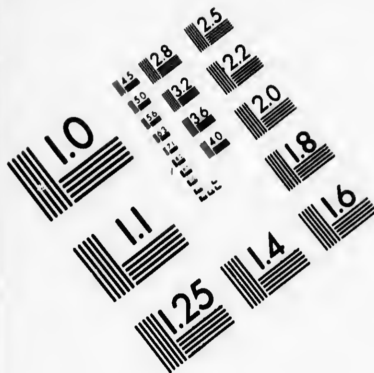
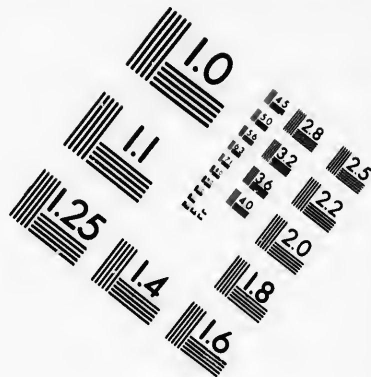

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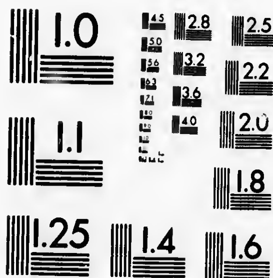
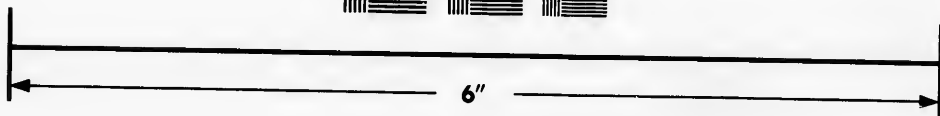

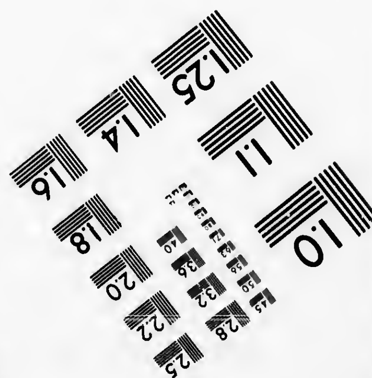

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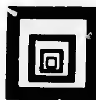

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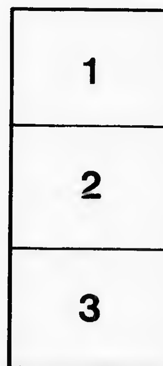

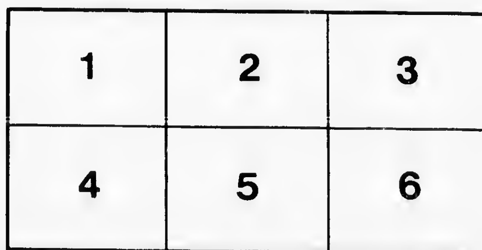

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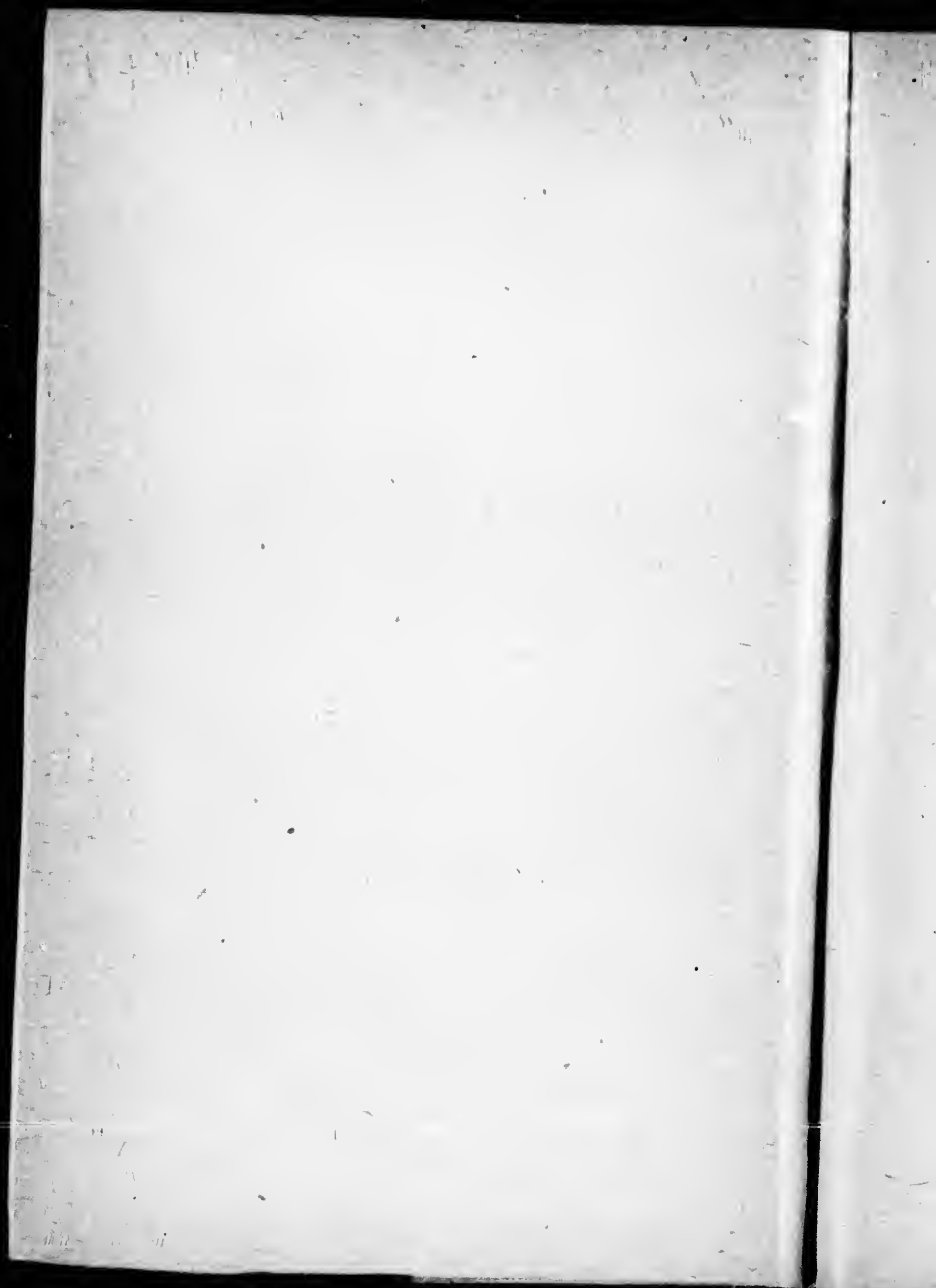

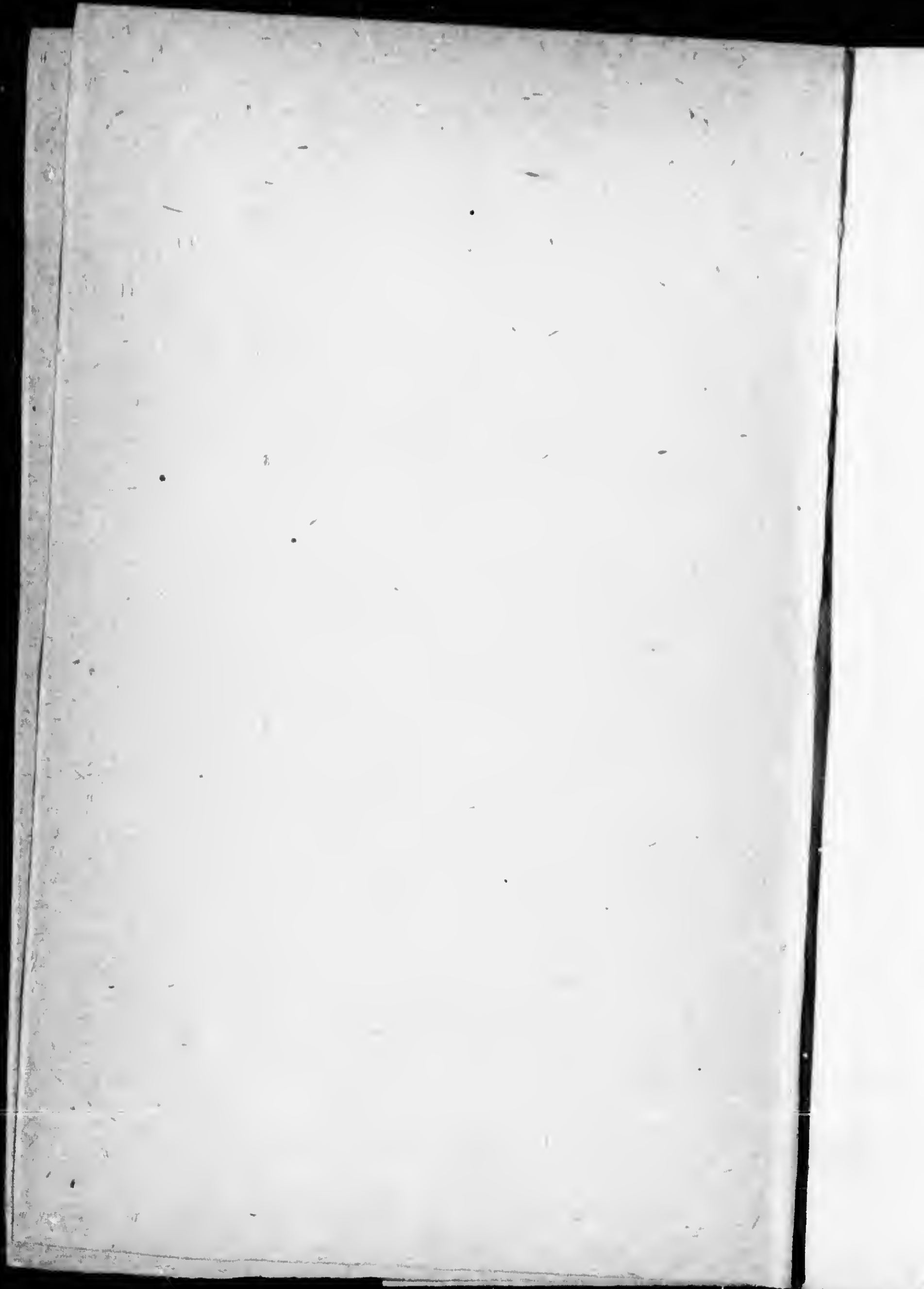

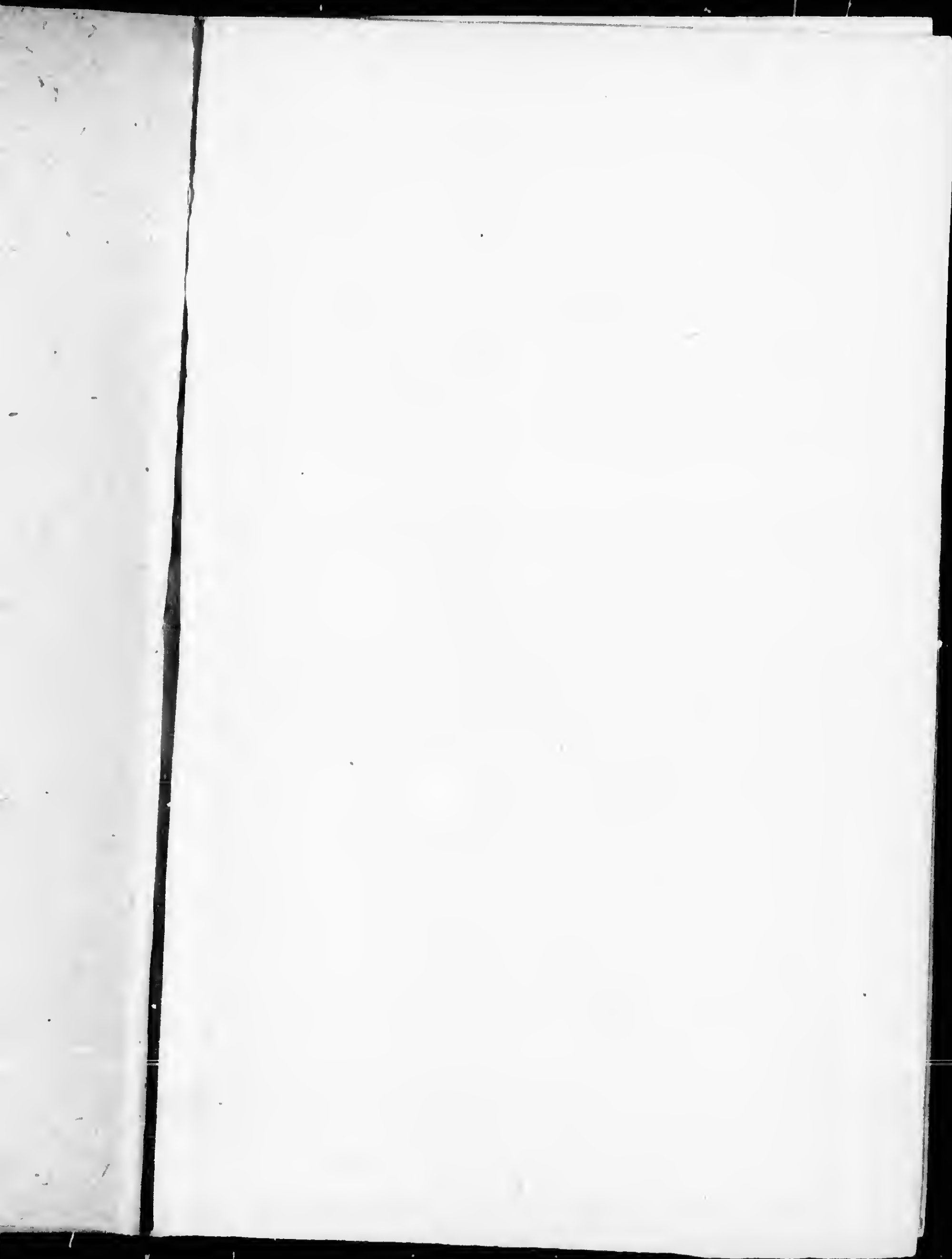

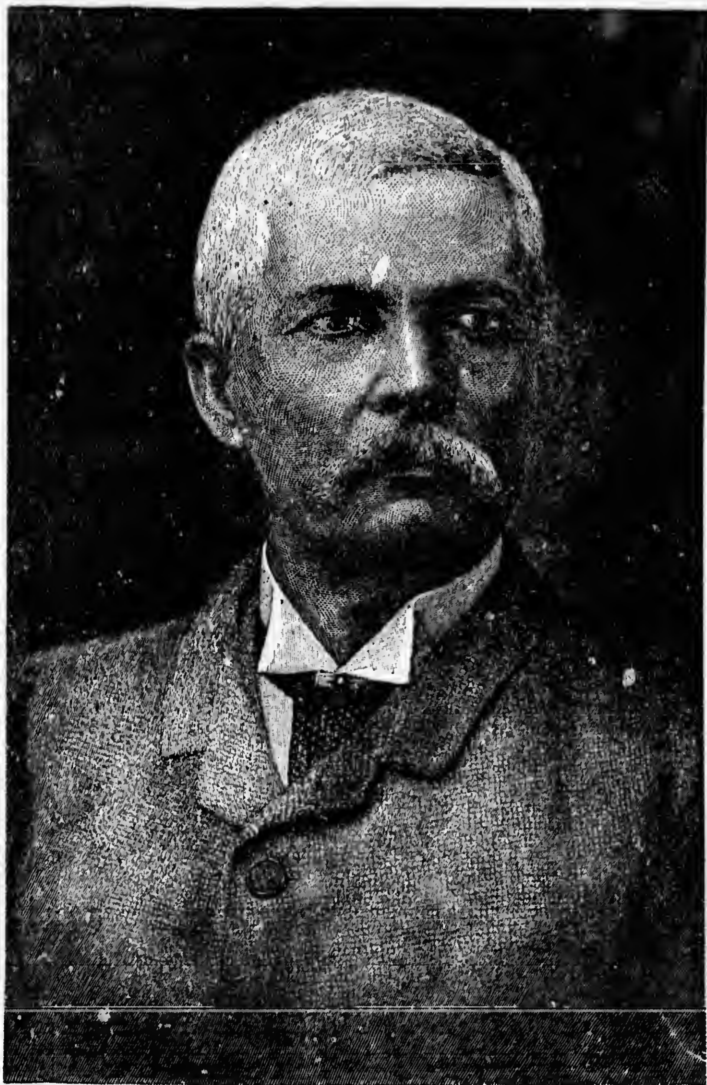

HENRY M. STANLEY.

THE

DARK CONTINENT

AND ITS SECRETS:

A COMPEND OF MR.

H. M. STANLEY'S

EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

IN

Equatorial Africa;

INCLUDING THE NARRATIVE OF "HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE," AND THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER'S RECENT

Successful Search for Emin Pasha.

TOGETHER WITH CHAPTERS ON THE CONGO FREE STATE, ON THE MAHDI'S REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN ON THE SLAVE TRADE, AND ON MISSIONARY AND TRADE ENTERPRISE IN AFRICA, ETC., ETC.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

G. MERCER ADAM.

Toronto:

ROSE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1890

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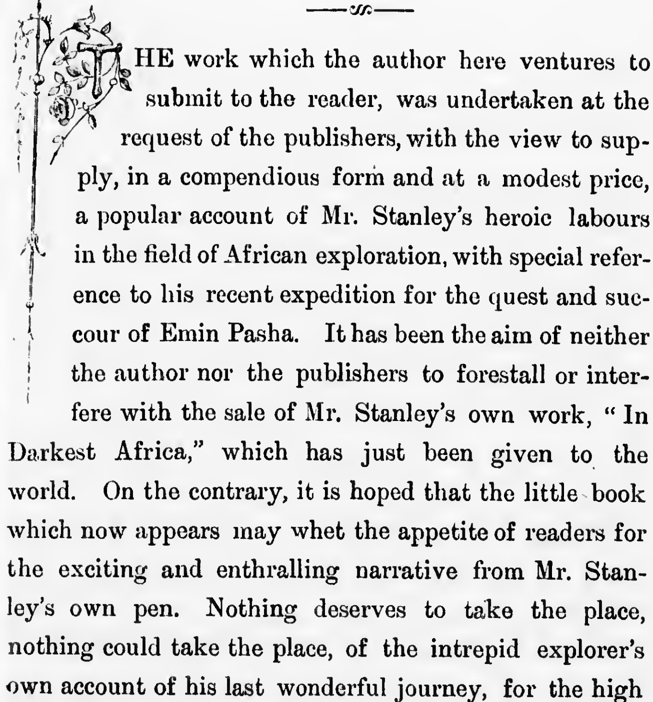
PREFACE.



THE work which the author here ventures to submit to the reader, was undertaken at the request of the publishers, with the view to supply, in a compendious form and at a modest price, a popular account of Mr. Stanley's heroic labours in the field of African exploration, with special reference to his recent expedition for the quest and succour of Emin Pasha. It has been the aim of neither the author nor the publishers to forestall or interfere with the sale of Mr. Stanley's own work, "In Darkest Africa," which has just been given to the world. On the contrary, it is hoped that the little book which now appears may whet the appetite of readers for the exciting and enthralling narrative from Mr. Stanley's own pen. Nothing deserves to take the place, nothing could take the place, of the intrepid explorer's own account of his last wonderful journey, for the high

ethical and literary qualities of Mr. Stanley's narrative are as notable as were its author's endurance and heroism, while leading the Relief Expedition.

To add, by the present volume, to the compilations which public interest in Mr. Stanley's work and career have called forth, may not seem a high literary or even an essential service, save that in these days of big books on small themes there may be room for a small book on a big theme. Nor perhaps, would the appearance of the present book be wholly justified, were it not that numberless "Stanley compilations," chiefly from the other side of the line, are now flooding the Canadian market, some of which seek to make good a lack of assets by their pretentiousness and high price; while in one or two instances they are disfigured by a New World chauvinism, which never tires of thrusting Mr. Stanley's American citizenship in the face of the reader, and by the more or less active prejudices of anti-British writers. From this, or from anything approaching it, it is hardly necessary to say, the present work is free; while the compilation has been undertaken in the spirit not only of cordiality to the great modern Ulysses, but of positive admiration for him.

The sources of the book are, in the main, Mr. Stanley's graphic letters to the Press, and to members of the Emin

Pasha Relief Committee, while yet in Africa; his public speeches since his return to civilization, and the work of correspondents, interviewers, and editorial writers, commenting on his late marvellous achievement. For the rest, the compiler has drawn upon his own journalistic contributions, in dealing at various times with Mr. Stanley's several expeditions, the whole of which is linked together by introductions to the chapters, and, where otherwise necessary, by explanatory and elucidatory comment.

G. M. A.

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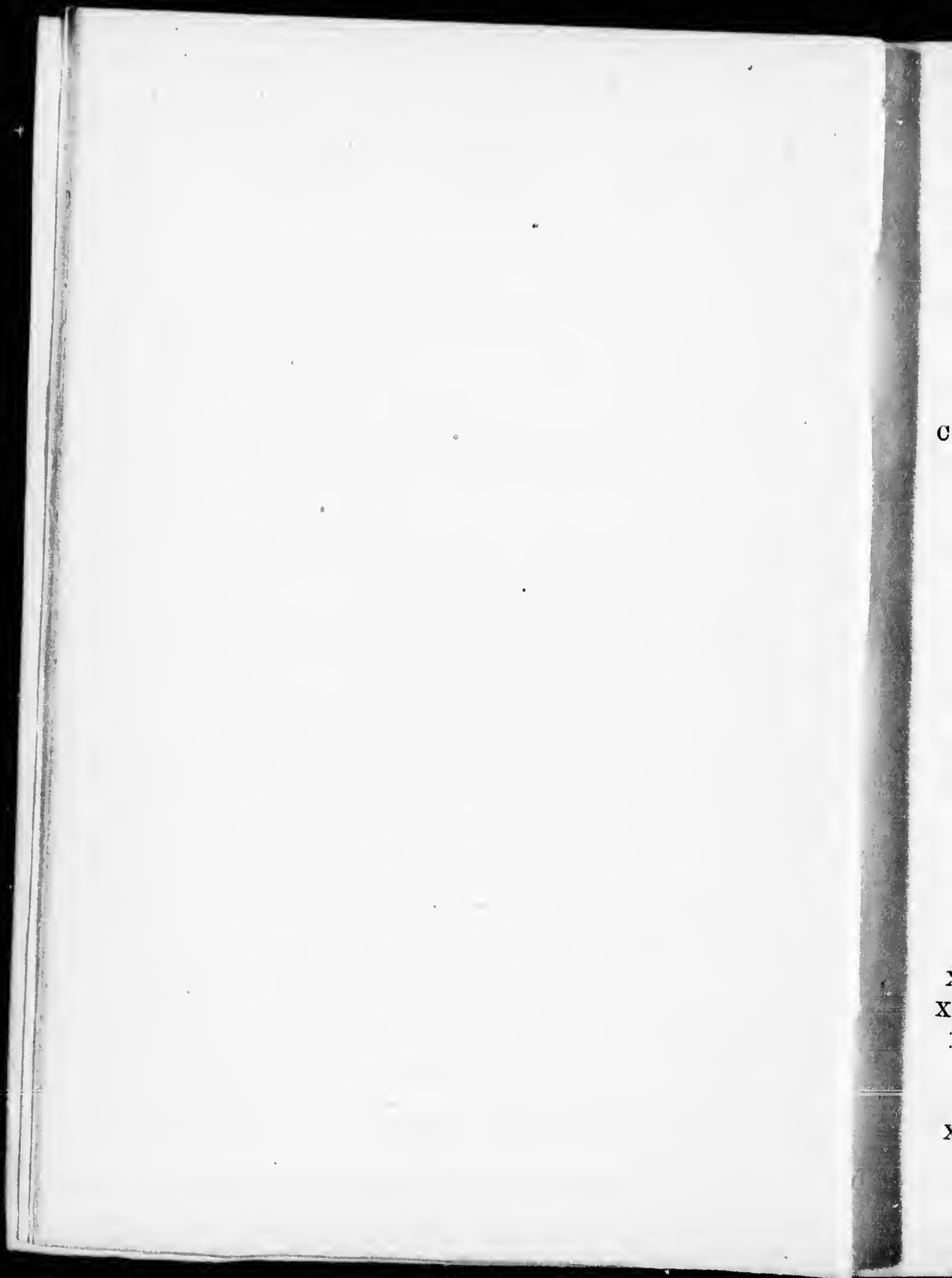

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CHAPTER I.

STANLEY'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

THE career of a newspaper correspondent, in the centres of journalism, is in these days full of potentiality. The case of HENRY M. STANLEY, the finder of Livingstone, the first European navigator of the great African river, the Congo, and the rescuer of Emin Pasha, is a striking exemplification of this fact. While representing the New York *Herald* in Missouri, some twenty years ago, Mr. Stanley was suddenly summoned to New York by its proprietor, Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, and at a day's notice was despatched to Abyssinia, to act as special correspondent in the war that had then broken out between England and King Theodore. Here he had his first bit of luck, in being able to cable news of the fall of Magdala a week ahead of the despatches sent by Lord Napier to the British Government. Subsequently, he distinguished himself by his graphic accounts of the Cretan outbreak, and of the Carlist rising in Spain. Later on, he represented *The Herald* in the Ashantee war, and by his dash and enterprise won golden opinions from his appreciative employer. Later still, when two Continents were agitated over the fate

of Livingstone, Stanley was startled at receiving Mr. Bennett's peremptory summons to Paris, to be instantly despatched on the seeming Will-o'-the Wisp expedition, to find the missing African missionary and explorer. That great feat accomplished, and surviving to tell the wonderful story, he was a second time sent out to Africa, to take up the now dead Livingstone's incompleted work, and to astonish the world with the brilliant record of his journey through the "Dark Continent." It will be fresh in the memory of every reader what Stanley achieved in that wonderful march through Equatorial Africa. Not only did he clear up many matters which had long been a mystery to geographers, in regard to the great water-basins in the heart of the Continent, and give certitude to minds which had long been exercised over the true sources of the Nile; but he startled all Christendom with the announcements of the unity of the Lualaba and the Congo, and thrilled every reader with the narrative of his exciting and hazardous voyage over their joint waters. Escaping from the thousand-and-one perils of his journey, he revealed to the outer world the resources, almost passing belief, of that hitherto unknown Continent, and turned dizzy the head of commerce with the amazing possibilities that lay before it in opening up the region.

But great as was that enterprise, and well-deserving of the honours which rewarded it, Stanley has since added immensely to his laurels, by following up and giving practical effect to his earlier achievements. For a number of years he became engaged, at the instance of the Belgium Government, in opening up to trade the

waters of the Congo, in placing steamers on the river, in constructing a railway to overcome its rapids and cataracts, and in bringing almost the heart of the Continent within reach of the sea. He has also been instrumental in founding, and partially peopling with Europeans, a great Free State in the Congo basin, and in establishing communication far into the interior and up and down the west coast. In this great work he has had not only the aid of Belgium capital, but the hearty co-operation of King Leopold, and the practical encouragement and support of the whole Belgium people. What that enterprising nation will gain by its generous recognition of the labours of the still young journalist and explorer, is almost beyond the range of fancy to conceive. In this conquest of a new Continent civilization will doubtless profit as well as Belgium, and the promised time be hastened when a nation, as it were, shall be born in a day.

But Stanley's achievements, wonderful as they have been, do not stop here. The eyes of the civilized world have once more been turned to Africa as the scene of further triumph on the part of the intrepid explorer. From the "Dark Continent" he has just emerged as the rescuer of Emin Pasha, the governor of the abandoned Equatorial Province of the Egyptian Soudan, and brings with him a tale of further marvel, which could scarcely be enhanced had he come from the world of the dead. In this new relief-expedition we have the records of further heroic endeavour, of undaunted energy and pluck, and the overcoming of obstacles which no one of his own party believed surmountable. Once more Stanley comes to light again, having escaped ambush and

open attack, the ravages of pestilence and the pangs of hunger, and all the accidents of flood, and forest, and field. Nor has the present expedition been less barren of geographical results than those that have preceded it. It has settled many moot questions appertaining to the hydrography of Central Africa. It has traced the Ituri or Aruwimi from the Congo to its sources in immediate proximity to the Albert Nyanza. This great inland sea has been tracked anew. A fresh bay of the Victoria Nyanza has been discovered. The Nepoko has been proved a tributary of the Ituri. The existence and extent from east to west of the great forest region has been settled with certainty, at infinite cost of suffering, while greater accuracy has been reached in our knowledge of large tracts of the heart of the Continent. Stanley's account of some of the additions which have been made to our geographical knowledge on his homeward march has already been published. Of the country he passes through, after the succour of Emin Pasha, on the march from Kavalli to the sea, he writes, "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 of the Wakonju or Great Mountains, the dwellers of the rich forest region, the Awamba, the fine-featured Wasonyora, the Wanyoro bandits, and then Lake Albert Edward; the tribes and shepherd races of the Eastern uplands, then Wanyakori, besides the Wanyarawamba and Wazinia, until at last we came to a Church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement (doubt-

less the Church Missionary Society's sheepfold at Mpwapwa), and we knew we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilization." The full significance of these discoveries cannot of course yet be seen: they have however sent a thrill of exultation not only through geographical and commercial circles, but through Missionary Christendom, watching for opportunities to spread the knowledge of the Gospel.

If we except only his first descent of the Congo, Stanley's present expedition, now happily brought to a close, is the most daring and hazardous feat ever accomplished in Africa. His last journey, writes a competent critic, is a magnificent performance, unequalled in the history of exploration, save by Stanley himself. The present enterprise was almost an exact reversal of the route which first opened the Congo. "In that historic undertaking Stanley entered from the east coast, visited the great lakes, descended the Congo and emerged more dead than alive on the west coast. This time he entered upon the west coast, ascended the Congo and the Aruwimi; marched through an almost impenetrable wilderness to the Albert Nyanzà; met Emin Bey; returned to his camp on the Aruwimi; marched back with his stores to the Albert Nyanza; joined his forces to those of Emin Bey, whose province had been overrun by the Mahdists and whose work in the Soudan was done, and rescued him from a perilous position; marched to the Victoria Nyanza; was taken violently ill and lay helpless for twenty-eight days, his life hanging in the balance; reorganized his forces and with Emin Bey and daughter, and several other whites, took up his march southward;

discovered an extension of the Victoria Nyanza toward the south-west, which brings the lake within 155 miles of Lake Tanganyika; had a four days' fight with the natives of Usukama; and arrived at Mpwapwa on the 12th of last November, with a force of 750 persons, including 290 of Emin's men and sixty children. He reached Mpwapwa in fifty-five days from the Victoria Nyanza and one hundred and eighty-eight days from the Albert Nyanza." The distance travelled in the interior of Africa by Mr. Stanley personally is estimated by him at 5,400 miles, of which all but 1,000 were on foot. The expedition occupied three years and rescued 300 persons at a cost of less than $150,000. "Perhaps," says a writer in the London *Times*, "the comparison is not a strictly just one, but I cannot help recalling the fact that the Abyssinian expedition, in which I first met Mr. Stanley, occupied six months and rescued eight persons, at a cost to the British nation of forty millions of dollars!"

It is easy of course to write, as it is easy to read, that the expedition took three years to accomplish its mission—the rescue of 300 souls at a cost of $150,000. But what do the words import? What mind can adequately realize, what imagination can well conceive, the aggregate of toil and suffering which was borne by the expedition in those 5,400 miles of weary and perilous travel through the darkest regions of the Dark Continent? In the within pages the attempt will be made to narrate anew the whole thrilling story—the results of which science and civilization await on tip-toe to welcome from Mr. Stanley.

From the threshold let us here take but a glance at what has been accomplished on the present mission. The details, which will appear in subsequent chapters, are of the most harrowing character. It is a tale of death, desertion, starvation, mutiny, bloody and hard contested fights, weary marches, and sickening disappointments. The story is one of the most thrilling ever penned. The gallant explorer alone has the right to tell it in its full and exciting details. Here we may be permitted to give a résumé of it drawn partly from his published letters. The interest with which these letters were read, following close upon the reports, again and again repeated, that Stanley had been killed, will be remembered. In difficulties he was, and menaced at all times by the greatest of dangers and the most serious of obstacles; but dead he was not. Betrayed, deserted, and in constant jeopardy he appears to have been, and attacked by illness which brought him to the brink of the grave; but death has spared him, and he has now turned up again, with years of further usefulness seemingly still before him. The chief incidents of the marvellous story are these :—

The expedition left Zanzibar at the end of February, 1887, landing at the mouth of the Congo on the 18th of March. Stanley had with him about seven hundred carriers, chiefly collected at Zanzibar by the notorious Tippoo Tib, Arab trader and slave dealer, who as ruler of the savages of the Manyema tribe on the Upper Congo had been appointed Governor of Stanley Falls. In charge of this force, under the chief of the expedition, and acting in various capacities, were eight Europeans

of whom, it will be sufficient at present to note, were the young Canadian, Lieutenant W. G. Stairs, R.E., Major Barttelot, Mr. M. Jephson, Mr. Jameson, and Dr. Parke.

From Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, the expedition proceeded up the river in a flotilla of five steamboats chartered by the Congo State Government. Assistance was also given by the Baptist Mission in the Congo territory. Its first stopping-place was Boma, which has become the seat of the local administration of the Free State. From Boma a brief sail brought the expedition to Matadi, a group of European settlements opposite Vivi, on the left bank of the Congo, and the starting-point on the pedestrian route along the south bank of the river to Leopoldville and Stanley Pool. At Matadi, which is 108 miles from the sea, the whole land force disembarked to march to Stanley Pool, for it is well-nigh impossible for boats to stem the Livingstone Rapids of the river. Before setting out on foot, the expedition was mustered, drilled, and placed under divisional commanders, and practised in the formation of encampments. Every care was taken by the energetic and thoughtful leader of the expedition to ensure discipline, and to provide against the possibility of mutiny or other mishap. Finally all were under way,—with 1200 loads of stores, including cloths for currency, carried on men's heads,—for Manyanga, thence for Stanley Pool. From the latter point to the mouth of the Aruwimi consumed nearly two months, the whole expedition proceeding by water. This part of the voyage was made under the disadvantage of defective means of transportation and a dearth of provisions. A two days'

sail up the Aruwimi brought the expedition to Yambuya, at the foot of the rapids which here impede the navigation of the river; and at this point it was determined to form a depôt of stores with a strong contingent to act as rearguard, while Stanley proceeded with the main body over the now perilous part of the journey. At Yambuya (nearly 1,400 miles from the sea) a halt was made for reinforcements, which Tippoo Tib, by agreement with the leader of the expedition, had promised to forward from Stanley Falls.

This supreme rascal, Tippoo Tib, was unluckily to be the marplot of the expedition. Stanley's acquaintance with him had begun on the occasion of his famous descent, in 1883, of the Congo. Tippoo is an important personage in his own field, but to Europeans he is known to be cunning and rapacious. Professedly he owes his wealth to his dealings in the ivory trade, but he has a sinister reputation as a slave-dealer. For a monetary consideration the authorities of the Congo Free State had made a covenant with him to maintain its beneficent rule along the upper waters of the great river and its chief affluents. The compact was an experiment: it was thought politic to at least conciliate the Arab magnate and to endeavour to enlist his co-operation. For the relief expedition he engaged to provide Stanley with 600 porters to carry his stores to Wadelai, on the Nile, where Emin Pasha was supposed to have his headquarters, and to convey back, by way of the Congo, the stores of ivory which it was understood Emin wished to transport from his seat of government to the European market. The stock of ivory Emin had gathered was estimated at seventy-five

tons; and the carriers were to be paid $30 each to accompany the rescuing expedition to Wadelai and transport the ivory to the coast. For some reason, the reinforcements promised Stanley by the Arab trader did not turn up at Yambuya; and the heroic leader of the expedition determined without further delay to set out, with a small following, for the Albert Nyanza. He first took care to fortify Yambuya, and left the rearguard (250 strong) under the charge of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, with instructions to follow him as soon as Tippoo should turn up with his contingent of porters.

On the 28th of June, 1887, Stanley set out from Yambuya with the advance column for the Albert Nyanza, Kavalli, a village on its southern extremity, some 300 miles directly eastward, being the objective point. The column consisted of about 400 men, with four English subordinates, 200 armed Zanzibaris being of the party. It was the design to follow the course of the Aruwimi, using the river, where practicable, for the transport of the stores and baggage. The region through which the expedition was to travel was wholly unknown, save that it was reported to be covered by dense forests and inhabited by tribes likely to prove hostile. For a time the march was comparatively unobstructed along the left bank of the river. It was soon found, however, that the Aruwimi took too northerly a direction, and a course was then shaped eastward through manioc fields and a teeming population of opposing dwarfs. In passing through this region frequent battles took place, though as yet without much loss of life. "Every device," says a writer, "that the natives could invent to molest and impede the advance of the

ATTACKED BY A LION.

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caravan was adopted. Repeatedly, shallow holes were dug in the path, and these were filled with sharp spikes, cunningly concealed by leaves. To those who walked over them barefooted the agony was terrible; the feet were not only severely lacerated, but frequently the spikes would remain in the flesh and cause gangrenous sores." Such was this *via doloroso*; in places the pathway was, we are told, literally bristling with skewers, always artfully hidden from sight. On the 5th of July the river-bank was again gained and the boats once more put in requisition. The progress however was slow, as the porters and armed contingent were poor hands at rowing.

Later on in July, the party again took its way overland, and now through an almost trackless forest. The obstacles to progress were enhanced by the difficulty in procuring food. The rain, too, which fell almost continuously in this district, added to the quota of sickness and discomfort. The few villages through which the expedition passed brought little or no relief, for the natives were unfriendly and could not or would not sell provisions. Where obtainable, they were purchased at an extravagant cost. At an Arab station, over fifty men had to be left behind, disabled and unfit to pursue the journey. As many more were lost to the expedition by desertion and death. The month of October was, to use Stanley's phrase, "an awful month, no member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it." The Arabs, it seems, had laid waste the region through which the column filed by their desolating raids in search for slaves. Whatever had been spared by these ruthless forays had been trodden down by elephants, so that the district was a vast wilderness.

To such distress was the expedition reduced that it was systematically defrauded and plundered by the natives met with on the march; while the most in the shape of food that could be gathered by the way was some wild fruits and an occasional handful of nuts. The effect of such privation was to render the men unfit to prosecute their journey and to all but wreck the expedition. When the plight of the whole party was most desperate, Ibwiri was fortunately reached, where the natives were more kindly and food was abundant. Here a halt was made for thirteen days to enable the forlorn and emaciated expedition to recruit. There was yet, however, a long journey, of 126 miles, before the Nyanza could be reached, and some portion of the way was still through a dreary and well-nigh impenetrable forest.

Of these forest journeyings, with the gloom that overshadowed the party in endeavouring to probe the dense woods, we get a vivid picture in Stanley's own words, "Try and imagine," he writes, "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 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through 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 secure-

ly hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong brown-bodied aborigines with terrible sharp spears standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down upon you every other day; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and dark almost palpable throughout the night; then, if you will, imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead (400 miles), you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887."

The happy sequel to this forbidding picture, is the joy with which the open plain was at length hailed, the light of broad day shining brightly over and about the distraught and enfeebled column. The poor blacks literally yelled in a transport of delight. On coming to the merciful clearing, "we thought," says Stanley, "we had never seen grass so green, nor country so lovely." The course was now due East, and lay over an elevated plateau from which wistful eyes could at last look upon the placid calm which o'erspread the gleaming waters of the Albert Nyanza.

Before reaching the lake, the expedition had the cup of tribulation again held to the lip, in an unpleasant experience of African hospitality while passing through the territory of a powerful native chief, named Mazamboni. His villages were thickly scattered over a great stretch of country through which the expedition had to pass, and the king positively refused to grant Stanley right of way. This is how Stanley meets the difficulty, and the story is told in his own words. "From a long distance

the natives sighted us and were prepared. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill, pealing across intervening valleys. 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 little effort. A slight skirmish ended in our capturing a cow, the first fresh beef we had tasted since we left the ocean. Night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th December an attempt was made to open negotiations. The natives finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show King Mazamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. Meanwhile hostilities were suspended. The morning of the 11th dawned. At 8 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 in the valley around our neighbourhood with deafening cheers. 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 our interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was Kanwana or Kurwana. 'Kurwana,' they responded, and to emphasize the term fired two arrows at him, which dissipated all doubt. Our position lay 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 a valley three miles wide. East and west the valley broadened to an extensive plain, and a higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend. The broader valley was already mustering its army. There was no time to

lose. A body of forty men was 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. Lieutenant Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep, narrow river in the face of the natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectively and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until there became a general flight. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, taking villages as we went. At 3 p.m. not a native was visible anywhere, except on one small hill a mile and a-half west. On the morning of the 12th we continued our march. During the day we had four little fights. On the 13th we marched straight east, attacked by new forces every hour till noon, when we halted for refreshments. These we successfully overcame. At 1 p.m. we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried: 'Prepare for sight of Nyanza.'

"The men murmured and doubted, and said: 'Why does master continually talk this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see the mountains?'

"After a four days' march ahead, at 1:30 p.m., the Albert Nyanza was sighted. It was now 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 pardon that I could not say a word. This was my reward."

Here, in this chapter, we need not enter into further details of the perils encountered by the Relief Expedi-

tion. The subject will be more fully gone into in a subsequent narrative. Nor need we delay in summarizing the later events connected with the meeting with Emin Pasha, and the effort to induce him to leave with his following for the coast. Here is an epitome from a New York journal of the incidents connected with this period in the history of the expedition: "The party were almost beside themselves for joy when they saw the smooth waters of the Albert Nyanza from a plateau 5,200 feet above the sea, six miles from the cliff; but they were doomed to a bitter disappointment, for on reaching the shore they saw no signs of Emin's steamers. Evidently the couriers from Zanzibar had not reached him. The natives had received no word from him. They were not hostile, but they would furnish no supplies or boats. What was to be done? The ammunition of the party was getting low, Wadelai was a long way off, the boat had been left at a point 190 miles distant. Stanley did not long hesitate. He marched back to Ibwiri, 126 miles, built a fort there and sent a party of thirty men back 64 miles after the boat. Then, leaving a garrison in the fort he pushed on again to the Lake, reaching there April 29th, 1888, 134 days after his first arrival. Meantime Emin Bey had received news that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, had come down in his steamer to find him, and had left a note asking him if he came again to the Lake to remain there until he could communicate with him. The same day he arrived, Emin's steamer was seen coming, and soon the two men were together and remained together until May 25th.

"After much persuasion Stanley induced the Pasha to

leave his province, and, with his soldiers and their families, accompany him to the coast. When this understanding was reached, Stanley at the head of 120 men, many of whom were furnished by the Pasha, began his return journey to Yambuya to gather up his stores, and take them on to the Nyanza. At Yambuya he found that Major Barttelot had been killed, and that of his rear-guard of 257 only 71 remained, of whom but fifty-three were fit for service. It is a curious fact that while fifty per cent. of those who went on with Stanley in his terrible march survived, less than thirty per cent. of those who were left in camp were found there when he returned. His surprise and disappointment were very great. He does not so far give us even an outline of the disasters which decimated the camp; but he states that his instructions were not followed, and he implies a mild censure of those he left in charge. He had left some of his personal effects at Yambuya, and on arriving there almost destitute of clothing he found that they had been sent down the Congo as superfluous supplies. "Thus," he writes, "after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them (those left in the camp) and cheer them up, I find myself naked and deprived of even the necessaries of life in Africa. He had, however, he adds, two hats, four pair of boots, and a flannel jacket, and with this stock he proposed to return to the Lake and cross Africa. Evidently there was bad management at Yambuya."

The return to the Lake was once more, and fortunately now with less difficulty, effected. Here Stanley found, however, that he had a new problem to face. The whole region of the Upper Nile was by this time (January, 1889) in revolt. Emin Pasha's garrison refused any

longer to obey their chief. Influenced by the fanaticism which had spread inland from Khartoum, and egged on by Mohammedan intrigue, Emin's own troops had imprisoned him, and with him Mr. Mounteney-Jephson, one of Stanley's officers who had been left at Wadelai to arrange for the departure of all for the coast. Of this outbreak and the deposing of Emin, we shall give an account later on, as told by Lieut. Jephson, an eye witness of what occurred. Fortunately, Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson were able to get out of the disaffected region and retired to Kavilli, on the Albert Nyanza. Here Mr. Stanley in time arrived with all that was left of his ill-fated rearguard. Much time was now lost in inducing the Pasha to abandon his disorganized post and accept the succour that had been brought to him. Emin was naturally loth to desert his people, even though they had ungratefully turned upon him. Stanley saw, however, that a temporizing policy would be lost upon the Egyptian incendiaries, who wanted not only to get Emin wholly in their power but even to seize upon himself and loot his stores. Emin's indecision not only troubled Stanley but placed the whole expedition in peril. A time was set for departure, but in the meanwhile the anxieties of the situation brought Stanley down with an attack of fever from which he suffered for twenty-eight days. On his recovery matters had got worse and a plot was ripe in the camp to seize the arms of the Zanzibaris and wreck the expedition. The conspiracy was checked only by Stanley's prompt action.

Finally, Emin consented to march, and on the 10th April, 1889, the huge column of rescued and rescuers filed out of Kavilli on the long journey to the sea. The

column, some three miles long, numbered close upon 1500 souls. Of Emin's fugitives the number was 514, of whom 134 were men, 84 married women, 187 servants or slaves, 74 children above two years of age, and 35 infants in arms. The day's march was about ten miles.

The route followed to the coast was south-eastward, skirting the head of Albert Edward Nyanza and the foot of Victoria Nyanza, thence, through the Usukuma and Unyamwezi countries, to Bagamoyo and Zanzibar. The time consumed on the way was 240 days, including a halt of twenty days at Msalala. At Msalala, despatches were forwarded, by express courier, with tidings of the expedition being on the way home. The news was received at the coast on the 2nd November, 1889, and was at once cabled to Europe. The expedition itself reached the sea on the 5th of December.

The casualties were lamentably great on the march, the expedition losing fully one half of its strength by desertion, disease and fatigue. The latter part of the journey was through territory nominally under the jurisdiction of Germany. By Major Wissmann, the German official representative on the coast, Stanley was not only welcomed, but the way was made smooth over the later stages of the journey, for the surviving members of the forlorn column. Very grateful to the leader of the expedition must have been the welcome he received at the coast. There the cable brought him congratulations from Queen Victoria, from Emperor William of Germany, and from many notable African explorers and geographical societies. "My thoughts," said the Queen's despatch, "are with you and your brave followers, whose hardships and dangers are now at an end!" Stanley's

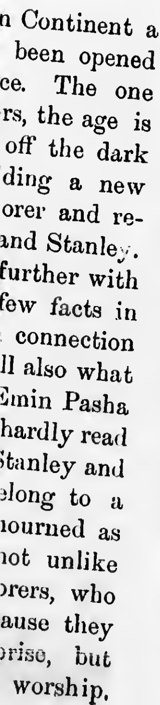
own feelings found relief in the following words: "I feel," he writes from Mswa when nearing the coast and he could throw off the intolerable burdens of toil and anxiety he had long borne, "just like a labourer on a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

So closes an ever-memorable page in African history. Here we have simply outlined the story, leaving the details for another chapter. Much is now being said of the decision of Emin Pasba to return to his old province, under German protection, from which he was manifestly unwilling to be rescued. As yet we do not know all the facts, but Emin's eagerness to get back to his abandoned post is only natural, and natural is it also that he should return under the ægis of his own nation. This does not lessen the feat which Stanley has accomplished, of breaking through the leaguer which pressed equally upon rescued and rescuer, and bringing off all who cared to face the perils of the long and weariful journey to the coast. The calamity which befell Emin Pasha, on the day of rejoicing for the return of the expedition, has thrown a blight, though we trust only a temporary blight, on the success achieved. The whole story is one of strange accidents and tragical reverses; this last mishap, grievous though it is, must be taken with the rest. The cloud we trust will pass away, but deliverance is not likely to be forgotten. Still less likely to be forgotten are the characteristic qualities of the leader of the expedition, whose high courage, unflinching resolution, and iron force of will, made it possible for the expedition to succeed.

CHAPTER II.

STANLEY, THE RESCUER.

IN the heart of the great African Continent a new world has of recent years been opened up to civilization and commerce. The one man to whom, perhaps above all others, the age is indebted for lifting the curtain from off the dark regions of Equatorial Africa and adding a new realm to trade, is the dauntless explorer and renowned wizard of travel, Henry Moreland Stanley. In this chapter, and before proceeding further with our narrative, we propose to recall a few facts in the life of this wonderful man, and, in connection with his recent memorable exploit, to tell also what is known of him for whose succour the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition was undertaken. One can hardly read of the doings of such heroes as Henry M. Stanley and Gordon Pasha without feeling that they belong to a type of men which nowadays is sometimes mourned as extinct. "They are," says a recent writer, "not unlike the noblest of the early navigators and explorers, who confronted peril, not for glory, nor entirely because they were born with the thirst for heroic enterprise, but largely to extend the domain of faith and pure worship.



