gratitude to them, I emphasize it with 'Yambo Sana! Sana! Sana?' (Are you well? Quite well, quite, quite well?) And if they repeat the words I am more than doubly grateful, and invite them to a seat on the bearskin. This bearskin of mine is the evidence of my respectability, and if we are short of common-place topics we invariably refer to the bearskin, where there is room for much discussion.



THE ATTACK ON MIRAMBO.

"Having disposed of my usual number of 'Yambos' for the morning I begin to feel 'peckish,' as the sea skipper says, and Feragji, the cook, and youthful Kalulu, the chief butler, are again called and told to bring 'chukula'—food. This is the breakfast put down on the table at the hour of ten punctually every morning:—Tea (ugali) a native porridge made out of the flour of dourra, holcus sorghum, or matama, as it is called here; a dish of rice and curry. Unyanyembe is famous for its rice, fried goat's meat, stewed goat's meat, roast goat's meat, a dish of sweet potatoes, a

few ‘slapjacks’ or specimens of the abortive efforts of Feragji to make dampers or pancakes, to be eaten with honey. But neither Feragji’s culinary skill nor Kalulu’s readiness to wait on me can tempt me to eat. I have long ago eschewed food, and only drink tea, milk and yaourt—Turkish word for ‘clabber’ or clotted milk.

“After breakfast the soldiers are called, and together we begin to pack the bales of cloth, string beads and apportion the several loads which the escort must carry to Ujiji some way or another. Carriers come to test the weight of the loads and to inquire about the inducements offered by the ‘Muzungu.’ The inducements are in the shape of so many pieces of cloth, four yards long, and I offered double what any Arab ever offered. Some are engaged at once, others say they will call again, but they never do, and it is of no use to expect them when there is war, for they are the cowardliest people under the sun.

“Since we are going to make forced marches I must not overload my armed escort, or we shall be in a pretty mess two or three days after we start; so I am obliged to reduce all loads by twenty pounds, to examine my kit and personal baggage carefully, and put aside anything that is not actually and pressingly needed; all the ammunition is to be left behind except one hundred rounds to each man. No one must fire a shot without permission, or waste his ammunition in any way, under penalty of a heavy fine for every charge of powder wasted. These things require time and thought, for the HERALD Expedition has a long and far journey to make. It intends to take a new road—a road with which few Arabs are acquainted—despite all that Skeikh, the son of Nasib, can say against the project.

"It is now the dinner hour, seven P. M. Feragji has spread himself out, as they say. He has all sorts of little fixings ready, such as indigestible dampers, the everlasting ugali, or porridge, the sweet potatoes, chicken, and roast quarter of a goat; and lastly, a custard, or something just as good, made out of plantains. At eight P. M. the table is cleared, the candles are lit, pipes are brought out, and Shaw, my white man is invited to talk. But poor Shaw is sick and has not a grain or spirit of energy left in him. All I can do or say does not cheer him up in the least. He hangs down his head, and with many a sigh declares his inability to proceed with me to Ujiji."

On the 15th of July, war was declared between Mirambo and the Arabs. In this war, it will be recollected, Mr. Stanley with his men took part. The result was disaster, ensuing from Mirambo's stratagem, as so graphically related in the cable telegram. The continuation of this war is thus described:

"Mirambo, with one thousand guns, and one thousand five hundred Watuda's, his allies, invaded Unyanyembe, and pitched their camp insolently within view of the Arab capital of Tabora. Tabora is a large collection of Arab settlements, or tembes, as they are called here. Each Arab house is isolated by the fence which surrounds it. Not one is more than two hundred yards off from the other, and each has its own name, known, however, to but few outsiders. South by west from Tabora, at the distance of a mile and a half, and in view of Tabora is Kwihara, where the HERALD expedition has its quarters. Kwihara is a Kinyamwezi word, meaning the middle of the cultivation. There is quite a large settlement of Arabs here—second only to Tabora. But it was Tabora and not Kwihara that Mirambo, his forest thieves and the

Watula came to attack. Khamis bin Abdallah, the bravest Trojan of them all—of all the Arabs—went out to meet Mirambo with eighty armed slaves and five Arabs, one of whom was his little son, Khamis. As Khamis bin Abdallah's party came in sight of Mirambo's people Khamis' slaves deserted him, and Mirambo then gave the order to surround the Arabs and press on them. This little group in this manner became the targets for about one thousand guns, and of course in a second or so were all dead—not, however, without having exhibited remarkable traits of character.

"They had barely died before the medicine men came up, and with their scalpels had skinned their faces and their abdominal portions, and had extracted what they call 'mafuta,' or fat, and their genital organs. With this matter which they had extracted from the dead bodies the native doctors or waganga made a powerful medicine, by boiling it in large earthen pots for many hours, with many incantations and shakings of the wonderful gourd that was only filled with pebbles. This medicine was drunk that evening with great ceremony, with dances, drum beating and general fervor of heart.

"Khamis bin Abdallah dead, Mirambo gave his orders to plunder, kill, burn, and destroy, and they went at it with a will. When I saw the fugitives from Tabora coming by the hundred to our quiet valley of Kwihara, I began to think the matter serious and began my operations for defence. First of all, however, a lofty bamboo pole was procured and planted on the roof of our fortlet, and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters.



A FIERCE BATTLE WITH THE NATIVES.

"All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wanguana houses were destroyed, and the fine house of Abid bin Sulemian had been ransacked and then committed to the flames, and Mirambo boasted that 'to-morrow' Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumor that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed with the ivory and cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer.

"And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man, or I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal afar off which expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Goodby; I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji; then, perhaps, the Congo River."

After this followed a number of telegrams to the "Herald" from the expedition, but their substance has been given in what has preceded, to show the general outline of explorations up to the time of the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley at Ujiji. There are, however, but few accounts of travel more interesting and valuable than the letter to the "Herald" narrating the events of the journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji, and the meeting with Livingstone. The greater portion of this remarkable narrative is appended:

"BUNDER, UJIJI, ON LAKE TANGANYIKA,
"CENTRAL AFRICA, November 23, 1871.

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"Only two months gone, and what a change in my feelings! But two months ago, what a peevish, fretful soul was mine! What a hopeless prospect presented itself before your correspondent! Arabs vowing that I would never behold the Tanganyika; Sheikh, the son of Nasib, declaring me a madman to his fellows because I would not heed his words. My men deserting, my servants whining day by day, and my white man endeavoring to impress me with the belief that we were all doomed men! And the only answer to it all is, Livingstone, the hero traveller, is alongside of me, writing as hard as he can to his friends in England, India, and America, and I am quite safe and sound in health and limb.

"September 23 I left Unyanyembe, driving before me fifty well-armed black men, loaded with the goods of the expedition, and dragging after me one white man. Once away from the hateful valley of Kwihara, my enthusiasm for my work rose as newborn as when I left the coast. But my enthusiasm was shortlived, for before reaching camp I was

almost delirious with fever. When I had arrived, burning with fever, my pulse bounding many degrees too fast and my temper made more acrimonious by my sufferings, I found the camp almost deserted. The men as soon as they had arrived at Mkwenkwe, the village agreed upon, had hurried back to Kwihara. Livingstone's letter-carrier had not made his appearance—it was an abandoned camp. I instantly dispatched six of the best of those who had refused to return to ask Sheikh, the son of Nasib, to lend or sell me the longest slave chain he had, then to hunt up the runaways and bring them back to camp bound, and promised them that for every head captured they should have a brand new cloth.

"Next morning fourteen out of twenty of those who had deserted back to their wives and huts (as is generally the custom) had reappeared, and, as the fever had left me, I only lectured them, and they gave me their promise not to desert me again under any circumstances. Livingstone's messenger had passed the night in bonds, because he had resolutely refused to come. I unloosed him and gave him a paternal lecture, painting in glowing colors the benefits he would receive if he came along quietly and the horrible punishment of being chained up until I reached Ujiji if he was still resolved not to come. 'Kaif Halleck' Arabic for 'How do you do?' melted, and readily gave me his promise to come and obey me as he would his own master—Livingstone—until we should see him, 'which Inshallah we shall! Please God, please God, we shall,' I replied, 'and you will be no loser.' During the day my soldiers had captured the others, and as they all promised obedience and fidelity in future, they escaped punishment.

"It is possible for any of your readers so disposed

to construct a map of the road on which the ‘Herald’ expedition was now journeying, if they draw a line 150 miles long south by west from Unyanyembe, then 150 miles west northwest, then ninety miles north, half east, then seventy miles west by north, and that will take them to Ujiji.

“We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda, In lengthy undulating waves the land stretches before us—the new land which no European knew, the unknown, mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another is one of the most disheartening that can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, wave the lengthy rectilinear ridges, clad in the same garb of color. Woods, woods, woods, forests, leafy branches, green and sere, yellow and dark red and purple, then an indefinable ocean, bluer than the blueest sky. The horizon all around shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest higher than their neighbors, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest and the same horizon day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah’s dove from wandering over a world without a halting place, return wearied with the search.



SKETCH OF AN AFRICAN FOREST SCENE.

"It takes seven hours to traverse the forest between Kigandu and Ugunda, when we come to the capital of the new district, wherein one may laugh at Mirambo and his forest thieves. At least the Sultan, or Lord of Ugunda, feels in a laughing mood while in his strong stockade, should one but hint to him that

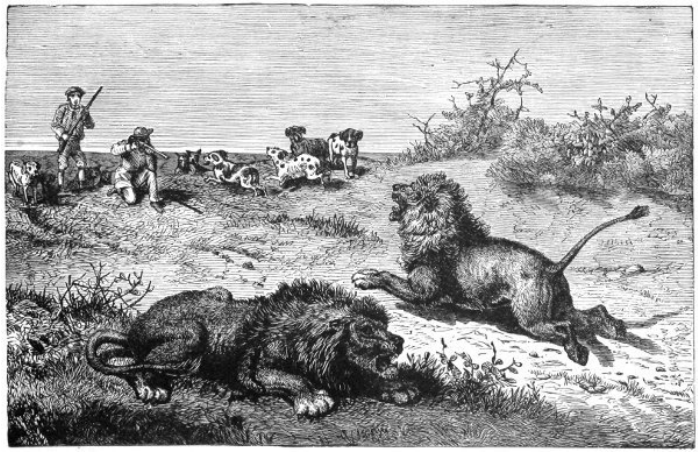
Mirambo might come to settle up the long debt that Chieftain owes him, for defeating him the last time—a year ago—he attempted to storm his place. And well may the Sultan laugh at him, and all others which the hospitable Chief may permit to reside within, for it is the strongest place—except Simba-Moeni and Kwikuru, in Unyanyembe—I have as yet seen in Africa. Having arrived safely at Ugunda we may now proceed on our journey fearless of Mirambo, though he has attacked places four days south of this; but as he has already at a former time felt the power of the Wanyamwezi of Ugunda, he will not venture again in a hurry. On the sixth day of our departure from Unyanyembe we continued our journey south. Three long marches, under a hot sun, through jungly plains, heat-cracked expanses of prairie land, through young forests, haunted by the tsetse and sword flies, considered fatal to cattle, brought us to the gates of a village called Manyara, whose chief was determined not to let us in nor sell us a grain of corn, because he had never seen a white man before, and he must know all about this wonderful specimen of humanity before he would allow us to pass through his country. Having arrived at the khambi, or camp, I despatched Bombay with a propitiating gift of cloth to the Chief—a gift at once so handsome and so munificent, consisting of no less than two royal cloths and three common dotis, that the Chief surrendered at once, declaring that the white man was a superior being to any he had ever seen. ‘Surely,’ said he, ‘he must have a friend; otherwise how came he to send me such fine cloths? Tell the white man that I shall come and see him.’ Permission was at once given to his people to sell us as much corn as we needed. We had barely finished distributing five days’ rations to each man when the

Chief was announced.

"Gunbearers, twenty in number, preceded him, and thirty spearmen followed him, and behind these came eight or ten men loaded with gifts of honey, native beer, holcus sorghum, beans, and maize. I at once advanced and invited the Chief to my tent, which had undergone some alterations, that I might honor him as much as lay in my power. Ma-manyara was a tall, stalwart man, with a very pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati around his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifles were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his men were would task my powers. My medicine chest was opened next, and I uncorked a small phial of medicinal brandy and gave each a teaspoonful. Suffice it that I made myself so popular with Ma-manyara and his people that they will not forget me in a hurry.

"Leaving kind and hospitable Ma-manyara, after a four hours' march we came to the banks of the Gombe Nullah, not the one which Burton, Speke, and Grant have described, for the Gombe which I mean is about one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the Northern Gombe. The glorious park land spreading out north and south of the Southern Gombe is a hunter's paradise. It is full of game of all kinds—herds of buffalo, giraffe, zebra, pallah, water buck, springbok, gemsbok, blackbuck, and kudu, besides several eland, warthog, or wild boar, and hundreds of the smaller antelope. We saw all these in one day, and at night heard the lions roar and the low of the hippopotamus. I halted here three days to

shoot, and there is no occasion to boast of what I shot, considering the myriads of game I saw at every step I took. Not half the animals shot here by myself and men were made use of. Two buffaloes and one kudu were brought to camp the first day, besides a wild boar, which my mess finished up in one night. My boy gun-bearers sat up the whole night eating boar meat, and until I went to sleep I could hear the buffalo meat sizzing over the fires as the Islamized soldiers prepared it for the road.



A FINE COVEY OF THE NOBLE GAME.

"From Manyara to Marefu, in Ukonongo, are five days' marches. It is an uninhabited forest now, and is about eighty miles in length. Clumps of forest and dense islets of jungle dot plains which separate the forests proper. It is monotonous owing to the sameness of the scenes. And throughout this length of eighty miles there is nothing to catch a man's eye in search of the picturesque or novel save the Gombe's pools, with their amphibious inhabitants, and the variety of noble game which inhabit the forests and plain. A travelling band of Wakonongo, bound to Ukonongo from Manyara, prayed to have our escort, which was readily granted. They were famous foresters, who knew the various fruits fit to eat; who knew the cry of the honey-bird, and could follow it to the treasure of honey which it wished to show its human friends. It is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren, and, 'tweet-tweet,' it immediately cries when it sees a human being. It becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips, and flies from

branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird, hopping about, and hears its sweet call—'tweet-tweet-tweet.' If he is a Makonongo he follows it. Away flies the bird on to another tree, springs to another branch nearer to the lagging man as if to say, 'Shall I, must I come and fetch you?' but assured by his advance, away again to another tree, coquets about, and tweets his call rapidly; sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding him for being so slow; then off again, until at last the treasure is found and secured. And as he is a very busy little bird, while the man secures his treasure of honey, he plumes himself, ready for another flight and to discover another treasure. Every evening the Makonongo brought us stores of beautiful red and white honey, which is only to be secured in the dry season. Over pancakes and fritters the honey is very excellent; but it is apt to disturb the stomach. I seldom rejoiced in its sweetness without suffering some indisposition afterwards.

"Arriving at Marefu, we overtook an embassy from the Arabs at Unyanyembe to the Chief of the ferocious Watuta, who live a month's march southwest of this frontier village of Ukonongo. Old Hassan, the Mseguhha, was the person who held the honorable post of Chief of the embassy, who had volunteered to conduct the negotiations which were to secure the Watuta's services against Mirambo, the dreaded Chief of Uyoweh. Assured by the Arabs that there was no danger, and having received the sum of forty dollars for his services, he had gone on, sanguine of success, and had arrived at Marefu, where we overtook him.



AFRICAN WARBLERS.

"We left old Hassan the next day, for the prosecution of the work of the expedition, feeling much happier than we had felt for many a day. Desertions had now ceased, and there remained in chains but one incorrigible, whom I had

apprehended twice after twice deserting. Bombay and his sympathizers were now beginning to perceive that after all there was not much danger—at least not as much as the Arabs desired us to believe—and he was heard expressing his belief in his broken English that I would 'catch the Tanganyika after all,' and the standing joke was now that we could smell the fish of the Tanganyika Lake, and that we could not be far from it. New scenes also met the eye. Here and there were upheaved above the tree tops sugar-loaf hills, and, darkly blue, west of us loomed up a noble ridge of hills which formed the boundary between Kamirambo's territory and that of Utende. Elephant tracks became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mwaru, with its lengthy slope slowly descending westward, the vegetation became more varied and the outlines of the land before us became more picturesque. We became sated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on trees. There was the mbembu, with the taste of an over ripe peach; the tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in its flavor. The matonga, or *nux vomica*, was welcome, and the luscious singwe, the plum of Africa, was the most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked long past their season, and beyond eating. Guinea fowls, the moorhen, ptarmigans and ducks supplied our table; and often the lump of a buffalo or an extravagant piece of venison filled our camp kettles. My health was firmly established. The faster we prosecuted our journey the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one

drawback to it all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water of the pools at which we had camped between Manyara and Mrera. But judicious attendance and Dover's powders brought the boy round again.

"Mrera, in Ukonongo, nine days southwest of the Gombe Mellah, brought to our minds the jungle habitats of the Wawkwere on the coast, and an ominous sight to travellers were the bleached skulls of men which adorned the tops of tall poles before the gates of the village. The Sultan of Mrera and myself became fast friends after he had tasted of my liberality.



CROSSING A LAGOON.

"After a halt of three days at this village, for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly, with the understanding that we should behold the waters of the Tanganyika within ten days. Traversing a dense forest of young trees, we came to a plain dotted with scores of ant hills. Their uniform height

(about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to such inundations. Beyond this plain about four miles we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight after so many months spent by brackish pools and nauseous swamps. Crossing the stream, which ran northwest, we immediately ascended a steep and lofty ridge, whence we obtained a view of grand and imposing mountains, of isolated hills, rising sheer to great heights from a plain stretching far into the heart of Ufipa, cut up by numerous streams flowing into the Rungwa River, which during the rainy season overflows this plain and forms the lagoon set down by Speke as the Rikwa. We continued still westward, crossing many a broad stretch of marsh and oozy bed of mellahs, whence rose the streams that formed the Rungwa some forty miles south.

"At a camping place beyond Mrera we heard enough from some natives who visited us to assure us that we were rushing to our destruction if we still kept westward. After receiving hints of how to evade the war-stricken country in our front, we took a road leading north-northwest. While continuing on this course we crossed streams running to the Rungwa south and others running directly north to the Malagarazi, from either side of a lengthy ridge which served to separate the country of Unyamwezi from Ukawendi. We were also attracted for the first time by the lofty and tapering moule tree, used on the Tanganyika Lake for the canoes of the natives, who dwell on its shores. The banks of the numerous streams are lined with dense growths of these

shapely trees, as well as of sycamore, and gigantic tamarinds, which rivalled the largest sycamore in their breadth of shade. The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard and lion and wild boar were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys while being driven to water along a narrow path, hedged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal's neck, and it would have made short work of it had not its companions set up such a braying chorus as might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to that limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath and prowled about the well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful clamor without intermission until morning.

"Our camps by these thick belts of timber, peopled as they were with wild beasts, my men never fancied. But Southern Ukawendi, with its fair, lovely valleys and pellucid streams nourishing vegetation to extravagant growth, density and height, is infested with troubles of this kind. And it is probable, from the spread of this report among the natives, that this is the cause of the scant population of one of the loveliest countries Africa can boast. The fairest of California scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests, now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the rivers, and behold exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque

and pretty—all within the scope of vision whichever way one may turn. And to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across three degrees of longitude and nearly four of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.



AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE.

"What wild and ambitious projects fill a man's brain as he looks over the forgotten and unpeopled country, containing in its bosom such store of wealth, and with such an expanse of fertile soil, capable of sustaining millions! What a settlement one could have in this valley! See, it is broad enough to support a large population! Fancy a church spire rising where that tamarind rears its dark crown of foliage and think how well a score or so of pretty cottages would look instead of those thorn clumps and gum trees! Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle and fields of corn, spreading to the right and left of this stream! How much better would such a state become this valley, rather than its present deserted and wild aspect! But be hopeful. The day will come and a future year will see it, when happier lands have become crowded and nations have become so overgrown that they have no room to turn about. It only needs an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila to lead their hosts to this land, which, perhaps, has been wisely reserved for such a time.

"After the warning so kindly given by the natives soon after leaving Mrera, in Ukonongo, five days' marches brought us to Mrera, in the district of Rusawa, in Ukawendi. Arriving here, we questioned the natives as to the best course to pursue—should we make direct for the Tanganyika or go north to the Malagarazi River? They advised us to the latter course, though no Arab had ever taken it. Two days through the forest, they said, would enable us to reach the Malagarazi. The guide, who had by this forgotten our disagreement, endorsed this opinion, as beyond the Malagarazi he was sufficiently qualified

to show the way. We laid in a stock of four days' provisions against contingencies, and bidding farewell to the hospitable people of Rusawa, continued our journey northward.

"The scenery was getting more sublime every day as we advanced northward, even approaching the terrible. We seemed to have left the monotony of a desert for the wild, picturesque scenery of Abyssinia and the terrible mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. I named one tabular mountain, which recalled memories of the Abyssinian campaign, Magdala, and as I gave it a place on my chart it became of great use to me, as it rose so prominently into view that I was enabled to lay down our route pretty accurately. The four days' provisions we had taken with us were soon consumed, and still we were far from the Malagarazi River. Though we eked out my own stores with great care, as shipwrecked men at sea, these also gave out on the sixth day, and still the Malagarazi was not in sight. The country was getting more difficult for travel, owing to the numerous ascents and descents we had to make in the course of a day's march. Bleached and bare, it was cut up by a thousand deep ravines and intersected by a thousand dry water courses whose beds were filled with immense sandstone rocks and boulders washed away from the great heights which rose above us on every side. We were not protected now by the shades of the forest, and the heat became excessive and water became scarce. But we still held on our way, hoping that each day's march would bring us in sight of the long-looked-for and much-desired Malagarazi. Fortunately we had filled our bags and baskets with the forest peaches with which the forests of Rusawa had supplied us, and these sustained us in this extremity.

"Proceeding on our road on the eighth day every thing we saw tended to confirm us in the belief that food was at hand. After travelling two hours, still descending rapidly towards a deep basin which we saw, the foremost of the expedition halted, attracted by the sight of a village situated on a table-topped mountain on our right. The guide told us it must be that of the son of Nzogera, of Uvinza. We followed a road leading to the foot of the mountain, and camped on the edge of an extensive morass. Though we fired guns to announce our arrival, it was unnecessary, for the people were already hurrying to our camps to inquire about our intentions. The explanation was satisfactory, but they said that they had taken us to be enemies, few friends having ever come along our road. In a few minutes there was an abundance of meat and grain in the camp, and the men's jaws were busy in the process of mastication.

"During the whole of the afternoon we were engaged upon the terms Nzogera's son exacted for the privilege of passing through his country. We found him to be the first of a tribute-taking tribe which subsequently made much havoc in the bales of the expedition. Seven and a half doti of cloth were what we were compelled to pay, whether we returned or proceeded on our way. After a day's halt we proceeded under the guidance of two men granted to me as qualified to show the way to the Malagarazi River. We had to go east-northeast for a considerable time in order to avoid the morass that lay directly across the country that intervened between the triangular mountain on whose top Nzogera's son dwelt. This marsh drains three extensive ranges of mountains which, starting from the westward, separated only by two deep chasms from each other, run at wide angles—one southeast,

one northeast, and the other northwest. From a distance this marsh looks fair enough; stately trees at intervals rise seemingly from its bosom, and between them one catches glimpses of a lovely champaign, bounded by perpendicular mountains, in the far distance. After a wide detour we struck straight for this marsh, which presented to us another novelty in the watershed of the Tanganyika.

"Fancy a river broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over by water plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that only a few yards higher up an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves and sixteen tusks of ivory had suddenly sunk forever out of sight. As one-half of our little column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side, in one place like to the swell of a sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled, and undulated one wave after another. As we all got on it we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet and a circular pool of water was formed, and I expected every minute to see them suddenly sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed

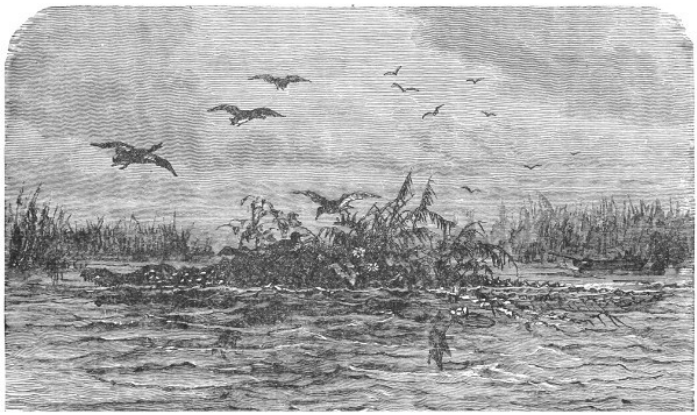
to cross the treacherous bridge without accident.

"Arriving on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suitable for agricultural settlements or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, as a flat-topped rock, on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen and where the natives prided themselves on their security and conducted themselves accordingly, ever insolent and forward. We were halted every two or three miles by the demand for tribute, which we did not, because we could not, pay.

"On the second day after leaving Nzogera's son we commenced a series of descents, the deep valleys on each side of us astonishing us by their profundity, and the dark gloom prevailing below, amid their wonderful dense forests of tall trees, and glimpses of plains beyond, invited sincere admiration. In about a couple of hours we discovered the river we were looking for below, at the distance of a mile, running like a silver vein through a broad valley. Halting at Kiala's, eldest son of Nzogera, the principal Sultan of Uvinza, we waited an hour to see on what terms he would ferry us over the Malagarazi. As we could not come to a definite conclusion respecting them we were obliged to camp in his village.

"Until three o'clock P. M. the following day continued the negotiations for ferrying us across the Malagarazi, consisting of arguments, threats, quarrels, loud shouting and stormy debate on both sides. Finally, six doti and ten fundo of sami-sami beads were agreed upon. After which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish and deep; yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by

swimming rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for the crocodiles, cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long, tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself, pelting them with two-ounce balls, I made no effect on their numbers. Two canoes had discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which Mutware now commenced.



A FLOATING ALLIGATOR.

"Two marches from Malagarazi brought us to Uhha. Kawanga was the first place in Uhha where we halted. It is the village where resides the first mutware, or chief, to whom caravans have to pay tribute. To this man we paid twelve and a half doti, upon the understanding that we would have to pay no more between here and Ujiji. We left Kawanga cheerfully enough. The country undulated gently before us like the prairie of Nebraska, as devoid of trees almost as our plains. The top of every wave of land enabled us to see the scores of villages which

dotted its surface, though it required keen eyes to detect at a distance the beehived and straw-thatched huts from the bleached grass of the plain.

"Pursuing our way next day, after a few hours' march, we came to Kahirigi, and quartered ourselves in a large village, governed over by Mionvu's brother, who had already been advised by Mionvu of the windfall in store for him. This man, as soon as we had set the tent, put in a claim for thirty doti, which I was able to reduce, after much eloquence, lasting over five hours, to twenty-six doti. I saw my fine array of bales being reduced fast. Four more such demands as Mionvu's would leave me, in unclassic phrase, 'cleaned out.'

"After paying this last tribute, as it was night, I closed my tent, and, lighting my pipe, began to think seriously upon my position and how to reach Ujiji without paying more tribute. It was high time to resort either to a battle or to a strategy of some kind, possibly to striking into the jungle; but there was no jungle in Uhha, and a man might be seen miles off on its naked plains. At least this last was the plan most likely to succeed without endangering the prospects almost within reach of the expedition. Calling the guide, I questioned him as to its feasibility. He said there was a Mguana, a slave of Thani Bin Abdullah, in the Coma, with whom I might consult. Sending for him, he presently came, and I began to ask him for how much he would guide us out of Uhha without being compelled to pay any more Muhongo. He replied that it was a hard thing to do, unless I had complete control over my men and they could be got to do exactly as I told them. When satisfied on this point he entered into an agreement to show me a road—or rather to lead me to it—that might be clear of all habitations as far as

Ujiji for twelve doti, paid beforehand. The cloth was paid to him at once.

"At half-past two A. M. the men were ready, and, stealing silently past the huts, the guide opened the gates, and we filed out one by one as quickly as possible. At dawn we crossed the swift Zunuzi, which flowed southward into the Malagarazi, after which we took a northwesterly direction through a thick jungle of bamboo. There was no road, and behind us we left but little trail on the hard, dry ground. At eight A. M. we halted for breakfast, having marched nearly six hours, within the jungle, which stretched for miles around us.

"At ten A. M. we resumed our journey, and after three hours camped at Lake Musuma, a body of water which during the rainy season has a length of three miles and a breadth of two miles. It is one of a group of lakes which fill deep hollows in the plain of Uhha. They swarm with hippopotami, and their shores are favorite resorts of large herds of buffalo and game. The eland and buffalo especially are in large numbers here, and the elephant and rhinoceros are exceedingly numerous. We saw several of these, but did not dare to fire. On the second morning after crossing the Sunuzi and Rugufu Rivers, we had just started from our camp, and as there was no moonlight the head of the column came to a village, whose inhabitants, as we heard a few voices, were about starting. We were all struck with consternation, but, consulting with the guide, we despatched our goats and chickens, and leaving them in the road, faced about, retraced our steps, and after a quarter of an hour struck up a ravine, and descending several precipitous places, about half-past six o'clock found ourselves in Ukaranga—safe and free from all tribute taking Wahha.

"Exultant shouts were given—equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon hurrah—upon our success. Addressing the men, I asked them, 'Why should we halt when but a few hours from Ujiji? Let us march a few hours more and to-morrow we shall see the white man at Ujiji, and who knows but this may be the man we are seeking? Let us go on, and after to-morrow we shall have fish for dinner and many days' rest afterwards, every day eating the fish of the Tanganyika. Stop; I think I smell the Tanganyika fish even now.' This speech was hailed with what the newspapers call 'loud applause; great cheering,' and 'Ngema—very well, master;' 'Hyah Barak-Allah—Onward, and the blessing of God be on you.'

"We strode from the frontier at the rate of four miles an hour, and, after six hours' march, the tired caravan entered the woods which separate the residence of the Chief of Ukaranga from the villages on the Mkuti River. As we drew near the village we went slower, unfurled the American and Zanzibar flags, presenting quite an imposing array. When we came in sight of Nyamtaga, the name of the Sultan's residence, and our flags and numerous guns were seen, the Wakaranga and their Sultan deserted their village *en masse*, and rushed into the woods, believing that we were Mirambo's robbers, who, after destroying Unyanyembe, were come to destroy the Arabs and bunder of Ujiji; but he and his people were soon reassured, and came forward to welcome us with presents of goats and beer, all of which were very welcome after the exceedingly lengthy marches we had recently undertaken.

"Rising at early dawn our new clothes were brought forth again that we might present as decent an appearance as possible before the Arabs of Ujiji, and my helmet was well chalked and a new puggeree

folded around it, my boots were well oiled and my white flannels put on, and altogether, without joking, I might have paraded the streets of Bombay without attracting any very great attention.

"A couple of hours brought us to the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi said we could obtain a view of the great Tanganyika Lake. Heedless of the rough path or of the toilsome steep, spurred onward by the cheery promise, the ascent was performed in a short time. On arriving at the top we beheld it at last from the spot whence, probably, Burton and Speke looked at it—'the one in a half paralyzed state, the other almost blind.' Indeed, I was pleased at the sight; and, as we descended, it opened more and more into view until it was revealed at last into a grand inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling and black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south without bounds, a gray expanse of water.

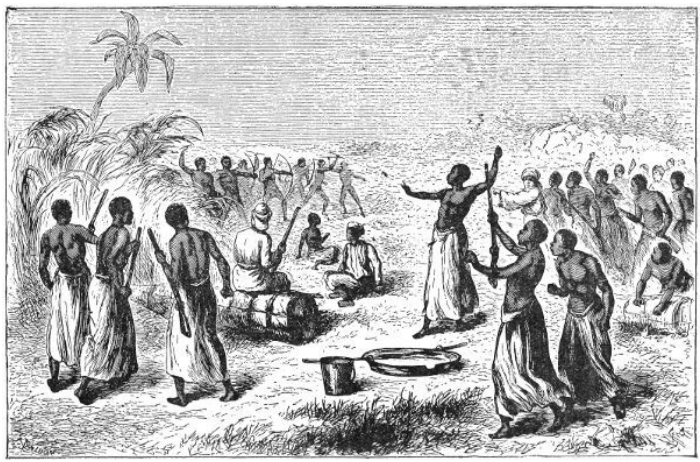
"From the western base of the hill was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly. The hours seemed to have been quarters, we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long on the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward, receded and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Linche, and its thick belt of tall matete grass. We had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, etc., and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet was directly below us.

"We are now about descending—in a few minutes

we shall have reached the spot where we imagine the object of our search—our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming; least of all do they know we are so close to them. If any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise, for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other but a crazy white man whom Sheik, the son of Nasib is going to report to Syed or Burghash for not taking his advice.

"Well, we are but a mile from Ujiji now, and it is high time we should let them know a caravan is coming; so 'Commence firing' is the word passed along the length of the column, and gladly do they begin. They have loaded their muskets half full, and they roar like the broadside of a line-of-battle ship. Down go the ramrods, sending huge charges home to the breech, and volley after volley is fired. The flags are fluttered; the banner of America is in front waving joyfully; the guide is in the zenith of his glory. The former residents of Zanzita will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may—as to what it means. Never were the Stars and Stripes so beautiful to my mind—the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill, wild clangor of it is far and near; and still the cannon muskets tell the noisy seconds. By this time the Arabs are fully alarmed; the natives of Ujiji, Waguhha, Warundi, Wanguana, and I know not whom, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means—this fusilading, shouting, and blowing of horns and flag flying. There are Yambos shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hands and ask anxiously

where I came from. But I have no patience with them. The expedition goes far too slow. I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled?



WARLIKE DEMONSTRATIONS.

"Suddenly a man—a black man—at my elbow shouts in English, 'How do you sir?'

"'Hello! who are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions he is running like a madman toward the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands without exaggeration, it seems to me. It is a grand triumphal procession. As we move they move. All eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt; the journey is ended for a time; but I alone have a few more steps to make.

"There is a group of the most respectable Arabs, and as I come nearer I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band

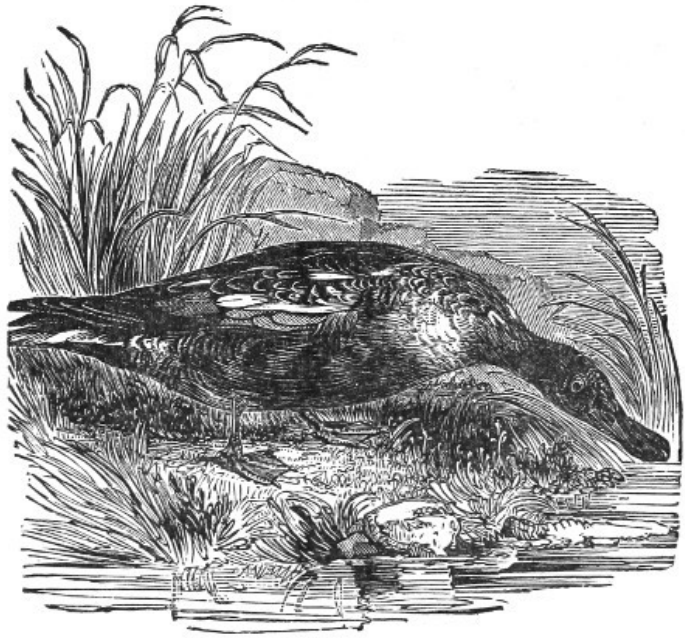
around it, his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth and pants. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I
say:—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?

"And he says, 'Yes.'

"*Finis coronat opus.*"

And thus was the goal won after long and toilsome and dangerous journeyings, many hundred miles of them never before looked upon by the eye of white man. It was a triumph magnificently demonstrating the progress of humanity, science, and civilization; and it must be universally regarded as an achievement remarkably and most happily representative of the spirit of the age, since it was accomplished, not by the power and wealth of prince, or potentate, or government, but by the irrepressible enterprise of an AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.



CHAPTER IX.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY IN AFRICA.

The Great Explorer as a Companion — His Missionary Labors — The Story of His Latest Explorations — The Probable Sources of the Nile — Great Lakes and Rivers — The Country and People of Central Africa — A Race of African Amazons — Slave Trade — A Horrid Massacre — The Discoverer Plundered.

Mr. Stanley, rather contrary, it would seem, to his expectations, found Dr. Livingstone an exceedingly

companionable and agreeable gentleman. He had been led to suppose that the explorer of Africa was haughty and reserved in manner. Instead, he found him hospitable, most generous, and as open and unaffected as a child. He deferred reading his own letters, brought by Mr. Stanley, until he had the general news of the world during the long period in which he had been "lost." Then, he read of home, and gave the commander of the "Herald" expedition an account of his explorations. The result of these interviews is contained in a letter dated at Bunder Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, December 26, 1871, from which we largely extract as follows:

"The goal was won. *Finis coronat opus.* I might here stop very well—for Livingstone was found—only the 'Herald' I know will not be satisfied with one story, so I will sit down to another; a story so interesting, because he, the great traveller, the hero Livingstone, tells most of it himself.

"Together we turned our faces towards his tembe. He pointed to the veranda of his house, which was an unrailed platform, built of mud, covered by wide overhanging eaves. He pointed to his own particular seat, on a carpet of goatskins spread over a thick mat of palm leaf. I protested against taking his seat, but he insisted, and I yielded. We were seated, the Doctor and I, with our back to the wall, the Arabs to our right and left and in front, the natives forming a dark perspective beyond. Then began conversation; I forget what about; possibly about the road I took from Unyanyembe, but I am not sure. I know the Doctor was talking, and I was answering mechanically. I was conning the indomitable, energetic, patient and persevering traveller, at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every line and wrinkle of his face,

the wan face, the fatigued form, were all imparting the intelligence to me which so many men so much desired. It was deeply interesting intelligence and unvarnished truths these mute but certain witnesses gave. They told me of the real nature of the work in which he was engaged. Then his lips began to give me the details—lips that cannot lie. I could not repeat what he said. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that nearly six years had to be accounted for. But the story came out bit by bit, unreservedly—as unreservedly as if he was conversing with Sir R. Murchison, his true friend and best on earth. The man's heart was gushing out, not in hurried sentences, in rapid utterances, in quick relation—but in still and deep words. A happier companion, a truer friend than the traveller, I could not wish for. He was always polite—with a politeness of the genuine kind—and this politeness never forsook him for an instant even in the midst of the most rugged scenes and greatest difficulties. Upon my first introduction to him Livingstone was to me like a huge tome, with a most unpretending binding. Within, the book might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus outside Livingstone gave no token —except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness —of what element of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retains the mobility of prime age just enough to show that there yet lives much endurance and vigor within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and mustache are very gray. The hair, originally brown,

is streaked here and there with gray over the temples, otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth above show indications of being worn out. The hard fare of Londa and Manyema have made havoc in their ranks. His form is stoutish, a little over the ordinary in height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round vizor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally.



THE DISCOVERY OF LIVINGSTONE.

"Of the inner man much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself, bit by bit, to the stranger, a great many favorable points present themselves, any of which taken singly might well dispose you toward him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he would

defer reading until night; for the time he would enjoy being astonished by the European and any general world news I could communicate. He had acquired the art of being patient long ago, he said, and he had waited so long for letters that he could well afford to wait a few hours more. So we sat and talked on that humble veranda of one of the poorest houses in Ujiji. Talked quite oblivious of the large concourse of Arabs, Wanguana, and Wajiji, who had crowded around to see the new comer.

"The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure, but what he had was mine and his. The wan features which I had thought shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and stooping shoulders belied the man. Underneath that aged and well spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter—the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Vardon, and Cumming (Gordon Cumming) were always the chief actors. 'You have brought me new life,' he said several times, so that I was not sure but that there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits, but as I found it continued during several weeks I am now disposed to think it

natural.

"Another thing which specially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. When we remember the thirty years and more he has spent in Africa, deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite whole poems of Burns, Byron, Tennyson, and Longfellow. Even the poets Whittier and Lowell were far better known to him than me. He knew an endless number of facts and names of persons connected with America much better than I, though it was my peculiar province as a journalist to have known them.

"Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man—a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind—simply contenting itself with avowing its peculiar creed and ignoring all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work, if not in deed, by shining example. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives and towards the bigoted Mussulmans—all who come in contact with him. Without religion Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful religion

has refined, and made him, to speak the earnest, sober truth, the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters. Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him and has prayers read, in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whatley—viz, natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following them he delivers a short address in the Kisawahiti language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.

"When I first met the Doctor I asked him if he did not feel a desire to visit his country and take a little rest. He had then been absent about six years, and the answer he gave me freely shows what kind of man he is. Said
he:—

"'I would like very much to go home and see my children once again, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?' 'And why,' I asked, 'did you come so far back without finishing the short task which you say you have yet to do?' 'Simply because I was forced; my men would not budge a step forward. They mutinied and formed a secret resolution that if I still insisted on going on to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me, in which case I should be killed. It was dangerous to go any farther. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their waters into the central line of drainage, and

when about starting to explore the last one hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now, having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body.'

"Again, about a week after I had arrived in Ujiji, I asked Livingstone if he had examined the northern head of the Tanganyika. He answered immediately he had not, and then asked if people expected he had.

"'I did try before setting out for Manyema,' he said, 'to engage canoes and proceed northward, but I soon saw that the people were all confederating to fleece me as they had Burton, and had I gone under such circumstances I should not have been able to proceed to Manyema to explore the central line of drainage, and of course the most important line—far more important than the line of the Tanganyika; for whatever connection there may be between the Tanganyika and the Albert the true sources of the Nile are those emptying into the central line of drainage. In my own mind I have not the least doubt that the Rusizi River flows from this lake into the Albert. For three months steadily I observed a current setting northward. I verified it by means of water plants. When Speke gives the altitude of the Tanganyika at only 1,880 feet above the sea I imagine he must have fallen into the error by frequently writing the Anno Domini, and thus made a slip of the pen; for the altitude is over two thousand eight hundred feet by boiling point, though I make it a little over three thousand feet by barometers. Thus you see that there are no very great natural difficulties on the score of altitude, and

nothing to prevent the reasonable supposition that there may be a water connection by means of the Rusizi or some other river between the two lakes. Besides, the Arabs here are divided in their statements. Some swear that the river goes out of the Tanganyika, others that it flows into the Tanganyika.'

"Dr. Livingstone left the island of Zanzibar in March, 1866. On the 7th of the following month he departed from Mikindini Bay for the interior, with an expedition consisting of twelve Sepoys from Bombay, nine men from Johanna, of the Comoro Isles seven liberated slaves and two Zambesi men (taking them as an experiment), six camels, three buffaloes, two mules and three donkeys. He thus had thirty men, twelve of whom—viz., the Sepoys—were to act as guards for the expedition. They were mostly armed with the Enfield rifles presented to the Doctor by the Bombay Government. The baggage of the expedition consisted of ten bales of cloth and two bags of beads, which were to serve as currency by which they would be enabled to purchase the necessaries of life in the countries the Doctor intended to visit. Besides the cumbrous moneys they carried several boxes of instruments, such as chronometers, air thermometers, sextant and artificial horizon, boxes containing clothes, medicines, and personal necessaries.

"The expedition travelled up the left bank of the Rovuma River, a route as full of difficulties as any that could be chosen. For miles Livingstone and his party had to cut their way with their axes through the dense and most impenetrable jungles which lined the river's banks. The road was a mere footpath, leading in the almost erratic fashion, in and through the dense vegetation, seeking the easiest outlet from

it without any regard to the course it ran. The pagazis were able to proceed easily enough, but the camels, on account of their enormous height, could not advance a step without the axes of the party first clearing the way. These tools of foresters were almost always required, but the advance of the expedition was often retarded by the unwillingness of the Sepoys and Johanna men to work. Soon after the departure of the expedition from the coast the murmurings and complaints of these men began, and upon every occasion and at every opportunity they evinced a decided hostility to an advance.

"The Doctor and his little party arrived on the 18th day of July, 1866, at a village belonging to a chief of the Mahiyaw, situated eight days' march south of the Rovuma and overlooking the watershed of the Lake Nyassa. The territory lying between the Rovuma river and this Mahiyaw chieftain was an uninhabited wilderness, during the transit of which Livingstone and the expedition suffered considerably from hunger and desertion of men.

"Early in August, 1866, the Doctor came to Mponda's country, a chief who dwelt near the Lake Nyassa. On the road thither two of the liberated slaves deserted him. Here, also, Wakotani (not Wikotani) a *protege* of the Doctor, insisted upon his discharge, alleging as an excuse, which the Doctor subsequently found to be untrue, that he had found his brother."

Hence the explorer proceeded to the heel of Lake Nyassa where there is a village of a Babisa chief. The chief was ill, and Doctor Livingstone remained there for some time to give him medical aid. It was here that he was deserted by his Johanna men, the chief of whom, Ali Moosa (or Musa), pretended to give credence to a mournful story of plunder perpetrated

upon a certain half-caste Arab who had been along the western shore of the lake. Though the explorer gave no faith to the Arab story, he determined not to go among the Ma-zitu, reported so hostile, and proceeded in a southwestern course for a considerable distance. The correspondent's letter goes on to say:

"As soon as he turned his face westward Musa and the Johanna men ran away in a body. The Doctor says, in commenting upon Musa's conduct, that he felt strongly tempted to shoot Musa and another ringleader, but was nevertheless glad that he did not soil his hands with their vile blood. A day or two afterwards another of his men—Simon Price by name—came to the Doctor with the same tale about the Ma-Zitu, but, compelled by the scant number of his people to repress all such tendencies to desertion and faint-heartedness, the Doctor 'shut him up' at once and forbade him to utter the name of the Ma-Zitu any more. Had the natives not assisted him he must have despaired of ever being able to penetrate the wild and unexplored interior which he was now about to tread.

"'Fortunately,' as the Doctor says with unction, 'I was in a country now, after leaving the shores of the Nyassa, where the feet of the slave trader had not trodden. It was a new and virgin land, and of course, as I have always found it in such cases, the natives were really good and hospitable, and for very small portions of cloth my baggage was conveyed from village to village by them.' In many other ways the traveller in his extremity was kindly treated by the undefiled and unspoiled natives. On leaving this hospitable region in the early part of December, 1866, the Doctor entered a country where the Mazitu had exercised their customary spoliating

propensities. The land was swept clean of all provisions and cattle, and the people had emigrated to other countries beyond the bounds of these ferocious plunderers. Again the expedition was besieged by famine, and was reduced to great extremity. To satisfy the pinching hunger it suffered it had recourse to the wild fruits which some parts of the country furnished. At intervals the condition of the hard-pressed band was made worse by the heartless desertion of some of its members, who more than once departed with the Doctor's personal kit—changes of clothes and linen, etc. With more or less misfortunes constantly dogging his footsteps, he traversed in safety the countries of the Babisa, Bobemba, Barungu, Baulungu, and Londa.

"In the country of Londa lives the famous Cazembe —made known to Europeans first by Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Cazembe is a most intelligent prince; is a tall, stalwart man, who wears a peculiar kind of dress, made of crimson print, in the form of a prodigious kilt. The mode of arranging it is most ludicrous. All the folds of this enormous kilt are massed in front, which causes him to look as if the peculiarities of the human body were reversed in his case. The abdominal parts are thus covered with a balloon-like expansion of cloth, while the lumbar region, which is by us jealously clothed, with him is only half draped by a narrow curtain which by no means suffices to obscure its naturally fine proportions. In this state dress King Cazembe received Dr. Livingstone, surrounded by his chiefs and body guards. A chief, who had been deputed by the King and elders to find out all about the white man, then stood up before the assembly, and in a loud voice gave the result of the inquiry he had instituted. He had heard the white man had come to

look for waters, for rivers and seas. Though he did not understand what the white man could want with such things, he had no doubt that the object was good. Then Cazembe asked what the Doctor proposed doing and where he thought of going. The Doctor replied that he had thought of going south, as he had heard of lakes and rivers being in that direction. Cazembe asked: 'What can you want to go there for? The water is close here. There is plenty of large water in this neighborhood.' Before breaking up the assembly Cazembe gave orders to let the white man go where he would through his country undisturbed and unmolested. He was the first Englishman he had seen, he said, and he liked him.

"Shortly after his introduction to the King the Queen entered the large house surrounded by a body guard of Amazons armed with spears. She was a fine, tall, handsome young woman, and evidently thought she was about to make a great impression upon the rustic white man, for she had clothed herself after a most royal fashion, and was armed with a ponderous spear. But her appearance, so different from what the Doctor had imagined, caused him to laugh, which entirely spoiled the effect intended, for the laugh of the Doctor was so contagious that she herself was the first who imitated, and the Amazons, courtier-like, followed suit. Much disconcerted by this, the Queen ran back, followed by her obedient damsels—a retreat most undignified and unqueenlike compared to her majestic advent into the Doctor's presence.

"Soon after his arrival in the country of Londa, or Lunda, and before he had entered the district of Cazembe, he had crossed a river called the Chambezi, which was quite an important stream. The similarity of the name with that large and noble river south, which will be forever connected with his

name, misled Livingstone at that time, and he accordingly did not pay it the attention it deserved, believing that the Chambezi was but the head-waters of the Zambezi, and consequently had no bearing or connection with the sources of the river of Egypt, of which he was in search. His fault was in relying too implicitly upon the correctness of Portuguese information. This error cost him many months of tedious labor and travel. But these travels and tedious labors of his in Londa and the adjacent countries have established beyond doubt, first, that the Chambezi is a totally distinct river from the Zambezi of the Portuguese, and secondly, that the Chambezi, starting from about latitude eleven degrees south, is none other than the most southerly feeder of the great Nile, thus giving this famous river a length of over two thousand six hundred miles of direct latitude, making it second to the Mississippi, the longest river in the world. The real and true name of the Zambezi is Dombazi. When Lacuda and his Portuguese successors came to Cazembe, crossed the Chambezi and heard its name, they very naturally set it down as ‘our own Zambezi,’ and without further inquiry sketched it as running in that direction.



AMAZON WARRIORS.

“During his researches in that region, so pregnant in discoveries, Livingstone came to a lake lying northeast of Cazembe, which the natives called Liemba, from the country of that name, which bordered it on the east and south. In tracing the lake north he found it to be none other than the Tanganyika, or the southeastern extremity of it, which looks on the Doctor’s map very much like an

outline of Italy. The latitude of the southern end of this great body of water is about nine degrees south, which gives it thus a length, from north to south, of 360 geographical miles.

"From the southern extremity of the Tanganyika he crossed Marungu and came in sight of Lake Moero. Tracing this lake, which is about sixty miles in length, to its southern head, he found a river called the Luapula entering it from that direction. Following the Luapula south he found it issue from the large lake of Bangweolo, which is as large in superficial area as the Tanganyika. In exploring for the waters which emptied into the lake he found by far the most important of these feeders was the Chambezi. So that he had thus traced the Chambezi from its source to Lake Bangweolo, and issue from its northern head under the name of Luapula, and found it enter Lake Moero. Again he returned to Cazembe, well satisfied that the river running north through three degrees of latitude could not be the river running south under the name of the Zambezi, though there might be a remarkable resemblance in their names.

"At Cazembe he found an old white-bearded half-caste named Mohammed ben Salih, who was kept as a kind of prisoner at large by the King because of certain suspicious circumstance attending his advent and stay in his country. Through Livingstone's influence Mohammed ben Salih obtained his release. On the road to Ujiji he had bitter cause to regret having exerted himself in the half-caste's behalf. He turned out to be a most ungrateful wretch, who poisoned the minds of the Doctor's few followers and ingratiated himself in their favor by selling the favors of his concubines to them, thus reducing them to a kind of bondage under him. From the day he had the

vile old man in his company manifold and bitter misfortunes followed the Doctor up to his arrival in Ujiji, in March, 1869.

"From the date of his arrival until the end of June (1869) he remained in Ujiji, whence he dated those letters which, though the outside world still doubted his being alive, satisfied the minds of the Royal Geographical people and his intimate friends that he was alive, and Musa's tale an ingenious but false fabrication of a cowardly deserter. It was during this time that the thought occurred to him of sailing around the Lake Tanganyika, but the Arabs and natives were so bent upon fleecing him that, had he undertaken it the remainder of his goods would not have enabled him to explore the central line of drainage, the initial point of which he found far south of Cazembe, in about latitude 11 degrees, in the river Chambezi. In the days when tired Captain Burton was resting in Ujiji, after his march from the coast near Zanzibar, the land to which Livingstone, on his departure from Ujiji, bent his steps, was unknown to the Arabs save by vague report. Messrs. Burton and Speke never heard of it, it seems. Speke, who was the geographer of Burton's expedition, heard of a place called Uruwa, which he placed on his map according to the general direction indicated by the Arabs; but the most enterprising of the Arabs, in their search after ivory, only touched the frontiers of Rua, as the natives and Livingstone call it; for Rua is an immense country, with a length of six degrees of latitude and as yet an undefined breadth from east to west.

"At the end of June, 1869, Livingstone took *dhow* at Ujiji and crossed over to Uguhha, on the western shore, for his last and greatest series of explorations, the result of which was the discovery of a series of

lakes of great magnitude connected together by a large river called by different names as it left one lake to flow to another. From the port of Uguhha he set off in company with a body of traders, in an almost direct westerly course, through the lake country of Uguhha. Fifteen days march brought them to Bambarre, the first important ivory depot in Manyema, or, as the natives pronounce it, Manuyema. For nearly six months he was detained at Bambarre from ulcers in the feet, with copious discharges of bloody ichor oozing from the sores as soon as he set his feet on the ground. When well, he set off in a northerly direction, and, after several days, came to a broad, lacustrine river, called the Lualaba, flowing northward and westward, and, in some places southward, in a most confusing way. The river was from one to three miles broad. By exceeding pertinacity he contrived to follow its erratic course until he saw the Lualaba enter the narrow but lengthy lake of Kamolondo, in about latitude 6 deg. 30 min. south. Retracing it south he came to the point where he had seen the Luapula enter Lake Moero.

"One feels quite enthusiastic when listening to Livingstone's description of the beauties of Moero scenery. Pent in on all sides by high mountains clothed to their tips with the richest vegetation of the tropics, Moero discharges its superfluous waters through a deep rent in the bosom of the mountains. The impetuous and grand river roars through the chasm with the thunder of a cataract; but soon after leaving its confined and deep bed it expands into the calm and broad Lualaba—expanding over miles of ground, making great bends west and southwest, then, curving northward, enters Kamolondo. By the natives it is called the Lualaba, but the Doctor, in

order to distinguish it from the other rivers of the same name, has given it the name of Webb's River, after Mr. Webb, the wealthy proprietor of Newstead Abbey, whom the Doctor distinguishes as one of his oldest and most consistent friends. Away to the southwest from Kamolondo is another large lake, which discharges its waters by the important river Locki, or Lomami, into the great Lualaba. To this lake, known as Chebungo by the natives, Dr. Livingstone has given the name of Lincoln, to be hereafter distinguished on maps and in books as Lake Lincoln, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, our murdered President. This was done from the vivid impression produced on his mind by hearing a portion of his inauguration speech read from an English pulpit, which related to the causes that induced him to issue his emancipation proclamation. To the memory of the man whose labors in behalf of the negro race deserved the commendation of all good men Livingstone has contributed a monument more durable than brass or stone.

"Entering Webb's River from the south-southwest, a little north of Kamolondo, is a large river called the Lufira, but the streams that discharge themselves from the watershed into the Lualaba are so numerous that the Doctor's map would not contain them, so he has left all out except the most important. Continuing his way north, tracing the Luabala through its manifold and crooked curves as far as latitude four degrees south, he came to another large lake called the Unknown Lake; but here you may come to a dead halt, and read it thus:—* * * * * *. Here was the furthermost point. From here he was compelled to return on the weary road to Ujiji, a distance of 600 miles.

"In this brief sketch of Doctor Livingstone's

wonderful travels it is to be hoped that the most superficial reader as well as the student of geography, comprehends this grand system of lakes connected together by Webb's river. To assist him, let him procure a map of Africa, embracing the latest discoveries. Two degrees south of the Tanganyika, and two degrees west let him draw the outlines of a lake, its greatest length from east to west, and let him call it Bangweolo. One degree or thereabout to the northwest let him sketch the outlines of another but smaller lake and call it Moero; a degree again north of Moero another lake of similar size, and call it Kamolondo, and still a degree north of Kamolondo another lake, large and as yet undefined limits, which, in the absence of any specific term; we will call the Nameless Lake. Then let him connect these several lakes by a river called after different names. Thus, the main feeder of Bangweolo, the Chambezi; the river which issues out of Bangweolo and runs into Moero, the Luapula; the river connecting Moero with Kamolondo, Webb's river; that which runs from Kamolondo into the Nameless Lake northward, the Lualaba; and let him write in bold letters over the rivers Chambezi, Luapula, Webb's River and the Lualaba the 'Nile,' for these are all one and the same river. Again, west of Moero Lake, about one degree or thereabouts, another large lake may be placed on his map, with a river running diagonally across to meet the Lualaba north of Lake Kamolondo. This new lake is Lake Lincoln, and the river is the Lomami River, the confluence of which with the Lualaba is between Kamolondo and the Nameless Lake. Taken altogether, the reader may be said to have a very fair idea of what Dr. Livingstone has been doing these long years, and what additions he has made to the study of African geography. That this river,

distinguished under several titles, flowing from one lake into another in a northerly direction, with all its great crooked bends and sinuosities is the Nile, the true Nile, the Doctor has not the least doubt. For a long time he did doubt, because of its deep bends and curves—west, and southwest even—but having traced it from its headwaters, the Chambezi, through seven degrees of latitude—that is, from latitude eleven degrees south to a little north of latitude four degrees south—he has been compelled to come to the conclusion that it can be no other river than the Nile. He had thought it was the Congo, but he has discovered the sources of the Congo to be the Kasai and the Quango, two rivers which rise on the western side of the Nile watershed in about the latitude of Bangweolo; and he was told of another river called the Lubilash, which rose from the north and ran west. But the Lualaba the Doctor thinks cannot be the Congo, from its great size and body and from its steady and continual flow northward through a broad and extensive valley, bounded by enormous mountains, westerly and easterly. The altitude of the most northerly point to which the Doctor traced the wonderful river was a little over two thousand feet, so that though Baker makes out his lake to be two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, yet the Bahr Ghazal, through which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues into the Nile is only a little over two thousand feet, in which case there is a possibility that the Lualaba may be none other than Petherick's branch. It is well known that trading stations for ivory have been established for about five hundred miles up Petherick's branch. We must remember this fact when told that Gondokoro, in latitude four degrees north, is two thousand feet above the sea, and latitude four

degrees south, where the Doctor was halted, is only a little over two thousand feet above the sea. That two rivers, said to be two thousand feet above the sea, separated from each other by eight degrees of latitude, are the same stream may, among some men, be regarded as a startling statement. But we must restrain mere expressions of surprise and take into consideration that this mighty and broad Lualaba is a lacustrine river—broader than the Mississippi—and think of our own rivers, which, though shallow, are exceedingly broad. We must wait also until the altitude of the two rivers—the Lualaba, where the Doctor halted, and the southern point on the Bahr Ghazal, where Petherick has been—are known with perfect accuracy.



CHARACTERISTIC HEAD-DRESSES.

"Webb's River, or the Lualaba, from Bangweolo is a lacustrine river, expanding from one to three miles in breadth. At intervals it forms extensive lakes, then contracting into a broad river it again forms a lake, and so on to latitude four degrees north, and beyond this point the Doctor heard of a large lake again north. Now, for the sake of argument, suppose we give this nameless lake a length of four degrees latitude, as it may be the one discovered by Piaggia, the Italian traveller, from which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues out through reeds, marshes and the Bahr Ghazal into the White Nile south of Gondokoro. By this method we can suppose the rivers one—for the lakes extending over so many degrees of latitude would obviate the necessity of explaining the differences of latitude that must naturally exist between the points of a river eight degrees of latitude apart. Also, that Livingstone's instruments for observation and taking altitude may have been in error, and this is very likely to have been the case, subjected as they have been to rough handling during nearly six years of travel.

"Despite the apparent difficulty about the altitude, there is another strong reason for believing Webb's River, or the Lualaba, to be the Nile. The watershed of this river, 600 miles of which Livingstone has travelled, is drained by a valley which lies north and south between the eastern and western ranges of the watershed. This valley or line of drainage, while it does not receive the Kasai and the Quango, receives rivers flowing from a great distance west—for instance, the important tributaries Lufira and Lomami and large rivers from the east, such as the Lindi and Luamo; and while the most intelligent Portuguese travellers and traders state that the Kasai, the Quango and Lubilash are the head waters of the

Congo river, no one as yet has started the supposition that the grand river flowing north and known to the natives as the Lualaba, was the Congo. If this river is not the Nile where, then, are the head waters of the Nile? The small river running out of the Victoria Nyanza and the river flowing out of the little Lake Albert have not sufficient water to form the great river of Egypt. As you glide down the Nile and note the Asna, the Geraffe, the Sobat, the Blue Nile and Atbara, and follow the river down to Egypt, it cannot fail to impress you that it requires many more streams, or one large river, larger than all yet discovered, to influence its inundations and replace the waste of its flow through a thousand miles of desert. Perhaps a more critical survey of the Bahr Ghazal would prove that the Nile is influenced by the waters that pour through 'the small piece of water resembling a duck pond buried in a sea of rushes,' as Speke describes the Bahr Ghazal. Livingstone's discovery answers the question and satisfies the intelligent hundreds, who, though Bruce and Speke and Baker, each in his turn had declared he had found the Nile, the only and true Nile sources, yet doubted and hesitated to accept the enthusiastic assertions as a final solution of the Nile problem. Even yet, according to Livingstone the Nile sources have not been found; though he has traced the Lualaba through seven degrees of latitude flowing north, and though neither he nor I have a particle of doubt of its being the Nile, not yet can the Nile question be said to be ended for three reasons—

"*First*—He has heard of the existence of four fountains, two of which give birth to a river flowing north—Webb's River, or the Lualaba; two to a river flowing south, which is the Zambezi. He has heard of these fountains repeatedly from the natives. Several

times he has been within one hundred and two hundred miles from them, but something always interposed to prevent him going to see them. According to those who have seen them, they rise on either side of a mound or hill which contains no stones. Some have even called it an ant hill. One of these fountains is said to be so large that a man standing on one side cannot be seen from the other. These fountains must be discovered, and their position taken. The Doctor does not suppose them to lie south of the feeders of Lake Bangweolo.

