

CHAPTER XXI.

Cameron pushes on to the Lualaba, and resolves to follow it to the sea —It has no connection with the Nile system—No canoes to be had —Tipo-tipo—Handsome women—Inquisitiveness of the women— Stopped by a ruse—Interview with King Kasongo—resolves to visit some curious lakes—Attacked by the natives—Contracts with a slave-trader to take him to the coast—Explorations of lakes—Houses built in the lakes—Description of Kasongo and his character and habits—His harem—The rules that govern it—The religion of the country—A curious bridal cermony—Floating islands—The Congo route abandoned.

CAMERON now resolved to push on to the Lualaba, and thence follow the Congo down to the sea. His first objective point was Nyangwe, where he expected to obtain canoes for the voyage.

On the 1st of August he reached the Lualaba, having been two months on the road. Where he struck the river it was fully a mile wide, dotted with islands and flowing in a broad, turbid current, at the rate of three or four knots an hour. The next day he floated down to Nyangwe. Jumping ashore he entered the settlement alone, much to the astonishment of the natives, to whom this sudden appearance of a solitary white man seemed like an apparition.

The great question to be solved now was, could he trace this river to the sea. No white man but Livingstone had ever penetrated to this remote spot before: and whether he should go farther or not depended, in the first place, upon whether he could get canoes and men to work them, who would consent to accompany him. That the Lualaba had no connection with the Nile system, was now apparent as noonday, independent of the former discussions as to the mean heights of this stream and the Nile. Cameron calculated that the volume of water passing Nyangwe was one hundred and twenty-three thousand cubic feet per second, even in the dry season, which is five times greater than that of the Nile at

Gondokoro, Baker's extreme point of navigation of the river, where it was only twenty-one thousand five hundred feet per second. This settled the fact beyond all controversy, that the Lualaba had nothing to do with the Nile. It settled, also, another fact, that such a stream now evidently on the western slope, could have no connection with any other river flowing west except with the Amazon of Africa, the Congo. The two must constitute one river.

After Cameron had remained a fortnight at Nyangwe, one of the expeditions that had been off after slaves, returned. The men composing it owned the canoes that Mr. Cameron wanted, and he immediately entered into negotiations with them for their purchase, but they would listen to no offers for them. He now began to despair, when, one day, while sitting listlessly in front of his hut, he heard the sound of firearms, and knew at once that another marauding party was returning. It proved to be the advance-guard of Tipo-tipo, whose camp was near a lake called Sankora. Two days after Tipo-tipo himself arrived.

"He was a good-looking man," Cameron says, "and the greatest dandy I had seen among the traders. Notwithstanding he was perfectly black, he was a thorough Arab in his ideas and manners." He advised Cameron to return with him to his camp, where he could easily procure guides to Lake Sankora. So, on the 26th of August, he commenced getting his party over the river, preparatory to start with Tipo-tipo for the latter's camp.

Having crossed with a portion of his men and baggage, he left the everlasting Bombay of Stanley to bring over the rest with the stores. But Bombay, true to his instincts and character, had returned to the village to have a big drunk. Cameron, however, determined to go on to Tipo-tipo's camp, and did, though on the way he had such an attack of fever that he reeled like a drunken man, and could scarcely drag one foot after another, they having become so swollen and blistered that he had to cut open his boots to get relief.

They at last encamped two miles from Ruzzuna's village, a friend and ally of Tipo-tipo. This chief, with a half a dozen wives, came to stay near him while he remained, and visited him frequently, bringing a new wife each time. Cameron says: "They were the handsomest women I had seen in Africa, and, in addition to their kilts of gray cloth, wore scarfs of the same material across their breasts. At first they were afraid of him, but on the second day all their timidity disappeared, and they began to examine him very curiously. The pictures he showed them soon wearied them, and they proceeded to investigate him personally. He says: "They turned up the legs of the sleeping-suit which I always wore in camp, to discover whether it was my face alone that was white." They prosecuted their investigations so thoroughly, that he saw, if there was not a stop put to it, he would soon be stripped naked, and he sent for some beads and shells, and strewing them over the ground, sent them scrambling after them, and thus escaped their further scrutiny. Ruzzuna, when he came, brought with him a handsomely-carved stool, on which he sat, using the lap of one of his wives, seated on the ground, as a footstool, on which he planted his feet.

The next thing "in the programme" was to receive a visit from the great chief or king of the district, Kasongo. The imposing ceremonies that heralded his approach would furnish a good example to the crowned heads of Europe, who in nowise differ from these savage negro chieftains in their ridiculous pageantry. First, each subchief arrived, preceded by drummers, while his rank was proclaimed in true European style and his position in the coming reception made known. Then drumming and shouting announced the approach of the great man himself. First came a half a dozen drummers, then thirty or forty spearmen, followed by six women carrying shields, and then his negro majesty. A dance followed, and then a talk was held, in which Cameron informed him that he wanted to visit Lake Sankora, through which he believed the Lualaba flowed.

Two days after, he returned the visit, and was there informed that the chief of the territory which he must cross to reach the lake had said that "no strangers with guns had ever passed through his country and never should, without fighting their way." Cameron then cast about to see if he could not get to the lake without passing through his dominions. Having received, as he thought, satifactory information on this point, he, on the 12th of September, set out with his guides. From these he obtained information about two other lakes in which huts were built on piles, and still another in which there were floating islands covered with inhabitants.

For several days they journeyed through a fairly-populated country, "with large villages of well built and clean huts disposed in long streets with bark-cloth trees planted on each side"—all the streets running east and west. The natives seemed friendly, and they travelled on quietly for several days; but this friendly conduct at last changed, and Cameron found his road ambushed and arrows thickly falling around him. He learned afterward that he had been mistaken for a slave-trader. He finally had to resort to retaliation, and after burning one hut and wounding one man, was allowed to leave quietly the last village, where hostilities had been commenced. The next village, however, showed the same hostile feeling, and he was compelled to kill two or three and wound several more before peaceful relations could be established. He at length arrived in King Kasongo's dominions, where he found a trader named Judah Merikani, who had travelled the country extensively. He had seen Livingstone, Speke and Burton. He found here, also, a Portuguese trader, but, though he could speak Portuguese, he was an old and ugly negro.

Here, also, he made an agreement with a man named Alvez, to conduct him to the Atlantic coast; but as the latter said he could not start under a month, Cameron resolved to spend the intermediate time—as he could not reach Sankora—in exploring the neighboring lake of Moheya, in which, it was said, houses were built on piles.

But, before starting, he visited Kasongo's capital, which was about one hundred rods long by thirty wide, and surrounded by a neat fence of sticks five feet high, in the centre of which was his dwelling. He was absent, but his chief wife received him courteously, and after many questions as to where he came from and what he wanted, made him take off his boots and stockings, that she might examine his feet.

After some parleying, she consented to give him a guide to Lake Moheya. He started on the 30th of October, and came in sight of the lake two days after, and in it found three villages built on piles, besides several detached huts scattered over its surface. He could get no canoes to visit them, and had to be content with a distant view of them through his glass. They were built on platforms raised about six feet from the water, and resting on piles driven into the bed of the lake. Underneath them canoes were moored, while men could be seen swimmiug from hut to hut.

Kasongo not arriving, and his return being uncertain, he determined to visit some other curious lakes in this region. But, before starting, he gives a description of the large district of Urua, which extends from this point to Lake Tanganika. This vast territory is governed by King Kasongo. He thus speaks of him and his religion:

"Kasongo, or the chief for the time being, arrogates to himself divine honors and power, and pretends to abstain from food for days without feeling its necessity; and indeed declares, that as a god he is altogether above requiring food, and only eats, drinks and smokes for the pleasure it affords him.

"In addition to his chief wife and the harem maintained in his private inclosure, he boasts that he exercises a right to any woman who may please his fancy when on his journeys about the country; and if any becomes *enceinte*, he gives them a monkey-skin for the child to wear, if a male, as this confers a right to live by taking provisions, cloth, etc., from any one, not of the royal blood.

"Into the inclosure of his harem no male but himself is allowed between sunset and sunrise, on pain of death or mutilation; and even if one of the harem should give birth to a male child during the night, the mother and infant are bundled out immediately.

"His principal wife and the four or five ranking next to her, are all of royal blood, being either his sisters or first cousins; and amongst his harem are to be found his step-mothers, aunts, sisters, nieces, cousins, and still more horrible, his own children.

"As might be expected from such an example, morals are very lax throughout the country, and wives are not thought badly of for being unfaithful; the worst they may expect being severe chastisement from the injured husband. But he never uses excessive violence, for fear of injuring a valuable piece of household furniture.

"When Kasongo sleeps at home, his bed-room furniture consists of members of his harem. Some on hands and knees form a couch with their backs, and others lying flat on the ground, provide a soft carpet.

"It is the rule for all Warŕa to light their fires themselves and cook their own food, Kasongo being the only one exempt from this observance; but should either of the men appointed to do this service for him, by any chance be absent, he then performs these duties himself.

"No Warna allows others to witness their eating or drinking, being doubly particular with regard to members of the opposite sex; and on pombé being offered, I have frequently seen them request that a cloth might be held up to hide them whilst drinking.

"Their religion is principally a mixture of fetish and idolatry. All villages have devil-huts and idols before which offerings of pombé, grain and meat are placed, and almost every man wears a small figure round his neck or arm. Many magicians also move about with idols, which they pretend to consult for the benefit of their clients; and some being clever ventriloquists, manage to drive a flourishing business.

"But the great centre ot their religion is an idol named

Kunqué a Banza, which is supposed to represent the founder of Kasongo's family, and to be all-powerful for good or evil. This idol is kept in a hut situated in a clearing amidst a dense jungle, and always has a sister of the reigning chief as a wife, who is known by the title of Mwali a Panga. Round the jungle live a number of priests, who guard the sacred grove from all profane intruders, and receive offerings for the idol, and also a large portion of the tribute paid to Kasongo. But, although they hold this official position, and are thus intimately connected with all the rights and ceremonies pertaining to the deity, they are not permitted to set eyes upon the idol itself, that privilege being reserved for its wife and the reigning sovereign, who consults it on momentous occasions, and makes offerings to it upon his accession, and after gaining any great victory over his adversaries. Notwithstanding my efforts, I could not discover the exact position of this idol's habitation, but am perfectly convinced of its existence, as all the accounts I received were precisely similar on all material points."

As there appeared no prospect of Kasongo's return, Cameron asked the queen for guides to visit Lake Kasali, that he had heard of. She promised to do so, but kept deferring taking any steps in the matter till he got wearied out, and securing a guide himself, started off.

Arriving at a village on the way, he witnessed a curious bridal ceremony. A head man and a niece of the chief were to be married. The first day of the ceremony was devoted to dancing, in which yells, and shouts, and rude music made a continual din from morning till night. The next day the bridegroom danced alone for an hour, when a circle was formed, and the bride, a child nine years old, was brought in on the shoulders of a woman and given some tobacco and beads by the bridegroom. "After this ceremony was concluded, the bride was set down and danced with the bridegroom, going through the most obscene gestures for about ten minutes, when he picked her up, and tucking her under his arms, walked

her off to his hut." The dancing and yelling continued, and was still going on when Cameron left next day.

He at length came to a village in sight of the lake, but there the wife of the chief forbade his farther advance. The husband was with Kasongo, and thither Cameron sent messengers to get permission to proceed to the lake, but could not obtain one. He sent some of his men, however, to it, who reported that a large number of natives lived on floating islands in it. These were made of "large pieces of tingi-tingi, cut from the masses with which the shore is lined." On these, logs and brushwood are placed and covered with earth. Huts are then built and bananas are planted, while goats and poultry are reared upon then. They were usually moored to stakes driven into the bed of the lake, that are pulled up when the people wish to shift their locality, and lines thrown around other stakes, by which the heavy mass is slowly towed along.

When Cameron returned, he asked Alvez when they could start. He replied he was all ready whenever Kasongo got back. This was in December, but Kasongo did not return till the end of next month, and even then he was delayed by the falsehood and cowardliness of Alvez. Kasongo received him with barbaric ceremony, and he thought he would now soon be off. But he was destined to disappointment. This savage king, who thought himself the greatest man in the world, seemed in no haste to lose his novel guest—while he absolutely refused to give his consent to let him visit Lake Sankora.

Cameron was now compelled, with great reluctance, to give up his cherished plan to trace the Congo to its mouth, and to seek the Atlantic coast in another direction by land.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Departure—Character of the Caravan—Horrible ceremonies at the Burial of a Chief of Urua—Start of the Caravan—Its bad conduct—Joined by a slave-gang—Its sorrowful appearance—The camps of the caravan—Dreary marching—Appearance of the country—Naked women dressing their hair elaborately—Arrival at Alvez village—The luxury of Coffee, Onions and Soap—Reduced state of Cameron's men—Reaches a Portuguese trader's house—A festival—A lascivious dance—Beautiful scenery—Interview with King Kongo—Cameron's sufferings begin—Desperate condition—A forced march to the sea with a few men—First sight of the sea—His welcome—His dangerous sickness—Visit to the Consul at Loanda—Men sent to Zanzibar—His return home—The slave trade.

CONSPIRACIES, duplicity and falsehood kept delaying the departure of the caravan, so that it did not get off till the 25th of February. Thus months of valuable time had been almost entirely wasted. But time seems to be of no account in Africa, and the great object apparently is not to get a thing *done*, but to see how long they can keep from doing it.

The undisciplined, motley caravan to which he intrusted himself numbered, at the outset, some seven hundred; but before they left the kingdom of Urua, Alvëz had collected over one thousand five hundred slaves to take to the coast.

They marched slowly, and, after three days reached the village of Totelo, where they found Kasongo. Here another long delay occurred, in order to build Kasongo a house. During the tedious weeks that followed, Cameron busied himself in writing, drawing, taking lunars and working them out. Evenings he would stroll out with his gun and shoot guinea-fowl and wood-pigeons to replenish his larder. An occasional visit to one of the chiefs varied the monotony. He says:

"I also busied myself in collecting a vocabulary of Kirna and in inquiring into the manners and customs of the people, and by this means became acquainted with

the ceremonies observed at the burial of a chief of Urua, which are probably unequaled in their savagery.

"The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet.

"The earth is then shoveled in on them, and all the women are buried alive with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered and their blood poured over the grave; after which the river is allowed to resume its course.

"Stories were rife, that no fewer than one hundred women were buried alive with Bambané, Kasongo's father; but let us hope that this may be an exaggeration.

"Smaller chiefs are buried with two or three wives, and a few slaves only are killed that their blood may be shed on the grave; whilst one of the common herd has to be content with solitary burial, being placed in a sitting posture with the right fore-finger pointing heavenward, just level with the top of the mound over his grave."

When everything at last was ready for a start, Alvez insisted on going through a ridiculous ceremony to propitiate the sun and guard them against fire on the way. The next day, however, June 10th, the caravan took its departure, and in its march through the country plundered every small party they met on the road, robbing fields of their fruit, and seizing everything they desired which fell in their way.