The religious idea has been modified in the last three or four centuries, but some of the characteristics are the same. It still embraces belief in an Invisible Power, which works unceasingly in the world it created." Stanley's own words, at a speech recently made at Cairo, is an evidence of this. Over and over again, he exclaims, have I seen that a mysterious power guides human affairs.

"The development of Henry M. Stanley from an adventurer into a hero, remains the grand feature of his last and greatest journey. The explorer was compelled to meet entirely new obstacles and defeated them all. It must be remembered, of course, that he is his own historiographer; but there is no reason to suspect his perfect veracity, and he obviously places strong restraint upon himself to keep down his natural bitterness of feeling." His letters reveal a wonderful power of description, but it is a power we feel that is used truthfully, and not the effort merely of a vivid imagination. Take the letters forwarded on his last journey describing the march through the awful forest,—that living tomb to which the expedition was consigned for five whole months—and who can doubt that the account is drawn from the very life. The journey through it, observes a writer in the London *Times*, "at the end of which the poor blacks 'literally raced through the grass-land like wanton children,' is assuredly the crowning achievement, not only of Mr. Stanley and his group of heroic followers, but of nineteenth century adventure." As we go through the wonderful narrative we are filled with admiration for the man who led, and the men who

achieved, the most memorable expedition of modern times. "When Mr. Stanley left England, those who knew the most of Africa were the most persuaded that he would never come back. The task appeared too gigantic for human achievement. There were the dangers of the Congo route; there was the unknown forest region; there were hostile tribes, treacherous Arabs, heat, fever, and famine. Then, granting that the Equatorial Province could be reached, how was it possible that a little expedition of this kind could make head against the dangers of the place and the time? The whole of that region of Africa was known to be in insurrection. The Mahdists who had taken Khartoum would also at the right moment take Wadelai. The fanaticism of the Soudanese, their contempt for the Egyptians, were known. How was it possible that the bravest of Egyptians, going with a mere handful at the head of a few hundreds of Zanzibari porters, could reach and quell a horde of savages flushed with success? Yet all these difficulties have been surmounted; the Continent has been crossed, and the garrison—or such part of it as desired to come—has been brought away."

What wonder that public interest should be whetted in the life and career of a man who could accomplish such a task? Nor is it a surprise that he is everywhere hailed with acclaim. "The secret of such renown," observes an editorial writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "is not hidden. It is the instinctive delight of men in heroism, in personal courage, in perilous adventure happily surmounted. It is a career which implies an undaunted spirit, immense resource, complete self-possession, and prompt seizure and

wise improvement of opportunity. They are the qualities which in other spheres of activity found States, baffle apparently resistless forces, and change the course of history. Stanley has confronted the almost boundless and unknown forests and jungles, the morasses and waters and mountains of a continent swarming with savage hostility, with pestilence, and a myriad nameless obstructions, in an impenetrable silence and absolute separation from all hope of communication or succour. And upon him alone, upon his health, strength, intelligence, spirit, nerve and persistence, not only his own life, but the lives of hundreds, the welfare of thousands, increased knowledge, and the progress of civilization depended. He has not failed. He has overcome. It is not a picnic from which he emerges, but he comes a conqueror from a tremendous and prolonged conflict with what seemed invincible forces."

The hardest task, perhaps, that explorer ever undertook is now accomplished. Who is he that has achieved it? Let us give a brief summary of what is known of his early career. Henry Moreland Stanley was born near Denbigh, in Wales, in the year 1840.* Of his parents little is known, save that they did not bear the name which, at a later date, their son assumed; and that they left him, while still a child, a waif upon the world. Fortunately, until his thirteenth year, he had the benefit of a fair education, though it was only such as charity could afford him. The following year, after a brief ven-

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*From a biographical sketch by the present writer, prefaced to Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent." Popular Edition. Toronto: John B. Magurn, 1878.

ture in teaching, in a neighbouring county, he shipped as a cabin-boy from Liverpool to New Orleans. There he met with a merchant who adopted him and whose name he assumed, though the strong impulses of his restless nature which had brought him across the Atlantic led him shortly afterwards to exchange a business life in New Orleans for a roving one in Arkansas. Here, doubtless, he familiarized himself with the roughings of a life on prairie and in forest which inured him to hardship and steeled him in the presence of danger. Striking the Mississippi in his wanderings, he companions himself with some boatmen on the river, and returns to New Orleans. Warmly received again by his adopted father, fortune was about to woo him to a well-to-do life and to comfortable circumstances, when his patron died intestate, leaving him once more to his own resources and to a new career.

The Civil War now breaking out, and accident making him a resident of the South, he joined the Confederate army, but only to find himself, at an early day, a prisoner at the North. Released on parole, and evidently caring more for action than for patriotic feeling, he takes service on board the iron-clad *Ticonderoga*, in the interest of the Union. Following his chequered career, we find him at the close of the war accepting an engagement with the New York *Herald*, as correspondent with the Cretans, who at this period were at war with the Turks. Recrossing the Atlantic, he enters upon his new experience, but to quarrel with it, on account, it is said, of his dislike to the tactics of the insurgent leaders of Crete. After this, having a sort of roving commission from the *Herald*,

he leads a wandering life in the East, falls into the hands of some Turkish brigands, who speedily relieve him of his money and his effects. Nothing daunted by the trouble he escapes from, we shortly find him returned to his native village in Wales, where, having evidently repaired his fortunes, he gratifies himself by giving a feast to the poor children of St. Asaph, and with true American open-handedness, makes them the joyous recipients of his bounty.

In 1867 he returned to the United States, and, in the following year, with the renewed commission of the *Herald*, as, now, war-correspondent, he accompanies the British troops in their expedition to Abyssinia. There his active nature manifestly chimes in with the *elan* which characterized that expedition, and responding to the dash and celerity of movement that marked Lord Napier's march on Magdala, he reports to both Continents an account of its capture and the death of King Theodore many days ahead of official notification of their occurrence.

So genuine a success was this journalistic feat, that Stanley, even at this early period in his life, compelled attention to the strength and force of his nature, to which a ready and effective pen gave additional emphasis. In this expedition, and in the subsequent one of which he was also an interested observer,—the Expedition to the Gold Coast, under General Wolseley,—Stanley doubtless learned much that was of service to him in his African enterprises, as nowhere could he more advantageously have seen the merit of well-planned, dashing military movement, and the effect of resolute, inspiring leadership.

Returning with the Expedition to England, the young Welsh 'special-correspondent' proceeds to report himself at the *Herald* Office, New York, whence, in the following year, he sallies forth again to the battlefield—this time among the insurrectionists in Spain. Here, following the fortunes of the Royalist party, he graphically narrates the incidents of the civil war, of which, though often reckless of personal safety, his eager enthusiasm and alert intelligence lead him to give a minute and vivid account. It was at this time, and having his headquarters at Madrid, that he received the summons of Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, "Come to Paris on important business!"

Arriving there, the now famous bedside colloquy of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Stanley takes place, the night interview significantly suggesting the dark mission into the unknown region upon which the trusted correspondent was now about to be sent. With little waste of words, the interview is ended, and Stanley has his startling commission,—Draw unlimited means to accomplish the purpose, 'but find Livingstone!' As laconcially is the mission accepted, and with the assurance that, 'what is in the power of human nature to do, I will do,' Stanley bids Mr. Bennett good-night.

To many a man of even equal resolution and resource, the stupendous task Stanley assumed in undertaking to discover Livingstone in Africa, would have been so overwhelming even in its contemplation that probably few would have been found to accept its onerous and perilous responsibility. Serious as was the adventure, though at the moment of accept-

ing the mission Stanley could but inadequately realize the life of hourly peril to which he had committed himself, his great physical courage and intrepid resolution were as impelling forces moving him onward to the accomplishment of his work. His brief parley with Mr. Bennett was wholly concerned with the cost of the expedition to the journal he represented, rather than with its personal risk to himself. On the latter score it seemingly never occurred to him to speak; and so characteristic is the resource of the man that he never troubled his employer with a question about the outfit of the Expedition, but contented himself with learning what was required of him, and that the means were at his disposal to place his task in execution. Such an exalted idea also had he of the functions of journalism, that it never even occurred to him that this African mission was one more apt to the professional explorer's accomplishment than to that of the newspaper correspondent. And if it seemed other than a part of a Press-special's duty to search for and bring tidings of a lost man in whom the world was interested, it was the imposed addition to his instructions, of taking relief and succour to him. Said Mr. Bennett, "The old man may be in want, take enough with you to help him, should he require it."

With these brief verbal instructions, Stanley steps out of the luxurious surroundings of a Parisian hotel to bewilder his head for a day or two with thoughts of the gigantic task he had undertaken, and then he proceeded to give effect to his employer's commands. Cautioned against giving publicity, just then, to Mr. Bennett's scheme of a search for Livingstone, he is desired first to

visit certain places *en route* to Africa, and to report on such matters of public concern in connection with them as were then subjects of current interest. Briefly summarized, these commissions were, to be present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, just about to be opened; to proceed up the Nile and report upon Sir Samuel Baker's expedition to Upper Egypt; to visit and recount Captain Warren's underground operations at Jerusalem; then, taking Constantinople and the Crimea on his way, to proceed eastward by the Caucasus and Persia into India; and thence to seek the African coast. Faithfully executing his chief's commissions, and duly reporting to the *Herald* all that was of moment in the journey he had so far undertaken, we find him in January, 1871, at Zanzibar, busy with his preparations for the Livingstone Search Expedition.

Having, with signal success, accomplished the great feat of finding the belated missionary in the heart of Africa, and told an admiring world the fascinating story "How I found Livingstone," which we shall later on deal with in its own place, Stanley takes a brief rest from his arduous and perilous labours. Chafing at the idleness of banquetings and ovations, Stanley, however, early in 1873 gets to work again, this time as Special Commissioner of the *Herald* to Ashanti, whither a British military expedition had set out, under Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley, against a turbulent native chief on the Gold Coast of Africa—the notorious King Koffee Kalkalli. As we do not wish to follow him in his personal experiences during the period of the expedition's operations, it may content the reader to be referred to

his book, "Coomassie and Magdala, the Story of two British Campaigns in Africa," which gives a further and agreeable insight into the character of the subject of our sketch. The campaign, not unlike that in Abyssinia, was a brief one, being marked by the same celerity of movement and successful result. The field of operations presented many natural contrasts, and with these the necessity for other tactics and varied appliances. But in this feature of difference between the two expeditions Stanley must have again profited, for his keen-sighted observation must have found, in the means made use of to cut through the jungles to Coomassie, many suggestions of service to him in his subsequent exploiting on the Congo and in cleaving a path for the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition through its interminable forests. His narrative of the Gold Coast Campaign reveals him ever observant and indefatigable in collecting his material, and always sprightly and vivacious in his descriptions.

We now come to a maturer and more eventful period in Stanley's life, to the time when—Livingstone's work being finished and his bones laid to rest in Westminster Abbey—he offered to solve the triad of problems yet remaining in the geography of Central Africa. Full of his great project and stimulated by the achievements of his illustrious exemplar, and still eager to add to his own, he incites the proprietary of two leading London and New York journals—the *Telegraph* and *Herald*—to commission an Anglo-American expedition to proceed with African exploration and to place him at its head. The objects of the new undertaking, generally, were to carry forward the incompleted work of Livingstone, but

more specifically, first, to complete the survey of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and to throw more light, if possible, npon the Nile sources; secondly, to fully explore Lake Tanganyika, with a view to discover its outlet and feeders; and thirdly, to invade the blank Western half of the Continent, and to trace if practicable the destination of its great river, the Lualaba, since identified with the Congo.

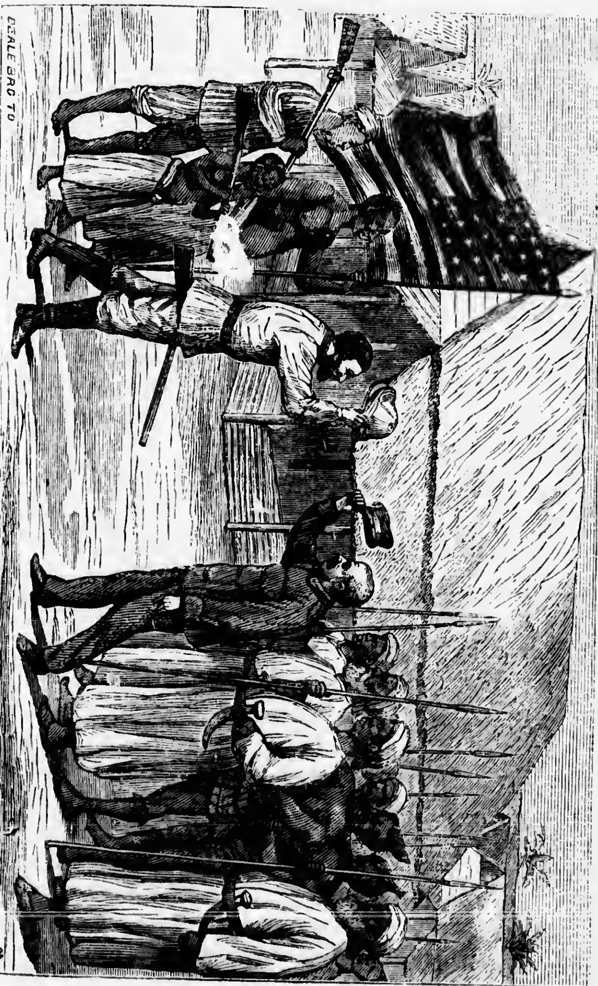
Successful in his endeavours to enlist the co-operation of the two great journals already referred to, and indebted to the princely liberality of their respective proprietors for the means of equipping the Expedition, Stanley proceeded on the 15th of August, 1874, to Zanzibar to begin his new explorations. Previous to his leaving London, and after a flying visit to New York, to say good-bye to his friends, he had to submit to two imposed farewell dinners—one given at the house of the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the other by the London representative of the *Herald*. This much we learn from himself. But we learn something more from another source—Mr. Geo. A. Sala—about one of these entertainments, which, as it helps us to render our picture of Stanley more complete, we cannot frain from quoting—particularly as it refers to his personal and conversational characteristics. What his features of face and figure are we already well know from the photographs and engraved portraits of him that have appeared. These indicate a man of indomitable energy, of resolute will, of strong masculine mind, and physically endowed with a robust, hardy frame. Flung from infancy upon the world, to grapple with its tasks and contend with its responsi-

bilities and cares, his was no life of cradled ease; and his portraits—particularly the later ones—indicate how great the strain has been on his mental and physical nature. But what the manner of the man, in speech and gesture, is, and what are his marvellous conversational powers, the close personal contact of the dinner-table at which Mr. Sala was a guest, in his words, provide us with a description. A journalist himself, and trained to study and describe the peculiarities of men, he thus photographs Stanley at the farewell dinner:

"I never had set eyes on Henry M. Stanley before in my life," writes Mr. Sala, "and I own that I devoted at least three out of the four hours which I had the honour to pass in his company to devouring every word that he uttered, to staring at him, and to 'taking stock' of his manner, his appearance, and his demeanour generally. He has himself, with noble simplicity, confessed that in his first interview with Livingstone he acted in precisely the same manner that I did that night at the Golden Cross Hotel. I could not keep my eyes off the man, or help drinking up every sentence that fell from his lips, because I wished (as he had wished when he took the last and memorable walk with Livingstone) not to photograph—for photographs will fade—but to sketch and engrave his physical and intellectual image on the tablets of my memory, indelibly. * * * He certainly poured out, while I listened to him so greedily, the most wonderful stream of reminiscence that I ever heard flow, changing the course of his recollections from America to Abyssinia, from Spain to Zanzibar, from Paris to Ujiji, from London

to the Isthmus of Suez, with an ease, a volubility, a versatility, and a fecundity which literally bewildered me. * * I felt, going home, as though I had been spending the evening with Robinson Crusoe, and that Mungo Park, Marco Polo, and Captain Burton had been of the company. I have never seen Stanley since, and it is possible I may never see him again, but while my days or my faculties last I shall never forget every trait and gesture of the little, mobile, nervous man I saw at the Golden Cross—the hue of his features and his hair, his glancing eyes, his flexile hands, the clothes he wore; the manner in which he sat, smoked and poured forth that wonderful river of reminiscence. Of what he said I have but a dim recollection. *How* he said it I can recollect as vividly as I can see my own face in the mirror on my mantelpiece now."

Hardly could there be a greater compliment paid to a man than this clever and vivid bit of portraiture. It shows how fascinating as well as notable is Stanley's personality. A *Times* correspondent, writing from Cairo since the return of the Emin Pasha Relief-Expedition, furnishes an interesting sketch of the explorer after the lapse of ten years, which may be quoted here as a pendant to the picture limned by Mr. Sala. The sketch is taken on Stanley's arrival at Suez from Zanzibar, in January last. "Stanley," writes the correspondent, "stood on the quarterdeck dressed in grey tweed, his figure very much slighter than three years ago, his close-cut and almost perfectly white hair showing off his bronzed face, with its hard set lips and cold grey eyes. As I looked at him he seemed the embodiment of physical



LIVINGSTONE'S FIRST MEETING WITH STANLEY

endurance and mental self-control, and I noticed more than ever that singular part-resemblance to two men as different to himself as to each other—General Gordon and Captain Burton. He has the eyes of Gordon and the lips of Burton. Though generally free from mysticism, there are times when Stanley's eyes seem to have that far-away light which was the most striking characteristic of Gordon's personal appearance; and there are times when Stanley's lips make you feel that you would rather not quarrel with him. 'How do you account for his wonderful influence over the Zanzibaris?' I asked one who had experience of him. 'Well, was the reply, 'he first looked as if he were going to eat them, and then, when they give in and do what he wants, he looks as if he had done so and were grateful to them for the meal.' It would be impossible for me," adds the writer, "to give any adequate idea of numerous long conversations that I have had with Mr. Stanley. Those who have experience of his vigorous, concise form of description, his talent for realistic presentment, will best understand how impossible it is to reproduce the effect. His own dramatic letters even fail to do so, and the horrors of the 160 days' slow advance, pace by pace, through thick underwood, in the impenetrable gloom of a damp and murky forest, liable at any moment to the attack of unrelenting hidden enemies with poisoned darts, must be heard from Stanley's own mouth to be fully realized. So, too, with the account of Nelson's Starvation Camp—the eating of diseased donkeys down to their hoofs, the pounding of the bones to form a soup, the division of three small fish among four as a welcome addition to a

diet of nuts and berries, and the drunken or child-like joy of officers and men as they emerged from the wilderness and revelled in a land of undulating grass-green slopes, with food and cattle in abundance."

Let us now proceed with our sketch that we may realize the man once more in action. Ulysses-like, Stanley had seen adventure in many lands; and in many fields of peril he had sipped the wine of excitement and joyously tossed the cup of glee. But again was he about to enter dark Africa; and its life of arduous toil was no longer to grant him mental exhilaration, or the physical playtime of mere sport. Grave were to be the cares and appalling the terrors of the coming future; and the lees of the cup of anxiety and despair were to be his now to drink. But heedless in thought, as yet, of the dire emergencies into which his new expedition was ere long to be plunged, we find our hero again at Zanzibar, brave of heart, and with high hopes of all that he was about to accomplish. There in November, 1874, he set on foot the expedition commemorated in the thrilling pages of "Through the Dark Continent," the expedition in which Stanley tracked the Congo for 1,500 miles, from its source, in the Lualaba to the sea. "'Through the Dark Continent,' is the Odyssey of African travel. No intelligent person can afford to say that he has not read it, for it is the book that first revealed to the world a vast continent from sea to sea, with the greatest of its lovely lakes; with its myriads of princes, powerful and puny; with its jumble of tongues and races; its vast variety of habitations and modes of living; its greatest river now tumbling to lower levels over cataracts, now crowded

with verdant islands, sea-like in breadth and navigable
for over a thousand miles at a stretch. Livingstone pre-
pared the way, but Stanley opened the door through
which the world saw millions of people in the Congo
Valley of whom it had never heard."

It was while on this journey, replete with romantic,
picturesque and thrilling incident, that Mr. Stanley
first made the acquaintance of Tippoo Tib. This illustri-
ous rascal, with two hundred of his people, accompanied
the explorer down the river from Nyangwé, where both
Livingstone and Cameron had previously been balked in
their attempt to descend its mysterious waters. Prior to
the advent of Stanley, the Arabs and half-castes of Zan-
zibar, deterred by stories of cannibals and fierce dwarfs,
would on no account venture the descent of the river;
on his appearing and pioneering the way, the task was
accomplished, and "Through the Dark Continent," as
most of our readers doubtless know, tells the story of the
memorable journey. A subsequent chapter will give a
résumé of its chief incidents. The expedition was not
heard of until August 1877, when Boma, at the mouth
of the Congo, was reached on the 6th of that month, after
an absence from civilization of two years and three
quarters.

In the following January (1878), we find Stanley in
Europe seeking to recruit his shattered health after the
famine and fatigue through which he had passed. We
may be sure that the last thing of which he was
then thinking was a return to the Dark Continent, though
in less than a year's time he was once more threading
the mazes of an African wilderness and leading the

advance guard of commerce up the richly-freighted waters of the Congo. The new mission originated in an association of capitalists and philanthropists, which had for its object the opening up of the Congo Basin to civilization and trade. At the head of the association was the King of the Belgians. Envoys from His Majesty intercepted Stanley at Marseilles, with overtures from the king and the company; but Stanley was in no humour then to be attracted towards them. "In his then frame of mind and body," writes Mr. H. F. Reddall, "and with the memory of untold hardships still vividly present, what wonder that such munificent plans awoke no response in his breast! Stanley commended the project as a wise one, but for himself he said, 'I am so sick and weary that I cannot think with patience of any suggestion that I should conduct it.' But Stanley the invalid, and Stanley re-invigorated by six months' rest and a brief pedestrian tour in Switzerland, were different beings. 'With restored health,' he naïvely says, 'liberty became insipid and joyless; that luxury of lounging which had appeared desirable to an ill-regulated and unhealthy fancy became unbearable. In such a mood a letter from one of the Commissioners requesting an interview, and appointing a meeting in Paris, was very acceptable.'

From this meeting, which occurred in August, 1878, Stanley dates the formation of "the first enterprise to open up the rich region of the Congo," utilizing the experience which he had gained in his daring descent of the river. Three months later, he was summoned to the palace at Brussels, and there found, besides the King of the Belgians, a number of people of note in the com-

mercial world from England, Germany, France, Belgium and Holland, who had gathered to confer with him on the project they had in view.

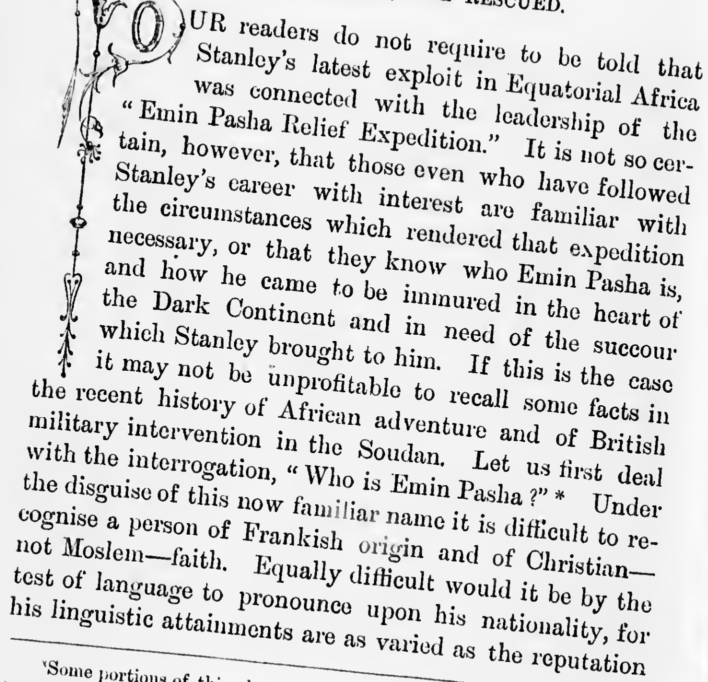
The result of the Conference was the organization of the *Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo*. A preliminary fund of one hundred thousand dollars was at once raised, and this International Association put itself into the able hands of Mr. Stanley, who forthwith proceeded to equip and lead a new expedition. In August, 1879, Stanley was once more at the mouth of the Congo. For the next three years, he laboured energetically to found what is now known as the Congo Free State, which, by a general Act of the Berlin Conference, in February 1885, was recognized by, and placed under the protectorate of, the great European Powers. The territory embraced and dedicated to free commerce and enterprise by the Independent State, exceeds a million and a half square miles. It has well-defined boundaries, large areas acquired under treaty from native chiefs, numerous depots on the Congo, which is now open to free navigation, a flotilla of steamers on the river, and a railway under construction to avoid the cataracts and extend facilities to trade. How changed now is the scene on the magnificent waterway, dotted with stations for trade and all the facilities for tapping the wealth of a Continent! The transformation which has taken place at Boma, close by the mouth of the river, is in itself not only a marvel but a matter for devout thankfulness. Hitherto the place has had a hideous repute. For well-nigh two centuries, it has been the shipping-port for innumerable cargoes of black humanity, which the slave-trader had caused to be

brought here by his vile emissaries in the vast interior. Now the place is cleansed of the foul traffic, and for a thousand miles and more of Congo's waters a patrol of steamers conserves human liberty and represses the vile trade. This is the boon Stanley has brought to dark Africa.

Into the details of the Berlin Conference, which settled the area and jurisdiction of the Congo Free State and secured for it the recognition of the civilized nations of the world, we cannot here enter. The matter will be subsequently treated, along with the later facts in the explorer's career. Thanks to Stanley, the future of the Congo Free State looks brighter to-day than it ever did. Already the nations are competing with each other for a share in the trade which the explorer has opened up on the mighty river. Much may yet be done by his vast organizing faculty and tireless force, should he again consent to return to the scene of his triumphs. Great as are still the physical difficulties, the resources of Stanley, backed by the nations, can accomplish much ; and we look to see the Congo ere long a noble highway for trade. With his fame, and with all he has achieved, civilization cannot surely fail to turn his toil as well as his experience now to practical account.

CHAPTER III.

EMIN PASHA, THE RESCUED.



OUR readers do not require to be told that Stanley's latest exploit in Equatorial Africa was connected with the leadership of the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." It is not so certain, however, that those even who have followed Stanley's career with interest are familiar with the circumstances which rendered that expedition necessary, or that they know who Emin Pasha is, and how he came to be immured in the heart of the Dark Continent and in need of the succour which Stanley brought to him. If this is the case it may not be unprofitable to recall some facts in the recent history of African adventure and of British military intervention in the Soudan. Let us first deal with the interrogation, "Who is Emin Pasha?" * Under the disguise of this now familiar name it is difficult to recognise a person of Frankish origin and of Christian—not Moslem—faith. Equally difficult would it be by the test of language to pronounce upon his nationality, for his linguistic attainments are as varied as the reputation

* Some portions of this chapter were contributed by the present writer to the Toronto *Globe* of February 15th, 1890.

he has earned as a physician and naturalist. Not only does he converse fluently in English, French, German and Italian, but he has mastered several Slavonic languages, and he knows Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know these languages. Besides the acquisition of these various tongues he is believed to be familiar with many of the dialects spoken in Central Africa. But not only has he acquired a knowledge of many of the languages and dialects native to Africa and such as are spoken by Arab traders in the Soudan, he has so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people, as he himself confesses, that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish cognomen. "Don't be afraid," he once wrote to a correspondent, "I have only adopted the name; I have not become a Turk." The motives which impelled Emin Pasha to forego his nationality were purely and laudably humanitarian. Having thrown himself, heart and soul, into his lifework and sought a sphere of usefulness amongst people of foreign customs and modes of thought, he has, in his case, been willing to remove the certain distrust of Europeans, which prevails in Mohammedan countries, by giving up every external indication which might stand in the way of his philanthropics or limit the success he desired to win in his work. Throughout his long blockade in the Egyptian Province of the Equator, and though constantly harrassed by the Mahdi's troops as well as by treachery among his own soldiery, he never fails in his scientific interest, but goes on with his botanical researches and ethnological studies, and writes of them to the learned European societies and to his few personal friends.

Emin Pasha, Emin Effendi, Emin Bey, or Dr. Emin, as he signs himself in his correspondence with the outer world, are all aliases of Eduard Schnitzer, who was born in Oppeln, in the Prussian Province of Silesia, in the year 1840. Two years after his birth, his parents, who are Protestants, removed from Oppeln to Neisse, and at the gymnasium of that town young Schnitzer was educated. In 1858 he commenced the study of medicine at the University of Breslau, and afterwards proceeded to Berlin, where he completed his medical education and graduated at the University. Actuated by a strong desire to travel, the young physician and naturalist betook himself to Turkey, where we find him for the next ten years on the medical staff of a great Turkish dignitary (Ismael Hacki Pashi) and accompanying him on his extended official tours in Armenia, Syria and Arabia. In these countries he picked up an intimate knowledge of the Turkish and Arabic languages. In 1875, when his patron died, he paid a visit to his family at Neisse where his mother and a sister still reside. The next, year he proceeded to Egypt and entered the service of the Khedive under the name of Dr. Emin Effendi. Presently he was ordered to report himself to the Governor-General of the Soudan, at Khartoum, and from there was sent to act as chief medical officer in the Equatorial Province of Egypt, of which Gordon Pasha was then Governor. A quick eye for character and ability led General Gordon from the outset to lay great store by the services of Dr. Emin, and he entrusted him with many important diplomatic missions, as well as utilised his professional services on tours of inspection through

the districts which Gordon Pasha had annexed to Egypt and was still administering with philanthropic enthusiasm. Early in 1878 Gordon Pasha was appointed Governor-General of the whole Soudan, and on accepting this responsible and onerous post, which seven years afterwards led to calamitous results to himself, he appointed Dr. Emin Surgeon-General and Governor of the Equatorial Province of Egypt, a region hitherto given up to all sorts of misrule, aggravated by the lawlessness and inhumanity which are the invariable accompaniments of the slave trade.

Within a few months after his appointment as Governor, Emin Pasha revolutionised the administration of the region within his jurisdiction, and reduced the anarchic elements to some semblance of law and order. He laid an iron hand on the slave trade, weeded out the scum of villainy among the Egyptian soldiery, banished the corrupt and mercenary officials, established industries, improved the finances of the district, and gave freedom and protection to legitimate trade. In all this he was his own executive, and with unparalleled courage and zeal he alone undertook, and for some ten years has actively been engaged in, this great task. By degrees he extended the area of his sway southward, and through personal and friendly negotiation with the native chiefs has added large districts to his Province. Nor did he neglect his humanitarian impulses in connection with his special profession, for in the midst of his administrative duties he was constantly to be found in the wards of the chief hospital at Lado, engaged in prescribing for the numerous patients.

The impetus he gave to commerce throughout the Soudan was no less remarkable, for to the native trade he added the cultivation of cotton, indigo, coffee and rice; while he personally made a profound study of the natural resources of the region, and made various interesting experiments in acclimatising animals and plants hitherto foreign to the Province. He introduced the camel and set the example of the transport of goods by oxen, improved navigation, constructed roads, built depots for trade, and established throughout his dominions a regular weekly post.

For four years Emin Pasha laboured incessantly for the benefit of his Province. With the summer of 1882 came the revolt of the Madhi and the gathering of the hosts of disaffected Arabs from the Kordofan and Durfar districts round that rascally prophet. The fanatical zeal of these Mohammedan hordes was first directed against the Egyptian garrisons in the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, then the revolt spread northward, and brought England on the scene, with the familiar events of the bombardment of Alexandria, the operations against Arabi Pasha and the closing scene of the first act of the drama, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Then came the attempt on the part of England to reform Egyptian administration, an act which committed the country to the war in the Soudan, with its calamitous loss of gallant British life. The second act closes with the battle of Abu Klea, the failure of the expedition, by a day's space of time, to save Gordon from his untimely fate at Khartoum, and the evacuation of the Soudan by British arms.

While these events were occurring, Emin Pasha and his Soudanese soldiery had withdrawn up the Nile to Lado

for safety, and there for a time Emin, as Gordon's heir, loyally prosecuted Gordon's work. "The work that Gordon paid for with his blood," he writes in one of his letters, "I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and with his spirit." "I am now," he continues, "the sole surviving representative of Gordon's Soudan staff. Consequently I hold it my stern duty to follow the path which he pointed out. Moreover I am persuaded that there is a bright future for these countries; sooner or later they will be included within the ever-widening circle of the civilized world. * * * * When my lamented chief (Gordon Pasha) confided to me the oversight of this Province, he wrote 'I nominate you in the cause of progress and civilization.' Hitherto I have done my best to merit that confidence which was reposed in me. The simple fact that I have been able to maintain myself here in the midst of thousands of natives, with only a handful of men of my own, is a proof that I have to a certain extent succeeded, inasmuch as I am thoroughly trusted by the native population." In this connection nothing can be more commendable than Emin Pasha's relations, not only with the petty native chiefs of his own and adjoining Provinces, but with the barbarous Kings of Uganda and Unyoro, whose territories lie between Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza, and with whom in the dual interest of religion and commerce it is of the utmost importance that Europeans should be on friendly terms. England's evacuation of the Soudan and the reversion to anarchy of large tracts of the country round Khartoum, and as far south as Lado, made it expedient for Emin Pasha to re-

treat with his followers to Wadelai, within a short distance of the Albert Nyanza. Here he arrived in July, 1885, six months after the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. At Waledai he established his headquarters, varying his stay there by expeditions up the Nile to Albert Nyanza, and to the Dueru River, its southern tributary, with a further visit to King Kabrega, of Unyoro, with whom Emin had formed a friendly alliance. All this time Emin's communications had been cut off with Egypt, and in fact with the outer world; his people were without supplies, his soldiery without pay or clothing; while he himself was constantly harrassed by having his northern stations attacked by the Danagla (natives of Dongola) and other fanatical emissaries of the Madhi, who had risen in revolt and were plundering and murdering with impunity.

In these dire straits some stray letters of Emin Pasha to scientists who knew of his existence in Germany and England, reached their destination, stating that he, with his Coptic and Egyptian following, still held the Equatorial Province of the Soudan for the Khedive, and requesting aid to enable him to maintain his post. The fall of Khartoum, and the reign of barbarism and fanatical misrule which set in after England's abandonment of the Soudan, closed the Nile outlet to civilization for Emin and his followers. The route east or west to the coast was unknown to Gordon's lieutenant, and each was too full of hazard and difficulty to escape by either route, had it been familar to him or any of his party. In any case he let it be known that what he desired was not to abandon his people, difficult as it was to manage them in

the general upheaval, and with only the semblance of authority and not the pay to enforce his commands. On the contrary, all he wanted was supplies of clothing and ammunition, and the re-opening of communication with Khartoum and Cairo. These reports of Emin's forlorn position were confirmed by letters from the missionaries in Mtesi's kingdom, and by information brought home by Dr. Junker, an African explorer of eminence and a friend of Emin; and the outer world at last began to realize the gravity of the situation in which this remarkable man was placed. The Geographical Societies of Britain and Germany, the great London newspapers and the friends of African exploration generally, bestirred themselves, and the English government lent its countenance to the movement for relief. The Egyptian Government also made a substantial contribution to the fund to rescue Emin. In December, 1886, the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, as we know, was organized, and Stanley generously offered his services without reward to lead the expedition in search of the beleaguered *savant.*

Mention has been made of Dr. Junker, who was with Emin Pasha up to the opening of the year 1886, but who ventured to make his way to the coast, through Mwanga's kingdom of Uganda, bringing word of Emin's flight and calling upon civilization to send him deliverance. His own story is of interest. Dr. Junker, by birth a Russian, and Captain Casati, by birth an Italian, had for a number of years been prosecuting discoveries in the basin of the Welle, supposed to be one of the important tributaries of the Congo, when the Mahdist revolt broke out in the Soudan and drove them to seek refuge with

Emin Pasha and his hemmed-in Egyptian garrison. The interruption was a serious one to Dr. Junker, as he was on the point of solving the problem of the Welle and crowning the results of many years' exploration. The real outlet of this great river has yet to be determined, through most geographers who know the region are agreed in thinking that the Welle flows into the Mobangi, while the Mobangi joins the Congo on the North, a little below the line of the Equator. Readers of the literature of African travel will remember that this problem of the course of the Welle is discussed in Dr. Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa," in connection with the country of the cannibal Mombuttu. When the rising took place at Khartoum, the Italian, Casati, was engaged with his countryman Gessi Pasha, in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as correspondent of *L' Exploratore,* an Italian geographical review. While pursuing scientific researches in the Welle Basin, Casati and Junker came together at Bakangai, and later on they reached Lado, on the Nile, where they found refuge with Emin Pasha from the revolted Denka tribes who had taken service with the Mahdi. Dr. Junker, as we have related, attempted the hazardous experiment of reaching the sea by way of Mtesa's kingdom, now ruled by Mwanga, his turbulent son, who put Bishop Hannington to death, and fortunately he succeeded; while Captain Casati remained at Wadelai with Emin Pasha.

We are now in a position to see more clearly Emin's situation when Stanley came upon the scene with the offer to relieve him from Gordon's fate and conduct him and his people in safety to the sea. As we already

know, it was no light offer that was made him by the intrepid leader of the Relief Expedition; nor had the sacrifices been few that had enabled Stanley to bring Emin succour. It was only after overcoming incredible difficulties that lay in the path, and suffering from famine, sickness and the attacks of swarming hordes of savages *en route*, that the meeting with Emin took place, and Stanley was at length able to break the long spell of silence and isolation which had for so many years enshrouded the beleaguered governor. No doubt Emin tried Mr. Stanley's patience very sorely after all he had undergone for him when he refused to be succoured. But aside from the fascination of the Soudan in the eyes of the Governor, there was something finely heroic in his standing by duty, and his loyal fidelity to his people. "Whether we regard the desperate heroism of Emin Pasha and his brave comrades in upholding the banner of civilization in the heart of Africa for years, when completely cut off from assistance, or the stern determination of Mr. Stanley to accomplish their rescue, the mind is lost in wondering admiration. Both were willingly champions of humanity; for that cause they risked their lives. What could be more exalted than the feeling which rendered Emin Pasha so obstinate in clinging to the province that had been entrusted to his charge? That, and that alone, was, he conceived, his duty; so long as his motley array of soldiers remained faithful to their salt, he refused to turn his back on Wadelai. Nor did he waver in his resolve until it became evident that the bulk of the garrison sympathised with the Mahdists, and had no wish either to fight or to retreat. Then,

at last, the German hero sorrowfully and reluctantly gave heed to the counsellings of the English hero, who, at the risk of his life, had overcome the awful perils of the Aruwimi wilderness to bring succour to Wadelai."

Of this trying period to Stanley, and of the incidents that occurred while he waited for Emin Pasha to make up his mind to vacate his province on the Equator, the reader will naturally seek for fuller information. Fortunately, we are able to supply the details from the best source—that of Stanley himself, in a speech which he made in February last, at a banquet in Cairo, given him by the Egyptian Government. Nowhere have we seen the case better put, than it is in this speech, not only in regard to the general breakdown of Egyptian authority in the Soudan, but in the important matter of Stanley's overtures to Emin Pasha, and the peril to the whole expedition through his vacillation and the tolerance of disaffection among his troops. The full story is told, from the period when Stanley first sets eyes on Emin to the period when, having taken matters into his own forceful hands, he deals sharply with sedition and prepares to march with the relieved garrison to the coast.

"In a very few days," says Mr. Stanley, "we had the pleasure of seeing the steamer *Khedive* coming towards our camp, and that night Emin Pasha and Captain Casati were in our camp. We were not long together before several of our previous conceptions of Emin and his province were corrected. Instead of seeing a tall and military figure, as we had been led to expect, Emin Pasha is of small size and wiry figure. The 1st b[illegible] had been

in a state of revolt for many months, and many of his stations were in the rebels' hands. The remaining battalion of regulars only waited an excuse to declare their disloyalty, and the irregulars would, of course, go with the majority. We spent 26 days together, and during this time I endeavoured to discover what Emin proposed doing—whether we were to have the pleasure of his company to the sea, or whether he intended staying with his people in Africa. His invariable reply was:—'Where my people go I go; where they stay I stay.' I then asked Casati whether he was willing to give us the pleasure of his company. He replied, 'If the Governor goes I go; if the Governor stays I stay.' His officers replied, 'If the Governor stays we stay; if he goes we go.' And that was all I could get during 26 days. No one seemed inclined to say whether he would stay, or depart with us. The Pasha could not give a reply until he had gone among his people to get their ideas on the subject. But little by little I gathered that the Pasha's great desire was employment. He loved his work. He loved exploration. He was naturally industrious. The study of nature in her more robust moods sufficed to keep him perfectly happy. If relegated to a coffee house in Cairo, he thought life was not worth living. In Africa, however, contentment was derived by a belief that he was doing some good.

"Perceiving that the bent of the Pasha's mind was fixed upon employment in Africa, and anxious to obtain some definite answer, I said:—'Then, Pasha, I offer you three things. I offer you the Governorship of these lands, at a salary of £1,500 a year and a subsidy of £12,000 per

annum for the government of the country. Give me an answer? You say you like work; there is your opportunity. Or I will take you to some fair section of territory that I know of, as lovely a land as ever eyes rested upon, where you may dwell in peace and never be troubled with Mahdist invasions and fractious tribes; where you shall constantly have communication with the sea; where regular supplies shall be sent to you, and your most secret desires shall be gratified to the full. You shall have high pay befitting your station and moneys for your troops. I have no authority for this, but you must take my guarantee that it shall be done as I say, and meantime I assume the responsibility. My first duty is to the Khedive, of course; but his proposal that you should withdraw and accompany us I see you are unwilling to accept, because you think your people would not accompany you. Well, I did not come in a half-hearted manner to serve. I offer you your choice of the other two. I simply wish to serve you.'

"For some secret, undefined reason the Pasha could give me no definite reply; but as the long absence of news from Major Barttelot required that I should hasten to search for him, Emin was assured that as he could not answer suddenly to such propositions the interval of my absence could be employed by him in pondering upon them and coming to some resolution. I travelled back to the rear column to find it wrecked, and afterwards returned to the Nyanza for the fourth time. The first news I heard on arrival was that Emin was a prisoner in his province, without soldiers or servants, bound hand and foot, and in peril of his life. Put yourself in my place.

Here I had been sent into the middle of Africa to relieve Emin, and I now found myself before a combination of rare mishaps. The end of all our efforts was to be told of the collapse of the province, the imprisonment of the Pasha, and the loss of my officer. I had already lost two good soldiers and hundreds of lives in this cause, and unless we were extremely prudent it was likely more lives would be lost. The first thing to do was to find the conditions of his imprisonment, and then to discover what assistance could be given him. It was reported to me that the Pasha was detained by his troops as a prisoner through his misplaced belief in his prestige with them that they would shortly restore him to his power. I was also told by my officer that there was no ground for such belief; that the collapse was total and final. For many months I had waited for the answer whether the Europeans would stay in Africa or return with us to the sea. If the Pasha was a prisoner and could not inform me who was to receive the ammunition we had brought him, and could not say whether he declined the Khedive's invitation to return home or would remain where he was, then it would be necessary for me to destroy the ammunition and order a retreat. I wrote the Pasha to that effect. It was answered by the Pasha's appearance near our camp under very peculiar conditions.

"Soon after the revolt of the troops the insurrectionary Mahdists had invaded the province and captured four stations and a large store of ammunition They had driven the troops wild with fear, and these had come to the conclusion that it would be better to curry favour with the Khalifa of Khartoum by capturing the

expedition, and earn honour and glory from the Mahdi, than follow the fortunes of their Governor. A happy prospect truly for us, to be the slaves or syces of the Mahdi, when we had come into the interior of Africa with more ambitious ideas. You must remember that these people were permeated and saturated with treason and rebellion, and that a great number of Arabi's people were with them. They finally professed to believe I was an envoy to their Governor; that in verity his Highness the Khedive had sent me, and that the instructions I had shown from him were really authentic. They were clever enough to perceive that if they now came to me my first question would be, 'But where is your Governor—where is my officer?' In order to have an interview with me they saw it was necessary to release their prisoners and beg the Pasha's pardon. Their idea now was to come to my camp and avail themselves of their knowledge of our power, our innocence, or immaturity. The Pasha had promised to forgive them and introduce them to me. He accompanied them to my camp; unfortunately, though my friend Emin praised some of them highly, a dark cloud of suspicion had settled in my mind. We heard a great deal more than they suspected. We saw much that was unsatisfactory, and we never had faith in their professions for many good reasons. They told us that if we would give them a reasonable time they would collect their families and soldiers, and would come back with us to Egypt, and thank the Khedive for the great favour the Effindina had done them. Any immature man would have been apt to believe them, they were so plausible and apparently so repentant. At the Pasha's request a rea-

sonable time was promised them that they might embark their families and reach our camp. The Pasha thought that 20 days were sufficient. They returned to Wadelai with the steamers, abstracting a Remington rifle as they departed.

"Thirty days passed, and then a big mail came from Wadelai. We heard only of plots and conspiracies, of one party being against another, one clique against another, one day one goes up, the next day the other. We are told it is like a seesaw between Fadla Mulla Bey at one end and Selim Bey at the other; and that that was the condition of the Equatorial Province. I had waited 30 days, and then the Pasha, always faithfully believing in his people, asked if I would extend the time. I gave him until the 10th of April—14 days more. On April 5th—five days before we started—there was another attempt to seize rifles, made at night, by the refugees in our camp. Next morning I found out that, while Emin Pasha believed that all the people already in our camp were faithful to him, there was really only one man willing to go with him of all the 600 refugees. I then declared at a general muster that I should have to take the reins of power in my own hands, that from this time forth I should give orders, and whoever disobeyed them would be at once shot. There were no more efforts at conspiracy or robbery of rifles for a time. On the date promised we marched from the neighbourhood of Lake Albert 1,500 strong, but two days later we had to halt owing to a serious illness. The halt lasted one month more at a place only three days from the Nyanza. During this time my camp was a perfect hotbed of sedition.

Rifles were stolen, women disappeared and collected at a rendezvous formed at our old camp on the Nyanza. Though too ill to do more than whisper a few instructions, I had capable officers. One of these, Lieutenant Stairs, was selected to capture every one at this rendezvous. Among those captured was one Rehan, who was the instigator and leader of the malcontents. Rehan was tried patiently by a court; the court gave its verdict of guilty, and as the court was inexorable that death should be the penalty, I signed the order consigning him to his fate. This was the last trouble I had with these unfortunate people from the Equatorial Provinces."

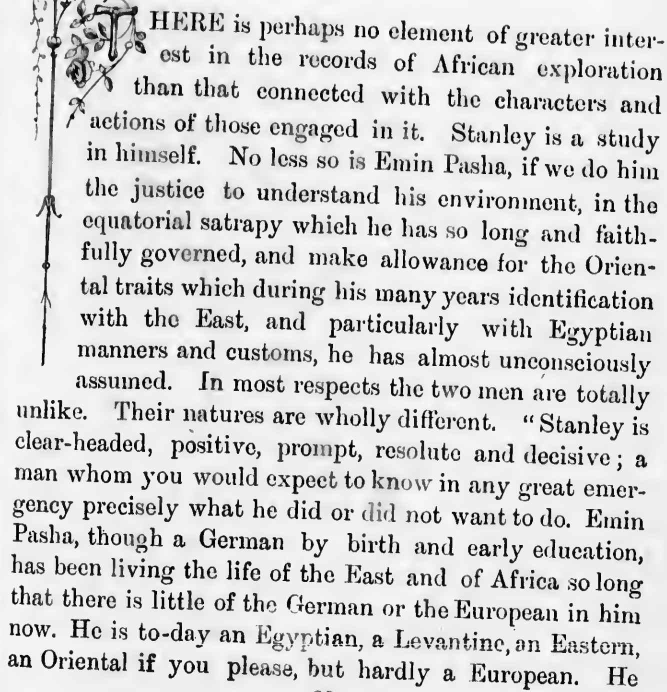
Thus closes a painful and distracting scene in the drama of the time. The purpose of the journey would not have been crowned, on the contrary, the aims and objects of the relief expedition would have been entirely frustrated, had Emin stayed behind in his territory. The disposition of many is to be impatient with the vacillating Governor; but such forget that had Emin refused the proffered succour, he could not have done so short of courting death. A fairer and more sympathetic view of the circumstances may be had from the following extract with which we conclude this chapter, from the pen of an editorial writer in the London *Globe*:—" A poet in want of a theme for a tragic soliloquy need ask for nothing more suggestive than Emin's reflections on quitting Africa. In the great venture that led him there for good, he had embarked his all of genius, energy, and hope. His devotion to his work led him to change his very name in order to remove all traces of his Frankish origin. From Dr. Edward Schnitzer he became Emin, or 'the

Faithful One,' and he, in a manner, forgot his German origin in his perfect sympathy with his new compatriots. His province was in a frightful state when it came into his hands as the lieutenant of Gordon and the servant of the Khedive. In three or four years he had reduced it to peace, contentment, and order; banished the slave traders from his borders; introduced agriculture and industry; established a regular weekly post; and turned a deficit of £32,000 per annum into a surplus of £8,000. When he could no longer hold it for the Khedive, he held it on his own account against the slavers. He was in a fair way to become the Rajah Brooke of Central Africa, the pious founder of a state. 'His whole heart,' says Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh, 'seemed to be centred in the welfare of his people and the advancement of science, and no idea of fame seemed to enter his mind.' It may be said that when Mr. Stanley found him the second time his glorious experiment had come to an end in unmistakable failure, and he was a prisoner in the hands of his revolted troops. That is true enough, but mischances of much the same kind had happened to him before, and he had survived them all. His letters abound in stories of war and rumours of war, of treachery and revolt, and of all those accidents which must so largely chequer the lot of a ruler of a semi-barbarous State set in the midst of utter barbarism. It is clear that he had the same hope of surviving them this time, and that Mr. Stanley's arrival presented him with the most painful alternative ever submitted to his judgment and his feelings. Before, it had been merely a choice between victory and death. Now there was really no choice at all, for in gratitude to

Mr. Stanley and to those who had sent him, he was compelled to accept the offer of retreat. No one is to blame, but one man assuredly is to be pitied, and that is the hero who is now being brought back to unwelcome ease and safety from as glorious a field as ever tempted the spirit of man."

