

ments as much above mere material success as mind is above matter—civilization above barbarism—Christianity above Paganism.

This successful voyage and safe return inspired the members of the expedition with renewed confidence in their leader, and Stanley soon set about prosecuting the great work to which he had devoted himself, and which, with all its toils and dangers and great sacrifice of life, had only just begun.

The Grand Admiral Magassa had not yet joined him. There was no reason he had not done so, except that the fight at Bumbireh and subsequent storm on the lake had sent them wide apart. But he had two of Stanley's best men with him, who would direct him to the camp in Speke Bay, toward which he knew Stanley was working, and where he should have been before this time. The latter waited nine days in camp for him, and then concluding that he did not intend to come at all, resolved to march back overland with his party (as he had no canoes to carry them by water) to Uganda. Just as they were ready to start, there came into camp a negro embassy from Ruoma, which lay between him and Uganda on the land route, with the following message: "Ruoma sends salaams to the white man. He does not want the white man's cloth, beads or wire, but the white man must not pass through his country. Ruoma does not want to see him or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face and big red eyes. Ruoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country, Ruoma and Mirambo will fight him."

"Here, indeed," as Stanley says, "was a dilemma." Mtesa's admiral had proved false to the instructions given him by the king, and no boats had arrived to convey his party to Uganda by water, and now the ruler of the district through which he must pass to reach it by land forbade him to cross it. To force a passage was impossible; for Ruoma, besides having a hundred and fifty muskets, and several thousand spear-

men and bowmen, had the dreaded Mirambo, with his fierce warriors, within a day's march of him and ready to aid him. Even if he could fight his way across the country, it would be at a sacrifice of life that he could not afford, and which the results he hoped to secure would not justify. Still, he could not give up Uganda, with its half-civilized king, for it was not only the most interesting country that bordered on the lake, but it comprised the unknown region lying between it and Tanganika. If he could only get canoes from some other quarter, he could take his party to Uganda by water; and once there, his friend Mtesa would give him all the aid he wanted. He therefore set on foot inquiries respecting the various tribes bordering on the gulf on which he was encamped, to ascertain the number of canoes each possessed. He found that the king of Ukerewe, the large island lying at the mouth of the gulf, was the most likely person to have the canoes he wanted, and he applied to him. But he was unable to negotiate for them in person, as he was taken suddenly and seriously ill—the result of his long exposure on the lake under an equatorial sun—so sent Pocoke, with Prince Kaduma, to make proposals for them. These, taking a handsome present for the king, departed. In twelve days they returned with fifty canoes, and some three hundred natives under the command of the king's brother; but to convey him and his party to the king, not to Uganda.

Stanley's joy at the sight of the canoes was dampened by this request, and he told the king's brother that if the former would give him all his land and cattle, he would not let the expedition go to Ukerewe, but that he would go himself, and he himself might return as soon as he pleased. As soon as he was well enough he set out, and on the second day reached the island. Knowing how much was at stake, he put on his court costume, which meant the best clothes in his wardrobe, and equipped himself with his best arms, while his attendants bore valuable presents.

The next day after his arrival was fixed for the great audience. When the hour arrived Stanley mustered the crew of the Lady Alice, who had been dressed for the occasion, and the bugle sounded the order to march. In ten minutes they came to a level stretch of ground, in the centre of which was a knoll, where the king was seated in state, surrounded by hundreds of bowmen and spearmen. He was a young man, with a color tending more to the mulatto than negro—possessing an amiable countenance, and, altogether, he made a favorable impression on Stanley. He was quite a conspicuous object sitting on that knoll in the midst of warriors, for he was wrapped in a robe of red and yellow silk damask cloth. His reception of Stanley consisted in a long, steady stare, but, being informed that the latter wished to state the object of his visit to him and a few of his chiefs alone, he stepped aside a short distance to a pile of stones and invited them to join him. Stanley then stated what he wanted, how far he wished the canoes to go, what he would pay for them, etc., etc. The king listened attentively, and replied in a kind and affable manner; but he said his canoes were many of them rotten and unfit for a long voyage, and he was afraid they would give out, and then he would be blamed and accused of being the cause of the loss of his property. Stanley replied that he might blame the canoes, but not him. At the close of the conference the king said he should have as many canoes as he wanted, but he must remain a few days and partake of his hospitality. This was given in no stinted measure, for beeves, and goats, and chickens, and milk, and eggs, and bananas, and plantains were furnished in prodigal quantities, together with native beer for the crew. They luxuriated in abundance, and on the fifteenth day the king came to Stanley's tent with his chief counselor, and gave him his secret instructions and advice. He said he had ordered fifty canoes to carry him as far as Usukuma, Stanley's camp, but his people would not be willing to go to Uganda. He, therefore, had resorted to stratagem, and caused it to

be reported that Stanley was going to come and live among them. He said that the latter must encourage this report, and when he got to Usukuma, and the canoes were drawn up on shore, he must seize them and secure the paddles. Having thus rendered it impossible for them to return, he was to inform them what he intended to do.

Stanley having promised to obey his instructions implicitly, the king sent with him his prime minister and two favorites, and he departed, after leaving behind him a handsome present as an earnest of what he would do in the future. The natives bent to their paddles cheerfully, and at length reached Stanley's camp; but, instead of fifty he found there were but twenty-three canoes. Though disappointed, he was compelled to be content with these.

He accordingly whispered his orders to the captains of his expedition to muster their men and seize the canoes and paddles. This was done and the canoes were drawn up far on land, The astonished natives inquired the meaning of this, and when told, flew into a furious passion, and being about equal in number to Stanley's party, showed fight. The latter saw at a glance that any attempt to mollify them by talk would be fruitless, and that energetic, prompt measures alone would answer, and he immediately ordered the bugle to sound the rally. The soldiers stepped quickly into line, when he ordered a charge with the muzzles of their guns, and the astonished, duped creatures were driven out of camp and away from the shore. Stanley then held a parley with them and proposed to send them back, and did, or at least a portion of them, in four canoes, who could return and take off the rest, but the canoes he kept, and on the third day started for Uganda with a portion of the expedition, and at the end of five days arrived at Refuge Island. Remembering when he was there before, that the inhabitants of the mainland, which was not more than six miles off, were not kindly disposed toward him, he built a strong camp among the

rocks, locating it so that each high rock could furnish a position for sharp-shooters, and in every way he could rendered it impregnable, in case it should be attacked during his absence. As he had not been able to embark all his expedition and baggage, he now returned for them, reaching his old camp again after an absence of fifteen days. He learned on his arrival that two neighbouring chiefs were planning to seize him and make him pay a heavy ransom. He, however, said nothing; spoke pleasantly every day to one of them—Prince Kaduma, and made presents to his pretty wife, and went on loading his canoes. When the day of embarkation arrived, the two chiefs, with a strong force came to the water's edge and looked on moodily. Stanley appeared not to notice it, but laughed and talked pleasantly, and proceeding leisurely to the Lady Alice, ordered the boat's crew to shove her off. When a short distance was reached, he halted, and swinging broadside on shore, showed a row of deadly guns in point-blank range of the shore. Taken completely aback by this sudden movement, and not daring to make a hostile demonstration with those guns covering them, the treacherous chiefs let the process of embarkation go on without molestation, and soon the last canoe was afloat and a final good-bye given to the camp, a scornful farewell waved to the disappointed natives on shore, and the little fleet steered for Refuge Island. Rough weather followed, and the rotten canoes gave out one after another, so that he had only fifteen when he reached the island. He found the camp had not been disturbed in his absence. On the contrary, the neighboring kings and chiefs, seeing that his camp was impregnable, had proffered their friendship and supplied the soldiers with provisions. They also provided him with a guide and sold him three canoes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Arrest—Resolves to punish the Bumbireh—Sets sail—Message to the people of Bumbireh—Imprisons the king of Iroba—The king of Bumbireh in chains—Arrival of Mtesa's canoes—Hostility of the natives—Moves on Bumbireh—The savages expecting him—Plan of Battle—The battle—Killed and wounded—Rejoicing over the victory—The natives completely subdued—Stanley gives them a lecture—Effect of the victory on the neighboring tribes—His losses—Prepares to start for the Albert Nyanza—Size of the Victoria Nyanza—Muta Nzienge—Is it and the Albert one lake—Stanley's journal and map do not agree—Mtesa at war—Stanley aids him—Uganda—Abba Rega once more—Baker's and Stanley's journal agree—Stanley asks for fifty thousand men—Mtesa gives him two thousand.

STANLEY now rested a few days on this island before beginning his explorations. It was associated in his mind with bitter memories, and as he wandered over it, he remembered the insults he had received, and his almost miraculous escape from death near it. The treacherous Bumbireh was almost in sight, and it awakened in him a strong desire for revenge, and he determined to visit the island again, and demand reparation for the wrongs he had received, and if it was not given, to make war on them, and teach them a lesson on good behavior. So at the end of three days he set sail and camped on Mahyiga Island, five miles distant, and sent a message to the natives saying, that if they would deliver their king and two principal chiefs into his hands, he would make peace with them, otherwise he would make war. This was a cool request, and Stanley himself, suspecting it would be refused, sent a party to invite the king of Iroba, an island only a mile from Bumbireh, to visit him, who, dreading the vengeance of the white man, came, bringing with him three chiefs. On what principle of morals Stanley will justify his course we cannot say, but the moment the king arrived, he had him and his chiefs put in chains; the conditions of their release being that his people should

deliver the king of Bumbireh, and two of his principal chiefs into his hands.

Although the people of Bumbireh had treated his message with contempt, the subjects of Iroba seized their king and delivered him into the hands of Stanley. The peril of their own king had stimulated them to effort, and Stanley at once released him, while he loaded his new royal captive heavily with chains. He also sent a message to king Antari, on the mainland, to whom Bumbireh was tributary, requesting him to redeem his land from war. In reply, the latter sent his son and two chiefs to him to make peace, who brought a quantity of bananas, as a promise of what the king would do in the future. Stanley in conversing with them detected them in so many falsehoods, and thinking he saw treachery in their faces, or perhaps it would be more in accordance with truth to say, that having got them in his power, he thought it better to keep them as hostages for the appearance of the two chiefs of Bumbireh, who had not been brought with the king, and did so. In the meantime, seven large canoes of Mtesa came up, which were out on an expedition of the king's. The chief commanding them told him that Magassa had recovered the oars captured at Bumbireh, and that on his return and reporting Stanley dead, had been put in chains by Mtesa, but subsequently released and dispatched in search of him. The latter persuaded this chief, with his canoes to remain, and assist him in his attack on Bumbireh if they refused his terms of peace.

Two days after, this chief sent some of his men to Bumbireh for food, but they were not allowed to land. On the contrary, they were attacked, and one man killed and eight wounded. This gave Stanley another strong reason for making war at once without further negotiations, to which Mtesa's chief gladly consented. Accordingly, next morning, he mustered two hundred and eighty men with fifty muskets, and two hundred spearmen, and placed them in eighteen canoes and set out for Bumbireh, eight miles distant, and reached the

island at two o'clock in the afternoon. The natives of Bumbireh were evidently expecting trouble, for they felt sure the attack on the friends of Stanley the day before would be quickly avenged. As the latter, therefore, drew near the shore, he saw lookouts on every eminence. Looking through his field-glass, he soon discovered messengers running to a plantain grove which stood on a low hill that commanded a clear, open view of a little port on the southern point of the island, from which he concluded that the main force of the enemy was assembled there. He then called the canoes together, and told them to follow him and steer just as he steered, and by no means to attempt to land, as he did not mean that one of Mtesa's men should be killed, or, indeed, any of his own soldiers—he intended to punish Bumbireh without any damage to himself. He then ordered the crew to row straight for the port—the canoes following in close order behind. He managed to keep out of sight of the lookouts; and skirting close to the land, at the end of a little more than a mile, rounded a cape and shot into view of the enemy. They were gathered in such large numbers that Stanley saw it would not do to attack them in such a cover, and so steered for the opposite side of the bay, as though he intended to land there, where the sloping hill-sides were bare of everything but low grass. The savages, perceiving this broke cover and ran yelling toward the threatened point. This was exactly what Stanley wanted, and he ordered the rowers to pull slowly, so as to give them time to reach the spot toward which he was moving. Very soon they were all assembled on the naked hill-side, brandishing their weapons fiercely in the air. Stanley kept slowly on till within a hundred yards of the beach, when he anchored broadside on the shore—the English and American flags waving above him. The other seventeen canoes followed his example. Seeing a group of about fifty standing close together, he ordered a volley to be fired into it. Fifty muskets and his own trusty rifle spoke at once, and with such terrible effect that nearly the

whole number was killed or wounded. The natives, astounded at this murderous work, now separated and came down to the water's edge singly, and began to yell and sling stones and shoot arrows. Stanley then ordered the anchors up, and gave directions to move the canoes within fifty yards of the shore, and each soldier to select his man and fire as though he were shooting birds. The savages dropped right and left before this target pratice, but the survivors stood their ground firmly, for they knew if Stanley effected a landing he would burn everything on the island. For an hour they endured the deadly fire, and then, unable longer to stand it, moved up the hill, but still not out of range, especially of Stanley's unerring rifle. Though every now and then a man would drop, they refused to move farther away, for they knew that if they were not near enough to make a dash the moment the boats touched the shore, all would be lost. Another hour was therefore passed in this long-range firing, when Stanley ordered the canoes to advance all together, as if about to make a sudden landing. The savages, seeing this, rushed down the hillside like a torrent, and massed themselves by the hundreds at the point toward which the canoes were moving, some even entering the water with their spears poised ready to strike. When they were packed densely together, Stanley ordered the bugle to sound a halt, and, as the crews rested on their oars, directed a volley to be fired into them, which mowed them down so terribly that they turned and fled like deer over the hill. Stanley's men had now got their blood up, and urged him to let them land and make a complete end of this treacherous people, but he refused, saying that he came to punish, not destroy.

