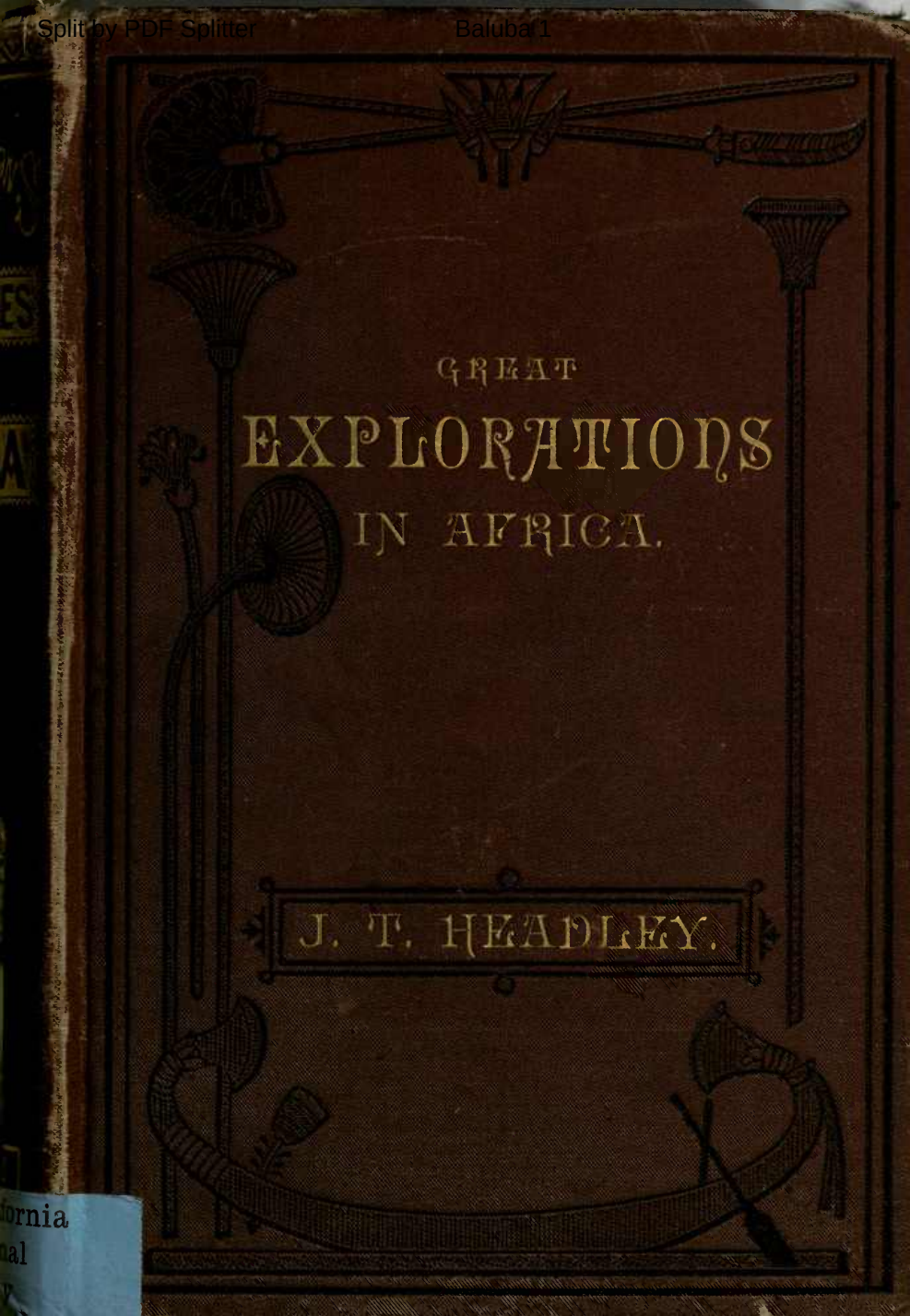

GREAT

EXPLORATIONS

IN AFRICA.

J. T. HEADLEY.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

(From a photograph taken recently in London).

GREAT EXPLORATIONS

IN THE

WILDS OF AFRICA,

INCLUDING

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION

WITH A FORCE OF NEARLY TWO THOUSAND MEN TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE;

LIEUT. CAMERON'S "ACROSS AFRICA,"

WITH THESE TRAVELERS' MARVELOUS ACCOUNTS OF FIGHTING THE NATIVES,

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, ELEPHANT AND LION,

AND

HENRY M. STANLEY'S

STORY OF HIS LAST AND GREATEST WORK AND EXPLORATIONS IN ORGANIZING AND BRINGING INTO THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

"THE CONGO FREE STATE,"

WITH ITS OWN GOVERNMENT AND ITS OWN FLAG, AND THUS OPENING TO THE COMMERCE OF THE WORLD THE PRODUCTS OF FORTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE—ONE OF THE GRANDEST CONQUESTS EVER WON FOR CIVILIZATION IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY —WITH A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF

"CHINESE" GORDON IN AFRICA.

THE WHOLE CAREFULLY EDITED BY

HON. J. T. HEADLEY, D.D.,

Author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," "Sacred Mountains," etc., etc.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALL explorations in Africa in former years were made by travelers simply to gratify curiosity or from a desire to penetrate beyond lines reached by other men. All the results they desired or expected to achieve were amusement and fame. But in later years they have assumed an entirely different aspect. From Livingstone, who first began to open up the "dark continent," to Cameron and Stanley, who pierced its very heart, all the explorations have tended to one great end—the civilization and Christianization of the vast population that inhabits it. No matter what the ruling motives may have been in each—whether, as in Livingstone, to introduce Christianity; or, in Baker, to put a stop to the slave trade; or, in Stanley, to unlock the mystery of ages—the tendency has been the same: to bring Africa into the family of continents instead of being the earth's "pariah;" to throw light on this black spot of our planet, and make those who inhabit it practically and morally what they are really—a portion of the human race.

The men who have contributed most to this great end are those whose explorations are traced in this volume. As in all books of travel there is much that is merely personal, and a *great* deal, though necessary to accurate geography and natural science, yet is of no interest to the ordinary reader, one is able to curtail them without in any way lessening their intrinsic value. So, also, the incidents and adventures of any special interest may be groped together without all those minute details that go to make up a daily journal. In fact, the great drawback to the interest one takes in a book of travels, is, those *tedious details* that go so far toward making it up. What the traveller thinks worthy of recording, is not

always what the reader deems worthy of perusal. There are always meteorological observations, geological theories, dissertations on language and ethnological questions and statistics, that may be more or less valuable, and yet possess little interest to the general reader. All these may be left out or results alone given, without not only not injuring the book, but really adding to its interest.

We have acted on this theory in giving in one volume the contents of seven. In doing this, we have endeavored to leave out nothing of real value to the general reader, but, on the contrary, to make the narrative, by being more consecutive and direct, more interesting. The truth is, the trouble is not to make a *large* book of travels, but a *compact*, *racy*, and *readable* one. The tendency always is to expand too much—to spread a little matter over a large space. The works of the travelers mentioned in this volume cover different ground, and hence each one possesses an interest peculiar to itself, while all tend to the same end. A person, therefore, who reads the narrative of only one, gets but a partial idea of what has been going on in Africa for the last few years. It is desirable to know all, and yet few can buy all the expensive books of the various travelers. We have in this work endeavored to meet that want, so that one, at a moderate expense, can acquaint himself with all that has been lately achieved in Africa, as well as obtain a thorough knowledge of the habits and customs of the various people and tribes that inhabit that continent.

Acknowledgment is due and is hereby tendered to Messrs Scribner & Co. for their kind permission to draw from Mr. Stanley's first volume, "How I found Livingstone." Also to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who have kindly permitted us to extract from Sir Samuel Baker's book "Ismailia."

J. T. HEADLEY.

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CHAPTER I.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

How Republican Institutions Develop Character—Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant and Stanley—The Latter a Native of Wales—Educated in a Poor-House—Becomes a Teacher—Ships as a Cabin-boy to New Orleans—Adopted by a Merchant and takes his Name—Lives in the Arkansas Forest—Given up as Dead by his Adopted Father—Returns on Board a Mississippi Flat-Boat—Death of his Father without making a Will—Life with the Miners and Indians—Enters the Confederate Army—Is taken Prisoner—Enlists in the United States Navy—Goes to join the Cretans to Fight against Turkey—Robbed by Brigands—Travels—Visits his Native Place—Gives the Children of the Poor-House a Dinner—Makes an Address—Herald Correspondent in the War between England and Abyssinia—Beats the Government Messenger—Sent to Spain as War Correspondent—Receives a Startling Telegram from Mr. Bennett to come to Paris—Hasty Departure—Affectionate Parting with Children—Singular Interview with Mr. Bennett—Accepts the Leadership of an Expedition to find Livingstone—His peculiar Fitness for the Undertaking—His Remarkable Qualities as Exhibited in this and His last March across Africa.

STANLEY is one of those characters that forcibly illustrate the effect of Republican institutions in developing a strong man. Despotism cannot fetter thought—that is free everywhere—but it can and does restrain its outworking into practical action. The former do not make great strong men, they allow those endowed by nature with extraordinary gifts, free scope for action. This fact never had, perhaps, a more striking illustration than in the French Revolution. The iron frame-work of despotism had rested so long over the heads of the people that it had become rusted in its place, and no individual force or strength could rend it asunder. But when the people, in their fury, shattered it into fragments, there was exhibited the marvelous effects of individual character. A lieutenant of artillery vaulted to

the throne of France and made marshals and dukes and kings of plebeians. A plebeian himself, he took to his plebeian bed the daughter of the Cæsars. He took base-born men and pitted them against nobles of every degree, and the plebeians proved themselves the better men. Thus, no matter how despotic he became, he and his marshals and new-made kings were the most terrible democracy that could be preached in Europe. The mighty changes that were wrought, simply show what results may be expected when the whole world shall be thus set free and every man be allowed to strike his best and strongest blow. When the race is thus let loose on the planet we inhabit, we shall see the fulfillment of that prophecy, "a nation shall be born in a day." The same truth is apparent in our own country, though its exhibitions are not so sudden and startling. Indeed they could not be, because this freedom of action has no restraints to break through, and hence no violent effort is required. Every man grows and expands by degrees without let or hindrance. In a despotism, Webster would probably have taught school in a log schoolhouse all his days, and the "mill boy of the sloshes" never made the great forum of a nation ring with his words of eloquence, nor the "rail-splitter" been the foremost man of his time, nor the tanner-boy the president of the republic. Republican institutions never made any of those men, they simply allowed them to make themselves. Stanley is the latest and most extraordinary example of this. It is folly to point to such men as he as a stimulus to youthful ambition, to show what any man may become. No amount of study or effort can make such a boy or man as he was and is. The energy, daring, self-confidence, promptness and indomitable will were born in him, not acquired. The Latin proverb, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," the poet is born, not made, is not truer of the poet than of a character like him. His characteristics may be pointed out for the admiration of others, his good qualities made a lesson to teach youth how perseverance, and determination, and work will

elevate a man whatever may be his walk in life. A man born with a combination of qualities like Stanley's, must have room given him or he will make room. He has such a surplus of energy and will-power that it must have scope and field for action. A despotism could not have repressed him. He would either have become a wanderer or adventurer in strange lands, or he would have headed a revolution, vaulted to power or to a scaffold, as others have done before him.

But although Stanley developed his whole character under free institutions, he was not born under them, being a native of Wales. He was born near Denbigh, in 1840. His parents' name was Rowland. At three, he was sent to the poor-house at St. Asaph, to get an education. Here the poor, unpromising lad remained till he had finished such an education as this institution could furnish, and then sought employment as a teacher; and for a year was employed as such at Mold, Flintshire. But now the strong instincts of his nature began to show themselves. He felt that a school-teacher's life, however honorable and useful, could not be his, and, with his scant earnings, shipped as cabin-boy in a ship bound for New Orleans. Arriving in safety, he began to look about for employment. By what lucky chance it happened we do not know, but he fell into the hands of a merchant named Stanley, who became so attached to the frank, energetic, ambitious youth that he finally adopted him and gave him his name. Thus the Welsh boy Rowland became the American youth Stanley. Fortune had certainly smiled on him, and his future seemed secure. As the partner and eventually heir of his benefactor, as he doubtless would become, fortune, ease, and a luxurious life lay before him. But even here, so pleasantly situated and cared for, the same restless spirit that has since driven him over the world, exhibited itself, and he wandered off into the wilds of Arkansas, and in his log-cabin on the banks of the Wichita River, with the pine-trees moaning above him, he dwelt for a long time, among the strange, wild dreams

of imagination and daring youth. His adopted father mourned him as dead, never expecting to behold him again. But he made his way to the Mississippi, and going on board a flat-boat, became the companion of the rough western characters to be found on these boats, and slowly floated down to New Orleans, and was received by his overjoyed father as one risen from the dead.

