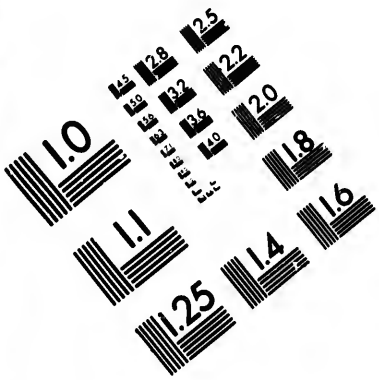

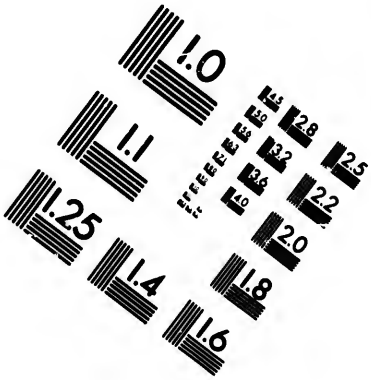

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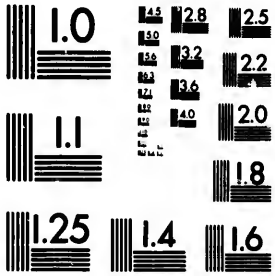

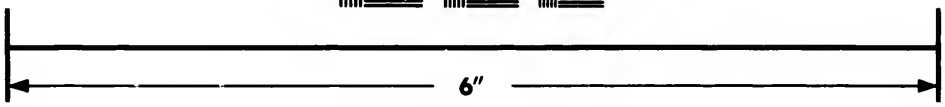

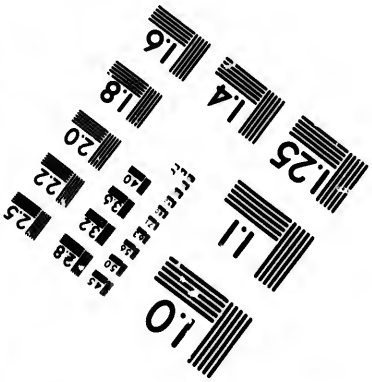

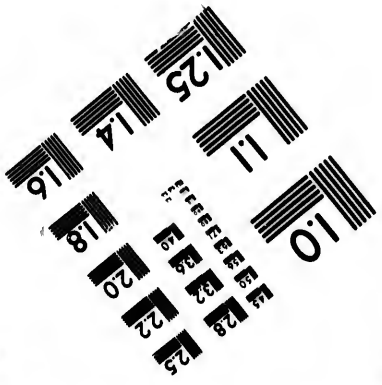

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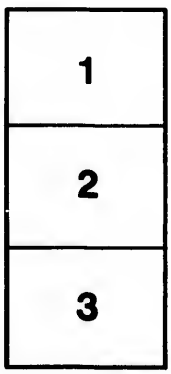

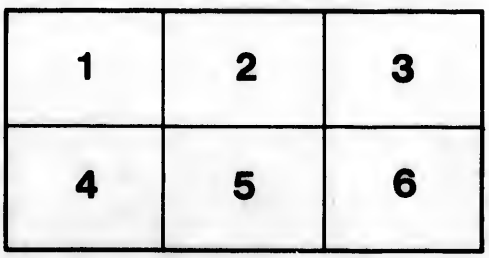

Yours Faithfully
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STANLEY;

AND HIS

HEROIC RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA.

BY

E. P. SCOTT,

Author of "Lectures on Africa," "Days in Antwerp," etc

ILLUSTRATED.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRYCE.

INTRODUCTION.

ADVENTURERS and their exploits have always had a great interest for Englishmen, and it is the love of adventure and travel inbred in us which has built up our mighty Empire—an Empire on which the sun never sets, and whose morning drum goes round the world. We can always think with pride of the reckless courage of those Elizabethan heroes who made a name for themselves on the Spanish Main, and raised into a greater prominence the supremacy of England as a maritime power; of Captain Cook, whose peaceful voyages round the world, and renowned discoveries, opened up such a large portion of the globe to British skill, perseverance, and industry, and of the indomitable courage of the many others who assisted in the work of building up the British Empire.

But even more should we think of those explorers who quietly but manfully—carrying their lives in their hands—have gone into unknown regions in order that they might be enabled to reveal to us the secrets that lie concealed therein. No country has had a more

devoted band of explorers than Africa, that land of extremes, where nature has been as niggardly in some parts as she has been over-generous in others—a land in which lone deserts and luxuriant vegetation abound, a land in which one man may gain untold wealth and another may find that nought but disease and possibly death await him. Of this gallant band we are forced to remember Mungo Park and the luckless fate which befell him, he being killed at Boussa on the Niger in 1805, when he had all but succeeded in tracing the course of that river down to its mouth. Of Major Laing, another intrepid British explorer, who was the first white man to reach the famed town of Timbuctoo in 1826, only to fall a victim to the cupidity of the warlike tribes of the Sahara, who murdered him while he was endeavouring to make his way to Morocco. And in later times General Gordon, who nobly perished for the sake of those who had been entrusted to his care. Many others might be mentioned, equally unfortunate, but it will perhaps be as well to conclude with Dr. Livingstone, who in his love for the African race could not settle down to his well-earned rest in England, but preferred to die in harness amongst the people whose welfare he had so much at heart. Happily his remains now repose in Westminster Abbey, whence his body was brought from Africa. All honour to these glorious dead.

But there are some equally intrepid travellers among those still living, first and foremost of whom

stands H. M. Stanley, whose recent letters must have stirred the hearts of all, detailing as they do the dangers which he encountered and successfully passed through before attaining his object—the rescue of Emin Pasha.

The writer, who, in his travels in Africa, has been in the same latitude as Stanley, feels that many of those who "stop at home at ease" will be glad to know something of the habits and customs of the tribes living in Central Africa, in order that they may the better understand the perils which encompassed Stanley in his latest march through the "Dark Continent."

The greatest obstacle to the opening up of Central Africa lies in the tribal system. When we first went to India we found the country divided into many powerful states or kingdoms, of large dimensions, under sovereigns whose word in their own dominions was law. It was therefore easy to treat with them; but in the greater part of Central Africa, with a few exceptions, the so-called kings are but the chiefs of their tribes, with little or no influence outside their own territory, which oftentimes contains but a few square miles and has but some few hundred inhabitants. Others may have some thousands of people under them, but these are all kept within the boundaries of the kingship, for should they stray into the territory of another tribe, and are captured, they are held as slaves. Thus it can be well understood what a difficulty it must prove to traverse a country where every few miles (should you

come near a native town) you are liable to be attacked if you are not able to secure the goodwill of the king and the chiefs, who are in their turn governed to a great extent by the advice of the Ju-Ju-Man, or head priest. The inhabitants of these countries are for the most part cruel, treacherous, dishonest and ruthless to a degree, fighting all who come near them; they are generally engaged in warfare with some neighbouring tribe.

It may perhaps be mentioned in passing that the natives prefer to worship those whom they consider to be the evil-minded gods, for they say that they have nought to fear from the good gods, and therefore it is better to propitiate those gods who can do them harm. Before drinking himself the native will always first pour a little liquid on the ground that his protecting deity may drink with him.

In the part of the world of which I am now writing, it may well be said that "the devil is not so black as he is painted," for the negroes generally think of him as being white, and whenever they start any new farms—deeming it necessary that the devil should come and bless their land—one of their priests is made up to represent him, with a whitened face and dressed in white cotton. Great deference is paid to his Satanic Majesty, some sweeping the way in front of him with palms, others fanning him when he gets uncomfortably warm; and as he has to do a great deal of dancing like a Jack-in-the-Green this often happens.

The superstition of the natives is great, and their fear of anything that they think pertains to magic is greater still. Anything that they cannot understand, even such a trifling thing as lighting a safety match, they put down to magic, or as they call it in some parts Ju-Ju.

They are more likely to be frightened by the electric light or fireworks than by guns, and to think the users of them must be superior beings to themselves, and greater magicians than their own Ju-Ju men. One of the best examples of this occurred at Onitscha on the Niger when it was being stormed by the English. The Ju-Ju house or temple was hidden by trees and other buildings, so that it could not be aimed at, had it been desired, but one of the rockets hitting a tree went off at an angle and struck the temple, which it set on fire; and though all the rest of the fighting is well-nigh forgotten this incident is still remembered. Years after, one of the natives in describing it to the writer said, "You white men savez for make proper Ju-Ju, you tell them thing to go and he got hit them Ju-Ju house and burn him." In plain English he (and all of his tribe, for the matter of that) thought that the white man was a magician, who had only to give his instructions to the rocket and it would do just as he desired.

Africa having been the home of the slave trade for centuries it may perhaps be as well to describe the two forms into which it is divided, although it seems

almost unnecessary to say anything of that very cruel form, of which we have heard so much,—whole villages devastated, and the population slain or carried into captivity to be sold as slaves, at least those who survive the hazardous journey to the coast. The west coast used to be the great emporium of the slave trade, but now it is to the east coast that the slave dealers take their human merchandise. Where the factories (as they were called) on the west coast once stood, for the warehousing of the slaves until they could be conveniently shipped over the various bars, now stand buildings—still called factories—where the natives come without fear to exchange native produce for goods of all sorts manufactured by the white man.

The other form of slavery is what is generally called domestic slavery, which is very different, as the slaves are never exported for sale. Sometimes they are captives taken in battle; sometimes they may be those who, leaving their own territory, have trespassed on that of another tribe; or they may—and it is often the case—be those who have committed some crime. With the inhabitants of this part of Africa imprisonment for crime is unknown. Any offender proved guilty is either fined or killed. If he be fined and is unable to pay, he is sold as a slave until such time as he can work out his fine. If condemned to death amongst the cannibals—and, there are many cannibal tribes in Africa—he is eaten by his fellow-tribesmen.

The negro is undoubtedly great in the art of poi-

soning, each one making the poison himself from the plants of the forest. All being such adepts at the art, they are naturally suspicious that any one they may come in contact with may use his knowledge for their destruction; consequently they will neither eat nor drink anything offered to them until the donor has himself partaken of the meat or drank from the same vessel that is offered to them.

To write down all the habits and customs that prevail in Africa would need the whole of the space in this book, and this is merely the introduction to it; but it is to be hoped that what has been said of the tribes of Central Africa may help the reader to more fully understand the troubles and trials which Stanley had to undergo, and the difficulties and dangers which he had to pass through during his last journey across Africa.

E. P. S.

LONDON.

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STANLEY;

AND

HIS HEROIC RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF THE SOUDAN IN MODERN TIMES.

Ismail fears the Power of the Soudanese—Gordon and the Soudan—Advent of Europeans—The Slave Trade—Arabs succeed Europeans—Effect—Revival of Slave-hunting—Condition of the Soudan Thirty Years ago—Khedive moved to Action—Zebehr the King of Slave-dealers—He attacks Darfour—The Khedive assists Him—Zebehr's Troops—He goes to Cairo—His Son revolts and is defeated.

IT may perhaps be as well to give a brief account of the history of the Soudan in modern times, before relating the gallant efforts of Stanley and those who accompanied him to relieve Emin Pasha from his virtual imprisonment in the province of which he was the Governor. This must of course include the events which led to Emin going there, and which afterwards cut him off from communicating with the outer world for such a length of time that it was generally believed that he had fallen into the hands of the

Mahdi, or, having been betrayed by his own men, was perhaps a captive, or, more probably, dead.

Owing to natural difficulties no attempts seem to have been made to annex the Soudan to Egypt proper, notwithstanding that it was a fruitful country, and likely to prove of considerable commercial advantage, until Ismail became the ruler of Egypt, and began somewhat to fear the power of the Soudanese.

General Gordon, writing of Egypt and the Soudan, said:—

"Egypt in her greatest days never seems to have extended further south than Wadi Halfa. There are certainly near Khartoum some ancient ruins of the time of the Pharaohs, and at Merowa there are some pyramids; but the occupation of these large regions was only ephemeral. To what was due the apparent indifference to conquest on the part of ancient Egypt? The explanation is to be found in the difficulty of access to the Soudan—the Country of the Blacks, as the word means. From Wadi Halfa southwards to Hannech—a distance of one hundred and eighty miles—an utter desert extends, spreading also for miles and miles east and west both sides of the Nile. For the same length the river also is encumbered with ridges of rock.

"Any invader who should have succeeded in passing the waste tract would have found deployed against him the warlike tribes of the Soudan. Ancient Egypt might certainly have penetrated from Suakim on the Red Sea to Berber on the Nile, but her forces coming by this route would have to cross a desert of two hundred

and eighty miles, and would equally have to face the enemy at the end of their wearisome march. It was therefore this boundary of the desert that kept the warlike and independent tribes of the Soudan quite apart from the inhabitants of Egypt proper, and has made the Soudanese and the Egyptians two distinct peoples, that have not the least sympathy with one another."

Owing, however, to the improvements made in the arms of modern warfare, Egypt had such an advantage over the savage tribes of the Soudan, that she was able to pass the barrier spoken of by General Gordon; and began some sixty years ago to extend her frontiers southwards. Under Mehemet Ali, Nubia, Kordofan, and Senaar were added to her territories. In the year 1853 the most southern Egyptian post on the Nile was in latitude 13° 45″, that is, say, about one hundred and twenty miles south of Khartoum; whereas under Gordon (1874-80), who had been appointed governor of the whole of the Soudan, and responsible only to the Khedive, the fortified posts were to be found between the Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza. This line of conquest did not merely follow the course of the Nile, but extended east and west. By the subjugation of Darfour the Egyptian frontier came within eighteen days' march of Lake Tchad, while in the east, lands were annexed which are washed by the lower part of the Red Sea and by the Gulf of Aden.

In the advance south from Khartoum the way was opened by a succession of merchant adventurers.

In the year 1853 Mr. John Peterick, the English

consul in the Soudan, started on the first trading voyage to the upper waters of the White Nile. Others followed in his wake, tempted by the cheapness and abundance of ivory in the first place; but later on the profits to be made out of the slave trade proved a greater inducement still. Far up in the country of the Bahr Ghazal, posts were fortified by these traders, and held for them by bands of armed men under the command of Arabs. This no doubt was necessary in such a savage country, and all would have gone well for the opening up of this region to commerce and civilisation, had not the traders soon found that slave-hunting was likely to pay them a great deal better than dealing in ivory. Consequently, it was not long before raids were made on the neighbouring villages, and their inhabitants carried off to be sold into slavery. The commerce in human flesh and blood proved very profitable to the Europeans who were engaged in this nefarious traffic until about 1860, when the scandal became so great that it had to be given up.

But a worse evil still, befell the poor negroes; for when the Europeans cleared out of their stations they sold them to the Arabs who had previously been acting as their agents. These Arabs paid in addition a rental to the Egyptian Government.

As may be supposed, the unhappy natives gained nothing, but rather lost by the change, for the new masters carried slave-hunting to an extent quite unknown during the time of the European traders. Being supplied both by the traders at Khartoum and

the Egyptian Government with firearms and ammunition, it is not to be wondered at that the Arabs found the path of plunder an easy one. They trained many of the negro boys, whom they had enslaved, to the use of arms, so that with their aid they were enabled to go almost to what length they liked in their acts of kidnapping and robbery; and the misery and ruin that these men must have caused amongst the unoffending negroes is beyond all imagining.

Unhappily, owing to England's refusal to have anything to do with the Soudan, this dreadful suffering, which was checked, if not almost extirpated, by Gordon, is begun again in full force with all its cruelties and horrors.

About thirty years ago Speke wrote of these ruffianly traders on the White Nile:—"The atrocities committed by these traders are beyond civilised belief. They are constantly fighting, robbing, and capturing slaves and cattle. No honest man can either trade or travel in the country, for the natives have been bullied to such an extent that they either fight or run away, according to their strength or circumstances."

Dr. Schweinfurth spent almost three years with the slave-hunters. In his book, the "Heart of Africa," he writes: "Twenty years ago hundreds of Dinka villages stood on this (the eastern) side of the river. As the result of the incessant ravages of Mohammed Kher, the whole of the eastern shore has degenerated into a forest waste. There are traces still existing, which demonstrate that large villages and extensive plots of cultivated land formerly occupied the scene where now

all is desolation. The population must have diminished by at least two-thirds."

Sir Samuel Baker lays the guilt of the wasting of the Dinka tribe at the door of men holding high offices in the Egyptian Government. He had visited the country some years prior to his taking over the governorship of the province, and on assuming his command in 1869 wrote: "This country has been depopulated by 'razzias' made for slaves by the present and former governors of Fashoda. . . . I frequently rode on horseback about the country, and wherever I found a spot slightly raised above the general level, I was sure to discover quantities of broken property, the vestiges of villages which had at a former time been numerous." It was in 1864 that Sir Samuel Baker first saw the White Nile; and when he saw it again in 1872 he wrote: "It is impossible to describe the change which has taken place in this country since I last visited it. It was then a perfect garden, producing all that man could desire. The villages were numerous, groves of plantations fringed the steep cliffs on the river's bank, and the natives were neatly dressed in the bark-cloth of the country. The scene has changed: all is a wilderness; the population has fled; not a village is to be seen. This is the certain result of the Khartoum traders. They kidnap the women for slaves, and plunder and destroy wherever they set their foot." Gordon, going up the Soubat River, wrote: "Not a soul to be seen for miles, all driven off by the slavers; in past years you could scarcely conceive such a waste or desert."

For a time nothing was done to check this accursed traffic. There was, it is true, from time to time a certain "holy ostentation," and proclamations were issued freely. But as Dr. Schweinfurth says: "An ineradicable tendency to slave-dealing has always shown itself in every government official, be he Turkish or Egyptian."

At length the Khedive of Egypt was moved to action, not by pity for the poor negroes, but partly perhaps, by the pressure of the European powers, and most certainly by his own dread of the growth of a rival power, which seemed likely to dispute his sovereignty over Lower Egypt. The slave-hunters were now to be reckoned by thousands. They were strengthened by swarms of men who sought refuge in the wilds from the heavy burden of taxation laid on all those who dwell within the reach of the Egyptian Government, together with many who had either just left an Egyptian prison or feared that if they had their deserts they would soon find themselves in one. In addition to these desperadoes, they had, moreover, large bands of armed slaves, whose obedience was secured not only by fear, but by the constant plunder of the weak and helpless. So powerful had they now become that they refused to pay to the Government the rents that had been agreed upon. Among these slave-dealers was one, who, by his wealth, his troops of slaves, and the number of his fortified stations, stood out from the others as a kind of king. So great was his power it even threatened the authority of the Khedive. His name was Zebehr Rahaman. Dr. Schweinfurth had

found him surrounded with a court that was little less than princely in its details. Special rooms provided with carpeted divans were reserved as ante-chambers, and into these all visitors were conducted by richly dressed slaves. The regal aspect of the halls of state was increased by the introduction of some lions, secured, as may be supposed, by sufficiently strong and massive chains. His wealth matched even his superstition. It was reported, upon good authority, that to foil the "black art" of an enemy, whose charms were a proof against lead, he had had twenty-five thousand dollars melted down into bullets, as the amulets did not apply to silver.

Zebehr owned no less than thirty stations. These fortified posts were carried far into the centre of Africa, and all along the line, from one to another and round each one of them, far and wide, he held despotic sway.

As early as 1869 the Egyptian Government endeavoured to put some curb upon his power; and a few Egyptian troops were sent to the Bahr Ghazal under the command of a man, Bellal, with whom Zebehr soon came to blows. In the fight which ensued, Bellal and most of his men were slain, and Zebehr himself was wounded. Although the Khedive was naturally much incensed at this outrage done to his authority, still he was powerless to punish Zebehr, who made some elaborate excuses, which were duly accepted.

From this time Zebehr became the acknowledged head of all the slave-dealers, and the real and sole

chief of the whole of the country occupied by them. Although nominally a subject of Egypt, he was in fact, but little short of being an independent sovereign.

One of the objects of Bellal's expedition had been the conquest of Darfour. This country was still free, and was governed by a line of Sultans which had existed for over four hundred years. The then reigning Sultan had met Bellal's threatened attack by placing an embargo on corn along his southern border. This move on his part not only distressed the Egyptian force, but had a like effect on the slave-hunters, who, not troubling to grow corn themselves, were greatly dependent on Darfour for their supplies.

As Zebehr was now strong enough to retaliate, he was not long in attacking Darfour. The Khedive now became thoroughly alarmed, for if Darfour, as seemed only probable, fell into Zebehr's power, it was more than likely that he would soon become the actual ruler of the whole of the Soudan. The Khedive therefore thought that it would be more prudent to act with Zebehr than against him; so he accordingly sent a force into Darfour from the north to support Zebehr and his army, who were advancing from the south. The attack proved successful, and on Zebehr the rank of Bey was conferred. In one of the battles the Sultan was killed, together with his two sons, and though the succession was claimed by other members of the family Darfour was subdued, but very soon the conquerors began to quarrel over the spoils. Zebehr was made a Pasha, but this was not sufficient to satisfy his ambition. He said, that as he and his men had

done all the fighting, he was entitled to the Governor-Generalship of the new province.

How powerful and dangerous he was is shown by a letter written by Gordon. He says: "If you were here (at Shaka in Darfour) you would see how anxious, how terribly anxious the Khedive is to put down the slave trade, which threatens his supremacy."

He goes on to describe Zebehr's troops—his bands of armed slaves. "Had I said to them, 'You shall be free,' they would have scoffed at me, and it would have been taken as a sign of fear. . . . Smart, dapper-looking fellows, like antelopes, fierce, unsparing, the terror of Central Africa, having a prestige far beyond that of the Government,—these are the slave-dealers' tools."

In another letter he says: "The fortified camps saw that they were stronger than the Government, and then came the idea of independence of the Khedive." Zebehr Pasha, in an evil hour for himself, but in a most lucky one for the lands that he had wasted, went down to Cairo to assert his claims before the Khedive. It is said that he took with him no less a sum than £100,000 to bribe the Pashas. His son, Suleiman, during his absence filled his place, and, urged on by his father, who was never allowed to leave Cairo, broke into a most formidable revolt.

And in this he for a time prospered, but was at length crushed by the Governor-General.

CHAPTER II.

THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCE AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

Sir Samuel Baker is appointed—Gordon succeeds him—Fortified Posts established at Mrooli and Masindi—Further Advance stopped—Native Governors—Emin—His History—Rising of the Mahdi—Defeats the Egyptian Troops—Gathers together an Army—Rebellion in Kordofan and Senaar—Anarchy prevails—Defeat of Yussuf Pasha—Emin cut off from Communication with Egypt.

IN order to remedy this state of affairs Sir Samuel Baker was appointed by the Egyptian Government to the command of an expedition, having for its object the occupation of the unsettled districts between Godoroko, 4° 55 north, and the southern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, about 2° south. His idea was to erect a chain of stations, partly military and partly commercial, from a point but a few miles beyond Godoroko to the furthest extremity of the Albert Nyanza; hoping by these means to bring the whole country under the rule of Egypt, and, by forbidding hostilities among the various tribes, thenceforth to be Egyptian subjects, to extirpate the slave trade at its source. In this Sir Samuel Baker did not prove very successful, for when the four years for which he had been appointed expired, but three stations had been established.

In 1874, on the retirement of Sir Samuel Baker, Gordon, then a Colonel, was appointed in his place, and he immediately set to work to complete what had been commenced by Baker. Although having much to do with other slave-hunters, it was not until he had been three years in his command that he came across the king of them—Zebehr—as he was constantly employed along the main channel, and Zebehr's stations were to the west.

Gordon on his arrival found three stations occupied by Egyptian troops.

These three miserable posts and an imaginary boundary constituted the whole of the Province of the Equator which he had been sent to govern.

One of the stations was at Godoroko; the second and third, far to the south, at Fatika and Foweira. To convey stores or letters between these stations a strong body of troops was needed. By the end of 1875 Gordon, who had done much to stop slave-hunting, had succeeded in joining Godoroko with Foweira by fortified posts, so placed as to be an easy day's march from one to the other. He says: "We then had no difficulty in moving the two life-boats and a 50-ton steamer—all three in sections—and putting them together at Duffli." Posts were pushed on to Mrooli and Masindi, but it was evident that very great opposition would be made to any attempt to advance to Lake Victoria. Had he entered the country of Kaba Rega, the powerful king of Unyoro, and conquered, or come to terms with him, he would still have had to fight Mtesa, king of Uganda, who with good reason resisted

the advance of the Egyptians to Victoria Nyanza. "I returned," wrote Gordon, "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts, and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent."

Gordon was eventually appointed Governor of the whole of the Soudan, and took up his quarters at Khartoum. He was succeeded in his Governorship of the Equatorial Province by Colonels Prout and Mason, but they were soon obliged to resign, owing to illness. Then came native governors, who re-introduced all the worst features of Egyptian administration; and this went on until March 1878, when Gordon appointed Emin Bey to be the Governor of the Equatorial Province, which post he held until his relief by Stanley.

Emin Pasha, whose real name is Edouard Schnitzer, held the Jewish faith. He was born at Oppeln, in Prussia, in the year 1840, and in the register of the Jewish congregation, his birth is (according to the London Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) registered thus:—"The child Isaak, son of Lebel Schnitzer, born on Sunday, being the 24th of the month of Adar (29th March), of the year of the world 5600." In the civil register his father's name appears as Louis, and his own as Edouard. His father died when Emin was five years old, and his mother, née Schweitzer, the daughter of a Jewish banker at Neisse, in Silesia, soon afterwards became a convert to Christianity. The future Emin, after service in Turkey, embraced the Mohammedan faith, and married a daughter of the Governor of Janina.

About two years after his marriage, Emin deserted his wife, and entered the service of the Khedive, taking with him his only child, a daughter, who has been with him the whole of the time that he has been in the Soudan. When he entered the Egyptian service in 1876 it was as Dr. Emin Effendi. Dr. Felkin says that he took this name, not because he had embraced the Mohammedan religion, but because he found that the Mussulmen had no faith in European doctors; and he was therefore able to be of much greater use to them.

It was undoubtedly owing to his Jewish origin that some of the anti-Semitic journals in Germany opposed the rescue expedition on its first being proposed. Emin had with him an apothecary from Tunis, whom Stanley calls Vita Hassan. This man is a Jew, whose real name is Haim, of which Vita is an equivalent.

On entering the medical service of Egypt he was first of all sent to Khartoum, but was soon afterwards sent to act as Chief Medical Officer in the Equatorial Province of Egypt of which Gordon Pasha was then the Governor-General. Gordon was a man who soon discovered the abilities of those under him, and he sent Emin on many tours of inspection through the districts which had been annexed to Egypt, and also employed him on several diplomatic missions.

Emin, on taking up his command, found himself face to face with a deficit in the revenue, which had been caused chiefly by his Egyptian predecessors. This he at once set himself to remedy, and succeeded in so doing. All this time he had been able to hold some

THE MAHDI.

(From a Photograph lent by Mr. Egmont Hake.)

sort of communication with the Egyptian Government; but then came the rising of the Mahdi.

In 1881 a man named Mohammed Ahmed, who was held in a kind of sanctity by the Arabs, owing to the contemplative life he passed, announced himself as the Mahdi, the Mohammedan Messiah, whose advent is still in the future and who is to be the last or twelfth Imaum or Leader.

Mohammed Ahmed was born at Dongola in 1843. He commenced his career as a Mahdi by sending letters to the governors and chiefs of tribes in the Soudan requiring them to recognise his spiritual authority, to turn from their evil ways of living, to cease from oppressing the people, and to be ready to obey his orders. A small number of exiled Arabs joined him, most of whom belonged to his own tribe. The Governor-General of the Soudan instead of doing as he should have done,—sending a detachment of troops under some competent commander with orders to take the so-called Mahdi a prisoner,—sent instead a Commissioner to investigate matters, sending at the same time a company of soldiers to bring the new prophet to Khartoum. The Commissioner appointed was the noted Abu Saud, who after several theological discussions returned with his steamer, to rest on his laurels. The same night the soldiers attacked the prophet, but were annihilated and all their arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the Arabs, while Abu Saud proceeded to Khartoum to report the result of the theological discussion.

This was the commencement of the movement

which has caused so much bloodshed in the Soudan and gave Mohammed Ahmed the title of Mahdi; but even after the first defeat, had energetic measures been taken, the whole movement would have collapsed, but this not being done, the Mahdi with a well armed and largely recruited following crossed the Nile, marched to the west, and preached to the Bakara a war against the Egyptians. The Governor of Fashoda had received orders to punish the rebels, but whilst the Mahdi was proceeding west, the troops of Fashoda, regulars and irregulars, plundered the Arab villages to the east of the Nile driving the loyal inhabitants into the arms of the rebels. The Governor of Fashoda now had orders to retire on his town and remain wholly on the defensive.

The Mahdi, who had taken up a fortified position in the mountains on the other side of Fashoda, declared his intention of stopping there until the end of the rainy season when he should march on Kordofan. He sent agents in all directions inviting the people to join his standard, which they did in great numbers. Rauf Pasha, the Governor-General of the Soudan, finding that he had not sufficient troops to cope with the Mahdi's followers, asked for more troops from Egypt. All might yet have been well had it not been that before the troops asked for could be sent, the Governorof Fashoda decided to show what he could do, without waiting for the Egyptian troops he formed a large expedition which he led himself against the Mahdi; he was joined by the chief of the Shiluk, and marched with the utmost rapidity against the rebels,

but, as the soldiers had no time for rest and were not provided with water they were nearly all destroyed, their leader also perished.

After this catastrophe Rauf Pasha was recalled from Khartoum, and the Vice-Governor, Giegler Pasha, succeeded him. Giegler Pasha began at once to form a mighty expedition which was put under the command of Yussuf Pasha Hassan. Whilst this expedition from Khartoum was yet on its way, rebellion broke out in Kordofan and Senaar. The whole land was filled with murder and the most shocking anarchy, and Khartoum only escaped the same fate through the bravery of Salik-Aga, leader of some of the irregulars, and Awad-el-Kerim, the great Shukurie chief, who personally led two thousand horsemen into the fight. Then followed the defeat of Yussuf Pasha's army sent against the Mahdi; of 5,000 men scarcely 200 made their escape.

The Mahdi was now virtually ruler of nearly the whole of the Soudan, the Governor of Khartoum and Emin being alone able to hold out against him. The Mahdi's subsequent history is so well known that it is not necessary to relate it here. When the order was given, by Mr. Gladstone's Government, to retire all the garrisons in the Soudan, it was soon known to the Soudanese, and the consequence was that all the garrisons which had hitherto been able to hold their own, and even to assume a protectorate over many of the neighbouring tribes—in virtue of the immense power that was supposed to be behind them—were attacked.

This cut off all means of communication between

Emin Bey and Egypt; and although the Mahdists were mostly to the north the Pasha had to retire to the south soon after the fall of Khartoum.

There he remained until he was met by Stanley, after having been at one time a prisoner, in custody of his own soldiers.

CHAPTER III.

EMIN PASHA AT WADELAI.

News from Emin Pasha—Still holding the Equatorial Province—Fighting the Mahdists—Emin tries to escape—Is unsuccessful—Leaves Captain Casati at Kargwa—The formation of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition—Stanley accepts the Command.

AFTER the fall of Khartoum it was for a long time supposed that Emin had been either killed or made captive by the then victorious Mahdi, and although vague reports came to hand from time to time that he still held his province for the Egyptian Government, it was not until the end of October 1886, when Mr. Allen, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, received a letter from him, that it was put beyond doubt that Emin was alive and still holding out, though sadly wanting assistance.

The following is a translation of the letter to Mr. Allen, which appeared in the *Times* of October 29th, 1886, or nearly ten months after it was written.

"WADELAI, *Dec.* 31*st*, 1885.

"DEAR MR. ALLEN,—You have always shown so much interest and sympathy for me that I should not like to let this opportunity pass without sending you a few words.

You have doubtless long thought me dead or captive, and indeed you had good reason to think so. By the grace of God, however, I managed to escape that fate, and you now behold me successful and opening up a route for the passage of letters. I have had the good fortune to be able once more to enter into my former friendly relations with Kaba Rega, the Sovereign of Unyoro, so that I have no doubt of the success of my attempt. I therefore trust that the present letter will safely arrive in your hands by way of Uganda and Zanzibar—a rather roundabout route, it is true, but the only one that remains to us.

"Ever since the month of May 1883 we have been cut off from all communication with the world. Forgotten and abandoned by the Government, we have been compelled to make a virtue of necessity. Since the occupation of the Bahr-Ghazal—I will not say its conquest, for the province has been taken by treachery—we have been vigorously attacked, and I do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war which had for them at least no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things for a long time, and without any pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them,—when, after nineteen days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten,—then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward—prompted only by their duty, and the desire of showing a proper valour before their enemies. If ever I had any doubts of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is in valour and courage inferior to no other, while in

ZEBEHR PASHA.

devotion and self-denial it is superior to many. Without any orders from capable officers these men performed miracles, and it will be very difficult for the Egyptian Government worthily to show its gratitude to my soldiers and officers. Hitherto we have worked for our bread, and the good God who until now has protected us visibly will take care of us also in the future. I suppose that in Egypt and Khartoum we are supposed to be dead, and for this reason they have not sent us any steamer. Without wishing to judge harshly of this abandonment, and without complaining—for I am accustomed to such proceedings on the part of the government—I can assure you that even if Khartoum has been taken and no help can be expected from the north I shall know how to make my escape. I wait for that only, the answer of the missionaries in Uganda, who will inform me whether Khartoum exists or not. I have nothing but hearty praises of Kaba Rega. At my request he has twice sent me men, and by his kindness I have been able to buy a small quantity of stuffs (*d'étoffes*) for distribution among my army. In this case also the negro has shown himself a good and valuable ally. When eight years ago I visited Kaba Rega I little imagined that one day I should have to rely on his assistance and his friendship. Nevertheless I was driven to do this, and what is more, the negro has held me in friendly remembrance, has hastened to help his former friend, and has offered his hospitality and his succour."

He further adds, "Let us hope that some day communication with Khartoum will be re-established. I will then write to you more frequently."

Towards the end of 1886 Emin did try to escape, but proved unsuccessful. He visited Uganda, but

King M'wanga refused to allow him or his followers to pass through his territory.