CHAPTER IV.

EMIN, STANLEY, AND GORDON.



THERE is perhaps no element of greater interest in the records of African exploration than that connected with the characters and actions of those engaged in it. Stanley is a study in himself. No less so is Emin Pasha, if we do him the justice to understand his environment, in the equatorial satrapy which he has so long and faithfully governed, and make allowance for the Oriental traits which during his many years identification with the East, and particularly with Egyptian manners and customs, he has almost unconsciously assumed. In most respects the two men are totally unlike. Their natures are wholly different. "Stanley is clear-headed, positive, prompt, resolute and decisive; a man whom you would expect to know in any great emergency precisely what he did or did not want to do. Emin Pasha, though a German by birth and early education, has been living the life of the East and of Africa so long that there is little of the German or the European in him now. He is to-day an Egyptian, a Levantine, an Eastern, an Oriental if you please, but hardly a European. He

never wears any other head-gear than a fez, and not one person out of twenty, guessing at his nationality from his appearance and manners, would ever credit him with being a German. His manners are Eastern to a fault, and he has unconsciouly drifted into many of the ways and many of the ideas of the people with whom he has for the greater part of his life been associated.

"Of course, Emin Pasha possesses sterling qualities that no pure Eastern ever possessed or ever will possess. The honest, energetic Teuton blood still courses through his veins, but no man ever yet worked or lived for twenty-five years as he has done among Easterns without imbibing some of their characteristics. Few men can live among fatalists for a quarter of a century without being, in a measure, one himself. Gordon was a fatalist; Emin who is Gordon's disciple, I am not so sure of on this point. But he is an Eastern, and will in all probability end his life in Egypt or at all events in Africa." In appearance Emin Pasha is a spare-built person of medium height, with a full short beard fringed with grey; his dark eyes look at you through the medium of a pair of spectacles which are seldom removed, for the reason that the Pasha is short-sighted. This defect is said to have grown upon him of late, or rather that his short-sightedness is giving place to blindness, which his accident at Bagamoya has perhaps aggravated, if it has not induced. In manner he is "modest, apologetic, courteous, polite, fascinating. He has a vast fund of remarkable experiences and exceptional knowledge to draw upon, and his courteous bearing and Oriental politeness and suavity of manners will charm all with whom he comes in contact."

Among Europeans, though till yesterday little more than a name, Emin Pasha's personal history has excited interest as well as sympathy. We hear of a daughter though nothing of a wife, native or European.* The daughter, Farida by name, was seen lately by a newspaper correspondent at Zanzibar, and is thus described to us: "Our conversation," writes the interviewer, "was held just outside the Pasha's tent, beneath a tree. At this moment the Pasha's daughter, a young lady of Abyssinian (?) parentage on the maternal side, issued from the tent and regarded us with mild interest. Her complexion is about as dusky as a Spanish gipsy's, and the skin is smooth and soft like velvet. Her eyes are large, black and languishing, and her luxuriant tresses are black as raven's feathers. I was smitten with her charms. I invited her to sit on my knee and demanded a kiss, a favour which was granted in a passive Oriental way. She is only five years old.

"'She is very beautiful,' I said to her father.

"'Yes,' answered the Pasha, 'it is for her sake that I consent to leave my province and return to Egypt. I wish to give her an education, and have her brought up in a civilized and proper manner. This I could not do in the Equatorial Province."

From personal matters, the interviewing correspondent turned the conversation with Emin Pasha to the political condition of his province at the time when Stanley came upon the scene. The Pasha's observations

* Since the above was in type, we learn that Emin Pasha married a beautiful and talented Greek, the widow of the Ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha. It is supposed that by her instrumentality Emin, though a Jew, became a convert to Mohammedanism.

on this head are novel as well as interesting, and are therefore appended. "It is not generally known, I think, in England or America, that the Equatorial Province has always been considered a sort of Egyptian Siberia by the authorities at Cairo. Most of my officers were sent to me as a punishment for committing some crime or some act of insubordination in Egypt. These people were sent to the Equatorial Province much as political offenders in Russia are sent to Siberia, only they were sent to me for employment. These off-scourings of Egypt always gave me much trouble. They were always a source of weakness; were always conspiring against my authority, and very naturally, as soon as they found the tide of misfortune set against us, they were ready to conspire with our enemies. The very first officer that was sent to me from Egypt after I was appointed Governor of the Province was discovered plotting against me.

"Why, when I first went as Governor to the Equatorial Province every muderie (Government station) was a nest of vile corruption, in which thousands of idle vagabonds were, in the name of the Government. living off taxes forced from a population of blacks, perhaps not more than three or four times their own number. At one station, Amadi, I found a loafing mob of soldiers, irregulars, followers, their wives, concubines, slaves and children, between two and three thousand altogether, living off the taxes exacted from a district whose population did not exceed nine thousand, all told. That will give you some idea of the state of affairs that the people were reduced to under the rule of Egyptian officers,

to say nothing of outrages that it is just as well not to speak of.

"In addition to this, at the best of times, the corrupt officials at Khartoum always sent me the very worst and cheapest stores they could get and charged me the highest prices. I could always have sold my stores of ivory to Arab traders from Uganda, right at my own magazines, for 20 or 30 per cent. more than was credited to me for it at Khartoum, but I had to send it all to Khartoum. We have received powder from the Government arsenal there that was so shamefully adulterated with charcoal that it would barely spit the bullets out of the muzzles of our guns. I couldn't make our own powder, for, although we could have made charcoal there was neither saltpetre nor sulphur in the province. Yet, with all this neglect and shameful treatment, my soldiers fought well and the province was beginning to pay a handsome surplus to the Government.

"The soldiers had gardens, cows, wives and plenty of everything to eat. They were much better off than they had ever been in Egypt or the Soudan. They had come to regard the province as their home and had no wish to ever return to Egypt. They considered that they were fighting for their homes, and so fought well and bravely so long as there was a chance of success and the hope of assistance from our friends without. It was only when there was no longer anything to hope for, and when we read to them the message that they must leave with Mr. Stanley or never expect any more assistance from the Egyptian Government, that they began to waver in their allegiance to me. Poor fellows, what could they

do? They didn't wish to leave; the Khalifa's forces were advancing up the Nile, they now had everything to gain and nothing to lose by turning against me. I do not blame them; they are but Africans, and nothing else was to be expected of them."

How misplaced was Emin Pasha's trust in his soldiery we have already seen. Not only were they averse to following him to the coast, they mutinied against and imprisoned him. Yet his heart ever went out to them, and he makes all sorts of excuses for their turning against him. He speaks enthusiastically of the commercial capabilities of his Province and says that it only wants good government. The uprising in the Soudan he ascribes not so much to religious fanaticism as to the impatience of the tribes of the district with Egyptian misrule. "If some power," he observes, "in whom the tribes had confidence, would come—some power like England—which would take an interest in the welfare of the people instead of plundering and oppressing them, it would be welcomed with open arms." It would not be difficult, he thinks, to recover the whole country from the Mahdists and open it to civilization and trade. This he urgently calls upon European Governments to do.

But we are getting away from the subject to which we had devoted this chapter—the characteristics of Stanley and Emin Pasha, as seen in action. In contrasting the two men, we are perhaps in danger of being influenced by sectarian and national prejudice. The latter is apparently already at work in forecasting at least what Emin Pasha will now do. So far, he has been discreet enough to keep his own counsel, though it would seem that his

German nationality has been worked upon to shape his future. If he keeps his health he may be of further great service to humanity should he return to his old Province. But it must be remembered that his chief gifts are those of a scientist rather than an administrator or active leader of men. Moreover, he is a Jew who has become a convert to Mohammedanism; and this step can hardly be said to be in the line of progress. His religious entanglements, as well as his former relations with the Egyptian Government, incline him to favour the Nile route in any international scheme to open up Equatorial Africa. Upon this route England is not likely to look with favour, as her armies and diplomats have had enough of the Soudan. Stanley has spoken of the fascination which this region exercises upon the European, but he has not spoken to commend it. If men are types of their environment, the Egyptian character does not say much for Egypt; while the Congo negro is perhaps more tolerable than the Arab of the Soudan. On this point, a writer has based a rather striking psychological contrast between Stanley and Emin Pasha,—the former "all energy and decision notwithstanding the terrible sufferings and privations he had undergone during his repeated journeyings in what he calls 'the great, compact, remorseless, sullen forest, swarming with vicious man-eating savages and crafty undersized men; the other, all vacillation, hesitation and indecision, a sort of Equatorial Hamlet, brooding from day to day over the momentous question of 'to go, or not to go,' and penetrated with a perverse sentiment of romantic fidelity towards people who had thrice rebelled against him and betrayed him.'"

But we pass on to a larger phase of this question—the characteristics of the leader of the Emin Relief Expedition as seen in action. The contrast we desire to present now is that between Stanley and Gordon Pasha, a parallel which rises naturally in the mind when we recall the events in the Soudan which brought Gordon to his death and led to the beleaguering of his lieutenant, Emin Pasha. Since the return of the Relief Expedition, quite a controversy has raged in England over points of contrast between the explorer and the hero of Khartoum, and we have been fortunate in lighting upon an important contribution to the literature of the controversy. It comes from the Cairo correspondent of the London *Times* and is written manifestly from the best sources of information and with judgment and ability. The picture drawn of the two men is not only of interest in itself, but it throws a flood of light on the situation in the Soudan as well as on the character of Stanley

"No two men," says the *Times*' Cairo correspondent: * "offer more extraordinary contrasts and resemblances than Gordon and Stanley. The men whom the one attracts are not generally those to whom the other is sympathetic; but circumstances brought me continually across the path of each, and I am Catholic enough to profess an admiration for both, differing rather in kind than in degree.

"I venture to think that both of them are very imperfectly understood. The heroic death of Gordon has so impressed the imagination that it is hardly yet possible,

* From the London *Times*, April 9th, 1890.

without incurring odium, to speak of him in the cold terms of criticism, or to suggest any fault in his character. Mr. Stanley, on the other hand, has not perhaps had full justice done to him. The brilliancy of his last feat is indeed acknowledged, but there is a tendency to find fault with every detail of it. We are told the route was ill-chosen, the contract with Tippoo Tib a mistake, his conduct has been arbitrary, and his letters are in bad taste. And yet it is fair to remember that Stanley has succeeded in rescuing the garrison of the Equatorial Provinces, and that Gordon did not succeed in rescuing the garrison at Khartoum.

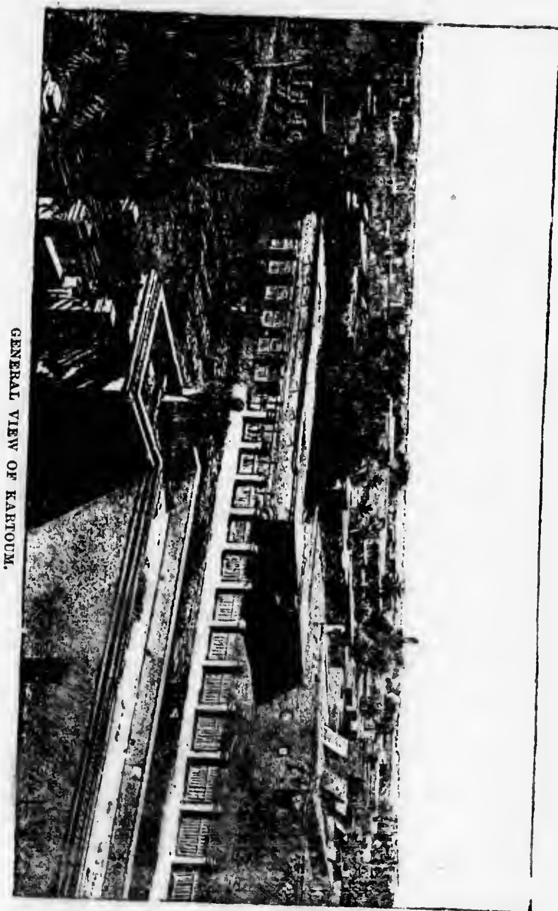
"It may be urged that there is no fair comparison between the two tasks—that Gordon went alone and that Stanley had British officers to assist him, and a native force at his back. Gordon, however, had Stewart with him, reached Khartoum without opposition by a well-known route, and found there a native army which received him with enthusiasm, so that he was able to declare the city 'as safe as Kensington-gardens.' Stanley, on the other hand, had to reach his objective point by a route absolutely unknown, and when, after two years, he arrived, it was only to find in open revolt the garrison he had come to rescue.

"I make this contrast with no desire to dim the glory of the most pathetic page of English history in this or perhaps any other century, but because—leaving aside those to whom every act recalling the best traditions of English heroism is offensive—there is a portion of the public who seem to consider that admiration of Stanley is inconsistent with respect to the memory of Gordon.

"The world is not so rich in men of either type that we need hesitate to give each his due, and perhaps even a superficial study of the contrasts of character they present will not be utterly useless. The totally different way in which the two men set out on their not dissimilar expeditions is at once an index to their main characteristics. Each recognizes his duty when it comes, each obeys the call—but how differently?

"Gordon, asked whether he can save the garrisons of the Soudan, has no hesitation. He puts aside other work which he has to do, and after a hurried conference with the English Government starts for Khartoum. He hardly asks what his mission is. It is to save life, and that is enough. He has no question to ask, no calculation to make. It is not in his nature to weigh chances, to think over difficulties. He has been given the order. He will go and do his best. As for the means and the result, he leaves those in the hands of a higher Power, 'who guides me and the wind.' At one moment on his route he has an inspiration to imprison Zebehr, a little later to trust him absolutely. Only one thought possesses him—to reach his goal at Khartoum, to give courage to that panic-stricken city, and, when there, to save it or to lay down his life for it, as God may direct.

"Compare with this the answer of Stanley when he is asked if he can rescue Emin. 'English people talk much, but sometimes won't act. Find the means and I am ready.' 'How much money?' he is asked, and he makes a few pencil calculations, and hands in an estimate, which three years later proves to have been exact. Meanwhile he goes to America and gives lectures. In



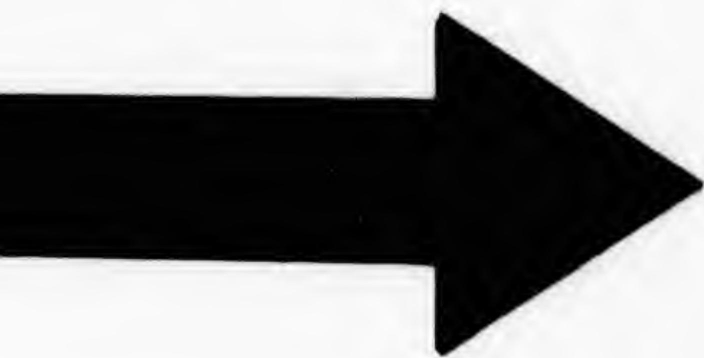
GENERAL VIEW OF KARTOUM.

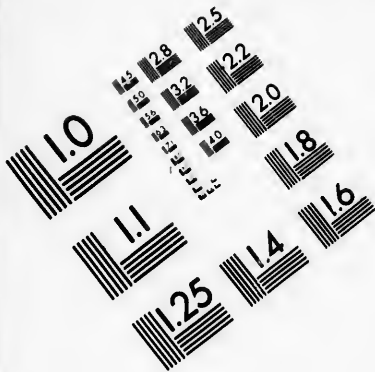
the middle of these he is told that the money is found; will he fulfil his promise? He shows no more hesitation than Gordon himself. He sacrifices £8,000 to break his contract, crosses by the first steamer, and is ready. But before he starts the exact object of the mission must be defined. Is it to rescue or only to relieve Emin? The committee and the public are in favour of the latter. Again the pencil makes its calculation. Relief only will cost £20,000 annually; the Egyptian Government will give £10,000 once for all. Has this difficulty been considered? If so, he is ready to relieve him, but it will be relief for one year. Finally it is agreed, after consultation with Cairo, that he is to offer Emin either relief or rescue, at his own option, but with the understanding that, if Emin chooses the former, the Egyptian Government incurs no further responsibility. This settled, there remains the route. Stanley is in favour of the Congo; the Committee and public urge Zanzibar. Stanley seems to give way, orders 200 bags of rice to be sent to Mpwapwa in readiness for a start from Zanzibar. The Foreign Office receives protests, and begs that if possible some other route may be chosen. The rice is recalled, at the price of Rs. 5,000. Stanley convinces the Committee that the Congo route is the best, and everything thus arranged with business-like precision, the expedition starts.

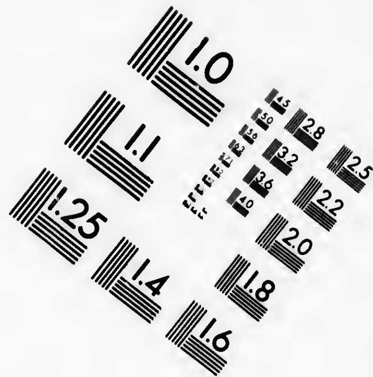
"Not only thus, at the outset, but in every stage of these two pages of history is the contrast maintained. Stanley's first danger is the power of Tippoo Tib, as was Gordon's the power of Zebehr. Stanley has no hesitation; he is not horrified by his reputation as a slave-dealer, neither is he willing to confide the whole expedition

to his mercy. He neither arrests him nor trusts him, but having to pass through his territory, recognizing his power, and having no authority to fight him, makes a contract with him for the supply of carriers. If the contract is fulfilled, which he doubts, he secures valuable assistance; if it is broken he is no worse off than before, and has, at least, secured the dangerous man's benevolent neutrality until he has got clear of his power. Having done so, and the contract, as he expected, having been broken, he traverses the continent, consults in a business-like way a lawyer at Zanzibar, and brings a formal action for damages. Gordon was never allowed to similarly employ Zebehr; had he done so, and had Zebehr failed to perform it, he might have hanged him, or have decorated him with the Medjidieh, but certainly would not have subjected him to the indignity of a legal process.

"Throughout, Gordon was dominated by an implicit belief in Divine inspiration; Stanley by an equally implicit belief in his own power and the unerring infallibility of the laws of arithmetic. 'I shall arrive in His own good time,' said Gordon; 'I know that so many paces a minute means so many miles an hour, and so many days at so many miles an hour must bring us to our destination at last,' said Stanley—each in reply to the same question. And yet let me say here that Gordon himself was not more deeply impressed with the ever-presence of a Supreme Power than is Stanley. I have said that there is a resemblance as well as a contrast between the two men, and in no case is it more marked than in this ready recognition of the hand of Providence







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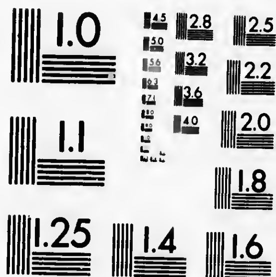

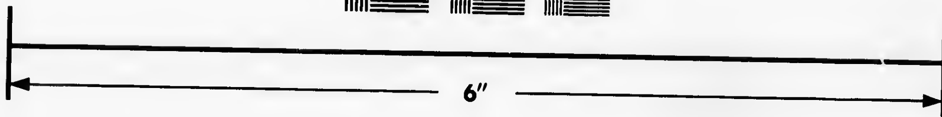

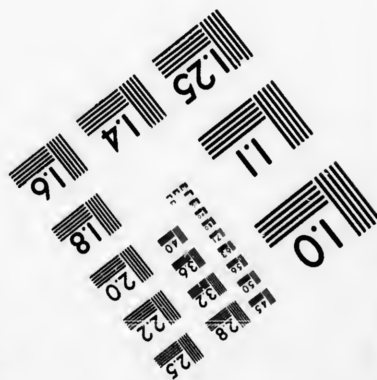

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continually intervening in matters which to the majority of men would seem too trivial to necessitate such an explanation. In saying this I am aware of the kind of comments that have been made, with questionable taste, on some phrases of Stanley's sincerity as I always was of General Gordon's. It is when we note the way in which that fatalism which seems born of solitude manifests itself to the two men that we again see the contrast.

"General Gordon said:—

"'I have often executed men, but never without the direct sanction of the Almighty. I placed the Bible on my knees, and prayed that if he saw fit to reverse my decision he would signify it to me. . . . On no single occasion was my decision reversed.'

"And Mr. Stanley recounts:—

"'We were without food, starvation stared us in the face, and I said, 'The Israelites were starving, and Moses struck the rock and it poured forth water, and the heavens rained manna; Elijah was starving and he was fed by ravens; Christ was ministered to by angels, but what angel will minister unto us?' At that moment a guinea fowl rushed across the path at my feet; my dog caught it, and we all ate flesh.'

"Mr. Stanley's Providence satisfies his material wants; General Gordon's Providence satisfies his conscience.

"It will be admitted that neither of the two men whom I am comparing ever feared to face death. Let us see how they would meet it. The most trustworthy account of Gordon's last minutes has become matter of history, but it will bear repetition:—

"When Gordon heard the rebels in the town, he said, It is all finished; to-day Gordon will be killed,' and

went downstairs, followed by the four sergeants, who took their rifles with them. He took a chair, and sat down on the right of the Palace door, the four sergeants standing on his left. All at once a Sheikh galloped up with some Bagaree Arabs. The sergeants were on the point of firing, when Gordon, seizing one of their rifles, said, 'No need of rifles to-day; Gordon is to be killed.' The Sheikh told Gordon that he had been ordered by the Mahdi to bring him alive. Gordon refused to go, saying he would die where he was, adding that no harm was to be done to the four sergeants, who had not fired on the rebels. The Sheikh repeated the order three times, and each time Gordon gave the same answer. After a few words, the Sheikh drew his sword, and, rushing up to Gordon, cut him over the left shoulder, Gordon looking him straight in the face and offering no resistance.

"How Mr. Stanley would have behaved under similar circumstances, I can only gather from his own account of an incident in his earlier career:

"'A very long time ago I stood as a newspaper reporter by the side of a man condemned to death for an atrocious murder. He walked to the scaffold with perfect steadiness, without assistance, only looking very pale. He was told to stand on the drop and he obeyed, the rope was put round his neck and tightened, a sign was given, the drop fell, and the man was dead without a struggle. That scene made a great impression on me. How, I asked myself, how could that man do that, give up his life without a struggle, without a murmur, without a final desperate attempt? You say he had

no chance. Who knows, and what does he lose by making an attempt? He was pinioned! What of that? Could he not have even used his voice? I tell you I would have struggled for life till the last second. Would I have walked to the scaffold? No; they should have carried me! They might have torn me to pieces if they liked, but I would have resisted. I would have appealed to the crowd, done something, anything rather than die without a fight for life. I should have failed? Of course I should have failed; numbers would have been too strong for me. What of that? I should have done my best. Man! I tell you, never give in.'

"And whatever may be your opinion of Mr. Stanley, you feel that he is about the last man with whom you would like to have a death struggle.

"There is an impression that while Gordon was always unduly tender, Stanley is cruel and tyrannical; that he sheds blood needlessly; and that the laws of his own camp are Draconian.

"When Gordon was Governor-General in the Soudan he had the power of life and death, but Ismail, who could never fully trust any one (he trusted Gordon more than he trusted any one else), sent him with a Judical Commission, who were nominally to try the prisoners. The Commission naturally used their position to sell their influence or to obtain delays, during which it was hoped that the Governor's gentle heart might be softened. Two men were to be tried on a capital offence. Gordon had convincing proof of their guilt; the committee hesitated, and in reply to repeated requests for their sentence put it off till 'to-morrow.' At last Gor-

don hanged the men, informed the Commissioners, and told them to take care that the sentence was in accordance with his execution of it. During his last days in Khartoum, Gordon suffered from unreasoning qualms of conscience, as in the case of the two Pashas executed for treason. Those qualms induced him to spare Faragh Pasha, and Faragh betrayed both Khartoum and Gordon.

"Stanley can be severe, though in his whole career he has only executed four of his own followers, all in this last expedition. Gentle and humane as Gordon was, he held his own life so cheap that he was a dangerous man to thwart in his moments of excitement, and the contrition came often too late. The value that Stanley attaches to his own life has often appealed to him in favour of the lives of others; but, if necessity forbids that appeal, there is no contrition. Early in this expedition two Zanzibaris were tried and convicted of selling rifles and ammunition to the slave-dealing enemy. This, in such an expedition, where everything depends on the superiority of its arms, is a capital offence of the very gravest nature, and the men were condemned to death. I will give the sequel as nearly as possible in Mr. Stanley's own words:

"'Early one morning one of the two was brought on to the parade; all the men stood round in a crowd. I asked him if he had anything to say; he was mute, I looked at the crowd; they were mute too. One word from the man himself or from any of the onlookers, one appeal for mercy that would have enabled me to address the crowd, and I would have saved that man's life. It was the effect I wanted, not his life! Not a word was said. I gave the signal, and he swung *coram populo*. Still I

watched the crowd. There was no sign—content, discontent, pity, or anger—only dull insensibility. I said to myself, This will not do, this is not the spirit required to lead these men across Africa. I lay awake thinking all night; the other man was to be hanged at 8. At dawn I sent for the Chief Sheikh of the Zanzibaris. He came. I said, 'What is this thing you have done to me? You promised me help, and you do nothing. Look! I have sworn to take you all across Africa; if you help me I can do it, if you don't I cannot; if you sell arms to the enemy I must fail. I must stop it. Do you want me to kill these men? I don't do it willingly! Answer!' The Sheikh replied that he would be glad if my Excellency could see the way to spare the remaining man. 'I! No, you! You must save him. If you don't want him to die, tell me so, ask his life, promise me help, make all your people promise.' And then I told him to get the other sheikhs to say nothing to the people, but when I gave the signal, let them ask his life, but ask it really, as if they meant it. At 8 o'clock we were all there again round the tree; the poor wretch had the rope round his neck. I ask if he had anything to say. Silence. I raised my hand to give the sign; the sheikhs rushed forward, knelt at my feet, and implored mercy. Immediately every man joined in, too. They wept, they wailed, they implored me. The culprit burst out crying. I said, "Good; for your sakes I give his life." Then there was a shout, and they all rushed forward; they fell at my feet, they screamed blessings, they swore they would follow me to the world's end. Ah! that was the spirit I wanted through the camp, and for two months I had nothing but absolute obedience.

"And what," I asked, "about the other poor wretch who was not pardoned, but hanged?"

"'Ah! that was necessary, or I could not have produced the effect. It was justice, and I could not have given way unasked without giving the impression of weakness. No! rigid justice first, above all, but tempered with mercy where you safely can.'

"Absolute devotion to duty, utter fearlessness, perfect sincerity, and power in the government of men—these are four qualities forming a very large portion of the characters of both Gordon and Stanley, and yet in every one of them the contrast between the two men is most distinctly marked.

"With Gordon, duty before all, but the duty was to God. He accepted the orders of man because he deemed it part of that duty to do so, but in carrying them out he always submitted them in appeal to the higher authority. That higher authority was to him no ideal abstraction: it was an ever-living Presence signifying daily its commands through his conscience—a sensitive conscience, always nobly inspired, but liable to act on sudden impulse and then to repent its own action. Man might give an order humanly impossible of execution; it was not for him to question or to point out its impossibility, for he served a higher Master to whom all things were possible. Rescue the provinces of the Soudan southward to the Equator and westward to Darfour? Why not if God willed? Alone, or with help? Alone, for the Lord of Hosts was with him! And then when it proved impossible, and he was told to save himself and the garrison of Khartoum—no! for it is an order he deems dishonourable, and he refuses.

"Admire the character as much as we may, we are forced to admit that it was a trying one with which to work out a complex problem in the nineteenth century.

"With Stanley the sense of duty is no less strong, but it is the duty to his neighbour which is most prominently in his thoughts. Not that he will sacrifice any higher duty to that, but he will see that there is no conflict beween them. Believing in the action of a Supreme Power, but knowing that he cannot control it, he does not think it his duty to allow it to enter into his calculations. Very loth to admit that there are limits to human possibility, he will yet accept no task that he sees to be humanly impossible. His actual orders, the exact limits of his discretion, must be absolutely understood and agreed to, both by himself and his employers, before he will consent to act. That done, and every possible arrangement made to provide for every contingencey that can be foreseen, he starts and will fulfil his duty to the letter at any sacrifice, his life included.

"When he was administering the Congo State he determined never to push a mile forward until he had thoroughly organized the mile he had left behind. An adventurer he might be, in the best sense of the term, but not when he was an administrator. He welcomed the news that Gordon was to be sent to join him until he received a letter from the latter. In that letter Gordon, fired with a noble enthusiasm, spoke of pushing onward north, south, and east. 'Together, please God, we will exterminate the slave-trade at its roots.'

"'I reckoned,' said Stanley, 'that it was time for me 'to git.' My orders said nothing about exterminating the slave-trade.'

"In their fearlessness again there was this difference. Certainly neither has ever feared death; either would sacrifice life to his own sense of duty, but Gordon almost welcomed death. Stanley desires life, and will fight for it to the last, not so much to avoid death as to avoid failure.

"Alike in their absolute sincerity, no two men could offer a greater contrast in their manner. Gordon in society, with his eyes cast down, and seldom looking you for long in the face, seemed a prey to constitutional nervousness and timidity. A stranger would have regarded him as the least remarkable looking man in any average assembly. Alone with him, the man completely changed, became in turns confidential and taciturn, excited and depressed, his beautiful light-blue eyes either twinkling with merriment or assuming that far-off, mystic look which baffles description. Incidentally, let me say that I have seen no portrait of him which even recalls his face.

"Stanley's manner is much more typical of the man. He avoids nobody, seeks nobody, sees everybody who cares to call, answers with precision most questions and declines answering others. The ordinary visitor goes away with the impression that he has been courteously, though not cordially, received by a man of action, but not of words. But as one sees more of him, and gets to know him better, another Stanley is revealed, and you realize that it is only his reputation as a traveller which overshadows his talents as an orator. He tells you, perhaps, little more than what you have read in his letters; but the whole scene rises before you—you seem yourself

to be an actor in the story while you listen to it, you are toiling through the forest, fighting with the tribes, rejoicing in the return to sun and green fields, or joining in the argument with Emin. Nor is it only mere description here and there is a veritable flash of eloquence, or a terse, nervous way of stating an original view on some well-worn subject, all interspersed with ready, appropriate anecdote from past experience, Stanley also possesses that quality, invaluable to a good speaker, of being a good listener as well. Far from engrossing the conversation at a table, he does his best to draw out the more modest who would be content to listen, and a quiet argument is nearly as necessary to his comfort as a cigar.

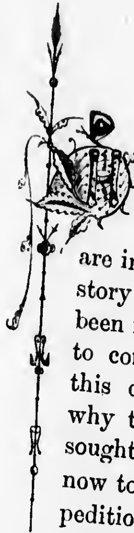
"It is too soon yet to pronounce the final verdict on Gordon as a man of action. The sweetness of his personal character and the pathos of his death have left a halo round his memory which obscures impartial judgment.

"'It is so much easier to worship Christ than to imitate him,' said Julian, and the same is true of Gordon.

"It is so much easier to create an imaginary and idyllic Gordon, and to pass down to posterity a beautiful myth, than to study the actual Gordon, with all his strange contradictions only throwing into greater relief the real sterling worth of the man as he was. Whether the world gains by this easier method of writing history I doubt, but this I know, that Gordon himself, were he now living, would regard with equal contempt the well-meant caricatures of him drawn by his worshippers and the efforts to increase his fame at the expense of injustice to others."

CHAPTER V.

THE RELIEF EXPEDITION SETS OUT.



HAVING seen something of the personages, with their chief characteristics, who are to figure in this and subsequent chapters, we are in a position to go on with the recital of the story of the Rescue of Emin. What has already been narrated will, it is hoped, enable the reader to comprehend the situation which opens with this division of our subject and to understand why the expedition was called for and what it sought to accomplish in the mission on which it is now to set out. The essential object of the expedition was a humane one, the succour and relief of Emin Pasha and his people. Whether stated or not there were, however, some collateral objects in view in undertaking the mission which may here be incidentally noticed. Geographical research was one of these. It was hoped that the expedition on its way would add, as it has, to our knowledge of the country and the people. The great waterways, the vast lake basins, the numerous highlands and occasional mountain elevations, the dense region of forests, the natural resources, the climate and the native races—all were expected, through the oper-

ations of the expedition, to be better known and the information recorded. Facts with regard to the prospect of missionary work and the more thorough suppression of the slave trade were also hoped to be elicited through the instrumentality of the expedition. Light and strong light has been thrown on all of these subjects. Even if the rescue had been a failure, other results which have been attained wou'd have been compensation enough for the outlay, if not for the toil and privation, suffered by the expedition. This aspect of the matter has, we fear, not been sufficiently taken into account. Some, indeed, have cried out against the waste of life and affirmed that the game was not worth the candle. The sacrifice of life, it is true, has been great, but if the expedition has been the means, in some degree, of arresting and in part suppressing the slave trade, how great has been the gain!

Why were Europeans there, it has been asked, if only to promote strife and shed blood. The answer is, that they were not there with any such design; nor has that result followed, save under exceptional and necessitous circumstances. Native tribes, opposing the onward march of the expedition, have been sharply, perhaps ruthlessly, dealt with. This was hardly to be avoided, though we believe no life was taken except to protect life, and even then unwillingly. In those cases, the brunt of the fighting fell heavily on Stanley's own column. In the ranks of the Zanzibari defenders of the expedition many and cruel were the gaps. Nor did fighting entail most of the casualties; grievous was the loss of life under stress of the march. Famine, disease and

fatigue also wrought havoc on the column. And, for the most part, the privations and horrors were uncomplainingly borne, and rare were the occasions in which the band flinched.

But whatever the sufferings and losses of the present expedition, great in the coming time must be the gain to Africa, and greater still the gain to humanity. To the millions of that dark continent civilization must eventually come, and it will come the sooner from its having led the way. The coming may not conserve the black race; there, as here, we may see it, in its contact with a superior force, go to the wall. Yet its well-being, we trust, will be sought, though white colonists invade and innumerable markets are opened to commerce. In practice it is futile to assert for the negro an amount of sovereignty which would keep out interlopers. "The soil itself," says a writer, "has rights as well as savages who live upon it. If it cannot obtain from its aboriginal occupants the measure of development to which it is entitled by its intrinsic capabilities, it will invite strangers to supply its wants. Africa is sure in some form or other to have foreign suzerains, by whom negro independence will be limited and more or less overridden. But it ought not to be impossible to reconcile the consequent benefit to the invader with an ultimate advantage to the native. He has it in his favour, as an inducement to his new lords, to solve the problem to his profit, that the continent has resources which it can render permanently to none but him. It is not a country which waits only for the extirpation of its present inhabitants to be fit for plantation everywhere by white settlers. Though there are

highlands amidst which Europeans might live and thrive, the mass of Africa is destined to be either negro land or a wilderness. European states and companies which wish to draw wealth from African lordships will have to rely for their gains upon civilized negro industry. If they empty the land of its black people, or suffer it by an evil policy to be emptied, they will commit a most wasteful and ruinous wickedness. The European communities which act wisely and honestly in its spirit will be rewarded by deriving the most gain from their African dominions."

The case for the negro is all the stronger when we consider what part he has undertaken in the Relief Expedition. Stanley has himself borne noble testimony to the bravery, loyalty, and endurance of the Zanzibari soldiery that formed an important part of his column. Great were the privations to which they were subjected, and unflinching was their attitude on many critical occasions during the progress of the expedition. But for their fidelity and staunch loyalty to their leader not many of them would have returned to their homes; nor would Stanley's extraordinary strategy and resolution have been of much avail without their aid. The fortitude and devotion of these poor blacks show that the negro has qualities which entitle him to respect, and, indeed, to a large measure of admiration. This, Stanley has been magnanimous enough to attest, and when his full narrative appears we shall not look in vain, we are sure, for further tributes to Zanzibari tenacity and courage. Meanwhile, perhaps it was inevitable that the fame of their contribution to the results of the expedition should

be overshadowed by admiration of the achievements of Stanley and his European lieutenants.

Let us now revert to the closing months of the year 1886, when the movement took shape for the succour of Emin Pasha. News of the plight the Egyptian Governor of the Soudan was in, we have already seen, had been brought to the coast by Dr. Junker; and letters had also reached England from Mr. Mackay, the missionary in Uganda. Emin's own statement of his position had by this time been given to the world, through correspondence with Dr. R. W. Felkin, of Edinburgh, formerly medical officer to the Uganda mission, who brought the Pasha's claims, in the interest alike of science and humanity, before the Geographical Society of the Scottish Capital. The Council of that Society took the initiative by sending a series of strong resolutions to Lord Iddesleigh, then Foreign Secretary. The Royal Geographical Society of London followed suit, and gave increased publicity to the perilous position in which Emin was placed. The movement for his relief then spread over Europe, and was advocated in Belgium, Germany, France, Italy and Egypt. The Pasha's cause found an enthusiastic champion in Sir William Mackinnon, a wealthy Scotch director of the British India Steam Navigation Company, who became chairman of an organization, founded in December, 1886, under the title of the Emin Bey Relief Committee. By the instrumentality of this body some £20,000 was at once raised, to which was added £10,000, donated by the Egyptian Government. The Committee actively got to work, and under the auspices of the British Foreign Office, and with the hearty co-operation

and practical aid of Leopold, King of the Belgians, and other friends of African exploration, Mr. Stanley's services were secured for the Relief Expedition and arrangements at once made for its despatch.

After the funds had been provided and Mr. Stanley's offer to lead the expedition gratuitously had been accepted, the great question arose as to the route to be taken. Three suggestions were debated: (1), the route from Mombasa through the Masai country, *via* Kilmanjaro; (2), a caravan route directly eastward from Bagamoya and south of the Victoria Nyanza to the Muta Nziga; and, (3), the water route of the Congo and the Aruwimi. Each route had its supporters, and all three presented elements of difficulty. Finally, deliberation settled upon the Congo as the most suitable, the chief advantage of which was that it was already known, in part, to Stanley, and would have the benefit of the means of transport on the river generously offered by the King of the Belgians. Apparently, the advantages of a waterway traversable by steam were great, and no one can question King Leopold's good faith as President of the Congo Free State in pressing it upon the Committee. But its real practicability was little foreseen, else another route would doubtless have been chosen.

When the Relief Committee had secured the necessary funds and obtained the approval of the British authorities, Mr. Stanley had set out on a lecturing tour in the United States. From this he was, however, recalled, and by the close of the year 1886 we find him back in London, getting together his stores and organizing the expedition. An important and responsible task was that of

selecting the European staff, who were to accompany him. The choice fell upon the following gentlemen: Major Barttelot, of the 7th Fusileers, an officer who had served in the Soudan campaign; Lieutenant Stairs, a Canadian, in the Royal Artillery; Captain Nelson, of the English volunteer militia; Surgeon-Major Parke, Mr. Mounteney-Jephson, Mr. Herbert Ward and Mr. Bonney. Besides Mr. Stanley, the leader of the expedition, and these seven members of his staff, were two others: Mr. Ingham and Mr. Rose Troup, the latter a former agent of the Free State, who left Liverpool direct for Zanzibar, to engage native porters for the journey. Besides the necessary outfit and a cargo of provisions, the expedition was abundantly supplied with ammunition together with a mitrailleuse on a novel plan, and a steel-plated whale boat in portable sections, for navigation on the upper reaches of the Congo and its tributaries and on the lakes of the equatorial region.

Finally, all was ready, and after a farewell visit to Brussels, Mr. Stanley and his party left London on the 21st of January, 1887. Six days afterwards, the expedition arrived at Alexandria, and Mr. Stanley went on for a few days to Cairo, to interview the Khedive and Dr. Junker, who was then on his way home. On the 6th of February Stanley left Cairo for Suez, and on the 22nd the expedition reached Zanzibar. Here he found the *Madura* steamship ready to convey the party, with the Zanzibari soldiery and porters, to the mouth of the Congo. The route thither was *via* the Cape. The force embarked consisted, besides the 9 Europeans, of 61 Soudanese, 13 Somalis, 3 interpreters, 623 Zanzibaris, and a large follow-

ing of Tippoo Tib's people, with the Arab ivory-trader and slave-dealer himself. Tippo Tib, it will be recalled, is the ruler of the savage Manyemas of the Upper Congo whom Livingstone found settled at Nyangwé on the Lualaba, and who was useful to Stanley in his first famous descent of the Congo. With this important personage Stanley, partly at the British Consul's suggestion, made a compact, in the name of the royal President of the Congo Free State, by which for a monetary consideration he was to give the expedition the right of way and to furnish it with a supply of 600 carriers from Stanley Falls to Wadelai. How Tippoo Tib failed in carrying out this agreement and all but wrecked the expedition, we shall learn later on. In the meanwhile Stanley trusts the rascal, is pleased that he has gained his good-will, and confers on him the office and title of Governor of Stanley Falls.

As this sinister personage figures largely in the after-history of the expedition, a few facts may be of interest to the reader. Tippoo Tib is half Arab, half-negro, his father being a Zanzibar Arab and his mother a Mrima woman. He is about 50 years of age, has short grisly hair and beard, and in his flowing white robes has a patriarchal look. He is a keen trader, with a great capacity for business, has a vivacious and rather courtly manner, and is energetic and decisive in his movements. He owns immense plantations on the Upper Congo, which are cultivated by thousands of slaves; and his sway extends over the whole Manyema district, where his numerous caravans, with strong guards of armed blacks, may be often met with. Hitherto he has been held in high repute by travellers as well as by natives, and Zanzibar

TIPPOO TIB.

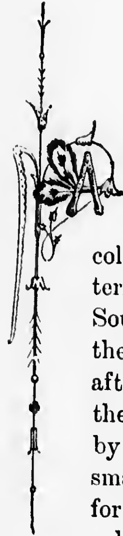
officials deemed him a man of his word. Naturally, Stanley was fain to propitiate the man and to bind him by covenants to assist the expedition as well as to uphold the authority of the Free State, on the vast stretches of the river, and to lend his aid in limiting, if not in suppressing, the slave trade. The agreement was worth making, and so far his fidelity to engagements had not been questioned. Unluckily, the leader of the expedition was ere long to have his own experience of the value of Tippoo's word. With ninety followers he embarked with the rest of the expedition—in all some 800 souls—for Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo.

The Expedition left Zanzibar on the 24th February, 1887, and after a brief call at the Cape, reached the Congo on the 18th of March. Casting anchor in front of the French factory at Banana, a gay scene presented itself, the entire population, white and black, of the place turning out to welcome the *Madura* with her motley human freight. In the harbour, fortunately, there was a considerable amount of shipping, and Stanley had little difficulty in transferring his party to the river boats in which to cover the short passage from the sea to Matadi, at the foot of the rapids. Here the Expedition was to disembark and march to Stanley Pool, above which the river is clear of obstacles to navigation. Within two days after the arrival at Banana Point, the transport flotilla had had begun the ascent of the river and reached Boma, seat of the local administration of the Free State and the chief emporium of trade on the Congo. In the fine roadstead of Boma a brief halt was made, then the voyage was resumed and night brought the whole Expedition to Matadi.

Here there is a group of European settlements, a Dutch and Portuguese factory, and a government station. Matadi has seemingly a bright future before it, for a railway is projected from this point, along a difficult road on the south side of the river, to Stanley Pool, a little beyond Leopoldville. At Matadi, four days were spent in disembarking the 800 people of the Expedition, with their 1,500 packages, the mitrailleuse and the portable whale-boat. Some portion of this time was given to drill and organization, to experimental march-outs, and the practice in the formation of safe encampments.

CHAPTER VI.

THE START FOR THE INTERIOR.



AT half-past four on the morning of the 25th of March, 1887, *reveillé* was sounded in the camp at Matadi, and shortly afterwards the column began its first day's march into the interior. In the vanguard, we learn, were the Soudanese soldiery; then followed the Somalis, the Zanzibaris, and the porters with their loads; after which came Tippoo Tib and his people, then the twelve sections of the whale-boat, borne by stout carriers; the rear being brought up by a small flock of merino sheep brought from the Cape for the uses of the Expedition. Stanley, astride a handsomely caparisoned donkey, with youths bearing the banners of the Expedition, led the column. Before him lay the journey of 2,000 miles, much of it leading into the unknown, and, being unknown, was full of peril and uncertainty. Even the march to Stanley Pool was beset with no little difficulty. On a former journey over the route six Europeans and over fifty natives succumbed to the hardships of the march. For centuries this part of Africa had baffled the efforts of travellers to penetrate it; to-day, thanks to Stanley, there are now twelve European stations on the route,

and the journey from Matadi to the Pool may be accomplished within three weeks.

Even for the railway the engineering difficulties between the two points will be considerable. The land rises to an elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea, while it is seamed by ravines, through which torrents course, and is blocked by thick forests and a stifling labyrinth of grass. The river-bed is a gigantic staircase, almost 200 miles in length, broken by thirty-two falls, descending from an altitude of nearly a thousand feet. The channel varies in breadth from 3,000 to 300 yards; and where it contracts the Congo pours its flood of waters in a headlong and seething mass, fretted by great boulders in the channel and chafed by massive granite crags on either side.

Meanwhile the Expedition toils wearily along the caravan road, the fatigue of the long and toilsome ascents being increased by the scorching and blinding glare of the African sun. For a time it enjoys the grateful shade of groves of palm trees and the palatable favours of bananas and other tropical fruit. Soon, however, the column enters a region destitute of markets, the natives having of recent years withdrawn from proximity to the caravan routes. The consequences are rather serious to an army of 800 men. The extent of these markets well indicate the commercial resources of the district. One of them has been described by a Belgian officer in the service of the Free State, and his account is interesting both as to the nature of the articles offered for sale and as to the mode of selling. "Here," he says, describing the market at Kuzo-Kienzi,*

* Quoted from Wauters' "Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," English version, London: J. C. Nimmo.

"is a gathering of between 200 and 300 salespeople of both sexes, with their variety of goods displayed either in baskets or spread out on banana leaves, a throng of purchasers meanwhile moving to and fro and inspecting the commodities. The women who are more numerous than the men, squat down in front of their goods and exhibit a peculiar aptitude for their occupation; they solicit the attention of the passer-by, they eulogize the quality of what they offer to sell, they exclaim indignantly when a price is tendered below the proper value, and with insinuating smile beguile their customers to make a purchase. The sale of vegetables is entirely committed to the women. Avenues run through the market-place, which is divided into sections, each apportioned to its own kind of merchandise; in one place is the ivory-mart, in another, the tobacco-mart; by far the greater allotments being assigned to the vegetable department.

"The enumeration of the articles exhibited for sale comprises a long list. At Kuzo-Kienzi I have myself seen goats, pigs, fowls, fish (both fresh and smoke-dried), hippopotamus-meat and hides, rows of spitted rats, locusts, shrimps, sweet potatoes, maize, haricot beans, green peas, yams, bananas, earthnuts, eggs, manioc (cooked as well as raw), manioc-bread, made up both into rolls and long loaves, pine-apples, sugar cane, palm nuts, tobacco leaves in considerable quantity, palm wine supplied either in jars procured from the coast or in their own native calabaster, cabbages, sorrel, spinach, pimento, and punnets of mixed salad arranged very much as in our European market-gardens. In addition to these I noticed a few small lots of ivory, strong ropes of native

manufacture, mats, European stuffs in considerable variety, powder, glass, pottery, beads—in short, almost every conceivable kind of ware."