"*Second*—Webb's River must be traced to its connection with some portion of the old Nile.

"*Third*—The connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza must be ascertained.

"When these three things have been accomplished, then, and not till then, can the mystery of the Nile be explained. The two countries through which this marvellous lacustrine river—the Lualaba—flows, with its manifold lakes and broad expanses of water, are Rua—the Uruwa of Speke—and Manyema. For the first time Europe is made aware that between the Tanganyika and the known sources of the Congo there exist teeming millions of the negro race who never saw or heard of the white peoples who make such noisy and busy stir outside of Africa. Upon the minds of those who had the good fortune to see the first specimen of these remarkable white races Livingstone seems to have made a favorable impression, though, through misunderstanding his object and coupling him with the Arabs who make horrible work there, his life has been sought after more than once.

"These two extensive countries, Rua and Manyema, are populated by true heathens—governed not as the sovereignties of Karagwah,

Wumdi, and Uganda by despotic kings, but each village by its own sultan or lord. Thirty miles outside of their own immediate settlements the most intelligent of those small chiefs seem to know nothing. Thirty miles from the Lualaba there were but few people who had ever heard of the great river. Such ignorance among the natives of their own countries, of course, increased the labors of Livingstone. Compared with these all tribes and nations in Africa with whom Livingstone came in contact may be deemed civilized. Yet in the arts of home manufacture these wild people of Manyema are far superior to any he had seen. When other tribes and nations contented themselves with hides and skins of animals thrown negligently over their shoulders the people of Manyema manufactured a cloth from fine grass which may favorably compare with the finest grass cloth of India. They also know the art of dyeing in various colors—black, yellow, and purple. The Wanguana or freed men of Zanzibar, struck with the beauty of this fine grass fabric, eagerly exchange their cotton cloths for fine grass cloth, and on almost every black man returned from Manyema I have seen this native cloth converted into elegantly made *damirs* (Arabic)—short jackets.

"These countries are also very rich in ivory. The fever for going to Manyema to exchange their tawdry beads for the precious tusks of Manyema is of the same kind as that which impelled men to the gulches and placers of California, Colorado, Montana, and Idaho; after nuggets to Australia, and diamonds to Cape Colony. Manyema is at present the El Dorado of the Arabs and the Wamrima tribes. It is only about four years since the first Arab returned from Manyema with such wealth of ivory and reports about the fabulous quantities found there that ever

since the old beaten tracks of Karagwah, Uganda, Ufipa and Marungu have been comparatively deserted. The people of Manyema, ignorant of the value of the precious article, reared their huts upon ivory stanchions. Ivory pillars and doors were common sights in Manyema, and hearing of these one can no longer wonder at the ivory palace of Solomon. For generations they had used ivory tusks as doorposts and eave stanchions, until they had become perfectly rotten and worthless. But the advent of the Arabs soon taught them the value of the article. It has now risen considerably in price, though yet fabulously cheap. At Zanzibar the value of ivory per frarsilah of thirty-five pounds weight is from fifty dollars to sixty dollars, according to its quality. In Unyanyembe it is about one dollar and ten cents per pound; but in Manyema it may be purchased for from half a cent to one and a quarter cent's worth of copper per pound of ivory.



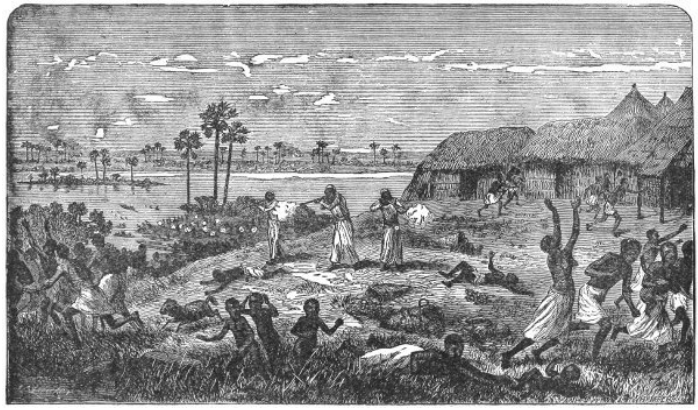
AN AFRICAN BELLE.

"The Arabs, however, have the knack of spoiling markets by their rapacity and wanton cruelty. With muskets a small party of Arabs are invincible against such people as those of Manyema, who until lately never heard the sound of a gun. The report of a musket inspires mortal terror in them, and it is almost impossible to induce them to face the muzzle of a gun. They believe that the Arabs have stolen the lightning, and that against such people the bow and arrow can have but little effect. They are by no

means devoid of courage, and they have often declared that were it not for the guns not one Arab would leave the country alive, which tends to prove that they would willingly engage in fight with the strangers, who have made themselves so detestable, were it not that the startling explosion of gunpowder inspires them with such terror.

"Into whichever country the Arabs enter they contrive to render their name and race abominated. But the mainspring of it all is not the Arab's nature, color, or name, but simply the slave trade. So long as the slave trade is permitted to be kept up at Zanzibar so long will these otherwise enterprising people, the Arabs, kindle against them throughout Africa the hatred of the natives. The accounts which the Doctor brings from that new region are most deplorable. He was an unwilling spectator of a horrible deed—a massacre committed on the inhabitants of a populous district—who had assembled in the market place, on the banks of the Lualaba, as they had been accustomed to for ages. It seems the Wa-Manyema are very fond of marketing, believing it to be the *summum bonum* of human enjoyment. They find unceasing pleasure in chaffering with might and main for the least mite of their currency—the last bead—and when they gain the point to which their peculiar talents are devoted they feel intensely happy. The women are excessively fond of their marketing, and as they are very beautiful, the market place must possess considerable attractions for the male sex. It was on such a day, with just such a scene, that Tagomoyo, a half-caste Arab, with his armed slave escort, commenced an indiscriminate massacre by firing volley after volley into the dense mass of human beings. It is supposed that there were about two thousand present, and at the first sound of

the firing these poor people all made a rush for their canoes. In the fearful hurry to avoid being shot the canoes were paddled away by the first fortunate few who got possession of them. Those that were not so fortunate sprang into the deep waters of the Lualaba, and, though many of them became an easy prey to the voracious crocodiles that swarmed to the scene, the majority received their deaths from the bullets of the merciless Tagomoyo and his villainous band. The Doctor believes, as do the Arabs themselves, that about four hundred people, mostly women and children, lost their lives, while many more were made slaves. This scene is only one of many such which he has unwillingly witnessed, and he is utterly unable to describe the loathing he feels for the inhuman perpetrators.



THE MASSACRE OF THE MANYUEMA WOMEN.

"Slaves from Manyema command a higher price than those of any other country, because of their fine forms and general docility. The women, the Doctor says repeatedly, are remarkably pretty creatures, and have nothing except their hair in common with the

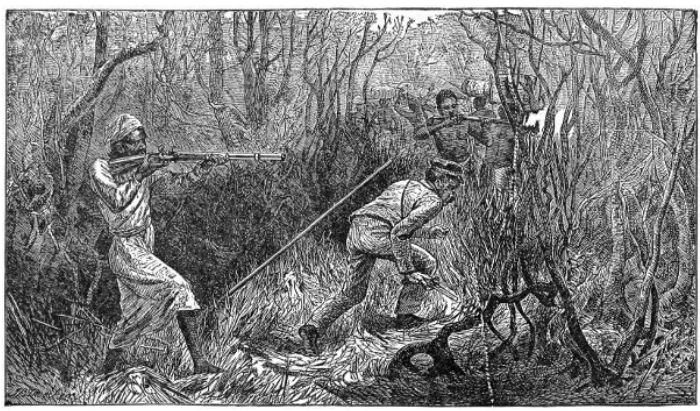
negroes of the West Coast. They are of very light color, have fine noses, well-cut and not over full lips, and a prognathous jaw is uncommon. These women are eagerly sought after for wives by the half-castes of the East Coast, and even the pure Amani Arabs do not disdain connection with them. To the north of Manyema Livingstone came to a light-complexioned race of the color of Portuguese, or our own Louisiana quadroons, who are very fine people, and singularly remarkable for commercial ‘cuteness’ and sagacity. The women are expert divers for oysters, which are found in great abundance in the Lualaba.

“Rua, at a place called Katanga, is rich in copper. The copper mines of this place have been worked for ages. In the bed of a stream gold has been found washed down in pencil-shaped lumps or particles as large as split peas. Two Arabs have gone thither to prospect for this metal, but as they are ignorant of the art of gulch mining it is scarcely possible that they will succeed.

“From these highly important and interesting discoveries Dr. Livingstone was turned back when almost on the threshold of success by the positive refusal of his men to accompany him further. They were afraid to go unless accompanied by a large force of men, and as these were not procurable in Manyema the Doctor reluctantly turned his face toward Ujiji.

“It was a long and weary road back. The journey had now no interest for him. He had travelled it before when going westward, full of high hopes and aspirations, impatient to reach the goal which promised him rest from his labors; now returning unsuccessful, baffled and thwarted when almost in sight of the end, and having to travel the same road back on foot, with disappointed expectations and

defeated hopes preying on his mind, no wonder that the brave old spirit almost succumbed and the strong constitution almost wrecked. He arrived at Ujiji October 26, almost at death's door. On the way he had been trying to cheer himself up, since he had found it impossible to contend against the obstinacy of his men, with 'it won't take long, five or six months more; it matters not, since it can't be helped. I have got my goods in Ujiji and can hire other people and make a new start.' These are the words and hopes with which he tried to delude himself into the idea that all would be right yet; but imagine, if you can, the shock he must have suffered when he found that the man to whom was entrusted his goods for safe keeping had sold every bale for ivory.



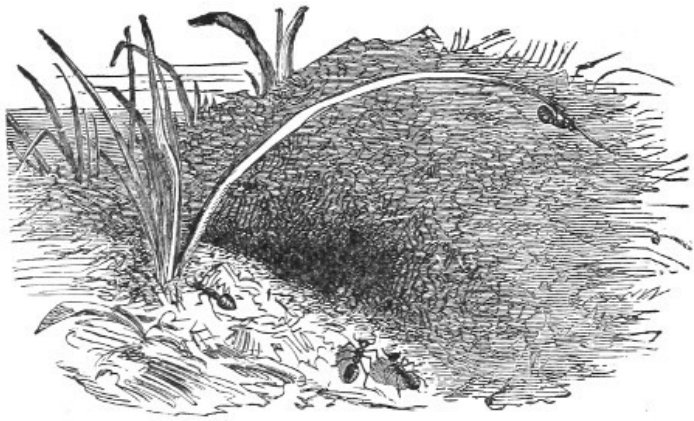
AMBUSCADED BY THE MANYUEMAS.

"The evening of the day Livingstone had returned to Ujiji, Susi and Chuma, two of his most faithful men, were seen crying bitterly. The Doctor asked them what ailed them, and was then informed for the first time of the evil tidings that awaited him. Said they:—'All our things are sold, sir. Shereef has

sold everything for ivory.' Later in the evening Shereef came to see him and shamelessly offered his hand, with a salutatory 'Yambo.' Livingstone refused his hand, saying he could not shake hands with a thief. As an excuse Shereef said he had divined on the Koran and that had told him the Hakim (Arabic for Doctor) was dead. Livingstone was now destitute. He had just enough to keep him and his men alive for about a month, after which he would be forced to beg from the Arabs. He had arrived in Ujiji October 26. The HERALD Expedition arrived November 10, from the coast—only sixteen days difference. Had I not been delayed at Unyanyembe by the war with Mirambo I should have gone on to Manyema, and very likely have been traveling by one road, while he would have been coming by another to Ujiji. Had I gone on two years ago, when I first received the instructions, I should have lost him without doubt. But I am detained by a series of circumstances, which chafed and fretted me considerably at that time, only to permit him to reach Ujiji sixteen days before I appeared. It was as if we were marching to meet together at an appointed rendezvous—the one from the west, the other from the east.

"The Doctor had heard of a white man being at Unyanyembe, who was said to have boats with him, and he had thought he was another traveller sent by the French government to replace Lieutenant Le Sainte, who died from a fever a few miles above Gondokoro. I had not written to him because I believed him to be dead, and of course my sudden entrance into Ujiji was as great a surprise to him as it was to the Arabs. But the sight of the American flag, which he saw waving in the van of the expedition, indicated that one was coming who could speak his own language, and you know already how the leader

was received."



CHAPTER X.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY IN AFRICA.

[CONTINUED.]

An Exploration of Tanganyika Lake — Result — Christmas at Ujiji — Livingstone Proceeds with Stanley to Unyanyembe — Account of the Journey — Alleged Neglect of Livingstone by the British Consulate at Zanzibar — Departure of the Explorer for the Interior, and of Mr. Stanley for Europe.

It had been supposed by Dr. Livingstone that the waters of Tanganyika Lake had outlet northward, and that they were, therefore, a part of the necessarily vast sources of the great river of the

continent whose annual inundations are among the most wonderful illustrations in nature of the more than majestic power of Almighty God. His many discoveries of great lakes and rivers far to the westward of Tanganyika, their evident connection in a system, similar to that of the great lakes of North America at last forming the St. Lawrence river, flowing northward; the natural necessity there is for immense sources of supply to the Nile—these and other considerations left the explorer to imagine that Tanganyika formed a part of the same system with that lake which he named after an illustrious President of the United States. The commander of the "Herald" expedition, therefore, with a fine appreciation of the situation, offered his escort to Dr. Livingstone, with a proposal to accompany him to the head of the lake. The offer was accepted, and the explorer, as Mr. Stanley says, "like a hero, lost no time in starting."

The account of this journey, or voyage, rather, for the party travelled by boat, is given in a dispatch dated December 23, 1871, at Ujiji. It is as follows:

"On the 20th of November Dr. Livingstone and your correspondent, with twenty picked men of the HERALD Expedition Corps, started. Despite the assertion of Arabs that the Warundi were dangerous and would not let us pass, we hugged their coast closely, and when fatigued boldly encamped in their country. Once only were we obliged to fly—and this was at dead of night—from a large party which we knew to be surrounding us on the land side. We got to the boat safely, and we might have punished them severely had the Doctor been so disposed. Once also we were stoned, but we paid no heed to them and kept on our way along their coast until we arrived at Mokamba's, one of the chiefs of Usige. Mokamba was

at war with a neighboring chief, who lived on the left bank of the Rusizi. That did not deter us, and we crossed the head of the Tanganyika to Mugihewah, governed by Ruhinga, brother of Mokamba.

"Mugihewah is a tract of country on the right bank of the Rusizi, extending to the lake. With Mokamba and Ruhinga we became most intimate; they proved to be sociable, good-natured chiefs, and gave most valuable information concerning the countries lying to the north of Usige; and if their information is correct, Sir Samuel Baker will be obliged to curtail the ambitious dimensions of his lake by one degree, if not more. A Mgwana, living at Mokamba's, on the eastern shore of the lake, had informed us that the River Rusizi certainly flowed out of the lake, and after joining the Kitangule emptied into the Lake Nyanza (Victoria).

"When we entered Ruhinga's territory of Mugihewah, we found ourselves about 300 yards from the river about which a great deal has been said and written. At Unyanyembe I was told that the Rusizi was an affluent. At Ujiji all Arabs but one united in saying the same thing, and within ten miles of the Rusizi a freedman of Zanzibar swore it was an affluent.

"On the morning of the eleventh day of our departure from Ujiji, we were rowed towards the river. We came to a long, narrow bay, fringed on all sides with tall, dense reeds and swarming with crocodiles and soon came to the mouth of the Rusizi. As soon as we had entered the river all doubt vanished before the strong, turbid flood against which we had to contend in the ascent. After about ten minutes we entered what seemed a lagoon, but which was the result of a late inundation. About an hour higher up the river began to be confined to its

proper banks, and is about thirty yards broad, but very shallow.

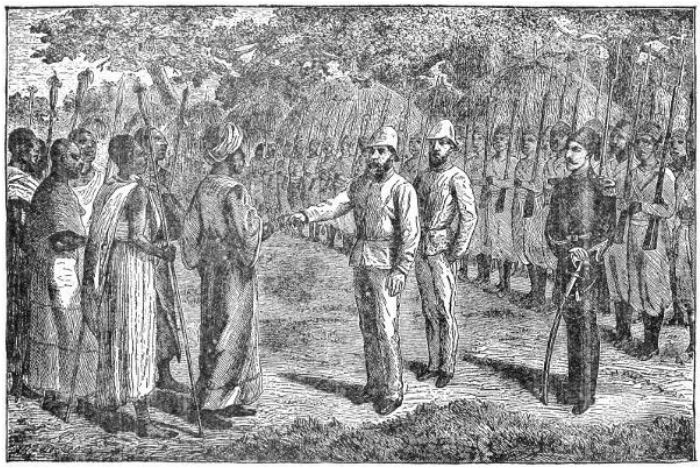
"Two days higher up, Ruhinga told us, the Rusizi was joined by the Loanda, coming from the northwest. There could be no mistake then. Dr. Livingstone and myself had ascended it, had felt the force of the strong inflowing current—the Rusizi was an influent, as much so as the Malagarazi, the Linche, and Rugufu, but with its banks full it can only be considered as ranking third among the rivers flowing into the Tanganyika. Though rapid it is extremely shallow; it has three mouths, up which an ordinary ship's boat loaded might in vain attempt to ascend. Burton and Speke, though they ascended to within six hours' journey by canoe from the Rusizi, were compelled to turn back by the cowardice of the boatmen. Had they ascended to Meuta's capital, they could easily have seen the head of the lake. Usige is but a district of Wumdi, governed by several small chiefs, who owe obedience to Mwezi, the great King of Wumdi.

"We spent nine days at the head of the Tanganyika exploring the islands and many bays that indent its shores.

"In returning to Ujiji we coasted along the west side of the Tanganyika, as far as the country of the Wasansi, whom we had to leave on no amicable terms owing to their hostility to Arabs, and arrived at Ujiji on the 18th of December, having been absent twenty-eight days.

"Though the Rusizi River can no longer be a subject of curiosity to geographers—and we are certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and Baker's Lake, or the Albert N'yanza —it is not yet certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and the Nile River. The

western coast has not all been explored; and there is reason to suppose that a river runs out of the Tanganyika through the deep caverns of Kabogo Mountain, far under ground and out on the western side of Kabogo into the Lualaba, or the Nile. Livingstone has seen the river about forty miles or so west of Kabogo (about forty yards broad at that place), but he does not know that it runs out of the mountain.



RECEPTION OF THE CHIEF RUHINGI.

“This is one of the many things which he has yet to examine.”

It thus appearing that the Rusizi is an affluent, not an effluent, of Tanganyika Lake, the expedition failed to sustain the explorer’s hypothesis, but added a useful item of geographical knowledge to the then existing stock. Nor does it follow that because the Rusizi flows into the Tanganyika, there is no river flowing out of it into that system of lakes which had before been discovered by the explorer, and of which the Chambesi—almost a system of rivers itself—is

the largest affluent yet discovered. Should Dr. Livingstone's hypothesis of an effluent from the west shore of Tanganyika Lake not be sustained, and its waters found to procure outlet by Lake Nyassa and the Zambesi, his future discoveries will in all probability show a similar formation of the continent in east central Africa to that which he discovered to be the fact when he explored Lake Dilolo in the land of the Balonda.

The explorers remained in Ujiji until after "merry Christmas," both engaged much of the time in writing accounts of their explorations, which have appeared or will yet appear in this volume. Meanwhile, they had determined to make a journey together to Unyanyembe. This journey is described in telegraphic brevity:

KWIHARA, UNYANYEMBE, February 21, 1872.

After spending Christmas at Ujiji Dr. Livingstone, escorted by the NEW YORK HERALD Expedition, composed of forty Wanguana soldiers, well armed, left for Unyanyembe on the 26th of December, 1871.

In order to arrive safely, untroubled by wars and avaricious tribes, we sketched out a road to Unyanyembe, thus:—

Seven days by water south to Urimba.

Ten days across the uninhabited forests of Kawendi.

Twenty days through Unkonongo, direct east.

Twelve days north through Unkonongo.

Thence five days into Unyanyembe, where we arrived without adventure of any kind, except killing zebras, buffaloes, and giraffes, after fifty-four days' travel.

The expedition suffered considerably from famine, and your correspondent from fever, but these are incidental to the march in this country.

The Doctor tramped it on foot like a man of iron. On arrival at Unyanyembe I found that the Englishman Shaw whom I had turned back as useless, had about a month after his return succumbed to the climate of the interior

and had died, as well as two Wanguana of the expedition who had been left behind sick. Thus during less than twelve months William Lawrence Farquhar, of Leith, Scotland, and John William Shaw, of London, England, the two white men I had engaged to assist me, had died; also eight baggage carriers and eight soldiers of the expedition had died.

I was bold enough to advise the Doctor to permit the expedition to escort him to Unyanyembe, through the country it was made acquainted with while going to Ujiji, for the reason that were he to sit down at Ujiji until Mirambo was disposed of he might remain a year there, a prey to high expectations, ending always in bitter disappointment. I told him, as the Arabs of Unyanyembe were not equal to the task of conquering Mirambo, that it were better he should accompany the Herald expedition to Unyanyembe, and there take possession of the last lot of goods brought to him by a caravan which left the seacoast simultaneously with our expedition.

The Doctor consented, and thus it was that he came so far back as Unyanyembe.

The “Herald” correspondent complains with much earnestness that Dr. Livingstone has been neglected by the British consulate at Zanzibar. Handsomely admitting the liberality of the British people and government, he has hearty denunciations for those in authority at Zanzibar. The contrast of their insufficiency with the enterprise of the “Herald” expedition is remarkable. Mr. Stanley says: “Within the time that the British Consul’s men took to convey Livingstone’s goods and letters a distance of only 525 miles, the HERALD Expedition was formed, and marched 2,059 English statute miles, and before the fourteenth month of its departure from the seacoast the HERALD Expedition will have arrived at the seacoast, be paid off and disbanded. In the matter of supplies, then, being sent to Livingstone semi-annually or annually there is no truth whatever. The

cause is extreme apathy at Zanzibar and the reckless character of the men sent. Where English gentlemen are so liberal and money so plentiful it should be otherwise."

Upon this very delicate subject the "Herald" itself editorially remarks:

"On the question of Livingstone's having received the supplies sent him by his friends in England these letters will throw a startling light. The carelessness, theft, and general mismanagement which overtook the stores forwarded by the British Consulate at Zanzibar, usually wasted and frittered these almost entirely away before they had time to reach him. This cannot be better stated than in the HERALD commander's words: 'Your correspondent begs to inform his friends that the HERALD Expedition found him turned back from his explorations when on the eve of being terminated thoroughly by the very men sent to him by the British Consulate; that the Expedition found him sitting down at Ujiji utterly destitute, robbed by the very men sent by the British Consulate at Zanzibar with his caravan; that the HERALD Expedition escorted him to Unyanyembe only in time to save his last stock of goods, for they were rapidly being made away with by the very men entrusted by the British Consulate with the last lot of goods; that it was only by an accident that your correspondent saw a packet of letters addressed to Livingstone, and so, forcibly, took one of Livingstone's men to carry the letters to his employer.'"

The commander of the Search Expedition supplied Dr. Livingstone with such supplies as he could command, in which were several bales of mixed cloths, about one thousand pounds of assorted beads —all this is African money—a large quantity of brass

wire, a portable boat, revolvers, carbines, and ammunition.

And thus Mr. Stanley was ready to depart for the sea coast. Bidding the great explorer farewell, he left Kwihara on March 14, 1872, bending his course toward Zanzibar by the usual caravan track. At Zanzibar he forwarded “men and means” to the explorer of whom he had learned to think so highly, by the aid of which he was doubtless the better enabled to make his departure from Unyanyembe, and with more confident anticipations of success.

Meanwhile the chief of the successful Search Expedition discharged his men at Zanzibar, and by the way of Bombay, thence to Aden in southwestern Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal, found his way rapidly to the abodes of those races of civilized men who had been astonished and gratified by the summary of the remarkable success of his enterprise which had preceded him.

CHAPTER XI.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE SUCCESS OF THE “HERALD” ENTERPRISE.

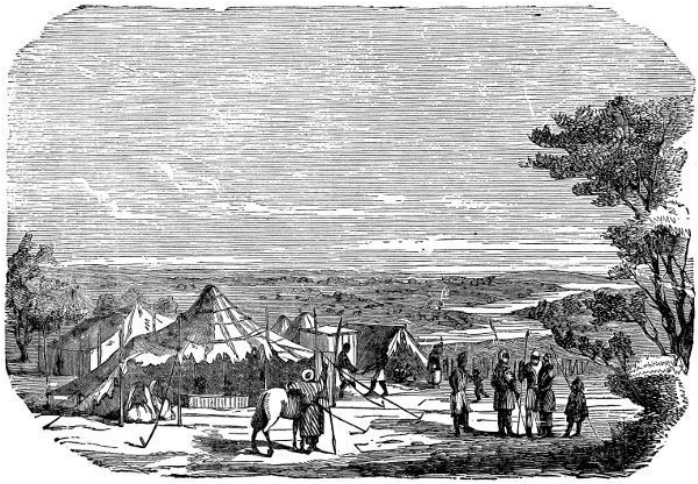
Mr. Stanley’s Despatches to the “Herald” — They Create a Profound Sensation — The Question of Authenticity of his Reports — Conclusive Proof Thereof — Testimony of the English Press, John Livingstone, Earl Granville, and the Queen of England Herself — Mr. Stanley’s Reception in Europe — At Paris — In London — The Brighton Banquet — Honors from the Queen.

Mr. Stanley's despatches to the "Herald" were sent through the London bureau of that office. The noted telegram printed on the morning of July 2, 1872, announcing his arrival at Zanzibar and the discovery of Livingstone, created a profound sensation. Followed by other cablegrams giving reports of his journey towards Europe and of his reception at Paris and elsewhere, the intelligence was received with almost as much avidity as the news which came from day to day of the Franco-German war, or that of the attempted revolution in Paris.

To some, however, the reports of Mr. Stanley's great success were incredible. There were those who did not believe he had seen Livingstone, and who did believe that the story of the meeting—with, of course, all the correspondence from Zanzibar, Unyanyembe, Ujiji, and elsewhere—was but an adroitly-devised romance, after the fashion of that of Ali Moosa, to cover up inglorious failure. It is needless now to fully state the arguments upon which this incredulity was based. Perhaps newspaper jealousy had something to do with it. Certainly it was a matter of deep chagrin to many Englishmen that the British Government, upon whose soil the sun never sets, should have been totally eclipsed by the enterprise of private citizens of a rival nationality. Then there were certain little errors—chiefly misprints and the excusable mistakes of telegraphing long despatches great distances—which were claimed by the doubting as showing that the so-called great Special Search Expedition of the "Herald" was but a magnificent hoax, after all. Moreover, the universal interest manifested in the subject gave a splendid opportunity to adventurers, both male and female, to ventilate themselves and become public characters. Hence, those who had

known Mr. Stanley as a native of Wales, and not of Missouri, or of this, that, or the other country; who knew that he had not been a correspondent as had been generally stated; and, in fine, who knew that many assertions in regard to him were untrue—these adventurers became even more numerous than the celebrated cow of the crumpled horn which originated the terrible conflagration of Chicago, and then, with miraculous self-multiplication, surpassed in number the cattle of a thousand hills, and, mournfully ruminating over her sad mishap in kicking over the kerosene lamp, became the observed of all observers in all Christian lands, and at the same instant of astronomical and clock time.

It were needless to disguise the fact, however, that the statements of those incredulous of the Search Expedition's wonderful success, being for some time constantly iterated and reiterated through the press, had considerable effect upon the public mind, and actually left it for a period in a state of painful uncertainty in regard to the fate of the great explorer, the truth in regard to whom was earnestly desired by all intelligent persons throughout Christendom. Happily, the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's reports were placed beyond reasonable doubt by a mass of testimony against which no one could dispute.



SLAVE-ROBBERS' CAMP.

Much of that testimony has already appeared in this volume, different portions in their appropriate places. These are:

1.—The letters of Dr. Livingstone to Earl Granville, which were published by authority of the British Government. In these letters the African explorer not only gratefully alludes to Mr. Stanley, but expressly says his despatches are entrusted to his care because of the great traveller's belief in Mr. Stanley's enterprise and capacity to accomplish whatever he might undertake. In one of these despatches Dr. Livingstone also states that he had given to the custody of Mr. Stanley his journal of explorations, sealed, to be delivered to his daughter when the commander of the Search Expedition of the "Herald" should arrive in England.

2.—Upon Mr. Stanley's arrival in England, this journal was promptly forwarded to Miss Livingstone. Her acknowledgment was published in many English and American journals. It was as follows:

KELLY WEMYSS BAY, BY GREENOCK,
August 6th, 1872.

}

DEAR SIR.—I write to say that I received last Saturday my father's letters and the diary which were entrusted to you by him.

I wish also to express to you my heartfelt gratitude for going in search of my father, and aiding him so nobly and bringing the long-looked-for letters safely.

HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq.
Believe me, yours truly,
AGNES LIVINGSTONE.

3.—Dr. Livingstone's letter of thanks to James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Jr., the handwriting of which was published in *fac-simile* in the "Herald," and fully substantiated by Mr. John Livingstone, of Canada, brother of the explorer, and more familiar with him and his handwriting than any man living.

4.—The letter of John Livingstone to Mr. Blake, American Consul at Hamilton, Ontario, in Canada, which was accompanied by a letter from Dr. Livingstone, proving handwriting, and forwarded to the "Herald" through the Department of State at Washington. This letter follows:

LISTOWELL, August 24, 1872.

F. N. BLAKE, Esq., United States Consul, Hamilton, Ontario.

DEAR SIR.—Would you kindly oblige me by conveying in your official capacity to Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the New York "Herald," and also to Mr. Stanley, the leader of the "Herald Livingstone Search Expedition," my warmest congratulations on the successful issue of that expedition.

Having noticed a number of articles in the public press reflecting doubts on the veracity of Mr. Stanley and the "Herald," I am glad to be able to say that I place the most implicit confidence in the statements of Mr. Stanley and the "Herald."

I can also assure you that Dr. Livingstone holds the American Government and people in the highest estimation, principally on account of the late abolition of slavery in the United States, and I trust that his persistent efforts to check the nefarious traffic in slaves in Africa will be crowned with success.

I am, yours respectfully,
JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

5.—The Royal Geographical Society of London, fully persuaded of the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's reports, tendered him a formal reception at Brighton. The meeting occurred, and caused a great deal of comment.

6.—The Sovereign of England herself, on more than one occasion, tendered special honors to Mr. Stanley on account of his success in finding Dr. Livingstone.

Evidence like this was not to be shaken by the asseverations of penny-a-liners. It was regarded by the candid as absolutely conclusive. Such, it is believed, would have been the result had Mr. Stanley been a British subject instead of an American citizen. As the fact is, the case for the "Herald" Expedition was almost immeasurably stronger. It was a matter of profound chagrin to most of the English people that an American enterprise should be successful in the search for one of the most illustrious of Englishmen, whilst English expeditions should have failed. Under such circumstances Mr. Stanley's proofs had to be absolutely unassailable and his credentials unanswerably satisfactory, or they would not have been received at all. Both majesty and ministry would have given the commander of the American enterprise the coldest possible shoulder. Instead, they crowned him with laurels. The only conclusion with reasonable minds could be that the "Herald"

expedition was a splendid success, and further doubt of it would only have been stupid and cruel skepticism.[3]

[3] It is not believed that anything further is needed to convince the public of what most of the intelligent public is already convinced; but it may be well to place on record the statements of a number of prominent journals of the world, and reference to the action of certain learned societies.

On July 4th, 1872, the London "Morning Post" said:

"Far surpassing everything of local import in interest just now is the information afforded by the New York 'Herald' to the London press of the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. Far surpassing everything which has been hitherto achieved by journalistic enterprise is the discovery of the great African explorer—concerning whose fate the peoples of every civilized state in the world have been anxious for many years—by the special correspondent of a daily newspaper commissioned to find him. We are accustomed to laugh on this side of the Atlantic at the rage which prevails for a knowledge of what are classed as 'big things' among our American kinsmen; but it is not only with a feeling of satisfaction, but also of kindred pride, that we express our admiration of this wonderful undertaking, which was conceived and has been carried to such a successful issue by the proprietor of our New York contemporary."

The London "Telegraph" of the same date says:

"Yesterday we, in company with the whole people of Britain, listened to the narration of the outlines of a tale describing the accomplishment of a work as daring in its execution as that of Vasco de Gama, as solitary in its accompaniment as that of Robinson Crusoe, and quite as romantic in its progress as that of Marco Polo. The mind delights to realize, even in imagination, the moment when the gallant and

indefatigable Stanley won his way in front of his little band of followers—making up in noise what it lacked in numbers—to the outskirts of Ujiji; and we must, all of us, envy the republic of the United States the fact that the American flag was carried proudly at the head of his force in happy agreement, and that under the banner of the Stars and Stripes he afforded succor to the lonely Briton."

And thus the London "Daily News":

"The extraordinary narrative which has just been communicated to the world by the New York 'Herald,' supplies one of the most exciting stories which civilization has had since the revelation of the startling truths of Bruce. Mr. Stanley gives to his collation a somewhat picturesque coloring, but the grand fact remains that he found Livingstone notwithstanding, and not, as Sir Henry Rawlinson conjectured lately, that Livingstone found Stanley. It is not easy to imagine an enterprise more full of toil and peril than this strange journey of the lonely American, attended, to be sure, by a small but reluctant escort, in the hitherto trackless wilds of Africa and among people of native tribes of unknown names. It is wholly impossible not to admire the daring and perseverance which the American discovery has crowned with triumph."

Said the Edinburgh (Scotland) "Courant":

"It is long since the columns of a newspaper have contained so vividly romantic and so startlingly wonderful a story as that which has just been told to us of the fortunes that befell Mr. Stanley in his quest after Livingstone, and of the most strange circumstances under which the object of that quest was fulfilled. The whole narrative reads, indeed, more like a forgotten episode from the travels of some Marco Polo or Vasco de Gama than, as it is, a truthful and unvarnished extract from the severe chronicle of nineteenth century fact."

This brief extract from the London "Globe" of July 9:

"The final discovery of Dr. Livingstone would seem to have been a bitter disappointment to a large class of his fellow countrymen. The doubt and mystery which hung around his fate promised to produce a perennial stream of quasi-scientific gossip, and to yield an endless crop of letters to the 'Times.' As it is, those 'interested' in the matter are reduced to patching the rags of the worn-out controversy."

The London "Times" of July 15th contained a long letter from Mr. Charles Beke, in which he fully answers a number of criticisms upon the Livingstone-Stanley despatches, the said criticisms having originated in British chagrin, not altogether inexcusable, at the fine success of the American enterprise. That great journal of July 27th editorially says:

"To the enterprise of an American newspaper we are indebted for trustworthy information that Dr. Livingstone still lives and prosecutes his unexampled researches."

The London "Advertiser" of the date last mentioned also published a long leading article upon the subject, beginning:

"In another column we publish the first letter from Dr. Livingstone which has been received in England. By the energy of the proprietor of the New York 'Herald' the great English traveller has been found and succored at a moment when he seemed to be upon his 'last legs.' In his own words, when Stanley arrived at Ujiji, 'he thought he was dying upon his feet.'"

The London "Standard" of July 26th remarked with emphasis:

"All doubts concerning the *bona fides* of Mr. Stanley's narratives of his adventures in Africa will now be laid at rest by the arrival of Dr. Livingstone's

letters. We shall, apparently, have to wait a little for the publication of the geographical despatches, as the report of an intended meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday for the purpose of hearing them read is unfounded. But it is satisfactory to feel that even the very faint suspicions cast on the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's story are dissipated, and that we may absolutely rely upon the information which that gallant and triumphant traveller has brought home."

The Manchester (England) "Guardian" of July 29th, in an elaborate article in criticism of the English authorities because they had not organized a successful expedition, and had given the great explorer just cause for complaint, says the subject is one "which can be matter of no agreeable examination for any Englishman." And it concludes:

"Our magnificently equipped expedition did simply nothing; and it was reserved for Mr. Stanley, after his return to the coast, to organize a caravan with stores for Dr. Livingstone. 'Before we left Zanzibar,' says Mr. New, 'a caravan numbering fifty-seven men was packed, signed, sealed, addressed, and despatched, like so many packets of useful commodities, to the service and succor of Dr. Livingstone.' What says England to all this?"

The Leeds (England) "Mercury" of the date last mentioned remarks:

"The success of Mr. Stanley in his search for Dr. Livingstone is one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of newspaper enterprise. The expedition was an unprecedented one, and when it was first reported in this country there were few who did not laugh at it as a Yankee notion, conceived and started for the glorification of the New York 'Herald' and to gratify the vanity of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The result has shown not only how little there was to laugh at, but how much there was to admire in such a project."

The journals of continental Europe were not less

emphatic in awarding unmixed praise to the successful expedition of the American journal, and Geographical Societies, from Italy to Russia, awarded gold medals to Mr. Stanley in recognition of his services in behalf of geographical knowledge.

Earl Granville, upon the receipt of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, forwarded from Paris by Mr. Stanley, directed an official acknowledgment, which was as follows:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, August 1, 1872.

"SIR—I am directed by Earl Granville to acknowledge the receipt of a package containing letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone, which you were good enough to deliver to Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris for transmission to this department, and I am to convey to you His Lordship's thanks for taking charge of these interesting documents.

"I am, your most obedient, humble servant,

"ENFIELD.

"HENRY M. STANLEY, ESQ."

And on the next day Earl Granville himself wrote the following letter.

"AUGUST 2, 1872.

"SIR—I was not aware until you mentioned it that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, which you delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July; but, in consequence of what you have said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wyld, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons, and which are being printed.

"I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to you

my admiration of the qualities which have enabled you to achieve the object of your mission, and to attain a result which has been hailed with so much enthusiasm both in the United States and in this country.

"I am, sir, your obedient,
"GRANVILLE.

"HENRY M. STANLEY, ESQ."

As if all this were not enough we have the testimony of the Queen's speech, delivered for Queen Victoria by commission, on the occasion of the prorogation of Parliament, on Saturday, August 10, 1872. The Queen said: "My government has taken steps intended to prepare the way for dealing more effectually with the slave trade on the east coast of Africa." The London "Times" of the following Monday, in commenting on this portion of Her Majesty's speech, said:

"This paragraph is the most significant part of the throne speech, and we suppose it is not an error to connect the announcement which has just been made by Her Majesty with the recent discovery of Dr. Livingstone and the despatches to the Foreign Office brought by Mr. Stanley, of the New York 'Herald,' from the great traveler."

It would be impossible, it is believed, to more completely demonstrate the hearty acknowledgment of the British Government of the success of the American enterprise—an acknowledgment which no earthly power but that of unanswerable truth could have compelled that Government to make.

From Zanzibar Stanley sailed across the Indian Ocean to Bombay, whence he transmitted despatches announcing the success which had crowned his long labors and journeyings. It was this intelligence, transmitted so fully through the London office of the New York "Herald," which so gratifyingly startled

the world about the time of the anniversary of American independence in 1872. From Bombay, Mr. Stanley proceeded to Europe by way of the Suez canal, reaching Aden, southwestern Arabia, July 11; Port Said, the head of the Suez canal, on the 18th; and arrived at Marseilles, in France, on the 24th. Here he was received with kindest welcome, and to some extent besieged by gentlemen of his own profession, who transmitted to their journals accounts of his doings. At Paris a few days afterwards he was received with exhilarating hospitality by the American residents of the city, and was greatly lionized generally. Breakfasting with Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, American Minister, he there met among other distinguished guests, General William T. Sherman, the commanding officer of the Army of the United States, about completing a tour of Europe and the Levant. The General occupied much of the time in examining Mr. Stanley's maps, and discharging some of his fund of caustic humor on the prevalence of the East African slave trade. On July 30th, Minister Washburne and many other Americans in Paris extended a formal invitation to Mr. Stanley to meet them at a banquet, where they might in a body testify their "high appreciation of the indomitable courage, energy, and perseverance which crowned with such brilliant success your efforts to find Dr. Livingstone, as well as to express their sense of the enterprise and liberality of the New York 'Herald' in sending you forth on such an extraordinary mission."

Mr. Stanley's reply to this cordial invitation was so modest, so happily expressed, that it is worthy of a place here:

HOTEL DU HELDER, PARIS, July 30, 1872.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your letter of this date

asking me to accept the compliment of a dinner from my compatriots and friends now resident in Paris, to be given in acknowledgment of the "enterprise and liberality of the New York Herald" in sending out an expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone, as well as of the extraordinary good fortune and perfect success which, under Providence, attended the footsteps of the expedition I had the honor to command. Gentlemen, believe me, I am deeply conscious of the great honor you would do me, and through me not only to the journal I have the pleasure of serving, but to the patient, resolute, brave and Christian gentleman whom I left in Central Africa. I therefore gladly accept your invitation, and shall be pleased to meet you July 31 at any house or place that may be deemed most convenient. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient and humble servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

To His Excellency E. B. Washburne, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, and many others.

The meeting was one of great enjoyment. The American Minister, after a happy speech, richly flavored with American allusions, proposed the guest of the evening—"Henry M. Stanley, the discoverer of the discoverer: we honor him for his courage, energy, and fidelity. We rejoice in the triumphant success of his mission, which has gained him imperishable renown and conferred additional credit on the American name." To this the traveller responded felicitously, and was specially eloquent when speaking of the great explorer of Africa. A number of distinguished gentlemen—artists, journalists, public men—addressed the meeting. The assemblage adjourned at a late hour, Mr. Stanley strongly impressed with the difference between a Parisian banquet and an African supper of manioc and hippopotamus. Other like honors flew upon him, thick and fast. From scientific and literary bodies and

from distinguished persons he received invitations to accept which would have occupied him a year. These things do not go to the author of a hoax, however magnificent.

The traveller-correspondent could not long remain at the fashionable metropolis, and at once departed for England. His reception in England was most cordial on the part of most intelligent persons, but there was a feeling of national chagrin, if one may so speak, on account of the discovery of Dr. Livingstone having been brought about through American enterprise, which vented itself in no little carping criticism and the discharge of British atrabilariousness. Hence at once originated that skepticism in regard to the discovery of the great explorer which continued to becloud some minds and journals for a number of weeks. But the publication of Dr. Livingstone's several official despatches—already largely quoted from in this work—and the prompt production of other evidence, heretofore mentioned, brought the English people quite generally to an acknowledgment of the truth. At the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which convened at Brighton, August 14th, W. B. Carpenter, LL.D., in the chair, Mr. Stanley's successful mission was handsomely mentioned. He was twice compelled to rise, in acknowledgment of calls and cheers. Ex-Emperor Napoleon III. of France, was present and joined in the applause. Here at another meeting, Mr. Stanley read a paper on Tanganyika Lake, which was greatly praised. About this time there were many meetings of scientific associations at Brighton, to all of which Mr. Stanley was invited. On the occasion of what has been called "the Brighton Banquet," it being a dinner given to the British Association by the

Brighton and Sussex Medical Society, Mr. Stanley appeared late in the evening, and, being soon called out, responded to some remarks of a previous speaker in such way as to create some feeling. Good nature at last prevailed, and harmony was restored among the English savants.

But his honors in England did not stop below the recognition of his fine success by royalty itself. Early in September he was invited to an interview with Queen Victoria, and afterwards dined with her and the members of the royal family present at Balmoral. Upon this occasion the Queen is reported to have expressed to him in the most warm and friendly terms her congratulations on the successful result of the American enterprise in furnishing intelligence of the English traveller in Africa, his condition of health, his discoveries, and his hopes for the future previous to his return to Great Britain.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. LIVINGSTONE STILL IN AFRICA.

The Great Explorer Still in Search of the Sources of the Nile — His Letters to the English Government on His Explorations — Correspondence with Lord Stanley, Lord Clarendon, Earl Granville, Dr. Kirk and James Gordon Bennett, Jr. — His Own Descriptions of Central Africa and the Supposed Sources of the Nile — The Country and People — A Nation of Cannibals — Beautiful Women — Gorillas — The Explorer's Plans for the Future.

When Mr. Stanley bade good-bye to Dr. Livingstone in Unyanyembe, the explorer entrusted to the care of the correspondent despatches to the government, his journal, addressed to his daughter, and copies of letters of which former messengers had been robbed. The letters, old and new, to the representative of the British government at Zanzibar, Dr. Kirk, and to different members of the British cabinet, were allowed to be published. They give a full account of Dr. Livingstone's explorations among the supposed true sources of the Nile, and abundantly establish the complete success of the "Herald" search expedition. The letters to the British authorities thus sent to the press, August 1, 1872, through the courtesy of Earl Granville, were: 1. A letter from Dr. Livingstone to Lord Stanley, under date of November 15, 1870; 2. Two letters of November 1, 1871, to Lord Clarendon; 3. A letter of November 14, 1871, to Earl Granville; 4. Letter of October 30, 1871, to Dr. Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar; 5. Letter of December 18, 1871 to Earl Granville; 6. Letter of February 20, 1872, to Earl Granville.

The first of these despatches to his government is from "Bambarre, Manyema country, say about one hundred and fifty miles west of Ujiji, Nov. 15, 1870," addressed to Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In this dispatch, much is contained which Dr. Livingstone orally related to Mr. Stanley, of the "Herald," and which has already appeared in this work. The country of the Manyema, reputed cannibals, is described generally thus:

"The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light gray granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of

different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with a moisture which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom, but the mud, mire or (*scottice*) 'glaur' is grevious; thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In other cases the muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass cloth is woven and called by the same name, 'lamba,' has taken possession of the valley. The leaf stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off and block up all passage save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.



“I’LL SHOOT YOU, IF YOU DROP THAT BOX.”

“Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges—a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises upon the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge so as to make believe that the mat is its own, but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by Manyema ‘kintefwetefwe,’ as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at midday thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the color of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawser, are so numerous the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road it forms a wall breast high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake."

At this time, Dr. Livingstone was not persuaded that the Manyema were men-eaters. Toward the conclusion of his letter to Lord Stanley, he thus describes them:

"I lived in what may be called the Tipperary of Manyema, and they are certainly a bloody people among themselves. But they are very far from being in appearance like the ugly negroes on the West Coast. Finely formed heads are common, and generally men and women are vastly superior to the slaves of Zanzibar and elsewhere. We must go deeper than phrenology to account for their low moral tone. If they are cannibals they are not ostentatiously so. The neighboring tribes all assert that they are men-eaters, and they themselves laughingly admit the charge. But they like to impose on the credulous, and they showed the skull of a recent victim to horrify one of my people. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla, or soko—the first I knew of its existence here—and this they do eat. If I had believed a tenth of what I heard from traders, I might never have

entered the country. Their people told tales with shocking circumstantiality, as if of eye witnesses, that could not be committed to paper, or even spoken about beneath the breath. Indeed, one wishes them to vanish from memory. I have not yet been able to make up my mind whether the Manyema are cannibals or not. I have offered goods of sufficient value to tempt any of them to call me to see a cannibal feast in the dark forests where these orgies are said to be held, but hitherto in vain. All the real evidence yet obtained would elicit from a Scotch jury the verdict only of 'not proven.'"

The second despatch, a year later, is devoted to the expression of thanks to Lord Clarendon, on account of the expedition of search under Mr. Young, of which an account has already been given; to an explanation of Ali Moosa's story of the explorer's death, and an earnest request that the money expended on him and his fellow-impostors might be regained.

The third document of the series, being also a letter to Lord Clarendon, presents an account of Dr. Livingstone's explorations and views on the watershed of the Nile more *in extenso* than anywhere else given. It is certainly one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to modern science. The readers of this volume cannot but feel that a large share of this interesting document may appropriately be quoted here.

"I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over 700 miles in length,

from west to east. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a large part of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window panes. They all begin in an ooze at the head of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four large lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo,' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river bed in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"In passing over sixty miles of latitude I waded thirty-two primary sources from calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge. This would give about one source to every two miles. A Suaheli friend in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the

village at which I observed on its northwest shore was a few seconds into eleven degrees south. I tried to cross it in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home.

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, 150 miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapula; yet lakes are in no sense sources for no large river begins in a lake; but this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara, which, according to Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nianza, gives out a large river which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that of the three or four lakes there only one (the Okara) gives off its waters to the north. The 'White Nile' of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb's Lualaba, of from two thousand to six thousand yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I

found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

"Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about six hundred miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression that in the last hundred miles the fountains of the Nile, mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not like all the rest, from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound, and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the northeast of the mound becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain rising on the Northwest, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the southwest, Palmerston's, becomes the Liambia or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue, and falls into Zambesi in Inner Ethiopia.

"More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed

into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika.

"Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyansa he at once jumped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, '20,000 square miles of water,' confused by sheer immensity. Ptolemy's small lake, Coloc, is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north. Its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash, or Neibash, is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the northeast.

"These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake, to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them further and further from the sources they sought. But

for the devotion to the foregone conclusion the sight of the little 'White Nile,' as unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

"But all that can in modern times and in common modesty be fairly claimed is the re-discovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admirals of one of the Pharaohs about B. C. 600. He was not believed because he reported that in passing round Libya he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine. The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region, for in the second century of our era he gave in substance what we now find to be genuine geography.

"The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb's Lualaba, in the center of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least one hundred and eighty miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west of about one hundred and twenty miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to northeast, receives the Lomani, or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for, assuming Speke's longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously

wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

"Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick's branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the smaller eastern arm which Speke, Grant, and Baker took to be the river of Egypt. In my attempts to penetrate further and further I had but little hope of ultimate success, for the great amount of westing led to a continued effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile, and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

"The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

"The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'not proven.' They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they

bathe three or four times a day and are expert divers for oysters.

"Markets are held at stated times and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are light colored, have straight noses, finely formed heads, small hands and feet and perfect forms; they are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle and joke and laugh and cheat seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.

"Near Lomani the Bakuss or Bakoons cultivate coffee, and drink it highly scented with vanilla. Food of all kinds is extremely abundant and cheap. The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves, and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears among them; no prognathous jaws, barndoor mouth, nor lark heels are seen. Their defects arise from absolute ignorance of all the world.

"There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bokoos—there is no political cohesion; not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them every where very honest. When detained at Bambarre we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages to prevent them being all stolen by the Zanzibar slaves.

"Manyema land is the only country in Central

Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as ‘lambas’ or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the ‘Muale’ palm.”

This despatch, it will be observed, is about a year later than the one to Lord Stanley, in which the statement occurs that the fact as to whether the Manyema were man-eaters was “not proven,” though the explorer observed that they ate the gorilla, of which beast Dr. Livingstone evidently has a rather favorable opinion, as respects his disposition, and as surely holds his gross stupidity as clearly demonstrated. In the development of instinct, there appear to be several animals in Africa approaching nearer the capacity of reflection than the gorilla.

The next despatch is to Earl Granville, and is dated at Ujiji, November, 1871. It is almost wholly official, and relates in a clear and most forcible manner, the insurmountable difficulties by reason of which he had been forced to cease explorations at a time when a little longer work would most probably have been crowned with complete success. It is in this despatch that Dr. Livingstone relates the particulars of the horrid massacre at Nyanme, the fearful outlines of which have appeared in Mr. Stanley’s letter already quoted. On his return to Ujiji, Dr. Livingstone narrowly escaped death three times in a single day from the savages, who would not be persuaded that he did not belong to “the traders” guilty of the massacre.

The despatch to Dr. Kirk, Consul at Zanzibar, is of interest, as showing how the explorer had been annoyed, pained, and his plans frustrated by the inefficiency of those charged with sending him supplies from Zanzibar. In view of the dispute that has arisen upon this subject among certain

representatives of public opinion in the United States and England, it may be well to show whether Dr. Livingstone himself thought he had been well or ill treated. In a postscript to this communication, he says, with evident reluctance and evident feeling:

"P. S.—November 16, 1871.—I regret the necessity of bringing the foregoing very unpleasant subject before you, but I have just received letters and information which make the matter doubly serious. Mr. Churchill informed me by a letter of September 19, 1870, that Her Majesty's government had most kindly sent £1,000 for supplies, to be forwarded to me. Some difficulties had occurred to prevent £500 worth from starting, but in the beginning of November all were removed. But it appears that you had recourse to slaves again, and one of these slaves informs me that goods and slaves all remained at Bagamoio four months, or till near the end of February, 1871. No one looked near them during that time, but a rumor reached them that the Consul was coming, and off they started, two days before your arrival, not on their business, but on some private trip of your own. These slaves came to Unyanyembe in May last, and there they lay till war broke out and gave them, in July, a good excuse to lie there still.

"A whole year has thus been spent in feasting slaves on £500 sent by government to me. Like the man who was tempted to despair when he broke the photograph of his wife, I feel inclined to relinquish hope of ever getting help from Zanzibar to finish the little work I have still to do. I wanted men, not slaves, and free men are abundant at Zanzibar; but if the matter is committed to Ludha instead of an energetic Arab, with some little superintendence by your dragoman or others, I may wait twenty years

and your slaves feast and fail.

D. L.

"I will just add that the second batch of slaves had, like the first, two freemen as the leaders, and one died of smallpox. The freemen in the first party of slaves were Shereef and Awathe. I enclose also a shameless overcharge in Ludha's bill. $364 06$^{1}/_{2}$.—D. L."

This should appear to be a complete justification of Mr. Stanley's energetic animadversions upon the general maladministration of affairs at Zanzibar by the British Consulate there so far as they were related to Dr. Livingstone. It should be a source of honest congratulation to every American that a citizen of the United States, representing one of the most widely circulated public journals of the nation, energetically sent forward "men, not slaves," and furnished supplies by means of which, it may reasonably be expected, the explorer may proceed with his great work and accomplish the object so dear to his admirable ambition.

Dr. Livingstone's next dispatch is to Earl Granville, from Ujiji, December 18, 1871. It is almost wholly of an official nature, containing his theory, already herein set forth, of the watershed of the Nile, but contains a paragraph relating the arrival of the "Herald" expedition, which is well worthy of quotation:

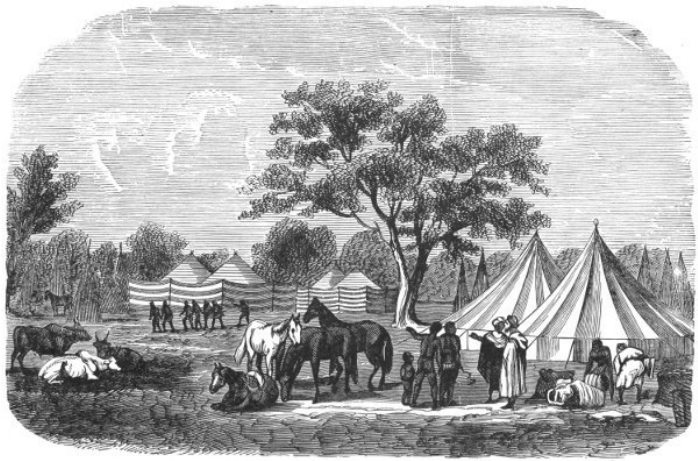
"A vague rumor reached Ujiji in the beginning of last month that an Englishman had come to Unyanyembe with boats, horses, men, and goods in abundance. It was in vain to conjecture who this could be; and my eager inquiries were met by answers so contradictory that I began to doubt if any stranger had come at all. But one day, I cannot say which, for I was three weeks too fast in my

reckoning, my man Susi came dashing up in great excitement, and gasped out, 'An Englishman coming; see him!' and off he ran to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told me the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the NEW YORK 'Herald,' sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of £5,000, to obtain correct information about me if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The kindness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude. I had been left nearly destitute by the moral idiot Shereef selling off my goods for slaves and ivory for himself. My condition was sufficiently forlorn, for I had but a few articles of barter left of what I had taken the precaution to leave here, in case of extreme need. The strange news Mr. Stanley had to tell to one for years out of communication with the world was quite reviving. Appetite returned, and in a week I began to feel strong. Having men and goods, and information that search for an outlet of the Tanganyika was desired by Sir Roderick Murchison, we went for a month's cruise down its northern end. This was a pleasure trip compared to the weary tramping of all the rest of my work; but an outflow we did not find."

The opening paragraph of the dispatch from which this is taken is so finely characteristic, that it should not be omitted. Dr. Livingstone began his letter to Lord Clarendon's successor in this beautifully courteous manner:

"MY LORD—The despatch of Lord Clarendon, dated 31st May, 1870, came to this place on the 13th ult., and its very kindly tone and sympathy afforded me a world of encouragement. Your lordship will excuse me in saying that with my gratitude there

mingled sincere sorrow that the personal friend who signed it was no more."



THE CAMP OF AN EARLY EXPLORER.

The last of these despatches of the explorer was the longest, and, perhaps, the most worthy of his fame. Addressed to Earl Granville, it was a clear, full statement of the prevalence of the African slave trade and a terrible denunciation of it, together with a proposition "which," he says, "I have very much at heart—the possibility of encouraging the native Christians of English settlements on the west coast of Africa, to remove, by voluntary emigration, to a healthy spot on this side the continent." There are in Zanzibar a considerable number of British subjects from India, called Banians. They are, like all British subjects, prohibited from engaging in the slave trade, but shrewdly managing to throw the responsibility upon the Arabs, they are in fact responsible for the slave trade of Zanzibar and all the horrible "slaving" of East Africa. "The Manyema cannibals," says Dr. Livingstone, in this dispatch to Earl Granville, "among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian

fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten." "Slaves are not bought," he says in another place, "in the countries to which the Banian agents proceed. Indeed it is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji 'slave trade' at all; the captives are not traded for, but murdered for, and the gangs which are dragged coastwise are usually not slaves, but captive free people." To eradicate this fearful wrong, the practical remedy proposed by the explorer in his letter to Earl Granville is encouragement by the British government to the voluntary emigration of native Christians from the English settlements of the West Coast to the East Coast. In reply to the argument of the unhealthfulness of this portion of Africa he says that the fevers are bad enough indeed, but that very much more of the disease prevailing is due to intemperance and gross licentiousness than fever. The whole dispatch is a demonstration of Dr. Livingstone's earnest piety, humanity and practical sagacity. If there are some passages in it which show that his Highland blood is up, they may be attributed to a fiery hatred of injustice.

These quotations from Dr. Livingstone's letters of this important period of his life will be appropriately concluded with his letter of thanks to the editor of the "Herald":

"UJIJI, ON TANGANYIKA,
"EAST AFRICA, November, 1871.

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"JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq.,
Jr.:—

"MY DEAR SIR—It is in general somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen—it feels so much

like addressing an abstract idea—but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

"If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles, beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the woful sights I had seen of man's inhumanity to man reached and told on the bodily frame and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere 'ruckle' of bones.

"There I found that some five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods which I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had "divined" on the Koran and found that I was dead. He had also written to the Governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well, from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for

the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot, and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads, which I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife. We could have no success after that. Afterward the idea of despair had to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous that it was out of the question.

"Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumors of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and, in great excitement, gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was, indeed, overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours!'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell was thrilling. The mighty political changes on the Continent; the success of the Atlantic cables; the election of General Grant, and many other topics riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without

news from home for years save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and *Punch* of 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again.

"Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore, the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866, and information that the British government had kindly sent a thousand pounds sterling to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letter, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me with 'John Bullish' tenacity, believing that all would come right at last.

"The watershed of South Central Africa is over seven hundred miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the watershed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins in ten degrees to twelve degrees south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was, generally, groping in the dark, for who cared where the waters ran? We drank our fill and let the rest run by.

"The Portuguese who visited Cazemba asked for slaves and ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned, until I was almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

"My last work, in which I have been greatly

hindered from want of suitable attendants, was following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyuema, or, shortly, Manyema. This line of drainage has four large lakes in it. The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It is from one to three miles broad, and never can be reached at any point or at any time of the year. Two western drains, the Lupira, or Bartle Frere's River, flow into it at Lake Kamolondo. Then the great River Lomaine flows through Lake Lincoln into it, too, and seems to form the western arm of the Nile, on which Petherick traded.

"Now, I knew about six hundred miles of the watershed, and unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole; for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and the last of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river. Two of these run north to Egypt, Lupira and Louraine, and two run south into inner Ethiopia, as the Liambai, or upper Zambezi, and the Kafneare, but these are but the sources of the Nile mentioned by the Secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais to Herodotus. I have heard of them so often, and at great distances off, that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family I wish to finish up by their rediscovery.

"Five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods have again unaccountably been entrusted to slaves, and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months. I must go where they lie at your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work.

"And if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the east coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile

sources together. Now that you have done with domestic slavery forever, lend us your powerful aid toward this great object. This fine country is blighted, as with a curse from above, in order that the slavery privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave traders.

