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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
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TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1889.

[No. 7.]

Vol. VII.]



A MANYEMA CHIEF.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VII.

FRED BARKER, according to Frank Pocock, had good health till the middle of April; after which he began to experience aguish fits. On the 23rd, he complained of feeling ill, and lay down, and soon the poor man was dead. I missed young Barker very much. He had begun to endear himself to me by his bright intelligence and valuable services. When ill, my least wish was immediately gratified;

he understood the least motion or sign. But Frank had other bad news to tell. Mabruki Speke, the faithful servant of Burton, Speke, Grant, Livingstone, one of the most trusted men of my present following, was dead, and four others.

Our return to Kagehyi was followed by Sabbath repose and rest, fairly earned and much needed. I found I weighed only 115 pounds, just 63 pounds less when leaving Zanzibar. I owed this excessive reduction of flesh to scant fare and days of hunger, not to sickness. Sweet were those first days of rest! Frank was

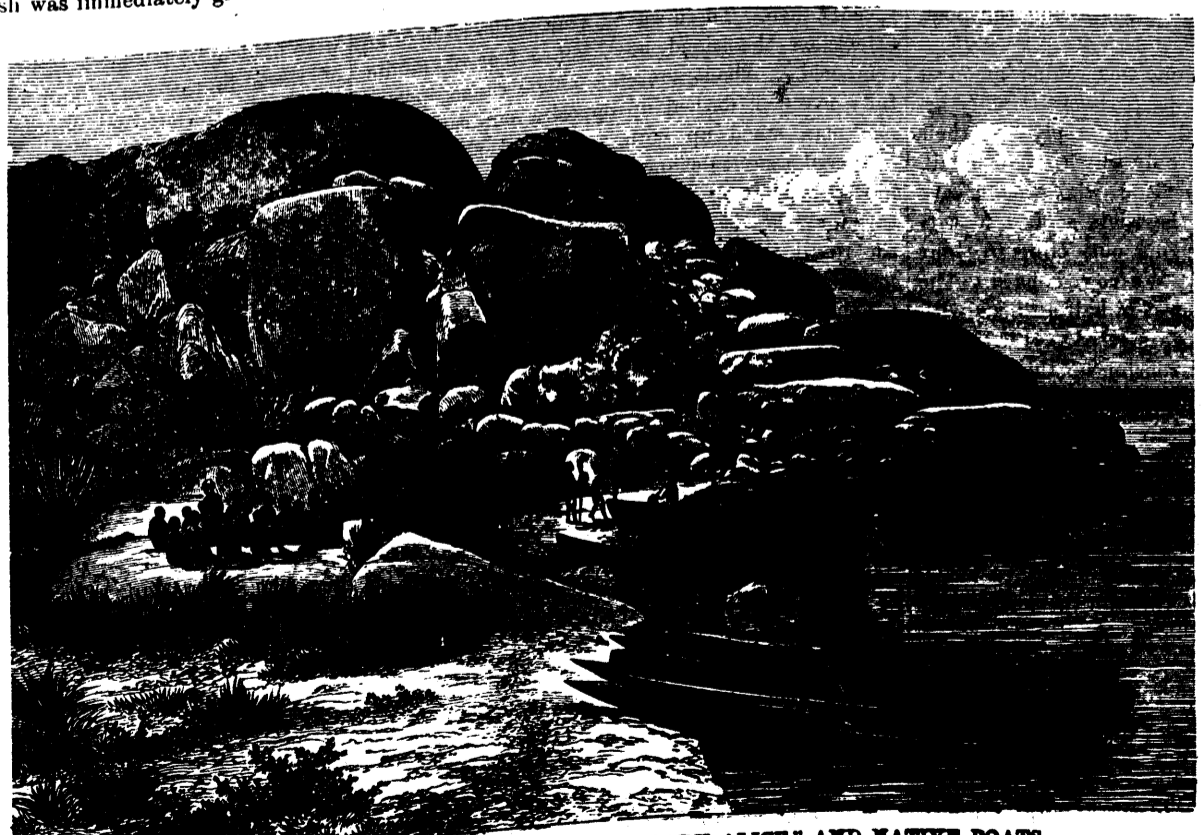
eager to hear all that had befallen us in our thousand miles' sail round the lake, and the Wangwana formed circles many deep, to hear the Iliad of our woes. What hearty sympathizers those poor, black, untutored men were! Kaduma was all amazement. Then came sickness. The African fever, having found my frame weakened from privations, attacked me vigorously, and reduced me seven pounds in weight. But I quinnized myself thoroughly from dawn of day to set of sun, and the fifth day stepped out, sallow, pale, weak, and trembling, it is true, with jaundiced eyes, palpitating heart, and ringing ears—but the fever had been conquered.

My duty urged me to proceed to Uganda. Lake Albert must be visited, for I had given my word of honour that I would attempt it. Yet the land route was impassable, and to all appearance so also was the lake route. On the 29th, after providing myself with presents such as might win any African's good will—fine rugs, blankets, crimson cloth, and striped cloths of Kutch and Muscat, besides beads of a rare quality, and other things too numerous to mention, equal to about eight hundred dollars' worth—I started for Msossi. When I arrived, the king, a handsome, open-faced, light-coloured young man of twenty-six years old, merely

gazed his fill. No business could be commenced on this day. On the second day, with the greatest possible suavity, I proposed that he should either sell or lend me thirty canoes. All his objections were met and overruled by the exhibition of my presents. But when he saw me thus publicly expose the gorgeous cloths in broad daylight, he trembled, and bade me cover them up quickly, saying that he would visit me in my hut at night, and that I might rest assured he would do his best for me. On the evening of the 4th of June, he stole into my hut at night, in company with his faithful premier and four principal chiefs, and here I presented him with two fine rugs, one Scotch plaid, two red blankets, ornaments of copper, thirty fine cloths, fifty fundo of beads, and two coils of brass wire, besides various other things, such as dishes, plates, tin pots, etc. His chiefs received five cloths each and five fundo (a fundo consists of ten necklaces) of beads, and two fathoms each of brass wire. Said he, "I am going to give you twenty-three canoes and their paddles. Good-bye. I have said all."

Meanwhile I had despatched messengers to all districts around to summon the people to a grain market, whereat all grain brought to Kagehyi would be purchased. By the 19th of June, twelve

thousand pounds of grain, millet, and Indian corn, and five hundred pounds of rice, had been purchased and stowed in cloth sacks, each containing about one hundred pounds. At early dawn we began the embarkation of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children, with one hundred loads of cloth, beads, and wire, eighty-eight sacks of grain, and thirty cases of ammunition; and as I could not delegate to others the care of the flotilla without feeling uncontrollable anxiety about it, the *Lady Alice*, loaded with most of the ammunition, led the way at 9 a.m. to Mabibi.



GRANITE ROCKS OF WEZE ISLAND. THE "LADY ALICE" AND NATIVE BOATS.