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OR,

HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

BY

F. C. BURNARD,

AUTHOR OF "STRAPMORE," "ONE IN THREE," ETC.

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*TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "PUNCH."*

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# THROUGH THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR,

## HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

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### Part One.

#### CHAPTER I.

PREPARATIONS—THE NEW BOAT—VICTUALLING—NECESSITIES — INVENTIONS — BOOKS — ALMANACKS — MOORE — MISSIONARY INTENTIONS—THE MINSTREL BUOY — TRADERS—PUNCTUALITY—MEETING OF CREDITORS—OFF!—FAREWELL, OLD ENGLAND!

**B**EFORE leaving London I had ordered a boat to be made after my own design, on a Noah's Ark pattern, with a sliding roof like that at Canterbury Hall, through which, as the proprietor of that establishment used to explain, the Moon (as an extra treat not included in the bill) was exhibited to the unclothed eye. This vessel was constructed according to my order, by Messrs. Newtubbs and Jenner (to whom I *jennerally* go for anything special) of the Noah's Arkade, Piccadilly. It was made into separate chambers, reminding the casual observer of something between a Revolver and the French Senate. The windows were formed to open and shut, and the whole vessel was so constructed as to



fold up on the *gibus* principle, or to take to pieces at a moment's notice, and be stowed away in the smallest possible pocket ship's compass. Nothing could be more perfect for its particular purpose, and Mr. Hankey might get a hint from it for his model lodging-houses arranged for flats.

The order for victualling I sent to Messrs. Loois Loois & Co. (the Unlimited *Loo-is* Co.), who had furnished the excellent provisions for my will. This firm also supplied me with whatever I wanted in the shape of draughts. Coals were a necessity, as, though on a visit to the Black Country, if the natives were inhospitable, and unwilling to trade, we should be in a pretty considerable hole—a pretty considerable coalhole ; and so the order for scuttling the ship I entrusted to an eminent Sea Captain, whose name was on the Black Books at Lloyds, and who had the still further recommendation of being well known to the Police.

In order to amuse and interest the natives, I laid in a large store of Dominoes and Black Draughts.

Having in view the conversion of the various tribes, I took out a second-hand edition of Mudie's *Circulating Library Hymns*, arranged by a noted Dry-Psalter. To secure their due and impressive rendering, I secured the services of a Quire, in twenty-four white sheets, which I called my "Surplice Population," and stowed 'em away as best I could in the *Arkadia*,—which was the name of my new and original vessel. In my spare moments I invented a Rock Harmonicon for the sea-shore ; and for full orchestral service at sea, I devised a floating musical-box, with three hundred tunes in separate barrels, which, firmly



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE "ARKADIA."

\*\* Of course there is a good deal more here than meets the eye. For instance, there is the other side, and all the water-tight compartments *below*. The "House-boat" part can be lowered and folded up in rough weather. Two more masts can be put up at a moment's notice. The entire construction can be turned (when on land) into a show with the peepholes below for the boys to look through—1, 2, 3, 4 are the peepholes. My Flag isn't black. That was a mistake. On it was embroidered, "No more Coughs or Colds! To the Dark Continent!!"

A, the rudder. B, the man at the wheel. C (of course), the sea. The remainder speaks for itself. (The drawing is from one I made myself for a photographer, who couldn't come down to see it. Excuse roughness of design. Years ago I used to send pictures regularly to the Royal Academy. I am a little out of practice now. However, I am in treaty with Professor SOL. HART, and next year I think we shall do one together. Orders for Proof Engravings can be sent in *now*.) I forgot to add that the picturesque background (an admirable effect of perspective) is the distant country.

attached to the *Arkadia*, would accompany us on our voyage. This I called our "Minstrel Buoy." Most of the melodies were MOORE'S (of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and Burgess Hill, Sussex), who had previously instructed me in the banjo and bones, and the dialect of the Black Countries I was to pass through. The same excellent gentleman (to whom I here beg to tender my acknowledgments) provided me with the back numbers of his celebrated *Almanack* for many years past, which I subsequently found to be of the



greatest service to the Aborigines, who, being behindhand in civilisation, had to make up for lost time. A century hence, perhaps, the sixty or seventy tribes which now regulate their days, months, and moons by their various *Old Moore's Almanacks*, will hold a Congress, to find out, and settle exactly, what the time of day is. At present they are, as might be expected, rather in the dark.

Having thus made all my preparations, and stowed everything, including a large quantity of jewellery, theatrical properties, lime-light arrangements, &c., &c., on board the *Arkadia*, I fixed a day for final settlement with all those tradesmen who had so generously assisted me in the work. Having made an appointment with these estimable persons, who were to assemble in their thousands at the office in Fleet Street, and having given them strict injunctions not to leave till I came, it was with the deepest regret (which I found expressed in my diary soon afterwards) that I learnt how, by some strange mistake, they were received with contumely by the clerk in charge, who, by an oversight (quite unpardonable in anyone except a traveller so pre-occupied as myself), had not been informed of their coming.

But Time and Tide—especially Tide—will not wait for anyone; and finding that if I did not set sail that very afternoon—at the very minute, in fact, when these excellent persons were expecting me in Fleet Street—I should be unable to go at all, I wired, at the last moment, these words; "*Punctuality is the soul of business. Do not wait after seven, if you have anything better to do.*" And, with a ringing cheer from all on board, the *Arkadia* set sail from shore.

I had come on board in disguise, so as to prevent an ovation, and from my steerage-turret I saw thick sticks waving, white fists shaking, white faces looking very long and sad, and more or less white hands flourishing strips of paper of all sorts and sizes (my people had been lavish in their orders at the sea-port town where we had been staying previous to departure), as removing my red wig and whiskers, trick nose, and spectacles, I stood on the top-gallant-poop, and scarcely able to control my emotion, as I bade a long farewell to Old England, I murmured, in a breaking voice,

“Cheer, boys, cheer! Whatever is, is right!

Cheer, boys, cheer! My native land, good night!”

And so we sailed out into the deep, deep sea; and as the thought crossed us all, that, though “lost to sight, we were to memory uncommonly dear,” a gentle, placid smile of contentment illumined our features, for we knew then that, once on the voyage to which we had vowed our lives and devoted our energies, no one of those whom we had left behind, would see us again until our return,—and, perhaps, not even then.

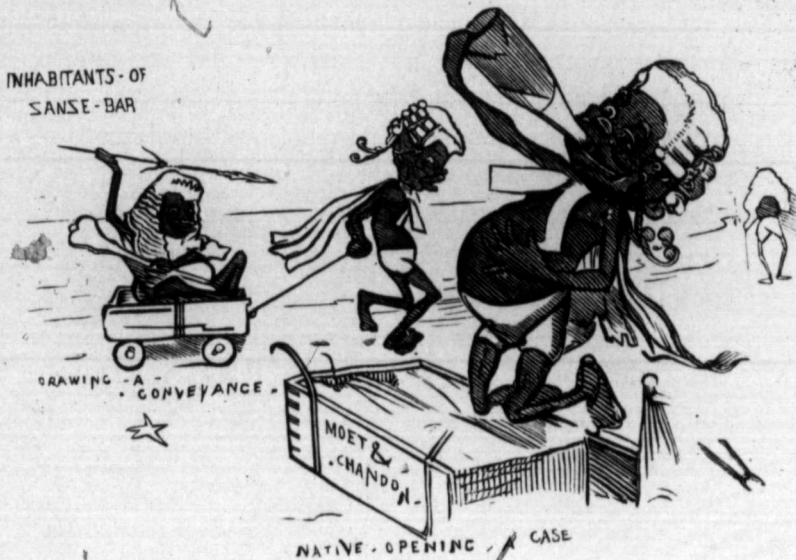
There were no hurrahs from the crowd, so I cheered myself, with the consoling thought, “I am going for Stanley!”

## CHAPTER II.

JARNZIRI-BAR—INHABITANTS—SCENERY—ENGAGEMENTS—  
 USEFUL PEOPLE—DEPARTURE—AWAGOGO—ARRIVAL—  
 INTERVIEW—FIRST ATTEMPTS AT CIVILISATION—VEN-  
 TRILOQUIAL FAILURE—FLIGHT—A FRIENDLY RECEPTION.

ONCE more at Jarnziri-bar. Most of the lively inhabitants were out practising at the bar. I made a sketch on the spot. All here is new and fresh to those who have never seen it before, and everything on the Jarnziri-bar Coast is thoroughly novel to those who have never previously encountered anything of the sort.

INHABITANTS - OF  
 SANSE - BAR



But a great change has taken place since I was last here. All the "bars," of which Jarnziri-bar was the principal, have been considerably altered, and one, Dempulbar, has almost entirely disappeared.

The younger female portion of the population, *i. e.* the Sorcibar-maids, come chiefly from the Swilli Isles.

To the wanderer, jaded with the regularity of civilisation, what a contrast does not the scenery of Central Africa offer! The eye travels upward from the level flats to the hills, and downwards as the verdant elevations decline towards the exotic fragrance of the luxurious meadows. Jack-boot trees loom up with their great yellow gambogeous tops, rare gums give relief to the white tooth-brush-wood, while, stretching away into the blue distance, which seems farther and farther off as it reaches for thousands of miles towards the sea, may be seen the wonderful land of U'umbugu, the green verdant country of the Uuoemas, while to the left are the extensive preserves of King JINJA, and on the right the magnificent grazing meadows of the equestrian, but horsetile tribe of Mijeejee.

Here all is peace, and happiness, and quiet, as the idle traveller, willing to yield himself up captive to the beautiful visions expanding before him, sinks down slowly on a spur of land, that makes him start up again sharply, as though he were reminded of his duty by a voice from the Spur-rit Land, saying, "Squat not, but forwards!"

At Jarnziri-bar I engaged a native detective, who undertook to find STANLEY, if anyone could. His name was M'YIONYU. Also, I secured the services of a Dark night-porter, a Light porter (to carry a lantern when necessary) a sarcastic native servant, who was a little porter and a trifle bitter—a sort of half-and-half caste—a dumb waiter.



two chairmen (who would be useful when any of my people were out of order), and three native committee men (with power to add to their number, which I had taken on hiring them), a supply of telephones, phonographs, microphones, pocket-telescopes, a musical-box slightly damaged, and a trumpet. I managed most fortunately to pick up a most respectable middle-aged man, who, he informed me, had been a Polytechnic Lecturer, and having once wandered away from his subject, had come out there by accident. He had with him a few



bottles of explosive gas, some magnesium wire, and a few interesting experiments of a fireworky character still in his bag; he could give a first-rate show of the animalculæ

contained in a drop of Thames water (always a safe hit), besides a dissolving view of the Home of Milton, Salisbury Cathedral by Moonlight, Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, and a comic slide of the Devil and the Baker. Besides this he knew, from having been professionally engaged in that line, most of the usual evening entertainer's tricks, and could do the pancake in the hat, and the ring in the orange; while his ventriloquism,—giving the man in the cellar singing a comic song, the eccentric burglar in the chimney getting fainter and fainter,—was simply perfect. He possessed several packs of cards. At first he did not much relish travelling in company with M'YIONYU the detective, but when he found the latter totally unable to discover any one of his tricks, his confidence was restored. I made my own reflections on M'YIONYU'S conduct on this occasion, and complimented myself, privately, on having engaged two men who would be most useful to me, and so invaluable with regard to each other.

The next morning, we obtained a conveyance from one of the Jarnziri-bar residents, and drove down to the back coast, whence the *Arkadia* set sail for the Keep-it-dark Continent, amid the thousand good wishes of the people of Sorcibar and Swilli, for our speedy and safe departure.

