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"As the passes of the Olympus unlocked the gates of the Eastern empires to the hordes of Othman; so the passes of the Mukondokwa may admit the Gospel and its beneficent influences into the heart of savage Africa.

"I can fancy old Kadetamare rubbing his hands with glee at the sight of the white man coming to teach his people the words of the 'Molungu'—the Sky Spirit; how to sow, and reap, and build houses; how to cure their sick, how to make themselves comfortable—in short, how to be civilized. But the missionary, to be successful, must know his duties as well as a thorough sailor must know how to reef, hand and steer. He must be no kid-glove, effeminate man, no journal writer, no disputatious polemic, no silken stole and chasuble-loving priest—but a thorough, earnest laborer in the garden of the Lord—a man of the David Livingstone, or of the Robert Moffatt stamp.

"The other river, the Rufiji, or Ruhwha, is a still more important stream than the Wiami. It is a much longer river, and discharges twice as much water into the Indian Ocean. It rises near some mountains about one hundred miles south-west of Nbena. Kisigo River, the most northern and most important affluent of the Ruhwha, is supposed to flow into it near east longitude thirty-five degrees; from the confluence to the sea, the Ruhwha has a length of four degrees of direct longitude. This fact, of itself, must prove its importance and rank among the rivers of East Africa.

"After Zanzibar, our *debut* into Africa is made *via* Bagomayo. At this place we may see seven different tribes; yet it would be a difficult task for any person, at mere sight of their dresses or features, to note the differences. Only by certain customs or distinctive marks, such as tattooing, puncturing of the lobes of the ears, ornaments, wearing the hair, etc., which would appear, at first, too trivial to note, could one discriminate between the various tribal representatives. There are certainly differences, but not so varied or marked as they are reported.

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"The Wasawahili, of course, through their intercourse with semi-civilization, present us with a race, or tribe, influenced by a state of semi-civilized society, and are, consequently, better dressed and appear to better advantage than their more savage brethren farther west. As it is said that underneath the Russian skin lies the Tartar, so it may be said that underneath the dish-dasheh, or shirt of the Wasawahili, one will find the true barbarian. In the street or bazaar he appears semi-Arabized; his suavity of manner, his prostrations and genuflexions, the patois he speaks, all prove his contact and affinity with the dominant race, whose subject he is. Once out of the coast towns, in the Washensi villages, he sheds the shirt that had half civilized him, and appears in all his deep blackness of skin, prognathous jaws, thick lips —the pure negro and barbarian. Not keenest eye could detect the difference between him and the Washensi, unless his attention had been drawn to the fact that the two men were of different tribes.

"The next tribe to which we are introduced are the Wakwere, who occupy a limited extent of country between the Wazaramo and the Wadoe. They are the first representatives of the pure barbarian the traveler meets, when but two days' journey from the sea-coast. They are a timid tribe and a very unlikely people to commence an attack upon any body of men for mere plunder's sake. They have not a very good reputation among the Arab and Wasawahili traders. They are said to be exceedingly dishonest, of which I have not the least doubt. They furnished me with good grounds for believing these reports while encamped at Kingaru, Hera and Imbiki. The chiefs of the more eastern part of Ukwere profess nominal allegiance to the Dwians and the Mrima. They have selected the densest jungles wherein to establish their villages. Every entrance into one of their valleys is jealously guarded by strong wooden gates, seldom over four and a half feet high, and so narrow, sometimes, that one must enter sideways.

"These jungle islets which in particular dot the extent

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of Ukwere, present formidable obstacles to a naked enemy. The plants, bushes and young trees which form their natural defence, are generally of the aloetic and thorny species, growing so dense, interlaced one with the other, that the hardiest and most desperate robber would not brave the formidable array of sharp thorns which bristle everywhere.

"Some of these jungle islets are infested with banditti, who seldom fail to take advantage of the weakness of a single wayfarer, more especially if he be a Mgwana —a freeman of Zanzibar, as every negro resident of the island of Zanzibar is distinguished by the Washensi natives of the interior.

"I should estimate the population of Ukwere, allowing about one hundred villages to this territory (which is not more than thirty miles square), at not more than five thousand souls. Were all these banded together under the command of one chief, the Wakwere might become a powerful tribe.

"After the Wakwere we come to the Wakami, a remnant of a once grand nation, which occupied the lands from the Ungerengeri to the Great Makata River. Frequent wars with the Wadoe and Waseguhha have reduced them to a narrow belt of country, ten rectilinear miles across, which may be said to be comprised between Kiva Peak and the stony ridge bounding the valley of the Ungerengeri on the east, within a couple of miles from the east bank of the river.

"They are as numerous as bees in the Ungerengeri Valley. The unsurpassed fertility has been a great inducement to retain for these people the distinction of a tribe. By the means of a spy-glass one may see, as he stands on the top of that stony ridge looking down into the fair valley, clusters of brown huts visible amid bosky clumps, fullness and plenty all over the valley, and may count easily over a hundred villages.

"From Ukami, we pass Southern Udoe, and find a warlike, fine-looking people, with a far more intelligent cast of features, and a shade lighter than the Wakami

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and Wakwere—a people who are full of traditions of race, a people who have boldly rushed to war upon the slightest encroachment upon their territories, and who have bravely defended themselves against the Waseguhha and Wakami, as well as against nomadic marauders from Uhumba.

"Udoe, in appearance, is amongst the most picturesque countries between the sea and Nyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forest, tipped by the light, fleecy clouds, through which the warm, glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in sunlight, which brings out those globes of foliage, which rise in tier after tier to the summit of the hills, colors which would mock the most ambitious painter's efforts at imitation. Udoe first evokes the traveller's love of natural beauty after leaving the sea, her roads lead him up along the sharp spines of hilly ridges, whence he may look down upon the forest-clad slopes, declining on either side of him into the depths of deep valleys, to rise up beyond into aspiring cones which kiss the sky, or into a high ridge with deep, concentric folds, which almost tempt one to undergo much labor in exploring them for the provoking air of mystery in which they seem to be enwrapped.

"What a tale this tribe could relate of the slave-trader's deeds. Attacked by the joint forces of the Waseguhha from the west and north, and the slave-traders of Whinde and Saádani from the east, the Wadoe have seen their wives and little ones carried into slavery a hundred times, and district after district taken from their country and attached to Useguhha. For the people of Useguhha were hired to attack their neighbors, the Wadoe, by the Whinde slave-traders, and were also armed with muskets and supplied with amunition by them, to effect large and repeated captures of Wadoe slaves. The people of this tribe, especially women and children, so superior in physique and intelligence to the servile races by which they were surrounded, were eagerly sought for as concubines and domestics by the lustful Mohammedans.

"This tribe we first note to have distinctive tribal

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marks—by a line, punctures extending lengthwise on each side of the face, and a chipping of the two inner sides of the two middle teeth of the upper row.

"The arms of this tribe are similar to the arms of the Wakami and Wakwere, and consist of a bow and arrows, a shield, a couple of light spears or assegais, a long knife, a handy little battle-axe and a club with a large knob at the end of it, which latter is dexterously swung at the head of an enemy, inflicting a stunning and sometimes a fatal blow.

"Emerging from the forest of Mikeseh, we enter the territory of the Waseguhha, or Wasegura, as the Arabs wrongly call this country. Useguhha extends over two degrees in length, and its greatest breadth is ninety geographical miles. It has two main divisions, that of Southern Useguhha, from Uruguni to the Wiami River, and Northern Useguhha, under the chieftain Moto, from the Wiami River to Umagassi and Usumbara.

"Mostly all the Waseguhha warriors are armed with muskets, and the Arabs supply them with enough ammunition, in return for which they attack Waruguru, Wadoe and Wakwenni, to obtain slaves for the Arab market, and it is but five years since the Waseguhha organized a successful raid into the very heart af the Wasagara Mountains, during which they desolated the populated part of the Makata plain, capturing over five hundred slaves. Formerly wars in this country were caused by blood feuds between different chiefs; they are now encouraged by the slave buyers of the Mirma, for the purpose of supplying these human chattels for the market of Zanzibar. The Waseguhha are about the most thorough believers in witchcraft, yet the professors of this dark science fare badly at their hands. It is a very common sight to see cinereous piles on the roadside, and the waving garments suspended to the branches of trees above them, which mark the fate of the unfortunate 'Wagana' or medicine man. So long as their predictions prove correct and have a happy culmination, these professors of the magic art are regarded with favour by the

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people; but if an unusual calamity overtakes a family, and they can swear that it is the result of the magician's art, a quorum of relentless inquisition is soon formed, and a like fate to that which overtook the 'witches' in the dark days of New England surely awaits him.

"Enough dead wood is soon found in their African forests, and the unhappy one perishes by fire, and, as a warning to all false professors of the art, his loin-cloth is hung up to a tree above the spot where he met his doom.

"In Southern Usagara, the people are most amiable; but in the north, in those districts adjacent to the Wahumba, the people partake of the ferocious character of their fierce neighbors. Repeated attacks from the kidnappers and robbers on the south-west, west and north, have caused them to regard strangers with suspicion; but after a short acquaintance they prove to be a frank, amiable and brave people. Indeed, they have good cause to be distrustful of the Arabs of Zanzibar. Mbumi, Eastern Usagara, has been twice burned down, within a few years, by the Arabian kidnappers.

"The Wasagara, male and female, tattoo the forehead, bosom and arms. Besides inserting the neck of a gourd in each ear—which carries his little store of tobacco, and lime, which he has obtained by burning land shells—he carries quite a number of primitive ornaments around his neck, such as two or three snowy cowrie-shells, carved pieces of wood, or a small goat's horn, or some medicine consecrated by the medicine man of the tribe, a fund of red or white beads, or a string of copper coins, and sometimes small brass chains, like a cheap Jack watch-chain. These things they have either made themselves or purchased from Arab traders for chickens or goats. The children all go naked; youths wear a goat or sheep-skin; grown men and women, blessed with progeny, wear domestic or a loin-cloth of Kaniki, or a barsati, which is a favorite colored cloth in Usagara; chiefs wear caps such as are worn by the Arabs.

"Next on our line of march, appears the Wagogo, a powerful race, inhabiting the region west of Usagara to

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Uyanzi, which is about eighty miles in breadth and about one hundred in length.

"The traveler has to exercise great prudence, discretion and judgment in his dealings with them. Here he first heard the word 'houga' after passing Limbomwenni, a word which signifies tribute, though it formerly meant a present to a friend. Since it is exacted from him with threats, that if it is not paid they will make war on him, its best interpretation would be, 'forcibly extorted tribute or toll.'

"Naturally, if the traveler desires to be mulcted of a large sum, he will find the Wagogo ready to receive every shred of cloth he gives them. Moumi will demand sixty cloths, and will wonder at his own magnanimity in asking such a small number of cloths from a great white man. The traveler, however, will be wise if he permits his chief men to deal with them, after enjoining them to be careful, and not commit themselves too hastily to any number.

"They are, physically and intellectually, the best of the races between Unyamwezi and the sea. Their color is a rich dark brown. There is something in their frontal aspect almost leonine. Their faces are broad and intelligent. Their eyes are large and round. Their noses are flat, and their mouths are very large; but their lips, though thick, are not so monstrously thick as those our exaggerated ideal of a negro has. For all this, though the Mgogo is a ferocious man, capable of proceeding to any length upon the slightest temptation, he is an attractive figure to the white traveler. He is proud of his chief, proud of his country, sterile and unlovable though it be; he is proud of himself, his prowess, his weapons and his belongings; he is vain, terribly egotistic, a bully, and a tyrant, yet the Mgogo is capable of forming friendships, and of exerting himself for friendship's sake. One grand vice in his character, which places him in a hostile light to travelers, is his exceeding avarice and greed for riches; and if the traveler suffers by this, he is not likely to be amiably disposed toward him.

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"This sturdy native, with his rich complexion, his lion front, his menacing aspect, bullying nature, haughty, proud and quarrelsome, is a mere child to the man who will devote himself to the study of his nature, and not offend his vanity. He is easily angered, and his curiosity is easily aroused. A traveler with an angular disposition is sure to quarrel with him—but, in the presence of this rude child of nature, especially when he is so powerful, it is to his advantage and personal safety to soften those angles of his own nature. The Kigogo 'Rob Roy' is on his native ground, and has a decided advantage over the white foreigner. He is not brave, but he is, at least, conscious of the traveler's weakness, and he is disposed to take advantage of it, but is prevented from committing an act because it is to his advantage to keep the peace. Any violence to a traveler would close the road; caravans would seek other ways, and the chiefs would be deprived of much of their revenues.

"The Mgogo warrior carries as his weapons a bow and a sheaf of murderous-looking arrows, pointed, pronged and barbed; a couple of light, beautifully-made assegais; a broad, sword-like spear, with a blade over two feet long; a battle-axe, and a rungu or knob-club. He has also a shield, painted with designs in black and white, oval-shaped, sometimes of rhinoceros, or elephant, or bull-hide. From the time he was a toddling urchin he has been familiar with his weapons, and by the time he was fifteen years old he was an adept with them.

"He is armed for battle in a very short time. The messenger from the chief darts from village to village, and blows his ox-horn, the signal for war. The warrior hears it, throws his hoe over his shoulder, enters his house, and in a few seconds issues out again, arrayed in war-paint and full fighting costume. Feathers of the ostrich, or the eagle, or the vulture nod above his head; his long crimson robe streams behind him, his shield is on his left arm, his darting assegai in his left hand, and his ponderous man-cleaver—double-edged and pointed,

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heading a strong staff—is in his right hand; jingling bells are tied around his ankles and knees; ivory wrislets are on his arms, with which he sounds his approach. With the plodding peasant's hoe he has dropped the peasant's garb, and is now the proud, vain, exultant warrior—bounding aloft like a gymnast, eagerly sniffing the battle-field. The strength and power of the Wagogo are derived from their numbers.

Though caravans of the Wagogo are sometimes found passing up and down the Unyamwezi road, they are not so generally employed as the Wanyamwezi in trade. Their villages are thus always full of warriors. Weak tribes, or remnants of tribes are very glad to be admitted under their protection. Individuals of other tribes, also, who have been obliged to exile themselves from their own tribes, for some deed of violence, are often found in the villages of the Wagogo. Wanyamwi are also frequently found in this country. Indeed, these latter people are like Scotchmen; they may be found almost everywhere throughout Central Africa, and have a knack of pushing themselves into prominence.