But just here, fortune, which seemed to have had him in her special care, took another step forward by apparently deserting him. His adopted father suddenly died without making his will. His place and prospective heirship both disappeared together, and the curtain was let down between him and a pleasant successful future. Doubtless that father intended to provide for his adopted son, but now all the property went to the natural legal heirs, and he was once more thrown upon the world. In the delirium of an African fever, tossing in his hammock, far from the haunts of civilization, there came back to him an episode of his life at this point. We learn that impelled by his roving disposition, he wandered away among the California miners, and at last among the Indians, and sat by their council fires. He seemed destined to see every phase of human life, to become acquainted with the roughest characters, to prepare him for the wildest of all men, the African savage. This kind of life also toughened and hardened the fibre of the youth, so that he settled down into the man with a constitution of iron, without which he could not have endured the trials he has since undergone, and still retain his health and physical powers unworn. At this time a new field opened before him. The civil war broke out, and being a Southern man, he enlisted in the Confederate army. This was a kind of service just adapted to his peculiar character, one in which a man with the courage, daring, energy, promptness and indomitable will that he possessed, was sure to win fame and promotion. But before he had time to exhibit these qualities, fate, that seemed against him to human

eyes, again advanced a step toward future success by causing him to be taken prisoner by the Union troops. As a prisoner he was worthless, and the Union cause really having his sympathies, he proposed to enlist in the Northern army. Whether the military authorities were afraid of this sudden conversion, or not daring to give too much freedom of action to one who showed by his whole bearing and language, that there was no undertaking too daring for him to attempt, we are not told, but they put him where he would probably have little chance to show what stuff he was made of, and he was placed on the iron-clad ship Ticonderoga. It is said, he was released as a prisoner and volunteered to enlist in the navy. Be that as it may, though totally unfit for service of any kind on board of a man-of-war, he soon became acting ensign. At the close of the war he looked about for some field of active service, and what little war he had seen seemed to fit his peculiar character, and hearing that the Cretans were about to attempt to throw off the Turkish yoke, he resolved to join them. He proceeded thither with two other Americans, after having first made an engagement with the New York *Herald* as its correspondent. Disgusted, it is said, with the insurgent leaders, he abandoned his purpose, and having a sort of roving commission from Mr. Bennett, he determined to travel in the East. But he and his fellow-travellers were attacked by Turkish brigands, and robbed of all their money and clothing. They laid their complaint before Mr. Morris, our minister at Constantinople, who in turn laid it before the Turkish Government. At the same time he advanced them funds to supply their wants and they departed. After various journeyings he finally returned to England. Here a strong desire seized him to visit the place of his nativity in Wales, the house where he was born, and the humble dwelling where he received the first rudiments of his education at St. Asaph. One can imagine the feelings with which this bronzed young man, who had travelled so far and wide, entered the quiet valley from which he had departed so long ago

to seek his fortune. It speaks well for his heart, that his sympathies turned at once toward the poor-house of which he had been an inmate in his childhood. Remembering that the greatest boon that could have been conferred at that time on him would have been a good, generous dinner, he resolved to give those poor children one. One would like to have been present at it. The daring young adventurer in the presence of those simple, wonder-struck children would make a good subject for a picture. We venture to say that Mr. Stanley enjoyed that unobtrusive meal in that quiet Welsh valley more than he has ever since enjoyed a banquet with nobles and princes; and as the shadows of life lengthen he will look back on it with more real pleasure. He addressed them, giving them a familiar talk, telling them that he was once one of their number, accompanying it with good advice, saying for their encouragement, and to stimulate them to noble endeavors, that all he had been in the past and all he hoped to be in the future, he should attribute to the education he had received in that poor-house.

This was a real episode in his eventful life, and, though it doubtless soon passed away in the more stirring scenes on which he entered, yet the remembrance of it still lingers around that quiet, retired Welsh valley, and, to-day, the name of Stanley is a household word there, and the pride and glory of its simple inhabitants. And as time goes on and silvers those dark hairs, and the "almond-tree flourishes" and "desire fails, because man goeth to his long home," he, too, will remember it as one of those green oases he once longed to see and found in the arid desert.

In 1867, then twenty-seven years of age, he returned to the United States and, in the next year, accompanied the English army in its campaign against Theodore, King of Abyssinia, set on foot to revenge the wrongs the latter had committed against the subjects and representatives of the British government. He went as correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and gave a vivid and clear account of the painful march and skirmishes up to

the last great battle in the king's stronghold, where, with a gallant dash, the fortress was taken, the king killed and the war ended. With that promptness in acting, which is one of his chief characteristics, he at once dispatched the news of the victory and the ending of the campaign to London, beating the governmental dispatches sent by the commander-in-chief, so that one morning the readers of the London newspapers knew that of which the government was ignorant. This, of course, was a genuine surprise. A young American newspaper correspondent, without a vessel at his command, had nevertheless, by his enterprise, beat the governmental messenger, and steady old conservative England was disgusted to find its time-honored custom reversed, which was that the government should first give notice of successes to the public, leaving to newspaper correspondents to fill up the minor details. But an enterprising young American had furnished the important news, leaving the British government the secondary duty of supplying these details. Notwithstanding the admiration of the enterprise that had accomplished this great feat, there was a ludicrous aspect to the affair, in the position in which it placed official personages, that raised a quiet laugh on both continents. His letters contain the best history of that expedition that has ever been written. This was still another onward step in the great work before him, of which he, as yet, had no intimation. The next year, 1868, he returned to the United States, and in the following year was sent by the *Herald* into Spain, to follow the fortunes of the civil war there, as correspondent. Like everything else that he undertook, he performed his duties more than faithfully. Exposure, danger, hardships, nothing interfered when there was a prospect of acquiring valuable information. It mattered not to him whether he was on the margin or in the vortex of battle—he never thought of anything but the object before him and toward which he bent all his energies. His letters from the seat of war not only gave the best description of the battles fought and of the military

position of affairs, but, also, of the political state of the kingdom. But while he was here, considering himself fixed down for an indefinite period, for Spain is proverbial for the protracted duration of its civil wars, Mr. Bennett, in Paris, was planning an expedition to go in search of Dr. Livingstone, buried, alive or dead, somewhere in the heart of Africa. The sympathies of everybody were enlisted in his fate, yet the British government, though he had done so much to enhance the fame of his native country, refused to stir a step toward ascertaining his fate or relieving him if in want or bondage. The Royal Geographical Society, ashamed of the apathy and indifference of the government, had started a subscription to raise funds from private sources to defray the expenses of an expedition to go in search of him. In the meantime this American editor, scorning alike state patronage or private help, conceived the bold project of finding him himself. Looking round for a suitable leader to command an expedition, his eyes rested on Stanley in Spain. And here should be noted the profound sagacity of Mr. Bennett in selecting such a leader for this desperate expedition, that was to go no one knew where, and end no one knew at what point. Most people thought it was a mammoth advertisement of the New York *Herald*, nothing more. If he was in earnest, why did he not select some one of the many African explorers who were familiar with the regions of Central Africa, and had explored in the vicinity of where Livingstone was by the best judges, supposed to be, if alive? Men, for instance, like Speke, Baker, Burton, Grant and others. This certainly would have given eclat to the expedition, and, if it failed in its chief object, would unquestionably furnish new facts for the geographer and the man of science. But to send one who made no pretensions to science, no claims to be a meteorologist, botanist, geologist, or to be familiar with astronomical calculations, all of which are indispensable to a great explorer, seemed absurd. But Mr. Bennett had no intention of making new scientific or geographi-

cal discoveries. He had but one object in view—to find Dr. Livingstone—and on the true Napoleonic system of selecting the best man to accomplish a single object, he, with Napoleonic sagacity, fixed on Stanley. The celebrated men who would have given greater distinction to the enterprise would, doubtless, divide up their time and resources between scientific research and the chief object of the expedition, and thus cause delays that might defeat it; or, with more or less of the martinet about them, push their researches only to a reasonable extent and be content with reports instead of personal investigation. But he wanted a man who had but one thing to do, and not only that, but a man who would accomplish the errand on which he was sent or die in the attempt. This was to be no mere well-regulated expedition, that was to turn back when all reasonable efforts had been made. It was one that, if desperate straits should come, would resort to desperate means, and he knew that with Stanley at its head this would be done. He knew that Stanley would fetch out Livingstone, dead or alive, or leave his bones to bleach in the wilds of Africa. The latter was comparatively young, it was true; had always accompanied, never led, expeditions. He knew nothing of Africa, how an expedition should be organized or furnished; it mattered not. Bennett knew he had resources within himself—nerves that never flinch, courage that no amount of danger could daunt, a will that neither an African fever nor a wasted form could break down, and a resolution of purpose that the presence of death itself could not shake, while, to complete all, he had a quickness and accuracy of judgment in a perilous crisis, followed by equally quick and right action, which would extricate him out of difficulties that would overwhelm men who had all his courage, will and energy, but were slower in coming to a decision. This latter quality is one of the rarest ever found even in the strongest men; to think quick and yet think right; to come to a right decision as if by impulse, is a power few men possess. To go swift and yet straight as the can-

non ball or lightning's flash, gives to every man's actions tenfold power. In this lay the great secret of Napoleon's success. The campaigns were started, while those of others were under discussion, and the thunder and tumult of battle cleared his perceptions and judgment so that no unexpected disaster could occur that he was not ready to meet. This quickness and accuracy of thought and action is one of the prominent characteristics of Stanley, and more than once saved his life and his expedition.

On the 16th day of October, 1869, as he was sitting in his hotel at Madrid, having just returned from the carnage of Valencia, a telegram was handed him. The thunder of cannon and tumult of battle had scarce ceased echoing in his ear when this telegram startled him from his reverie, "Come to Paris on important business." In a moment all was hurry and confusion, his books and pictures were packed, his washed and unwashed clothes were stowed away, and in two hours his trunks were strapped and labeled "Paris." The train started at 3 o'clock, and he still had some time to say good-bye to his friends, and here by mere accident comes out one of the most pleasing traits of his character. Of the friends he is thus to leave, he merely refers to those of the American legation, but dwells with regret on the farewell he must give to two little children, whom he calls his "fast friends." Like a sudden burst of sunlight on a landscape, this unconscious utterance reveals a heart as tender as it is strong, and increases our interest in the man quite as much as in the explorer. At 3 o'clock he was thundering on toward Paris ready, as he said, to go to the batile or the banquet, all the same. His interview with Mr. Bennett reveals the character of both these men so clearly that we give it in Stanley's own words:

"At 3 p.m. I was on my way, and being obliged to stop at Bayonne a few hours, did not arrive at Paris until the following night. I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel,' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

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

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes, sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

"After throwing over his shoulders his *robe de chambre*, Mr. Bennett asked: 'Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'

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

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What,' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes? I mean that you shall go and find him, wherever you hear that he is, and get what news you can of him; and, perhaps'—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—'the old man may be in want. Take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and you will do what is best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!'

"Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with most other men, believed to be dead: 'Have you considered seriously the great expense you are liable to incur on accouut of this little journey?'

"'What will it cost?' he asked, abruptly.

"'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.'

"'Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand and so on—but FIND LIVINGSTONE!'

"Surprised, but not confused, at the order, for I knew that Mr. Bennett, when he had once made up his mind, was not easily drawn aside from his purpose, I yet thought, seeing it was such a gigantic scheme, that he had not quite considered in his own mind the pros and cons of the case, I said: 'I have heard that should your father die you would sell the *Herald*, and retire from business.'

"'Whoever told you so is wrong, for there is not money enough in the United States to buy the New York *Herald*. My father has made it a great paper, but I mean to make it a greater. I mean, that it shall be a newspaper in the true sense of the word; I mean, that it shall publish whatever news may be useful to the world, at no matter what cost.'

"'After that,' said I, 'I have nothing more to say. Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?'