Thus they traveled for four days, crosssing four rivers on their route. The country during this time had been wooded and hilly, but they now came to a succession of level plains, indented with the tracks of a herd of ele-

phants, that Cameron thought must have numbered over five hundred animals. They at length reached the village of Lunga Mandi, where Cameron was shown the spot on which the first white trader had pitched his camp. Leaving this place, they made a march and came to a village where Coimba, who was on a slave-hunt for Kasongo, was to join them.

He came up in the afternoon with fifty-two women, tied together in lots of seventeen or eighteen. Some had children in their arms, others were far advanced in pregnacy, and all carried heavy loads. They were footsore and covered with welts and scars, showing how unmercifully they had been treated. To obtain them, ten villages had been destroyed, containing a population in all, of one thousand five hundred. Alvez claimed a part of these slaves, to pay him for waiting, and they were given him.

With this additional amount of misery engrafted on the caravan, it next day started forward again. It consisted of several camps—one composed of Cameron and his men; another of Alvez, with his people and their slaves; a third, of Coimba, his wives and slave-gang; Bastian, a fourth; two independent parties, and two more, made up of different tribes, completed the whole. The long procession moved on over the diversified country and past numerous villages without any exciting incident to vary the tedious monotony of the journey, and came at last to Lupanda, where the caravan halted a day. Here Cameron had some conversation with the natives, as well as trials of physical strength in holding out weights at arm's length, in which he excelled them all. Keeping on their south-western course, they at length, on the 25th of July, reached the territory of Ulunda, a long, narrow strip of country, about one hundred miles wide where they entered it.

The next territory was Lovali, the tedious march to which was varied by the escape of a number of slaves. Their condition was becoming fearful—the ropes that confined them were eating into their flesh, while some

of the women were carrying dead infants, that had died from starvation. Cameron was powerless to help them, and could only rejoice at the escape of any.

The march of this caravan is hardly worth recording. Starting from the Lualaba, and striking south-west through an unknown region, it was reasonable to expect that new and interesting revelations would be made. On the contrary, the scenery, for the most part possessed but little interest, being tame compared with that on the eastern slope, as the traveler approaches the great lake plateau, with its grand mountain ranges. There was not even the excitement of forcing their way through hostile tribes—for the caravan was too large to admit of resistance, while its gang of slaves closed every village which they passed against them. Hence it was a dreary, monotonous march through a country without fine scenery —past villages they could not enter—without incident, and remarkable only as it revealed a vast region of savage life, that formed a part of a great continent thickly populated, over which is spread the very blackness of darkness.

Cameron was now traveling on a line that would fetch him to the sea at a rather sharp angle. To state it more accurately, he had started at about five degrees south latitude, and on the course he was taking would come out nearly fifteen degrees south latitude, or, in round numbers, some seven hundred miles south of the point where Stanley was destined to emerge on the Atlantic.

Cameron's account of the march through the Lovali country is perhaps a fair specimen of the whole route after he left the Lualaba till he reached the Portuguese settlements on the Atlantic. He says: "The first part of the Lovali country consisted of a continuation of large, open plains, patches of forest and jungle, and many neatly-built villages. The huts were square, round and oval, having high roofs—in some instances, running into two or three points." The marching, he says, was free from any variety. Delays by runaway slaves—old slave-camps on the road—"fetishes" of the

natives—their curious customs, were the only things worth noting.

On the 28th of August, they came to the principal village of the kingdom, named Katende. Here Cameron heard of Livingstone, who had passed through this place on his journey across Africa, nearly thirty years before. It seemed that the principal impression that Livingstone made on the natives here was that *he rode an ox.*

Cameron was now getting reduced very low in the articles which he could use in the way of barter to procure what he wanted.

The caravan, however, pressed steadily on, over enormous plains, which are flooded in the wet season, and arrived on the 7th of September, at the village of Sha Kembe, the last in the district of Lovali, through which they had been so long marching. He describes the customs of the natives here, and says: "The women devote most of their time to dressing their hair, which is a very elaborate performance, and when finished is plastered with grease and clay, and made permanently smooth and shiny." With regard to their attentions to the adornment of other portions of their bodies, he says: "That a stick of tape would have clothed the female population of a half a dozen villages."

Caravans were frequently met, but no news could be obtained from the outside world.

At length, in the forepart of October, the caravan arrived at the village where Alvez lived, who was received by the inhabitants with shouts and yells, and a general drunk followed. Here the carriers were paid off, and Cameron began to cast about for new guides to the coast. He stayed here a week, which, compared with those that made up the last year, was one of luxury, for, on being well paid, Alvez supplied him with coffee, onions, and soap. This last article he had been without for a year, and he gave himself a thorough cleansing, which greatly revived him. Alvez's settlement was very much like those of the natives, except some of the huts were larger.

Cameron was now approaching Portuguese settlements, near the coast, and it was necessary to buy provisions for the march, and clothes to clothe his people before entering civilized society. All his European cloth had disappeared, and his men were dressed in rags of grass cloth, often so scant that the wearers might as well have been stark naked. Alvez supplied his wants, but cheated him in doing so. Cameron, however, felt he was at his mercy and paid him his prices, and was finally off on the 10th of October. He was glad to get rid of him and his great caravan, with its suffering slaves, and turned his face resolutely toward the coast. After passing several villages, he came to the town of Kagnombe, the largest he had yet seen—being three miles in circumference. A ceremonial visit to the braggart chief of it ended in the latter getting beastly drunk, when Cameron wandered about the town noting the peculiarities of the place and its savage customs.

The next morning, after a walk of a few hours, he arrived at the settlement of Senor Goncalves, a Portuguese, who had formerly been master of a ship, but had finally settled down in this remote region. He owned six villages, the inhabitants of which were practically his slaves. Each one furnished a caravan, by which he kept up a brisk trade with the coast, and lived in luxury and comfort here, in the healthy uplands of Bibi. For the first time for nearly two years Cameron now slept between sheets.

It was a long and weary distance yet to the coast, but somewhat refreshed by this slave-trader's hospitality, he set off again, and passing village after village, at length came to Lungi, where there was to be, the day after his arrival, an important festival, and as a natural consequence a big drunk. Of course, his men refused to travel till it was over. At the appointed time, the inhabitants assembled under a huge banyan tree, and began to sing, and dance, and drink their pombé. The men and women danced together, their suggestive motions being accompanied by ribald songs,

and the scene was one of licentiousness almost beyond belief. It was one of those scenes that exhibit in the strongest colors the utter debasement of the savage tribes of Africa.

He had some difficulty in getting away from here, owing to the rheumatism and swollen feet of many of his people, caused by the wet and cold. At length they were off, and he says:

"Almost directly after starting, we came upon rocky hills, with brawling streams rushing along their rugged courses, and here and there falls, from twenty to thirty feet in height, the crystal water sparkling in the sunlight, as it dashed from crag to crag. Large tree ferns grew on the banks, and amongst the bushes were myrtle, jasmines, and other flowering shrubs, whilst a variety of beautiful ferns, similar to maiden-hair, and other delicate kinds, flourished in the damp crevices of the rocks.

"As we went forward the scenery increased in beauty, and at last I was constrained to halt and surrender myself to the enjoyment of the view which lay before me. I will content myself with asserting that nothing could be more lovely than this entrancing scene, this glimpse of a paradise. To describe it would be impossible, neither poet, with all the wealth of world-imagery, nor painter, with almost supernatural genius, could by pen or pencil do full justice to the country of Bailunda. In the foreground were glades in the woodland, varied by knolls crowned by groves of large, English-looking trees, sheltering villages, with yellow thatched roofs; plantations, with the fresh green of young crops and bright red of newly-hoed ground in vivid contrast, and running streams flashing in the sunlight; whilst in the far distance were mountains of endless and pleasing variety of form, gradually fading away, until they blended with the blue of the sky. Overhead there drifted fleecy-white clouds; and the hum of bees, the bleating of goats and crowing of cocks broke the stillness of the air.

"As I lay beneath a tree, in indolent contemplation of

ON THE WEST HIGHLANDS, NEAR THE CONGO.

"Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand."

THE WONDERFUL PLANT "MIRABILIS."

the beauties of nature in this most favoured spot, all thought of the work still before me vanished from my mind; but I was rudely awakened from my pleasant reverie by the appearance of the loaded caravan, with the men grunting, yelling, and laboring under their burdens. Thus the dream of fairy-land was dispelled and the realities of my work, with its toil and trouble, returned.

"That evening we encamped in a wood, a clear space having literally to be cut out of the masses of sweet-scented creepers which festooned the trees."

Cameron here turned aside to visit the Kongo chief of the Bailunda at his capital, Kambala. The huts were built on a hill-side among rocks, and were surrounded by a palisade. He was kept some time waiting for his appearance, sitting on a stool—several of which surrounded an old arm-chair that served as a throne for the sable monarch. Kongo, at last, entered, dressed in a much-faded and dilapidated uniform, with a huge, battered cocked hat on his head, and being very aged and much under the influence of drink, he had to be helped along and placed on his throne. He was too drunk to know what he was about, and Cameron having presented him with a gun, retired. Though now near the coast, among people who had more or less intercourse with white men, Cameron began to suffer more severely than he had at any time since leaving the Lualaba. He had now been some two months pushing his way slowly in a south-westerly direction, since he abandoned the effort to follow the Congo to the sea. Through the various provinces and districts, and past innumerable villages, the caravan had pressed on without serious inconvenience; the natives either being too peaceably inclined or too weak to offer any resistance. But, now, his men were gradually giving out—getting every day more unfit to march—and, at the best, made such short ones that the coast, *practically*, was yet a great way off. Added to this, the rain set in, and the weak, discouraged, foot-sore caravan, as it slowly dragged

itself over the wet ground, looked like a long funeral procession. Besides, the only money that could buy food had given out—both cloth and trinkets. Stragglers also disappeared and had to be waited for or hunted up —one died and was thrown into a jungle because, if buried, the grave might be discovered and they be delayed to settle the matter with the natives. Things were getting in a desperate condition. At last, one day, they had been six hours on the march, in a pouring rain, and yet were compelled to rest so often that they had been moving onward only two hours and a-half, Cameron now saw that something decisive must be done. He found that he was yet one hundred and twenty-six miles from the coast, while upwards of twenty men were sick or lame, and all hungry and filling the air with their groans and complaints. When, therefore, they went into camp, he took his pipe and sat down to think over his situation, and, after a half an hour's reflection, resolved to throw away his tent, boat, bed—everything but instruments, journals and books—and, selecting a few strong men, make a forced march to the sea, and send back assistance to the main body. So, early on the following morning, taking five of his own men, and some natives who joined him after his visit to Kongo and hence were fresh, he started. All he had in the way of provisions, or anything to purchase them with for himself personally, were a half a fowl, a little flour, and two yards of cloth. They made a sharp march the first day and, at night, pitched their camp on a mountain, five thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. Up with the dawn they pushed on again, meeting caravans from the coast, bound inland, the leaders astonished at seeing a white man on foot and none but natives for his companions.

After eleven hours of stiff marching, they were compelled to go into camp at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet above the sea. At five o'clock the next morning they were off again—passing cultivated fields, the owners of which, however, would enter into no

negotiations for the sale of food. At two o'clock they came suddenly upon a village so entirely hidden by rocks and trees, that they did not see it till they were almost at the entrance. Here they got a little flour, and pushed on. That night Cameron was completely fagged out, having been on his feet eleven hours.

The next day, the way became fearfully rough, and the tired travelers were compelled to crawl on their hands and knees over rocks and slide down into deep ravines, and then climb their precipitous sides by aid of vines, while graves and skeletons along the path told how many had lain down and died on this terrible march. Clogs and forks of wood were lying by their side, telling the sad story of the fate of many a slave who, wearied with his long, painful journey from the interior, finally succumbed here, getting a happy release from the sufferings of the middle passage and the brutality of a task-master.

At night they encamped near a village, and Cameron offered all the cloth he had for a little milk, which was refused, and he had to borrow more from one of the caravans before he could get it, and then found it sour. He passed a feverish, painful night, but was off at half-past four in the morning, and soon met noisy caravan after caravan pushing inland. At length, with much hard scrambling, he reached the summit af a ridge, and looking off westward, asked himself, with eager anxiety.

"What is that distant line upon the sky?"

At length he exclaimed, in rapture, "The sea! the sea!" His men took up the shout, and "the sea! the sea!" went up in one exultant cry. But the welcome sight did not give them strength, and they crawled wearily over the ground, and at four o'clock were obliged to stop and go into camp.

The next morning they were compelled to march through a pass that was like a furnace, from the reflection of the sun's rays striking against the rocks. That night was the last passed out of civilization. Before sunrise the next morning they were on the march, and soon came in sight of the sea and a little later of Katom-

bella, situated on the shore. Swinging his rifle over his head, Cameron ran down the slope, crazed with joy, and in a short time was in the house of Monsieur Cauchoix, an old officer of the French navy, who had settled as merchant at Benguella. Here they were all provided with quarters and as much food as they desired, and soon the men were all gloriously drunk.

Cameron having dispatched relief to the main body, now turned his attention to himself. His mouth, which had begun to bleed the day before, suddenly grew worse —his tongue became so swollen that it protruded out of his mouth, from which the blood flowed profusely, while he was unable to speak or swallow.

In the meantime his body was covered with blotches, purple, blue and green, and he was threatened with immediate suffocation. The doctor of the hospital was sent for, who began at once to apply powerful remedies. Yet, in so dangerous a condition did he consider him to be, that he did not leave his side for forty-eight hours. Had this attack seized him a day sooner, when away from medical aid, he would inevitably have died. It was a narrow escape. He now began to mend rapidly, and on November 11th, the rest of his men came in, except one, who had died since he had left them on his forced march. Bombay celebrated his deliverance by getting drunk and abusing everybody, not excepting the host, Cauchoix, himself. Cameron wished to flog him, but those whom the drunken brute had abused interceded for him, and he was let off.

Here he came across a queer specimen of a Yankee, who was in the employ of Cauchoix. He asked Cameron whether he had been traveling "on his own hook," or been "working for a company." He said he should like to have been with him, but "he didn't care about the darned walking." Among other things, he had been master of an American barque, and traded in snakes, that he found up some African river. He liked the business, he said, and asked Cameron if he could easily get hold of some big snakes.

A fortnight later he and his men were landed in the harbor of Loanda by a little Portuguese steamer, that had been ordered to convey him there. Cameron went at once to the English consulate. As the consul entered the room where he was awaiting his arrival, the latter said, "I have come to report myself from Zanzibar, overland."

The consul stared at him a moment in blank surprise, then, stepping quickly forward, and placing both his hands on his shoulders, exclaimed: "*Cameron! my God!*"

He was detained here some time in getting a ship to convey his men back to Zanzibar; but at last he saw them aboard a ship and sail out of the harbor, and then took a steamer for home, and on the 2d of April arrived in the Mersey, and was welcomed by scores of delighted friends, who never expected to see him again.

More than three years had passed since he first set sail on his perilous expedition, much of the time having been spent in the very heart of Africa. He had heard nothing of Stanley, and now public attention was turned to this daring explorer. Would he accomplish more than this man who had crossed the continent without one white man as a companion, or would he leave his bones in some African forest? It will be seen in the following chapters what he was doing, and, in the end, accomplished.