As in Western Usagara, the houses of the Wagogo are square, arranged around the four sides of an area—to which all the doors open. The roofs are all flat, on which are spread the grain, herbs, tobacco and pumpkins. The back of each department is pierced with small holes for observation and for defence.

"The dwelling is a fragile affair as constructed in Ugogo; it merely consists of a line of slender sticks daubed over with mud, with three or four strong poles planted at intervals to support the beams and rafters, on which rests the flat clay roof. In Uyanzi, the dwelling is a formidable affair, because of the abundance of fine trees, which are cut down and split into rails three or four inches thick.

The house is divided into apartments, separated from each other by a wall. Each apartment may contain a family of grown-up boys and girls, who form their beds on the floor, out of dressed hides. The father of the

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family, only, has a fixed cot, made of ox-hide, stretched over a frame, or of the bark of a tree. The floor is of tamped mud, and is exceedingly filthy, smelling strongly of every abomination. In the corners, suspended to the rafters, are the fine, airy dwellings of black spiders of a very large size, and other monstrous insects.

The Wagogo believe in the existence of a God, or sky spirit, whom they call Mulungu. Their prayers are generally directed to him when their parents die. A Mgogo, after he has consigned his father to the grave, collects his father's chattels together, his cloth, his ivory, his knife, his hoe, his bows and arrows, his spear and his cattle, and kneels before them, repeating a wish that Mulungu would increase his worldly wealth, that he would bless his labors and make him successful in trade. They venerate, and often perform a dance in honor of the moon.

The following conversation occurred between Stanley and a Mgogo trader:

" 'Who do you suppose made your parents?"

" 'Why, Mulungu, white man.'

" 'Well, who made you?'

" 'If God made my father, God made me, didn't He?'

" 'That's very good. Where do you suppose your father has gone to, now that he is dead?'

" 'The dead die,' said he, solemnly, 'they are no more. The sultan dies, he becomes nothing—he is then no better than a dead dog; he is finished, his words are finished—there are no words from him. It is true,' he added, seeing a smile on my face, 'the sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar. There.'

" 'But then he is a very great man, is he not?'

" 'While he lives only—after death he goes into the pit, and there is no more to be said of him than any other man.'

" 'How do you bury a Mgogo?'

" 'His legs are tied together, his right arm to his body, and his left is put under his head. He is then rolled on his left side in the grave. His cloth he wore during his

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life is spread over him. We put the earth over him, and put thorn-bushes over it, to prevent the hyena from getting at him. A woman is put on her right side in a grave apart from the man.'

"'What do you do with the sultan, when he is dead ?"

"'We bury him, too, of course; only he is buried in the middle of the village, and we build a house over it. Each time they kill an ox, they kill before his grave. When the old sultan dies, the new one calls for an ox, and kills it before his grave, calling on the Mulungu to witness that he is the rightful sultan. He then distributes the meat in his father's name.'

"'Who succeeds the sultan ? Is he the eldest son ?'

"'Yes, if he has a son; if childless, the great chief next to him in rank. The msagira is the next to the sultan, whose business it is to hear the cause of complaint, and convey it to the sultan, who, through the sultan, dispenses justice, he receives the honga, carries it to the sultan, places it before him, and when the sultan has taken what he wishes, the rest goes to the msagiri. The chiefs are called manya-para; the msagiri is the *chief* manya-para.'

"'How do the Wagogo marry ?'

"'Oh, they buy their women ?'

"'What is a woman worth ?'

"'A very poor man can buy his wife from her father for a couple of goats.'

"'How much has the sultan got to pay ?'

"'He has got to pay about one hundred goats, or so many cows, so many sheep and goats, to his bride's father. Of course, he is a chief. The sultan would not buy a common woman. The father's consent is to be obtained, and the cattle have to be given up. It takes many days to finish the talk about it. All the family and friends of the bride have to talk about it before she leaves her father's house.'

"'In cases of murder, what do you do to the man that kills another ?'

"'The murderer has to pay fifty cows. If he is too

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poor to pay, the sultan gives permission to the murdered man's friends or relatives to kill him. If they catch him, they tie him to a tree, and throw spears at him—one at a time first; they then spring on him, cut his head off, then his arms and limbs, and scatter them about the country.'

"'How do you punish a thief?'

"'If he is found stealing, he is killed at once, and nothing is said about it. Is he not a thief?'

"'But, suppose you do not know who the thief is?'

"'If a man is brought before us accused of stealing, we kill a chicken. If the entrails are white, he is innocent; if yellow, he is guilty.'

"'Do you believe in witchcraft?'

"'Of course we do, and punish the man with death who bewitches cattle or stops rain.'

"Sacrifices of human life as penalty for witchcraft and kindred superstitions—indeed for many trivial offences—are painfully numerous among nearly all the tribes.

"Next to Ugogo is Uyanzi, the Hot Field.

"Uyanzi is at present very populous. Along the northern route water is plentiful enough, villages are frequent and travelers begin to perceive that the title is inappropriate. The people who inhabit the country are Wakimbu from the south. They are good agriculturists, and are a most industrious race. They are something like the Wasagara in appearance, but do not obtain a very high reputation for bravery. Their weapons consist of light spears, bows and arrows, and battle-axes. Their tembes are strongly made, showing considerable skill in the art of defensive construction. Their bomas are so well made, that one would require cannon to effect an entrance, if their villages were at all defended. They are skillful, also, in constructing traps for elephants and buffaloes. A stray lion or leopard is sometimes caught by then."

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CHAPTER VII.

Reception in Unyanyembe—His House—Reports of the Chiefs of his Caravans—A Feast—Luxurious Living of the Arabs—Arab Country—War against Mirambo, in which Stanley becomes an Ally—Is taken Sick—Bombay Thrashed—Stanley joins the Arab Army—Capture of Mirambo's Stronghold—Villages laid waste—Mirambo's Revenge—Arabs Defeated and Stanley Left Alone—Is Sick—Final Departure—His Indomitable Will and Courage—A Touching Extract from his Journal—Deserters—Shaw, the last White Man, left Behind—Corpses on the Road—Mollifies a Sullen Chief—Strong Medicine—A Ludicrous Scene—The Paradise of Hunters—A Right Royal Hunt.

STANLEY received a noiseless ovation in Unyanyembe as he walked with the governor of his house. Soldiers and men, by the hundreds, hovered round their chief, staring at him, while the naked children peered between the legs of the parents. Tea was served in a silver tea-pot,and a sumptuous breakfast furnished,which Stanley devoured only as a hungry man can, who has been shut up for so many months in the wilds of Africa.

Then pipes and tobacco were produced, and amid the whiffs of smoke, came out all the news that Stanley had brought from Zanzibar, while the gratified sheikh smoked and listened. When Stanley took his leave to look after his men his host accompanied him to show him the house he was to occupy while he remained. It was commodious and quite luxurious after his long life in a tent.

All the caravans had arrived, and he received the reports of the chief of each, while the goods were unpacked and examined. One had had a fight with the natives and beaten them, another had shot a thief, and the fourth had lost a bale of goods. On the whole, Stanley was satisfied and thankful there had been no more serious misfortunes. Food was furnished with lavish prodigality, and while he was surfeiting himself, he ordered a bullock to be slain for his men, now reduced to twenty-five in number.

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On the second day of his arrival, the chief Arabs of Tabna came to visit him. This is the chief Arab settlement of Central Africa, and contains a thousand huts and about five thousand inhabitants. The Arabs are a fine, handsome set of men, and, living amid rich pastures, raise large herds of cattle and goats, and vegetables of all kinds, while their slaves bring back in caravans from Zanzibar, the luxuries of the East, not only coffee, spices, wines and salmon, etc., but Persian carpets, rich bedding, with elegant table service. Some of them sport gold watches and chains. Each one keeps as many concubines as he can afford—the size of his harem being limited only by his means.

These magnates from Tabna, after finishing their visit, invited Stanley to visit their town and partake of a feast they had prepared for him. Three days after, escorted by eighteen of his men, he returned the visit. He arrived in time to attend a council of war which was being held, as to the best manner of asserting their rights against a robber-chief named Mirambo. He had carried war through several tribes and claimed the right to waylay and rob Arab caravans. This must be stopped, and it was resolved to make war against him in his stronghold. Stanley agreed to accompany them, taking his caravan a part of the way and leaving it until Mirambo was defeated, and the way to Ujiji cleared.

Returning to Unyanyembe, he found the caravan which had been made up to carry supplies to Livingstone on November 1st, 1870. Having gone twenty-five miles from Zanzibar, to Bagomayo, it had stayed there one hundred days, when, hearing that the English consul was coming, had started off in affright just previous to Stanley.

Whether owing to his great change in diet or some other cause, Stanley was now stricken down with fever, and for a week tossed in delirium. Selim, his faithful servant, took care of him. When he had recovered, the latter was seized with it.

But by the 29th of July, all the sick had recovered, and the caravan was loaded up for Ujiji. But Bombay

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was absent and they had to wait from eight o'clock till two in the afternoon, he stubbornly refusing to leave his mistress. When he arrived and was ordered to his place he made a savage reply. The next moment Stanley's cane was falling like lightning on his shoulders. The poor fellow soon cried for mercy. The order "March" was then given, and the guide, with forty armed men behind him, led off, with flags streaming. At first in dead silence, they moved on, but soon struck up a monotonous sort of chorus, which seemed to consist mostly of "Hoy, Hoy," and was kept up all day. The second day, he arrived at Masangi, where he was told the Arabs were waiting for him at Mfuto, six hours' march distant. The next morning, he arrived at the place where the Arab army was gathered, numbering in all two thousand two hundred and twenty-five men; of these, fifteen hundred were armed with guns. With banners flying and drums beating, they, on the 3rd of August, marched forth, but in a few hours, Stanley was stricken down with fever. The next day, however, the march was resumed, and at eleven o'clock, Zimbize, the stronghold of the enemy, came in view. The forces quickly surrounded it. A general assault followed and the village was captured, the inhabitants fleeing towards the mountains, pursued closely by the yelling Arabs. Only twenty dead bodies were found within. The next day, two more villages were burned, and the day after, a detachment of five hundred strong scoured the country around, carrying devastation and ruin in their path. At this critical period of the campaign, Stanley was again taken down with fever, and while he lay in his hammock, news came that the detachment of five hundred men had been surprised and killed. Mirambo had turned and ambushed them, and now the boasting of the morning was turned into despondency. The women made the night hideous with shrieks and lamentations over their slain husbands. The next day there was a regular stampede of the Arabs, and when Stanley was able to get out of his tent only seven men were left to him—all the rest had returned to Mfuto, and

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soon after to Tabna, twenty-five miles distant. It was plain that it was useless to open the direct road to Ujiji, which lay through Mirambo's district. In fact, it seemed impossible to get there at all, and the only course left open was to return to the coast and abandon the project of reaching Livingstone altogether. But what would Livingstone do locked up at Ujiji? He might perhaps go north and meet Baker, who was moving, with a strong force, southward. But he was told by a man that Livingstone was coming to Nyano Lake toward the Tanganika, on which Ujiji is situated, at the very time it was last reported he was murdered. He was then walking, dressed in American sheeting, having lost all his cloth in Lake Leemba. He had a breech-loading double-barreled rifle with him and two revolvers. Stanley felt that he could not give up trying to reach him, now it was so probable that he was within four hundred miles of him.

On the 13th, a caravan came in from the east and reported Farquhar dead at the place where he had left him. Ten days after, Mirambo attacked Tabna and set it on fire. Stanley, at this time, was encamped at Kwihara, and in sight of the burning town. The refugees came pouring in, and Stanley, finding the men willing to stand by him, began to prepare for defense, and counting up his little force, found he had one hundred and fifty men. He was not attacked, however, and five days after, Mirambo retreated. The Arabs held councils of war, and urged Stanley to become their ally, but he refused, and finally took the bold resolution of organizing a flying caravan, and by a southern route and quick marching, reach Ujiji. This was August 27th, and the third month he had been in Unyanyembe. Having got together some forty men in all, he gave a great banquet to them prior to their departure, but an attack of fever caused him to postpone it But, on the 20th of September, though too weak to travel, he mustered his entire force outside the town, and found that, by additional men which the Arabs had succeeded in securing, it now numbered fifty-four men. When all

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was ready, Bombay was again missing, and when found and brought up, excused himself, as of old, by saying he was bidding his "misses" good-bye. As he seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with Stanley, the latter not being in the most amiable mood, and wishing to teach the others a lesson, gave him a sound thrashing.

Soon, everything being ready, the word "march" passed down the line, and Stanley started on his last desperate attempt to push on to Ujiji—not much farther than from Toronto to Montreal as the crow flies—but by the way he would be compelled to go, no one knew how far, nor what time it would take to reach it. But Stanley had good reason to believe that Livingstone was alive, and from the reports he could get of his movements, must this time be at or near Ujiji, and therefore to Ujiji he was determined to go, unless death stopped his progress. He had been sent on a mission, and although the conditions were not that he should surmount impossibilities, he would come as near to it as human effort could approach. Though sick with fever, and with that prostration and utter loss of will accompanying it, he, nevertheless, with that marvelous energy that is never exhibited except in rare exceptional characters, kept his great object in view. That never lost its hold on him under the most disastrous circumstances—neither in the delirium of fever nor in the utter prostration that followed it. This tenacity of purpose and indomitable will ruling and governing him, where in all other men it would have had no power, exhibit the extraordinary qualities of this extraordinary man. We do not believe that he himself was fully aware of this inherent power, this fixedness of purpose that makes him different from all other men. No man possessing it is conscious of it any more than an utterly fearless man is conscious of his own courage. The following touching extract from his journal at this time lets in a flood of light on the character and the inner life of this remarkable man:

"About 10 p.m., the fever had gone. All were asleep in the tembe but myself, and an unutterable loneliness

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came on as I reflected on my position, and my intentions, and felt the utter lack of sympathy with me in all around. Even my own white assistant, with whom I had striven hard, was less sympathizing than my little black boy Kalulu. It requires more nerve than I possess to dispel all the dark presentiments that come upon the mind. But, probably, what I call presentiments are simply the impress on the mind of the warnings which these false-hearted Arabs have repeated so often. This melancholy and loneliness which I feel, may probably have their origin from the same cause. The single candle which barely lights up the dark shade which fills the corners of my room, is but a poor incentive to cheerfulness. I feel as though I were imprisoned between stone walls. But why should I feel as if baited by these stupid, slow-witted Arabs, and their warnings and croakings? I fancy a suspicion haunts my mind, as I write, that there lies some motive behind all this.