"I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am,

"Gratefully yours,
"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."



CHAPTER XIII.

THE SLAVE TRADE OF EAST AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone's Letter upon the Subject to Mr. Bennett — Compares the Slave Trade with Piracy on the High Seas — Natives of Interior Africa Average Specimens of Humanity — Slave Trade Cruelties — Deaths from Broken Hearts — The Need of Christian Civilization — British Culpability.

While waiting for supplies in Unyanyembe, Dr. Livingstone wrote a second letter to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which was principally devoted to the slave trade of East Africa, to greatly aid in the abolition of which would be more gratifying to the explorer's ambition than to discover all the sources of the Nile. This might well be supposed from what has already been quoted from Dr. Livingstone's despatches to his government; but inasmuch as he here directly appeals to the American people, this volume would be incomplete without the remarkable and most thrillingly interesting statements of the letter in question. They were sent by cable telegram from London and appeared in the "Herald" newspaper of July 27, 1872:

"At present let me give a glimpse of the slave trade, to which the search and discovery of most of the Nile fountains have brought me face to face. The whole traffic, whether by land or ocean, is a gross outrage on the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the evils it inflicts, presents almost insurmountable obstacles to intercourse between different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, partly to the ignorance of the more civilized of mankind of the blight which lights

chiefly on more degraded piracy on the high seas. (*sic.*) It was once as common as slave trading is now, but as it became thoroughly known the whole civilized world rose against it.

"In now trying to make Eastern African slave trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the good time coming yet when slavery as well as piracy will be chased from the world. Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and authors of its atrocities. Most people imagine that negroes, after being brutalized by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate the more favored races, are fair average specimens of the African man. Our ideas are derived from slaves of the west coast, who have for ages been subject to domestic bondage and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and the rum trade have ruined their moral natures so as not to discriminate the difference of the monstrous injustice.

"The main body of the population is living free in the interior, under their own chiefs and laws, cultivating their own farms, catching fish in their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forest, which, in more recent continents, can only be reached in rocky strata or under perennial ice. Winwood Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large, round, black eyes, full, luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the west coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in. The slaves generally, and especially those on the west coast, at Zanzibar and elsewhere are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice

against their color; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets they are black and feels they are just fellow-men; but the low, retreating forehead, prognathous jaws, lark-heels and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West African negroes, always awaken some feelings of aversion akin to those with which we view specimens of the Bill Sykes and 'Bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which it is already sunk, but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives on nearly all the high lands of the interior Continent are, as a rule, fair average specimens of humanity.

"I happened to be present when all the head men of the great Chief Msama—who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika—had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded finely with the well-shaped heads. Msama himself had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days. He was exactly like the Ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others, and he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called pombe, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bulbous below the ribs.' I do not know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good many English noblemen, and Msama was the only specimen of a 'bloated aristocrat' on whom I ever set eyes.

"Many of the women are very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately the dears could not change charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well shaped forms and small hands and feet, but must adorn themselves, and this they do by filing splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile like that of crocodile ornaments, scarce. They are not black, but of light, warm brown color, and so very sisterish, if I may use the word, it feels an injury done one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi*, or wing of the nose of the anatomists.

"Cazembe's Queen, Moaria Nyombe by name, would be esteemed a real beauty either in London Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage, near the tip of her fine, slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of two of the front of her superb snow-white teeth, and then, what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know go see her. She was carried to her farm in a pony phæton, which is a sort of throne, fastened on two very long poles and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take the Punch motto of Cazembe —'Niggers don't require to be shot here'—as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but whether they do or not Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense.

"Now, these people, so like ourselves externally, have brave, genuine human souls. Rua, large sections of country northwest of Cazembe, but still in same inland region, is peopled with men very like those of Wsama and Cazembe. An Arab, Syed Ben Habib, was sent to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as Arabs

usually do where natives have no guns, Syed Ben Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed the elder brother slept in a white tent, and, pitching spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive blood, the younger brother forthwith 'ran a muck' on all indiscriminately in a large district.

"Let it not be supposed any of these people are, like American Indians, insatiable, blood-thirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed or entertain terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ba Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up.

"The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely they would have stipulated no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator, the domestic slave acting under his orders being considered free of blame.

"I know nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated African from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relatives kidnapped, but that is more than human nature, civilized or savage, can bear. In the chase in question indiscriminate slaughter, capture, and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured and secured in chains and wooden yokes.

"I came near the party of Syed Ben Habib, close to a point where a huge rent in the Mountain of Rua allows the escape of the great river Lualaba out of

Lake Moora, and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the difference between slaves and freemen made captive. When fairly across the Lualaba, Syed Ben Habib thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gangs by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared joy and a perfect willingness to follow Syed to the end of the world or elsewhere, but next morning twenty-two made clear of two mountains.

"Many more, seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe the heart situated underneath the top of the sternum, or breast bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently die of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat.

"I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and, as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors are not unusually cruel. They were callous. Slaving hardened their hearts.

"When Syed, an old friend of mine, crossed Lualaba, he heard I was in the village, where a company of slave traders were furiously assaulted for three days by justly incensed Bobemba. I would not fight nor allow my people to fire if I saw them, because Bobemba had been especially kind to me. Syed sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slavery hardens within, petrifies the feelings, is bad for the

victims and ill for the victimizers. Once, it is said, a party of twelve, who had been slaves in their own country—Cunda or Conda, of which Cazemba is chief or general—were loaded with large, heavy yokes, which were forked trees, about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long, the neck inserted in the fork and an iron bar driven across one end of the fork to the other and riveted to the other end, tied at night to the tree or ceiling of the hut, and the neck being firm in the fork and the slave held off from unloosing it, was excessively troublesome to the wearer, and, when marching, two yokes were tied together by tree ends and loads put on the slaves' heads beside.

"A woman, having an additional yoke and load, and a child on her back, said to me on passing, 'They are killing me. If they would take off the yoke I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with three loads.' The one who spoke this did die; poor little girl! Her child perished of starvation.

"I interceded some, but when unyoked off they bounded into the long grass, and I was greatly blamed for not caring in presence of the owners of the property.

"After the day's march under a broiling, vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest were exhausted. The party of twelve, above mentioned, were sitting down singing and laughing. 'Hallo, said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly. This must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state;' and I went and asked the cause of their mirth.

"I had asked aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word 'Rukha,' which usually means fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, inflicting disease or death, and the song was:

'Yes, we going away to Manga, abroad, or white man's land, with yoke on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death, and shall return and haunt and kill you.' Chorus then struck in, which was the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Tarembee, an old man, at least one hundred and four years, being one of the sellers, in accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him.

"The refrain was as if:—'Oh! oh! oh! bird of freedom, you sold me.' 'Oh! oh! oh! I shall haunt you! Oh! oh! oh!' Laughter told not of mirth, but of tears, such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. He that is higher than the highest regardeth.

"If I am permitted," says Dr. Livingstone in concluding the subject of the slave trade, "in any way to promote its suppression, I shall not grudge the toil and time I have spent. It would be better to lessen this great human woe than to discover the sources of the Nile."

The moral degradation of these people is only to be reached and cured, in the deliberate judgment of the explorer-missionary, through the means of Christian civilization. "The religion of Christ," he says with emphasis, "is unquestionably the best for man. I refer to it not as the Protestant, the Catholic, the Greek, or any other, but to the comprehensive faith which has spread more widely over the world than most people imagine, and whose votaries, of whatever name, are better than any outside the pale." The great end of placing the numerous tribes of East and Central Africa under the pure and elevating morality of the Christian religion cannot be successful until the suppression of the inhuman slave

trade, which has its headquarters at Zanzibar, shall have been accomplished. It would be unjust to forget that Great Britain has done much, very much, for the suppression of this terrible traffic in other portions of the globe. It would be unjust to charge the government of Great Britain with intentional criminality in this case. But it stands proved, by the failure of English expeditions to find Dr. Livingstone, and by his own positive, earnest testimony, that it is the subjects of the British monarchy who are responsible for the existence of the slave trade of Zanzibar and all the nameless horrors of the interior resulting therefrom. The moral culpability, by reason of neglect—not to put the case too strongly—of the British government is therefore made manifest; and of this great national turpitude that government must stand convicted before the bar of Christendom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM OF AFRICA,

Some Account of the Beasts, Birds, Reptiles, and Insects of Africa — Livingstone's Opinion of the Lion — Elephants, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, etc. — Wild Animals Subject to Disease — Remarkable Hunting Explorations — Cumming Slays more than One Hundred Elephants — Du Chaillu and the Gorilla — Thrilling Incidents — Vast Plains Covered with Game — Forests Filled with Birds — Immense Serpents — The Python of South Africa — Ants and other Insects.

No portion of the globe is so productive of wild animals as Africa. There animal life is more extensive, if we may so say, and more varied than anywhere else. The domestic animals of that continent are not to such extent different from those of other parts of the world as to merit special mention, with the exception of the camel, without whose aid a large portion of the country would be not only uninhabitable but untraversable. The invaluable services which this patient but obstinate beast of burden renders to the inhabitants of Northern Africa are known to all men. In northern Africa and in the central portions, horses are numerous and many of them of excellent breeds. Here and in many parts of South Africa, there are many cattle, used as beasts of burden and for beef. Some of them are noted for the prodigious size of their horns. Sheep abound in some portions of the continent, but in South Africa the flocks are composed almost entirely of goats which subsist better on the dry herbs of the dessert, yield more milk, and are considered more palatable food.



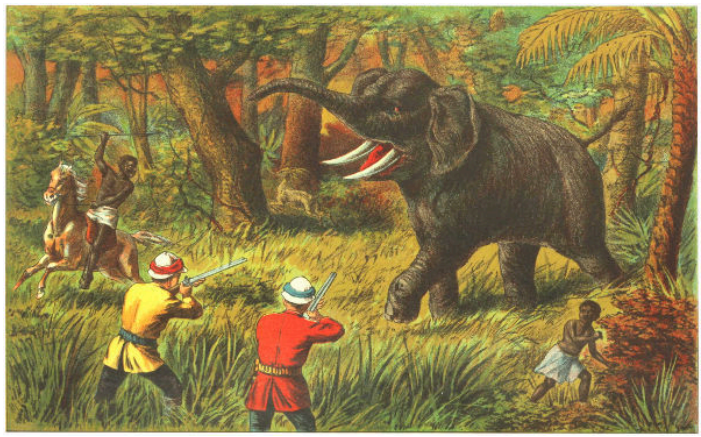
A MIGHTIER ROAR THAN THAT OF THE FOREST KING.

But in respect to wild beasts—all kinds of "game" as the sportsman would say—Africa, as has been said by Mr. John Bonner, "may be called the region of animal life, since there are more than twice the number of species in it than in the other quarters of the globe." Here are found, in immense numbers, all those kinds of animals which fill the strong cages of

the menageries of Europe and America, of parks, and zoological gardens, and many more besides. Here are the most abject and degraded specimens of mankind and the most sagacious and lordly wild animals. Here are the most beautiful and gentle of birds and the most venomous and terrible serpents and reptiles. Here are small insects whose attacks are fatal to many useful animals, and others—the devouring locusts—which in a single day devastate vast sections of country.

The lion, so long regarded as the king of beasts, is found in most parts of interior Africa. We have already seen that Dr. Livingstone's opinion of this beast is not very exalted. It is certainly inferior to the African leopard both in beauty and courage. In strength and prowess this latter animal is not inferior to the Asiatic tiger. The hippopotamus, supposed to be the Behemoth of Job, is found in nearly all the rivers of Central and South Africa and the Nile. His body is often as large as that of a full-grown elephant. A noted African hunter killed one with a single ball, which was six feet broad across the belly. The skin of an adult hippopotamus, according to Du Chaillu, who shot several and stuffed one, is from one and a-half to two inches thick, and extremely solid and tough—quite bullet-proof, in fact, except in a few thinner spots, as behind the ear and near the eyes. It is devoid of hair with the exception of a few short bristly hairs in the tail, and a few scattered tufts near the muzzle. The color of the skin is a clayey yellow, assuming a roseate hue under the belly. After death, the animal becomes a dull brownish color. It is successfully hunted by the natives of east equatorial Africa, who approach within a few feet of it, fire their "slugs" at his eye and then run for dear life; for if the animal be not

killed the hunter surely will be. Cumming, the most successful of African Nimrods, once slew some ten hippopotami in the course of a couple of days, and secured the carcasses of most of them, dragging them with oxen to which were attached strong cables fastened to the beasts. The bagging of several tons of edible game—the meat of the beast is described by some as like beef, by others as like pork—in a day or two could not be accomplished elsewhere than in Africa.



A SURPRISE IN THE JUNGLE.

Most of the perennial rivers and even small streams of a few feet depth abound in crocodiles. Those of South Africa, whose nature and habits are described by Dr. Livingstone and Cumming, are a different species from the crocodile of the Nile, one of the sacred animals of the Egyptians. They are as great in size, however, and, perhaps, greater in voracity. Their great numbers, particularly in the waters of equatorial Africa, are astonishing. The natives hunt them, going in canoes, and using a sort of harpoon with which the stout armor, elsewhere

impenetrable, of the animal is pierced behind the legs. The natives are fond of the flesh. Though a full-grown crocodile will weigh as much as an ox, there is not much flesh that is edible. Cumming shot one more than twenty feet in length in a stream not more than twelve feet wide. “On our return to Damagondai’s town,” says Du Chaillu, “as we were paddling along, I perceived in the distance ahead a beautiful deer, looking meditatively into the waters of the lagoon, of which from time to time it took a drink. I stood up to get a shot, and we approached with the utmost silence. But just as I raised my gun to fire, a crocodile leaped out of the water, and, like a flash, dove back again with the struggling animal in his powerful jaws. So quickly did the beast take his prey that though I fired at him I was too late. I would not have believed that this huge and unwieldy animal could move with such velocity; but the natives told me that the deer often falls prey to the crocodile. Sometimes he even catches the leopard, but then there is a harder battle than the poor little deer could make.”



ATTACKED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The rhinoceros, formerly found on the slopes of Table Mountain, has now been driven far into the interior of South Africa, but here these huge animals, second only to the elephant and hippopotamus in bulk, are found along all the streams and in the neighborhood of fountains and pools of water. Dr. A. Smith in his “Zoology of South Africa” makes three species of rhinoceros. The great hunter, Cumming, describes what he considers as four different kinds.[4] Dr. Livingstone, however, asserts that there are but two species—the white and the black—insisting that all the species made by naturalists beyond these two are based on mere differences in size, age, and direction of horns, all which vary much in each variety. The rhinoceros has a “guardian spirit” in the rhinoceros-bird, his constant companion and devoted friend.[5] Those of the black species are very wary, fierce, and difficult to take. Their flesh is tough also, whilst that of the white rhinoceros is fat, tender, and, to the South African tribes, delicious. He is of a comparatively gentle spirit also, and more easily found and dispatched.

[4] He says: Of the rhinoceros there are four varieties in South Africa distinguished by the Bechuanas by the names of the borèlé, or black rhinoceros, the keitloa, or two-horned black rhinoceros, the muchocho, or common white rhinoceros, and the kobaoba, or long-horned white rhinoceros. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed by the Bechuanas. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the wait-a-bit thorns. Their horns are much shorter than those of the other varieties, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. They are finely polished with constant rubbing against the trees. The

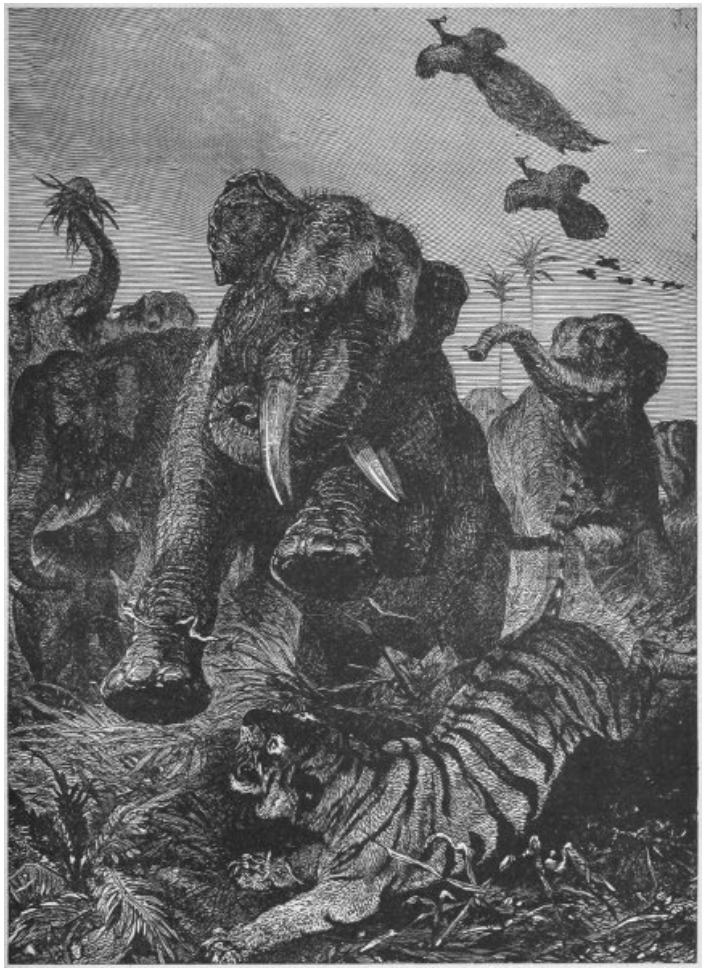
skull is remarkably formed, its most striking feature being the tremendous thick ossification in which it ends above the nostrils. It is on this mass that the horn is supported. The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin, and they may thus be separated from the head by means of a sharp knife. They are hard and perfectly solid throughout, and are a fine material for various articles, such as drinking cups, mallets for rifles, handles for turner's tools, etc., etc. The horn is capable of a very high polish. The eyes of the rhinoceros are small and sparkling, and do not readily observe the hunter, provided he keeps to leeward of them. The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated by bullets hardened with solder. During the day the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas. In the evening they commence their nightly ramble and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger. The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often plowing up the ground for several yards with its horns, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly, nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces. The rhinoceros is supposed by many, and by myself among the rest, to be the animal alluded to by Job, chap. xxxix., verses 10 and 11, where it is written, "Canst thou bind the unicorn with his hand in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him?" evidently alluding to an animal possessed of great strength and

of untamable disposition, for both of which the rhinoceros is remarkable. All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in mud, with which their rugged hides are generally incrusted.—*Adventures in South Africa*, 1. pp. 215-16.

[5] These singular birds are thus described by Cumming:—These rhinoceros-birds are constant attendants upon the hippopotamus and the four varieties of rhinoceros, their object being to feed upon the ticks and other parasitic insects that swarm upon these animals. They are of a grayish color and are nearly as large as a common thrush; their voice is very similar to that of the mistletoe thrush. Many a time have these ever-watchful birds disappointed me in my stalk, and tempted me to invoke an anathema upon their devoted heads. They are the best friends the rhinoceros has, and rarely fail to awaken him even in his soundest nap. “Chukuroo” perfectly understands their warning, and, springing to his feet, he generally first looks about him in every direction, after which he invariably makes off. I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on the shoulder of the rhinoceros, they ascended about six feet into the air uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chukuroo from

his deep sleep.—*Ibid.*, 292-3.

But the most interesting of the wild animals of Africa is the elephant, which, as is well known, is in several respects different from the elephant of Asia. His ears are larger, and the formation of his tough, elastic feet is very different. His tusks also are larger and he reaches a greater size than the Asiatic elephant. He has been found in nearly all parts of interior Africa which have been explored, and to this day may be seen from vessels sailing along the West Coast near the equator, as he comes down to the sea to bathe his ponderous body. These animals are found in troops, varying in number from a few to several hundred. At times different troops have been seen together, whose heavy tread, in escaping, would make the earth tremble. They are exceedingly delicate as to their food, of which, however, they require immense quantities. Docile by nature, they are wonderfully fearful of man, whom, with a favorable wind, they can scent at a great distance; but in defence of their young or when attacked they fight with the greatest courage and effect. The elephant is unquestionably recognized by all animals of the forest as their undoubted master. They often retain life long after being mortally wounded, and when about to die, the agony of the dissolution of such an immense physical system forces tears from their eyes, but they expire without convulsions and in heroic silence. It might almost appear that their predominating feeling is that of sorrow that the vast forests through which they have roamed for years—perhaps a century—shall know them no more. It is difficult to believe one can kill these sublime animals, for gain alone, unless he be, at bottom, a genuine scoundrel.



A JUNGLE SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

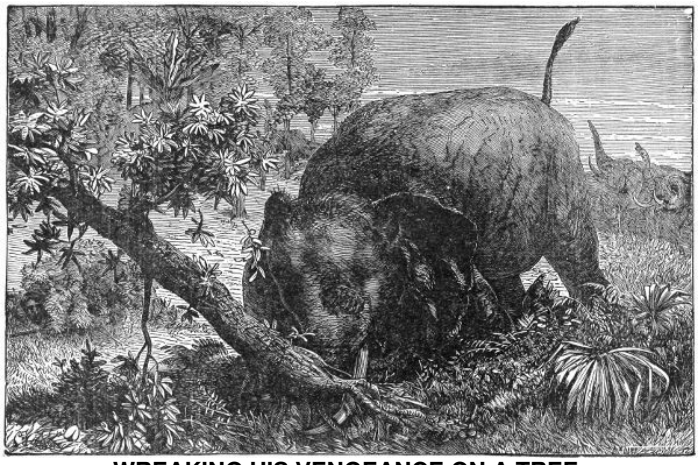
It is doubtless different, however, when the gratification of the sporting propensity is the impelling motive. It was this which carried the Scottish hunter, Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, into the interior of South Africa, only about two years after the arrival there of Dr. Livingstone, and where he remained, hunting elephants, lions, rhinoceroses,

hippopotami, camelopards, and other great game, for the period of nearly five years. Mr. Cumming's "Adventures in South Africa" were published, if our memory does not err, in the year 1850. They were speedily republished in America, and were at first received with no little incredulity, as, by the way, most accounts of adventures in Africa, from Mungo Park to Stanley, have been. Adventures there appear to be naturally incredible to the rest of the world. It is as it was with respect to the rebuilding of Chicago; no one believed it until he saw it all, and after that he could believe that almost anything is within the power of man's spirit of enterprise once fully aroused.[6] The incredulity in regard to Mr. Cumming's wonderful success in securing great game in Africa has long since passed away, and his narrative is now regarded as altogether trustworthy. He remained in Africa, hunting, the greater part of five years. During this time he slew more than one hundred elephants, besides those, mortally wounded, which escaped. He was equally successful with the camelopard, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, buffalo, eland, and the great variety of antelope which live in South Africa in countless numbers. One of his first adventures with large animals was with a troop of camelopards. It is thus graphically described:

[6] We cannot all go to Africa, but the testimony of Dr. Livingstone, who received visits from this hunter every year during the five years of his warfare with wild animals, will be regarded as conclusive upon the general truthfulness of Mr. Cumming's reports. Dr. Livingstone says:

As the guides of Mr. Cumming were furnished through my influence, and usually got some strict charges as to their behavior before parting, looking upon me in the light of a father, they always came to give me an account of their service, and told most of

those hunting-adventures which have since been given to the world, before we had the pleasure of hearing our friend relate them himself by our own fireside. I had thus a tolerably good opportunity of testing their accuracy, and I have no hesitation in saying that, for those who love that sort of thing Mr. Cumming's book conveys a truthful idea of South African hunting. Some things in it require explanation, but the numbers of animals said to have been met with and killed are by no means improbable, considering the amount of large game then in the country. Two other gentlemen hunting in the same region destroyed in one season no fewer than seventy-eight rhinoceroses alone. Sportsmen, however, would not now find an equal number; for, as guns are introduced among the tribes, all these fine animals melt away like snow in spring. In the more remote districts, where fire-arms have not yet been introduced, with the single exception of the rhinoceros the game is to be found in numbers much greater than Mr. Cumming ever saw.—*Researches in South Africa*, 169-70.



WREAKING HIS VENGEANCE ON A TREE.

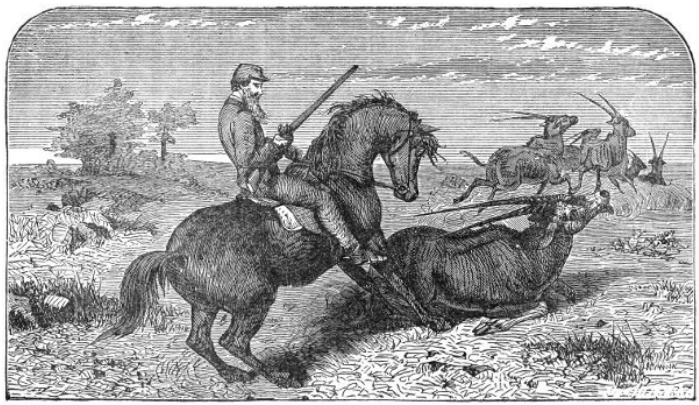
"We halted beside a glorious fountain, the name of which was Massouey, but I at once christened it 'the Elephant's own Fountain.' This was a very remarkable spot on the southern border of endless elephant forests, at which I had at length arrived. The fountain was deep and strong, situated in a hollow at the eastern extremity of an extensive vley, and its margin was surrounded by a level stratum of solid old red sandstone. Here and there lay a thick layer of soil upon the rock, and this was packed flat with the fresh spoor of elephants. Around the water's edge the very rock was worn down by the gigantic feet which for ages had trodden there. We drew up the wagons on a hillock on the eastern side of the water. I had just cooked my breakfast, and commenced to feed, when I heard my men exclaim, 'Almagtig keek de ghroote clomp cameel;' and raising my eyes from my sassayby stew, I beheld a truly beautiful and very unusual scene. From the margin of the fountain there extended an open level vley, without a tree or bush, that stretched away about a mile to the northward, where it was bounded by extensive groves of wide-spreading mimosas. Up the middle of this vley stalked a troop of ten colossal giraffes, flanked by two large herds of blue wildebeests and zebras, with an advanced guard of pallahs. They were all coming to the fountain to drink, and would be within rifle-shot of the wagons before I could finish my breakfast. I however, continued to swallow my food with the utmost expedition, having directed my men to catch and saddle 'Colesberg.' In a few minutes the giraffes were slowly advancing within two hundred yards, stretching their graceful necks, and gazing in wonder at the unwonted wagons. Grasping my rifle, I now mounted 'Colesberg,' and rode slowly toward them.

They continued gazing at the wagons until I was within one hundred yards of them, when, whisking their long tails over their rumps, they made off at an easy canter. As I pressed upon them they increased their pace; but 'Colesberg' had much the speed of them, and before we had proceeded half a mile I was riding by the shoulder of a dark-chestnut old bull, whose head towered high above the rest. Letting fly at the gallop, I wounded him behind the shoulder; soon after which I broke him from the herd, and presently going ahead of him, he came to a stand. I then gave him a second bullet, somewhere near the first. These two shots had taken effect and he was now in my power, but I would not lay him low so far from camp; so, having waited until he had regained his breath, I drove him half way back toward the wagons. Here he became obstreperous; so loading one barrel, and pointing my rifle toward the clouds, I shot him in the throat, when, rearing high, he fell backward and expired. This was a magnificent specimen of the giraffe, measuring upward of eighteen feet in height. I stood for nearly half an hour engrossed in the contemplation of his extreme beauty and gigantic proportions; and, if there had been no elephants, I could have exclaimed, like Duke Alexander of Gordon when he killed the famous old stag with seventeen tine, 'Now I can die happy.' But I longed for an encounter with the noble elephants, and I thought little more of the giraffe than if I had killed a gemsbok or an eland."

And in another place he describes his second success with the camelopard:

"We now bent our steps homeward. We had not ridden many miles when we observed a herd of fifteen camelopards browsing quietly in an open glade of the forest. After a very severe chase, in the

course of which they stretched out into a magnificent widely extended front, keeping their line with a regularity worthy of a troop of dragoons, I succeeded in separating a fine bull, upward of eighteen feet in height, from the rest of the herd, and brought him to the ground within a short distance of the camp. The Bechuanas expressed themselves delighted at my success. They kindled a fire and slept beside the carcass, which they very soon reduced to bil-tongue and marrow-bones."



RUNNING DOWN ELANDS.

Mr. Cumming's first successful encounter with elephants was one of the most exciting of all. It is thus related:

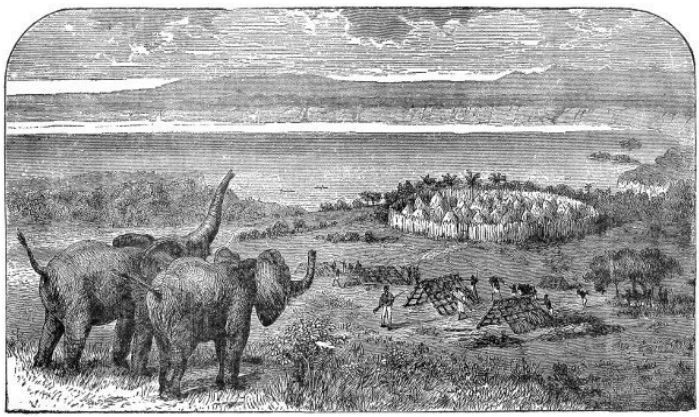
"Having followed the spoor for a short distance, old Mutchuisho became extremely excited, and told me that we were close to the elephants. Two or three men quickly ascended the tallest trees that stood near us, but they could not see the elephants. Mutchuisho then extended men to the right and left, while we continued on the spoor.

"In a few minutes one of those who had gone off to our left came running breathless to say that he had

seen the mighty game. I halted for a minute, and instructed Issac, who carried the big Dutch rifle, to act independently of me, while Kleinboy was to assist me in the chase. I bared my arms to the shoulder, and, having imbibed a draught of aqua pura from the calabash of one of the spoorers, I grasped my trusty two-grooved rifle, and told my guide to go ahead. We proceeded silently as might be for a few hundred yards, following the guide, when he suddenly pointed, exclaiming, 'Klow!' and before us stood a herd of mighty bull elephants, packed together beneath a shady grove about a hundred and fifty yards in advance. I rode slowly toward them, and, as soon as they observed me, they made a loud rumbling noise, and, tossing their trunks, wheeled right about and made off in one direction, crashing through the forest and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. I was accompanied by a detachment of my dogs, who assisted me in the pursuit.

"The distance I had come, and the difficulties I had undergone to behold these elephants, rose fresh before me. I determined that on this occasion at least I would do my duty, and, dashing my spurs into Sundays' ribs, I was very soon much too close in their rear for safety. The elephants now made an inclination to my left, whereby I obtained a good view of the ivory. The herd consisted of six bulls; four of them were full-grown, first-rate elephants; the other two were fine fellows, but had not yet arrived at perfect stature. Of the four old fellows, two had much finer tusks than the rest, and for a few seconds I was undecided which of these two I would follow; when, suddenly, the one which I fancied had the stoutest tusks broke from his comrades, and I at once felt convinced that he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly. Cantering alongside, I

was about to fire, when he instantly turned, and, uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree for the trees of the forest, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.



SOUNDING THE ALARM.

"When he pulled up in his charge, I likewise halted and as he slowly turned to retreat, I let fly at his shoulder, 'Sunday' capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball the elephant shrugged his shoulder, and made off at a free majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance which had been following the other elephants, and on their coming up and barking another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before. In his charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot;

but, although the elephant turned repeatedly, 'Sunday' invariably disappointed me, capering so that it was impossible to fire. At length, exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and, springing from the saddle, approached the elephant under cover of a tree, and gave him a bullet in the side of the head, when, trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from whom he seemed to fancy that the blow had come; after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns, with his head toward me. I walked up very near, and, as he was in the act of charging (being in those days under wrong impressions as to the impracticability of bringing down an elephant with a shot in the forehead), stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive, at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that by so doing I should end his career. The shot only served to increase his fury —an effect which, I had remarked, shots in the head invariably produced; and, continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity, he all but terminated my elephant-hunting forever. A large party of the Bechuanas who had come up yelled out simultaneously, imagining I was killed, for the elephant was at one moment almost on the top of me; I, however, escaped by my activity, and by dodging round the bushy trees.

"The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace; but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more alongside. He kept crashing along at a steady pace, with blood streaming from his wounds. It was long before I again fired, for I was afraid to dismount, and 'Sunday' was extremely troublesome. At length I fired sharp right and left from the saddle: he got both balls behind the shoulder, and made a long charge

after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwato men had now come up, and were following a short distance behind me. Among these was Mollyeon, who volunteered to help; and being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered me important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded. I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us back to the main body in our rear, who fled in all directions as he approached.

"The sun had now sunk behind the tops of the trees; it would very soon be dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. I recollected that my time was short, and therefore at once resolved to fire no more from the saddle, but to go close up to him and fire on foot. Riding up to him, I dismounted and, approaching very near, I gave it him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me; but I was now very reckless of his charges, for I saw that he could not overtake me, and in a twinkling I was loaded, and, again approaching, fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder. Again he charged with a terrific trumpet, which sent 'Sunday' flying through the forest. This was his last charge. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. These, refreshed by the evening breeze, and perceiving that it was nearly over with the elephant, had once more come to my assistance. Having loaded, I drew near and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving these shots, instead of charging, he tossed his trunk up and down, and by various sounds and motions, most

gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near. Again I loaded and fired my last shot behind his shoulder: on receiving it, he turned round the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran round to give the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; before I could clear the bushy tree he fell heavily on his side, and his spirit had fled."

Such is a specimen of the "sport" which the wilds of Africa offer to the ambitious hunter. That it is in some respects rather serious sport may be imagined from the description as well as from Mr. Cumming's statement of his losses during his four expeditions into the interior. These were forty-five horses and seventy head of cattle, the value being at least $3,000. "I also," he says, "lost about seventy of my dogs," which would convey the idea of a considerable kennel, the dogs all told. But he usually had only about thirty at a time. Many were killed by lions, while elephants made way with a still larger number.

The expeditions of Mr. Du Chaillu, an American naturalist, in Equatorial Africa, were more valuable to the cause of science than those of Mr. Cumming in South Africa, and scarcely less interesting as the explorations of a hunter. Like Cumming, he was a highly successful hunter, and he was also much more —a student of natural history imbued with a love of science and having a genius for it. As Mr. Cumming's starting point was the extreme of South Africa, under English domination, Mr. Du Chaillu had his headquarters beneath the equator on the west coast, and under the immediate eyesight, so to speak, of the American Presbyterian Mission for the Gaboon country. Mr. Du Chaillu afterwards established his home in the Camma country, and building himself a

little village of huts near the junction of the N'poulounay and Fernand Vas rivers, and not far from the coast, named it "Washington." From the Gaboon and then from this African "city of Washington," this celebrated traveller made several explorations of the interior, much of the time among idolatrous and cannibal tribes. Enduring many hardships, overcoming many almost insurmountable difficulties, he not only gave to the world an extremely interesting account of hunting expeditions but a description of the singular people and wonderful country he was the first white man to visit which forms a valued acquisition to the stock of geographical and scientific knowledge.[7]

[7] It need not be stated to students of matters pertaining to Africa, that this gentleman's "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa" (published by the Harpers in 1868) is one of our most interesting books of travel.

Whilst he was very successful in procuring specimens of most of the animals and birds in equatorial Africa to a distance of several hundred miles from the coast, he devoted special attention to hunting the ape, and was more successful in killing the species commonly known as the gorilla than any one else of Christendom has ever been. The greater difficulty of hunting the animal considered, he was as successful with the gorilla as Mr. Cumming had been with the elephant.

The *troglodytes gorilla*, or great chimpanzee of the equatorial region of West Africa has long been the most dreaded, perhaps, of all the wild beasts of that continent. And it is probably true that in unmixed ferocity when assailed he does not have his equal. The nature of this fierce animal—much like man in some particulars of physical formation, totally

dissimilar in all other respects—may be learned from an instance or two of Mr. Du Chaillu's hunting him. The account of his killing his "first gorilla" is as follows:

"We started early and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest (this was in the country of the Fan negroes, cannibals, a little more than one degree north of the equator and something less than two hundred miles east of the mouth of the Gaboon river), in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasional birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

"Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the under-brush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved two inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous

order, half man half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

"My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla."

Another hunt resulted fatally to one of the natives. It is thus related:

"The next day we went on a gorilla-hunt. All the olako was busy on the evening of my arrival with preparations; and as meat was scarce, everybody had joyful anticipations of hunger satisfied and plenty in the camp. Little did we guess what frightful death

was to befall one of our number before the next sunset.

"I gave powder to the whole party. Six were to go off in one direction for bush-deer, and whatever luck might send them, and six others, of whom I was one, were to hunt for gorilla. We set off toward a dark valley, where Gambo, Igoumba's son, said we should find our prey. The gorilla chooses the darkest, gloomiest forests for its home, and is found on the edges of the clearings only when in search of plantains, or sugar-cane, or pine-apple. Often they choose for their peculiar haunt a piece of wood so dark that even at midday one can scarce see ten yards. This makes it the more necessary to wait till the monstrous beast approaches near before shooting, in order that the first shot may be fatal. It does not often let the hunter reload.

"Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening fear. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought at first quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the

marks of the gorilla's teeth.

"We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him.

"To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps. He stood his ground, and as quickly as he could reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall, and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.

"When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods."

During his explorations in equatorial Africa, Du Chaillu discovered two new species of ape—

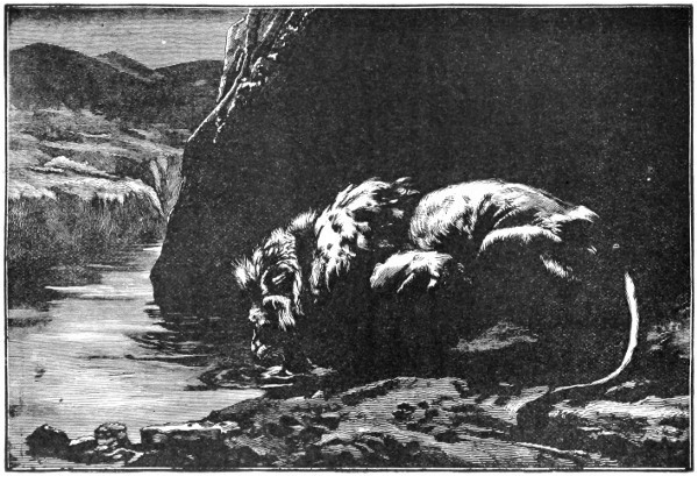
Troglodytes calvus and *T. Koola-Kamba*—and also a number of other mamalians, birds, serpents, and reptiles, before unknown to naturalists.

Contrary to a somewhat prevalent belief, many diseases prevail among wild animals. "The free life of nature" is subject to woes, and needs the physician's aid, after all. "I have seen," says Dr. Livingstone, "the gnu, kama or hartebeest, the tressebe, kukama, and the giraffe, so mangy as to be uneatable even by the natives. Great numbers also of zebras are found dead with masses of foam at the nostrils, exactly as occurs in the common 'horse-sickness.' I once found a buffalo blind from ophthalmia standing by the fountain Otse. The rhinoceros has often worms on the conjunction of his eyes. All the wild animals are subject to intestinal worms besides. The zebra, giraffe, eland and kukuma have been seen mere skeletons from decay of their teeth as well as from disease. The carnivera, too, become diseased and mangy; lions become lean and perish miserably by reason of the decay of their teeth." Cumming also speaks of seeing extensive plains thickly covered with the bones of wild animals which had died of disease.

As a rule, however, the animals are healthy. Their variety and vast numbers are beyond calculation. In a single day, Cumming saw the fresh spoor of about twenty varieties of "large game" and most of the animals themselves. These included elephant, black and white rhinoceros, hippopotamus, camelopard, buffalo, blue wildebeest, zebra, water-buck, sassayby, koodoo, pallah, springbok, serolomootlooque, wild boar, duiker, steinbok, lion, leopard. This is the *habitat* also of keilton, eland, oryx, roan antelope, sable antelope, hartebeest, klipspringer, grys steinbuck, and reitbuck. A little

farther on he thus speaks of the game he saw while taking breakfast:

"We resumed our march at daybreak on the 28th and held on through boundless open plains. As we advanced, game became more and more abundant. In about two hours we reached a fine fountain, beside which was a small cover of trees and bushes, which afforded an abundant supply of fire-wood. Here we outspanned for breakfast: it was a fine cool morning, with a pleasant breeze. The country was thickly covered with immense herds of game, consisting of zebra, wildebeest, blesbok, and springbok. There could not have been less than five or six thousand head of game in sight of me as I sat at breakfast. Presently the whole of this game began to take alarm. Herd joined herd, and took away up the wind; and in a few minutes other vast herds came pouring on up the wind, covering the whole breadth of the plain with a living mass of noble game."



THE KING OF THE JUNGLE.

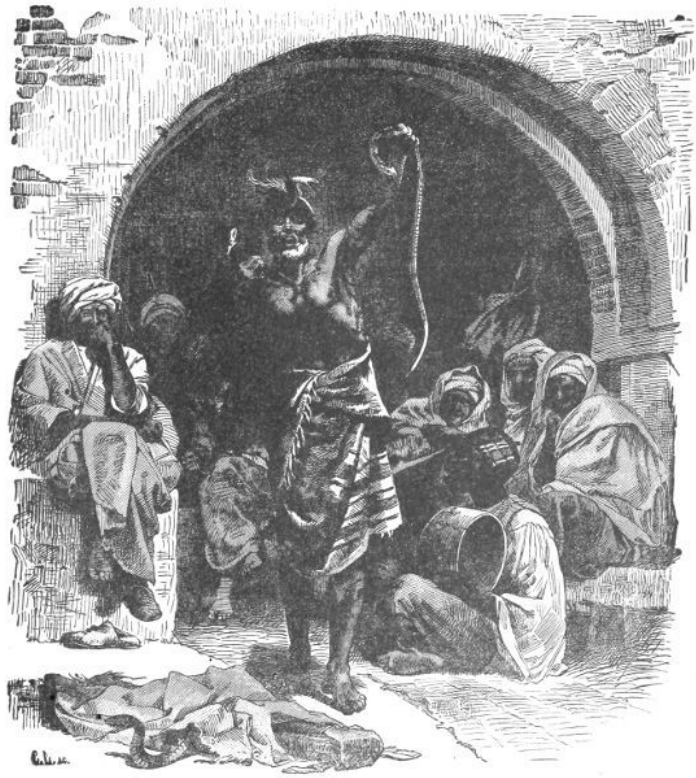
And again:

"When the sun rose next morning I took coffee, and then rode west with two after-riders, in the hope of getting some blesbok shooting. I found the boundless undulating plains thickly covered with game, thousands upon thousands checkering the landscape far as the eye could strain in every direction. The blesboks, which I was most desirous to obtain, were extremely wary, and kept pouring on, on up the wind in long continued streams of thousands, so swift and shy that it was impossible to get within six hundred yards of them, or even by any stratagem to waylay them, so boundless was the ground, and so cunningly did they avoid crossing our track."

It might thus appear that if there is a sportsman's paradise anywhere it is Africa.

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that about all the birds known to ornithology, and many yet unknown in the books upon that science are to be found in Africa. The ostrich, the largest of birds, is found only in Africa. It sometimes attains the height of eight feet. It is swift of foot, its cry is much like the roar of the lion, and its appearance at a distance is very stately; but it is extremely stupid. Its feathers have long been highly valued in commerce. Another most remarkable bird, peculiar to Africa, is the secretary. This is a bird of prey, feeding solely on serpents, which it pursues on foot and destroys in great numbers. It has been described as "an eagle, mounted on the long, naked legs of a crane." Waterfowl of all kinds abound, and there are wild geese which have brilliant and variegated plumage. The most of the forests of South Africa are alive with countless numbers of an almost endless variety of birds, but in the equatorial regions they are much

less numerous, though there are many of those varieties which are characterized by bright, gorgeous plumage.



AFRICAN SNAKE CHARMER.

"Snake stories" are proverbially tinged with the colors of the imagination; but the serpents and reptiles of Africa are no jesting topic to the inhabitants. Many of the serpents are particularly venomous. Dr. Livingstone states that the picakholu is so copiously supplied with poison, that "when a number of dogs attack it, the first bitten dies almost instantaneously, the second in about five minutes,

the third in an hour or so, while the fourth may live several hours." The puff adder and several vipers are very dangerous. There is one which "utters a cry by night exactly like the bleating of a kid. It is supposed by the natives to lure travellers to itself by this bleating." Several varieties, when alarmed, emit a peculiar odor, by which their presence is made known. The deadly cobra exists in several colors or varieties. There are various species of tree-climbing serpents, which appear to have the power of fascination. This belief of Dr. Livingstone in the fascinating power of some serpents is also entertained by Mr. Du Chaillu, and avowed as correct by the eminent naturalist, Dr. Andrew Smith in his "Reptilia." The eminent hunter of the gorilla says the presence of serpents in Africa is a "great blessing to the country. They destroy great numbers of rats and mice, and other of the smaller quadrupeds which injure the native provisions; and it is but just to say they are peacefully inclined, and never attack man unless trodden on. They are glad enough to get out of the way; and the most feared snake I saw in Africa (the Echidna nasicornis) was one which is very slow in its movements, from which cause it happens that it oftener bites people than others, being unable to get out of the way quickly. Though serpents abound in all parts of the country, I have travelled a month at a time without seeing one." The natives, though bare legged, are rarely bitten. There are several species of boa, which attain great size and weight. The variety known as the natal rock python, which is often seen in interior south Africa, though entirely without venom, like other boas, is very destructive of birds and animals. "They are perfectly harmless," says Dr. Livingstone, "and live on small animals, chiefly the rodentia;

occasionally the steinbuck and pallah fall victims, and are sucked into its comparatively small mouth in boa-constrictor fashion. The flesh is much relished by Bakalahari and Bushmen. They carry away each his portion, like logs of wood, over their shoulders." Cumming killed one of these boas measuring fourteen feet in length. They have been known to measure nearly thirty feet in length, and to capture and swallow half-grown cattle. The Caffre of South Africa is very skilful in slaying the python with his spear. He is thus often pinned to the earth by a single throw and dispatched at leisure; then cut up into snake-logs and carried off for food.

Among the innumerable insects of Africa—the fatal tsetse fly and the devastating locust have already been mentioned—the most interesting, perhaps, is the ant. It exists in great variety and prodigious numbers. There are countless ant-hills in different parts of Africa, which are larger than a majority of the individual homes of the natives of the southern and central portions of the continent. Human works, to be of the same relative size as these homes of insects would tower five or six times above the pyramids of Egypt, and would require a base correspondingly large. Among themselves in Africa some of the species are warriors and cannibals; they fight their enemies and eat the vanquished. Other species are exceedingly destructive of the timbers of houses, eating out the insides and leaving useless shells. Others consume vast quantities of decaying animal matter, and still others the decaying vegetation, including great trees, of the tropics. Many are exceedingly fierce in nature. Among these is the bashikouay ant of equatorial Africa. It is, perhaps, relatively the most voracious of all living things, and the most destructive. Unlike other large-

sized ants it does not build houses, but excavates holes in the earth for place of retreat during storms. Its nature and habits are fully described by Du Chaillu:

"This ant is very abundant in the whole region I have travelled over in Africa. It is the dread of all living animals from the leopard to the smallest insect. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they can not bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.



INSECT LIFE IN AFRICA.

"When they get hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and

devours all it comes to with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

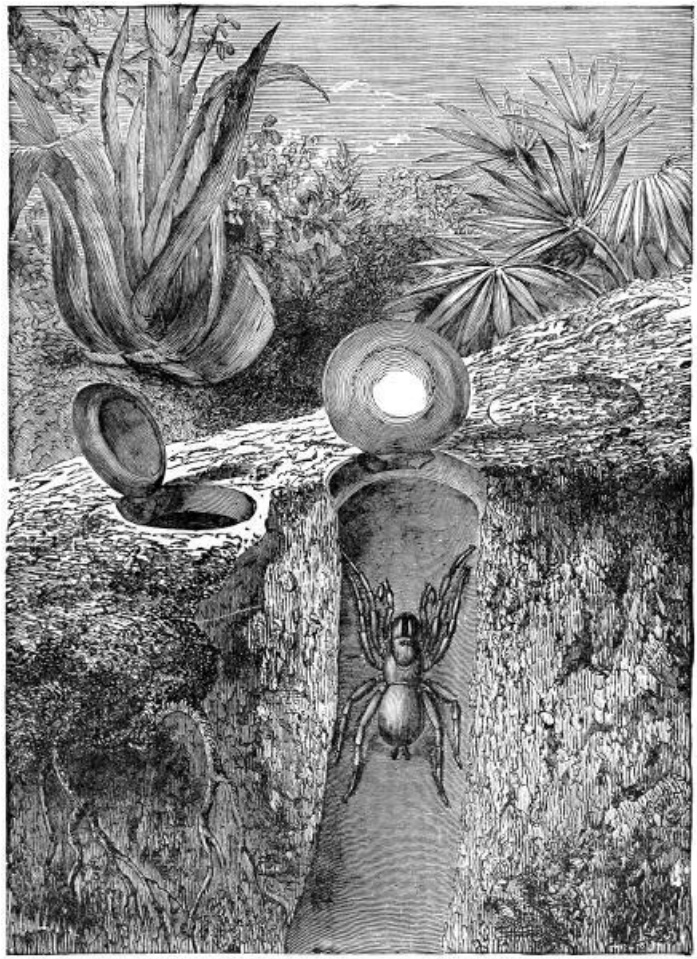
"They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Roaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense roaches and centipedes at least several times a year.

"When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous *leap*. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives away. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of

fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

"The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting to death.

"Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When, on their line of march, they must cross a stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbor's body or hind claws. Thus they form a high, safe tubular bridge, *through* which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.



A TERROR OF THE INSECT KINGDOM.

"The bashikouay have the sense of smell finely developed, as indeed have all the ants I know of, and they are guided very much by it. They are larger than any ant we have in America, being at least half an inch long, and are armed with very powerful fore legs and sharp jaws, with which they bite. They are red or dark-brown in color. Their numbers are so

great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continual line passing at good speed a particular place for *twelve hours*. The reader may imagine for himself how many millions on millions there may have been contained here."

And yet the ants of Africa are the chief agents employed in forming a fertile soil. "But for their labors," remarks Dr. Livingstone, "the tropical forests, bad as they now are with fallen trees, would be a thousand times worse. They would be impassible on account of the heaps of dead vegetation lying on the surface, and emitting worse effluvia than the comparatively small unburied collections do now. When one looks at the wonderful adaptations throughout creation, and the varied operations carried on with such wisdom and skill, the idea of second causes looks clumsy. We are viewing the direct handiwork of Him who is the one and only Power in the universe; wonderful in counsel; in whom we all live, and move and have our being."

There are vast numbers of annoying insects in all portions of the continent, which in this respect, perhaps, is neither better nor worse than other parts of the world, where little annoyances make up the great sum of human misery. It is only one of many proofs that Africa is the region of contrasts, that the greatest animals flee from a little insect, the life of scores of whom might be stamped out by a single footstep, yet the aggregate labors of which preserve the continent from desolation and decay.

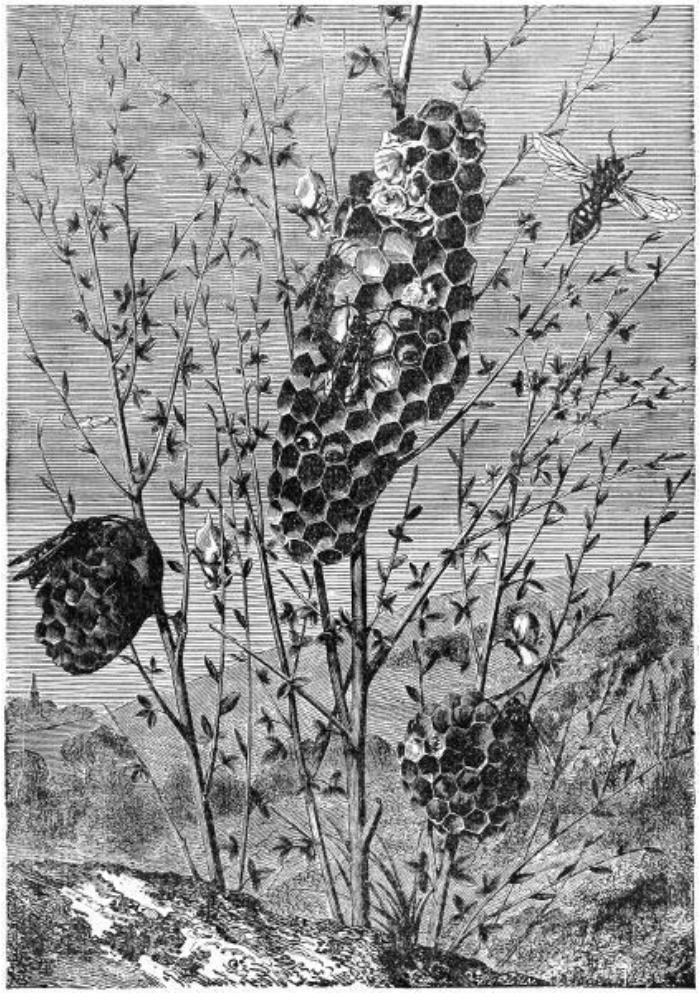


CHAPTER XV.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

Dr. Livingstone anxiously awaits the Recruits and Supplies

sent by Mr. Stanley — On their Arrival sets out Southwestward on his Last Journey — Reaches Kisera, where Chronic Dysentery seizes him — He refuses to yield; but pushes on, till Increasing Debility compels him to stop and retrace his steps — He sinks rapidly, and on May 4th Breathes his Last — His attendants take Necessary Precautions to Insure the Return of the Corpse to England — Letter from Mr. Holmwood, Attaché of the British Consulate at Zanzibar.



INSECT NEST-BUILDING.

It will be recollected that Stanley bade Dr. Livingstone farewell on the 14th of March, 1872, at Kwihara, and that, on his arrival at Zanzibar, he sent back to Dr. Livingstone the men and means he had expressed a wish for.

From some unexplained cause, this party of

recruits, with their stores, was exceedingly slow in reaching Dr. Livingstone. According to the account given Mr. Stanley by Dr. Livingstone's body-servant, Jacob Wainwright, after the funeral, in London, "The Doctor expressed great joy, when he at last saw the caravan of freemen for which he had been anxiously waiting, before the resumption of his explorations." After allowing them a few days' rest at Unyanyembe, Dr. Livingstone and his party started on his last exploring journey. They traveled southwest by way of Kasagera and Kigandu to Kisera, a district ruled by King Simba. Here the Doctor had a relapse of his old malady, the Chronic Dysentery, which so weakened him that he was compelled to take to riding a donkey. He did not yet regard the attack as dangerous, and accordingly pursued his march, still southwestward, to Mpathwa, and thence into the valley of the Rungwa, where he found many boiling springs; thence he pressed on through Ufipa and Uemba (or Uremba), to Margunga. In the marshes of Uemba (or Uremba) one of their two donkeys died. Traveling along the Moungo, they reached the district called Kawendi, where a lion killed the remaining donkey. Thenceforward, the Doctor, getting daily weaker, had to be borne in a *kitanda* (a native bed resembling a hammock); he still refused to yield, but urged his party on till they came to the head-waters which empty themselves into Lake Bangweolo. Here they made use of Stanley's boat, which they had carried a distance of eleven hundred miles. They crossed the Chambezi, and attempted to push their way along the southern shore to Lake Bangu, and toward the Fountains of Herodotus, reported to be at Katanga (Katanda?), where he hoped to pause and recruit his health. Perceiving, however, how rapidly he was growing weaker, he

determined to hasten back to Unyanyembe, and accordingly at last turned his face northward; but on arriving at Kitumbo, he seemed suddenly to realize that his last hour was drawing near, and he tried to stop there, but the chief refused to permit it, and he was forced to proceed farther north toward Kibende. On their arrival at a small village in the district of Mullala, his tent was pitched, and he was placed therein. But, fearing the heat of the sun, he directed that a hut should be built for him "to die in." This was done, and he was carefully removed to it. His last entry in his diary is dated April 27th, 1873, thirteen months and thirteen days after his parting from Mr. Stanley, and in that entry he records his extreme illness and his inability to proceed farther. After this, he seems to have resolutely prepared for the great journey of death.



THE LAST MILE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

The boy Majwara states that, during the intervals between the paroxysms of extreme pain, the doctor prayed constantly for his family, and frequently uttered the word "home!" After his being placed in

his hut, Dr. Livingstone would permit no one to stay with him except Majwara, and occasionally Susi, though the rest each morning called and greeted him with the customary words “Yambo, bana!” (“Good-morning, master!”)

Majwara, on the last morning, made some tea for the Doctor and administered stimulants, which appeared to have no effect. At about midnight of May 1st, Dr. Livingstone quietly breathed his last.

The next morning, the faithful attendants held a consultation as to what was to be done with the remains. Their movements had to be kept very secret, because, if the fact of the death were discovered by the natives, there was reason to fear that their superstitions would lead them to prevent the removal of the corpse.

Fargalla, one of the men sent by Mr. Stanley, then disemboweled the body, and, after leaving the village a safe distance, they hung it in the sun for five days, to dry it thoroughly, after which they packed it carefully in bark.

These steps were taken with the view the better to carry out their determination of sending the body home to England. After the heart and intestines had been carefully removed a solemn funeral service was held, and they were committed to the earth, Jacob Wainwright officiating as leader in the religious ceremonies.

They then set out on their long journey to Unyanyembe, a journey which consumed six weary months, owing to repeated attempts of natives to bar their march, which necessitated much loss of time in pursuing circuitous routes.

Meanwhile, the fourth Search and Relief Expedition arrived at Zanzibar in February, 1873. This expedition was under the leadership of

Lieutenants Murphy and Cameron and Dr. Dillon, and had been sent out by the Royal Geographical Society. Sir Bartle Frere was then at Zanzibar endeavoring to forward the efforts of the Government to suppress the slave trade, in response to the earnest representations of Dr. Livingstone. He rendered the expedition such aid as he could, and it proceeded to Unyanyembe, where it arrived in August. In October, a messenger brought in the sad news of Dr. Livingstone's death. Dr. Dillon, who was sick, with Lieut. Murphy, soon after started to return from their expedition, but at Kasegera Dr. Dillon, under a temporary attack of insanity, committed suicide.

Leaving to the ensuing chapter the notes of the homeward voyage of the party who bore Dr. Livingstone's remains to England, we cannot better close this chapter than by copying an interesting letter from Mr. Holmwood, the British Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, to Sir Bartle Frere, then the President of the Royal Geographical Society. We have already given the substance of the information, as detailed by Jacob Wainwright, but the letter is interesting enough to justify its insertion, notwithstanding the repetitions and occasional apparent discrepancies.

"ZANZIBAR, March 12, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR BARTLE—No doubt you will hear from several interested in Dr. Livingstone; but, as I do not feel sure that any one has thoroughly examined the men who came down with his remains, I briefly summarize what I have been able to glean from a careful cross-examination of Majwara, who was always at his side during his last days, and Susi, as well as the Nassick boys, have generally confirmed what he says. I inclose a small sketch-map, merely giving my idea of the locality, and have added a

dotted line to show his route during this last journey of his life.

"The party sent by Stanley left Unyanyembe with the Doctor about the end of August, 1872, and marched straight to the south of Lake Tanganyika, through Ufipa, crossing the Rungwa River, where they met with natural springs of boiling water, bubbling up high above the ground. On reaching the Chambezi or Kambezi River, they crossed it about a week's journey from Lake Bemba, also crossing a large feeder; but by Susi's advice Livingstone again turned northward, and recrossed the Kambezi, or Luapula, as he then called it, just before it entered the lake.

"He could not, however, keep close to the north shore of Lake Bemba, owing to the numerous creeks and streams, which were hidden in forests of high grass and rushes. After making a detour, he again struck the lake, at a village where he got canoes across to an island in the centre, called Matipa. Here the shores on either hand were not visible, and the Doctor was put to great straits by the natives declining to let him use their canoes to cross to the opposite shore. He therefore seized seven canoes by force, and when the natives made a show of resistance he fired his pistol over their heads, after which they ceased to obstruct him. Crossing the lake diagonally, he arrived in a long valley; and the rains having now set in fully, the caravan had to wade rather than walk, constantly crossing blind streams, and, in fact, owing to the high rushes and grass, hardly being able to distinguish at times the land, or rather what was generally dry land, from the lake.

"Dr. Livingstone had been weak and ailing since leaving Unyanyembe; and when passing through the country of Ukabende, at the southwest of the lake, he

told Majwara (the boy given him by Stanley, who is now in my service) that he felt unable to go on with his work, but should try and cross the hills to Katanga (Katanda?) and there rest, endeavoring to buy ivory, which in all this country is very cheap (three yards of *merikani* buying a slave or a tusk), and returning to Ujiji through Manuema to recruit and reorganize.

"But as he approached the northern part of Bisa (a very large country), arriving in the province of Ulala, he first had to take to riding a donkey, and then suffer himself to be carried on a *kitanda* (native bedstead), which at first went much against the grain. During this time he never allowed the boy Majwara to leave him, and he then told that faithful and honest fellow that he should never cross the high hills to Katanda. He called for Susi, and asked how far it was to the Luapula, and on his answering 'three days' remarked 'he should never see his river again.'