As Mr. Stanley went over the same ground that Cameron gave most of his attention to, we have not dwelt on the discoveries of the latter, because the former explored it more thoroughly, and hence the results of his work will be more satisfactory to the reader.

The iniquitous slave trade occupies the same prominence in Cameron's sight that it did in Livingstone's, and as it does in Baker's and Stanley's estimation, and he says, in conclusion: "The question now before the civilized world is, whether the slave-trade in Africa, which causes, at the lowest estimate, an annual loss of

over a half a million of lives, is to be permitted to continue. Every one worthy of the name of a man will say, 'No!' But it is not to be stopped by talking and writing. Every one must put his shoulder to the wheel—some to aid commerce, and some missionary effort, till civilization and light are forced into the heart of the dark continent."

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY ON CAMERON'S NEW ROUTE.

Beyond the ranges of Kilimacho and Nyoka are broad and well-watered plains, extending to Kalomba, east of which is a shallow basin about five or six miles across, where the soil is salt and there are some salt springs.

From Kalomba to Lunga Mandis, the country consisted of wooden hills, flat-topped table-lands of sand and broad marshes bordering streams. The channel of the river is continually changing, and in a year or two no trace remains of its former course. This is owing to the growth of semi-aquatic vegetation, which quickly closes up every space where the water does not flow rapidly; and this accounts for the fact that towards the end of the dry season, the actual channel is much smaller than in the rainy.

If these swamps prove to be the modern representatives of the old coal-measures, we should find ferns, papyrus—especially its roots; trees—some fallen on their sides and half-rotten, others still standing, and stumps and grasses amongst the vegetable fossils; whilst those of the animal kingdom should include skeletons of mud-fish and frogs, and also of an occasional crocodile, buffalo or hippopotamus.

The country in Ussambi consisted mostly of flat-topped sandstone hills. Strata of red and yellow sandstone alternated, and between them and the granite were usually masses of water-worn pebbles.

Ulunda is a thickly-wooded country, with gentle undulations and occasional savannahs or meadows,

watered by numberless streams, most of them running northward to the Kongo.

At its western side, broad plains stretch right across Lovali. They are light and sandy in the dry season, with belts of trees along the different watercourses intersecting them, but during the rains become quagmires and morasses. The water-shed between the Zambesi and Kongo basins lies along the centre of these plains —which in the annually rainy season are waist-deep in water, and the two basins then actually join.

West of Lovali, is the county of Kibokwi, where the rise out of the central depression becomes very marked, and the country is nearly all covered with forests. Bee culture is here the chief occupation of the natives. The large trees are utilized to support their beehives, the produce of which forms a considerable and profitable item of barter. They exchange the wax for all the foreign trade goods they require, and from the honey make a sort of mead, which is strong and by no means unpalatable. The people work iron tastefully and well. They obtain the ore from the nodules found in the beds of the streams. The basins of the Kongo and Zambesi terminate in the western portion of Kibokwi, where that of the Kwanza commences.

The country of Bihi is entered after the Kwanza is crossed—the eastern portion being formed of wooded hills of red sandstone, with many running brooks and rills, whilst in the western part are wide prairies and bare downs, with a few patches of wood. A peculiar feature is the number of streams which flow underground for a portion of their course, the most remarkable instance being the "Burst of the Kulato," the boundary between Bihi and Bailunda. The eastern portion of Bailunda is moderately level, with rocky hills, on the summits of which are situated the villages of the chiefs; but, as the western portion is reached, the country breaks into mountains of every shape and form, among which are needles and cones of granite. In the foreground the hills are of red sandstone, crowned with groves of mag-

nificent trees, festooned with jesamines and other sweet-scented creepers.

At the western side of Bailunda the caravan reached the culminating point of the section across the continent.

A mountainous and rocky tract lies between this and the west coast. In some of the passes the solid granite hills are cupola and dome-shaped, like the Puy-de-Dome, in Auvergne. But even among this mass of rocky, sterile mountains lie fertile valleys, where the people cultivate large quantities of corn, which they carry down to the coast to exchange for cloth.

After passing Kizanji, forty miles from the sea, no more human habitations are seen till Katombela is reached. Nearly thirty miles of this part of the road is through one continuous pass of bare granite rocks, with only the occasional shelter of a boabab-tree, or a giant euphorbia. To this pass succeeds a barren waste of sand and gravel, separated from the sea by a low, flat strip of land on the seaward side; and here the towns of Katombela and Benguella are situated. This strip only needs irrigation to make it yield all tropical productions, and, as water is obtained everywhere close to the surface, large and productive gardens are easily cultivated.

STANLEY'S LAST GREAT EXPEDITION ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT OF AFRICA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Stanley thinks of Africa and Livingstone's unfinished work—Determines to complete it—Takes a boat of his own along—At Zanzibar again—Starts for the interior—Takes a new route—The country passed through—Deserted by his guides—Loses the path—A painful march—Starvation and death—A gloomy prospect—Two young lions killed and made into broth—A trunk used for a kettle—A painful spectacle—Men sent off for food at last return—Joy of the camp—The march—A new type of natives—Naked beauty—Sickness and death—Death of Edward Pocoke—His burial—Stanley's letter to his father—A man murdered—Itwru reached—A populous plain—Intercourse with the people—A magic doctor.

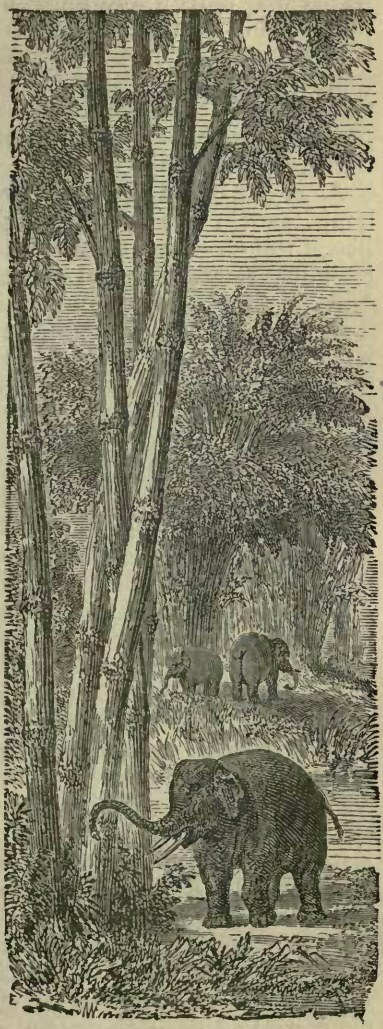
STANLEY, after he had found Livingstone, naturally thought much of the latter's explorations. Africa had become to him an absorbing subject, till he began to imbibe the spirit of Livingstone. This was natural, for he had won fame there, and why should he not win still greater laurels in the same field? This feeling was much increased after the death of the great explorer, with his work unfinished, and he longed to complete it. True, Cameron was on the ground to accomplish this very object, but Stanley knew the difficulties he would have to contend with without a boat of his own. The matter was talked over a good deal, and finally the proprietors of the New York *Herald* and London *Telegraph* determined to send him out. The vast lake region, embracing some six degrees of longitude and extending from the equator to fifteen degrees south latitude, had become a region of the greatest interest to explorers. On this vast water-shed lived a mighty population, and these lakes, with the rivers running into and out of them, must

furnish the roads to commerce and be the means by which Africa would be lifted out of its barbarism into the light of civilization.

The large lakes Nyassa and Tanganika had been more or less explored, but the one possessing the greatest interest—the Victoria Nyanza, on account of the general impression that it was the head of the Nile—was almost wholly unknown. The persistence with which the Nile had mocked all the efforts to find its course, had imparted a mystery to it and caused efforts to be made to unlock the secret, apparently wholly disproportioned to its value or real importance. This lake, therefore, was to be Stanley's first objective point. Livingstone, Speke and Burton, and others had seen it—*he* would sail round it in a boat which he would take with him. This he had made in sections, so that it could be carried the nearly one thousand miles through the jungles of Africa to its destination.

Everything being completed he started on his route, and on the 21st of September, 1874, found himself once more at Zanzibar. Here, in organizing his expedition, he discovered that the builder had made his boat, which he had christened the Lady Alice, a great deal heavier than he had ordered; but he luckily found a man in Zanzibar who was able to reduce its weight so that it could be transported by the carriers. It is not necessary to go into a description of how he organized the new expedition, nor of his journey along the old route to Unyanyembe. His force consisted in all of a little over three hundred men, and he took with him this time several powerful dogs. The interest of the expedition begins when he struck off from the regular route of the caravans going west, and entered an entirely new country and encountered a new race of people. Instead of moving directly westward, he turned off to the north, and at length reached the western frontier of Ugogo, on the last day of the year 1874. The country at this point stretched before him in one vast plain, which some of the natives said extended clear to Nyanza. He found

that his course led him along the extremity of Whumba, which he was glad to know, as he thought his march would now be unmolested. Two days' march brought them to the borders of Usandawa, a country abounding in elephants. Here he turned to the north-west and entered Ukimbu or Uyonzi on its eastern extremity. The guides he had hired in Ugogo to take him as far as Iramba here deserted him. Hiring fresh ones, he continued two days in the same direction, when these deserted him also, and Stanley found himself one morning on the edge of a vast wilderness without a guide. The day before, the guides had told him that three days' march would bring him to Urimi. Relying on the truth of this statement, he had purchased only two days' provisions. Thinking, therefore, that they would be there by the evening of the next day, he thought little of the desertion and moved



A GROUP OF ELEPHANTS.

off with confidence. But the next morning, the track, which was narrow and indistinct at the best, became so inextricably mixed up with the paths made by elephants and rhinoceros, that they were wholly at loss what course to take. Halting, Stanley sent out men to seek the lost path, but they returned unable to find it. They then, of course, had nothing left to do but to march by compass, which they did.

As might be expected, it brought them, after a few hours' march, into a dense jungle of acacias and euphorbias, through which they could make their way only by crawling, scrambling and cutting the entangling vines. Now pushing aside an obstructing branch—now cutting a narrow lane through the matted mass, and now taking advantage of a slight opening, this little band of three hundred struggled painfully forward toward what they thought was open country, and an African village with plenty of provisions.

In this protracted struggle the third night overtook them in the wilderness, and there they pitched their lonely, starving camp. To make it more gloomy, one of the men died and was buried; his shallow grave seeming to be a sad foreboding of what awaited them in the future. The want of provisions now began to tell terribly on the men, but there was nothing to do but go forward, trusting to some outbreak to this apparently interminable wilderness. But human endurance has its limit, and although Stanley kept his little force marching all day, they made but fourteen miles. It was a continual jungle, with not a drop of water on the route. The poor carriers, hungry and thirsty, sunk under their loads and lagged behind the main force for many miles, until it became a straggling, weary, despondent crowd, moving without order and without care through the wilderness. The strong endeavored to help the weak, and did relieve them of their burdens and encourage them to hold on, so that most of them were able to reach the camp at night. But in despite of all effort five sick, despairing men, strayed from the path, which was only a blind

trail made by those in advance. After the camp for the night was pitched, Stanley sent back scouts to find them, who explored the woods for a mile each side of the track they had made, but only one man was found, and he full a mile from the trail and dead. The other four had wandered off beyond reach and were never heard of more. This was getting to be fearful marching—five men in one day was a death roll that could not be kept up long, and Stanley began to cast about anxiously to determine what step he should next take. But there was but one course left open to him, to attempt to retrace his steps was certain death by famine, to advance could not be worse, while it might bring relief, so push on was the order, and they did push on weary, thirsty, starving, and on the fifth day came to a little village recently established, and which consisted of only four huts, occupied by four men with their wives and children. These had scarcely provisions enough to keep themselves, and hence could give nothing to Stanley's starving men. It was useless to attempt further marching without food, for the men staggered into camp exhausted, and would rather die there than attempt to move again.

Stanley's experience had taught him how far he could urge on these African carriers and soldiers, and he saw they had now become desperate and would not budge another inch until they had something to eat. He, therefore, ordered a halt, and selecting twenty of his strongest men, sent them off in search of food. They were to press on to a village called Suna, about thirty miles distant, of which the natives told him, and where they said food was in abundance. As soon as they had disappeared in the forest, Stanley took his gun and strolled out in search of game. But, filled as the country seemed with it, he could find nothing to shoot. One of his men, however, came across a lion's den, in which were two cubs, which he brought to Stanley. The latter skinned them and took them back to camp. As he entered it, the pinched and worn faces of his faithful men, as they sat hungry and despairing, moved him so deeply that he

would have wept, but for fear of adding to their despondency. The two cubs would go but a little way toward feeding some two hundred and twenty men, if cooked as ordinary meat, so he resolved to make a soup of them, which would go much farther. But the question was where to get a kettle large enough to make a soup for such a large body of men. Luckly, he bethought himself of a sheet-iron trunk which he had among his baggage, and which was water-tight. He quickly dumped out of it its contents, and filling it with water, set it over a fire which he had ordered to be made. He then broke open his medical stores, and taking out five pounds of Scotch oatmeal and three one-pound tins of revalenta Arabica, he made with it and the two young lions a huge trunk full of gruel, that would give even two hundred and twenty men a good bowl apiece. He said it was a rare sight to see those hungry, famished men gather around that Torquay dress-trunk and pile on the fuel, and in every way assist to make the contents boil, while with greedy eyes, with gourds in their hands, full of water, they stood ready to pour it in the moment it threatened to boil over and waste the precious contents. But he adds, "it was a rarer sight still to watch the famished wretches, as, with these same gourds full of the precious broth, they drank it down as only starving men swallow food. The weak and sick got a larger portion, and another tin of oatmeal being opened for their supper and breakfast, they waited patiently the return of those who had gone in quest of food."

Stanley's position now became painfully trying. He was five days' march from where he could obtain food, if he attempted to go back, which, in the present condition of his men, they could never make, and if any survived, it would be on the terrible condition of the living eating the dead.

The only hope lay in reaching supplies in advance. But what if those twenty strong men he had sent on to find them never returned, having been ambushed and killed on the way, or what if they, at the end of several

days, returned and reported nothing but an unbroken wilderness and impassable jungle or swamps in front, and themselves famished, ready to die? These were questions that Stanley anxiously put to himself and dared not contemplate the answer. The hours of painful anxiety and suspense, the maddening thoughts and wild possibilities that fire the brain and oppress the heart in such crises as these cannot be imagined, they can be known only by him who suffers the pangs they inflict. This is a portion of the history of the expedition that Stanley can never write, though it is written on his heart in lines that will never be effaced.

The empty trunk lay on one side, and the night came down and the stars burned bright and tranquilly above, and all was silent in the wide solitude as Stanley sat and listened for the return of his men. But they came not, and the morning broke and the sun rode once more the tropical heavens in his splendor, but no musket shot from the forest told of the returning scouts. The weary hours wore on and the emaciated men lay around in silent suffering. To Stanley these hours seemed days. Night again darkened the forest and still no sign of the returning party. Would they ever return, was the terrible question Stanley was perpetually putting to kimself, and if not, what desperate movement should he attempt? The third morning broke as calm and peaceful as the rest; he was beginning to despair, when, suddenly, a musket shot broke over the forest, and then another and another, sending sudden life and activity throughout the despairing camp. The men, as they emerged into view laden with food, were greeted with a loud shout, and the hungry wretches fell on the provisions they brought like ravening wolves. The report of abundance ahead so excited the men that they forgot their feebleness and clamored to be led on that very afternoon. Stanley was quite willing to get away from the jungle, filled with such painful associations, and cheerfully ordered the march, but before they could get away two men breathed their last in the camp and were left to sleep alone in the wilderness.