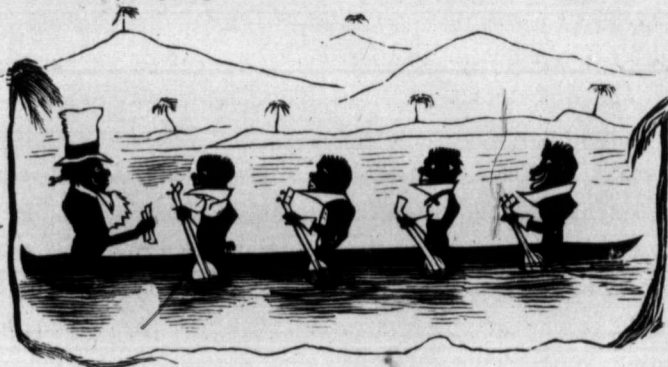
After quitting Wytchoka village (the missionary settlement), we launched the *Arkadia*, and arrived at Awagogo, where we found it impossible to stay, in consequence of the animosity displayed towards our party by the chief, DONTWANTCHU. The fact is, his faith in us was shaken by our weak-minded ventriloquist, who, having a cold in his head, and a pain in that part of the human frame where his power of speaking is supposed to be located (ventrilo-cated), stupidly attempted to supply the defect of nature



by a touch of inferior art. When asked to do "the man under the table having his tooth out" (the patient is supposed to have secreted himself under the table, in order to get away from the dentist), he didn't, like a man, refuse, and explain why, but, after considerable delay, he proceeded with the entertainment, which puzzled the savages immensely, and they were all preparing to "shell" out—their currency is in shells, for which other and simpler tribes give gold in exchange—when their chief, DONTWANTCHU, who had been watching everything with the closest attention, made a sudden dash at the tablecloth, pulled it off with a jerk, and there, underneath, was the obese form of M'YIONYU, the detective, who, I regret to say, had lent his fat, stupid countenance to this idiotic imposture. Had it not been that I, then and there, proclaimed aloud that the money taken at the doors *would be immediately returned*, neither MCSMUGGINS, the ventriloquist, nor M'YIONYU, the native detective, would ever have got out of that place alive. As it was, they contrived to escape while I was explaining that, as it was difficult to make up the accounts on the spot, the money *would be* returned, if they would only honour us with their presence next day. Observing that DONTWANTCHU was making signs privately to me, I managed to give him his money back, without being noticed by the others; and he, thereupon, quieted his people, and assured them that we meant well, and would act honestly. They went away grumbling; but seeing DONTWANTCHU in this friendly disposition, I offered to convert him on very easy terms, and to make no extra charge if the process took more than a month—for they were very comfortable quarters, the young women being unusually pretty, with regular

features, *chic* noses, that did not turn up at an elegant white gentleman, finely chiselled lips, and graceful forms. I attempted to reason with him on the impropriety of having more than one wife—he had twenty—and pointed out that my followers, and myself, were all bachelors.

The noble savage was furious. He made one rush at me; when with a dexterity that can only be acquired from long practice and a Pantomine training, I dropped down suddenly, and he fell over me. I then jumped up, took one leap straight through the window, and was caught in the arms of my faithful friends outside. In two minutes more we were on board the *Arkadia* making for Snooks Cutting (so called after an early explorer who accompanied Messrs. HOOKER and WALKER in the latter part of the last half century), where we were hospitably received by MASSAJINJA, the king of the United Blakkorka and Tambourini, who lived in two opposite corners of the promontory, the other chiefs having their country seats in a semi-circle between the two extreme points. Would I find STANLEY here? That was the one absorbing thought. The accompanying illustration is valuable.



SKETCH OF THE ROYAL FOUR-OAR KING MASSAJINJA, CHIEF OF THE GREAT BLAKKORKA TRIBE.

(A Photograph arrangement in Black and White, taken on the spot, by Your Own Fellow Traveller.)

## CHAPTER III.

INTERVIEWING—A SCRATCH—IPPSUM—THE MIJEEJEES—  
 EMPEROR JOKKI—RECEPTION—JOKKI'S COURT—TACT—  
 ADDRESS—NEWS OF STANLEY—ON THE TRACK—SIGNS—  
 PROBABILITY—CAN IT BE ?—WAS IT ?—THE HOUR AND  
 THE MAN—BLOOMING BROTHERS—PROPOSAL—MORE WILE  
 —DITTOSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD—GRAND CEREMONY OF  
 INITIATION—INSTALLATION—THE PLOT THICKENS.

THESE friendly people gave our party a free admission to the chief Hall, and entertained us for two hours one evening with songs, riddles and dances.

To my question, "Have you seen Mr. STANLEY?" MAS-SAJINJA replied in a song, to the effect that "He had not seen him lately." Soon after this the tribes broke up and dispersed, as they were going on tour in various parties to visit certain friendly Races. They were taking a black horse with them as leader in the caravan.

By M'YIONYU's advice, I exchanged one barrel of tunes (out of the floating musical box) for this black horse which M'YIONYU had discovered to be a magnificent white Arab, of the fleetest description, painted black as a coal. M'YIONYU, who is of a sporting turn, and knows a little of most things in general, but nothing much in particular, found out this horse's true colour *by quietly scratching him* the night before the start for the Dark Races. I christened him *Old Scratch, or The Dark Horse*.

On the second of the next month we arrived at Ippsum, the chief village of the Great Equestrian Mijeejee Tribe. It was the eve of one of their Grand Annual Contests, and seeing that they were inclined to regard the new arrivals with



ARRIVAL - OF - THE - GREAT - EMPEROR - JOKKI.

anything but a friendly eye—their eyes being particularly piercing, and able to take everybody in at a glance—I considered that my best course would be to send in my card at once, by M'YIONYU, the Detective, to the Emperor JOKKI.

M'YIONYU objected to this at first, as he had already become very fat, and he was afraid that the Mijeejees were cannibals.

He was perfectly right; they were cannibals. This



tribe, or rather these tribes, classed under one head, the Mijeejes, *live entirely on strangers*.

Still, on its being pointed out to M'YIONYU that, if they attacked us, we, being all light weights and in good training, should be able to save ourselves, while he would most certainly fall into their hands, he undertook the mission, on condition that should I be enabled to enter the Dark Horse for the Mijeejee contest, *he* should stand in. To this I acceded, and preceded by our little Devil—I mean the Printer's boy, from Fleet Street—playing a drum, and another of our party, the oldest, thinnest and ugliest, carrying a flag of truce, he soon found himself in the presence of the Great JOKKI, who received him amicably, and expressed a wish to see the distinguished "White Colonel," (myself) of whom he had heard so much.

Taking advantage of this condescension, I at once donned my best pink, breeches, tops, and made my valet trim my hair into a neat hunting-crop. So attired, I went with a sweet smile, but an anxious heart beating beneath my bird's-eye scarf and horse-shoe pin, to the palace of TATA SALZA, where there was a great assemblage of Chiefs standing in a circle, which was jealously guarded by a force of Awunpelas—picked men in helmets, carrying short formidable staves. All the Chiefs about the Emperor, had *Bet-tin* rings through their noses, as ornaments, and carried heavy weapons called Jokki-Klubs, made on purpose to enforce the laws of the Mijeejee dominions.

The great JOKKI himself is of short stature, with cruel, cunning expression in his eyes, and a quiet, calm smile, that is at one time inexpressibly sardonic, and at another perfectly heavenly. He wore a small cap with a peak, to

shade his eyes, and the upper part of his body was striped all over with orange and black. His nether man was clothed in a tight-fitting skin reaching below the knees, while another kind of skin, differently dressed and coloured, formed the covering for his feet. Sticking out from behind each heel, he wore a fierce-looking weapon, with which, I fancy, he was wont to inflict cruel injuries on an enemy luckless enough to be placed at his mercy. All the officers of the Court, including the Chief Trayna (his Prime Minister), carried small books formed of thin white leaves, on which from time to time, they made strange hieroglyphic figures, the meaning of which I was for some time at a loss to decipher. I subsequently discovered that those who could decipher them were also often at a loss. These Ministers were, I was informed, called the Big B'UKMAKAS.

The proceedings at this important interview commenced with polite salutations and the usual courteous inquiries.

The Emperor JOKKI began :

“*Haryu Kunnel?*” (How are you, Colonel?)

To which, with that candour and affability which the savage tribes know so well how to appreciate in a white visitor, I replied

“Field Marshal the Great White Colonel” (by this I meant myself—one is obliged to pile it up a bit with these people) “Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel presents his compliments to his Illustrious and Blooming Brother, the Emperor JOKKI——”

“*Eereer! Eereer!*” (Listen! Listen!) from the Emperor, much flattered.

“And begs to state that he, F.M., the Great White



Colonel, is at the present moment in the felicitous enjoyment of the most perfect salubrity, which he hopes is the case, as it leaves him at the present, with the Illustrious JOKKI, and all the other Blooming Brethren, whose acquaintance F.M., the Great, &c., &c., has now, for the first time, the extreme satisfaction of making."

"*Eereer ! Eereer !*" (Listen ! Listen !) from everybody.

To my first invariable question (for I never for one moment allowed the great object of my visit to escape my memory). "Have you seen STANLEY?" the Emperor JOKKI closed one eye, and laid the forefinger of his right hand against the side of his nose, as a token that he placed in me, whom he was addressing, the most implicit confidence, and to give me to understand that he expected an equal trust in himself for me. Fully comprehending the import of this kind of savage freemasonry, I had no hesitation in replying to his signs by a most close and faithful imitation of his actions, as I repeated my question in another form.

"Then you *have* seen STANLEY, haven't you?"

"The Illustrious JOKKI (he was speaking of himself) will tell the truth to the Great White Colonel."

"Hear ! hear !" from me.

He bowed, not without some grace, and continued : "The Illustrious JOKKI did see STANLEY at the Mijeejee's last great Darbidai, where the Illustrious JOKKI saw STANLEY for six dollars and a half." Here the Illustrious JOKKI grinned with satisfaction, and all the chiefs applauded heartily.

In a moment the fate of the confiding STANLEY at the

hands of the crafty monarch flashed across me. I knew as well as though I had had the whole scene before my eyes, that the Illustrious (but wily) JOKKI had induced the equally illustrious, but too generous traveller, to venture his dollars on some contest of horses got up by the Mijeejees (with whose habits and customs he was unacquainted), and had been "*put on*" what *they* had told him was "*a good thing.*" The excited (but always wily) Emperor JOKKI had shouted to him, "Are you on, STANLEY, on?" And the trusting, gentle, mild African-American explorer, had replied, "Yes, Sir—I *am* on," and had been, to use the ancient *Bák* language of the tribe, "*Dah Yllufwa,*" which, though almost impossible to translate, means, to say the least, "cruelly deceived."

But *now* the hour had come, and the Man. "Be it mine," I cried (to myself) "to avenge the loss of STANLEY (or STANLEY'S loss)!"

But I only inclined myself politely in the presence of the great (but invariably wily) Emperor, who had my life, and those of my followers, in his hands; and I determined to proceed in my object with due diplomatic caution.

Presently JOKKI observed, with all his characteristic astuteness, "The Great White Colonel has called JOKKI and his B'UKMAKAS his 'Blooming Brethren.' But the Great White Colonel has not yet been initiated, by the Illustrious JOKKI into the mysteries of the craft of the Blooming Brotherhood. How is this?"

I explained that, as no offence was meant, I hoped none would be taken. Further, that I *had* heard how, if any stranger became a Blooming Brother, by the exercise of one of their Vaccinational customs, no such brother would

ever deceive another such brother. Was this so? I inquired; adding, "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie when he is at home, and has only asked for information, and not out of any obtrusive curiosity."

"Would the Great White Colonel like to become JOKKI's Blooming Brother, and be raised to the degree of DOUBLE DITTO among the Great B'UKMAKAS?"

"Muchly!" I replied, immediately. For I know that to be made a B.B. and a D.D. was the highest mark of JOKKI's favour. And then, remembering that caution was the very essence of safety, I added, "if not too expensive."

JOKKI appeared pleased with my fearless candour, and informed me that the mode of becoming a BLOOMING BROTHER and a DOUBLE DITTO was by the curious and ancient ceremony of "cutting an acquaintance"—(here they all produced long knives, and shouted, while M'YIONYU turned as pale as a turnip, and quivered like a jelly in July), "for the purpose of obtaining a good, sound, pure red ink, with which to sign the contract; in fact," continued JOKKI, feeling the edge of his *snikkar*, "by using the first sort of ink that comes *reddiest* to hand." The fees for this he went on to explain, were a mere trifle—nothing to speak of.

Remembering that, at any cost, my object was to avenge STANLEY'S loss, I consented to this arrangement—which would make me a master of their *craft*—and asked the terms.

JOKKI eyed me narrowly.

"Would six shellings"—(the highest currency is in shells, and the lowest in pins)—"would six shellings and eight pins break the Great White Colonel?"