Emin then attempted to make arrangements for his passage through Kargwa, on the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza, but, failing in this also, he returned to Wadelai, leaving a detachment of soldiers under the command of Captain Casati, Emin Pasha's sole remaining European companion.

On the receipt of this letter, together with one received by Mr. Felkin, who had visited Emin at Wadelai, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and the Scottish Geographical Society applied to the English Government, asking that relief of some sort should be sent to Emin. The Egyptian Government offered £10,000 towards the expenses of any expedition having for its object the relief of Emin Pasha. An Emin Pasha Relief Committee was then formed, with Mr. (now Sir) William Mackinnon at its head, the money wanted over and above the Egyptian grant being subscribed by private individuals; and although it must necessarily have been a large sum the amount has never been published. Stanley, who after his return from the Congo had gone to America, was asked to take the command of the Expedition, to which request he consented.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE OF STANLEY.

His early Life—Runs away from School—His Temperament and Appearance—Works his Passage to America—Finds Employment—Adopted by his Master—Assumes the Name of Stanley—His Master dies—Stanley thrown on the World again—Joins the Confederate Army—Is taken Prisoner—Returns to England—Goes back to America—Joins the Federal Navy—Acts as Correspondent in the "Far West"—Engaged by the *New York Herald*—Proceeds to Abyssinia—Civil War in Spain—His Historic Interview with Mr. Gordon Bennett: *But find Livingstone!*

IT was for a long time a matter of dispute as to whether America or Great Britain should call Stanley her son. His nationality has now, however, been put beyond doubt. He was born in the year 1840, at Denbigh in North Wales. His father's name was Rowlands, and he was christened John. How John Rowlands became Henry Morton Stanley will be shown later on. John Rowlands was born in very humble circumstances, and on the death of his father, about two years after his birth, his mother had to go out to service, and the boy was left in charge of one of the neighbours. This lasted for about two years, when, the means for his support having come to an end, the child found himself in the Workhouse School of

St. Asaph, some few miles from his native place. It reflects great credit on Mr. Stanley that, commencing on the lowest rung of the ladder as he did, he should now by his own perseverance and courage be at the zenith of fame. At the St. Asaph school, he remained for ten years, during which time, as far as can be ascertained concerning his early character, he showed evidence of those powers which mark born leaders of men.

He had even then a determined will, to which was added that keen intelligence and high spirits which have stood him in good stead during many a weary march. It is noticeable how sanguine all Stanley's letters are, though at times written under such circumstances that the majority of men would have given up their task as hopeless. It may be remarked that at school he showed a preference for geography and arithmetic over all other studies, and this preference well foreshadowed his future career.

For some reason or other, he ran away from school and obtained a situation as pupil teacher under his cousin, who was the master of a National School. It is said of him that at this time that he was a "full-faced, stubborn, self-willed, round-headed, uncompromising, deep fellow. He was particularly strong in trunk, but not very smart or elegant about the legs, which were disproportionately short. His temperament was unusually sensitive; he could stand no chaff, or the least bit of humour." It is not to be wondered at that a youth with such a temperament did not remain long as a teacher in a parish school. Having read all the

books he could get hold of relating to foreign lands and the adventures of explorers in new countries, he was fired with a desire to emulate their exploits. Accordingly he left the school and with an almost empty pocket tramped to Liverpool, from which port he worked out his passage as cabin-boy on a sailing-ship bound for New Orleans. Immediately on his arrival at New Orleans he sought for work, and was most fortunate, as he soon found employment in the office of a merchant named Stanley.

John Rowlands found in Mr. Stanley, at first a friend, but afterwards a father; for Mr. Stanley who had no children, took such a fancy to the lad, that he adopted him; and the then John Rowlands took the name of Henry Morton Stanley—a name which he has made famous, and which will be handed down to posterity as that of one of the greatest of African travellers.

But, alas for the mutability of human circumstances, young Stanley who must have thought himself settled for life, suddenly found himself again thrown on the cold world; for his employer, who had intended to make him his heir, died without having made a will, and, consequently, his relatives claimed all his property, and Stanley was again thrown on his own resources.

We can learn nothing of his doings after this, for a year or two. When the American Civil War broke out it can easily be imagined that Stanley, who had such a love of adventure inbred in him, would not be able to look calmly on; but would be sure to take an active part in the fray.

He joined the Confederate Army under General

Johnstone, and fought in several battles until he was taken prisoner in a fight at Pittsburg Landing. He managed to escape by swimming across a river under a heavy fire, and soon afterwards returned to England; but he did not remain long, the taste that he had of fighting, and his love of adventure soon taking him back to America.

He again worked his passage out, but this time he found himself in New York, an ex-Confederate in a Federal State—rather an awkward position. However, Stanley soon solved the difficulty by joining the Federal Navy, in which he remained until after the conclusion of the war. It is hardly necessary to say that whilst serving in the Federal Navy he distinguished himself by his courage and daring.

When the war was over he acted as correspondent for some of the American papers during a military expedition against the Indians in the "Far West." On returning from this expedition he was engaged by the *New York Herald* as travelling correspondent. This was to Stanley a most congenial occupation. He had not been very long on the *New York Herald* before he received orders to go to Abyssinia, to report on the doings of the English army that had been sent there under the command of Sir Robert Napier, who was afterwards, through his success in this war, created a peer with the title of Lord Napier of Magdala.

This was Stanley's first experience of Africa, and so well was the proprietor of the *New York Herald* satisfied with him that soon after his return from Abyssinia, he was sent to Spain as correspondent during the Civil

War, and whilst there he saw for a second time the ferocity with which a war is waged where the combatants are fellow-countrymen. And now we come to perhaps the most important point of Stanley's whole career.

On the 16th October, 1869, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, son of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, telegraphed from Paris to Stanley, who was at Madrid: "Come to Paris on important business." Stanley, on the receipt of this telegram, at once left Madrid for Paris, where, although he arrived late at night, he immediately went to Mr. Bennett's hotel. The now historic interview between them is well worth repeating; it is best told in Stanley's own words. He says:

"I went straight to the Grand Hotel, and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"'Come in,' I heard a voice say. Entering I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes, sit down. I have important business in hand for you. Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'

"'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best, *but find Livingstone!*'"

Stanley then spoke of the great expense that such a journey would entail, whereupon Mr. Bennett told him

to "Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; *but find Livingstone!*"

It may be remembered that Livingstone had not been heard of for two years, and much uneasiness prevailed as to his fate. There was a great deal of talk about organising an English Search Expedition, but before anything came of it, it was announced that the proprietor of the *New York Herald* had determined to send out Stanley to find Livingstone. An expedition for the same purpose had been sent out before, but it had proved unsuccessful. Thus the honour of finding this great and good man, whose name will always remain inscribed on the scroll of England's best and bravest sons, fell to Henry M. Stanley.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE OF STANLEY (CONTINUED).

Arrives at Zanzibar—Reaches the East Coast—News of Livingstone—Roads in Africa—Stanley has his first Fever—In the Desert—A Land of Plenty—Tribute demanded—Unyanyembe—Finds his Caravans—Luxurious living in Central Africa—Joins the Arabs against Mirambo—The Result—Kalulu—An African Chief—A Palaver—Reaches Ujiji—Meeting with Livingstone—Joint Exploration of Lake Tanganika—Livingstone returns with Stanley to Unyanyembe—Their parting—Stanley reaches Zanzibar in safety—Returns to Europe.

STANLEY arrived at Zanzibar on January 6th, 1871, on his expedition to find Livingstone. Here he made all his preparations before starting on his journey into the "Dark Continent." He was fortunately able to obtain the services of some of the men who had been with Speke, Grant, and Burton, and he engaged in addition a number of others, in all about one hundred and eighty men, a hundred and fifty of whom were to act as carriers of the goods it was necessary to have with them, to propitiate the rulers through whose territories they would have to pass; and also to exchange for food.

On reaching the east coast, Stanley started for Lake

Tanganika, rumours having come to his ears that there was a white man somewhere in the vicinity of that lake. The country he had to pass through was mostly fertile, but by this it must not be supposed that he had an easy passage, for the highways in Equatorial Africa are generally but footpaths not more than a foot wide. Professor Drummond in his "Tropical Africa" says that they are "like the roads of the old Romans; they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe." What experience Professor Drummond may have had the present writer is unable to say, but his own experience is exactly the contrary, both in Central and Southern Africa, where even the roots of a tree will cause the path, made by the continual going to and fro of the natives, to diverge. The writer has always found the native paths most circuitous. It may therefore be well imagined that Stanley did not find that he was able to travel at any great rate. It was at Muhalleh that Stanley first received any information as to the whereabouts of Livingstone, an Arab Sheik telling him that he had seen Livingstone living in a hut at Ujiji, and that he was looking aged and ill, his hair being quite white. Stanley had been pressing on as fast as he could before, but this intelligence incited him to still further exertions. However, fate for a time was against him. He now had his first attack of African fever, and then came the rainy season, which turned the Valley of Makata, through which he had to pass, into a veritable quagmire. This caused a

great deal of sickness amongst his men; many of the bales of cloth, cases of provisions, and even the powder were, through the fault of the carriers, allowed to get wet.

This must all have been most disheartening, yet Stanley still marched on with a good heart, ever trying to quicken the steps of his men.

On May 4th he reached Rehenneko where he once more found himself on high ground. The change helped greatly to recruit the health of his men, and the order was still "Forward." After passing through the valley of the Mukondkwa, where he came up with one of his caravans, which he had despatched a month before he started himself, he reached the Mpwapwa range of mountains, which have an altitude of about six thousand feet; and soon afterwards he found himself in the desert plain of Marenga Mkali, which is without water and has no trees growing on its barren surface. This desert passed, they found themselves in Ugogo, a land of plenty. Stanley had hoped to pass through this country with ease, but he had reckoned without his host, or rather without his hosts that were to be.

The chief of every village, through which they passed, demanded tribute before the caravan was allowed to go on, and as these demands were most outrageous, great delays were caused, as it took hours before they would accept the amount that Stanley was willing to pay. This, of course, considerably impeded the progress of the caravan; and it may well be imagined that Stanley was very glad when on June 7th he crossed the borders of Nyanzi, notwithstanding that he was entering into

a country that was not to be compared with Ugogo as regards its fruitfulness; but the freedom from interference more than made up for the lesser abundance of food.

Stanley now made for Mgongo Tembo, which, in the days of Speke and Burton, was a prosperous town situated in the midst of a cultivated country. But at this time it was but a mass of blackened ruins, the result of the devastation made by the slave-hunters, and as he proceeded he continued to see many traces of the work of these fiends in human form.

Finding no rest here, Stanley pressed on to Unyanyembe, which is the central district of Unyamwezi, a most fertile country with gentle undulations, draining principally into Lake Tanganika. The inhabitants of this part of Africa are well developed, and are enterprising and industrious, being both good traders and travellers; and are often employed by the Arabs as carriers in the caravans that they send to the coasts. But even they have suffered from the raids of the cold blooded slave-hunters. Speke and Burton, and afterwards Speke and Grant, lived for months at Tabora, which is one of the largest settlements in Central Unyanyembe. Stanley fixed his camp at Kwihara in the south.

It was at Unyanyembe that Stanley found the other three caravans that he had despatched before he left the coast, together with one sent some months previously by Sir John Kirk, the British Consul at Zanzibar, for the relief of Livingstone. Stanley possessed himself of the letters for Livingstone, which the chief of the caravan had in his possession, and

LANDSCAPE IN UNYAMWEZI.

also looked after the goods, and saw them eventually delivered to Livingstone.

It seems somewhat strange that in Unyanyembe, which is situated well nigh in the centre of Central Africa, all the luxuries of Egypt, Zanzibar, and Arabia, are to be found in the houses of the Arabs. Of course the majority are rich men, but still it seems somewhat strange to find in Central Africa houses with Persian carpets, silver services and other luxurious articles, and last but not least, extensive harems.

It was here (Unyanyembe) that Stanley made a mistake for which he afterwards had to suffer. Having thrown in his lot with the Arabs, he assisted them in their fight against Mirambo a neighbouring potentate who had made himself troublesome. Stanley acted as he thought for the best, but the result was quite disastrous for him. Stricken with fever and deserted by the Arabs, he only narrowly escaped capture by Mirambo. It was the more unfortunate for the expedition, inasmuch as the direct route to Ujiji ran through Mirambo's territory, and Stanley had in consequence to proceed by a circuitous path which was beset by dangers nearly as great as if he had passed through Mirambo's country.

Before leaving, one of the Arabs gave him a little slave-boy whom he named "Kalulu" (antelope) since he was both active and graceful, and this was the boy whom he immortalised in the book he wrote called "My Kalulu." Stanley decided that as the road he had now to take to Ujiji was a most dangerous one, it would be better to make his following as small as

possible. He accordingly left those of his men, whom he deemed inefficient, together with the greater part of his baggage, at Unyanyembe, and started on September 27th for Ujiji.

Amongst other delays and difficulties was his stoppage at Mangara, the Sultan of which country absolutely refused to allow Stanley to pass through his dominions. Neither would he allow any of his people to sell provisions to Stanley or his men. Stanley however managed to propitiate him by giving him many valuable presents, he gives the following account of the Sultan's visit to his camp; and as it gives a wonderfully good idea of the character of these petty kings, who are after all little more than head chiefs of their tribes, it may prove interesting.

Stanley writes: "The chief, a tall robust man, and his chieftains were invited to seat themselves. They cast a look of such gratified surprise at myself, my face, my clothes, and my guns as it is almost impossible to describe. They looked at me intently for a few seconds, and then at each other, which ended in an uncontrollable burst of laughter and repeated snappings of the fingers. They spoke the Kinyamwezi language, and my interpreter Mayanga was requested to inform the chief of the great delight that I found in seeing them. After a short period their chief desired me to show him my guns. The 'sixteen-shooter' and the Winchester rifle elicited a thousand flattering observations from the excited man; and the tiny deadly revolver, whose beauty and workmanship he thought were superhuman, evoked such gratified

eloquence that I was eager to try something else. The double-barrelled gun fired with heavy charges of powder caused them to jump up in affected alarm, and then to sit down again convulsed with laughter. As the enthusiasm of my guests increased, they seized each other's index fingers, screwed them and pulled at them until I feared they would end in dislocating them. After having explained to them the difference between white men and Arabs, I pulled out my medicine chest, which evoked another burst of rapturous sighs at the great array of vials.

"The chiefs asked me what they were meant for.

"'Dowa,' I replied,—'medicine.'

"'Oh-h! Oh-h!' they murmured admiringly.

"'Here,' said I, uncorking a vial of medicinal brandy, 'is the Kisungu pombe (white man's beer); take a spoonful and try it,' I added, handing it to him.

"'Hacht, hacht, oh, hacht! what! eh! what strong beer the white men have! Oh, how my throat burns!'

"'Ah, but it is good,' said I; 'a little of it makes men strong and good; but too much of it makes men bad, and they die.'

"'Let me have some,' said one of the chiefs; 'and me!' 'and me!' 'and me!' as soon as each had tasted it. I next produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, which, as I explained, was for snakebites and headaches. The Sultan immediately complained that he had a headache, and must have a little. Telling him to close his eyes, I suddenly uncorked the bottle and presented it to His Majesty's nose. The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot;

and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. His chiefs roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, pinched each other, and snapped their fingers. I verily believe that if such a scene was presented on any stage in the world, the audience—had they seen it as I saw it—would have laughed themselves into hysterics. Finally, the Sultan recovered himself, great tears rolling down his cheeks, and his features quivering with laughter. Then he slowly uttered the word 'Kali,' meaning hot, strong, quick, or ardent medicine. He required no more, but the other chiefs pushed forward to get one wee sniff, which they no sooner had than all went into uncontrollable laughter. The entire morning was passed in this State visit, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned.

"'Oh,' said the Sultan at parting, 'these white men know everything; the Arabs are dirt compared to them!'"

This incident, as told by Stanley, shows well the childishness of the people inhabiting Central Africa, and should dissipate all ideas of the stoicism of the uncultured savage of which we have all heard so much.

Notwithstanding their childishness they are cruel and unrelenting to a degree, and, though feeling pain themselves most acutely, they watch the agonies of their fellow tribesmen with indifference.

In November Stanley received information from the leader of a caravan that a white man was at Ujiji, whence he had just returned from a long journey.

This intelligence made him all the more eager to reach that place. By means of presents to his men, and paying excessive tolls to the chiefs of the countries through which he passed, Stanley found himself on November 10th within sight of his goal—Ujiji. His feelings when he saw Lake Tanganika at his feet, two hundred and thirty-five days after leaving Bagamoyo, can easily be imagined.

In such a moment of success he must have forgotten the many dreary days and weary nights through which he had passed, and the many privations and perils which he and his men had endured during their long march. He now formed his men in order, and with the blowing of horns and firing of guns announced his approach. The inhabitants came out to greet him, and amongst them was Susi, Dr. Livingstone's servant, who informed him that his master was at Ujiji, but in bad health.

The news of his arrival soon spread, as does all news in Africa, in a most astonishing way, and the chief Arabs awaited Stanley's arrival in front of Livingstone's house. Stanley, in his account of this meeting between him and Livingstone, says:

"I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale and looked wearied, had a grey beard, and wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it; had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a

coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

"'I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you!'"

The next few days were passed by the white men in relating to each other the dangers through which each had passed. Livingstone was able to supply a good budget, which contained the result of his explorations since he left Zanzibar in 1866. It will be remembered that during one of his expeditions his men deserted him, and in order to hide their own infamy circulated a report of his death, which afterwards proved to be unfounded. It is not within the province of this book to relate the explorations and discoveries of Livingstone, except so far as they relate to Stanley, otherwise it would be a great pleasure to narrate the adventures "by flood and field" of this truly heroic and great man.

When Stanley arrived at Ujiji, Dr. Livingstone had returned but a short time from Manyema, some seven hundred miles distant, and was in great distress, for the goods that should have been waiting for him on his return to Ujiji had been squandered by their

custodians, who, most conveniently for themselves, had satisfied themselves that Livingstone was dead. He therefore found himself without the means of continuing his explorations. Fortunately when the Doctor was at his greatest need Stanley appeared and was able to supply all his wants.

Not long after his arrival Stanley suggested to Livingstone an expedition to the head of Lake Tanganika to ascertain whether the Rusizi river was an affluent of that Lake. The expedition was soon arranged, and it was found that the Rusizi *did* flow into Lake Tanganika. This settled all the doubts which had been previously entertained as to whether it emptied itself into the Victoria Nyanza or not. Many had thought that the Rusizi connected the two lakes, but this discovery, made jointly by Livingstone and Stanley, showed that it was not so.

Stanley had succeeded in the object of his expedition—*i.e.*, the finding of Livingstone; but the Doctor objected to return to England until he had satisfied himself as to whether the Lualaba was the beginning of the Nile, or turning sharply to the west found its outlet to the Atlantic, as the river Congo. Livingstone's own idea was that the Lualaba was the commencement of the Nile; but he did not live long enough to find out his mistake.

Livingstone, whilst Stanley was with him at Ujiji, wrote out the notes that he had taken during his travels, and Stanley brought them home with him, the Doctor deciding to remain in Africa until he had traced the Lualaba down to its outlet.

On this expedition it was that he lost his life, and it was left for Stanley to make the discovery of the connection of the river Lualaba with the Congo, under which name it pours its waters into the Atlantic Ocean.

Livingstone accompanied Stanley on his return as far as Unyanyembe, where the bulk of Stanley's stores had been left, as well as Livingstone's own. They left Ujiji on December 27th, going by a different route to that which Stanley had taken on his journey to Ujiji, and reached Unyanyembe on February 18th. There Stanley gave Livingstone, from his own stores, what he required; and after an intercourse of four months these two men parted never to meet again. The parting, it is needless to say, was an affecting one.

Stanley now made the best of his way to the coast he reached Bagamoyo on May 6th, and sailed from Zanzibar for Europe on May 29th.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE OF STANLEY (CONTINUED).

Ashantee War—A fresh African Expedition—Leaves England—Arrives at Zanzibar—Reaches Mainland—The Death of the first White Man—Victoria Nyanza—King Mtesa—His reception of Stanley—Stanley circumnavigates the Lake—Death of Barker—March to the Lualaba—Meets Tippoo Tib—Cannibals and Dwarfs—Tippoo Tib leaves him—"Meat, Meat!"—Stanley Falls—Stanley Pool—Death of Kalulu—Death of Pocock—Reaches the Atlantic—Returns Home—Founds the Congo Free State—Expedition to relieve Emin Pasha.

SOON after Stanley's return the *New York Herald* again required his services in Africa, but this time as correspondent during the Ashantee War, which war had been undertaken by England in order to punish Coffee Calcali, the King of Ashantee, who had been for some time at enmity with the British Government. The history of this war and the success of the British is too well known to need repetition here.

Livingstone's death, and the interment of his mortal remains, which had been brought to the coast by some of his faithful followers, in Westminster Abbey, again directed the attention of the civilised world to Africa, and Stanley was once more called on to proceed there, this time to cross the "Dark Continent" in order that

he might complete the work begun by Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Grant, and other explorers; to clear up all doubts regarding the Central African lakes, and above all to follow the Lualaba until it reached the sea, the task which Livingstone had set himself to accomplish before he returned to England.

This fresh expedition was to be made on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph* as well as the *New York Herald.*

On this new expedition Stanley left England on August 15th, 1874, with three other white men whose names were Frank and Edward Pocock (two brothers) and Frederick Barker—all three of whom did yeoman service, but, unfortunately, none of them lived to share in Stanley's success when he at last reached the western coast.

Arriving at Zanzibar, a month later he had no difficulty in organising his force and getting together the necessary supplies, which included a large boat a little later to be known as the *Lady Alice.* On November 12th the expedition left Zanzibar for the mainland, and left Bagamoyo on the 17th, to penetrate the heart of Africa and bring Stanley everlasting fame.

Stanley now made for Lake Victoria Nyanza, which is to the north of Lake Tanganika, where he had found Livingstone. He soon found the great difficulty of passing through countries where there were no caravan routes. Stanley, however, pressed on and reached Kagehyi, a town on the south of the Victoria Nyanza, on February 27th.

Meanwhile one of the white men—Edward Pocock—had died at Chiwyu, in Huri.

On reaching the Victoria Nyanza, Stanley had his boat, the *Lady Alice*, which was in sections, put together, and he started in it with a crew of eleven to circumnavigate this great lake, leaving the other Pocock and Barker in charge of the camp. After various vicissitudes, some of which threatened the death of Stanley and the consequent failure of the expedition, the *Lady Alice* soon arrived off the coast of Uganda, of which country Mtesa was then king. When he heard that Stanley was coming he sent canoes to escort him to Usabara, where, when he arrived, he was lodged in most luxurious quarters.

The king soon sent for Stanley, and they seem to have taken a mutual liking to one another. At Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, whence Stanley had accompanied the king, he fell in with another white man—Colonel Linant, one of Gordon's lieutenants in the Equatorial Province, where he was later on killed.

Stanley after a short stay started on his voyage back to Kagehyi, which place he reached on May 6th, after having circumnavigated the lake; but sad news was in store for him. Frederick Barker had died twelve days before his return, and the only white man now remaining to help him was Frank Pocock.

Stanley returned with all the members of his expedition to Uganda.

The friendship between Stanley and the king was still further cemented, and a consequence of it was that Mtesa was persuaded by Stanley to embrace the Christian religion and to allow missionaries to come to his country to teach it to his people.

Leaving King Mtesa, Stanley proceeded to circumnavigate the great lakes; and then commenced his march to the Lualaba to take up the work of discovery where Livingstone had left it. It was at Mwana Mamba that Stanley met Tippoo Tib, who for £1,000 agreed to assist Stanley in his work of exploration, bringing to the expedition a large force of men, and promising in addition to use his own personal influence, which was very great in that region.

The expedition left Hyangwé on November 5th, 1876, and started on its perilous journey down the Lualaba, to pass through countries unknown till then to the white man, in fact not even known to the Arabs. Some of the places were inhabited by cannibals, and one region by dwarfs, who are very nimble, and prove themselves dangerous, owing to the arrows they use being poisoned.

It was whilst in the country inhabited by the dwarfs that Tippoo Tib turned back, his followers refusing to go any further through such a bad country, inhabited by such ferocious people.

Stanley had now to go on with his own men only, having again and again to fight the cannibals, whose cry was always "Meat, meat!" when attacking Stanley's flotilla, for he had now in addition to the *Lady Alice* over twenty canoes which he had captured from the natives. These cannibals seemed to think that any one passing through their territory was a fair prey for them to capture, kill, and eat.

At last on January 6th, 1877, the expedition, considerably reduced in numbers, arrived at the first

HENRY M. STANLEY.

(From a Photograph taken when at Constantinople.)

cataract of Stanley Falls. More than twenty days were taken in passing the cataracts, during the whole of which time incessant attacks were made on Stanley and his men by the cannibals. After passing the last cataract, Stanley found himself able to resume his voyage down stream, no rapids or cataracts occurring until Stanley Pool was passed, a distance of over one thousand miles.

After leaving Stanley Pool, there was again a succession of rapids to be navigated, and, in one of these, Stanley's servant, Kalulu, was drowned; but worse was to follow. In attempting to shoot one of the rapids, Frank Pocock also was drowned, and thus Stanley was left, well-nigh at the end of his journey, without any of his white companions.

Boma was at length reached on August 9th, 1877, and Stanley's march through the "Dark Continent" was at last completed, after taking his men round the coast to Zanzibar, he returned to Europe in January 1878. In the following year, he once more visited Africa, at the instance of the African International Association founded at Brussels; where, as is well known, he succeeded in founding, and in a great measure consolidating, the Congo Free State.

But Stanley had not yet finished his work in Africa, for, in 1886, the man who found Livingstone, was chosen as *the* man to relieve Emin Pasha. Leaving England on January 21st, 1887, accompanied by five white men, whom he had selected out of some four hundred applicants, Stanley arrived for a third time at Zanzibar, where he met Tippoo Tib, who agreed to give

him all the assistance in his power, in return for which he was to be appointed Governor of Stanley Falls.

Stanley soon secured at Zanzibar all the men he needed for the expedition, and accompanied by Tippoo Tib and his followers, sailed by way of the Cape to the Congo, which he reached on March 18th, and immediately started on his journey up the Congo.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS FROM THE CONGO.

Stanley's first Letter—Leaves the Lower Congo—Short Marches—Steamers on the Congo—Scarcity of Food—Abundance Four Days ahead—European Officers in Good Health.

STANLEY'S first letter after he had started up the Congo on his expedition, to Sir William Mackinnon, was published in the *Times* of June 6th, 1887, and runs as follows:—

"LUKUNGU, CONGO RIVER,
"*April 9th*, 1887.

"We arrived here yesterday, after an intolerably slow journey from the Lower Congo. Nevertheless, we feel grateful that we have done so much. This journey of one hundred and ten miles is performed, generally, by native carriers in nine or ten days; it has occupied us fourteen days. The carriers only have their loads of sixty-five pounds each, with some native provisions. Our people have been loaded with similar weights, and then have to carry their rifles, ammunition, kit, and rations, making their load up to one hundred pounds each. Taken at their ease from Zanzibar, and from on board a comfortable ship, we had to make very short marches at first, to inure them by degrees to the long tasks of marching which lie before them. The poor baggage animals were also unfit for several days to travel; nor were we ourselves in any better state. But I had promised to leave the Lower Congo on the 27th, and

in order to make ourselves as fit as possible for the journey we began the forward march on the 25th, two days previous, otherwise we should have been six days behind time.

"We shall improve, as in other expeditions, our marching pace. Daily the marches will become longer, and the people more fit, until even they will look back with surprise on the early days when they thought eight miles a fatiguing journey. Our extra loads of cloth, beads, and ammunition are being forwarded, with tolerable rapidity, by our agents on the Lower Congo, and a few days after our arrival at Stanley Pool I hope to have all goods, officers, and men together.

"I have no encouraging news from the Pool as yet. I cannot tell whether there are any steamers ready. All rather tends to make me think that we have appeared while every vessel is in a very unfortunate state of unpreparedness. There are the *Stanley*, of the carrying capacity of two hundred men and four hundred loads; the *En Avant*, thirty men and thirty loads; two lighters, aggregate capacity seventy men and seventy loads; the A.I.A. are safe at Bangala station, five hundred miles up river.

"Besides all these, there is the Baptist Mission steamer the *Peace*, capacity fifty men and fifty loads, and the American Mission steamer *Henry Reed*, of similar carrying power. But the *Peace*, I am told, will not be loaned to us by the Baptist Committee of London; and of the *Henry Reed* there is no certain sign as yet that we shall have the loan of her services.

"But the worst news remains to be told. There are no provisions at the Pool. The traders and their workmen and followers have absorbed all the provisions the natives can raise, and prices have run up to sheer famine rates. If prices are already so high, what may they not amount to

when the expedition—seven hundred and fifty strong—has arrived to swell the numbers of those for whom food must be secured at all cost?

"Yet somehow, for the life of me, I cannot feel so gloomy as I no doubt ought to do. My men must not die for want of food, and I must not be detained at the Pool for any unreasonable period.

"Four days by steamer up river there is a region of abundance, where thousands of people could be supplied. If there were any steamers ready it would be for the interest of the State, the missions, and the traders to assist me in getting this possible mob of hungry men away from the neighbourhood of their establishments.

"One day's residence at the Pool will suffice to make explicit and clear what is extremely hazy in my mind, viz., How many days will it be before I can get away from the foodless region? If I can only procure a sufficient number of men to carry the loads, I can march the rifle-armed members of the expedition almost as fast as the steamers can breast the stream. If I can lighten the heavily weighted people of their loads I shall no doubt be able to prove what fast goers they are.

"In this state of doubt, surmise, and anxiety, calculating and planning nightly after each march, I am likely to remain until I arrive at the Pool, when one view of the actual state of things there will enable me to tell you freely and frankly in my next letter what is and must be done by us.

"I ought not to conclude without saying that none of our officers have suffered a day's sickness since they left Europe in January. They work well, and endure Africa as if they were natives of the tawny and torrid continent, surpassing all my expectations; and with all they have to bear they are always gentlemen.

"H. M. Stanley."

CHAPTER VIII.

STANLEY AND THE MISSIONARIES.

The Expedition arrives at Stanley Pool—Scarcity of Food—Fears of Starvation—The Motto of the Missionaries—How Stanley helped them in 1883—Their Return for his Kindness—Mr. Billington consults his Bible—Stanley's Interview with the Governor—Sends a Guard to the *Henry Reed*—The Faith, Hope, and Charity of some Missionaries—List of the Steamers employed and their Cargoes.

ON his arrival at Stanley Pool, Stanley wrote the following letter, which was published in the *Times* of June 17th, 1887:—

"CAMP NEAR LEOPOLDVILLE, STANLEY POOL,
"*April 26th.*

"MY DEAR MACKINNON,—I arrived at this place on the 21st inst., after twenty-eight days' march from the Lower Congo. The rainy season and the flooded rivers have impeded us greatly. The latter have been deep and impetuous, detaining us two days at each unfordable stream, and causing great anxiety. The country suffers from great scarcity of food, and I have had to feed this large caravan with rice brought from the coast. Considering all these unfortunate circumstances, we have no great reason to complain. At Stanley Pool they say that we have arrived

wonderfully quick. Had the season been more propitious they would have had still further cause for saying so.

"But bad as is the condition of the famine-stricken country below, in the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool it is worse. I have been here five days, and the people with me have only managed to secure a few bananas, just sufficient to feed two hundred men one day, and I have seven hundred and fifty souls with me. It is a period of great anxiety with us, and whether we shall be able to tide it over without breach of order I know not. The Zanzibaris are very loyal, very obedient; the officers, who are all English gentlemen, are super-excellent. With such good qualities the expedition may be expected to do all that is required by human nature. My duty, however, is not to put too severe a strain on such admirable qualities, and relieve these people from the temptation to be otherwise than they ought to be.

"The State, the English missions, and traders are in the same difficulties of provisioning their dependants as we are. You can imagine how great the stress is here when the State, after sending foraging parties round about the district, can only secure food enough for a third of its force. The other two-thirds live on hippopotamus meat which their hunters provide. We have also sent out our hunters. We have had one hippopotamus within five days for seven hundred and fifty souls. There are four parties of hunters searching Stanley Pool to-day for hippo meat. The missions have but few men with them, so it is not such an extreme case with them. But, strange to say, not one mission station can supply its own people. They have not planted a single banana plant since I was here three years ago. I should say that they were in a worse state than when I left. They live on what is provided for them in Europe and America, and 'Let be everything, struggle no

longer,' seems to me to be their motto. It is not the fault of the soil or the climate. The soil is rich, and adapted for the cultivation of bananas and maize and dhowrra and rice.

"In 1881 I relieved two missionaries, named Clarke and Lanceley. They had suffered a misfortune,—a fire had consumed all their effects. They sent me an appeal for provisions. I provided them with a fair allowance from our own stores. They belonged to the Livingstone Inland Mission.

"In 1883 a missionary named Sims applied for a site at Stanley Pool to establish a mission of the Livingstone Inland Mission. His colleagues had vainly striven without aid from me to obtain permission from the natives. I gave an order to the chief of Leopoldville to locate Dr. Sims on a site in the neighbourhood of the station, so that, times being unsettled then, the mission could be under our immediate protection. In 1884 I extended the grounds of this mission at the Equator, subject of course to confirmation at Brussels.

"By a curious event, on arriving at Stanley Pool this time I found myself in a position of abject suppliant for favour. His Majesty the Sovereign of this Congo State had invited me to take the Congo River route to relieve Emin Pasha at Wadelai. Provided the steamers and boats were at Stanley Pool in time, without doubt this route was by far the cheapest and best, even though food was not over-abundant. I therefore accepted the invitation and came here. But I had not anticipated this distressful scarcity of food, nor the absence of steamers and boats.

"To every one at Stanley Pool it was clear that a disaster would be the consequence of this irruption of a large caravan upon a scene so unpromising as this foodless district. The only remedy for it was immediate departure

COASTING ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE TANGANIKA.

up river. Long before arrival I had sent letters of appeal to the English Baptist Mission, owners of the steamer *Peace*, and to the Livingstone Inland Mission, which is now American, and owners of the steamer *Henry Reed*, for aid to transport the expedition to Bolobo immediately upon arrival at Stanley Pool. Reports confirmatory of the state of famine in that district were daily reaching me, and immediate departure was our only means of saving life and preventing a gross scandal.