"I wonder if these Arabs tell me all these things to keep me here, in the hope that I may be induced another time to assist them in their war against Mirambo! If they think so, they are much mistaken, for I have taken a solemn, enduring oath—an oath to be kept while the least hope of life remains in me—not to be tempted to break the resolution I have formed, never to give up the search until I find Livingstone alive, or find his dead body; and never to return home without the strongest possible proofs that he is alive or that he is dead. No living man or living men shall stop me—only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die!

"And something tells me, I do not know what it is—perhaps it is the everliving hopefulness of my own nature; perhaps it is the natural presumption born out of an abundant and glowing vitality, or the outcome of an over-weening confidence in one's-self — anyhow and everyhow, something tells me to-night I shall find him, and—write it larger—FIND HIM! FIND HIM! Even the

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words are inspiring. I feel more happy. Have I uttered a prayer? I shall sleep calmly to-night."

There is nothing in this whole terrible journey so touching, and revealing so much, as this extract from his journal does. It shows that he is human, and yet far above common human weakness. Beset with difficulties, his only white companion dead or about to be left behind, the Arabs themselves and the natives telling him he cannot go on, left all alone in a hostile country, his men deserting him, he pauses and ponders. To make all these outer conditions darker, he is smitten down with fever that saps the energies, unnerves the heart and fills the imagination with gloomy forebodings, and makes the soul sigh for rest. It is the lowest pit of despondency into which a man may be cast. He feels it, and all alone, fever worn and sad, he surveys the prospect before him. There is not a single soul on which to lean —not a sympathizing heart to turn to while fever is burning up his brain, and night, moonless and starless, is setting down around him. He would be less than human not to feel the desolation of his position, and for a moment sink under this accumulation of disastrous circumstances. He does feel how utterly hopeless and sad is his condition; and all through the first part of this entry in his journal, there is something that sounds like a mournful refrain—yet, at its close, out of his gloomy surroundings, up from his feverish bed speaks the brave heart in trumpet tones, showing the indomitable will that nothing can break, crying out of the all-enveloping gloom, "*no living man or living men shall stop me*—only death can prevent me." There spoke one of the few *great* natures God has made. The closing words of that entry in his journal ring like a bugle-note from his sick-bed, and foretell his triumph.

But, at last, they were off. Shaw, the last white man left to Stanley, had been sick, and apparently indifferent whether he lived or died; but all, after a short march, became enlivened, and things looked more promising. But Stanley was again taken sick with the fever; the

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men began to be discouraged. Staggering from his sick-bed, he found that twenty of his men had deserted. Aroused at this new danger, he instantly dispatched twenty men after them, while he sent his faithful follower, Selim, to an Arab chief to borrow a long slave-chain. At night, the messengers returned with nine of the missing men. Stanley then told them that he had never used the slave-chain, but now he should on the first deserters. He had resolved to go to Ujiji, where he believed Dr. Livingstone was, and being so near the accomplishment of the mission he was sent on, he was ready to resort to any measures rather than fail. Deferring the use of the chain at present, he started forward and encamped at Iresaka. In the morning, two more men were missing. Irritated but determined, this resolute man halted, sent back for the fugitives, caught them, and when brought back, flogged them severely and chained them. Notwithstanding this severe treatment, the next morning another man deserted, while, to add to his perplexities and enhance the difficulties that surrounded him, a man who had accompanied him all the way from the coast asked to be discharged, while several others of the expedition were taken sick and unable to proceed; and it seemed, notwithstanding the resolute will of the leader, that the expedition must break up. But, fortunately, that evening men who had been in caravans to the coast entered the village where they were encamped, with wondrous stories of what they had seen on the coast, which revived the spirits of all, and the next morning they started off, and after three hours' march through the forest came to Kigandu. Shaw, the last white man now left to him, between real and feigned sickness, had become such a burden, that he determined to leave him behind, as the latter had often requested to be.

That night, the poor wretch played on an old accordion "Home, Sweet Home," which, miserable as it was, stirred the depths of Stanley's heart, now about to be left alone amid Arabs and natives in the most desperate part of his undertaking. But it could not be helped—speed was

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now everything on this new route, or Mirambo would close it also. So on the morning of the 27th, he ordered the horn to sound "get ready," and Shaw being sent back to Kwihara, set off on his southern unknown route to Ujiji with his caravan, and entered the dark forests and pressed rapidly forward, and in seven hours reached the village of Ugunda, numbering two thousand souls. It was well fortified against the robber, Mirambo. Around the principal village, some three thousand square acres were under cultivation, giving them not only all the provisions they wanted for their own use, but also enough for passing caravans, besides furnishing carriers for those in want of them. On the 28th, they arrived at a small village well supplied with corn, and the next day reached Kikuru, a place impregnated with the most deadly of African fevers. Over desert plains, now sheering on one side to avoid the corpse of a man dead from the small-pox, the scourge of Africa, and now stumbling on a skeleton, the caravan kept on till they came to the cultivated fields of Manyara. A wilderness one hundred and thirty-five miles in extent stretched out before them from this place, and Stanley was inclined to be very conciliatory toward the chief of the village, in order to get provisions for the long and desperate march before him. But the chief was very sullen and wholly indifferent to the presents the white man offered him. With adroit diplomacy, Stanley sent to him some magnificent royal cloths, which so mollified the chief that abundant provisions were soon sent in, followed by the chief himself with fifty warriors bearing gifts quite equal to those which Stanley sent him, and they entered the tent of the first white man they had ever seen. Looking at him for some time in silent surprise, the chiefs burst into an incontrollable fit of laughter, accompanied with snapping their fingers. But when they were shown the sixteen-shooters and revolvers their astonishment knew no bounds, while the double-barreled guns, heavily charged, made them jump to their feet with alarm, followed by convulsions of laughter. Stanley then showed them his chest of medi-

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A TROOP OF ELAND ATTACKED BY A TIGER.

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GIRAFFE, ZEBRA AND CAPE BUFFALO OF AFRICA.

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cine, and finally gave them a dose in the form of brandy. They tasted it, making wry faces, when he produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, saying it was for snake bites. One of the chiefs asked for some of it. It was suddenly presented to his nose, when his features underwent such indescribable contortions that the other chiefs burst into convulsions of laughter, clapped their hands, pinched each other and went through all sorts of ludicrous gesticulations. When the chief recovered himself, the tears in the meanwhile rolling down his cheeks, he laughed and simply said, "*strong* medicine." The others then took a sniff and went off into paroxysms of laughter.

Wednesday, October 4th, found them traveling toward the Gombe River. They had hardly left the waving corn-fields, when they came in sight of a large herd of zebras. Passing on, the open forest resembled a magnificent park, filled with buffalo, zebra, giraffe, antelope and other tropical animals, (see illustrations) while the scenery on every side was entrancing. These noble animals, coursing in their wild freedom through those grand, primeval forests, presented a magnificent sight. Stanley, thoroughly aroused, crept back to his camp, which had been pitched on the Gombe River, and prepared for a right royal hunt. He says :

"Here, at last, was the hunter's paradise! How petty and insignificant appeared my hunts after small antelope and wild boar; what a foolish waste of energies, those long walks through damp grasses and thorny jungles. Did I not well remember my first bitter experience in African jungles, when in the maritime region? But this —where is the nobleman's park that can match this scene? Here is a soft, velvety expanse of young grass, grateful shade under close, spreading clumps, herds of large and varied game browsing within easy rifle-shot. Surely I must feel amply compensated now for the long southern detour I have made, when such a prospect as this opens to the view! No thorny jungles and rank-smelling swamps are to daunt the hunter, and to sicken his aspir-

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ations after true sport. No hunter could aspire after a nobler field to display his prowess.

"Having settled the position of the camp, which overlooked one of the pools found in the depression of the Gombe Creek, I took my double-barreled smooth bore, and sauntered off to the park-land. I first sighted a fine troop of Elands with their heads down feeding on the tall grass. But before I arrived near enough to fire, a large leopard sprang upon the neck of one and frightened the whole troop away at a rapid pace. Soon after emerging from behind a clump, three fine, plump spring-bok were seen browsing on the young grass just within one hundred yards. I knelt down and fired; one unfortunate antelope bounded forward instinctively and fell dead. Its companions sprang high into the air, taking leaps about twelve feet in length, as if they were quadrupeds practising gymnastics, and away they vanished, rising up like India-rubber balls, until a knoll hid them from my view. My success was hailed with loud shouts by the soldiers, who came running out from the camp as soon as they heard the reverberation of the gun, and my gun-bearer had his knife at the throat of the beast, uttering a fervent 'Bismillah' as he almost severed the head from the body.

"Hunters were now directed to proceed east and north to procure meat, because in each caravan it generally happens that there are fundi whose special trade is to hunt for meat for the camp. Some of these are experts in stalking, but often find themselves in dangerous positions, owing to the near approach neccessary before they can fire their most inaccurate weapons with any certainty.

"After luncheon, consisting of spring-bok steak, hot corn-cake and a cup of Mocha coffee, I strolled toward the south-west, accompanied by Kalulu and Majwara, two boy gun-bearers. The tiny perpusilla started up like rabbits from me as I stole along through the underbrush; the honey-bird hopped from tree to tree chirping its call, as if it thought I was seeking the little sweet treasure, the hiding place of which it only knew; but,

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no! I neither desired perpusilla nor the honey. I was on the search for something great this day. Keen-eyed fish-eagles and bustards poised on trees above the sinuous Gombe thought, and probably with good reason, that I was after them, judging by the ready flight with which both species disappeared as they sighted my approach. Ah, no! nothing but harte beest, zebra, giraffe, eland and buffalo this day.

"After following the Gombe's course for about a mile, delighting my eyes with long looks at the broad and lengthy reaches of water, to which I was so long a stranger, I came upon a scene which delighted the innermost recesses of my soul; five, six, seven, eight, ten zebras switching their beautiful striped bodies, and biting one another, within about one hundred and fifty yards. The scene was so pretty, so romantic, never did I so thoroughly realize that I was in Central Africa. Mine they were, without money and without price; yet, knowing this, twice I dropped my rifle, loath to wound the royal beasts, but—crack! and a royal one was on his back, battling the air with his legs. Ah, it was such a pity! but hasten, draw the keen, sharp-edged knife across the beautiful stripes which fold around the throat, and—what an ugly gash! it is done, and I have a superb animal at my feet. Hurrah! I shall taste of zebra to-night.

"I thought a spring bok and zebra enough for one day's sport, especially after a long march. The Gombe, a long stretch of deep water, winding in and out of green groves, calm, placid, with lotus leaves resting lightly on its surface, all pretty, picturesque, peaceful as a summer's dream, looked very inviting for a bath. I sought out the most shady spot under a wide-spreading mimosa, from which the ground sloped smooth as a lawn to the still, clear water. I ventured to undress and had already stepped to my ankles in the water, and had brought my hands together for a glorious dive, when my attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the surface which I was about to explore by a 'header.' Great heavens,

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it was a crocodile! I sprang back instinctively, and this proved my salvation, for the monster turned away with the most disappointed look, and I was left to congratulate myself upon my narrow escape from his jaws, and to register a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African river."

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CHAPTER VIII.

A Beautiful Picture—A Mutiny—Narrow Escape of Stanley—Saved by His Prompt Courage—Swift Punishment of the leaders of the Mutiny—Exciting News from Ujiji—Difficulties in the Way—Resolves to go Round the next Village—Stealthy Marching—A New Danger—Vain Attempt to Stop a Woman Screaming—Rapid Marching—Stanley Startled by the Sound of Waves Bursting in Rocky Caverns—An Unexpected Danger—Narrow Escape—The End Approaches—Hurrah.

THE following extract from his journal, written up that night, shows that this strong, determined, fearless man was not merely a courageous lion, but possessed, also, the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet. With a few strokes of his pen, he sketches a picture on the banks of the forest-lined river, full of life and beauty:

"The adventures of the day were over; the azure of the sky had changed to a deep gray; the moon was appearing just over the trees; the water of the Gombe was like a silver belt; hoarse frogs bellowed their notes loudly by the margin of the creek; the fish-eagles uttered their dirge-like cries as they were perched high on the tallest trees; elands snorted their warning to the herd in the forest; stealthy forms of the carnivora stole through the dark woods outside of our camp. Within the high inclosure of the bush and thorn which we had raised about our camp, all was jollity, laughter and radiant, genial comfort. Around every camp-fire, dark forms of men were seen squatted: one man gnawed at a luscious bone; another sucked the rich marrow in a zebra's leg bone; another turned the stick, garnished with huge kabobs, to the bright blaze; another held a large rib over a flame; there were others busy stirring, industriously, great black potfuls of ugali, and watching anxiously the meat simmering, and the soup bubbling, while the firelight flickered and danced bravely, and cast a

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bright glow ever the naked forms of the men, and gave a crimson tinge to the tall tent that rose in the centre of the camp, like a temple sacred to some mysterious god; the fires cast their reflections upon the massive arms of the trees, as they branched over our camp; and in the dark gloom of their foliage, the most fantastic shadows were visible. Altogether, it was a wild, romantic and impressive scene."

They halted here for two days, the men hunting and gormandizing. Like all animals, after gorging themselves they did not want to move, and when, on the 7th of October, Stanley ordered the caravan to be put in motion, the men refused to stir. Stanley at once walked swiftly toward them with his double-barreled gun, loaded with buck shot, in his hand. As he did so he saw the men seize their guns. He, however, kept resolutely on till within thirty yards of two men, whose heads were peering above an ant-hill, with their guns pointed across the road—then suddenly halting, he took deliberate aim at them, determined, come what would, to blow out their brains. One of them, a giant, named Azmani, instantly brought up his gun with his finger on the trigger. "Drop that gun or you are a dead man," shouted Stanley. They obeyed and came forward, but he saw that murder was in Azmani's eyes. The other man, at the second order, laid down his gun, and, with a blow from Stanley that sent him reeling away, sneaked off. But the giant, Azmani, refused to obey, and Stanley aiming his piece at his head and touching the trigger was about to fire. The former quickly lifted his gun up to his shoulder to shoot. In another second he would have fallen dead at Stanley's feet. At this moment an Arab, who had approached from behind, struck up the wretch's gun and exclaimed, "Man, how dare you point your gun at the master?" This saved his life, and perhaps Stanley's also. It requires nerves of iron in a man thus to stand up all alone in the heart of an African forest surrounded by savages and defy them all, and cow them all. But the trouble was over, peace was concluded,

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and the men with one accord agreed to go on. The two instigators of this mutiny were Bombay and a savage, named Ambari. Snatching up a spear Stanley immediately gave the former a terrible pounding with the handle. Then turning on the latter, who stood looking on with a mocking face, he administered the same punishment to him—after which he put them both in chains.

