

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1883.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

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XII.



UNYEYA HEAD-DRESS.

A WAYWORN, feeble, and suffering column were we 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. 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. "Mirambo," the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the table-land, but he also was too far exhausted through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame to struggle further. We could only pat him on the neck and say, "Good-bye, old boy; farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last."

Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught the glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously sea-