

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1900.

No. 27.

STANLEY'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

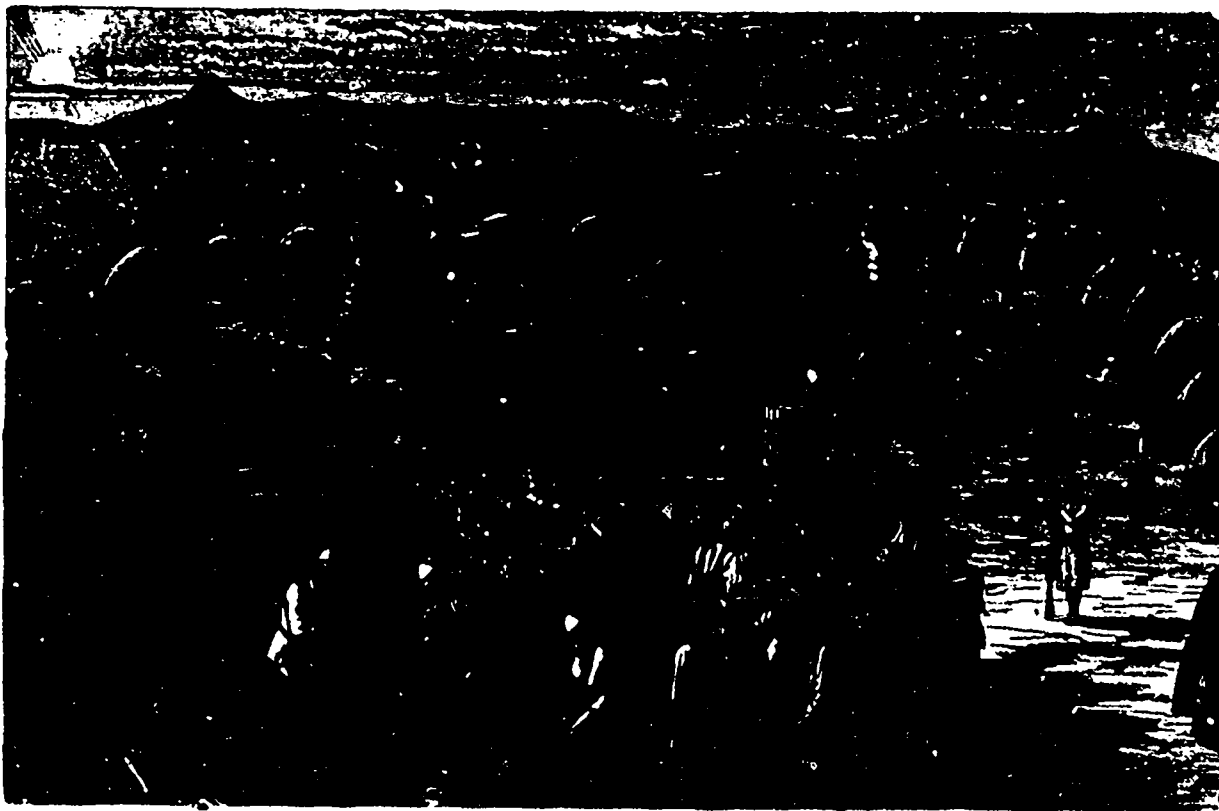
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The Egyptian sphinx is the true emblem of the land of the Nile. Africa is the riddle of the ages. From the time of Herodotus to the time of Stanley, its geographical problems have engaged the eager interest of the world. To no one has it been permitted to do more to solve the mysteries of the Nile, the Nyanza, and the Congo than to the gallant Welsh explorer who has penetrated the very heart of the "Dark Continent," and traversed its vast breadth from sea to sea. The narrative of his heroic adventures is one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written. The deeds of daring of the men of Anglo-Saxon blood who braved the perils of that terrible journey make us feel that the gallant exploits by sea of Drake and Frobisher, and the Elizabethan heroes who carried the name and fame of England to the ends of the earth, are more

than paralleled on land by the bravery and endurance of these African explorers.

It is a remarkable illustration of the influence of modern journalism that the expenses of Stanley's successive African expeditions were defrayed, not by kings or governments, but by two great newspapers, the London Telegraph and the New York Herald.

Stanley won his first laurels by his discovery and relief of Livingstone. He then almost lost his life by African fever. Nevertheless, on the death of that intrepid missionary explorer, he eagerly proffered his services to complete, if possible, his unfinished work. With a force of three hundred and fifty-two native followers and three English attendants, bearing eight tons of cloth, beads, wire, and other supplies, he left the Zanzibar coast November 17th, 1874. An important part of the outfit was the Lady Alice, a London cedar-built boat, forty feet long, six feet beam, carried in ten sections by forty men. They plunged boldly into the wilderness. They were destined to encounter unnumbered perils, under which two-thirds of the party were to perish, and the rest to be reduced to the last extremity of privation. Within a few days the expedition became lost in a pathless jungle, through which it had to steer its course by the compass. Five men became lost, and were never



BURYING THE DEAD IN HOSTILE TUMU—VIEW OF THE CAMP.

seen again. Famine was imminent. Six men died, and thirty were ill.

