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TORONTO, JULY 27, 1889.

Vol. VII.]


Through the Dark Continent. by hendy m. stanley.

## XV .

Having reached the magnificent Livingstone River, we resumed our journey to the sea. The men, women, and children joined in a gol a loud and When a native orator attempted, in a loud and graphic strain, a deseription of What a stride, and How quickly we marched! What a stride, and What verve there Was in our movements! Faster, my friends, fastert Soon we reached the Arab town of Nyangwe. TippuTib, the Arab chief, welcomed me. After regarding him for a few minutes, I caine to the conclusion that this Arab Was one of the most remarkable men I had met. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand-new, his waist was encireled by a rich dowle, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his tout ensemble was that of an Arab gentleman in very good circumstances. He was the Arab who


IN COUNSELAT UJIJI.
been consulting with his friends and relatives, and that they were opposed to his adventuring upon such a terrible journey; but that, as he did not wish to see me disappointed in my prospects, he had resolved to accompany me a distance of sixty camps, each camp to be four hours' march from the other, for the sum of five thousand dollars.
"There is no hurry about it," said I. "You may change your mind, and I may change mine. We will both take twenty-four hours to consider it. To-morrow night the agreement shall be drawn up ready for our seals, or else you will be told that I am unable to agree to your conditions."

The truth was, that I had opened negotiations without having consulted my people ; and, as our conversation had been private, it remained for me. to ascertain the opinion of Frank before my next encounter with Tippu-Tib.
"Now, Frank, my son," I said, " sit down. I am about to have a long and serious chat with you. Life and death-yours as well as mine, and those of all the expedition-hang on the decision I

## make to night.

"There is, no doubt, some truth in what the Arabs say about the ferocity of these natives before us. Livingstone, after fifteen thousand miles of travel, and a lifetime of experience among Africans, would nothave yielded the brave. struggle without strong reasons; Cameron, with his forty-five Snider rifles, would not have turned away from such a brilliant field if he had not sin. cerely thought that they were insufficient to resist the persistent attacksof countless thousands of wild men. But, while we grant that there may be a modicum of truth in what the Arabs say, it is their ignorant, superstitious nature, to exaggerate what they have seen. A score of times have we proved them wrong.