"'No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. I hear Baker is about starting for Upper Egypt. Find out what you can about his expedition, and, as you go up, describe, as well as possible, whatever is interesting for tourists, and then write up a guide—a practical one—for Lower Egypt; tell us about what is worth seeing, and how to see it.

"'Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear that Captain Warren is making some interesting discoveries there. Then visit Constantinople, and find out about the khedive and the sultan.

"'Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea. I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may get through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis.

"'Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then, when you have come to

India, you may go after Dr. Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but, if not, go into the interior and find him, if alive. Get what news of his discovery you can; and if you find that he is dead, bring all possible proofs you can of his being dead. That is all. Good-night, and God be with you.'

"'Good-night, sir,' I said, 'what is in the power of human nature I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon God will be with me.'

"I lodged with young Edward King, who is making such a name in New England. He was just the man who would have delighted to tell the journal he was engaged upon what young Mr. Bennett was doing, and what errand I was bound upon. I should have liked to exhange opinions with him upon the probable results of my journey, but dared not do so. Though oppressed with the great task before me, I had to appear as if only going to be present at the Suez Canal. Young King followed me to the express train bound for Marseilles, and at the station we parted—he to go and read the newspapers at Bowles's Reading-room, I to Central Africa and—who knows? There is no need to recapitulate what I did before going to Central Africa."

He started on his travels, and we hear of him first in Constantinople, from our minister there, Mr. Morris, who had relieved him and his companions when plundered by Turkish brigands. One of Mr. Stanley's traveling companions who had been robbed with himself, accused him of dishonesty in a published letter regarding the money our minister had advanced. It is not necessary to go into this accusation or a refutation of it now, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Morris declared the whole charge false, and as the shortest and most complete refutation of such a charge, we give Mr. Morris's own views of Mr. Stanley:

"The uncouth young man whom I first knew had grown into a perfect man of the world, possessing the appearance, the manners and the attributes of a perfect

gentleman. The story of the adventures which he had gone through and the dangers he had passed during his absence, were perfectly marvelous, and he became the lion of our little circle. Scarcely a day passed but he was a guest at my table, and no one was more welcome, for I insensibly grew to have a strong attachment for him myself." In speaking further on of his projected travels, he said he advised him to go to Persia, which Stanley suddenly came to the conclusion to follow out. "He therefore," he says, "busied himself in procuring letters of introduction to the Russian authorities in Caucasus, in Georgia and in other countries through which he would have to pass."

This is quite enough to put to rest the scandal, that at one time produced quite a sensation, that Stanley had cheated him and misappropriated the funds advanced by him. No explanations are required after this indorsement by Mr. Morris himself.

Of this long and hazardous journey, the columns of the *Herald* gave all the principal details. There is nothing in them that illustrates the peculiar characteristics of Stanley any more or even so much as his subsequent acts, hence his brief summary of this tour, that seems to have had no definite object whatever, except to give the correspondent of the *Herald* something to do, until the proper moment to start on the expedition for Livingstone, is, perhaps, the best account that could be given, so far as the general reader is concerned. All we can say is, it seems a very roundabout way in which to commence such an expedition.

"I went up the Nile and saw Mr. Higginbotham, chief engineer in Baker's expedition, at Philæ, and was the means of preventing a duel between him and a mad young Frenchman, who wanted to fight Mr. Higginbotham with pistols, because Mr. Higginbotham resented the idea of being taken for an Egyptian through wearing a fez cap. I had a talk with Captain Warren at Jerusalem, and descended one of the pits with a serjeant of engineers to see the marks of Tyrian workmen on the

foundation-stones of the Temple of Solomon. I visited the mosques of Stamboul with the minister resident of the United States, and the American consul general. I travelled over the Crimean battle-grounds with Kinglake's glorious books for reference. I dined with the widow of General Liprandi, at Odessa. I saw the Arabian traveler, Palgrave, at Trebizond, and Baron Nicolay, the civil governor of the Caucasus, at Tiflis. I lived with the Russian embassador while at Teheran, and wherever I went through Persia I received the most hospitable welcome from the gentlemen of the Indo-European Telegraph Company; and following the example of many illustrious men, I wrote my name upon one of the Persepolitan monuments. In the month of August, 1870, I arrived in India."

In completing this sketch of Mr. Stanley's character, it is only necessary to add that his after career fully justified the high estimate Mr. Bennett placed on his extraordinary qualities. These were tested to their utmost extent in his persistent, determined search after the man he was sent to find. But we believe that Livingstone, when found, with whom Stanley passed some months, exerted a powerful influence on the character which we have attempted to portray. Stanley was comparatively young, full of life and ambition, with fame, greater probably than he had ever anticipated, now within his reach. Yet, here in the heart of Africa, he found a man well on in years, of a world-wide fame, yet apparently indifferent to it. This man who had spent his life in a savage country, away from home and all the pleasures of civilized society, who expected to pass the remnant of his days in the same isolated state, was looking beyond *this* life. He was forgetting himself, in the absorbing purpose to benefit others. Fame to him was nothing, the welfare of a benighted race everything. This was a new revelation to the ambitious young man. Hitherto he had thought only of himself, but here was a man, earnest, thoughtful, sincere, who was living to carry out a great idea—no less than the salvation of a continent—

nay more than this, who was working not for himself, but for a Master, and that Master, the God of the universe. He remained with him in close companionship for months, and intimate relations with a man borne up by such a lofty purpose, inspired by such noble feelings, and looking so far away beyond time for his reward, could not but have an important influence on a man with Stanley's noble and heroic qualities. It was a new revelation to him. He had met, not a successful, bold explorer, but a Christian, impelled and sustained by the great and noble idea of regenerating a race and honoring the God of man and the earth. We say such a lengthened companionship of a man of this character could not but lift him on to a higher plane, and inspire him with a loftier purpose than that of a mere explorer.

But while this expedition brought out all the peculiar traits we have spoken of, his last expedition developed qualities which circumstances as yet, had not yet exhibited. When he emerged on the Atlantic coast with his company he was hailed with acclamations, and a British vessel was placed at his disposal in which to return home. But the ease and comfort offered him, and the applause awaiting him were nothing compared with the comfort and welcome of the savage band that had for so long a time been his companions and his only reliance in the perils through which he had passed. True, they had often been intractable, disobedient and trustless, but still they had been his companions in one of the most perilous marches ever attempted by man, and with that large charity that allowed for the conduct of these untutored, selfish animals of the desert, he forgot it all, and would do nothing, think of nothing, till their wants were supplied and their welfare secured. He would see them safe back to the spot from which he took them, and did, before he took care of himself. A noble nature there asserted itself, and we doubt not that every one of those ignorant, poor savages would go to the death for that brave man to whom their own welfare was so dear.

From this brief sketch of Mr. Stanley's career and character, one might, without presumption, predict that what he had done for Africa, great as it is, may be only the beginning of what he proposes to do.

The mantle of Livingstone may fall upon his shoulders, and the ambition of the explorer give way to the higher impulse of redeeming this benighted country, and these two names become as closely linked with the civilized, Christianized Africa of the future, as that of Columbus with America. Having laid open to the world the great work to be done there, let us hope he will be the great leader in performing it.

CHAPTER II.

"The Dark Continent"—Description of it—Difficulties of Exploring it—Hatred of White Men—The First Real Encroachment made by a Missionary—Description of the Portion to be Explored—Its Articles of Commerce—Its Future Destiny.

ALL there was of civilization in the world was found at one time in Africa. Art and science had their home there, while now it is the most benighted and barbarous portion of the earth and is, not inaptly, called "the dark continent." With a breadth at the equator of four thousand five hundred miles, with the exception of thin lines of sea-coast on each side, this vast space was as much unknown as the surface of a distant planet. The Barbary States and Egypt, on the Mediterranean and Red Seas, some Portuguese settlements on the Indian Ocean, the English and Dutch colonies of South Africa, a few trading ports and the English and American colonies in Guinea, constituted Africa, so far as the knowledge of the civilized world went. And yet beyond these outer rims lay real Africa, and there lived its vast

population. That it was fertile was well-known, for out of its mysterious bosom flowed magnificent rivers, the Congo being ten miles wide at its mouth. That it contained a mighty population was equally apparent, for in two centuries it yielded forty millions of slaves, which were distributed over the world. Slave hunters here and there pierced a little way into this unknown region, and faint echoes came now and then out of this vast solitude, but they were echoes only, and Africa rested amid the continents a mystery and a riddle that seemed likely never to be solved. The vast Desert of Sahara on the north, stretching down to the equator, presented an impenetrable barrier to explorers entering from that direction, while along the eastern and western coasts they were beaten back by savage tribes or fell victims to the diseases of the country. Matted forests, wild beasts and venomous reptiles were added to the other obstacles that beset their path, so that only now and then an adventurous explorer got beyond the outer rim of the continent.

The Nile, piercing to the equator, seemed the most natural avenue by which to enter this region, but the slave hunters by their cruelty, and the petty wars they had engendered among the various tribes, made the presence of a white man in their midst the occasion of hostile demonstrations. The lofty mountains and broad rivers that came out of this vast unknown region added to the mysterious interest that enveloped it. Though certain death awaited the daring traveler who endeavored to penetrate far into the interior, fresh victims were found ready to peril their lives in the effort to solve the mystery of Central Africa. The path of these travelers, when traced on the map, appears like mere punctures of the great continent. Missionary effort could only effect a lodgment along the coast, while colonies remained stationary on the spot where they were first planted.

Although holding the entire southern portion, the English colony could make but little headway against the tribes that confronted them on the north. The most

adventurous men urged not by curiosity or desire of knowledge, but cupidity, penetrated the farthest into the interior, but, instead of throwing light on those dark places, they made them seem more dark and terrible by the miserable naked and half-starved wretches they brought out to civilization, to become more wretched still by the life of slavery to which they were doomed.

Hence it could not be otherwise than that the name of white man should be associated with everything revolting and cruel, and that his presence among these wild barbarians should awaken feelings of vengeance. A white man, to those inland tribes, represented wrong and cruelty alone. The very word meant separation of wives, and husbands, and families, and carried away to a doom whose mystery only enhanced the actual horrors that really awaited them. Hence the white man's rapacity and cruelty put an effectual bar to his curiosity and enterprise. The love of knowledge and physical science was thwarted by the love of sin and wrong, and the civilized world, instead of wondering at the ignorance and barbarity that kept back all research and all benevolent effort, should wonder that any one bearing the slightest relationship to the so-called outside civilized world, should have been allowed to exist for a day where these wronged, outraged savages bore sway.

It is singular that the first real encroachment on these forbidden regions was not made by daring explorers either for adventure or geographical knowledge, or to extend commerce, but by a poor missionary, whose sole object was to get the Gospel introduced among these uncounted millions of heathen. Livingstone broke the spell that hung over tropical Africa, and set on foot movements that are to work a change in the continent more important and momentous than the imagination of man can at present conceive.

But, before entering on the explorations of the last thirty years, which are destined to work such a change in the future history of Africa, we wish to give a clear, definite idea of the region embraced in these explora-

tions, and which is yet but partially unveiled, and on the development and management of which the future of Africa turns. The names used by these explorers are not, for the most part, found on our maps, and hence the reader is left very much in the dark respecting the territory over which he is carried by the explorer. We endeavored, a little farther back, to give a general idea of the map of Africa, as showing its partially civilized and barbarous portions, as well as the known and unknown parts of the continent. We will not give the more scientific divisions, but would say that it is the more tropical regions of Africa that give birth to its largest rivers—is covered by its most magnificent forests—is crossed by its loftiest mountains, and where dwell its teeming millions. And this is the unknown part of the continent and the central point toward which all explorers press.

This tropical Africa extends from about ten degress above to ten degrees below the equator, and from ten to thirty-five east longitude, or in round numbers, nearly a thousand miles above and below the equator, or two thousand or more east and west between these parallels of latitudes. With an ordinary map before him, and with Zanzibar on the east and Congo on the west, as great landmarks, the reader will get a very clear idea of the ground aimed at and touched, or pierced and crossed by recent explorers, and the thorough final exploration of which will unlock not only the hidden mystery of Africa, but open all there is of interest to both the Christian and commercial world. That to the former there is a field to be occupied that will tax the self-sacrifice and benevolence of the Christian world, there can be no doubt; while to the commercial world a field of equal magnitude and importance will be laid open. From the mere punctures into the borders of this unknown land, and the two slight trails recently made across it, there is no doubt that from sixty to one hundred millions of men are here living in the lowest and most degraded condition of heathenism, while the

country is burdened with those articles which the commercial world needs, and can make of vast benefit to man.