Really, I was delighted; for the amount is only a little over two-thirds of half-a-sovereign. But knowing that any outward display of satisfaction would be a dangerous precedent for the future, I pretended to be utterly staggered by the amount. I wept, wailed, wrung my hands hopelessly, and bewailed the hard terms that, if complied with, would consign my family to the Workhouse, and myself, the Great White Colonel to the Bankruptcy Court.

JOKKI was puzzled. So were the B'UKMAKAS.

"Five shellings?" suggested JOKKI, still playing with his *snikkar*, and interrogating the B'UKMAKAS with an all-round cunning look.

"Impossible, alas!" I exclaimed. "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie when he's at home —"

"We wish to make him quite at home here," interrupted the Emperor JOKKI, insinuatingly.

"But he cannot pay five shillings to be a BLOOMING BROTHER and a DOUBLE DITTO. No! He is master of his own *Craft*"—I meant the *Arkadia*, but he didn't understand this—"and he would rather go in for Brotherhood, without any fees at all, and take the ink for the contract"—(here I pulled out my hundred blade knife, with saw, corkscrew, and gun-pick in it)—"from the veins of the Illustrious JOKKI, just to see how *he* likes it."

And I advanced, with a determined step, towards the Monarch's seat.

This gave matters a decided turn. JOKKI, at the sight of my knife, which opened with a startling click, jumped up and extended his hand.



"Stay!" cried the Emperor. "The Illustrious JOKKI will make the Great White Colonel a Blooming Brother and a DOUBLE DITTO of the First Class *free of charge!* Only," he went on, in consequence, I apprehend, of most undisguised murmurs from the Big B'UKMAKAS, "a trifling fee must be paid merely for the stamp——"

"*Eereer! Eereer!*" (Listen! Listen!) from the B'UKMAKAS.

"And if the payment is not down on the nail," added JOKKI, emphatically, "there *must* be an Execution."

An execution! Was my mission to end here? Never! "If an execution there must be," I said to myself, "it will not take place *chez moi*, but——" And here an idea—an absolute inspiration occurred to me.

"Would," I asked, "the ready money, and the *reddy* signature, if given by an agent, be taken as equal to mine?"

"*Quiumbo facitumbo perumu aliumbo facitumbumbo perumu seimbo*," replied the learned Emperor, quoting an extract from the laws of his own country in the old legal phraseology. Its meaning is that the act of an accredited agent is that of his employer.

The document was spread out before us. The Emperor JOKKI was provided with a formidable steel-pen, not unlike a lancet.

"Where is my *Topkni!*" he inquired with a frown, but with a side-wink at me, full of humour, unseen by the others.

Five of the biggest B'UKMAKAS dragged forward a poor half-starved wretched-looking creature, who knelt before the Emperor. I now began to understand the ap-

plication of the legal maxim quoted so well and so recently by the Emperor. The well-to-do Chiefs—that is, B'UKMAKAS, &c.—paid a yearly tax to JOKKI, which emptied them from ever having to serve as *Topknis* for any of the Imperial Blooming Brotherhood contracts. Those who could not pay were compelled to serve in this capacity.

JOKKI now stuck the point of his steel-pen, sharply and dexterously, into the more fleshy portion of *Topkni's* arm, and proceeded at one dash to sign the paper, which he then handed over to me.

“Will the illustrious JOKKI oblige the Great White Colonel with the steel-pen?” I asked.

Certainly he would. It was in my hand: I looked round for the person who was to act as my agent, with the scrutinising glance of a vaccinating Doctor selecting a healthy child, and my eye fell on the fat and comfortable form of M'YIONYU the Detective, who, having found that the day's proceedings were certain to have an amicable termination, had gone fast asleep where he stood.

A prod from the steel-pen woke him into consciousness with a howl, which subsided into a low quavering moan as I whispered in his stupid ear.

“They come like a boon and a blessing to men,  
The Pricket, the Howl and the Quaverly Pen.”

and then without further ceremony, placed my initials under the Emperor JOKKI'S mark.

I pointed out to M'YOINYU that I should have to sign again for my degree of DOUBLEDITTO, if he did not “shell” out for the stamp, to which he immediately consented.

4



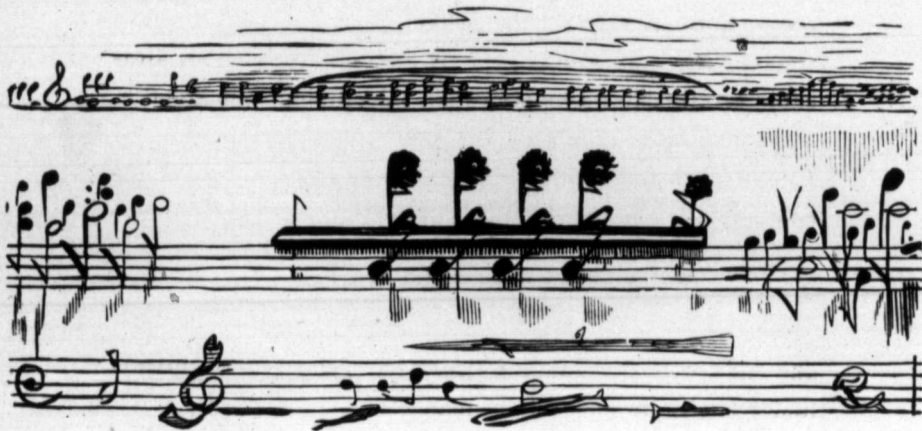
M'YIONYU paid the money, the knives were sheathed, the ceremony of initiation was complete, I was then raised a step, and the Lodge was opened in the DOUBLE DITTO Degree, with JOKKI as Worshipful Master in the East, and myself as Senior Warden with the chisel in my hand as an emblem of Blooming Brotherhood. We were now friends ! The first step had been gained. The B'UKMAKAS were in high spirits. M'YIONYU was sulky as a bear.

JOKKI took the initiative :

“ The Mijeejees would like their Blooming Brother, the Great White Colonel, to join in their sports and little games.”

I bowed. The hour was slowly approaching when I should see the way to avenge STANLEY'S loss.

THE . QVADDLQVAYER . A . NOTED - LAKE . DISCOVERED . BY  
 YOVR . OWN . COMMISSIONER .



THE . FISH . REPRESENTED . BELOW . ARE . A . SORT OF . BASS

He continued.

"The Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie"—

"When he's at home," I interrupted politely.

"He is at home here," said JOKKI, frowning.

"Very much so," I replied. "The Great White Colonel never tells a lie."

Of course I merely stated this as my *rule*. It was needless to point out that *Exceptio probat regulam*. The rule was good enough, and everyone, specially JOKKI, appeared intensely delighted, from which I gathered that some villany was afoot.

The Emperor resumed:

"JOKKI is pleased to welcome the Great White Colonel as a Brother. The Colonel has many servants, and only one Jeejee. Can his servants ride?"

At once I saw intuitively his design.

"The White Colonel's Jeejee is but a sorry black horse, and none of his servants can ride. The Great White Colonel never tells a lie,"—I added this as a mere matter of form, which has as much force as the concluding sentence of a petition, or the preamble of a bill.

The Printer's Boy from Fleet Street looked up at me under his left eye-lid. Bless him! I know his weight, saddle and all, in the scale; and as to ride, I back him against *Mazeppa* without being tied on, and over the same difficult country. However, *that* was my secret. I wasn't going to tell JOKKI everything.

"Some villany may be on foot, but it won't be on horseback," I said to myself, "while I have *Old Scratch* in our stable. For the Dark Horse is a perfect picture, and

only wants to be properly mounted. And," I added mentally," "I see the boy who can do that."

But I held my tongue, and, merely saluting as Senior Warden of the DOUBLE DITROS I, listened politely for the Emperor JOKKI's next observation.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE LODGE CONTINUED—INTERROGATION—ARRANGEMENTS  
—THE BET—ODDS—UNEVENS—STAKES—THE DETECTIVE  
DELIGHTED—COIN AND KIND—HOLDERS—AN ANXIOUS  
TIME—NIGHT WATCH—THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY—  
AT LAST.

**T**HE Worshipful Master, the Emperor JOKKI, then continued:—

“The Senior Warden,” he said, addressing me, “has come from the West. What has he brought with him?”



KING JOKKIS. FAVORITE • KNOWN AS • FLYING WIND

“Nothing worth mentioning,” I replied, being quite up to him in the craft.



He went on :

"Has not the Senior Warden, White Colonel, brought any money with him?"

"The White Colonel, &c., &c.," I returned, with my usual formula, which need not be repeated here. "He has only a mere trifle of money with him."

JOKKI stroked his face, and made some remark in an undertone to an aged B'UKMAKA, whom, I think, he addressed as "Old TUTOWUN BARWUN," who thereupon made some sort of remark on one of his leaves.

The Emperor resumed :

"The Worshipful JOKKI would like to be a Christian, and never tell a lie like the Great White Colonel. JOKKI's Big Jeejee is to run to-morrow against many other Jeejees. JOKKI will ask his chief B'UKMAKA Prophet to tell the Senior Warden, the White Colonel, something very much to his advantage."

Whereupon one of the ministers stood forward, and said,

"My name is TIPPUMO. Let the Great White Colonel lay 100 to 1, in his own gold counters, against the Emperor JOKKI's horse."

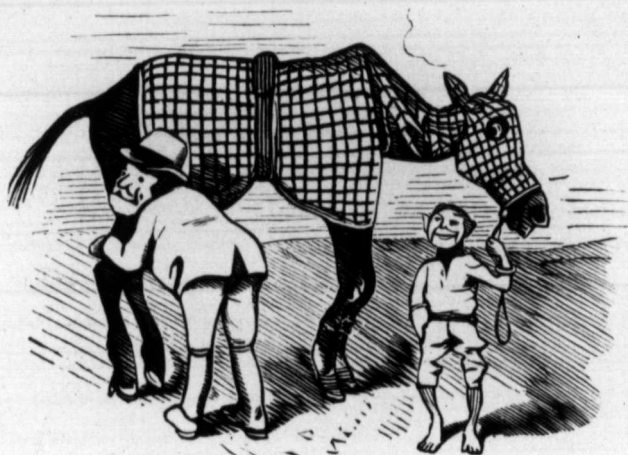
"The Great White Colonel does not understand your little game," I replied, innocently, as I wondered to myself who on earth could have told him about the "gold counters," and whether STANLEY *had really been done, or not*, "but he will lay 100 to 1, with pleasure, to oblige the Emperor. And the Emperor will let the poor White Colonel send his miserable little Jeejee to join in the sport, and increase the triumph of the Inimitable JOKKI."

The Emperor's eyes sparkled.

"The Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie," he said—for he had now quite mastered the formula. "Will the Great White Colonel swear that this Jeejee of his is worse than all the Jeejees that run in our games?"

What could I say? Modesty has ever been my forte, and politeness is the truest and most Christian policy. Should I affirm, without seeing the other animals, that this horse of mine—the Dark Horse—was better than all the rest? Could I endanger the lives of my followers by offending the Emperor's vanity? No.

"The Great White Colonel, &c." I replied, "and he is



OUR DARK HORSE

sure that all the other horses *being so much better* than his poor, weak, half-starved little Jeejee, will reach the winning-post long before his truthful Blooming-Brother's, the Great White Colonel's horse."

"Good!" cried his Majesty, delighted, "then all my

B'UKMAKAS shall bet 100 to 50 against the White Colonel's Jeejee which cannot win, and the White Colonel shall bet with me 100 to 1 against my Jeejee, and the money shall be deposited at once."

It was arranged that TIPPUMO and the detective M'YIONYU, should collect the amount on a tray.

M'YIONYU had now quite recovered his good temper, in view of the haul, which, he knew, I was pretty sure to make, and of which I promised him his share, as the discoverer of the Dark Horse on which we were going to put the pot.

Besides, he could not forget that the Mijeejees were Cannibals, and that in *my* success lay the only chance for *him*, of saving his steaks.

Fortunately, before leaving England, I had provided myself with several boxes of card-counters, made to imitate sovereigns, and really just as good as the genuine article when once you get it into Central Africa.

One hundred of these I placed against JOKKI's one gold nugget-shell, which was of such a size, weight, and brilliancy as to have made the Governor of the Bank of England's mouth water.

Then the B'UKMAKAS, fifty in number, staked a hundred similar-pieces each: those who could not put down the whole sum making up the deficiency in beads, ornaments, jewelled daggers, pipes, and goats and sheep. In money and kind I calculated there was about five thousand pounds set against my two thousand five hundred Lowther Arcade sovereign card-counters.