"A few days later I received a letter from a Mr. Billington, in charge of the *Henry Reed*, saying he could not lend the steamer for such purposes, as he wanted to go down river—*i.e.*, overland to the Lower Congo—for some purpose; and next month the Livingstone Inland Mission expected some missionaries, and in the interval the steamer *Henry Reed* was to be drawn up on the slip to be re-painted.

"You will observe as we did that there was no question of urgency; the steamer was to lie idle on the slip for re-painting, while Mr. Billington should go down river to be comfortably married to some young lady whose photograph he had seen, for this was the purpose that was taking him from the Pool.

"Meanwhile, the starving people would be tempted to force from every native or white the food which they could not obtain by purchase, and no one knew to what extent disorder would spread. If I did my duty I should have to repress it sternly. Still, whether my people or the natives would suffer most, it is clear that the condition of things would be deplorable.

"From the English Baptist Mission I received a letter from its chief, that unless orders to the contrary should arrive from home he would lend me the steamer and be happy to help me.

"Arriving at the Pool, and seeing more distinctly how greatly the district was suffering from scarcity of food, I sent Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson to represent our desperate position to the Livingstone Inland Mission. They saw Messrs. Billington and Sims. They tell me they urged the missionaries by all the means within their power for over an hour to re-consider their refusal, and to assist us. They were said to have declined. Mr. Billington argued that he had consulted the Bible, and found therein a command not to assist us; besides, he must get down river to meet 'his wife that was to be.' Dr. Sims echoed this as resolutely.

"I consulted the Governor of Stanley Pool district, Monsieur Liebriechts, and represented to him that a great scandal was inevitable unless means were devised to extricate us from the difficulty. I told him I could not be a disinterested witness to the sufferings which starvation would bring with it, that therefore a formal requisition should be made by him on the missions for the use of their steamers for a short term, of say forty days. That the *Henry Reed*, according to Mr. Billington's letter, was to lie idle for a period of over two months; that this period could be used by us in saving hundreds of lives; that their objections were frivolous, and those of Dr. Sims were the result of a refusal by me to employ him on this expedition, while Mr. Billington was only hungering after the pleasure o marriage with a person whom he never saw. Monsieur Liebriechts admitted that the position was desperate and extreme, and that the State was also in a painful uncertainty as to whether provisions would be secured for its people each day.

"The next morning Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson were sent over again to the Livingstone Inland

Mission to try a third appeal with Mr. Billington, who only replied that he had 'prayerfully wrestled even unto the third watch' against the necessity there was of refusing the *Henry Reed*. He was confirmed in his opinion that he was acting wisely and well. Meantime, it was reported to me that Mr. Billington had furtively abstracted the valves and pistons of the engines for the purpose of hiding them. I therefore hesitated no longer, but sent a guard of Soudanese down to the steamer, and another with Major Barttelot to demand the immediate surrender of the steamer and her belongings. Major Barttelot kept his guard outside the boundary of the mission, and walked in alone with the letter.

"The Commissaire of the State, seeing matters becoming critical, ordered a guard to relieve the Soudanese at the steamer, and went in person to the missionaries to insist that the steamer should be surrendered to the State.

"Our guard was withdrawn upon an assurance being given that no article should be taken away or hidden. For two days the matter remained in the hands of M. Liebriechts, who at last signed a charter in due form, by which the mission permits the hire of the steamer *Henry Reed* to us for the sum of £100 sterling per month, which is at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum on her estimated value.

"But what ungrateful people some of these missionaries are! Faith they may have in superabundance—in hope they no doubt live cheerfully; but of charity I do not find the slightest trace.

"The *Stanley* steamer left here yesterday for Mswata with the first detachment of one hundred and fifty-three, and will return the day after to-morrow. We have now remaining for departure next Friday, or Saturday at

farthest the following transport vessels:—*Stanley*, 160 men, 400 loads, 6 donkeys; hull of *Florida*, 160 men, 100 loads, 6 donkeys; *Peace*, 50 men, 100 loads; 1st barge, 35 men; 2nd barge, 60 men; *Henry Reed*, 50 men, 100 loads; 3rd barge, 50 men; 4th barge, 35 men.—Total 590 men, 700 loads, 12 donkeys. There will be none remaining at Stanley Pool. We shall push on as fast as the steamers can tow the barges, which will be probably the rate the slow paddle-boat *En Avant* ascended in 1883. Near Stanley Falls, or at the rapids of the Bryerre River, I will form an entrenched camp, and must use every precaution to make this camp safe. During the ascent of the Congo I shall have leisure to study this question. Having formed a safe camp, I shall push on lightly equipped, and make forced marches through the unknown territory.

"Until we have reached the site of our camp on the Upper Congo, and the *Stanley* descends to bring up the detachment which will be left at Bolobo under Major Barttelot, you cannot receive any further direct news from us.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER IX.

EN ROUTE.

The *Peace* breaks her Rudder—Return to Leopoldville—The *Peace* breaks down—The *Stanley* nearly wrecked—Arrive at Bolobo—The Engineer of the *Peace* gets a Wrinkle—The Men wax Fat—Disposition of the Members of the Expedition—Tippoo Tib—Reach Yambuya—Capture the Village—The Natives come in—And are treated well—Soon, Soon *En Avant*.

STANLEY'S next letter is dated May 31st, 1887, but it was not received by Sir Francis de Winton until late in August. It runs as follows:—

"BRITISH BAPTIST STEAMER *Peace*,
"*May* 31*st*, 1887.

"We are now one hundred and eighty-eight hours steaming above Kinshassa (Stanley Pool), which was our point of departure for the Upper Congo. We started May 1st with six hundred and twelve men, besides several riding animals, the *Henry Reed*, of the Livingstone Inland Mission, leading the way with one hundred and thirty-one men. The second was the *Stanley*, towing the hull of the steamer *Florida* (which we had launched only the day before), carrying three hundred and sixty-four men, five hundred loads of baggage and goods, nine riding asses, and a flock of goats. The last was the steamer *Peace*, towing

two boats, with one hundred and seventeen people on board.

"The two first steamed straight on, and duly finished the first day's journey; but the *Peace* met with an accident two miles above the landing-place of Kinshassa, the head of the rudder snapping clean off, and the boat became unmanageable.

"Her captain threw two anchors overboard, and drew us up with a sharp jerk in the midst of a violent current. We then had to cut the chains to extricate ourselves from a dangerous position. We afterwards returned to the beach at Kinshassa. The captain and engineer of the *Peace* were compelled to return to Leopoldville, six miles below, to repair the rudder at the workshops of the State. One complete day was thus lost. Then for three days we travelled with tolerable steadiness, the *Stanley* and the *Henry Reed* making excellent time, but the *Peace* was slow. Between Kinshassa and Mswata (eighty-eight miles) we were two days behind the usual running time of steamers. Beyond Mswata, however, the *Peace* showed more daily signs of collapse, until a few hours below Bolobo she began to descend with the current; we therefore anchored. We sent our people ashore and a boat to Bolobo, with a note to dispatch the *Henry Reed* to our assistance. The next day, in tow of the *Henry Reed*, the wretched steamer made her ignominious appearance at Bolobo. It was bad enough to be daily detained by the *Peace;* but you may imagine my consternation when, halfway to Bolobo, we found the *Stanley* and the *Henry Reed* lying at a landing-place without steam in midday. The cause we found to be that the *Stanley* had been exploring some ragged reefs on an independent course, and had rashly attempted to plough them up, in which mad attempt the great steamer had had her second foremost

section completely wrecked. Examination by three engineers proved, however, that it could be restored to use by patching plates underneath. Two days were consumed in this delicate job; all hands worked devotedly.

"Arriving at Bolobo, we were compelled to despatch the *Stanley*—with a strong injunction to leave exploration alone for the time being, especially of rocky reefs—to Kwamouth, to bring up Major Barttelot and his detachment of one hundred and fifty-three. For in order to economise time, the gallant major had to march overland from the Wamboko river to Kwamouth, a distance of about fifty miles, to make amends for the delay which the *Stanley* had occasioned us. On this trip the captain really distinguished himself, and was back at Bolobo on the third day.

"Meanwhile the engineer of the *Peace*, smarting under the unspoken imputation that his steamer was no better than a mud-scow, had consulted with a canny Scotch colleague who drove the *Henry Reed* as to the ways and means of improving on the famous Thornycroft of London, who was responsible for her creation, and the two agreed to screw her upper safety valve down to retain the constantly escaping steam. It was not the only one fixed, but it had hitherto been deemed absolutely essential that she should have two safety valves. Accordingly, after boring through the boiler, the cap of the valve was made a rigid fixture.

"During the fifteen days that have since passed, we have discovered that it has been a very wise arrangement, for the *Peace* is in advance, as the flagship of the flotilla ought to be; and I should recommend the builder of the *Peace* to have the invention patented at once.

"We left Mr. John Rose Troup at Leopoldville to

supervise our stores, and at Bolobo we formed a camp, under Messrs. Ward and Bonny, with a detachment of one hundred and twenty-five men. We have now six hundred and forty men, five hundred loads of goods, riding animals, and the live stock of the expedition on board the flotilla, and since leaving Bolobo we have had no accident or incident worth mentioning—no losses in men or goods, no famine, no inconvenience, no cause of anxiety. The natives welcome us everywhere, and sell us such abundance of food, that our people have already forgotten the pinching scantiness, the horrid meagreness of their fare from the sea to the Pool. I suppose each man in the expedition has increased from ten to twenty pounds in weight. The only fear that I have now is that they will endanger the steamers by this remarkable increase in body.

We are now five hundred and forty-seven miles from Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, or eight hundred and ninety-two miles from the Atlantic Ocean. We have four hundred and eighty-eight miles yet to steam to reach the rapids of the Bryerre or Aruwimi river, where I propose to form an intrenched camp, guarded by a force of one hundred and thirty men, under Major Barttelot and Mr. J. A. Jamieson. Deducting Tippoo Tib's people (ninety-six), there will be a force of four hundred and fourteen men, or three hundred and sixty rifles, and fifty-four supernumeraries, with which I hope to effect a speedy march to the Albert Nyanza. For crossing rivers and utilising the Albert I shall take my steel boat with me. Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., Captain Nelson, of the Volunteers, Dr. Parke, of the Army Medical Department, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson, are the gentlemen chosen from necessity to accompany me.

"To-morrow Major Barttelot, accompanied by forty Soudanese, will escort Tippoo Tib and his people to Stanley

Falls. As the steamer will have to rejoin me at the rapids of Aruwimi, he will have leave to maintain high speed on his steamer, and the day after arrival at Stanley Falls he will have to return. This plan I have adopted to prevent the Zanzibaris being tempted to desert us by the Zanzibaris at the Falls.

"In my letter from Cairo I estimated that the journey to Wadelai could be performed *vid* the Congo in one hundred and fifty-seven days from Zanzibar. One hundred days have already passed. If we meet with no accidents we may safely reach the rapids sixteen days hence. We shall then be about three hundred and sixty geographical miles from the Albert. We may be detained a few days to wait for Major Barttelot from the Falls. Say that we have but thirty days left of the estimated time when we attempt the first march; we shall have a task of twelve geographical miles to go each day. I said in my speech at the Burlington Hotel, 'Until I am landed at the point of disembarkment, I am in the hands of the engineers and captains of the various steamers that are to convey the expedition.' This letter will inform you of some of the delays to which I have been subjected. But breaking up of rudders and the crumpling up of thin steel hulls and leaky steam boilers have not been all. We had to finish the construction of a new steel steamer; we had to launch her. The *Peace* alone detained us six days at Leopoldville before starting. Nevertheless, though it is scarcely possible to march twelve geographical miles per day steadily for thirty days through an utterly unknown country without guides or interpreters, we shall do our very best, and maintain a cheerful hope that, as our best energies are devoted to the work, we shall be rewarded with a view of the man we seek to relieve."

'CAMP AT YAMBUYA RAPIDS, ARUWIMI RIVER,
"*June 19th*, 1887.

"We are safely here at last, eight days behind the estimated time. It is not bad, but it might have been better. We are building our intrenched camp. Stairs is busy at it. I see that the trench of the palisades is already sunk. Jamieson is busy building his house, which is to be a store for goods also. Nelson and Jephson are busy collecting fuel to load the *Stanley* and the *Florida* for the trip down river. The *Henry Reed* has not come in from Stanley Falls yet, but we expect her to-day or to-morrow. We shall have to dispatch these boats with fuel as quickly as possible.

"We captured this village by means of steamer whistles, which made such a hideous clamour that it served as a protection for the assaulting parties. We had talked for three hours. Time was passing away; the natives were obdurate, and putting themselves in Achilles manner, with poised spears and erected shields. The Zanzibaris arriving at the top, eighty feet high above river, found themselves in quite an empty village.

"The night's grace we had given them had enabled the natives to clear out their valuables. Poor souls, we did not need them without a price. Every fowl and goat had vanished, but we have got a square mile of kassava gardens to feed our garrison. The huts are of a narrow diameter, of the candle extinguisher type, formed in two rows on either side of a street twenty feet wide. There are one hundred and ninety-four huts in this village, just enough to house the advance force comfortably. Below and above us are miles of smaller villages, fifteen, twenty, and thirty huts in each, a background of dense bush, the front being the eighty feet bluff rising above river.

"Some natives have come in; our scouts arrested about a dozen yesterday. They were all released with presents.

"It appears to me as though this country was the resort of all the fragments of tribes for many degrees around. I hear of over a dozen tribes being represented in as many miles here. We are in a village belonging to the Watunga; below us are the Baburn; below them are the Batega; above us I have got a long list of names prefixed with Ba-descending people. The more people the more food, of course. We release our captives at once with small gifts and good words,—seedlings, I hope, of a future amicable intercourse. If Barttelot will exercise patience with them, long before we return they will be a prosperous community, and friendship will be firmly established.

"Remember me most kindly to all the committee, also to Lady de Winton; and soon, soon it will be *en avant* for the Albert Lake. While this letter is on its way to you I wonder what is in store for us. The Giver of all good things be with you always, and may He bless us both.

"Yours,

"H. M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER X.

EN AVANT.

Major Barttelot's Return—Reports Tippoo Tib warmly welcomed—Said-bin-Hubub—Tippoo Tib appointed Governor of Stanley Falls—Orders all Raids to cease—Requires State Troops to aid Him—Fight at M'bungu—Tippoo Tib's men wounded—Good-bye.

THE following is the last letter received from Stanley by Sir William Mackinnon until he (Stanley) had joined hands with Emin Pasha :—

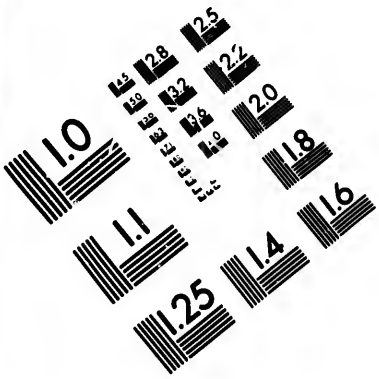
"ARUWIMI RIVER, YAMBUYA,
"*June* 23*rd*, 1887.

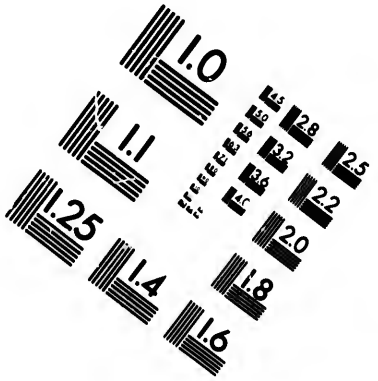
"MY DEAR MACKINNON,—Major Barttelot and his Soudanese who formed the escort of Tippoo Tib and his party to Stanley Falls, returned last night. I have been considerably vexed with this delay of three days, for he ought to have been here on the 19th, but I have forgiven him for the great pleasure his arrival here gives me. This morning Lieutenant Stairs and a body of picked men were about to descend the Aruwimi in search of the missing Major. You can therefore imagine, when every day is precious to us, what great relief we all felt when the cry of the Zanzibaris, 'Sail ho!' announced her in sight.

"The Major reports that they all arrived safely at Stanley Falls, that Tippoo Tib was warmly welcomed by hosts of

people; that at Yaracombe there was a camp of five hundred slavers preparing for a raid. Half of this force was commanded by Said-bin-Hubub. He also is pretty famous in these regions. He is mentioned in one of Livingstone's books. He crossed Africa about twenty years ago, and married a Portuguese-African at Loanda. Tippoo Tib lost no time in announcing his appointment as Governor of Stanley Falls District, and gave orders that all raids should cease within the territory. His own people will of course pay ready obedience to him, but I gather that Said-bin-Hubub refuses to acknowledge his authority or obey orders. This will be a precedent for other Arabs. Tippoo Tib by means of the Major has stated his case fairly in a letter which I forward by this mail to Brussels. He requires State troops commanded by two officers to be sent to him, that he may enforce his authority. He says thirty soldiers will be enough, backed by his own people. I presume that he feels considerable reluctance to enter at once into a warfare with men who are his countrymen and co-religionists, and who were yesterday his friends; that he requires a stimulus to urge him to a duty which seems somewhat unpleasant. That eventually he will prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him I have no doubt. That he will restrain his own people is of course certain, and with a small force of soldiers such as he asks for, and with Europeans to supervise, advise, and encourage him, Tippoo Tib will make the very best Governor that could be found for that distant station.

"The Major had a 'difficulty' at M'bungu (see map). Seven of Tippoo Tib's men were wounded while under his escort at this village, and a little battle took place. The Soudanese landed, drove the natives into the bush, and fired M'bungu. We ourselves, several hours below at the time





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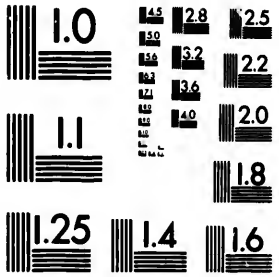

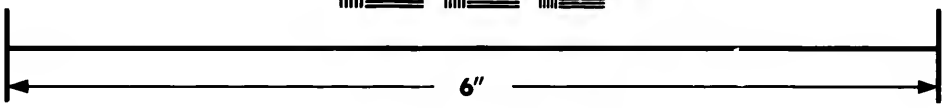

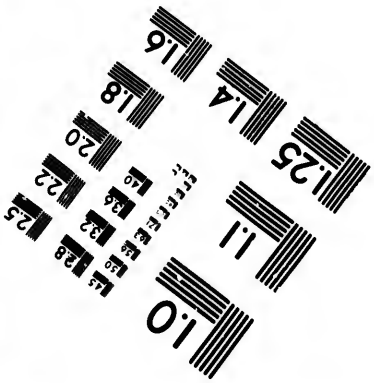

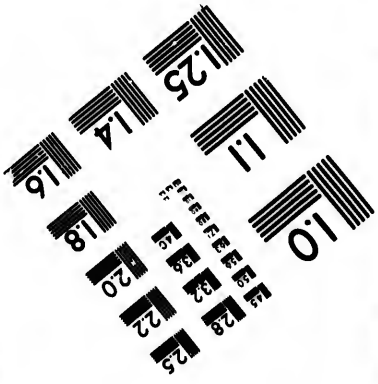

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of this unpleasantness, wondered when we came up what had caused such a disaster. Inquiring of the natives we were told it was a native war, and proceeded on our way, little suspecting that the Major had any share in what evoked our pity when we first caught sight of the burning rafters.

"Tippoo Tib promised a bullock, or rather a cow, to my friend N'galyema, native chief of Kinlamo near Leopoldville. I see he has kept his promise, for the cow is on board the *Henry Reed* going down to-day. We should like a slice of her, as we are sadly in want of beef; but then, you know, if Tippoo Tib has been so faithful to his promise we should honour this by letting it go to rejoice the heart of N'galyema.

"As soon as we can get wood enough on board the *Peace* and *Henry Reed* to feed their furnaces for a few days the steamers will be off, and our last chance of communicating with Europe for a few months will be gone. And now, good-bye once more,

"Yours sincerely,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

After Stanley had made his leap into the darkness, nothing reliable was heard of him for a very long time, but vague rumours which proved to be false were plentiful. As regards the camp left at Yambuya the news received from there was as painful as it was true. Major Barttelot had been shot by one of the carriers that Tippoo Tib had sent him, after he had lost so much valuable time in waiting for them; Mr. Troup had been sent home invalided, and the men composing this rear column had been decimated by death owing to the insalubriousness of the climate.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE FOREST TO SUNSHINE.

Stanley's Letter—Instructions to Major Barttelot—The Expedition impeded by the Natives—The First Death—Lieutenant Stairs wounded by a Poisoned Arrow—Mr. Jephson loses his Way—Desertions—At Ugarrowwa's—Starvation—Kilinga-Longa—The Arab's Devastation—A Region abounding with Food—The Death Penalty—The Land of Promise and Plenty—Mazamboni—The First Beef—A Battle—Success—The Albert Nyanza in Sight—Blood Brotherhood—No Boats—In Ibwiri again—Stanley falls Ill—Mazamboni becomes Friendly—A Letter from Emin Pasha—The Egyptian Garrison—Meeting Emin Pasha—Stanley returns for Major Barttelot—Meeting at Bunalya—Stanley reported Dead—A new Mountain—Emin does not care to Leave—His Conversation with Stanley.

AFTER a silence, prolonged so painfully that more than once it seemed to deepen into the stillness of death, Stanley at last began to send messages to Europe from the heart of the African Continent with all his old ring of cheerfulness in them, notwithstanding they were full of the record of dire perils and distresses.

Though written on the 28th of August, 1888, they did not reach the coast at Banana (south-western Africa) until the middle of February 1889. This fact in itself, as well as the painful details of Stanley's

advance, furnishes a test of the vast distances and slow marches of that "Dark Continent," almost the last mysteries of which have now been unveiled by Stanley; this being the first account ever brought to the eyes and ears of civilisation of the immense tract of virgin world lying between Stanley Falls and the Nyanza.

In his letter of August 28th, 1888, he writes to the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee:—

"SIR,—A short despatch briefly announcing that we had placed the first instalment of relief in the hands of Emin Pasha on the Albert Nyanza was sent to you by couriers from Stanley Falls, along with letters to Tippoo Tib, the Arab governor of that district, on the 17th inst., within three hours of our meeting with the rear-column of the expedition. I propose to relate to you the story of our movements since June 28th, 1887.

"I had established an intrenched and palisaded camp at Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwimi, just below the first rapids. Major Edmund Barttelot, being senior of those officers with me, was appointed commandant. Mr. J. S. Jamieson, a volunteer, was associated with him. On the arrival of all men and goods from Bolobo and Stanley Pool the officers still behind, Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny, were to report to Major Barttelot for duty. But no important action or movement (according to letter of instructions given by me to the major before leaving) was to be made without consulting with Messrs. Jamieson, Troup, and Ward. The columns under Major Barttelot's orders mustered two hundred and fifty-seven men.

"As I requested the major to send you a copy of the

instructions issued to each officer, you are doubtless aware that the major was to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of the steamer from Stanley Pool with the officers, men, and goods left behind; and, if Tippoo Tib's promised contingent of carriers had in the meantime arrived, he was to march his column and follow our track, which so long as it traversed the forest region would be known by the blazing of the trees, by our camps and zaribas, etc. If Tippoo Tib's carriers did not arrive, then, if he (the major, preferred moving on to staying at Yambuya, he was to discard such things as mentioned in letter of instructions, and commence making double and triple journeys by short stages, until I should come down from the Nyanza and relieve him. The instructions were explicit, and, as the officers admitted, intelligible.

"The advance column, consisting of three hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, set out from Yambuya June 28th, 1887. The first day we followed the river bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankondé. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and under cover of the smoke attacked the pioneers who were clearing the numerous obstructions they had planted before the first village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland, but trending east. We followed this path for five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding, and wounding an enemy was resorted to; but we passed through without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a north-easterly track, and reached the river again on July 5th. From this date until October 18th we followed the left bank of the Aruwimi. After seventeen days' continuous marching we halted one day for rest On the

twenty-fourth day from Yambuya we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On August 1st the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course had been singularly successful. But as we now entered a wilderness, which occupied us nine days in marching through it, our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The river at this time was of great use to us; our boat and several canoes relieved the wearied and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant, as during the first month, was still steady.

"On August 13th we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a bold front; we lost five men through poisoned arrows; and to our great grief Lieutenant Stairs was wounded just below the heart; but, though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered. On the 15th Mr. Jephson, in command of the land party, led his men inland, became confused, and lost his way. We were not reunited until the 21st.

"On August 25th we arrived in the district of Air-jeli. Opposite our camp was the mouth of the tributary Nepoko.

"On August 31st we met for the first time a party of Manyuema belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, alias Uledi Balyuz, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. Our misfortunes began from this date, for I had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, that they might not tamper with my men and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting.

"On September 16th we arrived at a camp opposite the station at Ugarrowwa's. As food was very scarce, owing to his having devastated an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with

such a man I made, and left fifty-six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarrowwa's to the continuous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarrowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head was to be paid to this man for their food.

"On September 18th we left Ugarrowwa's, and on October 18th entered the settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed-bin-Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in 'The Congo and the Founding of its Free State.' This proved an awful month to us; not one member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. The advance numbered two hundred and seventy-three souls on leaving Ugarrowwa's, because out of three hundred and eighty-nine we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick in the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men by starvation and desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi, and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed-bin-Salim did their utmost to ruin the expedition short of open hostilities. They purchased rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left their station we were beggared and our men were absolutely naked. We were so weak physically that we were unable to carry the boat and about seventy loads of goods; we therefore left these goods and boat at Kilinga-Longa's under Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march, and, after twelve days' march, we arrived at a native settlement called Ibwiri. Between Kilinga-Longa's and Ibwiri our condition had not improved. The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a

devastation so complete that there was not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa's and Abed-bin-Salim the elephants destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers; we were on virgin soil, in a populous region abounding with food. Our sufferings from hunger, which began on August 31st, terminated on November 12th. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of three hundred and eighty-nine we now only numbered one hundred and seventy-four, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate. Hitherto our people were sceptical of what we told them. The suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by-and-by we should see plains, and cattle, and the Nyanza, and the white man, Emin Pasha. We felt as though we were dragging them along with a chain round our necks. 'Beyond these raiders lies a country untouched, where food is abundant and where you will forget your miseries; so cheer up, boys; be men, press on a little faster.' They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralised. Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishments were of no avail, I then resolved to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hanged in presence of all.

"We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people

glutted themselves; the effect was such that I had one hundred and seventy-three—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men, when I set out for the Albert Nyanza on November 24th.

"We were still one hundred and twenty-six miles from the Lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing.

"On December 1st we sighted the open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah—so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On December 5th we emerged upon the plains, and the deadly, gloomy forest was behind us. After one hundred and sixty days' continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions successfully completed all of a sudden revived.

"Woe betide the native aggressor we may meet, however powerful he may be; with such a spirit the men will fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It had been the eternal forest that had made the abject, slavish creatures, so brutally plundered by Arab slaves at Kilinga-Longa's.

"On the 9th we came to the country of the powerful chief Mazamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages about four p.m. on December 9th, and occupied it, building a zariba as fast as billhooks could cut brushwood. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill; they were sent

pealing across the intervening valleys; the people gathered by hundreds from every point; war-horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold, we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in us capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who we were, and we were anxious to glean news of the land that threatened to ruin the expedition. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectable distance apart. The natives said they were subject to Uganda; but that Kaba Rega was their real king, Mazamboni holding the country for Kaba Rega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show their King Mazamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. In the meantime all hostilities were to be suspended.

"The morning of the 11th dawned, and at eight a.m. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mazamboni's wish that we should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received by the valley around our neighbourhood with deafening cries. Their word 'kanwana' signifies to make peace, 'kurwana' signifies war. We were therefore in doubt, or, rather, we hoped we had heard wrongly. We sent an interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was kanwana or kurwana. 'Kurwana,' they responded, and, to emphasise the term, two arrows were shot at him, which dissipated all doubt. Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley two hundred and fifty yards wide. On the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The

higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend; the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men were sent, under Lieutenant Stairs, to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east; a choice body of sharpshooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectually, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general flight. Meantime Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By three p.m. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us.

"On the morning of the 12th we continued our march: during the day we had four little fights. On the 13th marched straight east; attacked by new forces every hour until noon, when we halted for refreshments. These we successfully overcame.

"At one p.m. we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried out, 'Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza.' The men murmured and doubted, and said, 'Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?' At 1.30 p.m. the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters; but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon that I could not say a word. This was my reward. The mountains, they said, were the mountains of Unyoro—or, rather, its lofty plateau wall.

Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies.

"We were at an altitude of 5,200 feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over 2,900 feet below us. We stood in 1 deg. 20 min. N. lat.; the south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped about six miles south of this position. Right across to the eastern shore every dent in its low, flat shore was visible, and traced, like a silver snake on a dark ground, was the tributary Laniliki, flowing into the Albert from the south-west.

"After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the rugged and stony descent. Before the rearguard had descended one hundred feet, the natives of the plateau we had just left poured after them. Had they shown as much courage and perseverance on the plain as they now exhibited we might have been seriously delayed. The rearguard was kept very busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids reading two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. A night attack was made on us, but our sentries sufficed to drive these natives away.

"At nine a.m. on the 14th we approached the village of Kakongo, situate at the south-west corner of the Albert Lake. Three hours were spent by us attempting to make friends. We signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood-brotherhood with us because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink, and they would show us our road up to Nyam Sassic. But from these singular people we learnt that they had heard there was a white man at

Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they seen any steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had, except such as would hold the men, etc.

"There was no excuse for quarrelling: the people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path, and followed it a few miles, when we camped about half a mile from the lake. We began to consider our position, with the light thrown upon it by the conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zanzibar had evidently not arrived, or, I presume, Emin Pasha with his two steamers would have paid the south-west side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kilinga-Longa's, one hundred and ninety miles distant. There was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me, except that of retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilinga-Longa's for our boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it and raise corn for us, march back again to the Albert Lake, and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussions with my officers, I resolved upon.

"On the 15th we marched to the site of Kavalli, on the west side of the lake. Kavalli had years ago been destroyed. At four p.m. the Kakongo natives had followed us and shot several arrows into our bivouac, and disappeared as

quickly as they came. At six p.m. we began a night march, and by ten a.m. of the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more, Kakongo natives having persisted in following us up the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded.

"By January 7th we were in Ibwiri once again, and, after a few days' rest, Lieutenant Stairs, with one hundred men, was sent to Kilinga-Longa's to bring the boat and goods up; also Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers only eleven men were brought to the fort; the rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs, with the boat and goods, he was sent to Ugarrowwa's, to bring up the convalescents there. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace. Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm, but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and forty-seven days having expired I set out again for the Albert Nyanza, April 2nd, accompanied by Messrs. Jephson and Parke. Captain Nelson, now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys.

"On April 26th we arrived in Mazamboni's country once again, but this time, after solicitation, Mazamboni decided to make blood-brotherhood with me. Though I had fifty rifles less with me on this second visit, the example of Mazamboni was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza, and every difficulty seemed removed. Food was supplied gratis: cattle, goats, sheep, and fowls were also given in such abundance that our people lived royally. One day's march from the Nyanza the natives came from Kavalli and said that a white man named 'Malejja' had given their chief a black packet to give to me, his son.

EMIN PASHA.

Would I follow them? 'Yes, to-morrow,' I answered, 'and if your words are true I will make you rich.'

"They remained with us that night, telling us wonderful stories about 'big ships as large as islands filled with men,' etc., which left no doubt in our minds that this white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to the chief of Kavalli, and after a while he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strip of black American oil-cloth. The note was to the effect that as there had been a native rumour to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kaba Rega, King of Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him. However, the wife of the Nyam Sassic chief had told a native ally of his, named Mogo, that she had seen us in Mrusuma (Mazamboni's country). He therefore begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The note was signed '(Dr.) Emin,' and dated March 26th.

"The next day, April 23rd, Mr. Jephson was despatched with a strong force of men to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mswa station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers.

"On April 29th we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on December 16th, and at five p.m. of that day I saw the *Khedive* steamer about seven miles away steaming up towards us. Soon after seven p.m. Emin Pasha and Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson arrived

at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us.

"The next day we moved to a better camping place, about three miles above Nyam Sassic, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp; we were together until May 25th. On that day I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese, and two Zanzibaris in his care, and in return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and one hundred and two Madi natives as porters.

"Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwa's twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, April 2nd, bringing with him, alas! only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Barttelot had safely left Ugarrowwa's for Yambuya on March 16th.

"Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was in the granaries; they had just commenced planting again.

"On June 16th I left Fort Bodo with one hundred and eleven Zanzibaris and one hundred and one of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers, in order that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores left with Major Barttelot. On June 24th we reached Kilinga-Longa's, and July 19th Ugarrowwa's. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as

much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down the river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn, so that we had been able to pass through the wilderness unscathed.

"Passing on down river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers, who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of £10 per head, or the Major himself leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal.

"On August 10th we overtook Ugarrowwa, with an immense flotilla of fifty-seven canoes, and to our wonder our couriers, now reduced to seventeen. They related an awful story of hairbreadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

"A week later on August 17th, we met the rear column of the expedition at a place called Bunalya, or, as the Arabs have corrupted it, Unarya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade who I at first thought was Mr. Jamieson; but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonny, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"'Well, my dear Bonny, where is the Major?'

"'He is dead, sir; shot by the Manyuema about a month ago.'

"'Good God! And Mr. Jamieson?'

"'He has gone to Stanley Falls to try and get some more men from Tippoo Tib.'

"'And Mr. Troup?'

"'Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided.'

"'Hem! Well, where is Ward?'

"'Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir.'