A glance at the map will reveal what a vast territory remains to be explored and what a mighty population exists there, and yet to come into contact with the civilized world. It is probable that that unexplored region between the equator and the great Desert of Sahara will reveal greater wonders than have yet been discovered.

Previous to Livingstone, most of the expeditions having Central Africa for their objective point, made the Nile their guide. Mungo Park went up the Niger, on the west coast, in the beginning of the present century, and some twenty years later Denham and Clapperton started from Tripoli and, crossing the Great Desert, reached Lake Tschad, nearly a thousand miles north of the equator, and worked west to the Niger, and so to the coast of Guinea. Other explorers have visited this region, comprising the central part of Northern Africa, but the equatorial region was sought by following up the Nile. The western coast had been the scene of so much cruelty by slave traders, that the powerful tribes in the interior were so hostile to white men that they would not allow them to enter their country. It was left to Dr. Livingstone to discover a new route to tropical Africa and make an entering wedge that is likely to force open the whole country.

What little has been traversed reveals untold wealth waiting the enterprising hand of commerce to bring forth to civilization. A partial list of the products of this rich country will show what a mine of wealth it is destined to be: sugar-cane, cotton, coffee, oil palm, tobacco, spices, timber, rice, wheat, Indian corn, India rubber, copal, hemp, ivory, iron, copper, silver, gold and various other articles of commerce are found here, and some of them in the greatest profusion.

Thus it will be seen that this vast continent, which from creation seemed destined only to be the abode of wild beasts and reptiles, and man as wild and savage as

the animals amid which he dwelt, and when brought into contact with civilization to become more debased, if possible, by the bondage in which he was kept, contains almost everything that civilization needs, and in the future, which now seems near, will be traversed by railroads and steamboats, and the solitudes that have echoed for thousands of years to the howl of wild beasts, and yells of equally wild men, will resound with the hum of peaceful industry and the rush and roar of commerce. The miserable hut will give way to commodious habitations, and the disgusting rites of heathenism to the worship of the true God. Reaching to the temperate zones, north and south, it presents every variety of climate and yields every variety of vegetation. What effect the great revolution awaiting this continent will have on the destiny of the world, none can tell. But he would be considered a mad prophet who would predict one-half of the changes that the discovery of the American continent, less than four hundred years ago, has wrought. That the Creator of these continents of the earth had some design in letting this, nearly, fourth part of our planet remain in darkness and mystery and savage debasement till now, and then, by the effort of one poor missionary, cause it to be thrown open to the world, none can doubt.

HIPPOPOTAMI AT HOME.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER III.

Outlines of Livingstone's Explorations During a Period of nearly Thirty Years—First Exploration—Crosses the Continent from West to East—His Second Expedition—The Last—His Supposed Death—Sympathy for Him—Indifference of the British Government to his Fate—Bennett's bold Resolution to send Stanley after him.

WE do not design to give an account of the many explorations of Africa, from Mungo Park down, which have been made to gratify curiosity, or the spirit of adventure, or for fame, or even in the interest of science, or to increase our geographical knowledge, but confine ourselves to those only which have had for their great end the destruction of the slave trade and the regeneration of Africa. As Livingstone originated this philanthropic spirit, and lifted the expeditions to explore Central Africa to a higher plane than they had ever before occupied, till finally they became national, and hence have assumed an importance they never before possessed, it is not only proper but necessary to a full understanding of these explorations, that a brief account or outline of his Herculean labors should be given.

He was born in 1815, so that if alive now he would be near his threescore and ten. Educated as a physician and designing, originally, to make this profession an entering wedge to his career as a missionary in China, he having changed his purpose, embarked at the age of twenty-five as a missionary to South Africa, intending to spend his life among the wild tribes that bordered on the English settlements there. This very simple and by no means extraordinary step fixed his destiny, and, to all human appearances, has changed the destiny of Africa; and though he is dead, the movement he started will go on widening and deepening, controlling the fate of millions, till time shall end. He located himself

among a tribe in the Baknona country, over which a noted and able chieftain named Sechele ruled with arbitrary power. For nine years he labored and explored in this section of the country, learning the various dialects and customs and manners of the people, and thus preparing himself unconsciously for the greater work before him.

Nine years after, he went to Cape Town, and entered on his missionary labors. It must be borne in mind that, though at this time, the tribes that Livingstone visited and dwelt among were strangers to white men, yet they had little of the hatred of the stranger that characterized the tribes of Central Africa. They had never been so heavily cursed by the slave hunter or trader, and hence had less occasion for animosity and suspicion. The missionary, with his wife and children, trusted themselves fearlessly to the generosity of these savage chiefs, many of whom in intelligence, sagacity and magnanimity, resembled Red Jacket, Tecumseh and others among our Indian tribes. They were received with distinguished hospitality and treated with royal generosity.

About this time his explorations of the African continent began. Two travelers having arrived at his station, he started with them to visit Lake Ngami, a sheet of water between one and two hundred miles in circumference, that had never before been visited by a white man. They set out on the 1st of June, and arrived on its solitary shores on the 1st of August, having been two months on the route, and everywhere treated with kindness. His chief object in visiting the lake was to see a great chief, Sekeletu, who was said to live some hundred and fifty miles beyond it. Livingstone was received and entertained by him cordially. Consulting with this able and generous chief, Livingstone determined to push west to the coast, and in November, 1853, the two, with quite a train and numerous guides, set out, and, thanks to the precautions and orders of Sekeletu, were received by the various tribes through

which they passed with great hospitality. For three months he toiled onward across rivers and through swamps, his only companions being wild barbarians, who, notwithstanding their idolatrous worship and heathenish rites, treated this solitary white man, who had put himself completely in their power, as an honored guest. The Inongo Valley, on which he now entered, was under the sway of the Portuguese. though several hundred miles from the Atlantic. The scenery through which he had passed had been tame and uninteresting, with nothing to alleviate the monotony of the way but the curious customs and wild antics of the savages through whose territory he passed. But he was filled with rapture when he came in sight of Inongo, lying in a beautiful valley below him. He thus describes it:

"It is about one hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forest, except where the light green grass covers meadow-lands on the Inongo River, which here and there glances in the sun as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from one thousand to twelve hundred feet. Emerging from the gloomy forest of Loanda, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted from our eyelids. A cloud was passing across the middle of the valley, from which rolling thunder pealed, while above all was glorious sunlight. It was one of those scenes which, from its unexpectedness and great contrast to all that has gone before, makes it seem more like a vision than a reality, and one wonders that so much beauty and loveliness was created only for wild beasts or wilder men to gaze upon."

He reached Loanda in April, having made the journey to the coast from the Mokololo district in four months. He now took the bold determination to cross the continent, from west to east. It must be remembered that this daring expedition was undertaken nearly a quarter of a century ago, without the companionship of a single

white man. It is true, he crossed the southern portion of Africa, yet he started some two hundred miles north of where Cameron recently came out. Instead of working northerly, his course lay somewhat to the south-east. For a year he was now locked up in these unknown wilds, and reaching the water-shed of the continent, he discovered the Zambezi, in the heart of Africa, and traced it down to its mouth. The results of this remarkable expedition have been long given to the world. But it will be seen at a glance that this formed, as it were, a base line for all his future explorations, and gave that impetus to explorations of the continent which are fast laying it open to the civilized world.

This brief summary gives a very inadequate idea of Mr. Livingstone's labors in Africa up to this time. He had now been sixteen years among its wild tribes, acting as missionary, statesman and scientific explorer. He had wrought marvelous changes among them, and started them forward toward civilization.

He now returned to England, reaching there on the 12th of December, where the story of his wonderful career was received with great admiration by people of every class. He published an extended account of his work and explorations in Africa, which was warmly received on both sides of the Atlantic.

Having fairly launched his book in the world, he now determined to return to Africa, but not, as before, alone. He did not go out as a missionary, but as consul to Killimane, with the understanding that his duties were in no way to conflict with his explorations. We do not design to give an account of the second expedition, which, among other things, before it ended, shed new light on the sources of the Nile and the waters that flow east into the Indian Ocean.

He left in 1858, and was gone some four years. He then returned to England. In the meantime, stimulated by his success and fame, several expeditions started up the Nile, by which the vast lake, or, as it might be termed, inland sea system around and beyond the head

waters of the Nile was brought to light, as well as all the diabolical cruelties of the slave trade, which was carried on by Egypt and the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa. Livingstone, by his vivid descriptions of its horrors, and loud and righteous outcry against it, had aroused the English people, and created such a public sentiment that the English government felt compelled to move in the matter; so that while Livingstone was preparing for a third expedition, or rather continuing this last, which had only been intermitted (for his researches up the Zambezi and Raverna Rivers were preparatory to his great undertaking to explore the sources of the Nile and the great lake region, near which he was to die), a movement was on foot to suppress the slave trade in Africa. England and the United States having declared it piracy, and kept their cruisers on the west coast of Africa, had effectually suppressed it there. If, therefore, it could be suppressed by way of Egypt, the Portuguese settlements alone on the east coast could carry it on, and hence its doom be sealed, and this curse of centuries to Africa be ended. There was but one way to do this, to enlist the sympathies, or at least secure the co-operation of the khedive of Egypt in the great undertaking. No matter whether his claims were founded in justice or not, no one had a better one to the vast unknown regions of tropical Africa than he. Certainly no one had the power to enforce that claim as well as he.

The khedive is the most intelligent ruler that Egypt ever had, of liberal principles, and in sympathy with all the great improvements going on in the civilized world. Though the plan was obnoxious to a great portion of his subjects who lived by the slave trade, he at once entered into it and agreed to stop, with her assistance, the traffic in human beings throughout his kingdom. Livingstone at the time was not where he could hear of this first great result of his exposure of the iniquities of the slave trade in Africa. He was swallowed up in the wilds of that continent; in fact, was by

most men supposed to be dead, and his body mouldering, unburied, on the field of his last great exploration. He had been three years absent from England. Deter-

THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

mined to explore the great water-shed of Central Africa, he had sailed for Zanzibar in August, 1865, and thence, in March of the next year, with a small band, composed of Sepoys and others, left that island, and in the last of the month struck inland, proceeding by the River Rohenna, He was heard from, from time to time, until at last the leader of his Johanna men, arrived at Zanzibar and reported that he had been killed almost at the outset of his journey. The particulars of his death were related with great minuteness of detail—how the fight commenced, and that after Livingstone

had shot two of the natives, he was struck from behind and shot dead. The news was received with feelings of gloom and sorrow throughout the civilized world. This brave, true-hearted Christian man, whom all the native chiefs who knew him had learned to love, had at last fallen by the hand of those he came to benefit. But at length there came letters from him, dated far in advance of the place where it is said he was murdered. Time passed on, and at long intervals faint echoes came out of the African solitudes, of a white man toiling all alone in those desolate regions. At length came another report that the news of Livingstone's previous death was false, for he had recently been killed. But the former false rumor caused this to be discredited, and sympathy was again aroused for this undaunted solitary Englishman, and wonder was expressed that his government would do nothing to relieve him. At length, Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, determined, at his own expense, to find this daring explorer if he was alive, and if dead, bring his bones out to his friends. He fitted out, as we have seen, an expedition at the cost of $25,000, and placed Stanley at its head, second only to Livingstone for daring, perseverance, and indomitable will. At first he inclined to ascend the Nile and push forward in the direction toward which it was known that Livingstone had determined to push his researches, but finding that Baker was to move in that direction, he at last decided to proceed to Zanzibar, and taking the direction in which Livingstone had gone, three years before, follow him up till he found him or the spot where he died, or was killed.*

CHAPTER IV.

Stanley's Search for Livingstone—Lands at Zanzibar—Organizes his Expedition—The Start—Stanley's Feelings—The March—Its Difficulties—Men Sick—Delays—Meeting with a Chief—Dialogue on the Burial of a Horse—Loss of his Bay Horse—Sickness and Desertion—Terrible Travelling—A Hospitable Chief—A Gang of Slaves—African Belles—A Ludicrous Spectacle—A Queer Superstition—Punishment of a Deserter—A Ludicrous Contrast—A Beautiful Country—News from Livingstone—A Walled Town—Stanley attacked with Fever.