It was in M'YIONYU'S power to have betrayed our secret. But had I seen the slightest sign of treachery on his part,

the merest wink to the Emperor, or an aside signal to any one of the B'UKMAKAS, I should have at once given him as a present to the King, recommending him as a man whom I had fattened on purpose, and "whom I think" (I should have added) "your Majesty will find very much to your taste." On the spot there would have been an end of M'YIONYU, who did not, I was aware, know sufficient of the language to have explained matters quickly and intelligibly before he was strung up for the Royal larder. Besides, after all, his interests were the other way.

That night I kept watch on M'YIONYU and the E'UK-MAKA, while the Printer's Devil (whom I promised to reward highly for his services) kept guard over the Dark Horse.

"The sly little Cherub sat perched in a loft,  
To keep watch o'er the life of *Old Scratch*."

Of course for "Cherub" understand Printer's Devil; but the couplet is neat and appropriate.

*Extract from Diary.*—The morning of the Great Day of the Race has dawned.



## CHAPTER V.

THE RESULT OF THE RACE—A RESCUE—AN IDEA!—"CAN IT BE DONE?"—IT IS DONE—THE VOICE FROM THE REINS—SAUVE QUI PEUT—THE MUDDLE—NERVOUSNESS OF FOLLOWERS—"ON HORROR'S HEAD"—PURSUIT—AGONY—WHAT NEXT?

THE Dark Horse has won. The race is over! But what a day of excitement! He was nearly beaten, for the Emperor JOKKI rode himself, and he's a feather-weight, besides his mare being in the most perfect training. But for my excellent friend the Ventriloquist we should never have done the trick. He did the trick. Seeing the Emperor well ahead, and our Dark Horse two lengths behind, I began to despair, and was meditating how we could best recompense ourselves for trouble and loss of time, by knocking old TIPPUMO the B'UKMAKA on the head, and collaring all the available money in the hat, over which M'YIONYU was keeping guard in our interest, and bolting for the *Arkadia* afloat on the lake (in which case we should have been compelled, for self-preservation, to have left M'YIONYU behind as a hostage—he being too corpulent to run; and unless they took a great fancy to him they wouldn't eat him, but keep him till we returned, which would be an expense off my hands for ever), when suddenly McSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist, exclaimed,

"I've got it!"

I saw genius in the remark. Slapping him on the back, I said, "Do it, my boy, whatever it is!"

The Emperor, winning, was just passing the point where we were standing, anxiously watching the race, and a smile of triumph illuminated his ugly countenance when, from his horse's open mouth, came these startling words—

*"Pull up! I don't feel well. Just going to drop."*

Need I say that this was the Ventriloquist's idea? It operated wonderfully. You never saw such a scene! JOKKI turned almost pale with fright, and tumbled off as nimble as ninepence, pulling the animal with him.

In a second the Dark Horse shot past him, the little Devil (Printer's) on his back, winking slyly at us, as he made for the winning post, and won "with a good bit up his sleeve," as we Turfites say.

JOKKI was furious. We rushed forward to assist him, and, under pretence of examining the animal's head, I put my pocket-hankerchief, steeped in chloroform, to his nostrils, and, to all appearance, the noble beast had fainted dead away.

JOKKI suspected foul play, and was for having us seized, when the Ventriloquist's art again came to our assistance, for from the Big B'UKMAKA, who was disputing with M'YIONYU as to the coin, suddenly came these words—

"JOKKI, *Twazzi okusthe jee-jee.*" (Literally, "JOKKI, I poisoned the horse.")

Immediately he was set upon by all the B'UKMAKAS, who were heavy losers; and, taking this as our only opportunity for escape, I caught up the hatful of money. Luckily, it had all been deposited correctly; and, jumping on *Old Scratch*, with the hatful of money in one hand,

and a revolver in the other, while the boy clung on with his arm round my waist, I dashed down to the *Arkadia*, where I found my party trying to put the *Arkadia* together. They ought never to have undone her. The stupid idiots had got all the compartments wrong, and



such a mess you never saw. A quarter of the keel was upside down, the bows were in the centre, the steerage was in front—in fact, I never saw confusion worse confounded (and no one ever *heard* confusion better confounded than I confounded it on that occasion) in all my life. The numbers of the compartments had got rubbed out, and so we could only guess ; but there was no time to be lost. Our lives were in our hands ; and as the merciful man is invariably merciful to his beast, I saw *Old Scratch* well bestowed in his stable-compartment, rubbed him down, put him in his little bed, tucked him up, kissed

him for his mother, &c., &c., and then stuck the *Arkudia* together, as best I could, in five minutes.

"One, two, three—launch with a will!" I cried. And away went the *Arkadia*, with myself sitting in the stern, and my brave companions shoving the boat off, nearly up to their necks in water.

We were getting well under weigh when, on calling the roll (capital subject for a picture this—never been done --I mean not with myself as the central figure of the group), I found that M'YIONYU was absent.

A piercing shriek answered our inquiries.

He was pursued by the infuriate JOKKI and the whole tribe of savage Mijeejees.



## CHAPTER VI.

PURSUIT—SITUATION—SANG-FROID—SKETCHING—JEU DE  
 MOT—SPEARING—UMBRELLA—GULF—"JUMP, PRETTY  
 CREATURE, JUMP!"—THE EFFORT—THE FLOP—ES-  
 CAPE—DIARY—LANDED—OLD FRIEND WITH NEW FACE  
 —CHART—GUIDE—PLANS FOR FUTURE—GRATITUDE—  
 SLEEP.

**M**'YIONYU was in a perfect vapour-bath of fright—  
 not a rain of terror, but a steam of it, as he  
 ran, puffing and blowing, towards the edge of the  
 cliff, while the savage yells of his pursuers could be dis-  
 tinctly heard in the distance.

With my usual *sangfroid*, I pulled out my note-book,  
 and began jotting down a few musical ideas suggested  
 by the situation, which was both dramatic and sensational,  
 though, of course, on the stage, M'YIONYU would have  
 to be idealised into a fragile heroine.

"Fly for your life!" I cried, from my covered and com-  
 fortable seat in Compartment 10 of the *Arkadia*, while  
 still making my notes and sketching the scene (for the  
*Illustrated*, or *Graphic*,—it didn't matter to me which—  
 or both) on the block that I always carry with me for such  
 emergencies as this.

"I can't fly!" his voice came back, piteously.

"Then run!" we sensibly suggested.

"I *am* running!" he shrieked, breathlessly. "But

they're trying to spear me, and I haven't wind enough to get away! Do stop!"

"*Dum Spiro Spear-o!*" I called out to him, cheerily, as I gave the last finishing touch to my graphic sketch; for even at this supreme moment my spontaneous humour overcame every other consideration—and, by the way, I really believe that the very best *bons mots* I've ever made, have all been uttered under some great pressure of immediate danger.

M'YIONYU, however, is not of my calibre, and did not relish the joke.

In another second the spears, flying like light'ning were absolutely dark'ning the air. I made this joke about "*light'ning*" and "*dark'ning*" for the *first time on this occasion*, just as old M'YIONYU dodged to avoid a spear that was aimed at his head; but the movement was not of so complicated a character as to enable him to avoid a second spear, whose aim had not been at the same elevation, and he gave a bound that would have made his fortune as a ballet-dancer, at the same time giving vent to so clear and high a note, as would have secured him an engagement as first tenor at any Opera-house in the world.

"How often," I reflected, "does mere accident evoke our natural but unsuspected capabilities?" In M'YIONYU's case it was his *capabilities* that were chiefly brought into prominence, though the impetus of a spear showed that he had only to be taught to produce his voice to make him a second MARIO, or a TAMBERLIK Junior.

M'YIONYU finding the number of spears increasing—for the savages were really treating him as if he were an Aunt

Sally at a penny a shy, with some reduction made "on taking a quantity,—put up his umbrella, but this only impeded his movements.

"Don't go without me!" he roared.

Whether we should be able to comply with his request, or not, rested, as I pointed out to him, from my seat in the boat,—entirely with himself.

He was nearing the edge of the cliff, about fifty feet above the deep pond where we were afloat, which formed the opening of the northern end of the huge expanse of water, which I have since called "The Great Colonel's Gulf."

"Leave the *Spears*, and go for the *Pond*!" I cried, with more ready wit,—for I really was in the vein, and this was the third or fourth *jeu de mot* I had made this morning. "Jump in!"

"I can't swim!" he screamed desperately. He really could do nothing.

"I can't spare anyone to swim for you," I replied laughingly, just to keep him up while he was running down; "but you are fat enough to float, and the stream will do the rest.

At this instant, a spear whose force was, fortunately, somewhat spent in its flight through the air, warned him that further delay was dangerous.

"*Sans arrière pensée, sautez de haut en bas!*" I cried. "Leap, pretty creature, leap!" I added, by way of encouragement, to show him in what good spirits we all were. And indeed it was impossible to help laughing at the absurd distress of fat old M'YIONYU the Detective.

The savages drew nearer—their cavalry was out—they

were all armed—all the equestrian tribes of Mijeejee were in full force: and the Elastic Bands of the B'UKMAKAS played their most inspiring war-strains, as they marched at the double-double towards the coast.

I saw, that, if they came on at the *pas de charge*, M'yonyu would be struck all over with spears like a pin-cushion.

"It reminds me," I said to my men, "of the terms for advertisements in the newspapers. They are making a big charge for insertion."

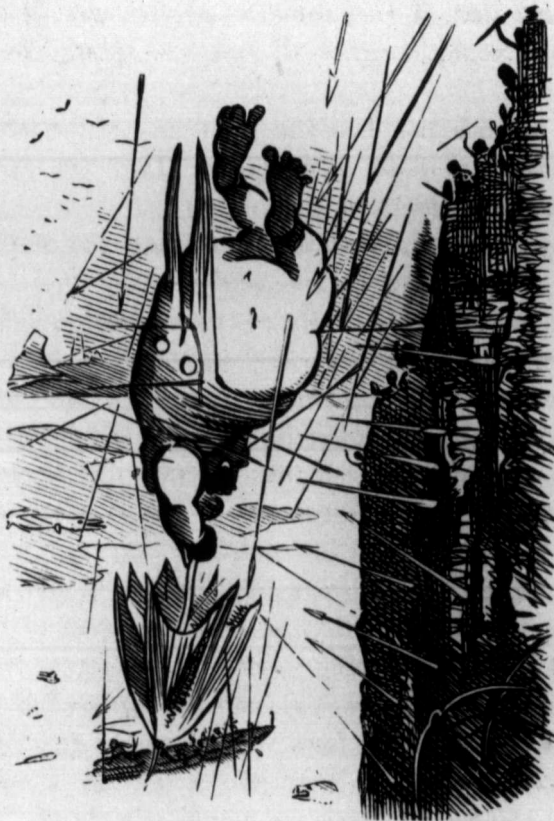
They all roared, specially the Printer's boy from Fleet Street, who enjoyed the joke professionally.

Two more spears from the advanced guard, and M'YION-YU, seeing no further hope, gave a tremendous leap—quite a superhuman effort in one so corpulent—and whirling through the air, anyhow,—upside down, and downside up,—fell, with such a splash into the water, as to spoil the fishing for miles round, and, in fact, it nearly endangered the safety of our frail craft.

We waited for him some time, but, as he did not reappear, we concluded that he had been unavoidably detained below, and, hoping to see him later on our journey, we set sail, got the steam up, and waving our flag, "The Golden Fleece," in the faces of the Emperor JOKKI and all his howling tribe, who were wild with rage, I sang out cheerily to him through the speaking-trumpet, "JOKKI *miboi ure Jokkidayntchu!*" Which being impossible to translate literally, means—"Moral: Who tries to do others, must himself expect to be done." And I am satisfied, that, though JOKKI may forget a good deal of the instruction which I contrived to give him in private *con*



*versional* lessons (so much the half-dozen—but he didn't pay), he will never forget the practical Christian teaching bestowed upon him by the great White Colonel, Senior



THE EAGLE SWOOP OF THE FAT DETECTIVE FROM "SPEARO POINT" INTO  
"COLONEL'S GULF." (*Vide Narrative.*)

Warden, Blooming Brother and Double Ditto, of whom he saw the last this day at 4 P.M. [Whether threatening. Breeze being kicked up.]—(*Vide my Private Diary.*)

*Next Evening.*—Landed on an island. Saw a cove in the distance. Went up cautiously, and whispered, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

"You do presume," said a voice I at once recognized. "Behold me!" and removing his hat, with which came off at the same time his wig, whiskers, and nose, all in a piece, I beheld once again the form of M'YIONYU, the Dark Detective.

