

## DISASTER AND DEATH.

"Taking the same month and the same date in 1888, a year later, on August 17, I listen, horror-stricken, to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot, barely four weeks before, is simply sickening. On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow, breathes his last.

"On the next day, August 18, 600 miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners to be delivered to the Mahdists.

"Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at Albert N'yanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners, in daily expectation of their doom.

"Jephson's own letters will describe his anxiety. Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm.

"I gave as much good will to my duties as the strongest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands.

"Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet everyone that started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures is here to-day safe, sound and well, and the *Herald* correspondent may interview them to his heart's content. This is not due to me.

## A POISONED SHAFT.

"Lieut. Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me.

"These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams, and broad expanses of mud and swamps in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched wherever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their hours. They have been maddened with agonies of fevers; they have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly; they have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live. This is not due to me any more than the