They had fired in all about seven hundred cartridges, and as the savages were completely exposed, and in the afternoon, with the sun directly behind the boats, and shining full in their faces, the mortality was great. Over forty were left dead on the field, while the number of the wounded could not be counted, though more than

a hundred were seen to limp or be led away. It was a great victory, and Stanley's dusky allies were in a state of high excitement, and made the air ring with their shouts and laughter as they bent to their paddles. It was dark when they got back to the island, where they were received with wild songs of triumph. Stanley was a great hero to these untutored children of nature. The next morning more canoes arrived from Uganda, and Stanley prepared to depart. He had now thirty-two canoes, all well loaded with men, which made quite an imposing little fleet as they moved in order on the lake, and constituted a strong force. They sailed close to Bumbireh, and Stanley looked to see what had been the effect of the severe thrashing he had given them the day before. He found their audacity gone, and their proud, insulting spirit completely quelled. There were no shouts of defiance, no hostile demonstrations. Seeing a hundred or more gathered in a group he fired a bullet over their heads, which scattered them in every direction. The day before they had breasted bravely volley after volley, but now the war spirit was thoroughly cowed. In another place some natives came down to the shore and begged them to go away and not hurt them any more. This gave Stanley an opportunity to preach them a sermon on treachery, and exhort them hereafter to treat strangers, who came to them peaceably, with kindness. The dead, in almost every hut, was, however the most effectual sermon of the two.

They camped that evening on the main-land, in the territory of King Kattawa, who treated them in a magnificent style for a savage, to show his gratitude for the punishment they had inflicted on Bumbireh, who had a short time before killed one of his chiefs. They stayed here a day, and then steered for the island of Muzina, where he had last seen Magassa and his fleet. The people were not friendly to him, but they had heard of the terrible punishment he had inflicted on the Bumbireh, and hastened to supply him with provisions. They brought him five cattle, four goats, and a hundred

bunches of bananas, besides honey, milk, and eggs. The King of Ugoro, near by, also sent him word that he had given his people orders to supply him with whatever food he wanted. Stanley replied that he wanted no food, but if he would lend him ten canoes to carry his people to Uganda, he would consider him as his friend. They were promptly furnished. Mtesa's chief urged him to attack the king, as he had murdered many of Mtesa's people, but Stanley refused, saying he did not come to make war on black people, he only wished to defend his rights and avenge acts of treachery. Five days after he landed at Duomo Uganda, halfway between the Kagera and Katonga Rivers, and pitched his camp. He selected this spot as the best place from which to start for the Albert Nyanza, which he designed next to explore. He wanted to see Mtesa, and get his advice as to which was the best route to take, because between these two lakes were several powerful tribes, who were continually at war with the king of Uganda.

In summing up his losses during this journey of two hundred and twenty miles by water, he found he had lost six men drowned, five guns and one case of ammunition, besides ten canoes wrecked, and three riding asses dead, leaving him but one. He had been gone fifty-six days, and though the distance was but two hundred and twenty miles, a large portion of it had been traversed three times, so that he had really traveled by water over seven hundred and twenty miles. He had brought scarcely any provisions—the expedition subsisting on the corn he bought at the start with one bale of cloth—except such as were given them. He now resolved, after he had settled his camp, to visit Mtesa again, and consult with him about the aid he could give him to reach the Albert Nyanza. This lake was the source of the White Nile, up which Baker was forcing his way, the very year Stanley started on his expedition. He hoped to launch steamers upon it, but he failed even to reach it, though he saw its waters, twenty miles distant. Between it and the Victoria

Nyanza is an unknown region. The distance from one to the other in a straight line is probably not two hundred miles, though by any traveled route it is, of course, much farther. Nothing is definitely known of its size or shape. Colonel Mason made a partial exploration of it last year, but it still remains a new field for some future explorer, for Stanley failed to reach it if the map of the former is correct. The Victoria Nyanza he computed to contain twenty-one thousand five hundred square miles, and to be nine thousand one hundred and sixty-eight feet above the sea level. There is a large lake almost directly west of the Nyanza called Muta Nzienge, which Stanley conjectures may be connected with the Albert Nyanza. The region around the latter is wholly unknown, except that fierce cannibals occupy its western shore. We say that Stanley did not reach the Albert Nyanza at all, though if it and the Muta Nzienge are one he did. He inserts in his journal that he reached the shore of the lake, yet by his map he did not. This discrepancy, owing probably to the fact that he thought, at the time, the lake he saw was the Albert Nyanza, and though Colonel Mason explored it partially last year, and makes it an entirely distinct lake, he may think so still. At all events, his map and journal should agree, but they do not, which confuses things badly. His route, as he has marked it down, does not go near it. On the other hand, if the Albert and the Muta Nzienge are one, it rivals in length that of the great Tanganika, but we believe no one thinks it to be.

Stanley found Mtesa at war with the Wavuma, who refused to pay their annual tribute. According to his account this monarch had an army with him which, with its camp followers, amounted to a quarter of a million of souls. He remained with him several weeks as the war dragged slowly along, and in the meantime, translated, with the help of a young, educated Arab, a part of the Bible for him, and apparently sent him forward a great way toward Christianity. He at length, after he had witnessed various naval battles that did not

seem to bring the war any nearer to a termination, built for the king a huge naval structure, wholly inclosed, which, when it moved against the brave islanders, filled them with consternation, and they made peace.

At this point, Stanley makes a break in his journal and devotes nearly a hundred pages to Uganda and its king, Mtesa. He gives its traditions, mingled, doubtless, with much fable; a description of its land fruits, customs of the people—in short, a thorough history, as far as the natives know anything about it. This possesses more or less interest, though the information it conveys is of very little consequence, while it is destitute of any incident connected with his journey.

It was now October, and he turned his attention directly to the next scene of his labors—the exploration of the Albert Nyanza. The great difficulty here was to get through the warlike tribes that lay between the lakes and around the latter, of which Abba Rega was one of the most hostile chiefs. This king, it will be remembered, was the great foe of Baker, whom the latter drove out of the country, after burning his capital, and put Rionga in his place. He said then that this treacherous king had gone to the shores of the Albert Nyanza. By the way, Baker's statement and Stanley's journal placed together, seem to make it certain that the Muta Nzienge, which the latter reached, and the Albert Nyanza are the same; for, in the first place, it will be remembered, Baker's last journey was to Unyoro, where he saw the Albert Nyanza. Now Stanley, it will be seen hereafter, traverses this same district to reach the lake he called Muta Nzienge. Again, Baker says that Abba Rega fled to the Albert Nyanza, and yet Stanley found him on Lake Muta Nzienge. If Stanley's attention had been called to this, we hardly think he would have made two lakes on his map, when, from these corroborating statements, there could have been but one. The fact that these separate statements, made two years apart, are purely incidental, makes the fact they go to prove more certain to be true. We have not

seen Colonel Mason's recent voyage on the lake, but it seems impossible that Baker and Stanley should reach through the same tribe two large and entirely separate lakes.

Aware not only of the hostility, but power of some of the tribes between Uganda and Lake Albert, Stanley asked Mtesa for fifty or sixty thousand men—a mighty army. With such a force he thought he could not only overcome all opposition on the way, but hold the camp he wished to establish, while he spent two months in exploring the lake. But Mtesa told him two thousand would be ample, which he would cheerfully furnish. He said that he need not fear Abba Rega, for he would not dare to lift a spear against his troops, for he had seated him on the throne of Kameazi. Though Stanley was not convinced of the truth of Mtesa's statements, he would not urge him further and accepted the two thousand soldiers, commanded by General Lamboori, as an escort, with many expressions of thanks.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE EXPEDITION TO ALBERT NYANZA.

Force of the expedition—Its start—First March—Through hostile Unyoro—The encampment—Mount Gambaragara—Its summit occupied by white people—Live on a rock in the middle of a lake—Their origin—Other strange tribes—The march—Frightened people—The lake reached without opposition—A miserable failure—The reason of it—Stanley's feelings—The return—Report to Mtesa—His wrath—Liberal offers—Wonders of the country—A generous, peaceful king—Lake Windermere—Source of the Nile—Absurd theories—The hot springs of Mtagata.

STANLEY'S expedition consisted of one hundred and eighty men, which, with the troops Mtesa gave him, made a total of two thousand two hundred and ninety men. To this little army were attached some five hundred women and children, making a sum total

of two thousand eight hundred. With this force all ordinary opposition could be overcome, and as it moved off with the sound of drums and horns, and the waving of the English and American flags, conspicuous amid those of the negro army, it presented a very animated appearance. But Stanley was destined to find out what others have learned before him, that a small force under one's own immediate command is better than a large undisciplined one, that is subject to the orders of another.

General Lamboozi had no heart in this expedition, and soon showed it. But they moved off gayly over the swelling pasture-lands of Uganda, striking north-west toward the lake, which Stanley hoped to explore, as he had the Victoria Nyanza. The march through Uganda was a pleasant one, and they at length reached the frontier of Unyoro and prepared for war.

On the 5th of January they entered Abba Rega's territory, whom, two years before, Baker had driven from his throne, and who naturally felt peculiarly hostile to all white men. But no resistance was offered—the people, as if remembering the past, fleeing before them, leaving their provisions and everything behind them, of which the army made free use. Three days after they came to the base of a mighty mountain, called Kabrogo, rising five thousand five hundred feet into the air, presenting, in its naked, rugged outline, a sublime appearance. They encamped that night on a low ridge, in sight of the Katonga River, flowing east in its course to the Victoria Nyanza, bringing up many associations to Stanley's mind—while to the west the Ruanga filled the night air with its thunderous sound, as it tumbled over cataracts toward the Albert Nyanza. From an eminence near by could be seen in the distance the colossal form of Gambaragara Mountain looming up from the wilderness—a second Mont Blanc, rising some three miles into the cloudless heavens. Though under the equator, snow is often seen on its summit. But what gives it peculiar interest is, that on its cold and lonely top dwell a people

of an entirely distinct race, being white, like Europeans. The king of Uzigo once spoke to Stanley and Livingstone of this singular people, and now the latter saw half a dozen of them. Their hair, he says, is "kinky," and inclined to brown in color; their features regular; lips thin, and noses well shaped. Altogether, they are a handsome race—the women, many of them possessing great beauty. Some of their descendants are scattered through the tribes living near the base of the mountain, but the main body occupy its lofty summit. The queen of one of the islands in the Victoria Nyanza is a descendant of them. The history of this singular people is wrapped in mystery.

There is a tradition that the first king of Unyoro gave them the land at its base, and the approach of a powerful enemy first drove them to the top for safety. They have become so acclimated that they can stand the cold, while the dwellers of the plain are compelled to flee before it. Mtesa once dispatched his greatest general with an army of a hundred thousand men to capture them. They succeeded in making their way to a great height, but finally had to retreat—the cold became so intense.

The retreat of this pale-faced tribe is said to be inaccessible. The top is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano; for on it there is a lake nearly a third of mile long, from the centre of which rises a huge rock to a great height. Around the top of this runs a rim of rock, making a natural wall, in which are several villages, where the principal "medicine man" and his people reside.

This account, if true, does not touch the origin of this peculiar race of people, nor in any way explain the fact of their existence here in tropical Africa. Two men belonging to this tribe joined Stanley's expedition in this march to the Albert Lake, yet he seems to have obtained no information from them of the history of their tribe. Whether they had any traditions or not we are not informed—we only know that Stanley found

them extremely uncommunicative. It is possible they had nothing to tell, for a vast majority of the negro tribes of Africa have no past; they care neither for the past or future, so far as external life is concerned, living only in the present. These two men occupied a high position, for some cause, in the army under Lamboozi, and were the only ones who were allowed more than two milch cows on the route. Various stories about these people were told Stanley, and it is difficult to come at the truth. About the only thing that seems established is that this white race exists, of whose origin nothing definite has as yet been obtained. Stanley says that he heard they were of Arab origin, but there are plenty of Arabs in Africa—in fact, all the soldiers attached to the expedition were Arabs, and colonies of them had long existed in Central Africa; but they are not white men.

It seems impossible that Livingstone, years before, should have heard of this singular people, and Stanley seen specimens of them, if no such tribe really existed. It seems almost equally strange that they should be able for centuries to keep so isolated that their very home is a myth. The truth is, that Africa is a land of fables and traditions, that partake of the wonderful and often of the miraculous. Mr. Stanley was told of other tribes of white people living in a remote unknown region, possessing great ferocious dogs, and also of dwarfs of singular habits and customs. These traditions or reports, that are invariably vague in their character, usually have more or less foundation in truth. Mixed with the wonderful, that always holds an important place in savage literature, there will generally be found at least a grain of truth; and the traditions of white races among a people who had never seen white men, could hardly exist if no such tribes existed.