That night they encamped at the base of a rocky hill, from which stretched away a broad plain. The hill—lifting itself into the clear air—the open plain seemed like civilization compared with the gloomy jungle in which they had been starving for the last two days, and where they had left two of their number, and they awoke next morning cheerful and refreshed. Starting off with the prospect of abundant provisions ahead, they made a steady march of twenty miles and reached the district of Suna in Urimi.

Stanley was surprised, on entering the rude village, to see a new type of African life. Men and women of great beauty and fine physical proportions met his astonished sight. They stood before him in all their naked beauty, unabashed; the women bearing children alone wearing a covering of goat skins, designed evidently as a protection against external injury, and not caused by any notions of modesty. Their fine appearance seemed to indicate a greater mental development than any other tribes which they had met. Whether this were so or not, it would be difficult to tell, for they were the most suspicious, reserved people Stanley had ever met, being greatly disinclined to barter provisions, of which they had more than they wanted, for cloth and beads, of which they apparently had none. They had no chief, but seemed to be governed in their actions by the old men. With these Stanley therefore treated for permission to pass through their land. It required great tact to secure this, and still more to obtain the required food. Stanley bore this silent hostility patiently, for though he could have taken all he wanted by force, he wished to avoid all violence. While lingering here, two more of his exhausted company gave out and died, while his sick list swelled up to thirty. Among the latter was Edward Pocoke, who, with his brother, Stanley had engaged in England to accompany him as attendants. This compelled him to halt for four days, but finding that the hostile feeling of the natives increased the longer he stayed, he determined, danger-

ous as it was to the sick, especially to Pocoke, to leave. Dysentery and diarrhœa was prevailing to an alarming extent, and rest was especially necessary for these, if they hoped to recover; but he was afraid matters would become dangerously complicated if he remained, and he turned his soldiers into carriers and slung the sick into hammocks. Encouraging them with the prospect of plenty and comfort ahead, he gave the order to march, and they passed out and entered upon a clear, open, and well-cultivated country. Reaching a village at ten o'clock they halted, and here young Pocoke breathed his last "to the great grief of all." In speaking of the sad event that cast a gloom over the camp, Stanley says: "We had finished the four hundredth mile of our march from the sea and had reached the base of the water-shed, where the trickling streams and infant waters began to flow Nileward, when this noble young man died." They buried him at night under a tree, with the stars shining down on the shallow-made grave—Stanley reading the burial service of the Church of England over the body. Far from home and friends in that distant lonely land he sleeps to-day, a simple wooden cross marking his burial place. Stanley sent the following letter home to his father, describing his sickness and death:

KAGEHYI, ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA,
March 4th, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—A most unpleasant, because sad, task devolves upon me, for I have the misfortune to have to report to you the death of your son Edward, of typhoid fever. His service with me was brief, but it was long enough for me to know the greatness of your loss, for I doubt that few fathers can boast of such sons as yours. Both Frank and Ted proved themselves sterling men, noble and brave hearts, and faithful servants. Ted had endeared himself to the members of the expedition by his amiable nature, his cheerfulness, and by various qualifications which brought him into high favor with the native soldiers of this force. Before daybreak we

were accustomed to hear the cheery notes of his bugle, which woke us to a fresh day's labor; at night, around the camp-fires, we were charmed with his sweet, simple songs, of which he had an inexhaustible *repertoire.* When tired also with marching, it was his task to announce to the tired people the arrival of the vanguard at camp, so that he had become quite a treasure to us all; and I must say, I have never known men who could bear what your sons have borne on this expedition so patiently and uncomplainingly. I never heard one grumble either from Frank or Ted; have never heard them utter an illiberal remark, or express any wish that the expedition had never set foot in Africa, as many men would have done in their situation, so that you may well imagine, that if the loss of one of your sons causes grief to your parental heart, it has been no less a grief to us, as we were all, as it were, one family, surrounded as we are by so much that is dark and forbidding.

On arriving at Suna, in Urina, Ted came to me, after a very long march, complaining of pain in his limbs and loins. I did not think it was serious at all, nor anything uncommon after walking twenty miles, but told him to go and lie down, that he would be better on the morrow, as it was very likely fatigue. The next morning I visited him, and he again complained of pains in the knees and back, at which I ascribed it to rheumatism, and treated him accordingly. The third day he complained of pain in the chest, difficulty of breathing and sleeplessness, from which I perceived he was suffering from some other malady than rheumatism, but what it could be I could not divine. He was a little feverish, so I gave him a mustard-plaster and some aperient medicine. Toward night he began to wander in his head, and on examining his tongue I found it was almost black and coated with dark-gray fur. At these symptoms I thought he had a severe attack of remittent fever, from which I suffered in Ujiji, in 1871, and therefore I watched for an opportunity to administer quinine

—that is, when the fever should abate a little. But, on the fourth day, the patient still wandering in his mind, I suggested to Frank that he should sponge him with cold water and change his clothing, during which operation I noticed that the chest of the patient was covered with spots like pimples or small-pox pustules, which perplexed me greatly. He could not have caught the small-pox, and what the disease was I could not imagine; but, turning to my medical books, I saw that your son was suffering from typhoid, the description of which was too clear to be longer mistaken, and both Frank and I devoted our attention to him. He was nourished with arrow-root and brandy, and everything that was in our power to do was done; but it was very evident that the case was serious, though I hoped that his constitution would brave it out.

On the fifth day we were compelled to resume our journey, after a rest of four days. Ted was put in a hammock and carried on the shoulders of four men. At ten o'clock on the 17th of January we halted at Chiwyn, and the minute that he was laid down in the camp he breathed his last. Our companion was dead.

We buried him that night under a tree, on which his brother Frank had cut a deep cross, and read the beautiful service of the Church of England over him as we laid the poor worn-out body in its final resting-place.

Peace be to his ashes. Poor Ted deserved a better fate than dying in Africa, but it was impossible that he could have died easier. I wish that my end may be as peaceful and painless as his. He was spared the stormy scenes we went through afterwards in our war with the Waturn; and who knows how much he has been saved from? But I know that he would have rejoiced to be with us at this hour of our triumph, gazing on the laughing waters of the vast fountain of old Nile. None of us would have been more elated at the prospect before us than he, for he was a true sailor, and loved the sight of water. Yet again I say peace be to his ashes; be

consoled, for Frank still lives, and, from present appearances, is likely to come home to you with honor and glory, such as he and you may well be proud of. Believe me, dear sir, with true sincerity, your well-wisher,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Stanley still travelled in a north-west direction, and the farther he advanced the more he was convinced that the rivulets he encountered flowed into the Nile, and he became elated with the hope that he should soon stand on the shores of the great lake that served as the reservoir of the mighty river.

Two days' march now brought them to Mongafa, where one of his men who had accompanied him on his former expedition was murdered. He was suffering from the asthma, and Stanley permitted him to follow the party slowly. Straggling thus behind alone, he was waylaid by the natives and murdered. It was impossible to ascertain who committed the deed, and so Stanley could not avenge the crime.

Keeping on they at length entered Itwru, a district of Northern Urimi. The village where they camped was called Vinyata, and was situated in a broad and populous valley, containing some two thousand to three thousand souls, through which flowed a stream twenty feet wide. The people here received him in a surly manner, but Stanley was very anxious to avoid trouble and used every exertion to conciliate them. He seemed at last to succeed, for at evening they brought him milk, eggs, and chickens, taking cloth in exchange. This reached the ears of the great man of the valley, a magic doctor, who, there being no king over the people, is treated with the highest respect and honor by them. The next day he brought Stanley a fat ox, for which the latter paid him twice what it was worth in cloth and beads, besides making a rich present to his brother and son. To all his requests he cheerfully consented in his anxiety to conciliate him and the natives.

That day, taking advantage of the bright sun to dry

the bales and goods, he exposed his rich stores, an imprudence which he very quickly deeply regretted, for he saw that the display awoke all the greedy feelings of the natives, as was evinced by their eager looks. But the day passed quietly, and on the third morning the great man made his appearence again and begged for more beads, which were given him and he departed apparently very much pleased, and Stanley congratulated himself that he would be allowed to depart in peace.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The camp—View from it—Hostile demonstrations—A three days' fight—A massacre—A modern Sodom—A terrible vengeance—Twenty-one of the expedition killed—A complete ruin—Provisions obtained—The march resumed—Only a hundred and ninety-four men left out of three hundred with which he started—A gloomy outlook—Mistaken for Mirambo—The Nyanza reached at last—A description of the country he had passed through.

FOR a half an hour after the magic doctor left, Stanley sat quietly in his camp, his anxieties now thoroughly dissipated, thinking over his speedy departure for the Nyanza. The camp was situated on the margin of a vast wilderness, which stretched he knew not how far westward, while away to the north, south and east extended a wide open plain, dotted over, as far as the eye could see, with villages. There were nearly two hundred of them, looking in the distance like clusters of beehives. Everything was peaceful, and not a sound disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the scene, when there suddenly broke on his ears the shrill war-cry, which was taken up by village after village till the whole valley resounded with it. It was one loud "he-hu, he-hu," the last syllable prolonged and uttered in a high, piercing note that made the blood shiver. Still Stanley felt no alarm, supposing that some war expedition was about to be set on foot, or some enemy was reported to

be near, and listened to the barbaric cry simply with curiosity. The men in the camp kept about their usual avocations—some fetching water from a neighboring pool, while others were starting off after wood—when suddenly a hundred warriors appeared close to camp in full war costume. Feathers of the eagle and other birds waved above their heads; " the mane of the zebra and giraffe emcircled their foreheads, their left hand held the bow and arrows, while the right held the spear." Stanley arose, and telling the men not to leave camp nor do anything to provoke a hostile act, waited to see what this sudden warlike attitude meant.

In the meantime the throng increased till the entire camp was surrounded. A slight bush fence had been built around it, which, although it concealed those within, was too slight to be of use in case of an attack. Seeing that this hostile demonstration was against *him*, Stanley sent out a young man who spoke their language, to inquire what they wanted. Six or seven warriors advanced to meet him, when a lively conversation followed. The messenger soon returned and reported that they accused one of the party of having stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and they must be paid for it in cloth. He at once sent the messenger back, directing him to tell the warriors that he did not come into their country to rob or steal, and if anything had been taken from them they had but to name the price they asked for it and it should be paid at once. The messenger brought back word that they demanded four yards of sheeting; although this was worth four times as much as the articles were which they alleged had been stolen, he was very glad to settle the matter so easily, and it was measured and sent to them. The elders declared that they were perfectly satisfied, and they all withdrew. But Stanley could not at once shake off the suspicion this unexpected show of hostile feeling had excited, and he watched narrowly the villages in the distance. He soon saw that the warriors were not pacified if the elders were, for he

could see them hurrying together from all parts of the plain and gesticulating wildly.

Still he hoped that the elders would keep them from any overt act of hostility. While he was watching them he saw about two hundred separate themselves from the main body, and taking a sweep, make for the woods west of the camp. They had hardly entered them when one of his men rushed out of them into camp bleeding profusely from his face and arms. He said that Suleiman (a youth) and he were gathering wood when the savages came suddenly upon them. He was struck with a stick that broke his nose, and his arm was pierced with a spear, while Suleiman fell pierced with a dozen spears. His story and bloody appearance so excited the soldiers that Stanley could with difficulty restrain them from rushing out at once and attacking the murderers. He did not yet despair of preventing an outbreak, but took care to open the ammunition and be prepared for the worst. He saw at once that an immensely large force could be brought against him, and he must fortify himself or he would be overwhelmed by numbers, and so ordered the men immediately to commence strengthening the fence. They had not been long employed at it when the savages made a dash at the camp, and sent a shower of arrows into it. Stanley immediately ordered sixty soldiers to deploy fifty yards in front. At the word of command they rushed out, and the battle commenced. The enemy soon turned in flight and the soldiers pursued them. Every man was now ordered to work on the defences; some cut down thorn-trees and threw together rapidly a high fence all round the camp, while others were ordered to build platforms within for the sharp-shooters. All this time Stanley could hear the fire of the soldiers growing more and more indistinct in the distance. When the fence was completed he directed the sections of the Lady Alice to be placed so as to form a sort of central camp, to which they could retire in the last extremity. As soon as everything was finished he ordered the bugle to sound the retreat, and

soon the skirmishers came in sight. They reported fifteen of the enemy killed. All had fought bravely, even a bull dog had seized a savage and was tearing him to pieces, when a bullet put him out of his misery.

They were not molested again that day, which gave them time to make their position still stronger. The night passed quietly, and they were allowed to breakfast in peace. But about nine o'clock the savages in great numbers advanced upon the camp. All hopes of peace were now at an end, and since he was forced to fight, Stanley determined to inflict no half-way punishment, but sweep that fair valley with the besom of destruction. He therefore selected four reliable men, placed them at the head of four detachments, attaching to each one a fleet runner, whose duty was not to fight, but to report to him any disaster that threatened or befell the detachment to which he belonged, and ordered them to move out and attack the savages. As the route of the enemy was certain, he directed them to pursue them separately, yet keep before them as the place of final rendezvous, some high rocks five miles distant down the valley. The detachments poured forth from the camp, and the deadly fire-arms so appalled those savage warriors, armed only with the bow and spear, that they at once turned and fled. The detachments followed in hot pursuit, and what promised to be a fight, became a regular stampede. But one detachment having pursued a large force of the enemy into the open plain, the latter turned at bay.

The leader of the detachment, excited by the pursuit, and believing, in his contempt for the savages, that the mere sight of his little band would send them scurrying away in deadly fear, charged boldly on them. Quick as thought they closed around him in overwhelming numbers. The runner alone escaped and bore the sad tidings to Stanley. The appointment of these runners shows his wonderful prevision—that foresight which on many occasions alone saved him. He at once sent assistance to the detachment that the courier had reported

surrounded. Alas, before it arrived every man had been massacred. The aid, though it came too late to save the brave detachment, arrived just in time to save the second, which was just falling into the same snare, for the large force that had annihilated the first had now turned on this, and its fate seemed sealed. The reinforcements hurried off by Stanley found it completely hemmed in by the savages. Two soldiers had already been killed, the captain was wounded, and in a few minutes more they would have shared the fate of the first detachment. It was at this critical moment they arrived, and suddenly pouring a deadly volley into the rear of the assailants, sent them to the right about with astonishing quickness. The two detachments now wheeled and poured a concentrated volley into the savages, which sent them flying wildly over the plain. A swift pursuit was commenced, but the fleet enemy could not be overtaken, and the march up the valley was scarcely resisted. Stanley, in camp, carefully watched the progress of the fight, which could be distinguished at first by the volleys of his soldiers, and when, receding in the distance, these could be no longer heard, by the puffs of smoke which showed where the pursuit led. But at length smoke of a different character began to ascend from the quiet valley. To the right and left the dark columns obscured the noonday sun, and far as the eye could reach the plain, with its hundreds of villages of thatched huts, presented one wide conflagration, till the murky mass of cloudy vapor, as it rolled heavenward, made it appear like a second Sodom, suffering the vengeance of heaven. To the distance of eight miles Stanley could see the jets of smoke that told of burning villages. He had delayed to the last moment hostile action, but having once commenced it he meant to leave behind him no power of retaliation.