"On arriving at Ilala, the capital of the district, where Kitambo the Sultan lived, the party were refused permission to stay, and they carried Livingstone three hours' march back toward Kabende. Here they erected for him a rude hut and fence, and he would not allow any to approach him for the remaining days of his life except Majwara and Susi, except that every morning they were all desired to come to the door and say 'Good-morning!'

"During these few days he was in great pain, and could keep nothing, even for a moment, on his stomach. He lost his sight so far as hardly to be able to distinguish when a light was kindled, and gradually sank during the night of the 4th of May, 1873. Only Majwara was present when he died, and he is unable to say when he ceased to breathe. Susi, hearing that he was dead, told Jacob Wainwright to

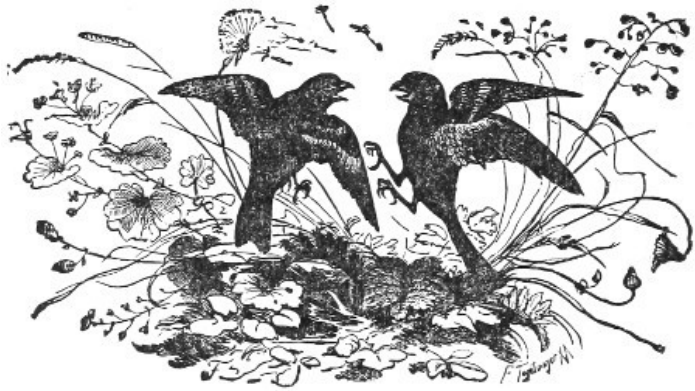
make a note in the Doctor's diary of the things found by him. Wainwright was not quite certain as to the day of the month; and as Susi told him the Doctor had last written the day before, and he found this entry to be dated 27th April, he wrote 28th April; but, on comparing his own diary on arrival at Unyanyembe, he found it to be the 4th of May; and this is confirmed by Majwara, who says Livingstone was unable to write for the last four or five days of his life. I fancy the spot where Livingstone died is about 11.25 degrees south and 27 degrees east; but, of course, the whole of this is subject to correction, and, although I have spent many hours in finding it all out, the Doctor's diary may show it to be very imperfect.

"I fear you will find this a very unconnected narration, but my apology must be that the Consul-General is not well, and the other assistant absent on duty, and there is much work for me to do. Mr. Arthur Laing has been entrusted with the charge of the remains and diaries, which latter he has been instructed to hand to Lord Derby.

"Trusting that you are in the enjoyment of good health, and with great respect, believe me, dear Sir Bartle, your most obedient servant,

"FREDERICK HOLMWOOD.

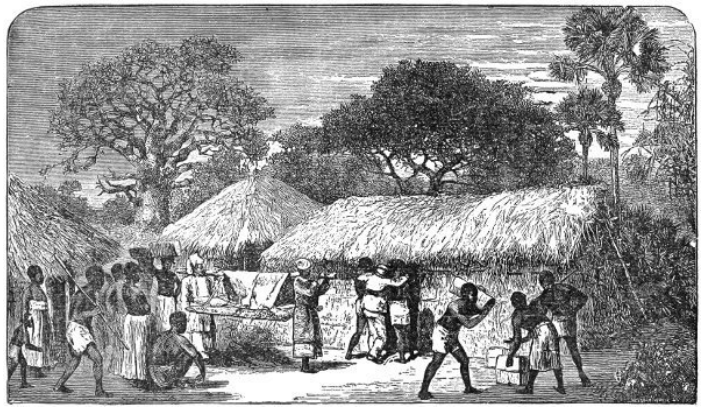
"To the Right Hon. Sir BARTLE FRERE, K. C. B., G. C. S. I., etc., President of the Royal Geographical Society."



CHAPTER XVI.

THE CORPSE BORNE TO ENGLAND AND LAID IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Body of Dr. Livingstone Borne to Unyanyembe by his Attendants, and thence to Zanzibar — The British Consul-General sends it, with the Doctor's Papers, Books, etc., to England — Arrival at Southampton, and at London — The People Vie in Tributes of Respect — The Funeral — The Grave in Westminster Abbey.

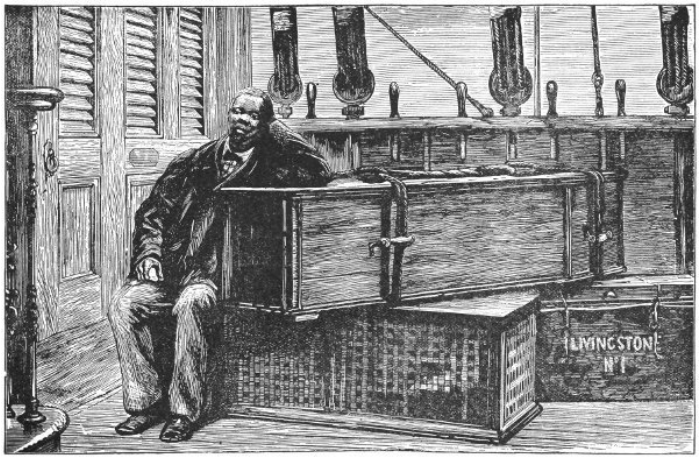


LIVINGSTONE ENDING HIS LAST MARCH AT ILALA.

From the point where Dr. Livingstone died to Unyanyembe was a distance of upward of one thousand miles; this the Doctor's faithful attendants traversed with his remains, frequently having to diverge materially from the road to circumvent hostile demonstrations of parties of natives. Six toilsome months were consumed in the journey, and the month of November had opened ere they reached Unyanyembe. Thence, after a pause, they bore their precious burden to Zanzibar, where they arrived in February, 1874, and delivered the corpse and the Doctor's personal effects (including his Diary, papers, etc.) into the custody of the British Consul-General, who immediately shipped them, in care of Mr. Arthur Laing, for England. Among those who accompanied the body was Jacob Wainwright, Dr. Livingstone's body-servant. At Aden, the steamer *Malwa*, which had been sent out by the British Government, met them, and the party were transferred to her.

On the 15th of April, the *Malwa* arrived at Southampton, and at eleven o'clock landed the party, with the corpse, at the Royal Pier, in the presence of

a vast concourse of people, estimated at upward of fifty thousand, business having been suspended, and all classes of the people having come to testify their respect for the illustrious dead. The Mayor formally received the remains, and they were borne to the railway station, accompanied by the assembled thousands, while minute guns were fired and the bells tolled. The scene was very impressive. The remains were thence carried to London by rail, and, arriving there at three o'clock, P. M., were taken in charge by the Royal Geographical Society, who had the coffin transferred to a hearse, and taken to their rooms, followed by a numerous line of carriages and a large number of persons afoot. Here the corpse was viewed by Sir William Ferguson in the presence of Drs. Kirk and Loudon, Rev. Dr. Moffat and others, the object being to identify the remains and to remove all possibility of cavil as to their being those of Dr. Livingstone. The result can best be told in Sir William Ferguson's own words, and hence we insert his letter to *The London Lancet*:



JACOB WAINWRIGHT WITH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S REMAINS

AT ADEN.

"Within the last few months, many have hesitated to believe that Livingstone was dead. Above all, it seemed beyond ordinary probability that his remains would have been brought from Central Africa to the heart of London. That a body was on its way from this all but mythical region could hardly be doubted after the examination at Zanzibar of the remains, but many were skeptical as to this dead frame being that of Livingstone. Happily it was borne in mind by many old friends that he had one condition of body which would mark the identification of his remains, even if years and years had elapsed. If it should be proved on anatomical examination that the remains of an old ununited fracture in his left humerus (arm bone) could be recognized, all doubt on the subject would be settled at once and for ever. It has fallen to my lot to have the honor of being selected to make the crucial examination to this end, and I have accordingly performed that duty. From what I have seen I am much impressed with the ingenious manner in which those who have contrived to secure that the body should be carried through the long distance from where Livingstone died, until it could reach a place where transit was comparatively easy, accomplished their task. The lower limbs were so severed from the trunk that the length of the bulk of package was reduced to a little over four feet. The soft tissues seem to have been removed to a great extent from the bones, and these latter were so disposed that, by doubling and otherwise, the shortening was accomplished. The abdominal viscera were absent, and so were those of the chest, including, of course, heart and lungs. There had been made a large opening in front of the abdomen, and

through that the native operators had ingeniously contrived to remove the contents of the chest as well as of the abdomen. The skin over the chest, sternum and ribs had been untouched. Before these points were clearly ascertained some coarse tapes had to be loosened, which set free some rough linen material—a striped colored bit of cotton cloth, such as might have been an attractive material for the natives among whom Livingstone traveled—a coarse cotton shirt which doubtless belonged to the traveler's scanty wardrobe, and in particular a large portion of the bark of a tree, which had formed the principal part of the package—the case thereof no doubt. The skin of the trunk, from the pelvis to the crown of the head, had been untouched. Everywhere was that shriveling which might have been expected after salting, baking in the sun, and eleven months of time. The features of the face could not be recognized. The hair on the scalp was plentiful, and much longer than he wore it when last in England. A moustache could not be recognized, but whiskers were in abundance. The forehead was in shape such as we are familiar with from memory, and from the pictures and busts now extant. The circumference of the cranium, from the occiput to the brow, was $23^{7}/_{8}$ inches, which was recognized by some present to be in accordance with the measurement when alive. In particular, the arms attracted attention. They lay as if placed in ordinary fashion, each down by the side. The skin and tissues under were on each side shrunk almost to skeleton bulk, and at a glance to practiced eyes—there were five, I may say six, professional men present—the state of the left arm was such as to convince every one present who had examined it during life, that the limb was Livingstone's. Exactly in the region of the attachment of the deltoid to the

humerus, there were the indications of an oblique fracture. On moving the arm, there were the indications of the ununited fracture. A closer investigation and dissection displayed the false joint which had long ago been so well recognized by those who had examined the arm in former days. The Rev. Dr. Moffat, and in particular Dr. Kirk, late of Zanzibar, and Dr. Loudon, of Hamilton, in Scotland, at once recognized the condition. Having myself been consulted regarding the state of the limb when Livingstone was last in London, I was convinced that the remains of the great traveler lay before us. Thousands of heads with a like large circumference might have been under similar scrutiny; the skeletons of hundreds of thousands might have been so; the humerus in each might have been perfect; if one or both had been broken during life it would have united again in such a manner that a tyro could easily have detected the peculiarity. The condition of ununited fracture in this locality is exceedingly rare. I say this from my personal professional experience, and that such a specimen should have turned up in London from the centre of Africa, excepting in the body of Dr. Livingstone, where it was known by competent authorities to have existed, is beyond human credibility. It must not be supposed by those who are not professionally acquainted with this kind of lesion—which often causes so much interest to the practical surgeon—that a fracture and new joint of the kind now referred to could have been of recent date or made for a purpose. There were in reality all the indications which the experienced pathologist recognizes as infallible, such as the attenuated condition of the two great fragments (common under such circumstances), and the semblance of a new joint, but actually there was a small fragment

detached from the others which bore out Livingstone's own view that the bones had been 'crushed into splinters.' Having had ample opportunity of examining the arm during life, and conversing with Livingstone on the subject, and being one of those who entertained hopes that the last reports of Livingstone's death might, like others, prove false, I approached the examination with an anxious feeling regarding this great and most peculiar crucial test. The first glance at the left arm set my mind at rest, and that, with the further examination, made me as positive as to the identity of these remains as that there has been among us in modern times one of the greatest men of the human race—David Livingstone."

On Saturday, the 18th of April, all that was mortal of the great missionary-explorer was consigned to its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. The funeral procession started at about ten o'clock from the Rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, and was participated in by an immense number of people of all ranks in life. The cortege included the hearse and twelve mourning coaches, and the private carriages of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the German Ambassador, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Franklin and many others. The pall-bearers were Mr. Stanley, Jacob Wainwright, Sir Thomas Steele, W. C. Oswell, W. F. Webb, Dr. Kirk, Rev. H. Waller, Mr. Young, Rev. F. Steele and Kalulu (the African boy brought home by Stanley). Among the mourners, we may note the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Houghton (the poet), the Duke of Manchester, the Bishops of Lincoln and Sierra Leone, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, Lord Shaftesbury (the philanthropist), Colonel Grant (the explorer), Mr. Moran (the American Secretary of Legation), Sir

Bartle Frere, Sir H. Rawlinson, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Rev. Dr. Moffat, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Lord Lawrence, Sir F. Buxton, Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Admiral Sir William Hall, Sherard Osborn, Codrington and Ommaney, of the British Navy, besides deputations from the various learned societies, and from Glasgow, Edinburgh and Hamilton, together with other men of eminence too numerous to recapitulate. The procession did not enter the Abbey till past one o'clock, and long before that hour every available space in the vicinity of the grave was occupied, and there were persons even in the clerestory.

"Five minutes past one, Dean Stanley, in his full robes, with a purple cap on his head, and the red ribbon of the Order of the Bath, of which he is chaplain, round his neck, is standing at the door of the west nave, attended by the Sub-Dean and Canons, waiting for the body. Now we see the procession slowly filing through the cloisters.

"First come the silver mace-bearers, then the choristers, then the coffin, of brightly polished oak, in which the metal shells have been enclosed. On the brass plate is the inscription,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,
19th March, 1813.
Died at Mullala, Central Africa,
4th May, 1873.

and the lid is covered with wreaths of white camellias and branches of palm."

The solemn and impressive service of the English Church was effectively conducted by Dean Stanley, assisted by the Sub-Dean and Canons; it was choral throughout. The entire effect was grand in its solemn intensity.

The grave is in the centre of the west part of the

nave, in close proximity to those of Telford and Stephenson, the engineers, Sir James Outram and General Wade, the soldiers, and other men of eminence in various lines of service. It is in a spot cheered with sunshine, and during the funeral service it was illumined with a ray of sunlight which, passing through the superb stained-glass memorial window erected to the memory of Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel and the Saltash Viaduct, had a fine effect. The grave is shallow, owing to the fact that the soil is too sandy to admit of digging deep.

The words “Dust to dust, ashes to ashes” having been pronounced and the service closed, the people dispersed slowly and with a solemnity that seemed to betoken a sense of personal loss.

One fact was evident throughout all the doings of the three days, from the time of the landing at Southampton, to the close of the ceremonies in Westminster Abbey—and that was that the deceased explorer-missionary had won the respect, the esteem, nay, the love, of all classes, from the Royal household to the humblest of the people.

Nor are these sentiments confined to the people of the British Empire; all nations and peoples of the Christian world share in them. And in no part of the world are these feelings warmer and stronger than in the United States. As a partial evidence of this, we may allude to the immense meeting in New York on the 23d of April. The spacious Academy of Music proved far too small to admit the thousands who sought entrance. The warmly eulogistic addresses of Chief Justice Daly, Rev. Dr. Adams, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. I. I. Hayes (the Arctic explorer), the Rev. Dr. Schenck and others, met with the hearty endorsement of those who were fortunate enough to

gain admittance. And outside of New York and among those who could not attend the meeting, the feeling is no less sincere. This universal sentiment is attributable not so much to Dr. Livingstone's eminent services as an explorer, great as are their certain results, as to his unwearied philanthropy and his Christian spirit of self-consecration to the great work of rescuing the degraded people of Central Africa and of putting an end to the fearful slave trade. His heart lies buried in the land to whose interests he devoted his best years, and his body in an honored grave in Westminster Abbey amid England's most distinguished sons—his soul has found its home among the "blessed of the Father," with the Lord whom he loved and served, but he yet lives, a cherished hero, in the memories of the good and true of all Christian climes.

The British Government and people received more than they conferred of honor, in their earnest and unsparing tributes to his memory.

CHAPTER XVII.

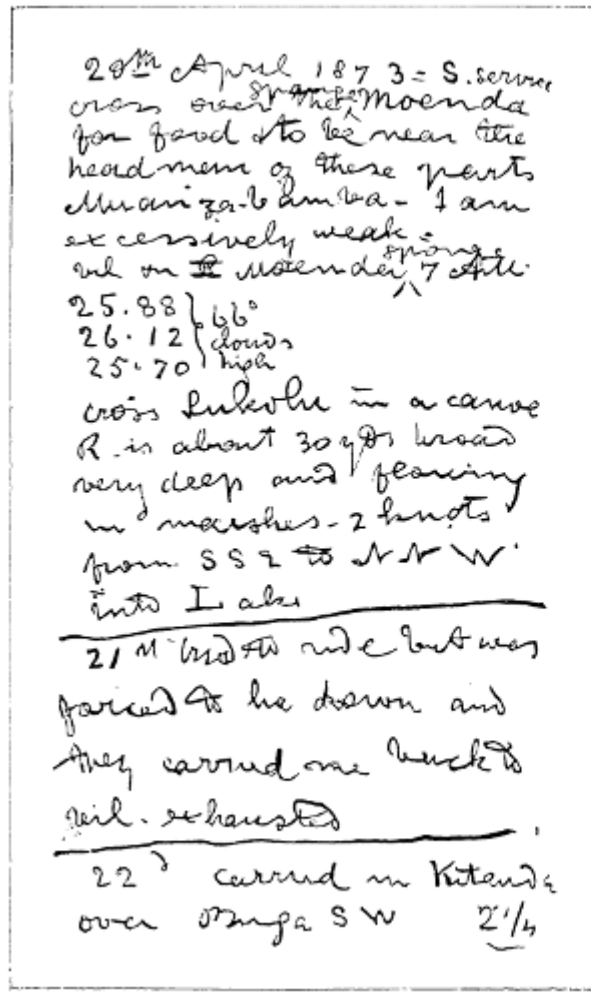
FURTHER DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

The Last Night — Expires in the Act of Praying — Council of the Men — Noble Conduct of Chitambo — The Preparation of the Corpse — Honor Shown to Dr. Livingstone — Interment of the Heart at Chitambo's — Homeward March from Ilala — Illness of all the Men — Deaths — The Luapulu — Reach Tanganyika — Leave the Lake — Cross the Lambalamfipa Range — Immense Herds of Game — News of East Coast Search Expedition

— Confirmation of News — Avant-Couriers sent Forward to Unyanyembe — Chuma Meets Lieut. Cameron — Sad Death of Dr. Dillon — The Body Effectually Concealed — Arrival on the Coast.

[We shall now refer to the last words written in Dr. Livingstone's diary. A copy of the two pages in his pocket-book which contains them is, by the help of photography, set before the reader. It is evident that he was unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda, and to mark on the map which he was making the streams which enter the lake as he crossed them. From the 22d to the 27th of April he had not strength to write down anything but the several dates. Fortunately, Susi and Chuma give a very clear and circumstantial account of every incident which occurred on these days, and we shall therefore add what they say, after each of the Doctor's entries. He writes:]

21st April.—Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted.


28th April 1873 = S. servant
crossed over to the Moenda
for food & to be near the
headmen of these parts
Muanza-b'mba - I am
excessively weak
and on Moenda 7 Afr.
25.88 } 66°
26.12 } clouds
25.70 } high
cross Lukuba in a canoe
R. is about 30 yds broad
very deep and fleeting
in marshes - 2 knots
from S S E to N N W
into L. aka
21st [illegible] and I but was
forced to lie down and
they carried me back to
veil. exhausted
22 carried in Kitenda
over Manga S W 2 1/4

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST ENTRIES

[The men explain this entry thus: This morning the Doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground, utterly exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol, and

picked up his cap, which had dropped off, while Chuma threw down his gun, and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back, the Doctor said, "Chuma, I have lost so much blood, there is no more strength left in my legs; you must carry me." He was then assisted gently to his shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady himself, was borne back to the village, and placed in the hut he had so recently left. It was necessary to let the chief Muanzambamba know what had happened, and for this purpose Dr. Livingstone despatched a messenger. He was directed to ask him to supply a guide for the next day, as he trusted then to have recovered so far as to be able to march. The answer was, "Stay as long as you wish, and when you want guides to Kalunganjovu's you shall have them."]

22d April.—Carried on kitanda over Buga southwest two and a quarter.[8]

[8] Two hours and a quarter in a south-westerly direction.

[Instead of rallying, his strength was becoming less and less; and in order to carry him, his servants made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side-pieces of seven feet in length crossed with rails three feet long, and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This frame-work was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and born between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveler was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable, another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under while the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. The start was deferred this morning until the dew was off the

heads of the long grass sufficiently to insure his being kept tolerably dry.

The excruciating pains of his dysenteric malady caused him the greatest exhaustion as they marched, and they were glad enough to reach another village in two hours and a quarter, having traveled southwest from the last point. Here another hut was built. The villagers fled at their approach; indeed the noise made by the drums sounding the alarm had been caught by the Doctor some time before, and he exclaimed with thankfulness on hearing it, "Ah, now we are near!"]

23d April.—(No entry except the date.)

[They advanced another hour and a half through the same expanse of flooded, treeless waste, passing numbers of small fish-weirs set in such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the Lake, but seeing nothing of the owners, who had either hidden themselves or taken to flight on the approach of the caravan. Another village afforded them a night's shelter, but it seems not to be known by any particular name.]

24th April.—(No entry except the date.)

[But one hour's march was accomplished to-day, and again they halted among some huts. His great prostration made progress exceedingly painful, and frequently, when it was necessary to stop the bearers of the kitanda, Chuma had to support the Doctor from falling.]

25th April.—(No entry except the date.)

[In an hour's course southwest they arrived at a village in which they found a few people. While his servants were busy completing the hut for the night's encampment, the Doctor, who was lying in a shady place on the kitanda, ordered them to fetch one of the villagers. The chief of the place had disappeared,

but the rest of his people seemed quite at their ease, and drew near to hear what was going to be said. They were asked whether they knew of a hill on which four rivers took their rise. The spokesman answered that they had no knowledge of it; they themselves, said he, were not travelers, and all those who used to go on trading expeditions were now dead. In former years Malenga's town, Kutchinyama, was the assembling place of the Wabisa traders, but these had been swept off by the Mazitu. Such as survived had to exist as best they could among the swamps and inundated districts around the Lake. Whenever an expedition was organized to go to the coast, or in any other direction travelers met at Malenga's town to talk over the route to be taken; then would have been the time, said they, to get information about every part. Dr. Livingstone was here obliged to dismiss them, and explained that he was too ill to continue talking, but he begged them to bring as much food as they could for sale to Kalunganjovu's.]

26th April.—(No entry except the date.)

[They proceeded as far as Kalunganjovu's town, the chief himself coming to meet them on the way, dressed in Arab costume and wearing a red fez. While waiting here, Susi was instructed to count over the bags of beads, and on reporting that twelve still remained in stock, Dr. Livingstone told him to buy two large tusks if an opportunity occurred, as he might run short of goods by the time they got to Ujiji, and could then exchange them with the Arabs there for cloth, to spend on their way to Zanzibar.]

To-day, *April 27th, 1873*, he seems to have been almost dying. No entry at all was made in his diary after that which follows, and it must have taxed him to the utmost to write.

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

[They are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. From this point we have to trust entirely to the narrative of the men. They explain the above sentence as follows: Salimane, Amisi, Hamsani, and Laede, accompanied by a guide, were sent off to endeavor, if possible, to buy some milch goats on the upper part of the Molilamo. (The name Molilamo is allowed to stand, but in Dr. Livingstone's map we find it Lulimala, and the men confirm this pronunciation.) They could not, however, succeed; it was always the same story—the Mazitu had taken everything. The chief, nevertheless, sent a substantial present of a kid and three baskets of ground-nuts, and the people were willing enough to exchange food for beads. Thinking he could eat some mapira corn pounded up with ground-nuts, the doctor gave instructions to the two women, M'sozi and M'toweka, to prepare it for him, but he was not able to take it when they brought it to him.]

28th April.—Men were now dispatched in an opposite direction, that is, to visit the villages on the right bank of the Molilamo as it flows to the Lake; unfortunately, they met with no better result, and returned empty handed.

On *April 29th*, Kalunganjovu and most of his people came early to the village. The chief wished to assist his guest to the utmost, and stated that as he could not be sure that a sufficient number of canoes would be forthcoming unless he took charge of matters himself, he should accompany the caravan to the crossing-place, which was about an hour's march from the spot. "Everything should be done for his friend," he said.

They were ready to set out. On Susi's going to the hut, Dr. Livingstone told him that he was quite unable to walk to the door to reach the kitanda, and he wished the men to break down one side of the little house, as the entrance was too narrow to admit it, and in this manner to bring it to him where he was; this was done, and he was gently placed upon it, and borne out of the village.

Their course was in the direction of the stream, and they followed it till they came to a reach where the current was uninterrupted by the numerous little islands which stood partly in the river, and partly in the flood on the upper waters. Kalunganjovu was seated on a knoll, and actively superintended the embarkation, while Dr. Livingstone told his bearers to take him to a tree at a little distance off, that he might rest in the shade till most of the men were on the other side. A good deal of care was required, for the river, by no means a large one in ordinary times, spread its waters in all directions, so that a false step, or a stumble in any unseen hole, would have drenched the invalid and the bed also on which he was carried.

A good deal of care was required for the difficult task of conveying the Doctor across, for the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitanda to be deposited in the bottom of either of them. Hitherto, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitanda, they laid it in the bottom of the strongest canoe, and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chuma, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same

time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back; in this way he was deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across the Molilamo. The same precautions were used on the other side; the kitanda was brought close to the canoe, so as to prevent any unnecessary pain in disembarking.

Susi now hurried on ahead to reach Chitambo's village, and superintend the building of another house. For the first mile or two they had to carry the Doctor through swamps and plashes, glad to reach something like a dry plain at last.

It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chuma, one of his bearers on these, the last weary miles the great traveler was destined to accomplish, says, that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and, on stooping down, he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitanda, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance farther on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately, for once, not a drop was to be procured. Hastening on for fear of getting too far separated from the party in advance, to their great comfort they now saw Farijala approaching with some, which Susi had thoughtfully sent off from Chitambo's village.

Still wending their way on, it seemed as if they would not complete their task, for again at a clearing

the sick man entreated them to place him on the ground, and to let him stay where he was. Fortunately at this moment some of the outlying huts of the village came in sight, and they tried to rally him by telling him that he would quickly be in the house that the others had gone to build; but they were obliged, as it was, to allow him to remain for an hour in the native gardens outside the town.

On reaching their companions, it was found that the work was not quite finished, and it became necessary, therefore, to lay him under the broad eaves of a native hut till things were ready.

Chitambo's village at this time was almost empty. When the crops are growing, it is the custom to erect little temporary houses in the fields, and the inhabitants, leaving their more substantial huts, pass the time in watching their crops, which are scarcely more safe by day than by night; thus it was that the men found plenty of room and shelter ready to their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay whose praises had reached them in previous years, and in silent wonder they stood around him, resting on their bows. Slight drizzling showers were falling, and as soon as possible his house was made ready, and banked around with earth.

Inside, the bed was raised from the floor by sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut; in the bay itself bales and boxes were deposited, one of the latter doing duty for a table, on which the medicine-chest and sundry other things were placed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, while the boy, Majwara, slept just within, to attend to his master's wants in the night.

On *April 30th, 1873*, Chitambo came early to pay a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the Doctor's

presence; but the Doctor was obliged to send him away, telling him to come again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him, and he was not again disturbed. In the afternoon he asked Susi to bring his watch to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his hand, that it might lie in the palm while he slowly turned the key.

So the hours stole on till night-fall. Some of the men silently took to their huts, while others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat around the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 P.M., Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, “Are our men making that noise?” “No,” replied Susi; “I can hear, from the cries, that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields.” A few minutes afterward he said, slowly, and evidently wandering, “Is this Luapula?” Susi told him they were in Chitambo’s village, near the Molilamo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, “How many days is it to the Luapula?” “I think it is three days, master,” replied Susi.



SUSI AND CHUMA, THE FAST FRIENDS OF LIVINGSTONE.

A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, “Oh dear, dear!” and then dozed off again.

It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara

again outside the door, “Bwana wants you, Susi.” The Doctor wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty the Doctor selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, “All right; you can go out now.” These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 A.M. when Susi heard Majwara’s step once more. “Come to Bwana; I am afraid; I don’t know if he is alive.” The lad’s evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowpere, Matthew, and Muanuasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, “When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.” They asked the lad how long he had slept? Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time; the men drew nearer.

A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him,

and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold; *Livingstone was dead*.

His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up, and laid him full length on the bed; then, carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew; and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable accuracy that he expired early on the 1st of May.

It has been thought best to give the narrative of these closing hours as nearly as possible in the words of the two men who attended him constantly, both here and in the many illnesses of like character which he endured in his last six years' wanderings; in fact, from the first moment of the news arriving in England, it was felt to be indispensable that they should come home to state what occurred.

The men have much to consider as they cower around the watch-fire, and little time for deliberation. They are at their farthest point from home, and their leader has fallen at their head; we shall see presently how they faced their difficulties.

Several inquiries will naturally arise, on reading this distressing history; the first, perhaps, will be with regard to the entire absence of everything like a parting word to those immediately about him, or a farewell line to his family and friends at home. It must be very evident to the reader that Livingstone entertained very grave forebodings about his health during the last two years of his life, but it is not clear that he realized the near approach of death when his malady suddenly passed into a more dangerous stage.

It may be said, “Why did he not take some precautions or give some strict injunctions to his men to preserve his note-books and maps at all hazards, in the event of his decease?” Did not his great ruling passion suggest some such precaution?

Fair questions, but, reader, you have all—every word written, spoken, or implied.

Is there, then, no explanation? Yes; we think past experience affords it, and it is among the peculiar features of death by malarial poisoning.

In eight deaths on the Zambesi and Shire districts, not a single parting word or direction in any instance was uttered. Neither hope nor courage give way as death approaches. In most cases, a comatose state of exhaustion supervenes, which, if it be not quickly arrested by active measures, passes into complete insensibility; this is almost invariably the closing scene.

In Dr. Livingstone’s case, we find some departure from the ordinary symptoms. The great loss of blood may have had a bearing on the case. He was alive to the conviction that malarial poison is the basis of every disorder in Tropical Africa, and he did not doubt but that he was fully under its influence while suffering so severely. A man of less endurance in all probability would have perished in the first week of the terrible approach to the lake, through the flooded country and under the continual downpour that he describes. It tried every constitution, saturated every man with fever-poison, and destroyed several. The greater vitality in his iron system very likely staved off for a few days the last state of coma to which we refer; but there is quite sufficient to show us that only a thin margin lay between the heavy drowsiness of the last few days before reaching Chitambo’s and the final and usual symptom that brings on

unconsciousness and inability to speak.

He hoped to recover as he had so often done before; and this in a measure accounts for the absence of anything like a dying statement. It may be that at the last a flash of conviction for a moment lighted up the mind; if so, what greater consolation can those have who mourn his loss, than the account that the men give of what they saw when they entered the hut? Livingstone had not merely turned himself, he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head; when they approached him, he seemed to live. He had not fallen to right or left when he rendered up his spirit to God. Death required no change of limb or position; there was merely the gentle settling forward of the frame unstrung by pain, for the Traveler's perfect rest had come.

Before daylight the men were quietly told in each hut what had happened, and that they were to assemble. Susi and Chuma wished every body to be present while the boxes were opened, so that, in case money or valuables were in them, all might be responsible. Jacob Wainwright (who could write, they knew) was asked to make some notes which should serve as an inventory, and then the boxes were brought out from the hut.

Before he left England in 1865, Dr. Livingstone had arranged that his traveling equipment should be as compact as possible. An old friend gave him some exceedingly well-made tin boxes, two of which lasted out the whole of his travels. In these his papers and instruments were safe from wet and from white ants, which have to be guarded against more than anything else. Besides the articles mentioned below, a number of letters and dispatches in various stages were likewise inclosed, and one can never

sufficiently extol the good feeling which after his death invested all these writings with something like a sacred care in the estimation of all his men. It was the Doctor's custom to carry a small metallic note-book in his pocket; a quantity of these have come to hand, filled from end to end; and as the men preserved every one that they found, we have almost a daily entry to fall back upon. Nor was less care shown for his rifles, sextants, his Bible and Church-service, and the medicine chest.

Jacob's entry is as follows, and it was thoughtfully made at the back end of the same note-book that was in use by the Doctor when he died. It runs as follows:

"11 o'clock night, 28th April.

"In the chest was found about a shilling and a half, and in other chest his hat, one watch, and two small boxes of measuring instrments, and in each box there was one. One compass, three other kind of measuring instruments. Four other kind of measuring instruments. And in another chest three drachmas and half half scrople."

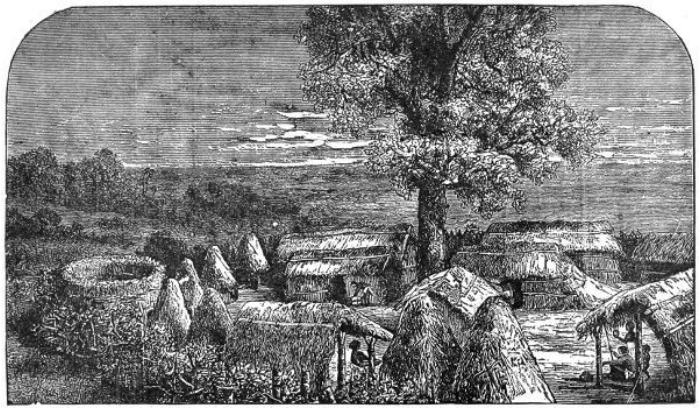
A word is necessary concerning the first part of this. It will be observed that Dr. Livingstone made his last note on the 27th of April. Jacob, referring to it as the only indication of the day of the month, and fancying, moreover, that it was written on the preceding day, wrote down "28th April." Had he observed that the few words opposite the 27th in the pocket-book related to the stay at Kalunganjovu's village, and not to any portion of the time at Chitambo's the error would have been avoided. Again, with respect to the time. It was about 11 o'clock P.M, when Susi last saw his master alive, and therefore this time is noted; but both he and Chuma feel quite sure, from what Majwara said, that death

did not take place till some hours after.

It was not without some alarm that the men realized their more immediate difficulties; none could see better than they what complications might arise in an hour.

They knew the superstitious horror connected with the dead prevalent in the tribes around them, for the departed spirits of men are universally believed to have vengeance and mischief at heart as their ruling idea in the land beyond the grave. All rites turn on this belief. The religion of the African is a weary attempt to propitiate those who show themselves to be still able to haunt and destroy, as war comes on or an accident happens.

On this account it is not to be wondered at that chief and people make common cause against those who wander through their territory, and have the misfortune to lose one of their party by death. Such occurrences are looked on as most serious offences, and the men regarded their position with no small apprehension.



THE VILLAGE IN WHICH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BODY WAS PREPARED.

Calling the whole party together, Susi and Chuma placed the state of affairs before them, and asked what should be done. They received a reply from those whom Mr. Stanley had engaged for Dr. Livingstone, which was hearty and unanimous. “You,” said they, “are old men in traveling and in hardships; you must act as our chiefs, and we will promise to obey whatever you order us to do.” From this moment we may look on Susi and Chuma as the captains of the caravan. To their knowledge of the country, of the tribes through which they were to pass, but, above all, to the sense of discipline and cohesion which was maintained throughout their safe return to Zanzibar at the head of their men must, under God’s good guidance, be mainly attributed.

All agreed that Chitambo must be kept in ignorance of Dr. Livingstone’s decease, or otherwise a fine so heavy would be inflicted upon them as compensation for damage done that their means would be crippled, and they could hardly expect to pay their way to the coast. It was decided that, come what might, the body must be borne to Zanzibar. It was also arranged to take it secretly, if possible, to a hut at some distance off, where the necessary preparations could be carried out, and for this purpose some men were now dispatched with axes to cut wood, while others went to collect grass. Chuma set off to see Chitambo, and said that they wanted to build a place outside the village, if he would allow it, for they did not like living among the huts. His consent was willingly given.

Later on in the day two of the men went to the people to buy food, and divulged the secret; the chief was at once informed of what had happened, and started for the spot on which the new buildings were

being set up. Appealing to Chuma, he said, “Why did you not tell me the truth? I know that your master died last night. You were afraid to let me know, but do not fear any longer. I, too, have traveled, and more than once have been to Bwani (the coast), before the country on the road was destroyed by the Mazitu. I know that you have no bad motives in coming to our land, and death often happens to travelers in their journeys.” Reassured by this speech, they told him of their intention to prepare the body, and to take it with them. He, however, said it would be far better to bury it there, for they were undertaking an impossible task; but they held to their resolution. The corpse was conveyed to the new hut the same day on the kitanda, carefully covered with cloth and a blanket.

2d May, 1873.—The next morning Susi paid a visit to Chitambo, making him a handsome present, and receiving in return a kind welcome. It is only right to add that the men speak on all occasions with gratitude of Chitambo’s conduct throughout, and say that he is a fine, generous fellow. Following out his suggestion, it was agreed that all honors should be shown to the dead, and the customary mourning was arranged forthwith.

At the proper time, Chitambo, leading his people, and accompanied by his wives, came to the new settlement. He was clad in a broad red cloth, which covered the shoulders, while the wrapping of native cotton cloth, worn round the waist, fell as low as his ankles. All carried bows, arrows, and spears, but no guns were seen. Two drummers joined in the loud wailing lamentation, which so indelibly impresses itself on the memories of people who have heard it in the East, while the band of servants fired volley after volley in the air, according to the strict rule of

Portuguese and Arabs on such occasions.

As yet, nothing had been done to the corpse.

A separate hut was now built, about ninety feet from the principal one. It was constructed in such a manner that it should be open to the air at the top, and sufficiently strong to defy the attempts of any wild beast to break through it. Firmly driven boughs and saplings were planted side by side, and bound together, so as to make a regular stockade. Close to this building the men constructed their huts, and, finally, the whole settlement had another high stockade carried completely around it.

Arrangements were made the same day to treat the corpse on the following morning. One of the men, Safene, while in Kalunganjovu's district, bought a large quantity of salt; this was purchased of him for sixteen strings of beads; there was, besides, some brandy in the Doctor's stores, and with these few materials they hoped to succeed in their object.

Farijala was appointed to the necessary task. He had picked up some knowledge of the method pursued in making *post-mortem* examinations while a servant to a doctor at Zanzibar, and at his request Carras, one of the Nassick boys, was told off to assist him. Previous to this, however, early on May 3d, a special mourner arrived. He came with the anklets which are worn on these occasions, composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels filled with rattling pebbles, and in low, monotonous chant sang, while he danced, what, translated into English, would read:

"To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours;
Come round to see the Englishman."

His task over, the mourner and his son, who accompanied him in the ceremony, retired with a

suitable present of beads.

The emaciated remains of the deceased traveler were soon afterward taken to the place prepared. Over the heads of Farijala and Carras, Susi, Chuma, and Muanuasere held a thick blanket as a kind of screen, under which the men performed their duties. Tofike and John Wainwright were present. Jacob Wainwright had been asked to bring his Prayer-book with him, and stood apart against the wall of the inclosure.

In reading about the lingering sufferings of Dr. Livingstone as described by himself, and subsequently by these faithful fellows, one is quite prepared to understand their explanation, and to see why it was possible to defer these operations so long after death; they say that his frame was little more than skin and bone. Through an incision carefully made, the viscera were removed, and a quantity of salt was placed in the trunk. All noticed one very significant circumstance in the autopsy. A clot of coagulated blood, as large as a man's hand, lay in the left side,[9] while Farijala pointed to the state of the lungs, which they described as dried up, and covered with black-and-white patches.

[9] It has been suggested by one who attended Dr. Livingstone professionally in several dangerous illnesses in Africa, that the ultimate cause of death was acute splenitis.

The heart, with the other parts removed, were placed in a tin box, which had formerly contained flour, and decently and reverently buried in a hole dug some four feet deep on the spot where they stood. Jacob then read the English Church Burial Service, in the presence of all. The body was then left fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it, beyond placing some brandy in the

mouth and some in the hair; nor can one imagine for an instant that any other process would have been available either for Europeans or natives, considering the rude appliances at their disposal. The men kept watch day and night to see that no harm came to their sacred charge. Once a day the position of the body was changed, but at no other time was any one allowed to approach it.

No molestation of any kind took place during the fourteen days exposure. At the end of this period preparations were made for retracing their steps. The corpse, tolerably dried, was wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inward at the knees to shorten the package. The next, thing was to plan something in which to carry it, and in the absence of planking or tools, an admirable substitute was found by stripping from a myonga tree enough of the bark in one piece to form a cylinder, and in it their master was laid. Over this case a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the whole package was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men.

Jacob Wainwright was asked to carve an inscription on the large mvula-tree which stands by the place where the body rested, stating the name of Dr. Livingstone, and the date of his death; and, before leaving, the men gave strict injunctions to Chitambo to keep the grass cleared away, so as to save it from the bush-fires which annually sweep over the country and destroy so many trees. Besides this, they erected close to the spot two high, thick posts, with an equally strong cross-piece, like a lintel and door posts in form, which they painted thoroughly with the tar that was intended for the boat; this sign they think will remain for a long time, from the solidity of the timber. Before parting with Chitambo, they gave him a large tin biscuit-box and

some newspapers, which would serve as evidence to all future travelers that a white man had been at this village.

THE homeward march was then begun. Throughout its length we shall content ourselves with giving the approximate number of days occupied in traveling and halting. Although the memories of both men are excellent—standing the severest test by the light of Dr. Livingstone's journals, or "set on" at any passage of his travels—still they kept no precise record of the time spent at villages where they were detained by sickness, and so the exactness of a diary can no longer be sustained.

They found, on the first day's journey, that some other precautions were necessary to enable the bearers of the mournful burden to keep to their task. Sending to Chitambo's village, they brought thence the cask of tar which they had deposited with the chief, and gave a thick coating to the canvas outside. This answered all purposes; they left the remainder at the next village, with orders to send it back to headquarters, and then continued their course through Ilala, led by their guides in the direction of the Luapulu.

A moment's inspection of the map will explain the line of country traversed. Susi and Chuma had traveled with Dr. Livingstone in the neighborhood of the northwest shores of Bangweolo in previous years. The last fatal road from the north might be struck by a march in a due northeast direction, if they could but hold out so far without any serious misfortune; but, in order to do this, they must first strike northward so as to reach the Luapulu, and then crossing it at some part not necessarily far from its exit from the lake, they could at once lay their course

for the south end of Tanganyika.

There were, however, serious indications among them. First one and then the other dropped out of the file, and by the time they reached a town belonging to Chitambo's brother—and on the third day only since they set out—half their number were sick. It was impossible to go on. A few hours more, and all seemed affected. The symptoms were intense pain in the limbs and face, great prostration, and, in the bad cases, inability to move. The men attributed it to the continual wading through water before the Doctor's death. They think that illness had been waiting for some further slight provocation, and that the day's previous tramp, which was almost entirely through plashy bougas, or swamps, turned the scale against them.

Susi was suffering very much. The disease settled in one leg, and then quickly shifted to the other. Songolo nearly died. Kaniki and Behati, two of the women, expired in a few days, and all looked at its worst. It took them a good month to rally sufficiently to resume their journey.

Fortunately, in this interval, the rains entirely ceased, and the natives day by day brought an abundance of food to the sick men. From them they heard that the districts they were now in were notoriously unhealthy, and that many an Arab had fallen out from the caravan march, to leave his bones in these wastes. One day five of the party made an excursion to the westward, and on their return reported a large deep river flowing into the Luapula on the left bank. Unfortunately no notice was taken of its name, for it would be of considerable geographical interest.

At last they were ready to start again, and came to one of the border villages in Ilala the same night; but

the next day several fell ill for the second time, Susi being quite unable to move.

Muanamazungu, at whose place these relapses occurred, was fully aware of everything that had taken place at Chitambo's, and showed the men the greatest kindness. Not a day passed without his bringing them some present or other, but there was a great disinclination among the people to listen to any details connected with Dr. Livingstone's death. Some return for their kindness was made by Farijala shooting three buffaloes near the town; meat and good-will go together all over Africa, and the liberal sportsman scores points at many a turn. A cow was purchased here for some brass bracelets and calico, and on the twentieth day all were sufficiently strong on their legs to push forward.

The broad waters of the long-looked for Luapula soon appeared in sight. Putting themselves under a guide, they were conducted to the village of Chisalamalama, who willingly offered them canoes for the passage across the next day.[10]

[10] The men consider it five days' march "only carrying a gun" from the Molilamo to the bank of the Luapula—this in rough reckoning, at the rate of native traveling, would give a distance of say one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty miles.

As one listens to the report that the men give of this mighty river, he instinctively bends his eyes on a dark burden laid in the canoe! How ardently would he have scanned it whose body thus passes across these waters, and whose spirit, in its last hours' sojourn in this world, wandered in thought and imagination to its stream!

It would seem that the Luapula at this point is double the width of the Zambesi at Shupanga. This gives a breadth of fully four miles. A man could not

be seen on the opposite bank; trees looked small; a gun could be heard, but no shouting would ever reach a person across the river—such is the description given by those who were well able to compare the Luapula with the Zambesi. Taking to the canoes, they were able to use the “m’phondo,” or punting-pole, for a distance through reeds, then came clear, deep water for some four hundred yards, again a broad, reedy expanse, followed by another deep part, succeeded in turn by another current not so broad as those previously paddled across, and then, as on the starting side, gradually shoaling water, abounding in reeds. Two islands lay just above the crossing-place. Using pole and paddle alternately, the passage took them fully two hours across this enormous torrent, which carries off the waters of Bangweolo toward the north.

A sad mishap befell the donkey the first night of camping beyond the Luapula, and this faithful and sorely-tried servant was doomed to end his career at this spot!

According to custom, a special stable was built for him close to the men. In the middle of the night a great disturbance, coupled with the shouting of Amoda, aroused the camp. The men rushed out, and found the stable broken down, and the donkey gone. Snatching some logs, they set fire to the grass, as it was pitch dark, and by the light saw a lion close to the body of the poor animal, which was quite dead. Those who had caught up their guns on the first alarm fired a volley, and the lion made off. It was evident that the donkey had been seized by the nose, and instantly killed. At daylight the spoor showed that the guns had taken effect. The lion’s blood lay in a broad track (for he was apparently injured in the back, and could only drag himself along); but the

foot-prints of a second lion were too plain to make it advisable to track him far in the thick cover he had reached, and so the search was abandoned. The body of the donkey was left behind; but two canoes remained near the village, and it is most probable that it went to make a feast at Chisalamalama's.

Travelling through incessant swamp and water, they were fain to make their next stopping-place in a spot where an enormous ant-hill spread itself out—a small island in the waters. A fire was lighted, and by employing hoes, most of them dug something like a form to sleep in on the hard earth.

Thankful to leave such a place, their guide led them next day to the village of Kawinga, whom they describe as a tall man, of singularly light color, and the owner of a gun, a unique weapon in these parts, but one already made useless by wear and tear. The next village, N'kossu's, was much more important. The people, called Kawende, formerly owned plenty of cattle, but now they are reduced; the Banyamwezi have put them under the harrow, and but few herds remain. It is a somewhat singular fact that the hump quite disappears in the lake breed; the cows would pass for respectable short-horns.

A present was made to the caravan of a cow; but it seems that the rule, "First catch your hare," is in full force in N'kossu's pastures. The animals are exceedingly wild, and a hunt has to be set on foot whenever beef is wanted; it was so in this case. Safene and Muanuasere, with their guns, essayed to settle the difficulty. The latter, an old hunter, was not likely to do much harm; but Safene, firing wildly at the cow, hit one of the villagers, and smashed the bone of the poor fellow's thigh. Although it was clearly an accident, such things do not readily settle themselves down on this assumption in Africa. The

chief, however, behaved very well. He told them a fine would have to be paid on the return of the wounded man's father, and it had better be handed to him, for by law the blame would fall on him, as the entertainer of the man who had brought about the injury. He admitted that he had ordered all his people to stand clear of the spot where the disaster occurred, but he supposed that in this instance his orders had not been heard. They had not sufficient goods in any case to respond to the demand. The process adopted to set the broken limb is a sample of native surgery which must not be passed over.

First of all, a hole was dug, say two feet deep and four in length, in such a manner that the patient could sit in it with his legs out before him. A large leaf was then bound round the fractured thigh, and earth thrown in so that the patient was buried up to the chest. The next act was to cover the earth which lay over the man's legs with a thick layer of mud; then plenty of sticks and grass were collected, and a fire lighted on the top directly over the fracture. To prevent the smoke smothering the sufferer, they held a tall mat as a screen before his face, and the operation went on. After some time the heat reached the limbs under-ground. Bellowing with fear, and covered with perspiration, the man implored them to let him out. The authorities concluding that he had been under treatment a sufficient time, quickly burrowed down and lifted him from the hole. He was now held perfectly fast, while two strong men stretched the wounded limb with all their might! Splints duly prepared were afterward bound round it, and we must hope that in due time benefit accrued; but as the ball had passed through the limb, we must have our doubts on the subject. The villagers told Chuma that after the Banyamwezi engagements they

constantly treated bad gunshot-wounds in this way with perfect success.

Leaving N'kossu's they rested one night at another village belonging to him, and then made for the territory of the Wa Ussi. Here they met with a surly welcome, and were told they must pass on. No doubt the intelligence that they were carrying their master's body had a great deal to do with it, for the news seemed to spread with the greatest rapidity in all directions. Three times they camped in the forest, and, for a wonder, began to find some dry ground. The path lay in the direct line of Chawende's town, parallel to the north shore of the lake, and at no great distance from it.

Some time previously a solitary Unyamwesi had attached himself to the party at Chitankooi's, where he had been left sick by a passing caravan of traders; this man now assured them the country before them was well known to him.

Approaching Chawende's, according to native etiquette, Amoda and Sabouri went on in front to inform the chief, and to ask leave to enter his town. As they did not come back, Muanuasere and Chuma set off after them, to ascertain the reason of the delay. No better success seemed to attend this second venture; so, shouldering their burdens, all went forward in the track of the four messengers.

In the mean time Chuma and Muanuasere met Amoda and Sabouri coming back toward them with five men. They reported that they had entered the town, but found it a very large stockaded place; moreover, two other villages of equal size were close to it. Much pombe-drinking was going on. On approaching the chief, Amoda had rested his gun against the principal hut innocently enough. Chawende's son, drunk and quarrelsome, made this a

cause of offence, and, swaggering up, he insolently asked them how they dared to do such a thing. Chawende interfered, and for the moment prevented further trouble; in fact, he himself seems to have been inclined to grant the favor which was asked; however, there was danger brewing, and the men retired.

When the main body met them returning, tired with their fruitless errand, a consultation took place. Wood there was none. To scatter about and find materials with which to build shelter for the night would only offer a great temptation to these drunken, excited people to plunder the baggage. It was resolved to make for the town.

When they reached the gate of the stockade they were flatly refused admittance, those inside telling them to go down to the river and camp on the bank. They replied that this was impossible; that they were tired, it was very late, and nothing could be found there to give them shelter. Meeting with no different answer, Safene said, “Why stand talking to them? let us get in somehow or other;” and, suiting the action to the word, they pushed the men back who stood in the gateway. Safene got through, and Muanuasere climbed over the top of the stockade, followed by Chuma, who instantly opened the gate wide and let his companions through. Hostilities might still have been averted had better counsel prevailed.

The men began to look about for huts in which to deposit their things, when the same drunken fellow drew a bow and fired at Muanuasere. The man called out to the others to seize him, which was done in an instant. A loud cry now burst forth that the chief’s son was in danger, and one of the people hurling a spear, wounded Sabouri slightly in the thigh; this was the signal for a general scrimmage.

Chawende's men fled from the town; the drums beat the assembly in all directions, and an immense number flocked to the spot from the two neighboring villages, armed with their bows, arrows, and spears. An assault instantly began from the outside. N'chise was shot with an arrow in the shoulder through the palisade, and N'taru in the finger. Things were becoming desperate. Putting the body of Dr. Livingstone and all their goods and chattels in one hut, they charged out of the town, and fired on the assailants, killing two and wounding several others. Fearing that they would only gather together in the other remaining villages and renew the attack at night, the men carried these quickly one by one, and subsequently burned six others, which were built on the same side of the river; then crossing over, they fired on the canoes which were speeding toward the deep water of Bangweolo, through the channel of the Lopopussi, with disastrous results to the fugitive people.

Returning to the town, all was made safe for the night. By the fortunes of war, sheep, goats, fowls, and an immense quantity of food fell into their hands, and they remained for a week to recruit. Once or twice they found men approaching at night to throw fire on the roofs of the huts from outside; but, with this exception, they were not interfered with. On the last day but one, a man approached and called to them, at the top of his voice, not to set fire to the chief's town (it was his that they occupied); for the bad son had brought all this upon them; he added that the old man had been overruled, and they were sorry enough for his bad conduct.

Listening to the account given of this occurrence, one cannot but lament the loss of life, and the whole circumstances of the fight. While, on the one hand,

we may imagine that the loss of a cool, conciliatory, brave leader was here felt in a grave degree, we must also see that it was known far and wide that this very loss was now a great weakness to his followers. There is no surer sign of mischief in Africa than these trumpery charges of bewitching houses by placing things on them; some such overstrained accusation is generally set in the front rank when other difficulties are to come; drunkenness is pretty much the same thing in all parts of the world, and gathers misery around it as easily in an African village as in an English city. Had the cortege submitted to extortion and insult, they felt that their night by the river would have been a precarious one, even if they had been in a humor to sleep in a swamp when a town was at hand. These things gave occasion to them to resort to force. The desperate nature of their whole enterprise in starting for Zanzibar perhaps had accumulated its own stock of determination, and now it found vent under evil provocation. If there is room for any other feeling than regret, it lies in the fact that, on mature consideration and in sober moments, the people who suffered cast the real blame on the right shoulders.

For the next three days after leaving Chawende's, they were still in the same inundated fringe of bouga which surrounds the Lake, and on each occasion had to camp at night-fall wherever a resting place could be found in the jungle, reaching Chama's village on the fourth day. A delay of forty-eight hours was necessary, as Susi's wife fell ill; and for the next few marches she was carried in a kitanda. They met an Unyamwezi man here, who had come from Kumba-kumba's town in the Wa Ussi district. He related to them how on two occasions the Wanyamwezi had tried to carry Chawende's town by assault, but had

been repulsed both times. It would seem that, with the strong footing these invaders have in the country, armed as they are besides with the much-dreaded guns, it can only be a matter of time before the whole rule, such as it is, passes into the hands of the new-comers.

The next night was spent in the open air, before coming to the scattered huts of Ngumbu's, where a motley group of stragglers, for the most part Wabisa, were busy felling the trees and clearing the land for cultivation. However, the little community gave them a welcome, in spite of the wide-spread report of the fighting at Chawende's and dancing and drumming were kept up till morning.

One more night was passed in the plain, and they reached a tributary of the Lopopussi River, called the M'Pamba; it is a considerable stream, and takes one up to the chest in crossing. They now drew near to Chiwaie's town, which they describe as a very strong place, fortified with a stockade and ditch. Shortly before reaching it some villagers tried to pick a quarrel with them for carrying flags. It was their invariable custom to make the drummer-boy, Majwara, march at their head, while the union-jack and the red colors of Zanzibar were carried in a foremost place in the line. Fortunately a chief of some importance came up and stopped the discussion, or there might have been more mischief, for the men were in no temper to lower their flag, knowing their own strength pretty well by this time. Making their settlement close to Chiwaie's, they met with much kindness, and were visited by crowds of the inhabitants.

Three days' journey brought them to Chiwaie's uncle's village; sleeping two nights in the jungle, they made Chungu's, and in another day's march

found themselves, to their great delight, at Kapesha's. They knew their road from this point, for on the southern route with Dr. Livingstone they had stopped here, and could therefore take up the path that leads to Tanganyika. Hitherto their course had been easterly, with a little northing; but now they turned their backs to the lake, which they had held on the right hand since crossing the Luapula, and struck almost north.

From Kapesha's to Lake Bangweolo is a three days' march, as the crow flies, for a man carrying a burden. They saw a large quantity of iron and copper wire being made here by a party of Unyamwezi. The process is as follows: A heavy piece of iron, with a funnel-shaped hole in it, is firmly fixed in the fork of a tree. A fine rod is then thrust into it, and a line attached to the first few inches which can be coaxed through. A number of men haul on this line, singing and dancing in tune, and thus it is drawn through the first drill; it is subsequently passed through others to render it still finer, and excellent wire is the result. Leaving Kapesha, they went through many of the villages already enumerated in Dr. Livingstone's diary. Chama's people came to see them as they passed by him, and, after some mutterings and growlings, Kasonga gave them leave to buy food at his town. Beaching Chama's headquarters, they camped outside, and received a civil message, telling them to convey his orders to the people on the banks of the Kalongwese, that the travelers must be ferried safely across. They found great fear and misery prevailing in the neighborhood, from the constant raids made by Kumba-kumba's men.

Leaving the Kalongwese behind them, they made for M'sama's son's town, meeting four men on the way who were going from Kumba-kumba to Chama

to beat up recruits for an attack on the Katanga people. The request was sure to be met with alarm and refusal, but it served very well to act the part taken by the wolf in the fable. A grievance would immediately be made of it, and Chama “eaten up” in due course for daring to gainsay the stronger man. Such is too frequently the course of native oppression. At last Kumba-kumba’s town came in sight. Already the large district of Itawa has tacitly allowed itself to be put under the harrow by this ruffianly Zanzibar Arab. Black-mail is levied in all directions, and the petty chiefs, although really under tribute to Nsama, are sagacious enough to keep in with the powers that be. Kumba-kumba showed the men a storehouse full of elephants’ tusks. A small detachment was sent off to try and gain tidings of one of the Nassick boys, who had mysteriously disappeared a day or two previously on the march. At the time no great apprehensions were felt, but as he did not turn up, the grass was set on fire in order that he might see the smoke if he had wandered, and guns were fired. Some think he purposely went off rather than carry a load any further; while others fear he may have been killed. Certain it is that after a five days’ search in all directions no tidings could be gained either here or at Chama’s, and nothing more was heard of him.

Numbers of slaves were collected here. On one occasion they saw five gangs bound neck to neck by chains, and working in the gardens outside the towns.

The talk was still about the break-up of Casembe’s power, for it will be recollected that Kumba-kumba and Pemba-motu had killed him a short time before; but by far the most interesting news that reached them was that a party of Englishmen, headed by Dr.

Livingstone's son, on their way to relieve his father, had been seen at Bagamoio some months previously.

The chief showed them every kindness during their five days' rest, and was most anxious that no mishap should by any chance occur to their principal charge. He warned them to beware of hyenas, at night more especially, as the quarter in which they had camped had no stockade around it as yet.

Marching was now much easier, and the men quickly found they had crossed the water-shed. The Lovu ran in front of them on its way to Tanganyika. The Kalongwese, we have seen, flows to Lake Moero in the opposite direction. More to their purpose it was, perhaps, to find the terror of Kumba-kumba dying away as they traveled in a northeasterly direction, and came among the Mwambi. As yet no invasion had taken place. A young chief, Chungu, did all he could for them, for when the Doctor explored these regions before, Chungu had been much impressed with him; and now, throwing off all the native superstition, he looked on the arrival of the dead body as a cause of real sorrow.

Asoumani had some luck in hunting, and a fine buffalo was killed near the town. According to native game laws (which in some respects are exceedingly strict in Africa), Chungu had a right to a fore-leg—had it been an elephant, the tusk next the ground would have been his, past all doubt—in this instance, however, the men sent in a plea that theirs was no ordinary case, and that hunger had laws of its own; they begged to be allowed to keep the whole carcass, and Chungu not only listened to their story, but willingly waived his claim to the chief's share.

It is to be hoped that these sons of Tafuna, the head and father of the Amambwi a lungu, may hold their own. They seem a superior race, and this man

is described as a worthy leader. His brothers, Kasonso, Chitimbwa, Sombe, and their sister Mombo, are all notorious for their reverence for Tafuna. In their villages an abundance of colored homespun cloth speaks for their industry; while from the numbers of dogs and elephant-spears no further testimony is needed to show that the character they bear as great hunters is well deserved.

The steep descent to the lake now lay before them, and they came to Kasakalawe's. Here it was that the Doctor had passed weary months of illness on his first approach to Tanganyika in previous years. The village contained hut few of its old inhabitants, but those few received them hospitably enough, and mourned the loss of him who had been so well appreciated when alive. So they journeyed on day by day till the southern end of the lake was rounded.

The previous experience of the difficult route along the heights bordering on Tanganyika made them determine to give the lake a wide berth this time, and for this purpose they held well to the eastward, passing a number of small deserted villages, in one of which they camped nearly every night. It was necessary to go through the Fipa country, but they learned from one man and another that the chief, Kafoofi, was very anxious that the body should not be brought near to his town; indeed, a guide was purposely thrown in their way who led them past by a considerable detour. Kafoofi stands well with the coast Arabs. One, Ngombesassi by name, was at the time living with him, accompanied by his retinue of slaves. He had collected a very large quantity of ivory further in the interior, but dared not approach nearer at present to Unyanyembe with it, to risk the chance of meeting one of Mirambo's hordes.

This road across the plains seems incomparably the best. No difficulty whatever was experienced, and one cannot but lament the toil and weariness which Dr. Livingstone endured while holding a course close to Tanganyika; although one must bear in mind that by no other means at the time could he complete his survey of this great inland sea, or acquaint us with its harbors, its bays, and the rivers which find their way into it on the east. These are details which will prove of value when small vessels come to navigate it in the future.

The chief feature after leaving this point was a three days' march over Lambalamfipa, an abrupt mountain range, which crosses the country east and west, and attains, it would seem, an altitude of some four thousand feet. Looking down on the plain from its highest passes a vast lake appears to stretch away in front toward the north, but an descending this resolves itself into a glittering plain, for the most part covered with saline incrustations. The path lay directly across this. The difficulties they anticipated had no real existence, for small villages were found, and water was not scarce, although brackish. The first demand for toll was made near here, but the headman allowed them to pass for fourteen strings of beads. Susi says that this plain literally swarms with herds of game of all kinds; giraffe and zebra were particularly abundant, and lions reveled in such good quarters. The settlements they came to belonged chiefly to elephant hunters. Farijala and Muanuasere did well with the buffalo, and plenty of beef came into camp.