WE have seen in a former chapter how suddenly Mr. Stanley was recalled from Spain, to take charge of an expedition to go in search of Livingstone—how he was sent to see Baker, who was about to go in toward him from the north, and how he was sent east first. But the time came at last to enter upon his work in earnest, and he sailed from Bombay, on the 12th of October, for Zanzibar.

On board the barque was a Scotchman, named Farquhar, acting as first mate. Taking a fancy to him, he was engaged to accompany him on his expedition to find Livingstone.

Nearly three months later, on the 6th of January, he landed at Zanzibar, one of the most fruitful islands of the Indian Ocean, rejoicing in a sultan of its own. It is the great mart to which come the ivory, gum, copal, hides, etc., and the slaves of the interior. Stanley immediately set about preparing for his expedition. The first thing to decide upon, was:

"How much money is required? How many pigeons as carriers? How many soldiers? How much cloth? How many beads? How much wire? What kinds of cloth is required for the different tribes?"

After trying to figure this out by himself, from the books of other travellers, he decided to consult an Arab

merchant, who had fitted out several caravans for the interior. In a very short time he obtained more information than he had acquired from books in his long three months' voyage from India.

Money is of no use in the heart of Africa. Goods of various kinds are the only coin that can purchase what the traveller needs, or pay the tribute that is exacted by the various tribes. He found that forty yards of cloth would keep one hundred men supplied with food per day. Thus, three thousand six hundred and fifty yards of three different kinds of cloths would support one hundred men twelve months. Next to cloths, beads were the best currency of the interior. Of these he purchased twenty sacks of eleven varieties in color and shape. Next came the brass wire, of which he purchased three hundred and fifty pounds, of about the thickness of telegraph wire. Next came the provisions and outfit of implements that would be needed—medicines and arms, and donkeys, and, last of all, men.

A man by the name of Shaw, a native of England, who came there as third mate of an American ship, from which he was discharged, applied for work, and was engaged by Stanley in getting what he needed together, and to accompany him on his expedition. He agreed to give him $300 per annum, and placed him next in rank to Farquhar. He then cast about for an escort of of twenty men. Five who had accompanied Speke, and were called "Speke's Faithfuls," among whom, as a leader, was a man named Bombay, were first engaged. He soon got together eighteen more men, as soldiers, who were to receive $3 a month. Each was to have a flint-lock musket, and be provided with two hundred rounds of ammunition. Bombay was to receive $80 a year, and the other five faithfuls $40.

Knowing that he was to enter, and, perhaps, cross a region of vast inland lakes, much delay and travel might be avoided by a large boat, and so he purchased one and stripped it of all its covering, to make the transportation easier. He also had a cart constructed to

fit the goat-paths of the interior and to aid in transportation.

When all his purchases were completed and collected together, he found that the combined weight would be about six tons. His cart and twenty donkeys would not suffice for this, and so, the last thing of all, was to procure carriers, or pagosi, as they were called. He himself was presented with a blooded bay horse, by an American merchant, at Zanzibar, named Gordhue, formerly of Salem, Mass.

On the 4th of February, or twenty-eight days from his arrival at Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley's equipment was completed, and he set sail for Bagomayo, twenty-five miles distant on the mainland—from which all the caravans started for the interior, and where he was to hire his one hundred and forty or more pogasis or carriers. He was immediately surrounded with men who attempted in every way to fleece him, and he was harassed, and betrayed, and hindered on every side. But, at length, all difficulties were overcome—the goods packed in bales weighing seventy-two pounds—the force divided into five caravans, and in six weeks after he entered Bagomayo he was ready to start. The first caravan had departed February 18th; the second, February 21st; the third, February 25th; the fourth, on March 11th, and the last on March 21st. All told, the number comprised, in all the caravans connected with the "Herald Expedition," was one hundred and ninety.

It was just seventy-three days after Stanley landed at Zanzibar, that he passed out of Bagomayo, with his last caravan, on his bay horse, accompanied by twenty-eight carriers and twelve soldiers, under Bombay, while his Arab boy, Selim, the interpreter, had charge of the cart and its load.

Out through a narrow lane, shaded by trees, they passed, the American flag flying in front, and all in the highest spirits. Stanley had left behind him the quarreling, cheating Arabs, and all his troubles with them. The sun speeding to the west, was beckoning him on;

his heart beat high with hope and ambition; he had taken a new departure in life, and with success would come the renown he so ardently desired. He says, "loveliness glowed around me; I saw fertile fields, riant vegetation, strange trees; I heard the cry of cricket and pewit, and jubilant sounds of many insects, all of which seemed to tell me, 'you are started.' What could I do but lift up my face toward the pure, glowing sky, and cry, 'God be thanked?'"

The first camp was three miles and a half distant. The next three days were employed in completing the preparations for the long land journey and for meeting the Masike, now very near, and on the 4th, a start was made for Unyanyembe, the great half-way house, which he resolved to reach in three months.

The road was a mere foot-path, leading through fields in which naked women were at work, who looked up and laughed and giggled as they passed. Passing on, they entered an open forest, abounding in deer and antelope. Reaching the turbid Kingemi, a bridge of felled trees was soon made; Stanley, in the meantime amusing himself with shooting hippopotami, or rather shooting at them, for his small bullets made no more impression on their thick skulls than peas would have done. Crossing to the opposite shore, he found the traveling better. They arrived at Kikoka, a distance of but ten miles, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having been compelled to unload the animals during the day, to cross the river and mud pools. This was slow marching, and at this rate of speed it would take a long time to reach the heart of Africa. The settlement was a collection of rude huts. Though bound to the same point that Speke and Burton had reached, Ujiji, Stanley took a different route from them, and one never traveled by a white man before. On the 27th, he left this place and moved westward, over a rolling, monotonous country, until they came to Rosako, the province of Ukwee. Just before his departure the next morning, Magonga, the leader of the fourth caravan, came up and told him that

three of his carriers were sick, and asked for some medicine. He found the three men in great terror, believing they were about to die, and crying out like children, "Mama, mama." Leaving them, with orders to hurry on as soon as possible, he departed. The country everywhere was in a state of nature except in the neighborhood of villages. Sheltered by the dense forests, he toiled on, but was so anxious about the fourth caravan left behind that, after marching nine miles, he ordered a halt and made a camp. It soon swarmed with insects, and he set to work to examine them and see if they were the tsetse, said to be fatal to horses in Africa. Still waiting for the caravan, he went hunting, but soon found himself in such an impenetrable jungle and swamp, filled with alligators, that he resolved never to make the attempt again. The second and third days passing without the arrival of the caravan, he sent Shaw and Bombay back after it, who brought it up on the fourth day. Leaving it to rest in his own camp, he pushed on five miles to the village of Kingaru, set in a deep, damp, pestiferous-looking hollow, surrounded by pools of water. To add to the gloominess of the scene, a pouring rain set in, which soon filled their camping-place with lakelets and rivulets of water. Toward evening the rain ceased, and the villagers began to pour in with their vendibles. Foremost was the chief, bringing with him three measures of matama and half a measure of rice, which he begged Stanley to accept. The latter saw through the trickery of this meagre present, in offering which the chief called him the "rich sultan." Stanley asked him why, if he was a rich sultan, the chief of Kingaru did not bring him a rich present, that he might give him a rich one in return. "Ah," replied the bleareyed old fox, "Kingaru is poor, there is no matama in the village, I can give but a yard of cloth," which would be equivalent to his present. Foiled in his sharp practice the chief had to be content with this.

On the 1st of April, he lost his gray horse. The burial of the carcass, not far from the encampment, raised

a terrible commotion in the village, and the inhabitants assembled in consultation as to how much they must charge him for burying a horse in their village without permission, and soon the wrinkled old chief was also at the camp, and the following dialogue took place, which is given as an illustration of the character of the people with whom he was to have a year's trading intercourse:

White Man—"Are you the great chief of Kingaru?"

Kingaru—"Huh-uh—yes."

W. M.—"The great, great chief?"

Kingaru—"Huh-uh—yes."

W. M.—How many soldiers have you?"

Kingaru—"Why?"

W. M.—"How many fighting men have you?"

Kingaru—"None."

W. M.—"Oh! I thought you might have a thousand men with you, by your going to fine a strong white man who has plenty of guns and soldiers two doti for burying a dead horse."

Kingaru (rather perplexed)—"No; I have no soldiers. I have only a few young men."

W. M.—"Why do you come and make trouble, then?"

Kingaru—"It was not I; it was my brothers who said to me, 'Come here, come here, Kingaru, see what the white man has done! Has he not taken possession of your soil, in that he has put his horse into your ground without your permission? Come, go to him and see by what right! Therefore have I come to ask you who gave you permission to use my soil for a burying-ground?"

W. M.—"I want no man's permission to do what is right. My horse died; had I left him to fester and stink in your valley, sickness would visit your village, your water would become unwholesome, and caravans would not stop here for trade; for they would say, 'This is an unlucky spot, let us go away.' But enough said; I understand you to say you do not want him buried in your ground; the error I have fallen into is easily put right. This minute my soldiers shall dig him out again

and cover up the soil as it was before, and the horse shall be left where he died." (Then shouting to Bombay). "Ho, Bombay, take soldiers with jeinbes to dig my horse out of the ground; drag him to where he died and make everything ready for a march to-morrow morning."

Kingaru, his voice considerably higher and his head moving to and fro with emotion, cries out, "Akuna, akuna, Bana"—no, no, master. "Let not the white man get angry. The horse is dead and now lies buried; let him remain so, since he is already there, and let us be friends again."

The matter had hardly been settled, when Stanley heard deep groans issuing from one of the animals. On enquiry, he found that it came from the bay horse. He took a lantern and visited him, staying all night, hoping to save his life. It was in vain—in the morning he died, leaving him now without any horse, which reduced him to donkey riding. Three days passed, and the lagging caravan had not come up. In the meantime, one of his carriers deserted, while sickness attacked the camp, and out of his twenty-five men, ten were soon on the sick list. On the 4th, the caravan came up, and on the following morning was dispatched forward, the leader being spurred on with the promise of a liberal reward if he hurried to Unyanyembe. The next morning, to rouse his people he beat an alarm on a tin pan, and before sunrise they were on the march, the villagers rushing like wolves into the deserted camp to pick up any rags or refuse left behind. The march of fifteen miles to Imbike showed a great demoralization in his men, many of them not coming up till nightfall. One of the carriers had deserted on the way, taking with him a quantity of cloth and beads. The next morning, before starting, men were sent in pursuit of him. They made that day, the 8th, but ten miles to Msuwa. Though the journey was short, it was the most fatiguing one of all. As it gives a vivid description of the difficulties experienced in traveling through this country, we quote his own language:

"It was one continuous jungle, except three interjacent glades of narrow limits, which gave us three breathing pauses in the dire task of jungle-traveling. The odor emitted from its fell plants was so rank, so pungently acrid, and the miasma from its decayed vegetation so dense, that I expected every moment to see myself and men fall down in paroxysms of acute fever. Happily this evil was not added to that of loading and unloading the frequently falling packs. Seven soldiers to attend seventeen laden donkeys, were entirely too small a number while passing through a jungle; for while the path is but a foot wide, with a wall of thorny plants and creepers bristling on each side, and projecting branches darting across it, with knots of spiky twigs, stiff as spike-nails, ready to catch and hold anything above four feet in height, it is but reasonable to suppose that donkeys, standing four feet high, with loads measuring across, from bale to bale, four feet, would come to grief.

"This grief was of frequent recurrence here, causing us to pause every few minutes for re-arrangements. So often had this task to be performed, that the men got perfectly discouraged, and had to be spoken to sharply before they set to work. By the time I reached Msuwa, there was nobody with me and the ten donkeys I drove but Mabruk, the Little, who, though generally stolid, stood to his work like a man. Bombay and Uledi were far behind with the most jaded donkeys. Shaw was in charge of the cart, and his experiences were most bitter, as he informed me he had expended a whole vocabulary of stormy abuse known to sailors, and a new one which he had invented *ex tempore*. He did not arrive until two o'clock next morning, and was completely worn out. Truly, I doubt if the most pious divine, in traveling through that long jungle, under those circumstances, with such oft-recurring annoyances, Sisyphean labor, could have avoided cursing his folly for coming hither."

A halt was made here, that men and animals might recuperate. The chief of this village was "a white man

in everything but color," and brought him the choicest mutton. He and his subjects were intelligent enough to comprehend the utility of his breach-loading guns, and by their gestures illustrated their comprehension of the deadly effects of those weapons in battle.

