

HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
You.

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A NATIVE OF UHEYA.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XXI.

THE fatal 3rd-of June found us refreshed after our halt of seven days, and prepared to leave Mowa to proceed to Zinga, there to establish a new camp above its great cataract, while the canoes should be leisurely taken down, with such caution as circumstances demanded. Meanwhile, it was my duty to endeavour to reach Zinga in advance of the land party, in order to prepare the aborigines for the reception of the expedition. As I set out from Mowa Cove, Frank crawled on hands and knees to a rock overlooking the river, to watch us depart.

Turning to Frank, I told him I should hurry to Zinga, and, after arranging with the chiefs, would send him his breakfast and hammock; and if I found the men still there I would detail six to carry him, as he was unable to walk.

It was high noon when I arrived at our new camp, which we constructed on Zinga Point—about one hundred feet above the great cataract. There were four kings present, and hundreds of natives—all curious to view the Munde. Though somewhat noisy in their greeting, we were soon on an amicable footing, especi-

ally when a young fellow named Lazali began to ask me if I were "Ingiliz, Francees, Dytche, or Portigase."

About three o'clock I took my seat on a high rock above the falls, to watch for Uledi, as from the Zinga Point, with a field-glass. I was not long in my position before I observed something long and dark, rolling and tumbling about in the fierce waves of Massassa. It was a capsized canoe, and I detected the forms of several men clinging to it! I watched the wrecked men as they floated through the basin. I saw them struggling to right the canoe. I saw them climb on the keel, and paddle for dear life towards shore, to avoid the terrible cataract of Zinga. Finally, as they approached the land, I saw them leap from the wreck into the river, and swim ashore; and presently the unfortunate Jason—which they had but a moment before abandoned—swept by me with the speed of an arrow, and over the cataract, into the great waves and the soundless depths of whirlpools, and so away out of sight.

Bad news travels fast. Kacheche, breathless with haste and livid with horror, announced that out of the eleven men who had embarked in the canoe at Mowa, eight only were saved.

"Three are lost!—and—one of them is the little master!"

"The little master, Kacheche?" I gasped out.

"Surely not the little master?"

"Yes; he is lost, master!"

"But how came he in the canoe?" I asked,

turning to Uledi, and his dripping comrades, who had now come up, and were still brown-faced with their late terrors. "Speak, Uledi, how came he—a cripple—to venture into the canoe?"

In response to many and searching questions I obtained the following account:—

As Uledi and his comrades were about to push off, Frank had crawled up near the river, and bade them stop and place him in. Uledi expostulated with him, upon the ground that I had not mentioned anything about taking him, and Manwa Sera—in charge of the canoes—hurried up, and coaxingly tried to persuade him not to venture, as the river was bad; but he repelled them with all a sick man's impatience, and compelled the crew to lift him into the canoe.

"Little master, it is impossible to shoot the falls. No canoe or boat can do it and live; I tell you the truth," rejoined Uledi, as Frank shook his head sceptically. "Little master, I have looked at all the fall—it will be death to make the trial."

"I don't believe this fall is as bad as you say it is," said Frank. "I feel sure I could find a way. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

Frank referred, no doubt, to his companions on the Medway or Thames, as by profession he was a bargeman or a waterman, and being a capital swimmer, had many a time exhibited his skill in swimming and diving.

"Little master," said the coxswain gravely—stung to the quick—"neither white men nor black

men can go down this river alive; and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. How, then, can you say, master, that I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, the others do," retorted Frank.

"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have



THE VICTORIA, NILE, NORTH OF RIFON FALLS, RUSHING TOWARDS UNYORO, FROM THE USOGA SIDE OF THE FALLS.