We were all very pleased to welcome him; and that night, from his accounts of the tides and currents, I was enabled to draw up a river chart, and the commencement of a table for finding the "Goldon Letter" for the next three-years-worth of Sundays, which will be most useful to intending visitors. By the way, who *does* find the Golden Letter, and is it any use at the Bank? if so, which Bank? as there are always two.

I have already commenced my *Bradshaw's Guide to the Central African Railways*, with maps in special edition, and a vocabulary of useful words to those unacquainted with the language. I am thinking of the most attractive names for the stations, viz, the first is *Honeycomb Wood*. There are no bees and no honey, but it *sounds* well, and when you are trying to allure strangers, it would be worse than idiotic to call one place *Dryrock*, another *Dirtysand*, another *Scorchpoint*, another *Phever Marsh*. No; here is my list—*Honeycomb Wood*, *Blue Sea Bay*, *Shadynook Island*, *Pleasant Plain*, &c. All these are good names in a prospectus, and plots of land, freehold, will soon be purchasable. Orders for this invaluable work may be sent to me, under cover, to the Office, Fleet Street.

(*Extract from Diary.*)—Before retiring to rest, I registered the heat and took out a patent.

*Night.*—The camp is all asleep. The *Arkadia* in compartments forms excellent camping quarters. This is the first time I have been able to close my eyes for six weeks, and it is with a grateful heart that I place the hatful of coin, amounting to about £5000 (English), under my pillow, and with one hand on my revolver, and the other on my sword (both under the bed clothes), I calmly sink off to the rest which I have so well earned.

One thing I do not forget. I do not know to what amount exactly STANLEY was done by the wily Emperor JOKKI; but if it was only a few dollars, or if JOKKI never saw STANLEY at all—for that sum, or for any other—then, in any case, I have amply avenged STANLEY'S loss, and now I only long, more and more ardently, to come up with STANLEY, to recoup him, with interest, for his sufferings at the hands of the crafty JOKKI and the Mijeejee tribe. *Bonne nuit.* And as I drop off to sleep, I murmur, "Mr. STANLEY, I pre . . . sume?" . . . . . (*Snore*).

*N.B.*—Correspondence between the Editor and the Illustrious Traveller, which the former thinks it due to himself at this point, and in view of future proceedings elsewhere, to publish. This AVIS AU PUBLIC is not meant in any offensive sense towards our most Illustrious Traveller, in whom we take this opportunity of expressing our implicit confidence, up to a certain point. But no one, in our responsible position, can be too cautious.

*From Editor to Illustrious Traveller.*—Your last communication, we notice, was dated on board the *Arkadia*. It came by hand. Where are you?

*From Illustrious Traveller to Editor (by Messenger).*—Here, on board the *Arkadia*, which I am now using as a sea-and-river-house-boat, where I can compile my Notes and Diaries at leisure. For reasons,—which a cheque in full from you would cease to exist,—I would rather not land just at present. My exs. in doing the K. I. D. Continent were terrific; and I relied on—well, no matter. The vast extent which I have explored, and which I shall christen *New Greenland*, will offer, to the speculator and investor, such chances as may never occur again. *It will be a big fortune; so put your money on*

the right spot for once, and trust yours truly with early cheque. It is as much for *your* benefit as my own. I'm very unwell, and shall not be able to finish this exciting narrative for you, unless you are my doctor, and send me the draught which will soon set me on my legs again. Bearer waits.

*From Editor to Illustrious Traveller (per Ditto Messenger),—*Good simile that of yours about "doctor," and most graceful play on the word "draught." So novel and so refreshing. But you forget the Patient never prescribes what the Physician is to send him. As to investment or speculation, select a good piece of land and send us the particulars.

*From Very Ill-used-trious Traveller to Editor (per Return Messenger).—*You mustn't press a simile too far. I am prostrated. I can scarcely hold



BEFORE I WENT TO THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT.

I'm monarch of all I survey.  
I go to the Op'ra and play,  
I dine at my Club,  
I win ev'ry rub,  
Except when I lose, and don't pay.



AFTER I RETURNED FROM THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT.

*N.B.—*Couldn't keep it dark. It all came off, except where the remnants appear. Regard the lines with which care has furrowed my brow.

My head is bald, but not with years;  
My eyes are dim, but not with tears;  
My coat is worn, my linen frayed—  
Behold a man who's not been paid.



my pen. If I cannot raise the wind and get a refreshing breeze, you will hear no more from Yours Truly, who is at his last gasp. Bearer (who waits) is witness to the shattered condition of what, *pour ainsi dire*, I still call my "health." Few men can go through such trials and privations, in such a climate as that of the Keep-it-Dark Continent, and expect to retain their pristine energies. Coin first, plans of land after. Business is business. By the way, Bearer's been four times backwards and forwards this morning. Please pay his expenses one way (whichever way you like—you pay your money, and are entitled to your choice), and give him a little refreshment. I enclose some photographs,—they speak for themselves and for me! *Les Voila!*



AN EVENING OF "LIFE." AHA!

*Retrospective or Back View of Myself before I went to Keep-it-Dark Continent.*

"After the Opera was over."

"Come and be a Rollicking Ran!"  
&c., &c.

The EVENING OF LIFE. ALAS!

*Present View (Back) of Myself after my return from the K. I. D. C.*

Sinks to the grave with evident decay,

Prostration gently slopes the way,

While all his prospects darkening very fast,

He's slowly going to the dogs at last.

N.B.—I think of publishing all these on a sheet separately, and selling them in the street on Lord Mayor's Day for the small sum of one penny. This would appeal straight to the generous and noble public of England. Good idea this, eh?—Yours ever.

*From Editor to Distinguished Traveller (by post).*—We are indeed deeply touched. We will whip up a subscription all round. Bearer has waited too long, and is no longer in a fit state to be trusted. So to save time and expense I send you an I. O. U. (unsigned), of which you may make what use you like, and enter it to your own private account. *Il faut vivre*, my dear Sir, and you shall. Lord Mayor's Day a good idea. Why not go round *yourself*, with the hat (&c.), on the *fifth* of November? By the way, we don't quite know where you are. Have you returned to Jarnzeribar, or are you writing in Town? Send finish of your contribution.—Yours, ED.

*Reply by telegram from Distinguished Traveller to Editor.*—Just had an offer to go to Cyprus. Think I shall do it. Send coin, or I'm sure I shall. I have not said a word yet. Cyprus speaks consent.

*From Editor to Distinguished Traveller.*—No. Don't go yet. STANLEY isn't in Cyprus. You'll find him here. All right. Send finish of thrilling narrative: coin by return.—ED.

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## CHAPTER VII.

MOSSI—GOZLINGI—PALACE—VENTRILOQUIAL—DANGER  
 BUSINESS—THE SHOW—DISORDERLY CONDUCT—MORE  
 DANGER—RUSH FOR SEATS—ARRANGEMENTS—THE  
 SPEARS—INDIGNATION—ESCAPE—CONCILIATION—ALL'S  
 WELL—A DELICATE QUESTION—AN OFFER—MOMENTOUS  
 —DISSEMBLING—MEETING—PARTING.

ON April 1st we reached Mossi, a soft, green spot, the residence of Queen UGANDA, whose son, Prince UGUSE, received us with much civility. He insisted on my living in his own palace, and provided me with his royal canoe as a means of transit from one fertile spot to another, within the somewhat circumscribed limits of the Queen Mother's dominions. The accompanying sketch will give a more than correct idea of what the palace was like at this time of year.

MCSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist, who was in excellent voice, interested the Gozlingi (the tribes reigned over by Queen UGANDA and Prince UGUSE) to such an extent, that it was as much as I could do to restrain the simple people from performing a series of surgical operations on him with their knives, in order to find out where the other voices came from. It was, however, a big success; and the *Royal Arkadia* (drawn up on shore, and the compartments so arranged, as to form a good orchestra, stalls, pit, private boxes, &c., holding about £150 when full) was crammed every night.

M'YIONYU also came out well, changing his dress behind a table, and announcing himself as somebody else each time he reappeared. If he had only kept sober, this entertainment would have been perfect, but he would refresh himself whenever he disappeared under the table, and, at last he came up as two people at once, insulted the audience, fell over the table into the orchestra, which was well filled by myself in a white tie, as Conductor, the Printer's Devil, with trumpets, cymbals, and drums, and the rest of our party with dummy instruments, while the



QUEEN YGANDA & HER SON PRINCE YGVSE.



musical box was turned on underneath the stage, out of sight. Before appearing as Conductor, I had taken all the money myself at the doors. Subsequently I had to explain that M'YIONYU'S extraordinary conduct was simply an ebullition of Genius, which could not be controlled in very hot weather. The Gozlingi were quite satisfied; and the next night, being my benefit, and a "bespeak" by Queen UGANDA and Prince UGUSE, was a real bumper. The women gave their gold earrings for front seats, beautiful pieces of workmanship, that had been in their families for ears—I mean for years. Men gave seal rings, gold brooches, jewelled pins, gold-headed walking-sticks, and anything else they could lay their hands on, in order to be present at this, the Last and Greatest Night of the Present Season, when in addition to a Concert (the musical-box, personally conducted by myself) there was to be an Exhibition of Paintings (by me), a Scene in the Circus by the Boy from Fleet Street, the Printer's Devil, whom I announced as—

#### ◊ PEURILLO IL DIAVOLO

IN HIS MARVELLOUS TRICK ACT ON THE

BARE-BACKED STEED.

Then a Special Entertainment, by M'YIONYU, who, (if quite sober) was to give imitations, in character, of the various celebrities of the House of Commons, including the Member for Peterborough "with a Song," after which a Ventriloquial Farce, interspersed with conjuring tricks, entitled—

## TOMMY AND HIS UNCLE;

*Or, Cox and Box in the Dentist's Cupboard!*

This was to be followed by a farewell speech from the Bénéficiaire, myself, then a dance by all the Characters, and fireworks *outside* illustrating

## THE TAKING OF FORT OWUNBARWUN

BY THE GALLANT WELSHERS!!!

AND

## THE GRAND STAND

OF

THE BRITISH

ON

EPSOM DOWNS!!!

If this wasn't an attraction, nothing could be. I forgot to mention one interlude—a *pose plastique*—representing

## THE BENISON OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,

with Scotch airs on an improvised bag-pipe (made out of hollowed sugar-canes and a leather foot-ball), played, at first with much taste and discrimination by McSMUGGINS; but unfortunately he became so excited by the blasts of his national Highland air, that he shouted out something about "Auld Reekie" and "his foot being on his native heath, and his name Macgregor" (which it wasn't, being McSMUGGINS), and then took to dancing what he called a McCancan, while blowing with all his might and main, until I contrived to stick a knife into the foot-ball, and

D.

so to speak, took the wind out of his sails, when he calmed down, and became rational, but exhausted. The entire show would have been a triumph if MCSMUGGINS could only have been kept from the whiskey-bottle, or the whiskey-bottle from him, or the whiskey from the bottle, and if M'YIONYU had only known anything at all about the people he professed to be imitating. Even the Gozlingi stood it for some time calmly, but when M'YIONYU announced the twentieth Member of Parliament (Irish Home-Ruler this time), and spoke in precisely the same tone and made the same speech (he has no sort of invention), and came up from under the table in the same white whig and whiskers in which they had already seen him do Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Lord SALISBURY, and thirteen other notabilities, even these mild people couldn't control their righteous indignation, and threw spears at him, which they had brought in contrary to my regulations written up, "All spears, knives, &c., to be left with the Saloon-Keeper (myself)," so that he was glad to get under the table, and down through a trap, as quickly as possible. Luckily I had ordered a man to be ready for him with his trap, or he wouldn't have got off so easily. I appeased the infuriated people with the overture to the *Bronze Horse*, and MCSMUGGINS (who was almost sober) made an omelette in the hat, which they devoured with avidity—hat and all. All passed off happily. *Cox and Box at the Dentist's* was good. We had to pretend that M'YIONYU had fainted, and carried him home to his compartment. The *Arkadia* is a most useful boat.