On the 10th, somewhat recuperated, the caravan left this hospitable village, and crossed a beautiful little plain, with a few cultivated fields, from which the tillers stared in wonder at the unwonted spectacle it presented. But here Stanley met one of those sights common in that part of the world, but which, it is to be hoped, will soon be seen no more. It was a chained slave gang, bound east. He says the slaves did not appear in the least to be down-hearted, on the contrary, they were jolly and gay. But for the chains, there was no difference between master and slave. The chains were heavy, but as men and women had nothing else to carry, being entirely naked, their weight he says could not have been insupportable. He camped at 10 a.m., and fired two guns, to show they were ready to trade with any of the natives in the region. The halting place was Kisemo, only twelve miles from Msuwa, which was the centre of a populous district, there being no less than five villages in the vicinity, fortified by stakes and thorny abattis, as formidable in their way, as the old fosse and drawbridge of feudal times. "The belles of Kisemo," he says, "are of gigantic posterioral proportions," and are "noted for their variety in brass wire, which is wound in spiral rings round their wrists and ankles, and for the varieties of style which their hisped heads exhibit; while their poor lords obliged to be contented with dingy, torn clouts and split ears, show what wide sway Asmodeus holds over this terrestial sphere—for it must have been an unhappy time when the hard besieged husbands gave way before their hotly-pressing spouses. Besides these brassy ornaments on their extremities, the women of Kisemo frequently wear lengthy necklaces, which run in rivers of colors down their black bodies." But a more comical picture is seldom presented than that of one of

NATIVES PREPARING SUPPER FOR STANLEY'S PARTY.

STANLEY BARTERING WITH THE NATIVES.

those highly-dressed females, "with their huge posterior development, while grinding out corn. This is done in a machine very much like an old fashioned churn, except the dasher becomes a pestle and the churn a mortar. Swaying with the pestle, as it rises and falls, the breast and posteriors correspond to the strokes of the dasher in a droll sort of sing-song, which give to the whole exhibition the drollest effect imaginable."

A curious superstition of the natives was brought to light here by Shaw removing a stone while putting up his tent. As he did so, the chief rushed forward, and putting it back in its place, solemnly stood upon it. On being asked what was the matter, he carefully lifted it, pointed to an insect pinned by a stick to the ground, which he said had been the cause of a miscarriage of a female of the village.

In the afternoon the messengers came back with the deserter and all the stolen goods. Some of the natives had captured him and were about to kill him and take the goods, when they came up and claimed both. He was given up, they being content with receiving a little cloth and beads in return. Stanley, with great sagacity, caused him to be tried by the other carriers, who condemned him to be flogged. They were ordered to carry out their own sentence, which they did amid the yells of the culprit.

Before night a caravan arrived, bringing, among other things, a copy of the *Herald*, containing an account of a presidential levee in Washington, in which the toilets of the various ladies were given. While engrossed in reading in his tent, Stanley suddenly became aware that his tent-door was darkened, and looking up, he saw the chief's daughters gazing with wondering eyes on the great sheets of paper he was scanning so closely. The sight of these naked beauties, glittering in brass wire and beads, presented a ludicrous contrast to the elaborately-dress belles of whom he had been reading in the paper, and made him feel, by contrast, in what a different world he was living.

On the 12th, the caravan reached Munondi, on the Ungerangeri River. The country was open and beautiful, presenting a natural park, while the roads were good, making the day's journey delightful. Flowers decked the ground, and the perfume of sweet-smelling shrubs filled the air. As they approached the river, they came upon fields of Indian corn and gardens filled with vegetables, while stately trees lined the bank. On the 14th, they crossed the river and entered Wakami territory. This and the next day the road lay through a charming country. The day, following, they marched through a forest between two mountains rising on either side of them, and on the 16th reached the territory of Wosigahha. As he approached the village of Muhalleh he was greeted with the discharge of musketry. It came from the fourth caravan, which had halted here. Here also good news awaited him. An Arab chief, with a caravan bound east, was in the place, and told him that he had met Livingstone at Ujiji, and had lived in the next hut to him for two weeks. He described him as looking old, with long, gray moustache and beard, just recovered from illness, and looking very wan. He said, moreover, that he was fully recovered, and was going to visit a country called Monyima. This was cheering news, indeed, and filled his heart with joy and hope. The valley here, with its rich crops of Indian corn, was more like some parts of the fertile west than a desert country. But the character of the natives began to change. They became more insolent and brutal, and accompanied their requests with threats.

Continuing their journey along the valley of the river, they suddenly, to their astonishment; came upon a walled town containing a thousand houses. It rose before them like an apparition with its gates and towers of stone and double row of loop holes for musketry. The fame of Stanley had preceded him, being carried by the caravans he had dispatched ahead, and a thousand or more of the inhabitants came out to see him. This fortified town was established by an adventurer famous for his kidnap-

ping propensities. A barbaric orator, a man of powerful strength, and of cunning address, he naturally acquired an ascendency over the rude tribes of the region, and built him a capital, and fortified it and became a self-appointed sultan. Growing old, he changed his name, which had been a terror to the surrounding tribes, and also the name of his capital, and just before death, bequeathed his power to his eldest daughter, and named the town the Sultana, in her honor, which it still bears. The various women and children hung on the rear of Stanley's caravan, filled with strange curiosity at sight of this first white man they had ever seen, but the searching sun drove them back one by one, and when Stanley pitched his camp, four miles farther on, he was unmolested. He determined to halt here for two days to overhaul his baggage and give the donkeys, whose backs had become sore, time to recuperate. On the second day, he was attacked with the African fever, similar to the chills and fever of this country. He at once applied the remedies used in the Western States—namely, powerful doses of quinine, and in three days he pronounced himself well again.

CHAPTER V.

The Rainy Season sets in—Disgusting Insects—The Cook Caught Stealing—His Punishment and Flight—The March—Men Dispatched after the Missing Cook—Their Harsh Treatment by the Sultana of the Walled Town—A Hard March—Crossing the Makata River—The Rainy Season Ended—Five Miles of Wading—An Enchanting Prospect—Reaches His Third Caravan, and Finds it Demoralized—Shaw, its Leader, a Drunken Spendthrift—Delays the March—Stanley's Dispatch to Him—Lake Ugombo—Scene between Stanley and Shaw at Breakfast, the Latter Knocked Down—Attempt to Murder Stanley—Good Advice of an Arab Sheikh—A Feast—Farquhar Left Behind.

HE had now traveled one hundred and nineteen miles in fourteen marches, occupying one entire month lacking one day, and making, on an average, four miles a day. This was slow work. The rainy season now set in, and day after day it was a regular down-pour. Stanley was compelled to halt, while disgusting insects, beetles, bugs, wasps, centipedes, worms and almost every form of the lower animal life, took possession of his tent, and gave him the first real taste of African life.

On the fifth morning (the 23rd of April), he says the rain held up for a short time, and he prepared to cross the river, now swollen and turbid. The bridge over which he carried his baggage was of the most primitive kind, while the donkeys had to swim over. The passage occupied five hours, yet was happily accomplished without any casualties.

Reloading his baggage and wringing out his clothes, he set out—leaving the river and following a path that led off in a northerly direction.

With his heart made more light and cheerful by being on the march and out of the damp and hateful valley, made still more hateful by the disgusting insect life that filled his tent, he ascended to higher ground, and passing with his caravan through successive glades, opening one

after another between forest clumps of trees hemmed in distantly by isolated peaks and scattered mountains. "Now and then," he says, "as we crested low eminences, we caught sight of the blue mountains, bounding the horizon westerly and northerly, and looked down on a vast expanse of plain which lay between. At the foot of the lengthy slope, well watered by bubbling springs and mountain rills, we found a comfortable Khembi with well-made huts, which the natives call Simbo. It lies just two hours, or five miles, north-west from the Ungerengeri crossing."

We here get incidentally the rapidity with which he traveled, where the face of the country and the roads gave him the greatest facilities for quick marching, two "hours or five miles," he says, which makes his best time two miles and a half an hour. In this open, beautiful country no villages or settlements could be seen, though he was told there were many in the mountain inclosures, whose inhabitants were false, dishonest and murderous.

On the morning of the 24th, as they were about to leave Simbo, his Arab cook was caught, for the fifth time, pilfering, and it being proved against him, Stanley ordered a dozen lashes to be inflicted on him as a punishment, and Shaw was ordered to administer them. The blows being given through his clothes, did not hurt him much, but the stern decree that he, with his donkey and baggage, shouid be expelled from camp and turned adrift in the forests of Africa, drove him wild and, leaving donkey and everything else, he rushed out of camp and started for the mountains. Stanley, wishing only to frighten him, and, having no idea of leaving the poor fellow to perish at the hands of the natives, sent a couple of his men to recall him. But it was of no use, the poor, frightened wretch kept on for the mountains, and was soon out of sight altogether. Believing he would think better of it and return, his donkey was tied to a tree near the camping-ground, and the caravan started forward, and passing through the Makata Valley, which

afterward became of sorrowful memory, it halted at Rehenneko, at the base of the Usagara Mountains, six marches distant. This valley is a wilderness, covered with bamboo, and palm, and other trees, with but one village on its broad expanse, through which the harte beast, the antelope and the zebra roam. In the lower portions, the mud was so deep that it took ten hours to go ten miles, and they were compelled to encamp in the woods when but half-way across. Bombay with the cart did not get in till near midnight, and he brought the dolorous tale, that he had lost the property tent, an axe, besides coats, shirts, beads, cloth, pistol and hatchet and powder. He said he had left them a little while to help lift the cart out of a mud-hole and during his absence they disappeared. This told to Stanley at midnight roused all his wrath, and he poured a perfect storm of abuse on the cringing Arab, and he took occasion to overhaul his conduct from the start. The cloth if ever found, he said, would be spoiled, the axe, which would be needed at Ujiji to construct a boat, was an irreparable loss, to say nothing of the pistol, powder and hatchet, and, worse than all, he had not brought back the cook, whom he knew there was no intention to abandon, and he then and there told him he would degrade him from office and put another man in his place, and then dismissed him, with orders to return at daylight and find the missing property. Four more were dispatched after the missing cook; Stanley halted here three days to wait the return of his men. In the meantime, provisions ran low, and though there was plenty of game, it was so wild that but little could be obtained—he being able to secure but two potfuls in two days' shooting—these were quail, grouse and pigeons. On the fourth day, becoming exceedingly anxious, he dispatched Shaw and two more soldiers after the missing men. Toward night he returned, sick with ague, bringing the soldiers with him, but not the missing cook. The soldiers reported that they had marched immediately back to Simbo, and having searched in vain in its vicinity for the missing

man, went to the bridge over the river to inquire if he had crossed there. They were told, so they said, that a white donkey had crossed the river in another place driven by some Washensi. Believing the cook had been murdered by those men, who were making off with his property, they hastened to the walled town and told the warriors of the western gate that two Washensi must have passed the place with a white donkey, who had murdered a man belonging to the white man. They were immediately conducted to the sultana, who had much of the spirit of her father, to whom they told their story.

"The sultana demanded of the watchmen of the towers if they had seen the two Washensi with the white donkey. The watchmen answered in the affirmative, upon which she at once dispatched twenty of her musketeers in pursuit to Muhalleh, who returned before night, bringing with them the two Washensi and the donkey, with the cook's entire kit. The sultana, who is evidently possessed of her father's energy, with all his lust for wealth, had my messengers, the two Washensi, the cook's donkey and property at once brought before her. The two Washensi were questioned as to how they became possessed of the donkey and such a store of Kisunga clothes, cloth and beads; to which they answered that they had found the donkey tied to a tree with the property on the ground close to it; that seeing no owner or claimant anywhere in the neighborhood, they thought they had a right to it, and accordingly had taken it with them. My soldiers were then asked if they recognized the donkey and property, to which questions they unhesitatingly made answer that they did. They further informed Her Highness that they were not only sent after the donkey, but also after the owner, who had deserted their master's service; that they would like to know from the Washensi what they had done with him. Her Highness was also anxious to know what the Washensi had done with the Hindi, and accordingly, in order to elicit the fact, she charged them with murdering him, and informed them

she but wished to know what they had done with the body.