"'Heavens alive! then you are the only one here?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"I found the rear column a terrible wreck. Out of two hundred and fifty-seven men there were only seventy-one remaining. Out of seventy-one only fifty-two, on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuya to Bunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty-three days. According to Mr. Bonny, during the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuya the record is only one of disaster, desertion, and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which are incredible; and, indeed, I have not the time; for, excepting Mr. Bonny, I have no one to assist me in re-organising the expedition. There are still far more loads than I can carry, at the same time articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuya with only a short campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess meeting, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as 'superfluities'! Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked, and deprived of even the necessaries of life

in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats and four pairs of boots and a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact—it was only myself that was dead.

"I pray you to say that we were only eighty-two days from the Albert Lake to Bunalya, and sixty-one from Fort Bodo. The distance is not very great—it is the people who fail one. Going to Nyanza we felt as though we had the tedious task of dragging them; on returning each man knew the road, and did not need any stimulus. Between the Nyanza and here we only lost three men—one of which was by desertion. I brought 131 Zanzibaris here, I left 59 at Fort Bodo—total 190 men out of 389; loss, 50 per cent. At Yambuya I left 257 men, there are only 71 left, ten of whom will never leave this camp—loss, over 70 per cent. This proves that though the sufferings of the advance were unprecedented, the mortality was not so great as in camp at Yambuya. The survivors of the march are all robust, while the survivors of the rear column are thin and most unhealthy-looking.

"I have thus rapidly sketched out our movements since June 28th, 1887. I wish I had the leisure to furnish more details, but I cannot find the time. I write this amid the hurry and bustle of departure, and amid constant interruptions. You will, however, have gathered from this letter an idea of the nature of the country traversed by us. We were one hundred and sixty days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grassland was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along

the edge of the grassland are well marked. We saw it extending north-easterly, with its curves, and bays, and capes, just like a sea-shore. South-westerly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangive to the southern borders of the Monbuttu; east and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwimi, to about east longitude 29 deg.—40 deg. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract thus described—totally covered by forest—is 246,000 square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and the Aruwimi, the forest embraces another 20,000 square miles.

"Between Yambuya and the Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The last is that which is spoken by the Wanyoro, Wanyankori, Wanya Ruanda, Wahha, and people of Karangwe and Ukerewe.

"The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo river from an altitude of 5,500 feet to 1,400 feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grassland the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mounts or ridges. North we saw no land higher than about 6,000 feet above the sea; but bearing 215 degrees magnetic, at the distance of about fifty miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, and probably 17,000 feet or 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will probably prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same—first, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter as given by me in 1876; and, secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennett. I might mention a third, which is

that the latter is a perfect cone apparently, while the Ruevenzori is an oblong mount, nearly level on the summit, with two ridges extending north-east and south-west.

"I have met only three natives who have seen the lake towards the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

"The Aruwimi becomes known as the Suhali about one hundred miles above Yambuya; as it nears the Nepoko it is called the Nevoa; beyond its confluence with the Nepoko it is known as the No-Welle; three hundred miles from the Congo it is called the Iteri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to its source. Ten minutes' march from the Ituri waters we saw the Nyanza, like a mirror in its immense gulf.

"Before closing my letter let me touch more at large on the subject which brought me to this land—viz., Emin Pasha.

"The Pasha has two battalions of regulars under him—the first, consisting of about 750 rifles, occupies Duffle Honyu Laboré, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf; the second battalion, consisting of 640 men, guard the stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communications along the Nyanza and Nile about 180 geographical miles in length. In the interior west of the Nile he retains three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants. 'Altogether,' he said, 'if I consent to go away from here we shall have about 8,000 people with us.'

"'Were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment, or be a second in doubt what to do.'

"'What you say is quite true, but we have such a large number of women and children, probably 10,000 people

altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great number of carriers.'

"'Carriers! carriers for what?' I asked.

"'For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel.'

"'The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on the donkeys—I hear you have about two hundred of them. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear of them; they will do better than the men.'

"'They would require a vast amount of provision for the road.'

"'True, but you have some thousands of cattle, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food.'

"'Well, well, we will defer further talk till to-morrow.'

"May 1st, 1888.—Halt in camp at Nsabé. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer *Khedive* about one p.m., and in a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments used above were repeated, and he said:—

"'What you told me yesterday has led me to think that it is best we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of these, about one hundred men, besides their women and children. Of these there is no doubt, and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavours for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted

story; that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars who compose the 1st and 2nd battalions I am extremely doubtful; they have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married, and several of them have harems. Many of the irregulars would also retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave, you can imagine that my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on returning all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise, and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter until there would be none of them left.'

"'Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?' I asked.

"'Oh, these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you.'

"'Now, will you, Pasha, do me the favour to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the sea, for we have been instructed to assist him also should we meet?'

"Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha:

"'What the Governor Emin decides upon shall be the rule of conduct for me also. If the Governor stays, I stay. If the Governor goes, I go.'

"'Well I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibilites will be great.'

"A laugh. The sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant captain replied:

"'Oh, I beg pardon, but I absolve the Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, because I am governed by my own choice entirely.'

"Thus day after day I recorded faithfully the interviews I had with Emin Pasha; but these extracts reveal as much as is necessary for you to understand the position. I left Mr. Jephson thirteen of my Soudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united expedition to the Nyanza.

"Within two months the Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new road.

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XII.

THE INTERIOR OF THE "DARK CONTINENT."

One Hundred and Sixty Days in the Forest—State of the Forest—Dwarfs—Aborigines—Rainy Season—The Grassland—Plenty—"Beauty and the Beast"—The Bazanza Tribe—Fighting—Fort Bodo—The Boat brought up—Meets Emin Pasha—Returns for the Rear Column—Doubts, Difficulties, and Disappointments.

THE following letter was received at the same time by Mr. A. L. Bruce of Edinburgh (Dr. Livingstone's son-in-law) from Stanley:—

"CENTRAL AFRICA, S. MUPE, ITURI R.,
"*Sept. 4th*, 1888.

"MY DEAR MR. BRUCE,—I write this letter, not because I know of any opportunity by which I could safely send it to you, but because I owe you many a letter, and memory of your kindness pricks me to have a written word or two ready by me in case a future opportunity offers. My last letter was dated yesterday, and sent to our mutual friend Mackinnon for the Royal Geographical Society and your own pet the Scottish. But the courier has gone, or rather separated from me.

"While in England considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert), I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region lying

between the Congo and the grassland, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took us one hundred and sixty days before we could say, 'Thank God we are out of the darkness at last.' At one time we were all—whites and blacks—almost 'done up.' September, October, and half of that month of November 1887 will not be forgotten by us. October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers are heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of one hundred and thirty, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle, in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours murmuring around, monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest

extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and from June 1st, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the present date till about December 10th, 1888, when I hope to say a last farewell to the Congo forest. Now that we have gone through and through this forest region, I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for, had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deduced from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with the requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of South Atlantic Ocean, whose vapours are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of one thousand four hundred miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture, to be distilled into rain, and mist, and dew over this insatiable forest; and then another six hundred miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about one hundred and fifty days of rain every year in this region, and that the Congo forest covers such a wide area.

"Until we set foot on the grassland, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked a smile, or a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half the time every day resembles a wintry sky in England—the

face of nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it, and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapour below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalise us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

"Emerging from the forest finally, we all became enraptured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches, and gloomy thoughts, and unwholesome ideas were banished. You have heard how the London citizen, after months of devotion to business in the gaseous atmosphere of that great city, falls into rapture at sight of the green fields and hedges, meadows and trees, and how his emotions, crowding on his dazed senses, are indescribable. Indeed, I have seen a Derby day once, and I fancied then that I only saw madmen, for great, bearded, hoary-headed fellows, though well dressed enough, behaved in the most idiotic fashion, amazing me quite. Well, on this December 5th we became suddenly smitten with madness in the same manner. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that 'Legion' had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, and roan antelope stood on either hand with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings yelling with joy, as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest.

"On the confines of this forest, near a village which was rich in sugar cane, ripe bananas, tobacco, Indian corn, and other productions of aboriginal husbandry, we came across an ancient woman lying asleep. I believe she was a leper

and an outcast, but she was undoubtedly ugly, vicious, and old; and, being old, she was obstinate. I practised all kinds of seductive arts to get her to do something besides crossly mumbling, but of no avail. Curiosity having drawn towards us about a hundred of our people, she fastened fixed eyes on one young fellow (smooth-faced and good-looking), and smiled. I caused him to sit near her, and she became voluble enough—beauty and youth had tamed the 'beast.' From her talk we learned that there was a powerful tribe, called the Bazanza, with a great king, to the north-east of our camp, of whom we might be well afraid, as the people were as numerous as grass. Had we learned this ten days earlier I might have become anxious for the result, but it now only drew a contemptuous smile from the people—for each one, since he had seen the grassland and evidences of meat, had been transformed into a hero.

"We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude; but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the emptied villages of the open country we proceeded, to regale ourselves on melons, rich-flavoured bananas and plantains, and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked down, plucked, roasted, or boiled; the goats, meditatively browsing or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the grateful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of good things had awaited our eruption into the grassland. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a *goee-goee* or chicken-heart left. Only the Labusesse, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion.

"Between the Ituri and the Nyanza, however, the fighting was sharp and almost continuous to the edge of the Lake. The will to fight was very evident, but our people drove them to flight upon every occasion. This region is inhabited by remnants of tribes who have come from Unyoro, Itoro, south-east and south, and from other nations north, to settle, by force or consent, among the Wahuma shepherds and herdsmen. The most numerous are the Baregga or Balegga, who occupy a compact mass of hills south-west of Lake Albert, and whose territory extends down to the level of the Albert. The Baregga also made the most fierce and obstinate resistance to us. For three days in succession they poured down the hills on our flank and rear. Having learned that there was no hope of satisfying them except by a hasty withdrawal, we simply pressed on and fronted them on each occasion with smoking Remingtons, until the waste tract along the Nyanza gave us a breathing spell.

"At the Nyanza there there was no news to be had of Emin Pasha. Our couriers from Zanzibar had not arrived, evidently. It was an inhospitable wilderness; not a sizable tree could be found; the natives were aggressive and confident. By a night march we regained the crest of the plateau unknown to the natives. Another serious bout took place. Again we drove the Baregga back; again we passed through Mazamboni's valleys, and, despite the utmost endeavours of the natives, recrossed the Ituri, and entered the forest region until we gained Itwiri, eleven marches from the Nyanza. At this place we built a fort; that is, we dug a ditch, made a breastwork, erected tall platforms for sharpshooters, and surrounded the whole with a maze of fences. The absence of our boat had caused this retreat from the Lake. We now proposed to remedy this. We sent one hundred men, under Lieutenant Stairs, to bring

NATIVES—SHOWING THE VARIOUS KINDS GF COIFFURES OR HEAD-DRESSES

A CENTRAL AFRICAN FER RY-BOAT .

up the boat and goods, and two officers, Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, left behind at a place eight marches south from Itwiri. Meantime we cultivated the land, planted corn, beans, and tobacco, and having left a sufficient garrison in the fort called Bodo, or 'Peace,' we marched for the Albert Lake a second time, April 2nd, 1888.

"The sharp punishment the natives of the grassland had received on our first visit had so tamed them that they all made peace with us one after the other, paid indemnities for expenses in the shape of cattle and food. They cut wood, bore water to the camp, carried our ammunition and material, furnished us with guides, and escorted us by hundreds. We had but to express a wish and it was gratified. As we were nearing the lake a chief named Kavalli handed me a note. The note was from Emin Pasha, requesting us to stay where we were until he could communicate with us. As this would mean a delay, I despatched Mr. Jephson with the boat and fifty men to launch the boat, because now there was no fear, as all the land round about from the forest to the lake the chiefs made formal tender of to me.

"Three days later Mr. Jephson arrived at the first of Emin Pasha's stations, where he was soon joined by the Egyptian Governor and his staff, and two days later we received the Pasha and his staff, Captain Casati and Mr. Jephson, at our camp near Kavalli, on the Nyanza, where we learned that everything was as well as it should be, and that we had been in ample time for such relief as he required.

"After a stay of twenty-six days with the Pasha, there was one work still to be done, and that was to find the rear column under Major Barttelot, of whom we had not heard a word since we left him on June 28th, 1887. Had

the *Stanley* steamer arrived in due time with Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny, and the one hundred and twenty-six men left at Bolobo? Had Tippoo Tib joined the Major, according to contract, at Zanzibar? If so, why so slow? Unless some serious hitch had taken place we must surely have met him or heard of him in February, March, or April while at Fort Bodo collecting our convalescents. These questions were being daily discussed, and numerous conjectures were made as to the reasons for this delay. Indeed, I felt more anxiety about the rear column than I had felt for Emin Pasha, since to the rear column was confided the largest number of stores of every kind. Our advance had only been a kind of forlorn hope to carry assurance of relief principally. Then the Major was inexperienced in African travelling, knowing no language but English and French and a little Arabic, but of undoubted bravery, loyalty, and resolution.

"Leaving Stairs, Nelson, and Parke at Fort Bodo—Jephson with Emin Pasha—we started from the fort June 16th, 1888. Fifty-seven days later we overtook our couriers that had been started from Fort Bodo, February 16th, with letters to the Major; and four days after this we met the rear column, or rather the miserable, forlorn, and despised remnant of it, with only Mr. Bonny in charge. Poor Major Barttelot was dead, shot by his auxiliary carriers, to obtain whom he had wasted so many months. Mr. Jamieson was *en route* to Bangala, six hundred miles lower down the Congo. Mr. Troup had been invalided home, and Mr. Ward was detained at Bangala by an order from Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson; and Mr. Bonny, the inferior officer, was left in charge of the rear column, which numbered about a fourth of the number I had left with the officers: for out of two hundred and fifty-seven there were

only seventy-one, many of them too sick to move, the majority worthless as carriers, and only about ten at all presentable or suitable for the long journey before us.

"*Sept. 5th.*—Another time I have been able to send off a letter. Salim bin Mohammed will take this to Stanley Falls.

"God bless you. Remember me kindly to your wife and children.

"Ever yours,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY.

"A. L. BRUCE, ESQ."

CHAPTER XIII

EMIN PASHA AND THE RELIEF EXPEDITION.

Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson—The Rear Column—Progress up River—Cast off the Canoes—Small-pox—The Dui River—Starvation—Fort Bodo again—No News of Emin—Letter from Mr. Jephson—His Adventures—Stanley's Letter to Jephson—Letter from Emin—His Arrival at the Camp—His Doubts.

UP to this time all Stanley's letters had been sent *viâ* the Congo, but the next came through Zanzibar, showing that he was then on his way to the East Coast, and that if he had his customary good fortune we might soon expect the telegraph to flash the news to us, that he was again in the civilised world.

On August 5th, 1889, he writes from Kafurro, Arab Settlement, Naregwe, to Sir William Mackinnon:—

"SIR,—My last report to you was sent off by Salim bin Mohammed in the early part of September 1888. Over a year full of stirring events for this part of the world have taken place since then. I will endeavour in this other following letter to inform you of what has occurred.

"Having gathered such as were left of the rear column and such Manyemas as were willing of their own accord to accompany me, and entirely reorganised the expedition, we set off on our return to the Nyanza. You will doubtless remember that Mr. Mounteney Jephson had been left with

Emin Pasha to convey my message to the Egyptian troops, and that on or about July 26th both Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson were to start from the Nyanza, with a sufficient escort and a number of porters, to conduct the officers and garrison of Fort Bodo to a new station that was to be erected near Kavalli on the south-west side of Lake Albert, by which I should be relieved of the necessity of making a fourth trip to Fort Bodo. Promise for promise had been made, for on my part I had solemnly promised that I should hurry towards Yambuya and hunt up the missing rear column, and be back again on Lake Albert some time about Christmas.

"I have already told you that the rear column was in a deplorable state—that out of the one hundred and two members remaining I doubted whether fifty would live to reach the Lake; but having collected a large number of canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in these vessels in such a smooth, expeditious manner that there were remarkably few casualties in the remnant of the rear column. But the wild natives, having repeatedly defeated Ugarrowwa's raiders, and by this discovered the extent of their own strength, gave us considerable trouble, and inflicted considerable loss among our best men, who had always, of course, to bear the brunt of fighting and the fatigue of paddling.

"However, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the line we had made, when progress by river became too tedious and difficult, and the order to cast off the canoes was given. This was four days' journey above Ugarrowwa' station, or about three hundred miles above Banalya.

"We decided that as the south bank of the Ituri River was pretty well known to us, with all its intolerable scarcity and terrors, it would be best to try the north bank, though

we should have to traverse for some days the despoiled lands, which had been a common centre for Ugarrowwa's and Kilinga-Longa's bands of raiders. We were about one hundred and sixty miles from the grassland, which opened a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal, and mutton, with pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking. Bright gossip on such subjects by those who had seen the Nyanza served as stimulants to the dejected, half-hearted survivors of the rear column.

"On October 30th, having cast off the canoes, the land march began in earnest, and we two days later discovered a large plantain plantation in charge of the Dwarfs. The people flung themselves on the plantains to make as large a provision as possible for the dreaded wilderness ahead of us. The most enterprising always secured a fair share, and twelve hours later would be furnished with a week's provisions of plantain flour; the feeble and indolent revelled for the time being on abundance of roasted fruit, but always neglected providing for the future, and thus became victims to famine.

"After moving from this place ten days passed before we reached another plantation, during which time we lost more men than we had lost between Banalya and Ugarrowwa's. The small-pox broke out among the Manyema and their followers, and the mortality was terrible; our Zanzibaris escaped this pest, however, owing to the vaccination they had undergone on board the *Madura*.

"We were now about four days' march above the confluence of the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and within about a mile from the Ishuru. As there was no possibility of crossing this violent and large tributary of the Ituri or Aruwimi we had to follow its right bank until a crossing could be discovered.

"Four days later we stumbled across the principal village of a district called Andikumu, surrounded by the finest plantation of bananas and plantains we had yet seen, which all the Manyemas' habit of spoliation and destruction had been unable to destroy. There our people, after severe starvation during fourteen days, gorged themselves to such excess that it contributed greatly to lessen our numbers. Every twentieth individual suffered some complaint which entirely incapacitated him from duty. The Ihuru River was about four miles S. S. E. from this place, flowing from E. N. E., and about sixty yards broad, and deep, owing to the heavy rains.

"From Andikumu a six-days' march northerly brought us to another flourishing settlement, called Indeman, situated about four hours' march from the river we supposed to be the Ihuru. Here I was considerably nonplussed by the grievous discrepancy between native accounts and my own observations. The natives called it the Ihuru River, and my instruments and chronometer made it very evident that it could not be the Ihuru we knew. Finally, after capturing some Dwarfs, we discovered that it was the right branch of the Ihuru River, called the Dui River. This agreeing with my own views, we searched and found a place where we could build a bridge across. Mr. Bonny and our Zanzibari chief threw themselves into the work, and in a few hours the Dui River was safely bridged, and we passed from Indeman into a district entirely unvisited by the Manyema.

"In this new land, between right and left members of the Ihuru, the Dwarfs called Wambutti were very numerous, and conflicts between our rear guard and these crafty little people occurred daily, not without harm to both parties. Such as we contrived to capture we compelled to show the path, but invariably, for some reason, they clung to the

E. and E. N. E. paths, whereas my route required a S. E. direction, because of the northing we had made in seeking to cross the Dui River. Finally, we followed elephant and game tracks on a S. E. course, but on December 9th we were compelled to halt for a forage in the middle of a vast forest at a spot indicated by my chart to be not more than two or three miles from the Ituru River, which many of our people had seen while we resided at Fort Bodo.

"I sent one hundred and fifty rifles back to a settlement that was fifteen miles back on the route we had come, while many Manyema followers also undertook to follow them.

"I quote from my journal part of what I wrote on December 14th, the sixth day of the absence of the foragers: Six days have transpired since our foragers left us. For the first four days time passed rapidly, I might say almost pleasantly, being occupied in re-calculating all my observations from Ugarrowwa to Lake Albert and down to date, owing to a few discrepancies here and there, which my second and third visit and duplicate and triplicate observations enabled me to correct. My occupation then ended, I was left to wonder why the large band of foragers did not return. The fifth day, having distributed all the stock of flour in camp and killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision boxes and take a pound pot of butter, with two cupfuls of my flour, to make an imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar, and a pot of sago in the boxes. In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of a majority of the rest was most disheartening; some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These constant sights acted on my nerves, until I began to feel not only moral but physical sympathy as well, as though weakness were contagious.

Before night a Mahdi carrier died; the last of our Somalis gave signs of collapse; the few Soudanese with us were scarcely able to move.

"The morning of the 6th.—Day dawned; we made the broth as usual—a pot of butter, abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk, a cupful of flour—for one hundred and thirty people. The chiefs and Mr. Bonny were called to council. At my suggesting a reverse to the foragers of such a nature as to exclude our men from returning with news of such a disaster, they were altogether unable to comprehend such a possibility; they believed it possible that these one hundred and fifty men were searching for food, without which they would not return. They were then asked to consider the supposition that they were five days searching for food; they had lost the road perhaps, or, having no white leader, they had scattered to loot goats, and had entirely forgotten their starving friends and brothers in camp; what would be the state of the one hundred and thirty people five days hence? Mr. Bonny offered to stay with ten men in camp if I provided ten days' food for each person, while I would set out to search for the missing men. Food to make a light cupful of gruel for ten men for ten days was not difficult to procure, but the sick and feeble remaining must starve unless I met with good fortune, and accordingly a stone of butter-milk, flour, and biscuits were prepared and handed over to the charge of Mr. Bonny.

"In the afternoon of the seventh day mustered everybody, besides the garrison of the camp, ten men. Sadi, the Manyema chief, surrendered fourteen of his men to doom; Kibbo-bora, another chief, abandoned his brother; Fundi, another Manyema chief, left one of his wives and a little boy. We left twenty-six feeble, sick wretches, already

past all hope, unless food could be brought to them within twenty-four hours.

"In a cheery tone, though my heart was never heavier, I told the forty-three hunger-bitten people that I was going back to hunt up the missing men; probably I should meet them on the road, but if I did that they would be driven on the run with food to them. We travelled nine miles that afternoon, having passed several dead people on the road, and early on the eighth day of their absence from camp met them marching in an easy fashion; but when we were met the pace was altered to a quick step, so that in twenty-six hours from leaving Stawahin Camp we were back with a cheery abundance around, gruel and porridge boiling, bananas boiling, plantains roasting, and some meat simmering in pots for soup.

"This has been the nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Twenty-one persons altogether succumbed in this dreadful camp.

"On December 17th the Ihuru River was reached in three hours, and having a presentiment that the garrison of Fort Bodo were still where I had left them, the Ihuru was crossed the next day, and the two days following; steering through the forest regardless of paths, we had the good fortune to strike the western angle of the Fort Bodo Plantations on the 20th.

"My presentiment was true. Lieutenant Stairs and his garrison were still in Fort Bodo—fifty-one souls out of fifty-nine—and never a word had been heard of Emin Pasha or of Mr. Mounteney Jephson during the seven months of my absence. Knowing the latter to be an energetic man, we were left to conjecture what had detained Mr. Jephson, even if the affairs of his province had detained the Pasha.

On December 23rd, the united expedition continued its

march eastward, and as we had now to work by relays, owing to the fifty extra loads that we had stored at the port, we did not reach the Ituri ferry, which was our last camp in the forest region before emerging on the grass-land, until January 9th.

"My anxiety about Mr. Jephson and the Pasha would not permit me to dawdle on the road making double trips in this manner, so selecting a rich plantation and a good camping site to the east of the Ituri River, I left Lieutenant Stairs in command with one hundred and twenty-four people, including Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, in charge of all extra loads and camp, and on January 11th continued my march eastward.

"The people of the plains, fearing a repetition of the fighting of December 1887, flocked to camp as we advanced, and formally tendered their submission, agreeing to contributions and supplies. Blood-brotherhood was made, exchange of gifts made, and firm friendship was established. The huts of our camp were constructed by the natives; food, fuel, and water were brought to the expedition as soon as the halting-place was decided upon.

"We heard no news of the white men on Lake Albert from the plain people, by which my wonder and anxiety were increased, until on the 16th, at a place called Gaviras, messengers from Kavalli came with a packet of letters, with one letter written on three several dates, with several days' interval between, from Mr. Jephson, and two notes from Emin Pasha, confirming the news in Mr. Jephson's letter.

"You can but imagine the intense surprise I felt while reading these letters by giving you extracts from them in Mr. Jephson's own words:

"'DUFILE, *Nov. 7th*, 1888.

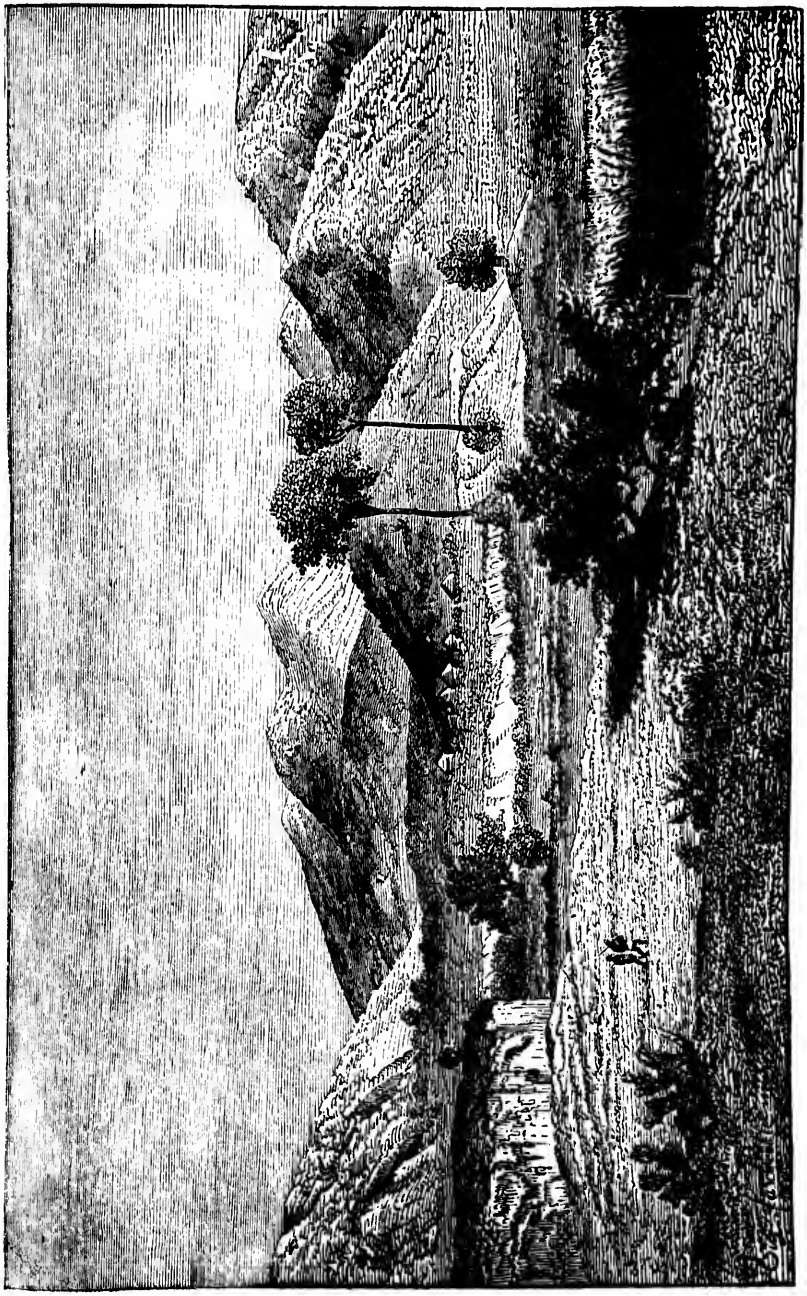
"'DEAR SIR,—I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust this letter will be delivered to you at Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful.

"'On August 18th a rebellion broke out here, and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, but my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen Egyptians—officers and clerks—and gradually others have joined, some through inclination, but most through fear; the soldiers, with the exception of those at Laboré, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers.

* * * * *

"'When the Pasha and I were on our way to Regaf two men, one an officer—Abdul Vaal Effendi—and then a clerk, went about and told the people that they had seen you, and that you were only an adventurer, and had not come from Egypt; that the letters you had brought from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries; that it was untrue that Khartoum had fallen; and that the Pasha and you had made a plot to take them, their wives, and children out of the country and hand them over as slaves to the English. Such words, in an ignorant and fanatical country like this, acted like fire amongst the people, and the result was a general rebellion, and we were made prisoners.

"'The rebels then collected officers from the different stations, and held a large meeting here to determine what measures they should take, and all those who did not join in the movement were so insulted and abused that they were obliged, for their own safety, to acquiesce in what was done. The Pasha was deposed, and those officers who



BASIN OF KISANGA.

were suspected of being friendly to him were removed from their posts, and those friendly to the rebels were put in their places. It was decided to take the Pasha as a prisoner to Regaf, and some of the worst rebels were even for putting him in irons; but the officers were afraid to put their plans into execution, as the soldiers said they would never permit any one to lay a hand on him. Plans were also made to entrap you when you returned and strip you of all you had.

"'Things were in this condition when we were startled by the news that the Mahdi's people had arrived at Lado with three steamers and nine sandals and nuggers, and had established themselves on the site of the old station. Omar Sali, their general, sent up three Peacock Dervishes with a letter to the Pasha—a copy of this will follow, as it contains some interesting news—demanding the instant surrender of the country. The rebel officers seized them and put them in prison and decided on war. After a few days the Mahdists attacked and captured Regaf, killing five officers and numbers of soldiers, and taking many women and children prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition in the station were lost. The result of this was a general stampede of people from the stations of Biddon, Kirri, and Muggi, who fled with their women and children to Laboré, abandoning almost everything. At Kirri the ammunition was abandoned, and was at once seized by the natives. The Pasha reckons that the Mahdists number about one thousand five hundred.

"'The officers and a large number of soldiers have returned to Muggi, and intend to make a stand against the Mahdists. Our position here is extremely unpleasant, for since the rebellion all is chaos and confusion; there is no head, and half-a-dozen conflicting orders are given every

day, and no one obeys—the rebel officers are wholly unable to control the soldiers.

"'The Baris have joined the Mahdists. If they come down here with a rush nothing can save us.

* * * * *

"'The officers are all very much frightened at what has taken place, and are now anxiously awaiting your arrival, and desire to leave the country with you, for they are now really persuaded that Khartoum has fallen, and that you have come from the Khedive.

* * * * *

"'We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire, and I fear, unless you come very soon, you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened the Pasha could have kept the Mahdists in check for some time, but as it is he is powerless to act.

* * * * *

"'I would suggest on your arrival at Kavalli that you write a letter in Arabic to Shukri Aga (chief of Mswa Station), telling him of your arrival, and telling him you wish to see the Pasha and myself, and write also to the Pasha or myself, telling us what number of men you have with you. It would, perhaps, be better to write to me, as a letter to him might be confiscated.

* * * * *

"'Neither the Pasha nor myself think there is the slightest danger now of any attempt to capture you being made, for the people are now fully persuaded you come from Egypt, and they look to you to get them out of their difficulties. Still, it would be well for you to make your camp strong.

"'If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends, etc.—Yours faithfully,

"'A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

"'H. M. Stanley, Esq., Commander of the
Relief Expedition.'

"'WADELAI, *Nov. 24th*, 1888.

"'My messenger having not yet left Wadelai, I add this postscript, as the Pasha wishes me to send my former letter to you in its entirety.

* * * * *

"'Shortly after I had written to you the soldiers were led by their officers to attempt to retake Regaf, but the Mahdists defended it and killed six officers and a large number of soldiers. Among the officers killed were some of the Pasha's worst enemies. The soldiers in all the stations were so panic-stricken and angry at what had happened that they declared they would not attempt to fight unless the Pasha was set at liberty, so the rebel officers were obliged to free him, and sent us to Wadelai, where he is free to do as he pleases, but at present he has not resumed his authority in the country—he is, I believe, by no means anxious to do so. We hope in a few days to be at Tunguru, a station on the Lake two days by steamer from N'sabe, and I trust when we hear of your arrival that the Pasha himself will be able to come down with me to see you.

* * * * *

"'Our danger as far as the Mahdists are concerned is, of course, increased by this last defeat; but our position is, in one way, better now, for we are further removed from them, and we have now the option of retiring if we please,

which we had not before while we were prisoners. We hear that the Mahdists have sent steamers down to Khartoum for reinforcements; if so, they cannot be up here for another six weeks. If they come up here with reinforcements it will be all up with us, for the soldiers will never stand against them, and it will be a mere walk-over.

* * * * *

"'Everyone is anxiously looking for your arrival, for the coming of the Mahdists has completely cowed them.

* * * * *

"'We may just manage to get out, if you do not come later than the end of December, but it is entirely impossible to foresee what will happen.

"'A. J. M. J.'

"TUNGURU, *Dec.* 18*th*, 1888.

"'DEAR SIR,—Mogo (the messenger) not having yet started, I send a second postscript. We are now at Tunguru. On November 25th the Mahdists surrounded Dufflé Station, and besieged it for four days; the soldiers, of whom there were about five hundred, managed to repulse them, and they retired to Regaf, their headquarters, as they have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, and doubtless will attack again when strengthened. In our flight from Wadelai the officers requested me to destroy our boat—the *Advance*. I therefore broke it up.

"'Dufflé is being renovated as fast as possible. . . . The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him, and the officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdists.

"'Do not on any account come down to Usate (my former camp on the Lake near Kavalli's Island), but make your camp at Kavalli (on the plateau above). Send a

letter directly you arrive there, and as soon as we hear of your arrival I will come to you. I will not disguise the fact from you that you will have a difficult and dangerous work before you in dealing with the Pasha's people. I trust you will arrive before the Mahdists are reinforced, or our case will be desperate.—I am, yours faithfully,

"'A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.'

"You will doubtless remember that I stated to you in one of my latest letters last year, 1888, that I know no more of the ultimate intentions of Emin Pasha than you at home knew. He was at one time expressing himself as anxious to leave, at another time shaking his head and dolorously exclaiming, 'I can't leave my people.' Finally, I departed from him, in May 1888, with something like a definite promise: 'If my people leave, I leave; if my people stay, I stay.'

