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# HOME AND SCHOOL

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1889.

[No. 8.]

VOL. VII.]

## Through the Dark Continent.

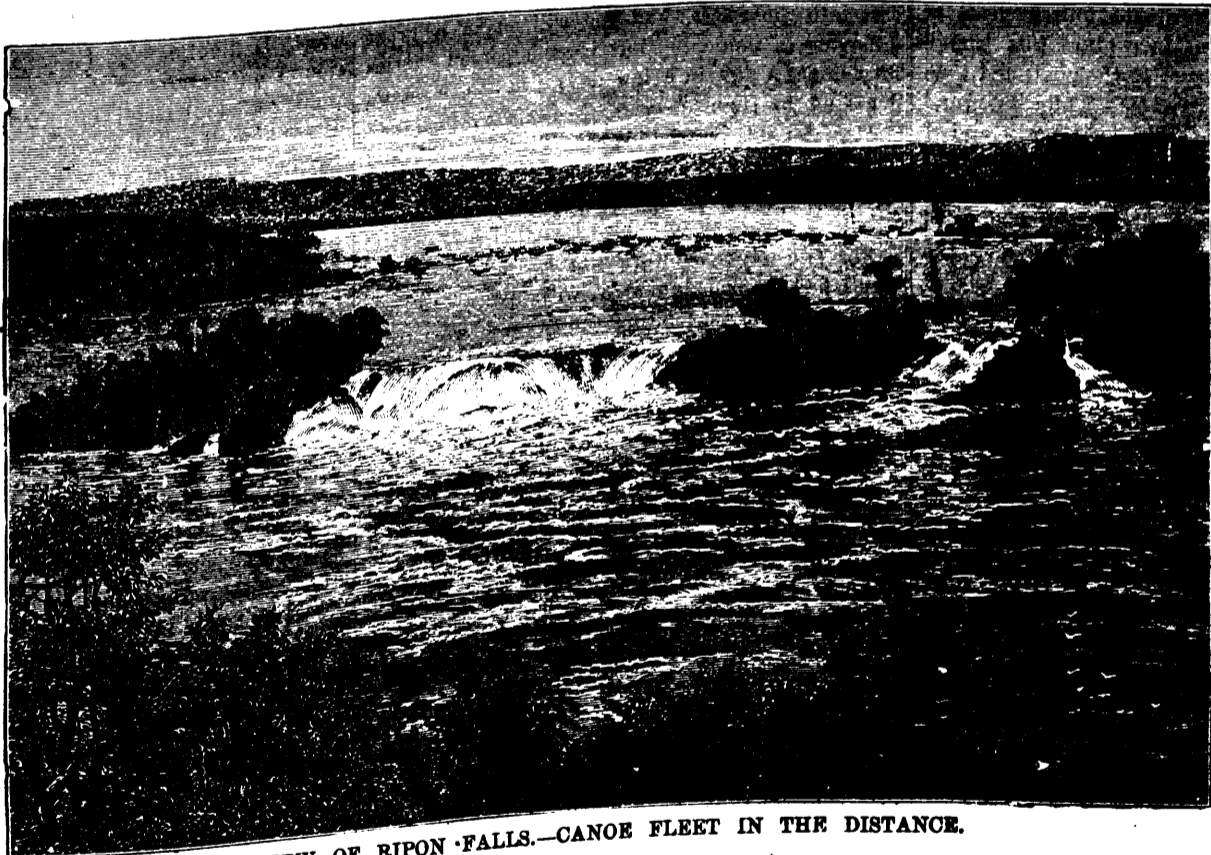
BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VIII.

At Dumo rumour and gossip were busy about a war and a mighty preparation which Mtesa, the Emperor of Uganda, was making for an expedition against the Wavuma. He had not been as yet actually engaged, it was said, though it was expected he would be shortly. In the hope, then, of finding him at his capital, I resolved to be speedy in reaching him, so that, without much delay, I

and half an hour later the pages came to conduct me to the presence of Mtesa. As I advanced, Mtesa arose, and came to the edge of the leopard-rug on which his feet rested while seated, and there was even greater warmth in this greeting than on the former occasion. Mtesa was then informed of the purpose of my coming, which was to obtain the guides he had promised me on my first visit, to show me the road; and I begged he would furnish them without much delay. Mtesa replied that he was now engaged in a war with the rebellious people of Uvuma, who insolently refused to pay their

the 27th August, Mtesa struck his camp, and began the march to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within seven hundred yards of the island of Ingira, which had been chosen by the Wavuma as their depot and stronghold. He had collected an army numbering 150,000 warriors. Besides this great army must be reckoned nearly 50,000 women, and about as many children and slaves of both sexes, so that at a rough guess, after looking at all the camps and various tributary nations which at Mtesa's command had contributed their quotas, I estimated the number of souls in Mtesa's camp to be about



VIEW OF RIPON FALLS.—CANOE FLEET IN THE DISTANCE.

might be able to return and prosecute my journey to Lake Albert. Arriving next day at the Ripon Falls, two messengers came up breathless from the imperial camp—which I could see covering many miles of ground—with yet an additional welcome, and pointed out on the opposite side Mtesa and his chiefs, most picturesque in their white dresses and red caps, with a large concourse of attendants. Crossing the channel amid the noise and bustle of many thousands, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the vast army that Mtesa had collected from all parts of his empire. The next day at the usual levee hour of Mtesa—8 a.m.—the drums announced the levee as begun,

tribute; that it was not customary in Uganda to permit strangers to proceed on their journeys while the *Kabaka* was engaged in war, but that the war would soon be over, when, if I would wait, he would send a chief with an army to conduct me to the Albert Nyanza. After this intelligence I saw that I had either to renounce the project of exploring the Albert, or to wait patiently until the war was over, and then make up by forced marches for lost time. But being again assured that the war would not last long, I resolved to stay and witness it as a novelty, and to take advantage of the time to acquire information about the country and its people. On

250,000. The advance-guard had departed too early for me to see them, but, curious to see the main body of this great army pass, I stationed myself at an early hour at the extreme limit of the camp. First came a chief with 30,000 warriors and camp-followers. Next came the musket-armed body-guard of the Emperor, with their drums beating, pipes playing, and standards flying, and forming quite an imposing and warlike procession. Mtesa marched on foot, bare-headed, and clad in a dress of blue check cloth, with a black belt of English make round his waist, and his face dyed a bright red. After Mtesa had passed by, chief after