For the next fourteen days, nothing remarkable occurred in the march, which had been in a south-westerly direction. Near a place called Mrera, Stanley, for the first time, saw a herd of wild elephants, and was deeply impressed with their lordly appearance. Here Selim was taken sick, and the caravan halted for three days, Stanley spending the interval in mending his shoes.

He now had four districts to traverse, which would occupy him twenty-five days. Taking a north-westerly route having, as he thought, got around the country of Mirambo, he turned north-westerly and pushed forward with all speed. Buffaloes, leopards and lions were encountered; the country was diversified, and many of the petty chiefs grasping and unfriendly, so that it was a constant, long wearisome fight with obstacles from the beginning to the end of each week. But, on November 3rd, a caraven of eighty came into Stanley's camp from the westward. The latter asked the news. They replied that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji. This was startling news indeed.

"A white man!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Yes, a white man."

"How is he dressed?"

"Like the master," pointing to him.

"Is he young or old?"

"He is old, with white hair on his face; and he is sick."

"Where has he come from?" was the next anxious inquiry.

"From a very far country, away beyond Uguhha."

"And is he now stopping at Ujiji?"

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"Yes, we left him there eight days ago."
"How long is he going to stay there ?"
"Don't know."
"Was he ever there before ?"
"Yes; he went away a long time ago."
Stanley gave a shout of exultation exclaiming: "It is Livingstone!"

Then came the thought, it may be some other man. Perhaps it is Baker, who has worked his way in there before me. It was a crushing thought, that after all his sufferings, and sickness, and toils, he should have been anticipated, and there was now nothing left for him to do but march back again. So he exclaimed to himself: "Baker has no white hair on his face." But he could now wait no longer, and turning to his men, he asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt. If they would, he would, on their arrival, present each two doti of cloth. They all shouted yes. Stanley jots down: "I was madly rejoiced, intensely eager to resolve the burning question, 'Is it Dr. Livingstone?' God grant me patience; but I do wish there was a railroad, or at least, horses, in this country. With a horse I could reach him in twelve hours"

But new dangers confronted him. The chiefs became more exorbitant in their demands and more hostile in their demonstrations, and but for Stanley's eagerness to get on, he would more than once have fought his way through some of those pertinacious tribes. But his patience, at last, gave out, for he was told after he had settled the last tribute that there were five more chiefs ahead who would exact tribute. This would beggar him, and he asked two of the natives if there was no way of evading the next chief, named Wahha.

"This rather astonished them at first, and they declared it to be impossible; but, finally, after being pressed, they replied that one of their number should guide us at midnight, or a little after, into the jungle which grew on the frontiers of Uhha and Uvinza By keeping a direct west course through this jungle

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until we came to Ukavanga, we might be enabled—we were told—to travel through Uhha without further trouble. If I were willing to pay the guide twelve doti, and if I were able to impose silence on my people while passing through the sleeping village, the guide was positive I could reach Ujiji without paying another doti. It is needless to add that I accepted the proffered assistance at such a price with joy.

"But there was much to be done. Provisions were to be purchased, sufficient to last four days, for the tramp through the jungle, and men were at once sent with cloth to purchase grain at any price. Fortune favored us, for, before 8 P.M. we had enough for six days.

"November 7th.—I did not go to sleep at all last night, but a little after midnight, as the moon was beginning to show itself, by gangs of four the men stole quietly out of the village; and by 3 A.M. the entire expedition was outside the bonna and not the slightest alarm had been made. After whistling to the new guide, the expedition began to move in a southern direction along the right bank of the Kanenzi River. After an hour's march in this direction, we struck west across the grassy plain, and maintained it, despite the obstacles we encountered, which were sore enough to naked men. The bright moon lighted our path ; dark clouds now and then cast immense long shadows over the deserted and silent plain, and the moonbeams were almost obscured, and at such times our position seemed awful—

"'Till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'

"Bravely toiled the men, without murmur, though their legs were bleeding from the cruel grass. 'Ambrosial morn' at last appeared with all its beautiful and lovely features. Heaven was born anew to us, with comforting omens and cheery promise. The men, though fatigued at the unusual travel, sped forward with quicker pace as daylight broke, until, at 8 A.M., we

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sighted the swift Rusugi River, when a halt was ordered in a clump of jungle near it, for breakfast and rest. Both banks of the river were alive with buffalo, eland and antelope, but though the sight was very tempting, we did not fire, because we dared not. The report of a gun would have alarmed the whole country. I preferred my coffee, and the contentment which my mind experienced at our success.

"An hour after we had rested, some natives carrying salt from the Malagarazi were seen coming up the right bank of the river. When abreast of our hiding-place they detected us, and dropping their salt-bags, they took to their heels at once, shouting out as they ran, to alarm some villages that appeared some four miles north of us. The men were immediately ordered to take up their loads, and in a few minutes we had crossed the Rusugi, and were making direct for a bamboo jungle that appeared in our front. Almost as soon as we entered, a weak-brained woman raised a series of piercing yells. The men were appalled at this noisy demonstration, which would call down upon our heads the vengeance of the Wahha for evading the tribute, to which they thought themselves entitled. In half an hour we should have hundreds of howling savages about us in the jungle, and probably a general massacre would ensue. The woman screamed fearfully again and again, for no cause whatever. Some of the men, with the instinct of self-preservation, at once dropped their bales and loads and vanished into the jungle. The guide came rushing back to me, imploring me to stop her noise. The woman's husband, livid with rage and fear, drew his sword and asked permission to cut her head off at once. Had I given the least signal, the woman had paid with her life for her folly. I attempted to hush her cries by putting my hand over her mouth, but she violently wrestled with me, and continued her cries worse than ever. There remained nothing else for me to do, but try the virtue of my whip over her shoulders. I asked her to desist after the first blow 'No!' She continued her insane cries with increased force and volume. Again my whip

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descended on her shoulders. 'No, no, no.' Another blow. 'Will you hush?' 'No, no, no,' louder and louder she cried, and faster and faster I showered the blows for the taming of this shrew. However, seeing I was as determined to flog as she was to cry, she desisted before the tenth blow and became silent. A cloth was folded over her mouth, and her arms were tied behind her; and in a few moments, the runaways having returned to their duty, the expedition moved forward again with redoubled pace."

That night they encamped at Lake Musunya, which swarmed with hippopotami. No tent nor hut was raised, nor fire kindled, and Stanley lay down with his rifle slung over his shoulders, ready to act on a moment's notice. Before daylight they were off again, and at early dawn emerged from the jungle and stretched rapidly across a naked plain. Reaching the Rugufa River, they halted in a deep shade, when suddenly Stanley heard a sound like distant thunder. Asking one of his men if it were thunder, the latter replied no, that it was the noise made by the waves of Tanganika breaking into the caverns of a mountain on its shore. Was he, indeed, so near this great inland sea, of which Ujiji was the chief harbor?

Pressing on three hours longer they encamped in the forest. Two hours before daylight they again set out, the guide promising that by next morning they should be clear of the hostile district. On this Stanley exclaims, "Patience, my soul! A few hours more and then the end of all this will be known. I shall be face to face with that white man with the white beard on his face, whoever he may be." Before daylight they started again, and emerging from the forest on to the high road, the guides, thinking they had passed the last village of the hostile tribe, set up a shout, but soon, to their horror, came plump upon its outskirts. Fate seemed about to desert him at the last moment, for if the village was roused he was a doomed man. Keeping concealed amid the trees, Stanley ordered the goats to be killed lest their bleating should lead to their discovery, the chickens

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to be killed also, and then plunged into the jungle, Stanley being the last man to follow. It was a narrow escape. After an half-hour's march, finding they were not pursued, they again took to the road. One more night in the encampment and then the end would come. Next morning they push on with redoubled speed, and, in two hours, from the top of a mountain he beholds with bounding heart the Lake Tanganika; a vast expanse of burnished silver with the dark mountains around it and the blue sky above it. "Hurrah," shouts Stanley, and the natives take up the shout, till the hills and forest ring with their exultant cries. The long struggle was nearly over; the goal toward which he had been so long straining almost won.

CHAPTER IX.

THE excitement that Stanley felt at this supreme moment of his life can never be described or even imagined. When he started from Zanzibar, he knew he had thrown the die which was to fix his fate. Successful, and his fame was secure, while failure meant death, and all the chances against him. How much he had taken upon himself no one but he knew; into what gloomy gulfs he had looked before he started, he alone was conscious. Of the risks he ran, of the narrow escapes he had made, of the toils and sufferings he had endured, he alone could estimate them. With the accumulation of difficulties—with the increasing darkness of his prospects, the one great object of his mission had increased in importance, till great as it was, became unnaturally magnified so that, at last, it filled all his vision, and became the one, the great, the only object in life worth pursuing. For it he had risked so much, toiled so long and suffered so terribly, that the whole world,

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with all its interests, was secondary to it. Hope had given way to disappointment and disappointment yielded to despair so often, that his strong nature had got keyed up to a dangerous pitch. But now the reward was near; and Balboa, when alone he ascended the solitary summit that was to give him a sight of the new, the hitherto unknown, the great Pacific Ocean, was not more intensely excited than Stanley was when he labored up the steep mountain that should give him a view of the Tanganika.

The joy, the exultation of that moment, outbalanced a life of common happiness. It was a feeling that lifts the soul into a region where our common human nature never goes, and it becomes a memory that influences and shapes the character forever. Such a moment of ecstasy —of perfect satisfaction—of exultant triumphant feeling that asks nothing better—that brings perfect rest with the highest exaltation, can never happen to a man but once in a life-time, and not to one in ten millions of men. To attempt to give any description of this culmination of all his efforts, and longings, and ambition, except in his own words, would be not only an act of injustice to him, but to the reader.

The descent to Ujiji and the interview with Livingstone is full of dramatic interest and should not be given, except in his own words. To attempt to improve on it would be presumption and would end only in failure, and we, therefore, give it in Mr. Stanley's own words, that glow with vivid life from beginning to end, and this shall be his chapter:

"We are descending the western slope of the mountain, with the valley of the Linche before us. Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matite brake, which grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of the Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotion.

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I notice the graceful palms, neat plats, green with vegetable plants, and small villages, surrounded with frail fences of the matite cane.

"We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived! our dreams, our hopes, our anticipations are about to be realized. Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the white man with the gray beard, we heard about on the Malagarazi.

"'Unfurl the flags and load the guns.'

"'Ay, Wallah, ay, Wallah, bana!' responded the men, eagerly.

"'One—two—three—fire.'

"A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect, presently, on the peaceful-looking village below.

"'Now, Kirangazi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganika. I can smell the fish of the Tanganika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest awaiting for you. MARCH!'

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"Before we had gone one hundred yards our repeated volleys had the desired effect. We had awakened Ujiji to the fact that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag, borne aloft by the gigantic Asmani, whose face was one broad smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mast-heads of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of 'Bindera Kisungu!'—a white man's flag! 'Bindera Mericani!'—the American flag!

"Then we were surrounded by them—by Wajiji, Wanyamzi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyuema and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shout of 'Yambo, yambo, bona! Yambo bona, Yambo bona!' To all and each of my men the welcome was given.

"We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say: 'Good morning, sir!'

"Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his wooly head, and I ask: 'Who the mischief are you?'

"'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' said he, smiling and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

"'What! is Dr. Livingstone here?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'In this village?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Are you sure?'

"'Sure, sure, sir. Why I just left him.'

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"'Good-morning, sir,' said another voice.

"'Hallo,' said I, 'is this another one?'

"'Yes, sir."

"'Well, what is your name?'

"'My name is Chumah, sir.'

"'What are you, Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And is the doctor well?'

"'Not very well, sir.'

"'Where has he been so long?'

"'In Manyuema.'

"'Now you, Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.'

"'Yes, sir,' and off he darted like a madman.

"By this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, "How did you come from Unyanyembe?'

"Soon Susi came running back and asked me my name; he had told the doctor that I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name Susi was rather staggered.

"But during Susi's absence the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out on his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

"In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted and the Kirangozi were out of the ranks, holding the flag aloft, and Selim said to me, 'I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.'

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And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing some trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

"So I did that which I thought was most dignified; I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"I replace my cap on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

"He answered: 'I feel thankful I am here to welcome you.'

"I turned to the Arabs, took off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of 'Yambos' I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces toward his tembe. He points to the veranda, or rather mud platform, under the broad over-hanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa have suggested, namely, a straw mat with a goat skin over it, and another skin

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nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more benefits him than me, but the doctor will not yield: I must take it.

"We are seated—the doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

"Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as: 'How did you come here?' and 'Where have you been all this long time? the world has believed you to be dead.' Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot exactly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man, at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.' What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truths I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

"Oh, reader, had you been at my side that day at Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvelous history of deeds.

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"The Arabs rose up with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves. I sent Bombay with them to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. Sayd bin Majid was the father of the gallant young man whom I saw at Masange, and who fought with me at Zimbizo, and who soon afterwards was killed by Mirambo's Ruga—Ruga in the forest of Wilyankuru; and knowing I had been there, he earnestly desired to hear the tale of the fight; but they had all friends at Unyanyembe, and it was but natural that they should be anxious to hear of what concerned them.

"After giving orders to Bombay and Asmani for the provisioning of the men of the expedition, I called 'Kaif-Halek,' or 'how do ye do,' and introduced him to Dr. Livingstone as one of the soldiers in charge of certain goods left at Unyanyembe, whom I had compelled to accompany me to Ujiji that he might deliver, in person, to his master the letter-bag he had been intrusted with by Dr. Kirk.