"Here, then, on January 16th, 1889, I receive this batch of letters, and two notes from the Pasha himself confirming the above, but not a word from either Mr. Jephson or the Pasha indicative of the Pasha's purpose. Did he still waver, or was he at last resolved? With any other man than the Pasha, or Gordon one would imagine that, being a prisoner, and a fierce enemy hourly expected to give the *coup mortel*, he would gladly embrace the first chance to escape from a country given up by his Government. But there was no hint in these letters what course the Pasha would follow. These few hints of mine, however, will throw light on my postscript which here follows, and on my state of mind after reading these letters.

"I wrote a formal letter which might be read by any person—the Pasha, Mr. Jephson, or any of the rebels—and addressed it to Mr. Jephson, as requested, but on a separate

sheet of paper I wrote a private postscript for Mr. Jephson's perusal.

"'KAVALLI, *Jan.* 18*th*, 1889 (3.0 P.M.)

"'MY DEAR JEPHSON,—I now send thirty rifles and three Kavalli men down to the lake with my letters, with urgent instructions that a canoe should set off and the bearers be rewarded.

"'I may be able to stay longer than six days here—perhaps for ten days. I will do my best to prolong my stay until you arrive without rupturing the peace. Our people have a good store of beads, cowries, and cloth, and I notice that the natives trade very readily, which will assist Kavalli's resources, should he get uneasy under prolonged visit.

"'Be wise, be quick, and waste no hour of time, and bring Buiza and your own Soudanese with you. I have read your letter half-a-dozen times over, but I fail to grasp the situation thoroughly, because in some important details one letter seems to contradict the other. In one you say the Pasha is a close prisoner, while you are allowed a certain amount of liberty: in the other you say that you will come to me as soon as you hear of our arrival here, and "I trust," you say, "the Pasha will be able to accompany me." Being prisoners, I fail to see how you could leave Tunguru at all. All this is not very clear to us, who are fresh from the bush.

"'If the Pasha can come, send a courier on your arrival at our old camp on the Lake below here, to announce the fact, and I will send a strong detachment to escort him up to the plateau, even to carry him if he needs it. I feel too exhausted, after my one thousand three hundred miles of travel since I parted from you last May, to go down to the Lake again. The Pasha must have some pity for me.

"'Don't be alarmed or uneasy on our account; nothing hostile can approach us within twelve miles without my knowing it. I am in the thickest of a friendly population, and if I sound the war-note, within four hours I can have two thousand warriors, to assist to repel any force disposed to violence. And if it is to be a war of wits, why, then I am ready for the cunningest Arab alive.

"'I wrote above that I read your letters half-a-dozen times, and my opinion of you varies with each reading. Sometimes I fancy you are half Mahdist, or Arabist, and then Eminist. I shall be wiser when I see you.

"'. . . Now don't you be perverse, but obey, and let my order to you be as a frontlet between the eyes, and all, with God's gracious help, will end well.

"'I want to help the Pasha somehow, but he must also help me and credit me. If he wishes to get out of this trouble, I am his most devoted servant and friend; but if he hesitates again, I shall be plunged in wonder and perplexity. I could save a dozen Pashas if they were willing to be saved. I would go on my knees to implore the Pasha to be sensible in his own case. He is wise enough in all things else, even his own interest. Be kind and good to him for many virtues, but do not you be drawn into the fatal fascination Soudan territory seems to have for all Europeans of late years. As soon as they touch its ground they seem to be drawn into a whirlpool, which sucks them in and covers them with its waves. The only way to avoid it is to obey blindly, devotedly, and unquestioning all orders from the outside.

"'The Committee said, "Relieve Emin Pasha with this ammunition. If he wishes to come out, the ammunition will enable him to do so; if he elects to stay, it will be of service to him." The Khedive said the same thing, and

added, "But if the Pasha and his officers wish to stay, they do so on their own responsibility." Sir Evelyn Baring said the same thing, in clear and decided words, and here I am, after four thousand one hundred miles of travel, with the last instalment of relief. Let him who is authorised to take it take it. Come, I am ready to lend him all my strength and wit to assist him. But this time there must be no hesitation, but positive Yea or Nay, and home we go.—Yours very sincerely,

"'HENRY M. STANLEY.

"'A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, ESQ.'

"If you will bear in mind that on August 17th, 1888, after a march of six hundred miles to hunt up the rear column, I met only a miserable remnant of it, wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, neglect of their promises, and indifference to their written orders, you will readily understand why, after another march of seven hundred miles, I was a little put out when I discovered that, instead of performing their promise of conducting the garrison of Fort Bodo to the Nyanza, Mr. Jephson and Emin Pasha had allowed themselves to be made prisoners on about the very day they were expected by the garrison of Fort Bodo to reach them. It could not be pleasant reading to find that, instead of being able to relieve Emin Pasha, I was more than likely, by the tenor of these letters, to lose one of my own officers, and to add to the number of the Europeans in that unlucky Equatorial Province. However, a personal interview with Mr. Jephson was necessary, in the first place, to understand fairly or fully the state of affairs.

"On February 6th, 1889, Mr. Jephson arrived in the afternoon at our camp at Kavalli on the plateau.

"I was startled to hear Mr. Jephson, in plain undoubting

words, say, 'Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy—no one keeps Emin Pasha back but Emin Pasha himself.' This is a summary of what Mr. Jephson had learned during nine months—from May 25th, 1888, to February 6th, 1889. I gathered sufficient from Mr. Jephson's verbal report to conclude that during nine months neither the Pasha, Signor Casati, nor any man in the province had arrived nearer any other conclusion than that which was told us ten months before—thus:

"The Pasha: 'If my people go, I go. If they stay, I stay.'

"Signor Casati: 'If the Governor goes, I go. If the Governor stays, I stay.'

"The Faithful: 'If the Pasha goes, we go. If the Pasha stays, we stay.'

"However, the diversion in our favour created by the Mahdists' invasion, and the dreadful slaughter they made of all they met, inspired us with a hope that we could get a definite answer at last, though Mr. Jephson could only reply, 'I really can't tell you what the Pasha means to do. He says he wishes to go away, but will not make a move—no one will move. It is impossible to say what any man will do. Perhaps another advance by the Mahdists will send them all pell-mell towards you, to be again resolute, and requiring several weeks' rest to consider again.'

"In February I despatched a company to the steam ferry with orders to Mr. Stairs to hasten with his column to Kavalli, with a view to concentrate the expedition ready for any contingency. Couriers were also despatched to the Pasha telling him of our movements and intentions, and asking him to point out how we could best aid him—whether it would be best for us to remain at Kavalli, or

whether we should advance into the province and assist him at Mswa or Tunguru Island, where Mr. Jephson had left him. I suggested the simplest plan for him would be to seize a steamer and employ her in the transport of the refugees, who I heard were collected in numbers at Tunguru, to my old camp on the Nyanza, or that, failing a steamer, he should march overland from Tunguru to Mswa, and send a canoe to inform me he had done so, and a few days after I could be at Mswa with two hundred and fifty rifles to escort them to Kavalli. But the demand was for something positive—otherwise it would be my duty to destroy the ammunition and march homeward.

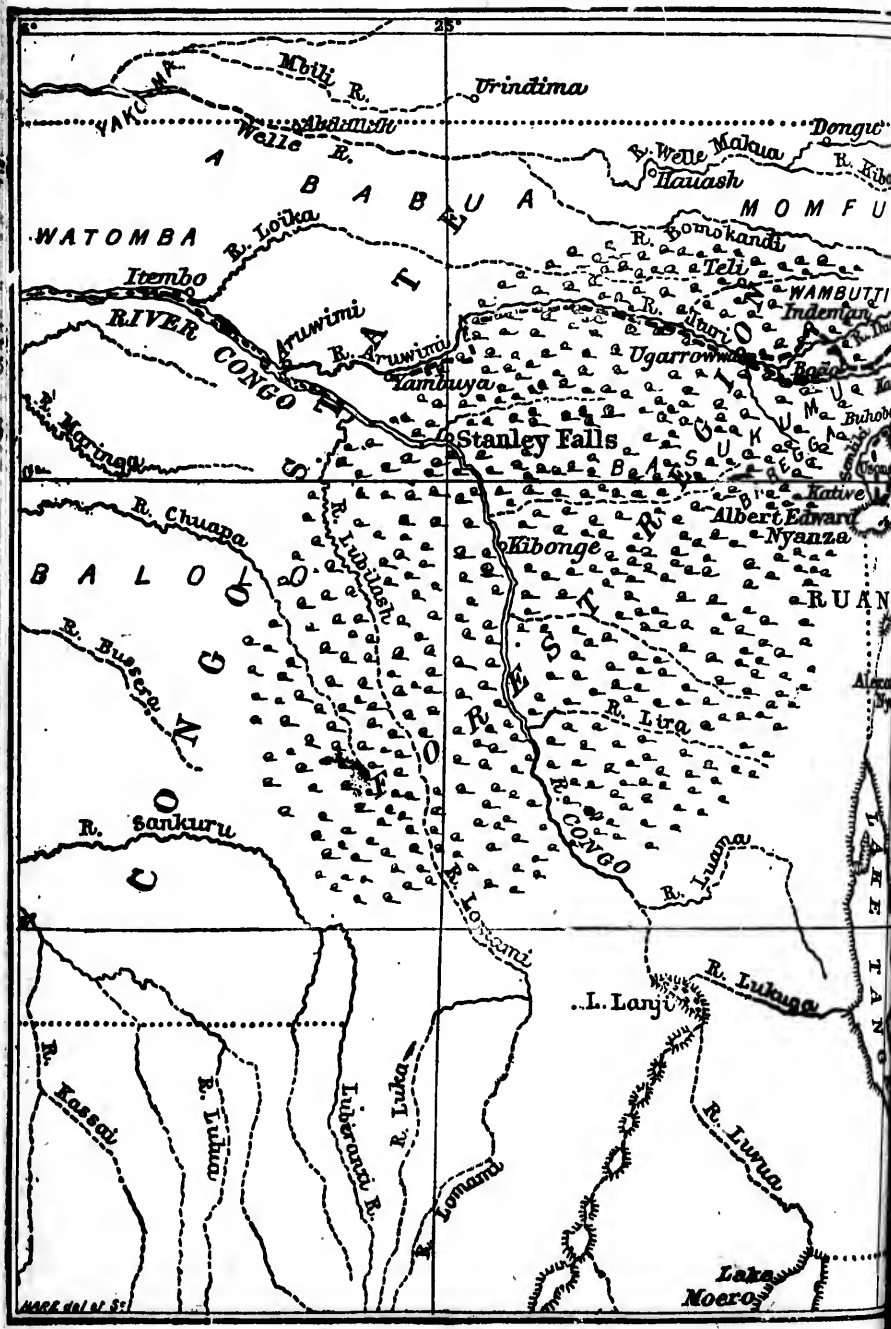
"On February 13th a native courier appeared in camp with a letter from Emin Pasha, with news which electrified us. He was actually at anchor just below our plateau camp. But here is the formal letter.

"'CAMP, *Feb.* 13*th*, 1889.

"'HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq., commanding the Relief Expedition.

"'SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 7th inst., for which I beg to tender my best thanks, I have the honour to inform you that yesterday, at three p.m., I arrived here with my two steamers, carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. As soon as I have arranged for cover of my people, the steamships have to start for Mswa Station to bring on another lot of people awaiting transport.

"'With me there are some twelve officers anxious to see you, and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers—at least such as are willing to leave—from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WATOMBA
R. Loika
Itembo
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Teli
WAMBUTTI
Indentan
RIVER CONGO
Aruwimi
R. Aruwimi
Ugarrowwa
Tambuya
Stanley Falls
Buhobo
R. Maringa
Kative
Albert Edward Nyanza
R. Chuapa
R. Lubilash
Kibonge
B A L O N G O
R. Busera
R. Lira
R. CONGO
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R. Luama
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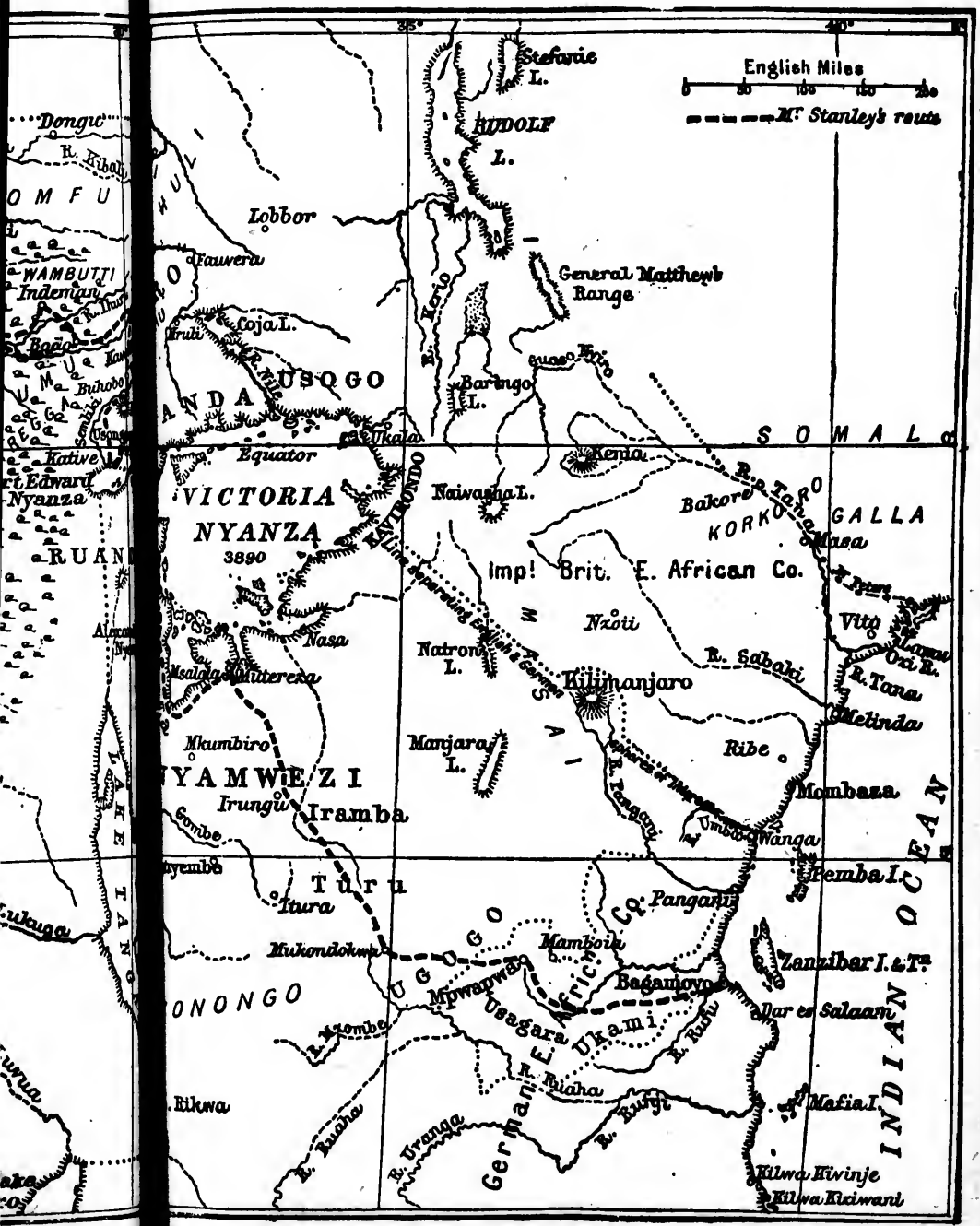
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Kenia
SOMALI
VICTORIA NYANZA
3890
Naiwasha L.
KAVIRONDO
Line separating British & German Territory
Bakoro
KORKORO
GALLA
Masa
Imp! Brit. E. African Co.
Nzoii
Natron L.
Nasa
Kilimanjaro
R. Sabaki
R. Tana
Vitu
Lamu
Ozi R.
Melinda
Mambiro
NYAMWEZI
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Manjara L.
Ribe
Mombasa
R. Pangani
Umba R.
Wanga
Pemba I.
Turu
Itura
Pangani
Mukondokwa
Mamboia
Zanzibar I. & T.
Mpwapwa
Usagara
Uzaramo
Bagamoyo
Dar es Salaam
Kilwa
Rikwa
R. Rufiji
R. Kuaha
R. Uranga
R. Riaha
German E. Africa Co.
Mafia I.
Kilwa Kivinje
Kilwa Kiwani
INDIAN OCEAN

Wadelai; and I promised them to do my best to assist them. Things having to some extent now changed, you will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. To arrange these I shall start from here with the officers for your camp, after having provided for the camp, and if you send carriers I could avail me of some of them.

"'I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo, and the great sacrifices made by your expedition in its way to assist us, may be rewarded by a full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure.

"'Signor Casati requests me to give his best thanks for your kind remembrance of him.

"'Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now.—Believe me to be, yours very faithfully,

"'DR. EMIN.'

"During the interval between Mr. Jephson's arrival and the receipt of this letter, Mr. Jephson had written a pretty full report of all that he had heard from the Pasha, Signor Casati, and Egyptian soldiers, of all the principal events that had transpired within the last few years in the Equatorial Province. In Mr. Jephson's report I come across such sentences as the following. I give them for your consideration:

"'And this leads me now to say a few words concerning the position of affairs in this country when I entered it on April 21st, 1888. The 1st Battalion—about seven hundred rifles—had long been in rebellion against the Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him prisoner.

The 2nd Battalion—about six hundred and fifty rifles—though professedly loyal, was insubordinate, and almost unmanageable. The Pasha possessed only a semblance—a mere rag—of authority, and if he required anything of importance to be done he could no longer order—he was obliged to beg—his officers to do it

"'Now, when we were at N'sabe in May 1888, though the Pasha hinted that things were a little difficult in his country, he never revealed to us the true state of things, which was actually desperate, and we had not the slightest idea that any mutiny or discontent was likely to arise amongst his people; we thought, as most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe by the Pasha's own letters and Dr. Junker's later representations—that all his difficulties arose from events outside his country—whereas, in point of fact, his real danger arose from internal dissensions. Thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence or help, and who, instead of being grateful to us for wishing to help them, have, from the very first, conspired how to plunder the expedition and turn us adrift; and had the mutineers, in their highly excited state, been able to prove one single case of injustice or cruelty, or neglect of his people against the Pasha, he would most assuredly have lost his life in this rebellion.'

"I shall only worry you just now with one more quotation from Mr. Jephson's final report and summary,—

"'As to the Pasha's wish to leave the country, I can say decidedly he is most anxious to go out with us; but under what conditions he will consent to come out I can hardly understand. I do not think he quite knows himself, his ideas seem to me to vary so much on the subject; to-day he is ready to start up and go, to-morrow some new idea holds him back. I have had many conversations with him

about it, but have never been able to get his unchanging opinion on the subject. After this rebellion I remarked to him, "I presume, now that your people have deposed you and put you aside, you do not consider that you have any longer any responsibility or obligations concerning them;" and he answered, "Had they not deposed me I should have felt bound to stand by them and help them in any way I could; but now I consider I am absolutely free to think only of my own personal safety and welfare, and if I get the chance I shall go out regardless of everything." And yet only a few days before I left him he said to me, "I know I am not in any way responsible for these people, but I cannot bear to go out myself first and leave anyone here behind me who is desirous of quitting the country; it is mere sentiment I know, and perhaps a sentiment you will sympathise with, but my enemies at Wadelai would point at me and say to the people, You see he has deserted you." These are merely two examples of what passed between us on the subject of his going out with us, but I could quote numbers of things he has said all equally contradictory. Again, too, being somewhat impatient after one of these unsatisfactory conversations, I said, "If ever the expedition does reach any place near you, I shall advise Mr. Stanley to arrest you and carry you off whether you will or no;" to which he replied, "Well, I shall do nothing to prevent you doing that." It seems to me that if we are to save him, we must save him from himself.

"'Before closing my report I must bear witness to the fact that in my frequent conversations with all sorts and conditions of the Pasha's people I heard with hardly any exceptions only praise of his justice and generosity to his people, but I have heard it suggested that he did not hold his people with a sufficiently firm hand.'

"I am now bound by the length of this letter, necessities of travel, and so forth to halt. Our stay at Kafurro is ended, and we must march to-morrow. A new page of this interesting period in our expedition will be found in my next letter. Meantime you have the satisfaction to know that Emin Pasha, after all, is close to our camp, at the Lake shore; that carriers have been sent to him to bring up his luggage, and assist his people.

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXPEDITION STARTS FOR THE COAST.

More Difficulties—Deputation of Egyptian Officers—Return of Lieutenant Stairs—A Bad Beginning—Bad News from Wadelai—Dr. Parke—Prevailing Sickness—The Refugees and their Baggage—Letter from Selim Bey—A Conference—The Decision—Arguments with Emin—The Rebels—A Muster of the Egyptians—Departure from Kavalli's—Stanley Ill—Delay—Another Conspiracy—Selim Bey's Last Communication—King of Unyoro—A Snowy Mountain Range—The Semliki River—Ruwenzori—A Salt Lake—An Open Sesame—Fever—The Albert Edward Nyanza.

IN his last letter to Sir William Mackinnon of August 5th, 1889, Stanley promised a new page. This will be found in the following letter dated twelve days later. In that of the 5th he deals more with the natural obstacles of the expedition. The one dated August 17th recounts more especially the difficulties which he had to encounter, which were due to the weakness or perversity of men.

"CAMP AT KIZINGA, UZINJA, *August 17th*, 1889.

"To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.

"SIR,—On February 17th Emin Pasha and a following of about sixty-five people, inclusive of Selim Bey, or Colonel Selim, and seven other officers, who were a deputation sent

by the officers of the Equatorial Province, arrived at my camp on the plateau near Kavalli's village. The Pasha was in mufti, but the deputation were in uniform, and made quite a sensation in the country; three of them were Egyptians, but the others were Nubians, and were rather soldierly in their appearance, and, with one or two exceptions, received warm commendations from the Pasha. The divan was to be held the next day.

"On the 18th Lieutenant Stairs arrived with his column —largely augmented by Mazamboni's people—from the Ituri River, and the expedition was once more united, not to be separated, I hoped, again during our stay in Africa.

"At the meeting which was held in the morning, Selim Bey, who had lately distinguished himself at Dufilé, by retaking the station from the Mahdists and killing about two hundred and fifty of them, it was said—a tall, burly, elderly man, of fifty or thereabouts—stated on behalf of the deputation and the officers at Wadelai that they came to ask for time to allow the troops and their families to assemble at Kavalli.

"Though they knew what our object in coming to the Nyanza was—or they ought to have known—I took the occasion, through the Pasha, who is thoroughly proficient in Arabic, to explain it in detail. I wondered at the ready manner they approved of everything, but I have since discovered that such is their habit, though they may not believe a word you utter. I then told them that, though I had waited nearly a year to obtain a simple answer to the single question whether they would stay in Africa or accompany us to Egypt, I would give them before they departed a promise, written in Arabic, that I would stay a reasonable time—sufficient to enable them to embark themselves and families, and all such as were willing to leave,

on board the steamers, and to arrive at the lake shore below our camp.

"The deputation replied that my answer was quite satisfactory, and they promised, on their part, that they would proceed direct to Wadelai, proclaim to all concerned what my answer was, and commence the work of transport.

"On the 21st the Pasha and the deputation went down to the Nyanza camp on account of a false alarm about the Wanyoro advancing to attack the camp. A rifle was stolen from the expedition by one of the officers of the deputation. This was a bad beginning of our intercourse that was promised to be.

"The two steamers, *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, had gone in the meantime to Mswa, to transport a fresh lot of refugees, and returned on the 25th, and the next day the deputation departed on their mission; but before they sailed they had a mail from Wadelai, wherein they were informed that another change of Government had taken place. Selim Bey, the highest official under the Pasha, had been deposed, and several of the rebel officers had been promoted to the rank of Beys. The next day the Pasha returned to our camp with his little daughter Ferida, and a caravan of one hundred and forty-four men.

"In reply to a question of mine, the Pasha replied that he thought twenty days was a sufficiently reasonable time for all practical purposes, and he offered to write it down in form. But this I declined, as I but wished to know whether my idea of a 'reasonable time' and his differed; for, after finding what time was required for a steamer to make a round voyage from our old camp on the Nyanza to Wadelai and back, I had proposed to myself that a month would be more than sufficient for Selim Bey to collect all such people as desired to leave for Egypt. The

interval devoted to the transport of the Egyptians from Wadelai could also be utilised by Surgeon Parke in healing our sick. At this time the hardest-worked man in the Expedition was our surgeon. Ever since leaving Fort Bodo, in December, Surgeon Parke attended over a hundred sick daily. There were all kinds of complaints; but the most numerous, and those who gave the most trouble, were those who suffered from ulcers. So largely had these drained our medicine chests that the surgeon had nothing left for their diseases but pure carbolic acid and permanganate of potash. Nevertheless, there were some wonderful recoveries during the halt of Stairs's column on the Ituri River in January. The surgeon's 'devotion'—there is not a fitter word for it—his regular attention to all the minor details of his duties, and his undoubted skill, enabled me to turn out two hundred and eighty able-bodied men by April 1st, sound in vital organs and limbs and free from all blemish; whereas, on February 1st, it would have been difficult to muster two hundred men in the ranks fit for service. I do not think I ever met a doctor who so loved his 'cases.' To him they were all 'interesting,' despite the odours emitted and the painfully qualmish scenes. I consider this expedition in nothing happier than in the possession of an unrivalled physician and surgeon, Dr. T. H. Parke of the A.M.D.

"Meantime, while 'Our Doctor' was assiduously dressing and trimming up the ulcerous ready for the march to Zanzibar, all men fit for duty were doing far more than either we or they bargained for. We had promised the Pasha to assist his refugees to the Plateau Camp with a few carriers—that is, as any ordinary man might understand it, with one or two carriers per Egyptian—but never had people so grossly deceived themselves as we had. The

loads were simply endless, and the sight of the rubbish which the refugees brought with them, and which were to be carried up that Plateau slope, up to an altitude of 2,800 feet above the Nyanza, made our people groan aloud. Such things as grinding stones, ten-gallon copper cooking pots, some two hundred bedsteads, preposterously big baskets—like Falstaff's buck basket—old Saratoga trunks fit for rich American mammas, old sea-chests, great clumsy-looking boxes, little cattle-troughs, large twelve-gallon pombe jars, parrots, pigeons, etc. These things were pure rubbish, for all would have to be discarded at the signal to march. Eight hundred and fifty-three loads of these goods, however, were brought up with the assistance of the natives, subject, as they were, to be beaten and maltreated by the vile-tempered Egyptians each time they went down to the Nyanza. But the Zanzibaris now began to show an ugly temper also. They knew just enough Arabic to be aware that the obedience, tractability, and ready service they exhibited were translated by the Egyptians into cowardice and slavishness, and after these hundreds of loads had been conveyed they refused point blank to carry any more, and they explained their reasons so well that we warmly sympathised with them at heart; but here, by this refusal, they came in contact with discipline, and strong measures had to be resorted to to coerce them to continue the work until the order to 'Cease' was given. On March 31st we were all heartily tired of it, and we abandoned the interminable task. One thousand three hundred and fifty-five loads had been transported to the Plateau from the Lake Camp.

"Thirty days after Selim Bey's departure for Wadelai a steamer appeared before the Nyanza Camp bringing in a letter from that officer, and also one from all the rebel

officers at Wadelai, who announced themselves as delighted at hearing, twelve months after my second appearance at Lake Albert, that the 'Envoy of our Great Government' had arrived, and that they were now all unanimous for departing to Egypt under my escort.

"When the Pasha had mastered the contents of his mails, he came to me to impart the information that Selim Bey had caused one steamer full of refugees to be sent up to Tunguru from Wadelai, and since that time he had been engaged in transporting people from Dufilé up to Wadelai. According to this rate of progress it became quite clear that it would require three months more—even if this effort at work, which was quite heroic, in Selim Bey, should continue—before he could accomplish the transport of the people to the Nyanza Camp below the Plateau. The Pasha, personally elated at what he thought to be good news, desired to know what I had determined upon, under the new aspect of affairs.

"In reply I summoned the officers of the Expedition together—Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., Captain R. H. Nelson, Surgeon T. H. Parke, A.M.D., Mounteney Jephson, Esq., and Mr. William Bonny—and proposed to them in the Pasha's presence that they should listen to a few explanations, and then give their decision, one by one, according as they should be asked:

"'GENTLEMEN,—Emin Pasha has received a mail from Wadelai. Selim Bey, who left the port below here on February 26th last with a promise that he would hurry up such people as wished to go to Egypt, writes from Wadelai that the steamers are engaged in transporting some people from Dufilé to Wadelai; that the work of transport between Wadelai and Tunguru will be resumed upon the accomplishment of the other task. When he went

away from here we were informed that he was deposed, and that Emin Pasha and he were sentenced to death by the rebel officers. We now learn that the rebel officers, ten in number, and all their faction, are desirous of proceeding to Egypt. We may suppose, therefore, that Selim Bey's party is in the ascendant again.

"'Shukri Aga, the chief of Mswa Station—the station nearest to us—paid us a visit here in the middle of March. He was informed on March 16th, the day that he departed, that our departure for Zanzibar would positively begin on April 10th. He took with him urgent letters for Selim Bey announcing that fact in unmistakable terms.

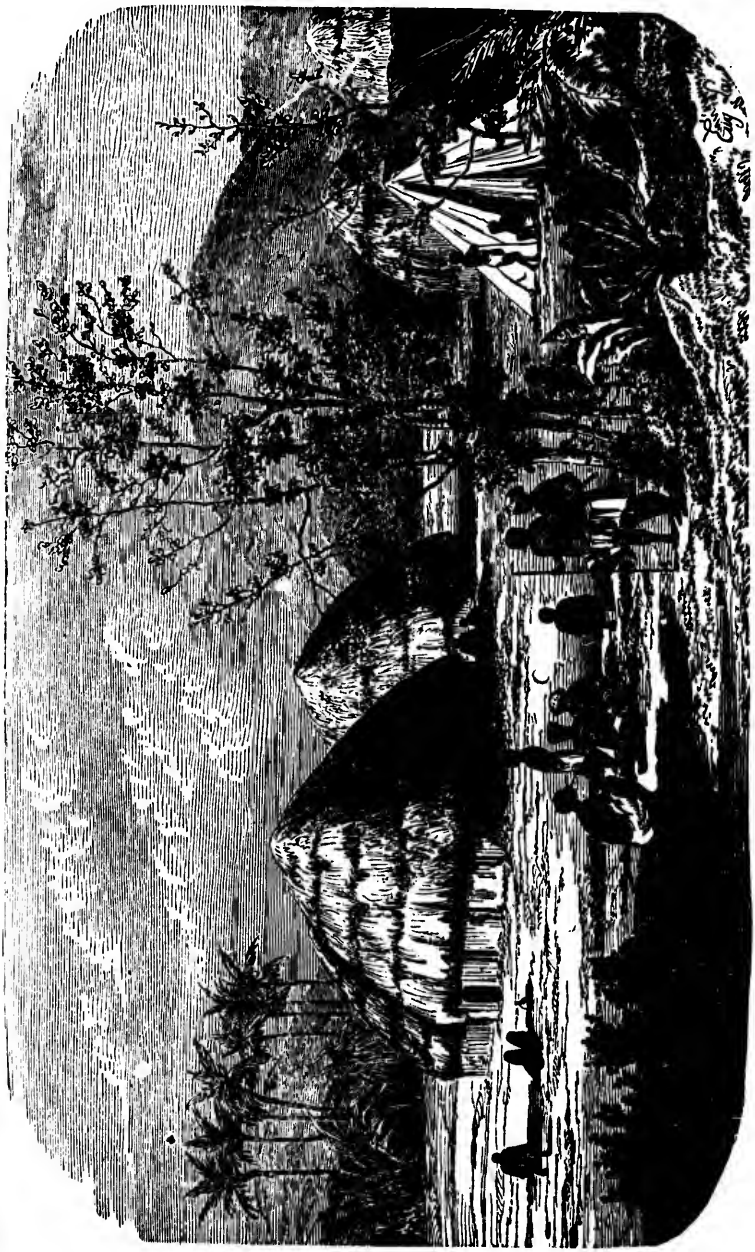
"'Eight days later we hear that Shukri Aga is still at Mswa, having only sent a few women and children to the Nyanza Camp, yet he and his people might have been here by this if they intended to accompany us.

"'Thirty days ago Selim Bey left us with a promise of a reasonable time. The Pasha thought once that twenty days would be a reasonable time. However, we have extended it to forty-four days. Judging by the length of time Selim Bey has already taken in only reaching Tunguru with one-sixteenth of the expected force, I personally am quite prepared to give the Pasha my decision. For you must know, Gentlemen, that the Pasha, having heard from Selim Bey "intelligence so encouraging," wishes to know my decision, but I have preferred to call you to answer for me.

"'You are aware that our instructions were to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to escort such as were willing to accompany us to Egypt. We arrived at the Nyanza and met Emin Pasha in the latter part of April, 1888, just twelve months ago. We handed him his letters from the Khedive and his Government, and also the first instalment of relief, and asked him whether we were to have the

pleasure of his company to Zanzibar. He replied that his decision depended on that of his people.

"'This was the first adverse news that we received. Instead of meeting with a number of people only too anxious to leave Africa, it was questionable whether there would be any except a few Egyptian clerks. With Major Barttelot so far distant in the rear, we could not wait at the Nyanza for this decision, as that might possibly require months; it would be more profitable to seek and assist the rear column, and by the time we arrived here again, those willing to go to Egypt would be probably impatient to start. We, therefore, leaving Mr. Jephson to convey our message to the Pasha's troops, returned to the Forest Region for the rear column, and in nine months were back again on the Nyanza. But instead of discovering a camp of people anxious and ready to depart from Africa, we find no camp at all, but hear that both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson are prisoners, that the Pasha has been in imminent danger of his life from the rebels, and at another time is in danger of being bound on his bedstead and taken to the interior of Makkaraka country. It has been current talk in the province that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers, that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries concocted by the vile Christians Stanley and Casati, assisted by Mohammed Emin Pasha. So elated have the rebels been by their bloodless victory over the Pasha and Mr. Jephson, that they have confidently boasted of their purpose to entrap me by cajoling words, and strip our Expedition of every article belonging to it, and send us adrift into the wilds to perish. We need not dwell on the ingratitude of these men, or on their intense ignorance and evil natures, but you must bear in mind the facts to guide you to a clear decision.



