

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

ROBERT SMITH CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

[No. 23.



UIYEYA HEAD-DRESS.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XXIII.

A WAYWORN, feeble, and suffering column were we when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the tableland. Nearly forty men filled the sick-list. Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries.

A few, however, would not believe that, within five or six days, they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous; but, at the same time, they granted that the "master" was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief. "Mirambo," the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the tableland, but he also was too far exhausted, through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame, to struggle further. We could only pat him on the neck, and say, "Good-bye, old boy;

farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last."

Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught the glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile. An hour afterwards we were encamped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Mbongo.

The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong, healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days! Only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

The next day, when the morning was greying, we lifted our weakening limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-coloured quartz, which increased the fatigue and pain. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old; and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders, and tenderly led their wives along. Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor, hungry

caravan. After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsander appeared—a youngish, slightly-made man, much given to singing—being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. Of course he knew Embomma. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a letter to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner, I wrote the following letter:—

"Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1887.

"To any gentleman that speaks English, at Embomma:

"DEAR SIR,—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar, with one hundred and fifteen souls—men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men—natives of Zan-

zibar—with a boy named Robert Foruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and, as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress; but if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with,



THE RECOVERED AND RE-GLAD EXPEDITION AS IT APPEARED AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMON'S TOWN, AFTER OUR ARRIVAL ON H. M. S. "INDUSTRY."