They gained some particulars concerning a salt-water lake on their right, at no very considerable distance. It was reported to them to be smaller than Tanganyika, and goes by the name Bahari ya

Muarooli—the sea of Muarooli—for such is the name of the paramount chief who lives on its shore, and, if we mistake not, the very Merere, or his successor, about whom Dr. Livingstone from time to time showed such interest. They now approached the Likwa River, which flows to this inland sea; they describe it as a stream running breast-high, with brackish water; little satisfaction was got by drinking from it.

Just as they came to the Likwa, a long string of men was seen on the opposite side filing down to the water, and being uncertain of their intentions, precautions were quickly taken to insure the safety of the baggage. Dividing themselves into three parties, the first detachment went across to meet the strangers, carrying the Arab flag in front. Chuma headed another band at a little distance in the rear of these, while Susi and a few more crouched in the jungle, with the body concealed in a roughly-made hut. Their fears, however, were needless; it turned out to be a caravan bound for Fipa to hunt elephants and buy ivory and slaves. The new arrivals told them that they had come straight through Unyanyembe from Bagamoio, on the coast, and that the Doctor's death had already been reported there by natives of Fipa.



HIPPOPOTAMUS IN HIS LAIR.

With no small satisfaction the men learned from the outwardbound caravan that the previous story was a true one, and they were assured that Dr. Livingstone's son, with two Englishmen and a quantity of goods, had already reached Unyanyembe.

The country here showed all the appearance of a

salt-pan; indeed, a quantity of very good salt was collected by one of the men, who thought he could turn an honest bunch of beads with it at Unyanyembe.

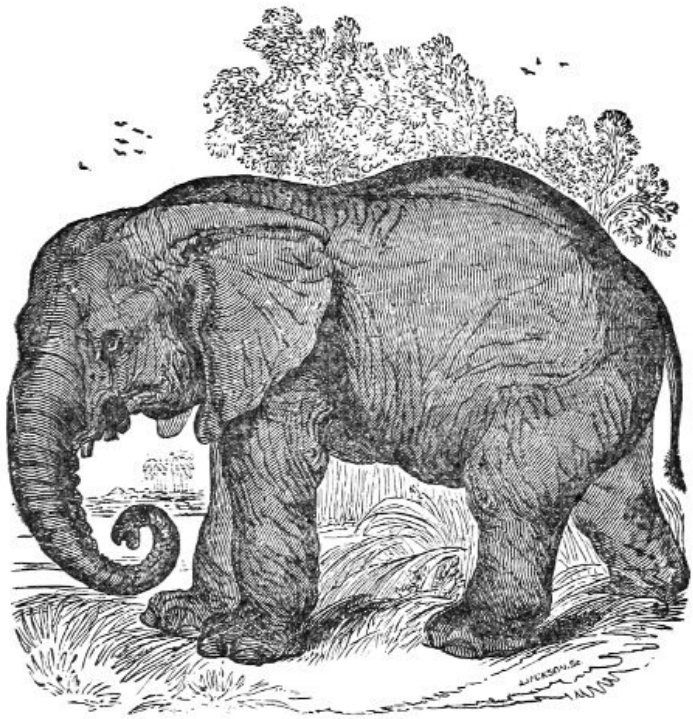
Petty tolls were levied on them. Kampama's deputy required four dotis, and an additional tax of six was paid to the chief of the Kanongo when his town was reached.

The Lungwa River bowls away here toward Tanganyika. It is a quick, tumbling stream, leaping among the rocks and boulders, and in its deeper pools it affords cool delight to schools of hippopotami. The men, who had hardly tasted good water since crossing Lambalamfipa, are loud in its praise. Muanuasere improved relations with the people at the next town by opportunely killing another buffalo, and all took a three days' rest. Yet another caravan met them, bound likewise for the interior, and adding further particulars about the Englishmen at Unyanyembe. This quickened the pace till they found at one stage they were melting two days of the previous outward journey into one.

Arriving at Baula, Jacob Wainwright, the scribe of the party, was commissioned to write an account of the distressing circumstances of the Doctor's death, and Chuma, taking three men with him, pressed on to deliver it to the English party in person. The rest of the cortege followed them through the jungle to Chilunda's village. On the outskirts they came across a number of Wagogo hunting elephants with dogs and spears; but although they were well treated by them, and received presents of honey and food, they thought it better to keep these men in ignorance of the charge.

The Manyara River was crossed, on its way to Tanganyika, before they got to Chikooloo. Leaving

this village behind them, they advanced to the Ugunda district, now ruled by Kalimangombi, the son of Mbereke, the former chief, and so on to Kasekera, which, it will be remembered, is not far from Unyanyembe.



THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

20th October, 1873.—We will here run on ahead with Chuma on his way to communicate with the new arrivals. He reached the Arab settlement without let or hinderance. Lieutenant Cameron was quickly put in possession of the main facts of Dr. Livingstone's death by reading Jacob's letter, and Chuma was questioned concerning it in the presence

of Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy. It was a disappointment to find that the reported arrival of Mr. Oswell Livingstone was entirely erroneous; but Lieutenant Cameron showed the wayworn men every kindness. Chuma rested one day before setting out to relieve his comrades, to whom he had arranged to make his way as soon as possible. Lieutenant Cameron expressed a fear that it would not be safe for him to carry the cloth he was willing to furnish them with, if he had not a stronger convoy, as he himself had suffered too sorely from terrified bearers on his way thither; but the young fellows were pretty well acquainted with native marauders by this time, and set off without apprehension.

And now the greater part of their task is over. The weather-beaten company wind their way into the old well-known settlement of Kwihara. A host of Arabs and their attendant slaves meet them, as they sorrowfully take their charge to the same tembe in which the “weary waiting” was endured before, and then they submit to the systematic questioning which the native traveler is so well able to sustain.

News in abundance was offered in return. The porters of the Livingstone East Coast Aid Expedition had plenty to relate to the porters sent by Mr. Stanley. Mirambo’s war dragged on its length, and matters had changed very little since they were there before, either for better or for worse. They found the English officers extremely short of goods; but Lieutenant Cameron, no doubt with the object of his expedition full in view, very properly felt it a first duty to relieve the wants of the party that had performed this herculean feat of bringing the body of the traveler he had been sent to relieve, together with every article belonging to him at the time of his death, as far as this main road to the coast.

In talking to the men about their intentions, Lieutenant Cameron had serious doubts whether the risk of taking the body of Dr. Livingstone through the Ugogo country ought to be run. It very naturally occurred to him that Dr. Livingstone might have felt a wish during life to be buried in the same land in which the remains of his wife lay—it will be remembered that the grave of Mrs. Livingstone is at Shupanga, on the Zambesi. All this was put before the men; but they steadily adhered to their first conviction, that it was right, at all risks, to attempt to bear their master home, and therefore they were no longer urged to bury him at Kwihara.

To the new-comers it was of great interest to examine the boxes which the men had conveyed from Bangweolo. As we have seen, they had carefully packed up everything at Chitambo's—books, instruments, clothes, and all which would bear special interest in time to come, from having been associated with Livingstone in his last hours.

It cannot be conceded for a moment that these poor fellows would have been right in forbidding this examination, when we consider the relative position in which natives and English officers must always stand to each other; but it is a source of regret to relate that the chief part of Livingstone's instruments were taken out of the packages and appropriated for future purposes. The instruments with which all his observations had been made throughout a series of discoveries extending over seven years—aneroid barometers, compasses, thermometers, the sextant, and other things—have gone on a new series of travels, to incur innumerable risks of loss, while one only of his thermometers comes to hand.

We could well have wished these instruments safe in England with the small remnant of Livingstone's

personal property, which was allowed to be shipped from Zanzibar.

The Doctor had deposited four bales of cloth as a reserve stock with the Arabs, and these were immediately forthcoming for the march down.

Lieutenant Cameron gave the men to understand that it was agreed Lieutenant Murphy should return to Zanzibar, and asked that if they could attach his party to their march; if so, the men who acted as carriers should receive six dollars a man for their services. This was agreed to. Susi had arranged that they should avoid the main path of the Wagogo; inasmuch as, if difficulty was to be encountered anywhere, it would arise among these lawless, pugnacious people.

By making a ten days' detour at "Jua Singa," and traveling by a path well known to one of their party, through the jungle of Poli ya vengi, they hoped to keep out of harm's way, and to be able to make the cloth hold out with which they were supplied. At length the start was effected, and Dr. Dillon likewise quitted the expedition, to return to the coast. It was necessary to stop, after the first day's march, for a long halt; for one of the women was unable to travel, they found, and progress was delayed till she could resume the journey. There seem to have been some serious misunderstanding between the leaders of Dr. Livingstone's party and Lieutenant Murphy soon after setting out, which turned mainly on the subject of beginning of the day's march. The former, trained in the old discipline of their master, laid stress on the necessity of very early rising, to avoid the heat of the day, and perhaps pointed out more bluntly than pleasantly, that if the Englishmen wanted to improve their health, they had better do so too. However, to a certain extent, difficulty was avoided by the two

companies pleasing themselves.

Making an early start, the body was carried to Kasekera by Susi's party, where, from an evident disinclination to receive it into the village, an encampment was made outside. A consultation now became necessary. There was no disguising the fact that if they kept along the main road intelligence would precede them concerning that in which they were engaged, stirring up certain hostility, and jeopardizing the most precious charge they had. A plan was quickly hit upon. Unobserved, the men removed the corpse of the deceased explorer from the package in which it had hitherto been conveyed, and buried the bark case in the hut in the thicket around the village in which they had placed it. The object now was to throw the villagers off their guard, by making believe that they had relinquished the attempt to carry the body to Zanzibar. They feigned that they had abandoned their task, having changed their minds, and that it must be sent back to Unyanyembe, to be buried there. In the mean time the corpse of necessity had to be concealed in the smallest space possible, if they were actually to convey it secretly for the future; this was quickly managed.

Susi and Chuma went into the wood and stripped off a fresh length of bark from an n'gombe-tree; in this the remains conveniently prepared as to length, were placed, the whole being surrounded with calico in such a manner as to appear like an ordinary traveling bale, which was then deposited with the rest of the goods. They next proceeded to gather a fagot of mapira-stalks, cutting them in lengths of six feet or so, and swathing them round with cloth, to imitate a dead body about to be buried. This done, a paper, folded as to represent a letter, was duly

placed in a cleft stick, according to the native letter-carrier's custom, and six trustworthy men were told off ostensibly to go with the corpse to Unyanyembe. With due solemnity the men set out. The villagers were only too thankful to see it, and no one suspected the ruse. It was near sundown. The bearers of the package held on their way till fairly beyond all chance of detection, and then began to dispose of their load. The mapira-sticks were thrown, one by one, far away into the jungle, and when all were disposed of, the wrappings were cunningly got rid of in the same way. Going further on, first one man, and then another sprung clear from the path into the long grass, to leave no trace of footsteps, and the whole party returned by different ways to their companions, who had been anxiously awaiting them during the night. No one could detect the real nature of the ordinary-looking bale, which henceforth was guarded with no relaxed vigilance, and eventually disclosed the bark coffin and wrappings containing Dr. Livingstone's body, on the arrival at Bagamoio. And now, devoid of fear, the people of Kasekera asked them all to come and take up their quarters in the town—a privilege which was denied them so long as it was known that they had the remains of the dead with them.

But a dreadful event was about to recall to their minds how many fall victims to African disease.

Dr. Dillon now came on to Kasekera, suffering much from dysentery; a few hours more, and he shot himself in his tent with a rifle. The malaria imbibed during their stay at Unyanyembe laid upon him the severest form of fever, accompanied by delirum, under which he at length succumbed in one of its violent paroxysms. His remains are interred at Kasekera.

We must follow Susi's troop through a not altogether eventless journey to the sea. Some days afterward, as they wended their way through a rocky place, a little girl in their train, named Losi, met her death in a shocking way. It appears that the poor child was carrying a water-jar on her head in the file of people, when an enormous snake dashed across the path, deliberately struck her in the thigh, and made for a hole in the jungle close at hand. This work of a moment was sufficient, for the poor girl fell mortally wounded. She was carried forward, and all means at hand were applied, but in less than ten minutes the last symptom (foaming at the mouth) set in, and she ceased to breathe.

Here is a well-authenticated instance which goes far to prove the truth of an assertion made to travelers in many parts of Africa. The natives protest that one species of snake will deliberately chase and overtake his victim with lightning speed, and so dreadfully dangerous is it, both from the activity of its poison and its vicious propensities, that it is perilous to approach its quarters. Most singular to relate, an Arab came to some of the men after their arrival at Zanzibar, and told them that he had just come by the Unyanyembe road, and that, while passing the identical spot where this disaster occurred, one of the men was attacked by the same snake, with precisely the same results; in fact, when looking for a place in which to bury him they saw the grave of Losi, and the two lie side by side.

This snake was doubtless a mamba; it is much to be desired that specimens should be procured for purposes of comparison. In Southern Africa so great is the dread it inspires that the Kaffirs will break up a kraal and forsake the place, if a mamba takes up his quarters in the vicinity, and, from what we have seen

above, with no undue caution.

Susi, to whom this snake is known in the Shupanga tongue as “bubu,” describes it as about twelve feet long, dark in color, of a dirty blue under the belly, with red markings, like the wattles of a cock, on the head. The Arabs go so far as to say that it is known to oppose the passage of a caravan at times. Twisting its tail around a branch, it will strike one man after another in the head with fatal certainty. Their remedy is to fill a pot with boiling water, which is put on the head and carried under the tree. The snake dashes his head into this, and is killed; the story is given for what it is worth.

It would seem that at Ujiji the natives, as in other places, can not bear to have snakes killed. “chatu,” a species of python, is common, and, from being highly favored, becomes so tame as to enter houses at night. A little meal is placed on the stool, which the uncanny visitor laps up, and then takes its departure; the men significantly say they never saw it with their own eyes. Another species utters a cry, much like the crowing of a young cock; this is well authenticated. Yet another black variety has a spine like a black-thorn at the end of the tail, and its bite is extremely deadly.

At the same time it must be added that, considering the enormous number of reptiles in Africa, it rarely occurs that any one is bitten, and a few months’ residence suffices to dispel the dread which most travelers feel at the outset.

February, 1874.—No further incident occurred worthy of special notice. At last the coast-town of Bagamoio came in sight, and before many hours were over, a British cruiser conveyed the acting consul, Captain Prideaux, from Zanzibar to the spot which the cortege had reached. Arrangements were

quickly made for transporting the remains of Dr. Livingstone to the island, some thirty miles distant, and then it became perhaps rather too painfully plain to the men that their task was finished.

One word on a subject which will commend itself to most before we close this eventful history.

We saw what a train of Indian sepoys, Johanna men, Nassick boys, and Shupanga canoe-men accompanied Dr. Livingstone when he started from Zanzibar in 1866 to enter upon his last discoveries; of all these, five only could answer to the roll-call as they handed over the dead body of their leader to his countrymen on the shore whither they had returned, and this after eight years' desperate service.

Once more we repeat the names of these men. Susi and James Chuma have been sufficiently prominent throughout—hardly so, perhaps, has Amoda, their comrade ever since the Zambesi days of 1864; then we have Abram and Mabruki, each with service to show from the time he left the Nassick College with the Doctor in 1865. Nor must we forget Ntoaeka and Halima, the two native girls of whom we have heard such a good character; they cast in their lot with the wanderers in Manyuema. It does seem strange to hear the men say that no sooner did they arrive at their journey's end than they were so far frowned out of notice, that not so much as a passage to the island was offered them when their burden was borne away. We must hope that it is not too late—even for the sake of consistency—to put it on record that *whoever* assisted Livingstone, whether white or black, has not been overlooked. Surely those with whom he spent his last years must not pass away into Africa again unrewarded, and be lost to sight.

Yes, a very great deal is owing to these five men, and we say it emphatically. If the world has had

gratified a reasonable wish in learning all that concerns the last days on earth of a truly noble man and his wonderful enterprise, the means of doing so could never have been placed at our disposal but for the ready willingness which made Susi and Chuma determine, if possible, to render an account to some of those whom they had known as their master's old companions. If the geographer finds before him new facts, new discoveries, new theories, as Livingstone alone could record them, it is right and proper that he should feel the part these men have played in furnishing him with such valuable matter. For we repeat that nothing but such leadership and staunchness as that which organized the march home from Ilala, and distinguished it throughout, could have brought Livingstone's bones to England, or his last notes and maps to the outer world. To none does the feat seem so marvelous as to those who know Africa, and the difficulties which must have beset both the first and the last in the enterprise. Thus in his death, not less than in his life, David Livingstone bore testimony to that good-will and kindliness which exists in the heart of the African.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

Henry M. Stanley’s New Mission — The Unfinished Task of

Livingstone — The Commission of Mr. Stanley by the "Daily Telegraph" of London and the New York "Herald" to Command the New Expedition to Central Africa — Mr. Stanley's Arrival at Zanzibar — Fitting Out his Expedition and Enlisting Many of his Old Captains and Chiefs — Sets Sail for the West Coast of the Zanzibar Sea and Towards the Dark Continent — Arrival at Bagamoyo — Completes his Forces and Takes Up his Line of March Inland — Incidents Attending his March to Mpwapwa.

In April, 1874, while on his return from the Ashantee war, Mr. Stanley first received the news of the death of Dr. Livingstone, and that his body was then on its way to England.

Mr. Stanley says "The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock had passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work—to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science; or if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the great river throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant.

"The solemn day of the burial of my great friend arrived. I was one of the pall-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and when I had seen the coffin lowered into the grave, and had heard the first handful of earth thrown over it, I walked away sorrowing over the fate of David Livingstone."

From this time forward Mr. Stanley devoted his time assiduously in completing his literary labors and at the same time in studying up Africa, its geography, geology, botany and ethnology. He knew what had been accomplished by African explorers, and knew how much of the dark interior was still unknown to the world. Until late hours he sat, inventing and planning, sketching routes, laying out

lengthy lines of possible exploration and noting many suggestions which the continued study of the subject created.

One day, while on a visit to the office of the "Daily Telegraph," the subject of Livingstone and his unfinished work was broached, and after a brief talk on the subject between himself and the editor, Mr. Stanley was
asked:—

"Could you, and would you, complete the work? And what is there to do?"

Mr. Stanley replied: "The outlet of Lake Tanganyika is undiscovered. We know nothing scarcely—except what Speke has sketched out—of Lake Victoria; we do not even know whether it consists of one or many lakes, and therefore the sources of the Nile are still unknown. Moreover, the western half of the African continent is still a white blank."

"Do you think you can settle all this, if we commission you?" asked the editor of the "Telegraph."

"While I live, there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done."

The matter was for the moment suspended, however, because Mr. Bennett, of the New York "Herald," had prior claims on Mr. Stanley's services.

A telegram was despatched to Mr. Bennett: "Would he join the 'Daily Telegraph' in sending Stanley out to Africa, to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone?" To which Mr. Bennett replied within twenty-four hours by the laconic answer: "Yes. Bennett."

The new mission of Mr. Stanley was defined by the "Telegraph" through its columns "to be the

completion of the work left unfinished by the lamented death of Dr. Livingstone; to solve, if possible, the remaining problems of the geography of Central Africa; and to investigate and report upon the haunts of the slave-trader."... "He will represent the two nations whose common interest in the regeneration of Africa was so well illustrated when the lost English explorer was re-discovered by the energetic American correspondent. In that memorable journey Mr. Stanley displayed the best qualities of an African traveller; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposal to reinforce his own complete acquaintance with the conditions of African travel, it may be hoped that very important results will accrue from this undertaking to the advantage of science, humanity, and civilization."

On August 15, 1874, Mr. Stanley sailed from England for Zanzibar, where he arrived on the 21st day of September—just twenty-eight months after he had left there on his return from the search of Livingstone.

For many days after his arrival he was busily engaged in selecting the members of his new expedition and those who were to act as carriers and soldiers. Among those selected, he gave preference to such as had been with him on the Search Expedition, and had been despatched to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872. Out of these the chiefs were selected. And to these the customary presents had to be distributed. Ulimengo, or the "World," the incorrigible joker and hunter in chief of the Search and Livingstone's expeditions, was given a gold ring to encircle one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain to suspend round his neck, which caused his mouth to expand gratefully. Rojab, who was soon

reminded of the unlucky accident with Livingstone's Journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, was endowed with a munificent gift which won him over to Mr. Stanley's service beyond fear of bribery. Manwa Sera, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke and Grant to Manwa Sera—the royal fugitive distressed by the hot pursuit of the Arabs—the leader of his second caravan in 1871, the chief of the party sent to Unyanyembe to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872, and now appointed Chief Captain of the Anglo-American Expedition, was rendered temporarily speechless with gratitude because a splendid necklace had been suspended from his neck and a heavy seal ring placed upon one of his fingers. And thus Mr. Stanley proceeded to endow each one of his old followers with some suitable gift of such a character as would both please them and strengthen their attachment towards himself.

Mr. Stanley, in speaking of the usual preliminary deliberative palaver, or, as the Wangwana call it, "Shauri," held before the final execution of all great enterprises,
says:—

"The chiefs arranged themselves in a semicircle on the day of the Shauri, and I sat *à la Turque* fronting them. 'What is it, my friends? Speak your minds.' They hemmed and hawed, looked at one another, as if on their neighbors' faces they might discover the purport of their coming; but, all hesitating to begin, finally broke down in a loud laugh.

"Manwa Sera, always grave, unless hit dextrously with a joke, hereupon affected anger, and said, 'You speak, son of Safeni. Verily, we act like children! Will the master eat us?'

"Wadi, son of Safeni, thus encouraged to perform the spokesman's duty, hesitates exactly two seconds,

and then ventures with diplomatic blandness and *graciosity*: 'We have come, master, with words. Listen. It is well we should know every step before we leap. A traveller journeys not without knowing whither he wanders. We have come to ascertain what lands you are bound for!'

"Imitating the son of Safeni's gracious blandness, and his low tone of voice, as though the information about to be imparted to the intensely interested and eagerly listening group were too important to speak it loud, I described in brief outlines the prospective journey in broken Kiswahili. As country after country was mentioned of which they had hitherto but vague ideas, and river after river, lake after lake named, all of which I hoped with their trusty aid to explore carefully, various ejaculations expressive of wonder and joy, mixed with a little alarm, broke from their lips; but when I concluded, each of the group drew a long breath, and almost simultaneously they uttered admiringly, 'Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!'"

By 5 o'clock P. M. of the 12th of November, 224 men had responded to their names, and five of the Arab vessels, laden with the *personnel*, cattle, and *material* of the expedition, were impatiently waiting, with anchor heaved short, the word of command. One vessel still lay close ashore, to convey Mr. Stanley and Frederick Barker—in charge of the personal servants—their baggage and the dogs.

A wave of the hand, and the anchors were hove up. With sails set they bore away westward to launch themselves into the arms of fortune. In the words of Mr. Stanley: "The parting is over! We have said our last words for years, perhaps forever, to kindly men! The sun sinks fast to the western horizon, and gloomy is the twilight that now deepens and

darkens. Thick shadows fall upon the distant land and over the silent sea, and oppress our throbbing, regretful hearts as we glide away through the dying light towards the Dark Continent."



OFF FOR THE HEART OF AFRICA.

On the 13th of November, Stanley reached Bagamoyo, situated on the mainland near the sea. On the morning of the 17th, five days after leaving Zanzibar, the expedition filed out from the town in the following order: Four chiefs, a few hundred yards in front; next the twelve guides, clad in red robes of Jobo, bearing the wire coils; then a long file 275 strong, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of the *Lady Alice*; after them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of some of the chiefs and boat-bearers, following their mothers and assisting them with trifling loads of utensils, followed by the riding asses, Europeans and gun bearers; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs who act as rearguard and whose duties are to pick up stragglers and act as supernumeraries until other men can be procured: in all 356 souls

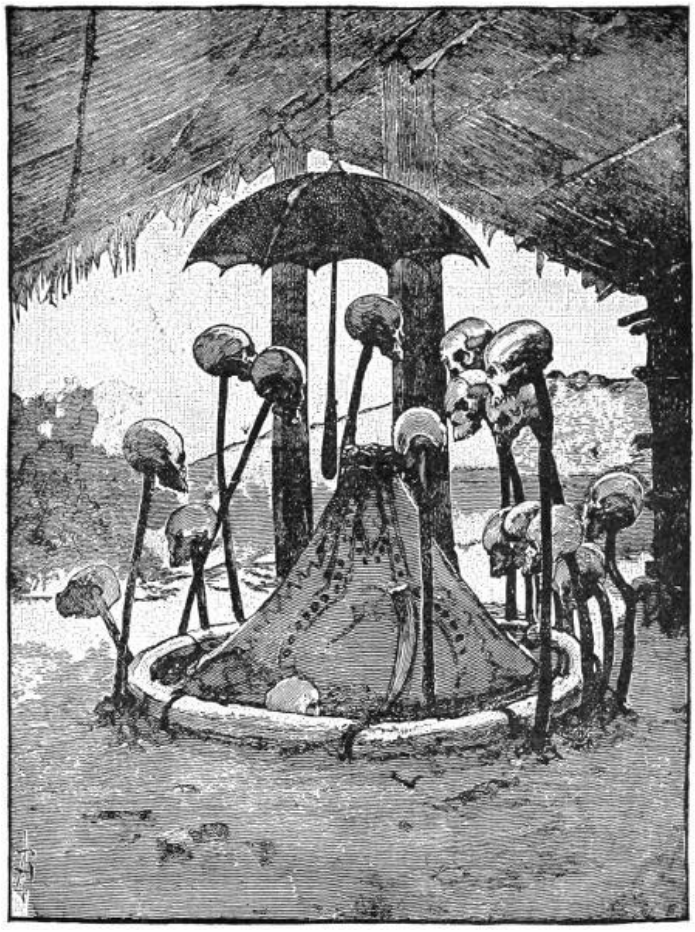
connected with the Anglo-American Expedition. The lengthy line occupied nearly half a mile of the path which is the commercial and exploring highway into the lake regions.

"In this manner," says Stanley "we begin our long journey, full of hopes. There is noise and laughter along the ranks, and a hum of gay voices murmuring through the fields, as we rise and descend with the waves of the land and wind the sinuosities of the path. Motion had restored us all to a sense of satisfaction. We had an intensely bright and fervid sun shining above us, the path was dry, hard, and admirably fit for travel, and during the commencement of our first march nothing could be conceived in better order than the lengthy, thin column about to confront the wilderness."

Stanley's line of march strikes the valley of the Kingani River, and thence to Kikoka, where he makes his first halt. Resting the next day, he resumes the march on the third day for Rosako. This line is about thirty miles north of the most northerly route of any of the routes known to Stanley from the writings of other explorers. From Rosako he marched to Congorida, thence to Mfuteh, and westward of Mfuteh along the southern bank of the Wami some four miles. From this point his line diverges to Rubuti, a village on the Lugumbwa Creek. "Grand and impressive scenery meets the eye as we march to Makubika, the next settlement," says Stanley, "where we attain an altitude of 2675 feet above the ocean. Peaks and knolls rise in all directions, for we are now ascending to the eastern front of the Kaguru Mountains. The summits of Ukamba are seen to the north, its slopes famous for the multitudes of elephants. The mountain characteristically called the 'Back of the Bow,' has a small, clear lake near it, and

remarkable peaks or mountain crests break the sky-line on every side. Indeed, some parts of this great mountain range abound in scenery both picturesque and sublime.

“Between Mamboya and Kitangeh I was much struck by the resemblance that many of the scenes bear to others that I had seen in the Alleghanies. Water is abundant, flowing clear as crystal from numerous sources. As we neared eastern Kitangeh, villages were beheld dotted over every hill, the inhabitants of which, so often frightened by the inroads of the ever-marauding Wamasai, have been rendered very timid. Here, for the first time, cattle were observed as we travelled westerly from Bagamoyo.



A GHASTLY MONUMENT.

"We crossed the plain on the 11th of December, and arrived at Tubugwé. It is only six miles wide, but within this distance we counted fourteen human skulls, the mournful relics of some unfortunate travellers, slain by an attack of Wahumba, from the northwest. I think it is beyond doubt that this plain, extending, as it does, from the unexplored northwest, and projecting like a bay into a deep mountain fiord

southeast of our road, must in former times have been an inlet or creek of the great reservoir of which the Ugombo Lake, south of here, is a residuum. The bed of this ancient lake now forms the pastoral plains of the Wahumba and the broad, plain-like expanses visible in the Ugogo country."

From Tubugwé, Stanley directed his march to Mpwapwa, on the banks of a small tributary of the Mukondokwa, which he reached on the 12th day of December, after a twenty-five day's march from Bagamoyo.



CHAPTER XIX.

STANLEY'S ROUTE TO VICTORIA NYANZA.

Spends Christmas at Zingeh — The Rainy Season Sets In — Famine or Scarcity of Food — Half-Rations — Extortionate Chiefs Levy Blackmail — Arrival at Jiweni — Through Jungle to Kitalalo — The Plain of Salina — "Not a Drop of Water" — Bellicose Natives — Trouble with Many of his Followers — Valuable Services Rendered him by Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker — Frequent Quarrels — The Trials of Stanley — Camp at Mtiwi — Terrible Rain Storm, and Sad Plight of Stanley and his People — Misled by his Guide, is Lost in a Wild of Low Scrub and Brush — Terrible Experiences — Starvation Impending — Sends for Relief to Suna in Urimi — The Welcome Meal of Oatmeal — A Singular Cooking Utensil — Death of Edward Pocock — The Weary March from the Warimi to Mgongo Tembe — The Beautiful Usiha — Reaches Victoria Nyanza February 27th, 1875 — Enters Kagehyi — Receives its Hospitalities — The End of a Journey of 720 miles in 103 days.

The route of Stanley's march from Mpwapwa took in Chunyu, Kikombo, Itumbi, Mpamira's village, Lechumwa, Dudoma, and Zingeh, spending Christmas day at the latter place. The rainy season had set in and the condition of the explorer and his men was aught but agreeable, as appears by a letter written to a friend on Christmas day. He says, "It has been raining heavily the last two or three days, and an impetuous down-pour of sheet rain has just ceased. On the march, rain is very disagreeable; it makes the clayey path slippery, and the loads heavier by being saturated, while it half ruins the clothes. It makes us dispirited, wet and cold, added to which

we are hungry—for there is a famine or scarcity of food at this season, and therefore we can only procure half-rations."... "The natives have but little left. I myself have not had a piece of meat for ten days."... "I weighed 180 pounds when I left Zanzibar, but under this diet I have been reduced to 134 pounds within thirty-eight days. The young Englishmen are in the same impoverished condition of body, and unless we reach some more flourishing country than Ugogo, we must soon become mere skeletons.

"Besides the terribly wet weather and the scarcity of food, we are compelled to undergo the tedious and wearisome task of haggling with extortionate chiefs over the amount of blackmail which they demand and which we must pay. We are compelled, as you may perceive, to draw heavy drafts on the virtues of prudence, patience and resignation, without which the transit of Ugogo under such conditions as above described, would be most perilous."

The next camp westward of Zingeh was established at Jiweni, at an altitude of 3150 feet above sea-level. From here through a scrubby jungle to Kitalalo. From Kitalalo to the broad and almost level Salina, which stretches from Mizanza to the south of the track to the hills of Uyangwira, north. The greatest breadth of the plain of Salina is twenty miles, and its length may be estimated at fifty miles. The march across this plain was very fatiguing. Not a drop of water was discovered on the route, though towards the latter part of the journey a grateful rain-shower fell, which revived the caravan, but converted the plain into a quagmire.

"On approaching the Mukondoku district," says Stanley, "we sighted the always bellicose natives advancing upon our van with uplifted spears and

noisy show of war. This belligerent exhibition did not disturb our equanimity, as we were strangers and had given no cause for hostilities. After manifesting their prowess by a few harmless boasts and much frantic action, they soon subsided into a more pacific demeanor, and permitted us to proceed quietly to our camp under a towering baobab near the King's village."

In speaking, also, of his followers at this time, it appears that the explorer experienced considerable trouble with some of them. He pays great compliments for the invaluable services rendered him by Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker in endeavoring to harmonize the large, unruly mob, with its many eccentricities and unassimilating natures.

"Quarrels were frequent," he says, "sometimes dangerous, between various members of the expedition, and at such critical moments only did my personal interference become imperatively necessary. What with taking solar observations and making ethnological notes, negotiating with chiefs about the tribute moneys and attending to the sick, my time was occupied from morning till night. In addition to all this strain on my own physical powers, I was myself frequently sick from fever, and wasted from lack of proper, nourishing food; and if the chief of an expedition be thus distressed, it may readily be believed that the poor fellows depending on him suffer also."

On the 1st of January, 1875, Stanley struck north, thus leaving for the first time the path to Unyanyembe, the common highway of East Central Africa. The next halt was made at Mtiwi, the chief of which was Malewa. "The last night spent at this place was a disturbed one," says Stanley; "the flood-

gates of heaven seemed literally opened for a period. After an hour's rainfall, six inches of water covered our camp, and a slow current ran southerly. Every member of the expedition was distressed, and even the Europeans, lodged in tents, were not exempt from the evils of the night. My tent walls enclosed a little pool, banked by boxes of stores and ammunition. Hearing cries outside, I lit a candle, and my astonishment was great to find that my bed was an island in a shallow river, which, if it increased in depth and current, would assuredly carry me off south towards the Rufiji. My walking-boots were miniature barks, floating to and fro on a turbid tide seeking a place of exit to the dark world of waters without. My guns, lashed to the centre pole, were stock deep in water. But the most comical sight was presented by Jack and Bull, perched back to back on the top of an ammunition box, butting each other rearward, and snarling and growling for that scant portion of comfort.

"In the morning I discovered my fatigue cap several yards outside the tent, and one of my boots down south. The harmonium, a present for Mtesa, a large quantity of gunpowder, tea, rice and sugar, were destroyed. Vengeance appeared to have overtaken us. At 10 A. M. the sun appeared, astonished, no doubt, at a new lake formed during his absence. By noon the water had considerably decreased, and permitted us to march, and with glad hearts we surmounted the upland of Uyanzi, and from our busy camp, on the afternoon of January 4th, gazed upon the spacious plain beneath, and the vast broad region of sterility and thorns which we had known as inhospitable Ugogo."

On the 6th of January, Stanley reached Kashongwa, a village situated on the verge of a

trackless wild, peopled by a mixture of Wasukuma, renegade Wangwana, and Wanyamwezi. Informed here that he was but a two days' march from Urimi, and having yet two days' rations, he resumed the march under the guidance of one of these people, along a route that was said would bring him to Urimi the day after. The experiences of Stanley and his people during the following four days can be best conceived from a perusal of his own words.

"The next day we travelled over a plain which had a gradual uplift towards the northwest, and was covered with dense, low brush. Our path was ill-defined, as only small Wagogo caravans traveled to Urimi; but the guide assured us that he knew the road. In this dense brush there was not one large tree. It formed a vast carpet of scrub and brush, tall enough to permit us to force our way among the lower branches, which were so interwoven one with another that it sickens me almost to write of this day's experience. Though our march was but ten miles, it occupied us as many hours of labor, elbowing and thrusting our way, to the injury of our bodies and the detriment of our clothing.

"We camped at 5 P. M. near another pool, at an altitude of 4350 feet above the sea. The next day, on the afternoon of the 8th, we should have reached Urimi, and, in order to be certain of doing so, marched fourteen miles to still another pool at a height of 4550 feet above sea-level. Yet still we saw no limit to this immense brushfield, and our labors had, this day, been increased tenfold. Our guide had lost the path early in the day, and was innocently leading us in an easterly direction!

"The responsibility of leading a half-starved expedition—as ours now certainly was—through a dense brush, without knowing whither or for how

many days, was great; but I was compelled to undertake it rather than to see it wander eastward, where it would be hopeless to expect provisions. The greater number of our people had consumed their rations early in the morning. I had led it northward for hours, when we came to a large tree to the top of which I requested the guide to ascend, to try if he could recognize any familiar feature in the dreary landscape. After a short examination, he declared he saw a ridge that he knew, near which, he said, was situate the village of Uveriveri. This news stimulated our exertions, and myself leading the van, we travelled briskly until 5 P. M., when we arrived at the third pool.

"Meantime Barker and the two Pococks, assisted by twenty chiefs, were bringing up the rear, and we never suspected for a moment that the broad track which we trampled over grass and through brush would be unperceived by those in rear of us. The Europeans and chiefs, assisted by the reports of heavily-loaded muskets, were enabled to reach camp successfully at 7 P. M.; but the chiefs then reported that there had not arrived a party of four men and a donkey boy who was leading an ass loaded with coffee. Of these, however there was no fear, as they had detailed the chief Simba to oversee them—Simba having a reputation among his fellows for fidelity, courage, and knowledge of travel.

"The night passed, and the morning of the 9th dawned, and anxiously I asked about the absentees. They had not arrived. But as each hour in the jungle added to the distress of a still greater number of people, we moved on to the miserable village of Uveriveri. The inhabitants consisted of only two families, who could not spare us one grain! We might as well have remained in the jungle, for no

sustenance could be procured here.

"In this critical position, many lives hanging on my decision, I resolved to despatch forty of the strongest men—ten chiefs and thirty of the boldest youths—to Suna in Urimi, for the villagers of Uveriveri had of course given us the desired information as to our whereabouts. The distance from Uveriveri to Suna was twenty-eight miles, as we subsequently discovered. Pinched with hunger themselves, the forty volunteers advanced with the resolution to reach Suna that night. They were instructed to purchase 800 pounds of grain, which would give a light load of twenty pounds to each man, and urged to return as quickly as possible, for the lives of their women and friends depended on their manliness.

"Manwa Sera was also despatched with a party of twenty to hunt up the missing men. Late in the afternoon they returned with the news that three of the missing men were dead. They had lost the road, and, traveling along an elephant track, had struggled on till they perished of despair, hunger, and exhaustion. Simba and the donkey boy, the ass and its load of coffee, were never seen or heard of again.

"With the sad prospect of starvation impending over us we were at various expedients to sustain life until the food purveyors should return. Early on the morning of the 10th I travelled far and searched every likely place for game; but though tracks were numerous, we failed to sight a single head. The Wangwana also roamed about the forest—for the Uveriveri ridge was covered with fine myombo trees—in search of edible roots and berries, and examined various trees to discover whether they afforded anything that could allay the grievous and bitter pangs of hunger. Some found a putrid elephant, on which they gorged themselves, and were punished

with nausea and sickness. Others found a lion's den, with two lion's whelps, which they brought to me. Meanwhile, Frank and I examined the medical stores, and found to our great joy we had sufficient oatmeal to give every soul two cupfuls of thin gruel. A 'Torquay dress trunk' of sheet-iron was at once emptied of its contents and filled with twenty-five gallons of water, into which were put ten pounds of oatmeal and four one-pound tins of 'revalenta arabica.' How the people, middle-aged and young gathered round that trunk, and heaped fuel underneath that it might boil the quicker! How eagerly they watched it lest some calamity should happen, and clamored, when it was ready, for their share. And how inexpressibly satisfied they seemed as they tried to make the most of what they received, and with what fervor they thanked 'God' for his mercies!"

On the 12th of January, Stanley reached Suna, where he halted four days. Owing to the deplorable condition of his people, but through the evident restlessness of the Warimi tribe at their presence, the insufficient quantity of food that could be purchased, and the growing importunings of the Wangwana to be led away from such a churlish and suspicious people, Stanley was sorely perplexed. He had now over thirty men on the sick list, and among them Edward Pocock, one of the young Englishmen, and who subsequently died. Owing to the sickness of temper from which the Warimi suffered, it became imperative that he should keep moving, if only two or three miles a day. Accordingly, on the 17th of January, he moved from his camp, the sick being carried in hammocks. Hundreds of the natives, fully armed, kept up with the caravan, on either side of its path.

"Never since leaving the sea were we weaker in spirit than on this day," says Stanley. "Had we been attacked, I doubt if we should have made much resistance. The famine in Ugogo, and that terribly protracted trial of strength through the jungle of Uveriveri, had utterly unmanned us."... "We are an unspeakably miserable and disheartened band; yet, urged by our destiny, we struggled on, though languidly. Our spirits seemed dying, or resolving themselves into weights which oppressed our hearts. Weary, harassed, and feeble creatures, we arrived at Chiwyu, four hundred miles from the sea, and camped near the crest of a hill, which was marked by aneroid as 5400 feet above the level of the ocean."

Mangura, Izanjeh, and Vinyata, were the next places which marked the route of Stanley's expedition. At the latter place he made a halt of five days, meeting with no little hostility from the natives, some skirmishing, and suffering the loss of some of his people. On the morning of the 26th, just before daybreak, he resumed his interrupted journey. On the 27th, at dawn, he crossed the Leewumbu, and the whole of that day and the day following his route was through a forest of fine myombo, intersected by singular narrow plains, forming at that season of the year so many quagmires. On the 29th he entered Mgongo Tembe, and formed the acquaintance of the Chief Malewa. On the 1st of February, after a very necessary halt of two days at Mgongo Tembe, with an addition to his force of eight pagazis and two guides, and encouraged by favorable reports of the country in front, he entered Mangura in Usukuma, near a strange valley containing a forest of borassus palms, thence by way of Igira, through the magnificent plain of Luwamberri, and across the Itawa River on its western verge. On the 9th he

crossed the Nanga ravine, and the next day arrived at the Seligwa, flowing to the Leewumbu, and, following its course for four miles, reached the hospitable village of Mombiti.

On leaving the Leewumbu—or the Monangah River, as it is also called—Stanley struck northerly across a pathless country seamed with elephant tracks, rhinoceros wallows, and gullies which contained pools of gray, muddy water, and on the morning of the 17th arrived at eastern Usiha. Usiha is the commencement of a most beautiful pastoral country, which terminates only in the Victoria Nyanza. From the summit of one of the weird gray rock-piles which characterize it, one may enjoy that unspeakable fascination of an apparently boundless horizon. “On all sides,” says Stanley, “there stretches towards it the face of a vast circle replete with peculiar features, of detached hills, great crag-masses of riven and sharply-angled rock, and out-cropping mounds, between which heaves and rolls in low, broad waves a green, grassy plain, whereon feed thousands of cattle scattered about in small herds.”

On the morning of the 27th, five days later, Stanley had reached Gambachika, in North Usmau. This place is nineteen miles from the village of Kagehyi, his point of destination on Lake Victoria.

In speaking of his last day’s march, Stanley says: “The people were as keenly alive to the importance of this day’s march, and as fully sensitive to what this final journey to Kagehyi promised their weary frames, as we Europeans. They, as well as ourselves, looked forward to many weeks of rest from our labors and to an abundance of good food.

“When the bugle sounded the signal to ‘take the road,’ the Wanyamezi and Wangwana responded to it with cheers, and loud cries of ‘Ay indeed! ay indeed!

please God!' and their good will was contagious. The natives, who had mustered strongly to witness our departure, were effected by it, and stimulated our people by declaring that the lake was not very far off —'but two or three hours' walk.'

"We dipped into the basins and troughs of the land, surmounted ridge after ridge, crossed watercourses and ravines, passed by cultivated fields, and through villages smelling strongly of cattle, by good-natured groups of natives, until, ascending a long, gradual slope, we heard, on a sudden, hurrahing in front, and then we too, with the lagging rear, knew that those in the van were in view of the great lake!

"Presently we also reached the brow of the hill, where we found the expedition halted, and the first quick view revealed to us a long, broad arm of water, which a dazzling sun transformed into silver, some 600 feet below us, at a distance of three miles."

In a short time the expedition had entered the village of Kagehyi, and Prince Kaduma, chief of Kagehyi, induced by one Sungoro, an Arab resident, proffered its hospitalities to the strangers. In summing up, during the evening of his arrival at this rude village on the Nyanza, the number of statute miles travelled by him, as measured by two rated pedometers and pocket watch, Stanley ascertained it to be 720. The time occupied—from November 17, 1874, to February 27, 1875, inclusive—was 103 days, divided into seventy marching and thirty-three halting days—an average of a little over ten miles a day.



CHAPTER XX.

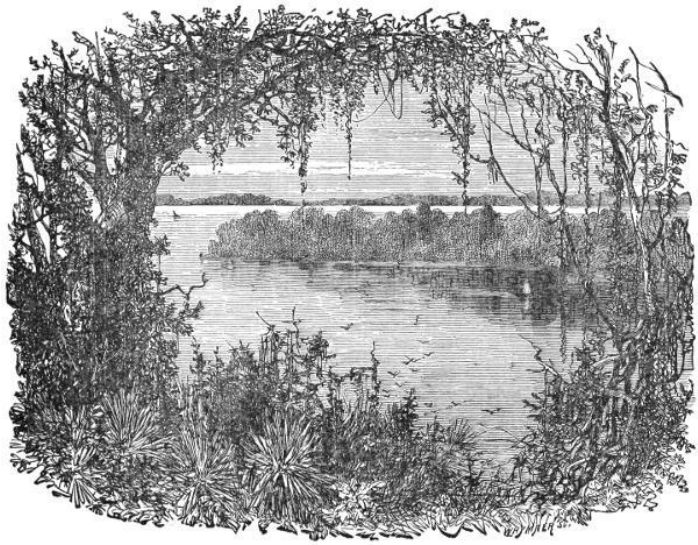
EXPLORATION OF VICTORIA NYANZA.

Preparing the *Lady Alice* for Sea — Selects his Crew — The Start for the Circumnavigation of Lake Victoria — Afloat on the Lake — A Night at Uvuma — Barmecide Fare — Message from Mtesa — Camp on Soweh Island — An Extraordinary Monarch — Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda — Arrival at the Imperial Capital — Glowing Description of the Country — A Grand Mission Field — The Treachery of Bumbireh — Saved! — Refuge Island — Return to Camp at Kagehyi.

The members of the expedition enjoyed their much-needed rest; and Stanley, after taking the necessary observations to ascertain the position of Kagehyi, and its altitude above the sea; to prepare paper, pens and ink for the morrow's report to the journals which had dispatched him to this remote and secluded part of the world; to make calculations

of the time likely to be occupied in a halt at Kagehyi, in preparing and equipping the *Lady Alice* for sea;—found that his own personal work had but begun.

Within seven days the boat was ready, and strengthened for a rough sea life. Provisions of flour and dried fish, bales of cloth, and beads of various kinds, odds and ends of small possible necessaries were boxed, and she was declared, at last, to be only waiting for her crew. From the young guides first selected by him at Bagamoyo, and who Kachéché, the detective, informed him were the sailors of the expedition, he made a list of ten sailors and a steersman, to whose fidelity he was willing to entrust himself and fortunes while coasting round the Victorian sea.



THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

After drawing up instructions for Frank Pocock and Fred. Barker on a score of matters concerning

the well-being of the expedition during his absence, and enlisting for them, by an adequate gift, the goodwill of Sungoro and Prince Kaduma, Stanley set sail on the 8th of March, 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which he first sighted, and which henceforth is known, in honor of its first discoverer, as “Speke Gulf.”

Space will not permit us to follow the details of Stanley’s voyage around the lake. Sufficient to say it was accompanied with many interesting and thrilling adventures with the different tribes along its shores. The most of these tribes were of a savage and warlike character, and gave the explorer no little amount of trouble.

On the 29th of March he crossed Napoleon Channel and coasted along Uganda between numerous islands, the largest of which are densely populated. At Kiwa Island he rested for the day, and was received with the greatest cordiality by the chief, who sent messengers to the island of Keréngé, a distance of three miles, to purchase bananas and jars of maramba wine, for the guest, as he said, of the *Kabaka* Mtesa. “As it was the first time for twenty-two days that we had lived with natives since leaving Kagehyi we celebrated, as we were in duty bound, our arrival among friends,” says Stanley.

“The next day, guided and escorted by the chief, we entered Ukafu, where we found a tall, handsome, young Mtongoleh in command of the district, before whom the Chief of Kiwa Island made obeisance as before a great lord. The young Mtongoleh, though professing an ardent interest in us, and voluble of promises, treated us only to Barmecide fare, after waiting twenty-four hours. Perceiving that his courtesies, though suavely proffered, failed to satisfy the cravings of our jaded stomachs, we left him still

protesting enormous admiration for us, and still volubly assuring us that he was preparing grand hospitalities in our honor.

"I was staggered when I understood in its full extent the perfect art with which we had been duped. 'Could this be Central Africa,' I asked myself, 'wherein we find such perfect adepts in the art of deception?' But two days ago the savagery of the land was intense and real, for every man's hand was raised in ferocity against the stranger. In the land next adjoining we find a people agreeable, and professing the warmest admiration for the stranger, but as inhospitable as any hotel-keeper in London or New York to a penniless guest!"

Stanley it seems, however, had been premature in his judgment, as he subsequently discovered on arriving at a little village in the bay of Buka. Here the Mtongoleh invited them to his village, spread out before them a feast of new as well as clotted milk, mellow and ripe bananas, a kid, sweet potatoes, and eggs, and despatched a messenger instantly to the *Kabaka* Mtesa to announce the coming of a stranger in the land, declaring at the same time his intention not to abandon them until he had brought them face to face with the great Monarch of Equatorial Africa, in whom, he smilingly assured them, they should meet a friend, and under whose protection they might sleep secure.

Mr. Stanley's description of this land and its people is very graphic and interesting, and we quote: "My admiration for the land and the people steadily increased, for I experienced with each hour some pleasing civility. The land was in fit accord with the people, and few more interesting prospects could Africa furnish than that which lovingly embraces the bay of Buka. From the margin of the lake, lined by

waving water-cane, up to the highest hill-top, all was verdure of varying shades. The light green of the elegant matete contrasted with the deeper tints of the various species of figs; the satin-sheeny fronds of the graceful plantains were overlapped by clouds of the pale foliage of the tamarind, while between and around all the young grass of the pastured hillsides spread its emerald carpet. In free, bold, and yet graceful outline the hills shut in the scene, swelling upward in full, dome-like contour, here sweeping round to enclose within its hollow a gorgeous plantain grove, there projecting boldly into abrupt, steep head-lands, and again receding in a succession of noble terraces into regions as yet unexplored by the white man. One village had a low, pebbly beach, that ran in a sinuous, light-grey line between a darker grey face of the lake and the living perennial green of a banana plantation. I imagine myself fallen into an estate which I had inherited by right divine and human; or at least I felt something akin to that large feeling which heirs of unencumbered broad lands may be supposed to feel, and attributed such an unusual feeling to an attack of perfect digestion, and a free, unclogged, and undisturbed liver."

On the 2d of April, Stanley proceeded along the beautiful shore separating Buka Bay from Kadzi Bay, and halted about noon at the village of Kirudo, here experiencing hospitalities similar to those of the previous day.

Just as they were about to depart next morning they perceived six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, coming round a point, and these they were informed by their hospitable entertainer of Buka were the *Kabaka's* people. In the middle of the bay of Kadzi they encountered, and a most ceremonious greeting took place. The commander, a fine, lusty

fellow of twenty or thereabout, sprang into Stanley's boat, and kneeling before him, declared his errand in these words:

"The *Kabaka* sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him, and has encamped at Usavara, that he may be near the lake when you come. He does not know from what land you come; but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the *Kabaka*. His mother dreamed a dream a few nights ago, and in her dream she saw a white man on this lake in a boat coming this way, and the next morning she told the *Kabaka*, and, lo! you have come. Give me your answer, that I may send the messenger."

Receiving his instructions from Stanley, through Magassa, who acted as interpreter, the messenger immediately departed. Persuaded by Magassa to rest for a day that he might be shown the hospitality of the country, Stanley rowed to the village of Kadzi. Here Magassa was in his glory, as shown by his imperious commands given on arrival of the guests and escort:

"Bring out bullocks, sheep and goats, milk, and the mellowest of your choicest bananas, and great jars of maramba, and let the white man and his boatmen eat and taste of the hospitalities of Uganda. Shall a white man enter the *Kabaka's* presence with an empty belly? See how sallow and pinched his cheeks are! We want to see whether we cannot show him kindness superior to what the pagans have shown him."

"A wonderful land!" thought Stanley, "where an entire country can be subjected to such an inordinate bully and vain youth as this Magassa at the mere mention of the *Kabaka's* name, and very evidently with *Kabaka's* sanction!"

The following day Stanley sallied from Kadzi Bay, with Magassa's escort leading the way, and at 10 A. M. entered Murchison Bay, camping behind Soweh Island, on the east side of the bay.

Stanley's account of his arrival at Usavara, and the reception accorded him by the *Kabaka* and his people, is highly interesting and graphic. "Compared with our lonely voyage from our camp at Usukuma round all the bays and inlets of the much-indented coasts of the great lakes," says Stanley, "the five superb canoes forming line in front of our boat, escorting us to the presence of the great potentate of Equatorial Africa, formed a scene which promised at least novelty, and a view of some extraordinary pomp and ceremony."

"When about two miles from Usavara, we saw what we estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from shore, Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with firearms, and was at once obeyed by his dozen musketeers. Half a mile off I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the ends of which stood several finely-dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while 200 or 300 heavily-loaded guns announced to all around that the white man—whom Mtesa's mother had dreamed about—had landed. Numerous kettle and bass drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode towards the great standard, near which stood a short young

man, dressed in a crimson robe which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to me begged me to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro*. Not knowing very well who the 'Katekiro' was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow was far more profound and stately than mine. I was complexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray my embarrassment.

"A dozen well-dressed people now came forward, and grasping my hand declared in the Swahili language that I was welcome to Uganda."

Escorted to comfortable quarters, and after a somewhat extended interview with the head men who had received him, Stanley and his men were made the recipients of fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, who accompanied the drovers and bearers of these provisions, fell upon his knees before Stanley, and said:

"The *Kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend who has travelled so far to see him. The *Kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied. The *Kabaka* has sent his slave with these few things to his friend that he may eat, and at the ninth hour, after his friend has rested, the *Kabaka* will send and call for him to appear at the burzah."

At the ninth hour, as designated, two of the *Kabaka's* pages summoned Stanley and his men to

meet him. “The *Kabaka*, a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands warmly and impressively,” says Stanley, “and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to show the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.”

Stanley’s impression of this prince, as gathered from his correspondence, is of extreme interest to the civilized world, and more especially to the Christian Church. Mtesa impressed him as being an intelligent and distinguished man, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, would do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, could do.

“I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region—a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone’s hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I remember the ardor and love which animated Livingstone when he spoke of Sekeletu. Had he seen Mtesa, his ardor and love for him had been tenfold, and his pen would have been employed in calling all men to assist him,” writes Stanley of this remarkable prince and ruler.

On the 15th of April, Stanley returned to Usavara, after having spent a fifteen days’ life at the Emperor’s Court at Rubaga.

The following extract of a letter, under date of April 14th, 1875, written and sent to the “Daily Telegraph” and “New York Herald” from this point, is a strong appeal for the establishment of a Christian Mission in Uganda:



NATIVES OF UGANDA.

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him; and though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of Civilization! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc. He might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical

Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race. Such a man or men, Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, Usoga, Unyoro, and Karagwé—an empire 360 geographical miles in length by 50 in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that, if they will only come to him, he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda?"... "Then why further spend, needlessly, vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Mombassa, to the leading philanthropists and the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense. I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these

products is immense."

On the 17th of April he resumed his voyage along the shores of the great lake, and delightedly enjoyed the beautiful panorama of nature as it passed in review before him. Many of the scenes presented most lovely vistas to the eyes of Stanley as he scanned the ever-changing outlines of water and sky. To follow him closely in his journeyings, and to enter fully into all the minor details of his observations would require more space than these pages afford. We can, therefore, but confine ourselves to the most noted incidents that came under his observation, and such as are of the most thrilling and adventurous character. As an instance, we will give for the benefit of our readers one of Stanley's pen pictures of what he saw at this time. It was upon the island of Musira. He had after some little difficulty scaled the summit of its highest point, whence he gazed long on the grand encircling prospect. A halcyon calm brooded on the lake, eastward, northward, and southward, until the clear sky and stainless silver water met, the clear bounds of both veiled by a gauzy vapor, suggesting infinity.

"It is a spot," says Stanley, "from which, undisturbed, the eye may rove over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of grey plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. From my lofty eyrie I can see herds upon herds of cattle, and many minute specks, white and black, which can be nothing but flocks of sheep and goats. I can also see pale blue columns of ascending smoke from the fires, and upright thin figures

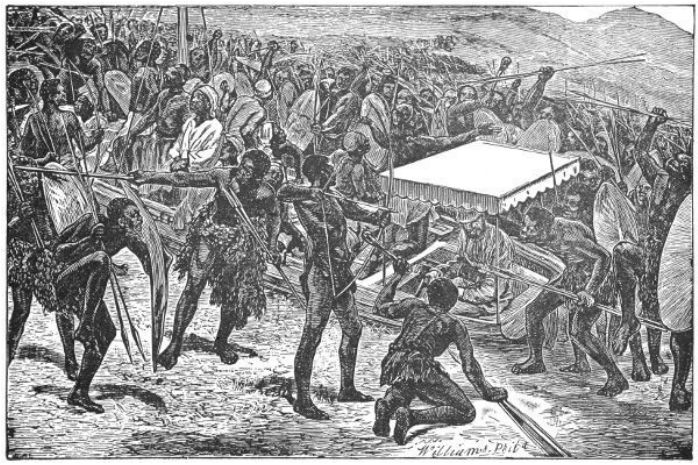
moving about. Secure on my lofty throne, I can view their movements and laugh at the ferocity of the savage hearts which beat in those thin dark figures; for I am a part of nature now, and for the present as invulnerable as itself. As little do they know that human eyes survey their forms from the summit of this lake-girt isle as that the eyes of the Supreme in Heaven are upon them.

"What a land they possess! and what an inland sea! How steamers afloat on the lake might cause Ururi to shake hands with Usongora, and Uganda with Usukuma, make the wild Wavuma friends with the Wazinza, and unite the Wakerawé with the Wagana!"

His experiences at Bumbireh Island were not so pleasant, however. Here, when about ten yards from the beach, the natives, who had been invited with engaging frankness to come closer, did so; and after consulting a little while, leisurely advanced into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly with a rush they ran the boat ashore, and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about twenty yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving Stanley and his men almost stupefied with astonishment.

"Then ensued a scene which beggars description," says Stanley. "Pandemonium—all its devils armed—raged around us. A forest of spears was leveled; thirty or forty bows were drawn taut; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved above our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

"In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver, to kill and be killed. But the apparent hopelessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I should get no aid from my crew; but, while bitterly blaming myself for my imprudence in having yielded—against my instincts—to placing myself in the power of such savages, I vowed that, if I escaped this once, my own judgment should guide my actions in the future.



THE DEMONS OF BUMBIREH.

"Our demeanor had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed to be subsiding, when some fifty newcomers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft and the bows were drawn, and again the barbed arrows seemed flying.

Safeni received a push which sent him tumbling, little Kirango received a blow on the head with a spear-staff, and Saramba gave a cry as a club descended on his back.

"The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to the right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted this elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be Shekka, the King of Bumbireh.

"Shekka having thus bestirred himself, beckoned to half-a-dozen men and walked away a few yards behind the mass. It was the 'Shauri,' dear to a free and independent African's heart, that was about to be held. Half the crowd followed the King and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their violent, vituperative tongues on us, and to continually menace us with either club or spear. An audacious party came round the stern of the boat, and, with superlatively hideous gestures, affronted me. One of them even gave a tug at my hair, thinking it was a wig. I revenged myself by seizing his hand, and suddenly bending it back almost dislocated it, causing him to howl with pain. His comrades swayed their lances; but I smilingly looked at them, for all idea of self-preservation had now almost fled."

Next some of the boldest approached the boat and took away the oars, and shortly thereafter messengers came demanding ransoms of cloths and necklaces. These were delivered. After the warriors departed, some women came to look at the invaders. Kindly spoken to, these gave the consoling assurance that the invaders would be killed; but they said that if Shekka could be induced to make blood-brotherhood, or to eat honey with one of them, they

would be safe. If that failed, there was only flight or death. Stanley offered the Shekka three fundo of beads, and asked him to exchange blood with him; but the King refused. Then fifty bold fellows came rushing down the hill, uttering a shrill cry. Without hesitation they came straight to the boat, seizing the Kiganda drum. Loud applause followed this act of gallantry. Then came two others who began to drive away some cows that were grazing between Stanley and the village.

"Why do you do that?" asked Safeni, one of Stanley's men.

"Because we are going to fight presently, and if you are men, you may begin to prepare yourselves," he scornfully replied.

"Thanks, my bold friend," muttered Stanley to himself. "Those are the truest words we have heard to-day."

While the two men were retiring up the hill, Stanley directed Safeni to take two fine red cloths in his hand, walk slowly up after them a little way, and the moment he should hear his voice run back. His men he commanded to arrange themselves on each side of the boat; lay their hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when he should give the word, push it with the force of a hundred men down the hill into the water. His men all properly disposed as he had directed, he told Safeni to advance with the red cloth.

Stanley says: "I waited until he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him. Then I shouted, 'Push, my boys; push for your lives!'

"The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my

double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, ‘Safeni! Safeni, return!’

“The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and with one accord they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

“My boat was at the water’s edge. ‘Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;’ and, clear of all obstructions, she darted out upon the lake.

“Safeni stood for an instant on the water’s edge, with the cloths in his hand. The foremost of a crowd of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself. ‘Spring into the water, man, head first,’ I cried.