The diet of this strange race consists of milk and bananas. Stanley says the first specimen he saw of the tribe was a young man, whom he at first took for a young Arab from Cairo, who for some reason had wan-

dered off to Uganda, and taken up his residence with King Mtesa. The two attached to his expedition would easily have been mistaken for Greeks in white shirts. Stanley, after seeing these white Africans, the stories concerning whose existance he had regarded as one of the fables of the ignorant, superstitious natives, says that he is ready to believe there is a medium of truth in all the strange stories that he has been accustomed to listen to as he would to a fairy tale. Four years previous, while exploring the Tanganika with Livingstone, they both smiled at the story told them of a white people living north of Uzigo, but now he had seen them, and if it were not that their hair resembles somewhat that of the negro he should take them for Europeans. He heard afterwards that the first king of Kisbakka, a country to the south-west, was an Arab, whose scimiter is still preserved by the natives, and infers that these people may be his descendants. He also heard of a tribe that wore armor and used a breed of fierce and powerful dogs in battle.

From this point the expedition moved on toward the Albert Nyanza, along the southern bank of the Rusango River, a rapid, turbulent stream winding in and out among the mountains, and rushing onward in fierce, rapid and headlong cataracts to the peaceful bosom of the lake. For ten hours they marched swiftly through an uninhabited country and then emerged into a thickly populated district. Their sudden appearance, with drums beating and colors flying, filled the people, who had no intimation of their coming, with such consternation, that they took to the woods, leaving everything behind them—even the porridge on the fire and great pots of milk standing ready for the evening meal. Fields and houses were alike deserted in a twinkling, and the army marched in and took possession. Thus far they had met with no opposition whatever, and the warlike tribe Stanley had feared so much and had taken such a large force with him to overcome, seemed to have no existence. In fact, the days had passed by monotonously, for the most part the scenery was tame, and the march

of the troops from day to day was without incident or interest, and now, at this village, they were within a few miles of the lake, to reach which was the sole object of all this display of force. Instead of fighting their way, they found themselves in undisputed possession of a large and populous district, with not a soul to give them any information.

We confess there is something about this journey from the Victoria Nyanza to the Albert that we do not understand. By the route on the map it must have been nearly two hundred miles, and yet the expedition started on January 5th, and on the evening of the 9th was within three miles of the latter, which would make the marching about fifty miles a day—an impossibility.

Now fifty miles a day for four days would be terrible marching for veteran troops. Hence, we say, the map or journal is wrong. If he took the route he has marked down and completed it in the time he says he did, one instead of two parallels or longitude should indicate the distance between the two lakes. In fact, this whole expedition was such a miserable failure, that anywhere but in Africa it would be looked upon as a farce, and shows how utterly futile it is to rely on the native Africans in any great enterprise. The Arabs are bad enough, but they are fidelity itself compared to these black savages.

Here was an expedition numbering nearly three thousand souls, organized to secure a safe march to a lake not five days distant. It met no obstacles of any moment, reached the lake, and there, on the mere rumor that hostilities were intended, practically broke up and returned. Stanley had, with about three hundred men, traversed an unknown country for months, fought battles, and at the end of a thousand miles reached the lake he was after, pitched his camp, and with a crew of eleven men explored the lake in its entire circuit, and returned in safety. Here, with a small army, after a four days' march he reaches the Albert Nyanza, yet does nothing but turn round and march back again. It would seem

at first sight, strange that if he could march a thousand miles from the sea to the Victoria Nyanza and then explore it, he could not now with the same men explore this lake without the aid of Lamboozi and his two thousand or more soldiers. Doubtless he could but for this very army. Its disaffection and declaration that they were not strong enough to resist the force about to be brought against them, created a panic among Stanley's men. If two thousand fled it would be madness for one hundred and eighty to stay. The simple truth is, the more such men one has with him, unless he is the supreme head and his will is law, even to life and death, the worse he is off. Stanley, planning, controlling and directing every movement is a power; Stanley under the direction of a swaggering African negro general is nobody.

Lamboozi did, next morning after their approach to the lake, send out two hundred scouts to capture some natives, by whom they could get a message to the king of the district, saying that they had no hostile intentions, and if permitted to encamp on the shores of the lake for two months, would pay in beads, cloth and wire for whatever provisions they consumed. Five were captured and sent to the king with this proposition, but he did not deign an answer. On the 11th they moved the camp to within a mile of the lake, on a plateau that rose a thousand feet above its surface. A place was selected for a camp and men sent out to capture all the canoes they could find. In three hours they returned with only five, and those too small for their purpose. But they brought back word that the whole country was aroused, and that a large body of strange warriors had arrived on the coast to aid the king in making war on the new-comers.

General Lamboozi now became thoroughly alarmed, and stubbornly refused to grant Stanley's request to move to the edge of the lake and intrench. It seemed probable that the natives meant to give battle, but with what numbers or prospect of success, Lamboozi took no meas-

ures to ascertain. Next day he resolved to march back. Entreaties and threats were alike in vain, and there was nothing left for Stanley to do but to march back with him. He was greatly disappointed and thoroughly disgusted, but there was no help for it, That Unyoro and Abba Rega would be hostile Stanley knew before he started, and on that account took so large a force with him. Yet he says, after this miserable failure, that it was a foolhardy attempt at the outset. Looking at it calmly he pronounces it a great folly, redeemed from absurdity only by "the success of having penetrated through Unyoro and reached the Albert." It is difficult to see wherein lies the greatness of this success; for, according to his own account, it was one of the most peaceful marches he ever performed, with hardly enough incident in it to make it interesting. It matters little, however; all that can be said is, they marched up to the lake and then marched back again.

On the morning of the 13th, they began their return in order of battle—five hundred spearmen in front, five hundred as a rear guard, and the expedition in the centre—but no enemy attacked them or attempted to do anything but pick up some stragglers. The next day the expedition formed the rear guard, and once some natives rushed out of the woods to attack them, but were quickly dispersed by a few shots.

This is all that happened to this army in terrible Unyoro, and presents a striking contrast to Baker's gallant march through it with his little band, fighting every day for nearly a week. Four days after, without any further molestation, they re-entered Uganda, where Lamboozi turned off to his home. Stanley had heard no news of Gordon or of the steamers he was to place on the lake according to the plan of Baker; and though at first he thought he would seek some other way to reach it and make his explorations, he finally resolved to start for Tanganika, which he would reach in four months, and explore it. Hence, while Lamboozi turned eastward toward Lake Victoria, he, with his little band, turned

southward. He sent a letter, however, to Mtesa, informing him of Lamboozi's cowardice and refusal to build a camp at Lake Albert, and telling him also that this redoubtable general had robbed him. He had intrusted to his care three porter's loads of goods to relieve his own carriers, and these he had appropriated as his own.

When the letter reached the emperor he was thrown into a towering passion, and immediately dispatched a body of troops to seize the general, with orders to strip him of his wives, slaves, cattle and everything he possessed, and bring him bound to his presence. He also sent letter after letter to Stanley, begging him to return, and he would give him ninety thousand men, with brave generals to command them, who would take him to Lake Albert, and protect him there till he had finished his explorations. Stanley was very much moved by this generous offer and the anxiety of the king to make amends for Lamboozi's poltroonery and thieving conduct. The noble savage felt it keenly that he, who valued so highly the esteem of Stanley, should be disgraced in his sight, and it was hard for the latter to refuse his urgent request to be allowed to redeem his character and his pledge. But Stanley had had enough of Waganda troops, and felt that whatever was accomplished hereafter must be by his well-trained, compact, brave little band. He kept on his way, and never saw Mtesa again.

He had been able to add considerable to the geography of the country bordering on Lake Albert. Usongora, a promontory running thirty miles into the lake southward, he ascertained to be the great salt field, from whence all the surrounding countries obtain their salt. From all he could hear, it was truly a land of wonders, but he says the man who should attempt to explore it would need a thousand muskets, for the natives cannot be enticed into peace by cloth and beads. They care for nothing but milk and goat-skins. "Among the wonders credited to it," he says, "are a mountain emit-

ting fire and stones, a salt lake of considerable extent, several hills of rock-salt, a large plain encrusted thickly with salt and alkali, a breed of very large dogs of extraordinary ferocity, and a race of such long-legged natives, that ordinary mortals regard them with surprise and awe." They do not allow members of their tribe to intermarry with strangers, and their food, like the dwellers in the Himalaya Mountains, in India, consists chiefly of milk. Mtesa once invaded their territory with one hundred thousand men, to capture cows, of which the natives have an immense number, and in watching which consists their sole occupation. The army returned with twenty thousand, but they were obtained at such a fearful sacrifice of life that the raid will not be repeated.

Stanley rested a few days after Lamboozi left him, before proceeding northward. He then continued his march leisurely through the country, inquiring on the way the character of the tribes westward toward the part of Lake Albert which extended south from where he struck it, but one and all were reported hostile to the passage of any strangers through their territory.

Arriving on the Kagera River in Karagwe, he found the King Rumanika a mild, pleasant-spoken man and very friendly, but he told him that all the neighboring tribes would not let him enter their lands. The latter, a little suspicious of the motives that prompted this bad report of the surrounding tribes, to test him, asked him if he had any objections to his exploring his country. He said no, and cheerfully promised to furnish him guides and an escort, and his party should be supplied with food, free of charge. Stanley, surprised at this generosity, at once got ready to start. He first went south to Lake Windermere, a small body of water so named by Captain Speke, because of its fancied resemblance to the Lake of that name in England. The Lady Alice was taken there, screwed together and launched on the peaceful waters. Accompanied by six native canoes he sailed round it and then entered Kagera

River, called by Speke the Kitangule. Suddenly it flashed on Stanley's mind that he had discovered the true parent of the Victoria Nile. It fed and drained this little lake some nine miles long. Moreover, he found that there was a depth of fifty-two feet of water and a breadth of one hundred and fifty feet. He therefore pushed up it three days and came to another lake, nine miles long and six miles wide. Working up through the papyrus that covered the stream, he came to another lake or pond, a mile and a half long. Ascending an eminence he discovered that this whole portion of the river was a lake—large tracts of which were covered with papyrus or that vegetation which we have seen Baker had to contend with in ascending the Nile. It seemed solid ground, while in fact it was a large body of water covered over, with here and there an opening, making a separate lake, of which Windermere was the largest. This apparently underground lake was some eighty miles in length and fourteen in width.

Following the river as it flowed eastward into the Victoria Nyanza, he found he entered another lake, thirteen miles long and some eight miles broad. This was, of course, the continuation of the lake, covered at intervals with this tropical vegetation, which gave to it the appearance of land. There were in all seventeen of these lakes. This river now broadening as the formation of the land causes it to expand, now narrowing till its channel is forty feet deep, it at last tumbles over cataracts and rushes through rapids into the Victoria Nyanza. All this seems of little account, except, as Stanley says, he has found in it the true source of the Victoria Nile.

The great and persistent efforts to find out the source of the Nile have led explorers to push their theories to an absurd extent. Because Herodotus made the Nile to rise in some large springs, they seem to think they must find something back and beyond a great lake as its source. Now, when a river flows right on through one lake after another, making lakes as the formation of the

ground allows, it of course maintains its integrity and oneness.

In this case there is but one main stream; and as long as the lakes are the mere spreading out of that stream on low, flat lands, it must remain the same. But when you come to great reservoirs like the Albert and Victoria Nyanza and the Tanganika—into which a hundred streams, and perhaps twice that number of springs, flow—to go beyond such reservoirs to find the head of the stream is bringing geography down to a fine point. The outlet is plain—you have traced the river up till you see it roaring from its great feeder. This is very satisfactory, and should end all research after the source of the stream. But to insist on taking measurements of a dozen different rivers that flow into a lake a thousand miles in circumference, to find which is a mile longest or ten feet deepest, and thus determine the source of the outlet, is preposterous. A lake covering twenty-two thousand square miles, fed by a hundred rivers, is a reservoir of itself, and not an expansion of any one river. One might as well try to prove which is the great source or feeder of the Atlantic Ocean—the Amazon, Mississippi or Congo.

Thus we find Stanley, when he struck the Shimeeyu in Speke Gulf, declaring he had found the extreme southern source of the Nile; and now, when exploring another river on another side of the lake of larger volume, he changes his mind and thinks he has made a great discovery in ascertaining at last the true source of the river. He found it over fifty feet deep, which showed what a volume of water it poured into the Victoria Nyanza. Descending it again, he entered another lake some thirteen miles long by eight wide. Exploring this, he was driven back by the natives when he attempted to land, who hailed him with shrill shouts and wild war-cries. The Kagera, through its entire length, maintains almost the same depth and volume.

Returning to his generous host, he asked for guides to take him to the hot springs of Mtagata, the healing pro-

perties of which he had heard of far and wide from the natives. These were cheerfully given, and after a march of two days he reached them. Here he was met by an astonishing growth of vegation. Plants of an almost infinite variety covered the ground, growing so thick and crowding each other so closely, that they became a matted mass—the smaller ones stifled by the larger—and out of which trees shot up an arrow's-flight into the air, with "globes of radiant green foliage upon their stem-like crowns." He found a crowd of diseased persons here, trying the effect of the water. Naked men and women were lying promiscuously around in the steaming water, half-asleep and half-cooked, for the water showed a temperature of one hundred and twenty-nine degrees. The springs were, however, of different temperature. The hottest one issued from the base of a rocky hill, while four others, twenty degrees cooler, came bubbling up out of black mud, and were the favorites with the invalids. Stanley camped here three days, and bathed in the water and drank it, but could perceive no effect whatever on his system. Returning to his friend Rumaniki, he prepared to start on his journey south to Lake Tanganika, and finish its explorations.