A VILLIAGE IN HURI.

"'We believed when we volunteered for this work that we should be met with open arms. We were received with indifference, until we were led to doubt whether any people wished to depart. My representative was made a prisoner, menaced with rifles; threats were freely used, the Pasha was deposed, and for three months was a close prisoner. I am told this is the third revolt in the province. Well, in the face of all this we have waited nearly twelve months to obtain the few hundreds of unarmed men, women, and children in this camp. As I promised Selim Bey and his officers that I would give a reasonable time, Selim Bey and his officers repeatedly promised to us there should be no delay. The Pasha has already fixed April 10th, which extended their time to forty-four days, sufficient for three round voyages for each steamer. The news brought to-day is not that Selim Bey is close here, but that he has not started from Wadelai yet.

"'In addition to his own friends, who are said to be loyal and obedient to him, he brings the ten rebel officers and some six or seven hundred soldiers, their faction.

"'Remembering the three revolts which these same officers have inspired, their pronounced intentions towards this Expedition, their plots and counter-plots, the life of conspiracy and smiling treachery they have led, we may well pause to consider what object principally animates them now—that from being ungovernably rebellious against all constituted authority, they have suddenly become obedient and loyal soldiers of the Khedive and his "Great Government." You must be aware that, exclusive of the thirty-one boxes of ammunition delivered to the Pasha by us in May, 1888, the rebels possess ammunition of the Provincial Government equal to twenty of our cases. We are bound to credit them with intelligence enough to perceive that

such a small supply would be fired in an hour's fighting among so many rifles, and that only a show of submission and apparent loyalty will ensure a further supply from us. Though the Pasha brightens up each time he obtains a plausible letter from these people, strangers, as we are, may be forgiven for not readily trusting these men, whom we have such good cause to mistrust. Could we have some guarantee of good faith, there could be no objection to delivering to them all they required—that is, with the permission of the Pasha. Can we be certain, however, that, if we admit them into this camp as good friends and loyal soldiers of Egypt, they will not rise up some night and possess themselves of all the ammunition, and so deprive us of the power of returning to Zanzibar? It would be a very easy matter for them to do so, after they had acquired the knowledge of the rules of the camp. With our minds filled with Mr. Jephson's extraordinary revelations of what has been going on in the Province since the closing of the Nile route, beholding the Pasha here before my very eyes—who was lately supposed to have several thousands of people under him, but now without any important following—and bearing in mind "the cajolings" and "wiles" by which we were to be entrapped, I ask you, would we be wise in extending the time of delay beyond the date fixed—that is, April 10th?'

"The officers one after another, replied in the negative.

"'There, Pasha,' I said, 'you have your answer. We march on April 10th.' The Pasha then asked if we could 'in our consciences acquit him of having abandoned his people,' supposing they had not arrived by April 10th. We replied, 'Most certainly.'

"Three or four days after this I was informed by the Pasha, who pays great deference to Captain Casati's views,

that Captain Casati was by no means certain that he was doing quite right in abandoning his people. According to the Pasha's desire, I went over to see Captain Casati, followed soon after by Emin Pasha.

"Questions of law, honour, duty were brought forward by Casati, who expressed himself clearly that 'Moralmente' Emin Pasha was bound to stay by his people. I quote these matters simply to show to you that our principal difficulties lay not only with the Soudanese and Egyptians; we had some with the Europeans also, who for some reason or other seemed in no wise inclined to quit Africa, even when it was quite clear that the Pasha of the Province had few loyal men to rely on, that the outlook before them was imminent danger and death, and that on our retirement there was no other prospect than the grave. I had to refute these morbid ideas with the A B C of common sense. I had to illustrate the obligations of Emin Pasha to his soldiers, by comparing them to a mutual contract between two parties. One party refused to abide by its stipulations, and would have no communication with the other, but proposed to itself to put the second party to death. Could that be called a contract? Emin Pasha was appointed Governor of the Province. He had remained faithful to his post and duties until his own people rejected him, and finally deposed him. He had been informed by his Government that if he and his officers and soldiers elected to quit the Province, they could avail themselves of the escort of the Expedition which had been sent to their assistance or stay in Africa on their own responsibility, and that the Government had abandoned the Province altogether. But when the Pasha informs his people of the Government's wishes—the officers and soldiers declare the whole to be false, and decline to depart with him, will listen to no

suggestion of departing—but lay hands on him, menace him with death, and for three months detain him a close prisoner. Where was the dishonour to the Pasha in yielding to what was inevitable and indisputable? As for duty, the Pasha had a dual duty to perform—that to the Khedive as his chief, and that to his soldiers. So long as neither duty clashed, affairs proceeded smoothly enough; but the instant it was hinted to the soldiers that they might retire now if they wished, they broke out into open violence and revolted, and thus absolved the Pasha of all duty towards them, and I denied that he had any duty to perform to them; consequently the Pasha could not be morally bound to care in the least for people who would not listen to him.

"I do not think Casati was convinced, nor do I think the Pasha was convinced. But it is strange what strong hold this part of Africa has upon the affections of European officers, Egyptian officers, and Soudanese soldiers!

"The next day after this Emin Pasha informed me that he was certain all the Egyptians in the camp would leave with him on the day named, but from other quarters reports reached me that not one-quarter of them would leave the camp at Kavalli's. The abundance of food, the quiet demeanour of the natives, with whom we were living in perfect concord, seemed to them to be sufficient reasons for preferring life near the Nyanza to the difficulties of the march. Besides, the Mahdists, whom they dreaded, were far away, and could not possibly reach them.

"On April 5th, Serom, the Pasha's servant, told me that not many of the Pasha's servants intended to follow him on the 10th. The Pasha himself confirmed this. Here was a disappointment indeed! Out of the ten thousand people there were finally comparatively very few willing to follow him to Egypt. To all of us on the Expedition it had

been clear from the beginning that it was all a farce on the part of the Wadelai force. It was clear that the Pasha had lost his hold over the people—neither officers, soldiers, nor servants were ready to follow him; but we could not refute the Pasha's arguments, nor could we deny that he had reason for his stout unwavering faith in them, when he would reply, 'I know my people. For thirteen years I have been with them, and I believe that when I leave all will follow me.' When the rebels' letters came announcing their intention to follow their governor, he exclaimed, 'You see, I told you so.'

"But now the Pasha said, 'Never mind. I am something of a traveller myself. I can do with two servants quite as well as with fifty.'

"I did not think I should be drawn into this matter at all, having formed my own plans some time before; but it intensified my feelings greatly when I was told that, after waiting forty-four days, building their camps for them, and carrying nearly one thousand four hundred loads for them up that high Plateau wall, only a few out of the entire number would follow us. But on the day after I was informed that there had been an alarm in my camp the night before; the Zanzibari quarters had been entered by the Pasha's people, and an attempt made to abstract the rifles. This it was which urged me to immediate action.

"I knew there had been conspiracies in the camp, that the malcontents were increasing, that we had many rebels at heart amongst us, that the people dreaded the march more than they feared the natives; but I scarcely believed that they would dare to put into practice their disloyal ideas in my camp.

"I proceeded to the Pasha to consult with him, but the Pasha would consent to no propositions, not but what

they appeared necessary and good, only he could not owing to the want of time, etc. Yet the Pasha the evening before had received a post from Wadelai, which brought him terrible tales of disorder, distress, and helplessness among Selim Bey and his faction, and the rebels and their adherents.

"I accordingly informed him that I proposed to act immediately, and would ascertain for myself what this hidden danger in the camp was, and as a first step I would be obliged if the Pasha would signal for a general muster of the principal Egyptians in the square of the camp.

"The summons being sounded, and not attended quickly enough to satisfy me, half a company of Zanzibaris were detailed to take sticks and rout everyone from their huts. Dismayed by these energetic measures, they poured into the square, which was surrounded by rifles.

"On being questioned they denied all knowledge of any plot to steal the rifles from us, or to fight, or to withstand, in any manner, any order. It was then proposed that those who desired to accompany us to Zanzibar should step on one side. They all hastened to one side except two of the Pasha's servants. The rest of the Pasha's people, having paid no attention to the summons, were secured in their huts and brought to the camp square, where some were flogged and others ironed and put under guard.

"'Now, Pasha,' I said, 'will you be good enough to tell these Arabs that these rebellious tricks of Wadelai and Dufilé must cease here? for at the first move made by them, I shall be obliged to exterminate them utterly.'

"On the Pasha translating, the Arabs bowed, and vowed that they would obey their father religiously.

"At the muster this curious result was returned. There were with us 134 men, 84 married women, 187 female

domestics, 74 children (above two years), 35 infants in arms—514.

"I have reason to believe that the number was nearer six hundred, as many were not reported, from a fear, probably, that some would be taken prisoners.

"On April 10th we set out from Kavalli's in number about one thousand five hundred, for three hundred and fifty native carriers had been enrolled from the district to assist in carrying the baggage of the Pasha's people, whose ideas as to what was essential for the march were very crude. On the 12th we camped at Mazamboni's; but in the night I was struck down with a severe illness, which well nigh proved mortal. It detained us at the camp twenty-eight days, which, if Selim Bey and his party were really serious in their intention to withdraw from Africa, was most fortunate for them, since it increased their time allowance to seventy-two days. But in all this interval only Shukri Aga, the chief at Mswa station, appeared. He had started with twelve soldiers, but one by one they disappeared until he had only his trumpeter and one servant. A few days after the trumpeter absconded. Thus only one servant was left out of a garrison of sixty men, who were reported to be the faithfulest of the faithful.

"During my illness another conspiracy, or rather several, were afloat, but one only was attempted to be realised, and the ringleader—a slave of Awash Effendi's, whom I had made free at Kavalli's—was arrested, and after court-martial, which found him guilty, was immediately executed.

"Thus I have very briefly summarised the events attending the withdrawal of the Pasha and his Egyptians from the neighbourhood of the Albert Nyanza. I ought to mention, however, that through some error of the native

couriers employed by the Egyptians with us, a packet of letters was intercepted which threw a new light upon the character of the people whom we were to escort to the sea-coast at Zanzibar. In a letter written by Ibrahim Effendi Elham, an Egyptian captain, to Selim Bey, at Wadelai, were found the words—'I beseech you to hurry up your soldiers. If you send only fifty at once we can manage to delay the march easily enough, and if you can come with your people soon after, we may obtain all we need.' Ibrahim Effendi Elham was in our camp, and we may imagine that he only wrote what was determined upon by himself and fellow-officers, should Selim Bey arrive in time to assist them in carrying out the plot.

"On May 8th the march was resumed, but in the evening the last communication from Selim Bey was received. It began in a very insolent style—such as, 'What do you mean by making the Egyptian officers carry loads on their heads and shoulders? What do you mean by making the soldiers beasts of burden? What do you mean by,' etc., all of which were purely mythical charges. The letter ended by abject entreaties that we should extend the time a little more, with protestations that if we did not listen to their prayers they were doomed, as they had but little ammunition left, and then, concluding with the most important intelligence of all—proving our judgment of the whole number to be sound—the letter announced that the ten rebel officers and their adherents had one night broken into the store-houses at Wadelai; had possessed themselves of all the reserve ammunition and other stores; and had departed for Malkaraka, leaving their dupe, Selim Bey, to be at last sensible that he had been an egregious fool, and that he had disobeyed the Pasha's orders, and disregarded his urgent entreaties for the sake

of ingrates like these, who had thrust him into a deep pit, out of which there was no rescue—unless we, of course, should wait for him.

"A reply was sent to him, for the last time, that if he were serious in wishing to accompany us we should proceed forward at a slow rate, halting twenty-four days on the route, by which he would easily overtake us with his two hundred soldiers. This was the last we heard of him.

"The route I had adopted was one which skirted the Balegga Mountains, at a distance of forty miles or thereabouts from the Nyanza. The first day was a fairish path, but the three following days tried our Egyptians sorely, because of the ups and downs and the breaks of cane-grass. On arriving at the southern end of these mountains we were made aware that our march was not to be uninterrupted, for the King of Unyoro had made a bold push, and had annexed a respectable extent of country on the left side of the Semliki River which embraced all the open grass land between the Semliki River and the forest region. Thus, without making an immense *détour* through the forest, which would have proved fatal to most of the Egyptians, we had no option but to press on, despite Kaba Rega and his Warasuras. This latter name is given to the Wanyoros by all natives who have come in contact with them.

"The first day's encounter was decidedly in our favour, and the effect of it cleared the territory as far as the Semliki River free of the Warasuras.

"Meantime we had become aware that we were on the threshold of a region which promised to be very interesting, for daily as we advanced to the southward the great snowy range which had so suddenly arrested our attention and

excited our intense interest on May 1st, 1888, grew larger and bolder in view. It extended a long distance to the south-west, which would inevitably take us some distance off our course, unless a pass could be discovered to shorten the distance to the countries south. At Buhoho, where we had the skirmish with Kaba Rega's raiders, we stood on the summit of the hilly range which bounds the Semliki Valley on the north-west and south-west sides. On the opposite side rose Ruwenzori, the snow mountain, and its enormous eastern flank, which dipped down gradually until it fell into the level and was seemingly joined with the table-land of Unyoro. The humpy western flank dipped down suddenly, as it seemed to us, into lands that we knew not by name as yet. Between these opposing barriers spread the Semliki Valley, so like a lake at its eastern extremity that one of our officers exclaimed that it was the lake, and the female followers of the Egyptians set up a shrill 'lululus' on seeing their own lake—the Albert Nyanza—again. With the naked eye it did appear like the lake, but a field-glass revealed that it was a level grassy plain, white with the ripening of its grass. Those who have read Sir Samuel Baker's 'Albert Nyanza' will remember the passage wherein he states that to the south-west the Nyanza stretches 'illimitably.' He might be well in error at such a distance, when our own people, with the plain scarcely four miles away, mistook it for the Nyanza. As the plain recedes south-westerly the bushes become thicker; finally acacias appear in their forests, and beyond these, again, the dead-black thickness of an impenetrable tropical forest; but the plain, as far as the eye could command, continued to lie ten to twelve miles wide between these mountain barriers, and through the centre of it, sometimes inclining towards the south-east mountains, sometimes to the south-

western range, the Semliki River pours its waters towards the Albert Nyanza.

"In two marches from Buhoho we stood upon its banks, and, alas for Mason Bey and Gessi Pasha, had they but halted their steamers for half-an-hour to examine this river, they would have seen sufficient to excite much geographical interest, for the river is a powerful stream, from eighty to one hundred yards wide, averaging nine feet depth from side to side, and having a current from three and a half knots to four knots per hour, in size about equal to two-thirds of the Victoria Nile.

As we were crossing this river the Warasuras attacked us from the rear with a well-directed volley, but, fortunately, the distance was too great. They were chased for some miles, but fleet as greyhounds, they fled, so there were no casualties to report on either side.

We entered the Awamba country on the eastern shore of the Semliki, and our marches for several days afterwards were through plantain plantations, which flourished in the clearings made in this truly African forest. Finally, we struck the open again immediately under Ruwenzori itself. Much, however, as we had flattered ourselves that we should see some marvellous scenery, the snow mountain was very coy, and hard to see. On most days it loomed, impending over us like a tropical storm-cloud, ready to dissolve in rain and ruin on us. Near sunset a peak or two here, a crest there, a ridge beyond, white with snow, shot into view, jagged clouds whirling and eddying round them, and then the darkness of night. Often at sunrise, too, Ruwenzori would appear fresh, clean, brightly pure, profound blue voids above and around it, every line and dent, knoll and turret-like crag, deeply marked and clearly visible, but presently all would be buried under mass upon

mass of mist, until the immense mountain was no more visible than if we were thousands of miles away. And then, also, the snow mountain being set deeply in the range, the nearer we approached the base of the range the less we saw of it, for higher ridges obtruded themselves and barred the view. Still we have obtained three remarkable views, one from the Nyanza Plain, another from Kavalli, and a third from the South Point.

"In altitude above the sea I should estimate it to be between 18,000 and 19,000 feet. We cannot trust our triangulations, for the angles are too small. When we were in positions to ascertain it correctly the inconstant mountain gathered his cloudy blankets around him and hid himself from view; but a clear view from the loftiest summit down to the lowest reach of snow, obtained from a place called Karimi, makes me confident that the height is between the figures stated above.

"It took us nineteen marches to reach the south-west angle of the range, the Semliki Valley being below us on our right, and which, if the tedious mist had permitted, would have been exposed in every detail. That part of the valley traversed by us is generally known under the name of Awamba, while the habitable portion of the range is principally denominated Ukonju. The huts of these natives —the Bakonju—are seen as high as 8,000 feet above the sea.

"Almost all our officers had at one time a keen desire to distinguish themselves as the climbers of these African Alps, but unfortunately they were in a very unfit state for such a work. The Pasha only managed to get 1,000 feet higher than our camp, but Lieutenant Stairs reached the height of 10,677 feet above the sea, but had the mortification to find two deep gulfs between him and the snowy mount proper.

He brought, however, a good collection of plants, among which were giant heather, blackberries, and bilberries. The Pasha was in his element among these plants, and has classified them.

"The first day we had disentangled ourselves of the forest proper and its outskirts of straggling bush, we looked down from the grassy shelf below Ruwenzori range, and saw a grassy plain, level seemingly as a bowling green, the very duplicate of that which is seen at the extremity of the Albert Nyanza, extending southerly from the forests of the Semliki Valley. We then knew that we were not far from the Southern Lake, discovered by me in 1877.

"Under guidance of the Wakonju, I sent Lieutenant Stairs to examine the river said to flow from the Southern Nyanza. He returned next day, reporting it to be the Semliki River, narrowed down to a stream forty-two yards wide and about ten feet deep, flowing, as the canoe-men on its banks said, to the Nyanza Utuku, or Nyanza of Unyuro—the Albert Nyanza. Besides native reports, he had other corroborative evidences to prove it to be the Semliki.

"On the second march from the confines of Awavela we entered Usongora—a grassy region as opposite in appearance from the perpetual spring of Ukonju, as a droughty land could well be. This country bounds the Southern Nyanza on its northern and north-western side.

"Three days later, while driving the Warasuras before us,—or, rather, as they were self-driven by their own fears,—we entered, soon after its evacuation, the important town of Kative, the headquarters of the raiders. It is situated between an arm of the Southern Nyanza and a salt lake about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, which consists of pure brine of a pinky colour, and deposits salt in solid cakes of salt crystals. This was the property

of the Wasongora, but the value of its possession has attracted the cupidity of Kaba Rega, who reaps a considerable revenue from it. Toro, Aukori, Mpororo, Ruanda, Ukonju, and many other countries demand the salt for consumption, and the fortunate possessor of this inexhaustible treasure of salt, reaps all that is desirable of property in Africa in exchange with no more trouble than the defence of it.

"Our road from Kative lay east and north-east to round the bay-like extension of the Nyanza, lying between Usongora and Unyampaka, and it happened to be the same taken by the main body of the Warasuras in their hasty retreat from the Salt Lake. On entering Uhaiyana, which is to the south of Torc, and in the uplands, we had passed the northern head of the Nyanza, or Beatrice Gulf, and the route to the south was open—not, however, without another encounter with the Warasuras.

"A few days later we entered Unyampaka, which I had visited in January 1876. Ringi, the king, declined to enter into the cause of Unyoro, and allowed us to feed on his bananas unquestioned. After following the lake shore until it turned too far to the south-west, we struck for the lofty uplands of Aukori, by the natives of whom we were well received, preceded, as we had been, by the reports of our good deeds in relieving the Salt Lake of the presence of the universally obnoxious Warasuras.

"If you drew a straight line from the Nyanza to the Uzinja shores of the Victoria Lake it would represent pretty fairly our course through Aukori, Karagwe, and Uhaiya to Uzinja. Aukori was open to us, because we had driven the Wanyoros from the Salt Lake. The story was an open sesame; there also existed a wholesome fear of an expedition which had done that which all the power of Aukori

could not have done. Karagwe was open to us, because free trade is the policy of the Wanyambu, and because the Waganda were too much engrossed with their civil war to interfere with our passage. Uhaiya admitted our entrance without cavil out of respect to our numbers, and because we were well introduced by the Wanyambu, and the Wakwiya guided us in like manner to be welcomed by the Uzinja. Nothing happened during the long journey from the Albert Lake to cause us any regret that we had taken this straight course, but we have suffered from an unprecedented number of fevers. We have had as many as one hundred and fifty cases in one day. Aukori is so beswept with cold winds, that the Expedition wilted under them. Seasoned veterans like the Pasha and Captain Casati were prostrated time after time, and both were reduced to excessive weakness like ourselves. Our blacks—regardless of their tribes—tumbled headlong into the long grass to sleep their fever fits off. Some after a short illness died; the daily fatigues of the march, an ulcer, a fit of fever, a touch of bowel complaint, caused the Egyptians to hide in any cover along the route, and, being unperceived by the rear guard of the Expedition, were left to the doubtful treatment of natives of whose language they were utterly ignorant. In the month of July we lost one hundred and forty-one of their number in this manner.

"Out of respect to the first British Prince who has shown an interest in African geography we have named the Southern Nyanza—to distinguish it from the other two Nyanzas—the Albert Edward Nyanza. It is not a very large lake. Compared to the Victoria, the Tanganika, and the Nyassa, it is small, but its importance and interest lies in the sole fact that it is the receiver of all the streams at the extremity of the South-Western or left Nile Basins,

and discharges these waters by one river—the Semliki—into the Albert Nyanza; in like manner as Lake Victoria receives all streams from the extremity of the South-Eastern or right Nile Basin, and pours these waters by the Victoria Nile into the Albert Nyanza. These two Niles, amalgamating in Lake Albert, leave this under the well-known name of White Nile.

"Your obedient servant,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XV.

FANATICISM OF THE MAHDISTS.

Letter from Emin Pasha—Letter from Father Schynze—The Arab's Fear—The King of Uganda burns his Brothers and Sisters—Effect of Major Wissmann's victories—Letter from Mr. Jephson—Letter from the Mahdi's General—Wishes Emin to come over—His Account of the Soudan War—Death of Gordon—Spears burning at their Points—Letters from Lupton Bey—Letter from Mr. Jephson.

FOLLOWING this last letter from Stanley comes one from Emin Pasha at Malala to Sir William Mackinnon, dated August 23rd. Followed by others from Father Schynze the Missionary, Mr. Jephson, Lupton Bey and one from Omar Saleh, which is likely to prove more interesting to the reader than many of the others, as it gives some insight as to the causes of the fanaticism of the Mahdists.

"SIR,—Having reached, under the escort of Mr. Stanley's expedition, to-day this place, I cannot but hasten to write just two words to tell you how deeply we all appreciate the generous help you have sent us. When in the stress of adversity I first ventured to make an appeal to the world, asking assistance for my people, I was well aware of such an appeal not passing unheard, but I never once fancied

the possibility of such kindness as you and the subscribers of the Relief Fund have shown us.

"It would be impossible to tell you what has happened here after Mr. Stanley's first start; his graphic pen will tell you everything much better than I could. I hope also (the Egyptian Government permitting it) some future day to be allowed to present myself before you, and to express to you then the feelings of gratitude my pen would be short in expressing, in a personal interview.

"Until such happy moments come I beg to ask you to transmit to all subscribers of the Fund the sincerest thanks of a handful of forlorn people who through your instrumentality have been saved from destruction, and now hope to embrace their relatives.

"To speak here of Mr. Stanley's and his officers' merits would be inadequate. If I live to return, I shall make my acknowledgments.

"I am, Sir, with many and many thanks,

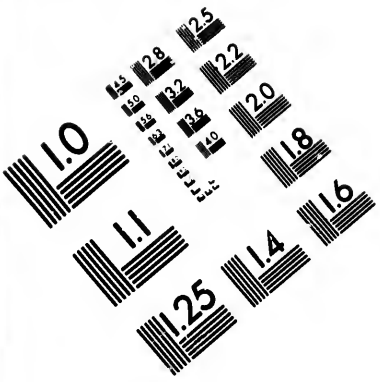
"Yours, very obliged,

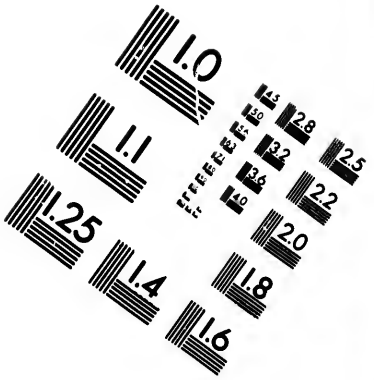
(Signed) "DR. EMIN."

In order to give some idea of the state of the country when Stanley was in it, it may perhaps be as well to quote the letter written in August by Father Schynze of the Roman Catholic Mission, who was forced to abandon his expedition, and return home with Stanley and Emin Pasha. It was sent from Bukumbi on the south shore of the Victoria Nyanza. He writes as follows:—

"Sixteen of us are now on the southern bank of the Nyanza, besides four English missionaries and Mr. Stokes. Three days' journey from here is an Arab settlement and

caravan; these Arabs are in great terror lest we should take reprisals against them for what they did to us in Uganda and Kipalapala. They did not sleep for four nights, expecting an attack which would have been fatal to them, as the whole country is hostile to them. The state of affairs in Uganda looks very black for the Arabs: from Usongo to this place no one has a good word for them. Mwanga, the candidate for the throne supported by the Christians, was for three months our guest, and then the Mwanganda invited him to return. He did so, followed by all the Christians, defeated the Arabs in several engagements, and besieged them in the capital. The whole country is attached to him, and the second king appointed by the Arabs has died. Karema, the third king, burnt all his other sisters and brothers, and the children of Mtesa, and is so cruel that all his subjects turn from him. Mwanga has greatly improved by his stay with us. He declared that in future his country will be open to the white people. A report arrived here a few days ago that Karema had fled to the North, leaving his State to his brother. Emin Pasha was said to have victoriously invaded Unyoro, and was near the frontier of Uganda. Mwanga was reported to have sent him envoys with the news that his country was open to him; but it is only a vague report. An Arab from Tripoli in Emin's service was murdered in Unyoro, and Captain Casati is said to have escaped. Of Mr. Stanley I have no news. This year circumstances have greatly changed, as one sees. Uganda is freeing itself from Islam, and opening its gates to Europeans, and therefore the direct route from the coast to Lake Nyanza will be passable for Europeans." Then Father Schynze describes the effect the vague reports of Major (then Captain) Wissmann's victories had far in the interior.





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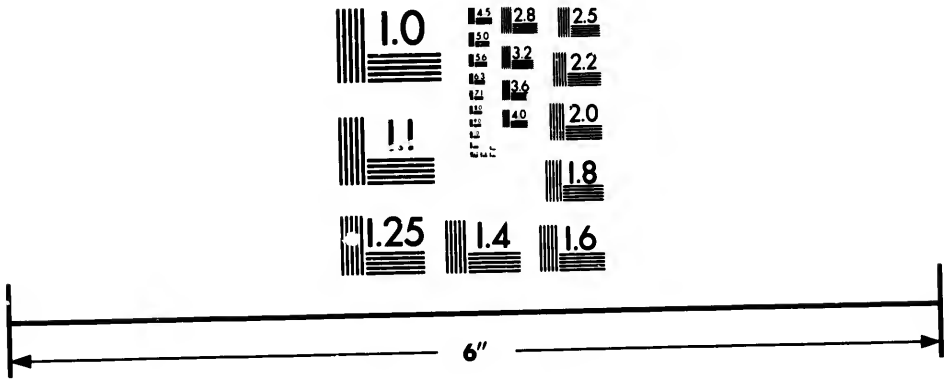

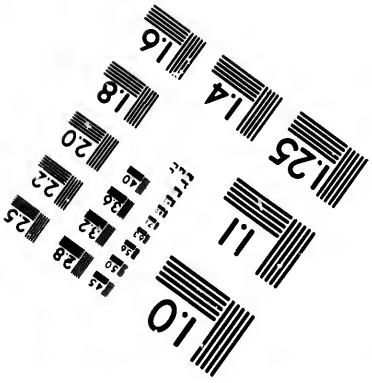

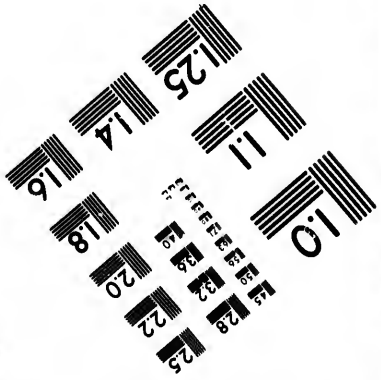

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"One speaks here," he says, "of disastrous defeats of the Arabs on the coast; Wissmann is said to have enticed Bushiri into ambush, and completely defeated him."

The letter then continues to describe the attack on Mpwapwa and the Arab defeat, and says:—

"If these reports are true—which must be known in Germany—then the road must soon be open. The Arabs of Tabora are more interested in this than we. They have ivory in the magazines, but only a few other articles of commerce. Even bad stuffs are twice as dear as they usually are. The report is circulated that Bwana Makonga (the well-known traveller Herr Richard) is coming with some hundred men in order to subdue Unyanyembe. A German station there would certainly exercise a great influence over the Arabs in the interior, and the foundation of such would be in the interests of civilisation and the safety of the Europeans. We need only take up our position there, and no negro army would be in a position to drive out fifty well-armed men."

The next letter comes from Mr. Jephson, enclosing a letter from Omar Saleh, an officer of the Mahdi's; and a touching series of letters from Lupton Bey, the gallant defender of the Behr-el-Ghazal Province, and should prove of great interest. The death of Lupton Bey was made known early in this month, by a letter from Slatin Bey, his surviving fellow-prisoner in Khartoum. Emin Pasha wrote to Dr. Schweinfurth in 1884, telling him that he had heard from Lupton Bey, who had written him informing him, first, that the Mahdi was within six hours' march of his station, and that he

was determined to fight or die; and afterwards, that being deserted by all his men, he had been obliged to surrender. At the same time that Emin told Dr. Schweinfurth of Lupton's letters, he said that a peremptory summons had reached him to join the Mahdi. But more fortunate than Lupton Bey, Emin has lived to receive another such summons from one of the Mahdi's officers, and which he has been able to send home for the entertainment of Europe.

Mr. Jephson writes as follows:—

"H. M. STANLEY, ESQ., Commanding Expedition.

"DEAR SIR,—The following letter is a translation of a copy of the original letter sent by the hand of three Peacock Dervishes from Omar Saleh, General of the Mahdi's forces, to Emin Pasha. The letter arrived on October 17th, 1888, when the Pasha and I were prisoners at Dufilé, and was intercepted and opened by the rebel officers, who, after torturing the Mahdi's three envoys to get information from them, had them beaten to death with clubs. I am indebted to Osman Effendi Latif, vakeel of the province, for the copy of this letter. His son entered the rebel's divan, at great risk, secretly at night, and copied the letter for me. The translation of the letter was made by Emin Pasha; the original letter was destroyed, together with the Government books and papers, in the burning of Dufilé."

"I am, yours faithfully,

"A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

"'From the servant of God, Omar Saleh, officer of the Mahdi, to whom we give reverential greetings, appointed for conducting affairs in the Province of Hatalastiva, to

"'The honoured Mohamed Emin, Mudir of Hatalastiva. May God lead him in the path of His gifts. Amen.

"'After greeting you, I would remind you that the world is a house of change and decay, and everything in it must one day perish: nothing in it is of value to a true servant of God except that which is for his good in his future life. If God wishes to be kind to His servant, He humbles him and blesses all he does; and God *is* the blessing in everything, and no word nor action proceed from Him which does not show His infinite compassion. God is the Master of all His creatures; in His hands are the keys of all things; there is nothing beyond His power in the heavens or in the earth. He sees all things within and without, and all things good and evil are in His hands. The King gives His gifts to whomsoever He pleases. He says 'Be,' and it is so.

"'As you are intelligent and understand good advice we think of you with all kindness, for we have heard of you from many of your friends who have told us of your life and of your work. Amongst them our friend Osman Erlab, your messenger, who has come with us, and from others. As we have heard you are kind to your people, and that you love justice, we have decided to tell you of our doings and of our position, because there are many people adverse to us, and they do not speak the truth about our affairs, and perhaps they deny the truth. We belong to God's army, and follow His word only; with our army is the victory, and we follow the Imam, Mohamed el Mahdi, the son of Abdullah—before whom we bow, the Khalifa and Prophet of God, to whom we offer our greetings, and of whom the Master of All has said: "And in those days there shall be raised from my seat a man who shall fill the earth with justice and light as it was filled before with

injustice and darkness." We have now come by his order, and there is no possible result but what is good from his commands in this changeful world. We have given ourselves, our children, and possessions to him; as an offering to God, and he has accepted them from us. He has bought his true believers their souls and possessions with his word, and Paradise belongs to them; if they are killed they are killed as an offering to God, and if they kill they kill in his cause, as it is written in the Old Testament and in the Khoran. Whoever fulfils his duty towards God is by His blessing bought by Him, as he also buys Him, and He is Master of the World.

"'In the month of Ramadan, 1298, God revealed the expected Mahdi, and made him sit on his footstool and girded him with the sword of victory. He told him that whoever was his enemy was unfaithful to God and His Prophet, and should suffer in this world and in the next, and his children and goods should become the prey of the true Moslems, and he, the Mahdi, should be victorious over all his foes, though they were as numberless as the sands of the desert, and whoever should disobey him should be punished by God. And God showed him his angels and saints, from the time of Adam till this day, and all the spirits and devils. He has before him an army, its chief is Israel—to whom our greetings—and he ever goes before the victorious army a distance of forty miles. Besides this, God revealed to him many miracles—it was impossible to count them, but they were as clear as the sun at mid-day, whose light is seen by all. And the people flocked to him by the orders of God and His Prophet.