"This was the famous letter-bag marked 'Nov. 1st, 1870,' which was now delivered into the doctor's hands, three hundred and sixty-five days after it left Zanzibar! How long, I wonder, had it remained at Unyanyembe, had I not been dispatched into Central Africa in search of the great traveler?

"The doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then, presently opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children's letters, his face, in the meanwhile, lighting up.

"He asked me to tell him the news. 'No, doctor,' said I, 'read your letters first, which, I am sure, you must be impatient to read.'

"'Ah,' said he, 'I have waited years for letters, and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No; tell me the general news; how is the world getting along?'

"'You probably know much already. Do you know

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that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?'

"'I did not hear about the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?'

"Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration —of any penny-a-line news, of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a regent had been appointed; General Prim was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the 'Man of Destiny' was a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe; the queen of fashion and the empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in purple had lost forever the imperial crown intended for its head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke, and France, the proud empire, was humbled to the dust.

"What could a man have exaggerated of these facts? What a budget of news it was to one who had emerged from the depths of the primeval forests of Manyuema! The reflection of the dazzling light of civilization was cast on him while Livingstone was thus listening in wonder to one of the most exciting passages of history every repeated, How the puny deeds of barbarism paled before these! Who could tell under what new phases of uneasy life Europe was laboring even then, while we, two of her lonely children, rehearsed the tale of her late woes and glories? More worthily, perhaps, had the tongue of a lyric Demodocus recounted them; but in the absence of the poet, the newspaper correspondent performed his part as well and truthfully as he could.

"Not long after the Arabs had departed, a dishful of

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hot hashed-meat cakes was sent to us by Sayd bin Majid, and a curried chicken was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession, and as fast as they were brought we set to. I had a healthy, stubborn digestion, the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order, but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, he kept repeating, 'You have brought me new life.'

"'Oh, by George,' I said, 'I have forgotten something. Hasten, Selim, and bring that bottle; you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.'

"Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and, handing the doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said: 'Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, sir.'

"'And to yours,' he responded.

"And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drank with hearty good wishes to each other.

"But we kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was brought to us all that afternoon, and we kept on eating every time it was brought until I had eaten even to repletion, and the doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Halimah, the female cook of the doctor's establishment, was in a state of the greatest excitement, She had been protruding her head out of the cook-house, to make sure that there were really two white men sitting down in the veranda, when there used to be only one, who would not, because he could not, eat anything; and she had been considerably exercised in her mind over this fact. She was afraid the doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abil-

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ities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten, and she was in a state of delightful excitement. We could hear her tongue rolling off a tremendous volume of clatter to the wondering crowds who halted before the kitchen to hear the current of news with which she edified them. Poor, faithful soul. While we listened to the noise of her furious gossip, the doctor related her faithful services and the terrible anxiety she evinced when the guns first announced the arrival of another white man in Ujiji; how she had been flying about in a state of the utmost excitement, from the kitchen into his presence, and out again into the square, asking all sorts of questions; how she was in despair at the scantiness of the general larder and treasury of the strange household; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man.

"'Why,' said she, 'is he not one of us? Does he not bring plenty of cloth and beads? Talk about the Arabs! Who are they, that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!'

"The doctor and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles, and his disappointment upon his arrival at Ujiji when told that all his goods had been sold, and he was reduced to poverty. He had but twenty cloths or so left of the stock he had deposited with the man called Sheriff, the half-caste, drunken tailor, who was sent by the British consul in charge of the goods. Besides which he had been suffering from an attack of the dysentery, and his condition was most deplorable. He was but little improved on this day, though he had eaten well, and already began to feel stronger and better.

"This day, like all others, though big with happiness to me, at last, was fading away. We, sitting with our faces looking to the east, as Livingstone had been sitting for days preceding my arrival, noted the dark shadow which crept up above the grove of palms beyond the

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village, and above the rampart of mountains which we had crossed that day, now looming through the fast-approaching darkness; and we listened, with our hearts full of gratitude to the great Giver of Good and Dispenser of all Happiness to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganika, and to the chorus which the night insects sang. Hours passed, and we were still sitting there with our minds busy upon the day's remarkable events, when I remembered that the traveler had not yet read his letters.

"'Doctor,' I said, 'you had better read your letters. I will not keep you up any longer.'

"'Yes,' he answered, 'it is getting late, and I will go and read my friends' letters. Good-night and God bless you.'

"'Good-night, my dear doctor, and let me hope your news will be such as you desire.'"

Since the creation of the world there never has occurred such another interview. The feelings of Stanley that night, in the heart of Africa, can only be imagined. The strain had ended, the doubt and suspense was over—he *had found Livingstone*—he had succeeded—his most extravagant dreams had been realized—his wildest ambition satisfied, and from that hour the adventurer, the newspaper correspondent, took his place among the great explorers of the world. But it was no stroke of luck—it was the fitting reward of great risks and great endeavor.

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CHAPTER X.

Rest at Ujiji—Stanley's love for Livingstone the best eulogium on his own character—The night—The morning interview—Life with Livingstone—Survey the Tanganika together—Livingstone accompanies Stanley to Unyanyembe—The long march—Life in the place—Preparations for parting—The last breakfast—The last sad farewell—Stanley's homeward march——Its perils—Inundations—Makata swamp—Terrible marching—Stanley sends off for relief—Its arrival—Bagomayo reached at last—Noisy entrance—Stanley's joy—It is suddenly dashed—Cruel conduct of the press—Start for home.

THE rest and repose that Stanley now enjoyed cannot be described nor even imagined. His long struggle—his doubts, and fears, and painful anxiety were over, and the end toward which he had strained with such unflagging resolution, under the most disheartening circumstances, and which at times seemed to recede the more he pressed forward, was at last reached. The sweet repose, the calm satisfaction and enjoyment which always come with the consciousness of complete success, now filled his heart, and he felt as no one can feel who has not at last won a long and doubtful battle. It was *complete* rest—entire fruition of his hopes; and, as he sat down there, in the heart of Africa, beside Livingstone, he was, doubtless, for at least the first few days, the happiest man on the globe, and well deserved to be. The goal was won, the prize secured, and for the time being his utmost desires satisfied—and why *should* he not be happy.

His intercourse with Livingstone for the next four months will be marked by him with a white stone, as the brightest portion of his eventful life. Independent of all he had undergone to find this remarkable man, the man himself enlisted all his sympathies and awakened the most extravagant admiration and purest love, and a more charming picture can hardly be conceived than these two men walking at sunset along the beach of the wild and lonely lake of Tanganika, talking over

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the strange scenes and objects of this strange, new world, or recalling those of home and friends far away, amid all the comforts and luxuries of civilization. The man whom Stanley had at last found was almost as new and startling a revelation to him as the country in which he now found himself. Simple, earnest, unselfish—nay, unambitious, so far as personal fame was concerned, borne up in all his sufferings and trials by one great and noble purpose, and conquering even savage hate by the power of goodness alone, he was an object of the profoundest interest. And no greater eulogium on the innate goodness and nobleness of Stanley's nature could be given than he unconsciously bestowed on himself by the deep attachment, nay, almost devotion, he expresses for this lonely, quiet, good man. He fastens to him at once, and casting off all prejudices and rejecting all former criticism of his character, he impulsively becomes his champion, and crowns him the prince of men.

The talk between them, at this first meeting in this far-off land, was long and pleasant, and when the good-night was given, it was with strange feelings Stanley turned into his—not tent—but regular bed. After all the toils and almost unnatural excitement of the day, he soon sank into a profound slumber. The next morning he awoke with a sudden start, and looked about him for a moment in a dazed way. He was not on the ground, but in a bed—a roof, not a tent, was above him, while not a sound broke the stillness save the steady, monotonous roar of the surf beating on the shore. As he lay and listened, strange thoughts and varied emotions chased each other in rapid succession through his heart. At length he arose and dressed himself, intending, before breakfast, to take a stroll along the shore of the lake. But the doctor was up before him, and met him with a cordial "Good-morning," and the hope that he had rested well.

Livingstone had sat up late reading the news that Stanley had brought him from the outside world, from which he had heard nothing for years.

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"Sit down," said the venerable man, "you have brought me good and bad news," and then repeated, first of all, the tidings he had received from his children.

In the excitement of the day before, the doctor had forgotten to inquire of Stanley the object of his coming, or where he was going, and the latter now said: "Doctor, you are probably wondering why I came here."

"It is true," was the reply, "I have been wondering."

That wonder was increased when Stanley said: "I came after you, nothing else."

"After me!" exclaimed the now utterly bewildered man.

"Yes," said Stanley, "after you. I suppose you have heard of the New York *Herald*?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Well, Mr. Bennett, son of the proprietor, sent me, at his own expense, to find you."

Poor Livingstone could hardly comprehend the fact that an American, and a stranger, should expend $25,-000 to find him, a solitary Englishman.

Stanley lived now some four months in the closest intimacy with Livingstone. Removed from all the formalities of civilized live—the only two in that far-off land who could speak the English language, and who were of the same lineage and faith—their relations of necessity became very intimate. All restraint was thrown off, and this noble man poured into the astonished ears of Stanley all he had thought, prayed for, endured and suffered for the last long five years. It was a new revelation to him—opened up a new world—gave him a new and loftier conception than ever before of what human nature is capable of attaining to, and he says: "I had gone over battle-fields, witnessed revolutions, civil wars, rebellions, and massacres; stood close to the condemned murderer, to record his last struggles and last sighs; but never had I been called to record anything that moved me so much as this man's woes and sufferings, his privations and disappointments, which were now poured into my ear. Verily did I begin to believe

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'the gods above us do with just eyes survey the affairs of men.' I began to recognize the hand of an overruling Providence."

After resting for a week, during which time Stanley became thoroughly acquainted with Livingstone and learned to respect and love him more and more, the former asked the doctor if he would not like to explore the north end of the Tanganika Lake and, among other things, settle the question whether the Rusizi River flowed *into* or *out* of the lake. The doctor gladly consented, and they set off in a canoe manned by sixteen rowers. The weather was fine, the scenery charming, and it seemed like floating through a fairy land. Day after day they kept on—landing at night on the picturesque shores, undisturbed, except in one or two instances, by the natives. The luxuriant banks were lined with villages, filled with an indolent, contented people. With no wants, except food to eat, and the lake full of fish, they had nothing to stimulate them to activity or effort of any kind.

Islands came and went, mountains rose and faded on the horizon, and it was one long holiday to our two explorers. As the rowers bent steadily to their oars and the canoe glided softly through the rippling waters, they spent the time in admiring the beautiful scenery that kept changing like a kaleidoscope, or talking of home and friends, and the hopes and prospects of the future. A hippopotamus would now and then startle them by his loud snort, as he suddenly lifted his head to breathe—wild fowl skittered away as they approached—a sweet fragrance came down from the hill-sides, and the tropical sky bent soft and blue above them. The conventionalities of life were far away and all was calm and peaceful, and seemed to Stanley more like a dream than a reality. They were thus voyaging along the coast twenty-eight days, during which time they had traversed over three hundred miles of water.

But now the time came for Stanley to turn his footsteps homeward. He tried in vain to prevail on Living-

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stone to go home with him, but the latter though anxious to see his children, resolutely refused, saying that he must finish his work. He, however, concluded to accompany him as far as Unyanyembe, to meet his stores which had been forwarded to that place for him from Zanzibar. On the 27th of December they set out by a new route. Nothing occurred in the long journey of special interest, except the shooting of a zebra and buffalo, or meeting a herd of elephants or giraffes, or a lion. It was a tedious and toilsome journey, during which Stanley suffered from attacks of fever, and Livingstone from lacerated feet. They were fifty-three days on the march, but at last Unyanyembe was reached. Stanley once more took possession of his old quarters. Here both found letters and papers from home, brought by a recent caravan, and once more seemed put in communication with the outside world. Being well housed and provided with everything they needed, they felt thoroughly comfortable.

The doctor's boxes were first broken open, and between the number of poor articles they contained, and the absence of good ones which had been abstracted on the way, proved something of a disappointment. Stanley then overhauled his own stores, of which there were seventy-four loads, the most valuable of which he intended to turn over to Livingstone. These, also, had been tampered with; still many luxuries remained, and they determined to have their Christmas dinner over again. Stanley arranged the bill of fare, and it turned out to be a grand affair. But now he saw that he must begin to prepare for his return to the coast, and so left Livingstone to write up his journal and finish the letters he was to send home. In overhauling his stores and making up the packages he should need on his return route, he was able to select out and turn over to the doctor two thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight yards of cloth, nine hundred and ninety-two pounds of assorted beads, three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, besides bed, canvas boat, carpenters' tools, rifles,

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revolvers, ammunition, cooking utensils and various other articles of use—making in all about forty loads; which, with his own stores, made Livingstone quite a rich man for Central Africa—in fact, he had four years' supplies.

At length the letters were all written, the loads strapped, and the next day fixed for Stanley to turn his face homeward, and Livingstone his to the heart of Africa. At night the natives gave a great dance as a farewell compliment, and a wild, weird dance it was. Bombay wore a water-bucket on his head, while each carried or wore something grotesque or dangerous. The first was a war dance, and when it ended, a second and different one was started, accompanied by a chorus or song chanted in a slow, mournful tone, of which the burden was "Oh-oh-oh, the white man is going home."

That night as Stanley lay and pondered on the morrow, when he should see the "good man" for the last time, he was filled with the keenest sorrow. He had grown to love him like a son; and to see him turn back alone to the savage life he must encounter in his great work, seemed like giving him over to death.

It was a sad breakfast the two sat down to next morning. But it was over at last and the parting hour came.

"Doctor," said Stanley, "I will leave two men with you for a couple of days, lest you may have forgotten something, and will wait for them at Tura; and now we must part—there is no help for it—good-bye."

"Oh," replied Livingstone, "I am coming with you a little way; I must see you off on the road;" and the two walked on side by side, their hearts burdened with grief.

At last Stanley said: "Now, my dear doctor, the best friends must part, you have come far enough, let me beg of you to turn back."

Livingstone stopped and, seizing Stanley's hand, said: "I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home and bless you, my friend."

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"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my friend," replied Stanley, with a voice choked with emotion. "*Farewell.*"

They wrung each other's hands in silence for a minute, and then Stanley turned away to hide his tears, murmuring: "Good-bye, doctor; dear friend, good-bye."