Having discovered that the Kagera River formed a lake eighty miles long, and was a powerful stream a long distance from its mouth, he resolved, as it flowed from the south, to follow it up and try to find its source. A broad wilderness lay before him, the extent of which he did not accurately know, and he packed ten days' provisions on the shoulders of each man of the expedition, and bidding the soft-voiced pagan king by whom he had been treated so kindly a warm good-bye, he entered the forest and kept along the right bank of the stream. This was the 27th of March, and for six days he marched through an uninhabited wilderness, with nothing to break the monotony of the journey. At the end of that time he came to the borders of Karagwe and to the point where the Akanyaru River entered the Kagera. He

dared not explore this river, for the natives that inhabit both its banks are wild and fierce, having a deadly hatred of all strangers. They are like the long-legged race of Bumbireh, and he did not care to come in collision with them. They possess many cattle, and if one sickens or dies, they do not attribute it to accident, but believe it has been bewitched, and search the country through to find the stranger who has done it, and if he is found, *he dies.*

All the natives of the region are passionately fond of their cows, and will part with anything sooner than milk. Stanley says that his friend Rumaniki, with all his generosity, never offered him a teaspoonful of milk, and if he had given him a can of it he believes his people would have torn him limb from limb. He thinks that half of their hostility arises from the fear of the evil effect that the presence of strangers will have on their cattle. Hence they keep a strict quarantine on their frontiers. It is not strange that they should cherish them carefully, for they are their sole means of subsistence.

This long journey through various tribes is singularly barren of incident. He lost his last dog, Bull, on the route, who had bravely held out in all its long wanderings, but at last gave in and laid down and died, with his eyes fixed on the retiring expedition. He also met the redoubtable Mirambo, and found him not the bloodthirsty monster he had been represented to be, but a polite, pleasant-mannered gentleman, and generous to a fault. They made blood brotherhood together, and became fast friends. At length, in the latter part of May, he reached Ujiji, where he formerly found Livingstone. The following extract from a private letter of Stanley's, written to a friend while at Lake Victoria, gives a domestic picture that is quite charming. He says that "Kagehyi is a straggling village of cane huts, twenty or thirty in number, which are built somewhat in the form of a circle, hedged around by a fence of thorns twisted between upright stakes. Sketch such a village in your

imagination, and let the centre of it be dotted here and there with the forms of kidlings who prank it with the vivacity of kidlings under a hot, glowing sun. Let a couple of warriors and a few round-bellied children be seen among them, and near a tall hut which is a chief's plant a taller tree, under whose shade sit a few elders in council with their chief; so much for the village. Now outside the village, yet touching the fence, begin to draw the form of a square camp, about fifty yards square, each side flanked with low, square huts, under the eaves of which, plant as many figures of men as you please, for we have many, and you have the camp of the exploring expedition, commanded by your friend and humble servant. From the centre of the camp you may see Lake Victoria, or that portion of it I have called Speke Gulf, and twenty-five miles distant you may see table-topped Magita, the large island of Ukerewe, and toward the north-west a clear horizon, with nothing between water and sky to mar its level. The surface of the lake which approaches to within a few yards of the camp is much ruffled just at present with a north-west breeze, and though the sun is glowing hot, under the shade it is agreeable enough, so that nobody perspires or is troubled with the heat. You must understand there is a vast difference between New York and Central African heat. Yours is a sweltering heat, begetting languor and thirst—ours is a dry heat, permitting activity and action without thirst or perspiration. If we exposed ourselves to the sun, we should feel quite as though we were being baked. Come with me to my lodgings, now. I lodge in a hut a little inferior in size to the chief's. In it is stored the luggage of the expedition, which fills one-half. It is about six tons in weight, and consists of cloth, beads, wire, shells, ammunition, powder, barrels, portmanteaus, iron trunks, photographic apparatus, scientific instruments, pontoons, sections of boat, etc., etc. The other half of the hut is my sleeping, dining and hall-room. It is dark as pitch within, for light cannot penetrate the mud with which the wood-work is lib-

erally daubed. The floor is of dried mud, thickly covered with dust, which breeds fleas and other vermin to be a plague to me and my poor dogs.

"I have four youthful Mercuries, of ebon color, attending me, who, on the march, carry my personal weapons of defense. I do not need so many persons to wait on me, but such is their pleasure. They find their reward in the liberal leavings of the table. If I have a goat killed for European men, half of it suffices for two days for us. When it becomes slightly tainted, my Mercuries will beg for it, and devour it at a single sitting. Just outside of the door of my hut are about two dozen of my men sitting, squatted in a circle and stringing beads. A necklace of beads is each man's daily sum wherewith to buy food. I have now a little over one hundred and sixty men. Imagine one hundred and sixty necklaces given each day for the last three months—in the aggregate the sum amounts to fourteen thousand necklaces—in a year to fifty-eight thousand four hundred. A necklace of ordinary beads is cheap enough in the States, but the expense of carriage makes a necklace here equal to about twenty-five cents in value. For a necklace I can buy a chicken, or a peck of sweet potatoes, or half a peck of grain.

"I left the coast with about forty thousand yards of cloth, which, in the States, would be worth about twelve and a-half cents a yard, or altogether about five thousand dollars—the expense of portage, as far as this lake, makes each yard worth about fifty cents. Two yards of cloth will purchase a goat or sheep; thirty will purchase an ox; fifteen yards are enough to purchase rations for the entire caravan."

Why these naked savages put such a high value on cloth, none of these African explorers inform us. We can understand why they should like beads, brass wire, shells, and trinkets of all sorts. They certainly use very little cloth on their persons.

He adds: "These are a few of the particulars of our domestic affairs. The expedition is divided into eight

squads, of twenty men each, with an experienced man over each squad. They are all armed with Snider's percussion-lock muskets. A dozen or so of the most faithful have a brace of revolvers in addition to their other arms."

He then goes on to speak of the battles he has fought, and it is but just to him to give his feelings as he describes them in confidential private correspondence, on being compelled to kill the savages. He says: "As God is my judge, I would prefer paying tribute, and making these savages friends rather than enemies. But some of these people are cursed with such delirious ferocity that we are compelled to defend ourselves. They attack in such numbers and so sudden, that our repeating rifles and Sniders have to be handled with such nervous rapidity as will force them back before we are forced to death; for if we allow them to come within forty yards, their spears are as fatal as bullets; their spears make fearful wounds, while their contemptible-looking arrows are as deadly weapons. . . . Since I left Zanzibar, I have travelled seven hundred and twenty miles by land and a thousand miles by water. This is a good six months' work."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Back to Ujiji—Pleasant Associations—The Mystery of Tanganika—No Outlet—Cameron's Expedition—Thinks he Discovers the Outlet—Doubts of Stanley—The Lake constantly Rising—Stanley starts to examine for himself—Bags two Zebras—A whole village Massacred—Reaches Cameron's Outlet—Explores it thoroughly—Declares Cameron to be Mistaken—The Future Outlet—Livingstone's Influence—The Small-pox in Camp—Desertion of his Men—Prompt Measures—Crosses the Tanganika—More Desertions—People of Manyema—Singular Custom.

IT was with strange feelings that Stanley caught from the last ridge the sparkling waters of Tanganika. Sweet associations were awakened at the sight, as he

remembered with what a thrilling heart he first saw it gleam in the landscape. Then it was the end of a long, wasting and perilous journey—the goal of his ambition, the realization of his fondest hopes; for on its shores he believed the object for which he had toiled so long was resting. No welcomer sight ever dawned on mortal eye than its waters as they spread away on the horizon; and though he should see it a hundred times, it will never appear to him like any other sheet of water. He has formed for it an attachment that will last for ever; and whenever in imagination it rises before him, it will appear like the face of a friend.

As he now descended to Ujiji, it was with sensations as though he were once more entering civilized life, for there was something almost homelike about this Arab colony. People dressed in civilized garments were moving about the streets, cattle were coming down to the lake to drink, and domestic animals scattered here and there made quite a domestic scene.

At first sight, it seems strange that Stanley should have selected this lake as the next scene of his explorations. He had already, with Livingstone, explored thoroughly the upper half of it, and passed part way down the western side; Livingstone had been at the foot of it, and to crown all, he had heard, before leaving Zanzibar, that Cameron had explored the entire southern portion, so that really there was nothing for him to do, but follow a path which had been already trodden. To employ an expedition fitted out at so great a cost, and spend so much valuable time in going over old ground, seems an utter waste of both time and labor, especially when such vast unexplored fields spread all around him. But there was a mystery about Tanganika, that we suspect Stanley did not believe Cameron had solved, and which he meant to clear up. Here was a lake over three hundred miles long, with perhaps a hundred streams, great and small, running into it, and yet with no outlet, unless Cameron had found it, which he thinks he did. To find this was the chief object of the expedi-

tion Stanley and Livingstone made together to the north end of the lake. They had heard that the Rusizi River at that extremity was the outlet, but they found it instead a tributary. In fact, they proved conclusively that there was no outlet at the northern end, and it therefore must be at the southern, and if so, the commencement of a river that would become a mighty stream before it reached the ocean. But no such stream was known to exist. The Caspian Sea has large and rapid rivers flowing into it, but no outlet, yet it never fills up. Evaporation, it is supposed, accounts for this. But the Caspian is salt, while the Tanganika is fresh water, and such a large body of fresh water as this was never known to exist without an outlet, and if it could be that evaporation was so great as to equal all the water that runs into it, it would not remain so fresh as it is. We said, when sketching the route of Cameron, that we omitted his explorations on this lake because it would be better to take them with Stanley's, as the main object of both was the same. We will first let Cameron state his own case. He started with two canoes and thirty-seven men, and sailed down the eastern shore of the lake, now ravished with the surpassing beauty of the scene composed of lake and sky, and smiling shores, and again awed by beetling cliffs—one evening camping on the green banks and watching the sun go down behind the purple peaks, and another drenched with rain, and startled by the vivid lightning and awful thunder crashes of a tropical storm, yet meeting with no incident of any peculiar interest to the reader. The natives were friendly, and he describes the different villages and customs of the people and their superstitions, which do not vary materially from other native tribes. At last, on the 3d of May, entered the Lukuga Creek, which a chief told him was the outlet of the lake. He says that the entrance was more than a mile wide, "but closed up by a grass sand-bank, with the exception of a channel three or four hundred yards wide. Across this there is a rill where the surf breaks heavily although there was

more than a fathom of water at its most shallow part." The next day he went down it four or five miles, until navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. Here the depth was eighteen feet, and breadth six hundred yards, and the current a knot and a half an hour. The chief who accompanied him said that it emptied into the Lualaba. He tried in vain to hire men to cut a passage through the vegetation that he might explore the river. This was all the knowledge he obtained by actual observation, the rest of his information being obtained from the natives.

Now, we must say, that this is a sorry exhibit for the outlet to a lake almost twice as long as Lake Ontario. That such an immence body of water should trickle away at this rate seems extraordinary. Stanley at Ujiji started on foot inquiries respecting this stream, and found Cameron's guide, who stoutly denied that the river flowed south from the lake. Another veteran guide corroborated this statement, while many others declared that before Cameron came, they had never heard of an outflowing river.

These contradictory statements, together with the universal testimony that the lake was continually rising, the truth of which he could not doubt, as he saw palm-trees standing in the market-place when he was there in 1871, now one hundred feet out in the lake—made him resolve to explore this stream himself. He started on the 11th of June, and three days after landed to take a hunt, and soon came upon a herd of zebras, two of which he bagged, and thus secured a supply of meat.

On the 19th, on approaching a large village, they were astonished to see no people on the shore. Landing, they were still more astonished at the death-like silence that reigned around, and advancing cautiously came upon corpses of men and women transfixed with spears or with their heads cut off. Entering into the village they found that there had been a wholesale massacre. A descent had been made upon the place, but by whom no one was left to tell, and its entire population put to death.

As Stanley proceeded, he found other evidences of the steady rise of the lake. He continued on his course, finding the same varied scenery that Cameron did, with nothing of peculiar interest occurring, except to the travelers themselves, and at length came to the Lukuga Creek. He found various traditions and accounts here —one native said the water flowed both ways. The spot on which Cameron encamped, some two years before, was covered with water, another evidence that the lake was rising. He very sensibly says that the "rill," which Cameron states runs directly across the channel, is conclusive evidence that the Lukuga runs into, instead of out of the lake, for it must be formed by the meeting of the inflowing current and the waves. An outpouring stream driven onward by waves would make a deep channel, not a dam of sand. He tried several experiments, by which he proved, to his entire satisfaction, that the stream flowed in the lake instead of being its outlet. Having settled this question he set about finding the other river, which the natives declared flowed out westward. After traveling some distance inland, he did find a place where the water flowed west; it was, however, a mere trickling stream. His account of all his explorations here, and the traditions of the natives and description of the formation of the country and probable geological changes is quite lengthy, but possesses but little interest to the general reader.

The result of it all, however, is, he believes, that the Lukuga was formerly a tributary of the lake, the bed of which at some former time was lifted up to a higher level, that the whole stretch of land here has been sunk lower by some violent convulsion of nature, taking the Lukuga with it, and thus making a sort of dam of the land at the foot, which accounts for the steady rise of the river year by year; and that in three years the lake will rise above it, and, gathering force, will tear like a resistless torrent through all this mud and vegetation, and, roaring on as the Nile does where it leaves the Victoria Nyanza, sweep through the country till it pours its

accumulated waters into the Lualaba, and thus swell the Congo into a still larger Amazon of Africa. This seems to be the only plausible solution of the mystery attached to Tanganika. The only objection to it is, no such convulsion or change of the bed of the Tanganika seems to have occurred during this generation, and what has become then, for at least seventy years, of all the waters these hundred rivers have been pouring into the lake? We should like the estimate of some engineer of how many feet that lake would rise in fifty years, with its tributaries pouring incessantly such a flood of water into it. We are afraid the figures would hardly harmonize with this slow rise of the lake. It may be that there is a gradual filtering of the water through the ooze at the foot, which will account for the slow filling up of the great basin—a leakage that arrests the process of accumulation. But if Stanley's explorations and statements can be relied upon, the mystery will soon solve itself and men will not have to hunt for an outlet long. He makes its length three hundred and twenty-nine geographical miles, and its average breadth twenty-eight miles.