It was a victorious but sad day, and the return of the detachments was anything but a triumphal march, for they bore back twenty-one dead men, besides the wounded, while they could report but thirty-five of the enemy killed. So little difference in the number of the slain,

when one was the pursued and the other the pursuing party, and when the former was armed only with spears and bows, and the latter with the deadly rifle, seems at first sight unaccountable, but it must be remembered that the unfortunate detachment that was surrounded and massacred to a man, furnished almost the entire list of the killed.

The camp was at peace that night, but it was a sad peace. A few more such victories as this and Stanley would be left without an expedition.

This unfortunate experience with these people showed the danger of his taking a new route. His object was not to travel among new people but to reach the lake region with his boat and settle great geographical problems and establish certain facts having an intimate bearing on the future of Africa. Yet by his course he obtained really no new and valuable information, but imperiled and wellnigh ruined the expedition fitted out with so much expense and care.

It was the nearest course to the lake, yet the long one by which Speke reached it was the safest. He had been in a perilous position, and it was clearly his own foresight that saved him. The appointment of a courier or swift runner to each detachment to act as a telegraph, would probably have occurred to few, yet this saved one detachment from destruction and how much more no one can tell.

But he was not satisfied with the vengeance he had taken and the devastation he had wrought. He had resolved to teach those savage negroes a lesson on the danger of treachery to strangers, and he meant, now he had commenced it, to make it thorough and complete, and so next morning he sent off sixty men to proceed to the farthest end of the valley, some eight miles away, and destroy what yet remained; passing on through the ruins of the villages, they came to a large village in the extreme north-east. A very slight resistance was made here, and they entered it and applied the torch, and soon it shared the fate of all the rest. Before they destroyed

it, however, they loaded themselves with grain. Provisions were now plenty, for the frightened negroes had left everything behind them in their flight. There was no longer any need of purchasing food, the valley was depopulated, and all the accumulated provisions of the inhabitants at the mercy of the victors. Finding he had enough to last the expedition six days, Stanley next morning started westward before day-break, and was soon far away from this valley of destruction, leaving the thoroughly humbled natives to crawl back to the ashes of their ruined homes. Without further trouble, in three days, he reached Iramba. Here he halted and took a calm survey of his condition and prospects. He found that out of three hundred men with which he had left the coast but one hundred and ninety-four remained.

Sickness, desertion and battle had reduced his number over a third before he had reached the point where his actual labors were to commence. It was not a pleasant look-out; for, although two hundred men, well armed with rifles, made a formidable force in a country where only arrows and spears were used, still this heavy ratio of loss must stop or the expedition stop. He was not in a country where he could recruit soldiers, and each one lost was a dead loss, and thousands of miles of exploration lay before him, in prosecuting which he knew not how many battles would be fought, nor how much sickness have to be encountered. It would not seem a difficult piece of arithmetical calculation to determine how long three hundred men would last if one-third disappeared in three months, or how many men it would require to prosecute his labors three years. But Stanley never seemed to act as though he thought defeat possible. Whether his faith was in God, himself or his star, it was nevertheless a strong and controlling faith. Still, now and then it leaks out that he was perfectly conscious of the desperate nature of his condition, and felt that disease, which carried off his friends and retainers, or the spear, might end, at any moment, his explorations and his life.

Though out of Urimi at last, he found the natives of Iramba a very little improvement on those of the former district. Mirambo was their terror, and hence they were suspicious of all strangers. Again and again he was mistaken for this terrible chieftain, and narrowly escaped being attacked. In fact, this formidable warrior was fighting at one time within a day's march of him.

Urukuma was the next district he entered after Iramba, and he found it thickly peopled and rich in cattle. It consisted for the most part of rolling plains, with scattered chains of jagged hills. He was on the slope that led to the Nyanza, and the descent was so gradual, that he expected to find the lake, whose exploration he designed to make thorough and complete, comparatively shallow, although it covered a vast area. At last he reached a little village, not a hundred yards from the shore, and encamped. At this point he describes the topography of the new country he had passed over. He says:

"As far as Western Ugogo I may pass over without attempting to describe the country, as readers may obtain a detailed account of it from 'How I Found Livingstone.' Thence north is a new country to all, and a brief description of it may be interesting to students of African geography.

"North of Mizanza a level plain extends as far as the frontier of Urandawi, a distance of thirty-five miles (English). At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was two thousand eight hundred feet. At Mtiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five feet. Diverging west and north-west, we ascend the slope of a lengthy mountain wall, apparently, but which, upon arriving at the summit, we ascertain to be a wide plateau, covered with forests. This plateau has an altitude of three thousand eight hundred feet at its eastern extremity; but, as it extends westward it rises to a height of four thousand five hundred feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi and Iramba—in short,

all that part of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Nyanza north, and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed four thousand five hundred feet. From Mizanza to the Nyanza is a distance of nearly three hundred geographical miles; yet, at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than five thousand one hundred feet above the sea.

"As far as Urimi, from the eastern edge of the plateau, the land is covered with a dense jungle of acacias, which, by its density, strangles all other species of vegetation, Here and there, only in the cleft of a rock, a giant euphorbia may be seen, sole lord of its sterile domain. The soil is shallow, and consists of vegetable mould, mixed largely with sand and detritus of the bare rocks, which crown each knoll and ridge, and which testify too plainly to the violence of the periodical rains.

"In the basin of Matongo, in Southern Urimi, we were instructed by the ruins and ridges, relics of a loftier upland, of what has been effected by nature in the course of long ages. No learned geological savant need ever expound to the traveler who views these rocky ruins, the geological history of this country. From a distance we viewed the glistening naked and riven rocks as a singular scene; but when we stood among them, and noted the appearance of the rocky fragments of granite, gneiss and porphyry peeled as it were rind after rind, or leaf after leaf, like an artichoke, until the rock was wasted away, it seemed as if Dame Nature has left these relics, these hilly skeletons, to demonstrate her laws and career. It seemed to me as if she said, 'Lo, and behold this broad basin of Matongo, with its teeming villages and herds of cattle and fields of corn, surrounded by these bare rocks—in primeval time this land was covered with water, it was the bed of a vast sea. The waters were dried, leaving a wide expanse of level land, upon which I caused heavy rains to fall five months out of each year during all the ages that have elapsed since first the hot sunshine fell upon

the soil. The rains washed away the loose sand and made deep furrows in course of time, until in certain places the rocky kernel under the soil began to appear. The furrows became enlarged, the waters frittered away their banks and conveyed the earth away to lower levels, through which it wore away a channel, first through the soil and lastly through the rock itself, which you may see if you but walk to the bottom of that basin. You will there behold a channel worn through the solid rock some fifty feet in depth; and as you look on that you will have some idea of the power and force of the tropical rains. It is through that channel that the soil robbed from these rocks has been carried away toward the Nyanza to fill its depths and in time make dry land of it. Now you may ask how came these once solid rocks, which are now but skeletons of hills and stony heaps, to be thus split into so many fragments? Have you never seen the effect of water thrown upon lime? The solid rocks have been broken or peeled in an almost similar manner. The tropic sun heated the face of these rocks to an intense heat, and the cold rain falling upon the heated surface caused them to split and peel as you see them.'

"This is really the geological history of this region simply told. Ridge after ridge, basin after basin, from Western Ugogo to the Nyanza, tells the same tale; but it is not until we enter Central Urimi, that we begin to marvel at the violence of the process by which nature has transformed the face of the land. For here the perennial springs and rivulets begin to unite and form rivers, after collecting and absorbing the moisture from the water-shed; and these rivers, though but gentle streams during the dry season, become formidable during the rains. It is in central Urimi that the Nile first begins to levy tribute upon Equatorial Africa, and if you look upon the map and draw a line east from the latitude of Ujiji to longitude thirty-five degrees you will strike upon the sources of the Leewumbu, which is the extreme southern feeder of the Victoria Nyanza.

"In Iramba, between Mgongo Tembo and Mombiti, we came upon what must have been in former times an arm of the Victoria Nyanza. It is called the Lumamberri Plain, after a river of that name, and is about forty miles in width. Its altitude is three thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea, and but a few feet above Victoria Nyanza. We were fortunate in crossing the broad, shallow stream in the dry season, for during the *masika* or rainy season the plain is converted into a wide lake.

"The Leewumbu River, after a course of a hundred and seventy-five miles, becomes known as the Monaugh River, in Usukuma. After another run of a hundred miles, it is converted into Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Victoria east of this port of Kagehyi. Roughly the Shimeeyu may be said to have a length of three hundred and fifty miles."

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPLORING THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Mustering his Force—The Death-roll—Selecting a Crew of Eleven Men, he sets sail—Leaves the Camp in charge of Pocoke and Barker—"Speke's Bay"—Coasting Northward—Shimeeyu River—A Large Island—Description of the Shores and People—Strange Stories told him—A Lonely Channel—Superstition of the Natives—"Bridge Island"—Under the Equator—Stanley looked upon as a being from another World—Fleeing from Hippopotami—Treachery—A Narrow Escape—Three-quarters of the Lake thoroughly Explored.

STANLEY felt, as he stood and looked off on the broad expanse of water, like one who had achieved a great victory, and said that the wealth of the universe could not then bribe him to turn back from his work. The boat of a white man had never been launched on its surface, and he longed to see the Lady Alice afloat, that he might change the guesses of Livingstone, Speke, and others, into certainty. He had started to complete

Livingstone's unfinished work, and now he was in a fair way to do it. How much Cameron, who was somewhere in the interior on the same mission, had accomplished, he did not know, he only knew that with no boat at his command, like the Lady Alice, that he had transported through so many hundreds of miles of African jungle, his movements would be very much crippled.

He now mustered his entire force, to see what he had to rely on before setting out, and found it to consist of three white men and one hundred and six Wanguana soldiers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Itwru thirty days before, or at an average of nearly one a day. This was a gloomy prospect. Before beginning his real work one-half of his entire expedition had disappeared. Dysentery had been the great scourge that had thinned their ranks so fearfully. Stanley in the first place was not a physician, while even those remedies which ordinarily might have proved efficacious were rendered wellnigh useless by the necessity of constant marching. Rest alone would have cured a great many, but he felt compelled to march. Whether the necessity for marching with the rapidity he did was sufficiently urgent to justify him in sacrificing so many lives, he doubtless is the best judge. These poor men were not accustomed to travel at the rate he kept them moving. Had they marched as leisurely as an Arab caravan, they would have been nine months or a year in making the distance which Stanley had accomplished in one hundred and three days. He was at last on the lake that Baker hoped to reach with his steam vessels, and here he expected to meet Gordon, his successor, but he evidently had not yet arrived, for the natives told him that no boats had been seen on the water. They related strange tales, however, of the people inhabiting the shores. One told him of a race of dwarfs, another of a tribe of giants, and another still of a people who kept a breed of dogs so large that even Stanley's mastiffs were small in comparison. How much or little of this was true, he, of

course, could not tell, still it excited his curiosity, and increased his desire to explore the country.

He reached the lake on the 28th of February, and in eight days had everything ready, and launched his boat. He selected ten good oarsmen, who, with the steersman and himself, composed the boat's crew, and the whole force with which he was to overcome all the difficulties that he might encounter.

The camp was left in charge of Frank Pocoke and young Barker. Naming the large body of water, into which the Shimeeyu and Ruana Rivers flowed, Speke Gulf, in honor of the distinguished explorer, he sailed along the irregular coast. To-day passing a district thinly populated, to-morrow a rugged hill country, through which the elephants wandered in immense droves, and of course, thronged with elephant hunters, he passed various tribes, until he came to the mouth of the Ruano River, discharging a large volume of water into Speke Gulf, but nothing in comparison with the Shimeeyu and the Kagera, the two great river supplies of the lake. The former is the largest of all, and at its mouth a mile wide. Its length is three hundred and seventy miles and is, he says, the extreme southern source of the Nile, thus settling a vexed question. The Gulf he named Speke Bay is on the north-eastern side, and where he crossed it about twelve miles wide. Sterile plains succeeded barren mountains, thin lines of vegetation along the borders of the lake alone giving space for cultivation, came and went until they reached the great island of Ukerewe, divided from the main-land by a narrow channel. This was a true oasis, for it was covered with herds of cattle, and verdure, and fruits, and rich in ivory. He found the king an amiable man, and his subjects a peaceful, commercial people. Although this was a large island, more than forty miles long, the king owned several of the neighboring islands. Nothing of importance occurred on this voyage, as day after day they wound in and out along the deeply corrugated coast or sailed by islands, the people on shore all being friendly. They

at length came in sight of the high table-land of Majita, which Speke thought to be an island, but which Stanley demonstrated, by actual survey, to be only a promontory. It rises some three thousand feet above the level of the lake, and is surrounded by low brown plains, which, to the distant observer, resembles water.

Stanley continued his course along the eastern shore of the lake, proceeding northerly, and at last reached the coast of the Uriri country, a district of pastoral land dotted over with fine cattle. Bordering on this is Ugegeya, a land of fables and wonders, the "El Dorado" of slave hunters and traders in ivory, or it is the natural home of the elephant, which is found here in great numbers. He first got sight of it in crossing a broad bay, rising in a series of tall mountains before him. From their base the country rolls away to the east in one vast plain twenty-five miles wide, over which roam great herds of cattle, getting their own living, and furnishing plenty of meat to the indolent inhabitants. Stanley constantly inquired of the natives concerning the country inland, its character and people, and was told many wonderful stories, in which it was impossible to say how much fable was mixed. Among other things, they reported that about fifteen days' march from this place, were mountains that spouted forth smoke.

Keeping north, he says: "We passed between the Island Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugegeya, at whose base the Lady Alice seems to crawl like a mite in a huge cheese, while we on board admire the stupendous height, and wonder at the deathly silence which prevails in this solitude, where the boisterous winds are hushed and the turbulent waves are as tranquil as a summer dream. The natives, as they pass, regard this spot with superstition, as well they might, for the silent majesty of these dumb, tall mounts awe the very storms to peace. Let the tempests bluster as they may on the spacious main beyond the cape, in this nook, sheltered by tall Ugingo isle and lofty Goshi in the mainland, they inspire no fear. It is this refuge which Goshi promises

the distressed canoemen that causes them to sing praises of Goshi, and to cheer one another when wearied and benighted that Goshi is near to protect them."