As the column advances inland the more typical African village is met with, and the character of the native improves, in some respects, on that of the vagabond type to be seen on the lower river. In fertile parts there is considerable cultivation of a simple kind and the Free State Agents are encouraging industries and promoting the growth of a great variety of products. The population of the region round Stanley Pool is that known as the Bakongo tribe. They are chiefly agriculturists, though they do a considerable trade in caoutchouc (India rubber), ivory and palm oil. The Bakongos are mostly freemen, every man, for the most part, being his own chief. They are docile and tractable, giving little trouble to the white intruder, with whom they are anxious to trade, and are apt in copying his civilized habits and modes of work. Manyanga is another important centre in this region, and it, as well as Lutete, furnishes the Congo Government with large supplies of porters, who are anxious to engage in its service. These adapt themselves readily to the requirements of either the river or the caravan trade; in time they may become capable artisans and navvies. At present they are simply beasts of burden. When the projected railway becomes a realized fact, their condition will no doubt improve with the improved transport service. In the meanwhile, Mr. Ingham and Mr. Rose Troup, of the Emin Relief Expedition, find them excellent porters.

Lukungu was reached by Stanley's party on the 8th of April, and by the 21st, the column filed into Stanley Pool. On the way no serious casualties occurred, the whole force being well officered and under the careful supervision of its competent chief. Each European available was told off to the charge of one specific duty or other, and held responsible for all that happened under his immediate command. The force was divided into four companies, each numbering about 200 men. The Zanzibaris were committed to the care of Messrs Nelson, Stairs and Rose Troup; while the Soudanese and Somalis were assigned to the control of Major Barttelot. When camp was formed each evening, discipline was relaxed for a time and all were allowed a little frolic. This put everyone in better humour for the toils of the coming day. Occasionally, when rivers had to be crossed the labour of the task was considerable. On the whole this portion of the journey was successfully accomplished. Of it, or rather of the incidents and manner of the march, Mr. Herbert Ward has sent to England a lively description, from which we make the following extract:

"In the front of Stanley's line was a tall Soudanese warrior, bearing the Gordon-Bennett yacht flag. Behind the soldier, and astride a magnificent mule, came the great explorer. Following immediately in his rear were his personal servants, Somalis, with their braided waistcoats and white robes. The came Zanzibaris with their blankets, water-bottles, ammunition-belts and guns; stalward Soudanese soldiery, with great hooded coats their rifles on their backs, and innumerable straps and leather belts around their bodies; Wagawali porters, bear-

ing boxes of ammunition, to which were fastened axes, shovels and hose-lines, as well as their little bundles of clothing, which were invariably rolled up in old thread-bare blankets. At one point the whale-boat was being carried in sections, suspended from poles, which were each borne by four men. Donkeys laden with sacks of rice were next met, and a little further back were the women of Tippoo Tib's harem, their faces concealed and their bodies draped in gaudily-coloured clothes. Here and there was an English officer, A flock of goats next came along, and then the form of Tippoo Tib came into view as he strutted majestically onward in his flowing Arab robesand large turban, carrying over his right shoulder a jewel-hilted sword, the emblem of office from the Sultan of Zanzibar. Behind him followed several Arab sheiks, whose bearing was quiet and dignified."

Of Tippoo Tib, another European, an engineer on one of the river-boats, supplies a sketch in a published volume entitled "A Visit to Stanley's Rearguard," which we add as a pendant to the above. "After the light complexion of the other Arabs," he writes, "I was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Tippoo Tib as black as any negro I had seen; but he had a fine, well-shaped head, bald at the top, and a short, black, heavy beard, thickly strewn with white hairs. He was dressed in the usual Arab style, but more simply than the rest of the Arab chiefs, and had a broad well-formed figure. His restless eyes gave him a great resemblance to the negro's head with blinking eyes in the electric advertisements of somebody's shoe-polish, which adorned the walls of railway stations some years ago and earned him the nickname of 'Nubian Blacking.'"

The column continues its toilsome march; though as yet Stanley wisely does not press forward, giving all ranks the opportunity of settling down easily into harness and of becoming inured to the difficulties of the task. Another reason for the comparatively slow progress yet made was that the rainy season was upon them and the roads were bad and the rivers flooded. At each unfordable stream it took the column two days to cross. Moreover, some time was lost in endeavouring to forage by the way, for Stanley was loth as yet to draw upon his stores of rice wherewith to feed his people. The scarcity of food in the district was, ere long, as we shall see, to give him much more anxiety. In the London *Times* of the 6th of June, 1887, appeared the first of Stanley's letters, after the expedition had set out inland on its march. The letter is addressed to Sir William Mackinnon, the Chairman of the Relief Committee, and will be found of interest to the reader. Mr. Stanley writes from Lukungu, Congo River, and the date is April 9th. He says:

"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 com-

fortable 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 the 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 it will 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."

The explorer's closing sentence recalls the regimen he prescribes for Europeans sojourning in Africa. From his extensive experience of the country he is well able to speak on the subject, and to speak authoritatively. That experience goes to show that the white race cannot transfer itself bodily and permanently to tropical African soil, with the hope of survival. "The difficulty is not because it is white, but because its customs and environment are at variance with those which perpetuate life and conduce to labour under the Equator. Stanley's most melancholy chapters on his previous journeyings are those which narrate the oozing-out of ambitions, the confessions of cowardice, and the shirking away of his white companions, on the discovery that their civilized lives had been no school of preparation for healthful, energetic and useful existence in Equatorial Africa." He is severe on the use of intoxicants, deeming whiskey-drinking, brandy and soda indulgence, and all dallying with alcoholic

liquors as insanity and the preludes to a speedy grave. Here are his rules for the governance of white life on the Dark Continent:—

"Avoid all unnecessary exposure to the sun.

Guard against fogs, dews, exhalations, and night-chills, by kindling fires.

Preserve a generous diet, avoiding oily and fatty foods

Meats should not be eaten in quantities at breakfast.

Take an early dinner, say at 11 o'clock, and let it be of meats, fish and vegetables. Cease work till 1 p.m.

Quit work at 6 p.m., and eat a second dinner, boiled fish, roast fowl or mutton, with plenty of vegetables. A glass of watered wine will not hurt then.

Seek amusement in social conversation, reading or games, till 9 p.m., and then retire.

Sleep on blankets, and cover with a blanket.

If marching, rise at 5 a.m., march at 6, and halt for the day at 11 a.m. When halted, seek shelter and put on a heavier coat.

Observe the strictest temperance. Don't indulge in tonics or nostrums. A little quinine is the safest tonic. If thirsty, drop an acid powder in your drinking water, or take a sip of cold tea.

Use an umbrella when in the sun. The best head dress is a cork helmet, or Congo cap.

If in perspiration when wetted by rain or at a river crossing, change your dress immediately.

Go on a march in very light clothing, and let it be of flannel, with light russet shoes for the feet.

When permanently stationed wear light clothing in order to avoid excessive perspiration when called on for sudden duty.

Don't fail to exercise freely. Have certain hours for it, morning and evening, if your work is in-doors.

Do not bathe in cold water, especially after you are in the country for a time. Water below 85 ° in temperature is dangerous.

Tropical fruits should be eaten only at breakfast.

Medicines, specially prepared for tropical diseases, can always be had of European druggists, and a supply should be on hand.

The diseases of Central Africa are simple, consisting of dysentry and three kinds of fever, ague, remittent, and bilious.

Common ague is never fatal. It may be prevented, if one observes the symptoms.

The remittent fever is simply aggravated ague. It may last for several days.

The bilious fever is often pernicious. Its severity depends on the habits of the patient, the amount of exposure which produced it, and the strength of the constitution. It is preventable, but not by brandy or excessive smoking, as many foolish people think."

Dr. Martin, in his work on the "Influence of Tropical Climates," also lays down a code which is both interesting and valuable.

1. Care in diet, clothing and exercise are more essential for the preservation of health than medical treatment.

2. The real way to escape disease is by observing strict temperance, and to moderate the heat by all possible means.

3. After heat has morbifically predisposed the body,

the sudden influence of cold has the most baneful effect on the human frame.

4. The great physiological rule for preserving health in hot climates is to keep the body cool. Common sense points out the propriety of avoiding heating drinks.

5. The cold bath is death in the collapse which follows any great fatigue of the body or mind.

6. Licentious indulgence is far more dangerous and destructive than in Europe.

7. A large amount of animal food, instead of giving strength, heats the blood, renders the system feverish, and consequently weakens the whole body.

8. Bread is one of the best articles of diet. Rice and split vetches are wholesome and nutritious. Vegetables are essential to good health, as carrots, turnips, onions, native greens, etc.

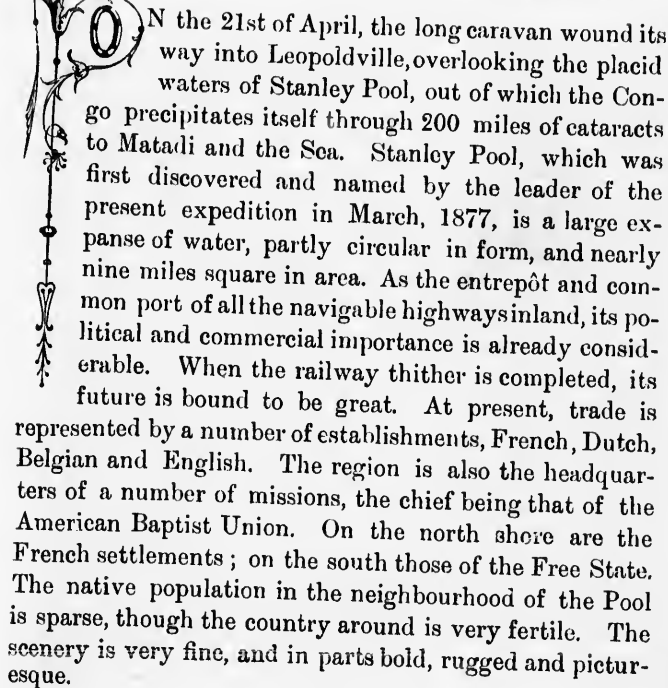
9. Fruit, when sound and ripe, is beneficial rather than hurtful.

10. The same amount of stimulant undiluted, is much more injurious than when mixed with water.

11. With ordinary precaution and attention to the common laws of hygiene, Europeans may live as long in the tropics as anywhere else.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM STANLEY POOL TO YAMBUYA.



ON the 21st of April, the long caravan wound its way into Leopoldville, overlooking the placid waters of Stanley Pool, out of which the Congo precipitates itself through 200 miles of cataracts to Matadi and the Sea. Stanley Pool, which was first discovered and named by the leader of the present expedition in March, 1877, is a large expanse of water, partly circular in form, and nearly nine miles square in area. As the entrepôt and common port of all the navigable highways inland, its political and commercial importance is already considerable. When the railway thither is completed, its future is bound to be great. At present, trade is represented by a number of establishments, French, Dutch, Belgian and English. The region is also the headquarters of a number of missions, the chief being that of the American Baptist Union. On the north shore are the French settlements; on the south those of the Free State. The native population in the neighbourhood of the Pool is sparse, though the country around is very fertile. The scenery is very fine, and in parts bold, rugged and picturesque.

On arriving at the Pool, Stanley was disconcerted to learn, first, that there was a partial famine in the district, and secondly, that there would be some difficulty in getting transport for the expedition up the Congo. To meet the first difficulty, hunters were sent out to secure hippopotamus meat, to supplement the carefully doled-out rations; to meet the second, a good deal of coercion had to be used, for the Missions were strangely obdurate and averse to loaning or hiring out their river craft. Only by compulsion, backed by the authority of the local commandant of the Free State, was Stanley able to impress a few boats into service, and after some five days delay to get away from the place.

The embarkation was from Kinchassa, six miles above Leopoldville, and took place on the 30th of April. The flotilla consisted of the English mission steamer, the *Peace*, which was selected as Stanley's flag-ship, and took in tow the expedition whale-boat and a government launch; the three vessels collectively carrying 117 men and 100 loads. Next came the *Stanley*, towing the hull of the steamer *Florida* (launched only the day before setting out), and carrying together 364 men, 500 loads of baggage and goods, nine riding asses, and a flock of goats. Lastly, there was the *Henry Reed*, which had in tow the hull of the *En Avant*, and a Mission whale-boat, the former carrying 131 men, with 100 loads. Mr. Troup, with a small contingent, was left at Leopoldville, to supervise the stores and maintain the chain of communication.

The first station on the route to the Aruwimi, which the expedition intended to occupy, was Bolobo, a popu-

AT LEOPOLDVILLE.—CAPTURE OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

lous centre, a few days' sail from Stanley Pool. Unfortunately, owing to mishaps to the steamers (the *Peace* losing her tiller and the *Stanley* going aground), Bolobo was not reached until the 8th of May. Here a camp was formed, under Messrs Ward and Bonney, with a detachment of 125 men. The injured steamers having been repaired, the flotilla once more set out, nothing noteworthy occurring until the villages of the Bangola tribe were sighted in the beautiful island-labyrinths of the Upper Congo. The Bangola natives are represented "as a splendid race of men, above the average in height, singularly adroit in the manipulation of their canoes, and held in terror by the neighbouring people for their courage in war."

At Bangola, where the expedition stayed three days, Stanley was most agreeably surprised at his reception. The place is now a prosperous station of the Congo Free State, with an orderly and well-drilled force in garrison, a peaceable community in and around the post, with well cultivated fields and smiling plenty. Here, ten years before, Stanley had met a very different reception, under very different conditions. In making good his passage on his memorable first trip down the Congo, it was with the Bangola warriors he had his fiercest conflict. "Twelve years," says a writer from whom we have already quoted * "have since elapsed, and in that interval the events that have transpired have completely modified the condition of the country and the disposition of its population towards strangers. A great settlement has risen in the midst of the Bangola villages; the chiefs, who in 1877 ins-

* Stanley's "Emin Pasha Expedition," by A. J. Wauters, Brussels. [This intelligent narrator is writing in 1889].

tigated the hostilities against Stanley have become the friends and *protégés* of the white man; human sacrifices have been abolished; steamers make regular visits to the stations; order is maintained by armed force; the natives readily take service under the State and have no reluctance to go down to Boma and Banana, 1,500 miles away from their homes; and the Congo army reckons in its numbers scarcely less than 700 Bangola soldiers."

At Bangola, the *Henry Reed* was ordered to take on Tippo Tib to Stanley Falls, to enable him to raise his contingent of porters for the land journey through the Aruwimi district to the lakes. Major Barttelot, with forty soldiers, accompanied the Arab chief as an escort, and was to return with the steamer to the mouth of the Aruwimi, near which Stanley designed to locate his inland depôt and rearguard.

The passage of the expedition from Bangola to the mouth of the Aruwimi occupied fourteen days, that is from the 2nd to the 16th of June. Two days ascent of this important affluent, brought the fleet in sight of the Yambuya rapids, and to the proposed site of a strongly entrenched camp. On the whole, everything had gone prosperously, and so far Stanley had reason to congratulate himself on the progress of the expedition. Three days after his arrival, he writes the following letter to a member of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee announcing progress and the formation of the Yambuya camp:

"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 entrenched camp. Stairs is busy at it. I see that the trench of the palisades is al-

ready sunk. Jameson 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 put themselves in Achilles' manner, with poised spears and erected shields. The Zanzibaris arriving at the top, eighty feet above the river found themselves in quite in an empty village.

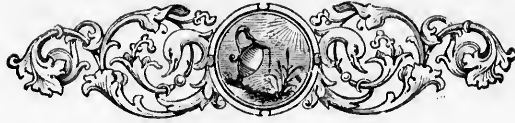
"The night's grace we had given them had enabled the natives to clear out their valuables. Poor souls, we did not need them without a price. Every fowl and goat had vanished, but we have got a square mile of kassava gardens to feed our garrison. The huts are of a narrow diameter, of the candle-extinguisher type, formed in two rows on either side ot the 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 the 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 released our captives at once with small gifts and good words,—seedlings, I hope, of a future amicable intercourse. If Barttelott 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 Alberta 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."



CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE YAMBUYA CAMP.

STANLEY, as we have seen, determined to form a strongly entrenched camp at Yambuya, and to push on up the Aruwimi with an advance column for Albert Nyanza and Wadelai. Up to this time, nothing was known of the Aruwimi, or of the region, one or two degrees north of the Equator, through which the expedition was now to proceed. Hence the precaution to form a depôt, garrisoned by a strong rearguard, near the mouth of this great affluent of the Congo. In charge of the camp was Major Edmund Barttelot, with whom was associated Mr. J. S. Jameson. Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny, on the completion of their assigned tasks, of bringing the stores up the Congo, were to report to Major Barttelot; and when Tippoo Tib had furnished his promised quota of porters from Stanley Falls, all were to set out on the Aruwimi to overtake Stanley and the advance guard *en route* for the Albert Nyanza. The rearguard under Major Barttelot's command consisted of 257 men. In the event of Tippoo Tib's carriers not arriving, Stanley had arranged with Barttelot that if he preferred moving on to staying at Yambuya, he was to discard such stores as were indicated in his instructions and to proceed to

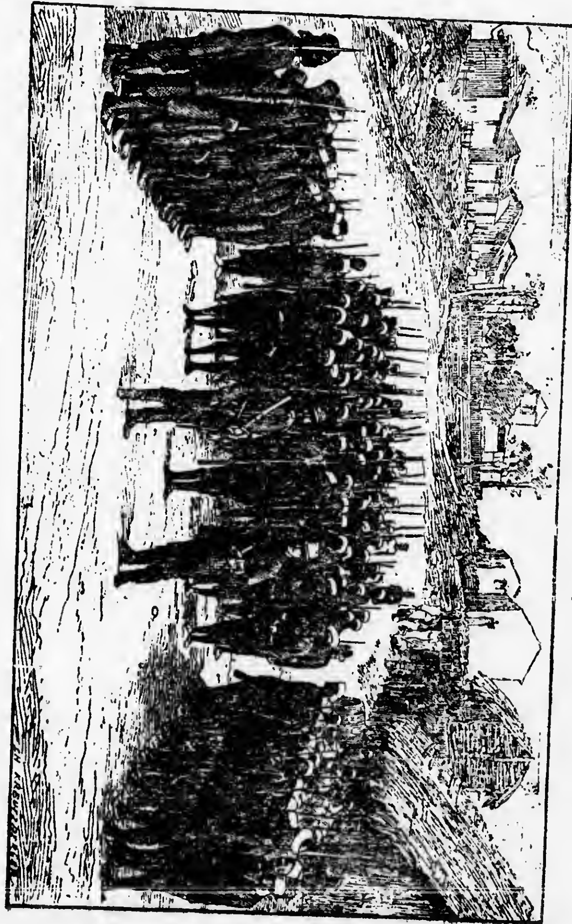
follow his leader by short stages until Stanley should come down from the Nyanza and relieve him. To enable the rearguard to find its way, Stanley was to blaze his path to show the road he had gone, and if possible send Barttelot periodic despatches.

Very lamentable is the story connected with this rearguard. Calamitous, as the sequel proved, was the fate in store for more than two-thirds of the garrison, including its brave but not wary commandant. For the protection of the rearguard, a palisaded fort was constructed on a high bluff at Yambuya Rapids, enclosing the men's camp, with an inner space for the stores and the huts of the Europeans. Surrounding the pit a deep trench was dug over which, at the main entrance, was thrown a primitive drawbridge. Around the stockade the bush was cleared away, so as to leave no cover for an enemy.

In the Yambuya camp the rearguard was mewed up for almost a year, for Tippoo Tib played false to Stanley and delayed furnishing the contingent of porters. In other ways the year was a year of peril and anxiety. Not only did Tippoo withhold his carriers, but, through an Arab representative, Salem ben Mahomed, he formed a hostile camp alongside that of Major Barttelot, which was a constant menace to it. Salem forbad the natives selling food to the rearguard, made raids on its canoes and stores, and incited the Soudanese and Zanzibaris to mutiny. This treachery on the part of the Arabs reduced the garrison to the direst straits, entailed on it severe privations, and even threatened the life of the commandant. As the months passed, lying news was brought by deserters from the advance guard of the death of

Stanley and the wreck of the expedition. Sickness, brought on by famine and mental depression, fell upon the camp, and paralysed the energies of the European leaders. Mr. Jameson went off to Stanley Falls to endeavour to bring Tippoo to a sense of his engagement with Stanley. He, however, fell ill of fever and died at Bangola. Mr Ward ventured down to the coast to communicate with England. With him went forth Mr. Rose Troup, a helpless invalid. The charge of the rearguard, itself decimated by disease, was now narrowed to two men, Major Barttelot and Mr Bonny. The former, in despair, had gone to remonstrate with Tippoo, and to tell him that Mr. Ward had communicated news of the situation to Europe and that it would go hard with the rascally Arab chief if he did not carry out his bargain. This representation seems to have had effect, for Tippoo at last sent 400 porters, though, on their arriving at Yambuya, difficulties were raised about the loads they were to carry, a proceeding which heralded further disaster.

This, alas! came about very speedily. On the 11th of June, 1888, a year after Stanley had set forth on the Aruwimi, what was left of the rearguard, under Major Barttelot and Mr. Bonny, was suffered to depart. The column had not been a week on the march when Major Barttelot, its leader, was assassinated by one of the Manyemas whom Tippoo Tib had furnished as a porter. The column now became demoralized, though its now sole commander, Mr. Bonny, tried his best to keep it together. It had become so dispirited, however, and so enfeebled by death and desertion, that it hardly made



MAJOR BARTTELOT'S COLUMN.

any progress, and when found at Banalya by Mr. Stanley, on the 17th of August, 1888, its strength had been reduced from 257 to 71 men. Quite heart-rending is Mr. Stanley's account of his falling in with the slender contingent which was all that represented the rearguard. Here is an extract from his letter to the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, recounting the mishap to this portion of the expedition:

"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 scare-crows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuya to Banalya 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 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 reorganizing 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 meet-

ing, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly my personal kit, medicines, soaps, 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 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 Banalya, 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 lost only 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 unprecented, 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."

In the meanwhile, let us see what Mr. Stanley had accomplished. Within the space of fourteen months from the 28th of June, 1887, to the 17th of August, 1888, he had conducted his advance column through the unknown stretch of country extending from the junction of the Aruwimi and the Congo eastward to the Albert Nyanza. He had undergone the torture of those 160 fearful days in the gloom of the Ituru forests; he had fought with Majamboni's warriors and the Wambuttu dwarfs; part of his column had had that dreadful experience with Captain Nelson at Starvation Camp; he had made his way to Kavalli, on Lake Albert, and not meeting with Emin had returned to bring up his boats; he established another reserve depôt at Fort Bodo, Ibwiri; again made his way to the Lake, this time meeting with Emin Pasha; then leaving the Governor of the Soudan to get ready his column to depart for the coast, he once more retraced his steps to bring up his rearguard from Yambuya, and with what was left of it to make another journey to the Albert Nyanza.

These wanderings consumed over 400 days, and the distance traversed is not far from 2,000 miles. Amazing is the energy of the man by whom these things were accomplished. The record is indeed wonderful, particularly when we remember through what difficulties the expedition had to pass and with what peril it was constantly menaced. "For thirteen months out of a year and a half," says a writer, treating of the relief of the rearguard, "the leader was on the constant move, making his way through virgin forests that had neither road nor track, forcing his path through tangled brushwood and

over rushing torrents, carrying in his train many thousand pounds-weight of goods, provisions and ammuuition; harassed over and over again by warlike and suspicious savages, uncertain as to the means of providing food for his hundreds of followers, exposed to an unhealthy atmosphere and personally suffering the pangs of hunger and privation. Such was the man who in spite of climate, in spite of hostilities, in spite of famine, in spite of sickness, never wavered from his line of duty and devotion, but faced all difficulties, resolved to overcome them till his work was done. Who shall say that the age of knight-errantry has passed away? Other ages have had their Xenophon, Godfrey de Bouillon, Marco Polo, Columbus, Vasco, and Magellan; the nineteenth century can boast of Stanley. The race of heroes is not yet extinct."

What the perils of the way were, and how providentially he was preserved to breast and overcome them, we know from Stanley's own fervent words. The following is taken from a letter of his to his old employer, the proprietor of the New York *Herald*. Says Mr. Stanley: "This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa. A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us. 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 17, 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 tracks, 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 that three-quarters of their force die of slow poison. Their 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 pesthole 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 the sense of evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals, and poison-dipped arrows thin their number.

"Meantime, I, in command of the river column, anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions; through forests my scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

"Taking the same month and date in 1888, a year later, on August 17, I listen, horror struck, to the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred; while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot barely four weeks before, is simply sickening.

"On the same day, six hundred miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow, breathes his last. On the next day, August 18, six hundred miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriate rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Madhists. Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death we arrive a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom.

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

"This is not due to me. Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died and he lives. The poison tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four

months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me. These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams and broad expanses of mud and 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 hours. 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 face dangers every day, and their diet has been all throug what legal serfs would have declared infamous an abominable, and yet they live.

"This is not due to me any more than the cours with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings or the cheery energy which they bestowed on their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks and urged the poor souls on to their goal.

"The vulgar will call it luck. Unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains the feeling, that of 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 uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the unfortunate 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 who, 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!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH THROUGH THE FOREST.

WE now come to the dramatic incidents in connection with this memorable and arduous undertaking—the march through the Ituri forests, from Yambuya to Kavalli. The route, we learn from a well-informed writer in the *Illustrated London News* was divided into stages, each of which occupied many days of toilsome marching, often cutting a path through the forest, with long delays at several places, so that the average movement of Mr. Stanley's advance column was little better than two miles and a fraction daily.

"First stage, 184 English miles, from Yambuya in a direction north-east up the Aruwimi to Mugwé's villages, on the north bank of that river; this is 124 hours' marching; Banalya, the scene of the disaster to the rear column, is in this part of the route.

"Second stage, 59 miles, from Mugwé's villages to Avi Sibba, villages on the south bank, where the conflict took place in which Lieutenant Stairs was wounded and five men killed with poisoned arrows. More correctly, the latter died of tetanus.

"Third stage, 39 miles, from Avi Sibba to the confluence of the Nepoko, a large river from the north, with the Aruwimi.

"Fourth stage, 93 miles, from the Nepoko confluence, or Avi Jali, to the temporary Arab settlement of the notorious slave-dealer and ivory-hunter, Ugarrowa.

"Fifth stage, 162 miles, by a new road opened in the following year, on the north bank—not the route of the first advance in 1887—to Fort Bodo, in Ibwiri, the depôt station constructed by Mr. Stanley in 1888.

"Sixth stage, 126 miles, from Fort Bodo to Kavalli, at the south end of Lake Albert Nyanza.

"These stages make the whole travelling distance from Yambuya to Kavalli 563 miles; but the route first taken in October, 1887, went about fifty miles southward along the Aruwimi, above the Nepoko confluence, where the navigation of that river by the steel boat and canoes became impossible, and Mr. Stanley then, with the utmost difficulty and in peril of starvation, made his way to the Arab settlement of Kilonga-Longa, in North latitude 1 deg. 6 min., whence he passed eastward to the rising ground of Ibwiri, 3600 ft. above the sea-level."

With this itinerary before the reader he will be able, in some clearer fashion, to understand not only the route followed by the column, but to appreciate the long and toilsome journey, and the obstacles the expedition had to overcome in this unexampled march to the heart of the "Dark Continent." In subsequent chapters we propose to deal a little more in detail with the perils of the way, chiefly with the starvation experiences of the expedition, and its contact with the forest dwarfs. In choosing the

Aruwimi route, the leader of the expedition had been influenced by the hope that he would be able to avoid the Arab traders who persistently entice the native porters to desert. Unhappily he was disappointed in this, for he did meet with Arab caravans, and the fear he dreaded was justified. On one occasion, after meeting with Arabs, twenty-six of Stanley's people deserted. Following upon this, came the dreadful experience of that "awful month," October, 1887, when the expedition had to make its way through a region desolated by Arab raiders, and in which, the reserve of provisions having been exhausted, the column had to subsist, for the most part, on wild fruit and fungus roots. So disastrous was this experience, that the expedition came nigh to utter wreck, the men being unable from emaciation and disease to carry their loads, or to defend themselves from the continuous attacks of their enemies. But the details will be better gathered from Mr. Stanley's own words. We extract the following from one of his letters:

"The advance column, consisting of 389 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 the 5th of July. From this date until the 18th of October 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 Avi-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 Avi-Jali. Opposite our camp was the mouth of the tributary Nepoko.

"On August 31st we met for the first time a party of Manyema belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, *alias*

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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 of 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 15th entered the settlement occupied by Kilonga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed-ben-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 we left sixty-six men in the Arab station. On reaching Kilonga-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-ben-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 Kilonga-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 Kilonga-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-ben-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 the 31st of August, terminated on the 12th of November. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of 389 we now only numbered 174, 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 skeptical 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 their 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 demoralized. 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 hung in presence of all.

"We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, &c. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves; the fact was that I had 173—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men, when I set out for the Albert Nyanza on the 24th of November.

"There were still 126 miles from the lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing.

"On the 1st of December we sighted 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 the 5th of December we emerged upon the plains, and the deadly, gloomy forest was behind us. After 160 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

for 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."

In addition to these extracts from Mr. Stanley's letters, we are enabled to give the reader a further insight into the horrors of this march through the forest from a vivid description which occurs in an address he delivered, early in May, 1890, at a banquet tendered him at St. James's Hall, London. The word-picture will no doubt be appreciated, while the reader will at the same time enter into the joy which the Expedition felt when it emerged from the gloom of the forest into the life and sunshine of the grass land.

"An instinctive sense that the Albert Nyanza will never approach nearer to us, and that the object of the expedition will ever remain unattainable unless we employ physical and mental powers to shorten the distance, drives us on, solemn as the prospect is before us. Day after day, week after week, from dawn of morning to near eve, with a noon interval of rest, we are urged on unrestingly. Step by step we gain our miles and penetrate deeper and deeper into that strange conservatory of nature, the inner womb of a true tropical forest. The warm vapours rise from it as from a great fermenting vat, until so dense are the exhalations in a few days that only the flaming bolt can let in the sunlight on that impervious and endless foliage above our heads. After a month's unbroken march we halt for rest, and for the first time attempt to question natives who have hitherto artfully eluded our efforts to gain intelligence. We ask them if they know of any grass land lying east, north

or south of their district, and they reply in the negative, in a manner that seems to imply that we must be strange creatures to suppose that it would be possible for any world to exist save this illimitable forest world. Taking a grass blade from the river bank—for only a few straggling blades can be found—we hold it up to view. 'What, no field—no limited stretch of land with something like this growing?' 'No,' they reply, shaking their heads, compassionately pitying our absurd questions. 'All like this, and they wave their hands sweepingly to illustrate that all the world was alike, nothing but 'trees, trees, and trees!' Great trees rising as high as arrow shot towards the sky, uniting their crowns, interlacing their branches, pressing and crowded one against the other until neither sunbeam nor shaft of light may penetrate it.

"No sooner are these words heard by our men than imaginations conceive the forest under the most oppressive and forbidding aspect. Hitherto it had been a tract of land of uncertain extent, growing trees, which a few weeks' march would enable us to pierce through, a mere pleasant variation in the experiences of an African journey-maker; but a month had already elapsed, and they now heard with their own ears that the forest was without end. The little religion they knew was nothing more than legendary lore, and in their memories there dimly floated a story of a land that grew darker and darker as you travelled towards the end of the world and drew nearer to the place where a great serpent lay supine and coiled round the whole earth. Ah, then, the ancients must have referred to this, where the light is so ghastly, where the woods are endless and are so still and

solemn and gray, to this oppressive loneliness, amid so much life, which is so chilling to the poor distressed heart! And the horror grows darker with their fancies, the cold of early morning, the comfortless gray of the dawn, the dead white mist, the ever-dripping tears of the dew, the deluging rains, the appalling thunderbursts, and the rolling echoes, and the wonderful play of the dazzling lightning. And when the night comes with its thick, palpable darkness, and they lie cuddled in their little damp huts, and they hear the tempest overhead, the howling of the wild winds, the grinding and groaning of storm-tossed trees, the dread sounds of falling giants, and the shock of the trembling earth, which sends their hearts with fitful leaps to their throats, and a roaring and a rushing as of a mad, overwhelming sea—oh! then the horror is intensified.

"It may be that the next morning, when they hear the shrill sounds of the whistle and the officers' voices ring out in the dawn, and the blare of the trumpet is heard, and there is stir, and tumult of preparation, and action, that the morbid thoughts of the night and memories of terrible dreams will be effaced for a time; but when the march has begun once again, and the files are slowly moving through the woods, they renew their morbid broodings, and ask themselves, 'How long is this to last? Is the joy of life to end thus? Must we jog on day after day in this cheerless gloom and this joyless duskiness, until we stagger and fall, and rot among the toads?' Then they disappear into the woods by twos and threes and sixes, and after the caravan has passed return by the trail, some to reach Yambuya and upset the young offi-

cers with their tales of woe and war, some to fall sobbing under a spear thrust, some to wander and stray in the dark mazes of the woods hopelessly lost, and some to be carved for the cannibal feast. And those who remain, compelled to it by fears of greater dangers, mechanically march on, a prey to dread and weakness. The scratch of a thorn, the puncture of a pointed cane, the bite of an ant, or the sting of a wasp—the smallest thing serves to start an ulcer, which presently becomes virulent and eats its way to the bone, and the man dies. These sores rage like an epidemic, and dozen are sufferers. Then the recklessness with which the men eat up their stores of provisions! What might have lasted ten days is eaten up in two or three, and they starve the rest of the time, for the spaces between the banana plantations may be only a day's march, but they may be twenty days. But it requires a calamity to teach blacks as well as whites how to live."

"On the eighty-first day of the march from Yambuya we come across a community of ivory raiders from an Arab station called Kibongé, on the Lualaba. We leave fifty-six of our sick people with them to be boarded for money. Seventeen days later we leave Captain Nelson with fifty-two men who are unable to travel unless they get a supply of food. We select six of the most intelligent men and despatch them as *avant-couriers* to another Arab settlement to obtain relief, but they lose their way, and the expedition arrives after thirteen days' subsistence on fungi, wild fruit, and wood leaves at Kilonga-Longa's, but there is nine days' further delay before we can induce the brutish-minded ivory raiders to send off

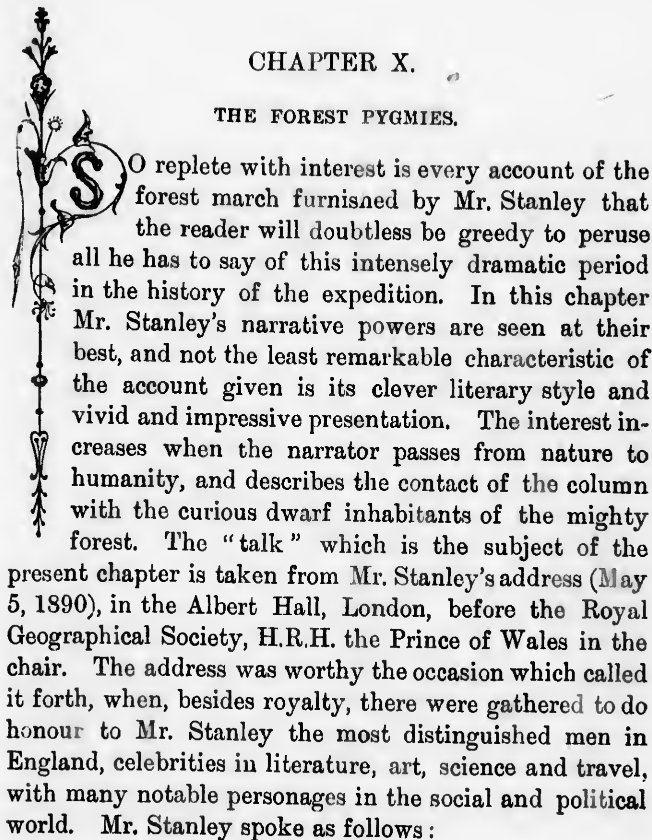
relief. Finally, after twenty-five days' starvation at the camp, Mr. Jephson reaches Captain Nelson to find only five skeletons surviving out of fifty-two. Many have died, many have deserted, many have been wandering for days in search of food and have not returned. At Kilonga-Longa's we are obliged to leave Captain Nelson and thirty-eight sick men, and Surgeon Parke to attend to their ailments, and we resume the march again with sadly reduced numbers.. Though, when men are sodden with despair, preaching is useless, not a day passes without an effort being made to lift them out of their brooding sullenness. We point out the robust ivory raider and say that we may be like them, hearty and strong, if we will it and pay heed to advice, take care of our rations until we get out of the devastated land. We tell them that there is one remedy for it, and that is to press on through the accursed wilderness, to bid good-bye to grief and want; and the day came at last after infinite patience, when we were well-nigh exhausted with our troubles, that we reached Ibwiri, the site of Fort Bodo. Here we rested for thirteen days to recuperate and repair the waste of the wilderness, and the effect was such that most of the men had increased in bodily weight over one pound per day.

"At this place the natives could tell us they had seen a grass land five days' journey further east, and this had revived the men; but it was twelve days before we came to the end of the forest, and on the 160th day after leaving Yambuya we filed out of the gloom into the light of broad day, shining over one of the loveliest lands we had seen. We raced gleefully like little wanton

children in spring over the soft young grass, we stared at the great burning sun, we gazed in wondrous delight at the careering waves of green grass as the wholesome wind swept over it. We went into raptures over the billowy contours of the land and the thin, winding lines of boscage between them, and our surprise was equal to that of the herds of game whose domains we had invaded and who snorted their alarm. We were 173 persons all told remaining out of 389. Out of the 216 we had left, we might pick up fifty of those we had left behind —perhaps less. We had no time, however, to think of anything but the present, and I doubt whether there were so many happier people than we were that day as we swung forward over the grassy downs, leaving the doleful shades behind us."

CHAPTER X.

THE FOREST PYGMIES.



SO replete with interest is every account of the forest march furnished by Mr. Stanley that the reader will doubtless be greedy to peruse all he has to say of this intensely dramatic period in the history of the expedition. In this chapter Mr. Stanley's narrative powers are seen at their best, and not the least remarkable characteristic of the account given is its clever literary style and vivid and impressive presentation. The interest increases when the narrator passes from nature to humanity, and describes the contact of the column with the curious dwarf inhabitants of the mighty forest. The "talk" which is the subject of the present chapter is taken from Mr. Stanley's address (May 5, 1890), in the Albert Hall, London, before the Royal Geographical Society, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the chair. The address was worthy the occasion which called it forth, when, besides royalty, there were gathered to do honour to Mr. Stanley the most distinguished men in England, celebrities in literature, art, science and travel, with many notable personages in the social and political world. Mr. Stanley spoke as follows:

"Our late journey for the relief and rescue of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria, was over 6,000 miles in length and occupied 987 days. Five hundred of those days were passed in the great Central African forest, and for 487 days we lived or journeyed through grass lands. Let me guide you rapidly through this forest, and I promise not to mislead you.

"Its greatest length is from near Kabambarré, in South Manyuema, to Bagbomo, on the Welle-Makua, in West Niam-Niam, 621 English miles; its average breadth is 517 miles, which makes a compact square area of 321,057 square miles. A serpentine line through the centre of this would represent our course. This enormous tract is thick set with trees, varying from 20 feet to 200 feet high, so close that the branches interlace one another and form an umbrageous canopy. It is absolutely impenetrable to sunshine. While the sun scorches and dazzles without, a little dust of white light flickering here and there only reveals the fact. Generally it was a mystical twilight, but on misty or rainy days the page of a book became unreadable. At night one fancied that the darkness was palpable and solid. The moon and stars were of no avail to us. As there are about 150 days of rain throughout the year, and almost every rainfall, except a drizzle, is preceded by squalls, storms, tempests, or tornadoes, with the most startling thunder crashes and the most vivid flashes of lightning, you may imagine that the houseless traveller in such a region must endure much discomfort.

"I have passed far more hours than I would like to say spell-bound with wonder during various phases of exist-

ence within it. I have caught myself often unconsciously wondering at the strange resemblance to human life visible in the forest. It was represented here very faithfully in all its youth, vigour, and decrepitude. There are trees prematurely aged and blanched, others were tumorous, others organically weak, others were hunchbacks, others suffered from poor nutrition, many are pallid and shrunk from want of air and sunshine, many were supported by their neighbours because of constitutional infirmity, many are toppling one over another, as though they were the incurables of a hospital, and you wonder how they exist at all. Some are already dead, and lie buried in reeking composts of humus, some are bleached white by the palsying thunderbolt or shivered by the levin brand or quite decapitated, or some old veteran, born long before the siege of Troy, is decaying in core and vitals; but the majority have the assurance of insolent youth, with all its grace and elegance of form, the mighty strength of prime life, and the tranquil pride of hoary aristocrats, or the placid endurance of ripe old age. All characters of humanity are represented here except the martyr and the suicide. Sacrifice is not within tree nature, and it may be that they only heard two Divine precepts: 'Obedience is better than sacrifice,' and 'Live and multiply.'

"As there is nothing so distasteful to me as the mob of a race day, so there is nothing so ugly in forest nature as when I am reminded of it by the selfish rush toward the sky in a clearing the hour it is abandoned by the human owners. Hark, the bell strikes, the race is about to begin. I seem to hear the uproar of the rush, the

fierce, heartless jostling and trampling, the cry, 'Self for self, the devil take the weakest,' to see the white-hot excitement, the noisy fume and flutter, the curious inequalities of vigour, and the shameless disregard for order or decency.

"I have sat at my tent door watching the twilight deepen into a sepulchral gloom, knowing that the elements were gathering for a war with the forest. I have heard the march of the storm advancing with the speed of a hurricane, and the sullen roar of the forest, as with nerves collected it swung its millions of giant hands to wrestle with it; the groaning, and rending, and crashing. I have seen the mighty swaying and surging of a countless army of tree-tops, their leaves all quivering and rustling, and the undergrowth dancing as though in approval of the strength of its gray sires, and then I have heard the rain follow in a torrential down-pour, hushing the storm and the strife, and descend in cascades from the drowning trees. We have watched the humus absorbing the rainwater as it fell, until like a sponge it was full, and the water rising by inches around us, and for twelve, fifteen, and eighteen hours the rain has steadily poured until it seemed as though we were never to see dry ground again. And then, after an uneasy night, wakened now and then by a falling tree which made the earth quake, or an unusual thunderclap overhead, as loud as if a planet had exploded, I have sat and watched the steaming vapour rise in blue clouds and sail up among the still foliage in ever-thickening folds, and have wondered how the atmosphere would ever become clear again. Yet within a few hours the sun would be

felt shining with purified lustre again, and every now and then, as some strata of foliage would be lifted by a sportive breeze, there would be subtle changes of light, and the dull green and damp leaves would shine with fitful life.

"When there was so much vigorous life round about us in these eternal woods, it did seem strange to us that vegetable life was so incommunicable with our own. But yesterday we sympathized with the trees as they roared in pain and torment, battling with the angry storm, and as they stand now, so spectral and still in mute peacefulness, still so keen are our sympathies with them that one fancies there should be some mode of speech between us and them. I saw that some were many centuries old; some in prime of life with every fibre healthy; some glorious in youth and strength; some goitrous, warty, ulcerous, stunted, and unwholesome; some slaves of slaves strangled by the rigid clutch of a pythonous parasite, the parasite in its turn bound firm with exceeding tension by a snaky creeper, and that also covered with lichen and moss; some with great sores exuding globules and pastils of gummy matter, the ants feeding on them like flies on pus; some old, ancient, palsied by a lightning stroke, life; death, and decay all around as with us.

"I have been absorbed in comparing the existence of some of these tree kings with events of human history. That splendid palm by the river-side took root half a century before the great plague of London. Yonder stately bombax, springing up a head and neck above myriads, was born probably about the time of that mem-

orable scene on Calvary; that wrinkled ironwood, four feet in diameter, was an infant under the shelter of his old sire when the Tower of Babel was building.

"And what office, if any, may one of these forest giants hold, whose blossoming crown and globe of foliage rise so high above the herd? Is it that of a watchman looking out for tidings? Is he the sire of the tribe? Does it herald the dawn and the morning sun, and bid the trees unfold their buds, and shake their leaves for rejoicing? Or has it gained such proud pre-eminence by its selfish and exuberant vitality? But lo! the storm approaches, there is fury and wrath, the thunderbolt falls, and the proud king lies prostrate, severed at the neck. You almost hear the cry of 'The King is dead, long live the King!'

"Since I have made my map I have taken the trouble to measure the extent of the area covered by this forest, and I find it to be something like 224,000,000 acres. If we allow each tree thirty feet around for sufficient space, and only forty-eight trees to the acre, we have the colossal figure of 10,752,000,000 as the total number. If we calculate the plants and saplings of the impenetrable undergrowth, we shall be among the incalculable billions.

"The longevity of the animal creation found in the rivers and shades of these aged woods is something worth glancing at. The elephant and the hippopotamus and the crocodile may boast of their 400 years of life, the tortoise a century, the buffalo fifty years, the crows, eagles, ibis, and touracos nearly a century, the parrot, the heron, and flamingo sixty years. From the chimpanzees, baboons, and monkeys, with which the forest abounds, is

but a step, according to Darwinism, to the pygmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between the Ihuru and the Ituri rivers. They were known to exist by the Father of poets nine centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. You may remember Homer wrote about the sanguinary battle that was reported to have taken place between the pygmies and the storks. In the fifth century before Christ, Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow pygmies, much as you would like us to show the pygmies about England. The geographer Hekatæus in the fifth century located the pygmies near the Equator of Africa, under the shadows of the Mountains of the Moon, and I find that from Hipparchus downwards geographers have faithfully followed the example of Hekatæus, and nearly a year ago we found them where they had been located by tradition under the names of Watwa and Wambutti. The forest which we have just been considering extends right up to the base line of the Mountains of the Moon.

"We were just now paying due reverence to the kings of the forest who were born before the foundations of the tower on Shinar plain were laid, and because it seemed to us that in their life they united pre-historic times to this society-journal-loving 19th century. Let us pause a little and pay honour to those little people who have outlived the proud Pharaohs of Egypt, the chosen people of Palestine, and the Emperors of Babylon, Nineveh, Persia, and the Macedonian and Roman Empires. They have

actually been able to hold their lands for over fifty centuries. I have lately seen the wear and tear on the Pyramids of Egypt, and I can certify that the old Sphynx presents a very battered appearance indeed; but the pygmies appeared to me as bright, as fresh, and as young as the generation about which Homer sang.

"You will therefore understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity in preference to beetles, was as much interested in these small creatures as Henry Irving might be in the *personnel* of the Lyceum. Near a place called Avetikò, on the Ituri river, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pygmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese six feet four inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibars, always more tender-hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them to me as prizes in the same spirit as they would have brought a big hawk moth or mammoth longicorn for inspection. As they stood tremblingly before me I named the little man Adam and the miniature woman Eve, far more appropriate names in the wild Eden on the Ituri than the Vukukuru and Akiokwa which they gave us. As I looked at them and thought how these represented the oldest people on the globe, my admiration would have gone to greater lengths than scoffing cynics would have expected. Poor Greekish heroes and Jewish patriarchs, how their glory paled before the ancient

ancestry of these manikins! Had Adam known how to assume a tragic pose, how fitly he might have said, 'Yea, you may well look on us, for we are the only people living on the face of the earth who from primæval time have never been removed from their homes. Before Yusuf and Mesu were ever heard of we lived in these wild shades, from the Nile Fountains to the Sea of Darkness, and, like the giants of the forest, we despise time and fate.'

"But, poor little things, they said nothing of the kind. They did not know they were heirs of such proud and unequalled heritage. On the contrary, their faces said clearly enough, as they furtively looked at one and the other of us, 'Where have these big people come from? Will they eat us?' There were some nervous twitches about the angles of the nose and quick upliftings of the eyelids, and swift, searching looks to note what fate was in store for them. It is not a comfortable feeling which possesses a victim in the presence of a possible butcher, and a possible consumer of its flesh. That misery was evident in the little Adam and Eve of the African Eden. The height of the man was four feet, that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about 85 pounds; the colour of the body was that of a half-baked brick, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within his limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp. The mysteries of woodcraft, for instance, he knew better than any of us, he knew what wild fruits were wholesome, and what fungi were poisonous. He could have given us valuable lessons how to find our way

through the forest. I saw also that he could adapt himself to circumstances. If the pot was to end him, a very little shrinking only would betray his fear of pain; if he were to be treated affectionately, none could be so ready to appreciate affection and kindness.

"We began to question him by gestures. 'Do you know where we can get bananas?' He catches the cue, he grasps his leg to show us the size, and nods his head rapidly, informing us that he knows where to find bananas of the size of his leg. One sees readily that he can exaggerate as well as Mark Twain. We point to the four quarters of the compass questioningly. He points to the sunrise in reply. 'Is it far?' He shows a hand's length. Ah, a good day's journey without loads, two days with loads! 'Do you know the Ihuru?' He nods his head rapidly. 'How far is it?' He rests his right hand sideways on the elbow joint. 'Oh, four days' journey.' 'Is there much food on the road?' He pats his abdomen lovingly with an artful smile and brings his two hands to a point in front of him, from which we may infer that our paunches will become like prostrate pyramids. We ask him why Aveliko has so little food. The little man attempts to imitate the sound of gunshots and cries, 'Do-o-o-o,' and we are informed quite intelligently that the devastation is due to the Manyema.