The wonderful influence of Livingstone over all African explorers, is nowhere more visible than here at Ujiji, on both Cameron and Stanley. Both had set out with one object—to try to complete the work that the great and good man's death had left unfinished. His feet had pressed the shores of almost every lake either had seen, as well as those of others which they had not seen. The man had seemed to be drawn on westward until he reached Nyangwe, where dimly arose before him the Atlantic Ocean—into which the waters flowing past his camp might enter, and did enter if they were not the Nile. Discouraged, deserted and driven back, he could not embark on the Lualaba and float down with its current, till he unveiled the mystery that wrapped it. Cameron became filled with the same desire, but disappointed, though not driven back, he had pressed on to the ocean, into which he had no doubt the

river emptied, but by another route. And now last comes Stanley, and instead of finishing Livingstone's work around the lakes, he, too, is drawn forward to the same point. It seemed to be the stopping-place, looking-off-place of explorations in Africa; and although he knew that Cameron had not returned like Livingstone, and hence might have discovered all that was to be discovered, and make his further explorations in that direction useless, still he felt he must go on and find out for himself. True, there was an interesting district between Ujiji and the Lualaba.

There was the beautiful Manyema region, about which Livingstone had talked to him enthusiastically, with its new style of architecture, and beautiful women and simple-minded people. But those did not form the attraction. He must stand on the spot where Livingstone stood, and look off with his yearning desire and see if he could not do what this good man was willing to risk all to accomplish.

At all events, he must move somewhere at once, and westward seemed the most natural direction to take, for if he stayed in Ujiji much longer the expedition would break up. He found on his return that the small-pox had broken out in camp, filling the Arabs with dismay. He had taken precaution, on starting, to vaccinate, as he supposed, every member of his party, and hence felt safe from this scourge of Africa. He did not lose a single man with it on his long journey from the sea to the Victoria Nyanza. But here it had broken out in Ujiji with such fury that a pall was spread over the place and invaded his camp, so that in a few days eight of his men died.

This created a panic, and they began to desert in such numbers that he would soon be left alone. Thirty-eight were missing, which made quite a perceptible loss in a force of only one hundred and seventy men. The chiefs of the expedition were thoroughly frightened, but told him that the desertions would increase if he moved westward, for the men were as much afraid of the canni-

bals there as of the small-pox in their midst. They were told horrible stories of these cannibals till their teeth chattered with fear. Besides there were hobgoblins—monsters of every kind in the land beyond the Tanganika. Stanley saw, therefore that prompt measures must be taken, and he at once clapped thirty-two of the discontented in irons, drove them into canoes and sent them off to Ukurenga. He with the rest followed after by land to Msehazy Creek, where the crossing of the lake was to be effected. Reaching the other side he proceeded to Uguha, where, on mustering his force, he found but one hundred and twenty-seven, out of one hundred and seventy, showing that one-third had disappeared. Among the last to go, and the last Stanley expected would leave him, was young Kalulu, whom he had taken home to the United States with him on his return from his first expedition. He had him placed in school in England for eighteen months, and he had seemed devoted to Stanley. A gloom hung over the camp, and the desertion was becoming too contagious, and if such men as Kalulu could not be trusted, he knew of no one that could be, and with his usual promptness he determined to stop it. He therefore sent back Pocoke and a faithful chief with a squad of men to capture them.

Paddling back to Ujiji, they one night came upon six, who, after a stout fight, were secured and brought over to camp. Afterward young Kalulu was found on an island and brought in. This desertion is a chronic disease with the Arabs. Their superstitious fears are easily aroused, and they are easily tempted to break their contract and leave the man to whom they have hired themselves in the lurch. It was a sudden fear that caused the Johanna men to desert Livingstone, and then, to cover up their dastardly conduct, invent a battle, in which they said he was killed.

Stanley's march to Manyema was noticeable only for the curious customs or habits of the people, and on the 5th of October he reached the frontier of this wonder-

ful country. Livingstone had halted here several months, and this was an inducement to Stanley to stop for a few days. The weapons of the natives were excellent, and there was one peculiar custom that attracted his particular attention—the men wore lumps of various forms of mud and patches of mud on their beards,

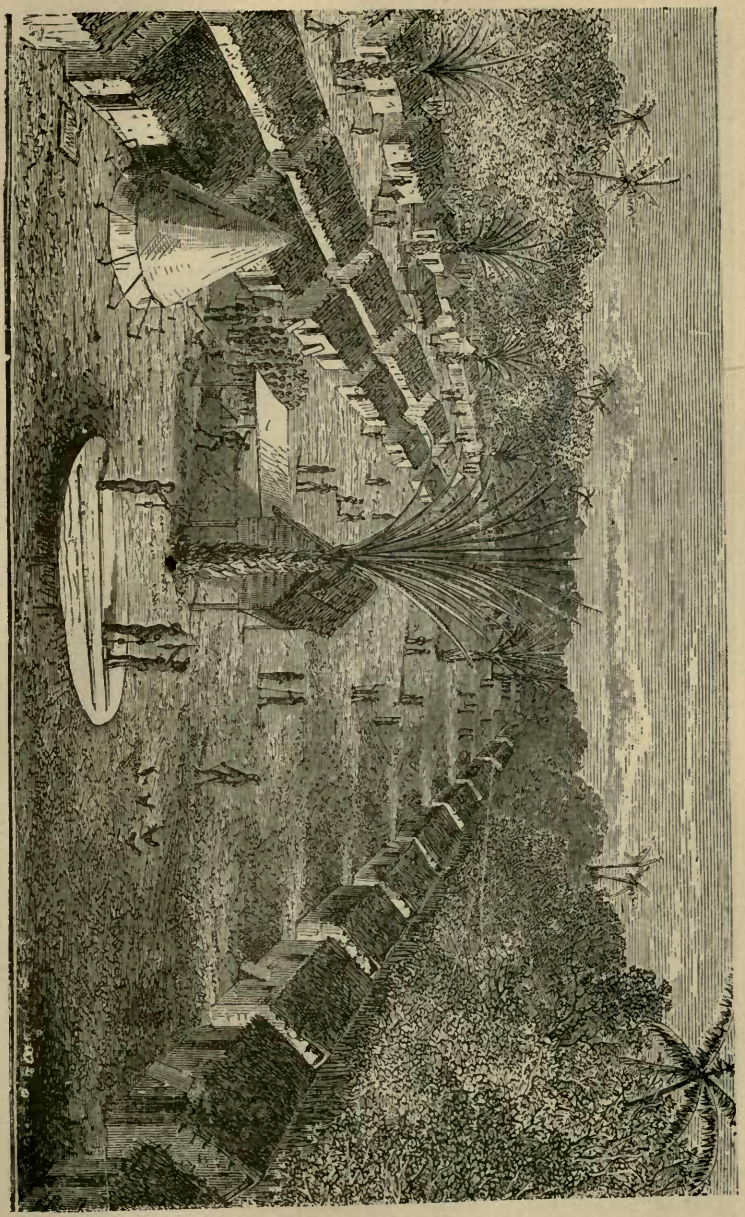
hair and head, while the women wove their hair into head-dresses, resembling bonnets, leaving the back hair to wave in ringlets over their shoulders. He, as well as Cameron, was struck with their villages, which had one or more broad streets running through them, one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, alongside of which are ranged the square huts, with well-beaten, cleanly-kept clay floors, to which they cheerfully invite strangers.

On the 12th he reached a village on the Luma, which he had been following, where both Livingstone and Cameron left it and turned directly west, to Nyangwe. He, however, determined to follow it till it reached the Lualaba, and then proceed by this stream to the same place. He found the natives kind but timid, with many curious traditions and customs. The expedition at length reached the Lualaba, moving majestically through the forest and making rapid marches, arrived next day at Tubunda.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Livingstone at Nyangwe—Remembrance of him by the natives—"The Good Man"—His troubles here awaken Stanley's pity—A magnificent country—Glowing description of it—Ruined by slavery—The slave trade—Its character—Ebony skeletons—Horrible sights—The traders—Mode of capture—Faithlessness of the Prince of Zanzibar—Extracts from Stanley's journal—A depopulated country—The way to stop the traffic.

IN the article on Cameron we said that Nyangwe was the farthest point west in Africa ever reached by a white man coming in from the east. It is about three hundred and fifty miles from Ujiji, or a little over the distance across New York State, but the journey is not made in one day—Stanley was forty days in accomplishing it. Here he found that Livingstone, the first white man ever seen there, must have remained from six to twelve months. The women he speaks of he says must be those of the district Manyema. He found that Livingstone had made a profound impression on the natives of this region. "Did you know him?" asked an old chief eagerly. Stanley replying in the affirmative, he turned to his sons and brothers and said: "He knew the good white man. Ah, we shall hear all about him." Then turning to Stanley, he said: "Was he not a very good man?"



A TOWN IN THE CENTRE OF AFRICA.

THE VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER, 400 FEET HIGH.

"Yes," replied the latter, "he was good, my friend; far better than any white man or Arab you will ever see again." "Ah," said the old negro, "you speak true; he was so gentle and patient, and told us such pleasant stories of the wonderful land of the white people—the aged white man was a good man indeed."

Every now and then it leaks out what a strong impression Livingstone made on Stanley, and he here says: "What has struck me while tracing Livingstone to his utmost researches—this Arab depot of Nyangwe—revived all my grief and pity for him, even more so than his own relation of sorrowful and heavy things, is, that he does not seem to be aware that he was sacrificing himself unnecessarily, nor warned of the havoc of age, and that his old power had left him. With the weight of years pressing upon him, the shortest march wearying him, compelling him to halt many days to recover his strength, and frequent attacks of illness prostrating him, with neither men nor means to escort him and enable him to make practical progress, Livingstone was at last like a blind and infirm man moving aimlessly about. He was his own worst taskmaster."

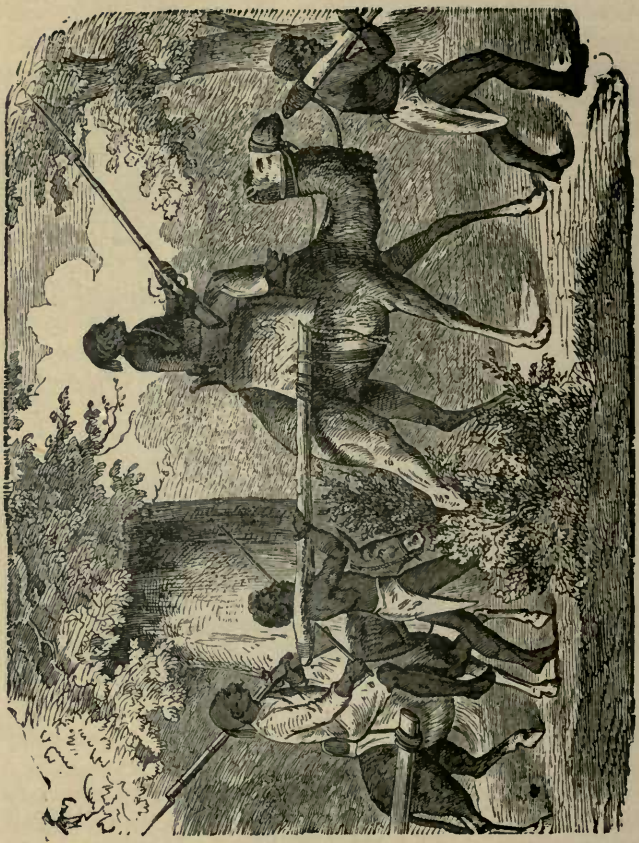
Whether Stanley's views of the mental condition of Livingstone—growing out of his sickness and want of money while in Nyangwe—are correct or not, one thing is true: that after the great explorer had apparently reached the very point when the problem was to be solved as to where the mysterious Lualaba flowed, he waited here till he found a caravan going east, and then returned to Ujiji "a sorely tried and disappointed man." Standing on the last point which this intrepid explorer reached, Stanley is reminded of his own earnest efforts to induce him to return home and recruit, to which the invariable answer was: "No, no, no; to be knighted, as you say, by the queen, welcomed by thousand of admirers, yes—but impossible, must not, can not, will not be."

Stanley, on this outmost verge of exploration, remembers the words of Livingstone when speaking of the beauties of

the region lying west of the Goma Mountains, and says, "It is a most remarkable region; more remarkable than anything I have seen in Africa. Its woods, or forest, or jungles, or brush—I do not know by what particular term to designate the crowded, tall, straight trees, rising from an impenetrable mass of brush, creepers, thorns, gums, palm, ferns of all sorts, canes and grass—are sublime, even terrible. Indeed nature is remarkably or savagely beautiful. From every point the view is enchanting—the outlines eternally varying, yet always beautiful, till the whole panorama seems like a changing vision. "Over all, nature has flung a robe of varying green, the hills and ridges are blooming, the valleys and basins exhale perfume, the rocks wear garlands of creepers, the stems of the trees are clothed with moss, a thousand streamlets of cold, pure water stray, now languid, now quick toward the north and south and west. The whole makes a pleasing, charming illustration of the bounteousness and wild beauty of tropical nature. But, alas! all this is seen at a distance; when you come to travel through this world of beauty, the illusion vanishes—the green grass becomes as difficult to penetrate as an undergrowth, and that lovely sweep of shrubbery a mass of thorns, the gently rolling ridge an inaccessible crag, and the green mosses and vegetation in the low grounds that look so enchanting, impenetrable forests belts."