Sailing in and out among the clustering islands, they see two low isolated islands in the distance, and make toward them to camp there for the night. "There," says Stanley, "Under the overspreading branches of a mangrove tree we dream of unquiet waters, and angry surfs, and threatening rocks, to find ourselves next morning tied to an island, which, from its peculiarity, I called Bridge Island. While seeking a road to ascend the island, to take bearings, I discovered a natural bridge of basalt, about twenty feet in length and twelve in breadth, under which one might repose comfortably, and from one side see the waves lashed to fury and spend their strength on the stubborn rocks, which form the foundation of the arch, while from the other we could see the boat, secure under the lee of the island, resting on a serene and placid surface and shaded by mangrove branches from the hot sun of the equator. Its neighborhood is remarkable only for a small cave, the haunt of fishermen." After taking a survey of the neighboring mainland, he hoisted sail and scudded along the coast before a freshening breeze. At noon he found himself, by observation, to be under the equator. Seeing an opening in the lake that looked like the mouth of a river, he sailed into it to find it was only a deep bay. Coming in sight of a village, he anchored near it and tried to make friends with some wild-looking fishermen on the shore, but the naked savages only "stared at them from under pent-houses of hair, and hastily stole away to tell their families of the strange apparition they had seen."

This sail of one hundred miles along the coast of this vast lake, though somewhat monotonous and tame in its details to the reader, furnished one of the most interesting episodes in Stanley's life—not because the scenery was new and beautiful, but because he, with his white sail, and fire-arms, and strange dress, was as strange and

wonderful to these natives as was Columbus, with his ship, and cannon, and cavaliers to the inhabitants of the New World. Though often differing in appearance, and language, and manner, they were almost uniformly friendly, and in the few cases where they proved hostile, they were drunk, which makes civilized men, as well as savages quarrelsome. It was frequently very difficult to win their confidence, and often Stanley would spend hours in endeavoring to remove their suspicions. In this wild, remote home, their lives pass on without change, each generation treading in the footsteps of the preceding one—no progress, no looking forward to increased knowledge or new developments. There were no new discoveries to arouse their mental faculties, no aspirations for a better condition, and they were as changeless as their tropical climate. Hence, to them the sudden appearance of this strange phenomenon on their beautiful lake could not be accounted for. It had seemingly dropped from the clouds, and at the first discharge of a pistol they were startled and filled with amazement.

Stanley, whether rowing or sailing, kept close to the shore, that nothing worthy of note should escape him, frequently landing to ascertain the name of the district he was in, the bays he crossed, the mountains he saw, and the rivers that emptied into the lake. In short, he omitted nothing which was necessary to a complete survey and knowledge of this hitherto unknown body of water.

After leaving this bay, they came in a short time to a river which was full of hippopotami. Two huge fellows swam so near the boat that Stanley was afraid they would attack it, and ordered the men to pull away from them. Although hunting these huge beasts might be very exciting sport, and a tolerably safe one in boats properly built, to expose the Lady Alice, with her slender cedar sides, to their tusks would have been a piece of folly akin to madness. Her safety was of more consequence than all the hippopotami in Africa. He was an explorer, not a hunter; and to risk all the future of the former

to gratify the pleasure of the latter would have shown him unfit to command so important an expedition as this. Like the boat that carried Cæsar and his fortunes, the Lady Alice bore in her frail sides destinies greater than the imagination can conceive. So hoisting sail they caught the freshening breeze and flew along the ever-changing shore lined with villages, out of which swarmed a vast crowd of people, showing a much more densely populated district than they had yet seen. He found the name of it to be Mahita; and wishing to learn the names of some of the villages he saw, the boat was turned toward shore and anchored within fifty yards of it, but with a cable long enough to let them drift to within a few feet of it. Some half a dozen men wearing small shells above their elbows and a circle around their heads came down to the beach, opening a conversation with them. Stanley learned the name of the country, but they refused to tell him anything more till he landed. While getting ready to do so, he noticed the numbers on the shore increased with astonishing rapidity, and seemed to be greatly excited. This aroused his suspicions, and he ordered the rowers to pull off again. It was lucky he did, for he had scarcely put three lengths between him and the shore, when suddenly out of the bushes on each side of the spot where he was to land arose a forest of spears.

Stanley did not intend to go away entirely, but lie off till they became less excited, but this evidence of treachery caused him to change his mind, and he ordered the sail to be hoisted, and moved away toward a point at the mouth of the cove, which, with the wind as it was blowing, they could but little more than clear. The negroes seeing this, sent up a loud shout, and hurried off to reach it before the boat did. Stanley penetrating their design, ordered the sail to be lowered and the rowers to pull dead to windward. The discomfited savages looked on in amazement to see the prize slip through their fingers so easily. It was a narrow escape, for had Stanley landed, he would doubtless have been

overpowered, before he could use his weapons, and killed.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the savages made no attempt to follow them, and at dusk, coming to a small island, they tied up and camped for the night, lulled to sleep by the murmur of the waves on the beach.

The next day continuing their course, they at last sailed into the bay, which forms the north-eastern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza. The eastern side of this bay is lined with bold hills and ridges, but at the extreme end where the Tagama River comes in, the country is flat. The expedition now began to move westward in its slow circumnavigation of the lake, and came at length to Muiwanda. Here they found the savages friendly, and they landed and obtained from them, at fair prices, such provisions and vegetables as they desired. They also gave Stanley all the information they could of the neighboring country. They told him that the name of the bay in which they rode, and which was the extreme northern limit of the lake, was Baringo. They had evidently not been great travelers or much visited by any tribes living away from their own coast, for they said that they had never heard of any other lake great or small, except that one—the Nyanza. Considering that this whole central reigon of Africa is dotted with lakes, and that the Tanganika, an inland sea, is not three hundred miles distant, it is evident they must live very much isolated from any but their own people. Stanley had now surveyed the southern, eastern and north-eastern shores of the lake, and had taken thirty-seven observations and entered almost every nook and cove of this vast body of water. He had corrected the map of Speke, made on the report of the natives—proved that he was wrong in his latitude of the lake, and taken such ample notes that he could make out an accurate chart of that portion he had thus traversed. He makes the extreme eastern point of the lake end in 34° 35′ east longitude, and 33′ 43″ north latitude.

After he had finished his exploration thus far, Stanley goes over his route, giving a general description of the country, the location and approximate size of the various districts, and general character of the inhabitants. The north shore he found indented with deep bays, and so completely land-locked, that they might easily be mistaken for separate lakes, while the islands clustered so thickly and closely to the shore that unless thoroughly examined, they would be taken for portions of the mainland. But Stanley has traced it out so plainly, that the outline of the shore is as distinct as that of Lake Ontario.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXPLORATION OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Stanley the first white man that ever sailed around it—Establishes the southern source of the Nile—Treachery of the natives—Stanley's revenge—A hostile fleet scattered by him—Three men killed—Two singular islands—The Ripon falls—The Nile—Curious inlets—Mtesa, king of Uganda—His reception of Stanley—Imposing ceremonies—A noble native monarch—His capital—His army and large territory—Half converted to Christianity by Stanley—Anxious to have missionaries sent to his country—Stanley's mode of sending them and the kind of men they should be—A mission established and broken up—False statements in the papers about it corrected.

THE voyage continued along the northern and then western shore of the lake, revealing at almost every turn new features of scenery and some new formation of land or new characteristic of the people, till the journey was like an ever-shifting kaleidoscope. A tribe friendly and trusting would be succeeded by one suspicious or treacherous, so that it was impossible to be governed by any general rule, and Stanley was compelled to be constantly on the alert, watching the motions of each tribe without reference to the actions of the last, and laying his plans accordingly. He continued his course down

the western shore toward his camp from which he started, finding this side more densely populated than the others, and the tribes that occupied it of a more independent, fearless character, and more inclined to hostilities. At Uvuma, an independent country and the largest on the Victoria Nyanza, the hostility took a more determined form. The natives made signs of friendship to induce them to come near the shore. They did so, sailing up to a few yards of it. At that point a large mass of natives were hid behind the trees, who suddenly rose and hurled a shower of huge stones at the boat in order to sink it, several striking it. Stanley instantly ordered the helm to be put hard up, and the boat was quickly steered away from the dangerous spot, but not before Stanley, enraged at this act of treachery, leveled his revolver at the wretches and dropped one of them. Going on some miles farther, they entered a channel between some islands and the shore, when they discovered a fleet of canoes, thirteen in number, with over one hundred warriors in them, armed with shells, and spears, and slings. The foremost one had some sweet potatoes aboard, which one of the natives held up as though he wished to trade. Stanley ordered the crew to ease rowing, but as the breeze was light the sail was kept up, but the progress was so slow that this canoe soon came up. While he was bargaining for the potatoes, the other boats approached and completely surrounded the Lady Alice and began to reach over and seize everything they could lay hands on. Stanley warned them away with his gun, when they jeered at him and immediately seized their spears, while one man held up a string of beads he had stolen and dared Stanley to catch him. With that promptness which has many a time saved his life the latter drew his revolver and shot the villain dead. Spears instantly flashed in the air, but Stanley seizing his repeating rifle poured shot after shot into them, knocking over three of them in as many seconds, when the amazed warriors turned in flight. He then seized his elephant rifle and began to pour its

heavy shot into their canoes, throwing them into the wildest confusion. As they now continued on their way, an occasional shot from the big gun waked the echoes of the shore to announce beforehand what treatment treachery would receive. As they kept on north they felt the current drawing them on, and soon they came to the Ripon Falls, their foam and thunder contrasting strangely with the quietness of the lake a short time before, and the silence and tranquility of the scene. It was the Nile starting on its long journey to the Mediterranean, fertilizing Egypt in its course. Coasting westerly, they came to the island of Krina, where they obtained guides to conduct them to King Mtesa, the most renowned king of the whole region. Sending messengers to announce to the king his arrival, Stanley continued to coast along Uganda, everywhere treated with kindness, so far as words went, but very niggardly in fact.

Here he observed a curious phenomenon. He discovered an inlet in which there was a perceptible tide, the water flowing north for two hours and then south for the same length of time. On asking the guides if this was usual, they said yes, and it was common to all the inlets on the coast of Uganda. At Beya they were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent to conduct them to the king.

On the 4th of April, Stanley landed, amid the waving of flags, volleys of musketry, and shouts of two thousand people, assembled to receive him. The chief officer then conducted him to comfortable quarters, where, soon after, sixteen goats, ten oxen, and bananas, sweet potatoes, plantains, chickens, rice, milk, butter, etc., etc., in profuse quantities were sent him.

KING MTESA.

In the afternoon, the king sent word that he was ready to receive him. Issuing from his quarters, Stanley found himself in a street eighty feet broad and a half

a mile long, lined with the personal guards, officers, attendants and retinue of the king, to the number of three thousand. At the farther end of this avenue was the king's residence, and as Stanley advanced he could dimly see the form of the king in the entrance, sitting in a chair. At every step volleys of musketry were fired and flags waved, while sixteen drums beaten together kept up a horrible din. As he approached the house, the king, a tall, slender figure, dressed in Arab costume, arose and advancing held out his hand in silence, while the drums kept up their loud tattoo. They looked on each other in silence. Stanley was greatly embarrassed by the novelty of the situation, but soon the king, taking a seat, asked him to be seated also, while a hundred of his captains followed their example. Lifting his eyes to the king, Stanley saw a tall and slender man, but with broad, powerful shoulders. His eyes were large, his face intelligent and amiable, while his mouth and nose were a great improvement on those of the ordinary negro, being more like those of a Persian Arab. As soon as he began to speak, Stanley was captivated by his courteous, affable manner. He says he was infinitely superior to the sultan of Zanzibar, and impressed you as a colored gentleman who had learned his manners by contact with civilized, cultivated men, instead of being, as he was, a native of Central Africa, who had never seen but three white men before in his life. Stanley was astonished at his native polish, and he felt he had found a friend in this great king of this part of the country, where the tribal territories are usually so small. His kingdom extends through three degrees of longitude and almost as many of latitude. He professes Islamism now, and no cruelties are practised in his kingdom. He has a guard of two hundred men, renegadoes from Baker's expedition, and defalcators from Zanzibar, and the *elite* of his own kingdom.

Behind his throne or arm-chair stood his gun-bearers, shield-bearers, and lance-bearers, and on either side were arranged his chief courtiers, governors of provinces,

etc., while outside streamed away the long line of his warriors, beginning with the drummers and goma-beaters. Mtesa asked him many intelligent questions, and Stanley found that this was not his home, but that he had come there with that immense throng of warriors to shoot birds. In two or three days, he proposed to return to his capital at Uragara. The first day, for Stanley's entertainment, the king gave a grand naval review with eighty canoes, which made quite an imposing display, which the king with his three hundred wives and Stanley viewed from shore. The crews consisted of two thousand five hundred men or more. The second day, the king led his fleet in person to show his prowess in shooting birds. The third day, the troops were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth, the march was taken up for the capital. In him Stanley sees the hope of Central Africa. He is a natural born king, and tries to imitate the manners, as he understands them, of European monarchs. He has constructed broad roads which will be ready for vehicles whenever they are introduced. The road they travelled increased from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet as they approached the capital, which crowned a commanding eminence overlooking a beautiful country covered with tropical fruit and trees. Huts are not very imposing, but a tall flagstaff, and an immense flag, gave some dignity to the surroundings.

The capital is composed of a vast collection of huts on an eminence crowned by the royal quarters, around which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city runs a circular road from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, from whence radiate six or seven magnificent avenues lined with gardens and huts.

The next day Stanley was introduced into the palace in state. The guards were clothed in white cotton dresses, while the chiefs were attired in rich Arab costumes. This palace was a large, lofty structure, built of grass and cane, while tall trunks of trees upheld the

roof—covered inside with cloth sheeting. On the fourth day, the exciting news was received that another white man was approaching the capital. It proved to be Colonel Lerant de Bellfonds of the Egyptian service, who had been dispatched by Colonel Gordon to make a treaty of commerce with the king and the khedive of Egypt.

This Mtesa, we said, was a Mohammedan, having been converted by Khamis Bin Abdullah some four or five years before. This Arab, from Muscat, was a man of magnificent presence, of noble descent, and very rich, and dressed in splendid Oriental costume. Mtesa became fascinated with him, and the latter stayed with the king over a year, giving him royal presents, and dressing him in gorgeous attire.

No wonder this brilliant stranger became to such a heathen a true missionary. But Stanley, in a conversation with the king, soon upset his new faith, and he agreed at once to observe the Christian as well as the Moslem Sabbath, to which his captains also agreed. He, moreover, caused the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," to be written on a board for his daily perusal. In stating this remarkable fact, Stanley says: "Though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think I may become one if such success is so feasible;" and exclaims, "Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here. What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of the Gospel. Mtesa would give him everything he desired—houses, cattle, lands, ivory, etc. He might call a province his own in one day." But he says he must not be a theological one, nor a missionary of creeds, but a practical Christian, tied to no church or sect, but simply profess God and His Son, and live a blameless life, and be able to instruct them in building houses, cultivating land, and all those things that go to make up human civilization. Such a man, he says, would become the saviour of Africa. He begged Stanley to tell them to come, and he would give them all they wanted.