"I suppose we must have passed through as many as 100 villages inhabited by the pygmies. Long, however, before we reached them they were deserted and utterly cleaned out. Our foragers and scouts may have captured about fifty of these dwarfs, only one of whom reached the height of 54 inches. They varied from 39 inches to

50 inches, generally. They are so well-proportioned that at first sight they might be taken for ordinary mankind, but when we place by their side a European, a Soudanese, or a Mahdi, they appear exceedingly diminutive. By the side of dwarfs of mature age a Zanzibari boy of thirteen would appear large.

"The agricultural settlements in this region are to be found every nine or ten miles apart, and near each settlement at an hour's march distance will be found from four to eight pygmy villages situated along the paths leading to it. The larger aborigines are very industrious, and form a clearing of from 400 to 1,000 acres. Amid the prostrate forest they plant their banana and plantain bulbs. In twelve months the prostrate trees are almost hidden by the luxuriant fronds and abundant fruit of unrivalled quality, size and flavour. It would be easy to prove that in the forest an acre of banana plants produces twenty-five times more food than an acre in wheat produces in England. The pygmies appear to be aware that a banana plantation is inexhaustible, and to think that they have as much right as the aboriginal owners. Therefore they cling to these plantations and make the larger natives pay dearly for the honour of their acquaintance. In another manner they perform valuable service to them by warning them of the advance of strangers and assisting them to defend their settlements; they also trap game and birds, and supply the larger natives with peltry, feathers, and meat. It appeared to me that the pygmies were regarded somewhat as parasites, whose departure would be more welcome than their vicinity. When honey and game, meat, peltry, and feathers get low or scarce in

the neighbourhood, the pygmies pack their household goods on their women's backs and depart elsewhere to attach themselves to some other plantation. A forest village consists of from 20 to 100 families of pygmies, and probably in that area between the Ihuru and Ituri rivers there are as many as 2,000 families living this nomadic and free life in the perpetual twilight of the great and umbrageous forest of Equatorial Africa."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN TO THE LAKE—STARVATION EXPERIENCES.

WE have seen what was the sad state of things presented to Stanley's view on his way back from the Albert Nyanza for the relief of the rearguard. On meeting with its survivors at Banalya, a few days' march from the camp at Yambuya, Stanley lost not a moment in re-organizing the shattered column, and at the same time took occasion to send letters to Stanley Falls to be forwarded, with a cable despatch, to Europe. The latter was read in the House of Commons, about the close of the year 1888, amid breathless silence, and allayed the apprehensions of the civilized world as to the fate of the expedition and its gallant leader. The communication, though necessarily brief, was sufficient to dispel the misgivings and uncertainty which had been felt in England, and indeed throughout Europe, for fifteen months previously. The despatch was as follows: "Letters from Stanley Falls, dated August 21, 1888, state that on the previous day a letter had been received from Stanley, announcing that he was at Banalya, on the Aruwimi. He had left Emin Pasha eighty-two days previously in perfect health and well supplied with provisions. He

had retraced his steps in order to bring up his rear company and their loads. He had arrived at Banalya on the 17th of August, and expected to start again in ten days to rejoin Emin. All the white men belonging to the expedition were well." The latter statement, as we know now, was incorrect, for Barttelot had been murdered, Jameson had succumbed to disease, and Ward was incapacitated and on the way home *via* the Congo. The explanation of the despatch is that it had gone through Tippoo Tib's hands and did not directly come from Stanley. Though it did not tell anything of the mishaps and losses of the party, it conveyed at least the cheering announcement that its leader was yet alive and that the Relief Expedition had not suffered a collapse.

Poor Barttelot's death weighed heavily on the mind of Stanley. Though brave and courageous, he was no leader, and his fate, it would seem, had been the result of his own rashness and impatience. After lingering for more than a year at Yambuya, Barttelot had at last got away with his reduced column and reached his first encampment at Banalya. The date was the 18th of July, 1888. Here is the account which we find in a German source of Barttelot's death. "The evening of his arrival, the camp, in Mr. Bonny's charge, was *en fête*. The porters were shouting, singing, and dancing according to their habit when they are on the march. Barttelot, disliking the uproar, gave orders for immediate silence, and for the time his orders were obeyed; but about [illegible] the boisterous merriment broke out again, exuberant as ever. Furious that his directions should be thus set at defiance, the major rose and left his tent, and, notwithstanding

the remonstrances of Mr. Bonny, proceeded to the quarters of the bearers. A woman was singing and beating a drum in front of one of the huts; he spoke angrily to her, and threatened her with punishment. In another moment a shot was fired and the major fell dead. It was the woman's husband, a Manyema, named Sanga, who had done the fatal act. He had resented the vengeance that was threatened to his wife, and raising his gun he killed the white chief upon the spot."

This was the unhappy story, supplemented by an account of Arab treachery, which had reduced the number of the rearguard from 257 to 71 men, that Stanley was greeted with on his falling in at Banalya with Mr. Bonny and the decimated column. As we have said, Stanley hastened to reorganize the camp and at once set forth with it for the Nyanza.

With the rearguard contingent and the men he had brought with him, his new column was recruited to the extent, in all, of 350 men, and, with Mr. Bonny, Stanley now sets out on what was to be a four months' journey to Kavalli. The route once more lay through the all but impenetrable forests and the devastated wildernesses, of which the Wambutti dwarfs were the sole tenants. Half the distance was accomplished with little mishap or difficulty. The road had now become familiar. When the caravan had reached the Ihuru, not only was it attacked by a decimating epidemic of small-pox, but famine set in, and weeks of intense privation followed. Matters becoming worse, Stanley was obliged to erect a camp in the forest and to despatch the more able-bodied of his following on a foraging expedition. The trials of

this period will be best told in Mr. Stanley's own words. They are taken from a letter addressed to Sir Wm. Mackinnon, Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition:—

"Having gathered," writes Mr. Stanley, "such as were left of the rear column and such Manyemas as were willing of their own accord to accompany me, and entirely re-organized 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 time 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's 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 Kilonga-Longa's bands of raiders. We were about one hundred and sixty miles from the grass-land, 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 an 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, situ-

ated 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 rearguard 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 buttter-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, and 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 Starvation 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 was 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."

A similar, or even worse, experience befell the expedition on its first breaking through the Ituri forests, in the

never-to-be forgotten month of October, 1887. On that occasion, Stanley's column had got to a region where no food was to be found, and where the expedition was in dread of coming to utter wreck by sickness, famine, and the debility and emaciation which the awful perils of the way had brought on. A provisional camp was formed of those whose plight was most hopeless, and those of the column who had not succumbed were sent forth in search of food. The camp has since borne the ominous title of "Nelson's Starvation Camp," and an account of the horrors of the time has just been given us in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, for June, 1890, in Mr. Stanley's own words. The account, we are told, will form part of a narrative of the march through the forest to appear in Mr. Stanley's forthcoming work.

"On the morning of October 6 [1887] we were 271 in number, including white and black; since then two had died of dysentry, one from debility, four had deserted, and one man was hanged. We had, therefore, 263 men left. Out of this number 52 had been reduced to skeletons—who, first attacked by ulcers, had been unable to forage, and who had wasted by their want of economy, rations which would have been sufficient to maintain them during the days that intervened of total want. These losses in men left me 211 still able to march; and as among these there were 40 men non-carriers, and as I had 227 loads, it followed that when I needed carriage I had about 80 loads more than could be carried. Captain Nelson, for the last two weeks had also suffered from a dozen small ulcers, which had gradually increased in virulence. On this day, when the wild state of the river

quite prohibited further progress by it, he and 52 men were utterly unfit and incapable of travel.

"It was a difficult problem that now faced us. Captain Nelson was our comrade, whom to save we were bound to exert our best force. To the 52 black men we were equally bound by the most solemn obligations, and dark as was the prospect around us we were not so far reduced but that we entertained a lively hope that we could save them. As the Manyema had reported that their settlement was only five days' journey, and we had already travelled two days' march then, probably the village or station was still three days' ahead of us. It was suggested by Captain Nelson that if we despatched intelligent couriers ahead they would be enabled to reach Kilonga-Longa's settlement long before the column. As the suggestion admitted of no contradiction, and as the headmen were naturally the most capable and intelligent, the chief of the headmen and five others were hastened off at once, and instructed to proceed along the south bank of the river until they descried some landing-place, whence they must find means to cross the Ituri, discover the settlement, and obtain an immediate store of food.

"After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, that we might not all be lost, and send relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the 52 men, 81 loads, and 10 canoes in charge of Captain Nelson, bade him be of good cheer, and hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

"No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and

hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of six hundred feet and pent in the never ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream, and the twin cataracts which ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves coiling and twisting into uprising columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times, and past generations; then think of the night with its palpable blackness; the dead, black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness; that misery engendered by loneliness, and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men.

"And what of us, trudging up those wooden slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland, to tramp on and on, whither, we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food, with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible canyon?

"As I looked at the poor men struggling wearily onward, it appeared to me as though a few hours only were needed to insure our fate—one day, perhaps two days, and then life would ebb away. How their eyes searched the wild woods for the red berries of the phrynia, and the tartish, crimson and oblong fruit of the amoma ; how they rushed for the flat beans of the forest, and gloated over their treasures of fungi ! In short, nothing was rejected in this severe distress to which we were reduced except leaves and wood. We passed several abandoned clearings, and some men chopped down pieces of banana stalk, then searched for wild herbs to make potage ; the bastard jack fruit or the *fenessi* and other huge fruit became dear objects of interest as we struggled on.

> "Return we could not, nor
> Continue where we were ; to shift our place
> Was to exchange one misery with another.
> And every day that came, came to decay
> A day's work in us."

"On October 7th we began at 6.30 a.m. that funereal pace through the trackless region on the crest of the forest uplands. We picked up fungi, and the *matonga* wild fruit, as we travelled, and after seven hours' march we rested for the day. At 11 a.m. we had halted for lunch at the usual hour. Each officer had economized his rations of bananas. Two were the utmost I could spare for myself. My comrades were also as rigidly strict and close in their diet, and a cup of sugarless tea closed the repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and

the time that it would take them to return; and they desired to know whether, in my previous African experience, I had encountered anything so grievous as this.

"'No; not quite so bad as this,' I replied. 'We have suffered, but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way into Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbiré we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was much to be pitied; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should it be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us.' Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vice as of iron.

"'There, boys,' I said, 'truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past,' and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea-fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share; and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings.

"On the next day, in order to relieve the boat-bearers of their hard work, Mr. Jephson was requested to convect

the sections together; and two hours after starting on the march we came opposite an inhabited island. The advance scouts seized a canoe and bore straight on to the island, to snatch in the same unruly manner as Orlando, meat for the hungry.

"'What would you, unruly men?'

"'We would have meat! Two hundred stagger in these woods and reel with faintness.'

"The natives did not stand for further questions, but vanished kindly, and left their treasures of food. We received as our share two pounds of Indian corn and half a pound of beans. Altogether about twenty-five pounds of corn were discovered, which was distributed among the people.

"In the afternoon I received a note from Mr. Jephson, who was behind with the boat: 'For God's sake, if you can get any food at village, send us some.'

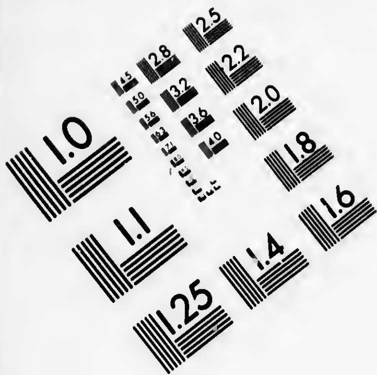
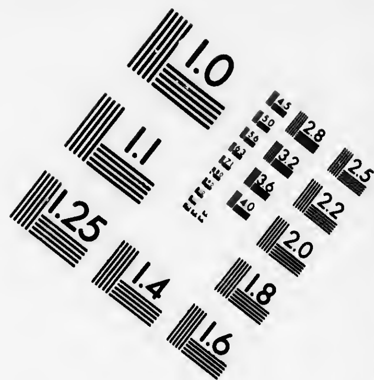
"I despatched an answer to Jephson to hunt up the wounded elephant that I had shot, and which had taken refuge on an island near him and, in reply to his anxious letter, a small handful of corn.

"On October 9th one hundred men volunteered to go across the river and explore inland from the north bank, with a resolute intention not to return without food of some kind. I went up river with the boat's crew, and Stairs down river to strike inland by a little track, in the hope that it might lead to some village; those who were too dispirited to go far wandered southward through the woods to search for wild fruit and forest beans. This last article was about four times the size of a large garden bean, encased in a brown leathery rind. At first we had

contented ourselves with merely skimming and boiling it, but this produced sickness of the stomach. An old woman captured on the island was seen to prepare a dish of these beans by skinning them and afterward scrapin the innner covering, and finally scraping them as would nutmegs. Out of this floury substance she made some patties for her captor, who shouted in ecstasies that they were good. Whereupon everybody bestirred themselves to collect the beans, which were fairly plentiful. Tempted by a 'lady-finger' cake of this article that was brought to me, I ventured to try it, and found it sufficiently filling and about as palatable as a mess of acorns. Indeed, the flavour strongly reminded me of the acorn. The fungi were of several varieties, some pure and perfect mushrooms, others were of a less harmless kind; but surely the gods protected the miserable human beings condemned to live on such things. Grubs were collected; also slugs from the trees, caterpillars and white ants—these served for meat. The *mabengu* (nux vomica) furnished the dessert, with *fenessi* or a species of bastard jack fruit.

"The following day some of the foragers from across the river returned bringing nothing, because they had discovered such emptiness on the north bank as we had found on the south bank; but 'Inshallah!' they said, 'we shall find food either to-morrow or the next day.'

"In the morning, I had eaten my last grain of Indian corn, and my last portion of everything solid that was obtainable and reserved, and at noon the horrid pains of the stomach had to be satisfied with something. Some potato leaves brought me by Wadi Khamis, a headman, were

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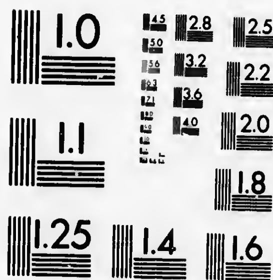
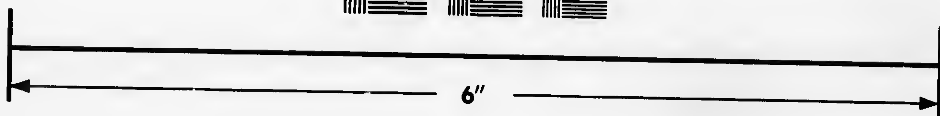

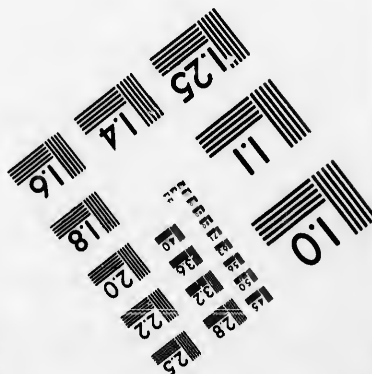

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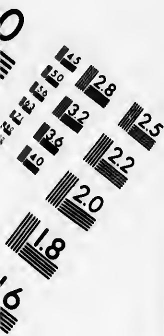
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bruised fine and cooked. They were not bad; still the stomach ached from utter depletion. Then a Zanzibari, with his face aglow with honest pride, brought me a dozen fruit of the size and colour of a prize pear, which emitted a most pleasant fruity odour. He warranted them to be lovely, and declared that the men enjoyed them, but the finest had been picked out for myself and officers. He had also brought a patty made out of the wood bean flower, which had a rich, custardy look about it. With many thanks I accepted this novel repast, and I felt a grateful sense of fulness. In an hour, however, a nausea attacked me, and I was forced to seek my bed. The temples presently felt as if constricted by an iron band, the eyes blinked strangely, and a magnifying-glass did not enable me to read the figures of Norie's epitome. My German servant, with the rashness of youth, had lunched bravely on what I had shared with him of the sweetly smelling, pear-like fruit, and consequently suffered more severely. Had he been in a little cockle boat on a mad Channel sea he could scarcely have presented a more flabby and disordered aspect than had been caused by the forest pears.

"Just at sunset the foragers of No. 1 Company, after an absence of thirty-six hours, appeared from the north bank, bringing sufficient plantains to save the Europeans from despair and starvation; but the men received only two plantains each, equal to four ounces of solid stuff, to put into stomachs that would have required eight pounds to satisfy.

"The officers, Stairs, Jephson and Parke, had been amusing themselves the entire afternoon in drawing fanciful menus where such things figured as:

Fillet de bœuf en Chartreuse.
Pâté de volailles, à la Lucullus.
Petites bouchées, aux huitres d'Ostende.
Bécassines rôties, à la Londres.

"Another had shown his Anglo-Saxon proclivities for solids such as:

Ham and eggs, and plenty of them.
Roast beef and potatoes unlimited.
A weighty plum-pudding.

"There were two of the foragers missing, but we could not wait for them. We moved from this starvation camp to one higher up, a distance of eleven miles.

On October 12th we marched four and a-half miles, east by south. The boat and crew were far below, struggling in the rapids. We wished now to cross the river to try our fortunes on the north bank. We searched for a canoe and saw one on the other side, but the river was four hundred yards wide, and the current was too strong against the best swimmers in their present state of debility.

"Some scouts presently discovered a canoe fastened to an island only forty yards from the south bank, which was situated a little above our halting-place. Three men volunteered, among whom was Wadi Asmani of the Pioneers, a grave man, faithful, and of much experience in many African lands. Twenty dollars reward was to be the prize of success. Asmani lacked the audacity of Uledi, the coxswain of the "advance," as well as his bold, high spirit, but was a most prudent and valuable man.

"These three men chose a small rapid for their venture, that they might obtain a footing now and then on the rocks. At dusk two of them returned to grieve us with the news that Asmani had tried to swim with his Winchester on his back, and had been swept by the strong current into a whirlpool, and was drowned.

"We were unfortunate in every respect; our chiefs had not returned, we were fearing for their fate, strong men deserted. Our rifles were rapidly decreasing in number. Our ammunition was being stolen. Feruzi, the next best man to Uledi as a sailor, soldier, carrier, good man and true, was dying from a wound inflicted on the head by a savage's knife.

"The following day was also a halt. We were about to cross the river, and we were anxious for our six chiefs, one of whom was Rashid ben Omar, 'the father of the people,' as he was called. Equipped with only their rifles, accoutrements, and sufficient ammunition, such men ought to have travelled, in the week that had elapsed since our departure from Nelson's camp, over a hundred miles. If they, during that distance, could not discover the Manyema settlement, what chance had we, burdened with loads, with a caravan of hungry and despairing men who for a week had fed on nothing but two plantains, berries, wild fruit and fungi? Our men had begun to suffer dearly during this protracted starvation. Three had died the day before.

"Toward evening Jephson appeared with the boat, and brought a supply of Indian corn, which sufficed to give twelve cupfuls to each white. It was a reprieve from death for the Europeans.

"The next day, the 15th, having blazed trees around the camp, and having drawn broad arrows with charcoal for the guidance of the headmen when they should return, the expedition crossed over to the north bank and camped on the upper side of a range of hills. Feruzi Ali died of his wound soon after.

"Our men were in such a desperately weak state that I had not the heart to command the boat to be disconnected for transport; as, had a world's treasure been spread out before them, they could not have exhibited greater power than they were willing to give at a word. I stated the case fairly to them thus:

"'You see, my men, our condition in brief is this: We started from Yambuya 387 in number and took 237 loads with us. We had eighty extra carriers to provide for those who by the way might become weak and ailing. We left fifty-six men at Ugarrowwa's Settlement, and fifty-two with Captain Nelson. We should have 271 left, but instead of that number we have only 200 to-day, including the chiefs who are absent. Seventy-one have either died, been killed or deserted. But there are only 150 of you fit to carry anything, and therefore we cannot carry this boat any further. I say let us sink her here by the river side, and let us press on to get food for ourselves and those with Captain Nelson, who are wondering what has become of us, before we all die in these woods. You are the carriers of the boat—not we. Do you speak, what shall be done unto her?'

"Many suggestions were made by the officers and men, but Uledi of 'Through the Dark Continent,' always Uledi, the ever faithful Uledi, spoke straight to the purpose.

'Sir, my advice is this. You go on with the caravan and search for the Manyema, and I and my crew will work at these rapids, and pole, row or drag her on as we can. After I have gone two days up, if I do not see signs of the Manyema I will send men after you to keep touch with you. We cannot lose you, for a blind man could follow such a track as the caravan makes.'

"This suggestion was agreed by all to be the best, and it was arranged that our rule of conduct should be as Uledi sketched out.

"We separated at 10 a.m., and in a short time I had my first experience among the loftier hills of the Aruwimi valley. I led the caravan northward through the trackless forest, sheering a little to the northeast to gain a spur, and using animal tracks when they served us. Progress was very slow, the undergrowth was dense; berries of the phrynium and fruit of the amomum, *fenessi*, and nux vomica, besides the large wood beans and fungi of all sorts, were numerous, and each man gathered a plentiful harvest. Unaccustomed to hills for years, our hearts palpitated violently as we breasted the steep wooded slopes, and cut and slashed at the impeding creepers, bush and plants.

"Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through that endless forest, following one white man, who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter, death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke

through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound around the crest of spurs, zigzagging from northeast to northwest, and, descending to a bowl-like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries.

"During our mid-day halt, one Umari, having seen some magnificent and ripe *fenessi* at the top of a tree sixty feet high, essayed to climb it; but, on gaining that height, a branch or his strength yielded, and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

"At 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, amoma and bush, we came to a dark, amphitheatral glen, and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours! Two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp.

"My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore, to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served, a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of

hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it. That constituent of the human being which marks him as superior to all others of the animal creation was so deadened by hunger that our men had become merely carnivorous bipeds, inclined to be as ferocious as any beast of prey.

"On the 16th we crossed through four deep gorges one after another, through wonderful growths of phrynia. The trees frequently bore *fenessi* nearly ripe, one foot long and eight inches in diameter. Some of this fruit was equal to pineapple; it was certainly wholesome. Even the rotten fruit was not rejected. When the *fenessi* were absent the wood bean tree flourished and kindly sprinkled the ground with its fruit. Nature seemed to confess that the wanderers had borne enough of pain and grief. The deepest solitudes showed increasing tenderness for the weary and long suffering. The phrynia gave us their brightest red berries, the amoma furnished us with the finest, ripest scarlet fruit, the *fenessi* were in a state of perfection, the wood beans were larger and fatter, the streams of the wood glens were clear and cold; no enemy was in sight, nothing was to be feared but hunger, and nature did its best with her unknown treasures, shaded us with her fragrant and loving shades, and whispered to us unspeakable things, sweetly and tenderly.

"During the mid-day halt the men discussed our prospects. They said, with solemn shaking of their heads, 'Know you that such and such a man is dead? that the other is lost! another will probably fall this afternoon! the rest will perish to-morrow!' The trumpet sum-

moned all to their feet, to march on, and strive and press forward to the goal.

"Half an hour later the pioneers broke through a growth of amoma, and stepped on a road. And lo! on every tree we saw the peculiar 'blaze' of the Manyema, a discovery that was transmitted by every voice from the head to the rear of the column, and was received with jubilant cheers.

"'Which way, sir?' asked the delighted pioneers.

"'Right turn, of course,' I replied, feeling far more glad than any, and fuller of longings for the settlement that was to end this terrible period and shorten the misery of Nelson and his dark followers.

"'Please God,' they said, 'to-morrow or the next day, we shall have food,' which meant that, after suffering unappeasable hunger for three hundred and thirty-six hours, they could patiently wait, if it pleased God, another thirty-six or sixty hours more.

"We were all frightfully thin, the whites not so much reduced as our coloured men. We thought of the future and abounded with hope, though deep depression followed any inspection of the people. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger, followed by despair, killed many. Many freely expressed their thoughts, and declared to one another plainly that we knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in the unexplored depths of woods? But, as they said, it was their fate to follow us, and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness

sets in through emptiness; it is still worse to do so when burdened with sixty pounds' weight. Over fifty were yet in fair condition; 150 were skeletons covered with ashy-gray skins, jaded and worn out, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies, and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan, and shed tears and sigh. My only dog, 'Randy,' alas! how feeble he had become! Meat he had not tasted—except with me of the ass's meat—for weeks. Parched corn and beans were not fit for a terrier, and *fenessi* and *mabengu* and such other acid fruit he disdained, and so he declined, until he became as gaunt as the pariah of a Moslem. Stairs had never failed me. Jephson every now and then had been fortunate in discoveries of grain treasures, and had always shown an indomitable front; and Parke was ever striving, patient, cheerful, and gentle. Deep, deep down to undiscovered depths our life in the forest had enabled me to penetrate human nature with all its endurance and virtues.

"Along the track of the Manyema it was easy to travel. Sometimes we came to a maze of roads; but once the general direction was found there was no difficulty to point to the right one. It appeared to be well travelled, and it was clearer every mile that we were approaching a populous settlement. As recent tracks became more numerous, the bush seemed more broken into with many a halt and many wayward strayings. Here and there trees had been lopped of their branches. Cording vines lay frequently on the track; pads for native carriers had often been dropped in haste. Most of the morning was expended in crossing a score of lazy, oozy

rillets, which caused large breadths of slime-covered swamp. Wasps attacked the column at one crossing, and stung a man into high fever, and being in such an emaciated condition there was little chance of his recovery. After a march of seven miles southeastwardly we halted on the afternoon of the 17th.

"The night was ushered in by a tempest which threatened to uproot the forest and bear it to the distant west, accompanied by floods of rain, and a severe cold temperature. Nevertheless, fear of famishing drove us to begin the march at an early hour on the following day. In about an hour and a half we stood on the confines of a large clearing, but the fog was so dense that we could discern nothing further than two hundred feet in front Resting awhile to debate upon our course, we heard a sonorous voice singing in a language none of us knew and a lusty hail and an argument with what appeared to be some humour. As this was not a land where aborigines would dare to be so light-hearted and frivolous, this singing we believed could proceed from no other people than those who knew they had nothing to fear. I fired a Winchester rapidly in the air. The response by heavy-loaded muskets revealed that these were the Manyema whom we had been so long seeking, and scarcely had the echoes ceased their reverberations than the caravan relieved its joy by long-continued hurrahs.

"We descended the slope of the clearing to a little valley, and from all sides of an opposite slope were seen issuing lines of men and women to welcome us with friendly hails. We looked to the right and left, and saw thriving fields, Indian corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and

beans. The well-known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship burst upon our ears; and our hands were soon clasped by lusty, huge fellows, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands. These came principally from Manyema, though their no less stout slaves, armed with percussion muskets and carbines, echoed heartily their superiors' sentiments and professions.

"We were conducted up the sloping clearing through fields of luxuriant grain, by troops of men and youngsters, who were inexpressibly frolicsome in their joy at the new arrivals and dawning promise of a holiday. On arriving at the village, we were invited to take our seats in deep, shady verandas, where we soon had to answer to hosts of questions and congratulations. As the caravan filed past us to its allotted quarters, which men were appointed to show, numerous were the praises to God uttered by them for our marvellous escapes from the terrible wilderness that stretched from their settlement of Ipoto to the Basopo Cataract, a distance of 197 miles —praises in which, in our inmost hearts, each one of our sorely tried caravan most heartily joined.

"We were now about to have a more intimate acquaintance with the morals of the Manyema, and to understand them better than we ever expected we should.

"They had not heard a word or a whisper of our headmen whom we had despatched as couriers to obtain relief for Nelson's party, and as it was scarcely possible that a starving caravan would accomplish the distance between Nelson's camp and Ipoto before six active and intelligent men, we began to fear that among the lost men we should

have to number our Zanzibari chiefs. Their track was clear as far as the crossing-place of December 14th and 15th. It was most probable that the witless men would continue up the river until they were overpowered by the savages of some unknown village. Our minds were never free from anxiety respecting Captain Nelson and his men. Thirteen days had already elapsed since our parting. During this period their position was not worse than ours had been. The forest was around them as it was around us. They were not loaded down as we were The most active men could search about for food, as they could employ their canoes to ferry themselves over to the scene of the forage of December 3rd, one day's journey by land, or an hour by water. Berries and fungi abounded on the crest of the hills above their camp as in other parts. Yet we were anxious; and one of my first duties was to try and engage a relief party to take food to Nelson's camp. I was promised that it should be arranged next day.

"For ourselves we received three goats and twelve baskets of Indian corn, which, when distributed, gave six ears of corn per man. It furnished us with two good meals, and many must have felt revived and refreshed, as I did.

"On the first day's halt at Ipoto we suffered considerable lassitude. Nature either furnishes a stomach and no food, or else furnishes a feast and robs us of all appetite. On the day before and on this we had fed sumptuously on rice and pilaf and goat's stew, but now we began to suffer from many illnesses. The masticators had forgotten their office, and the digestive organs disdained the

dainties, and affected to be deranged. Seriously, it was the natural result of over-eating; corn mush, grits, parched corn, beans and meat, are solids requiring gastric juice, which, after being famished for so many days, was not in sufficient supply for the eager demand made for it.

"The Manyema had about three hundred or four hundred acres under corn, five acres under rice, and as many under beans. Sugar-cane was also grown largely. They possessed about one hundred goats—all stolen from the natives. In their store-huts they had immense supplies of Indian corn, drawn from some village near the Ihuru, and as yet unshucked. Their banana plantations were well stocked with fruit. Indeed the condition of everyone in the settlement was prime.

"It is but right to acknowledge that we were received on the first day with ostentatious kindness, but on the third day something of a strangeness sprang up between us. Their cordiality probably arose from a belief that our loads contained some desirable articles; but unfortunately, the first-class beads that would have sufficed for the purchase of all their stock of corn were lost by the capsizing of a canoe near Panga Falls, and the gold-braided Arab burnooses were stolen below Ugarrowwa, by deserters. Disappointed at not receiving the expected quantity of fine cloth or fine beads, they proceeded systematically to tempt our men to sell everything they possessed, shirts, caps, daoles, waist-cloths, knives, belts, which, being their personal property, we had no objection. But the lucky owners of such articles, having been seen by others less fortunate hugely enjoying varieties of succulent food, were the means of inspiring the latter to

envy, and finally to theft. The unthrifty and reckless men sold their ammunition, accoutrements, bill hooks, ramrods, and finally their Remington rifles. Thus, after escaping the terrible dangers of starvation and such injuries as the many savage tribes could inflict on us, we were in near peril of becoming slaves to the Arab slaves.

"Despite entreaties for corn, we could obtain no more than two ears per man per day. I promised to pay triple price for everything received on the arrival of the rear column; but with these people a present possession is better than a prospective one. They professed to doubt that we had cloth, and to believe that we had travelled all this distance to fight them. We represented, on the other hand, that all we needed were six ears of corn per day during nine days' rest. Three rifles disappeared. The headmen denied all knowledge of them. We were compelled to reflect that if it were true they suspected we entertained sinister intentions toward them, that surely the safest and craftiest policy would be to purchase our arms secretly, and disarm us altogether, when they could enforce what terms they pleased on us.

"On the 21st six more rifles were abstracted. At this rate the expedition would be wrecked in a short time, for a body of men without arms, in the heart of a great forest, with a host of men to the eastward and a large body to the westward depending upon them, were lost beyond hope of salvation. Both advance and retreat were equally cut off, and no resource would be left but absolute submission to the chief who chose to assert himself to be our master, or death. Therefore I proposed for

my part to struggle against such a fate, and either to provoke it instantly, or ward it off by prompt action.

"A muster was made, the five men without arms were sentenced to twenty-five lashes each and to be tied up. After a considerable fume and fuss had been exhibited, a man stepped up, as one was about to undergo punishment, and begged permission to speak.

"'This man is innocent, sir. I have his rifle in my hut, I seized it last night from Juma (one of the cooks), son of Forkali, as he brought it to a Manyema to sell. It may be Juma stole it from this man. I know that all these men have pleaded that their rifles have been stolen by others while they slept. It may be true as in this case.' Meantime Juma had flown, but was found later on hiding in the corn-fields. He confessed that he had stolen two, and had taken them to the informer to be disposed of for corn, or a goat, but it was solely at the instigation of the informer. It may have been true, for scarcely one of them but was quite capable of such a course; but the story was lame, and unreasonable in this case and was rejected. Another now came up and recognized Juma as the thief who had abstracted his rifle, and having proved his statement, and confession having been made, the prisoner was sentenced to immediate execution, which was accordingly carried out by hanging.

"It now being proved beyond a doubt that the Manyema were purchasing our rifles at the rate of a few ears of corn per gun, I sent for the headmen, and made a formal demand for their instant restitution, otherwise they would be responsible for the consequences. They were inclined to be wrathy at first. They drove the

Zanzibaris from the village out into the clearing, and there was every prospect of a fight, or, as very probable, that the expedition was about to be wrecked. Our men being so utterly demoralized, and utterly broken in spirit from what they had undergone were not to be relied on, and as they were ready to sell themselves for corn—there was little chance of our winning a victory in case of a struggle. It requires fulness of stomach to be brave. At the same time death was sure to conclude us in any event, for to remain quiescent under such circumstances tended to produce an ultimate appeal to arms. With those eleven rifles, three thousand rounds of ammunition had been sold. No option presented itself to me than to be firm in my demand for the rifles; it was reiterated under a threat that I would proceed to take other means, and as a proof of it they had but to look at the body hanging from a tree; for if we proceeded to such extremities as putting to death one of our own men, they certainly ought to know that we should feel ourselves perfectly prepared to take vengeance on those who had really caused his death by keeping open doors to receive stolen property.

"After an hour's storming in their village they brought five rifles to me, and to my astonishment pointed out the sellers of them. Had it not been impolitic in the first place to drive things to the extreme, I should have declined receiving one of them back before all had been returned, and could I have been assured of the aid of fifty men I should have declared for a fight; but just at this juncture Uledi, the faithful coxswain of the *Advance*, strode into camp bringing news that the boat was safe at the landing-place of Ipoto and of his discovery of the

six missing chiefs in a starving and bewildered state four miles from the settlement. This produced a revulsion of feeling. Gratitude for the discovery of my lost men, the sight of Uledi—the knowledge that, after all, despite the perverseness of human nature, I had some faithful fellows, left me for the time speechless.

"Then the tale was told to Uledi and he undertook the business of eradicating the hostile feelings of the Manyema, and pleaded with me to let bygones be bygones, on the score that the dark days were ended, and happy days he was sure were in store for us.

"'For surely, dear master,' he said, 'after the longest night comes day, and why not sunshine after darkness with us? I think of how many long nights and dark days we pulled through in the old times when we pierced Africa together, and now let your heart be at peace. Please God we shall forget our troubles before long.'

"The culprits were ordered to be bound until morning. Uledi, with his bold, frank way, sailed straight into the affections of the Manyema headmen. Presents of corn were brought to me, apologies were made and accepted. The corn was distributed among the people, and we ended this troublesome day, which had brought us all to the verge of dissolution, in much greater content than could have been hoped from its ominous commencement.

"Our land-wandering chiefs, who were sent as heralds of our approach to Ipoto, arrived on Sunday the 23rd. They surely had made but a fruitless quest, and they found us old residents of the place they had been despatched to seek. Haggard, wan, and feeble from seventeen days' feeding on what the uninhabited wilderness

afforded, they were also greatly abashed at their failure. They had reached the Ibina River, which flows from the southeast, and struck it two days above the confluence with the Ituri; they had then followed the tributary down to the junction, had found a canoe and rowed across to the right bank, where they had nearly perished from hunger. Fortunately Uledi had discovered them in time, had informed them of the direction of Ipoto, and they had crawled as they best could to camp.

"Before night Sangarameni, the third headman, appeared from a raid with fifteen fine ivories. He said he had penetrated a twenty days' journey, and from a high hill had viewed an open country all grass land.

"Out of a supply I obtained on this day I was able to give two ears of corn per man, and to store a couple of baskets for Nelson's party. But events were not progressing smoothly; I could obtain no favourable answer to my entreaty for a relief party. One of our men had been speared to death by the Manyema on a charge of stealing corn from the fields. One had been hanged, twenty had been flogged for stealing ammunition, another had received two hundred cuts from the Manyema for attempting to steal. If only the men could have reasoned sensibly during these days how quickly matters could have been settled otherwise!

"I had spoken and warned them with all earnestness to 'endure, and cheer up,' and that there were two ways of settling all this, but that I was afraid of them only, for they preferred the refuse of the Manyema to our wages and work. The Manyema were proving to them what they might expect of them; and with us the worst

days were over; all we had to do was to march beyond the utmost reach of the Manyema raids, when we should become as robust as they. Bah! I might as well have addressed my appeals to the trees of the forest as unto wretches so sodden in despair.

"The Manyema had promised me three several times by this day to send eighty men as a relief party to Nelson's camp; but the arrival of Sangarameni, and various misunderstandings and other trifles had disturbed the arrangements.

"On the 12th firing was heard on the other side of the river, and under the plea that it indicated the arrival of Kilonga-Longa, the relief caravan was again prevented from setting out.

"The next day those who had fired arrived in camp, and proved to be the Manyema knaves whom we had seen on October 2nd. Out of fifteen men, they had lost one man from an arrow wound. They had wandered for twenty-four days to find the track; but having no other loads than provisions, these had lasted with economy for fifteen days, but for the last nine days they had subsisted on mushrooms and wild fruit.

"On this evening I succeeded in drawing a contract, and getting the three headmen to agree to the following:

"'To send thirty men to the relief of Captain Nelson, with 400 ears of corn for his party.

"'To provide Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and all sick men unable to work in the fields, with provisions until our return from Lake Albert.

"'The service of a guide from Ipoto to Ibwiri, for which they were to be paid one bale and a half of cloth on the arrival of the rear column.'

"It was drawn up in Arabic by Rashid, and in English by myself, and witnessed by three men.

"For some fancy articles of personal property I succeeded in purchasing for Mr. Jephson and Captain Nelson two hundred and fifty ears of Indian corn, and for two hundred and fifty pistol cartridges I bought another quantity, and for an ivory-framed mirror from a dressing-case purchased two basketsful; for three bottles of ottar of roses I obtained three fowls, so that I had one thousand bushels of corn for the relieving and relieved parties.

"On the 26th, Mr. Mounteney-Jephson, forty Zanzibaris and thirty Manyema slaves started on their journey to Nelson's camp. I cannot do better than introduce Mr. Jephson's report on his journey for the rescue of Nelson.

"'Arab Settlement at Ipoto,
"'November 4, 1887.

"'Dear Sir: I left at mid-day on October 26th, and crossed over with thirty Manyema and forty Zanzibaris under my charge the same afternoon, and camped on landing. The next morning we started off early and reached the camp where we had crossed the river when we were wandering about in a starving condition in search of the Arabs; by mid-day the signs and arrow-heads we had marked on the trees to show the chiefs we had crossed were still fresh. I reached another of our camps that night. The next day we did nearly three or four of our former marches. The camp where Feruzi Ali had got his death-wound, and where we spent three such miserable days of hunger and anxiety, looked very dismal as we passed through it. During the day we passed the

skeletons of three of our men who had fallen down and died from sheer starvation; they were grim reminders of the misery through which we had so lately gone.

"'On the morning of the 29th I started off as soon as it was daylight, determined to reach Nelson that day and decide the question as to his being yet alive. Accompanied by one man only I soon found myself far ahead of my followers. As I neared Nelson's camp a feverish anxiety to know his fate possessed me, and I pushed on through streams and creeks, by banks and bogs, over which our starving people had slowly toiled with the boat sections. All were passed by quickly to-day, and again the skeletons in the road testified to the trials through which we had passed. As I came down the hill into Nelson's camp, not a sound was heard but the groans of two dying men in a hut close by. The whole place had a deserted and woe-begone look. I came quietly round the tent and found Nelson sitting there; we clasped hands, and then, poor fellow! he turned away and sobbed, and muttered something about being very weak.

"'Nelson was greatly changed in appearance, being worn and haggard-looking, with deep lines about his eyes and mouth. He told me his anxiety had been intense, as day after day passed and no relief came; he had at last made up his mind that something had happened to us, and that we had been compelled to abandon him. He had lived chiefly upon fruits and fungi which his two boys had brought in from day to day. Of the fifty-two men you left with him, only five remained, of whom two were in a dying state. All the rest had either deserted him or were dead.

"He has himself given you an account of his losses from death and desertion. I gave him the food you sent him, which I had carefully watched on the way, and he had one of the chickens and some of the porridge cooked at once; it was the first nourishing food he had tasted for many days. After I had been with him there a couple of hours my people came in, and all crowded round the tent to offer him their congratulations.

"'You remember Nelson's feet had been very bad for some days before we left him; he had hardly left the tent the whole time he had been here. At one time he had had ten ulcers on one foot, but he had now recovered from them in a great measure, and said he thought he would be able to march slowly. On the 30th we began the return march. I gave out most of the loads to the Manyema and Zanzibaris, but was obliged to leave thirteen boxes of ammunition and seven other loads; these I buried, and Parke will be able to fetch them later on.

"'Nelson did the marches better than I expected, though he was much knocked up at the end of each day. On the return march we crossed the river lower down and made our way up the right bank and struck your old road a day's march from the Arab camp. Here again we passed more skeletons, at one place there were three within two hundred yards of each other.

"'On the fifth day, that is November 3rd, we reached the Arab camp, and Nelson's relief was accomplished. He has already picked up wonderfully in spite of the marching, but he cannot get sleep at night, and is still in a nervous and highly strung state; the rest in the Arab camp will, I trust, set him up again. It is certain that

in his state of health he could not have followed us in our wanderings in search of food; he must have fallen by the way.

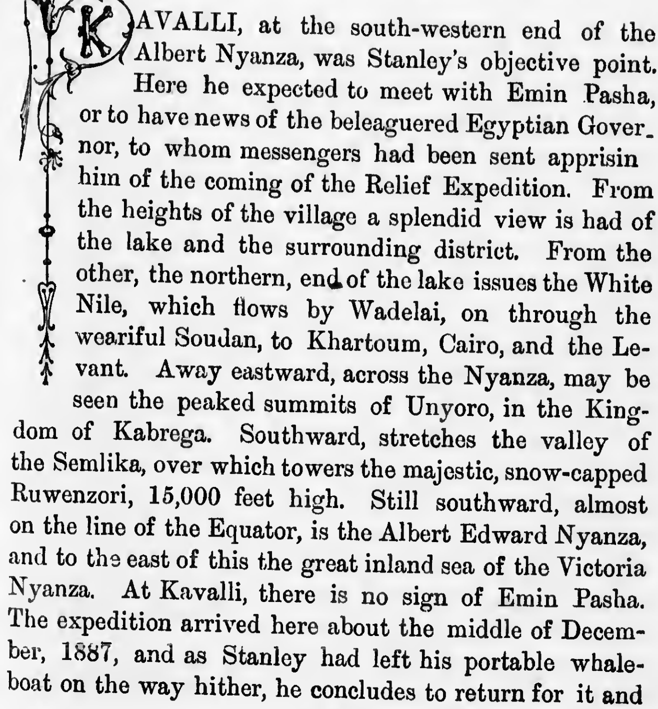
I am, &c., &c.,

"'(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON.'

"The next day, after leaving Surgeon Parke to attend to his friend Nelson and twenty-nine men, we left Ipoto with our reduced force to strive once more with the hunger of the wilderness."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMP AT KAVALLI (ALBERT NYANZA).



KAVALLI, at the south-western end of the Albert Nyanza, was Stanley's objective point. Here he expected to meet with Emin Pasha, or to have news of the beleaguered Egyptian Governor, to whom messengers had been sent apprisin him of the coming of the Relief Expedition. From the heights of the village a splendid view is had of the lake and the surrounding district. From the other, the northern, end of the lake issues the White Nile, which flows by Wadelai, on through the weariful Soudan, to Khartoum, Cairo, and the Levant. Away eastward, across the Nyanza, may be seen the peaked summits of Unyoro, in the Kingdom of Kabrega. Southward, stretches the valley of the Semlika, over which towers the majestic, snow-capped Ruwenzori, 15,000 feet high. Still southward, almost on the line of the Equator, is the Albert Edward Nyanza, and to the east of this the great inland sea of the Victoria Nyanza. At Kavalli, there is no sign of Emin Pasha. The expedition arrived here about the middle of December, 1887, and as Stanley had left his portable whaleboat on the way hither, he concludes to return for it and

to retreat to Ibwiri, on the Aruwimi, to establish a reserve depot at Fort Bodo. This he does, and towards the end of April, 1888, he is once more at Kavalli, on the lake. Here he now meets Emin, accompanied by Captain Casati, an Italian officer in the service of the Khedive. For twenty-five days, rescued and rescuer encamp together on the shores of the lake, Stanley occupying the time endeavouring to induce the unyielding Emin to take advantage of the proffered relief and obey the Khedive's mandate, to abandon the menaced Province and make his way with Stanley to the coast.

Leaving Emin to make up his mind and arrange for the abandonment of the Soudan, Stanley betakes himself to the weariful task of returning for his rearguard and bringing up to the Albert Nyanza the whole of the relieving column. To expedite matters, Stanley left Mr. Mounteney-Jephson with the Governor, while he himself retraced his steps to Yambuya. We have seen what were the chief incidents in this return trip to the mouth of the Aruwimi, and how undauntedly the leader of the expedition had overcome all obstacles. He reached Kavalli for the third time in January, 1889, but only to find that Emin's Egyptian troops had broken out in revolt and placed both Emin and Jephson under arrest. The news, for a time, had a paralyzing effect on Stanley, for it dashed to the ground his hopes of rescuing the Governor and of bringing him with his people to the sea.

The mutiny was incited by the Mahdists, and what was to be the issue Stanley could hardly foresee. It had broken out at Laboré, a northern station on the Nile, whither Emin and Jephson had gone to read to the garri-

A NATIVE CHIEF OF THE LOWER CONGO, WITH HIS MINISTERS AND BOYS.

son the Khedive's proclamation to withdraw from the Province. The arrest of the Governor and Stanley's lieutenant had taken place at Dufilé on the 20th of August, 1888. For some time before this, Emin's authority had been declining, owing partly to disaffection in his following, incited, as we have said, by emissaries of the Mahdi, and partly to unwillingness to withdraw from the Province, particularly by any other route than that of the Nile. For many months, during Stanley's absence in search of his rearguard, nothing but chaos reigned in the Pasha's Provinces. On the approach of the Mahdists, to chaos was added despair, and the cowardly Egyptians fell back on successive stations until refuge was taken on an island in the Albert Nyanza, after which submission was made to Stanley, and then arose a prolonged discussion on the subject of evacuation. The incidents of this anxious time will be best given in the letters of Mr. Jephson to Mr. Stanley, embodied in one addressed by the latter to Sir William Mackinnon, of the Emin Relief Committee.

Says Mr. Stanley: "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, November 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 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 such as 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 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 Bidden, 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 latter in Arabic to Shukri Aga (Chief of Mswa station), telling him of your arrival, and saying you wish to see the Pasha and myself, and write also to the Pasha or to me, 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 thinks 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, &c.—Yours faithfully,

"A. J. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON.

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

"WADELAI, November 24th, 1888.

"My messenger not having 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 defeated them, 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 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.

. . . .

"Every one 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, December 18th, 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 Dufilé Station, and besieged it for four days. The soldiers, of whom there were about 500, managed to repulse them, and they retired to Regaf, their headquarters. As they have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, they 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.

"Dufilé 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 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 know. 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 parted 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 received 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 hints of mine, however, will throw light on my postscript, which here follows, and on my state of mind after reading the 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. 18th, 1889.

"MY DEAR JEPHSON,—I now send thirty rifles and three of Kavalli's 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 our 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 letters 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 thirteen hundred miles 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. 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 unquestioningly, 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 4100 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 600 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 700 miles, I was a little put out when I discovered that, instead of perform-

ing 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 sufficiently 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 an answer at last—though Mr. Jephson could only reply, 'I really cannot 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 would send them all pell-mell towards you, to be again irresolute, 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 homewards.

"On the 13th of February 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, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1889,

"*To Henry M. Stanley, Esq., commanding 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 3 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 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, and 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 conclusions. 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 deserted 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 any one here behind me who is desirous of quitting the country. It is mere sentiment, I know, and, perhaps, a sentiment you will sympathize 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 your 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.

"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.

"William Mackinnon, Esq.,
Chairman of the E. P. R. Committee."

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CHAPTER XIII.

STANLEY'S ESTIMATE OF EMIN PASHA AND WHAT HE SUFFERED IN QUEST OF HIM.