“The balanced spear was about to fly, and another man was preparing his weapon for a deadly cast, when I raised my gun and the bullet ploughed through him and through the second. The bowmen halted and drew their bows. I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst with terrible effect. The natives then retreated from that part of the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

“The crew tore the bottom boards out of the boat and used them as paddles. Meanwhile the savages, baffled and furious at seeing their prey escape, had rushed, after a short consultation, to man two canoes that were drawn up on the beach at the northwest corner of the cove. Twice I dropped men as they endeavored to launch the boats; but they persisted, and, finally launching them, pursued us vigorously. Two other canoes were seen coming down the coast from the eastern side of the island. Unable to escape, we stopped after we had got out of the cove, and waited for them. My elephant rifle was loaded with explosive balls for this occasion. Four shots killed five men and sank two of the canoes. The two others retired to assist their friends out of the water. They

attempted nothing further. We were saved!”

The 30th of April Stanley and his crew reached Refuge Island, a hungry and wearied-out set of people. Here they were very fortunate in procuring some wild game and fruit, and rested several days.

The expedition, having now almost reached its journey’s end, the members were all in good spirits, and, although the weather was somewhat tempestuous during the remainder of the trip, there occurred nothing of moment to mar the pleasant expectations they had in store, and which they were permitted to realize with glad hearts on the 6th of May, having been absent just fifty-seven days in making the circuit of Victoria Nyanza.

CHAPTER XXI.

RETURNS TO UGANDA.

Leaves Kagehyi with Half his Expedition — Arrival at Refuge Island — Brings up the Rest — Encamped on Refuge Island — Interviewed by Iroba Canoes — Stanley's Friendship Scorned — The King of Bumbireh a Hostage — The Massacre of the Kytawa Chief and his Crew — The Punishment of the Murderers — Its Salutary Effect upon their Neighbors — Arrival in Uganda — Life and Manners in Uganda — The Emperor — The Land — *En-route* for Muta Nzigé — The White People of Gambaragara — Lake Windermere — Rumanika, the King of Karagwé — His Country — The Ingezi — The Hot Springs of Mtagata — Ubagwé — Msené — Across the Malagarazi to Ujiji — Sad Reflections.

On the 20th of June, Stanley again sailed from Kagehyi with his expedition, having procured the loan of fifty canoes from Lukongeh, the amiable King of Ukerewe, and arrived safely at Refuge Island, half way to Uganda and two days' sail from Bumbireh. This latter place was where the savages had made the treacherous attack upon his expedition, so graphically described in the previous chapter.

After a few days' rest on Refuge Island they proceeded on their voyage, and remembering the bitter injuries he had received from the natives of Bumbireh, and the death by violence and starvation he and his party had so narrowly escaped, Stanley resolved that, unless they should make amends for their cruelty and treachery, he would attack them and administer such punishment as would prove a salutary lesson, and teach them the duty of hospitality to travellers in the future.

Stanley first sent a message to the natives of Bumbireh to the effect that if they would deliver their King and the two principal chiefs under him into his hands, he would make peace with them. This

ultimatum was received with contempt; but by a stratagem Stanley succeeded in getting the King of Bumbireh brought to him, who was at once heavily chained. Being in want of supplies for his party, Stanley sent to Bumbireh to procure food; but the natives, instead of giving any, attacked his men, wounding eight and killing a friendly chief, which was another reason why Bumbireh should be punished.

Accordingly Stanley started off, on the following morning, with a force of two hundred and eighty men—fifty muskets, two hundred and thirty spearsmen—in eighteen canoes, and reached the island of Bumbireh about two in the afternoon. The natives had evidently been anticipating some trouble, for as they approached messengers were observed running fast to a plantain grove that stood on a low hill commanding a clear open view of a little port at the southern end of the island, from which they concluded that the main force of the savages was hidden behind the grove.

Perceiving that they were too strong to attack them in the plantain grove, Stanley steered for the opposite shore, intending to disembark his force there; but as soon as the natives saw this, they rose from their coverts, and ran along the hill slopes to meet Stanley, which was precisely what he wished they would do, and accordingly he ordered his force to paddle slowly, so as to give them time. In half an hour the savages were all assembled on the slope of a hill in knots and groups, and after approaching within one hundred yards of the shore Stanley formed his line of battle, the American and English flags waving as their ensigns. Having anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the shore, he ordered a volley to be fired at one group which

numbered about fifty, and the result was ten killed and thirty wounded. The savages, perceiving the danger of standing in groups, separated themselves along the lake shore, and advanced to the water's edge, slinging stones and shooting arrows. Stanley then ordered the canoes to advance within fifty yards of the shore, and to fire as if they were shooting birds. After an hour the savages saw that they could not defend themselves at the water's edge, and retreated up the hill slope, where they continued still exposed to the fire from the boats.



NATIVES CORALLING WILD GAME.

Another hour was spent in this manner, after which Stanley caused the canoes to come together, and told them to advance in a body to the shore as if they were about to disembark. This caused the enemy to make an effort to repulse their landing, and, accordingly, hundreds came down with their spears ready on the launch. When they were close to the water's edge the bugle sounded a halt, and another volley was fired into the dense crowd, which had such a disastrous effect on them that they retired

far up the hill, and the work of punishment had been consummated.

The loss of the savages was very great, as might naturally be expected, considering they were so exposed on a shore covered only with short grass. Forty-two were counted lying dead on the field, and over one hundred were seen to retire wounded. Stanley's spearsmen were very anxious that he should allow them to land and utterly destroy the Bumbirehs; but this he refused, saying that he had not come to destroy the island, but to punish them for their treachery and attempted murder of himself and party when they had put faith in their professed friendship.

After leaving Bumbireh, Stanley next landed and camped at Dumo Uganda, which is a two days' march north of the Kagera River and two days south of the Katonga River. This camp he selected for his expedition because it was intermediate, whence he could start on a northwest, west, or southwest course for the Albert Nyanza, after ascertaining from Mtesa which was best: for between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza are very powerful tribes, the Wasagara, Wa Ruanda, and Wasangora especially, who were continually at war with Mtesa.

Here Stanley remained several days, until he could procure force sufficient from Mtesa to pierce the hostile country through which alone he could penetrate to the Albert Nyanza, the aim of his present expedition. He himself was of opinion that unless the Emperor gave him a force of fifty thousand men, it would be almost hopeless to expect that they could hold their ground long enough to enable him to set out on a two-months' voyage of exploration and find on his return the expedition still intact and safe. On presenting these views to the

Emperor, he and his chiefs assured Stanley that two thousand men were amply sufficient, as Kabba Rega would not dare to lift a spear against the Waganda, because it was he (Mtesa) who had seated Kabba Rega on the throne of Kamrasi. Though not quite convinced with the assurances Mtesa gave him that there would be no trouble, Stanley entreated him no further, but accepted thankfully General Samboozi and two thousand men as escort.

The march across Uganda, west and northwest, was uninterrupted by any event to mar the secret joy Stanley felt in being once more on the move to new fields of exploration. The party made a bold show of spears and guns while marching across the easy swells of pastoral western Uganda.

Arriving at the frontier of Unyoro, they made all warlike preparations, and on January 5th entered Kabba Rega's territory. The people fled before them, leaving their provisions behind them, of which free use was made. On the 9th they camped at the base of Mt. Kabuga, at an altitude off 5500 feet above the sea. East of the low ridge on which they camped the Katonga River was rounding from the north to the east on its course toward Lake Victoria, and west of camp the Rusango River boomed hoarse thunder from its many cataracts and falls as it rushed westward to Lake Albert. From one of the many spurs of Kabuga they obtained a passing glimpse of the king of mountains, Gambaragari, which attains an altitude of between 13,000 and 15,000 feet above the ocean.

On the summit of this high mountain Stanley came across a strange, pale-faced tribe of natives, complexion almost European—a handsome race, some of the women being singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, but inclined to brown in color. Their

features are regular and lips thin; but their noses, though well-shaped, are somewhat thick at the point. Several of their descendants are scattered throughout Unyoro, Ankori, and Ruanda, and the royal family of the latter powerful country are distinguished by their pale complexions. The Queen of Sasua Islands, in the Victoria Nyanza, is a descendant of this tribe.

Whence this singular people came Stanley was unable to determine, further than to surmise from a clew which he mentions, viz.: that the first King of Kishakka, a country to the southwest, was an Arab, whose cimeter is still preserved with much reverence by the present reigning family of Kishakka.

This mountain is an extinct volcano, and on the summit is a crystal clear lake about five hundred yards in length, from the centre of which rises a column-like rock to a great height. A rim of firm rock, like a wall, surrounds the summit, within which are several villages, where the chief of this singular tribe and his people reside.

The first King of Unyoro gave them the land around the base of the Gambaragari mountain, wherein through many vicissitudes they have continued to reside for centuries. On the approach of an invading army they retreat to the summit of the mountain, the intense cold of which defies the most determined of their enemies. Several years ago Emperor Mtesa despatched his Prime Minister with about one hundred thousand men to Gambaragari and Usongora; but though the great General of Uganda occupied the slopes and ascended to a great height in pursuit, he was compelled by the inclement climate to descend without having captured more than a few black slaves, the pale-faced tribe having retreated to their impregnable fortress at the summit.

About four years previous to this, when exploring

the Tanganyika with Livingstone, they heard that there existed a race of white men north of the Uzigo. At that time Livingstone and Stanley smiled at the absurdity of a white people living in the heart of Africa; but here Stanley actually sees them, and discovers the truth of the report.

After leaving the Gambaragari mountain and its pace-faced inhabitants, Stanley penetrated through the Unyoro country to the borders of the Lake Albert; but finding it utterly impossible, through the determined opposition of the natives, to procure any canoes, he was forced to return to Uganda, to discover other routes and countries more amenable to reason and open to friendly gifts than hostile Unyoro or incorrigible Ankori.

The geographical knowledge acquired by their forcible push to the Albert Nyanza was of the highest importance, and well repaid Stanley, even though in the end he was forced to return. The lay of the plateau separating the great reservoirs of the Nile, the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, the structure of the mountains and ridges, and the course of the water-sheds, and the course of the rivers Katonga and Rusango have been revealed. The great mountain Gambaragari and its singular people have been discovered, besides a portion of a gulf of the Albert, which Stanley called, in honor of Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, Beatrice Gulf.

This gulf, almost a lake itself, is formed by the promontory of Usongora, which runs southwest some thirty miles from a point ten geographical miles north of Unyampaka. The eastern coast of the gulf is formed by the countries of Irangara, Unyampaka, Buhuju and Mpororo, which coast-line runs a nearly south southwest course. Between Mpororo and Usongora extend the islands of the maritime state of

Utumbi. West of Unsongora is Ukonju, on the western coast of Lake Albert, reputed to be peopled by cannibals. North of Ukonju is the great country of Ulegga.

Coming to the eastern coast of Lake Albert we have Ruanda running from Mpororo on the east to Ukonju on the west, occupying the whole of the south and southeast coast of Lake Albert. North of Unyampaka, on the east side, is Irangara, and north of Irangara the district of Toro. Unyoro occupies the whole of the east side from the Murchison Falls of the Victoria Nile to Mpororo; for Unyampaka, Toro, Buhuju and Irangara are merely districts of Unyoro. The great promontory of Usongora, which half shuts in Beatrice Gulf, is tributary to Kabba Rega, though governed by Nyika, King of Gambaragara.

Usongora is the great salt field whence all the surrounding countries obtain their salt. It is, from all accounts, a very land of wonders; but the traveller desirous of exploring it should have a thousand Sniders to protect him—for the natives, like those of Ankori, care for nothing but milk and goatskins. Among the wonders credited to it are a mountain emitting “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. The Waganda, who have invaded their country for the sake of booty, ascribe a cool courage to them, against which all their numbers and well-known expertness with shield and spear were of little avail. They are, besides, extremely clannish, and allow none of their tribe to intermarry with strangers, and their diet consists solely of milk. Their sole occupation consists

in watching their cows, of which they have an immense number; and it was to capture some of these herds that the Emperor of Uganda sent one hundred thousand men, under his Prime Minister, to Usongora. The expedition was successful, for by all accounts the Waganda returned to their country with about twenty thousand; but so dearly were they paid for with the loss of human life, that it is doubtful whether such a raid will again be attempted to Usongora.

Upon arriving at Karagwe, Stanley was enabled through the kindness of the King, Rumanika, to explore the frontier of Karagwe as far north as Mpororo, and south as Ugufu. The yacht *Lady Alice* was conveyed to Speke's Lake Windermere, and the sections screwed together, and after circumnavigating the lake, they entered the Kagera River, when it almost immediately flashed across Stanley's mind that he had made another grand discovery—that he had discovered, in fact, the true parent of the Victoria Nile.

A glance at Speke's map will show the reader that he calls the river the Kitangule River, and that he has two tributaries running to it, called respectively the Luchuro and the Ingezi. Speke, so wonderfully correct, with a mind which grasped geographical knowledge with great acuteness, and arranged the details with clever precision and accuracy, Stanley thinks is seriously in error in calling this noble river Kitangule. Neither Waganda nor Wanyamba know it by that name; but they all know the Kagera River, which flows near Kitangule. From its mouth to Wrundi it is known by the natives on both banks as the Kagera River. The Luchuro, or rather Lukaro, means "higher up," but is no name of any river.

While exploring the Victoria Lake, Stanley had

ascended a few miles up the Kagera, and was even then struck with its great volume and depth, so much so as to rank it as the principal affluent of the Victoria Lake. On this occasion he discovered, on sounding, that it was fifty-two feet deep and fifty yards wide. Proceeding on his voyage up the river for three days, he came to another lake about nine miles in length and a mile in width, situate on the right hand of the stream. At the southern end of this lake they came to the island of Unyamubi, a mile and a half in length. Ascending the highest point on the island, the secret of the Kagera or Ingezi was revealed.

Standing in the middle of the island, he perceived it was about three miles from the coast of Karagwe and three miles from the coast of Kishakka west, so that the width of the Ingezi at this point was about six miles, and north it stretched away broader, and beyond the horizon green papyri mixed with broad gray gleams of water. He also discovered, after further exploration, that the expanses of papyri floated over a depth of from nine to fourteen feet of water; that the papyri, in fact, covered a large portion of a long, shallow lake; that the river, though apparently a mere swift flowing body of water, confined apparently within proper banks by dense tall fields of papyri, was a mere current, and that underneath the papyri it supplied a lake varying from five to fourteen miles in width and about eighty geographical miles in length.



A SHORE SCENE ON LAKE WINDERMERE.

On exploring the Kagera throughout its entire length (eighty miles) Stanley found that it maintains almost the same volume and almost the same width, discharging its surplus waters to the right and to the

left, as it flows on, feeding, by means of the underground channels what might be called by an observer on land, seventeen separate lakes, but which are in reality one lake, connected together underneath the fields of papyri, and by lagoon-like channels meandering tortuously enough between detached fields of the most prolific reed. The open expanses of water are called by the natives so many "rwerus" or lakes; the lagoons connecting them and the reed-covered water are known by the name of "ingezi." Lake Windermere is one of these rwerus, and is nine miles in extreme length and from one to three miles in width. By boiling point Stanley ascertained it to be at an altitude of 3760 feet above the ocean, and about 320 feet above Lake Victoria.

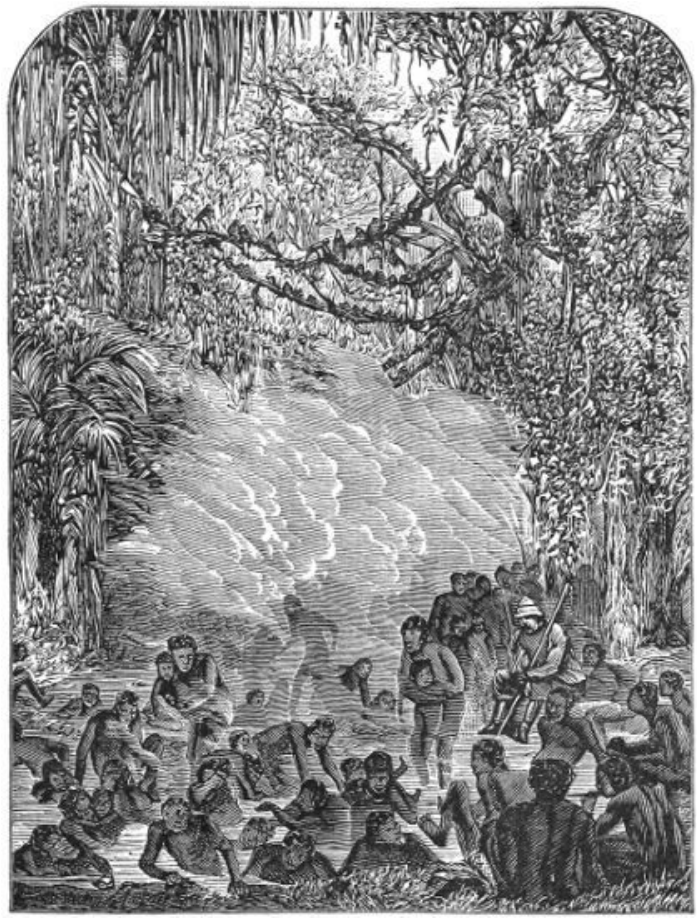
On returning from his voyage of exploration, he resolved on an overland journey to the hot springs of Mtagata, which have obtained considerable renown throughout all the neighboring countries for their healing properties. Two days' severe marching towards the north brought them to a deep, wooded gorge wherein the hot springs are situated. Here they discovered a most astonishing variety of plants, herbs, trees and bushes; for here Nature was in her most astonishing mood. She shot forth her products with such vigor that each plant seemed to strangle the other for lack of room. They so clambered over one another that small hills of brush were formed, the lowest in the heap stifled by the uppermost, and through the heaps thus formed tall invules shot forth an arrow's flight into the upper air, with globes of radiant, green foliage upon their stem-like crowns.

These springs issued in streams from the base of a rocky hill, and when Fahrenheit's thermometer was placed in the water, the mercury rose to 129 degrees. Four springs bubbled upward from the ground

through a depth of dark, muddy sediment, and had a temperature of 110 degrees. These were the most favored by the natives, and the curative reputation of the springs was based on the properties of the water.

Stanley says that he camped there for three days, and made free use of a reserved spring; but excepting unusual cleanliness, he could not conscientiously say that he enjoyed any benefit from the water.

Having thoroughly explored the valley of the Kagera, noting and locating the minor lakes, mineral springs, and other features of the topography of this hitherto unknown region, and after completing a map of the Victoria Nyanza, which will prove one of the most important contributions ever made to geographical science, solving as it does one of its greatest problems, Stanley commenced his southward march to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, the place where he was so fortunate as to discover the long-lost Livingstone.



THE HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.

He left the capital of Karagwe with brave intentions and high aspirations. He had discovered that the Kagera River formed a great lake about eighty miles in length and from five to fourteen miles in breadth, and that at Kishakka the Kagera was still a powerful, deep-flowing river; and curious reports from natives and Arabs had created curious ideas within his mind as to the source of this noble river.

Imbued with the thought that by journeying a sufficient distance along its right bank he might discover this source, he made ample preparations for the crossing of a wide wilderness, packed ten days' provisions of grain on the shoulders of each man of the expedition, and on the 27th of March, 1876, set out for the uninhabited land.

After travelling for six days he reached Ubimba, the frontier of Karagwe, where, behind a ridge which extends between Ubimba and the lake, he saw the extreme south end of the lake he had so long followed, and noticed a decided change in the formation of the broad valley of the Kagera. The mountainous ridges bounding the western shore of the Kagera, which, extending from Mpororo south, continue on a south by west course, became broken and confused in southern Kishakka, and were penetrated from the northwest by a wide valley, through which issued into the Kagera a lake-like river called Akanyaru. Southwest was seen the course of the Kagera, which, above the confluence of the Akanyaru with it, was only a swift-flowing river of no very great depth or breadth. Such a river might well be created by the drainage of eastern Urundi and western Ubba. His attention was drawn from the Kagera to the lake-like stream of Akanyaru, and several natives stated to him while looking toward it that it was an effluent of the Kagera, and that it emptied into the Albert Nyanza. Such an extraordinary statement as this could not be received and transmitted as a fact without being able to corroborate it on his own authority, and exploration of the north of the Akanyaru proved that the Akanyaru is not an effluent but an affluent of the Kagera.

Beyond the mouth of the Akanyuru, Stanley found

it was impossible for him to go, owing to the determined hostility and opposition of the natives on the right and left banks of the river. Forced to abandon the exploration of Lake Albert from this side of the Tanganyika, he marched in the direction of Ubagwe, in western Unyamwezi, about fifteen days' journey from Ujiji. He then proposed to proceed quickly to Ujiji, explore the Tanganyika in his boat, and from Uzigo strike north to the Albert; and if that road should not be open, to cross the Tanganyika and travel north by a circuitous course to effect his purpose—the exploration of Lake Albert.

The account of his arrival at Ujiji, the scene of his first great success—the finding of Livingstone—is certainly characteristic, if not truly pathetic. "At noon of the 27th of May, the bright waters of the Tanganyika broke upon the view, and compelled me," says Stanley, "to linger admiringly for a while, as I did on the day I first beheld them. By 3 P. M. we were in Ujiji. Muini, Mohammed bin Gharib, Sultan bin Kassim, and Khamis the Baluch, greeted me kindly. Mohammed bin Sali was dead. Nothing was changed much, except the ever-changing mud tembés of the Arabs. The square or plaza where I met David Livingstone in November, 1871, is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remain only a few embers and a hideous void. The lake expands with the same grand beauty before the eyes as we stand in the market place. The opposite mountains of Goma have the same blue-black color, for they are everlasting, and the Liuché River continues its course as brown as ever just east and south of Ujiji. The surf is still as restless, and the sun as bright; the sky retains its glorious azure, and the palms all their beauty; but the grand old hero,

whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me was gone!”



CHAPTER XXII.

WESTWARD ALONG THE CONGO TO THE ATLANTIC.

Surveys Lake Tanganyika — Settles the Question of the River Luguka — An Outbreak of Small-pox and Fever in Ujiji — Causes Stanley to Depart — Pushes his way along the Right Bank of the Lualala to the Nyangwe — Overland Through Uregga — Brought to a Stand-still by an Impenetrable Forest — Crosses over to the Left Bank — Northeast Uskusa — Dense Jungles — Opposed and

Harassed by Hostile Savages — Assailed Night and Day — The Progress of the Expedition almost Hopeless — Deserted by Forty of his Porters — Takes to the River as the only Chance to Escape — Pass the Cataracts by Cutting a Road through Thirteen Miles of Dense Forest for the Passage of the *Lady Alice* and the Canoes — Almost Incessantly Fighting the Savages — Threatened with Starvation — Three Days without Food — Meet with a Friendly Tribe with whom they Barter for Supplies — Many Falls and Furious Rapids — Again Attacked by a more Warlike Tribe, armed with Firearms — Almost Starved and Worn-Out with Fatigue, reaches Isangila — Leaves the River — Terrible Sufferings of his People — Relief from Embomma — Reach Embomma — Kabinda and Londa — Sail for Cape of Good Hope — Thence Return by Steamer to Zanzibar — Close of the Expedition.

Here Stanley fitted together and launched his exploring boat, the *Lady Alice*, in which he had already rendered such excellent service to the cause of geographical science on Lake Victoria Nyanza, and commenced his survey of Lake Tanganyika. Starting from Ujiji, he made a complete circumnavigation of the lake, and verified many observations of that portion which he had previously visited and explored in company with Dr. Livingstone.

Stanley, in the course of this survey, settled the question of the river Luguka, which Cameron had conjectured was the outlet of Lake Tanganyika towards the west, and into the system of lakes which form the head waters of the Lualala, or Lomame of Livingstone. According to Stanley, Cameron was both right and wrong with regard to the character of the Luguka River. When Stanley saw it, it was only a creek, running inland through a deep depression, which extended westward for a great distance. But the lake, by constantly increasing its area and raising

in level, will eventually, in Stanley's opinion, find an outlet through the Luguka River.

The outbreak of small-pox and fever in the Ujiji district, however, obliged Stanley to make preparations for an immediate departure. With his followers he pushed his way along the right bank of the Lualala to the Nyangwe. This was the most northerly point reached by Cameron, when the latter attempted to solve the mystery of the Congo and its identity with the main drainage line of the Lualala basin.

The party travelled overland through Uregga, and after an arduous march of many days through a country filled with many difficulties, being compelled to transport every pound of supplies of all kinds on the shoulders of his men, and even to carry along in a similar manner the exploring boat, the *Lady Alice*, in sections, Stanley at last found himself brought to a standstill, further progress being rendered utterly impracticable owing to the extreme density of the forest. He then crossed over to the left bank, and continued his journey, passing through Northeast Uskusa; but here the difficulties were scarcely less than those encountered on the other side. The jungles were still so dense and the fatigues of the march, owing to the obstacles to be overcome, so harassing, that it seemed impossible to break through the tremendous barrier of the forest. The horrors of his position were still further augmented by the party being opposed at every step by the hostile cannibal savages, who filled the woods and poured into the devoted little band flights of poisoned arrows, killing and wounding many of their number. Every attempt to propitiate them, or even to retaliate and drive them off, was of no avail, as the natives kept under cover. Even the famous

"elephant" gun, which it will be remembered Stanley found so useful as a "propitiator" in the earlier stages of his journey from Zanzibar, was now powerless.

There was no cessation of the fighting, which was kept up day and night, any attempt at camping merely having the effect of concentrating the enemy and of rendering their fire more deadly. The march was a succession of charges in rude skirmishing order by an advance guard engaged in clearing the road for the main body, while a rear guard in like manner covered the retreat. In fact, the progress of the party soon became almost a hopeless task.

To increase still further his troubles, and render his position more deplorable, the porters whom Stanley had engaged from Nyangwe, one hundred and forty in number, deserted in a body, being so panic-stricken by the terrors of the forest and fatal effects of the fighting that they firmly believed the entire party were doomed to destruction. No sooner did the hostile savages become aware of this defection, and that the ranks of Stanley's party had been so materially thinned, than they made a grand charge upon them, expecting to completely crush them. But Stanley organized a desperate resistance, and after a severe and bloody struggle succeeded in driving them off for a short time, sufficient to allow him to adopt measures for an escape from their critical situation.



STANLEY FIGHTING HIS WAY ALONG THE LUALALA, OR CONGO RIVER.

There was but one way of escape, and that was to take to the river. With the *Lady Alice* as a last reliance, and good canoes for the party, Stanley thought they would have a much better chance to elude their savage foes, and to make some advance toward their destination.

Although Stanley found that he had now a decided advantage, still the day's progress was but a repetition of the previous day's struggle. The fighting continued to be as desperate as ever while pushing down the river, and before many days he encountered a fresh and most formidable obstacle in finding the river interrupted by a series of great cataracts not far apart, and just north and south of the equator. In order to pass these the expedition was compelled to cut a road through thirteen miles of dense forest, and to drag the canoes and the *Lady Alice* overland. This enormous labor entailed the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to lay down the axe and drag ropes and seize their rifles to defend themselves against the furious

onslaught of their savage enemy, who still relentlessly pursued them.

At last, however, the passage of the cataract was accomplished, and the party again embarked on the river, enjoying a long breathing pause and comparative security from attack.

Notwithstanding the incessant fighting which he had to go through, Stanley still lost no opportunity of noting the interesting changes and physical characteristics of the route, so cool and self-possessed was he under difficulties which would have daunted most men. At two degrees of north latitude he notes that the course of the Lualala swerved from its almost northerly course to the northwestward, to the westward, and then to the southwestward, developing into a broad stream, varying in width from two to ten miles, and studded with islands.

To avoid the savage enemy, who was still in pursuit, Stanley's little fleet passed between these islands, taking advantage of the cover.

In this way they succeeded in making a progress of many miles without being molested; but being cut off from supplies in the middle of this great river, they were threatened with starvation. For three whole days they were absolutely without food of any kind; and at last, driven desperate, Stanley determined to make for the mainland, preferring to die at the hands of the enemy, if need be, rather than from hunger on the river.

By the singular good fortune which seems to have always attended him, he found a tribe of natives who were acquainted with trade, and who were willing to sell the provisions so sorely needed.

At this place the river was called "Ikuta ya Congo," and thence forward the name Lualala disappears,

being replaced as the river approaches the Atlantic by the name of “Kwango” and “Zoure.”



STANLEY’S FOLLOWERS SEEKING SUPPLIES.

Rested and refreshed, Stanley resumed his journey from this point, following the left bank of the river; but in three days after leaving the friendly village he found himself in the country of a powerful tribe whose warriors were armed with muskets, and who disputed his passage, refusing all attempts at conciliation. Here for the first time since leaving Nyangwe, Stanley found himself opposed to an enemy of equal footing as to arms. No sooner was his approach discovered than the enemy manned fifty-four canoes and put off from the bank of the river to attack him. For twelve miles down the river the battle raged, and though the expedition came out of the conflict with comparatively small loss, considering the severity of the combat, it was an escape rather than a victory. This was the last save one of thirty-two attacks upon Stanley’s party after leaving Nyangwe.

The Lualala, or Congo, as it runs through the great basin which lies between 16° and 17° east longitude, has an uninterrupted course of over 700 miles, with magnificent affluents, especially on the southern side. Thence, clearing the broad belt of mountains between the great basin of the Atlantic Ocean, the river descends about thirty falls and furious rapids, to the great river between the falls of Yellala and the Atlantic.

Stanley's losses during this long and terrible journey across the continent were fearfully severe. From Isangila, which he had reached on July 31, 1877, Stanley left the river, as the object of the journey had been attained—the connection of the great river of Livingstone with that of the Congo of Tuckey.

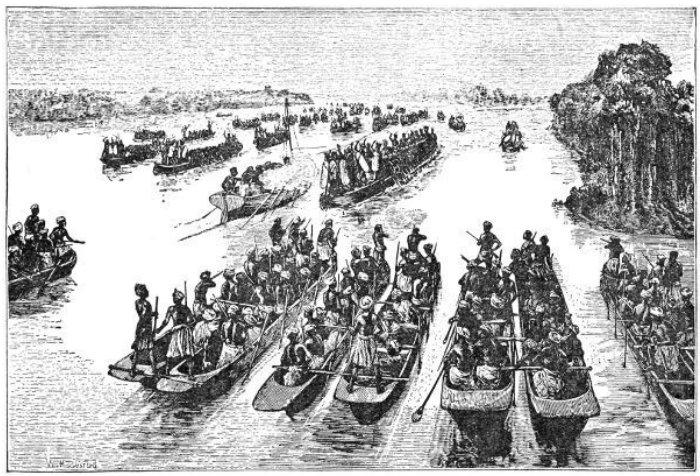
The announcement of this fact—the abandonment of the river—gave great delight to Stanley's people. "At sunset," says Stanley, "we lifted the brave boat, after her adventurous journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks about five hundred yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. Three years before Messenger of Teddington had commenced her construction; two years previous to this date she was coasting the bluffs of Usongora on Lake Victoria; twelve months later she was completing her last twenty miles of circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, and on the 31st July, 1877, after a journey of nearly 7000 miles up and down broad Africa, she was consigned to her resting-place above Isangila cataract, to bleach and to rot to dust!"

* * * * * * * *

"A wayworn, feeble, and suffering column were we," says Stanley, "when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the table-land.

Nearly forty men filled the sick list with dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, and the victims of the latter disease were steadily increasing. Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries. A few, however, would not believe that within five or six days they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous, but at the same time they granted that the 'master' was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief.

"So we surmounted the table-land, but we could not bribe the wretched natives to guide us to the next village. Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught a glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated, still white and foaming, as it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile.



THE BATTLE OF THE BOATS NEAR THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.

"An hour afterwards we were camped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Ndambi

Mbongo. A strong healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days! Only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

"The next morning we lifted our weakened limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-colored quartz, which increased the fatigue and pain. The old men and the three mothers, with their young infants born at the cataracts of Massassa and Zinga, and another near the market town of Manyanga, in the month of June, suffered greatly. Then might be seen that affection for one another which appealed to my sympathies, and endeared them to me still more. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old, and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders and tenderly led their wives along.

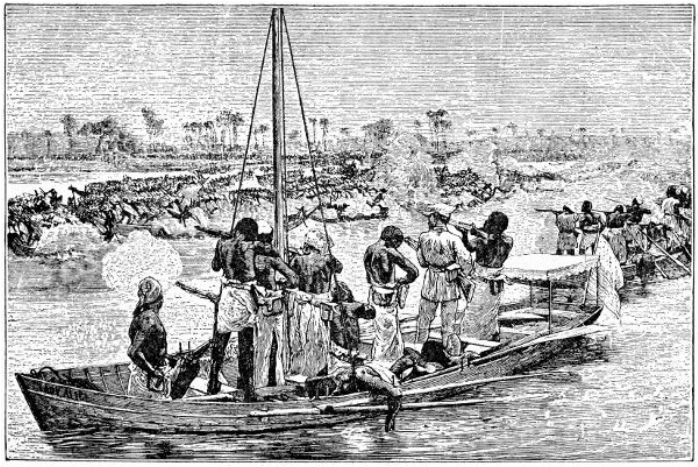
"Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor, hungry caravan. Bleached whiteness of ripest grass, grey rock-piles here and there, looming up solemn and sad in their greyness, a thin grove of trees now and then visible on the heights and in the hollows—such were the scenes that with every uplift of a ridge or rising crest of a hill met our hungry eyes. Eight miles our strength enabled us to make, and then we camped in the middle of an uninhabited valley, where we were supplied with water from the pools which we discovered in the course of a dried-up stream."

The experiences of the third day were but a repetition of the previous one, and by the close of that day they had reached the settlement of Nsanda. Here, through the aid of the chief, who furnished him with two messengers to accompany Uledi and Kachéché to Embomma, as bearers, Stanley wrote and sent a letter asking for immediate relief in the

shape of food. On the 5th the expedition resumed its march, and at 3 o'clock P. M. covered a further distance of twelve miles, reaching the village of Mbinda. On the 6th, they were aroused for a further effort and at 9 o'clock A. M. reached Banza Mbuko.

"Ah! in what part of all the Japhetic world would such a distressed and woeful band as we were then have been regarded with such hard, steel-cold eyes?" writes Stanley. "Yet not one word of reproach issued from the starving people; they threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but with stony resignation surrendered themselves to rest under the scant shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an elder child; but the adults remained still and apparently lifeless, each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering."

In this condition these people were found by Uledi and Kachéché who had returned from Embomma with relief in the shape of provisions, forwarded through bearers, rapidly despatched by the proprietors of the English factory into whose hand Stanley's letter had fallen. And it may be readily imagined what a change was wrought in the camp by the timely arrival of these provisions.



REPELLING THE ATTACK OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.

As to Stanley, he speaks for himself: “With profound tenderness Kachéché handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eye as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread—wheaten bread, sufficient for a week. Two pots of butter. A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

“The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! It was only an hour before we had been living on the recollections of the few peanuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning; but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before my delighted eyes and showed her boundless

treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores."

On the 9th August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of his departure from Zanzibar, he prepared himself to greet the van of Civilization. He was met on the road by an escort of Europeans, residents of Boma, who accorded him a gracious welcome to the town. Three little banquets were given him, and he was generously toasted by everybody.

On the 11th, at noon, the expedition embarked on the *Kabinda*, an English steamer, for the town of Kabinda. "A few hours later," says Stanley, "and we were gliding through the broad portal into the ocean, the blue domain of Civilization!

"Turning to take a farewell glance at the mighty river on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I saw it approach, awed and humbled, the threshold of the water immensity, to whose immeasurable volume and illimitable expanse, awful as had been its power and terrible as had been its fury, its flood was but a drop. And I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne."

The expedition, after a stay of eight days at Kabinda, was kindly taken on board the Portuguese gunboat *Tamega* to San Paulo de Loanda. From thence through the kindness and courtesy of the English officers of the Royal Navy, who had placed H. M. S. *Industry* at Stanley's disposal, the expedition was given passage to Cape Town.

On arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 21st of October, Stanley was agreeably surprised by a most genial letter, signed by Commodore Francis William Sullivan, inviting him to the Admiralty House as his guest, and who, during

the entire stay of the party at the Cape, extended the most hearty courtesy and hospitality. He had also made preparations for transporting the entire expedition to Zanzibar, when a telegram from the Lords of the British Admiralty was received authorizing him to provide for the transmission of Stanley's followers to their homes.



STANLEY RETURNING TO THE COAST.

On the 6th of November, H. M. S. *Industry* was fully equipped and ready for her voyage to Zanzibar. Fourteen days later the palmy island of Zanzibar hove into sight, and in the afternoon the steamer was bearing straight for the port.

Of the return home, and the final scene which closed this wonderful expedition, we must let Stanley speak: "As I looked on the Wangwana, and saw the pleasure which now filled every soul, I felt myself amply rewarded for sacrificing several months to see them home. The sick had all but one recovered, and

they had improved so much in appearance that few, ignorant of what they had been, could have supposed that these were the living skeletons that had reeled from sheer weakness through Boma.

"The only patient who had baffled our endeavors to restore her to health was the woman Muscati, unfortunate Safeni's wife. Singular to relate, she lived to be embraced by her father, and the next morning died in his arms, surrounded by her relatives and friends. But all the others were blessed with redundant health—robust, bright, and happy.

"And now the well-known bays and inlets and spicy shores and red-tinted bluffs of Mbwenni enraptured them. Again they saw what they had often despaired of seeing: the rising ridge of Wilezu, at the foot of which they knew were their homes and their tiny gardens; the well-known features of Shangani and Melindi; the tall square mass of the Sultan's palace. Each outline, each house, from the Sandy Point to their own Ngambu, each well-remembered bold swell of land, with its glories of palm and mango-tree, was to them replete with associations of by-gone times.

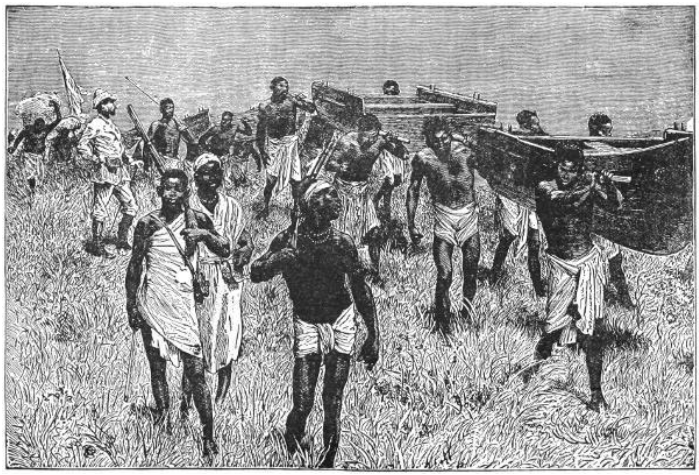
"The ship was soon emptied of her strange passengers. Captain Sullivan, of the *London*, came on board and congratulated me on my safe arrival, and then I went on shore to my friend Mr. Augustus Sparhawk's house.

"Four days of grace I permitted myself to procure the thousands of rupees required to pay the people for their services. Messages had also been sent to the relatives of the dead, requesting them to appear at Mr. Sparhawk's, prepared to make their claims good by the mouths of three witnesses.

"On the fifth morning the people—men, women, and children—of the Anglo-American Expedition,

attended by hundreds of friends, who crowded the street and the capacious rooms of the Bertram Agency, began to receive their well-earned dues. The women, thirteen in number, who had borne the fatigues of the long, long journey, who had transformed the stern camp in the depths of the wilds into something resembling a village in their own island, who had encouraged their husbands to continue in their fidelity despite all adversity, were well rewarded.

"The children of the chiefs who had accompanied us from Zanzibar to the Atlantic, and who, by their childish, careless prattle, had often soothed me in mid-Africa, and had often caused me to forget my responsibilities for the time, were not forgotten. Neither were the tiny infants—ushered into the world amid the dismal and tragic scenes of the cataract lands, and who, with their eyes wide open with wonder, now crowed and crooned at the gathering of happy men and elated women about them—omitted in this final account and reckoning.



TRANSPORTING THE SECTIONS OF THE BOAT.

"The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages due the faithful dead. Poor faithful souls! With an ardor and a fidelity unexpected, they had followed me to the very death. True, negro nature had often asserted itself; but it was, after all, but human nature. They had never boasted that they were heroes; but they exhibited truly heroic stuff while coping with the varied terrors of the hitherto untrodden and apparently endless wilds of broad Africa.

"The female relatives filed in. With each name of the dead, old griefs were remembered. The poignant sorrow I felt—as the fallen were named after each successive conflict in those dark days, never to be forgotten by me—was revived. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw—as sad and subdued as my own feelings. With such sympathies between us we soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding. Each woman was paid without much explanation required—one witness was sufficient. Parents and true brothers were not difficult to identify. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more."

On the 13th of December, Stanley sailed from Zanzibar for Aden, on board the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Pachumba*. His late followers had all left their homes early in the morning that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness his departure. Mr. Stanley says of them: "When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads and carried me through the surf into the boat. We shook hands twenty times twenty I think, and then at last the boat started. I saw them consult together, and presently saw them rush down the beach and

seize a great twenty-ton lighter, which they soon manned and rowed after me. They followed me thus to the steamer, and a deputation of them came on board, headed by the famous Uledi, the coxswain; Kachéché, the chief detective; Robert, my indispensable factotum; Zaidi, the chief, and Wadi Rehani, the storekeeper, to inform me that they still considered me as their master, and that they would not leave Zanzibar until they received a letter from me announcing my safe arrival in my own country. I had, they said, taken them round all Africa to bring them back to their homes, and they must know that I had reached my own land before they would go to seek new adventures on the Continent, and—simple, generous souls!—that if I wanted their help to reach my country they would help me!

"They were sweet and sad moments, those of parting. What a long, long and true friendship was here sundered! Through what strange vicissitudes of life had they not followed me! What wild and varied scenes had we not seen together. What a noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited! The chiefs were those who had followed me to Ujiji in 1871; they had been witnesses of the joy of Livingstone at the sight of me; they were the men to whom I trusted the safeguard of Livingstone on his last and fatal journey, who had mourned by his corpse at Mullala, and borne the illustrious dead to the Indian Ocean.



THE FACE OF A WANGWANA.

"And in a flood of sudden recollection, all the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind—the whole panorama of danger and tempest through which these gallant fellows had so staunchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. Rapidly, as in some apocalyptic vision, every scene of strife with Man and Nature through which these poor men and women had borne me company, and

solaced me by the simple sympathy of common suffering, came hurrying across my memory: for each face before me was associated with some adventure or some peril, reminded me of some triumph or of some loss. What a wild, weird retrospect it was, that mind's flash over the troubled past! So like a troublous dream!

"And for years and years to come, in many homes in Zanzibar, there will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their kith and kin. For me, too, they are heroes—these poor ignorant children of Africa—for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Iturue to the last staggering rush into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by their loyal hearts, the expedition had been successful, and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's geography had been fairly solved."

CHAPTER XXIII.

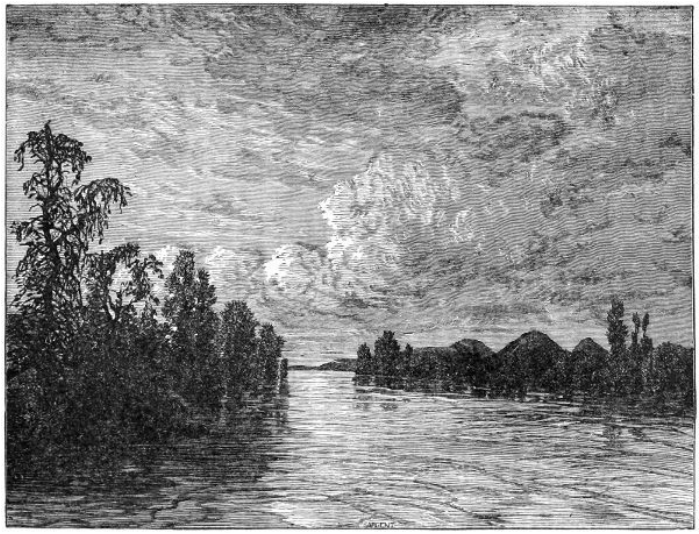
THE WONDERFUL RESOURCES OF THE CONGO.

The Messengers of King Leopold II. of Belgium — Meet Stanley at Marseilles, France — Object of the Interview — Another Expedition to Africa, to Explore the Congo in the Interests of Commerce — The Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo — Object of the Expedition Defined — Stanley Returns to Africa — Arrival at the Mouth of the Congo — Commercial Possibilities of the Congo Basin — Railways Necessary — The Population — Statistics of Trade — Products of the Immense Forests — Marvellous

Beauty of the Country — Vegetable Products — Palms — India-Rubber Plants — The Orchilla — Redwood Powder — Vegetable Fibres — Skins of Animals — Ivory — The Climate — Importance of the Expedition, both Commercially and Politically — Stanley Returns to England.

The Dark Continent had been traversed from east to west, its great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza and the Tanganyika, had been circumnavigated, and the Congo River had been traced from Nyangwe to the Atlantic Ocean. The members of the late exploring expedition had been taken to their homes, the living had been worthily rewarded, and the widows and orphans had not been neglected.

When Stanley finally reached Europe in January, 1878, slowly recovering from the effects of famine and fatigue endured on that long journey, little did he imagine that before the close of the same year he should be preparing another expedition for the banks of that river on which he had suffered so greatly. But on arriving at the Marseilles railway station, in France, he was met by two commissioners from His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, Leopold II., who informed him that the King proposed doing something substantial for Africa, and that he expected him to assist him in the work. To this Stanley's reply was: "I am so sick and weary that I cannot think with patience of any suggestion that I should personally conduct another expedition. Six months hence, perhaps, I should view things differently; but at present I cannot think of anything more than a long rest and sleep."



MOUTH OF THE CONGO.

However, after having enjoyed a season of quiet rest, regaining his wonted strength and health, upon the continent, during which time he became the recipient of many honors wherever he went, he was induced by the society called Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo of Belgium, to undertake another expedition into Africa—this one directed to a survey and exploration of the river Congo.

The object of this expedition was defined by the society in these words:

"Within the vast basin known in geographical parlance as the basin of the Congo there is a vast field lying untouched by the European merchant and about three-fourths unexplored by the geographical explorer. For the most part it is peopled by ferocious savages, devoted to abominable cannibalism and wanton murder of inoffensive people; but along the great river towards the Livingstone Falls there dwell numerous amiable tribes who would gladly embrace

the arrival of the European merchant, and hasten to him with their rich produce to exchange for Manchester cloths, Venetian beads, brass, wire, hardware and cutlery, and such other articles as generally find favor with friendly Africans.

"Our purpose is threefold—philanthropic, scientific, as well as commercial. It is philanthropic, inasmuch as our principal aim is to open the interior by weaning the tribes below and above from that suspicious and savage state which they are now in, and to rouse them up to give material aid voluntarily. Our purpose is also scientific, because we intend to make a systematic survey of that country lying between the Stanley Pool and Boma, either on the north or the south side of the Congo, and to determine with exactitude the positions of all important towns and villages, and all prominent points which shall be of interest to the geographer and the merchant. Our aims are commercial also, because we intend to experiment how far people may venture into commercial relationship with the tribes above, by inviting them to exchange such products as they may possess for the manufactured goods of civilized States."

On the 12th of August, 1877, Stanley had arrived at Banana Point, after crossing Africa and descending its greatest rivers. On the 14th of August, 1879, two years later, he again arrived before the mouth of this river to ascend it, with the novel mission of "sowing along its banks civilized settlements, to peacefully conquer and subdue it, to remould it in harmony with modern ideas into National States, within whose limits the European merchant shall go hand in hand with the dark African trader, and justice and law and order shall prevail, and murder and lawlessness and the cruel barter of slaves shall

forever cease."

And what have been the results of this second exploration of the mighty Congo? Want of space will not permit us to follow the fortunes of Stanley in the course of his ascent of the great river, of the new discoveries made, and of the complete survey he made of its tortuous line; but we shall give a brief outline of the great work he performed, and an account of the wonderful resources which he has shown this remarkable region of country to possess.



IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE GAME.

On the commercial possibilities of this region, Stanley's recent communications show no change as to his views of African promises to commercial enterprise.

He holds that there is less sickness by half in the Congo basin, even in its present unprepared condition, than there is in the bottom lands of Arkansas. The great basins of the Nile, Congo, Niger and Shari, he thinks, furnish fine opportunities for commercial exploit. But these require railways to connect their upper basins with the sea. About 800

miles of railroad, he says, properly directed, would open to the world of commerce 22,600 miles of river bank of these four streams. But $17,000,000 of capital would be required to build this railway. The area of country and the masses of population which it would make immediately accessible, according to careful calculation, are: Congo basin, 1,090,000 statute square miles, 43,000,000 population; Nile basin, 660,000 square miles, 23,760,000 population; Niger basin, 440,000 square miles, 8,800,000 population; Shari basin, 180,000 square miles, 5,400,000 population. Total for four basins, 2,370,000 square miles; 80,960,000 population, or one-fourth more than the total population of the United States.

The least explored portion of the African coast line, 2900 miles long, is that from the Gambia to St. Paul de Loanda, which gives an annual trade of $160,000,000. The banks of these four rivers, if equally developed, ought to furnish a trade seven and a half times greater, or $1,200,000,000. The gross sum required to create this enormous trade is only $17,000,000.

Supposing that a continent abounding with tropic produce, populated by 81,000,000 of working people, and showing a coast line of 22,600 miles in length, suddenly rose from the bosom of the Atlantic, imagine the scramble for possession which would be made by the Powers. Yet here are four river basins offered to civilization at the rate of $1\frac{3}{4}$ pence per acre, with an annual trade of over three shillings per acre almost guaranteed. Any two rich men in Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Spain, Portugal or Sweden and Norway may combine together and build the Congo Railway. “I have a strong hope,” said Stanley, “that Manchester will

unite with Berlin, Paris and Brussels in the subscription of $3,000,000 to build this railway." The Congo basin, Stanley thinks, is much more promising than the Mississippi basin was previous to its development.

"The forests on the banks of the Congo," he says, "are filled with precious redwood, lignum vitæ, mahogany and fragrant gum trees. At their base may be found inexhaustible quantities of fossil gum, with which the carriages and furniture of civilized countries are varnished. Their barks exude myrrh and frankincense; their foliage is draped with orchilla weed, useful for dye. The redwood, when cut down, chipped and rasped, produces a deep crimson powder, giving a valuable coloring; the creepers, which hang in festoons from tree to tree, are generally those from which india-rubber is produced; the nuts of the oil-palm give forth a butter, while the fibres of others will make the best cordage. Among the wild shrubs are frequently found the coffee plant. In its plains, jungles and swamps luxuriate the elephant, whose teeth furnish ivory worth from eight shillings to eleven shillings per pound. If we speak of prospective advantages, the copper of Lake Superior is rivaled by that of the Kwiln-Niadi Valley and of Bembi. Rice, cotton, tobacco, maize, coffee, sugar and wheat would thrive equally well on the broad plains of the Congo. I have heard of gold and silver."

And Stanley also gives the testimony of many others, who have traversed the regions of country bounding the course of the Congo. Tippoo Tib, the great Arab trader in the interior, who has traversed the southeast portion of this section, describes his astonishment at the density of the population. He had passed through several towns which took a couple of hours to traverse, told of the beauty of

savannah, park, and prairie country he saw, and how the sight of the camp left in the morning might be seen from the evening camp after a six hours' march.

Dr. Schweinfurth says: "From the Wellé to the residence of the Monbuttu King, Munza, the way leads through a country of marvellous beauty, an almost unbroken line of the primitively simple dwellings extending on either side of the caravan route."

"The vegetable productions of this section," says Stanley, "are rich and varied; but until intercourse is facilitated, little use will be made of them. This might be readily surmised from the country's bisection by the equatorial line, the ten months' rains, and the humid warmth which nourishes vegetation with extraordinary prolific power."

The most remarkable among the vegetable growths are the palms, of which there are an immense variety; but the most useful to commerce is the oil-palm. Its nut supplies the dark red palm-oil so well known on the west coast, while its kernel is valuable for oil-cake for cattle. Not a grove, nor an island scarcely, can be found without this beautiful and most useful palm; in some places, such as the district between the lower Lumani and Congo, there are entire forests of it.

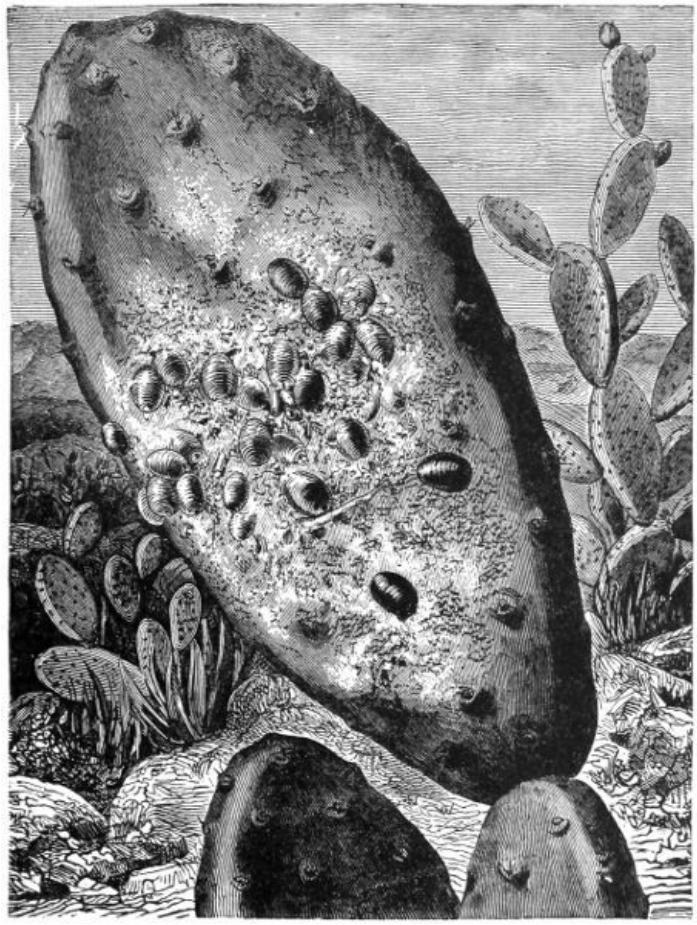
The next most valuable product of the forest, as yet untouched in this region, is the india-rubber plant. There are three kinds of plants producing this article, but that which exudes from *Euphorbia* is not so elastic in quality, although it may have its uses. "On the islands of the Congo," says Stanley, "which in the aggregate cover an area of 3000 square miles with 800 square miles of the banks of the main river, I estimate that enough rubber could be collected in one year to pay for a Congo railway."

Vast extents of forest are veiled with the orchilla moss. Between Iboko and Langa-Langa, Stanley saw a forest of about sixty miles in length draped with orchilla lying on the woods like a green veil. Every village contains its manufactured rolls of redwood powder, and few settlements between the equator and the Kwa could not furnish a few hundredweights at short notice. Every trading canoe floating on the upper Congo possesses among its salable wares a certain store of this universally-demanded article.

"For purely tropical scenes," says Stanley, "I commend the verdurously rich isles in mid-Congo, between Iboko on the right bank and Mutembo on the left bank, with the intricate and recurrent river channels meandering between. There the rich verdure reflects the brightness of the intense sunshine in glistening velvet sheen from frond and leaf. The underwood presents varied colors, with their tufted tops or the climbing serpentine form of the llianes and their viny leaves. Each and all have their own separate and particular beauties of coloring that renders description impossible. At all times I believe the same refreshing gladness and vigor of tropical nature may be observed about this latitude. Some of the smallest islets seemed to be all aflame with crimson coloring, while the purple of the ipomœa and the gold and white of the jasmine and mimosa flowered, bloomed and diffused a sweet fragrance. Untainted by the marring hand of man, or by his rude and sacrilegious presence, these isles, blooming thus in their beautiful native innocence and grace, approached in aspect as near Eden's loveliness as anything I shall ever see on this side of Paradise. They are blessed with a celestial bounty of florid and leafy beauty, a fulness of vegetable life that cannot possibly be matched elsewhere save

where soil with warm and abundant moisture and gracious sunshine are equally to be found in the same perfection. Not mere things of beauty alone were these isles. The palms were perpetual fountains of a sweet juice, which when effervescing affords delight and pleasure to man. The golden nuts of other trees furnish rich yellow fat, good enough for the kitchen of an epicure, when fresh. On the coast these are esteemed as an article of commerce. The luxuriant and endless lengths of calamus are useful for flooring and verandah mats, for sun-screens on river voyages, for temporary shelters on some open river terrace frequented by fishermen, for fish-nets and traps, for field baskets, market hampers, and a host of other useful articles, but more especially for the construction of neat and strong houses, and fancy lattice-work. Such are the strong, cord-like creepers which hang in festoons and wind circuitously upward along the trunk of that sturdy tree. The pale white blossom which we see is the caoutchouc plant, of great value to commerce, and which some of these days will be industriously hunted by the natives of Iboko and Bolombo. For the enterprising trader, there is a ficus, with fleshy green leaves; its bark is good for native cloth, and its soft, spongy fibre will be of some use in the future for the manufacture of paper. Look at the various palms crowding upon one another! Their fibres, prepared by the dexterous natives of Bangala, will make the stoutest hawsers, the strength of which neither hemp, manilla fibre, nor jute can match; it is as superior to ordinary cord-threads as silk is to cotton. See that soft, pale-green moss draping those tree-tops like a veil! That is the orchilla weed, from which a valuable dye is extracted. I need not speak of the woods, for the tall, dark forests that meet the eye on bank and isle seem

to have no end. We are banqueting on such sights and odors that few would believe could exist. We are like children ignorantly playing with diamonds. Such is the wealth of colors revealed every new moment to us, already jaded with the gorgeousness of the tropic world."



THE AFRICAN CACTUS.

The vegetation of the upper Congo is also

remarkable for the quantities of fibres it produces for the manufacture of paper, rope, basket-work, fine and coarse matting and grass cloths.

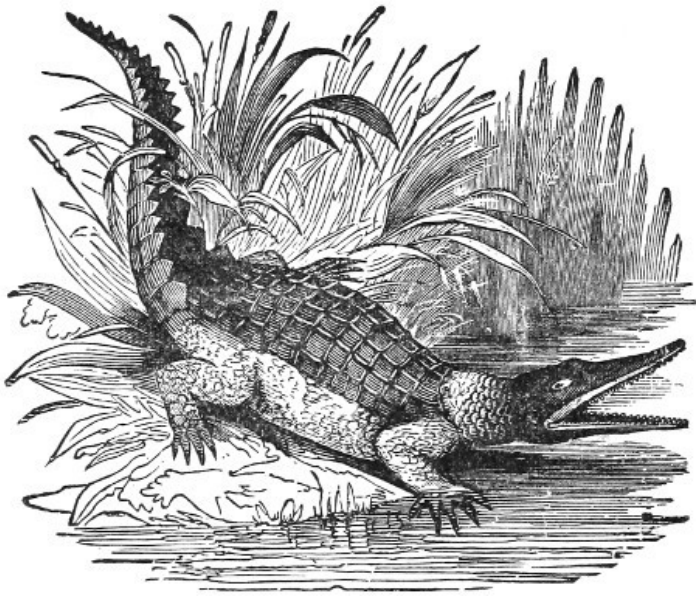
In this region, among the many minor items available which commercial intercourse would teach the natives to employ profitably, are monkey, goat, antelope, buffalo, lion, and leopard skins; the gorgeous feathers of the tropic birds, hippopotamus teeth, beeswax, frankincense, myrrh, tortoise-shell, *cannabis sativa*, and lastly, ivory, which to-day is considered the most valuable product. “It may be presumed,” says Stanley, “that there are about 200,000 elephants in about 15,000 herds in the Congo basin, each carrying, let us say, on an average fifty pounds weight of ivory in his head, which would represent, when collected and sold in Europe, £5,000,000.

“For climate,” says Stanley, “the Mississippi Valley is superior; but a large portion of the Congo basin, at present inaccessible to the immigrant, is blessed with a temperature under which Europeans may thrive and multiply. There is no portion of it where the European trader may not fix his residence for years, and develop commerce to his profit with as little risk as is incurred in India.”

Thus we find Stanley has succeeded in solving the Congo problem. While other travellers have only speculated on the probable identity of the Lualala with the Congo, he has put the matter beyond a possible doubt. To his deeds of discovery on the Nyanza and Tanganyika, which have already been recounted, Stanley has, by his second tour of the Congo, added a fresh and incomparable triumph which will forever link his name with the history of the continent that his irresistible zeal has done so much to open up to civilization. His explorations will

also have most important commercial and, it may be, political, results.

Having traversed the entire length of the Congo as far as Vivi, and made several exploring detours from that point, together with discharging the duties of his mission, Stanley sailed for home, arriving at Plymouth, England, on July 29th, 1884. Four days later he presented his report to His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, who was then spending the summer at Ostend.



CHAPTER XXIV.

FOUNDING OF THE FREE CONGO STATE.

The International Association seeks Recognition from Foreign Powers — Treaty between England and Portugal — Earl Granville — Claims of Portugal — Concession of England — Protest of the United States — Opposition in England — King Leopold Obtains the Assistance of the German Chancellor and the Sympathies of the French Republic — Prince Bismarck Protests — Letter to Baron de Courcel, French Ambassador at Berlin — The Baron's Reply — France and Germany in Accord — Call for a Conference of the Powers at Berlin — Conference Assembles — Prince Bismarck Opens the Conference with an Address Stating its Object — Mr. Stanley a Delegate — Asked to give his Views — Mr. Stanley's Suggestions — Deliberations of the Conference — Results of the Conference — Protocol Signed by all the Plenipotentiaries — The United States the first to Publicly Recognize the Flag of the Free Congo State — Honors to Mr. Stanley in Germany.