"'He commanded the people to collect and assist him against his foes from all parts of the country, and he wrote to the Governor-General at Khartoum and to all the

Governors in the Soudan, and his orders were fulfilled. He wrote to every King, especially to the Sultan of Stamboul, Abdul Hamid, to Mohamed Tewfik, Vali of Egypt, and to Victoria, Queen of Britannia, because she was in alliance with the Egyptian Government. Then the people came from every side and submitted to his rule, and told him they submitted to God and His Prophet and to him, for there is only one God, and He is supreme; and they promised they would abstain from all evil, and that they would neither steal nor commit adultery, nor do anything which was forbidden by God; they would give up the world, and strive only for God's Word, and make war for their holy belief for ever.

"'And we have found him (the Mahdi) more compassionate to us than a pitying mother. He lives with the great, but has pity for the poor; he collects people of honour around him, and houses the generous; he speaks only the truth, and brings people to God, and relieves them in this world and shows them the path to the next. He reigns over us according to God's word, and conforms to the words of the priests; and all religions and the Moslems have become brothers, and help one another for good, and have become slaves of the Prophet, who said, "All men are equal before God." He was told by God that his time had come, and that his friends were God's friends; and the people believed in him, as did Abd-el-Kader el Geli, who believed in him and in his mission, and said, "Who follows him goes to eternal blessing, and who denies him denies God and His Prophet." But the whole of the Turks in the Soudan who saw the wonders and forewarnings which happened at this time and did not believe have been destroyed by God, and have been killed one after another.

"'The first army which fought against the Mahdi had

for its chief Abu Soud Bey, who came with a steamer at the time when the Mahdi was at Abba, but though he was hard pressed God killed all his enemies. Then the Prophet ordered him to go to Gedir, and he went, but he was followed by Raschid Imem, Mudir of Fashodo, and many people with him. Then followed Yuseph Pasha el Shilali, Mohamed Bey Sulieman el Shaiki, and Abdullah Wad el Deffallah, one of the Kordofan merchants, and with them another army of great strength, and God killed them all. Then came the army of Hicks, a renowned man, and with him Al-ed-din Pasha, Governor-General of the Soudan, and many officers, and with them a very large army composed of the people of different countries—no one but God knows their number—and many Krupp guns, and they were all killed in less than an hour, and their strongholds were taken right up to Khartoum, the residence of the Governor-General, a very strong place between the two rivers.

"'In Khartoum were killed Gordon Pasha, the Governor, and with him the Consuls Hansal and Nicola, Leontidos, the Greek, and Azor, the Copt, and many others of the Christians, and many of the rebellious Mohamedans, Farratch Pasha Ezzeim, Mahomet Pasha Hassan, Bachit, Butraki, and Achmet Bey el Dgelab. And whoever was killed by the Mahdi's followers was at once consumed by fire, and this is one of the greatest wonders happening to confirm what is written is to come to pass before the end of the world. There is just another wonder—the spears carried by the Mahdi's followers had a flame burning at their points, and this we have seen with our eyes and not heard only.

"'And so event followed event near Suakim and Dongola until General Stewart Pasha, Gordon's second in command, died, and with him some Consuls, and this happened in

Wady Kama. Then the other Stewart in Abu Teleah. He had come with an English army to relieve Gordon Pasha, but many were killed, and God drove them back ignominiously. And then the whole Soudan and its dependencies accepted the Mahdi's rule, and submitted to the Imam the Mahdi, and gave themselves to him with their children and possessions, and became his followers; and whoever opposed him was killed by God, and his children and their property became the prey of the Moslems.

"'The armies of the Madhi, under the command of our friend Wad el Nedgumi, are beleaguering Egypt near Wady Halfa and Abu Hamed. Near Aksar Abu el Hudjadg is our friend Osman Digna. Abyssinia is in the hands of our friend Hamdan Abu Gaudja. In an encounter with the Abyssinians God helped him, and he killed them; and amongst those killed was the chief of their army, who was called Ras Adrangi; some of his children were killed, and some made slaves. Our people reached the great church in the town of Gondar, which is one of the most remarkable things among the Christians. In Darfour, Shakka, and Bahr el Ghazal is our friend Osman Aden, and with him Keremallah and Zebehr el Fahal. The whole country is in the hands of God's soldiers, who war against the foes of God who deny the Imam the Mahdi. They are always victorious by God's strength and might, as He promised by His word, "Ye who believe, if ye fight, God will give you the victory." And, again, "God is with us, and the victory is to the believers;" and yet again, "God is well pleased by those who are slain in His service; they are like reared-up strongholds."

"'So now we have come in three steamers and in sandals, and nuggers filled with soldiers from God's army, under our orders sent to you from his Mightiness the Great Chief

of all the Moslems, the ever victorious in his religion, who relies on God the Lord of the world, the Khalifa, the Mahdi—may God be gracious unto him!—with his sacred orders, which are the orders of God and His Prophet; and it is your duty to obey them by reason of their religious teaching, you and whoever may be with you, whether Moslems, Christians, or others—and we bring you such news as will ensure your welfare in this world and in the next, and to tell you what God wishes, He and His Prophet, and to assure you of a free pardon to you, and to whomsoever is with you, and protection for your children and property from God and His Prophet, on condition that you submit to God.

"'There are with us some letters written, by permission of our master, by some of your brethren who wish you well; they are from Abdul Kader Slatin, who was formerly Mudir of Darfour; Mohamed Said, who was formerly called Georgi Islamboulia; Ismail Abdullah, who was formerly called Bolos Salib, a Copt; and many others who sympathise with you, and are now honoured by the Mahdi's grace. There are also letters from your companions—Abdullah Lupton, who was Mudir of Bahr el Ghazal; Ibrahim Pasha Fanzi; Nur Bey Ibrahim, Mudir of Senaar; Leyd Bey Inmah, Mudir of Fashor; and Eskender Bey, Commander of Kordofan. God has helped them all with His blessing, and they are now well-to-do and free from care, and God has given them more than they ever possessed in worldly goods and Heavenly favour. When they became friends of the Mahdi God rewarded them.

"'Now the Khalifa, the Mahdi, out of compassion for your forlorn state, left alone in the land of the negroes—for there has been no news of you for a long long time, and you must have lost all hope—has sent us to you with

an army, as I before told you, to take you out of the land of the infidels to join your brethren, the Moslems. Submit, therefore, with gladness to God's wish, and come at once to see me, wherever I may be, for I am now so near you that I may honour you with the sacred orders. You will find them full of wonderful things on which depend your salvation in this and in the next world, and you will find in them the contentment of God, the ruler of the world. I have to add I am ordered by his Highness —whom no one can deny—that I am to honour you and take care of you, and when we meet you will have all your wishes fulfilled, and you will become one of the true believers, as our Master wishes.

"'And now be of good cheer, and do not delay. I have said enough for one whose intelligence is bright, and now we pray God to lead you towards our Master, for we believe you are one of those who hear good advice and follow it—and in truth it is God's gift. Amongst the things in your favour in the hands of the Khalifa, the Mahdi, was the arrival of your letter brought by our friend Osman Erbal, intimating your submission. He received this letter, and was well pleased with it, and because of this and the Khalifa (the Mahdi's) compassion for you, we have come here as I told you before.

"'May God bless and assist you in all that you do.

"'SALAAM.'

"P.S.—The following letters are copies of the last three letters from Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahr el Ghazal Province, to Emin Pasha, who kindly allowed me to copy them.

"A. J. M. JEPHSON.

"'*April* 12*th*, 1884.

"'DEAR EMIN,—The Mahdi's army is now camped six hours' march from here. Two dervishes have arrived here, and want me to hand over the Mudireh to them. I will fight to the last. I have put my guns in a strong fort, and if they succeed in capturing the Mudireh, I shall, I hope, from my fort turn them out again. They come to you at once if I lose the day, so look out. Perhaps this is my last letter to you. My position is desperate, as my own men have gone over to them in numbers. I am known now by the name of Abdullah. I win the day or die, so good-bye. Kind regards to Dr. Junker.

"'If steamer come to you, write to my friends and let them know I die game.

"'F. LUPTON.

"'Their address is 38, Leadenhall Street, London; or High House, Blackheath, London.'

"'*April* 20*th*, 1884.

"'DEAR EMIN BEY,—Most of my people have joined the Mahdi's force. Nazir Bucho and Nazir Liffe with all their men have gone over; also the people from Gudju have gone over with the Government grain. I don't know how it will end. I have sent Wazy Uller Effendi to the Mahdi's camp. I hardly know if I am Lupton Bey or the Emir Abdullah. I will write you as soon as Wazy Uller returns. The enemy are armed with Remingtons, and have four or five companies of regular troops with them and some eight or ten thousand Orbau and Gillabau (Desert Arabs and traders); but I will give you their correct strength as soon as I am sure about the matter. I don't think it's under the above number. Slatin wrote me two

lines; he only said, "I send this man, Hadji Mustapha Kismullah, to you." He is now the Emir Abd el Kada.

"'Yours truly,

"'F. LUPTON.'

"'*April 26th*, 1884.

"'DEAR EMIN,—It is all up with me here. Everyone has joined the Mahdi, and his army takes charge of the Mudireh the day after to-morrow. What I have passed through the last few days no one knows. I am perfectly alone. The man who brings you this will give you all particulars. I hear that an army was never so totally defeated as was that of General Hicks. Out of sixteen thousand men only fifty-two are alive, and they are nearly all wounded.

"'Look out, you—some eight thousand to ten thousand men are coming to you well armed.

"'Hoping that we shall meet.

"'Yours truly,

"'F. LUPTON.'"

The following extracts from a letter written by Mr. Jephson give further particulars of the events which happened during his lengthened sojourn in Emin Pasha's province before Stanley returned.

"RAJUNA'S VILLAGE, ALBERT NYANZA.

"Stanley's Bunalya letters will have told you that at Emin Pasha's earnest request, Stanley left one of his officers with him to help him to get his people ready, and that Stanley left me as his representative. . . . Well, I was left to go round the province and read the Khedive's letter to

the people, and Stanley's proclamation to the soldiers at every station, to report the people's answer, and help the Pasha in any way I could. He accompanied me in my journey through the province, and it was with the utmost surprise that I learnt in what an unsatisfactory state the affairs of the country had been for a considerable time back. I had been through the greater part of the country doing my work, and was returning to Wadelai, when, on reading the Khedive's letter at Laboré, a soldier stepped from the ranks and exclaimed to the Pasha, 'All that you are telling us is a lie—Khartoum has not fallen—that is the road to Egypt, and we will only go by that road, or live and die in this country.' The soldiers then aimed their rifles at us, and for five minutes the utmost uproar prevailed. Finally the uproar was quelled, and the soldiers (?) agreed to behave more rationally, but only on condition of the Pasha's instantly quitting the station. This was about August 14th; on the 15th we heard a rebellion had broken out at Dufilé, and on entering that place on the 18th the Pasha and I were taken prisoners, in which state we remained for over three months. The rebels then assembled from all parts of the province, and invited those who had been in the rebellion for four years to act with them. A large council was held by all the rebel officers as to what steps should be taken. They decided to depose the Pasha and seize Stanley, and take the guns, etc. The whole thing was one horrible scene of drunkenness. Officers and clerks would madden themselves with drink all the afternoon and evening, and would decide on what should be done at the council in the morning. The result was that from hour to hour we never knew what might happen to us. This sort of thing went on till about the middle of October, when everyone was startled by the news

that the Madhi's people had arrived near Regaf. The general, Omar Saleh, sent three Peacock Dervishes with a letter commanding instant surrender; the rebel officers intercepted the letter, and after torturing the envoys, had them beaten to death with clubs. A few days after this the Mahdi's people made a descent on Regaf, and the soldiers fled, leaving the station and all the women and children in the hands of the Donagla, many being killed in the flight. This caused a panic, and the people in the northern stations fled in disorder to Dufilé. The rebels at Dufilé collected a force from all the southern stations and sent it to Regaf. On the appearance of the Pasha's people the Donagla sallied out, and a disgraceful flight ensued. The Pasha's people fled without firing a shot, and great numbers were cut down in the flight. Many of the worst enemies of the Pasha were among the officers that were killed. When the news of this disaster reached Dufilé the soldiers said the trouble had come from the rebellion, and the officers, being afraid, sent the Pasha and me to Wadelai, just three days before the Mahdi's people arrived before Dufilé. The last three weeks of our imprisonment at Dufilé had been very trying. We were not allowed to fight or to retire, and we daily expected the Donagla to be upon us. I had made up my mind that I should have to wander for years about the streets of Khartoum as a barefooted Dervish! Dufilé was taken, and many people killed. On hearing that it had fallen, the Pasha and I fled south to Tunguru, and established ourselves there; for which act we were condemned to be hanged. After remaining there for a couple of months letters arrived from Stanley announcing his arrival at Kavalli's. I had sent letters by some friendly natives telling Stanley of the position of affairs. . . . Stanley ordered me to join him instantly. I at once

started off in spite of the reluctance of the Chief of Tunguru to allow me to go. I had got no help from him (when I had frightened him into allowing me to go), and the Pasha had no power to help me. I made my way with my boy and three orderlies to the next station; here things were better, it was the last station on the lake, sixty miles from Kavalli's. Some friendly natives here took me down the lake in a canoe. I also got seven men from the friendly chief of Mswa. We had to spend four nights in Melindwa's territory; he is the Pasha's most deadly enemy, and ours, and it was a wonder we managed to get past his country. The lake was very rough. We could only go short distances at night, so I was terribly delayed, and even when I reached the place where I was to leave the lake, I had fresh difficulties; the chief I had relied on at Katonga had fled to the mountains for fear of Kaba Rega, King of Ungoro, who was 'raiding' the country. Finally I got a native to tell him I was there, and after camping for two days in his deserted village he came with some of his people, who escorted me to Kavalli's, where Stanley received me very nicely. 'You will see from Stanley's letter the difficulties we had with the Pasha's people . . . and the awful way we suffered from fever. I was struck down with it a few days after we left Mazamboni's, it lasted seventeen days, during which I was carried from camp to camp. I became a miserable object, but I have again picked up, and am now fairly strong again.

"We have reached the Mission at Usambiro, and we find our letters—of which there were four boxes—were sent to Uganda and burnt by the rebels. It was a horrible disappointment."

CHAPTER XVI

STANLEY AND HIS CALUMNIATORS.

Mr. A. M. Mackay—Stanley's Reply to His Calumniators—The White Pasha—Requirements of the Egyptian Government—Major Barttelot and Tippoo Tib—Coolness—Instructions to Major Barttelot—The rumoured Atrocities on the Congo—Stanley refutes Them.

THE following letter, received by the Emin Relief Committee from Mr. Stanley, controverts the many reports that have been circulated to his disadvantage and that of the members of the Expedition :—

"C.M.S. STATION AT MSALALA, SOUTH END OF LAKE VICTORIA, EAST CENTRAL AFRICA, *August 31st*, 1889.

"MY DEAR DE WINTON,—We arrived here on the 28th inst., and found the modern Livingstone, Mr. A. M. Mackay, safely and comfortably established at this mission station. I had always admired Mackay. He had never joined the missionaries' attacks on me, and every fact I had heard about him indicated that I should find him an able and reliable man. When I saw him and some of his work about here, then I recognised the man I had pleaded in the name of Mtesa should be sent to him in 1875, the very

type of man I had described as necessary to confirm Mtesa in his growing love for the white man's creed.

"A packet of newspaper cuttings was given to me on arrival. The contents of most of them have perfectly bewildered me. I am struck with two things—viz., the lack of common-sense exhibited by the writers, and the utter disregard of accuracy shown. Not one seems to have considered my own letters to the Committee, or my speech at the Mackinnon dinner before starting, as worthy of regard. They do not care for the creed that I have always professed—the one great article of faith of the working portion of my life—'Never make a promise unless you mean to keep it;' and my second article of faith, which ought to have been as generally known, if words and corresponding actions may be judged, 'Obey orders, if you break owners.' (See my work on the Congo and its Free State.) 'All I prayed for,' said I in the Mackinnon dinner speech, 'is that the same impelling power which has hitherto guided and driven me in Africa would accompany me in my journey for relieving Gordon's faithful Lieutenant.'

"Now, in this White Pasha affair, tell me why should I budge one foot to right or left from the straight line described to you in my letters. 'Kavalli's, on the Albert Nyanza, almost due east from Yambuya—that is the objective point natural obstacles permitting.' I have never yet departed from the principle of fulfilling my promise to the letter where there is a responsibility attached to it. Have people at any time discovered any crankiness in me? Then why should they suppose that I who expressed my view that Gordon disobeyed orders—Gordon's wilfulness, you remember the phrase in the Mansion House speech—would be ten times more disobedient and a thousand times more disloyal, deserving of such charges as 'breach of faith,'

'dishonesty,' 'dissimulation,' by going in the direction of Bahr Ghazal and Khartoum? I should not have gone were it to win an imperial crown, unless it had been an article in the verbal bond between the Committee and myself. The object of the expedition, as I understood it, was simply the relief of Emin Pasha, so far as the Committee were concerned in the undertaking, but the Egyptian Government added, 'and the escort of Emin Pasha and his people to the sea should Emin Pasha require it.'

"Now, in the Emin Pasha affair, the latest Blue Book which Lord Iddesleigh furnished me with contained many expressions through Emin Pasha's letters which seemed to prove that he had faithfully maintained his post until he could learn from his Government what its intentions were, and that he had force enough with him to depart in almost any direction toward the sea. if such was the Government's wish; by the Congo, by Monbuttu, or *vid* Langgo Land, and Masai were equally alike to him. But on November 2nd, 1887, forty-two days before I reached the Albert Nyanza, he writes to his friend Dr. Felkin: 'Do not have any doubt about my intentions; I do not want a rescue expedition. Have no fears about me. I have long made up my mind to stay.'

"All this is very unsatisfactory and inexplicable. He also said that he had sent searching parties in the direction I was supposed to come. On December 15th, 16th, and 17th, I made inquiries of the people at the south end of Lake Albert, and they had seen no steamer or strange boat since Mason Bey's visit in 1877. Consequently this absence of news of him cost us a three-hundred-mile journey to obtain our boat and carry her to the Nyanza. With this boat we found him within three days. Finally he steamed up to our camp; but instead of meeting with one who had long

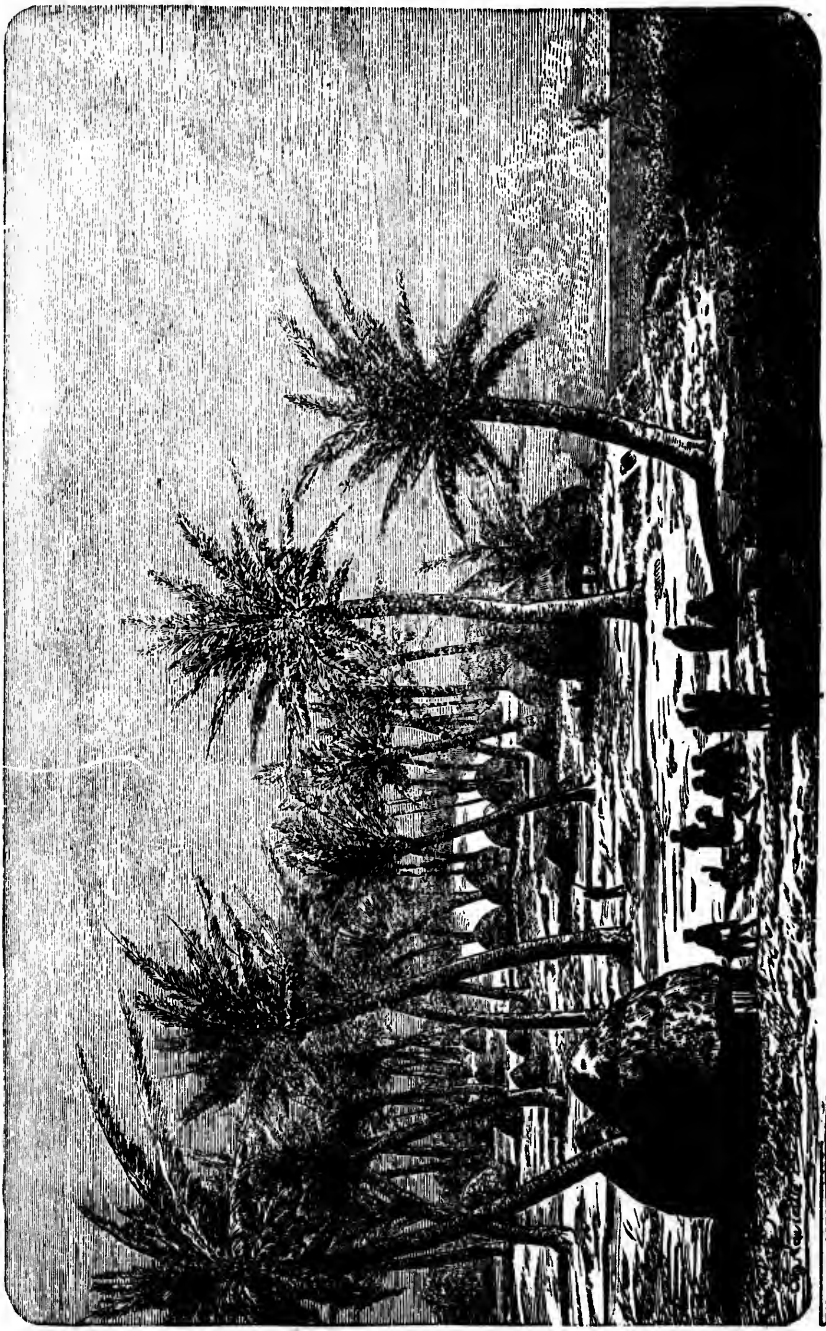
ago made up his mind, Emin Pasha had not begun to make up his mind either to stay or go away with us. He would first have to consult his people, scattered among fifteen stations over a large extent of country. I foresaw a long stay, but, to avoid that and to give the Pasha ample time to consider his answer and learn the wishes of his people, I resolved to go back even to Yambuya to ascertain the fate of the rear column of our expedition under Major Barttelot. This diffidence on the part of the Pasha cost me another rough march of one thousand three hundred miles. When I returned to the Nyanza after eight months' absence it was only to find that Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson, one of our officers who stayed with him as a witness, had been made prisoners four months previous to this third arrival of ours on the Nyanza, and that the invasion of the Pasha's province by the Mahdists had utterly upset everything.

When Mr. Jephson, according to command, detached himself from the Pasha and came to me I learned then for the first time that the Pasha had had no province, government, nor soldiers for nearly three years; that he was living undisturbed, and that some yielded sometimes to his wishes apparently through mere sufferance and lack of legitimate excuse to cast him off utterly. But when he committed himself by a gust of awakened optimism to venture into the presence of his soldiers, he was at once arrested, insulted, menaced, and imprisoned.

"*In re* Major Barttelot and Tippoo Tib, I have seen more nonsense on this subject than on any other. You remember the promise I made 'to do as much good as I could do, but as little mischief as possible.' Let us see how this applied to the engagement with Tippoo Tib. This man had grown rich through his raids, which had been the boldest and best rewarded with booty of any ever made. That error of

judgment which led Captain Deane to defy the Arabs for the sake of a lying woman who had fled from her master to avoid punishment, had irritated all the Arabs at the Stanley Falls, and especially Tippoo Tib and all his relatives, friends, subjects, and armed slaves. Tippoo Tib was resolved to retaliate on the Congo Free State; he was at Zanzibar collecting material for the most important raid of all—that is, down the Upper Congo. Who could have stopped his descent before he reached Stanley Pool? Who knew the means of the State for defence better than I did? Therefore it was a fearful desolating war, or a compromise and a peace while good faith was kept. If both parties are honest, peace will continue indefinitely. To secure Tippoo Tib's honesty, a salary of £30 per month is given to him. For this trifling consideration thousands of lives are saved and their properties are secured to them. The Congo State is permitted to consolidate until it is readier with offensive means than at that time.

"Thank God! I have long left that immature age when one becomes a victim to every crafty rogue he meets. I am not a gushing youth, and we may assume that Tippoo Tib's primo age was yet far from dotage. We both did as much as possible to gain advantage. I was satisfied with what I obtained, and Tippoo Tib obtained what money he wanted. At the time he agreed he was sincere in his intentions. You remember your Scripture, I daresay, and you remember the words, 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine that need no repentance.' Who had been a greater sinner than Tippoo Tib, at least in our estimation? But he could not sin down the Congo, for pecuniary as well as for more powerful reasons, which cannot be mentioned lest other crafty rogues take advantage of the disclosures.



A VILLAGE ON THE MRIMA OR "HILL-LAND," NEAR ZANZIBAR.

"After disposing of Tippoo Tib, 'the pirate, the free-booter, buccaneer, and famous raider,' I must say a word about poor Barttelot. He was a Major in the British Army. His very manner indicated him to be of a frank, gallant, daring, and perhaps somewhat dangerous nature if aroused. His friends who introduced him to me in London spoke of him in some such terms. They named the campaigns he had been in, and what personal services he had performed. As I looked at the Major's face I read courage, frankness, combativeness in large quantity, and I said to these friends: 'Courage and boldness are common characteristics among British officers, but of the most valuable quality for an expedition like this I have not heard anything. I hope you can add forbearance.'

"The only quality perhaps in which he was deficient was that of forbearance, though I promised myself that he should have little chance to exercise combativeness. You must not think that this was a defect in him. It was merely the result of high spirits, youth, and a good constitution. He was just pining for work. I promised him he should have so much of it he would plead for rest. But, unfortunately, want of sufficient vessels to float the expedition at one time on the Upper Congo compelled me to leave about one-half of my stores in charge of Mr. Troup at Stanley Pool, and one hundred and twenty-six men under Messrs. Ward and Bonny at Bololo, and as the Major was senior officer and Mr. Jamieson was an African traveller of experience, after due consideration it was concluded that no other two men could be fitter for the post of guarding the camp at Yambuya. With me for the advance column were Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., very intelligent and able, Captain Nelson, of the colonial forces, Mounteney Jephson, a civilian, to whom work was as much a vital necessity as bread, and Surgeon

T. H. Parke, of the A.M.D., a brilliant operator and physician. All were equally ignorant of the Kiswahili, the language of the Zanzibaris, as Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson. The only two who knew the language were Messrs. Ward and Troup, and they were not due at Yambuya until the middle of August. Would it have been wise to have placed either Stairs, Nelson, or Jephson, instead of Major Barttelot, the senior officer, and Mr. Jamieson in command of Yambuya? I feel sure you will agree with me I made the best choice possible.

"When young officers, English, German, or Belgian, come to Africa for many months, there is no abatement of that thirst for action, that promptitude for work, that impatience to be moving, which characterises them at home. Anæmia has not sapped the energies and thinned the blood. They are more combative at this period than any other. If any quarrels or squabbles arise, it is at this time. I had to interfere twice between fire-eating young Arabs and strong plucky young Englishmen, who were unable to discern the dark-faced young Arab from the 'nigger' before we reached Yambuya. Well, it just happened that the Major, forgetting my instructions as to forbearance, met these Arab fire-eaters, and the consequence was that the Major had to employ the Syrian Assad Ferran to interpret for him. Whether the man interpreted falsely I know not, but a coolness arose between the high-spirited nephew of Tippoo Tib and the equally high-spirited young Major, which was never satisfactorily healed up, and which in the long run led to the ever-to-be-regretted death of poor Barttelot.

"In the written instructions to Major Barttelot, June 24th, Yambuya Stockaded Camp, paragraph III. reads as follows:

"'It is the non-arrival of the goods from Stanley Pool and the men from Bololo which compels me to appoint you commander of this post. But as I shall shortly expect the arrival of a strong reinforcement of men (Tippoo Tib's people) greatly exceeding the advance force, which must at all hazards proceed and push on to the rescue of Emin Pasha, I hope you will not be detained longer than a few days after the departure of the *Stanley* on her final return to Stanley Pool in August (say August 13th, 1887, as the steamer did arrive in time August 14th).'

"'Paragraph V.—The interests now entrusted to you are of vital importance to this expedition. All the men (Zanzibaris) who shortly will be under your command will consist of more than a third of the expedition. The goods are needed for currency through the regions beyond the lakes. The loss of these men and goods would be certain ruin to us, and the advance force itself would need to solicit relief in its turn.'

"'Paragraph VI.—Our course from here will be true east, or by magnetic compass east by south. The paths may not exactly lead in that direction at times, but it is the south-west corner of Lake Albert, near or at Kavalli, that is our destination. . . . Our after conduct must be guided by what we shall learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha.'

"'Paragraph VII.—We shall endeavour by blazing trees and cutting saplings to leave sufficient traces of the route taken by us.'

"'Paragraph VIII.—It may happen, should Tippoo Tib send the full complement of men promised (eight hundred men), and if the one hundred and twenty-six men have arrived by the *Stanley*, that you will feel competent to march your column along the route pursued by me. In

that event, which would be most desirable, we should meet before many days. You will find our bomas or zaribas very good guides.'

"'Paragraph IX.—It may happen also that Tippoo Tib has sent some men, but he has not sent enough. In that event you will, of course, use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march.'

"(List of classes of goods, according to their importance, here given, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the highest numbers to be first thrown away.)

"'If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make double marches than throw too many things away, if you prefer marching (moving on) to staying for our arrival."

"These were supplemented by verbal explanations, giving permission to march the very next day after the contingent from Bololo had arrived—if he could prepare his goods in time—urgently impressing him not to place any stress on the promises of Tippoo Tib, if he failed to make an appearance within a reasonable time of the promised date. His carriers were not absolutely necessary, but they would serve to keep our men fresh for other journeys. If Tippoo Tib came, why, well and good; if he did not come, then be indifferent, adapt your goods to your carriers, and march on after us. The sooner you can march the sooner we will meet. If Tippoo Tib broke his written agreement made with me before the Consul, his promises to you would be still more unreliable. When you last saw him he promised to come within nine days, that date will be over the day after to-morrow. If he comes any time before the arrival of the *Stanley* all will be well; but if he does not come by that time it will prove that the man never intended to come. Do not bother your mind about him, but come

along with what you can—ammunition, beads, and cloth, private luggage, and European provisions. If you make double marches of four or six miles a day you will do very well, etc.

"The Major rose up in his frank, impetuous manner, and said: 'By George, that's the style. I will stop very few days indeed after the people from Bololo come up. I wouldn't stop longer for anything.'

"Unfortunately, tantalising delays, accompanied by constant fair promises on the part of the Arabs, prevented the forward movement, with what unfortunate results to the expedition and to the rear column is too well known to be again referred to here.

"*In re* atrocities on the Congo, I do not know who made the horrible statement that I have seen connected with the names of Major Barttelot and Jamieson. It is simply inconceivable nonsense—a sensational *canard*. The Rev. Wilmot Brooke has written a letter to the *Times* about 'Atrocities on the Aruwimi.' There is one part of a sentence which reads as follows: 'Eye-witnesses, both English and Arab, have assured me that it is a common thing, which they themselves have seen on passing through the Manyema Camp, to see human hands and feet sticking out of their cooking-pots.'

"The question I should like to ask here is, 'Who are those English who have seen this curious sight—hands and feet sticking out of cooking-pots?' Mr. Wilmot Brooke is an independent missionary seeking for a nest. It must be that there is something of an 'untravelled' look about him for him not to have been chosen as the recipient of this interesting *Police Gazette* item. I would not mind guaranteeing that 'those English' are as undiscoverable as Prester John's traditional crown. I have had one hundred and fifty

so-called Manyema, or rather Wasongora, and Wakusu slaves of Manyema headmen with me—Tippoo Tib's people some twelve months now—and not one Englishman has seen anything of the kind.

"Is Mr. Wilmot Brooke, or is Assad Ferran, the author of that tale, that an execution of a woman was delayed by Jamieson or Barttelot that a photographer might make ready his apparatus? Would it surprise you to know that there was no photographic apparatus of even the smallest kind within five hundred miles of Stanley Falls or the camp at Yambuya, north, south, east, or west, at that time, or at any time near that date?

"The tale is sometimes varied that it was not a photograph, but a sketch that some one wished to make. Was this Jamieson or Ward? For both are, or were, clever with the pencil. But why should a pencil artist wish to delay the execution—could he make an instantaneous sketch? Might he not at any time have made a sketch of a weapon uplifted to strike—the position of the victim and slayer. Melton Prior is one of the quickest artists I ever knew, but even he would think it impossible to sketch the lightning stroke of a sabre. But I might go on at this rate for ever with the 'infinite-finite' nonsense I find in print in these scraps. Major Barttelot did punish men twice with severity; but, singular as it may seem, the white person who accused him was present on both occasions during the flogging scene—he never even protested; the second time he gave his verdict at a fair trial 'death,' and signed the document consigning him to instant doom.

"I have had to execute four men during our expedition; two for stealing rifles, cartridges, and broken loads of ammunition; one of the Pasha's people for conspiracy, theft, and decoying about thirty women belonging to the

Egyptians, besides for seditious plots—court-martialled by all officers and sentenced to be hanged; a Soudanese soldier, the last, who deliberately proceeded to a friendly tribe and began shooting at the natives. One man was shot dead instantly, and another was seriously wounded. The chiefs came and demanded justice, the people were mustered, the murderer and his companions were identified, the identification by his companions confirmed, and the murderer was delivered to them, according to the law 'Blood for blood.'

"Yours very faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XVII.

A SUMMARY.

A *Résumé* of Stanley's Travels—The sullen Forest Fighting—Emin a Prisoner—His Rescue—Incidents on the Road Home.

THE short *résumé* of his travels sent by Stanley to Mr. E. Marston reads as follows:—

"VICTORIA NYANZA, *September 3rd*, 1889.