THE labours, privations and agonies endured by Stanley and his Expedition in bringing relief to Emin Pasha were, unhappily, as we have seen, not all that the undertaking involved. To a resolute and intrepid man of action like Stanley, perhaps the most trying of his experiences occurred after the meeting with the Governor of the Soudan, and during the months when, in a hotbed of sedition, he strove to induce Emin to abandon his Province and set out with him for the coast. The forbearance which he is called to exercise in dealing with a man so vacillating as Emin, after all it had cost to find him, would have tried the temper of a saint. Yet since his return to Europe Stanley's reference to this incident in the history of the Expedition, and to the experiences he had of Emin's unparalleled indecision and perverse indifference to being relieved, have been invariably kind and considerate. Nay, more than this, they have been unselfish and magnanimous. They bear testimony to a kindliness and chivalry of nature, as well as to a noble spirit of forgiveness, which we had not sup-

posed Stanley possessed or was capable of manifesting. The explanation, perhaps, is to be found in the change which has come over the heroic, iron-nerved man whose temper has been chastened by trial and disciplined by the dread experiences he has had to pass through. Since his return we have his own repeated confessions on this point—confessions which show that his soul has been touched by the dealings of Providence and his nature deepened by long periods of isolation from the world, with its broodings and self-communion. Perhaps not a little also is due to the softening and hallowing influence of love, if the reports are true that reach us from England of the capture of his heart and his early marriage to a young lady there. Unmistakable, at any rate, are his fervent avowals of gratitude for Divine mercy shown him in many situations of peril and embarrassment, as well as at times of prostrating illness. "Constrained," he writes, "at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. A silence as of death was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated with fatigue and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the long-lost rear column." "It is easy," observes a writer, commenting on this avowal, "for a man who writes in that spirit to do justice to the living and the dead, to those who thwarted and almost fatally embarrassed him, and to those who failed to appreciate his agonizing labours and heroic self-sacrifice."

In the same reverent spirit, and utterly without cant, do we find Mr. Stanley on other occasions acknowledging the hand of Providence and disowning the credit due to his own sagacity, courage and skill. The impressive effect of these confessions, after the recital of some peril passed on the march, is great. Here, for example, is an instance of one of the horrors through which he passed, which may well have reduced the strongest and boldest of travellers to despondency and despair. It is one of the many situations which appalled the spirit of the leader of the expedition and drove him to rely on a stronger arm and a higher power than his own. The passage occurs in his own account of the expedition entitled "In Darkest Africa," which has just issued from the press. The scene described is that which met his eye at Banalya, on his arrival there after he had retraced his way through the forest from the Albert Nyanza in search of his rear column:

"Pen cannot picture nor tongue relate," says Mr. Stanley, "the full horrors witnessed within that awful pest-hole. The nameless scourge of barbarians was visible in the faces and bodies of many a hideous looking human being who, disfigured, bloated, marred and scarred, came, impelled by curiosity, to hear and see us who had come from the forest land east, and who were reckless of the terror they inspired by the death embodied in them. There were six dead bodies lying unburied, and the smitten living with their festers lounged in front of us by the dozen. Others worn to thin skin and staring bone from dysentery and fell anemia, and ulcers as large as saucers, crawled about and hollowly sounded their dismal

welcome—a welcome to this charnel yard. Weak, wearied, and jaded in body and mind, I scarcely know how I endured the first few hours. The ceaseless story of calamity vexed my ears, a deadly stench of disease hung in the air, and the most repellant sights moved and surged before my dazed eyes. I heard of murder and death, of sickness and sorrow, anguish and grief, and wherever I looked the hollow eyes of dying men met my own with such trusting, pleading regard, such far-away yearning looks, that it seemed to me if but one sob was uttered my heart would break. I sat stupefied under a suffocating sense of despondency, yet the harrowing story moved on in a dismal cadence that had nought else in it but death and disaster, disaster and death. A hundred graves at Yambuya—thirty-three men perishing abandoned in the camp, ten dead on the road, about forty in the village about to yield their feeble hold of life, desertions over twenty, rescued a passable sixty! And of the gallant band of Englishmen? 'Barttelot's grave is but a few yards off, Troup went home a skeleton, Ward is somewhere a wanderer, Jameson has gone to the Falls, I don't know why.' 'And you—you are the only one left?' 'The only one, sir.'"

Such a passage as this would naturally prepare the reader for a violent outbreak of passion and resentment at the men whom he left in charge of the rearguard and who were in the main responsible for the state of things Stanley was confronted with when he returned to Yambuya. But there is no trace of either passion or resentment in the account given us of the story in Mr. Stanley's volumes. On the contrary we find only an indulgent

charity towards those who thwarted or defeated him in his will, as well as generous appreciation of the efforts of all who aided him. This is well pointed out in the observations of a reviewer of Mr. Stanley's own work, when dealing with the incidents connected with the wreck of the rear column. Says the reviewer:

"Mr. Stanley's comments upon the conduct of the leaders of the rear-guard are characterized by a magnanimity almost superhuman. Their neglect of the plain requirements of duty and their disloyalty to him after pledging their faith to follow him into the wilderness, are treated indulgently as inscrutable mysteries of human nature. He pays a high tribute to the talents and virtues of the men, and charitably infers that they unconsciously acted so as to disable themselves from doing what they ardently desired to do. As he regards the inexplicable mystery of their conduct, a conviction flashes upon his mind that 'there has been a supernatural malignant influence or agency at work to thwart every honest intention. There is a diablerie operating which surpasses the conception and attainment of a mortal man.' Certainly Mr. Stanley's readers will not view their incomprehensible course with equal indulgence. They have not been in the heart of the solemn forests of tropical Africa, nor been raised by self-denial and heroic consecration to a noble mission to the master-heights where his spirit soars with a serene and constant poise. Their hearts will kindle with indignation as they read the record of inactive and contemptible failures, and they will be filled with amazement that the heroic man of action should be so incapable of human resentment."

More striking still is Mr. Stanley's magnanimity when he comes to deal with the personality of Emin Pasha. In his work he devotes a whole chapter to him, and no one who reads it will say that justice has not been amply done to him. "Obviously two men more unlike," remarks another reviewer, "have never been engaged in a contest with the savage forces of an untamed wilderness. Stanley, always the man of action, was resolute, courageous, prompt, far-sighted, imperturbable. Emin, the naturalist and student, was gentle, learned, generous, cautious, irresolute, unsuspicious. It was long ere Stanley could penetrate the real character of the man. While admiring him, and even being charmed with his presence, there remained something inexplicable. His irresolution was a thing the resolute Stanley could not understand.

"Stanley's forbearance can be in part understood, perhaps, in the fact that he had set out to bring Emin home. and in that he had not failed. Somewhere in these volumes he tells us the dearest wish of his life has been to succeed in his undertakings. In this particular undertaking he had wholly succeeded. Emin's indifference added vastly to his difficulties, but in the face of these his success becomes all the more impressive. Stanley himself says that 'the bigger the work the greater the joy in doing it.' He was reflecting at that time on the fatal irresolution of Barttelot and his friends. He added this further remark: 'That whole-hearted striving and wrestling with difficulty; the laying hold with firm grip and level head and calm resolution of the monster, and tugging and toiling and wrestling at it, to-day, to-morrow, and the next until it is done; it is the soldier's creed of

forward, ever forward—it is the man's faith that for this task was he born. Don't think of the to-morrow's task, but what you have to do to-day, and go at it. When it is over rest tranquilly and sleep well.' So far as rewards could be conferred for the services he has rendered he says there are none that would not be utterly inadequate. His sole reward must be the duty that has been performed."

"To one like me," exclaims Mr. Stanley, "what are banquets? A crust of bread, a chop, and a cup of tea is a feast to one who, for the best part of twenty-three years, has not had the satisfaction of eating a shilling's worth of food a day. Receptions! they are the very honours I would wish to fly from, as I profess myself slow of speech, and nature has not fitted me with a disposition to enjoy them. Medals! I cannot wear them; the pleasure of looking at them is even denied me by my continual absence. What then? Nothing."

Another critic of Mr. Stanley's own vigorous narrative, in dealing with the chapter devoted to Emin Pasha, observes that "although the relations of the rescuer and the rescued were greatly strained during the march to Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley makes a magnanimous attempt to do full justice to the man for whom he endured the labours, privations, and agonies of the three forest journeys through Darkest Africa and the long and perilous retreat. Indecision, vacillation, an extraordinary optimism, and a credulous faith in the external show or affectation of obedience are named among his besetting weaknesses as a ruler in Equatorial Africa. There was too little punishing and too much forgiving. Emin's was a

nature too prone to forgive whenever an inordinate self-esteem was gratified. These qualities of mind, with his scientific tastes and defective eyesight, unfitted him to be a commander of men in barbarous Africa. Emin was ungrateful to his rescuer, but he receives from a magnanimous soul so impartial a tribute as this:

"'The virtues and noble desires for which we must in strict justice commend the man are as great and as creditable to him as those which we cannot attribute to him. Any man striving for the sake of goodness to do what in him lies to deserve the sweet approval of conscience, becomes armoured with a happy indifference of all else, and herein lies the Pasha's merit, and which made his company so grateful to us when the necessity for violent action ceased to vex him. We learned more of his character from his manner than from words. That melancholy shake of the head, the uplifted hand, the composed calm gravity of features, the upturning eyes, and the little shrug seemed to say to us, 'What is the use? You see I am resigned. I am adverse to violence; let it be. Why force them? They surely ought to have seen during these many years that I sought only their welfare. If they reject me, ought I to impose myself and my ideas on them against their will?' He never admitted so much, but we are free to construe these symptoms according to our lights. . . .

" . . . Whatever may have been our own views of what ought to have been done we have always a high respect for him. We cannot, at a moment when his own fate lies trembling on the balance, but admire him when we see him availing himself of every opportunity to

increase his store of lacustrine shells, or tropic plants, eager for the possession of a strange bird, without regard to its colour or beauty, as ready to examine with interest a new species of rat as he is in the measurements of a human skull. If a great hawk-moth or a strange longicorn, or a typhlops be brought to him, he forthwith forgets the court-martial that is to decide his sentence, and seems to be indifferent whether he is to be summoned to be shot by his soldiery or to be strapped on his angarep to be deported as a prize to the Khalifa at Khartoum. When we learn all this about him, and begin to understand him, though wondering at these strange vagaries of human nature, we are only conscious that the man is worth every sacrifice on our part.

"We cannot proceed by force to save him from himself and rudely awake him out of his dream without his permission. His position forbids it—our commission does not require it. To us he is only an honoured guest expectant, to whom rudeness is out of place. Without request for help, we are helpless.

"From our point of view we observe the Pasha serene and tranquil, encircled by wrangling rebels and yet all along apparently unconscious of the atmosphere of perfidy in which he lives—at least more inclined to resignation than resistance. We feel that were we in his place, we would speedily upset every combination against us, and are confident that only one short resolute struggle is necessary to gain freedom and power. But regarding him absorbed in his delusion that the fawning obsequiousness of his perfidious followers and troops means devotion, and seeing him enmeshed by treachery

and fraud, and yet so credulous as to believe this to be fidelity, we are struck dumb with amazement and can but turn our eyes toward one another, questioning and wondering. For it was our misfortune, that, say what we would, we could not inspire in him a sense of our conviction that his case was hopeless, and that his people had cast him off utterly. We could not tell him that his men looked down on him with contempt as a 'bird collector,' that they thought he showed more interest in beetles than in men; that they only paid him the externals of homage because they thought he was pleased and satisfied.

"It was not easy for a man of action like Mr. Stanley to do justice to one so markedly different from himself in essential characteristics as the serene, easy-going and contemplative Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. Emin lacked decision in great emergencies. He could not for months determine what he would do, and when at last, betrayed by his credulous trust in his followers, he consented to accompany his deliverer, his mind was overshadowed with bitter regrets and cynical suspicions. Mr. Stanley could not be in sympathy with so irresolute a soul; but he speaks of him with self-restraint and highminded tolerance. He recognizes an ideal unlike his own, but after its own kind pure and noble and essentially useful until the conditions of imperious necessity required genius of another stamp. While Emin's people were faithful he was equal to the ideal; but when his soldiers revolted his usefulness as a Governor ceased, as Mr. Stanley justly says, 'just as the cabinet-maker with tools may turn out finished woodwork, but without them can do nothing.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

ABANDONMENT OF THE SOUDAN.

AT last, after long delays and wearied with the procrastination of Emin, Stanley is enabled to start with his double column—the rescued and the rescuers—for the coast. The getting under way was not only a tedious, but a serious undertaking. It had been arrived at partly by Stanley's indomitable resolution, partly by the disaffection and revolt of Emin's own troops. In spite of both, the Governor clung pertinaciously to his post until circumstances, backed by Stanley's arguments, rendered the holding of the Soudan Province futile as well as full of risk. Emin's indecision was finally overcome, and though plots and conspiracy were still rife, the energetic measures taken by Stanley so overawed the disaffected that evacuation was agreed to and the combined column, of 1,500 souls, set out for the sea. The retreat began on the 10th of April, 1889. The column that marched out of Kavalli was made up of 550 members of the relief expedition, with 350 native carriers enrolled from the district to assist in transporting the baggage. Of Emin's people there were 84 married women, 187 female domestics, 74 children above two

years, 35 infants in arms, besides about 200 Soudanese and Egyptian soldiers.

Two days after the whole caravan was under way, Mazamboni was reached, and here Stanley was unfortunately struck down with a serious illness, which, but for the assiduous nursing of Surgeon Parke, would probably have proved fatal. The illness of the leader caused a delay of nearly a month, during which the old conspiracies broke out, but only to meet vigorous suppression and condign punishment when Stanley recovered. On the 8th of May the march was resumed, though its progress was occasionally checked by belligerent natives in the district through which the caravan travelled. The way, for a time, lay through the fertile Semliki Valley, the waters of which find their outlet in the Albert Nyanza. Presently, the column approaches a high mountain range, from whose shoulders the snow-capped Ruwenzori, called by the natives the "Cloud-king," shoots aloft 17,000 feet into the sky. An ascent of this great peak is attempted by Lieutenant Stairs, accompanied by forty Zanzibaris, who on the second day's climb reach an altitude of 10,677 feet above the level of the sea. The discovery of the Ruwenzori Mr. Stanley properly considers a great geographical triumph, as from its flank the Nile, it is now settled, derives its first waters. The making known of this addition to the "Eternal Hills" on the earth's crust inspires a fine passage in Mr. Stanley's new work, "In Darkest Africa," in which the worship of nature reverently blends with the enthusiasm of the geographer. We take the liberty to quote the passage:

"There are many, doubtless, like myself, who, while gazing upon any ancient work, be it an Egyptian Pyramid or Sphynx, be it an Athenian Parthenon, Palmyrene sun temple, Persepolitan palace, or even an old English castle, will readily confess to feeling a peculiar emotion at the sight. The venerableness of it, which time only can give, its associations with men long gathered to their fathers, the builders and inhabiters now quite forgotten, appeal to a certain sympathy in the living. For its history there is a vague yearning; its age awakens something like exultation that we little mortals can build such time-defying structures. But more powerful and higher is that emotion which is raised at the sight of a hoary old mountain like this of Ruwenzori, which we know to be countless thousands of years old. When we think how long it required the melted snow to carve out these ravines, hundreds of fathoms deep, through the rocky cone of the range, or the ages required to spread out the débris from its sides and bosom to cover the Semliki Valley and the Nyanza plains, we are struck dumb at the immeasurableness of the interval between that age when Ruwenzori rose aloft into being; and in reply to the still, small voice which seems to ask, 'Where wast thou when the foundations of the world were laid? Declare if thou hast understanding,' we become possessed with a wholesome awe, and can but feel a cheerful faith that it was good for us to have seen it.

"Another emotion is that inspired by the thought that in one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual mist, brooding under the eternal stormclouds, surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been

hidden to this day a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose tops has been for some fifty centuries most vital to the peoples of Egypt. Imagine to what a God the reverently inclined primal nations would have exalted this mountain, which from such a faraway region as this contributed so copiously to their beneficent and sacred Nile. And this thought of the beneficent Nile brings on another. In fancy we look down along that crooked silver vein to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the Pyramids, some 4,000 miles away, where we beheld populous swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, Germans and Americans—bustling, jostling, or lounging; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform them for the first time that much of the sweet water they drink, and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snowbeds of Ruwenzori or Ruwenjura—'the Cloud-King.'

"These brief—too brief—views of the superb Rain-Creator or Cloud-King, as the Wakonju fondly termed their mist-shrouded mountains, fill the gazer with a feeling as though a glimpse of celestial splendour was obtained. While it lasted I have observed the rapt faces of whites and blacks set fixed and uplifted in speechless wonder toward that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace so high above mortal reach, so holily tranquil and restful, of such immaculate and stainless purity, that thought and desire of expression were altogether too deep for utterance. What stranger contrast could there be than our own nether world of torrid temperature, eter-

nally green sappy plants, and never-fading luxuriance and verdure, with its savagery and war alarms, deep stains of blood-red sin, to that lofty mountain king clad in its pure white raiment of snow, surrounded by myriads of dark mountains, low as bending worshippers before the throne of a monarch on whose cold white face were inscribed 'Infinity and Everlasting!' These moments of supreme feeling are memorable for the utter abstraction of the mind from all that is sordid and ignoble, and its utter absorption in the presence of unreachable loftiness indescribable majesty, and constraining it not only to reverentially admire, but adore in silence the image of the Eternal. Never can a man be so fit for heaven as during such moments, for no matter how scornful and insolent he may have been at other times, he now has become as a little child filled with wonder and reverence before what he has conceived to be sublime and divine. We had been strangers for many months to the indulgence of any thought of this character. Our senses between the hours of sleeping and waking had been occupied by the imperious and imminent necessities of each hour, which required unrelaxing vigilance and forethought. It is true we had been touched with the view from the mount called Pisgah of that universal extent of forest spreading out on all sides but one to many hundreds of miles; we had been elated into hysteria when, after five months' immurement in the depths of forest wilds, we once again trod upon green grass and enjoyed open and unlimited views of our surroundings—luxuriant vales, varying hill-forms on all sides, rolling plains, over which the long spring grass seemed to race and leap with glad-

ness before the cooling gale; we had admired the broad sweep and the silvered face of Lake Albert, knew we had reached, after infinite trials, the bourne and limit of our journeyings; but the desire and involuntary act of worship were never provoked, nor the emotions stirred so deeply, as when we suddenly looked up and beheld the skyey crests and snowy breasts of Ruwenzori uplifted into an inaccessible altitude, so like what our conceptions might be of a celestial castle, with dominating battlement, and leagues upon leagues of unscaleable walls."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

PASSING the snowy ranges, majestically capped by the Ruwenzori, the expedition continues its march down the valley of the Semliki until Kative is reached, an important town whose salt-pits supply a wide region with an essential commodity in the primitive cuisine of Equatorial Africa. Here a détour is made round the northern end of the Muta Nzigé, which Stanley rechristens "Lake Albert Edward," and the motley caravan then trends away south-eastward, through the mountain districts inhabited by the fine Usongora and Toro tribes, to Msalala, situate on a southern inlet of the Victoria Nyanza. The expedition left Kative early in July, 1889; it reached Msalala at the end of August. During the earlier portions of this journey the caravan was molested by the attacks of the raiding Warasura tribe; but the invincibility of the column, under the stern and watchful eye of its resourceful leader, warded off serious trouble, and the tribes on the high plateaux were found to be peaceable and friendly. But the expedition suffered in other ways. On the highlands keen and searching winds prevailed,

which were extremely trying to even the most seasoned veterans of the column, while the less robust fell victims by the score to the exposures of the march. In the month of July alone, the expedition lost no fewer than 141 of its numbers. At Msalala, a much-needed halt was made of twenty days to enable the wearied and fever-stricken force to recruit.

In other respects the expedition at this time made many gains. It reaped much riches in the way of geographical discovery. At Kative, for instance, the problem of the real sources of the Nile found a new and definite solution. The Semliki river, on the banks of which the expedition had travelled from Kavalli, it was discovered, led up to the Muta Nzigé, situate a thousand feet above the Albert Nyanza. This lake, it was seen, is the absolute head-waters, on the west, of the Nile system, as the Victoria Nyanza is the reservoir, on the east, of that ancient river. Another important discovery was made on the approach to Msalala, of an extension of the Victoria Nyanza southwestward, beyond what has hitherto been deemed the southern limits of that vast inland sea. This new discovery gives an additional area to the Lake of 6,000 square miles.

At Msalala, Mr. Stanley communicated to Mr. Marston (of Sampson Low & Co.), his London publisher, some account of these discoveries on the way to sea, including a *résumé* of his travels. We take the liberty of quoting this letter. Now that we near the end of the work the expedition set out to accomplish, the letter is the last of the interesting series we shall transcribe in these pages.

"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 civilization.

"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."

Now the expedition turns its face Zanzibarwards and sets off on the home stretch to the sea, There is still

however, a thousand miles between Msalala and the coast. The first stage of this journey takes the column through Usikuma and Ihuru, towards Mpwapwa, a route previously traversed by Stanley, though with less responsibility than now sits on his shoulders. Fatigue and sickness still tell their tale in constantly diminished ranks and the increasing feebleness in those whose spirits battle bravely with the toils of the march. At Mswa, five days from the coast, a correspondent of the New York *Herald* met the returning column and induced Stanley to send a letter to that enterprising journal commenting on the sufferings of the expedition. We quote some portions of this letter not only to reiterate what these sufferings were, but to show how gratefully and generously the heroic leader of the expedition speaks of his comrades white and black, who uncomplainingly shared with him the toils of the way. Says Stanley: "Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet every one 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 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."

The careful reader of this letter will not miss the noble tribute Stanley pays to the fortitude and fidelity of his black following. The passage does infinite honour to its writer. On the way to the coast the expedition was joined by two priests, Fathers Schynse and Girault, who belonged to the Missions of the Victoria Nyanza and were proceeding on duty to Zanzibar. From a published journal of the first named of these priests we get a vivid glimpse of the column on its way to the sea, which we deem worthy to quote:—

"It was a curious and motley caravan, this of Mr. Stanley's," says the Father, "with its 600 souls, including elements so various as a Jew of Tunis, an apothecary of Wadelai, a Greek chapman, Egyptian officers, Coptic scribes, Soudanese soldiers, slaves, women and children, Emin Pasha with his spectacles and Mr. Stanley with his revolver and his pipe, and a miscellaneous riff-raff of all the African and European nationalities, English, Americans, Italians, French, Germans, Greeks and Turks, all marching eastward under the red flag and crescent of Islam which Mr. Stanley had carried before him. Then the pushing and struggling of all this miscellaneous mass at bushy parts of the road where it got mixed up with the head of eighty cattle which Mr. Stanley had 'lifted,' and of which the drovers were 'commanded by a black Soudanese captain, handsome and strongly built.'"

Once or twice the holy Fathers lagged behind on a Sunday morning to say Mass for the good of their souls, and then they had to hurry on helter-skelter again to

overtake the column, entailing on themselves so much exhaustion that Father Schynse actually dosed himself with chloral for fear sleeplessness from over fatigue should bring on fever. His intercourse, he says, with the officers of the expedition, had gradually enlightened him as to its true object.

"To all outward appearance it has succeeded, and accordingly its leaders will be glorified in Europe; but in reality these heroes are very dissatisfied with the results of their labours, as they candidly confess, saying, 'a mass of people have died, much money has been spent, we have spent two and a-half wretched years, and what have we gained? We bring with us a lot of useless, broken-down Egyptian clerks, Jews, Greeks and Turks, who do not even thank us for it. Casati himself was not worth the pains, and the Pasha, though a gentleman, is only a man of science.' Dr. Emin Pasha himself they had hoped to find at the head of 2,000 disciplined troops, to whom it was only necessary to carry ammunition for Stanley aud his men to secure for England the Equatorial Province and open up with their bayonets a way to Mombassa. Dr. Emin Pasha knows enough of human nature to save himself from any illusions as to the true motives of the expedition."

Emin Pasha's own gratitude for what had been done for him by Stanley and the expedition is not without words, though subsequent events show that he was unwilling to make any effort, when he reached civilization, to present his acknowledgments in person before the Relief Committee. Here, at all events, is his letter directed to Sir Wm. Mackinnon, Chairman of the Committee:

"MSALALA, August 23rd, 1889.

"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,

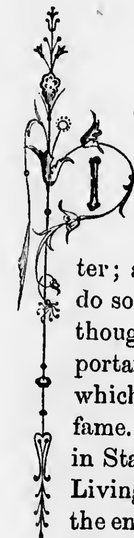
"DR. EMIN."

There is little left now to relate of the records of the expedition. Mpwapwa was reached on the 11th of Nov-

ember, and on the 5th of the following month before it lay the gardens of Bagamoyo and the sea. Two days' march from the coast, the expedition was met by Major Wissmann, the German Commissioner of the district, who gave the column a hearty greeting and ministered to its comfort and cheer. At Bagamoyo a magnificent reception was accorded to all that remained of the force, now reduced by death and other casualties to one half of the number that had set out from Kavalli. This fact must have detracted much from the happiness of Stanley and his European following in receiving the ovation which now was tendered them. Still more depressed must they have been when, before the lights were out in the banqueting-hall that evening, word was passed from mouth to mouth that Emin Pasha had walked out of a window, fallen to the ground, and fractured his skull. Never was the irony of fate more bitterly exemplified! Even the dull-witted negro-carriers of the expedition must have made their own reflections on the curious mishap of things and questioned the philosophers among them as to the meaning and purpose of life. Yet, to the surprise of everyone, Emin lived, though Europe and the haunts of men had no attractions to draw him from the Dark Continent whence he had been gallantly rescued.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW STANLEY FOUND LIVINGSTONE.



IT is an old story now, Stanley's finding of Livingstone; but we promised, on page 38, to deal with the incident in a separate chapter; and we now fulfil our promise. Necessarily we do so briefly, for the story is doubtless familiar; though we could not omit from these pages so important an achievement as the finding of Livingstone which was the occasion of bringing Stanley first into fame. In dealing with the biographical incidents in Stanley's career, we have already said that the Livingstone-search expedition was originated by the enterprise, and conducted at the cost, of the New York *Herald*, and that Stanley had been entrusted with the commission to find the good old missionary in the heart of Africa and carry succour to him. As we have seen, Stanley reached Zanzibar in January, 1871, and proceeded forthwith to give effect to his commission.

Here a month was consumed in the novel but wearying labour of purchasing and equipping an outfit for himself and his party; and another month passed at Bagamoyo, on the mainland, in selecting and hiring his attendants and carriers for the undertaking that lay before him.

At length, on the 21st of March, 1871, several detachments of the party having preceded him, Stanley, with two Europeans, Shaw and Farquhar, several natives who had previously accompanied Capt. Speke, and the remainder of the expedition, left the mainland for the interior. There were, in all, some 200 souls, including a well-armed escort and an interpreter, together with a cart, a boat, two horses, three or four dogs, twenty donkeys, and six tons' weight of supplies, or the means of purchasing supplies. A feeling of elation at the sight of this well-equipped expedition, filing inland, as Stanley hoped, on a successful mission, naturally repressed any misgivings its leader would have otherwise felt at what might be its issue for himself or for those who accompanied him. In the meantime the novelty of the situation, and thankfulness at escaping from the worries incident to the organization of the expedition, had their enlivening effect upon a nature normally brightened by optimism. Soon, however, clouds darkened the picture, and the barometer of Stanley's hopeful temperament fell to zero. For disaffection and devilment broke out among his party, theft and desertion followed, and progress was impeded by extortionate and rascally rulers, through whose territory the expedition passed. But worse mishaps befel the expedition. Sickness attacked the party and decimated its ranks; both Europeans fell ill, and one of them died; and Stanley, too, was prostrated by fever. Recovering after a time, the expedition moved forward, but to be attacked by tribes on the route. Serious losses and delays were thus occasioned, but the cavalcade made headway by degrees, and Lake

Tanganyika was sighted 236 days after leaving the coast. As cheering news was now heard of Livingstone's presence at Ujiji, the dispirited expedition was electrified into new life, and it soon filed into the now celebrated village by the lake. And here occurred that incident in a young and in an old man's life for which Africa will ever be famous—the meeting of Stanley and Livingstone; and while it brought new life and hopefulness to the old hero of African travel, rewarded the younger one at his side with the renown which the knowledge of his doughty achievement subsequently earned for him.

We refer the reader to the story of "How I found Livingstone," for the details of that dramatic incident in the heart of Africa, and the circumstances that followed it. Yet we are loath to pass so hurriedly the incidents of that happy time for both travellers, for we would linger, if we could, by that little hut at Ujiji, where the heart of an old man was made glad by the recital of news it had long thirsted for, and the mind of the younger one was aglow with all the story it would take thence. Among the cheering subjects that might here, also, stay our pen, would be that of the thankfulness of Livingstone for the memorable and timely service Stanley had rendered him, and the sincere but sober gratitude of the old traveller to him who had suggested the enterprise which, at a cost of nearly twenty thousand dollars, caused him to be found and relieved. The time was now the middle of November, and for four months Stanley remained with Livingstone, part of this period being spent in a joint survey of the upper end of Lake Tanganyika, and in conveying Stanley's party back to Un-

yanyembe, where the extra stores the Search Expedition had brought with it were to be handed over to Livingstone, and where he was to await the new expedition which, on Stanley's reaching the coast again, was to be organized and forwarded to him. Escorted thus far on the way, the two travellers had, at last, to part; and bearing Livingstone's despatches and journals, with his greetings to his family and kin, Stanley started out upon his return journey, amid mutual heart-uttered good-byes.

We have spoken of the dramatic incident of Stanley's first encounter with Livingstone, and we have thought that, familiar as the story is, and as its pathos is almost without a parallel in modern literature, it might fitly be retold in these pages. Let us therefore here make room for it, and for its sad sequel, the narrative of the great missionary's closing career.

"It was in November, 1871. For weary months two heroes had been struggling in opposite directions in the African wilds—Livingstone eastward from Nyangwe on the Lualaba, to find succour at Ujiji on Tanganyika Lake, Stanley westward from Zanzibar to carry him succour and greeting, should the great explorer be still alive.

"Providence had a hand in the meeting. Livingstone reached Ujiji just before Stanley. On November 2nd, Stanley, while pushing his way up the slopes which surrounded Tanganyika met a caravan. He asked the news, and was thrilled to find that a white man had just reached Ujiji from the Manyema.

"'A white man?'

"'Yes, a white man.

"'How is he dressed?'

"'Like you.'

"'Young or old?' 'Old, white hair, and sick.'

"'Was he ever there before?'

"'Yes; a long time ago.'

"'Hurrah!' shouted Stanley, 'it is Livingstone. March quickly my men. He may go away again.'

"They pressed up the slopes and in a few days were in sight of Tanganyika. The looked for hour was at hand.

"'Unfurl your flags and load your guns!' he cried to his companions.

"'We will, master, we will!'

"'One, two, three—fire!'

"A volley from fifty guns echoed along the hills. Ujiji was awakened. A caravan was coming, and the streets were thronged to greet it. The American flag was at first a mystery, but the crowd pressed round the new comers. Stanley pushed his way eagerly, all eyes about him.

"'Good morning, sir!'

"'Who are you?' he startlingly inquired.

"'Susi; Dr. Livingstone's servant.'

"'Is Livingstone here?'

"'Sure, sir; sure. I have just left him.'

"'Run, Susi; and tell the doctor I am coming.'

"Susi obeyed. Every minute the crowd was getting denser. At length Susi came breaking through to ask the stranger's name. The doctor could not understand it all, and had sent to find out, but at the same time in obedience to his curiosity had come out upon the street.

"Stanley saw him and hastened to where he was.

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume.'

"'Yes,' said he, with a cordial smile, lifting his hat.

"They grasped each other's hands. 'Thank God!' said Stanley, 'I have been permitted to see you!'

"'Thankful I am that I am here to welcome you,' was the doctor's reply.

"They turned towards the house and remained long together, telling each other of their adventures; hearing and receiving news. At length Stanley delivered his batch of letters from home to the doctor, and he retired to read them.

"Then came a long and happy rest for both the explorers. Livingstone improved in health and spirits daily. His old enthusiasm was restored and he would be on his travels again. But he was entirely out of cloth and trinkets, was reduced to a retinue of five men and had no money to hire more.

"One day Stanley said, 'have you seen the north of Tanganyika yet?'

"'No; I tried to get there but could not. I have no doubt that Tanganyika as we see it here is really the Upper Tanganyika, that the Albert Nyanza of Baker is the Lower Tanganyika, and that they are connected by a river.'

"Poor fellow! Did ever mortal man cling so to a delusion, put such faith in native stories and old traditions.

"Stanley proposed to lend his assistance to the doctor, to settle the question of Tanganyika's northern outlet. The doctor consented; and now began a journey which was wholly unlike the doctor's five year tramp. He was in a boat and had a congenial and enthusiastic companion.

"Tanganyika, like the Albert Nyanza which pours a Nile flood, and Nyassa which flows through the Shiré

into the Zambesi, is an immense trough sunk far below the table-land which occupies the whole of Central Africa. Its surrounding mountains are high. Its length is nearly 500 miles, its waters deep, clear and brackish. Whither does it send its surplus waters?

"We have seen that Livingstone was sure it emptied through the Nile. This was what he and Stanley were to prove. In November, 1871, three weeks after the two had so providentially met at Ujiji, they were on their voyage in two canoes. They coasted till they came to what Burton and Speke supposed to be the end of the lake, which turned out to be a huge promontory. Beyond this the lake widens and stretches for sixty miles further, overhung with mountains 7000 feet high. At length they reached the northern extremity where they had been assured by the natives that the waters flowed through an outlet. No outlet there. On the contrary, seven broad inlets puncturing the reeds, through which the Rusizi river poured its volume of muddy water into the lake from the north. Here was disappointment, yet a revelation. No Nile source in Tanganyika—at least not where it was expected to be found. Its outlet must be sought for elsewhere. Some thought it might connect eastward with Nyassa. But what of the great watershed between the two lakes? Others thought it might have its outpour this way and that. Livingstone, puzzled beyond propriety, thought it might have an underground outlet into the Lualaba, and even went so far as to repeat a native story in support of his notion, that at a point in the Ugoma mountains the roaring of an underground river could be heard for miles.

"Nothing that Livingstone and Stanley did, helped to solve the mystery of an outlet, except their discovery of the Rusizi at the north, which was an inlet. After a three weeks' cruise they returned to Ujiji, whence Stanley started for Zanzibar, accompanied part of the way by Livingstone. After many days' journey they came to Unyanyembe, where they parted forever, Stanley to hasten to Zanzibar and Livingstone to return to the wilds to settle finally the Nile secret. Stanley protested, owing to the doctor's physical condition. But the enthusiasm of travel and research was upon him to the extent that he would not hear.

"Stanley had left ample supplies at Unyanyembe. These he divided with the doctor, so that he was well off in this respect. He further promised to hire a band of porters for him at Zanzibar, and send them to him in the interior. They parted on March 13th, 1872.

"'God guide you home safe and bless you, my friend,' were the doctor's words.

"'And may God bring you back safe to us all, my dear friend! Farewell!'

"'Farewell!'

"This was the last word Dr. Livingstone ever spoke to a white man. They wrung each others hands. Stanley was overcome and turned away. He cried to his men, 'Forward March!' and the sad scene closed.

"Livingstone waited at Unyanyembe for the escort Stanley had promised to send. They came in August, and on the 14th of the month (1872) he started for the southern point of Tanganyika, which he rounded to find no inlet there. Then he started for Lake Bangweolo

intending to solve all its river mysteries. That lake was to him an ultimate reservoir for all waters flowing north, and if the Lualaba should prove to be the Nile then he felt he had its true source.

"This journey was a horrible one in every respect. It rained almost incessantly. The path was miry, and amid dripping grass and cane. The country was flat and the rivers all swollen. It was impossible to tell river from marsh. The country was not inhabited. Food grew scarce. The doctor became so weak that he had to be carried across the rivers on the back of his trusty servant, Susi. One stream, crossed on January 24th, 1873, was 2,000 feet wide and so deep that the waters reached Susi's mouth, and the doctor got as wet as his carrier.

"These were the dark, dismal surroundings of Lake Bangweolo. Amid such hardships they skirted the northern side of the lake, crossed the Chambesi at its eastern end, where the river is 300 yards wide and 18 feet deep, and turned their faces westward along the south side.

"The doctor was now able to walk no further. When he tried to climb on his donkey he fell to the ground from sheer weakness. His faithful servants took him on their shoulders, or bore him along in a rudely constructed litter. On April 27th, 1873, his last entry reads, 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the R. Molilamo.'

"His last day's march was on a litter through interminable marsh and rain. His bearers had to halt often, so violent were his pains and so great his exhaustion.

He spoke kindly to his humble attendants and asked how many days' march it was to the Lualaba.

"Susi replied that 'it was a three days' march.'

"'Then,' said the dying man, 'I shall never see my river again.' The malarial poison was already benumbing his faculties. Even the fountains of the Nile had faded into dimness before his mind's eye.

"He was placed in a hut in Chitambo's village, on April 29th, after his last day's journey, where he lay in a semi-conscious state through the night and the day of April 30th. At 11 p.m., on the night of the 30th, Susi was called in and the doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice, 'All right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

"It must have been about 4 a.m., when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muanuaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be en-

gaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time; the men drew nearer.

"A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold; Livingstone was dead.

"His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up and laid him full length on the bed. They then went out to consult together, and while there they heard the cocks crow. It was therefore between midnight and morning of May 1st, 1873, his spirit had taken its flight. His last African journey began in 1866.

"The noble Christian philanthropist, the manful champion of the weak and oppressed, the unwearied and keen-eyed lover of nature, the intrepid explorer whose name is as inseparably connected with Africa as that of Columbus is with America, had sunk down exhausted in the very heart of the continent, with his life-long work still unfinished. His highest praise is that he spent thirty years in the darkest haunts of cruelty and savagery and

yet never shed the blood of his fellow-man. The noblest testimony to his character and influence is the conduct of that faithful band of native servants who had followed his fortunes so long and so far, and who, embalming his body, and secretly preserving all his papers and possessions, carried safely back over the long weary road to the coast all that remained of the hero and his work."

The return of the Livingstone Search Expedition to the coast was a more rapid and less exciting one than the march inland, as it only took from the 14th of March till the 6th of May to retrace the distance from Unyanyembe to Bagamoyo. At the latter place, Stanley was apprised of a new expedition in search of Livingstone, which was then about to proceed inland, under the joint command of Lieut. Henn, R.N., and Lieut. Dawson, R.N., accompanied by Mr. Oswald Livingstone, a son of the explorer, and the Rev. Chas. New. This expedition returned with Stanley to Zanzibar, as its mission had been forestalled by the gallant newspaper correspondent. Careful of his promise to Livingstone, however, Stanley equipped a force to proceed to Unyanyembe, with such an escort and supplies as he had promised to forward, to enable the veteran traveller to proceed with his work. This he accomplished at the expense of the English expedition, which turned back on encountering Stanley, and his black faithfuls returned to the coast.

And now the *Herald* expedition is disbanded, and its leader, of whom Livingstone writes, "Stanley has fulfilled his task with invincible energy, and his sound judgment has enabled me to surmount the greatest obstacles," is free to hasten and announce his achievement, and to receive the well-earned honours due to its accomplishment.

That these honours, particularly in England, were tardily bestowed, and that the subject of them was, for awhile, placed under the embarrassment of a doubt, must now be a matter for keen and frank regret. For some time, indeed, it might almost have been questioned whether Stanley was to be considered fortunate, or unfortunate,—not in regard to his quest of Livingstone, but in the claim to having found him;—so incredulous was the world that the feat of finding the great explorer had been actually accomplished, and that by no paraded anticipatory effort. There was no mistaking, however, the fact, that the object of his mission had been emphatically realized, and this the world, doubting in very wonderment for a time, was soon eager to recognize. Whatever enviousness of his success had, at first, captiously questioned, was fain shortly to concede, and that with admiring compliment. But amusing as these weak efforts at detraction must have been to him whose was the peril and the well-nigh death of the undertaking,—for, says the young traveller, "it has been a terrible, earnest fact with me, nothing but hard, conscientious work, privation, sickness, and almost death,"—the ultimate rewards of his work must have amply atoned for the annoyance to which he was, for the moment, subjected. Hastening homewards *via* the Seychelles, Aden, Italy, and Marseilles, we find him everywhere the recipient of marked honour and acclaim. In Italy, and at Marseilles, he was vociferously welcomed and grandly fêted; and on reaching Paris he was received with perilous kindness and profuse gratulation. Resting for a day or two, he was then duly banqueted and lionized,—the American colony in the gay capital being

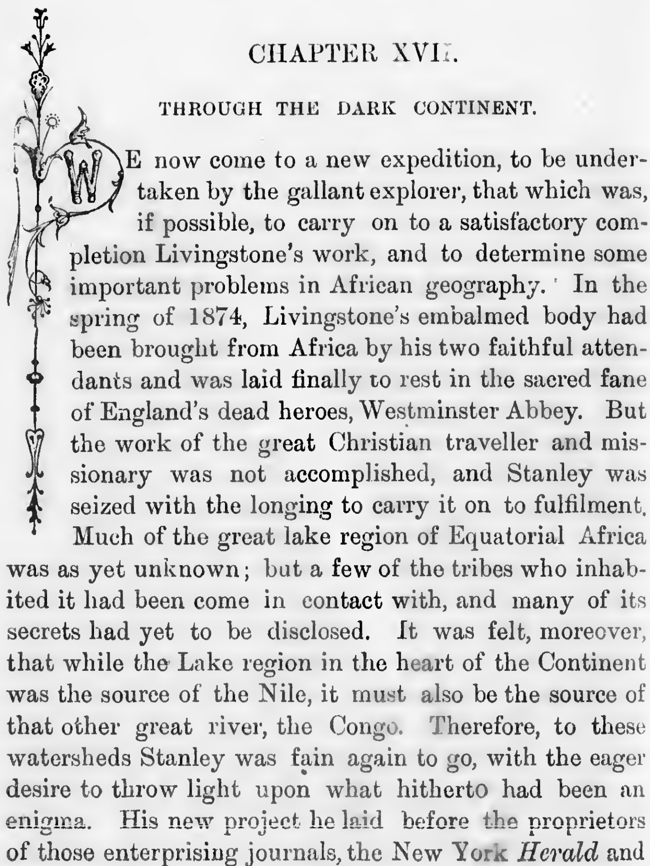
naturally most effusive in its courtesies. But graver honours were here bestowed upon him, as befitted the representative city of civilization and culture. The *savants* and members of the learned societies invited Stanley to a great gathering of their representative men, and every distinguished honour was paid to him that even immodest merit could wish.

Arriving finally in England, Stanley met with the full tide of that wave of panegyric and detraction, which, as we have already hinted, was sweeping its way,—hot on the surface, and cold underneath,—to the sullen shores of old England. Accepting the wooing influences of the one, he dashes wildly at the other, as his defiant nature might lead one to expect. To critics and censors alike he threw down the glove, and challenged to a war of words the disaffected, incredulous wing of the Royal Society. Shortly after his return, this body met at Brighton, in connection with the annual conference of the British Science Association, and thither he proceeded to make good his claim as the finder of Livingstone, and to beard the Society with new facts of geographical discovery. Intemperate as was the discussion that ensued, and perhaps unseemly as was the attitude Stanley assumed, yet it revealed the pugnacity of a nature which but for its existence could not have placed him in the position to claim their attention, nor to extort, at length, from the Society the not unwilling tribute of their praise. But ungracious as may have been the slow and even scant recognition of his achievement, outside a coterie of the learned bodies his reception and honours were hearty and enthusiastic, and without an admixture of alloy. Invitations to ban-

quets, receptions, and conversazioni were duly pressed upon him, at which he was often made the recipient of gratifying, if not of substantial, favours. Aldermanic patronage also smiled upon him; and enthusiastic civic demonstrations wearied him with their claims upon his leisure and good nature. Royalty, too, commanded his presence, and after a gracious reception by Her Majesty, a costly testimonial of royal favour was sent to the traveller, in recognition of his achievement. But it did not rest with learned societies, crowned heads, or corporate bodies alone to honour Stanley's feat. Literary criticism caught the infection, and the press vaunted his praises, though with mingled eulogism and critical appraisement. But a craftsman in letters himself, the story of his adventure soon came from his own hand, the cunning and deftness of which in the literary workshop were not inferior to the might and valour of its work in the field. His volume entitled "How I found Livingstone," was a pro-ounced success; and for weel it held the reading-world in the thrall which the recital of a daring and successful adventure, graphically narrated, rarely fails to throw over it. But quitting England, and completing the chain of his visits, Stanley, on the 20th of November, arrives at New York, where the fêtings of his countrymen prolong the feeling of gratification at his adventure with which he had for months been familiar. There he had a magnificent reception at the Lotus Club, and by other institutions and societies he was cordially welcomed and be praised. Later on the people of the United States awarded him the compliment of an address from Congress laudatory of his great accomplishment, and of which he has expressed himself justly proud.

CHAPTER XVII.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.



WE now come to a new expedition, to be undertaken by the gallant explorer, that which was, if possible, to carry on to a satisfactory completion Livingstone's work, and to determine some important problems in African geography. In the spring of 1874, Livingstone's embalmed body had been brought from Africa by his two faithful attendants and was laid finally to rest in the sacred fane of England's dead heroes, Westminster Abbey. But the work of the great Christian traveller and missionary was not accomplished, and Stanley was seized with the longing to carry it on to fulfilment. Much of the great lake region of Equatorial Africa was as yet unknown; but a few of the tribes who inhabited it had been come in contact with, and many of its secrets had yet to be disclosed. It was felt, moreover, that while the Lake region in the heart of the Continent was the source of the Nile, it must also be the source of that other great river, the Congo. Therefore, to these watersheds Stanley was fain again to go, with the eager desire to throw light upon what hitherto had been an enigma. His new project he laid before the proprietors of those enterprising journals, the New York *Herald* and

the London *Daily Telegraph*, and they both resolved to send Stanley to Africa again at the head of a fresh expedition. The record of this expedition is contained in Mr. Stanley's volume, "Through the Dark Continent," which we have in this chapter epitomized and given to the reader. This portion of our work is reprinted (see also page 33), from a biographical sketch by the present writer, prefaced to Mr Stanley's own narative, "Through the Dark Continent," which was issued in Toronto in 1878, by arrangement with the explorer's English publishers.

Taking advantage, as we are told, of every moment of daylight, Stanley, with his accustomed expedition, and aided by previous experience of his wants in the country, busily prepared for his momentous journey. At Zanzibar, and at Bagamoyo, the caravan was got together, escorts engaged, carriers pressed into service; and with a portable barge, the *Lady Alice*, dissected for transport into sections, and an amplitude of stores the Expedition set out on the 17th of November, 1874, for the interior. The Expedition was composed—besides its leader, the Cazambé youth, Kalulu, and the three Englishmen, Frederick Barker, and the brothers Pocock, of 230 Wagwana, or coastmen of Zanzibar, with whom Stanley had contracted for a lengthened service (paying them an advance of four months' wages), and among whom were many notable chiefs who had been attached to the Livingstone-Search Expedition. Besides these, a supernumerary force of forty men, recruited at Bagamoyo and the neighbourhood, made up a total strength of 300 souls, of whom a sprinkling were women, the wives

of the principal chiefs. It may here be curious to contrast with its subsequent fulfilment the conditions upon which these natives joined the expedition. These were, on the word of an honourable white man, that they would be treated kindly and patiently; nourished with the best the country could afford; and receive such medical attentions as, in sickness, they should require. Also, that in cases of disagreement between man and man, their disputes would be judged honestly and justly; and that they should be protected, as far as possible, from all violence and ill-treatment, by whomsoever and however offered. How well and faithfully these conditions were complied with by their leader and what touching relations of mutual trust and dependence grew out of the common dangers and toils to which the Expedition was exposed, subsequent events will disclose.

Following the ordinary route inland, and without much of interest happening, the Expedition reached Mpwapwa about a month after leaving the Indian Ocean. Diverging northwards, it soon reached the Ugogo country, and approached the wildernessess that lie between this and the region of Victoria Nyanza. Here the route becomes, as it has been described, 'hateful to the eye and bitter to the mind,' as it passes through sterile plains, almost impassible in the wet season, which had now set in, with insolent, extortionate chiefs to exact a rapacious tribute or compel passers through the country to fight. Crossing these wastes with the flood-gates of heaven opened upon the expedition, the path lost at times, and suffering from starvation and sickness, Stanley and his party experience the first bitter pangs of gloom and

despair. Arrived at Chiwyu, 400 miles from the sea, and menaced by hundreds of armed natives, their despair was intensified by increased sickness in the camp, and by the lamented death of Edward, one of the brothers Pocock.