The expedition of the Upper Congo and the Bureau of the Association had now performed their duties, but the Royal Founder of the State was compelled, in order to insure its prosperity and continuity, as the work advanced, to apply to the various Governments of Europe and America for recognition, and for security and peaceful safeguards of its frontiers, to make treaties with France and Portugal, which would delimit the boundaries, and arrange with all of them for the preservation of neutrality.

The Association was in possession of treaties made with over 450 independent African chiefs, whose rights would be conceded by all to have been indisputable, since they held their lands by undisturbed occupation, by long ages of succession, by real divine right. Of their own free will, without

coercion, but for substantial considerations, reserving only a few easy conditions, they had transferred their rights of sovereignty and of ownership to the Association. The time had arrived when a sufficient number of these had been made to connect the several miniature sovereignties into one concrete whole to present itself before the world for general recognition of its right to govern, and hold these in the name of an independent State, lawfully constituted according to the spirit and tenor of international law.

In consequence of negotiations entered into between the British and Portuguese Governments, beginning November, 1882, and ending February 25th, 1884, a treaty was finally concluded, by which the whole of the southwest African coast between S. latitude 5° 12´ and S. latitude 5° 18´ was recognized by the British Government as Portuguese territory. This included the lower Congo, of course, by which the territory of the Association became excluded from the sea. The treaty was signed on the 26th of February, 1884, by Earl Granville on the part of Great Britain, and by Senhor Miguel Martins d' Antãs on behalf of the Government of Portugal.

Earl Granville however declared, previous to the signature of the treaty, that the acceptance by other Powers of the Anglo-Portuguese treaty was indispensable before it came into operation, and that there was reason to believe that this acceptance would be refused, which would necessarily delay the ratification.

Heretofore the territory now proposed to be given up to Portugal, so far as Great Britain was concerned, had been regarded as neutral; and the treaty, thus concluded, marked a radical change in British policy —for a long series of British Ministers had, during

over half a century, peremptorily declined to recognize the Portuguese claims.

When the Anglo-Portuguese treaty was published the European Powers, especially France and Germany, emphatically protested against it, and in England men of all shades of politics combined to denounce it, principally through a fear that the restrictions imposed upon trade in other colonies belonging to Portugal would be so severe as to render commerce impossible in the Congo region.

The most signal protest came, however, from the United States Government. The United States Senate also, on the 10th of April, 1884, passed a resolution authorizing the President to recognize the International African Association as a governing power on the Congo River. This recognition gave birth to new life of the Association, seriously menaced as its existence was by opposing interests and ambitions, and the following of this example by the European Powers subsequently affirmed and secured its place among sovereign States. This act, the result of the well-considered judgment of the American statesmen, was greatly criticised abroad, as was the participation of the United States in the Berlin Conference, to which it directly led up, by the press of America. It was an act well worthy of the Great Republic, not only as taking the lead in publicly recognizing and supporting the great work of African civilization in history, and in promoting the extension of commerce, but of significant import in view of its interest for the future weal of 7,000,000 people of African descent within its borders.

The British Chambers of Commerce—notably those of Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow—resolutely opposed the treaty concluded with Portugal; but

withal the strenuous opposition maintained to it in commercial circles and in the House of Commons, had not the Royal Founder of the Association obtained the assistance of the German Chancellor and the sympathies of the French Government, it is doubtful whether anything done in England would have succeeded in averting the effectual seal being put upon enterprise in the Congo basin by this treaty. Much more liberal terms would be needed to tempt Congress within its borders than any provisions that the treaty contained. Some such arrangement as that made by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, whereby liberty of navigation was proclaimed to the great rivers of Europe, such as the Rhine and the Danube, would be necessary; and now that an association had absorbed unto itself hundreds of petty sovereignties along a large portion of it, and France had proceeded in the same manner to absorb other portions of the Congo banks, while Portugal pressed her claims to territories washed by the great African river, it was absolutely and imperatively incumbent on the Powers to step forward and impose such obligations on the riveraine Powers as would not imperil or strangle the commerce already thriving on the banks of the lower Congo.

On the 7th of June, 1884, Prince Bismarck, in a communication to Count Munster, set forth his objections to the Anglo-Portuguese treaty, and concluded with the following words:

“In the interests of German commerce, therefore, I cannot consent that a coast of such importance, which has hitherto been free land, should be subjected to the Portuguese colonial system.”

In West African trade, Great Britain stood almost alone at one time. Her traders were busy on the Gambia, on the Roquelle, on the Gold Coast, at Lagos

in the oil rivers, at Gaboon and Kabinda, and the Glasgow and Liverpool and Bristol merchants were represented by a host of agents, who had planted themselves at various points along the 2900 miles of coast; but of late years, through the apathy of the English merchants, Germany, by her enterprise, had also established herself at various places, and great houses like that of Woerman's were looming upward, overtopping all individual English firms, which could number their factories by dozens and their agents by scores. Hamburg and Bremen were outrivalling Liverpool and Glasgow. Hence Germany had solid and substantial reasons for watching and jealously guarding her mercantile interests; and France, aided by the energy and talents of Monsieur de Brazza, in territories beyond and contiguous to the Gaboon colony, naturally wished to establish herself beyond dispute in the districts acquired by the devotion and intelligence of her agents. German *savants* had explored territories unclaimed by any Power; German merchants were honestly established at certain places on the West African coast; out of the most intelligent and enterprising of the sons of Germany twenty-four geographical societies had been formed, and a dozen colonial associations, besides African societies, were being constituted in Germany. Already Bascian, Gussfeldt, Peschuel Loesche, Buchner, Von Mechow, Pogge, Weissman, had been equipped by a German African Society, and it was preparing to despatch more. These facts were published in the reviews and magazines. There was no secrecy in the movement. All was honest and above-board, and all the world was told of the modest effort Germany was making to expand its colonial strength.

Like the great statesman that he is, Prince

Bismarck bent his genius to the creation of a sound system of colonial policy—not rashly, though to those without the orbit of his genius it might be supposed to be eccentric.

On the 13th of September he wrote to Baron de Courcel, French Ambassador at Berlin:

"Like France, the German Government will observe a friendly attitude towards the Belgian enterprises on the banks of the Congo, owing to the desire entertained by the two Governments to secure to their countrymen freedom of trade throughout the whole of the future Congo States, and in districts which France holds on the river, and which she proposes to assimilate to the liberal system which that State is expected to establish. These advantages will continue to be enjoyed by German subjects, and will be guaranteed to them in the event of France being called upon to exercise the right of preference accorded by the King of the Belgians in the contingency of the acquisitions made by the Congo Company being alienated!"

Baron de Courcel, in reply, stated that he had not failed to convey to his Government Prince Bismarck's note, which in its substance was similar to the views they had exchanged at Varzin; also, that the French Republic was completely in accord with the Imperial Government of Germany about the desirability of arriving at a mutual understanding respecting the delimitation of territory over the west coast of Africa, especially where the German possessions border on those of the French. He likewise acknowledged that the friendly accord between the two Governments was connected with principles of the highest importance to trade in Africa, of which the chief are those which must govern the freedom of trade in the basin of the Congo. He also assented to

the idea that whereas the African International Association, which had established a number of stations on the Congo, declares itself ready to admit that principle over all the territory under its control, France should grant freedom of trade over that which she now owns, or may hereafter own on the Congo, and that France declared her willingness to permit this freedom to continue in the event of her reaping the benefit of the arrangements touched upon by the Prince, which assures to France the right of preference in case of alienation of the territories acquired by the Association. He defined freedom of commerce to mean free access to all flags, and the interdiction of all monopoly or differential duties; but not excluding the establishment of taxes to compensate for useful expenditure incurred in the interests of commerce. While freely extending these beneficial concessions to commercial enterprise in the Congo basin, Baron de Courcel stated that France was not willing that Gaboon, Guinea or Senegal should share them; but solely the Congo and the Niger.

Prince Bismarck then, with the acquiescence of France, extended an invitation through the representatives of the different nations to a Conference to be held at Berlin on the 15th of November following. The sittings of this Conference were held in the German Chancellor’s palace on Wilhelmstrasse, in the same room where the Berlin Conference sat in 1878.

When the members of the Conference had assembled, Prince Bismarck rose to formally open it, and in a short address he declared that the Conference had met for the solution of three main objects, to wit:

1. The free navigation, with freedom of trade on

the river Congo.

2. The free navigation of the river Niger.

3. The formalities to be observed for valid annexation of territory in future on the African continent.

To this conference Mr. Stanley had been appointed technical delegate for the United States, and was introduced by the American Minister in highly complimentary terms. On the expression of views by the several delegates, Mr. Stanley, when called upon in the order on the roll, arose and said:

“To define the geographical basin of the Congo, whether explored or unexplored, is a very easy matter, since every school-boy knows that a river basin, geographically speaking, includes all that territory drained by the river and its affluents, large and small. The Congo, unlike many other large rivers, has no fluvial delta. It issues into the Atlantic Ocean in one united stream between Shark’s Point on the south and Banana Point on the north, with a breadth of seven miles and an unknown depth. Soundings have been obtained over 1300 feet deep. The Niger has a fluvial delta extending over 180 miles of coast line. The Nile and the Mississippi have deltas extending over a considerable breadth of coast line; but when you ask me as to what I should consider as the commercial basin of the Congo, I am bound to answer you that the main river and its most important affluents running into it from the north and south and from the northeast and northwest, east and west, southeast and southwest, constitute means by which trade ascending the river and its affluents can influence a much larger amount of territory than is comprised within the geographical basin.

“For all practical purposes the geographical basin

of the Congo might be permitted to stand for the commercial basin of the Congo as well. When we begin to consider the commercial outlets from this basin of the Congo we must bear in mind that they extend, as a commercial delta to a commercial basin, from St. Paul de Loanda, to the south of the mouth of the Congo, as far north and including the Ogowai River. Whereas much of the littoral through which the commercial delta debouches is already occupied, we find that the breadth of what may be considered as the free commercial delta of the commercial basin of the Congo extends along the coast line from 1° 25´ S. latitude to near 7° 50´ S. latitude 385 geographical miles, for the following reason: At Stanley Pool, 325 miles up the Congo from the sea, we encounter fleets of trading canoes which have descended the main river from as far up as the Equator, from the affluents Mohindu, or Black River, and the Kwango, or Kwa, who wait patiently months at a time for the caravans from Loango, the Kwilu, Landana, Kabinda, Zombo, Funta, Kinzas, Kinsembo, Ambrizette and other places on the coast, which bring European goods from the coast to Stanley Pool to exchange for the produce of the upper Congo, notably ivory, rubber and camwood powder; and after a time, having exchanged their goods, march back with such produce of the upper Congo as will repay transportation to the European traders settled along the free coast line of 385 geographical miles just mentioned. These various channels of trade, formed by uninstructed barbarism, may then well be compared to a commercial delta. To define the commercial basin of the Congo by boundaries is very simple after the above remarks, and I will describe them as follows: Commencing from the Atlantic Ocean, I should follow the line of 1° 25´ S. latitude

east as far as 13° 13′ longitude east of Greenwich, and along that meridian north until the water-shed of the Niger-Binué is reached, thence easterly along the water-shed separating the waters flowing into the Congo from those flowing into the Shari, and continuing east along the water-parting between the waters of the Congo and those of the Nile and southerly and easterly along the water-shed between the waters flowing into the Tanganyika and those flowing into the affluents of Lake Victoria, and still clinging to the water-shed to the east of the Tanganyika southerly until the water-parting between the waters flowing into the Zambesi and those flowing into the Congo is reached; thence along that water-shed westerly until the headwaters of the main tributary of the Kwango, or Kwa, is reached, whence the line shown runs along the left bank of the river Kwango, or Kwa, to 7° 50′ S. latitude; thence straight to the Loge River, and thence along the left bank of that river westerly to the Atlantic Ocean. By this delimitation you will have comprised the geographical or commercial basin and its present commercial delta."

Being asked by Baron de Courcel as to what might be the estimated value of the trade in the Congo basin, Mr. Stanley replied:

"The lower Congo and the immediate free littoral make a shore line 388 miles in length. This mileage produces a present trade of £2,800,000 annually. The upper Congo is much more fertile, and, as it has a river shore of 10,000 miles, it ought to produce, if equally developed, a trade worth £70,000,000 annually. Or, if we reckon it in this manner, from the river Gambia to Loanda, along a coast line of 2900 miles in length, there are employed forty-five steamers and eighty sailing vessels every year. The

Congo basin, with river banks over three times longer, ought to employ, if equally developed and equally exploited, three times that number, or say 135 steamers and 240 sailing vessels."

In answer to Hon. M. Kasson, U. S. Minister, when asked to explain if a further extension of the free commercial territory to the eastward would not be advantageous to commerce, Mr. Stanley proceeded to state, after briefly referring to his overland journey across the continent in the years 1874, 1875, 1876 and 1877, with some of its incidents, his reasons why the free commercial territory across Central Africa should be comprised within certain limits, which he then also briefly defined. And in conclusion said:

"I respectfully submit that the more unrestricted this spacious commercial domain shall be the sooner it will be subjected to the influences of Christianity, civilization and commerce. It bears within itself all the products required by the necessities of Europe, and all the elements that might be needed for its conversion from being an unproductive waste to be a material and moral profit to humanity. Within its bosom it contains nearly 80,000 square miles of lake water, the second largest river and river-basin in the world, fertility that no equatorial or tropical regions elsewhere can match, a population I should estimate at ninety millions of people, great independent native empires, kingdoms and republics, like Uganda, Ruanda, Unyoro, and the pastoral plain country like the Masai land, gold and silver deposits, abundant copper and iron mines, valuable forests producing priceless timber, inexhaustible quantities of rubber, precious gums and spices, pepper and coffee, cattle in countless herds, and people who are amenable to the courtesies of life, provided they are protected from the attacks of the lawless freebooter and the

merciless wiles of the slave traders. These facts, I respectfully submit, are sufficient to justify me in suggesting that the more comprehensible yet simple limits just described should form the boundaries of the free commercial territory of Equatorial Africa, and that free, unrestricted means of access should be secured to it, both from the east as well as the west."

The deliberations of the Berlin Conference were finally closed on February 26th, with the result that the International Association received satisfactory recognition from the several nations represented, and the limits of the respective colonial possessions of other nations in Africa were fully defined and set forth. The protocol was duly signed by all the plenipotentiaries, and published. Mr. Stanley in speaking of the labors of the Conference and its results, said: "Two European Powers emerge out of the elaborate discussions, protracted for such a long period principally through the adroitness and skill of Baron de Courcel and the concurrence of Prince Bismarck, with enormously increased colonial possessions. France is now mistress of a West African territory noble in its dimensions, equal to the best tropic lands for its productions, rich in mineral resources, most promising for its future commercial importance. In area it covers a superficies of 257,000 square miles, equal to that of France and England combined, with access on the eastern side to 5200 miles of river navigation; on the west is a coast line nearly 800 miles, washed by the Atlantic Ocean. It contains within its borders eight spacious river basins, and throughout all its broad surface of 90,000,000 squares hectares, not one utterly destitute of worth can be found.

"Portugal issues out of the Conference with a coast line 995 English miles in length, 351,500 square

statute miles in extent—a territory larger than the combined areas of France, Belgium, Holland, and Great Britain. On the lower Congo its river bank is 103 miles in length."

The International Association in return surrendered its claims to 60,366 squares miles of territory to France, and to Portugal 45,400 square miles, for which it also received 600 square miles of the north bank between Boma and the sea, and recognition of its remaining territorial rights from two powerful neighbors, Germany and England.

The territories surrendered by the Association have been consecrated to free trade, which, along with those recognized as belonging to the Association and which were pre-ordained for such uses, and those as yet unclaimed by any Power, but still reserved for the same privileges, form a domain equal to 1,600,000 square miles in extent, throughout which most exceptional privileges have been secured by the cordial unanimity of the riveraine of the United States and European Powers for commerce.

The merchant adventurer is fenced all about with guarantees against spoliation, oppression, vexation and worry, and his Consul, the representative of his Government, is charged with the jurisdiction of his person and property. At the gateway to the free commercial realm the Commissioner, with his colleagues, will have position, and will there remain to protect his interests.

These officials constitute a court of law called the International Commission, to whom he can always appeal for redress and protection. Only on the exportation of the produce he has collected can a moderate charge be made, sufficient to remunerate the riveraine Government for its expenditure. The liquor traffic is placed under proper control, slave-

trading is prohibited, the missionary is entitled to special protection, and scientific expeditions to special privileges.

The United States Government was the first to publicly acknowledge the great civilizing work of King Leopold II. by recognizing the flag of the International Association of the Congo as that of a friendly government. This flag is a blue flag with a golden star in the centre.

Mr. Stanley while at Berlin, in attendance upon the sessions of the Conference, was the recipient of very marked attentions from the nobility, and had conferred upon him the rank of honorary membership in the leading geographical and scientific societies of Germany. He lectured in some of the most prominent cities upon the subject of Central Africa, and was listened to by large and appreciative audiences, who gave him most cordial and generous receptions.



CHAPTER XXV.

EMIN PASHA, GOVERNOR OF THE SOUDANESE PROVINCES.

Sketch of his Early Life — His Real Name — A Silesian by Birth — Student at the University of Breslau — Becomes a Physician — Goes to Turkey and thence to Antivari and Scutari — Attached to the Court of Valis Ismael Pasha Haggi — Returns home in 1873 — In 1875 goes to Egypt — Enters the Egyptian Service as “Dr. Emin

Effendi" — Meets with Gordon — Receives the post of Commander of Lado, together with the Government of the Equatorial Provinces — Death of General Gordon and Retreat of Lord Wolseley's Army — Becomes Dependent upon his own Resources, after all Communication with the Egyptian Government is Cut Off — Encompassed by Hostile Tribes, is Lost to the Rest of the World — A Resume of what he Effected in his Administration of Public Affairs — His Diary — Extracts sent to Friends — Insurrection, and Invasion of the Province by the Mahdi's Forces — His Position very Critical — Excites the Sympathy of the Whole World.

Mr. Stanley's return to America at the close of the Congo expedition, in 1886, was his first in thirteen years. But he was not to enjoy the rest which he had promised himself. His services were even then being called for, by the course events were shaping themselves in the Egyptian Soudan. Through the infamous action of the British Ministry, in abandoning Gordon and his followers to their fate in Central Africa, public opinion became thoroughly aroused to the necessity of sending an expedition to their relief. And to Stanley the eyes of the world at once turned as the man to lead it. To understand fully, however, the situation, it will be necessary to recount some of the history of Emin and his career in the Egyptian Soudan.

For a sketch of the early life of Emin Pasha we are indebted to Dr. Schweinfurth. He tells us that Emin's right name is Edward Schnitzer, and that he was born in 1840 at Oppeln, in Silesia. His father, a merchant, died in 1845, and three years before that date the family removed to Neisse, where Emin's mother and sister are still living. When Edward Schnitzer had passed through the gymnasium at Neisse he devoted himself to the study of medicine at

the University of Breslau. During the years 1863 and 1864 he pursued his studies at the Berlin Academy. The desire for adventure and an exceptional taste for natural science induced the young medical student to seek a field for his calling abroad. He therefore, at the end of 1864, left Berlin with the intention of obtaining the post of physician in Turkey. Chance carried him to Antivari and then to Scutari. Here he soon managed to attract the attention of Valis Ismael Pasha Haggi, and was received into the following of that dignitary, who, in his official position, had to travel through the various provinces of the empire. When, in this way, Dr. Schnitzer had learned to know Armenians, Syrians, and Arabians, he finally reached Constantinople, where the Pasha died in 1873. In the summer of 1875 Dr. Schnitzer returned to his relations in Neisse; but after a few months the old passion for travel again came over him, and he betook himself to Egypt, where favorable prospects were opened out to him. With the beginning of the year 1876 he appears as “Dr. Emin Effendi,” enters the Egyptian service, and places himself at the disposal of the Governor-General of the Soudan. In the post there given him Dr. Emin met with Gordon, who two years before (1874) had been intrusted with the administration of the newly-created Equatorial province. Gordon was just the man to respect an Emin, and correctly estimate his gifts and capabilities. He sent him on tours of inspection through the territory and on repeated missions to King Mtesa at Uganda. When Gordon Pasha, two years later, became administrator of all territory lying outside the narrower limits of Egypt, Dr. Emin Effendi received the post of commander at Lado, together with the government of the Equatorial province. With how much fidelity and self-denial he

devoted himself to his task is well known.

During the first three years of his term he drove out the slave-traders from a populous region of six million inhabitants. He converted a deficiency of revenues into a surplus. He conducted the government on the lines marked out by General Gordon, and was equally modest, disinterested, and conscientious. When the Mahdi's rebellion broke out a governor-general of another stamp was at Khartoum. Emin's warning from the remote south passed unheeded. Hick's army, recruited from Arabi's demoralized regiments, was massacred; the Egyptian garrisons throughout the Soudan were abandoned to their fate, atrocious campaigns of unnecessary bloodshed were fought on the seaboard, and General Gordon was sent to Khartoum to perish miserably while waiting for a relief expedition that crawled by slow stages up the Nile, and was too late to be of practical service. During all these years of stupid misgovernment and wasted blood Emin remained at his post. When the death of General Gordon and the retreat of Lord Wolseley's army wiped out the last vestige of Egyptian rule in the regions of the upper Nile, the Equatorial provinces were cut off, neglected, and forgotten.

It then became impossible for Emin to communicate with the Egyptian Government, and he was practically lost to the rest of the world. He was dependent upon his own resources in a region encompassed by hostile tribes. He might easily have cut his way out to safety, by the way of the Congo or Zanzibar, with the best of his troops, leaving the women and children behind to their fate. But this he scorned to do. He stood at his post, and bravely upheld the standard of civilization in Africa. He had with him about four thousand troops at the outset.

He organized auxiliary forces of native soldiers; he was constantly engaged in warfare with surrounding tribes; he garrisoned a dozen river stations lying long distances apart; his ammunition ran low, and he lacked the money needed for paying his small army. But, in the face of manifold difficulties and dangers, he maintained his position, governed the country well, and taught the natives how to raise cotton, rice, indigo, and coffee, and also how to weave cloth, and make shoes, candles, soap, and many articles of commerce. He vaccinated the natives by the thousand in order to stamp out small-pox; he opened the first hospital known in that quarter; he established a regular post-route with forty offices; he made important geographical discoveries in the basin of the Albert Lake; and in many ways demonstrated his capacity for governing barbarous races by the methods and standards of European civilization. The last European who visited him was Dr. Junker, the German traveller, who parted from him at Wadelai on January 1st, 1886. His position was then more favorable, but he had been reduced at one time to extremities, his soldiers having escaped by a desperate sortie, cutting their way through the enemy after they had been many days without food, and "when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten." Letters written by him in October, 1886, at Wadelai, describing his geographical discoveries, were received in England in 1887, with a contributed article for a Scotch scientific journal. The provisions and ammunition sent to him by Dr. Junker had had a very encouraging effect upon his troops. He wrote: "I am still holding out here, and will not forsake my people."

Emin kept a diary of his life and work, and, whenever opportunity offered, sent extracts from it

in the form of letters to friends in Europe. From these a graphic idea may be formed of his unique career. In August, 1883, he wrote:

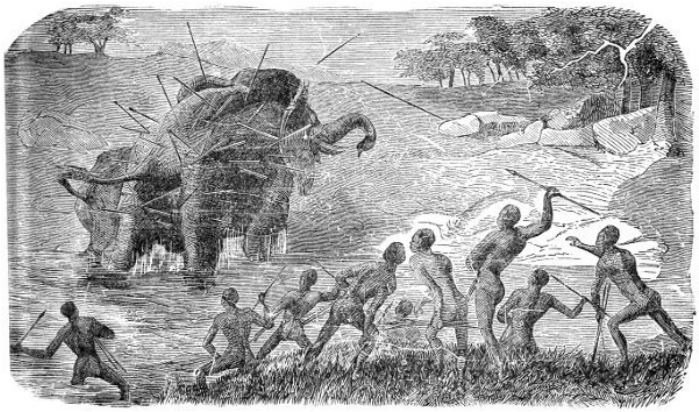
"It seems to me that when disturbances arise among a newly-subdued people it is chiefly to be attributed to wrong methods of action on the part of our people, who make exaggerated demands, forgetting that a newly-captured bird must first become accustomed to its cage. Intercourse with negroes and their treatment are not so difficult as often appears to inexperienced travellers, who know their mendacity, and, where they have the power, their extortion. It only requires inexhaustible patience and unruffled composure—virtues which are certainly not often acquired from the brandy-bottle. A sojourn of nearly eight years here has taught me that, with a little kind treatment, negroes are tolerably easy to govern. I have also certainly learnt that for Equatorial Africa temperance is a good habit....

"It is a beautiful characteristic of the Sandeh—the worst anthropophagi of our country—that they have the greatest affection for their wives and daughters, and would bear anything rather than their loss....

"From Gambari's village, four days' march brought me to Tingasi, our headquarters in Monbuttu, an hour's march from Tangara's residence. To this place visitors from all sides flocked in such numbers that I was often quite overwhelmed. From west and south came the chiefs with their trains—the Sandeh princes Bori, Kanna's nephew; Mbiltima and Ikva, Uando's sons; Mbrú and Massinse, the Monbuttu princes Tangara, Asanga, Munsa's brother; Mbala, Munsa's son; Kadabó, Benda, and others. In addition to these, the women, often as many as fifty or sixty, seated on little stools, were grouped round me, all beautifully

painted black, with high chignons; those belonging to the princely houses, such as Munsa's and Tangara's daughters, being crowned with Monbuttu hats. If only you could have seen the transports of delight which Schweinfurth's perfectly accurate drawings excited in this circle, and the interest with which they looked at my zoological sketches! The Monbuttu are a very highly-gifted people, and this would be a fertile field for happy and useful work. If anything is to be made of this richly-endowed country, here or nowhere is the place for a capable European official, who must, to be sure, possess some self-denial. If the Government would give the country over to me, independent of the Equatorial provinces proper, I should be quite willing to undertake the work at once. The distance from Lado could be diminished by the opening of new routes....

"I have been twice in Uganda, and believed I should meet with many persons like those in Monbuttu; but my expectations were not fulfilled. Monbuttu is very different from all that one is accustomed to see in Africa, and so different that a comparison can hardly be thought of. I was always meeting with indescribable splendor and luxuriance of vegetation—giant trees waving their tops together like a dome, more sublime and majestic than all the cathedrals in the world. Whoever wishes to attain a due sense of God's majesty and power should go into these forests, and, silent and wondering, confess how miserable and contemptible are men's works beside the works of Him who created this enchanting beauty and splendor."



THE ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG.



SUPPLIES FOR THE CARAVAN.

Troublous times came upon him, and in August, 1884, he was practically cut off from the rest of the world, and was in daily expectation of being assailed by the overwhelming hosts of the Mahdi. Under such circumstances he wrote:

"It will probably appear to you somewhat comical that, notwithstanding the non-arrival of a steamer, I should again take up my correspondence with you. It certainly seems as if we were totally deserted and

forgotten by all the world. But I think that the good God, who has up to the present time protected us from all harm, will in the future also have us under His protection, and so, perchance, my letter may some day arrive at its destination. Whilst suffering from the very sorrowful impression which the surrender of Lupton Bey to the Mahdi's troops had made upon me, I concluded my last letter to you in great haste. Dr. Junker wished to try to get to Zanzibar by the south route, *via* Uganda, and was so good as to take with him all my correspondence. Since he left here nearly two months have passed, and as since then all kinds of curious rumors have reached me, he has decided to wait awhile in Dufilé and watch the course of events. Up to the present, thank God, the much-feared invasion of our province by the Mahdi's troops has not taken place, and I have been able, by giving up nearly all of my outlying stations, to concentrate my few soldiers.... I must, however, tell you that I heard from Lupton that he had been compelled to surrender both himself and his province into the Mahdi's hands, and that he thought the best thing I could do was to follow his example."

"Well may our friends," he wrote on New Year's Day, 1885, "have long since given up all hope for us. Our own Government has certainly deserted us. Yet we have managed to hold our own, and to defend our flag. How long we shall still be able to do so is a mere question of time, for as soon as the little remaining ammunition which we possess is expended, it will be all up with us.... We are without news as to the course of events in Khartoum; in fact, the whole of the outer world seems to have vanished completely from our ken. We have now begun to manufacture for ourselves the most indispensable

articles—very passable shoe-work, soap, and more recently still, cotton cloth for clothes. Candles made of wax prove very useful, and instead of sugar we use honey. We have not, however, yet succeeded in our endeavor to make vinegar, but I am not without hope that we shall have success in that direction. Temperance is naturally compulsory, for the drinks of native manufacture can only be consumed by children of the soil. Coffee, which we have long missed, we have at last replaced by roasting the seeds of a species of hibiscus, and brewing from it a fairly passable drink. Tea naturally does not exist. I thank God for His protection hitherto, and hope and have faith enough to believe that He will still protect us, and at last enable my few poor people to return to their homes in peace.

"*10th January.*—Our fate it seems is soon to be decided. We hear that four hundred armed men from Bahr-el-Ghazal have joined the rebels and that one thousand five hundred more are on the way. Only a miracle can save us. I send at once as many as possible of my people to the south, for the route to Mtesa is still in existence. If I escape I will follow with my soldiers. But I can hardly expect to escape. It is shameful of our Government to have abandoned us.

"*12th January.*—Dr. Junker goes in the meantime to Anfinas. He takes with him all my letters. If I see him again, as I hope I may, for I have some belief in my good star, I will write more. May God preserve you."

There Emin remained with his body of Egyptian troops throughout all the disturbance in that region —the appearance of El Mahdi and his success in wresting some of the adjoining Soudanese provinces from the Egyptians; Arabi Pasha's insurrection in

Egypt and the subsequent Mahdist manœuvers. Emin and his small force were surrounded by hostile tribes. He was heard from but seldom, and at last all communication ceased. The position in which Emin found himself after Gordon's death excited the sympathy of the whole world. He was the Governor of a province which he had blessed with many of the arts of civilization, but was without sufficient force to resist the encroachments of the enemy. He fought the slave trade and the slave dealers with something like the passion of fanaticism. He was hemmed in by hordes of cut-throats, and every effort to save himself from the impending fate seemed futile. It was feared he had fallen, like Gordon.

In reviewing the career of this remarkable man, who has been so skillfully extricated by Stanley and his expedition, the New York *Tribune* has recently said, editorially:

"At his remote post of duty, this modest scientist has done more for the abolition of African slavery than any other man now living, if we except only his gallant deliverer. He gave civilization to an empire and the blessings of freedom to teeming millions. Throughout a territory larger than all our New England States he destroyed the slave trade, established government, and founded schools, posts and industries of varied kinds. His administration was more than self-supporting, and even after the betrayal of Khartoum and his isolation from the rest of the world, he was prepared to hold his own, if only he could have some trifling aid from Europe. That aid he did not get. There seemed to be neither money nor votes in helping him, so the statesmen of Europe went by on the other side. He conquered savagery, defied pestilence, and triumphed over every foe the wilderness could send against him. The

one enemy he could not subdue was the selfish poltroonery of Europe. To that he has at last yielded. He has marched out in safety with honor upon his banners. He has left behind him the dismalest wreck in modern history to be a reproach to the Powers that betrayed him. That the desert was made to blossom like the rose, is Emin's glory; that it now relapses into a worse desert than before, is Europe's disgrace."



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EMIN BEY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

Public Opinion in England — A Relief Committee Organized — Subscription of Funds to Defray Expenses of an Expedition — Henry M. Stanley called to England by Cable — Accepts Command of the Relief Expedition — Stanley's Opinion as to the Character of the Expedition and the best Route — Reaches Zanzibar — Meets Tippu-Tib — Supplied with 600 Carriers — Consents to Accompany Stanley — Sails for the Mouth of the Congo, February 25th — Reaches the Aruwimi in June — Leaves a Rearguard at Yambuya — Advance towards Albert Nyanza along the Valley of the Aruwimi — Startling Rumors — Stanley and Emin Reported to be in the Hands of the Arabs — A Letter in Proof Received from a Mahdist Officer in the Soudan — News of Disasters on the Congo — Murder of Dr. Barttelot — Death of Mr. Jamieson — The Gloomy News Regarding Stanley's Fate — The Opinion of Thomson, the African Traveller — News of Stanley's Arrival at Emin's Capital received December, 1888 — First News from Stanley Himself, April 3d, 1889 — Full Account of his March, and the Terrible Experiences Suffered from Yambuya to the Albert Nyanza.

The betrayal of Gordon at Khartoum by the British Government, and the consequent sad plight it placed Emin Pasha in, so thoroughly exasperated public opinion in England that immediate steps were taken to form a relief committee, and to raise the necessary funds to defray the expenses of fitting-out a relief expedition, Sir William Mackinnon alone subscribing $100,000. To this the English Government grudgingly added a small appropriation from the Egyptian treasury.

Henry M. Stanley, while standing on the stage of the Academy of Music, in the city of Philadelphia, on December 11th, 1886, lecturing on his experiences in the Congo, received a cable despatch calling him to England to take charge of the expedition to Wadelai, Emin's headquarters, near Lake Albert Nyanza. He immediately returned to England, and in a short time the arrangements were completed with the committee having the matter in charge.

There was much discussion as to the route to be taken, most authorities favoring that overland from Zanzibar. But Mr. Stanley determined upon the Congo, and he described the character of the expedition as follows:

"The expedition is non-military—that is to say, its purpose is not to fight, destroy, or waste; its purpose is to save, to relieve distress, to carry comfort. Emin Pasha may be a good man, a brave officer, a gallant fellow deserving of a strong effort of relief; but I decline to believe, and I have not been able to gather from any one in England, an impression that his life, or the lives of the few hundreds under him, would overbalance the lives of thousands of natives, and the devastation of immense tracts of country which an expedition strictly military would naturally cause. The expedition is a mere powerful caravan, armed with rifles for the purpose of insuring the safe conduct of the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and for the more certain protection of this people during the retreat home. But it also has means of purchasing the friendship of tribes and chiefs, of buying food and paying its way liberally."

Mr. Stanley went from England to Egypt, where he stopped for a time at Cairo, completing his arrangements with the Egyptian Government. At the railway station, just before leaving for the

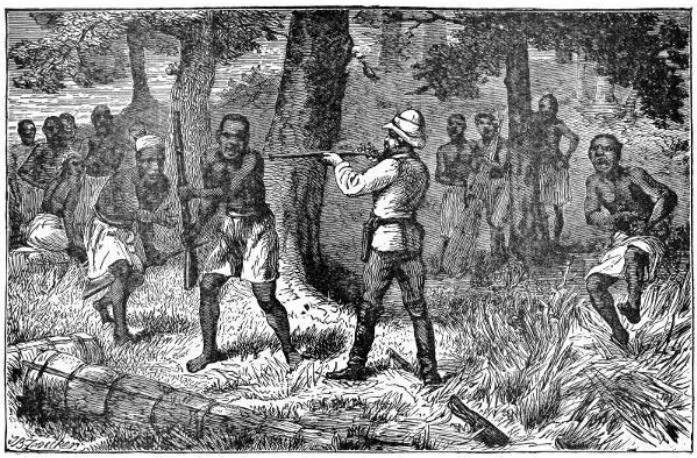
wilderness, he had a farewell conversation with his friend Colonel John Colborne, a veteran of the Egyptian army in the Soudan. Speaking of some current rumors that he intended to seize Emin's province as a British possession, he said: "The province is not worth taking, at least in the present state of affairs. The difficulty of transport from either coast is too great, and the expense, also, to give a return for money. As long as the Nile is closed the Central provinces will never pay, and it will be years before it is open again. Yes, the Central African provinces would be valuable enough were river communication free. On the east side there is no sufficiently navigable river, the presence of the tsetse fly prevents the employment of bullocks and horses, the ground is unsuited for camels, and the African elephant has never been tamed, so the only means of transport is by the Wapagari, or native porters, and a precious slow and expensive means it is, too. For any large trade purposes it would be utterly inadequate; besides, the only present trade is in ivory and ebony —you know what I mean by that, I suppose?—and ivory is getting scarcer. Of course, if the Nile were open, there might be a splendid and most remunerative trade in gum, hides, beeswax, india-rubber; anything, too, I believe, could be cultivated to perfection in these provinces, and probably the natives would soon learn, when once they got to appreciate the benefit of trading, to grow cotton, tea, perhaps coffee, rice, and the cinchona plant. Some parts are suited well for one kind of plant, other parts for another. Thus, cotton would grow nearer the coasts, whereas tea and coffee and the cinchona plant could be cultivated on the slopes. But, as I said before, the true transit for trade is by the Nile."

In the course of further conversation he said, "Do

you know that the Nile itself could be turned off with comparative ease? The Victoria Nyanza is on a plateau like an inverted basin. It could be made to trickle over at any point. The present King of Uganda is fond of his liquor. Waking up any morning after drinking too much ‘mwengi’ (plantain wine) over night, he might have what is called ‘a head on him,’ and feel in a very bad temper. He might then take it into his head to turn off the Nile. He might do this by ordering a thousand or so natives to turn out and continue to drop stones across the Ripon Falls at the top till they were blocked. To do this would be quite possible. I calculate this could be done by the number of men I mention in nine months, for the falls are very narrow. True, the effect of this could be counteracted in a year or so by reservoirs and dykes; but meanwhile the population of Egypt would be starved. His father, King Mtesa, once actually contemplated doing this—not with a view of creating mischief, but because he wanted to water some particular tract of land, and for this purpose to make the lake dribble over it.”

Concerning his own immediate work, Mr. Stanley talked at some length. “Tell them at home,” he said, “that my mission is purely pacific. Does any one think I am going to wade through blood to get at Emin? If I succeeded, what would be the consequence? News would be brought to the King, ‘Stanley is coming with an army of thirty thousand men’—you know how figures increase when estimated by savages—and what would be the consequence? ‘Ho! is he indeed?’ the King would say; ‘I’ll teach him to bring an army into my country. Chop off the heads of the missionaries.’ And,” added Mr. Stanley, speaking quite excitedly, “what, I should like to know, is the value of Emin’s life in

comparison with that of the lives of such noble men as Mackay, Lichfield, Père Loudel, and Frère Delmonce? Does any one think I would sacrifice them for the sake of Emin?"



STANLEY QUELLING A MUTINY.

On reaching Zanzibar he found that his agents had already recruited a force of six hundred men for the expedition, and that Tippu-Tib, who had escorted his caravan in 1877, when the first descent of the Congo was made, was waiting for him. Tippu-Tib was the Zobehr of the Upper Congo, commanding two of the best roads from the river to Wadelai. He agreed to supply six hundred carriers at thirty dollars a man; and as Emin was reported by Dr. Junker to have seventy-five tons of ivory, the expenses of the expedition might be largely defrayed by the return of the Zanzibaris to the Congo with their precious loads. Tippu-Tib was also offered the position of Governor at Stanley Falls at a regular salary. He consented to accompany Mr. Stanley on these terms. The steamer set out on February 25th for the mouth

of the Congo with about seven hundred men of the expedition, reaching its destination in four weeks. He was then twelve hundred and sixty-six miles from Aruwimi, whence he was to march four hundred miles through an unknown country to Emin's capital. It was as late as April 26th before he could leave Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, and it was not until the second week in June that the explorer himself was at Aruwimi, much delay having been caused by defective transportation.

He left men at Stanley Falls with instructions to rebuild the storehouses, to open negotiations with the tribes, and to provide convoys of provisions for the relief expedition. A rearguard was left at Yambuya, and the advance column passed on to the limits of navigation, whence the overland march was taken up. Few difficulties were encountered apart from the natural obstacles presented by a country very difficult to traverse. About July 25th the expedition had ascended the River Aruwimi as far as an elevated tract of country forming a portion of the Mabodi district. At this distance from its confluence with the Congo the river became very narrow, being no longer navigable, and Mr. Stanley was compelled for several days to have all the provisions and munitions for the use of the expedition, as well as those intended for the revictualling of Emin Pasha's garrison, carried on the men's backs. The quantity of rice was so large that each man had to bear a double burden. The rafts which had been employed to convey the heavy baggage were left behind, and only the steel whale-boat brought from the camp at the foot of the Aruwimi rapids was carried past the narrows and again launched in the river, Mr. Stanley greatly congratulating himself that he had brought it, owing to the amount of water which, according to

the inhabitants of that part of the country, the expedition would have to cross before reaching the Albert Nyanza. Mr. Stanley calculated that once arrived at the summit of the table-lands which shape the basin of the Aruwimi he would be able to halt for two days, in order to rest his men and establish a fresh camp, garrisoned like that at Yambuya, by twenty men and a European officer. The population of the country through which Mr. Stanley was then travelling was considerable, but the people were much scattered. The district was tranquil, the agitation prevalent in the neighborhood of Stanley Falls not having spread to that part of the country.

At the beginning of August the expedition was reported to be advancing without the ammunition and stores designed for Emin. Provisions were scarce, the officers and men undergoing great privations, and suffering from disease and hunger. Tippu-Tib had failed to send to Yambuya the five hundred carriers who were to convey the stores. This failure was not due to treachery, since he was still at his post and faithful to Mr. Stanley's interests. In consequence of the disturbed state of the country he could not, as had been agreed upon, organize a revictualling caravan to be dispatched direct to the Albert Nyanza by the way of the River Mbourou, but he agreed to do so as soon as possible. The agitation continued in the country between Stanley Falls and the confluence of the Aruwimi with the Congo. Several villages on the right bank of the Congo had been pillaged and laid waste, and a large number of the natives had crossed the river to the opposite bank.

Thus, Mr. Stanley and his comrades plunged into the wilderness, and were lost to the sight of the world. From time to time thereafter countless rumors

came from Africa regarding them—rumors varied in tone as in number. At one time they had reached Emin in safety. Again they were all massacred long before they got to Wadelai. Now, Mr. Stanley had put himself at the head of Emin's army, and was marching on Khartoum to avenge Gordon and overthrow the Mahdi; and then he and Emin were captured by the Mahdist forces at Lado. Stories came of a mysterious "White Pasha" who was leading a conquering army through the Bahr el Ghazel country, and it was very generally believed that it was Mr. Stanley, who had reached Wadelai and was returning to the coast by the way of the Niger. But on December 15th, 1888, startling news came from Suakim, on the Red Sea coast of Egypt. Osman Digna, the Frenchman who had turned Arab, and was leader of the Mahdist army there, under a flag of truce informed the British commander that Emin's province had fallen into Arab hands, and that Emin and Stanley were prisoners. In proof of this he sent a copy of a letter just received from a Mahdist officer in the Soudan, as follows:

"In the name of the Great God, etc. This is from the least among God's servants to his Master and Chief Khalifa, etc. We proceeded with the steamers and army. Reached the town Lado, where Emin, Mudir of Equator, is staying. We reached this place 5th Safar, 1306. We must thank officers and men who made this conquest easy to us before our arrival. They caught Emin and a traveler staying with him, and put both in chains. The officers and men refused to go to Egypt with the Turks. Tewfik sent Emin one of the travellers, whose name is Mr. Stanley. This Mr. Stanley brought with him a letter from Tewfik to Emin, dated 8th Jemal Aowal, 1304, No. 81, telling Emin to come with Mr. Stanley, and gave the rest of

the force the option to go to Cairo or remain. The force refused the Turkish orders, and gladly received us. I found a great deal of feathers and ivory. I am sending with this, on board the 'Bordain,' the officers and chief clerk. I am also sending the letter which came to Emin from Tewfik, with the banners we took from the Turks. I heard that there is another traveller who came to Emin, but I heard that he returned. I am looking out for him. If he comes back again, I am sure to catch him. All the chiefs of the province with the inhabitants were delighted to receive us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. Please return the officers and chief clerk when you have seen them and given the necessary instructions, because they will be of great use to me."

This was accompanied by what appeared to be a letter written by the Khedive at Cairo to Emin, which had been intrusted to Mr. Stanley to deliver, and this convinced many of the truth of Osman Digna's story. But, as a matter of fact, as will be seen later, it was all an ingenious lie, concocted for the purpose of frightening the British into abandoning Suakim to the slave-traders. Meantime there was true news of actual disasters on the Congo. Major Barttelot, commanding the rearguard of the expedition, was murdered; and Mr. Jamieson, who succeeded to the command, died of fever. Under these circumstances, the gloomiest and most anxious views prevailed regarding Mr. Stanley's fate. That famous and experienced African traveller, Mr. Joseph Thomson, expressed the opinion that the whole expedition had been annihilated. "Stanley," he said, "has met his terrible fate in some such way as this: He started from the Aruwimi, and almost immediately plunged into dense forests, to be made worse by swamps further east. Through such a country his caravan

would have to travel in single file, with probably no more than twenty men in sight at one time. Under such conditions it would be impossible for the Europeans to keep in touch with their men, and thus scattered, thus without officers in a sense, they would fight at a terrible disadvantage. And fight they would have to for daily food if nothing else, and consequently with each succeeding week less able to continue the struggle. In this way they plunged deeper and deeper into the recesses of the unknown forest and swamp—and deeper and deeper, no doubt, into the heart of a powerful tribe of natives. And then the end came. Probably in that last struggle for life not a soul escaped.

"If you ask me why no news, no rumor of that catastrophe leaked out, I answer because there was no trade, not even a slave route, through that region. There was no native or Arab merchant to carry the news from tribe to tribe; and as each tribe has little but fighting relations with the neighboring ones, the tidings would not get through by their means. And, after all, what would the massacre of a passing caravan be to those savages? Only a common incident not worth speaking about beside the continual tribal wars they are accustomed to. The one thing they would find to remark would be the wonderful character of the plunder. Some day, no doubt, the news will leak out, but it may be months before anything reaches us. It is not much use crying over spilt milk, but one cannot help lamenting over this probable new disaster. It is all so much on a par with our terrible blunderings in the Soudan and East Africa. Only another remarkable man killed, and the magnificent life's work of another ruined. But for the selection of the Congo route Stanley might have been alive, Emin succored, and not improbably the

Mahdi's host defeated."

These were weighty words, coming from so eminent an authority, and they carried conviction to the hearts of many. But less than ten days later positive and authentic news of Mr. Stanley's arrival at Emin Pasha's capital was received, and April 3d, 1889, full details of the campaign, written by Mr. Stanley himself, were received and published. This letter was to the Chairman of the Relief Committee, and was dated at Bungangeta Island, Ituri or Aruwimi River, August 28th, 1888, and from which we quote:

"A short dispatch briefly announcing that we had placed the first installment of relief in the hands of Emin Pasha on the Albert Nyanza was sent to you by couriers from Stanley Falls, along with letters to Tippu-Tib, the Arab Governor of that district, on the 17th inst., within three hours of our meeting with the rear column of the expedition. I propose to relate to you the story of our movements since June 28th, 1887.

"I had established an entrenched and palisaded camp at Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwimi, just below the first rapids. Major Edmund Barttelot, being senior of these officers with me, was appointed commandant. Mr. J. S. Jamieson, a volunteer, was associated with him. On the arrival of all men and goods from Bolobo and Stanley Pool, the officers still believed Messrs. Troup, Ward and Bonny were to report to Major Barttelot for duty. But no important action or movement (according to letter of instructions given by me to the Major before leaving) was to be made without consulting with Messrs. Jamieson, Troup, and Ward. The columns under Major Barttelot's orders mustered two hundred and fifty-seven men.

"As I requested the Major to send you a copy of the instructions issued to each officer, you are doubtless aware that the Major was to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of the steamer from Stanley Pool with the officers, men, and goods left behind; and if Tippu-Tib's promised contingent of carriers had in the meantime arrived, he was to march his column and follow our track, which, so long as it traversed the forest region, would be known by the blazing of the trees, by our camps and zaribas, etc. If Tippu-Tib's carriers did not arrive, then, if he (the Major) preferred moving on to staying at Yambuya, he was to discard such things as mentioned in letter of instructions, and commence making double and triple journeys by short stages, until I should come down from the Nyanza and relieve him. The instructions were explicit and, as the officers admitted, intelligible.

"The advance column, consisting of three hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, set out from Yambuya, June 28th, 1887. The first day we followed the river bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankondé. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and, under cover of the smoke, attacked the pioneers who were clearing the numerous obstructions they had planted before the first village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland but trending east. We followed this path for five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding, and wounding an enemy was resorted to, but we passed through without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a northeasterly track, and reached the river again on the 5th of July. From this date until the

18th of October we followed the left bank of the Aruwimi. After seventeen days' continuous marching we halted one day for rest. On the twenty-fourth day from Yambuya we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On the 1st of August the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course had been singularly successful. But as we now entered a wilderness, which occupied us nine days in marching through it, our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The river at this time was of great use to us. Our boat and several canoes relieved the wearied and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant as during the first month, was still steady.

"On the 13th of August we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a bold front. We lost five men through poisoned arrows, and, to our great grief, Lieutenant Stairs was wounded just below the heart; but, though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered. On the 15th Mr. Jephson, in command of the land party, led his men inland, became confused, and lost his way. We were not re-united until the 21st.

"On the 25th of August we arrived in the district of Air-jeli. Opposite our camp was the mouth of the tributary Nepoko.

"On the 31st of August we met for the first time a party of Manyema, belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, *alias* Uledi Balyuz, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. Our misfortunes began from this date, for I had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, that they might not tamper with my men, and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting.

"On the 16th of September we arrived at a camp opposite the station at Ugarrowwa's. As food was very scarce, owing to his having devastated an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with such a man I made, and left fifty-six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarrowwa's to the continuous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarrowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head was to be paid to this man for their food.



ON THE BANKS OF THE NEPOKO.

"On September 18th we left Ugarrowwa's, and on the 18th of October entered the settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed bin Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in 'The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State.' This proved an awful month to us. Not one

member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. The advance numbered two hundred and seventy-three souls on leaving Ugarrowwa's, because out of three hundred and eighty we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick at the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men by starvation and desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi, and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed bin Salim did their utmost to ruin the expedition. Short of open hostilities, they purchased rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left their station we were beggared, and our men were absolutely naked. We were so weak physically that we were unable to carry the boat and about seventy loads of goods. We therefore left these goods and boat at Kilinga-Longa's under Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march, and after twelve days' march we arrived at a native settlement called Ibwiri. Between Kilinga-Longa's and Ibwiri our condition had not improved. The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a devastation so complete that there was not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa and Abed bin Salim the elephants had destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers. We were on virgin soil in a populous region abounding with food. Our suffering from hunger, which began on the 31st of August, terminated on the 12th of November. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of three hundred and eighty-nine we now only numbered one hundred and seventy-four, several of

whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate. Hitherto our people were skeptical of what we told them. The suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by and by we should see plains and cattle and the Nyanza and the white man, Emin Pasha. We felt as though we were dragging them along with a chain around our necks. 'Beyond these raiders lies a country untouched, where food is abundant and where you will forget your miseries. So cheer up, boys! Be men; press on a little faster.' They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties —for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralized. Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishments were of no avail, I then resorted to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hung in presence of all.

"We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves. The effect was such that I had a hundred and seventy-three—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men, when I set out for the Albert Nyanza on the 24th of November.

"There were still a hundred and twenty-six miles between us and the lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing.

"On the 1st of December we sighted the open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah—so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On the 5th of December we emerged upon the plains, and the deadly gloomy

forest was behind us. After a hundred and sixty days of continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us, and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions successfully completed all of a sudden revived!

"Woe betide the native aggressor we may meet, however powerful he may be; with such a spirit the men will fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It had been the eternal forests that had made the abject, slavish creatures, so brutally plundered by Arab slaves at Kilonga-Longa's.

"On the 9th we came to the country of the powerful chief Mozamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages about 4 P. M. on the 9th of December and occupied it, building a zariba as fast as bill-hooks could cut brushwood. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill; they were sent pealing across the intervening valleys; the people gathered by hundreds from every point; war-horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in us capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who

we were, and we were anxious to glean news of the land that threatened to ruin the expedition. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectable distance apart. The natives said they were subject to Uganda; but that Kabba-Rega was their real King, Mozamboni holding the country for Kabba-Rega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show their King Mozamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. In the meantime all hostilities were to be suspended.

"The morning of the 11th dawned, and at 8 A. M. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mozamboni's wish that we should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received by the valley around our neighborhood with deafening cries. Their word 'kanwana' signifies to make peace, 'kurwana' signifies war. We were therefore in doubt, or rather we hoped we had heard wrongly. We sent an interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was kanwana or kurwana. Kurwana, they responded, and to emphasize the term two arrows were shot at him, which dissipated all doubt. Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley two hundred and fifty yards wide; on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend; the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men were sent, under Lieutenant Stairs, to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east; a choice body of sharpshooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of

natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectively, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general flight. Meantime, Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P. M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us.

"On the morning of the 12th we continued our march. During the day we had four little fights. On the 13th marched straight east; attacked by new forces every hour until noon, when we halted for refreshments. These we successfully overcame.

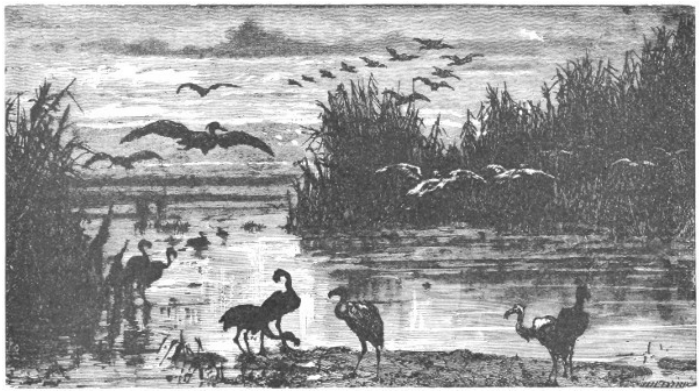
"At 1 P. M. we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried out, 'Prepare yourself for a sight of the Nyanza.' The men murmured and doubted, and said, 'Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?' At 1.30 P. M. the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters; but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon, that I could not say a word. This was my reward. The mountains, they said, were the mountains of Unyoro, or rather its lofty plateau wall. Kavali, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies.

"We were at an altitude of five thousand two hundred feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over two thousand nine hundred below us. We stood in 1° 20´ N. latitude; the south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped about six miles south of this position. Right across to the eastern shore every dent in its low, flat shore was visible; and traced like a silver

snake on a dark ground was the tributary Laniliki, flowing into the Albert from the southwest.

"After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the rugged and stony descent. Before the rearguard had descended one hundred feet, the natives of the plateau we had just left poured after them. Had they shown as much courage and perseverance on the plain as they now exhibited, we might have been seriously delayed. The rearguard was kept very busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids reading two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. A night attack was made on us, but our sentries sufficed to drive these natives away.

"At 9 A. M. of the 14th we approached the village of Kakongo, situate at the southwest corner of the Albert Lake. Three hours were spent by us attempting to make friends. We signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake, because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood-brotherhood with us, because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us, because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink, and they would show us our road up to Nyamsassie. But from these singular people we learned that they had heard there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they seen any steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had, except such as would hold the men, etc.



WILD GAME ON THE ARUWIMI.

"There was no excuse for quarreling; the people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path and followed it a few miles, when we camped about half a mile from the lake. We began to consider our position, with the light thrown upon it by the conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zanzibar had evidently not arrived, or, I presume, Emin Pasha with his two steamers would have paid the southwest side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kilonga-Longa's, one hundred and ninety miles distant. There was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make a canoe. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me, except that of retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilonga-Longa's for our boat, store up every load

in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, and raise corn for us; march back again to Albert Lake, and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussions with my officers, I resolved upon.

"On the 15th we marched to the site of Kavali, on the west side of the lake. Kavali had years ago been destroyed. At 4 P. M. the Kakongo natives had followed us and shot several arrows into our bivouac, and disappeared as quickly as they came. At 6 P. M. we began a night march, and by 10 A. M. of the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more, Kakongo natives having persisted in following us up the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded."

In speaking of his further movements, he says:—

"By January 7th we were in Ibwiri once again, and after a few days' rest Lieutenant Stairs, with a hundred men, sent to Kilonga-Longa's to bring the boat and goods up, also Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers, only eleven men were brought to the fort, the rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods he was sent to Ugarrowwa's to bring up the convalescents there. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace. Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm; but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and, forty-seven days having expired, I set out again for the Albert Nyanza, April 2d, accompanied by Messrs. Jephson and Parke. Captain Nelson, now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys.

"On April 26th we arrived in Mozamboni's country

once again; but this time, after solicitation, Mozamboni decided to make blood-brotherhood with me. Though I had fifty rifles less with me on this second visit, the example of Mozamboni was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza, and every difficulty seemed removed. Food was supplied gratis; cattle, goats, sheep, and fowls were also given in such abundance that our people lived royally. One day's march from the Nyanza the natives came from Kavali, and said that a white man named 'Malejja' had given their chief a black packet to give to me, his son. Would I follow them? 'Yes, to-morrow,' I answered, 'and if your words are true I will make you rich.'

"They remained with us that night, telling us wonderful stories about 'big ships as large as islands filled with men,' etc., which left no doubt in our mind that this white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to the chief Kavali, and after a while he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strip of black American oil-cloth. The note was to the effect that as there had been a native rumor to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kabba-Rega, King of Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him. However, the wife of the Nyamsassie chief had told a native ally of his named Mogo that she had seen us in Mrusuma (Mozamboni's country). He therefore begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The note was signed '(Dr.) Emin,' and dated March 26th.

"The next day, April 23d, Mr. Jephson was dispatched with a strong force of men to take the

boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mswa station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers."



CHAPTER XXVII.

MEETING OF STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA.

Emin Pasha Arrives by Steamer, Accompanied by Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson — Meeting with Stanley — Camp Together for Twenty-six Days — Stanley Returns

to Fort Bodo — Leaves Jephson with Emin — Relieves Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs — Terrible Loss Suffered by Lieutenant Stairs' Party — Leaves Fort Bodo for Kilonga-Longa's and Ugarrowwa — The Latter Deserted — Meets the Rear Column of the Expedition, a Week Later, at Bunalya — Meets Bonny and Learns of the Death of Major Barttelot — Terrible Wreck of the Rear Column — Seventy-one out of Two Hundred and Fifty-seven left — The Record one of Disaster, Desertion and Death — Interview with Emin — Emin's Condition — Emin and Jephson Surrounded by the Rebels and Taken Prisoners — Stanley Returns a Second Time to Albert Nyanza — Emin and Jephson Relieved by Stanley — Letter of Stanley Graphically Describing the Forest Region Traversed by Him — Sketches the Course of the Aruwimi — A Retrospect of his Thrilling Experiences as Far as the Victoria Nyanza, August 28th, 1889.

"On the 29th of April we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on the 16th of December, and at 5 P. M. of that day I saw the *Khedive* steamer about seven miles away steaming toward us. Soon after 7 P. M. Emin Pasha and Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us," writes Mr. Stanley.

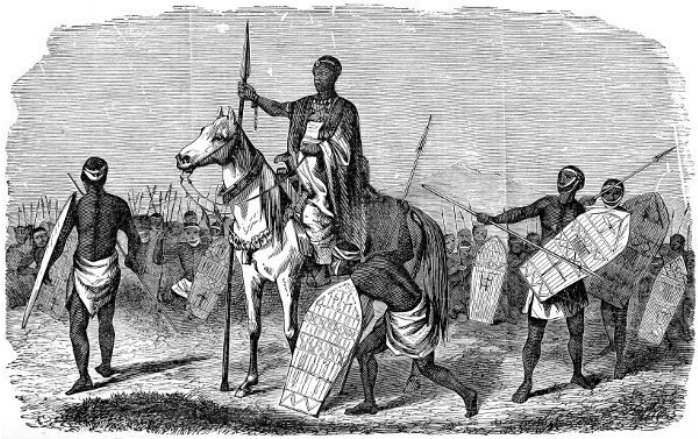
"The next day we moved to a better camping-place, about three miles above Nyamsassie, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp. We were together until the 25th of May. On that day I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese and two Zanzibaris in his care, and in return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and one hundred and two Mahdi natives as porters.

"Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwa's twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, April 2d, bringing

with him, alas! only sixteen out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Barttelot had safely left Ugarrowwa's for Yambuya on March 16th.

"Fort Bodo was in a flourishing condition. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was in the granaries. They had just commenced planting again.

"On the 16th of June I left Fort Bodo with a hundred and eleven Zanzibaris and a hundred and one of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores left with Major Barttelot. On the 24th of June we reached Kilonga-Longa's, and July 19th Ugarrowwa's. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn, so that we had been able to pass through the wilderness unscathed.



ARABI PASHA AND THE EGYPTIAN SOUDANESE.

"Passing on down river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of ten pounds per head, or the Major himself leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal.

"On the 10th of August we overtook Ugarrowwa with an immense flotilla of fifty-seven canoes, and to our wonder our couriers now reduced to seventeen. They related an awful story of hair-breadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, and all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

"A week later, on August 17th, we met the rear column of the expedition at a place called Bunalya, or, as the Arabs have corrupted it, Unarya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade whom I at first thought was Mr. Jamieson, but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonny, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"'Well, my dear Bonny, where is the Major?'

"'He is dead, sir; shot by the Manyuema about a month ago.'

"'Good God! And Mr. Jamieson?'

"'He has gone to Stanley Falls to try and get some more men from Tippu-Tib.'

"'And Mr. Troup?'

"'Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided.'

