

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

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ONE OF THE KING'S WIVES AT CHUMBIRI.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XIX.

It was rather amusing than otherwise to observe the readiness of the savages to fire their guns at us. They appeared to think that we were human waifs, without parentage, guardianship, or means of protection—for their audacity was excessive. Such frantic creatures, however, could not tempt us to fight them. The river was wide enough, channels innumerable afforded us means of escaping from their mad ferocity, and Providence had kindly supplied us with crooked by-ways and un-frequented paths of water, which we might pursue unmolested.

Like hunted beasts of the chase, we sought the gloom and solitude of the wilds. Along the meandering and embowered creeks, hugging the shadows of the o'er-arching woods, we sought for that safety which man refused us. The great river grew sea-like in breadth. There was water sufficient to float

the most powerful steamers that float in the Mississippi.

On February 24th, faithful Amina—wife of Kacheche—breathed her last, making a most affecting end. I drew my boat alongside of the canoe she was lying in. She was quite sensible, but very weak. "Ah, master!" she said, "I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have so wished to see the cocoa-nuts and the mangoes; but no—Amina is dying—dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been good to his children, and Amina remembers it. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master. Do not forget poor little Amina!" While floating down, we dressed her in her shroud, and laid her tenderly out, and at sunset consigned her body to the depths of the silent river.

The time had now come when we could no longer sneak amongst reedy islets, or wander in secret amongst wildernesses of water: we must once more confront man. The native was no longer the infuriate brute. He appeared to be toning down into the man. We now eagerly searched for opportunities to exchange greetings, and to claim kindred with him. Behind a rocky point were three natives fishing. We lay-to on our oars, and accosted them. They replied to us clearly and calmly. There was none of that fierce fluster and bluster and wild excitement that we had come to recognize as the preliminary symptoms of a conflict. The word *ndu*—brother—was more frequent; there was a manifest desire to accept our conciliatory sentiments. They readily subscribed to all the requirements of friendship, and an exchange of a few small gifts.

About 9 a.m. of the 28th, the King of Chum-



THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.

biri appeared with *eclat*. The above cut is an admirable likeness of him. A small-eyed man of about fifty, or thereabouts; with the instincts of a greedy trader cropping out of him at all points, and cunning beyond measure. The type of his curious hat may be seen on the head of any Armenian priest. It was formed out of close-plaited palm-fibre, sufficiently durable to outlast his life, though he might live a century. Above his shoulder stood upright the bristles of an elephant's tail.

Our intercourse with the king was very friendly; and it was apparent that we were mutually pleased.



OVER ROCKY POINT CLOSE TO GAMPA'S.



DEATH OF KALULU.