He once penetrated into one of these great forests and was so overwhelmed by the majesty and solemn stillness of the scene, that he forgot where he was, and his imagination went back to the primeval days when that great, still forest was sown, till the silent trees seemed monuments of past history. But still, this district of Manyema, he does not think so interesting as that of Uregga. In speaking of the Lualaba, after describing the various ways in which it is spelled and pronounced, he says if he could have his own way he would call it "Livingstone River, or Livingstone's Lualaba," to commemorate his discovery of it and his heroic struggles

FULAH CHIEF.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

against adversity to explore it. The letter in which he thus speaks of this region is dated November 1st, 1876. In three days he says he is going to explore this mysterious river to the utmost of his power. Two days previous to this letter, he wrote a long one on the horrors of the slave trade that casts a pall as black as midnight over all this tropical beauty. He says, that from Unyanyembe to Ujiji one sees horrors enough, but in this region they are multiplied tenfold. The traffic in slaves is so profitable and keeps up such a brisk trade with Zanzibar and the interior of Africa, that the native chiefs enter into it on the grandest scale, or rather it is more acurate to say banditti under the leadership of so-called chiefs. The Fulah tribe are very extensively engaged in the slave trade.

Raids are made on small independent villages, the adults slain and hung up to terrify other villages into meek acquiescence to their demands, and young men, young women and children are marched off to Ujiji, from whence they are taken to Zanzibar, becoming, by their cruel treatment on the route, living skeletons, before they reach their destination. Gangs, from one hundred to eight hundred, of naked, half-starved creatures, Stanley met in his travels, and he wondered that the civilised world will let insignificant Zanzibar become the mart of such an accursed, cruel traffic.

There are regular hunting-grounds for slaves. When the business is dull, the inhabitants are left to grow and thrive, just like game out of season in a gentleman's park; but when the business begins to look up, the hunt begins and the smiling villages become arid wastes. The country, long before he reached Nyangwe, was a wilderness, where a few years before dwelt a happy population. Stanley gives extracts from his diary, showing up the horrors of this system, that makes the heart sicken as it thinks of what is daily transpiring in the heart of this unknown land.

Livingstone saw enough when he was here to awaken his deepest indignation, but since that time the Arabs

have pushed farther inland, and swept, with the besom of destruction, districts that, in his time, had been but slightly touched.

The trade in ivory is but another name for trade in human beings, and the only real commerce this vast fruitful region has with Zanzibar is through its captured inhabitants, while the slain equal the number of those sent into captivity. But, while Mr. Stanley feels keenly the disgrace to humanity of this accursed traffic, he evidently does not see so clearly the way to put a stop to it. Opposed to filibustering of all kinds, and the interference of strong powers to coerce weak ones, on the ground of humanity or Christianity, because it opens the door too wide to every kind of aggression; in fact, makes it only necessary to use some philanthropic catchword to make the annexation of any feeble territory right; yet he evidently thinks there is some limit to the Monroe doctrine of non-interference in the affairs of other nations, by the following extract from one of his letters, in which, after discussing the whole matter carefully, he says he writes it "hoping he may cause many to reflect upon the fact that there exists one little State on this globe, which is about equal in extent to one English county, with the sole privilege of enriching itself by wholesale murder, and piracy, and commerce in human beings, and that a traffic forbidden in all other nations should be permitted, furtively monopolized by the little island of Zanzibar, and by such insignificant people as the subjects of Prince Burghosh." By the influence of European philanthropists the ruler of Zanzibar has recently turned round, and is now one of the most active opponents of the slave-trade. Mr. Stanley is entirely opposed to filibustering and encroachments of strong powers on feeble ones, under the thousand and one false pretences advanced in support of unrighteous conquests, yet he evidently thinks little Zanzibar should be wiped out, or cease to be the source and centre of this cruel traffic in human beings. One has to travel, he says, in the heart of Africa to see all the horrors of this traffic.

The buying and selling of a few slaves on the coast gives no idea of its horrors. At Unyambembe sometimes a sad sight is seen. At Uganda the trade begins to assume a wholesale character, yet it wears here a rather business aspect; the slaves by this time become hardened to suffering, "they have no more tears to shed," the chords of sympathy have been severed, and they seem stolid and indifferent. At Ujiji one sees a regular slave-market established. There are "slave-folds and pens," like the stock-yards of railroads for cattle, into which the naked wretches are driven by hundreds, to wallow on the ground, and half starved on food not fit for hogs. By the time they reach here they are mere "ebony skeletons," attenuated, haggard, gaunt human frames. Their very voices have sunk to a mere hoarse whisper, which comes with an unearthly sound from out their parched, withered lips. Low moans, like those that escape from the dying, fill the air, and they reel and stagger when they attempt to stand upright, so wasted are they by the havoc of hunger. They look like a vast herd of black skeletons, and as one looks at them in their horrible sufferings he cannot but exclaim, "how can an all-merciful Father permit such things?" No matter whether on the slow and famishing march or crowded like starved pigs in the overloaded canoes, it is the same unvarying scene of hunger and horror, on which the cruel slave-trader looks without remorse or pity. It may be asked, How are these slaves obtained? The answer is, By a systematic war waged in the populous country of Marungu by banditti, supported by Arabs. These pay guns and powder for the slaves the former capture, which enables them to keep up the war. These Arabs, who sell the slaves on the coast, furnish the only market for the native banditti of the interior. These latter are mostly natives of Unyamwege who band together to capture all the inhabitants of villages too weak to resist them. Marungu is the great productive field of their Satanic labors. Here almost every small village is independent, recognizing

no ruler but its own petty chief. These are often at variance with each other, and instead of banding together to resist a common foe, look on quietly while one after another is swept by the raiders. In crossing a river, Stanley met two hundred of these wretches chained together, and, on inquiry, found they belonged to the governor of Unyambembe, a former chaperon of Speke and Burton, and had been captured by an officer of the prince of Zanzibar. This prince had made a treaty with England to put a stop to this horrible traffic, and yet here was one of his officers engaged in it, taking his captives to Zanzibar, and this was his third batch during the year. There are two or three entries in Stanley's journal which throw much light on the way this hunt for slaves is carried on.

"October 17th.—Arabs organized to-day from three districts to avenge the murder and eating of one man and ten women by a tribe half-way between Kassessa and Nyangwe. After six days' slaughter, the Arabs returned with three hundred slaves, fifteen hundred goats, besides spears, etc."

"October 24th.—The natives of Kabonga, near Nyangwe, were sorely troubled two or three days ago by a visit paid them by Uanaamwee in the employ of Mohammed el Said. Their insolence was so intolerable that the natives at last said 'we will stand this no longer. They will force our wives and daughters before our eye if we hesitate any longer to kill them, and before the Arabs come we will be off.' Unfortunately, only one was killed, the others took fright and disappeared to arouse the Arabs with a new grievance. To-day, an Arab chief set out for the scene of action with murderous celerity, and besides capturing ten slaves, killed thirty natives and set fire to eight villages—'a small prize,' the Arabs said."

"October 27th.—The same man made an attack on some fishermen on the left bank of the Lualaba. He left at night and returned at noon with fifty or sixty captives, besides some children."

"Are these kind of wars frequent?" asked Stanley.

"Frequent!" was the reply, "sometimes six or ten times a month."

One of these captives said to Stanley, on the march from Mana to Manibo, "Master, all the plain lying between Mana, Manibo and Nyangwe when I first came here eight years ago, was populated so thickly that we travelled through gardens, villages, and fields, every quarter of an hour. There were flocks of goats and black pigs around every village. You can see what it now is." He saw that it was an uninhabited wilderness. At that time, Livingstone saw how the country was becoming depopulated before the slave-traders, but, says Stanley, "Were it possible for him to rise from the dead and take a glance at the districts now depopulated, it is probable that he would be more than ever filled with sorrow at the misdoings of these traders."

He thinks there is but one way of putting a perpetual end to this infernal traffic, and that is by stopping it in the interior. English and American cruisers on the coast can have but partial success. The course of the khedive of Egypt, as described in the article in Baker's expedition, is the true one. Annex the interior of Africa to some strong power and establish stations on the great highways over which these traders are compelled to transport their human chattels, where they will be pounced upon and made to give up their captives, and the trade will soon cease from its being too hazardous and unprofitable.

Portugal has no right to the West Coast which it claims. Let England, or it and America together, claim and exercise sovereignty over it and it will need no cruisers on the coast to stop the trade in slaves. At any rate, it is high time the Christian nations of the world put a stop to this disgrace to humanity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Stanley meets Tipo-tipo, the friend of Cameron—Learns all about Cameron's movements—Stanley warned not to go on—Fearful stories—Contracts with Tipo-Tipo to escort him sixty camps—Self-reliance of Stanley—Women an obstacle in the way of advancing—Nyangwe—Its market—A lively scene—The two chiefs—A large Harem—The original inhabitants—Strength of the expedition.

ARRIVING near Nyangwe, one of the first to meet him was the Arab, Tipo-tipo, who had conducted Cameron as far as the Kasongo country, as described in the account of that traveler's journey. He was a splendid specimen of a man physically, and just the one to give Stanley all the information he wanted respecting Cameron's movements. He told him that the latter wanted to follow the river to the sea, but that his men were unwilling to go; besides, no canoes could be obtained for the purpose. He also told him that, after staying a long time at Kasongo, he had joined a company of Portguese traders and proceeded south. Cameron left the Lualaba at Nyangwe, satisfied that it is the Congo. But he left the river at that point (a hundred miles and more short of the point reached by Livingstone on the same stream), and, in a south-west direction, he crossed the country to the Atlantic coast.

One thing was clear; Cameron had not settled the great problem that Livingstone wished of all things to solve—this great unfinished work of his had been left for him to complete, or leave it to some future, more daring or more successful explorer. Could he get canoes—could he surmount difficulties that neither Livingstone nor Cameron were able to overcome? were the grave questions Stanley asked himself. He had long dialogues with Tipo-tipo and other Arab chiefs, all of whom dissuaded him from attempting to follow the Lualaba by land, or trying to get canoes. They told

him frightful stories of the cannibals below—of dwarfs striped like zebras and ferocious demons, with poisoned arrows, living on the backs of elephants, of anacondas, of impenetrable forests—in short, conjured up a country and people that no stranger who placed any value on his life would ever encounter.

The great plateau of lakes and rivers, though on a much grander scale, may be compared with the plateau of Minnesota. On this elevated flat we have a thousand lakes and streams interlapping, some the head waters of the Red River of the North, flowing into Hudson's Bay; some the sources of the Mississippi, and some the extreme western sources of the St. Lawrence. On Livingstone's great interior African plateau of lakes and rivers, including the splendid Lake Tanganika, we have the sources of the wild and rushing Zambesi, flowing into the Indian Ocean, interlapping with the tributaries of the Lualaba, which is the Congo flowing into the Atlantic.

North of the Tanganika Lake we have the two equatorial reservoirs and basins of the Nile; the one from 800 to 1,000 feet above the other, and draining a vast extent of country east and south. Both those great lakes have been circumnavigated, and from the "divide" on the south, and the lofty mountains on the west side of Lake Albert, we know the limits of its drainage.

From the fact that the Lualaba flowed north to a distance beyond the knowledge of the natives, was doubtless one, and perhaps the chief, reason why Livingstone suspected it emptied into the Nile. Stanley now knew better. How far north it might flow before it turned he could not say, yet he felt certain that turn west it would, sooner or later, and empty into the Atlantic Ocean—and the possibility of his tracing it, had a powerful fascination for him. Its course, he knew, lay through the largest half of Africa, which was a total blank. Here, by the way, it is rather singular that Stanley, following Livingstone, who alone had explored Lake Bembe, and made it the source of the Lualaba,

adopts his statement, while Cameron, on mere hearsay, should assert that its source was in marshes. The river, after leaving the lake, flows two hundred miles and empties into Lake Mweru, a body of water containing about one thousand eight hundred square miles; issuing from which, it takes the name of Lualaba, which it holds and loses by turns as it moves on its mighty course for one thousand one hundred miles, till it rolls, ten miles wide at its mouth, into the broad Atlantic as the Congo.

Stanley, from first to last, seemed to have a wonderful power not only over the Arabs that composed his expedition, as we have before mentioned, but over all those with whom he came in contact in his explorations. Notwithstanding all the horrors depicted as awaiting any attempt to advance beyond Nyangwe, this Tipo-tipo agreed for $5,000, to accompany him with a strong escort a distance of sixty camps, on certain conditions. That he would do it on any conditions was extraordinary, considering the fact, if it was a fact, that the last attempt to penetrate this hostile territory resulted in the loss of five hundred men. The conditions were, that the march should commence from Nyangwe—not occupy more than three months—and that if Stanley should finally conclude, at the end of the sixty marches, he could not get through, he would return to Nyangwe; or if he met Portuguese traders and chose to go on to the coast in the direction they were moving, he should detail two-thirds of his force to accompany said Tipo back to Nyangwe for his protection.