Stanley pays a noble tribute to his English attendants. "Though ill from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under heat and rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures; stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepiningly they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their arduous toils and cheerfully performed their allotted duties." Alas! not one of them returned. Edward Pockock fell ill of typhoid fever in January, 1875. The dying man was borne through the jungle in a hammock, and after four days' illness breathed his last. He was buried beneath an acacia tree. His brother read the burial service over his body. He carved a cross above his grave, and the little army passed on.

Stanley soon found himself in a hostile country. His camp was attacked, and he was obliged, in self-defence, to fight. Twenty-one of his followers were killed. In less than three months he lost over one-third of his little army.

One of the most important events of the expedition was the

CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

This he accomplished in fifty-eight days, sailing in that time a thousand miles. While skirting the lake, they were invited ashore at Bumbireh by a crowd of apparently friendly natives. As the boat touched the beach the natives seized it and bore it high and dry upon the shore. "Then," says Stanley, "ensued a scene which beggared description. Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears were levelled, thirty or forty bows were taut, as

many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved over our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us."

Stanley offered beads and cloth, and sought to pacify them. For a short time he succeeded. But there was murder in their eyes, and he almost gave up all hope of escape. The natives carried off their oars and left the boat party almost helpless.

Three hundred warriors now marshalled on the height above the boat. "Push, my boys; push for your lives," shouted the leader, and the Lady Alice shot into the water, pursued by the hordes of yelling savages. Tearing up the seats, the oarsmen paddled with all their might. Their peril was increased by the attack of two large hippopotami. The savages manned their canoes for pursuit, but Stanley kept them at bay with his elephant rifle. All night the boat crew drifted on the stormy lake. In seventy-six hours of arduous toil they had only four bananas among twelve men. Such are some of the incidents of African exploration.

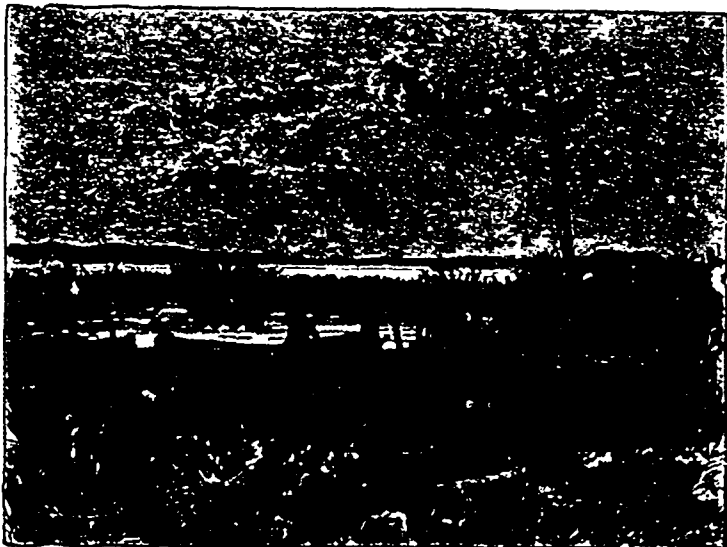
One of the most extraordinary episodes of the expedition was the visit to King Mtesa. Stanley found a monarch ruling over 2,000,000 of subjects. He was received by three thousand well-armed bodyguards. The capital was a strongly-built town, approached by a broad and well-kept avenue. Stanley found his sable majesty very docile, and endeavoured to convert him to Christianity. The king caused the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule to be written on a board for his daily perusal. Stanley translated for him the Gospel of St. Luke and an abridgment of the Bible. The

king embraced its teachings, and as his teacher departed said to him, "I am like a man sitting in darkness. All I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live." He announced his determination to build a church, and do all he could to promote the religion of the Bible. "Oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here," exclaims the explorer. "What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and the Free Methodists at Mombasa,—to the leading philanthropists and pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity,—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number." In

response to this appeal, a mission has already been planted in the kingdom of Mtesa.

Some idea of the power of King Mtesa may be gained from the fact that he was able to bring into war a fleet of 230 large boats, carrying several howitzers, which were well served in action, and manned by 16,000 warriors, many of them armed with European guns.

On the march Stanley himself always led the column, and encountered the brunt of the danger and toil. One of his English companions, so long as they lived, took command of the rear-guard. The burden bearers occupied the centre. The multifarious necessaries of the expedition, consisting chiefly of rolls of cloth, bales of beads, coils of copper wire, and other material for trading with the natives, were made up into parcels of sixty pounds each. The chronometers and scientific instruments, medicines, ammunition, note-books, photographic apparatus, negatives, and more precious articles were made up into smaller parcels and committed to the care of especially trusted carriers. The expedition was well armed with Snider rifles, which it unfortunately was compelled to use in self-defence only too frequently. A considerable proportion of the arms became lost by the upsetting of the boats in the rapids before the expedition reached the



AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MBOOSI.



ARAB SLAVE-TRADERS.