The next day we were preparing to go when the Queen

came to me, and said that she had understood I was a Christian. I answered cautiously that I tried my best, &c.

"If the White Colonel is a Christian, has he a wife?" asked Queen UGANDA, looking down at her toe-rings bashfully. She was fifty, if a day, but a fine woman, and, *before our arrival*, very well off.

"The White Colonel is a Christian," I replied, "and never tells a lie when he is at home. The White Colonel can only have one wife at a time."

"UGANDA will be the White Colonel's one wife," she said, modestly enough, but with a great show of determination.

"UGANDA does the White Colonel proud," I returned, making my politest bow, "but the White Colonel is afraid that the great and lovely Queen UGANDA is trifling with his affections."

No she wasn't: not a bit of it. She had taken a fancy to me, and that idiot M'YIONYU (whose business it is to know everyone's private affairs), had informed her that I was a bachelor.

"Queen UGANDA loves the Great White Colonel, and will come with him to the end of the world!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, at the same time throwing her dusky arms round my neck, and shaking her nose-ring in my face, to the infinite amusement of the Printer's Devil from Fleet Street.

Now I said to myself, "Now or never! I must dissemble!"

Unfortunately the Prince, her son, was ambitious, and encouraged his mother in this sudden idea of hers, which,



as far as my personal appearance is concerned, was neither strange nor unusual. In fact—but we are on a delicate subject—and all I have to say is, that I remembered the mission to which I had devoted myself.

“Pardon me, Queen,” I said, quietly, but I *must* find STANLEY!”

“I will find STANLEY, too!” she said, simply.

“You shall!” I replied. “You shall take the route to the South, while I take the route to the North. Then at a certain point we’ll meet again. Farewell!” And tipping the wink to my followers, who had been carefully putting together the compartments of the *Arkadia* and to which *Old Scratch* the Dark Horse had been already transferred, and was drawing it down to the sea, I raised my handkerchief to my eyes, declared my heart was breaking; that parting was such sweet sorrow, that I would go away, and come to-morrow,—and then made for the boat like mad. In a second a something whizzed by my ear!

A spear! It came from her son, the Prince! It was the only weapon left on the island. We had taken all the rest, which we had collared either as payment for the Show, or when left at the doors with the cloaks and umbrellas, including those thrown at MYIONYU. As far as the spears could go—and they can go pretty far—we were safe.

“UGANDA!” he exclaimed.

“UGUSE!” she cried.

And in another second they were weeping in each other’s arms.

The Gozlingi, with tears in their eyes, met to debate

the question of what should be done with the Great White Colonel, who had spurned UGANDA'S offer.

Fortunately the Gozlingi never proceed to deeds without a regular debate, or, as they call it in their language, a *kakkel*.

In the midst of the formal preliminaries, we silently rushed *Old Scratch* (as good a mare as ever drew bathing-machine) down the shingle, with the *Arkadia* in tow, and in another second, without a word or a whisper, we had unharnessed and stabled the faithful animal, my crew had taken their places at the oars, and, with a hearty cheer (not above our breaths), we dashed, with a will, into the Lake.

We were all there; and with a grateful and a beating heart I lighted a cigar, and reclined on the cushions, while the the Printer's Boy turned on a Selection from OFFENBACH; and McSMUGGINS playfully threw his voice overboard as far as the shore, startling the Gozlingi, by making Queen UGANDA suddenly sing, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires,*" with admirable effect.

They all jumped to their feet; and as we sailed away almost out of sight, McSMUGGINS braced up his ventriloquial powers for one final effort, and sending his voice right in amongst them, he made the Queen say to UGUSE, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume!" How we all laughed! And how happy and merry we were as we sailed away from the simple, soft-headed people of Mossi.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LOG—ENTRY—BODEGA—CURIOUS—VERY—ODD—RATHER  
 —AMPHIBILIOUS—SHELLING—SHOT—DETAILS—DYLEM-  
 MA—DESCRIPTION—DANGER—WHEN—WHY—WHAT  
 FROM—HOW—WHO—STANLEY—SKETCH—DIAGRAM—  
 THEORY—NO EXTRA CHARGE—REMARKS—DIAMOND  
 RINGS—PANES AND PENALTIES—JOKLA ISLAND.

*Water-Log on Board the Arkadia.*

**T**O-DAY, after a week of very dry weather, M'YIONYU managed to come up with a magnificent specimen of Bodega, just within sight of port. I should much have liked to have brought over one of these curious creatures to England. The Bodega, which, when on shore, has often been mistaken in the dark for a mermaid, scented our approach, and I was raising my glass (a very strong one, a kind of binocular of double strength, multiplying the ordinary power of vision by two), when it came up out of the Lake, and made a tremendous charge, for which none of us were quite prepared. However, the Bodega didn't get the best of an old sportsman like myself, who soon gave the creature the benefit of a couple of barrels, and in less than it takes me to tell, the amphibilious brute was staggering on the plain. [*Note.*—I have subsequently discovered that a Cockle Shell fired right in among a number of these amphibilious creatures, is the best remedy for getting rid of them.] Presently he

dropped, then rose again, but a few more drops finished him. The Bodega, being something between a whale and a hippopotamus, affords both meat and drink, but chiefly the latter to the fortunate traveller. Uluckily for us, the Bodega, having died hard, its flesh was absolutely uneatable. On examining his hide, we came to the conclusion that he had been engaged in a terrific combat before our arrival, from which he had come off the victor, as we found the distinct marks of two horns of a Dylemma. This warned us of the probable proximity of a herd of these dangerous animals. The Bodega is of a tawny yellow colour, with a leathery hide, and a sort of casque over its head, with which, when on shore, it butts at you fiercely. It is also furnished with three sets of scales, major, minor, and crow-matic—the latter being a protection against these birds (hence the name), which attack it when sleeping. It was impossible to secure a live specimen, as my men were all too tired and footsore to move on; and so, after giving directions as to their all keeping a careful watch for a few hours while I slept (for in these regions it does not do for everyone to sleep at the same time), I retired to my Arkadian Hut, and, as the Printer's Boy was working the punkah with one hand and turning the musical-box with the other, I sank into a profound and delicious slumber.

*Diary (Extract).*—A memorable day. I think I've seen STANLEY. It was blazing hot, the sun at  $160\frac{3}{8}^{\circ}$  (which is about 90 premium, *ex. div.*), and I had just finished my *stojjero*, as the natives call it, meaning a sort of light, midday meal, consisting of a little cockaleekie, broiled like *char* (which are caught here in abundance by the na-



tive charwomen, who go down to the banks in their carts, made for the purpose, and called *char-ar-bongs*), some buffalo beef, with mixed pickles, chutnee, and an excellent tomato salad (for which I have a patent receipt, worth millions to a public caterer, and which I can part with for a moderate sum, giving private lessons into the bargain, if the purchaser will ask me to dinner), some prawns stewed, iced venison cutlets—venison far superior to anything in England, and as plentiful as chops in the South-down country—a tart, made of native berries, and some fresh undercurrants from a neighbouring stream (for I have a sweet tooth—in fact, several sweet teeth, I'm glad to say—and can relish where others would starve), which, mixed with a desert-spoonful of a rich cream (obtained from limes, and far superior to anything a cow can give), makes an *entremet* fit for a Lucullus, and altogether represents a *menu* that would gladden the heart of many a noble Amphitrite, or Amphi-try-on—I forget which—it may be the “try-on”—but I mean a classic Gentleman, who used to get up first-rate Entertainment Scenes,—in the *Social Circle*, perhaps, as there was something of the *Amphi* about him,—at all events, to sum up, I had finished my *stojjero*, and, just to finish with, had taken my forty winks (picked out with a pin, an admirable digestive), when in the distance, about 40° N. by 50 S., I saw—a shadow !!!

Only a sketch can give any idea of the situation.

To rise from my hammock, to wave my handkerchief, to raise my hat, and call out in a stentorian tone, through my speaking-trumpet, “MR. STANLEY, I presume!” was the work of a moment. But, alas! he had gone from my

gaze—gone from my GAZE—like a *Cook's Tourist* (*jeu de mot*, made in diary, even under the most trying circumstances); and once more I am all alone in the Great Desert.

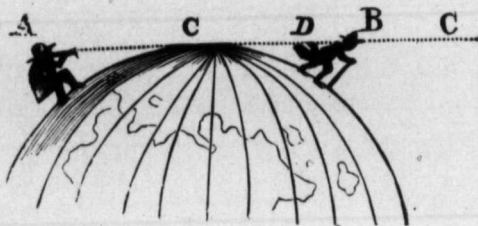


*Description of Sketch.*—I think I see STANLEY about 500 miles distant, longitude  $50^{\circ}$ , and any amount of latitude allowed. From a drawing taken on the spot. (N.B.—Fine opportunity offered for advertising in my book of travels. Terms easy.)

The trees represent the marvellous distance, but the two black spots disappearing over the equatorial line are represented as they appeared to me

through my binoculars, and are, no doubt, the extreme points of Mr. STANLEY'S coat-tails as he was running away down-hill.

On second thoughts, he was *not* running away: but his vanishing points of coat-tails prove to me indisputably the globular shape of the earth. Had the earth been flat, I could never, with my binoculars, have lost sight of the object of my indefatigable search. A simple diagram will explain my theory:—



A, myself.

B, STANLEY walking against the wind.

C, line of sight.

D, STANLEY'S coat-tail points blown out by the wind. His head, being well forward, is out of the line of sight, which passes, horizontally, through his shoulders, but in its first direction is stopped by the two points of coat-tails. Had these not cut the line of sight, it is evident that I should have seen STANLEY'S shoulders; and, had he stood erect, probably I might have recognised him by the back of his head.

In any case, I consider my theory of the earth's shape satisfactorily proved, and should be glad to receive a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, which might combine with the Humane and other Societies to give me five hundred a year for life, as a valuable consideration for Discoveries Received as per invoice.

*More from Diary.*—When I write “More from Diary,” it occurs to me that this reverses the order of things: it ought to be Diary from MORE—at least we always have an Almanack from MORE, and the Diary generally goes with it. *Toujours gai! Allons donc!* The idea occurs to me, perhaps STANLEY is coming back. “He will return—I know him well” (Song); but, perhaps, I don't know him well enough, and he won't return.



Leaving this spot about ten P.M., we came in the cool of the evening to Jokla Island. This I have rechristened *Joe Miller's Men*. On all the rocks I have inscribed my name with a pen-knife. This I do wherever I go; and sometimes I scratch it on a pane of glass with a diamond ring. In lieu of any other legal and prior claim this signature confers proprietorship on the cutter. And can't I cut with a diamond! On such occasions it is of very little moment who cuts after me. "What shall he do who comes after the King?" Catch him if he can. They want to make me king of the Jokla Isles, with a salary of two thousand puns' *per annum*. I am considering the proposition. I should send over to Italy, and secure the services of one of the Grimaldi family for Prime Minister. I should take the title of King JOCOSUS THE FIRST. If it comes off, I'll send you my Civil Service List. Talking of cuts, look at this one:—



THE EXTRAORDINARY GRINNITE ROCKS ON JOKLA ISLAND.

[From a photograph taken on the spot, and, with a view to a future advertisement picture, two well-dressed gentlemen are shown in the foreground,



representing the experienced and well-informed person in a tall hat always seen in this style of illustration kindly pointing out to a weak but deeply-interested friend ("CHARLES—his friend") the wonders of the newly discovered island. On the right is the *Arkadia*, with a new weathercock. On the left are the natives, just out of their beds. N.B. I think on my return, I shall start a studio at South Kensington, open from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M., as a Night Nursery of Art. Best of liquors supplied. Good waiting. Harmony.]

*Further Extract from Diary.—Copy of a Letter sent to Editor, which ought to have been received by him.\*—*"I am now on to finding STANLEY. I am going for him with all that inborn courage and latent energy, for which I am remarkable. A friend will call on you for cheque, and save you all trouble and expense of sending it, as he knows where I am, and will come out direct to me. Send tin, or I might find STANLEY before it arrives."

12:30 (*same day*).—To the above letter I have as yet received no answer. I am sweeping the horizon with my glass.