"The Washensi declared most earnestly that they had spoken the truth, that they had never seen any such man as described; and if the sultana desired, they would swear to such a statement. Her Highness did not wish them to swear to what in her heart she believed to be a lie, but she would chain them and send them in charge of a caravan to Zanzibar to Lyed Burghosh, who would know what to do with them. Then turning to my soldiers, she demanded to know why the Musungu had not paid the tribute for which she had sent her chiefs. The soldiers could not answer, knowing nothing of such concerns of their master's. The heiress of Kisabenga, true to the character of her robber sire, then informed my trembling men that, as the Masungu had not paid the tribute, she would now take it; their guns should be taken from them, together with that of the cook; the donkey she would also take, the Hindi's personal clothes her chiefs should retain, while they themselves should be chained until the Musungu himself should return and take them by force.

"And as she threatened, so was it done. For sixteen hours, my soldiers were in chains in the market-place, exposed to the taunts of the servile populace. It chanced the next day, however, that Sheikh Thani, whom I met at Kingaru, and had since passed by five days, had arrived at Simbamwenni, and proceeding to the town to purchase provisions for the crossing of the Makata wilderness, saw my men in chains and at once recognized them as being in my employ. After hearing their story, the good-hearted sheikh sought the presence of the sultana, and informed her that she was doing very wrong —a wrong that could only terminate in blood. 'The Musungu is strong,' he said, 'very strong. He has got ten guns which shoot forty times without stopping, carrying bullets half an hour's distance; he has got several guns which carry bullets that burst and tear a man in pieces. He could go to the top of that mountain and

kill every man, woman and child before one of your soldiers could reach the top. The road will then be stopped, Lyed Burghosh will march against your country, the Wadoe and Wakami will come and take revenge on what is left; and the place that your father made so strong will know the Waseguh ha no more. Set free the Musungu's soldiers; give them their food and grain for the Musungu; return the guns to the men and let them go, for the white man may even now be on his way here.

"The exaggerated report of my power, and the dread picture sketched by the Arab sheikh, produced good effect, inasmuch as Kingaru and the Mabrukis were at once released from durance, furnished with food sufficient to last our caravan four days, and one gun with its accoutrements and stock of bullets and powder, was returned, as well as the cook's donkey, with a pair of spectacles, a book in Malabar print and an old hat which belonged to one whom we all now believe to be dead. The sheikh took charge of the soldiers as far as Simbo; and it was in his camp, partaking largely of rice and ghee, that Shaw found them, and the same bountiful hospitality was extended to him and his companions."

Stanley was now filled with keen regrets that he had punished the cook in the manner he did, and mentally resolved that no matter what a member of his caravan should do in the future he would never drive him out of camp to perish hy assassins. Still he would not yet believe that he was murdered. But he was furious at the treatment of his soldiers by the black Amazon of Limbamwanni, and the tribute she exacted, especially the seizure of the guns, and if he had been near the place would have made reprisals. But he had already lost four days, and so, next morning, although the rain was coming down in torrents, he broke camp and set forth. Shaw was still sick, and so the whole duty of driving the floundering caravan devolved upon himself. As fast as one was flogged out of the mire in which he had stuck, another would fall in. It took two hours to cross

the miry plain, though it was but a mile and a half wide. He was congratulating himself on having at last got over it, when he was confronted by a ditch which the heavy rains had converted into a stream breast deep. The donkeys had all to be unloaded, and led through the torrent, and loaded again on the farther side. They had hardly got under way when they came upon another stream so deep that it could not be forded, and over which they had to swim and float across their baggage. They then floundered on until they came to a bend of the river, where they pitched their camp, having made but six miles the whole day. This River Makata is only about forty feet in width in the dry season, but at this time was a wide, turbid stream. Its shores with its matted grass, decayed vegetable matter, reeking mists, seemed the very home of the ague and fever. It took five hours to cross it the next morning. The rain came down in such torrents that traveling became impossible, and the camp was pitched. Luckily this proved the last day of the rainy season.

It was now the 1st of May, and the expedition was in a pitiable plight. Shaw was still sick, and one man was down with the small pox. Bombay, too, was sick, and others complaining. Doctoring the sick as well as he knew how, and laying the whip lustily on the backs of those who were shamming, Stanley at length got his caravan in motion and began to cross the Makata plain, now a swamp thirty-five miles broad. It was plash, plash, through the water, in some places three or four feet deep, for two days, until they came in sight of the Rudewa River. Crossing a branch of this stream, a sheet of water five miles broad stretched out before the tired caravan. The men declared it could not be crossed, but Stanley determined to try, and after five hours' of the most prostrating effort reached dry ground, but his animals began to sicken from this day on, while Stanley himself was seized with the dysentery, caused by his exposure, and was brought to the verge of the grave. The expedition seemed about

to end there on the borders of the Makata swamp.

On the 4th, they came to the important village of Rehenneko, the first near which they had encamped since entering the district of Usagara. It was a square, compact village, surrounded by a mud wall and composed of cane-topped huts, and containing about one thousand inhabitants. The air was pure and the water as clear as crystal, coming from the mountain, on the very top of which the village is situated. They rested here four days to recruit. On the 8th, they started forward and began to ascend the mountain. Having reached the summit of the first range of hills, Stanley paused to survey the enchanting prospect. The broad valley of Makata stretched out before him, laced with streams sparkling in the sun, while over it waved countless palm-trees, and far away, blue in the distance, stretched a mighty range of mountains. "Turning our faces west," he says, "we found ourselves in a mountain world, fold rising above fold, peak behind peak, cone jostling cone; away to the north, to the west, to the south, the mountain tops rolled away like so many vitrified waves, not one adust or arid spot was visible in all this scene." The change from the pestilential swamps, through which they had been so long floundering, was most grateful, but the animals suffered greatly, and before they reached their first camping-ground, two had given out. The 9th they descended into the valley of Mukondokno, and there struck the road traversed by Speke and Burton in 1857. Reaching the dirty village, Kiora, Stanley found there his third caravan, led by Farquhar. By his debauchery on the way he had made himself sick and brought his caravan into a sad condition. As he heard Stanley's voice, he came staggering out of his tent, a bloated mass of human flesh that never would have been recognized as the trim mate of the vessel that brought Stanley from India. After he examined him as to the cause of his illness, he questioned him about the condition of the property intrusted to his care. Not able to get an intelligent answer out of him, he resolved to overhaul his

baggage. On examination, he found that he had spent enough for provisions on which to gormandize to have lasted eight months, and yet he had been on the route but two and a half months. If Stanley had not overtaken him, everything would have been squandered, and of all the bales of cloth he was to take to Unyanyembe not one bale would have been left. Stanley was sorely puzzled what to do with the miserable man. He would die if left at Kiora; he could not walk or ride far, and to carry him seemed well-nigh impossible.

On the 11th, however, the two caravans started forward, leaving Shaw to follow with one of the men. But he lagged behind, and had not reached the camp when it was roused next morning. Stanley at once dispatched two donkeys, one for the load that was on the cart and the other for Shaw, and with the messenger the following note: "*You will, upon the receipt of this order, pitch the cart into the nearest ravine, gully or river, as well as all the extra pack saddles; and come at once, for God's sake, for we must not starve here.*" After waiting four hours, he went back himself and met them, the carrier with the cart on his head, and Shaw on the donkey, apparently ready, at the least jolt, to tumble off. They, however, pushed on, and arrived at Madete at 4 o'clock. Crossing the river about three, and keeping on, they, on the 14th, from the top of a hill, caught sight of Lake Ugenlo. The outline of it, he says, resembles England without Wales. It is some three miles long by two wide, and is the abode of great numbers of hippopotami, while the buffalo, zebra, boar and antelope come here by night to quench their thirst. Its bosom is covered with wild fowl of every description. Being obliged to halt here two days on account of the desertion of the cooper, with one of the carbines, he explored the lake. Two more donkeys died here.

The deserter having returned of his own free will, the caravan started forward, cursed by the slow progress of the peevish, profane and violent Shaw. The next day, at breakfast, a scene occurred that threatened serious

consequences. When Shaw and Farquhar took their places, Stanley saw by their looks that something was wrong. The breakfast was a roast quarter of goat, stewed liver, some sweet potatoes, pancakes and coffee. "Shaw," said Stanley, "please carve and serve Farquhar." Instead of doing so, he exclaimed in an insulting tone, "What dog's meat is this?" "What do you mean?" demanded Stanley. "I mean," replied the fellow, "that it is a downright shame the way you treat us," and then complained of being compelled to walk and help himself, instead, as he was promised, have servants to wait upon him. All this was said in a loud, defiant tone, interluded with frequent oaths and curses of the "damned expedition," etc. When he had got through, Stanley, fixing his black, resolute eye on him, said: "Listen to me, Shaw, and you, Farquhar, ever since you left the coast, you have had donkeys to ride. You have had servants to wait upon you; your tents have been set up for you; your meals have been cooked for you; you have eaten with me of the same food I have eaten; you have received the same treatment I have received. But now all Farquhar's donkeys are dead; seven of my own have died, and I have had to throw away a few things, in order to procure carriage for the most important goods. Farquhar is too sick to walk, he must have a donkey to ride; in a few days all our animals will be dead, after which I must have over twenty more pagosis to take up the goods or wait weeks and weeks for carriage. Yet, in the face of these things, you can grumble, and curse, and swear at me at my own table. Have you considered well your position? Do you realize where you are? Do you know that you are my servant, sir, not my companion?"

"Servant, be ———" said he.

Just before Mr. Shaw could finish his sentence he had measured his length on the ground.

"Is it necessary for me to proceed further to teach you?" said Stanley.

"I tell you what it is, sir," he said, raising himself up,

"I think I had better go back. I have had enough, and I do not mean to go any farther with you. I ask my discharge from you."

"Oh, certainly. What—who is there? Bombay, come here."

After Bombay's appearance at the tent-door, Stanley said to him: "Strike this man's tent," pointing to Shaw; "he wants to go back. Bring his gun and pistol here to my tent, and take this man and his baggage two hundred yards outside of the camp, and there leave him."

In a few minutes his tent was down, his gun and pistol in Stanley's tent, and Bombay returned to make his report, with four men under arms.

"Now go, sir. You are at perfect liberty to go. These men will escort you outside of camp, and there leave you and your baggage."

He walked out, the men escorting him and carrying his baggage for him.

After breakfast Stanley explained to Farquhar how necessary it was to be able to proceed; that he had had plenty of trouble, without having to think of men who were employed to think of him and their duties; that, as he (Farquhar) was sick, and would be probably unable to march for a time, it would be better to leave him in some quiet place, under the care of a good chief, who would, for a consideration, look after him until he got well. To all of which Farquhar agreed.

Stanley had barely finished speaking before Bombay came to the tent-door, saying: "Shaw would like to speak to you."

Stanley went out to the door of the camp, and there met Shaw, looking extremely penitent and ashamed. He commenced to ask pardon, and began imploring to be taken back, and promising that occasion to find fault with him again should never arise.

Stanley held out his hand, saying: "Don't mention it, my dear fellow. Quarrels occur in the best of families. Since you apologize, there is an end of it."

On the 16th of May the little caravan started off again, and after a march of fifteen miles, camped at Matamombo, in a region where monkeys, rhinocerœ, steinlaks and antelopes abounded. The next day's march was through an interminable jungle, and extended fifteen miles. Here he came upon the old Arab sheikh, Thani, who gave him the following good advice: "Stop here two or three days, give your tired animals some rest, and collect all the carriers you can; fill your insides with fresh milk, sweet potatoes, beef, mutton, ghee, honey, beans, matama, maderia, nuts, and then, Inshalla! we shall go through Ugogo without stopping anywhere." Stanley was sensible enough to take this advice. He at once commenced on this certainly very prodigal bill of fare for Central Africa. How it agreed with him after the short trial of a single day, may be inferred from the following entry in his diary:

"Thank God! after fifty-seven days of living upon matama porridge and tough goat, I have enjoyed with unctuous satisfaction a real breakfast and a good dinner."