The subjects of this heathen king number not far from two millions, and Stanley affirms that one good missionary among them would accomplish more toward the regeneration of Africa in one year than all other missionaries on the continent put together. He suggests that the mission should bring to Mtesa several suits of military clothes, heavily embroidered, pistols, swords, dinner service, etc., etc. This sounds rather strange to the modern missionary, and seems like trusting too much to "carnal weapons," but it is eminently practical. Anything to give the missionary a firm footing on which to begin his labors is desirable, if not wrong in itself or leading to wrong. For its own use the mission should, he says, bring also hammers, saws, drills for blasting, and blacksmith and carpenter tools, etc. In short the missionary should not attempt to convert the black man to his religious views simply by preaching Christ, but that civilization, the hand-maiden of religion, should move side by side with it in equal step. The practical effect of the missionary work, in order to influence the natives, must not be merely a moral change, which causes the convert to abjure the rites and follies of paganism, but to lift the entire people, whether converted or not to Christianity, to a higher plane of civilization. We know there are different theories on this subject, but we think that Stanley's mode might safely be tried. It was tried, after a fashion, almost immediately, but the station has been broken up and the missionaries murdered.

Perhaps it is as good a place here as anywhere to correct a wrong statement that has been going the rounds of the papers, which puts Stanley in a false light. It was not pretended that King Mtesa had anything to do with this outrage, but that a tribe with which Stanley had had a fight, killing some of its number, committed it in revenge for what he did. The truth is, the mission was established by some enthusiasts, and some three or four started with false views and hopes entirely. Only two of them reached the ground, one of them not

being a minister. They were, however, well received, and allowed to go to work. The king, or chief, of a neighboring tribe, had a daughter with whom a native fell in love. This man was repugnant to the father, and he refused to let him have his daughter for a wife. The consequence was they eloped and fled to the island on which the missionaries were stationed, and placed themselves under their protection and remained with them. The enraged savage heard of this, and doubtless believing that the missionaries had connived at the elopement—certainly harbored the fugitives against his wish—attacked the station and murdered the missionaries. How much or how little they were to blame, or if not guilty of any wrong, how unwisely they acted, they unfortunately do not live to tell us. But Stanley's conduct in that region had nothing to do with the tragedy. It was an act of wild justice by an enraged and savage chieftain, and militates in no way against carrying out the project of Stanley.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Stanley continues his explorations—Drunken natives—A suspicious reception—A Peaceful night—A Wild waking up—A startling spectacle—Hurried departure—Magassa's fleet—Lack of food—A fearful storm—Bumbireh Island—A bright prospect—Stanley entrapped—In deadly peril—A crowd of demons—A fearful night—Prompt action—Barely saved—Swift and terrible revenge—A frightful storm—Refuge Island—A grateful camp—Provisions secured—Another storm—A staunch boat—Steering for camp—His joyful greeting—Excitement of the men—The secret of the men's affection for him.

THOUGH the royal hospitality was very grateful after his long toils, and the intercourse with a white man in that remote land was refreshing, and he longed to rest, yet Stanley felt he must be about his work. To finish this would require much time, and he had now been long absent from his men, who might prove intractable while he was away, and he was anxious to get back, for the

exploration of this lake was only the beginning of what he proposed to do.

With two canoes belonging to his friend, King Mtesa accompanying him as an escort until the grand admiral of his sable majesty, Magassa, who, with thirty canoes, had been detached for his service, should overtake him, he set sail from the river and camped that night on a smooth, sandy beach, at a point called Kagya. The natives who lived there received them in a friendly, and for African negroes, hospitable manner. Stanley took this as a good augury of the reception he should meet with along the coast of Usongora, which he designed to explore.

In the morning he again set sail, and sweeping leisurely along, came in the afternoon to the village of Makongo. As the Lady Alice approached the shore, he saw a crowd of naked savages squatted on the ground, sucking the everlasting pombé, or beer, through a straw, just as white men do punch or a sherry cobler. As the boat reached the shore, the chief, with the vacant stare of a drunkard, arose and reeled toward him and welcomed him in a friendly though maudlin manner. The natives also appeared good-natured and quite content with their arrival. After they had satisfied their curiosity by examining him and his boat, they went away, leaving him to arrange his camp for the night and prepare his supper. The sun went down in glory beyond the purple mountains—a slight ripple dimpled the surface of the lake, while slender columns of smoke ascended here and there, along the shore from the huts of the natives; and all was calm and peaceful, though wild and lonely. As night came down, and the stars, one by one, came out in the tropical sky, Stanley and his chosen men stretched themselves on their mats, and, unsuspicious of danger, fell asleep. About ten o'clock he was suddenly awakened by a loud and hurried beating of drums, with ever and anon a chorus of shrieks and yells that rung through the clear, still air with a distinctness and sharpness that made the blood shiver. Stanley immediately aroused his

men, and they listened, wondering what it foreboded. The lake was still below and the heavens calm and serene above, but all around it seemed as if demons of the infernal regions were out on their orgies. Stanley thought it was the forerunner of an attack on the camp, but Mtesa's men, the Waganda, told him that the drumming and yelling were the wild welcome of the natives to a stranger. He doubted it, for he had seen too many savage tribes, and knew their customs too well to believe this blood-curdling discordant din was a welcome to him.

It is strange that he did not at once quietly launch his boat and lie off the rest of the night a little way from the shore till morning, and see what it all meant. It would seem that ordinary prudence would have prompted this. His neglect to do so, very nearly cost him his life, and ended there his explorations. For some reason or other, which he does not give, he determined to remain where he was, contenting himself with the precaution of placing his weapons close beside him, and directing his eleven men to load their guns and put them under their mats. He lay down again, but not to sleep, for all night long the furious beat of drums and unearthly yells rung out over the lake, keeping him not only awake, but anxious. At daybreak he arose, and as he stepped out of his tent, he started as if he had seen an apparition, for in the gray light of the morning, he saw five hundred naked, motionless, forms, with bows, shields and spears, standing in a semicircle around him, and completely cutting him off from his boat and the lake. It was a fearful moment, and to his inquiry what it meant, no answer was given. There was no shouting or yelling, none of the frantic gesticulations so common to the African savage. On the contrary, they wore a calm and composed, though stern and determined aspect. Shoulder to shoulder like a regiment of soldiers they stood, the forest of spears above them glitteriug in the early light. There was nothing to be done—Stanley was entrapped, and with the first attempt to escape or seize his rifle

would be transfixed by a hundred spears. It was too late to repent the folly of not heeding the warning of the night before, and so he calmly stood and faced the crowd of stern malignant faces. For some minutes this solitary white man met glance for glance, when the drunken chief of the day before stalked into the semicircle, and with a stick which he held in his hand forced back the savages by flourishing it in their faces. He then advanced, and striking the boat a furious blow, shouted "be off," and to facilitate matters, took hold and helped launch it. Stanley was only too glad to obey him, and his heart bounded within him as he felt the keel gliding into deeper water, and soon a hundred rods were between him and the savages that lined the shore. The Waganda were still on the beach, and Stanley prepared to sweep it with a murderous fire the moment they were attacked. So dense was the crowd of natives, that had he fired at that close range, he would have mowed them down with fearful slaughter. But although there was much loud wrangling and altercation, they were, at length, allowed to embark, and followed him as he sailed away toward the isle of Musua. He had learned a lesson that he did not soon forget.

The whole had been a strange proceeding, and why he was not killed, when so completely in their power, can be accounted for only on the ground that they were in Mtesa's dominions, and feared he would take terrible revenge for the murder. Later in the day this drunken chief came to visit him on the island, and demanded why he had come and what he wanted. Being told, he went away, and sent three branches of bananas, and left him and his party to their fate. They rested here quietly till afternoon, when they saw Magassa's fleet coming slowly down the lake, steering for a neighboring island. The canoes were beached and the men disembarked and began to prepare their camp for the night. Stanley was getting impatient at these delays, and thinking he would quicken Magassa's movements by hastening forward, he set sail for Alice Island, thirty-

five miles distant. The two chiefs, with the escorting canoes, accompanied him for a mile and a-half, but, getting alarmed at the aspect of the weather, turned back, shouting, as they did so, that as soon as it moderated they would follow. Bowling along before a spanking breeze, the little craft danced gayly over the cresting waves, and when night came down and darkness fell on the lonely lake, kept steadily on and, finally, at midnight reached the island, where they luckily struck upon a sheltered cove and came to anchor. When morning dawned they found they were almost against the base of a beetling cliff, with overhanging rocks all around them, dotted with the fires of the natives. These came down to the shore holding green wisps of grass in their hands as tokens of friendliness. Stanley and his men were hungry, and now rejoiced in the prospect of a good breakfast. But these friendly natives, seeing their need, became so extortionate in their demands, that they would not trade with them, and Stanley determined to steer for Bumbireh Island, twenty-five miles distant, and obtain food.

The breeze was light and they made slow headway, and it was evidently going to be a long sail to the island. As the sun went down, huge black clouds began to roll up the sky, traversed by lightning, while the low growl of thunder foretold a coming storm. As the clouds rose higher and higher the lightning became more vivid, and the thunder broke with startling peals along the water, and soon the rain came down in torrents, drenching them to the skin. The waves began to rise while darkness, black as midnight, settled down on the lake. The little craft tossed wildly on the water, and the prospect before them looked gloomy enough. Fortunately, about midnight, they came upon Pocoke Island, and anchored under its lee amid thunder and lightning, and rain and the angry roar of the surf on every side. All night long the flashes lit up the angry scene, while the heavy, tropical thunder shook the bosom of the lake. The haven they had reached was so poor a protection that

all hands were kept bailing to prevent the boat from foundering at her anchor.

We have a very faint idea in our northern latitudes of what a thunder-storm is in the tropics, and the slight affair that Stanley made of it is one of those apparently insignificant and yet most striking illustrations of his character. Storms on the water—starvation on land—deadly perils of all kinds are spoken of by him as one would speak of the ordinary incidents of travel. He has no time, and apparently no taste, for sensational writing; or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say—in his cool courage, calm self-reliance, and apparent contempt of death, he does not see the dramatic side of the scenes in which he performs so important a part. The most tragic events—the most perilous crises are treated by him as ordinary events. An escape so narrow that one's heart stops beating as he contemplates it, he narrates with as much coolness and apparent indifference as he would his deliverance from a disagreeable companion.

In the morning, Stanley, as he looked around him and saw the surf breaking on every side, ordered the anchor up and the sail hoisted, for this was too dangerous a place for the Lady Alice. The thunder-storm had passed, and a stiff north-east breeze had sprung up, before which he bowled swiftly along, and in three hours reached the mouth of a quiet cove near the village of Kajuri, at the south-eastern extremity of Bumbireh Island. After the storm and peril of the last forty-eight hours, it was a welcome sight that greeted them. The green slopes of this gem set in the sparkling waters were laden with fruits and covered with cattle. Groves of bananas, herds of cattle lazily feeding, and flocks of goats promised an abundance of food; and Stanley and his men, as they drew near the lovely, inviting shore, reveled in anticipation of the rest and good cheer awaiting them. Filled with the most peaceful intentions themselves—their hearts made glad at the sight of the bountiful provisions before them—they did not dream

of any hostility, when suddenly they heard a wild, shrill war-cry from the plateau above the huts of the village near the shore, on which were gathered a crowd of excited men. Stanley was surprised at this unexpected hostile demonstration, and halted just as the boat was about to ground, to ascertain what it meant. The savages in the meantime were rushing wildly toward the shore in front of where the boat lay rocking on the water. As they approached, they suddenly changed their warlike attitude, and, ceasing their loud yells, assumed a friendly manner, and invited them to land in tones and gestures so kind and affable that Stanley's first suspicions were at once disarmed, and he ordered the rowers to send the boat ashore. But the moment the keel grated on the pebbly beach, all this friendliness of manner changed, and the naked savages rushed into the water, and seizing the boat, lifted it up bodily and, with all on board, carried it high and dry on the bank.

Stanley was terribly aroused at this sudden treachery, and reckless of consequences, determined to avenge it, and twice he raised his revolver to shoot down the audacious wretches, but his crew begged him to desist, declaring earnestly that these people were friends, and that if he would wait a few minutes, he would see that all was right. He accordingly sat down in the stern sheets and waited to see the end. In the meantime, the savages came leaping from the hill-sides, tossing their naked limbs in the air, and uttering loud yells, till a wild frantic multitude completely surrounded the boat in which Stanley still sat unmoved and calm. The wretches seemed crazed with passion, and poised their spears as if about to strike him, and drew their arrows to the head, one discharge of which would have riddled Stanley, struck the boat by his side with their spear handles, gnashed their teeth, foaming at the mouth, and yelling till their eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. Stanley, however, never moved nor uttered a word. His life did not seem worth a thought in that frenzied, demoniacal crowd. But resistance and expostulation

A CHIEF IN S. E. AFRICA.

A KAFFIR WAR DANCE.

were alike useless, and he could do nothing but wait the final assault, and then sell his life dearly as possible. For some strange, unaccountable reason, their chief, Thekha, kept them from the last act of violence, and at last so quieted them that Stanley calmly asked him how much he demanded to let him go. The most curious part of this whole affair is, that the chief condescended to enter into negotiations with Stanley. Everything the latter had was in the boat, and he had only to give the word, and in five minutes all was his. But instead of doing this, he struck up a bargain with Stanley, and agreed to let him off for four cloths and ten necklaces of large beads. Stanley at once took them from his packages and gave them to him. But no sooner had he received them, than he gave a quick order to his men to seize the oars of the boat. In a twinkling, before Stanley had time to think what they were about, the oars were caught up and carried away. The natives seeing through the treacherous trick, enjoyed it thoroughly, and their loud laughing jeers roused all the devil in Stanley's nature, but he still said nothing. Having got possession of the oars, they thought he was helpless as a tortoise on his back, and became quiet, seemingly enjoying the white man's helplessness. Having no fear of his escape, they at noon leisurely walked to their huts to get their noonday meal, and to discuss what the next move should be. Stanley says he was not idle, he wished to impose on the savages by his indifferent manner, but he was all the while planning how to escape, and the best mode of meeting the attack when it came.

While the savages were at their dinner, a negress came near them and told them to eat honey with Thekha, as it was the only way to save their lives, for he had determined to kill them and take every thing they had. Stanley permitted his coxswain to go to Thekha and make the proposition to him to eat honey. The wily chief told him to be at ease, no harm was intended them, and next day he would eat honey with them. The cox-

swain returned delighted, and reported the good news. But Stanley checked the confidence of the men, and told them that nothing but their own wit and courage could save their lives. This was all a trick, and their next move would be to seize their guns, as they had the oars, when they would be helpless, and by no means to leave the boat, but be prepared at any moment when he should give the word to act. The men saw at once the truth of Stanley's suspicions, and kept close by him.

Thus nearly three long hours passed away, neither he nor his crew doing or attempting to do anything. But, about three o'clock, the war-drums began again their horrid din, and soon the loping, naked savages were seen running from every quarter, and in half an hour five hundred warriors had gathered around the chief within thirty paces of the boat. He was sitting down, and when the warriors were all assembled he made them an address. As soon hs he had finished, about fifty of them dashed up to Stanley's men, and seizing his drum, bore it back in triumph. From some cause or other, this last and most harmless act of all aroused Stanley's suspicions to a point that made him act promptly and decisively.

