

BOOKS

ES.

Youths.  
ars.

ery

er and  
rt

x. Price  
for

ng  
Note

By mail,

ES

WN.

book

BOOKS

at

\$0 70

1 00

0 60

0 40

1 30

1 00

post-

ote that

Canadian

prices,

by, etc.

nd it to

Canadian

h they

om the

onto.

WAZ, N.S

# WELCOME AND VISITORS SCHOOL

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

ROLPH, SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

[No. 18.]



ONE OF THE WAHYEVA OF UHOMBO  
(BACK VIEW).

## Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XVIII.

We feel it to be unwise to stay long in the vicinity of such powerful, well equipped, and warlike tribes. We therefore lifted anchor, and began to descend the stream; but, as we turned away, the savages lined the banks, beat their drums, and shouted their war-cries.

This last of the twenty-eight desperate combats which we had had with the insensate furies of savage land, began to inspire us with a suspicion of everything bearing the least semblance of man, and to infuse into our hearts something of that feeling which possibly the hard-pressed stag feels when, after distancing the hounds many times, and having resorted to many stratagems to avoid them, he hears with terror and trembling the hideous and startling yells of the ever pursuing pack. We also had laboured strenuously through ranks upon ranks of savages, had endured persistent attacks night and day, had resorted to all modes of defence, and yet at

every curve of this fearful river the yell of the savages broke loud on our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward impetuously to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted. Yet we were still only on the middle line of the continent! We were also being weeded out by units, and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition that had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. Some day we should lie down, and offer our throats like lambs to the cannibal butchers.

The following entries are from my note-book:—  
“Livingstone called floating down the Lualaba a foolhardy feat. So it has proved, indeed; and I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by any man. Still, as we persist in floating down, I persist in writing, leaving events to an all-gracious Providence. Day and night we are stunned with the dreadful drumming which announces our arrival and presence on their waters. It may well be said we are ‘running the gauntlet.’  
“Our terrors are numerous. First, the rocks and rapids, the plunging cataract, and whirling pool. Then the sudden storm, which now blows each day up river, and soon raises heavy, brown waves, like those of a lake; but the greatest



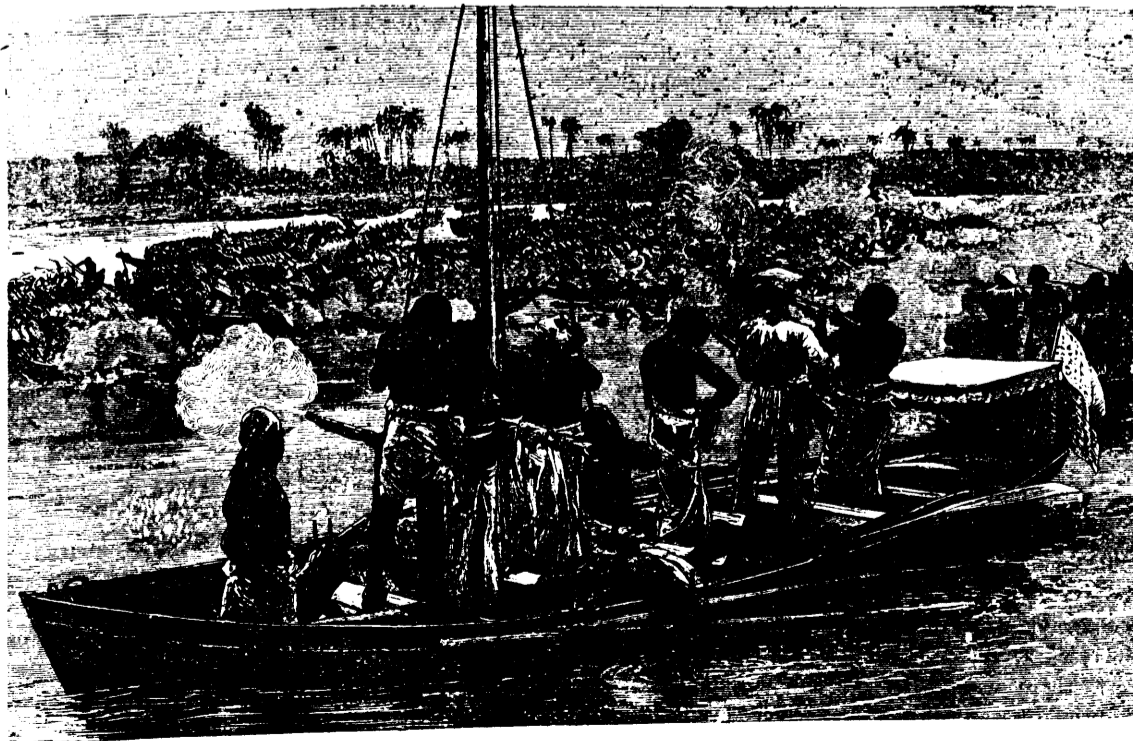
NATIVES OF UBUIJE.

danger—an ever-recurring one—is that which we have to encounter each time the wild, howling, cannibal aborigines observe us. To add to our troubles, our food is finished; we have no more, and to attempt to obtain it will cost human life. I solemnly addressed my people; and, while telling them to prepare every weapon, gun, spear, axe, and knife, reminded them that it was an awful thing to commence hostilities—whether for food or anything else. They groaned in spirit, and asked what they should do when they yearned for something to satisfy their hunger.

“I prepared the brightest and most showy wares close by me, and by barter with some friendly natives procured an ample supply of food. Our gnawing emptiness banished, and our long-harassed minds are at rest. May this happy friendship be the first of many more!”

While we rested on a jungle-covered islet, we experienced that repose of spirit which only the happy few—who know neither care nor anxiety—can enjoy. For the first time for many weeks we had slept well.

On the morning of the 10th February we arrived at the very populous settlement of Urangi. Our appearance was the signal for a great number of the elegant canoes of this region to approach us. These ranged in length from fifteen to forty-five feet, and were beautifully carved. We received a noisy and demonstrative welcome. They pressed on us in great numbers, which, considering our late eventful life, did not tend to promote a per



THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.