"MY DEAR MARSTON,—It just now appears such an age to me since I left England. Ages have gone by since I saw you, surely. Do you know why? Because a daily-thickening barrier of silence has crept between that time and this—silence so dense that in vain we yearn to pierce it. On my side I may ask, 'What have you been doing?' On yours you may ask, 'And what have you been doing?' I can assure myself, now that I know you live, that few days have passed without the special task of an enterprising publisher being performed as wisely and well as possible; and for the time being you can believe me that one day has followed the other in striving strifefully against all manner of obstacles, natural and otherwise, from the day I left Yambuya to August 28th, 1889, the day I arrived here. The bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap, catalogue of skirmishes would be of

respectable length, catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from fever, morbid musings over mischances that meet us daily, would make a formidable list. You know that all the stretch of country between Yambuya to this place was an absolutely new country, except what may be measured by five ordinary marches. First, there is that dead white of the map now changed to a dead black —I mean that darkest region of the earth confined between E. long. 25° and E. long. 29° 45′—one great, compact, remorselessly sullen forest, the growth of an untold number of ages, swarming at stated intervals with immense numbers of vicious man-eating savages and crafty undersized men who were unceasing in their annoyance. Then there is that belt of grassland lying between it and the Albert Nyanza, whose people contested every mile of advance with spirit, and made us think that they were guardians of some priceless treasure hidden on the Nyanza shores, or at war with Emin Pasha and his thousands. A Sir Perceval in search of the Holy Grail could not have met with hotter opposition. Three separate times necessity compelled us to traverse these unholy regions with varying fortunes. Incidents then crowded fast. Emin Pasha was a prisoner, an officer of ours was his forced companion, and it really appeared as though we were to be added to the list; but there is a virtue, you know, even in striving unyieldingly, in hardening the nerves, and facing these ever-clinging mischances without paying too much heed to the reputed danger. One is assisted much by knowing that there is no other course, and the danger somehow, nine times out of ten, diminishes.

"The rebels of Emin Pasha's government relied on their craft and on the wiles of the heathen Chinee; and it is rather amusing now to look back and note how punishment has

fallen on them. Was it Providence or luck? Let those who love to analyse such matters reflect on it. Traitors without the camp and traitors within were watched, and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried, and hanged; the traitors without fell foul of one another, and ruined themselves. If not luck, then it is surely Providence, in answer to good men's prayers far away. Our own people, tempted by extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies the Manyema, slave-traders, true fiends without the least grace in either their bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all those concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Captain Nelson's and Surgeon Parke's sufferings, I feel vexed at my forbearance, and yet again I feel thankful that a Higher Power than man's severely afflicted the cold-blooded murderers by causing them to feed upon one another a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parke. The memory of those days alternately hardens and unmans me. With the rescue of the Pasha, poor old Casati, and those who preferred Egypt's flesh-pots to the coarse plenty of the province near the Nyanza, we returned, and while we were patiently waiting, the doom of the rebels was consummated.

"Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness. The strain had been too much; and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skilful hand of Surgeon Parke. Then, little by little, I gathered strength, and ordered the march for home. Discovery after discovery in the wonderful region was made. The snowy ranges of Ruwenzori, the 'Cloud King' or 'Rain Creator,' the Semliki River, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the Plains of Usongora, the Salt Lakes of Kative, the new peoples,

Wakonju of the Great Mountains, the dwellers of the rich forest region, the Awamba, the fine-featured Wasonyora, the Wanyoro bandits, and the Lake Albert Edward tribes, and the shepherd races of the eastern uplands. Then Wanyankori, besides the Wamyaruwamba and the Wazinja, until at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilisation.

"We have every reason to be grateful, and may that feeling be ever kept within me. Our promises as volunteers have been performed as well as though we had been specially commissioned by a government. We have been all volunteers, each devoting his several gifts, abilities, and energies to win a successful issue for the enterprise. If there has been anything that sometimes clouds our thoughts, it has been that we were compelled, by the state of Emin Pasha and his own people, to cause anxieties to our friends by serious delay. At every opportunity I have endeavoured to lessen these by despatching full accounts of our progress to the Committee—that through them, all interested might be acquainted with what we were doing. Some of my officers also have been troubled in thought that their Government might not overlook their having overstayed their leave; but the truth is, the wealth of the British Treasury could not have hastened our march without making ourselves liable to impeachment for breach of faith, and the officers were as much involved as myself in doing the thing honourably and well.

"I hear there is great trouble, war, etc., between the Germans and Arabs of Zanzibar. What influence this may have on our fortunes I do not know, but we trust nothing will interrupt the march to the sea, which will be begun in a few days.

"Meantime, with such wishes as the best and most inseparable friends endow one another, I pray your partners, Mr. Searle, Mr. Rivington, and young Mr. Marston, to accept, and you to believe me, always yours sincerely,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY.

"To E. MARSTON, ESQ."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEYING TO THE COAST.

Geographical Discoveries—Lake Albert—Baker's Ideas—The Blue Mountains—A Table Mountain—Gordon and the Victoria Nyanza—Ruwenzori—Snow—Source of the Lowwa—Captain Casati and Kaba Rega—The Native Tribes—Loyalty of Emin to his Men—Stanley's Policy with the Natives—Bullets enough—Arrival of the Expedition at Mpwapwa.

THIS letter addressed to Colonel Grant gives a very good account of Stanley's geographical discoveries in Central Africa; though when he returns to England we shall no doubt hear much more from him.

"VILLAGES OF BATUNDU, ITURI RIVER, CENTRAL AFRICA,
"*September 8th*, 1888.

"MY DEAR GRANT,—I have only been able to write scrappy letters hitherto, though I start them with strong inclination to give our friends a complete story of our various marches and their incidents, but so far I have been compelled to hurriedly close them lest I should miss the opportunity to send them. This one, for instance: I know not how to send this at present, but an accidental arrival of a caravan, or an accidental detention of the expedition, may furnish the means. I will trust to chance, and write nevertheless.

"You, more than any of the Committee, are interested in Lake Albert. Let us deal with that first. When on December 13th, 1887, we sighted the Lake, the southern part lay at our feet almost like an immense map. We glanced rapidly over the grosser details—the lofty plateau walls of Unyoro to the east, and that of Baregga to the west, rising nearly 3,000 feet above the silver water, and between the walls stretched a plain—seemingly very flat—grassy, with here and there a dark clump of brush-wood—which, as the plain trended south-westerly, became a thin forest. The south-west edge of the lake seemed to be not more than six miles away from where we stood—by observation the second journey I fixed it at nine miles direct south-easterly—from the place. This will make the terminus of the south-west corner at 1° 17′ N. lat. By prismatic compass the magnetic bearing of the south-east corner just south of Numba Falls was 137°; this will make it about 1° 11′ 30″ N. lat. A magnetic bearing of 148° taken from N. lat. 1° 25′ 30″ about exactly describes the line of shore running from the south-west corner of the Lake to the south-east corner of the Albert. Baker fixed his position at lat. N. 1° 15″, if I recollect rightly. The centre of Mbakovia Terrace bears 121° 30′ magnetic from my first point of observation, this will make his Vacovia about 1° 15′ 45″, allowing 10° W. variation. In trying to solve the problem of the infinity of Lake Albert as sketched by Baker, and finding that the lake terminus is only four miles south of where he stood to view it 'from a little hill,' and on 'a beautifully clear day,' one would almost feel justified in saying that he had never seen the lake. But his position of Vacovia proves that he actually was there, and the general correctness of his outline of the east

coast from Vacovia to Magungo also proves that he navigated the lake. When we turn our faces north-east we say that Baker has done exceedingly well, but when we turn them southward our senses in vain try to penetrate the mystery, because our eyes see not what Baker saw. When Gessi Pasha first sketched the Lake after Baker, and reduced the immense lake to one about ninety miles long, my faith was in Baker, because Gessi could not resolve, by astronomical observations, the south end of the Lake. When Mason Bey—an accomplished surveyor—in 1877 circumnavigated the lake and corroborated Gessi, then I thought that perhaps Mason had met a grassy barrier or sand-bank overgrown with sedge and ambatch, and had not reached the true beyond, because he admitted that he could not see very far from the deck of his steamer, my faith still rested in Baker; but now with Lieutenant Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, Mr. Mounteney Jephson, Surgeon Parke, Emin Pasha, and Captain Casati, I have looked with my own eyes upon the scene, and find that Baker has made an error. I am somewhat surprised also at Baker's altitudes of Lake Albert and the 'Blue Mountains,' and at the breadth attributed by him to the Lake. The shore opposite Vacovia is ten and a quarter miles distant, not forty or fifty miles, the 'Blue Mountains' are nothing else but the west upland—the highest cone or hill being not above 6,000 feet, above the level of the sea—not 7,000 feet or 8,000 feet high. The altitude of Lake Albert by aneroid and boiling point will not exceed 2,350 feet, not 2,720. And last of all, away to the south-west where he has sketched his 'infinite' stretch of lake, there rises, about forty miles from Vacovia, an immense snowy mountain, a solid square-browed mass, with an almost level summit between two lofty ridges. If it were

'a beautifully clear day' he should have seen this, being nearer to it by thirteen geographical miles than I was.

"*Apropos* of the error of Baker's, Emin Pasha related to me a curious scene, of which I believe he was a witness, between Gordon and one of his staff officers who had been despatched on a mission to Uganda, and who on returning reported that he had discovered a large lake between Lake Albert and Lake Victoria called the Gita Nzigé or Lake Ibrahim, and that he had also a new survey of Lake Victoria.

"'Well, sir, have you seen the Victoria Nyanza?' asked Gordon, looking up from a letter he was writing.

"'Yes, sir, I have.'

"'What would you estimate its breadth at?'

"'About five miles I should say, sir.'

"'Five miles! Are you not a little out there?'

"'Well, say, about seven.'

"'Only seven. Surely, sir, you must be still out. Are you not?'

"'Say about ten then.'

"'Oh,' said Gordon, smiling, 'but you must be a little out still, I should say,' etc.

"'Well, say fifteen then. I protest against adding another mile.'

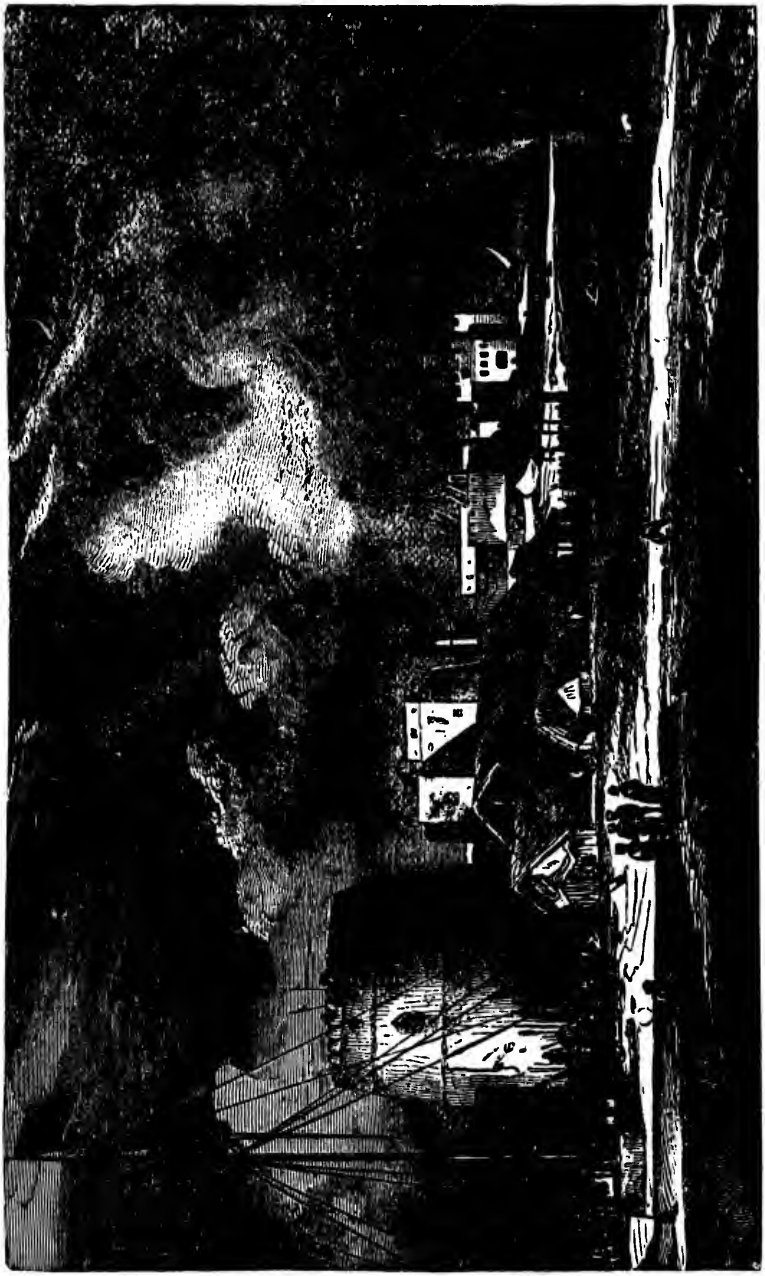
"'But tell me,' said Gordon, 'could you see a man across with the naked eye or a field-glass.'

"'Most distinctly.'

"'What! from the water's edge?'

"'Not exactly from the water's edge, but from a few feet above the water level.'

"'It is strange, most strange, not only that the Victoria Nyanza is only fifteen miles wide; I believe you said fifteen miles, sir?'



THE TOWN OF ZANZIBAR, AS SEEN FROM THE LAND.

"'Yes, sir, fifteen miles at the furthest.'

——"'but that a man could be seen fifteen miles off with a field-glass. Thank you, sir, for your very interesting report.'

"I am told that at an interview with the chartographer of the general staff he was most anxious that Lake Ibrahim should have certain prominence by expansion of the outlines as it was a new discovery. The pleasant and friendly chartographer traced out along the line of the Victoria Nile a respectable lake about thirty miles by ten. 'Oh, that will never do,' cried the discoverer. 'What! Lake Ibrahim—Gita Nzigé—must at least be a hundred miles long by fifty miles wide at least.' 'Yet,' said Emin Pasha, 'both Gordon and I saw this lake, and we know it to be only an expansion of the Victoria Nile, similar to that lying between Wadelai and the Albert, or like that of the Upper Congo and Stanley Pool. In consequence it has many shallow channels separated by islets and glistening white sand-bars.'

"About the lake discovered by me in 1876, I can learn very little from the natives. At Chief Kavalli's I saw two natives who came from that region. One of them hailed from Unyampaka, and the other from Usongora. The first said that the Albert Lake is much larger than that near Unyampaka. The other said that the Southern Lake is the largest, as it takes two days to cross it. He describes it as being a month's march from Kavalli's. Their accounts differ so much that one is almost tempted to believe that there are two lakes—a smaller one near Unyampaka and connected by a river or channel with that of Usongora.

"My interest is greatly excited, as you may imagine, by the discovery of Ruwenzori—the Snowy Mountain—a possible rival of Kilimanjaro. Remember that we are in

north latitude, and that this mountain must be near or on the Equator itself; that it is summer now, and that we saw it in the latter part of May; that the snow line was about (estimate only) 1,000 feet below the summit. Hence I conclude that it is not Mount Gordon Bennett, seen in December 1876 (though it may be so), which the natives said had only snow occasionally. At the time I saw the latter there was no snow visible. It is a little further east, according to the position I gave it, than Ruwenzori. All the questions which this mountain naturally gives rise to will be settled, I hope, by this Expedition before it returns to the sea. If at all near my line of march its length, height, and local history will be ascertained. My young officers will like to climb to the summit, and I shall be glad to furnish them with every assistance. They will perhaps be able to bring me a bucketful of snow to cool my 'sherbet.' Many rivers will be found to issue from this curious land between the two Muta Nzigés. What rivers are they? Do they belong to the Nile or the Congo? There is no river going east or south-east from this section, except the Katonga and Kafur, and both must receive if any but a very small supply from Gordon Bennett and Ruwenzori. The new mountain must therefore be drained principally south and west. If south, the streams have connection with the Lake south; if west, the Semliki tributary of Lake Albert and some river flowing to the Congo must receive the rest of its waters. Then if the Lake south receives any considerable supply the interest deepens. Does the lake discharge its surplus to the Nile or to the Congo? If to the former, then it will be of great interest to you, and you will have to admit that Lake Victoria is not the main source of the Nile; if to the Congo, then the Lake will be the source of the River Lowwa or

Loa, since it is the largest tributary to the Congo, from the east between the Aruwimi and the Luama. For your comfort, I will dare venture the opinion even now that the lake is the source of the Lowwa, though I know nothing positive of the matter. But I infer it, from the bold manner in which the Aruwimi trenches upon a domain that any one would have imagined belonged to the Nile. It was only ten minutes' march between the head of one of its streams to the crest of the plateau whence we looked down upon the Albert Nyanza. From the mouth of the Aruwimi to the head of this stream is three hundred and ninety geographical miles, in a straight line. Well, next to the Aruwimi in size is the Lowwa River, and from the mouth of the Lowwa to the longitude of Ugampaka post, in a direct line, is only two hundred and forty geographical miles.

"Emin Pasha, though living in comfort so far as provisions could supply his wants, was in a much worse position than I believed he was when I set out from England. Kaba Rega had been friendly with him up to December 1887, but the news spread through Uganda and thence to Unyoro that there was a large expedition advancing to help Emin; then Kaba Rega immediately expelled Captain Casati with every mark of indignity. He was bound to a tree, stripped naked, and finally sent adrift to perish. Fortunately, after a few days of extreme misery and want, he was found and rescued by Emin Pasha, who, in his steamer, searched the north-eastern shore for him. This was a terrible reverse to Casati, who was robbed of all his clothes, journals, and memoirs. We also lost a packet of letters that had been sent by the missionaries of Uganda for our expedition. As Kaba Rega has about 1,500 guns, mostly rifles, he is not so despicable an opponent as he was

in the time of Baker. These African kings settled in their own country have time in their favour. In time everything comes to those who can wait. Kaba Rega, of course, could wait without impatience, and everything belonging to Emin Pasha and his force would revert to him, failing any decisive movement of retreat on the part of Emin before it was too late. The northern road *vid* the Nile was blocked, though many of his soldiers have fondly hoped up to this day for relief from that quarter. To the south are the warlike tribes whom we will have to meet going to the sea, and Emin Pasha's people had no idea of adventuring in that direction, because they would not believe that Emin knew the road, and they had not seen a living man appear from there to give them the news of such a road. To the west and south-west were numerous peoples who knew how to fight, who were as yet unwhipped out of their native arrogance, and consequently had an immense faith in their native valour. Their strength and fighting powers were left for us to test, and for a short time it really seemed as if we had been too confident. Day after day they leaped and bounded to the struggle, which, however, always ended disastrously for them. Even if they were gathered *en masse* these natives could never have held their own against Emin Pasha's force, provided his people were unanimously loyal, and determined to co-operate with him. Unfortunately the force is not to be relied on for such a work. If the Nubians doubted that Emin Pasha could lead them south to Zanzibar they would doubt that he could lead them anywhere, especially to the wilds of the west, about which no man knew anything. The Nubians were willing to go north by the Nile, and to let Emin Pasha lead them, but on arriving near Khartoum they would tell him they knew the road themselves, and

did not need him. This was their idea, and it is principally the reason why the Pasha seemed to be hemmed in so rigorously. The loyalty of the Pasha to his men becomes apparent, though they have been disloyal to him. He could not cast them off, because it would be their ruin, neither could he venture away from them alone. One of his officers, Shukri Aga, constantly loyal to him, related to me a story, which, when repeated by me to Emin Pasha was confirmed by him. The Pasha would never have told it himself.

"A few months ago one hundred and ninety rifles of the 1st Battalion set out for Wadelai, where Emin Pasha resided, with the intention of capturing him and compelling him to remain with them, as a rumour current that an expedition was advancing from the south and west had become confused in their minds with the intended flight of their General. Convinced that their safe departure out of the region where they had seen so much trouble lay in the Pasha's presence and leadership, they had conceived the idea of arresting him, and taking him with them to Dufflé, for, said they, 'We know of only one road, and that leads down the Nile by Khartoum.' The Pasha, suddenly informed of their intention of capturing him, cried out, 'Well, let them kill me. I am not afraid of death, let them come, I will await them.' But the officers of the 2nd Battalion implored him in urgent terms to make his escape, arguing that the violent capture of their Pasha would put an end to all government, and that it was but the first step to the total subversion of discipline. For some time he refused to listen to them, but finally escaped to Mswa (about forty-five miles from our camp at N'sabé). Soon after his departure the detachment of the 1st Battalion came up, and after surrounding the station, summoned the Pasha to come

out and surrender himself to them. They were informed that the Pasha had gone south in his steamer, upon which the malcontents advanced and seized the commandant and officers, and flogged them severely with the kourbash. Some of them they carried away with them to Dufflé. Commenting upon this, the Pasha said, 'All the members of the 1st Battalion stationed north of Wadelai have been opposed to making a retreat, and any suggestion to leave their watchpost at Dufflé has only provoked indignation and scepticism. But now, as you have come, and many of our people saw you while in Uganda with Linant Bey (1876) and know you personally, and many more have heard of your name, all of them will be convinced that there is another road to Egypt, and that you having found them can take them out of the country. They will see your officers, they will see your Soudanese; they will listen respectfully to any message you may send them, and gladly obey. That is my opinion, though nobody knows what the sentiments of the 1st Battalion are, because there has not been time to hear them so far.' Shukri Aga, the commandant of Mswa Station, on Lake Albert, is a brave, intelligent officer, an ex-slave promoted to his present rank for distinguished service against Karamalla, the agent of the Mahdi, when he was wounded three times.

"Between our line of route to Kavalli and a line drawn west from Mswa Station lies a section unvisited by any European. The people are devoted to Kaba Rega, and therefore hostile to our expedition and to Emin Pasha, and they have had orders to do their best to molest us. Those lying near our route to the south are hostile to Kaba Rega, and opposed to us all equally, but the lessons taught them by us in piercing through their country on our first visit have inspired in them a wholesome respect for us. My idea

has been all along to fight as little as possible, but when compelled to do so, to set about the job as efficiently as possible, so that then there will remain no doubt in native minds what we propose doing when we tell them. By this policy we have won a large section in our favour—at least have compelled them to pay ready obedience. In returning from the Nyanza the second time we mustered one thousand five hundred natives, and led them to the plain of Usiri, north of our route. It was simply a long walk for us, but it has been enough. Before we left messengers came from them saying that the chiefs desired to enter our new confederation. Now, if it is necessary to teach Kaba Rega something that he has not yet learned—that there are people in this world other than those who have been content to pour their bounties into his lap, to be accepted or not to be accepted at his own good will and pleasure—it is likely he may force me to attempt it. I hope to have the means behind me with those natives whom we have brought round to our view of things. There will be at least five thousand of them, and with Emin Pasha's force and my own Zanzibaris, inured to savage forest life during these last fifteen months, it will not be difficult. For you must remember that if I travel south, to lead the Pasha's army and followers out of this country, we must spend a month in lands subject to Kaba Rega, and another month through lands governed by his allies. You must surely know what this means. I have not the rich cloths requisite to fill the rapacious maw of Kaba Rega, but I shall have bullets enough, and more than enough, for his need. Then if Emin Pasha does not accompany me with his troops, it will be still more obligatory on me to be prepared for the worst that may happen, because to travel peacefully I should have to go to him to obtain his sanction to travel

through his country—and that is impossible. Hence you may see that though we have surmounted a great deal already, the crisis will appear when we part from Emin Pasha, or leave the coast of the Albert Nyanza in the company of Emin Pasha. Whether we go south to the Muta Nzigé, or coast the northern and eastern flank of Unyoro, it will be all the same. From the reports of Emin, who lost two hundred and seventy men in the Ukedi country, Kaba Rega dominates everywhere. By-the-bye, Emin Pasha said it was very lucky I did not approach him from the east by way of the Masai and Ukedi or Langgo, as he calls it. The Langgo land is a great waterless desert for the most part. Even if we had been able to pierce through the Wakedi, it is doubtful if the want of food and water had not annihilated the Expedition. He has a strong objection to return by that waterless route to the sea.

"Now that we know the Ituri so well, I feel convinced that we could not have chosen a better route. We lost a great number of men in going to Nyanza the first time, but the return was accomplished with the loss of three only, and we performed the journey in eighty-two days, inclusive of all halts. I hope to go to the Nyanza again as rapidly as we returned from there, with just as few losses. The men are heartened now, knowing all about the road, and knowing that they are going to Zanzibar. The Ituri River helps us half way. All our loads are carried in canoes. In forty-five days afterwards we shall be on the Albert Nyanza. I told Emin Pasha I should be back with him about the middle of December 1888. I have three months before me yet—an ample time unless I am delayed by some unforeseen obstacle.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Though following in sequence as regards dates many of the preceding letters were not received in England until after the following telegram to the Emin Relief Expedition had been received from Stanley, dated the 21st November, 1889—the first since he had left the Congo—announcing his safe arrival at Mpwapwa, which is about one hundred and fifty miles from Bagamoyo on the East Coast, the port to ship from to Zanzibar.

"Arrived at Mpwapwa 10th November. Expect to leave 12th November for East Coast *vid* Simbamwenni. Europeans all well. Bringing about three hundred Soudanese. Expect me to arrive any day at coast. Have discovered Victoria Nyanza extends south-west, bringing it to within one hundred and fifty-five miles of Lake Tanganika; length of Victoria Nyanza now two hundred and seventy miles, area twenty-seven thousand square miles."

This telegram once and for all dissipated the adverse rumours which had been circulated regarding Stanley and Emin Pasha.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUCCESS.

Stanley and the *New York Herald*—End of the Expedition—Trust in Providence—Arrival at Bagamoyo—Serious Accident to Emin Pasha—Arrival at Zanzibar.

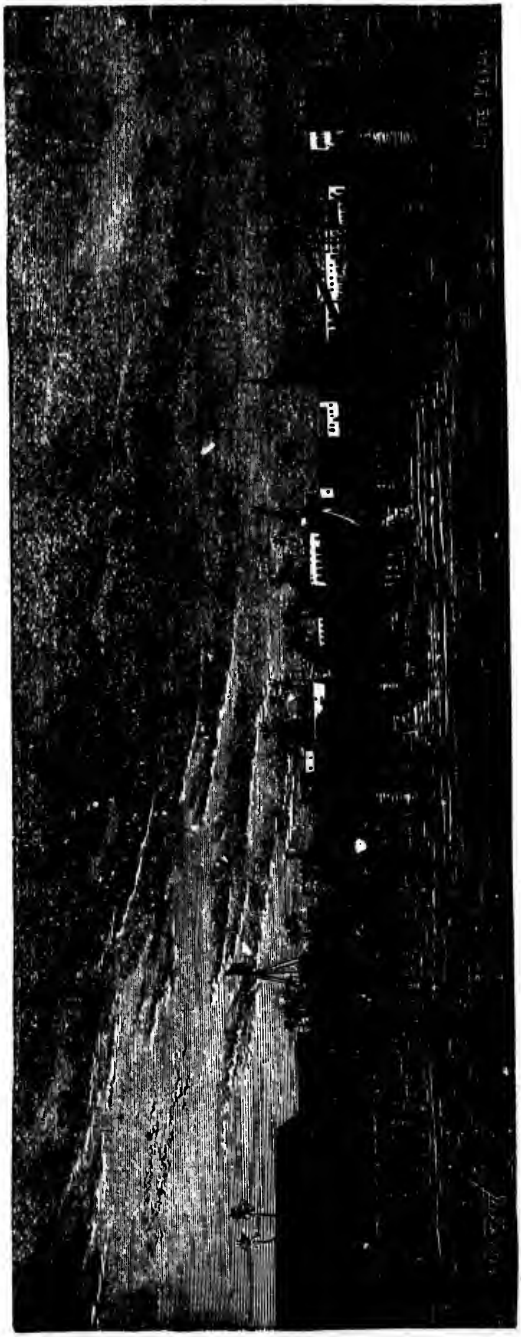
STANLEY'S letter of November 30th, 1889, to the *New York Herald*, proves Stanley's belief that

> "There is a Providence which shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we may."

It reads as follows:—

To the editor of the *New York Herald*.

"The *Herald* correspondent, who found us during our day's halt at Mswa, five days from the coast, has made it a point that I should write to you. I beg you to believe that I should be most willing to do so did I know what subject would be particularly gratifying to you; but as the *Herald* correspondent cannot suggest a subject, you will perhaps consider that it would be scarcely fair to expect me to know the matters your readers would be most interested in.



PORT AND HARBOUR OF ZANZIBAR, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA.

"I find it, then, most convenient to imagine you able to tell my friends much that I would like to say to them. First of all, I am in perfect health, and feel like a labourer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath.

"Just about three years ago, while lecturing in New England, the message came from under the sea bidding me hasten and take the commission to relieve Emin Pasha at Wadelai; but as people generally do with faithful pack-horses, numbers of little trifles, odds and ends, are piled on over and above the proper burden. Twenty various little commissions were added to the principal one, each requiring due care and thought. Well, looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task, and that good will, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as well as the circumstances permitted.

"Over and above the happy ending of the appointed duties, we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The Mountains of the Moon, this time beyond the least doubt, have been located; and Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, robed in eternal snow, has been seen, and its flanks explored and some of its shoulders ascended, the Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon cones being but giant sentries warding off approach to the inner area of the Cloud King. On the south-east of the range the connection between the Albert Edward Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of

mountains have been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture land as would make your cowboys out West mad with envy; and right under the burning Equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries, and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from the snow beds. We have also been able to add nearly six thousand square miles of water to the Victoria Nyanza.

"Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds, and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries.

"I always suspected that in the central regic tween the equatorial lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new facts. This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition that I have ever led into Africa. A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will; but nevertheless guided and protected us. What can you make of this, for instance? On August 17th, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march to follow our track, they decide to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere. The results are three-quarters of their force die of slow poison. The commander is murdered, and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton, and obliged to return home. A fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the Congo, and the

survivor is found in such a fearful pest-hole that we dare not describe its horrors. On the same date, one hundred and fifty miles away, the officer of the day leads three hundred and thirty-three men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic. His white companions, vexed and irritated by a sense of the evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals, and the poison-tipped arrows thin their numbers. Meantime I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions through the forest. My scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

"Take the same month and the same date in 1888 a year later, August 17th. I listen horror-struck to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Bunalya, 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, six hundred miles west of this camp, Jamieson, worn out with fatigue, sickness, and sorrow, breathes his last. On the next day, August 18th, six hundred miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Mr. Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death; but fortunately relent, and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists.

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

their doom. Mr. 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 endeavoured to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. I gave as much goodwill to my duties as the strictest honour would compel. My faith that the purity of my motives 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.

"Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like the others, but the others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Mr. 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 swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their souls. They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce 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 the legal serfs would

have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live. This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings, or the cheery energy which they devoted to their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of the deafening multitude of blacks, and urged the poor souls to the quest. The vulgar will call it luck, unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains a feeling, that of a verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

"I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture it would have a grand interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the Sasmire for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians, who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty, of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to the *Herald* correspondent, who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and with his gifts of composition may present a very taking outline of what has been done and is now near ending, thanks be to God, for ever and ever.

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

On the 3rd of December, 1889, the Expedition reached Bigiro, two hours' march from the Kinghani river, which took the whole of the day to cross, as there was only one boat. Here Stanley, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati and the other members of the Expedition were met

by Major Wissmann, when the health of all the explorers, and the usual loyal toasts were given in champagne—a foretaste of the civilisation which they were about to re-enter.

All the party arrived at Bagamoyo at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 4th of December. Major Wissmann had provided horses for Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, and upon them they made a triumphal entry into Bagamoyo. The town was profusely decorated. Verdant arches were built across all the avenues, and palm branches waved from every window. A salute of nine guns was fired by Major Wissmann's force, and the same number by the German man-of-war *Sperber*.

All the officers of the Expedition were sumptuously entertained at luncheon at Major Wissmann's headquarters. The captain of the *Sperber*, on behalf of the German Emperor, formally welcomed first Mr. Stanley, then Emin Pasha, and congratulated them upon their return to civilisation. All the vessels in the roadstead were dressed in bunting.

Many persons came from Zanzibar to welcome them, among them being Mr. Nichol, who came on behalf of Sir William Mackinnon, the President of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee; the English Consul, Mr. Churchill; Judge Cracknell, of the English Court; the German and the Italian Consuls.

In the evening a banquet was held, and amid a flood of champagne the German Consul-General, Mr. Steifensand, toasted the Queen of England, and Major Wissmann toasted Stanley, calling him his master in African exploration. Mr. Stanley in reply said, in the

course of an elegant speech, that he thanked God he had performed his duty. He spoke with emotion of his soldiers, whose bones were bleaching in the forest, and remarked that with him and those of his party the word was always "Onward." He bore testimony to the Divine influence that had guided him in his work. Then he said: "Emin is here, Casati is here, I am here, and all the young gentlemen who went with me are here;" and concluded by thanking Major Wissmann and the *New York Herald* for their kindness in sending him stores.

Emin Pasha toasted the Emperor William, and Lieutenant Stairs returned thanks for Stanley's officers. Captain Brackenbury, the senior naval officer, toasted Major Wissmann. This toast was drunk with honours, the whole company joining in singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Emin Pasha appears to be utterly incapable of shaking off the ill-luck which has pursued him for years. He is near-sighted, and walked out of a window at Bagamoyo and fractured his skull. All the doctors gave him up except Stanley's physician, Doctor Parke, who remained with him.

On the 6th of December, 1889, Stanley and his men arrived at Zanzibar.

Before leaving Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley on behalf of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition commenced an action against Tippoo Tib for his breach of agreement, claiming £10,000 damages. As this amount lay to Tippoo Tib's credit at Zanzibar it was impounded by the Consul-General to await the issue of the trial.

[It will be remembered that Stanley first came across Tippoo Tib in 1877, on his successful journey down the Congo, when he engaged him to assist him with carriers who were to march sixty camps or two hundred and forty hours; but, although well paid, Tippoo did not carry out this contract, and his men became dismayed at the Uregga forest, or as is more probable, pretended to be; and Stanley had to make his way as best he could without him. This certainly did not promise well for Tippoo's future faithfulness, and when Stanley entered into negotiations with him for the supply of carriers to the Emin Relief Expedition, there were many who thought that Stanley was placing too much faith in the man, which, alas, proved but too correct. Major Barttelot was kept waiting for twelve months for the promised carriers, and then only received four hundred instead of eight hundred men, and even these men were not sent until, in very desperation, Major Barttelot and Jamieson went to Tippoo to make him keep his contract. At last Major Barttelot made his fatal move forward; and little later he was shot by one of the carriers sent him by Tippoo Tib, and the men under their leader took to flight.]

Thus ends the recital of one of the most adventurous and courageous journeys ever accomplished in Africa.

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