Perhaps it was their scornful, insulting language, as they walked off, bidding him get his guns ready, as they were coming back soon to cut his throat. At all events, the moment he saw them approach the chief with the drum, he shouted to his men to push the boat into the water. The eleven men sprang to its sides, and lifting it as if it had been a toy, carried it, with Stanley in it, to the water's edge, and shot it, with one desperate effort, far out into the lake and beyond their depth, and where they had to swim for it. Quickly as it was done, the savages instantly detected the movement, and before the boat had lost its headway were crowding the very edge of the water, to which they had rushed like a whirlwind, shouting and yelling like madmen. Seizing his elephant rifle, Stanley sent two large conical balls into the dense mass with frightful effect. Then pulling one of the men into the boat, and bidding him help the others in, he

seized his double barreled gun, loaded with buck-shot, and fired right and left into the close-packed naked crowd. It was like firing with small shot into a flock of pigeons, and a clean swath was cut through the naked mass, which was so stunned at the horrible effect, that they ran back up the slope without hurling a spear or shooting an arrow.

With the oars gone, the great struggle would be to get out into the open lake, where they could hoist sail; for, this once accomplished, they could bid defiance to their enemies. Stanley knew the first move of the savages would be to man their canoes, which lined the shore, and surround his helpless vessel and overwhelm him. He therefore watched the first movement to launch a canoe, and as soon as a desperate-looking savage made the attempt he dropped him with a bullet through his body. A second followed his example, fell on the beach, when they paused at the certain death that seemed to await the man who dared to touch a boat. Just then Stanley caught sight of the sub-chief, who commanded the party that took the drum, and taking a cool, deliberate aim at him with his elephant rifle he sent one of its great conical balls tearing through his body, killing at the same time his wife and infant, behind him. This terrified them, for there seemed something supernatural about this deadly work, and they ceased their efforts to launch the boats, and hastened to get out of the reach of such fatal firing. In the meantime the men were slowly working the boat toward the mouth of the cove. But, just as they were feeling safe, Stanley saw two canoes, loaded heavily with warriors, push out of a little bay and pull toward him. Putting two explosive shells into his elephant rifle, he waited till they came within the distance where they would be most destructive, and then commenced firing. He fired rapidly, but being a dead-shot, with great accuracy, and the shells, as they struck inside the canoes, burst with terrible effect. Four shots killed five men and sunk both the canoes, leaving the warriors to swim ashore. This ended the fight, and

the enraged and baffled crowd vented their fury by shouting out, "Go and die in the Nyanza."

Stanley's rapid deadly firing killed fourteen, and wounded with buckshot eight, which he coolly remarks, "I considered to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, though barely equivalent, in our estimation, to the intended massacre of ourselves." This cool-blooded treachery and narrow escape roused Stanley's whole nature, and terrible as had been the punishment he had inflicted, he resolved that he would make it more terrible still before he had done with them.

During the perils of the next night that followed, he had plenty of time to nurse his wrath. Having got clear of the land, he hoisted sail, and favored by a light breeze, by night was eight miles from the treacherous Bumbireh. A little after dark the breeze died away, and he set the men to paddling. But, their oars being gone, they made slow headway. At sunrise they were only twenty miles from the island, but near noon, a strong breeze springing up from the north-west, they bowled along at the rate of five miles an hour, and soon saw it sink in the distant horizon. At sunset they saw an island named Sousa, toward which they steered, hoping to reach it by midnight and find a safe haven. But about eight o'clock the breeze began to increase till it rose to a fierce gale, and the sail had to be taken in.

Being without oars they could not keep the light boat before the wind, and she whirled away by it like a feather, and wallowed amid the waves that kept increasing, till it seemed impossible to keep much longer afloat. The men strove desperately with their boards for paddles to reach the island, and get to the leeward of it, till the storm should break, but it was of no avail. They were swept by it like a piece of drift-wood, and the lightning, as it lit up its green sides, seemed to mock their despair. The terrific crash of the thunder, the roar of the tempest, and the wild waste of the wrathful water as it was incessantly lit up by the blinding flashes, made it the most terrific night Stanley had ever passed in all his

wide wanderings. Between the dashing of the waves over the gunwale and the downfalling deluge of rain, the helpless boat rapidly filled, and it required constant and rapid bailing to keep it from going to the bottom. The imagination cannot conceive the terrors that surrounded that little boat with its helpless crew on that storm-swept lake during that long, wild night. Above them rushed the angry clouds, pierced incessantly by the lightning; the heavy thunder shook the very heavens, while all around them were islands and rocks, and a few miles ahead, the main-land peopled by hostile savages. Yet, amid all their terror, the men worn out with their long fasting and exhausting labors, would drop asleep, till awakened by the stern order to bail. The men of Bumbireh had shouted after them, "go and die in the Nyanza," and they now seemed to be prophetic words. Stanley remembered them, and he lived to make the murderous savages remember them, too. At daybreak the tempest broke, and the waves not having the heavy roll of the ocean, quickly subsided, and they saw they had drifted eight miles off the Isle of Susa, which they had made such desperate efforts to reach the night before, while other islands rose in the distance. There was not a morsel of food in the boat, and it was now forty eight hours since they had tasted any, yet the men took to their paddles cheerfully. Soon a gentle breeze set in from the westward, and, hoisting sail, they steered for an unknown island, which Stanley named Refuge Island. It was small and uninhabited, but on exploring it, they discovered that the natives had once occupied and cultivated it. To their great joy, they found green bananas, and a small fruit resembling cherries, but tasting like dates. Stanley succeeded, also, in shooting two fat ducks. The men soon stripped these of their feathers and had them in the pot, with which, and the fruit, they made what seemed to them, in their famished condition, a right royal repast. The camp was pitched close by the sandy beach, and when night closed sweetly in on the wanderers, "there were

few people in the world," says Stanley, "blessed God more devoutly than we did." And well they might, for their double deliverance, from the savages on shore and the tempest on the water, was almost miraculous.

They rested here all the next day recruiting, and then set sail, and coming to friendly natives, laid in a supply of provisions. While at anchor, some of the men plucked the poultry they had bought, and they feasted till they were thoroughly satisfied.

At midnight a favorable wind rising, they set sail for Usukuma. About three in the morning they were in the middle of the Speke Gulf, from which they had started nearly two months before, and bound for their camp. The wind had died away, and the water lay calm and unruffled beneath the tropical sky. But this calm was only the prelude to a fearful storm. Clouds, black as ink, began to roll up the heavens, their edges corrugated and torn by the contending forces that urged them on, while out from their foldings the lightning leaped in blinding flashes, and the thunder, instead of rolling in angry peals, came down in great crashes as if the very frame-work of nature was rending, and then the hail, in stones big as filberts, beat down on their uncovered heads. The waves rose to an astonishing height, and tore like wild horses over the lake. The boat became unmanageable, and was whirled along at the mercy of the wind and waves. But the staunch little craft outrode the fury of the gale, with a buoyancy that surprised Stanley.

Next morning, although almost under the equator, they saw the day dawn gray, and cheerless, and raw. On taking his observations, Stanley found that he was only about twenty miles north-west of his camp. The news sent new life into the crew. They hoisted sail, and, though at first the wind was unfavorable, yet, as if good luck had come at last, it shifted astern, and, with a full sail, they steered straight for camp—every heart bounding with joy.

The men in camp discovered the boat when miles

away, and hurrying to the shore sent up shout after shout, and tossed their arms joyfully in the air. As the boat drove swiftly on, the shouts were changed to volleys of musketry and waving of flags, while "the land seemed alive with leaping forms of glad-hearted men." Rumors of their destruction had reached camp, and his long absence seemed to confirm them, and they had made up their minds, that, with their leader lost, they must turn back. As the boat grated on the pebbly shore, fifty men leaped into the water and seizing Stanley lifted him bodily out, and, running up the bank, placed him on their shoulders, and danced around the camp like madmen. They seemed unable to contain their joy. It showed how strong was the hold Stanley had on their affections. Stern in enforcing discipline and relentless in punishing crime, he was always careful of their welfare, attentive to their wants, just in all his dealings, and generous in his reward for good behavior and faithful service, and, hence, had bound these simple children of nature to him with cords of iron.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The work accomplished—Feelings of satisfaction—Pocoke's report—A narrow escape for the expedition—Death of Barker—Sweet repose—Pleasant memories—Future anticipations—Waiting for Magassa—Resolves to return to Uganda by land—Is prevented—Sends to the king of Ukerewe—His request granted—Visits him—The interview—Royal hospitality—A stratagem—Stanley starts for Uganda—A new camp—Return to the old one—Conspirators foiled—Refuge Island.

THE next morning, as Stanley looked out of his tent-door upon the broad and beautiful lake that stretched away to the distant horizon, it was with that intense feeling of satisfaction with which one contemplates a great and perilous undertaking, after well nigh abandoned, at last successfully accomplished. The waters, glittering in the morning sun, had but a short time be-

fore seemed to him an angry foe, but now they wore a friendly aspect. They seemed to belong to him. Livingstone, and Speke, and Burton, and others had looked on that lake, and sighed in vain to solve the mystery that enveloped it, while he had not only followed its winding shores their entire length, but had sounded its depths and fixed its geographical position forever. His toils were over, and the victory won in this his first great enterprise, and he could well look forward with hope to the great work still before him. His escapes had been wonderful, and he might take them as good omens for the future.

It seemed as if fate delighted to place him in positions of danger, from which there appeared to be no escape, in order to show her power to save him, under any and all circumstances. Even now, when contemplating so satisfactorily his success, he was startled by the narrowness of his escape from a danger of which he had never before dreamed. That trouble, disorder and desertion might befall his camp during his absence he had often feared, but now he was told by the men he had left in charge of it that in a few hours more the expedition would have broken up and disappeared forever.

This was Frank Pocoke's report. He said that a rumor had reached camp that Stanley and his crew had been taken prisoners soon after leaving, and he at once sent off fifty soldiers to effect his release, who found the report false. They also heard of his fight with the Wamma, and that he was killed. In the meantime a conspiracy had been formed by three neighboring tribes to capture the camp and seize all the goods. It was discovered, and everything put in the best state possible to defeat it, when the whole fell through on account of the sudden death of one of the conspirators and the disaffection of another.

With the report uncontradicted of Stanley's death, nay, corroborated by his long absence, and in view of the dangers surrounding them, the soldiers and men held a meeting to determine what course they should take. He

had then been gone nearly a month and a half, and it should not have taken more than half that time to have circumnavigated the lake with a boat, that in a fair breeze could go five or six miles an hour.

Something must have happened to him, that was certain, and it mattered little whether it was death or captivity. It was finally decided to wait fifteen days longer, or till the new moon, when, if he did not appear, they would strike camp and march back to Unyanyembe. The fifteen days would have expired the next day after Stanley's arrival. If, therefore, he had been delayed forty-eight hours longer, instead of being received with the waving of flags, shouts and volleys of musketry, and wild demonstrations of delight, there would have been no welcome, but a silent, deserted camp. This would have been a terrible blow, and dashed all the joy he felt at his task, successfully accomplished, with the bitterest disappointment. But he had been saved all this; still one calamity had befallen him for which there was no remedy—young Barker had died only a few days before his arrival, and six of his strong men had fallen victims to dysentery and fever. Thus while in all the danger through which he had passed on the lake, he had not lost a man, seven had died while lying idly in a healthy camp. The death of Barker he felt keenly, for of the three white men who had started with him, two had already fallen, and now only one was left.

In writing to his mother, announcing his death, and expressing his sympathy with her in her affliction, he thus speaks of the manner in which it occurred: "I was absent on an exploring expedition on Lake Victoria, having left Francis Pocoke and Frederick Barker in charge of my camp. Altogether I was absent fifty-eight days. When I returned, hoping that I would find that all had gone well, I was struck with the grievous news that your son had died twelve days before, of an intermittent fever. What little I have been able to learn of your son's death amounts to this: On April 22d, he went out on the lake with Pocoke to shoot hippopotami, and

all day enjoyed himself. On the morning of the 23d he went out for a little walk, had his tea and some pancakes, washed himself, and then suddenly said he felt ill, and lay down in bed. He called for a hot stone to be put to his feet; brandy was given him, blankets were heaped on him, but he felt such cold in his extremities that nothing availed to restore heat in his body. His blood seems to have become congealed. At eight o'clock, an hour after he lay down, he was dead. Such is what I have been able to glean from Pocoke of the manner of his death. But by our next letter-carrier, Pocoke shall send you a complete account." He then goes on to speak of his excellent qualities and promising future, and his own great loss.

One of the curious things that struck Stanley as he looked on his party, was the strange contrast between Pocoke's face and his own. The former being most of the time in camp, had bleached to his old English whiteness, while under the reflection of the fierce rays of an equatorial sun, he had been burned till his face was the color of a lobster—in fact, the natives had come to call him, not the *pale*, but the *red*-faced man, to which his blood-shot eyes gave a still more sanguinary appearance.

Now followed a season of rest and sweet repose; and how deep and sweet it was, may be gathered from his own language. He says: "Sweet is the Sabbath day to the toil-worn laborer, happy is the long sea-tossed mariner on his arrival in port, and sweet were the days of calm rest we enjoyed after our troublous exploration of the Nyanza. The brusque storms, the continued rains, the cheerless gray clouds, the wild waves, the loneliness of the islands, the inhospitality of the natives that were like mere phases of a dream, were now but the reminiscenes of the memory, so little did we heed what was past while enjoying the luxury of a rest from our toils. Still it added to our pleasure to be able to conjure up in the mind the varied incidents of the long lake journey; they served to enliven and employ the mind while the body enjoyed repose, like condiments quickening diges-

tion. It was a pleasure to be able to map at will, in the mind, so many countries newly discovered, such a noble extent of fresh water explored for the first time. As the memory flew over the lengthy track of exploration, how fondly it dwelt on the many picturesque bays, margined by water-lilies and lotus plants, or by the green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus, inclosing an area of water, whose face was as calm as a mirror, because lofty mountain ridges almost surround it. With what kindly recognition it roved over the little green island in whose snug haven our boat had lain securely at anchor, when the rude tempest without churned the face of the Nyanza into a foaming sheet." The lofty rocks once more rose before him in imagination, while the distant hills were outlined against the fervid horizon, and the rich grain fields of some of the districts smiled in the sun. But his memory dwelt with fondest recollection on Uganda and its hospitable King Mtesa, for there, it not only recalled the present, but pictured a glorious future, in which smiling villages took the places of rude huts, from the midst of which church spires rose, and the clear tones of the bell called the dusky inhabitants to the place of worship. As he thus lay dreaming, close by the equatorial circle, he saw the land smiling in affluence and plenty; its bays crowded with the dark hulls of trading vessels, heard the sound of craftsmen at their work, the roar of manufactories and foundries and the ever-buzzing noise of industry.

With these bright anticipations of the future, the happy result of his endeavors, would mingle his desperate encounters with the savages, his narrow escapes, his nights of danger in the tempestuous lake, his wonderful success so near a failure at last; all these marvelous experiences and events crowded on him as he lay and rested, and dreamed on the shores of the lake that he felt to be his own. If half that he had anticipated, as he lay and rested and dreamed, turns out true, his name will be linked with changes that will sink all his great discoveries into nothing—moral changes and achieve-