Here upon the Mpwapwa, he found a place to leave the Scotchman, Farquhar, until he should be strong enough to join him at Unyanyembe. But when he proposed this to the friendly chief, he would consent only on the condition that he would leave one of his own men behind to take care of him. This complicated matters, not only because he could not well spare a man, but because it would be difficult to find one who would consent to undertake this difficult task. This man, whom Stanley had thought would be a reliable friend and a good companion in his long, desolate marches, had turned out a burden and a nuisance. His wants were almost endless, and instead of using the few words in the language of the natives to make them known, he would use nothing but the strongest Anglo-Saxon, and when he found he was not understood, would fall to cursing in equally good round English oaths, and if the astonished natives did not understand this, relapsed into regular John Bull sullenness. When, therefore, Stanley

opened up the subject to Bombay, the latter was horrified. He said the men had made a contract to go through, not to stop by the way; and when Stanley, in despair, turned to the men, they one and all refused absolutely to remain behind with the cursing, unreasonable white man—one of them mimicking his absurd conduct so completely, that Stanley himself could not help laughing. But the man must be left behind, and somebody must take care of him; and so Stanley had to use his authority, and notwithstanding all his protestations and entreaties, Sako, the only one who could speak English, was ordered to stay behind.

Having engaged here twelve new carriers, and from the nearest mountain summit obtained an entrancing view of the surrounding region for a hundred miles, he prepared to start, but not before, notwithstanding the good milk it furnished, giving Mpwapwa a thorough malediction for its earwigs. "In my tent," he says, "they might be counted by thousands; in my slung cot by hundreds; on my clothes they were by fifties; on my neck and head they were by scores. The several plagues of locusts, fleas and lice sink into utter insignificance compared with this damnable one of earwigs." Their presence drove him almost insane. Next to these come the white ants, that threatened in a short time to eat up every article of baggage.

He now pushed on toward the Ugogo district, famous for the tribute it exacted from all caravans.

CHAPTER VI.

Three of his caravans meet—A waterless desert traversed—Stanley down with the fever—A land of plenty and of extortion—A populous district—A modern hercules—An African village—Stanley curbs his temper for economy's sake—A good sultan—News from one of his caravans—Curious natives—Flogged by Stanley into proper behavior—Salt plains—Stanley stops to doctor himself—A curious visit from a chief—A noble African tribe—A mob—Quarrel over the route to be taken—Settled by Stanley—A merry march—Condensation of Stanley's account of the character of the country and the tribes of Central Africa.

ON the 22nd of May, the two other caravans of Stanley joined him, only three hours' march from Mpwapwa, so that the one caravan numbered some four hundred souls—but not too large to insure a safe transit through dreaded Ugogo. A waterless desert, thirty miles across, and which it would take seventeen hours to traverse, now lay before them. On the way, Stanley was struck down with fever, and, borne along in a hammock, was indifferent to the herds of giraffes, and zebras, and antelopes that scoured the desert plain around him. The next morning the fever left him, and, mounting, he rode at the head of his caravan, and at 8 A. M. had passed the sterile wilderness and had entered the Ugogo district. He had now come into a land of plenty, but one also of extortion. The tribute that all passing caravans had to pay to the chiefs or sultans of this district was enormous. At the first village the appearance of this white man caused an indescribable uproar. The people came pouring out, men and women, naked, yelling, shouting, quarreling and fighting, making it a perfect babel around Stanley, who became irritated at this unseemly demonstration. But it was of no use. One of his men asked them to stop, but the only reply was "*shut up,*" in good native language. Stanley, however, was soon oblivious of their curiosity or noise—heavy doses of quinine to check a chill sent him off into a half doze. The next

day, a march of eight miles brought him to the sultan of the district. Report did not exaggerate the abundance of provisions to be found here. Now came the pay of tribute to the exorbitant chief. After a great deal of parley, which was irritating and often childish, Stanley satisfied the sultan's greed, and, on the 27th of May, shook the dust of the place from his feet and pushed westward. As he passed the thickly-scattered villages and plenteous fields, filled with tillers, he did not wonder at the haughty bearing of the sultan, for he could command force enough to rob and destroy every caravan that passed that way. Twenty-seven villages lined the road to the next sultan's district, Matomhiru. This sultan was a modern hercules, with head and shoulders that belonged to a giant. He proved, however, to be a much more reasonable man than the last sultan, and, after a little speechifying, the tribute was paid and the caravan moved off toward Bihawena. The day was hot, the land sterile, crossed with many jungles, which made the march slow and difficult. In the midst of this desolate plain were the villages of the tribe, their huts no higher than the dry, bleached grass that stood glimmering in the heat of the noon-day sun. Here he was visited by three natives, who endeavored to play a sharp game upon him, which so enraged Stanley that he would have flogged them with his whip out of camp, but one of his men told him to beware, for every blow would cost three or four yards of cloth. Not willing to pay so dearly to gratify his temper he forbore. The sultan was moderate in his demands, and from him he received news from his fourth caravan, which was in advance, and had had a fight with some robbers, killing two of them. It was only eight miles to the next sultan. The water here was so vile that two donkeys died by drinking of it, while the men could hardly swallow it. Stanley, nervous and weak from fever, paid the extravagant tributes demanded of him, without altercation. From here to the next sultan was a long stretch of forest, filled with elephants, rhinoceros, zebras, deer, etc. But they

had no time to stop and hunt. At noon they had left the last water they should find until noon the next day, even with sharp marching, and, hence, no delay could be permitted. The men without tents bivouacked under the trees, while Stanley tossed and groaned all night in a paroxysm of fever, but his courage in no way weakened. At dawn the caravan started off through the dark forest, in which one of the carriers fell sick and died.

At 7 A. M. they drew near Nyambwa, where excellent water was found. The villagers crowded round them with shouts and yells, and finally became so insolent that Stanley grabbed one of them by the neck and gave him a sound thrashing with his donkey-whip. This enraged them, and they walked backward and forward like angry tom-cats, shouting, "Are the Wagogo to be beaten like slaves ?" and they seemed, by their ferocious manner determined to avenge their comrade, but the moment Stanley raised his whip and advanced they scattered. Finding that the long lash, which cracked like a pistol, had a wholesome effect, whenever they crowded upon him so as to impede his progress, he laid it about him without mercy, which soon cleared a path.

The Sultan Kimberah was a small, queer and dirty old man, a great drunkard, and yet the most powerful of all the Ugogo chiefs. Here they had considerable trouble in arranging the amount of tribute, but at length everything was settled and the caravan passed on, and emerging from the corn-field, entered on a vast salt plain, containing a hundred or more square miles, from the salt springs of which the Wagogo obtained their salt. At Mizarza, the next camping-place, Stanley was compelled to halt and doctor himself for the fever which was wearing him to skin and bones. Early in the morning he began to take his quinine, and kept repeating the doses at short intervals until a copious perspiration told him he had broken the fever which had been consuming him for fourteen days. During this time, the sultan of the district, attracted by Stanley's lofty tent, with the American flag floating above it, visited him. He was so astonished at

the loftiness and furnishings of the tent, that in his surprise he let fall the loose cloth that hung from his shoulders and stood stark naked in front of Stanley, gaping in mute wonder. Admonished by his son—a lad fifteen years old—he resumed his garb and sat down to talk. Stanley showed him his rifles and other fire-arms, which astonished him beyond measure.

The 4th of June, the caravan was started forward again, and after three hours' march, came upon another district, containing only two villages, occupied by pastoral Wahumba and Wahehe. These live in cow-dung cone huts, shaped like Tartar tents.

"The Wahumba, so far as I have seen them, are a fine and well-formed race. The men are positively handsome, tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was the peculiar feature, that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their lower limbs have not the heaviness of the Wagogo and other tribes, but are long and shapely, clean as those of an antelope. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for a sculptor who would wish to immortalize in marble an Antrinus, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Appolo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebon skins, not coal black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass pendant from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining their calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and depending from the shoulder, shade one half of the bosom, and fall to the knees.

"The Wahehe might well be styled the Romans of Africa.

"Resuming our march, after a halt of an hour, in four hours more we arrived at Mukondoku proper.

"This extremity of Ugogo is most populous. The villages which surround the central tembe, where the Sultan Swaruru lives, amount to thirty-six. The people who flocked from these to see the wonderful men whose faces where white, who wore the most wonderful things on their persons, and possessed the most wonderful weapons; guns which 'bum-bummed' as fast as you could count on your fingers, formed such a mob of howling savages, that I, for an instant, thought there was something besides mere curiosity which caused such a commotion, and attracted such numbers to the roadside. Halting, I asked what was the matter, and what they wanted, and why they had made such a noise? One burly rascal, taking my words for a declaration of hostilities, promptly drew his bow, but as prompt as he had fixed his arrow my faithful Winchester with thirteen shots in the magazine was ready and at my shoulder, and but waited to see the arrow fly to pour the leaden messengers of death into the crowd. But the crowd vanished as quickly as they had come, leaving the burly Thersites, and two or three irresolute fellows of his tribe, standing within pistol range of my leveled rifle. Such a sudden dispersion of the mob which, but a moment before, was overwhelming, caused me to lower my rifle and indulge in a hearty laugh at the disgraceful flight of the men-destroyers. The Arabs, who were as much alarmed at their boisterous obtrusiveness, now came up to patch up a truce, in which they succeeded to everybody's satisfaction.

"A few words of explanation, and the mob came back in greater numbers than before; and the Thersites who had been the cause of the momentary disturbance were obliged to retire abashed before the pressure of public opinion. A chief now came up, whom I afterwards learned was the second man to Swaruru, and lectured the people upon their treatment of the 'white strangers.'"

The tribute-money was easily settled here. On the

7th of June, the route was resumed. There were three roads leading to Uyanzi, and which of the three to take caused long discussion and much quarrelling, and when Stanley settled the matter and the caravan started off on the road to Kiti, an attempt was made to direct it to another road, which Stanley soon discovered and prevented only by his prompt resort to physical arguments.

At last, they reached the borders of Uyanzi, glad to be clear of the land of Ugogo, said to be flowing with milk and honey, but which proved to Stanley a land of gall and bitterness. The forest they entered was a welcome change from the villages of Ugogo, and two hours after leaving them, they came, with the merry sound of horns, to a river in a new district. Continuing on, they made the forest ring with cheers, and shouts. and native songs. The country was beautiful, and the scenery more like cultivated England in former times than barbaric Africa.

Passing thus merrily on, they had made twenty miles by five o'clock. At one o'clock next morning, the camp was roused, and by the light of the moon the march was resumed, and at three o'clock arrived at a village to rest till dawn. They had reached a land of plenty and fared well. Kiti was entered on the 10th of June, where cattle and grain could be procured in abundance.

A valley fifteen miles distant was the next camp, and a march of three hours and a half brought them to another village, where provisions were very cheap.

They were now approaching Unyanyembe, their first great stopping-place, and where the term of service of many of Stanley's men expired. They marched rapidly now—to-day through grain fields, to-morrow past burnt villages, the wreck of bloody wars.

At last, with banners flying and trumpets and horns blowing, and amid volleys of small arms, the caravan entered Unyanyembe.

Of the three routes from the coast to this place, Stanley discarded the two that had before been travelled by Speke

and Burton and Grant and chose the third, with the originality of an American, and thus saved nearly two hundred miles' travel.

Mr. Stanley, after reaching this first great objective point, goes back and gives a general description of the regions he has traversed. To the geographer, it may be of interest, but not to the general reader. But the following, taken from his long account, will give the reader a clear idea of the country traversed and of its inhabitants. Beginning with Wiami River, emptying into the Indian Ocean near Zanzibar, he says:

"First it appears to me that the Wiami River is available for commerce, and by a little improvement, could be navigated by light-draft steamers near to the Usagara Mountains, the healthy region of this part of Africa, and which could be reached by steamers in four days from the coast, and then it takes one into a country where ivory, sugar, cotton, indigo and other productions can be obtained."

"Four days by steamer bring the missionary to the healthy uplands of Africa, where he can live amongst the gentle Wasagara without fear or alarm; where he can enjoy the luxuries of civilized life without fear of being deprived of them, amid the most beautiful and picturesque scenes a poetic fancy could imagine. Here is the greenest verdure, purest water; here are valleys teeming with grain-stalks, forests of tamarind, mimosa, gum-copal tree; here is the gigantic moule, the stately mparamnsi, the beautiful palm; a scene such as only a tropic sky covers. Health and abundance of food are assured to the missionary; gentle people are at his feet, ready to welcome him. Except civilized society, nothing that the soul of man can desire is lacking here.

"From the village of Kadetamare a score of admirable mission sites are available, with fine health-giving breezes blowing over them, water in abundance at their feet, fertility unsurpassed around them, with docile, good-tempered people dwelling everywhere, at peace with each other and all travellers and neighbors.