After this sorrowful event the expedition wended its way through Ituri country, on whose elevated plains (for they were now over 5,000 feet above the level of the sea) the first conflict with the natives occurred. O this high wooded plateau of land, war was made on the expedition by the Wanyatura tribe, occupying the territory, and after a vain forbearance on the part of Stanley and his party, resort had to be had to an armed defence. The result of the foray was that, on the evening of the third day's fighting Stanley recounts a complete triumph, but with casualties, twenty-two men killed, three wounded, twelve guns sacrificed, and four cases of ammunition expended. This serious loss indicates the gravity of the predicament in which Stanley found himself; and with twenty-five men on the sick list, the difficulty of pushing on to the Victoria Nyanza was manifestly increased. On the 27th of February, however, the great inland sea was sighted, and after the toilsome march that had been gone through, of 700 miles, camp was eagerly pitched at Kagehyi, by the lake, which was not again struck until the Victoria Nyanza had been fully explored. This, the first object of the expedition's mission, took two months to accomplish, as the circumnavigation of the lake involved a water journey, in following its bays and inlets, of a thousand miles, and as many more in carrying the exploring party twice or thrice over the same ground,

rendered necessary by the insufficiency of the means of transport.

The principal incidents of the cruise were the falling in with messengers, at Murchison Bay, sent to invite the white man and his people to the presence of the Emperor Mtesa, the intelligent ruler of Uganda; their subsequent visit to the capital; and the fearful exposure of the party to the savages of Bumbireh. Stanley's account of the latter affair has been severely commented upon by critics of his conduct, in his having resorted to the use of explosive bullets in coping with the malignant and numerous enemy into whose hands he and his party had fallen while in search of food. Though conscious of all that could be said on the score of humanity and of policy in all dealings with the wild natives of Africa, we have little sympathy with that ultra-humanitarianism which would decry the use of even 'uncivilized' modes of warfare in extreme emergency, and when opposed to human hyenas whose fiendish frenzy menaces the safety of a whole expedition. The situation was a fearful one; and we cannot but think Stanley justified in the extreme measures which, with prompt daring, extricated himself and his party from their perilous position. That they were not all massacred was due to the good fortune of his having the means at his command which, though taken exception to in its use, saved their lives and cheated the infuriated savages of their prey. Infinite in contrast to this horrible story is the narrative of Stanley's reception at the court of Mtesa, a powerful native monarch, whose comparatively civilized territory stretches northward from the Victoria Nyanza, and presents with its

inhabitants the most inviting field for missionary and commercial enterprise in all Africa. While making a short stay with the young king, Stanley is surprised by the arrival at the palace of a French officer attached to to the Gordon-Pasha expedition in Egypt, a M. Linant de Bellefonds, who had made his way thither by the Nile valley to interest Mtesa in the suppression of the slave trade. Later, this unfortunate traveller, to whom Stanley, on his quitting Mtesa's court had committed his letters and despatches for the journals he represented, himself fell a victim to the perils of African travel—being massacred with thirty-six soldiers who accompanied him at Laboré, near the Egyptian town of Ismailia. Completing his survey of Lake Victoria, Stanley rejoins the rest of the expedition at Kagehyi, by whom he is eagerly welcomed, though he has to learn the sad news of the death of another European of his party, Frederick Barker, who had succumbed to African fever during his absence. Stanley's return to the main portion of his party, timely nips in the bud a conspiracy that one of its chiefs had, in his absence, been hatching, to return with a large proportion of his followers, *via* Unyanyembe, to Zanzibar. Repressing this defection, and inciting them to renewed devotion to the objects of his mission, its leader hastens to break camp, and to proceed by the Lake again to the Uganda country with his whole expedition. His purpose in this was to take advantage of King Mtesa's offer of guides and an escort of spearmen to accompany him in his journey to, and exploration of, Lake Albert Nyanza. Here, as ever, difficulties beset his path, and put to the test his unequalled

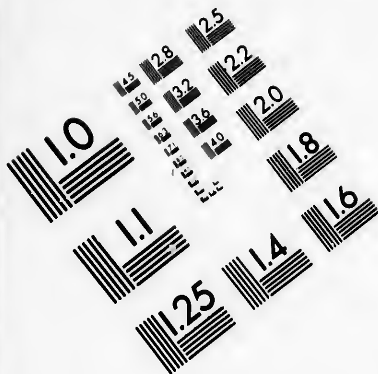
resources of ingenuity, and his amazing command of himself. Embarking his party in a flotilla of canoes, most of which had been picked up on the shores of the lake in an abandoned and defective condition, the bulk of the Expedition came near to being lost in a panic that occurred when well out upon the lake, the result of the supposed foundering of one of the canoes. Narrowly escaping from this peril, others arise in the contesting of their passage on the lake by the tribes of the Bumbireh territory, with whom the exploring party had previously had a severe encounter, and who, allying themselves with the ferocity of the neighbouring countries, now disputed their way northwards. By stratagem and by force, however, Stanley and his expedition ultimately reached Mtesa's territory but to be delayed by finding the monarch and his people themselves engaged in warfare.

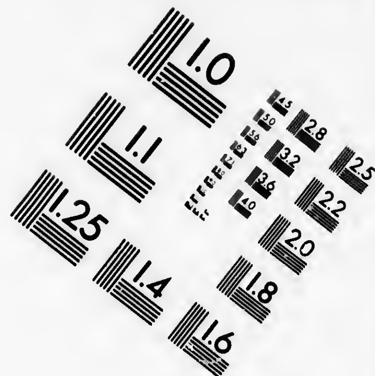
Unable to proceed on his way without the aid Mtesa had promised him, Stanley is necessitated to remain for a time at Uganda, and to be the witness of the military tactics of the king's war-chiefs, and the interested spectator of exciting events. Spending some months in the empire, and making a convert to Christianity of the emperor, Stanley finally gets off from the Uganda kingdom accompanied by the promised detachment of 2,000 armed natives. Previous to leaving Mtesa's court he had learned that it would be impossible to carry out his intention to proceed to the Albert Nyanza, as the denizens of the country on the route were then engaged in active tribal warfare. He was therefore reluctantly obliged to abandon his project and to solace himself in-

stead with the exploration of a new lake, the Nyanza Muta Nzigé,* which he had heard of as lying to the south-west of the Albert Nyanza. Proceeding further with his now large force, which, unfortunately, has been placed under the command of a vain and not very courageous chief, Stanley had the mortification of just sighting the lake only to find that approach to its shores was resisted by a large force of hostile occupants of the region. Compelled to abandon the exploration of this lake, he parts with Mtesa's disappointing escort, and strikes southward, gathering such information on his way, respecting the extreme southern sources of the Nile, as he could glean or discover for himself. Surveying, as he proceeds, the principal affluent of Lake Victoria, the Alexandra Nile, and passing still southward through a country hitherto unopened, and one rich in wild game, he finally reaches what has been facetiously termed the "favourite watering-place of African travellers," familiar Ujiji, the village in which he had met Livingstone.

Quartering his party here over the months of June, July, and August, 1876, he occupied the interval by a thorough exploration of Lake Tanganyika. Faithful, within the possibilities of accomplishment, to all that his mission required of him, the survey of the lake was marked by that thoroughness and intelligence which characterized all his work, and that claims for him high place among eminent explorers. We know that there are many who have sat in judgment upon his geographical work in Africa, and have wished to deny him the

* This is the lake Stanley, on the Emin Pasha Expedition, christens Lake Albert Edward, and discovers to be the true source of the Nile.





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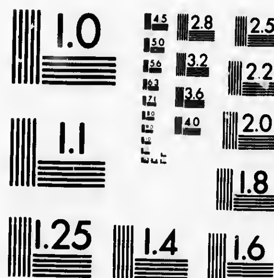

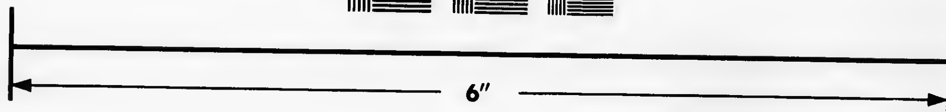

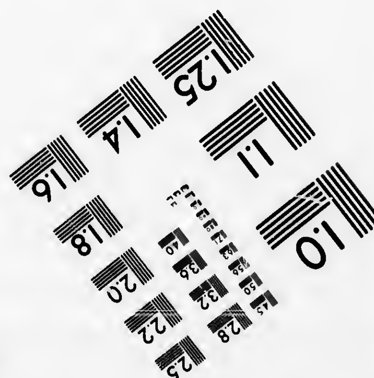

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merit of his achievements, but while their ostentatiously paraded criticism has, doubtless, been flattering to the self-complacency of those who have thus decried him, their detraction could not take from his work the intensity of interest that surrounds it. Of course Lake Tanganyika had been previously well known, for since Burton and Speke had discovered it, Livingstone had pretty well determined its configuration, but there were yet uncertainties about its outlet, and some mystery about the unplumbed parts of its waters, which raised questions of subterranean exits, and these Stanley was anxious to solve. The problems, however, in great measure, still defy solution; though Stanley's surmises respecting recent geological changes to which the lake has been subject, and his announcement that its waters are gradually rising in height, are of no mean interest in themselves. The explorer was accompanied in the cruise by a well-selected boat's crew of fourteen of his men, who manned the staunch and invaluable craft, the *Lady Alice*, and a canoe consort; and the 800 miles circumnavigation of the lake was completed by the end of August.

Within a few days, and not permitting himself to rest, as an epidemic and a panic of desertion had broken out at Ujiji, Stanley and his party set out once more upon their travels. Crossing to the west side of the lake, and with the object of reaching Nyangwé, where Livingstone had first made acquaintance with the Lualaba, the party proceeded to the Luama river, following which, on the 24th of October, they reached its confluence with the great Lualaba, at Mwana Mamba. And here occurred a

crisis in the history of the expedition; viz., the discussion of the momentous question as to the whitherwards of the party from this point. To venture to follow the dark Livingstone river, as Stanley now desires to call it, knowing absolutely nothing of its course and issue, and from which both Cameron and the great missionary traveller, owing to the hostility of the natives and from insufficiency of followers, had turned back, was, with an equally weak force, but to court destruction. Other projects were proposed, in preference, viz., an attempt at reaching and exploring the Muta Nzigé, from the south, and thence to return to Zanzibar by Uganda and Kagehyi again; or to proceed southwards to map out Lakes Lincoln, Kamolonda, and Bemba, and thence to the coast by the Zambézi river. But an Arab trader, Tippoo Tib,* with some 300 followers, having been found here, Stanley, with the eager acquiescence of his second in command, the brave Frank Pocock, settles the question by determining to move onwards, to test the prospect of reaching the sea by the Livingstone, and for that purpose hires the Arab and his party to accompany the expedition for a distance of sixty camps. Acting upon that decision, a few days' travel brings the combined force to the Lualaba at Nyangwé, the extreme westernmost trading point of the Arabs of Zanzibar, and the *Ultima Thule* of African exploration.

Confronted now by the dark unknown, yet being in the centre of the continent, and having to find their way eight or nine hundred miles east or west to either sea,

* The reader will scarcely need here to be told that this is the sinister personage who all but wrecks the Emin Pasha Expedition.

the perplexity of the position was obviously a grave one. To return as they had come, the difficulties and toils were great. To go on, desperate as doubtless would be the journey, might be "to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent." Yet here, in Stanley's words, is the spirit in which the "onward decision" is come to that determined the future of the expedition: "A thousand things may transpire," observes Mr. Stanley, "to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose; hunger, disease, and savage hostility may crush us; perhaps, after all, the difficulties may daunt us; but our hopes run high, and our purpose is lofty; then in the name of God let us set on, and as He pleases, so let Him rule our destinies."

Moving northwards in the then direction of the river, and keeping to its eastern side, that it might not trend Nilewards unknown to Stanley, the expedition now entered upon a trackless, primeval forest, difficulty of pushing through which intensely dispirited even the most enthusiastic of the force.

"We had certainly seen forests before," says Stanley, "but this scene was an epoch in our lives ever to be remembered for its bitterness; the gloom enhanced the dismal misery of our life; the slopping moisture; the unhealthy, reeking atmosphere, and the monotony of the scenes; nothing but the eternal interlaced branches, the tall, aspiring stems, rising from a tangle through which we had to burrow and crawl like wild animals, on hands and feet."

Most critical now became the prospects of the expedition, as Tippoo Tib and his Arabs insisted upon return-

ing, and if allowed to do so, the effect upon his own disheartened force would have been most disastrous. Stanley succeeded, however, in inducing them to proceed further; and, at last escaping from the forest, they reached the Livingstone again, in the Wanya district. Proposing to cross the river here, to escape the jungle-impediments of the eastern shore, Stanley conceived the idea of dividing his party and of making an experimental trip down the stream with part of the expedition—the remainder, with the Arab contingent, to proceed by land. Carrying this design into effect, after procuring the necessary canoes, a further advance was made, though amid continued obstructions to the land party, and in the face of continued hostile demonstrations and in the presence of cataracts on the water. Again the Arabs protest against an advance, finding, as it is chronicled, "that things appeared so gloomy with rapids before us, natives hostile, cannibalism rampant, small-pox raging, people dispirited, and Manwa Sera sulky." Finally after reaching, and through increasing troubles, Vinya Njara, the long impending crisis came to a head, and the Arab party deserted the expedition. Appealing once more to his own people to continue to seek the ocean by the river, and conjuring them with all the eloquence which the grave circumstances in which they were placed called forth, Stanley triumphantly carried his point to follow the river "to the ocean—or to death." His spirited and impressive address to his followers on this occasion is so characteristic of the leader of the expedition, and so significant of the gravity of its situation, that we shall be readily pardoned for quoting it:

"Into whichever sea this great river empties," said Stanley, "there shall we follow it. You have seen that I have saved you a score of times, when everything looked black and dismal for us. That care of you to which you owe your safety hitherto I shall maintain, until I see you safe and sound in your own homes and under your own palm-trees. All I ask of you is perfect trust in whatever I say. On your lives depends my own; if I risk yours I risk mine. As a father looks after his children I will look after you. It is true we are not so strong as when the Wanyatura attacked us, or when we marched through Unyoro to Muta Nzigé, but we are of the same band of men and we are still of the same spirit. Many of our party have already died, but death is the end of all; and if they died earlier than we, it was the will of God, and who shall rebel against His will? It may be that we shall meet a hundred wild tribes yet, who for the sake of eating us shall rush to meet and fight us. We have no wish to molest them. We have moneys with us and are therefore not poor. If they fight us we must accept it as an evil, like disease, which we cannot help. We shall continue to do our utmost to make friends, and the river is wide and deep. If we fight we fight for our lives. It may be that we shall be distressed by famine and want. It may be that we shall meet with many more cataracts, or find ourselves before a great lake, whose wild waves we cannot cross with these canoes; but we are not children, we have heads, and arms, and are we not always under the eye of God, who will do with us as He sees fit? Therefore, my children, make up your minds as I have made up mine,

that as we are now in the very middle of the Continent, and it would be just as bad to return as to go on, that we shall continue our journey, that we shall toil on, and on, by this river and no other, to the salt sea."

His men responded with assuring shouts, and promises that they would stand by their leader; and—his heart filled, as he tells us, with a sense of confidence and trust such as he had not enjoyed since leaving Zanzibar—Stanley, with but a total strength of 149 souls, started on the 28th of December, 1876, to pursue his way on the Congo or Livingstone. From the outset the expedition had to pass through a "baptism of fire," and to be harrassed, day by day, by hourly peril and almost continuous onslaught. The record of progress on the river is one that makes the blood curdle in the veins, while ever and again the heart is made to leap with excitement and joy at its miraculous escapes. In peril of cataracts or of cannibals, each day brought new risks and adventure; and the night had but dread for what the morrow would bring forth. Thus, in combating the physical obstructions of the river, and in resisting the incessant attacks of the human ghouls on the way, headway was slowly and painfully made. But one moon had scarcely paled to its waning, ere the gallant but exhausted expedition found itself hunted to despair. On February 1st, Stanley recounts that—

"This last of the twenty-eight desperate combats which we have had with the insensate furies of a savage land began to inspire us with a suspicion of everything bearing the least semblance of man, and to infuse into our hearts something of that feeling which possibly the

hard-pressed stag feels when, after distancing the hounds many times, and having resorted to many stratagems to avoid them, wearied and bathed with perspiration, he hears with terror and trembling the hideous and startling yells of the ever-pursuing pack. We also had laboured strenuously through ranks upon ranks of savages, scattered over a score of flotillas, had endured persistent attacks night and day while struggling through them, had resorted to all modes of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yells of the savages broke loud on our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward impetuously to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted. Yet we were still on the middle line of the Continent. We were also being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition who had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. Some day we should lie down, and offer our throats like lambs to the cannibal butchers."

All this time the difficulty of obtaining food was an alarming one, as but seldom did they meet with natives that could be tempted near enough to be bribed to be humane. But with unflinching heroism, and oftentimes by clever stratagem, the expedition was able now and again to secure sustenance; and occasionally, though rarely, they had an unmolested interval in which to land and secure food for themselves, even if it were but nuts or roots, from the shore. Happily, as the months go by, and as they diminished the distance between them and the sea, the wild lands through which they passed took on a milder aspect,

and the natives proved by their attitude to have been approached from the west by trade. As yet they were not sufficiently humanized to have been directly in communication with the sea, but percolating through the intervening tribes the influence of some still remote contact with the white man and trade was now becoming visible. Perceptibly softened in their natural ferocity, they no longer resented the approach of the expedition with the fury of beasts of prey, and the circumstances of the brave explorers were, in consequence, manifestly ameliorated. But escaping from the savagery of the natives they now fell a prey to the savagery of the waters, for the Livingstone from flowing on in a broad, placid sweep, now broke into cataract billows and madly dashing past cliff-lined gorges, leaped over a succession of falls to repeat further on the same wild freaks of descent. Agreeable, in some respects, as was the change, as it broke the monotony of their voyage, and gave the expedition exciting visions of nature's weird wonders, it necessitated toilsome and dangerous *portages*, in which the axe had often to be exchanged for the rifle. But, alas! this was not all that it cost the expedition, for the cruel waters were to have their costly tribute of sacrifice.

At Stanley and at Kalulu Falls, the treacherous stream claimed its victims, and at both was the expedition bereft of those it was loath to part from. It was at the Massassa Falls, however, that there occurred the most serious loss the expedition had so far experienced, and one which eclipsed, in its sadness and magnitude, all others that had hitherto befallen it. For drawn down into the vortex under the falls, having been swept over

them with a number of his boat crew, the "Little Master" poor Frank Pocock, sank to find a grave in the great stream he had bravely helped to explore. The grief of this terrible bereavement to Stanley and his people was benumbing in its effect, and for days it left them in sorrowful inaction and hopeless despair. Sad, indeed, were the days that followed the 3rd of June, and burdensome were the two months yet to pass ere they emerged from the waters in which they had been so long entombed. Yet thankful individually for each one's escape from the living death of the past nine months on the dark river, the eager news, now communicated, of but five marches to the sea, whipped the flagging spirits into new zeal for the completion of their work. Wresting all that remained of the mystery from the great dark stream they had been following, they now were assured that the daily devious way they had traced on its surface, led indeed to the ocean, and that the Lualaba and Congo were one.

But a single act more in the drama has yet to be recited, of the expedition's leaving the river at the Isangila cataract, and its striking overland towards Embomma—a weary, emaciated, and suffering column. But only a four days' march towards relief could they undertake, and at the settlement of Nsanda, on the 4th of August, 1877, they pitched camp in utter weariness and brokenness of spirit. Reduced to the extremity of privation, unable to get more than a few ground nuts by the way, and without the strength to proceed further, Stanley, ever fertile in resource, forwarded to Boma a letter of appeal for food, and awaited, in dumb expectation, the

result. In two days he was relieved from his suspense, and he and his people were made glad with all the bounty of the Portuguese settlement. With what mute eloquence, on the morrow, did the brightened eye and the reinvigorated frame speak the thanks and gladness of the heart; and, rallying again to the march, enable the heroic expedition to consummate its work. Reaching Embomma and the ocean, which they hailed

> "With the songs of them that triumph,
> And the shouts of those who offer thanks,"

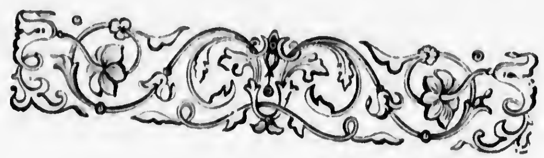
the magnificent enterprise was at last accomplished and the announcement of the heroic journey startled two worlds with the transcendant import of the news.

Divested of its attribute of mystery, the noble river now unveils a great water-way for commerce and civilization of almost unparalleled richness and attraction. With European steamers upon its waters, and its commerce placed under international guardianship and protection, the rich basin of the Congo, which Stanley has explored, will add, as we have seen it has already done, a new world to trade and give access to an interior still more vast and productive. But the geographical feat in itself is a marvel in the annals of discovery, and in its achievement Stanley has linked his name with that of Livingstone as an African explorer of imperishable memory.

Little remains now to be said except to chronicle how faithfully Stanley kept his trust of personally returning with his brave and steadfast followers to the homes from which, three years before, they had set out. With the aid and sympathy of all with whom they now came in

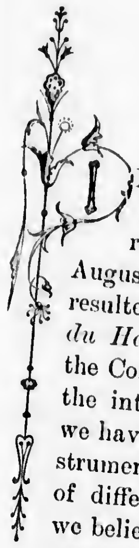
contact, to Zanzibar again Stanley conducted them; and with a keen memory of the strange vicissitudes they had together passed through, and grateful for that courage and fidelity which so largely contributed to his accomplishing his work, he bids them a heartfelt farewell.

Returning to England with all the honours showered upon him which his achievement naturally elicited, Stanley crowned his mission by writing the luminous narrative of its work, which he published. Fresh from the field of his exploit, and impregnated to the finger-tips with all the reminiscences of his adventure, his story has the advantage of vivid recital, and the fascination of graphic narration. Rarely has such a record of exciting incident and of thrilling adventure advanced greater claims upon interest and admiration, and enduring as may be the public honours his achievement will call forth, it will find no more imperishable commemoration than the pages of "Through the Dark Continent."



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUNDING OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.



IN recounting, in our second chapter, the personal history of Mr. Stanley, we made a brief reference to the conference at Brussels, in August, 1878, with the King of the Belgians, which resulted in the organization of the *Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo* and the subsequent founding of the Congo Free State. This great enterprise, in the interest of civilization and commerce, was, as we have seen, accomplished through Stanley's instrumentality, aided by an association of capitalists of different nationalities, but chiefly represented, we believe, by two Liverpool companies, one Paris company, one Hamburg firm and one in Rotterdam. The area of the Congo Free State is understood to be a million and a half square miles. This vast and rich territory, embracing the whole Congo basin, is, with the operations of the Free State, under the protectorate of the great European powers. It took Stanley three years, namely, from 1879 to 1882, to found the State, acquire possession under treaty with the native chiefs, organize dêpots on the river, construct a flotilla of steamers, build roads, and arrange for the laying down of a railway, to

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vercome impediments in the river navigation. The railway is to run from Matadi to Stanley Pool, in the vicinity of Leopoldville, the probable ultimate capital of the newborn State. Of the work of this period, to which Stanley loyally devoted himself, we propose in the present chapter to give a succinct account, referring the reader who desires fuller information on the subject to Mr. Stanley's two-volume narrative on the "Founding of the Congo State."

To get an approximate notion of the extent of this African empire, founded by Stanley under international auspices, it may be helpful first to indicate the navigable stretches of the river which waters this great State and which already bears down to the sea the rich resources of the region. The entire length of the Congo is over three thousand miles, broken up as follows: from Banana to Vivi, a navigable stretch of one hundred and ten miles; thence to Isangila, innavigable, fifty-two miles; from Isangila to Manyanga, a fairly navigable reach of eighty-eight miles; thence to Leopoldville, along the upper series of the Livingstone Falls, partly navigable, eighty-five miles; then comes the Upper Congo, from Leopoldville to Stanley Falls, an unobstructed stretch of 1,068 miles; from the lowest fall of this series to Nyangwé, three hundred and eighty-five miles; from Nyangwé to Mweru, four hundred and forty miles, including the length of Lake Mweru, sixty-eight miles; thence to Lake Bangweolo, two hundred and twenty miles; and from thence to its sources the Chambezi has a length of three hundred and sixty miles; the total length from sea to source being 3,035 miles.

When the railway from Matadi around the cataracts of the Congo, to Stanley Pool, 147 miles long, is constructed, it will open nearly 11,000 miles of navigable water-way into the heart of the continent, and give facilities for tapping the trade, worth millions of dollars annually, of nearly forty millions of people. Nor is this all; for the civilizing influences of trade must be taken into account in the contact of Europeans with an essential trading community, and the relief to industry and to humanity in effectively stamping out, within the area of its operations, the abhorrent slave trade. In a recent speech at Newcastle, Mr. Stanley set before his audience a happy picture of the results likely to flow from the introduction of railways into Africa and the elevating influences of trade. His illustration is drawn from the needs of the region lying between Mombassa on the east coast and the inland sea of Victoria Nyanza; but it is quite applicable to the case of other regions of the now Dark Continent, soon we hope, however, to be brought into the noonday light of European civilization and British trade. Here are Mr. Stanley's words: "Now, I can just imagine the day approaching when there will be a railway from Mombassa to Lake Victoria, and steamers navigating the whole of that great lake, which is almost the size of Scotland, and conveying missionaries to Uganda and other places on the route, and then coming down the lake and dropping people at Speke Gulf and other places, and coming back for more, carrying supplies into the country, coming back with a sick missionary, and on the next journey bringing another, thus gradually lifting the people from the slough of barbarism. And I

can see the influence of these steamers and the railway gradually improving the nation of Uganda and Unyoro, those six millions of people who are the finest people in all Africa, not excepting the Abyssinians. It was for their sake that I have been fighting so much, and talking so much. It takes a long time to impregnate either civilized or black people with ideas, and this idea of British interests in Africa—how long it has taken! It has taken me I do not know how long. I do not know how many letters I have written, how many speeches I have made, or how much calm and tranquil endurance to banquets I have shown, and consequent dangers to my digestion. I do not know what valorous efforts I have made in order to imbue the people with the idea of the advantage of the British influence in Africa. At the same time, I remember how difficult it was to impregnate Africans on the Congo with the idea that we were advancing for their good. There was a place called Banzameteke, at which a missionary had been preaching for six years in one village day after day, in season and out of season, trying to imbue the people with the idea of religion; but he met nothing but the blank vacant gaze until, one Sunday morning, the people collected all their fetishes and gin-bottles and rat-traps and burnt them in the public square, and demanded to be baptized; and 900 men, women and children were baptized on that day, after six years' work."

To return to the Expedition, let us note that Stanley under the auspices already indicated, left England in January, 1879 for Zanzibar, where he enlisted a force of native carriers and those who, with his European follow-

ing, would be helpful to him in establishing his trading posts on the Congo. A steamer was despatched directly from Leith to the mouth of the Congo with stores and supplies for the uses of the Expedition. Stanley himself was accompanied by an international grôup of officers among whom were two Englishmen, five Belgians, two Danes and one Frenchman. In the month of August, all had reached Banana Point and were speedily under way up the giant stream of the Congo. Soon Bomi is reached, then Vivi, where we will pause to insert a brief account of the difficulties that confronted Stanley in the gigantic task he had undertaken. The following narrative is made up partly of extracts from Mr. Stanley's own account of the founding of the Congo State, and partly of a condensation from Mr. H. F. Reddall's story of events in Mr. Stanley's career, from which we have hitherto made some extracts:

"The story of the founding of Vivi reads like an heroic epic. It tells of difficulties overcome and of well-nigh insurmountable obstacles subdued. 'A more cruel or less promising task than to conquer the sternness of that austere and sombre region could scarcely be imagined,' writes Stanley. 'Its large, bold features of solidity, ruggedness, impassiveness, the chaos of stones, worthless scrub, aud tangle of grass in hollow, or slope, or summit, breathed a grim defiance that was undeniable. Yet our task was to temper this obstinacy, to make the position scaleable, even accessible; to quicken that cold lifelessness; to reduce that grim defiance to perfect submission; in a word, to infuse vigorous animation into a scene which no one but the most devoted

standard-bearer of Philanthropy could ever have looked at twice with a view to its value. Our only predecessors in this region had been men despatched on an errand of geographical exploration, or tourists who had hastily passed through to visit the Falls of Yellala. Trade had shunned it; religious zeal saw no fit field here for its labours; perhaps its grimness of feature had daunted the zealot. But let us see what wakeful diligence, patient industry, and a trustful faith can make of it. The power of man is great, though he is a feeble, perishable creature; with little strokes but many he has before this performed marvels; his working life counts but a handful of hours, but with every hour—industry inspiring him—he makes his mark, and many marks make a rood.' The heroic spirit breathing throughout this last sentence strikes the keynote of Stanley's career in Congoland. It earned him his title of 'the Rock-breaker,' and it brought him, not unscathed, but undaunted, to the goal of his labours at the foot of Stanley Falls.

"Work began at once in earnest. Boats were despatched down stream for provisions, tents, tools and a hundred men. Then, on the morning of October 1st, the task of levelling the plateau and of building a road to the landing-place was attacked with vigour. The sites of the corrugated-iron storehouses sent out from England, of the native houses, and of Vivi headquarters were staked out; a garden was made by dint of carrying 2,000 baskets of black loam from the valley on the backs of the natives; stables, poultry-houses, blacksmiths and carpenters' sheds were built, and by February 6th, 1880, Stanley was able to write to the Commit-

tee that the lower station was complete in all its details; time, three months twenty-four days. The termination of this stage of the labours of the expedition was celebrated by a day's holiday and a banquet. Then to work again.

"Just above Vivi all navigation of the lower Congo is checked by the lower series of the Livingstone cataracts, which comprise Yellala, Iuga, and Isangila Falls, and several miles of intervening rapids. The distance from Vivi to Isangila is fifty-two miles, and a portage must be made for this distance around the obstruction. At this writing surveys have been made on the south bank for a railway to span this gap, but to Stanley it was virgin forest. The problem confronting him at the commencement of this second stage was to make a practical waggon-road through an unknown country, over which could be drawn heavy steel waggons containing the hull, boilers, and machinery of the boats destined to be used on the higher reaches. In addition was to be transported all the *materiel* of the expedition in packs on the backs of the trusty Zanzibaris, the goods necessary for barter and for presents to the rude potentates, and the food for the large force of men that would necessarily be engaged. Supplies of native produce could doubtless be obtained, but must not be entirely relied on.

"A sentence from a letter to the Committee at home about this time furnishes some idea of the labour thus involved: 'It is going to be a tedious task, I perceive very clearly, and a protracted one, to make a road fifty-two miles long, then to come back and transport a boat which may be moved only a mile a day perhaps, then to come

back, hauling the heavy waggon with us, to transport another heavy launch, and move on a mile a day again then back for another heavy launch, and repeat the same operation for three heavy beilers three times, by which we see we have to drag the heavy waggon nine times over a fifty-two mile rough road, total nine hundred and thirty-six miles, before we can embark for our second station, without counting the delays caused by constant parties conveying provisions.

"A rapid reconnaissance to Isangila was first undertaken, in course of which many savage potentates were interviewed, and by a judicious use of presents treaties were drawn up guaranteeing the integrity of the road from Vivi, and the comforting assurance was afforded that no serious obstacle of any kind would be offered by the native tribes. This preliminary, though very cursory, survey of the country between Vivi and Isangila revealed a few of the obstacles to be overcome in road-building. There were ravines to be filled up, morasses to be crossed, bridges to be built, jungles to be penetrated, mountains to be flanked, and rocks to be removed. The native pathways running boldly 'up and down inclines and declines of formidable steepness, and sometimes along a six-inch wide ledge of rock around the ends of water courses,' were simply out of the question; and the task that weighed most heavily upon the chief of the Expedition was the necessity of 'finding available—in Nature if possible, by laborious industry if necessary—either continuous stretches or detached pieces of level land which might be deftly connected together by a passable and safe road.' The country between the two objective

points is a cruel one, but by dint of rambling about the hills and along the river, tracing the courses of streams and plunging into the depths of a perfect wilderness Stanley was at length able to map out a feasible route to Isangila from Vivi station.

"On the 18th of March, 1880, the initial blow was struck on the first road through the tropic land, with its enervating heats and treacherous changes of temperature. The narrative of this first day's labour is so vivid and lifelike that we shall allow the gallant commander to tell it in his own words: 'On the 18th of March, 1880, we marched to the Loa River and valley, and formed a camp, all the Vivi labourers being employed in conveying seventy sacks of beans, peas, lentils, rice and salt, as a first instalment of provisions for the pioneer force. During the rest of the morning we traced the line of road by means of flagstaffs bearing white cloth streamers, and a tall step-ladder to guide through the high grass the bearers of the half-mile cord and reel. It must be remembered that the grass in many cases was ten feet high, and in loamy hollows about fifteen feet. In the months of July, August and September fires consume the old grass; but so quick is the growth from the moment that the rains begin in September that by the middle of March it is as tall as a young forest. At mid-day the pioneers were formed in line, hoes in hand, along the cord, and at a signal the work of uprooting the grass began. By night there was a clear roadway made fifteen feet wide and two thousand five hundred feet long.' On April 22nd there were twenty-two and a-third miles of road completed, from Vivi Station to Makeya Manguba, at the

junction of the Bundi River with the Congo. For the present it was decided that the steamers, when hauled thus far, should transport the goods and equipage up the Bundi to the point found best adapted for further progress by means of the waggon-road up the Bundi valley. By the 30th of July all the *materiel*, amounting to fifty-four tons, destined for the Congo, had been transported to Makeya Manguba, to do which it had been necessary to actually travel nine hundred and sixty-six miles, although the real distance from camp to camp was only twenty-two miles on the road to Stanley Pool, nearly fifteen hundred miles away! By this time the road from Vivi had become so hard and well-trodden that it presented the appearance of an old-country turnpike.

"Then the work of road-making up the Bundi valley was undertaken—a repetition of the toils, tribulations and triumphs of the first stretch from Vivi to Makeya Manguba. In one year—or, to be absolutely correct, three hundred and sixty-six days, from February 21st, 1880, to February 21st, 1881, the overland route was completed to Isangila camp, above the cataract, and three days later the boats, all scraped, cleaned and painted, were launched, ready for a second stage of river transit. During the year the various marchings, haulings, and countermarchings reached a total of 2,352 miles—an average of six and a-half miles a day—to gain an advance into the interior of only fifty-two miles! 'This was no holiday affair,' writes the chief, 'with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo canyon, with the fierce heat from the rocks and the chill, bleak winds blowing up the

gorge and down from seared grassy plateaux. Let the death of six Europeans and twenty-two natives and the retirement of thirteen invalid whites, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us.' And with naïve modesty, at the conclusion of the record of this stupendous feat of engineering, without a word of self-glorification, Stanley adds; 'And now we were all prepared to commence another section of our work of a somewhat different character to that which was now happily terminated.'

"By the Committee Mr. Stanley had been instructed to build three stations—one at Vivi, one at Manyanga, and one on the shores of Stanley Pool; also to convey a steamer and a boat to the former place, and another steamer and boat to the latter. From Isangila to Manyanga—between the cataract of Isangila and the cataract of Ntombo Mataka—was eighty-eight miles, Manyanga being distant from Vivi Station one hundred and forty miles. In fourteen round trips up and down the various reaches of this eighty-eight miles of open river the boats and steamers transported by May 1st, 1881, the houses, equipage and baggage to the site of the second permanent station.

"But now the uniform good health enjoyed by the chief of the expedition failed, and a severe attack of African fever brought him to the gates of death. Again, however, his magnificent physique brought him through, and during his convalescence the news of the arrival of reinforcements from Zanzibar acted like a bracing tonic. Though still weak and feeble, he was able to direct the building of the Manyanga Station, and to superintend

the commencement of another waggon road toward Stanley Pool.

"On July 15th, 1881, Stanley started with a small company to reconnoitre the ground between Manyanga and Stanley Pool, and to obtain an eligible site for a station contiguous to the point where the navigability of the upper Congo commences. Owing to the indifference or hostility of the natives on the north bank, inspired by Malameen, the former sergeant of M. de Brazza, no ground could be secured there, and Stanley was forced to cross over to the south shore. The politics of these primitive communities are as complicated as those of the petty German States in the last century, and an explorer finds it extremely difficult to be on friendly terms with one tribe or village and escape the enmity of every other in all that section of country. After a tedious palaver and an extravagant outlay of finery for presents, amounting to hundreds of pounds, an admirable site for a station on the upper Congo, was named Leopoldville, 'in honour of the munificent and royal founder of the Association Internationale du Congo,' to which the old name of Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo had given place since the departure of the expedition from Europe. Below the station foam the rapids of Kintamo; above it opens out the lake-like, island-dotted expanse of Stanley Pool, from which there is an unbroken stretch of one thousand and sixty-eight miles of clear and unobstructed river to Stanley Falls.

"The native concession once obtained, the founding and building of Leopoldville went on apace, though the nominal chief of Kintamo, the crafty and fawning

Ngalyema, gave no end of trouble. This episode deserves a book to itself, says Stanley. Ngalyema's peculiar temper requires more than a few phrases before an exact representation of the man can be given. He is a grasping, greedy savage, whose bland roguery and smirking simplicity reminds us irresistibly of Pecksniff. 'It cost more money to overcome this man peacefully than the aggregate expenditure on all the chiefs of the country who possessed something substantial to give us in exchange. Through long patience, liberality, and a timely hint now and then that he might be sorry for going beyond certain bounds, he was at last fairly won to good behaviour and a stout and friendly alliance,' which last happy result gave Stanley leisure to prepare for his long-deferred journey up river on an errand of exploration.

"Leopoldville stands just within the Garden of the Congo. The belt of rough and sterile country through which we have accompanied our brave explorers may be compared to the rough and rugged shell surrounding a sweet and meaty kernel. The beauty and fertility of the country on whose threshold they now stood baffle calculation. Millions of acres of unsurpassed fertility greet the eye from the summit of any eminence. 'Even now it is almost idyllic in appearance, yet there are only the grass huts of Kintamo conspicuously in view; the rest is literally only a wilderness of grass, shrubs, and tree-foliage. Supposing the rich fertile soil of that plain, well-watered as it is by many running streams, were cultivated, how it would reward the husbandman! How it would be bursting with fulness and plenty! In

all the Mississippi valley there is no soil to equal it, yet here it lies a neglected waste.' And perhaps for generations yet the prospect will possess the same idle slumberous appearance it presents to-day!

"The situation of Leopoldville is most fortunate. On a natural grassy plateau of easy ascent from the river, in a crescent-shaped indentation of the shore, the station commands a view of the wide expanse of Stanley Pool and its islands. Water was handy; fuel was abundant; a one-story block-house, impregnable to attack and proof against fire, offered safe refuge in case trouble should arise with the surrounding natives. Such a contingency, however, seemed very remote. So that it was with feelings of perfect security that Stanley left Leopoldville under the command of a subordinate, while he made a dash up-stream.

"On this tour of observation another small station—the sixth in all—was founded at Mswata, fourteen hours' steaming from Leopoldville. And then, while waiting for the arrival of the Europeans and stores left at Vivi and destined for the upper Congo, Stanley utilized the time by exploring the Kiva River, a south bank tributary of the Congo, 'in order to discover whether any special advantages would result from a more intimate acquaintance with that river and its tribes.' Once more the little steamer *En Avant* turned her prow toward the centre of the continent, her commander, undeterred by weird tales of perils in the way, such as volcanic waters, rocky impassible barriers, and savage natives whose spears were longer and sharper than any others. The steamer was equipped for a nine days' absence, and on

the 19th of May, 1882, was commenced one of the most faithful journeys ever undertaken by 'Bula Matari.'

"Three hours and forty minutes from Leopoldville, or four hundred and forty miles from the sea, the deep and rapid embouchure of the Kiva, four hundred and fifty yards wide, was entered. The stream proved to be very tortuous, though the current perceptibly slackened as the ascent progressed. But wood for the engine was scarce, and the natives on either shore suspicious and disobliging. Progress under these conditions was much slower than Stanley had calculated, and soon the provisions ran low. A few fish were obtained from the natives, so Stanley pressed on, for rumors of a great lake ahead of a nature well-calculated to fire the soul of an ardent explorer were rife among the tribes dwelling along the Kiva. This river, about eighty miles from its mouth, splits into the Mfini and Mbihé. Steering boldly into the former branch, which varied from two hundred and fifty to four hundred yards in breadth, with a current of two and a-half knots an hour, on the morning of the 26th a sudden widening of the horizon ahead, the receding of the banks on either hand, and an almost total cessation of the current, told that some abrupt change in the riverine scenery was at hand. Neither of the native guides had ever been so far, nor was their dialect now intelligible to the denizens of the banks of the Mfini. Stanley soon suspected that he had discovered another central African lake hitherto unknown to Europeans. Conjecture soon became certainty. From the 26th to the 31st of May were spent in the circumnavigation of this newly-revealed body of water, which Stanley named Lake Leopold

II. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 31st the *En Avant* arrived once more at the mouth of the Mfini, and the survey was completed. Lake Leopold II. covers a total area of eight hundred square miles—rather smaller than Lake Erie. It lies in the midst of a delightful climate and country, though so near the equator, and is fed by innumerable small streams, discharging its waters by means of the Mfini into the Congo. The natives on the shor[illegible] his inland lake were paralyzed with terror at the adv[illegible] of these strange beings in their demoniac, hissing, and smoke-belching steamer.

"This voyage of discovery up the Kiva was fraught with dire results to Stanley. Ere the prow of the *En Avant* was turned down stream on the return its crew were suffering the pangs of hunger. But worse than all were the symptoms of a severe sickness which oppressed the chief. While Leopoldville was yet distant a day's steaming Stanley became unconscious, and at last was obliged to be carried ashore. A week later he decided to return to Vivi, that being the sanitarium at which enfeebled Europeans from the Upper Congo could recover health and strength. But on the 28th of June, at Manyanga, incipient gastritis made itself felt, with swelling of the lower limbs, and to the recent sun-roasting on Lake Leopold II. he attributed this illness. But the bracing air of Vivi failed to afford the desired relief. So, with intense reluctance, Stanley resolved to proceed to Europe, invalided. His work on the Congo was left, as he thought, in competent hands, and might be safely deprived of its controlling mind for a few months. In October, 1882, he arrived in Europe, greatly bettered by

the sea-voyage, and before many days were over had laid before the "Committee of the Association Internationale du Congo" a report of the true condition of affairs at the front.

"In brief, the problem now confronting the projectors was to secure what had been hitherto gained by the toils of the years 1878-1882. Frankly, Stanley declared, that in its present state the Congo Basin was not worth a two-shilling piece, and to reduce it to proper order a railway must be constructed between the Lower and the Upper Congo. (In the summer of 1885 a surveying party of Belgian engineers departed to survey both banks of the Congo between Vivi and Stanley Pool, and this survey, as already stated, has been completed.) The cost of such a road would be between two and three million dollars. To render it even prospectively valuable, he told the king and the committee, 'You must first have a charter from Europe that you shall be permitted to build that railroad, that you shall govern the land through which it passes, that, in short, the guardianship of it shall not pass into the hands of any power but your own.' It was seen that at first such a road would not only be unremunerative, but would entail a large annual outlay, and could never become a source of profit either to the Association or Africa unless commercial men and emigrants could be attracted to the Upper Congo. The members of the Association were unanimously of the same opinion, and declared themselves ready to face the further enormous outlay, provided Stanley would continue in charge of the work. Though shattered in health, Stanley consented to return to the Congo and complete the

establishment of stations as far as Stanley Falls, provided an efficient subordinate or assistant chief could be found to relieve him of all direct concern for the welfare of the stations on the Lower Congo. The Committee engaged to find and send such a person, and on these conditions Stanley arranged to return to the scene of his labours at the end of six weeks.

"If the want of efficient and trustworthy assistants had been apparent before Stanley's illness and departure for home, their urgent necessity was reiterated with tenfold force ere he set foot on shore at Vivi on his return to the Congo in December, 1882. Reports of resignations, desertions, and wholesale neglect of duty came pouring in from all the stations; the steamers had been allowed to rust at their moorings; at the upper stations the stocks of provisions had been allowed to diminish through petty squabbles among the various chiefs left in command; at Leopoldville there existed an armed truce between the garrison and the natives, and the former were nearly reduced to want; at all a general lack of personal responsibility and *esprit du corps.* And yet but six months had elapsed between his departure and his return! However, the salutary influence of his presence was soon felt; the judicious exercise of authority and a little needful tact, tempered with a dash of severity, soon restored matters to their former condition of decent prosperity.

"These disagreeables settled, and matters placed on their former footing, the chief was free to enter on the final stage of his Congo labours—the planting of a station at Stanley Falls and of another one midway between

that place and Leopold. On the 9th of May, 1883, a little flotilla steamed out into Stanley Pool, consisting of the steam launches *Royal* and *A. I. A.* and our old friend the *En Avant*, the first and last towing the large sixty-foot canoe and the steel whale-boat respectively. A force of eighty men, with six tons of *materiel*, consisting of every necessary article for the equipment of two small stations, and provisions for the garrisons for at least six months, loaded all the boats to the load-line. Amid the cheers of the garrison at Leopoldville the tiny fleet pushes out into the stream on its thousand-mile voyage into the real heart of Equatorial Africa, carrying the flag of the Association to almost the limit of Congo navigation.

"On June 13, at a distance of four hundred and twelve miles above Leopoldville, and seven hundred and fifty-seven miles from the sea, Equator Station was founded in the Wangate country, at 0° 1′ 0″ north latitude. Here a lieutenant and twenty-six men were left as a permanent garrison, with a further temporary contribution of twenty men to assist in building, etc. This is Stanley's ideal depot, and though usually anything but enthusiastic or optimistic, his account of the beauties of its surroundings is radiant. On October 16 the floatilla steams out of Equator Station for the last six hundred miles of river travel separating them from Stanley Falls, making verbal treaties with the tribal chiefs *en route*.

"On November 23 the explorers reached a point nine hundred and twenty-one miles above Leopoldville, where they encounter a stretch of country on either bank recently devastated by a raid of Arab slave-takers. Smoking

villages, decaying corpses, and ruined gardens blot one of the fairest landscapes. The fiends had harried a country exceeding Ireland in area and formerly peopled by a happy primitive people numbering over one million souls. One hundred and eighteen villages had been destroyed for the scant return of about two thousand five hundred slaves and two thousand ivory tusks. The stoppage of this iniquity will be one of the beneficent results of the domination of all this zone by enlightened Europeans.

"A week later the lower rapids of Stanley Falls came into view. They consist in all of seven distinct cataracts. spread out along a curvature of the river fifty-six miles long, and separated by two navigable stretches twenty-two and twenty-six miles in length respectively. From the highest of the Stanley Falls to Nyangwé, where Stanley commenced his descent of the Congo, is three hundred and eighty-five miles of clear navigation.

"The usual protracted palavers with the natives were inevitable, but finally, at a cost of £160 worth of goods, the right to settle in the country of the Wane Rusari tribe was purchased. Stanley chose an island of the same for the site of the final station of the association, and because of the placid nature of the water between the island and the north bank, affording an admirable berth for the steamers, the depot was named Still Haven. About four acres of ground were cleared; an abundance of tools, food, etc., carried ashore, and Still Haven was placed in command of one Binnie, 'a little Scotchman, five feet three inches in height,' the person whom Stanley had carried from the Atlantic to the interior to take charge of the station, begging at the last moment to be returned to

the coast! This Ultima Thule of the Congo Expedition was reached only one day later—December 1, 1883—than that set down by Stanley to the Committee at Brussels. Nothing more could be done in the way of station building or trade development until the right of protectorate over the districts between station and station, from Vivi to Stanley Falls, had been obtained by the concert of the great Powers.

"The next milestone in the reclamation of the Congo Basin was the meeting of the Berlin Conference in 1884-85, and the constitution thereby of the Congo Free State, dominated chiefly by the African International Association, though France and Portugal possess a princely domain therein. We may not close this chapter without a brief survey of the area and products and trade-prospects of this new equatorial empire. 'To define the geographical basin of the Congo, whether explored or unexplored,' said Mr. Stanley, in an address before the Conference, 'is a very easy matter, since every school-boy knows that a river basin—geographically speaking—includes all that territory drained by the river and its affluents, large and small. The Congo, unlike many other large rivers, has no fluvial delta; it issues into the Atlantic Ocean in one united stream between Shark's Point on the south and Banana Point on the north, with a breadth of seven miles and an unknown depth. But when you ask me as to what I should consider the commercial basin of the Congo, I am bound to answer you that the main river and its most important affluents constitute means by which trade can influence a much larger amount of territory than is comprised within the geographical basin. To

define the commercial basin of the Congo is very simple: Commencing from the Atlantic Ocean I should follow the line of 1° 25′ south latitude east as far as 13° 13′ long. east of Greenwich, and along that meridian north until the water-shed of the Niger-Binué is reached; thence easterly along the water-shed separating the waters flowing into the Congo from those flowing into the Shari, and continuing east along the water-parting between the waters of the Congo and those of the Nile, and southerly and easterly along the water-shed between the waters flowing into the Tanganyika and those flow- into the affluents of Lake Victoria, and still clinging to the water-shed to the east of the Tanganyika southerly until the water-parting between the waters flowing into the Zambesi and those flowing into the Congo is reached; thence along that water-shed westerly until the head-waters of the main tributary of the Kiva is reached, whence the line runs along the left bank of the Kiva to 7° 50′ south latitude; thence straight to the Loge River, and so along the left bank of that river westerly to the Atlantic Ocean. By this delineation you will have comprised the geographical commercial basin and its present commercial delta.' These were substantially the boundaries agreed on by the Berlin Conference as the limits of the Congo Free State.