To all these Stanley agreed, except the one promising, if he concluded to go on at the end of the sixty marches, to give him two-thirds of the men of the expedition to see him safely back. On this article of agreement there was a hitch, and Stanley showed his Yankee education, by putting in a last article, by which if Tipo-tipo, through cowardice, should fail to complete his sixty marches, he should forfeit his $5,000, and have no escort for his return, and then gave him time to think of it while he

went to see young Pocoke and confer with him. They went over the whole ground together, and Stanley told him it was a matter of life and death with both of them; failure was certain, and perhaps a horrible death; success was honor and glory. It was a fearful picture he drew of the possible future, but Frank's ready response was, "go on."

At this point Stanley reveals one of his strongest characteristics, which we mentioned in the sketch of him at the beginning of the book—the Napoleonic quality of relying on himself. Ordinary, well-established principles and rules often condemned the action of Bonaparte—results approved them. So ordinary prudence would have turned Stanley back as it did Cameron—the stories told him of the character of the tribes in advance—the obstacles he would have to encounter, all the mystery, perils and uncertainty of the future—the universal warning and fearful prognostications of those who were supposed to know best—his isolated condition in the heart of Africa, everything that can surround a man to influence him in his actions, were gathered there around that lonely man at that outpost of civilized enterprise; yet, falling back on himself, rising superior to all outward influences, gauging all the probabilities and possibilities by his own clear perceptions and indomitable will, he determined to push forward. If he could not get canoes, which he was quite sure he could not any more than Cameron, then he would try to follow the river by land; if that failed, he would make canoes in the African forest; if he could not go peaceably, he would fight his way, and not turn back till deserted by his own men, and was left alone in the midst of a savage, hostile people. This determination, under the circumstances, show him to be a character of no ordinary stamp, and mark him, as we said, as one who, in a revolution, would control the stormy elements around him, and mount to power or to the scaffold.

There were also minor obstacles attending this desperate effort to trace the Lualaba to the sea. He had

thirteen women in his expedition, wives of his chief Arabs, some of them with young children, others in various stages of pregnancy, who would be delivered of children before they reached the Atlantic coast, and under what circumstances the hour of travail might come, no one new. It might be in the hour of battle, or in the desperate race for life, when one hour's delay would be total ruin to the expedition, and death to all. It might be in the struggle and fight around a cataract, or in the day of extreme famine. A thousand things had to be taken into consideration before resolving on this desperate movement. But no matter, the obstacles might even be more formidable than represented, the risk tenfold greater, his mind was made up—the secrets of that mysterious river he would unlock, or his last struggles and mysterious fate add one more to the secrets it held.

At length the contract with Tipo-tipo to escort him sixty marches was made and signed, and then Stanley informed his own men of it, and told them that if at the end of that time they came across a caravan bound for the west coast, part would join it, and the rest might, if they wished, return to Nyangwe. They agreed to stand by the contract, and Stanley moved forward into Nyangwe, and was received by one of the two Arab chiefs, that bear sway in the place, with becoming courtesy, who seemed surprised at the orderly, quiet march of his force, and still more when told that the distance from Tanganika, some three hundred and forty miles, had been made in about forty days.

Stanley describes minutely the place and its political management, but seems, like Livingstone and Cameron, to be particulary struck with its market. This is held every fourth day, and from one to three thousand people assemble to trade; most of the vendors are women, and the animated manner in which trade is carried on amused Livingstone exceedingly, Though he could not understand their language, he could their gestures, which were quite as expressive. This pleasant scene,

however, was marred one day by a messenger stalking into the market with ten jaw-bones of men tied to a string and hanging over his shoulder, which he boasted of having killed and eaten, and described with his knife how he had cut them up.

Early in the morning of the market day the river, as far as its course can be seen, presents a lively appearance, for it is covered with canoes, loaded to their gunwales with natives and articles for the market piled on top of each other, as they all press toward one point. Amid the laughter and jargon of the natives, may be heard the crowing of cocks, and squealing of pigs, and bleating of goats. Having reached the landing-place the men quietly shoulder their paddles and walk up the bank, leaving the women to carry the articles up to the market-place. These are placed in a large basket and slung on their backs by a strap across their forehead. When this great crowd of two or three thousand are assembled the babel begins. But the talking and chaffering are done by the women; the men move about paying but little attention to the bartering, unless something important, as the sale of a slave, is going on. The women do not walk about, but have selected a spot where they propose to do business, they let down the basket, and spreading the articles on the ground so as to appear to the best advantage, they squat themselves in the basket, where they look like some huge shell fish.

The vendors being thus stationary, the buyers also become so, and hence it is always a close, jammed mass of human beings, screaming, sweating and sending forth no pleasant odor for three or four hours. They do not break up gradually, but on the movement of some person a general scramble will commence, and in twenty minutes the whole two thousand or more be scattered in every direction. The markets of this region are held on neutral ground by the various tribes, and their feuds are laid aside for that day. Except at Nyangwe, uninhabited spots are selected. The neighbouring chiefs are always present, and can be seen lounging lazily about.

Stanley counted fifty-seven different articles for sale, ranging from sweet potatoes to beautiful girls, while the currency was shells, beads, copper and brass wire and palm cloth.

There are two foreign chiefs at the place, who are very jealous of each other, as they each wish to be regarded by the natives as the most powerful. Sheikh Abed, a tall, thin old man with a white beard, occupies the southern section of the town, and Muini Dugumbi the other. It has not been long an Arab trading post, for Dugumbi is the first Arab that came here, and that was no later than 1868, and pitched his quarters, and now the huts of his friends, with their families and slaves, number some three hundred. He is an Arab trader from the east coast, and soon after his arrival established a harem, composed of more than three hundred slave women. Though a rollicking, joking man himself, his followers are a reckless, freebooting set. The original inhabitants of Nyangwe were driven out by Muini Dugumbi, and now occupy portions of both sides of the river, and live by fishing, and are said to be a singular tribe. Stanley estimated there must have been forty-two thousand of them in the region previous to the coming of this Arab chief, who spread desolation on every side, of which there remain to-day only twenty thousand.

Stanley remained here only about a week, for Tipo-tipo arriving on the 2d of November, he prepared to start on his unknown journey. The expedition, when he mustered it on the morning of the 4th, numbered one hundred and seventy-six, armed with sixty-three muskets and rifles, two double-barreled guns and ten revolvers. Besides these, there were sixty-eight axes, that Stanley, with great forethought, purchased, thinking the time might come when he would need them as much as his guns. Tipo-tipo brought with him seven hundred followers, though only four hundred were to accompany the expedition the sixty marches. Together, they made quite a little army, but many of them were

women and children, who always accompany the Arabs in their marches or forays ; still, the force, all drawn up presented an imposing display. A hundred of these were armed with flint-lock muskets, the rest with spears and shields.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The great march begins—Gloomy prospects—March through a dense forest—Axes used to clear the way—A Village in the forest—Superiority of the inhabitants—The men disheartened—Slow marching—Discontent—Difficulties increase—Tipo-tipo wishes to be released from his engagement—People that smelt iron-ore—A row of skulls as an ornament for the village—Hunting Sokos—The Cannibals—Naked women—The Lualaba reached—Not to be left again—The natives crossing the river.

ON the 5th of November, Stanley, at the head of this motley array, turned his back on Nyangwe and his face to the wilderness. It was an eventful morning for him. Eighteen hundred miles of an unbroken country stretched before him, wrapped in profound mystery, and peopled with races of which the outside world had never heard, and filled with dangers that would appall the bravest heart. He felt, as he turned and gave a last look at Nyangwe, that the die was cast—his fate for good or ill sealed. What sad misgivings must at times have made a feeling of faintness creep over his heart—what terrible responsibilities crowded upon him ; aye, what gloomy forebodings, in spite of his courage, would weigh down his spirit. If he had canoes, the starting would have been more cheerful, but the dense and tangled forest, whose dark line could be traced against the sky, wore a forbidding aspect. They marched but nine miles the first day, and though the country was open, the manner in which the men bore it, did not promise well for their endurance when they should enter the jungle. Every pound was carried on men's shoulders,

besides their weapons, all the provisions, stores of cloth, and beads, and wire, the arms and ammunition, of which there had to be a large quantity, (for they might be two years fighting their way across the continent,) and the boat in sections. The next morning, Tipo-tipo's heterogeneous crowd started first, which impeded the march by its frequent halts, for the women and children had to be cared for. They soon entered the gloomy forest of Mitamba, when the marching became more difficult, and the halts more frequent, while the dew fell from the trees in great rain-drops, wetting the narrow path they were following, till it became a thick mud. The heavy foliage shut out the sky, and the disordered caravan marched on in gloomy twilight, and at last, drenched to the skin, reached a village four miles from camp, and waited for the carriers of the boat to arrive. These found the boat a heavy burden, for the foliage grew so thick and low over the path, that the sections had to be pushed by sheer force through it. To make the camp this night more gloomy, one of the Arab chiefs who had been in the forest before, said, with great complacency, that what they had endured was nothing to that which was before them. The next day the path was so overgrown and obstructed by fallen trees, that axemen had to go before the carriers of the boat to clear the way for them. On the 10th, having reached Uregga, a village in the very heart of the forest, they halted for a rest. The isolated inhabitants seemed to be in advance of those whom Stanley had seen. The houses were built in blocks, and were square like those of Manyema, and contained various fancy articles, some of them displaying a great taste, and he saw curiously carved bits of wood, and handsome spoons, and for the first time in Africa, beheld a cane settee.

The men carrying the boat did not come up for two days, and then quite broken and disheartened. Indeed, here almost at the very outset, everything seemed to point to an early dissolution of the expedition. Not only were his men discontented, but Tipo-tipo, with all

his elegance of manner and pompous pretence, began to glower and grumble, not merely at the hardships his people were compelled to encounter, but because sickness had broke out in his camp.

On the 13th, the three hundred out of the seven hundred of his men branched off on their expedition. The marching now became not only monotonous but extremely painful, and so slow that it took a whole day's march to make a distance of nine miles—a rate of progress that Stanley saw very clearly would never bring him to the

LARGE AFRICAN SERPENT.

Atlantic Ocean. They had now been seven days on the march and had made but forty miles, and scarcely *one* mile west. Thus far their course had been almost due north toward the great desert of Sahara, and not toward the Atlantic Ocean. These five days had been utterly thrown away as far as progress in the right direction was concerned; not an inch had been gained, and the whole expedition was discouraged. The carriers of the boat begged Stanley to throw it away or go back to Nyangwe, while the Arab chiefs made no attempt to conceal their discontent, but openly gave vent to their disinclination to proceed any farther. Even the splendid barbarian dandy, Tipo-tipo, who prided himself on his superiority to all other Arabs, began to look moody; while the increasing sickness in the camp cast additional gloom over it. Huge serpents crossed their path, while all sorts of wild animals and vermin peopled the dense forest and swarmed around them.

On the 15th, they made but six miles and a half and yet, short as was the distance, it took the men carrying the boat twenty-four hours to make it, and all were so weary that a halt of an entire day was ordered, to let them rest. Added to all this, the forest became ten times more matted than before. Both the heavier timber and the undergrowth grew thicker and thicker, shutting out not only the light of the sun, but every particle of moving air, so that the atmosphere became suffocating and stifling. Panting for breath, the little army crawled and wormed itself through the interlacing branches, and when night came down were utterly disheartened. Even the elegant Tipo-tipo now gave out, and came to Stanley to be released from his engagement. It was in vain that the latter appealed to his honor, his pride and fear of ridicule should he now turn back to Nyangwe. But to every thing he could urge, the very sensible answer was returned: "If there is nothing worse than this before us, it will yet take us, at the rate we are going, a year to make the sixty marches and as long a time to return. You are only killing everybody

by your obstinacy ; such a country was never made for decent men to travel in, it was made for pagans and monkeys."

It is in such circumstances like these that those qualities which have made Stanley the most successful explorer of modern times exhibit themselves. Napoleon said, when speaking of troops "Even brave soldiers have their '*moment de peur*,'" the time when he shrinks. But this man seems an exception to this rule. To him the moment of fear never seems to come, for he never feels the contagion of example. He adheres to his resolution to go on if but a handful will stand by him. He seems impervious to the contagion that seizes others, and a panic in battle would sweep by him unmoved. After talking to Tipo-tipo for two hours, he finally got him to accompany him twenty marches farther.

There were two things in this village, shut up in the heart of the forest, that impressed Stanley much. He found here a primitive forge, in which the natives smelted iron-ore, found in the neighborhood, and a smithy, in which the iron was worked up into instruments of all kinds, from a small knife to a cleaver; hatchets, hammers, even wire and ornaments for the arms and legs were made. How this rude people, to whom even an Arab trader had never come, should have discovered the properties of iron-ore, how to disengage the iron and work it into every variety of instruments, seems inexplicable. The whole must have been the product of the brain of some native genius.