1:30.—I have swept the horizon for an hour. Capital exercise. The horizon, after so much sweeping, is now quite clean—not a speck of dust to be seen on it anywhere; in fact you might eat your dinner off it. I wonder how I should feel after dining off a horizon? New idea. Must try it. Forwards! to STANLEY!

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\* But wasn't—Ed.

## CHAPTER IX.

SUMMIT UP—CHAMPAGNE—KINGS—MUM—NATIVES—LEAVING—CAKE—RACE—HEADS—TOO MANY—OFF—DESCRIPTION—M'SMUGGIN'S WIT—ROWING—HEAT—HAVEN—OLD JOKE—AMERICAN VISITORS—CHIEF OF THE TRIBE—WHO?—BRIGAND—DUMCRAMBO—TERROR—HESITATION—OLLENDORFIAN—ONWARDS—ROW, BROTHERS, ROW—THE MEETING—END OF ACT—CURTAIN.

FROM the summit of the hill, we had now before us, for thousands of miles and miles, a magnificent champagne country, which in accordance with my own feeling at the moment, I at once christened *Trayseck*.

The King of this country who bears the name of RHEO BOUM, came out to meet us with his brother JERRY BOUM—no relations, as I subsequently ascertained, to the gentlemen who used to have the Cremorne Gardens—and accompanied by the two Prime Ministers PUMMERI and GRAYNO, and all the MAGNUMS of the place, as well as by an elderly lady, the Queen Mother, whom both the royal brothers respectfully addressed as "Mum."

They seemed a very uppish set with a strong family resemblance among them; in fact, as the Printer's Boy remarked, in his own graphic way, there "seemed to be only one sort of 'phiz' among the lot."

At first I thought we had met with a most intelligent specimen of the savage; but, though they made a great noise at first, they were very soon drunk, and then I dis-

covered them to be the emptiest set I had ever come across.

We came away with a few dozen of the wine of the country, and as much more as we could conveniently carry.

Before leaving, I made a sketch of these extraordinary people.



It was necessary to press forward, as up to this time, I had not yet found STANLEY.

At this point we came upon the extraordinary Tap-cock Falls, above the lower basin.

Here the natives, a very cleanly race, came out to meet us, and offer us refreshments, of which we stood much in need. After helping ourselves freely from the exquisitely

scented contents of the *sôpe*-dishes (the *spécialité* among the people, who are amply provided with the material in question), and having regaled ourselves with a few *barthbunz* (a sort of rich cake,) we witnessed a race between three of the native *Tow'losses*, who ran a course without any jockeys. The first *Tow'loss* was much cheered as he passed the grand Wash-stand, where we were seated, but the race being a flat one—more than usually flat—did not interest me much. Besides I wanted to get on. When I intimated this, the simple people replied that I couldn't "get on" except at a hundred to one. This I courteously but firmly declined, adding with unmistakable irony, as I politely bowed myself out, "Mr. WALKER, I presume!"

They were a small, but sharp, tribe; and after counting heads, I found that they just exceed my own party by one. This decided me. They were one too many for us; and so I determined on leaving as quickly as possible.

Their costumes were indescribable. One line will, sportingly, sum up this curious tribe—*i. e.*, a *small race with nothing on*.

After dipping in the lower basin, with another refresher from the *sôpe*-dishes, we took, as McSMUGGINS the Ventriloquist said, (quoting from an entertainment of his own), "our dip first, and our dip-arter," and congratulated ourselves on getting clean away.

After a few days' rowing in the *Arkadia*—with myself seated under the awning, cheering my men, and keeping them up to their work, which I must say was none of the lightest, considering that the thermometer stood at 120° in the shade (*i. e.*, under the awning)—we



passed one of the pleasantest-looking islands I have ever seen, offering a vast haven of rest to the weary and sunburnt traveller.

"Now who will o'er the downs so free?" I sang out cheerily to my men, who really wanted encouragement—"I mean, who's for shore?"

They all held up their hands, except TIDLİ WINKI, the native Guide, who implored us not to attempt a landing on this spot.

"Why not?" I asked, casting a longing glance towards the cool inlets of water, sheltered by umbrageous overhanging trees.

"Because," he replied, as though he were answering a riddle—"because, Master, that place has a very bad reputation! It is full of shady coves."

It was with great difficulty that I managed to save WINKI from the vengeance of the crew, who having all heard the joke years before, in their early childhood, would have torn him to pieces, cruelly reminding them of home and comfort, by his ill-timed levity. MCSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist and Entertainer, was specially indignant, as he had used the joke so often in his entertainments, that he came to look upon it quite affectionately as his own.

TIDLİ WINKI protested that he had meant what he had said, but promised, at an intimation from me, not to do so again.

"Yes!" I murmured, half-unconsciously to myself, "I would like to do the island!"

"You must get up very early in the morning, Mas-

ter," answered the snubbed TIDLI, "if *that* is your intention!"

"I have been there and still would *not* go," he presently added with a sigh, "for they know, only too well, under which thimble is concealed the little pea; they are perfectly up to the right card to choose out of the three; and they are old hands at the Confidence Trick."

The fact was that some American Missionaries had been there, and judging from our thermometer had found the place too hot. They left early.

"Who is their Chief?" I inquired; for his account of the place awakened my interest.

M'YIONYU smiled.

"Who is it?" I repeated, sternly, for when I am in my imperative mood I am not to be trifled with.

"You do not know, Master?" asked TIDLI, in utter astonishment.

"I do not," I replied sternly from the steerage.

"I will tell you," said M'YIONYU, with an air of importance. "It is DUMCRAMBO the Brigand!"

At the mention of this redoubtable name, the Printer's Boy gave a whack on the drum, TIDLI clashed the cymbals, and McSMUGGINS imitated chords on the violoncello. All the others threw themselves into various *poses* indicating intense terror. It was a tableau calculated to strike with awe natures less impressionable than my own.

When they had recovered, I asked,

"Who will go with me?"

A dogged silence was the only answer.

On repeating my question, and obtaining no reply, I

said aloud, as if to myself, in my bitingly sarcastic Ollendorffian style.

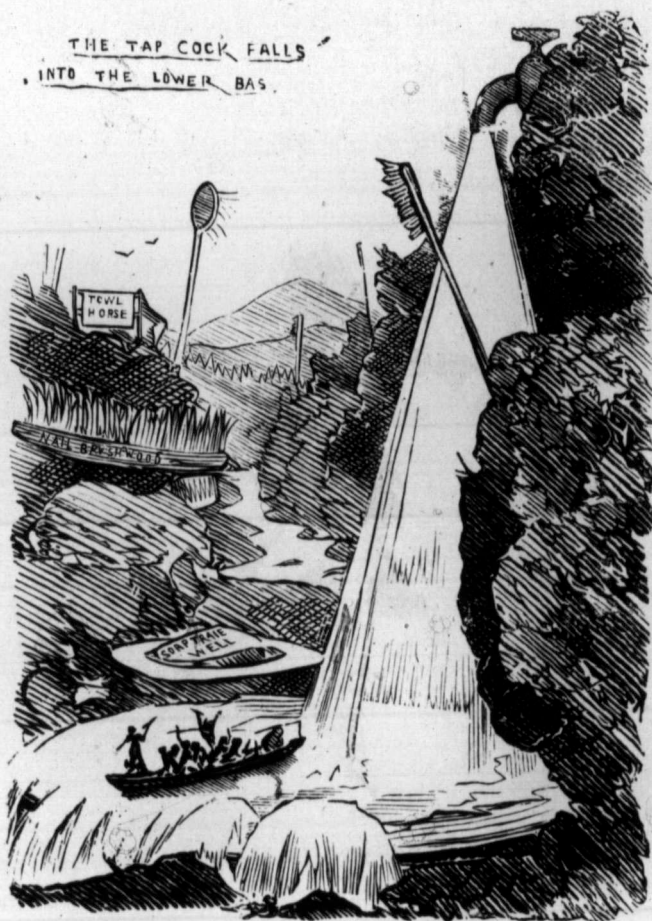
"Good. The Sailors will not go with the Captain. The Captain will go without (*sans*) the Sailors. The good Captain will have all the gold, and the silver, and the diamonds, and the jewels, the beautiful treasures in the mines of this island. But the Explorer's companions (*i.e.* the companions of the Explorer), will have nothing. Let the bad Sailors row to the shore. The good Captain commands the bad Sailors to row to the shore.

They obeyed my order with alacrity.

"Master," exclaimed TIDLI, suddenly, "I will go with you. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and what was to be, and what isn't to be, won't be," he added, with true Mahomedan fatalism. "If we lose *you*, Master, we lose everything," said the grateful fellow, as spokesman for the rest. He acted as Spokesman, on account of his being the man at the wheel.

After half-an-hour's hard pulling, I leapt ashore, and, my men being exhausted, I carried away with me the oars, mast, sail, &c., and then loosened the fastenings of the *Arkadia*, which at once came to pieces. I left the rudder with them, and as I had got all the bolts with me, I knew they couldn't make a bolt without me, and so felt satisfied.

Rising early, I went to the top of the hill, and saw a man striking an attitude. Having always a sympathy with the weak, and noticing that the man was about to strike it again, and this without the smallest provocation, I interfered.



The person, thus interrupted in his cruel sport—for every savage thinks he has a natural right to strike his own attitude as much as he likes—was in evening dress, and began, forthwith making signs of amity to us.

“He has been out all night,” said McSMUGGINS, suspiciously.



"I know him," cried M'YIONYU, the Detective, "from information I've received, it is ——."

"Who?" I asked breathlessly.

He replied in a thrilling whisper,

"DUMCRAMBO, the Brigand!"




DUMCRAMBO, THE NATIVE BRIGAND.

*In Evening Dress, making Signs of Amity to us.*

(From a sketch taken on the spot. N.B.—Notice the eye, which is well dotted, and gives a double or treacherous expression to the Brigand's countenance.)

## CHAPTER X. AND LAST.

OLD GUIDE—NEW ONE—KUMKUM—GOGO—TIDLI—WINKI  
 —ON AGAIN—MAPS—DIFFICULTIES—NAMES—ELASTI-  
 CITY—MARVELLOUS—WONDERFUL—COMPANY—RHIGAT-  
 TURS—REVERENDS—STRANGE—AN INTERVIEW—A DIS-  
 CUSSION—DRYNESS—SHYNESS—SLYNESS—WHERE IS  
 STANLEY?—THE NOTE—THE NEW TRIBE—THE BLACK  
 MAIL—MISLAID LETTER—BACK AGAIN—ACCOUNTS—RE-  
 TROSPECT—DISPERSION—ASPERSION—DIFFICULTIES TO  
 THE LAST—FINAL TABLEAU—END OF THE EXPEDITION.

UR Guide up to this time had been the honest and worthy native WINKI. He had joined us at Kumkum, but left us at Gogo. Here he introduced his young brother, TIDLI WINKI, who, he informed us, would supply his place. At first I thought they must be twins, as TIDLI was so like WINKI.

This morning we arrived at the Great RHIGATTUR Country. The rivers here are wonderful. The district is mainly inhabited by the various TEETO TALLA tribes, who live entirely on the water.

The RHIGATTURS include all the different races on the numerous water-courses. The sources of the rivers can be seen from the mountains; and though, being as they are, so beautiful, I had scarcely the heart to call them names, yet I felt bound to include them on my new maps (sixpence, plain; and a shilling, coloured; and eighteen-

pence for the larger size, *with more places in it*), under such titles as would at once remind the future traveller of the old home, and the new Continent, while giving him an extra relish for his enjoyment, *viz.*, the source on my left, I called *The Fresh Elizabeth Lazenby* ; the one before me, *The New Reading* ; the one on my right, *The New Club* ; a grand source, to the south, I christened *The Improved Worcester*, and so on. I made MCSMUGGINS undo the labels ; while the Printer's Boy, who had wanted to desert, and sneak off, but had been watched by M'YIONYU the Detective, was ordered to cut a few sticks—his own *not* included—to be placed at different points, with the labels affixed.

The sources and re-sources of this Dark Continent are, I have no hesitation in saying it, *something fabulous!* Where are the enterprising people, who will at once start a Dark Continent Company, with me for the Manager ? Here as I sit on the top of one of the highest mountains, I meditate on the elasticity of the country, which I see actually *stretching away before me for hundreds of miles*. There it is, stretching and growing, like a young baby of a country, as it is.