"The principal commercial product of the Upper Congo is ivory, and it will probably take several generations to exhaust the supply. Next in importance are palm oil, rubber, orchilla, camwood, nutmegs, gum-copal, and wild coffee—all in practically unlimited quantities. In the lake region are gold, silver, copper, and iron deposits—the two

latter of surpassing richness. Bananas, oranges, and every kind of semi-tropical vegetable product, as well as many of those of temperate zones, thrive amazingly. Spices and gums are indigenous, and the timber will repay the most expensive transportation. The rich river bottoms and the ancient lake basins yield marvellous crops of rice and grain; while there is pasturage for many million head of cattle.

"European trade with the Congo country has increased very rapidly within the last half decade. Exports and imports now amount to many millions of dollars annually. In 1882 the annual exports from Liverpool were computed at $5,000,000 in value.

"*Finis coronat opus* are the appropriate closing words of Stanley's thrilling narrative of work and exploration on the Congo. The superstructure of a new equatorial empire had been laid, and yet the only self-gratulation permitted the builder was the modest expression of the belief that his royal patron was satisfied (as well he might be) with the manner in which his intentions had been consummated! Nevertheless, we must not allow ourselves to be borne away on a wave-crest of enthusiasm by the bright horoscope predicted for the empire carved out by these fortuitous endeavours. There yet remain many intricate problems to be solved and many weighty obstacles to be surmounted ere the roseate dawn of civilization shall illumine the night of the Dark Continent. But scant assistance can be expected from its aboriginal peoples, except as they are dominated and directed by European brain and brawn—doubtless these children of the forest would infinitely prefer to be

left unmolested and enshrouded in their centuries-old Cimmerian gloom and ignorance. But *Capital* is ever alert for a new field for conquest, and the reclamation of Africa to *Commerce* and *Christianity* is simply a question of years. Be this result speedy or tardy, humanity must unite in according a large meed of praise to the men whose philanthropy and fortitude rent the veil of mystery and doubt which so long enshrouded Congo Land."

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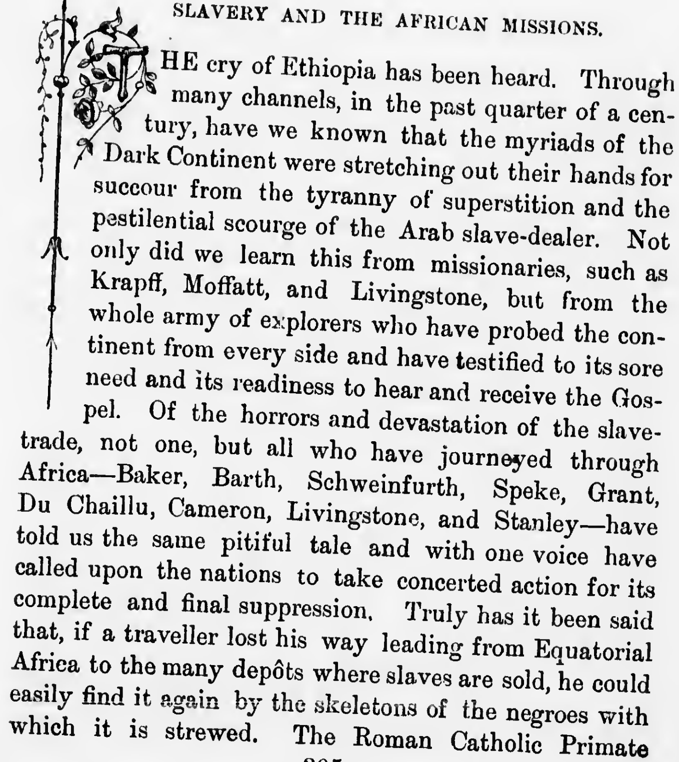
CHAPTER XIX.

SLAVERY AND THE AFRICAN MISSIONS.



THE cry of Ethiopia has been heard. Through many channels, in the past quarter of a century, have we known that the myriads of the Dark Continent were stretching out their hands for succour from the tyranny of superstition and the pestilential scourge of the Arab slave-dealer. Not only did we learn this from missionaries, such as Krapff, Moffatt, and Livingstone, but from the whole army of explorers who have probed the continent from every side and have testified to its sore need and its readiness to hear and receive the Gospel. Of the horrors and devastation of the slave-trade, not one, but all who have journeyed through Africa—Baker, Barth, Schweinfurth, Speke, Grant, Du Chaillu, Cameron, Livingstone, and Stanley—have told us the same pitiful tale and with one voice have called upon the nations to take concerted action for its complete and final suppression. Truly has it been said that, if a traveller lost his way leading from Equatorial Africa to the many depôts where slaves are sold, he could easily find it again by the skeletons of the negroes with which it is strewed. The Roman Catholic Primate

of Africa reports that the missionaries of his communion at Tanganyika say that there is not a single day in which they do not see pass caravans of slaves which have been brought from afar as carriers for the ivory, or from the markets of the interior, like human cattle. "Never in any part of the known world, or in pages of its history," say the priests, "has there been such butchery and murder, and such contempt for human life. Already millions of human beings have thus been murdered during the last quarter of a century, but the numbers increase continually, and on the high plateaux of the interior the figures given by our missionaries surpass those given by Cameron for the slave-trade of the Zambesi and Nyassa."

Here is a leaf from Stanley's own experience, during the exploration of the Congo:

"Our guide, Yumbila, was told to question them as to the cause of this dismal scene, and an old man stood out and poured forth his tale of grief and woe with an exceeding volubility. He told of a sudden and unexpected invasion of their village by a host of leaping, yelling men in the darkness who dinned their ears with murderous fusilades, slaughtering their people as they sprang out of their burning huts into the light of the flames. Not a third of the men had escaped; the larger number of the women and children had been captured and taken away, they knew not whither. We discovered that this horde of banditti—for in reality and without disguise they were nothing else—was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Karema and Kibunga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wane-Kirundu, about thirty miles below Vinya-Njara. For eleven

months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubiranzi, on the left bank. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Biyerre and Wane-Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that such a territory within the area described would cover superficially 16,200 square geographical miles on the left bank, and 10,500 miles on the right, all of which in statute mileage would be equal to 34,700 square miles, just 2,000 square miles greater than the area of Ireland, inhabited by about one million people. The band when it set out from Kirundu numbered three hundred fighting men, armed with flint-locks, double-barrelled percussion-guns, and a few breech-loaders; their followers, or domestic slaves and women, doubled this force. . . Within the enclosure was a series of low sheds extending many lines deep from the immediate edge of the clay-bank island, one hundred yards; in length the camp was about three hundred yards; at the landing-place below were fifty-four long canoes varying in carrying capacity. Each might convey from ten to one hundred people. The first general impressions are that the camp is much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms—upright, standing or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children—many mere infants—forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women, bending under a basket of fuel,

or cassava-tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers.

"On paying more attention to details I observe that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain like one of our boat anchor chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by these copper-rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of this curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons on their mothers' breasts. There is not an adult man captive among them. The slave-traders admit that they have only 2,300 captives in this fold, yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country larger than Ireland, bringing fire and spreading carnage with lead and iron. Both banks of the river show that one hundred and eighteen villages and forty-three districts have been devastated, out of which is only educed this scanty profit of 2,300 females and children and about 2,000 tusks of ivory! The spears, swords, bows and the quivers of arrows show that many adults have fallen. Given that one hundred and eighteen villages were peopled by only 1,000 each, we have only a profit of two per cent., and by the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the river voyage to Kirundu and Nyangwé, of camp-life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox and the pests which miseries breed, there will only remain a scant one per cent. upon the bloody venture.

They tell me, however, that the convoys already arrived at Nyangwé with slaves captured in the interior have been as great as their present band. Five expeditions have come and gone with their booty of ivory and slaves and these five expeditions have now completely weeded the large territory described above. If each expedition has been as successful as this the slave-traders have been enabled to obtain 5,000 women and children safe to Nyangwé, Kirundu and Vibondo, above the Stanley Falls. This 5,000 out of an annual million will be at the rate of a half per cent., or five slaves out of 1,000 people. This is poor profit out of such large waste of life, for, originally, we assume the slaves to have mustered about 10,000 in number. To obtain the 2,300 slaves out of the one hundred and eighteen villages they must have shot a round number of 2,500 people, while 1,300 men died by the wayside through scant provisions and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness. How many are wounded and die in the forest or droop to death through an overwhelming sense of their calamities, we do not know; but if the above figures are trustworthy, then the outcome from the territory with its millions of souls is 5,000 slaves, obtained at the cruel expense of 33,000 lives! And such slaves! They are females or young children who cannot run away, or who with youthful indifference will soon forget the terrors of their capture! Yet each of the very smallest infants has cost the life of a father, and perhaps his three stout brothers and three grown-up daughters. An entire family of six souls have been done to death to obtain that small, feeble, useless child! These are my thoughts as I look upon the horrible scene.

Every second during which I regard them the clink of fetters and chains strikes upon my ears. My eyes catch sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in the collar, or as it displays a manacle exposed through a muscle being irritated by its weight and want of fitness. My nerves are offended with the rancid effluvium of the unwashed herds within this human kennel. The smell of other abominations annoys me in that vitiated atmosphere. For how could poor people, bound and riveted together by twenties, do otherwise than wallow in filth? Only the old women are taken out to forage. They dig out the cassava tubers and search for the banana; while the guard, with musket ready, keenly watches for the coming of the revengeful native. Not much food can be procured in this manner, and what is obtained is flung down in a heap before each gang to at once cause an unseemly scramble. Many of these poor things have been already months fettered in this manner, and their bones stand out in bold relief in the attenuated skin which hangs down in thin wrinkles and puckers."

Nor is this heart-rending picture a solitary one in the experience of African travellers. Professor Henry Drummond, in his work on "The Heart of Africa," gives some tragic details of the slave-trade and a distressing description of the perils which beset missionary life in Africa. Here is an account of the desolation of which he was witness in the Zambesi region, at a place where there had once been a mission, but from which the natives had fled to escape the slave-trader and where the poor missionaries had succumbed to disease.

"As his boat swept along the beautiful Lake Nyassa," it is said "he noticed in the distance a few white objects

on the shore. On closer inspection, they were found to be wattle and daub houses, built in English style and whitewashed. Heading his boat for the shore, he landed and began to examine what seemed to be the home of a little English colony. The first house he entered gave evidence of recent occupancy, everything being in excellent order; but no human form was to be seen or human voice to be heard. The stillness of death reigned. He entered the school-house. The benches and desks were there, as if school had been but recently dismissed; but neither teachers nor scholars were to be seen. In the blacksmith shop the anvil and hammer stood ready for service and it seemed as if the fire had just gone out upon the hearth; but no blacksmith could be found. Pushing his investigations a little further, he came upon four or five graves. These little mounds told the whole story and explained the desolation he had seen. Within them reposed the precious dust of some of the missionaries of Livingstonia, who one by one had fallen at their post, victims of the terrible African fever. Livingstonia was Scotland's answer in part to the challenge which Henry M. Stanley gave to the Christian world to send missionaries to eastern equatorial Africa. When that intrepid explorer, after untold hardship, had found David Livingstone, and during months of close companionship had felt the power of that consecrated life, he blew the trumpet with no uncertain sound to rouse the church to her privilege and responsibility in Central Africa. But it was not till the death of the great missionary explorer, that the land which gave him birth resolved to send a little army of occupation to the region which he had

opened to the Christian world. On the 18th of January, 1875, at a public meeting held in the city of Glasgow, the Free Church, the Reformed Church, and the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, founded a mission, to be called Livingstonia, and which was to be located in the region of Lake Nyassa, the most southern of the three great lakes of Central Africa, with a coast of eight hundred miles. Although founded by the churches just named, it was understood that it was to be regarded as a Free Church mission, the others co-operating with men and means as opportunity offered or necessity required.

"The choice of location was most appropriate, not only because Dr. Livingstone had discovered that beautiful sheet of water, but because he had requested the Free Church to plant a mission on its shores. The first company of missionaries, which included also representatives of the Established Church, who were to found a separate mission in the lake region, after immense toil and severe hardship, reached the lake, *via* the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, October 12th, 1875. They selected a site near Cape Maclear as their first settlement, and as soon as possible put into operation the various parts of the mission work they had been commissioned to prosecute—industrial, educational, medical and evangelistic. From the first the mission met with encouraging success, becoming not only a centre of gospel light to that benighted region, but also a city of refuge to which the wretched natives fled to escape the inhuman cruelties of the slave-traders. As the years rolled on, however, it was found necessary to remove the main work of the mission to a

more healthful region on the lake—hence the desolation seen by Prof. Drummond—the work at Cape Maclear being now mainly evangelistic and carried on by native converts. The mission still lives and comprises four stations, one of which is situated on the Stevenson Road, a road constructed at a cost of $20,000 by an English philanthropist, and intended to promote communication between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika."

Of the many and varied fields open to missionary effort in Africa, advantage has been here and there taken, but perhaps none present so many attractions and are more full of promise than those opened by Stanley in the Congo basin and by Stanley and his predecessors in Uganda. To these two fields we must here confine ourselves in presenting the reader with some facts gleaned from the results already attained in the missionary work of those regions. Speaking of the Congo Mission, a writer in a missionary review recently observes, that "a grand open door is that which God has set before our Baptist brethren in the Congo basin! a million square miles in the heart of Equatorial Africa, made accessible by the great Congo and its tributaries.

"The great lakes, Nyassa, Victoria, Tanganyika, are comparatively isolated; but the Congo and its branches present from 4,000 to 6,000 miles of river roadway, needing only steamers or canoes to give access to these teeming millions. One starts at the mouth of this imperial stream and ascends 125 miles of navigable river, then for 185 miles encounters rapids and cataracts; but beyond that for over 1,000 miles, from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls, is one grand stretch of navigable river, with bran-

ches running each way navigable from 100 to 800 miles, and leading into the heart of this rich and populous territory.

"The people from the river-mouth up to Stanley Pool and the Equator line are being civilized by contact with white traders, and their pagan customs largely modified. They speak one language, musical, of large capacity of expression and easy of acquisition, and along this line the seven Congo stations are already planted. Beyond the point where the Congo crosses the Equator, lies another vast population, more degraded, less civilized, and needing at once the full array of Christian institutions, but yet entirely destitute.

"Their moral and spiritual state is hardly conceivable without contact with them. With no idea of God or immortality, they worship fetish charms; sickness is not brought about by natural causes, but is the result of enchantment; hence the medicine-man must trace disease and death to some unhappy human victim or victims, who must suffer the witch's penalty. One death therefore means another—it may be a dozen. Here runaway slaves are crucified, robbers buried alive, young men cruelly decapitated, and human beings are even devoured for meat.

"And yet this people, after centuries of virtual seclusion, are now both literally and morally accessible. They welcome missionaries, come to the chapels, and prove teachable. Even now cruel customs and superstitious notions are giving way before patient, humble, spiritual instruction. The walls are down, and the hosts of God have but to march straight on and take what Dr. Syms calls 'the last stronghold of Paganism.'

"Wonderfully indeed has God linked Protestant, Greek, Roman Catholic, and even moslem nations in the administration of the Congo Free State. Never was such a highway open for the Gospel since our Lord ascended.

"The Arabs from Zanzibar and the coast are moving towards Stanley Falls and the north country, establishing themselves in large villages to capture slaves and carry on the nefarious traffic, while the Protestant forces slowly move upward from the west. The question is, Who is to occupy the Congo Basin? and the question is to be settled at once. This great highway of rivers means traffic and travel; this rich and splendid tropical country invites trade and settlement. Into whose hands shall such a heritage be surrendered? The Christian Church must give prompt answer by action, her reply must be a taking possession, and the old law is the new one: 'Every place that the sole of your feet shall tread upon shall be yours:' the resolutions of enthusiastic missionary conventions, the prayers of all Christendom, the planting of the banner of the Cross at a few commanding points—all this will not do. We must send out enough Christian labourers to measure off that soil with their own feet.

"Here is a grand opportunity. It may be doubted whether there has been anything like it since the clarion voice of our Great Captain trumpeted forth the last commission. Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands unto God. On those hands are the marks of manacles which England and America helped to rivet there. There is but one atonement we can make for Africa's wrongs—it is to lay down our lives, if need be, to redeem her sable sons from the captivity of evil.

"We ought to turn this Congo into a river of life, crowd its waters with a flotilla of Henry Reeds, line its banks with a thousand chapel spires, plant its villages with Christian schools, let the Congo Free State mark its very territory with the sign of Christian institutions, so that to cross its border will be to pass from darkness into light. Where is our Christian enterprise that such a work, with such a field and such promise, should wait for workmen and for money! What do our converted young men want, as a chance to crowd life with heroic service, that the Congo Basin does not attract them! Here what a century ago would have taken fifty years to accomplish, may be done in five. The unexplored interior is open, the 'Dark Continent' waits to be illuminated. Nature has cast up her highway of waters, and there is no need to gather out the stones. Give us only the two-wheeled chariot, with steam as the steed to draw it, and the men and women to go in it bearing the Gospel, and from end to end of this highway we can scatter the leaves of that tree which are for the healing of the nations.

"Where are the successors of Moffat and Livingstone? What a hero was he who dared forty attacks of fever and then died on his knees beside Lake Bangweolo, that he might open up the dark recesses of Africa to the missionary! Let us pour men and money at the feet of our Lord. We have not yet paid our debt to Simon the Cyrenean and the Eunuch of Ethiopia!"

The Baptist Church has for years carried on energetic mission work in Africa. The English Baptist Missionary Society, working in co-operation with American Baptists, has pushed its way by means of flourishing stations far

up the Congo and into the interior. In 1885, it presented a steamer on the Upper Congo, to the American missionaries and then proceeded to build another for its own use. Dr. Guinness, the president of this large and prosperous society, on a visit to the United States in 1889, spoke thus of the missionary field in Africa: "Stanley was three years in discovering the source of the Congo, and though he met hundreds of strange tribes in that journey of 1000 miles, he never saw a mission station. He saw difficulty in coming down this region, but our missionaries sent out to evangelize this country found their difficulty in going up. We found it comparatively easy to found a station near the mouth, and as far as a hundred miles up. After years of labour we reached Stanley Pool, which is the key to the interior, but not without the loss of hundreds of lives.

"The mission in Africa is in its infancy. Africa is a world in itself. The languages spoken would take more than ten hours to enumerate, as there are over 600. They are principally the great Soudanese groups. I gave a year to making the first grammar of the Congo language that was ever prepared. More than 1000 natives have been converted. In this work there is the stage of pure indifference, succeeded by one of inquiry, then hostility, and finally acquiescence. The natives themselves become in many cases messengers of the Gospel.

"I don't know under Heaven, unless it be in China, a more hopeful mission than that Congo field, and here it is for you. You have now water-way to the whole of it. It is healthy, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary. The interior is healthy, because it is high

land, well watered, richly wooded, moderate in its climate and rich in population. The trouble with missionaries has been that they stick to the coast line, which is malarious. Instead of keeping up in the ordinary way, in red-tape style, a particular station with a few missionaries, you want to make an advance into this great interior parish. It is no use for your people in this country to say: 'This is the coloured men's work, let them do it.' They are not suited to be explorers and controllers of such movements. White men must be the leaders and lay the foundation when the coloured men will be the helpers."

We conclude our brief notice of African missionary work with some account of what has been done in Eastern Africa, and especially in the vast region lying between Mombassa, on the coast, and the inland sea of Victoria Nyanza—a region now wholly within British jurisdiction. The following relates chiefly to the Mombassa and Uganda missions:

"The first missionary was Dr. Krapff, a zealous and devoted German. He had previously laboured for several years among the Lari and Madi natives of the Province of Shoa, and when the Abyssinian government prohibited his longer residence there he removed to Mombassa, where he laid the foundation of a new station under promising circumstances. When the way appeared to open up for usefulness among the Gallas and other important tribes, Dr. Krapff was joined by four additional labourers who were sent out by the society to aid him in his work. Their headquarters were at Kisulidini and the mission had every promise of success. But death soon thinned the ranks and disappointed many hopes. Only

one of the missionary band, Mr. Rebmann, had strength to hold out against the climate. He remained at his solitary post of duty several years after the Doctor had been obliged to embark for Europe; but in 1856 he was driven by the hostile incursions of savage native tribes to take refuge in the island of Mombassa, and for two years the mission on the mainland seemed to be at an end. Mr. Rebmann resolved not to lose sight of its ruins, however, and employed his waiting time in preparing a translation of the Bible into the language of the people among whom he laboured. At length the desire of the lonely missionary was gratified by a cordial invitation to return to Kisulidini, and the hearty welcome he received on going there proved that there was further work for him to do among this people. For years he laboured single-handed among this people and managed to keep alive the spark of life which Dr. Krapff had been the means of kindling. After long and patient waiting relief came. The deep interest called forth by Dr. Livingstone's last despatches and death stirred up the church at home to fresh efforts on behalf of the African race, and a much-needed reinforcement was sent out to strengthen the mission on the eastern coast, including Mr. Price and Jacob Wainwright, Livingstone's faithful negro servant. When they arrived at Kisulidini they found Mr. Rebmann aged and feeble, and almost blind, but still the centre of a little band of native converts at the old mission premises. This mission now comprises eight stations with Mombassa as its base. The constituency at these stations is composed chiefly of liberated slaves, who are rescued by British cruisers from slave

dhows and handed over to the mission, now living in comfort as free men, cultivating their own little plots of ground, building their own little huts on the society's land, enjoying the rest of the Lord's Day, seeing their children taught to read and write like the white man and having access at all times for counsel and guidance to patient and sympathizing Englishmen."

Recently, their former masters combined and threatened to destroy the stations if their slaves were not given up. How this catastrophe was averted by the tact and generosity of Mr. Mackenzie the following will tell: "At Mombassa, Frere Town and Rabai, on the east coast of Africa, the English Church Missionary Society has for some time been carrying on a work similar to that which has been so greatly blessed at Sierra Leone and other places on the west coast. The natives who have been rescued from the Arab slave vessels by the British cruisers have been taken to the first-named towns, where they have been cared for and instructed by the missionaries of the society, and a large number of them have become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and are now diligent in tilling the soil or in following other industrial pursuits.

"For several years fugitive slaves from the adjoining country have sought refuge at the mission stations from the oppressions of their Mohammedan masters. Every effort has been made by the missions to prevent mere runaways from settling around the stations; but it has lately been found that many who came and placed themselves under Christian teaching, and who were supposed to be free natives, were really fugitive slaves. Many of them have embraced Christianity, been baptized, and are

leading 'quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty.'"

"'Suddenly the former Mohammedan masters of the fugitives combined and threatened destruction to the missions unless they were given up again to slavery. It has been a time of great anxiety to the missionaries, and in this crisis they could only commit all to the Lord. Happily the danger has been averted by the wise and timely action of Mr. Mackenzie, the chief agent of the new Imperial East Africa Company, whose headquarters are at Mombassa. Mr. Mackenzie saw that if the *régime* of this politico-commercial company began with the restoration of a thousand escaped slaves to the slave-owners, its influence would be seriously injured. He has, therefore, undertaken to compensate the Arab slave-owners, on condition that the whole of this fugitive slave population, a large portion of which is Christian, are declared free for ever. This arrangement has delighted all parties. A grand feast has been given by the Mohammedans to Mr. Mackenzie, while the slaves are set free and the missions are saved.'

"This society had also a line of stations stretching from Zanzibar to Uganda. They were nine in number, beginning with Mambola and Mpwapwa, nearly due west from Zanzibar, and including Usambiro, Msalala and Nasa, south of Victoria Nyanza, and Rubaga in Uganda, north of the great lake. The origin of the mission in Uganda was this wise: 'When Stanley went away from Uganda, Mtesa, the king said to him, "Stamee, say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I

ask is that I may be taught to see, then I shall continue a Christian while I live." Mtesa's appeal through Stanley to English Christians had its response. The Church Missionary Society sent several missionaries who were heartily welcomed by Mtesa, and protected as long as he lived.'

"As public attention has recently, and for different reasons been directed to Uganda, it may not be amiss to give a more detailed account of the situation and prospects there.

"Near the shores of those majestic lakes—Albert and Victoria Nyanza—which give rise to the Nile, are large tribes, akin to one another in speech and habit, and quite advanced in civilization, as things go in Africa. They are the Baganda, Luganda and Uganda, all of which have been visited and described by Stanley and other well known travellers. Of these, the Uganda are the most numerous and advanced. This region was for a long time looked upon as a fair field for missionary enterprise, irrespective of the fact that it had been an old and favourite stamping ground for Arab traders and slave-dealers, whose influence would naturally be against Christian intervention. But in 1876, missionaries went out from England, and founded several missions, mostly in the Uganda country. They proved to be prosperous, and fast became centres of Christian communities whose influence was felt from one lake to the other. But after over ten years of prosperity a civil war broke out, instigated by the Arabs, which resulted in the enthronement of Mwanga, who was hostile to the missionaries and their Christian converts. He signalized the first year of his

reign by the murder of Bishop Hannington and the massacre of many of his Christian subjects. By 1889 all but one of this missionary band had perished either through disease or royal cruelty, and their converts were forced to become refugees. The survivor, Mr. Mackay, after being held as a hostage for months, was finally released, and made his escape to Usambiro, where he took up work with the hope that at no distant day he might be enabled to extend it back into the abandoned lake regions. Mr. Mackay, alas! has since died.

In his 'Emin Pasha in Central Africa,' Mr. R. W. Felkin thus sketches the character of the two great Uganda kings, Mtesa and Mwanga:

"'Mtesa was first heard of in Europe from Speke and Grant, who visited Uganda in 1862. He professed to trace back his descent to Kintu (or Ham) the founder of the dynasty. When I visited him in 1879 he was about 45 years of age, a splendid man, some six feet high, well formed and strongly built. He had an oval face, and his features were well cut.

"'He had large, mild eyes, but if roused by anger or mirth they were lit up by a dangerous fire. He had lost the pure Mhuma features through admixture of Negro blood, but still retained sufficient characteristics of that tribe to prevent all doubt as to his origin. All his movements were very graceful; his hands were slender, well formed and supple; he was generally dressed in a simple white Arab kaftan. It is somewhat difficult to describe his character; he was intensely proud, very egotistical, and, until near the end of his life, he thought himself to be the greatest king on earth. In his youth,

and in fact until 1878, there is no doubt that he was cruel, but an illness from which he suffered certainly softened him.

"'His chiefs often said to me, "Oh, if Mtesa were well there would be plenty of executions." It has been said that he was extremely changeable and fickle, and to superficial observers he was so; that is to say, as far as his intercourse with Europeans went. If, however, one looks a little deeper into his character, he finds that his apparent vacillation was overruled by a fixed idea, which was to benefit his people, increase his own importance, and to get as much as possible out of the strangers who visited his court. This explains his being one day a friend of the Arabs, on another of the Protestants, and on a third of the Catholics. A newcomer, especially if he had a large caravan, was always the favourite of the hour. It is not difficult for any one to enter Uganda, but to get away again is no easy task, unless he is going for a fresh supply of goods. Mtesa liked Europeans and Arabs to be present at his court; it gave him prestige, and he also wished his people to learn as much as they could from the white men, for he well knew and appreciated their superior knowledge. In manners he was courteous and gentlemanly, and he could order any one off to execution with a smile on his countenance. His mental capacity was of a very high order. He was shrewd and intelligent; he could read and write Arabic, and could speak several native languages. He had a splendid memory, and enjoyed a good argument very keenly. If he could only get Protestants, Catholics and Arabs to join in a dis-

cussion before him, he was in his element, and although apparently siding with one or other, who might happen to be at the time in his especial favour, he took care to maintain his own ground, and I do not believe that he ever really gave up the least bit of belief in his old Pagan ideas. While too shrewd and intelligent to believe in the grosser superstitions which find credit among his people, he was yet so superstitious that if he dreamt of any of the gods of his country he believed it to be an ill omen, and offered human sacrifices to appease the anger of the offended deity. Shortly after I left Uganda, he dreamt of his father, and in consequence had 500 people put to death! He also believed that if he dreamt of any living person it was a sign that they meditated treachery, and he condemned them forthwith to death. This supposed power of divination is said to be hereditary in the royal race. In concluding my remarks about Mtesa, I may say that he denied his Wahuma origin; not only, however, did his features betray him, but many of the traditions he held regarding his ancestors, especially his descent from Ham, point conclusively to an origin in the old Christianity of Abyssinia.

"'When I was in Uganda, Mtesa had 200 or 300 women always residing at his court. He did not know exactly how many wives he had, but said that they certainly numbered 700. He had seventy sons and eighty-eight daughters.

"'Mwanga is the present king of Uganda, having been chosen by the three hereditary chiefs at the death of his father, Mtesa, and it is certainly to be attributed to the

influence of the missionaries in Uganda, that the usual bloodshed which attends the succession to the throne in Uganda, did not take place. On ascending the throne he was about 16 years of age, and up to that time had been a simple, harmless youth, but his high position soon turned his head, and he became suspicious, abominably cruel and really brutal. He began to drink and to smoke *bang*, and up to the present time his rule has been characterized by tyranny and bloodshed, far surpassing anything that happened in his father's time. Nor does he appear to possess those good characteristics which certainly caused his father to deserve some respect. A number of Christians, Protestants and Catholics, have been tortured and burned at the stake by his orders, and Bishop Hannington was murdered by his command at Lubway, on the borders of Uganda.'"

A writer in the *N. Y. Evangelist* observes further:

"Of course, Mwanga was a coward as well as a cruel and blood-stained despot. Because he made Uganda impenetrable, no direct news from Wadelai about the movements of Stanley or Emin Pasha could reach Zanzibar. Very naturally he was obliged to face an insurrection. To save his worthless life he fled from his kingdom, and his older brother, Kiwewa, succeeded him. Because under his rule the missionaries were again in favour, Kiwewa was soon forced to abdicate before an insurrection incited by the Arabs, whom the policy of his brother had brought into the kingdom, and in which such of his own subjects opposed to the missionaries cheerfully participated. While about a score of missionaries escaped

unharmed, all missionary property was destroyed, many native missionaries were murdered, the Arabs became dominant in Uganda, and the kingdom, it may be for several years, is closed against Christianity. The living missionaries have quite recently been ransomed.

"What is to be the influence of this new Arab kingdom in Central Africa? This, with many, is a pressing question. In answering it we must remember that these so-called Arabs really have in their veins no Arab blood. They are coast Arabs of the lowest classes, and the proud and strong Uganda chiefs will not submit for any considerable length of time to the rule of any such men. They may use such men; they will never become their slaves. The country is more likely to be broken up into hostile sections. These may wear themselves out in wars against each other, and thus may be realized the hope that the British East African Company, from their new territory between Victoria Nyanza and the coast, would push its influence and its operations over Uganda, and the whole lake region of Central Africa. These Arab slave-traders are certainly not the men to construct or reconstruct an empire. Those who know them best see no prospect that they will be able by intrigue, which is their only agency, to sustain themselves in Uganda.

"The character and habits of the Uganda people seem to forbid their enslavement. They are the only people in Central Africa that clothe themselves from head to foot. Besides their own ingenious utensils for housekeeping, the chase and war, thousands of European weapons and implements are found in their possession,

and, being ready workers in iron, they immediately imitate what they import. They are apt linguists, and their children have rapidly acquired the French and English languages from the missionaries. They have neither idols nor fetishes. They have no affiliations with Mohammedanism, and are not likely to become its subjects for any considerable time. There is still good reason to hope for a better future for Uganda."

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CHAPTER XX.

BRITISH COMMERCE AND THE AREA OF ITS INTERESTS IN AFRICA.

WE now come to the collateral, yet important and not unexpected, results of Mr. Stanley's many and unwearied labours in Africa, and of those of his fellow-workers in the Dark Continent,—the wide door which they have opened to the British trader and British commerce. Unfortunately, England has hitherto not profited, as she might, by Mr. Stanley's herculean tasks. Belgium, as we know, has forestalled her in the control and protectorate of the Congo Free State, while Germany has of late been exceedingly active in extending her colonial possessions in Central Africa. Two good things have, at least, been brought about by the extension of exploratory work in Africa—the stimulus it has given to missionary effort, and the concerted action of the Great Powers, at the Brussels Conference, to stamp out the slave-trade. International war has now been waged against this hellish traffic, but to effectively suppress it there would seem to be only one available remedy—the flooding of the country with Europeans and the subjugation of the vile Arab race that has so long traded in it. Mr. Stanley's suggestion is meantime wor-

thy of consideration, "of a solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and the Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employees; and the seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece now-a-days which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece, and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader." Mr. Stanley adds, "has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two husks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty husks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages and plantations."

The repetition of these horrors, we trust, will not again be heard of; and the guarantee of this lies in such agreements, as has just been signed, between England and Germany for the delimitation of their respective "spheres of influence." In this diplomatic settlement between the two great European Powers, Germany, it would seem at the first blush, is to have the best of the bargain. Into this question we shall not enter, for the reason, first, that it is too knotty a question to solve with the scant information at command, and secondly, because there is plenty of room on the vast continent for both nations to carry on jointly the high mission of empire, and that England's slice of the territory is by no means an inconsiderable one. It is true that England's share is not all that her explorers and traders would have wished for her: not long ago she had her hand upon Khartoum and upon Zan-

zibar, and potentially upon the whole of the interior of Eastern Africa between those two great centres of trade; but Khartoum she abandoned, and Germany has been allowed to establish a protectorate over all the region inland from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika and the lower half of the Victoria Nyanza. But still there is much that Britain has gained, including the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar, and the coast from below Mombassa north to the River Juba and the meridian line 5° N. of the equator.

With a railway inland from Mombassa to the Victoria Nyanza, England's access will be immediate to Mtesa's rich kingdom of Uganda, to the fertile plateau of Ungora, to the upper shores of the Victoria Nyanza, to the Nile feeders, Lake Albert Edward and the Albert Nyanza and the productive country about them, with the command of the Upper Nile on the one hand, and access southwards, through Lake Tanganyika, to the Nyassa district, the Zambesi river, and her possessions in South Africa. This is no mean part of the gains secured her by the Anglo-German agreement, thanks in the first place, to Mr. Stanley's toil, and in the second place, to Lord Salisbury's diplomacy. It would have been scandalous, after all that British pluck and endurance had accomplished in making Equatorial Africa known to civilization, if England had not made this move, in appropriating the benefits of these discoveries and explorations for the interests of her traders. Nor could England, under any plea of the existing "burdens of empire," withhold her hand in taking possession of this vast area, with its untold millions, whose destinies would otherwise be shaped by the baleful influences of barbarism, and the ghoulish Arab.

We conclude this chapter and the book with a contribution, by a correspondent of the London *Times*, on the "Geography of the Anglo-German Agreement," compiled in illustration of the results of Lord Salisbury's diplomatic settlement with Germany of the area of British dominion in Eastern and Equatorial Africa. Says the writer:—

"From the geographical point of view, and looking at the subject only in the light of the events of the past six years, there is really only one unsatisfactory point about the Anglo-German agreement, so far as Africa is concerned. Had the line of separation between British East Africa and German East Africa passed from Mr. Stanley's recently discovered southern extension of Victoria Nyanza to the north end of Lake Tanganyika, there would hardly have been left anything to complain about. As it is, the beautiful and fertile uplands of Karagwé, the country of the late gentle King Rumanike, the friend of Speke and Grant and Stanley, is made over to Germany, and that although Mr. Stanley assures us the country is one of the vassal States of Uganda. At the same time the section ceded includes much barren and unhealthy country, and ample room is left for the enterprise of the British East Africa Company to the north of the line. No doubt in the precise delimitation which will take place regard will be had to natural features, to the run of the streams and lie of the mountains. As it is, the lofty Mount Mfumbiro, rising to 10,000ft, will be included within the British boundary. The regions lying to the north of the line are among the most favoured regions of the world in beauty and variety of landscape, abundance of water, richness of vegetation, and

fertility of soil. The country of Ankori, on the east of Lake Albert Edward, the plains and lower slopes of Mount Ruwenzori, the Semliki valley, and the plateau round Lake Albert, Mr. Stanley speaks of in glowing terms. It is densely populated, the people are great cattle-rearers as well as agriculturists, they are of a distinctly superior type, and ever ready for trade. The plateau rising from 3,000ft. to 5,000ft. above the sea, with such lofty heights as Mfumbiro and the Ruwenzori mass, with its outliers Mounts Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon, is distinctly favourable to European residence. The temperature is so comparatively moderate, and even sometimes cold, that even the natives are compelled to build substantial houses, similar to those described by Mr. Stanley as prevailing in Uganda. The rain, while abundant enough to produce a rich vegetation, never approaches the deluge point which it sometimes does in India. The Wahuma, who are spread all over the region of the great lakes as conquerors and rulers, are clearly of Galla origin, and carefully maintain the purity of their type. They are jealous of their independence, and in any negotiations which may take place with reference to British suzerainty will require tactful treatment. They all follow pastoral pursuits, and look down upon the native agriculturists of Bantu stock as an inferior race; at the same time the latter regard the Wahuma as barbarous.

"Without doubt Uganda is the most important and most powerful of all the Wahuma States around the great lakes. Its population is estimated at from three millions to five millions; this must be regarded as a

rough estimate, and if all the vassal States be included the population is probably much more. The area of Uganda proper, which lies along the north and north-east sides of Victoria Nyanza, is only 20,000 square miles; but the whole country, including Usoga and other vassal States beyond the Nile, exceeds 70,000 square miles. The official title of the Sovereign is "Kabakawa Buganda," (Emperor of Uganda) and overlord of Unyoro, Bucongora, Karagwé, Buzinza, Usoga, etc. There can be no doubt that the potentate of Uganda is recognized as exercising more or less suzerainty over the whole of the State between the two lakes, and even on the south-west of the Victoria Nyanza. Of course, the agreement has disregarded these claims. The territorial lords (mainly Wahuma) are hereditary feudal chiefs, enjoying almost royal privileges. The population is divided into three classes: (1) The Baletta, or landed gentry, of Galla stock; (2) the Bakopia peasantry, freemen of Bantu stock, mainly agricultural; (3) the Badu, or slaves, mostly procured by raiding from surrounding lands. The Waganda all clothe themselves from head to foot and so are likely to become large customers for English manufactures.

"Uganda can hardly be said to have been thoroughly explored. It is known, however, that the various districts differ greatly in appearance. Except in its western part Uganda is not a mountainous country, but rather a country of hills and plains. Its average elevation is 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea. The elevation decreases towards the north, where the country spreads out into a plain covered with marshes. The country every-

where is well watered. The volcanic and metamorphic rocks of the country are covered to the depth of four feet with a rich alluvial soil. The vegetation is luxuriant, and all tropical and subtropical cultures are possible, including maize, rice, and even coffee. Both here and in Unyoro, on the west, it has been maintained that it would be quite possible to establish rich tea plantations. Most of the domestic animals of Europe flourish in Uganda, and no doubt the breed of cattle could be greatly improved. According to the latest news Mwanga is still supreme, and no restrictions have been placed on the spread of Christianity. The late Mr. MacKay and other missionaries have introduced many European industries, and without doubt, under the fostering care of the British East Africa Company, the country could be highly developed in the interests of commerce and industry. At present the great traffic is in slaves, but the abolition of this great evil is merely a question of time with the introduction of legitimate trade.

Next to Uganda the most powerful State left within the British sphere on the Lake plateau is Unyoro, which extends on the north-west and west of Uganda, along the east shore of Albert Nyanza. It embraces the region enclosed east and north by the middle and lower course of the Somerset Nile, separating it from the late province of Emin Pasha. Beyond the Albert Nyanza are the subject or vassal territories of Awamba, Ukonju, Uzongora, and Uhaiyania. Unyoro forms a fertile, well-watered plateau, averaging 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Agriculture and pasturage, here as in Uganda and all the Wahuma countries, are the chief resources of the people

who grow leguminous plants, and raise large herds of cattle on the open grassy plains. The hills are covered with forests of acacia and valuable gum-yielding plants. The Wanyoro are the northernmost branch of the Bantu family in the Nile basin, and, like the Waganda, go fully clothed. They are skilled forgers and potters, and generally manifest a considerable degree of culture. Islam has been accepted by most of the Wahuma chiefs, and at least outwardly by the bulk of the people. There are rich salt lakes and pans in the country, and a considerable trade is carried on in ivory, gum, cattle, hides, and slaves. Here, as in Uganda, is a fine cotton market. The present sovereign of Unyoro bears the title of King of Kitwara, being direct representative and lineal descendant of the Wahuma (Galla) dynasty of conquerors who formerly ruled over the Empire of Kitwara, now broken up into the States of Unyoro, Uganda, Karogwé, Ruanda, and other territories. Ruanda, the most independent and warlike of these States, is to the south and south-west of Lake Albert Edward and within the boundary of the Congo Free State, and therefore, at present at least, not within our consideration. The Wanyoro are the most extensive raiders in all this region, dreaded by all the other people around the lakes. Mr. Stanley's expedition came into contact with them several times on the journey from Kavalli, and gained the gratitude of the smaller tribes by easily putting them to flight. Indeed it is evident that a small well-disciplined force would have little difficulty in dealing with this scourge of the lake regions. In the country between the North and South Muta Nzigé the conditions

are much the same as in Unyoro and Uganda, as they are on the fine plateau on the west of Lake Albert, where Mr. Stanley established himself for many weeks while waiting for Emin and his people. It is capable of great development; agriculture and cattle-rearing prevail; the Wahuma are the ruling class, and the somewhat mixed population under them are industrious, and would certainly be friendly to any who came with Mr. Stanley's recommendation. Though hostile to him at first, he speedily made friends with the plateau people, induced them to cease their tribal wars, and all but confederated them into one State. With enterprise, decision, firmness, and tact, it is evident that the British Company need have little difficulty in establishing themselves on a friendly footing with all the peoples around the lakes. When the time will be ripe to push northwards into Emin's old province is a point that need not be considered at present. Though different in type, the people of Kavirondo, on the east side of the Victoria Nyanza, are as industrious as those on the west; their agriculture is carried on on a large scale.

"The value of the concession of the coast territory of Witu, on the north of the British sphere, need not be insisted upon. It leaves the Tana undisputed and its navigation, such as it is (and it is of some consequence), absolutely free. The direct industrial value of Witu, with its mongrel population, may not be great, but the value of its coast and of the neighbouring islands as harbours is great, and its existence was a continual threat to all the enterprisers of the British Company. We know little of the Somali interior behind the strip extending

from the mouth of the Tana to Kismayu on the north, but there is reason to believe that the country around Lake Rudolph and the rivers to the north may be made to yield valuable results to commerce.

"As for Zanzibar, its strategic value need not be pointed out; it is worth many Heligolands. As the great centre of the commerce of the East Coast, its acquisition was worth a good deal of compromise. Any trade that may come down through the German sphere will yield a percentage to Zanzibar; though, as a matter of fact, since the German troubles much of the old trade now finds its way down Lake Tanganyika and across the Stevenson Road to Lake Nyassa, greatly to the advantage of the Lakes Company. In their interest it is to be hoped the trade will continue along that route. The total area of Zanzibar Island is 625 square miles, to which must be added that of Pemba, famous for its cloves. Between the two the population is probably 250,000. The total trade has been estimated at two millions sterling. There is no part of Zanzibar island over 1,000ft. high, and most of it is much lower, consisting of low hills and valleys. Both the islands are rich in tropical products and capable of yielding extensive grain crops; they produce several million pound weight of cloves. The population is of the most mixed character, the Arab element being, of course, dominant. Christian missions have been established many years, and Europeans find the island comparatively healthy. The city of Zanzibar is the largest on the African shores of the Indian Ocean.

"So far, then, as geographical considerations are concerned, the arrangement proposed could hardly, under

the circumstances, be more satisfactory for England on the north of the German sphere. Nothing has been said about minerals; but that they exist in Uganda and Unyoro there can be little doubt. So far as the industrial capabilities go, the 450,000 square miles of German East Africa are not to be compared with the territory that remains within the British sphere.

"On the south of the German region, the proposed arrangement leaves nothing to complain about; and those most directly interested are perfectly satisfied. The Stevenson Road will remain where it should be, and Mr. H. H. Johnston's recent valuable work in this region is practically endorsed by the Foreign Office. Of course the navigation of Tanganyika is free; and, as to a connection with British South Africa and British East Africa, an arrangement is all but concluded which will keep an open route quite independently of the German sphere. And, should Mr. Stanley go out as Governor of the Congo Free State, we may be sure he will work in harmony with British interests. The connection between British South Africa, south of the Zambesi, and the country to the north of the river is to a large extent secured, and measures are being taken to make it still more secure and extensive.

"With regard to Ngami-land, the one point to secure is that the lake itself shall be well within the British sphere, even if it should be found to extend a little west of 21deg.; for its longitude is by no means certain.

"With regard to Togo-land, an English Commissioner has already been on the Gold Coast and will shortly return, for the purpose of delimiting the respective spheres.

In the interests of the Gold Coast Colony it is to be hoped that care will be taken to leave free access to the interior. It is not quite easy to understand how Germany ever acquired a claim to touch the Volta river; though, as a matter of fact, English maps are most erroneous as to the geography of this region; and it is time that the non-existent Kong Mountains were obliterated from the map.

"Looking at the whole arrangement, then, from a geographical point of view—taking geography in its widest sense as dealing with the surface of the earth and all that is thereon, and leaving sentiment and events older than six years out of the reckoning, England has little to complain of in the proposed arrangement."

CHAPTER XXI.

WILL STANLEY RETURN TO AFRICA?

As we pen these closing pages events have moved rapidly, and in many interesting ways they have had a personal bearing on Mr. Stanley and a moral and political bearing on the Dark Continent from which he has just emerged. Very gratifying must have been the effect and influence of these events on the hero of this volume. Not only has he escaped all the peril of his latest journey, though the stress of the undertaking, as we have seen, has laid a heavy hand on hundreds of victims; but he has been enabled to return, to receive the rewards of his heroism, and to lay his literary gifts under tribute in writing an entrancing account of the happenings to the expedition. During the past few months Mr. Stanley has been the hero of the London season, and he has been fêted, as he has himself acknowledged, to satiety. But not only has he won applause; he has won a wife. Many and stern have been the situations in which he has been placed; now the Fates have been kinder to him, and the situation from being perilous has become romantic. Long may the romance last, and with it and after it may there be to him

and his artist-bride many years of prosperity and happiness! Happiness, however, though a glad, is a serious thing; but Mr. Stanley, having had many serious things fall already to his portion, will doubtless be able to manage, as well as to appreciate, happiness in his own successful and masterful way.

'Will Mr. Stanley return to Africa?' is a question that one puts naturally to oneself, as we bring this narrative to a close. It is no disparagement to other travellers in the Dark Continent to say, that there is work now in Africa which only Mr. Stanley could so fittingly accomplish. His late expedition was one for a specific object, the rescue and relief of Emin Pasha and his people; but in carrying it out much more than this have been its assets. The undertaking has opened up many and diverse interests, ethnographical, geographical, and economical. These interests deserve to be worked, and it will pay to work them, not only for science and for trade, but for humanity. To leave them unworked would be to lose the benefits of the arduous and heroic toil of Mr. Stanley and his self-sacrificing companions. The interior of Africa still presents formidable obstacles to European enterprise, from whatever side it may be approached. White colonization, on a large scale, in the heart of the Continent, may not for generations yet be possible; but it would appear to be possible to do much in Central Africa, in developing by native labour its marvellous resources under European direction. This is [illegible]neral work to which we hope Mr. Stanley will yet address himself, in the interest alike of commerce and civilization. That he is the man for the task there cannot

now be a doubt, and this has just been signally emphasized by the opinion of the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, of London, in an article contributed to one of the magazines reviewing the results of Mr. Stanley's late expedition. "In many respects," says Mr. W. J. Scott Keltie, "this expedition must be regarded as one of the most remarkable on record. It proves once more Mr. Stanley's supreme capacity as a man of action, a leader and administrator. Africa's time has come. The continent must be opened up to European enterprise. No one has done more than Mr. Stanley to call this enterprise into activity. No one is so capable as he of giving it a right direction on a great scale; no one so fit as he to lead the natives to adapt themselves to the new state of things; no one so likely to establish an efficient administration, and set to profitable work all the machinery necessary for the speedy development of whatever resources Central Africa may be made to yield. It may be in the Congo State, or it may be in British East Africa—whatever may be the sphere of his activity, the result to Africa and to European interests cannot but be beneficial."

These words will meet a ready echo, not in England merely, but wherever—and that is far and wide—Mr. Stanley's heroism has become known, and the great explorer will be urged once more to take up his task, and lead the march of civilization, even through "Darkest Africa."

THE END.