He would not have been the man he is, not to have been overcome at this parting; alas, to be, as it proved, an eternal parting, so far as meeting again in this life. But this was not all—the doctor's faithful servants would not be forgotten, and, rushing forward, seized Stanley's hands and kissed them for their good master's sake. The stern and almost tyrannical man, that neither danger nor suffering could move, completely broke down under this last demonstration, and could recover himself only by giving the sharp order MARCH! and he almost drove his men before him, and soon a turn in the path shut out Livingstone's form for ever. Yes, for ever, so far as the living, speaking, man is concerned, but shut out *never* from Stanley's life. That one man fixed his destiny for this world, and who knows but for the eternal ages. No wonder he said, long after, "My eyes grow dim at the remembrance of that parting. For four months and four days," he says, "I lived with him in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I am a man of a quick temper, and often without sufficient cause, I dare say, have broken ties of friendship; but with Livingstone I never had cause of resentment, but each day's life with him added to my admiration of him." Thus closed the first volume of the book of Stanley's life.

The caravan marched wearily back, meeting with nothing eventful till it entered the Ugogo territory, where, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of natives, who got it into their heads that Stanley meant to pass them without paying the accustomed tribute, a fight seemed inevitable. Had it occurred, it is doubtful whether he or Livingstone's papers would ever have been heard of again. But Stanley had seemed from his

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infancy a child of destiny, and escaped here, as everywhere, by the skin of his teeth. It was a constant succession of toilsome, painful marches, even when the natives were friendly, while there was often a scarcity of provisions. To secure these he, at last, when on the borders of the wilderness of Marenga Mkali, dispatched three men to Zanzibar, with a request to the consul there to send them back with provisions. These messengers were told not to halt for anything—rain, rivers or inundations—but push right on. "Then," says Stanley, "with a loud, vigorous hurrah, we plunged into the depths of the wilderness which, with its eternal silence and solitude, was far preferable to the jarring, inharmonious discord of the villages of the Wagogo. For nine hours we held on our way, starting with noisy shouts the fierce rhinoceros, the timid quagga and the herds of antelopes, which crowd the jungles of this broad Salina. On the 7th, amid a pelting rain, we entered Mpwapwa, where my Scotch assistant, Farquhar, had died."

In twenty-nine days they had now marched three hundred and thirty-eight miles. Twelve miles a day, including stoppages and delays, was, in such a country, rapid marching—nay, almost unparalleled; but Stanley had turned his face homeward and could stand no African dilly-dallying on the way. We cannot go into the details of this homeward march—to-day startled by a thousand warriors, streaming along on the war-path—to-morrow on the brink of a collision with the natives, the end of which no one could foresee—the caravan pressed on until they came to the neighborhood of the terrible Makata swamps, that Stanley had occasion so well to remember. Heavy rains had set in, swelling all the streams and inundating the plains, so that the marching was floundering through interminable stretches of water. Now swimming turbulent rivers—now camping in the midst of pestiferous swamps, and all the time drenched by the rain, that fell in torrents—they struggled on until, at last, they came to the dreaded Ma-

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kata swamp. The sight that now met them was apalling, but there was no retreat, and for long hours they kept toiling slowly through it—sometimes up to their necks in water, and where it was shallow sinking in deep mire. They thus fought their way on, and at last, weary, worn and half-starved, came to the Makata River. But no sooner were they over this, than a lake, six miles wide, stretched before them. The natives warned him against attempting to cross it; but nothing could stop him now, and they all plunged in. He says: "We were soon up to our armpits, then the water shallowed to the knee, then we stepped up to the neck and waded on tiptoe, until we were halted on the edge of the Little Makata, which raced along at the rate of eight knots an hour." Fierce and rapid as it was, there was no course left but to swim it, and swim it they did. For a whole week they had been wading and swimming and floundering through water, till it seemed impossible that any one could survive such exposure, but, at last, they came to dry ground, and to the famous walled city of the Sultana Limbomwenni, which we described in his upward journey. But the heavy rains that had inundated the whole country, had so swollen the river, near the banks on which it was situated, that the water had carried away the entire front wall of the town, and fifty houses with it. The sultana had fled and her stronghold had disappeared. All along the route was seen the devastating power of the flood as it swept over the country, carrying away one hundred villages in its course. The fields were covered with debris of sand and mud, and what was a paradise when he went in was now a desert. With the subsidence of the water the atmosphere became impregnated with miasma, and the whole land seemed filled with snakes, scorpions, iguanas and ants, while clouds of mosquitoes darkened the air till life became almost intolerable. At last, on May 2nd, after forty-seven days of incessant marching, and almost continual suffering, they reached Rosako, where, a few minutes after, the three men he had sent forward arrived, bring-

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ing with them a few boxes of jam, two of Boston crackers, and some bottles of champagne; and most welcome they were after the terrible journey through the Makata Valley. The last great obstacle (a ferry of four miles across a watery plain) being surmounted, the caravan approached Bagomoyo, and in their jubilant excitement announced its arrival by the firing of guns and blowing of horns, and with shouting hurrahs till they were hoarse. The sun was just sinking behind the distant forests, from which they had emerged and which were filled with such terrible associations, when they entered the town, and sniffed with delight the fresh sea-breeze that came softly stealing inland. The putrid air of the swamps, the poisonous miasma that enveloped the entire country, were left far behind with want and famine, and no wonder the heart was elated and their bounding joy found expression in exultant shouts.

Happy in having once more reached civilization. Happy in the thought of his triumphant success; and still more happy in the joy that he believed the good news he brought would give to others, Stanley's heart was overflowing with kindness to all, and the world seemed bright to him. But, in a moment it was all dashed on opening the papers at Zanzibar. Scarcely one had a kind word for him; on the contrary, he found nothing but suspicion, jealousy and detraction, and even charges of fabricating the whole story of having found Livingstone. He was stunned at this undeserved cruel reception of his declaration, and the faith in the goodness of human nature, with which Livingstone had inspired him, seemed about to give way before this evidence of its meannesss and littleness. He could not comprehend how his simple, truthful, unostentatious story could awaken such unkind feelings, such baseless slanders. It was a cruel blow to receive, after all that he had endured and suffered. No wonder he wrote bitter words of the kid-glove geographers who criticized him, and the press that jeered at him. But he has had his revenge—for he has triumphed over them all.

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He now set to work to organize a caravan to send off to Livingstone the things he had promised, and then started for home. Before he left, however, he saw the leaders of the new expedition that had reached Zanzibar to go in search of Livingstone. How his arrival broke it up, and its reorganization under Cameron was effected, will be found related in the account given of this explorer in another portion of the volume.

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CHAPTER XI.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION UP THE NILE.

The Expedition of the Khedive of Egypt to suppress the Slave Trade—Sir Samuel W. Baker placed at the Head of it—Extent of the Slave Trade—Outfit of the Expedition—Preparations on a grand scale—The Army—The Rendezvous at Khartoum—Failure on the part of the Khedive—The Expedition starts—Obstacles met—Cutting Channels for the Fleet—Slow, toilsome work—A Hippopotamus charges the Vessel—Men become sick—Baker shoots a Hippopotamus—A Crocodile killed—The Expedition permanently stopped—Discouragements.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER had been distinguished for his explorations in Central Africa, and his representations of the evil effects produced by the slave trade on a country rich in soil and well peopled induced the khedive of Egypt to fit out an expedition to put a stop to this nefarious business and give protection to the inhabitants, whom he claimed to be his subjects, from the ravages of slave traders. Companies of brigands had been formed that absolutely depopulated the country by driving away those they did not enslave. One of these traders had twenty-five thousand Arabs under pay, engaged in this inhuman traffic. And it was estimated that fifteen thousand of the khedive's subjects were engaged in this business. Each trader occupied a special district, and with his band of armed men kept the population in submission. It was estimated that fifty thousand negroes were annually captured by these land pirates. The khedive determined to put a stop to this, and organized an expedition for that purpose and put Mr. Baker at the head of it with supreme power, even that over life and death. Although this was more than a year before Stanley started after Livingstone, he had talked with Baker respecting the route he intended to take, and it was thought likely that if Livingstone was alive he might be working his way by the Nile, and hence be met by him and relieved.

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The force placed under him was to be composed of one thousand four hundred infantry and two batteries of artillery, with which he was to march one thousand four hundred and fifty miles to Gondokoro and annex the country.

He knew that there would be more or less fighting, for Soudan, the home of the slave-trader, would be wholly opposed to the attempt to break up their business. The organization of the expedition was as follows:

The English party consisted of himself and wife, Lieutenant Julian Alleyn Baker, R.N.; Mr. Edwin Higginbotham, civil engineer; Mr. Wood, secretary; Dr. Joseph Gedge, physician; Mr. Marcopolo, chief storekeeper and interpreter; Mr. McWilliam, chief engineer of steamers; Mr. Jarvis, chief shipwright, together with three others, and two servants. He laid in stores sufficient to last the European party four years, and provided four galvanized iron magazines, each eighty feet long by twenty in width, to protect all material. He personally selected every article that was necessary for the expedition, at an expenditure of about $45,000. This included an admirable selection of Manchester goods, such as cotton sheeting, gray calico, cotton, and also woollen blankets, white, scarlet and blue; Indian scarfs, red and yellow; handkerchiefs of gaudy colors, chintz printed; scarlet flannel shirts, serge of colors (blue, red), linen trousers, etc., etc. Tools of all sorts—axes, small hatchets, harness bells, brass rods, copper rods, combs, zinc mirrors, knives, crockery, tin plates, fish-hooks, musical boxes, colored prints, finger-rings, razors, tinned spoons, cheap watches, etc., etc.

He thus had sufficient clothing for a considerable body of troops, if necessary, while the magazines could produce anything from a needle to a crowbar or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail. It will be seen hereafter that these careful preparations secured the success of the expedition, as the troops when left without pay could procure all they required from the apparently inexhaustible stores of the magazines.

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In addition to the merchandise and general supplies, he had several large musical boxes with bells and drums, an excellent magic lantern, a magnetic battery, wheels of life, and an assortment of toys. The greatest wonder to the natives were two large girandoles; also the silvered balls, about six inches in diameter, that, suspended from the branch of a tree, reflected the scene beneath.

"In every expedition," he says, "the principal difficulty is the transport.

"'Travel light, if possible,' is the best advice for all countries; but in this instance it was simply impossible, as the object of the expedition was not only to convey steamers to Central Africa, but to establish legitimate trade in the place of the nefarious system of pillage hitherto adopted by the so-called White Nile traders. It was therefore absolutely necessary to possess a large stock of goods of all kinds, in addition to the machinery and steel sections of steamers.

"I arranged that the expedition should start in three divisions.

"Six steamers, varying from forty to eighty horse-power, were ordered to leave Cairo in June, together with fifteen sloops and fifteen diahbeeahs—total, thirty-six vessels—to ascend the cataracts of the Nile to Khartoum, a distance, by river, of about one thousand four hundred and fifty miles. These vessels were to convey the whole of the merchandise.

"Twenty-five vessels were ordered to be in readiness at Khartoum, together with three steamers. The governor-general (Djiaffer Pasha), was to provide these vessels by a certain date, together with the camels and horses necessary for the land transport.

"Thus, when the fleet should arrive at Khartoum from Cairo, the total force of vessels would be, nine steamers and fifty-five sailing vessels, the latter averaging fifty tons each.

"I arranged to bring up the rear by another route, via Sonakim, on the Red Sea, from which the desert

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journey to Berber, on the Nile, north latitude 17° 37′, is two hundred and seventy-five statute miles.

"My reason for this division of routes was to insure a quick supply of camels, as much delay would have been occasioned had the great mass of transport been conveyed by one road.

"The military arrangements comprised a force of one thousand six hundred and forty-five troops, including a corps of two hundred irregular cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments supposed to be well selected. The black, or Soudani, regiment included many officers and men who had served for some years in Mexico with the French army, under Marshal Bazaine. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be, for the most part, convicted felons, who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan.

"The artillery were rifled mountain guns of bronze, the barrel weighing two hundred and thirty pounds and throwing shells of eight and a quarter pounds. The authorities at Woolwich had kindly supplied the expedition with two hundred Hale's rockets—three pounders—and fifty Snider rifles, together with fifty thousand rounds of Snider ammunition. The military force and supplies were to be massed in Khartoum ready to meet me upon my arrival.

"A train of forty-one railway wagons laden with sections of steamers, machinery, boiler sections, etc., etc., arrived at Cairo and were embarked on board eleven hired vessels. With the greatest difficulty, I procured a steamer of one hundred and forty horse-power to tow this flotilla to Korosko, from which spot the desert journey would commence. I obtained this steamer only by personal application to the khedive.

"On the 5th of December, 1869, we brought up the rear, and left Suez on board an Egyptian sloop-of-war, the Senaar. In four days and a half we reached Sonakim, after an escape from wreck on the reef of Shadwan, and a close acquaintance with a large barque, with which we nearly came into collision.

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"We anchored safely in the harbor of Sonakim, and landed my twenty-one horses without accident.

"I was met by the governor, my old friend, Moontazz Bey, a highly intelligent Circassian officer, who had shown me much kindness in my former expedition.

"A week's delay in Sonakim was necessary in order to obtain camels. In fourteen days we crossed the desert, two hundred and seventy-five miles, to Berber on the Nile, and found a steamer and diahbeeah in readiness. We arrived at Khartoum, a distance of two hundred miles by water, in three days, having accomplished the journey from Suez in the short space of thirty-two days, including stoppages."

But while he pushed forward with great speed he had found, when he reached Khartoum, that his fleet had not arrived. None of the steamers from Cairo had passed the cataracts, the fifteen sloops he had depended on for the transportation of camels had returned, while only a few small vessels were above the cataract. The first division, consisting of the merchandise, had arrived, and he heard that a train of a thousand camels with all his machinery and steamers were slowly traversing the desert to meet him, while the third division soon came up. Thus everything had moved like clockwork except that portion of the expedition especially under the charge of the khedive. Mr. Baker now urged the governor to purchase vessels, and in a few weeks thirty-three of fifty or sixty tons each, such as they were, were rigged for the voyage of one thousand four hundred and fifty miles to Gondokoro. He found that the two hundred and fifty cavalry sent to him were worthless and dismissed them.