Asto the mines—close to the rivers—they are absolutely overloaded ; and in the streams themselves you absolutely see the shining ore on the surface. But I must be silent. Be still, my heart, until I can form a Company.

These simple people have, at some time or other, imbibed a sort of notion of Christianity ; that is, from what I can gather, Christianity as connected with the division of tribes into parishes. I fancy that in very early days,—the days of the very early bird, I mean,—a Dutch mis-

sionary trader went astray here, lost on the coast, with a cargo of Dutch metal. He was, I imagine, from their hazy traditions, a Baptist, accompanied by his wife, ANNA, Baptist. The tribes are divided by the rivers into parishes, called *Waterkures*, under charge of a sort of Reverend Overseer, called a *Waterkurit*. The one thing remarkable in their legends is the absence of all that is beneficent in the supernatural.

The Teeto Talla tribes do not believe in the existence of any but bad spirits. Yet they are superstitious, and believe firmly in the efficacy of philtres—but they are all water philtres—and each stream has its own charms for those who visit it.

The men of the *Rhigattur* tribe—including their Reverend *Waterkurits*—are much addicted to spells on the river.

“And,” I asked of their Chief Splashur—a sort of *Episcopus in partibus aquarum*, or ‘Bishop of Bath and Wells,’ which is much the same thing—as we sat after our quiet rubber, which succeeded an evening bathe, and, as he was always losing, considerably, restored my circulation, just then getting rather low, “do you not believe in The Immeasurable Good?”

He shook his head gravely—he has a large head, as have most of these Teeto Tallas, owing, I fancy, to the constant water on the brain—as their heads are full of it—and, after assuming his Discussion Cap, replied,

“No; not in The Immeasurable Good: but we fully believe in the Immense Well.”

I was beginning to feel rather dry. Theological argument generally has that effect on me; in fact, as a rule,



I never commence it until the third bottle after dinner. Besides, I wanted to convert him. How much this poor man lost through his utter ignorance of the supernatural!—not the bad in the supernatural world, but the Good Spirits, the pure Spirits, which will do no mortal any harm!

“But,” I went on, “do you absolutely disbelieve in the existence of spirits in this country?”

“There are none,” he replied.

“Then,” I remarked slyly, “some one ‘does’ your duties.”

“No,” he replied simply, “what duties there are for me to do, I do myself. As a matter of fact there are none to do.”

I didn’t believe him, the old rascal, for his nose was as red as a glowing coal. However, I was in a hurry to be off out of such an anomalous country—a dry country full of water—and so I said,

“Well, your Reverence, you’ll just square up for that last rubber”—it had been double dummy—“and I’m off.”

He couldn’t. He oughtn’t to have played. I knew it, and threatened to expose him. He implored for mercy, as exposure would ruin himself and family. “Would I,” he asked, “take it out in water?” I reflected. I fancied I saw what he meant by the twinkle of his old eye. I looked him full in the face, and said with intention,

“I will take it out in water, and I will take it in in water, and if you’ll only give me sufficient, I will promise to leave the country at once, and not say a word to a soul on the subject.”

He put his finger to his nose.

"I believe," he said, "in the existence of bad spirits; but there is also the Great Water Spirit, who is good and generous, and who is only known to a very few here; you understand, jolly companions, every one!"

"Exactly so," I returned, capping his quotation, "and we won't go home till morning. I'm fly."

He took me to his Water-Kurasee, and showed me in a secret cave some water-kuraso, the knowledge of whose existence is confined entirely to the superior clergy. After bargaining with him for a couple of bottles, he then showed me into another cellar which he said was the abode of the Good Water Spirit, *Odevee*.

"Good, ain't it?" he asked, as I sipped it.

"Superb," I replied, handing my glass to be refilled. "Odevee for ever!"

We drank each other's health. We toasted "absent friends, and long might they be so!"

"This is jolly," said the Arch-Waterkurit, tossing off his fifth glass.

"Very," I replied, keeping pace with his movements, "and so quiet! Not a soul to disturb us."

I had just gone on to a fresh tap, when, from behind a cask, stepped forward a figure, bottle in hand, and at first quite unrecognisable by his best friends, being so completely disguised in liquor.

Recovering my self-possession, and uncovering in the presence of a visitor, I took off my hat and said as distinctly as I could, my accent having become affected by the constant use of outlandish languages, "Mishter SHTANLEY, I pr'shume."

The man staggered forward. It was M'YIONYU the Detective. (*Private Diary.* I have made up my mind to get rid of M'YIONYU on the first opportunity. I took him as a detective on purpose to find out STANLEY or anybody else, and he is always detecting *me*. I remonstrated with him this morning, but he says he can't help it; it's in him, and that's how he makes his money. He got a good round sum out of the Arch-Waterkurit, of whom he threatened to tell, calling as witnesses myself and McSMUGGINS, who, as a Ventriloquist, can always command several voices, and we, in the interests of morality, backed him up, and then when the Arch-Waterkurit paid over the coin, and surrendered several bottles of Odevee on condition of our secrecy and leaving the country at once, Old M'YIONYU wouldn't divide until he said "we had got well away." Now *he* has got well away, and I can't find him anywhere. The Ventriloquist is still with me. Also the Printer's Boy. We daren't go back to the Rhigattur Country, as the Arch-Waterkurit and all his officials have been preaching against us, and the people are tremendously incensed—though this, I believe, is an ordinary portion of the religious rites.)

I haven't made much by this journey. Wish I could come up with STANLEY.

I should have gone on with it myself, but that I was preparing a paper for the British Ass-Sociation, to read when called for. It is "A Note on a Perspiring Tribe slowly melting away under a Tropical Sun on the STERIO-SKOPPICO frontier." The people of this tribe are known as Fotos. There are bad Fotos, good Fotos, and indifferent Fotos—human nature being pretty much alike every-

where. Their creed is divided into Positivism and Negativism. I am generally opposed to anything resembling the Slave Trade, but as I was not allowed to take a Foto, without paying for the privilege, I bought one. Life is valueless among these strange people, and often in a morning's walk have I seen as many as a hundred Fotos hung up in a public place.

I am informed that their views of marriage are superstitious in the extreme; one of the parents giving her consent with reluctance, as the sacrifice of a mother-in-law is considered an act of heroic virtue.

*Extract from Diary.*—This evening sent letter to England by Black Mail, asking for cheque on account. Exploration must come to an end, if cheque doesn't arrive. Mine is an un-chequered existence at present. I have drawn for the Editor a touching picture of our wretched state; I wish the Editor would draw something that would touch me. Then how about the Proprietors? I've got reams of their advertisements to stick all over the Keep-it-Dark Continent—just to enlighten them—but I can't use them *without paste*. How to make paste without the tin? Impossible. If they only knew what they are losing. And how about that friend in the North to whom they telegraphed and who wired back "Yes!"

There are several political water-parties in the Rhigatur country, but they are included under two heads, the *Torpids* and the *Rapids*.

The only crimes ever committed here are known as "Aquarian Outrages," and generally arise from envy of a Torpid, in consequence of some more than usually dashing action of the Rapids, when he will go out in a boat at



night with a gun for the purpose of shooting one of the Rapids, in which nefarious design he generally succeeds, but not without considerable personal risk.

● But I am expecting some return, per the Black Mail, who has left this evening for England.\*



THE BLACK MAIL (STARTING).

We returned to Jarnziribar. Then came the moment of settling up with my merry men. This lasted some time, as I had to go into all the accounts very carefully before I could declare a dividend.

On the afternoon of the fifth day I published a report, showing a clear profit to everybody at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum on the takings throughout the tour,

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\* *Note by Editor.*—This Messenger never arrived. We wish he had, as we should then have known what to do. Pray accept apologies; but this will explain apparent neglect.

including the race with *Old Scratch*, the Dark Horse, and the entertainment at Mossi.

The total amount I proposed to carry forward as far as England, where, being properly invested, the dividend would be considerably increased.



LEVYING THE BLACK MAIL.

This explains *why* he never arrived. From a drawing taken on the spot. The two villains are *probably* M'YIONYU and McSMUGGINS in disguise.

In order to put this plan into successful operation as speedily as possible, I set to work to pack up all the coin in bags previous to setting sail. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw looking in and flattening their noses against the panes of the windows, which were as firmly closed as the doors. How could I satisfy all the claims? Except in one way, and on this I decided.

The Printer's Boy, who was as amenable to kicks as to half-pence, assisted me in my manoeuvre, and M'YIONYU, the Detective, also gave me the greatest possible help, though unconsciously.

I called M'YIONYU to me, and having thanked him in a set speech, and complimented him on his personal appearance and his generally meritorious conduct, I presented him with a cheque on the United Alliance Greenland Bank Company for double the amount claimed, begging him to get it cashed early next morning, so as to be beforehand with McSMUGGINS. Then I summoned the latter gentleman, and explaining to him that he had merited well of his country, I wrote him a draft on the North Bank (Regent's Park Branch), and requesting him not to mention the circumstance to M'YIONYU, I gave him as an extra douceur, my best suit of reversible travelling clothes, my expanding hat, patent umbrella, and all complete.

As I had expected, he at once set out to see what could be done with the draft, but, it being late at night, there was no chance of his cashing it in Jarnziribar ; so he immediately started to make the best of his way back to Mossi, where he thought the soft-headed tribes would cash his cheque, or give him beads, gold, a farm and cattle in exchange.

Then followed exactly what I had anticipated. All the people who had been bothering me with their claims, and who had been hanging about my camp-office all day, seeing (*as they judged by my clothes, hat, and umbrella*) me on horseback, galloping off in the direction of the far West hills, at once procured every available animal, cart, chaise, bathing machine anything on wheels, or on four

legs, and gave chase. Away went McSMUGGINS, like *Johnny Gilpin*, and away went everyone in Jarnziribar (who had pretended claims on me) after him. M'YIONYU was employed to pursue the fugitive, and as the job was made worth his while, he went for him.

In the meantime, I and the Printer's Boy put the *Arkadia* together, and in the silent night, with beating hearts full of gratitude, we entered the rowing compartment boat of our tight and trim craft, *The Arkadia*.

As we were launching it into the deep, a small crowd of brave fellows rushed down to render some assistance. They pushed us off, and we pushed them off. Then, as they clung on to the boat affectionately, we shook their hands heartily, detaching them from the boat's sides with a walking-stick and a boat-hook as quietly as possible, or, as our sail was hoisted, and the breeze was already propelling us at the rate of twenty knots an hour, the poor fellows might have been carried away miles to seaward, and Heaven knows what might have happened them—and, by the way, Heaven only knows what did, as, perhaps, like my Costa Rica Stock, they may have gone down to rise no more. They deserved a better fate: I wish they may get it.

But regrets are useless. We were away, at last, on the bounding and boundless ocean, and as with swelling sails, and bustling hearts, we went with the gale for the Bay of Biscay oh (or somewhere else), we waved a long farewell to Jarnziribar, and at one A.M., with a southerly wind, and a cloudy sky proclaiming a sailing morning, the wind blowing well from the Coast and out to sea, we felt all the joy of a moonlight trip without any of the expense,



and at one A.M. *The Off-to-find-Stanley Expedition* was no more. The rest is silence; I have no cue for going on, and so, as I want the rest, I take it.

## L'ENVOI.

Where is STANLEY? where is he? Good title for comic song, "*Mister Stanley, I presume?*" and if nothing else comes of my travels, at least this source of income is open to me. I think I've got a tune; something between "*In my Cottage near a Wood,*" and another,—as yet unsettled. No good trying to find him here. I shall come across him in Paris.

Grand opening for me in Cyprus. May find STANLEY there; but mind, no cheque, no STANLEY.

If I do find him, I hope I shall find him very well.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, Sir! had you but shown a little more trust and confidence, you would have had a great deal more for the money.

Adieu! Adieu!

*Editor's Note.*—Our intrepid contributor has not yet reappeared. The Boy has turned up again, looking the picture of misery, and the victim of a settled gloom. He has never been repaid for the coffee which he stood as a treat to the explorer, who said he was going to find STANLEY. When cross-examined as to where he had been, he commenced a long story about men with black faces and awful-looking instruments, and of strange sights and sounds, and wild sands and rocks. He has not yet recovered from the effects of travelling, and is still wandering in his mind. His mother is of opinion that he has not been further than Margate. This Boy has a future before him.

THE END.

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