"'Hem! well, where is Ward?'

"'Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir.'

"'Heavens alive! then you are the only one here?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"I found the rear column a terrible wreck. Out of two hundred and fifty-seven men there were only seventy-one remaining. Out of seventy-one only fifty-two, on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuya to Bunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty-three days. According to Mr. Bonny, during the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuya, the record is only one of disaster, desertion, and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which are incredible, and, indeed, I have not the time, for, excepting Mr. Bonny, I have no one to assist me in reorganizing the expedition. There are still far more loads than I can carry, at the same time articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuya with only a short campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess

meeting, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly, my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as 'superfluities!' Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked, and deprived of even the necessaries of life in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats and four pairs of boots, a flannel jacket; and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow! was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact—it was only myself that was dead.

"I pray you to say that we were only eighty-two days from the Albert Lake to Banalya, and sixty-one from Fort Bodo. The distance is not very great—it is the people who fail one. Going to Nyanza we felt as though we had the tedious task of dragging them; on returning each man knew the road, and did not need any stimulus. Between the Nyanza and here we only lost three men—one of which was by desertion. I brought a hundred and thirty-one Zanzibaris here, and left fifty-nine at Fort Bodo—total, one hundred and ninety men out of three hundred and eighty-nine; loss, fifty per cent. At Yambuya I left two hundred and fifty-seven men; there are only seventy-one left, ten of whom will never leave this camp—loss over two hundred and seventy per cent. This proves that, though the sufferings of the advance were unprecedented, the mortality was not so great as in camp at Yambuya. The survivors of the march are all robust, while the survivors of the rear column are thin and most unhealthy-looking.

"I have thus rapidly sketched out our movements since June 28th, 1887. I wish I had the leisure to furnish more details, but I cannot find the time. I write this amid the hurry and bustle of departure, and amid constant interruptions. You will, however, have gathered from this letter an idea of the nature of the country traversed by us. We were a hundred and sixty days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass-land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grass-land are well marked. We saw it extending northeasterly, with its curves and bays and capes, just like a sea-shore. Southwesterly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangwe to the southern borders of the Monbuttu; east and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwimi, to about east longitude 29°-40°. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract thus described—totally covered by forest—is two hundred and forty-six thousand square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and the Aruwimi, the forest embraces another twenty thousand square miles.

"Between Yambuya and the Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The last is that which is spoken by the Wanyoro, Wanyankori, Wanya, Ruanda, and people of Karangwe and Ukerwee.

"The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo River from an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet to one thousand four hundred feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grass-land the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mounts or ridges. North we saw no land higher than about six thousand feet above the sea;

but bearing two hundred and fifteen degrees magnetic, at the distance of about fifty miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, and probably seventeen or eighteen thousand feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will probably prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon-Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara; but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same—first, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter, as given by me in 1876; and, secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon-Bennett. I might mention a third, which is that the latter is a perfect cone apparently, while the Ruevenzori is an oblong mount, nearly level on the summit, with two ridges extending northeast and southwest.

"I have met only three natives who have seen the lake toward the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

"The Aruwimi becomes known as the Suhali about one hundred miles above Yambuya; as it nears the Nepoko it is called the Nevoa; beyond its confluence with the Nepoko it is known as the No-Welle; three hundred miles from the Congo it is called the Itiri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to its source. Ten minutes' march from the Ituri waters we saw the Nyanza, like a mirror in its immense gulf.

"Before closing my letter let me touch more at large on the subject which brought me to this land—viz., Emin Pasha.

"The Pasha has two battalions of regulars under him—the first, consisting of about seven hundred and fifty rifles, occupies Duffle, Honyu, Lahore, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf; the second battalion,

consisting of six hundred and forty men, guard the stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communication along the Nyanza and Nile about one hundred and eighty miles in length. In the interior west of the Nile he retains three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants. 'Altogether,' he said, 'if I consent to go away from here we shall have about eight thousand people with us.'

"'Were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment or be a second in doubt what to do.'

"'What you say is quite true; but we have such a large number of women and children, probably ten thousand people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great number of carriers.'

"'Carriers! carriers for what?' I asked.

"'For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel?'

"'The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on the donkeys. I hear you have about two hundred of them. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear of them; they will do better than the men.'

"'They would require a vast amount of provision for the road.'

"'True, but you have some thousands of cattle, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food.'

"'Well, well, we will defer further talk till to-morrow.'

"*May 1st, 1888.*—Halt in camp at Nsabé. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer *Khedive* about 1 P. M., and in a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments used above were repeated, and he said:

"'What you told me yesterday has led me to think that it is best we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of these about one hundred men, besides their women and children. Of these there is no doubt; and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavors for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted story, that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars who compose the first and second battalions I am extremely doubtful; they have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married, and several of them have harems. Many of the irregulars would also retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave, you can imagine that my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on returning all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise, and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter until there would be none of them left.'

"'Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?' I asked.

"'Oh! these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you.'

"Now, will you, Pasha, do me the favor to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the sea, for we have been instructed to assist him also should we meet?'

"Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha:

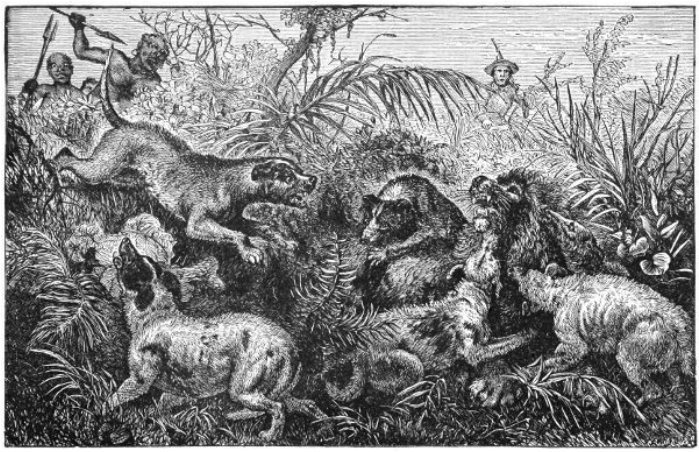
"'What the Governor Emin decides upon shall be the rule of conduct for me also. If the Governor stays, I stay. If the Governor goes, I go.'

"'Well, I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibilities will be great.'

"A laugh. The sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant Captain replied:

"'Oh! I beg pardon, but I absolve the Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, because I am governed by my own choice entirely.'

"Thus day after day I recorded faithfully the interviews I had with Emin Pasha; but these extracts reveal as much as is necessary for you to understand the position. I left Mr. Jephson thirteen of my Soudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united expedition to the Nyanza.



TERRIFIC FIGHT FOR LIFE.

"Within two months the Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new road."

In a subsequent letter wherein he refers to his return to the rear, to bring up those of his forces that had been left behind, he says:

"This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa.

"A regular divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will, but nevertheless guided us and protected us.

"What can you make of this, for instance? On August 17th, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march to follow our track, they decide

to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere.

“The results are that three-quarters of their force die of slow poison. Their commander is murdered, and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton and obliged to return home. A fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the Congo, and the survivor is found in such a fearful pest-hole that we dare not describe its horrors.

“On the same date, one hundred and fifty miles away, the officer of the day leads three hundred and thirty-three men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic; his white companions, vexed and irritated by the sense of the evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals, and poison-tipped arrows thin their numbers.

“Meantime, I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions; through forests my scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

“Taking the same month and the same date in 1888, a year later, on August 17th, I listen, horror-stricken, to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot Barth four weeks before, is simply sickening.

"On the same day, six hundred miles west of this camp, Jamieson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow, breathes his last.

"On the next day, August 18th, six hundred miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer Jephson are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death; but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists.

"Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom.

"Jephson's own letters will describe his anxiety. Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection, did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm."

In still another letter he gives us a most graphic account of this vast forest region. "Until we penetrated and marched through it," he writes, "this region was entirely unexplored and untrodden by either white or Arab."

"While in England, considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert), I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region lying between the Congo and the grass-land; but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, plowing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took us one hundred and sixty days before we could say, 'Thank God! we are out of the darkness at last.' At one time we were all—whites and blacks

—almost ‘done up.’ September, October, and half of that month of November, 1887, will not be forgotten by us. October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers are heartily sick of the forest; but the loyal blacks, a band of one hundred and thirty, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shades of ancient trees, ranging from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet high; briers and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above; queer noises of birds and animals; crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away: dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest, extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and from June 1st, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the

present date till about December 10th, 1888, when I hope then to say a last farewell to the Congo forest.

"Now that we have gone through and through this forest region, I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deduced from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with the requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of the South Atlantic Ocean, whose vapors are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of one thousand four hundred miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture, to be distilled into rain, and mist, and dew over this insatiable forest; and then another six hundred miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about one hundred and fifty days of rain every year in this region, and that the Congo forest covers such a wide area.

"Until we set foot on the grass-land, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked like a smile, or a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half of the time every day resembles a winter sky in England; the face of Nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it, and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon, and the bright light

reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

"Emerging from the forest, finally, we all became enraptured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches and gloomy thoughts and unwholesome ideas were banished. You have heard how the London citizen, after months of devotion to business in the gaseous atmosphere in that great city, falls into raptures at sight of the green fields and hedges, meadows and trees; and how his emotions, crowding on his dazed senses, are indescribable. Indeed, I have seen a Derby day once, and I fancied then that I only saw madmen —for great, bearded, hoary-headed fellows, though well dressed enough, behaved in a most idiotic fashion, amazing me quite. Well, on this 5th of December we became suddenly smitten with madness in the same manner. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that 'Legion' had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide, unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, roan antelope, stood on either hand with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings, yelling with joy, as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest.

"On the confines of this forest, near a village which was rich in sugar cane, ripe bananas, tobacco, Indian corn, and other productions of aboriginal husbandry, we came across an ancient woman lying asleep. I believe she was a leper and an outcast, but she was undoubtedly ugly, vicious, and old; and, being old, she was obstinate. I practiced all kinds of

seductive arts to get her to do something besides crossly mumbling, but of no avail. Curiosity having drawn toward us about a hundred of our people, she fastened fixed eyes on one young fellow (smooth-faced and good-looking), and smiled. I caused him to sit near her, and she became voluble enough—beauty and youth had tamed the 'beast.' From her talk we learned that there was a powerful tribe, called the Banzanza, with a great king, to the northeast of our camp, of whom we might be well afraid, as the people were as numerous as grass. Had we learned this ten days earlier, I might have become anxious for the result; but it now only drew a contemptuous smile from the people—for each one, since he had seen the grass-land and evidences of meat, had been transformed into a hero.

"We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude, but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the emptied villages of the open country we proceeded to regale ourselves on melon, rich-flavored bananas and plantains, and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked down, plucked, roasted, or boiled; the goats, meditatively browsing, or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the grateful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of good things, had awaited our eruption into the grass-land. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a goee-goee or chickenheart left. Only the Babusesse, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion."

It is not possible yet fully to determine the

geographical results of the expedition. That they are very great and important appears certain. In the brief narratives already furnished by Mr. Stanley many facts of value and interest appear, adding new details to the map of Africa. The Aruwimi, Mr. Stanley says, is also called the Ituri, the Dudu, the Biyerre, the Luhali, the Nevva, and the Nowelle-Itire. Throughout several hundred miles of its upper part it is invariably called the Ituri, as it is by the natives around the Albert Nyanza.

"The main Ituri, at the distance of six hundred and eighty miles from its mouth," says Mr. Stanley, "is one hundred and twenty-five yards wide, nine feet deep, and has a current of three knots. It appears to run parallel with the Nyanza. Near that group of cones and hills affectionately named Mount Schweinfurth, Mount Junker, and Mount Speke, I would place its highest source. Draw three or four respectable streams draining into it from the crest of the plateau overlooking the Albert Nyanza, and two or three respectable streams flowing into it from northwesterly, let the main stream flow southwest to near north latitude 1°, give it a bow-like form north latitude 1° to north latitude 1° 50′, then let it flow with curves and bends down to north latitude 1° 17′ near Yambuya, and you have a sketch of the course of the Aruwimi, or Ituri, from the highest source down to its mouth, and the length of this Congo tributary will be eight hundred miles. We have travelled on it and along its banks for six hundred and eighty miles; on our first march to the Nyanza for one hundred and fifty-six miles along its banks or near its vicinity; we returned to obtain our boat from Kilonga-Longa's; then we conveyed the boat to the Nyanza for as many miles again; for four hundred and eighty miles we travelled its flanks or voyaged

on its waters to hunt up the rear column of the expedition; for as many miles we must retrace our steps to the Albert Nyanza for the third time. You will, therefore, agree with me that we have sufficient knowledge of this river for all practical purposes."

In a letter, dated South End, Victoria Nyanza, September 3, 1889, referring to his experiences on the Aruwimi, he says: "For the time being you can believe me that one day has followed another in striving fully against all manner of obstacles, natural and otherwise. From the day I left Yambuya to August 28, 1889, the day I arrived here, the bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap. The catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from fever, and morbid musings over the mischances that meet us daily would make a formidable list. You know that all the stretch of country between Yambuya and this place is an absolute new country except what may be measured by five ordinary marches. First, there is that dead white of the map now changed to a dead black. I mean that the region of earth confined between east longitude 25° and south latitude 29° 45 ´ is one great compact of a remorselessly sullen forest with a growth of an untold number of ages, swarming at stated intervals with immense numbers of vicious man-eating savages, and crafty, undersized men who were unceasing in their annoyance. Then there is that belt of grass-land lying between it and Albert Nyanza, whose people contested every mile of our advance with spirit, and made us think that they were guardians of some priceless treasure hidden in the Nyanza shores or at war with Emin Pasha and his thousands. Sir Percival in search of the Holy Grail could not have met with hotter opposition. Three separate times necessity compelled us to traverse

these unholy regions with varying fortunes."



CHAPTER XXVIII.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES *EN ROUTE*.

Finds that Baker has Made an Error — Altitudes of Lake

Albert and the Blue Mountains — Vacovia — Discovers the Lofty Ruevenzori — The Nile or the Congo? — The Semliki River — The Plains of Noongora — The Salt Lakes of Kative — New Peoples — Wakonyu of the Great Mountains — The Awamba — Wasonyora — Wanyora Bandits — Lake Albert Edward — The Tribes and Shepherd Races of the Eastern Uplands — Wamyau Kori — Wanyaruwamba — Wazinya — A Harvest of New Facts — The Importance of Stanley's Addition to the Victoria Nyanza.

Stanley first sighted the Albert Nyanza on December 13th, 1887. Its southern part lay at the feet of the explorer almost like an immense map. He glanced rapidly over the grosser details, the lofty plateau, the wall of Unyoro to the east and that of Baregga to the west, rising nearly three thousand feet above the silver water, and between the hills the stretched-out plain, seemingly very flat and grassy, with here and there a dark clump of brushwood, which, as the plain trended southwesterly, became a thin forest. The southwest edge of the lake he fixed at nine miles in a direct southeasterly line from this place. This will make the terminus of the southwest corner 1° 17´ N. latitude, by prismatic compass, magnetic bearing; of the southeast corner, just south of a number of falls, 1° 37´. This will make it about 1° 11´ 30` N. latitude, magnetic bearing of 1° 48´.

Taken from N. latitude 1° 25´ 30`, this about exactly describes the line of shore running from the southwest corner of the lake to the southeast corner of Albert. Baker fixed his position latitude 1° 15´ N., if we recollect rightly. The centre of Mbakovia Terrace bears 1° 21´ 30` magnetic from Stanley's first point of observation. This will make Baker's Vacovia about 1° 15´ 45`, allowing 10° west variation. In trying to solve the problem of the infinity of Lake

Albert, as sketched by Baker, and finding that the lake terminus is only four miles south of where he stood to view it "from a little hill" and on "a beautifully clear day," one would almost feel justified in saying he had never seen the lake.

But Baker's position of Vacovia proves that he actually was there, and the general correctness of his outline of the east coast from Vacovia to Magungo also proves that he navigated the lake.

Stanley says: "When we turn our faces northeast we say that Baker has done exceedingly well; but when we turn them southward our senses in vain try to penetrate the mystery, because our eyes see not what Baker saw. With Lieutenant Stairs, Mounteney, Jephson, Surgeon Parke, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, I look with my own eyes upon the scene. I find Baker has made an error. I am somewhat surprised also at Baker's altitudes of Lake Albert and the Blue Mountains and at the breadth attributed by him to the lake. The shore opposite Vacovia is ten and a quarter miles distant, not forty or fifty miles. The Blue Mountains are nothing else but a west upland, the highest cone or hill being not above six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The altitude of Lake Albert by the aneroid and the boiling point will not exceed two thousand three hundred and fifty feet."

Last of all, away to the southwest, while Baker has sketched his infinite stretch of lake, there rises, about forty miles from Vacovia, an immense snowy mountain, a solid, square-browed mass, with an almost level summit between two lofty ridges. If it were a beautifully clear day he should have seen this, being nearer to it by thirteen geographical miles than Stanley was.

"About the lake discovered by me in 1876 I can learn very little from the natives," says Stanley. "At

the Chief of Kavallis I saw two natives who came from that region. One of them hailed from Unyampaka and the other from Usongora. The first said that the Albert Lake is much larger than that near Unyampaka. The other said that the southern lake is the larger, as it takes two days to cross it. He describes it as being a month's march from Kavallis. Their accounts differ so much that one is almost tempted to believe that there are two lakes, the smaller one near Unyampaka and connected by a river or channel with that of Usongora.

"My interest is greatly excited, as you may imagine, by the discovery of Ruevenzori, the snowy mountain, and a possible rival of Kilimanjaro. Remember that we are in north latitude, and that this mountain must be near or on the Equator itself; that it is summer now, and that we saw it in the latter part of May; that the snow-line was about estimated at only one thousand feet below the summit.

"Hence I conclude that it is not Mount Gordon-Bennett seen in December, 1876—though it may be so—which the natives said had only snow occasionally.

"At the time I saw the latter there was no snow visible. It is a little further east, according to the position I gave it, than Ruevenzori. All questions which this mountain naturally give rise to will be settled, I hope, by this expedition before it returns to the sea.

"If at all near my line of march, its length, height and local history will be ascertained. Many rivers will be found to issue from this curious land between the two Muta Nziges. What rivers are they? Do they belong to the Nile or the Congo? There is no river going east or southeast from this section except the

Katonga and Kafur, and both must receive, if any, but a very small supply from Mount Gordon-Bennett and the Ruevenzori. The new mountain must therefore be drained principally south and west—if the south streams have connection with the lake, south; if west, Semiliki, a tributary of Lake Albert, and some river flowing to the Congo must receive the rest of its waters. Then, if the lake south receives any considerable supply, the interest deepens.

"Does the lake discharge its surplus to the Nile or the Congo? If to the former, then it will be of great interest to you, and you will have to admit that Lake Victoria is not the main source of the Nile. If to the Congo, then the lake will be the source of the river Lowa or Loa, since it is the largest tributary to the Congo from the east between the Aruwimi and Luama."

Of the many geographical discoveries that have resulted from the expedition just completed, the following may be noted as among the most prominent: The snowy ranges of Ruevenzori, the Cloud King, or Rain-creator; the Semliki River, the plains of Noongora, the salt lakes of Kative; new peoples, Wakonyu of the Great Mountains; dwellers of the rich forest regions, the Awamba, the fine-featured Wasonyora, the Wanyora bandits, and then Lake Albert Edward, the tribes and shepherd races of the Eastern Uplands, then Wanyankori, besides Wanyaruwamba and Wazinya.

Stanley found that Albert Nyanza does not extend as far south by considerable as Baker represented, and as has generally been believed. He discovered a new lake, which he named Albert Edward Nyanza, southwest of Albert Nyanza, and connected with it by a considerable river, which now bears the name Semliki. This new lake must thus be considered the

source of the White Nile. And he has found that Victoria Nyanza extends much farther southwest than has been supposed, and approaches within one hundred and fifty-five miles of Tanganyika.

In a letter, under a recent date, giving some details of his later experiences, Stanley glowingly refers to his geographical discoveries:

"Over and above the happy ending of our appointed duties, we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The mountains of the Moon this time, beyond the least doubt, have been located, and Ruevenzori, 'the Cloud King,' robed in eternal snow, has been seen and its flanks explored, and some of its shoulders ascended, Mounts Gordon-Bennett and Mackinnon cones being but giant sentries, warding off the approach to the inner area of 'the Cloud King.'

"On the southwest of the range the connection between Albert Edward Nyanza and Albert Nyanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains have been traversed, separated by such tracts or pasture land as would make your cowboys out West mad with envy.

"And right under the burning Equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries, and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from snow-beds. We have also been able to add nearly six thousand square miles of water to Victoria Nyanza.

"Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say

what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries.

"I always suspected that in the central regions between the equatorial lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new facts."

Of the relative importance of Stanley's discovery, made through his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, the New York "Herald" says,
editorially:—

"Along the blood-stained line of his march from Albert Nyanza to the ocean, Stanley has discovered a large addition to the great Victorian sea. This most expansive of Africa's inland waters, discovered thirty years ago by the lamented and dashing explorer Speke, is the source of the Nile, and drains the eastern plateau of Equatorial Africa bordering the head waters of the mighty Congo. On this water-shed, within a radius of two hundred miles, collects the rainfall which feeds and fertilizes two enormous river basins rivalling that of the Amazon.

"According to our cable despatches Stanley now finds that the Victoria Nyanza covers twenty-six thousand square miles. This extension, when combined with its elevation (4100 feet) above the sea level, makes it the most important, if not the largest, reservoir of fresh water on the globe. Lake Superior overspreads more territory, but Victoria is probably much deeper, and is perched up more than six times as high. Though not quite rivalling tempestuous Lake Titicaca, which stands on the Bolivian table-land over twelve thousand feet high, the Victorian sea is vastly larger and more influential, both as a hydrographic and meteorological agent.

"Mr. Stanley's survey of this Mediterranean bears

with very special interest on the future of Central Africa. The most effective entrances which the wedge of Civilization has ever made into the Dark Continent have been on its southern and southeastern coast. If the routes from Zanzibar and other points on the southeast coast to the lake region centering in Victoria Nyanza can be opened up, the wave of Progress and Illumination will enter the populous heart of Africa more rapidly by these short cuts traversing a comparatively healthy region than by the sickly, tortuous valley of the Congo."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Emin Pasha's Indecision — Much Time Wasted — Stanley Grows Impatient — Jephson's Report — Stanley Demands Positive Action, and Threatens to March Homeward on February 13th — Receives Emin's Reply, Accepting the Escort, on the Day he had Proposed to Begin his Return March — Stanley Furnishes Carriers to Help him Up with his Luggage — Stanley Greatly Hindered by the Suspicions of the Natives — Convalescent from his Recent Severe Illness, Stanley leaves Kavalli with his United Expedition, for the Indian Ocean, April 12th — Letter of Lieutenant W. G. Stairs — Reaches Ursulala — Stanley's Letter to Sir Francis de Winston — Expeditions Fitted Out and Forwarded to the Interior to Meet Stanley — Stanley reaches Msuwah November 29th — Meets the "Herald" Commissioner — Reaches Mbiki, December 1st — Kigiro, December 3d — Bagamoyo, December 4th — Grand Reception Accorded Stanley at Bagamoyo — Enter Zanzibar December 5th —

Sad Accident Befalls Emin Pasha — Seriously, if not Fatally, Injured — The End of a Remarkable and Extraordinary Expedition — The Closing Words of Stanley's Story.

In a previous chapter reference is made to the hesitancy shown by Emin Pasha, Casati, and followers, to accept the escort of Stanley out of the country, and the time that was wasted in considering the proper step to take. That our reader may more fully comprehend how the patience of Stanley was tried at this time, we will quote from his letter to Sir William McKinnon, under date of August, 1889. In referring to this matter, Stanley says:—

"If you will bear in mind that August 17, 1888, after a march of six hundred miles to hunt up the rear column, I met only a miserable remnant of it, wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, neglect of their promises, and indifference to their written orders, you will readily understand why after another march of seven hundred miles I was a little put out when I discovered that, instead of performing their promise of conducting the garrison of Fort Bodo to Nyanza, Mr. Jephson and Emin Pasha had allowed themselves to be made prisoners on or about the very day they were expected by the garrison of Fort Bodo to reach them. It could not be pleasant reading to find that, instead of being able to relieve Emin Pasha, I was more than likely, by the tenor of these letters, to lose one of my own officers to add to the number of Europeans in that unlucky Equatorial province. However, a personal interview with Jephson was necessary in the first place to understand fairly or fully the state of affairs. February 6, 1889, Jephson arrived in the afternoon

at our camp at Kavalli on a plateau. I was startled to hear Mr. Jephson in plain, undoubting words say, 'Sentiment is Pasha's worst enemy. No one keeps Emin Pasha back but Emin Pasha himself.' This is a summary of what Jephson had learned during the nine months from May 25, 1888, to February 6, 1889. I gathered sufficient from Jephson's verbal report to conclude that during the nine months neither Pasha, Signor Casati, nor any man in the province had arrived nearer any other conclusion than that which was told us ten months before this:

"The Pasha—'If my people go, I go. If they stay, I stay.'

"Signor Casati—'If the Governor goes, I go. If the Governor stays, I stay.'

"The Faithful—'If the Pasha goes, we go. If the Pasha stays, we stay.'

"However, a diversion in our favor was created by the Mahdist's invasion, and the dreadful slaughter they made of all they met inspired us with a hope that we could get a definite answer at last, though Mr. Jephson could only reply: 'I really cannot tell you what Pasha means to do. He says he wishes to go away, but will not make a move. No one will move. It is impossible to say what any man will do. Perhaps another advance by the Mahdists would send them all pell-mell towards Utoagin. They are irresolute, and require several weeks' rest to consider again.'"

In February, however, Stanley despatched a messenger with orders to Lieutenant Stairs to hasten with his column to Kavalli, with a view to concentrate the expedition ready for any contingency. Couriers were also dispatched to Pasha telling him of these movements and intentions, and asking him to point out how they could best aid him —whether it would be best for them to remain at

Kavalli, or whether they should advance into the province and assist him at Mswa or Tangura Island, where Jephson had left him. Stanley suggested the simplest plan for him would be to seize the steamer and employ her in the transport of refugees, who he heard were collected in numbers at Tangura, to his (Stanley's) old camp on the Nyanza; or that, failing with the steamer, he should march overland from Tangura to Mswa, and send a canoe to inform him that he had done so, when, a few days after, he (Stanley) could be at Mswa with two hundred and fifty rifles to escort them to Kavalli. But Stanley demanded something positive, otherwise it would be his duty to destroy the ammunition and march homeward on the 13th of February.



TIPPU-TIB.

The following letter, by a courier, was received by Stanley from Emin Pasha, much to his astonishment, on the very day he had proposed to begin the homeward march, Emin being then actually at anchor just below his
camp:—

CAMP, February 13, 1889.
HENRY M. STANLEY, Commanding Relief Expedition.

Sir:—In answer to your letter of the 7th inst., for which I beg to tender my best thanks, I have the honor to inform you that yesterday at three I arrived here with my two steamers carrying the first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. As soon as I have arranged for cover of my people, steamships have to start for Mswa station to bring on another lot of people awaiting transportation. With me there are some twelve officers anxious to see you and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers, at least such as are willing to leave, from Wadelai, and I promised them to do my best to assist them. Things having to some extent now changed, you will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. To arrange these matters I shall start from here with officers for your camp, and if you send carriers I could avail me of some of them. I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo and the great sacrifices made by your expedition to assist us may be rewarded by full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure. Sig. Casati requests me to give his best thanks for your kind remembrance of him. Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now, and believe me to be, yours, faithfully,

DR. EMIN.

During the interval between Jephson's arrival and the receipt of this letter Jephson had written pretty full reports of all that he had heard from Pasha, Signor Casati, and the Egyptian soldiers, of the principal events that had transpired within the last few years in the Equatorial province. In Jephson's report appear such sentences as the following: "And this leads me to say a few words concerning the position of affairs in this country. When I entered it, April 21, 1888, the first battalion of about seven

hundred rifles had been long in rebellion against Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him prisoner. The second battalion of about six hundred and fifty rifles, though professedly loyal, was insubordinate and almost unmanageable. Pasha possessed only a semblance, a mere rag of authority, and if he required anything of importance to be done he could no longer order, he was obliged to beg his officers to do it. Now, when we were at Nzabe, in May, 1888, though Pasha hinted things were a little difficult in his country, he never revealed to us the true state of things, which was actually desperate, and we had not the slightest idea that any mutiny or discontent was likely to arise among his people. We thought, as most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe by the Pasha's own letters and Juncker's later representations, that all his difficulties arose from events outside his country, whereas in point of fact his danger arose from internal dissensions. Thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence or help, and who, instead of being grateful to us for wishing to help them, have from the first conspired how to plunder the expedition and turn us adrift; and had the mutineers in their highly-excited state been able to prove one single case of injustice, cruelty, or neglect of his people against Pasha he would most assuredly have lost his life in this rebellion."

Jephson further says, in summing up his report:—

"As to Pasha's wish to leave the country, I can say decidedly he is most anxious to go out with us; but under what conditions he will consent to come I can hardly understand. I do not think he knows himself. His ideas seem to me to vary much on the subject.

To-day he is ready to start up and go; to-morrow some new idea holds him back. I have had many conversations with him about it, but have never been able to get his unchanging opinion on the subject. After this rebellion I remarked to him: 'I presume now that your people have deposed you, and put you aside, you do not consider that you have any longer any responsibility or obligations concerning them,' and he answered: 'Had they not deserted me I should have felt bound to stand by them and help them in any way I could, but now I consider I am absolutely free to think only of my own personal safety and welfare; and if I get a chance I shall go out regardless of everything.' And yet only a few days before I left him he said to me: 'I know I am not in any way responsible for these people, but I cannot bear to go out myself first and leave anyone here behind me who is desirous of quitting the country. It is mere sentiment, I know, and perhaps a sentiment you will not sympathize with, but my enemies at Wadelai would point at me and say to the people, "You see he has deserted you."' These are merely two examples of what passed between us on the subject of his going out with us, but I could quote numbers of things he has said all equally contradictory. Being somewhat impatient after one of these unsatisfactory conversations, I said: 'If ever the expedition does reach any place near you I shall advise Mr. Stanley to arrest you and carry you off, whether you will or not,' to which he replied: 'Well, I shall do nothing to prevent you doing that.' It seems to me that if we are to have him we must save him from himself. Before closing my report I must bear witness to the fact that, in my frequent conversations with all sorts and conditions of the Pasha's people, I heard with hardly any exception only praise of his justice and

generosity to his people. But I have heard it suggested that he did not hold his people with a sufficiently firm hand."

In answer to Emin's request, Stanley supplied him with carriers and successfully aided him in bringing up his luggage and that of his European companions.

Stanley in referring to the dangers which had menaced him, and the many thrilling incidents that had crowded themselves, one upon another, to this point of time, to say nothing of the innumerable perplexities, says:—"There is virtue you know even in striving unyieldingly, in hardening the nerves, and facing these overclinging mischances without paying too much heed to the reputed danger. One is assisted much by knowing that there are no other coups, and the danger somehow, nine times out of ten, diminishes. The rebels of Emin Pasha's government relied on their craft and on the wiles of the Heathen Chinee, and it is rather amusing to look back and note how punishment has fallen upon them. Was it Providence or luck? Let those who love to analyze such matters reflect. Traitors without the camp and traitors within were watching, and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried, and hanged. The traitors without fell afoul of one another and ruined themselves. If not luck, then it is surely Providence in answer to good men's prayers. Far away our own people, tempted by extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema, the slave-traders' true friends, without the least grace in either bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all those concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Captain Nelson's sufferings I feel vexed at my forbearance, and yet again I feel thankful, for a higher power than man's severely

afflicted the cold-blooded murderers by causing them to feed upon one another a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parkes. The memory of those days at times hardens and again unmans me. With the rescue of Pasha, poor old Casati, and those who preferred Egypt's fleshpots to the coarse plenty of the province near Nyanza, we returned, and while we were patiently waiting the doom of the rebels was consummated.

"Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness. The strain had been too much, and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skillful hands of Surgeon Parkes. Then little by little I gathered strength, and ordered the march for home. Discovery after discovery in that wonderful region was made. Snowy ranges of the Ruevenzori (Cloud King or Rain-Creator), the Semliki River, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the plains of Noongora, the salt lakes of Kative, the new peoples Wakonju, great mountain dwellers of a rich forest region; the Awamba, the fine-featured Wazonira, the Wanyoro bandits, then the Lake Albert Edward tribes and the shepherd races of the Eastern Uplands, then the Wanyankori, besides the Wanyaruwamba and the Wazinya, until at last we came to a church whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed Civilization. We have every reason to be grateful, and may that feeling be ever kept within me. Our promises as volunteers have been performed as well as though we had been specially commissioned by the Government.

"We have been all volunteers, each devoting his several gifts, abilities, and energies to win a successful issue for the enterprise. If there has been

anything that sometimes clouded our thoughts it has been that we were compelled by the state of Emin Pasha and his own people to cause anxieties to our friends by serious delay. At every opportunity I have endeavored to lessen these by despatching full accounts of our progress to the committee, that through them all interested might be acquainted with what we were doing. Some of my officers also have been troubled in thought that their Government might not overlook their having overstayed their leave; but the truth is, the wealth of the British treasury could not have hastened our march without making ourselves liable to impeachment for breach of faith, and the officers were as much involved as myself in doing the thing honorably and well. I hear there is great trouble, war, etc., between the Germans and Arabs of Zanzibar. What influence this may have on our fortune I do not know, but we trust nothing to interrupt our march to the sea, which will be begun in a few days."

Stanley had been greatly hindered also by the suspicions of the natives. "It has been current talk in the provinces," he says, "that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers; that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries concocted by the vile Christians, Stanley and Casati, assisted by the Mohammedan, Emin Pasha."

It had also been generally doubted, after Stanley's expedition had started, whether Emin Pasha might, after all, be in want of aid. On September 28th, 1887, this doubt was fully confirmed by a letter from him, dated April 17th of the same year, which represented him as saying: "I have passed twelve years here, and have succeeded in re-occupying nearly every station in the country which General Gordon entrusted to me. I have won the confidence

of the people, sowing the seed of a splendid future civilization. It is out of the question to ask me to leave. All I want England to do is to make a free tradeway to the coast." The various references to Emin in the recent letters of Stanley clearly show that the German was far from ready at first to accept Stanley's escort to the east coast of Africa. And the letter of Emin Pasha to the President of the Emin Relief Committee, thanking the subscribers to the fund and the members of the fund for their generous help, which "saved a handful of forlorn ones from destruction," conclusively establishes the fact that the acceptance of Stanley's escort was but a compulsory matter at the last moment.

On the 12th of April, Stanley having somewhat recovered from his severe illness, and preparations having been fully completed for the march to the Indian Ocean, the united expedition left Kavalli on the Albert Nyanza. Of the experiences of the expedition on the homeward march, Lieutenant W. G. Stairs, in a letter under date Usambiro Mission Station, Victoria Nyanza, August 30th, 1889, says:

"I wrote you last from Yambuya. Our starvation periods, fighting, fevers and other trials would occupy pages. Directly on leaving Yambuya some had a bad fever. Then we got into countries without food, and lost men at a terrible rate. The natives shot a great many. When, on December 16th, 1887, we reached Albert Nyanza we had one hundred and seventy out of four hundred and fourteen men that left Yambuya. We could not then connect with Emin, and had to return one hundred and twenty miles west of Albert Nyanza. Here we built a strong fort, and I started back to a place two hundred and twenty-eight miles down the river to bring up our sick.

"Meantime Stanley and two of our officers went east to the lake and connected with the Pasha. Then our return march to Yambuya commenced. April 12th the united expedition left Kavallis on the Albert for the Indian Ocean. Our numbers were then one thousand one hundred and seventy-five. Now, on reaching here, Ursalala, we have about six hundred and seventy.

"We have made many important geographical discoveries—one of the most important being Mount Ruevenzori, which for all these three thousand years has been undiscovered. The very source of the Nile is from its snow-capped peaks. It is a wonderful sight. I went up ten thousand seven hundred feet, but was stopped by ravines two thousand feet deep.

"Anchori and the Albert Nyanza are new places to Europeans—at least beyond the mere names. Here in Karagwe we found the Urigi to be a large lake instead of the petty thing laid down on the maps.

"After a hard march of four months we reached here (Ursalala) and found Mr. McKay and Mr. Dreaks of the Church Missionary Society. We have been here three days, and from these kind-hearted people have received a most hearty welcome, and rejoiced again in a cup of tea, with milk and biscuit. We fortunately found that cloth and beads for us had come up from the coast enough to buy our way out to the coast. Everything has been stopped on its way inland by the Arabs, making affairs assume a very critical aspect for missionaries and attached whites living inland.

"From here to the coast—should we have open roads—is a four and a half months' march for the caravan. If the Arabs, however, oppose our progress no one can say how long it will take.

"Of our trials and sufferings I have said very little, but so far our expedition has been an immense

success, in spite of sneers seen in some of the English papers. I hope we will emerge triumphantly to the coast. The Pasha we have; also Casati, the Italian, besides Egyptian and Turkish officers, soldiers, men, women and children and convicts.

"We have had no news from the coast here for over one and a half years, and we are all in uncertainty. If pluck and determination can carry us through, we shall reach the coast.

"One of our greatest dangers has been from starvation in the immense forest between the Congo and the Albert Nyanza, which was thought to be an open, grassy country. In this forest we lost out of six hundred Zanzibaris some three hundred and sixty; also sixteen Somali boys and about forty Nubian soldiers. This was *en route* to the Pasha. The loss of life since leaving the Albert Nyanza has been general —some two hundred. In this forest for three weeks we lived on roots and fungi, and though we hunted and fished, not a thing could we bring in. Of course our poor men died like dogs, and we whites were just about pegged out when we reached food."

Under the date of Ursalala, August 31, Stanley writes Sir Francis de Winston a long letter, wherein he objects very strongly to the tone of a batch of newspaper cuttings he had received, which commented with an utter lack of common sense and a total disregard of accuracy upon his expedition. He dwells upon Emin's indecision, which cost him a journey, otherwise unnecessary, of thirteen hundred miles for Barttelot.

He justifies the payment of a salary of £30 per month to Tippu-Tib as a means for averting a desolating war, and declares that if both parties are honest in the maintenance of their agreements peace may continue for an indefinite period.

He rebukes those persons in England who had lost faith in his steadfastness of purpose to such a degree as to give credit to rumors that he was marching in the direction of Khartoum.

He dwells at much length upon the case of Barttelot, and removes the impression produced by previous letters reflecting upon the Major's conduct. He says that to extricate himself from his dilemma Barttelot only needed qualities that will not be gained save by long experience in Africa, and eulogizes his courage and high qualities. He knew the Major was a man of little forbearance, and had intended to keep him with himself, but necessity compelled the change that caused him to leave him behind. Barttelot was ignorant of the language of the people, and his interpreter may have been false, and occasioned the coolness between the men and the Major which was never overcome, and led to his death.

Stanley recites in detail the instructions given to Barttelot, and finally denies with much emphasis the alleged Congo atrocities of the Manyema, the cannibalism, and the story of photographing women during execution. During the whole expedition he executed only four men.

As Stanley and Emin neared the confines of the colonized territory on the east coast great interest was manifested as to the time and place at which they would emerge from their long and wilderness enshrouded journey. Considerable difference of opinion was held as to their exact whereabouts, the course they were taking, and the point on the coast at which they would appear. When the question was still one of extreme uncertainty the "Herald" made the following prediction, which the information now received shows has been fulfilled:

"In our opinion Stanley and his gallant comrade, Emin Pasha, himself a German, will come home by the shortest practicable route. This, as a glance at the map will show, is through German territory, where Captain Wissmann, representing the German Government, and the special correspondent of the 'Herald' await them with sympathy, succor and congratulations upon their brilliant success.

"Within the last few months several expeditions, one of which was fitted out by the 'Herald,' have been sent toward the interior to meet Stanley. This was done not through great concern for his safety, but to extend to him a welcome, made substantial by generous quantities of tea, coffee, tobacco, spirits and food supplies, which it was believed would prove both needful and gratefully acceptable after the hardships and deprivations of his long journey."

On the 29th of November, 1889, the expedition reached Msuwah, whence the "Herald" commissioner sent the following despatch:

MSUWAH, November 29.—5 P. M.

I have just met Henry M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Casati, Lieutenant Stairs, Mr. Jephson, Dr. Parke, Nelson and Bonny, and five hundred and sixty men, women and children.

I have found Stanley looking exceedingly hearty. He wears a Prussian cap, linen breeches and canvas shoes. I presented him with the American flag with which I was entrusted, and it is now flying from Mr. Stanley's tent.

The great explorer's hair is quite white and his mustache is iron-gray.

Emin Pasha is a slight, dark man. He wears spectacles. In a short conversation which I had with him he told me he did not wish for any honors for what he had done. He simply desired to be employed again in the Khedive's service.

I have given Captain Casati his letters. He looks well, but

the hardships which he has undergone seem to have quite undermined his constitution.

All the other Europeans are well. We shall all proceed toward the coast the day after to-morrow.

Stanley, Emin and Casati were entertained at dinner last night in this camp by Baron Gravenreath. Speeches were made by the Baron and by Stanley. The Baron complimented Stanley, Emin and their companions on their march from Central Africa. Stanley responded, and praised German enterprise and civilizing abilities.

On the 1st of December the expedition reached Mbiki. The "Herald's" despatch informed the world that its force had united with Stanley, and was then escorting him to Bagamoyo:

MBIKI, December 1.—Noon.

Stanley's expedition, accompanied by the force sent out by the "Herald," arrived here safely to-day. All the Europeans connected with the caravan are well with the exception of Stevens, the Commissioner of the New York Gift Enterprise, who has been struck down with fever, and lies in my tent very ill.

Stanley is bringing with him two hundred and eighty-six of Emin Pasha's people. Many of these persons are aged, decrepit or sick, and they are all being carried down to the coast by Stanley's Zanzibar men.

The troops and carriers in Stanley's command elicit the unbounded admiration of every one. They are under the most perfect discipline, and when on the road march in that perfect order which could only be expected of a well-trained and well-provisioned army.

Acting under the orders of Major Wissmann, Lieutenant Schmidt and a few soldiers are accompanying us to the coast. It is their duty to slightly precede the main body on the march, and to make all preparations for camping comfortably at the various places selected for nightly halts.

Stanley and all his officers are loud in their praises of the kindly reception they met with at the hands of the Germans. A special caravan was sent up to Mpwapwa by Major Wissmann, bearing many of the comforts of life of

which the gentlemen of the expedition stood sorely in need. I am assured that these things were most welcome.

Although we are only four days from the coast, Stanley is still expecting to meet the caravan of provisions which should have been sent out in accordance with the directions which he gave four months ago.

The next despatch, dated from Kigiro, December 3d, read:

We have a march of two hours to-morrow to the Kinghani River, where we will stop. As there is only one boat we shall be all day crossing the stream. We should reach Bagamoyo December 5. There a British man-of-war and one of Major Wissmann's vessels will meet us and convey us to Zanzibar.

The Egyptian Government has chartered a British India steamer to carry Emin and his people to Egypt. Emin brings with him two hundred and eighty-three officers, soldiers, civil servants, three women and children, but not a single tusk of ivory. It was all burnt or deposited with native chiefs.

Stanley says he finds his reward in the accomplishment of his deeds. He has received the "Herald" caravan of provisions for his people.

Stanley reached Bagamoyo, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 4th, Major Wissmann having provided horses for him and Emin at At-oni, the day before, on the opposite bank of the Kinghani River. The town of Bagamoyo was profusely decorated. Verdant arches were built across all the avenues and palm branches waved from every window. A salute of nine guns was fired by Major Wissmann's force and the same number by the German man-of-war. All the officers of the expedition were sumptuously entertained at a luncheon at Major Wissmann's headquarters.

The Captain of the *Sperber* on behalf of the German Emperor, formally welcomed first Stanley, then

Emin, and congratulated them upon their return to civilization. All the vessels in the roadstead were dressed in bunting.

Many persons came from Zanzibar, among them being Mr. Nichol, who came on behalf of Sir William Mackinnon, President of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee; the British Consul, Mr. Churchill; Judge Cracknall of the British Court, and the German and Italian Consuls.

In the evening a banquet was held, and amid a flood of champagne the German Consul, General Steifensand, toasted the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Major Wissmann toasted Stanley, calling him his master in African exploration.

Stanley, in reply, said he thanked God he had performed his duty. He spoke with emotion of his soldiers whose bones were bleaching in the forest, and remarked that with him and those of his party work was always onward. He bore testimony to the Divine influence that had guided him in his work.

Then he said: “Emin is here, Casati is here, I am here, and all the young gentlemen who went with me are here,” and concluded by thanking Major Wissmann and the “Herald” for their kindness in sending him stores.

Emin Pasha toasted the German Emperor, and Lieutenant Stairs returned thanks for Stanley’s officers. Captain Brackenbury, senior naval officer, toasted Major Wissmann. This toast was drunk with honors, the whole company joining in singing “For he’s a jolly good fellow!”

Stanley and his men went to Zanzibar on the day following by the *Sperber*, which had been specially placed at his disposal by the German Emperor. Emin’s people were taken over by the British man-of-war.

This glorious and most welcome news was, however, destined to be broken in upon by the sad intelligence which so closely followed, that Emin had met with an accident. The Pasha, being nearsighted, had walked out of a window, fallen and fractured his skull, the report stated, and was lying in a most critical state at Bagamoyo. This report was subsequently modified, so far as the facts were concerned. Instead of falling out of a window he had misjudged the height of a balcony parapet, overbalanced himself, and fell a distance of twenty feet. When found his right eye was closed and blood was issuing from his ears. His body was also terribly bruised.

The report further stated that all the doctors had given him up except Stanley's physician, Dr. Parke, who remained with him, and who said he thought he might save him. He was receiving every care and attention from Major Wissmann and his officers.

Later reports brought more encouraging words from the attending physician: that the results of the accident to the Pasha had not been so serious as was at first supposed, and that with careful nursing and quiet rest he might be moved in about ten days.

Thus has ended, what must be conceded by every intelligent mind, the most remarkable and extraordinary expedition that ever essayed to traverse the terrible wilds of this Dark Continent; and the story of Stanley, its brave leader, will take a place in history whose prominence future ages of marvellous deeds and heroic adventures can never overshadow. Stanley's story, too, is fittingly closed by the grand and sublime words he uses in reviewing the work of his co-laborers as he reaches civilization once again; and we can give it no better ending than through the language of him, who said:

I gave as much good will to my duties as the strictest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the Issues of every effort were in other hands.

Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured; yet every one that started from his home, destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures, is here to-day, safe, sound and well.

This is not due to me. Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me.

These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their hours.

They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers. They have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable; and yet they live. This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings or the cheery energy which they bestowed on their work or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks and urged the poor souls on to their goal.

The vulgar will call it luck; unbelievers will call it chance; but deep down in each heart remains the feeling—that of verity. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture it would have great interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities,

the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the unfortunate for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians, who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty—of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to the "Herald" correspondent, who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and who with his gifts of composition may present a very taking outline of what has been done and is now near ending, thanks be to God forever and ever.

Yours faithfully,
HENRY M. STANLEY.





CONGRATULATIONS

AND

Opinions of Eminent Persons

ON

STANLEY'S LAST EXPEDITION.

The Queen of England, under date of December 12th, cabled Mr. Stanley at Zanzibar:

My thoughts are with you and your brave followers, whose hardships and dangers are at an end. I again congratulate you all, including the Zanzibaris, who displayed such devotion and fortitude during your marvellous expedition. I trust Emin Pasha is making favorable progress.

The Emperor of Germany also cabled:

Thanks to your perseverance and inflexible courage, you have now, after repeatedly crossing the Dark Continent, overcome a new and long succession of exceeding perils and almost unendurable hardships. That after surmounting those your return journey should lead you through lands

covered by my flag affords me great satisfaction, and I welcome you heartily to civilization and security.

To which Mr. Stanley sent the following reply:

IMPERATOR ET REX: My expedition has now reached its end. I have had the honor to be hospitably entertained by Major Wissmann and other of your Majesty's officers under him. Since arriving from Mpwapwa, our travels have come to a successful conclusion. We have been taken across from Bagamoyo to Zanzibar by your Majesty's ships, Sperber and Schwalbe, and all honors coupled with great affability have been accorded us. I gratefully remember the hospitality and princely affability extended to me at Potsdam, and am profoundly impressed with your Majesty's condescension, kindness and gracious welcome. With a full and sincere heart I exclaim, "Long live the noble Emperor William!"

The Anti-Slavery Conference in Brussels, sent him a greeting by cable in these words:

We have been deeply moved by the sufferings and perils you have braved. We congratulate you upon the success of your expedition, and appreciate the great services you have rendered. Convey our sympathy to Emin Pasha.

Professor G. B. Adams, of Yale College, says:

This is the greatest and most important of Stanley's explorations. His pluck and self-confidence are nothing short of miraculous. I am inclined to believe that Stanley has proven what modern geographers have conjectured concerning the soil and physical features of the region he has explored. One of the most striking portions of his letter is his description of a temperate region under the "burning Equator." Just what the extent of this tract is, and exactly what he means, will be anxiously waited for by the scientific world. There is every reason to believe that Stanley has opened the gates of Africa for the progress of civilization.

His firm belief in religious guidance has been one of the

greatest elements of his success, without which even Stanley's determination and genius would have quailed before such gigantic difficulties.

Professor A. M. Wheeler says:

Every civilized man owes a debt of gratitude to Stanley. To my mind the exploration is without parallel in the history of discoveries. He is the Columbus of the nineteenth century. No geographer had dared to conjecture what Stanley has now made a reality. His unswerving fidelity to one purpose, amid the greatest dangers that have ever befallen man, is wonderful. The discovery of the connection of Albert Edward Nyanza and Albert Nyanza is but one of his triumphs over what was beyond the reach of all other African explorers. Stanley's work seems like that of an inspired man.

Ex-Judge Charles P. Daly, President of the Geographical Society of New York City, says:

His geographical insight is wonderful. When going north on the Congo and passing the Equator, he felt that he would come out on the east coast of Africa, and he has done so. That, I think, is quite remarkable. Stanley is one of the most remarkable explorers of the age.

George C. Hurlbert, Esq., also of the Geographical Society of New York City, and who has followed the exploration in Africa closely, says:

Everything was against Stanley in his task, but he showed himself to be a born ruler—a leader of men. He overcame dangers with a persistency, energy and pluck that commanded all praise. It was the quality of the man that always conquered and came to the front, and Stanley's quality has brought him through all difficulties. He had the courage and the enterprise and the will to achieve great things. He had the gifts of a great explorer.

Professor Libbey, of Princeton College, says:

With regard to the geographical results it would be hard

to tell their magnitude at present, but we cannot doubt but that they will be of great importance, judging from the information contained in the letters which have reached us from time to time, the discoveries, already hinted at, showing that the White Nile rises in Lake Muta Nzige, giving us a better knowledge of the shape of this lake; the discovery of the River Semlike and Mount Ruevenzori, which rivals in height the giant of the eastern coast, Kilimanjaro, and his further discoveries in the course of the outlines of Victoria Nyanza.

Undoubtedly there will be a rich harvest of information concerning the country lying between the Congo and Lake Albert Edward, and also between the lakes and the coast. I think Stanley was right in his decision to go around the Cape of Good Hope and up the Congo rather than to push his heavily-laden caravan through the mountains and the hostile country between the lakes and the Zanzibar coast. Not one of the least advantages of the trip will be the fact that he has brought Emin Bey back with him to civilization, where it is hoped that this learned, enthusiastic and successful student of the races and the natural history of the country in which he has so long been a voluntary exile will be content to remain and give to the world some of the valuable stores of knowledge, to obtain which came so near costing him his life.

The Boston *Transcript*, in a late issue, says:

An experience like that which Stanley went through in Africa, and of which he sends the world a graphic and harrowing account, is well calculated to awaken all the latent piety in a brave man's nature. Men who war with nature and with barbarous peoples, and who pass through narrow escapes and dreadful emergencies, are always the last to assert that they themselves performed the wonders which they witness. Stanley has pretty well established a claim to greatness in this last African venture of his, and it is not strange to those who have read history to find him exclaiming, with many other men of great force and genius: "There was a Divinity that hedged me about."

Captain O'Kane, Commander of the U. S. Steamer Boston, says:

I consider Mr. Stanley's expedition a marvellous one, and his successful arrival at the coast an achievement of which the world—and particularly America—may be proud.

Mr. Stanley has now opened to civilizing influences the last important unexplored region of the world, and all future ages will applaud and honor him for it.

Stanley on arriving at Cairo, Egypt, on January 14th, met with a great and notable reception at the station from Sir Evelyn Baring, General Sir Francis Grenfell, Acting United States Consul Grant, and others. He went to the Khedive's palace in state, and made an official call on him lasting half an hour, and was decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidich, a very distinguished honor. He also here received an officer bearing a special letter of congratulation from King Leopold of Belgium.

"Throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, and the same may be said of Europe and the rest of the civilized world, the name of Stanley is on every tongue. On the streets, in the clubs, wherever men congregate, the one theme of conversation is Stanley, his wonderful achievements and his modesty, as illustrated in his letter to the 'Herald,' which is on all sides held to be a masterpiece and to stamp its author as a truly great man."—*London Cablegram to N. Y. Herald.*

The Worshipful Company of Turners, of London, at a banquet held on the evening of December 5th, received the following telegram from the King of the Belgians:

I understand you will, as Master for the second year of the Worshipful Company of Turners, propose at their annual dinner the health of your illustrious honorary member, Mr. Henry M. Stanley. Let me, as an honorary

member of the Worshipful Company, a title I am proud to possess, assure you beforehand how cordially and gladly I join the Turners in all their expressions of admiration of the unparalleled and heroic services rendered by our friend Stanley to science and civilization in that vast continent, in the discovery of which he has taken so great a share.

KING OF THE BELGIANS,
Sovereign of the Congo State.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts, the President of the Company, proposed the health of Stanley; and, on motion, it was directed that the greetings of the Company should be despatched to the hero at Zanzibar.

The message despatched by Mr. Burdett-Coutts to Zanzibar was as follows:

Turners' Company, at their annual dinner with the Lord Mayor and other old friends of yours, after listening to the full and gracious telegram with respect to yourself from the King of the Belgians, have just drank your health with stirring enthusiasm, and congratulated you on your splendid achievement, and send you a hearty welcome home.

BURDETT-COUTTS, Master.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF ANTWERP,
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
H. M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

}

ANTWERP, November 25, 1889.

To the Proprietor of the New York "Herald," New York.

Sir:—While the civilized world was in suspense over the fate of the two illustrious travellers lost in Africa, Henry Stanley and Emin Pasha (Schnitzler); while governments, exhausting their forces in sterile struggles for the conquest of lands on the African coast, were showing themselves powerless to carry succor to these valiant missionaries of civilization, the New York "Herald," true to the glory it acquired in rescuing the illustrious and unfortunate

Livingstone, did not hesitate to organize a new expedition in aid of Stanley and Emin. On learning the welcome news a joyful cry was uttered by all friends of African civilization, and loudly re-echoed in the midst of our Society.

Pursuant to a resolution passed at the Society's sitting on the 13th inst., we hereby sincerely congratulate you over, and warmly thank you for this your undertaking.

We hope to soon see in our midst the two illustrious travellers. The festal occasion would be complete were a correspondent of the New York "Herald" to find it convenient to be present at this reception in order to be tendered the expression of our gratitude at the very moment when we shall be welcoming the two greatest travellers of modern times—great, really, by their disinterested devotion to the noble cause of civilization.

We beg, sir, you will herewith accept the expression of our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

M. WAUWERMANS, President.

P. GENAUD, Secretary-General.



Transcriber's Note

The page numbering of the source document goes from xx (front matter) to 17 (body text); this has not been

changed. Page numbers 229 and 230 are missing from the source document and from this e-text; this is merely a numbering error: the text itself is complete.

Inconsistent and archaic spelling (including the spelling of proper and geographical names and names of tribes and peoples), hyphenation, etc. have been retained, except when deviations from the book's most common spelling of a word occurred very rarely only (see below). French accents have not been added or corrected.

Page vii-xx: there are some differences in wording between the table of contents/list of illustrations and the actual text; these have not been standardised. The order of entries in the list of illustrations is as printed in the source document.

Page xviii, list of illustrations: there is no illustration "Floating Island" in the source document. The portrait on page 500 is not included in the list of illustrations.

Several of the engravings in the source document were damaged and/or discoloured because of the book's binding; some of this damage and discolouration remains visible in this e-text.

Page 20, Bartholmew Dias: as printed in the source document.

Page 24: Heinreich Barth: probably an

error for Heinrich Barth.
Page 146, ... five days' marches brought us to Mrera: possibly an error, as they recently left Mrera.
Page 146, ... who had by this forgotten ...: there appears to be a word missing (time or similar).
Page 226, $364 06 1/2: as printed in the source document; the decimal point (or possibly a digit) may be missing.
Page 313, In the chest ... scrople.: as printed in the source document.
Page 320, THE homeward march ...: the reason for the small capitals is not clear.
Page 343-344, There seem to have been ...: as printed in the source document.
Page 427, ipomæa: probably an error for ipomœa.

Changes made:
Illustrations have been moved outside text paragraphs.
Some minor obvious typographical and punctuation errors have bee corrected silently.
Page x: KISERI changed to KISERA as elsewhere
Page xvii-xx: Illustration numbers (in the order in which they occur in the text) have been added to the list of illustrations
Page xix: Entry Rapids of the Livingstone River inserted
Page 62: Backwains changed to Bakwains
Page 130: Ferrajji changed to Feragji as

elsewhere; ngali changed to ugali
Page 131: Tarbora changed to Tabora
Page 138: closing quote mark added after ... I shall come and see him.
Page 157: Opening single quote added before Hello! who are you?
Page 180: Mississipi changed to Mississippi as elsewhere
Page 200: astronominal changed to astronomical
Page 226: closing quote mark added after second D.L.
Page 234: Opening quote mark added before The news ...
Page 265: gorrilla changed to gorilla (2×)
Page 303, closing square bracket added after ... on their way to Zanzibar.
Page 397: Rumainka changed to Rumanika; Keragwe changed to Karagwe
Page 419: Question mark after ... had been fairly solved deleted; Muilala changed to Mullala
Page 457: Kartoum changed to Khartoum

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK STANLEY'S STORY; OR, THROUGH THE WILDS OF AFRICA ***

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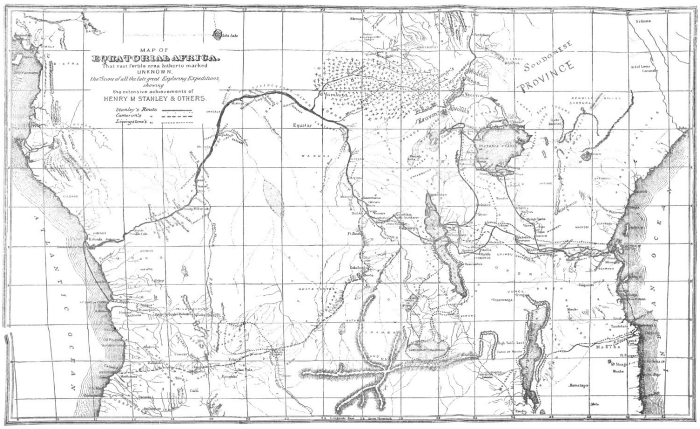
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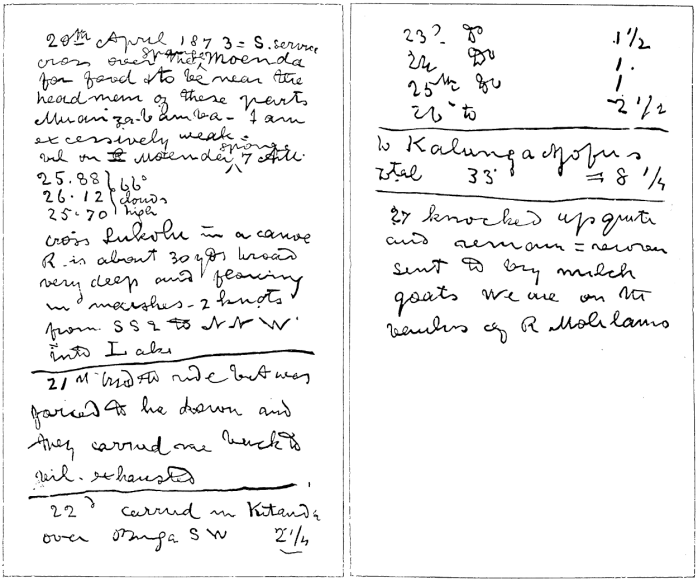
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back



20th April 1873 = S. across Moenda [illegible] Moenda [illegible] to be near the headmen of these parts Muanizamba - I am excessively weak [illegible] on Monday 7 hrs.
25.88 } 66°
26.12 } clouds
25.70 } NOA
cross Lukuba in a canoe R. is about 30 yds broad very deep and fleeting in marshes - 2 knots from SSE to NNW into Lake

21st [illegible] and boat was forced to be drawn and they carried one bundle to veil. exhausted

22 carried on Kitanda over Manga SW 2 1/4

23? do 1 1/2
24 do 1
25th do 1
26 to 2 1/2

to Kalunga Mfuru
total 33 = 8 1/4

27 knocked up quite and remain = rain sent to buy milch goats we are on the borders of R Mokhamo