On the 8th of February he was ready to start, and having embraced the black pasha, a host of boys and a fat colonel, that he could not reach around, the bugles rung cheerily out, and two steamers of thirty-two and twenty-four horse-power, and thirty-one sailing vessels, carrying a military force of eight hundred men, moved off under a salute from shore. Among these were forty-

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six men selected from two regiments, half black and half white, which were to serve as a body-guard. They were armed with Snider rifles, and Baker named them "the forty thieves." Sweeping down to the White Nile, they began to ascend it under a strong wind from the north. The White Nile is a grand river up to the junction of the Sobat, when it becomes impassable on account of the masses of vegetation that cover it, and floating islands. He here entered the Bahr Giraffe, a stream some two hundred and fifty feet wide but very deep and winding. Up this they slowly worked their way for two weeks, when they came to so much drift vegetation that it took four hours to force a passage through it. The next day, February 26, the obstructions increased, and a canal one hundred and fifty yards long had to be cut. Large masses of tangled grass, resembling sugar-canes, had to be cut out with swords and then towed away by ropes. Having at length cleared a passage they pushed on.

The next day similar obstructions had to be removed, and the day after, just after starting, they were surprised to find the river, though fourteen feet deep, had suddenly disappeared. The entire surface was covered with matted vegetation, under which the invisible river swept on. They now returned down the river eighty miles to their old wooding place. On the way back they met the fleet, composed of one steamer and twenty-five vessels, coming up with a good supply of wood and bringing the troops, which were in good health—one man alone missing, he having been carried off by a crocodile while sitting with his legs dangling over the side of the vessel. Two days after, a brisk wind sprang up and the vessels started off again. At one o'clock, Baker, who happened to be sleeping on the poop-deck, was suddenly awakened by a heavy shock, succeeded by cries of "the ship is sinking." A hippopotamus had charged the steamer's bottom and smashed several floats from one of her paddles. The next instant he charged the diahbeeah, or boat, and striking her bottom about ten feet from her bow with

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his tusks, drove two holes through her iron plating, letting the water in with a rush. All hands fell to and unloaded as rapidly as possible. They then pumped out the water, and with some thick felt and white lead stopped the leak.

At length they came to where the river disappeared, and Baker, though he did not know how far this level plain of vegetation extended, ordered seven hundred men to cut a channel. The next day they cut a mile and a half with their swords and knives, piling up the stringy mass on either side like a bank. It was deadly work, and at night thirty-two men were taken sick. Five days of terrible work finally brought them through it, and they entered on a lake a half a mile wide with its ripples dancing in the sunlight. A loud shout went up at the sight, while bugles and drums filled the air with glad sounds. But the farther end was choked up with the same matted vegetation. It was, however, cleared away in an hour, when they emerged on another lake, but its farther extremity was closed up solid, and Baker, from the mast-head, could discern nothing but rotten vegetation as far as the eye could reach. This was discouraging, but only two courses lay before him—return or cut his way through. He determined on the latter, and by probing the marsh with long poles he discovered the deep channel underneath and set the men to clear it, and soon the stream was black with swimmers hard at work. The men became sick and dispirited, for there seemed no end to their toil. Besides, the marsh was filled with snakes, one of which crawled into Baker's boat.

In three days, however, they had cut a canal to a third and larger lake some two and a half miles long. On exploring this, another lake was discovered ahead, with only a slight obstruction between. All was wild and desolate around, and now, as the sun stooped to the west, in the south great clouds began to roll up the heavens and the deep thunder broke heavily along the sky. The fleet coming up slowly began to assemble on

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the lake preparatory to passing the night. The paddles had to be taken off, as the channel was made no wider than absolutely necessary, and they were towed through. This retarded their progress, and it became doubtful when they could be used again. Thus their chief reliance became a hindrance, for instead of towing they had to be towed. Here Baker killed a hippopotamus. He says:

"About half an hour before sunset I observed the head of a hippopotamus emerge from the bank of high grass that fringed the lake. My troops had no meat—thus I would not lose the opportunity of procuring, if possible, a supply of hippopotamus beef. I took a Reilly, No. 8, breech-loader, and started in the little dingy belonging to the diahbeeah. Having paddled quietly along the edge of the grass for a couple of hundred of yards, I arrived at the spot from which the hippopotamus had emerged. It is the general habit of the hippopotami in these marsh districts to lie in the high-grass swamps during the day, and to swim or amuse themselves in the open water at sunset. I had not waited long before I heard a snort, and I perceived the hippopotamus had risen to the surface, about fifty yards from me. This distance was a little too great for the accurate firing necessary to reach the brain, especially when the shot must be taken from a boat in which there is always some movement. I therefore allowed the animal to disappear, after which I immediately ordered the boat forward, to remain exactly over the spot where he had sunk. A few minutes elapsed, when the great, ugly head of the hippopotamus appeared about thirty paces from the boat, and having blown the water from his nostrils and snorted loudly, he turned around and appeared astonished to find the solitary little boat so near him. Telling the two boatmen to sit perfectly quiet, so as to allow a good sight, I aimed just below the eye, and fired a heavy shell, which contained a bursting charge of three drachms of fine-grained powder. The head disappeared. A little smoke hung over the water,

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and I could not observe other effects. The lake was deep, and after vainly sounding for the body with a boat-hook, I returned to the diahbeeah just as it became dark."

The next day the body of the hippopotamus was found floating near them, and all hands turned to to cut him up, delighted with the prospect of fresh meat. A pouring rain soon after set in, wetting the cargoes and stores of the miserable vessels.

The next day, while digging the steamers out of the vegetable rafts that, after they had been cut away by the men to make a canal, had drifted into the lake, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They had hardly scrambled away from the place when the huge head of a crocodile protruded through the mass. The men immediately fell upon him with bill-hooks and swords, and soon dispatched him, and that night made a good supper off his flesh.

They now kept on, day after day, it being a continual succession of marshes and open patches of water. The men grew more discouraged and heart-broken. One soldier died, but there was not a foot of dry ground in which to bury him. Day after day it was the same monotonous, disheartening, slow pushing up this half-hidden stream. Another man died, and how many more would follow before the fifteen miles of marsh that now lay before them was cut through, none could tell. By March 26th, six more had died, and one hundred and fifty were on the sick-list. Two days after Mr. Baker killed another hippopotamus. On the 30th, they got once more into the open river, with dry land on both banks. As they were polling along wild buffaloes were seen on the bank, one of which Lieutenant Baker killed, while Mr. Baker wounded another.

They had now been fifty-one days toiling up this miserable stream, the men almost constantly in the water, cutting a channel; and just as things became to look hopeful, they were suddenly stopped. The water

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became so shallow that everything grounded, and Mr. Baker, going ahead for three miles in a row-boat, found the river dividing into shallow channels, which made farther advance impossible. This, then, was the end of it all—the end of nearly two month's incessant toil and suffering. All were thoroughly disheartened. Instead of cutting their way to open water, they had reached solid land. Nearly two months of constant toil had been wasted, and worse than that, so much must be taken out of the time allowed him to perform his work. It was enough to discourage any man; but Baker was too old an explorer to give up because he was compelled to turn back for awhile.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN.

Baker's Heroic Wife—A Slaver Caught—A Sickening Spectacle—Freedom– Description of the Camp—A Cargo of Slaves Discovered—Slaves Freed—Wholesale Matrimony—Exploring the White Nile—A New Start—A New Lake—The White Nile reached at last—A Fierce Night Attack by a Hippopotamus—A Thrilling Scene—Gondokoro at last reached.

THERE was now nothing left to do but to return, and April 2d, with a heavy heart, Baker gave the necessary orders. But he had no intention of abandoning his object. He was determined the next season to return by the same route and cut his way through to the Nile. He, however, communicated his resolve to no one but his heroic wife and Lieutenant Baker. One of the most remarkable features of this expedition was the presence of this solitary lady, who, rejecting the comforts and luxuries of a home which were hers, resolved to accompany her husband into the heart of Africa—braving fever, toil and probable death to stand by his side and share his fortunes. The possibility of being left alone, as she would be in case her husband fell before disease or the bullet of the savages, she thought only of being by his side if struck down by sickness, or perchance to save him in the hour of danger. Cool, self-possessed, fearless and full of resources, she became his guardian angel and stands out in bold relief in this dangerous expedition as one of the most remarkable characters in it.

Not much of interest attended this return trip—to-day stalking an antelope, to-morrow, shooting a hippopotamus or crocodile, or bagging some wild fowl, made up the most exciting incidents.

April 20th, just below the junction of the Bahr-Giraffe with the White Nile, he came in sight of one of the governors' vessels of this district, and, watching it

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through his powerful telescope, he noticed suspicious movements on board of her, and thought he saw a number of people driven on board. Coming down stream at the rate of eight miles an hour, he soon ranged up along side the bank on which the governor's tent was pitched, and invited him on board. He told him of the impossibility of advancing that year by way of the Bahr-Giraffe and had therefore returned. After some conversation with him, and putting some close questions as to certain movements he had noticed, Baker sent his aid-de-camp to visit the vessels lying near. The result was the discovery of a gang of slaves. Mr. Baker then politely requested to be shown round the encampment on shore. To his horror, he found a mass of slaves squatted on the ground—many of the women secured by ropes round the neck, and amid the filthy fetid mass, not only children but infants. Altogether, on the boats and on shore, were found one hundred and fifty-five slaves. Though this territory was not in Baker's jurisdiction, as fixed by the khedive, yet he insisted on the liberation of the slaves, and though the governor rebelled at first, he, at length, on being threatened with the wrath of the khedive, yielded, and the naked, astonished crowd of slaves departed with loud discordant yells of rejoicing to their distant homes.

Mr. Baker now determined to establish a permanent camp, selecting a forest on a high bank near the junction of the Sobat, commenced operations. He had passed the junction of this river on his way up in the middle of February, and now in the latter part of April he found himself there again, having accomplished nothing except to learn how apparently impossible was the route in that direction. More than two months had been passed, and the total result of his efforts could be summed up in the death report of the number that had sunk before the exposures they had to meet in the pestiferous country they had traversed. Mr. Baker says in his journal:

"I gave the name Tewfikeeyah to the new station, which rapidly grew into a place of importance. It

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was totally unlike an Egyptian camp, as the lines were straight. Deep ditches, cut in every direction, drained the station to the river. I made a quay about five hundred yards in length, on the bank of the river, by which the whole fleet could lie and embark or disembark cargo. A large stable contained the twenty horses, which by great care had kept their condition. It was absolutely necessary to keep them in a dark stable on account of the flies which attacked all animals in swarms. Even within the darkened building it was necessary to light fires composed of dried horse-dung, to drive away these persecuting insects. The hair fell completely off the ears and legs of the donkeys (which were allowed to ramble about) owing to the swarms of flies which irritated the skin; but in spite of the comparative comfort of a stable, the donkeys preferred a life of outdoor independence, and fell off in condition if confined to a house. The worst flies were the small gray ones with a long proboscis, similar to those that are often seen in houses in England.

"In an incredibly short time the station fell into shape. I constructed three magazines of galvanized iron, each eight feet in length, and the head storekeeper, Mr. Marcopolo, at last completed his arduous task of storing the immense amount of supplies that had been contained in the fleet of vessels.

"This introduced us to the White Nile rats, which volunteered their services in thousands, and quickly took possession of the magazines by tunneling beneath and appearing in the midst of a rat's paradise, among thousands of bushels of rice, biscuits, lentils, etc. The destruction caused by these animals was frightful. They gnawed holes in the sacks, and the contents poured upon the ground like sand from an hour-glass, to be immediately attacked and devoured by white ants. There was no lime in the country, nor stone of any kind, thus it was utterly impossible to stop the ravages of white ants except by the constant labor of turning over the vast masses of boxes and stores, to cleanse them

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from the earthen galleries which denote the presence of the termites.

"I had European vegetable seeds of all kinds, and having cleared and grubbed a portion of forest, we quickly established gardens. The English quarter was particularly neat. The various plots were separated by fences, and the ground was under cultivation for about two acres, extending to the margin of the river. I did not build a house for myself, as we preferred our comfortable diahbeeah, which was moored alongside the garden, from the entrance of which a walk led to a couple of large, shady mimosas that formed my public divan, where all visitors were received.

"In a short time we had above ground sweet melons, watermelons, pumpkins, cabbages, tomatoes, cauliflowers, beet root, parsley, lettuce, celery, etc.; but all the peas, beans, and a very large selection of maize that I had received from England were destroyed during the voyage. Against my express orders the box had been hermetically sealed, and the vitality of the larger seeds was entirely gone. Seeds should be simply packed in brown paper bags and secured in a basket."

In a few weeks a marvelous change had taken place in this uninhabited wilderness. In addition to the long rows of white tents and iron magazines which had been erected, a hundred neat huts stood arranged in an exact line. These, besides various workshops and the sound of lathes, saws, and the hammer and anvil filled the forests with strange, unwonted sights and sounds. Here he killed his first ostrich, notwithstanding his long travels in Africa. He was now located where the governor could be detected in his nefarious business as slave-trader, which he stoutly denied, as all cargoes would have to come down the Sobat directly past his encampment. A watch was kept up, and in less than a week it was rewarded by the outlook seeing a vessel descending the river; and although taken by surprise at the number of vessels moored to the bank, the stranger made no signal, but, keeping the middle of the river,

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endeavored to pass. This looked suspicious, and Baker sent a boat with the orders to halt, and directed his aide-de-camp, Abd-el-Kader, to go on board to inquire about her cargo. She had a quantity of corn stowed in bulk, nothing else, beside her crew and a few soldiers, said the captain, who was indignant at being suspected of anything wrong. But there seemed an awkward smell about the cargo, and Abd-el-Kader, drawing a steel ramrod from a soldier's rifle, ran it into the corn; a smothered cry, followed by a woolly head, was the result, and a negro woman was pulled out by the wrist.

"The corn was at once removed; the planks which boarded up the forecastle and the stern were broken down, and there was a mass of humanity exposed, boys, girls and women closely packed like herrings in a barrel, who under the fear of threats had remained perfectly silent until thus discovered. The sail attached to the mainyard of the vessel appeared full and heavy in the lower part; this was examined, and, upon unpacking it, yielded a young woman who had thus been sewn up to avoid discovery.

"The case was immediately reported to me. I at once ordered the vessel to be unloaded. We discovered one hundred and fifty slaves stowed away in a most inconceivably small area. The stench was horrible when they began to move. Many were in irons; these were quickly released by the blacksmiths, to the astonishment of the captives, who did not appear to understand the proceedings. I ordered the rakeel and the reis, or the captain of the vessel, to be put in irons. The slaves began to comprehend that their captors were now captives. They now began to speak, and many declared that the greater portion of the men of their villages had been killed by the slave-hunters.

"Having weighed the ivory and counted the tusks, I had the vessel reloaded; and, having placed an officer with a guard on board, I sent her to Khartoum to be confiscated as a slaver. I ordered the slaves to wash, and issued clothes from the magazines for the naked women.

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"On the following day I inspected the captives, and I explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a resonable distance, they should be returned; if not, they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed. If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands I gave each person a paper of freedom, signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed, and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex and country were registered in a book corresponding with the number on their papers.

"These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officers whether any of the negresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands! This was wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey and a whole company of clergy.

"Fortunately, matters are briefly arranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately, however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once asserted 'woman's rights.'

"I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements, and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes; some I gave to the English workmen to be instructed in carpenters' and blacksmiths' work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoemakers, etc., in the regiment, while the best looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl of

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about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife.

"Little Mostoora, as the child was called, was an exceedingly clever specimen of her race, and although she was certainly not more than three years old, she was quicker than most children double her age. With an ugly little face, she had a beautifully shaped figure, and possessed a power of muscle that I have never seen in a white child of that age. Her lot had fallen in pleasant quarters; she was soon dressed in convenient clothes, and became the pet of the family."

He spent some time now in exploring the White Nile and perfecting his arrangements for a new start. Many difficulties had presented themselves, and complications of various kinds arose, owing to the hostility of the traders to the object of his expedition.

But everything at last being ready, the first division of eighty-eight vessels started on the 1st of December, and Baker followed, closing up the rear, with twenty-six vessels, making quite a formidable fleet with which to pierce to the centre of Africa.

The journal of the slow ascent of the river during this month and the next is monotonous, relieved only now and then by some accident or the killing of game. Over the same ground, cutting the same canals, the expedition forced its weary way onward—sometimes discharging cargoes in the mud to lighten vessels over shallows—in one case, cutting a channel six hundred yards long through stiff clay, and advanced so slowly that it did not seem difficult to tell where the strange inland navigation with such a fleet would end. But at last, on the 9th of March, they emerged into a lake five miles long, from the extremity of which they found a stream, only a mile and a quarter long, flowing directly into the great White Nile above all its obstructions. "Thank God!" was echoed from all lips. Still it required great labor to get the fleet up to this point which Baker had reached in his exploring boat. A dam had to be made to float them to the lake, a work of immense labor; but it was

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at length completed and the fleet brought safely up. Mr. Baker killed that day two hippopotami, and the lake seemed to be full of them.

The night was clear and cool and the moon silvered this lovely lake with her brightness, while the deck was covered with sleepers under their mosquito nets, and all was still, when suddenly Mr. Baker was aroused by a loud splash close to his boat, accompanied with the loud snort of a hippopotamus. Jumping up he saw a huge fellow making straight for the boat. Instantly tearing away the strings that held the mosquito netting in its place, he aroused the sleepers and shouted to his servant to bring his rifle. But before it could be brought, the furious animal, with one blow, capsized and sunk the zinc boat. He then seized the dingy in his immense jaws and Baker heard, with rage, his favorite boat crack, The servant hurried up with the rifle but it was unloaded. In the meantime, the people were shouting and screaming at the top of their voices to scare away the beast, which, however, paid no attention to them, and kept up his ferocious attack. Baker now returned with a loaded rifle, but the beast charged and plunged so rapidly that it was difficult to get a fair shot. In a few moments, however he came straight for the boat again. The moon was shining bright, and Baker planted a shot in his ugly head. It stopped him but a moment, however, and he charged again. Baker now kept up a rapid fire, till, at length, the beast appeared to be badly wounded, and, crawling to the bank, lay down on the grass blowing and snorting. Thinking he would die, Baker returned to bed again and fell asleep, but was soon awakened by a loud splash. Jumping up, he saw the animal, furious and strong as ever, dashing full on the boat. But a bullet in the head sent him rolling over down the stream. But he soon recovered and came thrashing back. He did not repeat his attack, but retired to the shore, where he remained snorting and blowing. Baker again went to bed, when he was awakened the third time by a loud splashing in the water. Rising, he saw

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the animal slowly walking across the stream broadside to. This gave him a fair shot, and he planted two balls in his shoulder. He, however, kept on, and, reaching the right bank, turned round and attempted to walk back again. This gave Baker a chance at the other side, when a well-planted shot rolled him over, dead. In the morning, on examination, it was discovered that he had received three shots in the side and shoulder, four in the head, while another had passed through his nose. Beside this, his body was covered with old scars—one two feet long—showing that he was a desperate fighter, and had had many savage encounters with bulls of his own species.

The work of getting through to the White Nile now re-commenced, and, being safely accomplished, the fleet in a month from that time reached Gondokoro, its great objective point. This was the 15th of April, or four months from the time he last set out. On this very day, Stanley was climbing the Kira Peak, on his way to Livingstone.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The Country formally taken possession of—War at last—A night attack on a Native Village—Disaffection in the army—Attacked by crocodiles—An old man-eater killed—A campaign against the enemy—The army propose to return home—Baker obtains corn and restores subordination—The army greatly reduced—A fight—Target-shooting at men.

MR. BAKER had thus accomplished his one thousand nine hundred and fifty-six miles from Khartoum, surmounting difficulties that would have daunted most men. This was to be the central point of the new territory he was to annex in the name of the khedive. He immediately sent for the chief Alloron, and told him the object for which he had come, but was not well received. In the meantime his men were set to work making garden, and in a few days it was well planted. The Baris, a warlike tribe in the vicinity, Baker expected to have trouble with, and prepared early to meet it.

The next month, on May 26th, he had fixed for the official annexation of the country to Egypt. The troops, one thousand four hundred strong, in clean, bright uniforms, were paraded around the flag-staff; the official proclamation, declaring that the khedive took possession of the country, was then read; the flag was run up the staff, saluted by the officers with their drawn swords, the artillery fired a salute, and the ceremony was over. The natives looked on in mute surprise, but were told that this was for their own good, to protect them from the slave-traders, who had taken possession of and desolated their country.

Steps were now taken to get the natives to work, and, for awhile, things looked promising; but the warlike Baris soon showed signs of insubordination and began to be hostile. On the 7th of June, Baker found that the Baris of Gondokoro had leagued themselves with the natives of Belinian against him. War had come at last,

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and he gave orders for an attack on a town of Belinian that night. With twenty of his "Forty Thieves," and fifty Egyptian troops, he started off in the darkness. It rained heavily, and the ground was in some places marshy, so that it was near five o'clock in the morning when they arrived in the neighborhood of the villages. Lieutenant-Colonel Tayib Agha, with three companies of Soudan troops, had been left behind to get the gun through a heavy swamp, and join them as soon as possible. Just before daylight, Baker and his force marched on, but had not proceeded far when they heard the alarm given, which was quickly repeated on every side. No time was now to be lost, and, putting the horses at a hard gallop, and the infantry on a run, they rushed forward, and, in a couple of minutes emerged into an open space, in which was a circular stockade. This was immediately surrounded, and the firing commenced—arrows against musketry. It was awkward fighting, and, as the full daylight revealed the door, Baker ordered the bugle to sound "cease firing," and prepare to force the entrance. This was a narrow doorway, about four feet and a-half high, built of large pieces of hard wood. Transverse bars of a species of ebony blocked it, between which was jammed a mass of hooked thorn. It was an ugly obstacle to surmount, but Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker, with the "Forty Thieves," rushed against it, protected by the fire of the other troops.

In the meantime the immense drum within the stockade was thundering out the summons to collect the whole of the neighborhood for war. This signal was answered by the heavy booming sound of innumerable drums throughout the district, far and near; and, as it had now become light, Baker could distinguish the natives collecting from all parts, and evidently surrounding his position. He therefore posted his men as skirmishers around the circle, about eighty yards distant from the stockade, facing outward, while the small party forced the gateway.

The fire of the Snider rifles and the steady shooting

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of the "Forty Thieves" quickly reduced the number of arrows, and the natives, finding it was getting too hot, suddenly made a dash by a secret entrance and rushed through the troops, now of necessity widely scattered, and they gained the forest.

At the same time the gateway was forced, and they found a prize within of upward of six hundred cows. The stockade, or zaveeba, was immensely strong, formed of massive logs of iron-wood, deeply imbedded in the earth, and arranged so closely together that not one bullet out of ten would have found its way through the crevices if fired from a distance. The proper way to attack the circular strongholds is to make a sudden rush close up to the defense, and to lay the rifle between the openings; the stockade then becomes a protection to the attacking party, as there is no flank fire to enfilade them. Baker says: "The natives were now gathering from all sides; but we were in possession, and although our party consisted of only seventy men, we had an impregnable position, which I could hold until joined by Tayib Agha. I accordingly took a few of the 'Forty Thieves' to a distance of about one hundred and fifty paces away from the centre and concealed them as sharpshooters wherever I found a convenient cover. The fire of the Sniders kept the enemy at a respectful distance, and I took a few shots myself at long range, to teach them the real value of a Snider rifle.

"There were no signs of Tayib Agha. The sun was risen and clouds of steam began to rise from the wet ground and the dripping trees. I ordered some grass huts to be fired, as the volumes of smoke might attract the attention of Tayib Agha's detachment, which had evidently gone astray. If near, they must have heard the sound of our rifles.

"The huts were soon in flames, and the smoke rose high in the air, which would be a signal to be seen from a great distance.

"I sent two buglers to the top of a small tree, from which elevated post they blew the call for the lieutenant-

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colonel and his three companies continually for about half an hour."

The gun having finally come up, Baker marched through the district, scattering the natives in every direction. Soon after this Baker discovered that the Egyptian commander of the troops of the khedive was in close intimacy with a native chief who was hostile to the whole expedition, while the officers fraternized with the slave-traders of the White Nile, and had actually purchased slaves. The result was, the army began to be disaffected, and talk of returning home. Added to this, the camp became sickly. In the meantime the crocodiles began to be very ferocious in the neighbourhood, and in one day took off two soldiers and a sailor, while others were bitten, and others still had narrow escapes. Baker shot them at every opportunity. He killed an old man-eater over twelve feet long. In his stomach was found five pounds of pebbles, which he had doubtless swallowed while devouring his prey on the shore, a matted lump of hair, a necklace and two armlets, such as are worn by the negro girls. "The girl had been digested."

The Baris, in the meantime, kept Baker perpetually harassed. Every night they lurked around the cattle-yard, often attacking the men: and, on one occasion, made a desperate assault on the camp.

On the last of July, Baker received news that an officer and six men, whom he had left under the protection of a neighboring sheikh, had been killed by a hostile tribe. As the summer wore away it became certain that all attempts to raise a crop this year would fail, on account of the drought, and hence it was an anxious question how the army was to subsist. But, the first thing to be done was to subdue the Bellinians, and Baker projected and carried out a regular campaign against them of thirty-five days, in which he completely subdued them and drove them out of the country. But now disaffection showed itself openly in the army. They disliked both the discipline they were compelled to

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maintain and the refusal to let them hold as slaves those they had captured in war.

On the 13th of October it came to a head—he received a letter from the Egyptian commander and subordinate officers of the troops, the substance of which was they had determined to abandon the expedition—the chief reason given being there was no corn in the country, and the soldiers would starve.

Baker, disgusted with such conduct, did not condescend to make any reply. Instead, he sent the following unexpected order: "Colonel Raouf Bey, with six companies of troops, to be under orders at 2 a.m., to await me at head-quarters."

Leaving Mr. Higginbotham in entire charge of the vessels, he ordered three boats to be in readiness to cross the river at two o'clock. With two days' provisions, he determined to push straight for the Bera island, to look for corn, for the want of which the army wished to return.

Pushing seven miles up the river, they landed on the west bank, and hauling the boats up stream by ropes, passed through a country that looked more like a gentleman's park than an African wilderness. Among these, countless villages were scattered, out of which the naked inhabitants swarmed like bees, brandishing their spears and gesticulating wildly. Baker now turned toward them, when they retreated inland to the shelter of some large, isolated, curious-shaped granite blocks. Advancing to within one hundred and twenty paces, he, through his interpreter, told them he had not come to fight, but to buy corn, for which he would pay them in cattle. They replied in insulting language, saying they were going to take his cattle by force, and bade him be off. Still advancing and making offers of peace, which were rejected with scorn, he at length suddenly changed his tactics, and ordered the bugler to sound the assembly, and drew up his troops in force. The echoes of the bugle through the wood, and the sudden approach of such a force, sent them to the right about, and they retreated, blowing their whistles as they did so, in defiance.

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Baker now extended his two companies a half mile along, so as to cover the villages in front of him, and then advanced, giving strict orders not to enter any of the huts, but to tap on their googoos or granaries to see if they were full. These varied in size, some holding forty and others sixty bushels. The inhabitants looked on in mute astonishment at this strange proceeding, while the line steadily moved on through village after village, quietly tapping the granaries till they had gone through twenty or thirty villages or more, in each of which were at least fifteen granaries, nearly all quite full of corn. As far as the eye could reach innumerable villages were seen scattered around the open glades, all of them containing corn in abundance.

From the high land near by, he gazed down on a long series of rich islands in the river that looked like a long "line of granaries." He felt as the Israelites did when approaching the promised land, and thanked God and took courage. "Sailors," he said, "who have been in danger of shipwreck on a lee shore in a heavy gale may understand the relief offered by a sudden shift of wind in the moment of extremity. Such experience alone can allow an appreciation of the mental reaction after a great strain of anxiety that I had suffered for some time past." He now addressed his "Forty Thieves," telling them that he knew the country of old, and was well aware that this was the true granary of Gondokoro, and that he was glad that he could increase their rations of corn.

Having given the necessary orders for the night to the now utterly discomfited Raouf Bey, he, for the first time in twenty-four hours, obtained a little nourishment in the shape of porridge. A fire of dry cattle dung having been made by his officer, Monsoor, to keep off the mosquitoes, with a log for his pillow, he lay down and slept. With the bugle's morning call, he arose and sent Raouf Bey to occupy the islands, while he marched south and established well-posted stations about a mile apart upon high ground which commanded a view of the vessels in the river—the three forming a triangle. Having made