The other remarkable thing was a double row of skulls, running the entire length of the village, set in the ground, leaving the naked, round top, glistening in the sun. There were nearly two hundred of them. Amazed, he asked his Arabs what they were, they replied "soko skulls." The soko, Cameron calls a gorilla, and we have no doubt many of the remarkable stories about gorillas refer to this monkey. But Livingstone says it is an animal resembling the gorilla, and his account of their habits shows they are not the fierce, fearless gorilla that

is afraid of neither man nor beast. It is about four feet ten inches in height, and often walks erect, with his hands on his head, as if to steady himself. With a yellow face, adorned with ugly whiskers, a low forehead and high ears, he looks as if he might be a hideous cross between a man and a beast. His teeth, though dog-like in their size, still slightly resemble those found in the human head. The fingers are almost exactly like the natives. He is cunning and crafty, and will often stalk a man or woman as stealthily as a hunter will a deer. He seldom does much damage, unless driven to bay, when he fights fiercely. It takes great pleasure in nabbing children and carrying them up into a tree and holding them in his arms, but if a bunch of bananas is thrown on the ground he will descend, and leaving the child, seize it. It seldom uses its teeth, and then, if it is a man he is in conflict with, will bite off his fingers and let him go. They are hunted and trapped by the natives for their flesh, of which they are very fond. A man hunting for them one day, having maimed one, in his attempt to spear it, the soko grabbed the spear, and breaking it, seized the man. The latter calling to his companion for help, he bit off his fingers and ran away.

A native was hoeing in his field one morning, when a soko, creeping up stealthily behind, threw his arms around him. The latter roared in terror, when the soko, grinning and giggling like a demon, let go and ran away, apparently enjoying the practical joke hugely. He will often snatch up a child, and after pinching and scratching it, let it go.

Stanley, not satisfied with the answer of his men, sent for the chief and asked him what those skulls were. He said of the Sokos, which they hunt because of the destruction they make of the bananas, and that their meat was good. Stanley offered him a hundred cowries if he would bring one to him alive or dead. The chief went into the woods in search of some, but at evening returned without any. He, however, gave him a portion of the skin of one. Stanley had the curiosity to take two

of these skulls home with him, and gave them to Professor Huxley to examine, who reported that they were the skulls of a man and woman. The former, therefore, comes to the conclusion that they were all the skulls of men and women who had been eaten by these cannibals. But we do not believe this conclusion fairly justifiable, from Professor's Huxley's report on two skulls. In the first place, the Arabs would scarcely have made such a mistake as this implies—they had seen too many soko skulls. In the second place, the chief corroborated their statement, and he had no reason for telling a falsehood. If those skulls were placed thus prominently in the streets, it was to boast of them, not to lie about. It is far more likely that there were a few human skulls mixed in with the sokos, and when Stanley asked for a couple, the largest and best-shaped were selected for him, and these proved to belong to human beings. His hunting for one was certainly not to prove he had told Stanley a falsehoood. The same peculiarity was noticed here that Baker mentions of the natives of Fatiko—the women go naked, while the men are partly covered with skins. The whole apparel of the women is an apron four inches square.

On the 19th of March, they reached the Lualaba, sweeping majestically through the silent forest. Stanley immediately determined there should be no more tangled forests for him, but that broad current of the river should bear him to the Atlantic Ocean or to death. The camp was prepared and the breakfast eaten, while Pocoke was getting the Lady Alice screwed together. Soon she was launched on the stream, amid the huzzas of the party. Although the river here was nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, and the opposite shore appeared like an uninhabited forest, sharp eyes had detected the wonderful apparition that had appeared on the farther shore, and the news spread so rapidly, that when Stanley in the Lady Alice approached it, he saw the woods alive with human beings, and several canoes tied to the shore. He hailed them, and tried to make a

bargain with them to transport his party across. They refused point-blank, but afterwards seemed to relent and offered to exchange blood-brotherhood with them, and appointed a place on a neighbouring island where the ceremony should be performed. It was, however, discovered that it was a treacherous plot to murder them, and, but, for precautions taken in view of its possibility, there would have been a fight.

Stanley now determined to cross his men by detachments in his own boat. He took over thirty above the village, and then told the natives that they had better assist him in carrying over the rest, for which they would be well paid. They consented, and the whole expedition was safely landed on the left bank of the river.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Congo changed to Livingstone—Frightened Natives—the March—Deserted villages—The land party lost—Stanley's anxiety—a dash on the natives, one man killed—Uledi dispatched after the missing party—The Lost Found—The March—A Floating Hospital—Passing rapids—Tipo-Tipo wishes to turn back—A queer village—Increasing sickness—The dead every day thrown into the river—A fight—Marching on—A desperate fight of two days—A successful stratagem—Tipo-tipo resolves to leave—Stanley's speech to his men—Christmas day—A frolic—A boat race—The parties separate—A touching farewell—A sad day—Stanley tries to arouse the men.

HAVING been ferried across the river by the natives, Stanley felt quite secure of the friendship of this first tribe he had met on the banks of the Lualaba. But here he resolved to change its name to Livingstone, which ever after he continues to call it. Villages lined the banks, all he says, adorned with skulls of human beings. But instead of finding the inhabitants of them friendly, there were none to be seen; all had mysteriously disappeared, whether from fright or to arouse the tribes below, it was impossible to determine; it seemed

from the former, for notwithstanding they had overcome their first fear so much as to ferry the expedition across the river, they had not taken away their canoes, nor carried with them their provisions. Leaving these untouched, as a sort of promise to the tribes below that their property should be held sacred, the expedition took up its march down the river. Stanley, with thirty-three men went by water, in the Lady Alice, while Tipo-tipo and young Pocoke with the rest of the party marched along the bank. Village after village was passed; the natives uttering their wild war-cry, and then disappearing in the forest, leaving everything behind them. Whether it was a peaceful village, or a crowded market-place they passed, they inspired the same terror, and huts and market-places were alike deserted. This did not promise well for the futnre.

In the middle of the afternoon, Stanley, in the Lady Alice, came to a river one hundred yards wide. Knowing that the land party could not cross this without a boat, he halted to wait for its approach, in order to ferry it over, and built a strong camp. This was on November 23rd, 1876. At sunset it had not arrived, and he became anxious. Next morning it did not make its appearance, and still more anxious, he ascended this river, named the Ruigi, several miles, to see if they had struck it farther up.

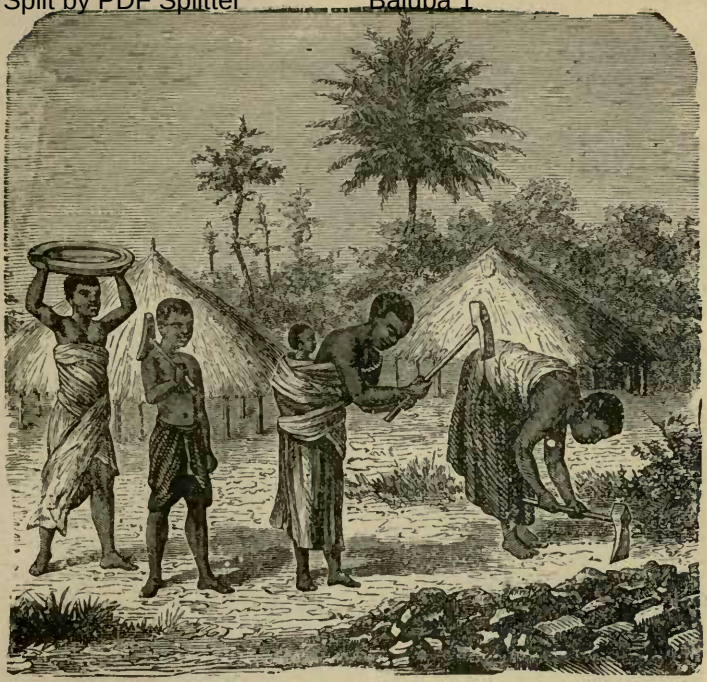
Returning, in the afternoon, without hearing anything of the expedition, he was startled, as he approached the camp, at the firing of guns. Alarmed, he told the rowers to bend to their oars, and sweeping rapidly downward, he soon came to the mouth of the stream, and found it blocked with canoes, filled with natives. Dashing down upon them with loud shouts, they fled in every direction. One dead man floating in the stream was the only result of the first fight on the Livingtone.

The day wore away and night came down, and silence and solitude rested on the forest stretching along the banks of the Ruigi, where he anxiously waited to hear musket-shots announcing the arrival of the land party.

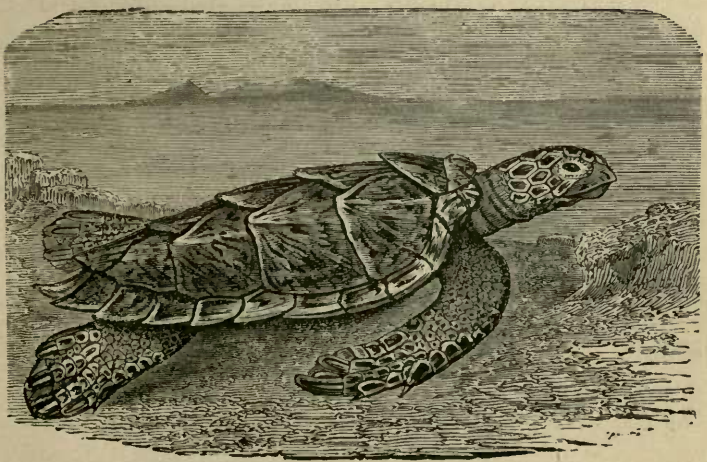
It was a long and painful night, for one of two things was certain: Tipo-tipo and Pocoke had lost their way or been attacked and overpowered. The bright tropical sun rose over the forest east of the river Ruigi, but its banks were silent and still. Stanley could not endure the suspense any longer, and dispatched Uledi, with five of the boat's crew, to seek the wanderers. This Uledi, hereafter to the close of the march, becomes a prominent figure. Stanley had made him coxswain of the boat Lady Alice, and he had proved to be one of the most trustworthy men of the expedition, and was to show himself, in its future desperate fortunes, one of the most cool and daring, worthy, only half-civilized as he was, to stand beside Stanley. The latter gave him strict directions as to his conduct in hunting up the fugitives —especially respecting the villages he might come across. Uledi told him not to be anxious about him—he would soon find the lost party.

Stanley, of course, could do nothing but wait, though filled with the most anxious thoughts. The river swept by calmly as ever, unconscious of the troubled hearts on its banks; the great forest stood silent and still in the tropical sun, and the day wore away as it ever does —thoughtless of the destinies its hours are settling, and indifferent to the human suffering that crowds them. But at four o'clock a musket shot rang out of the woods, and soon Uledi appeared leading the lost party. They had gone astray and been attacked by the natives, who killed three of their number. Luckily they captured a prisoner, whom they forced to act as a guide to conduct them back to the river, and, after marching all day, met Uledi in search of them. They were ferried across and allowed to scatter abroad in search of food, which they took wherever found, without any regards to the rights of the natives. Necessity had compelled Stanley to relax his strict rules in this respect.

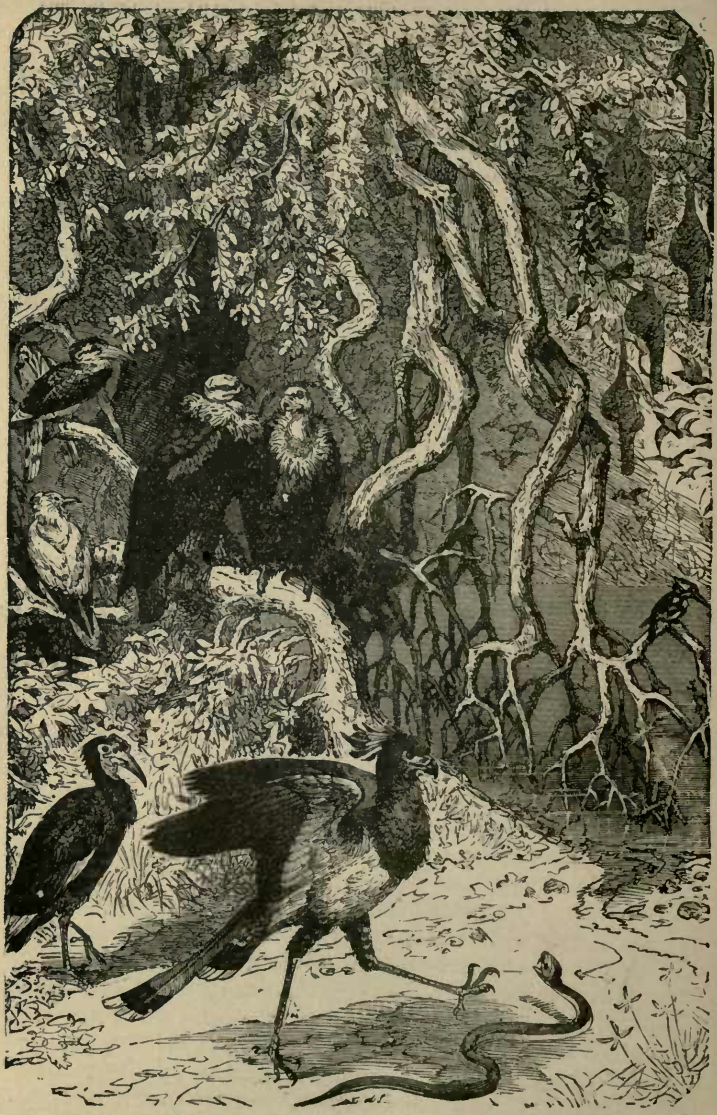
The next day the march was continued as before, communication being kept up by those on the land and on the water by drum-taps. The villages they passed were



WOMEN CULTIVATING THE SOIL.
(As seen along Stanley's route).



GREEN TURTLE.



ANIMATED NATURE AS SEEN ON THE CONGO.

(Serpent-eater, Hornbills, Vultures, Weaver Birds).

deserted—every soul fleeing at their approach. Proceeding down the river, they came across six abandoned canoes more or less injured. Repairing these, they lashed them together as a floating hospital for the sick of the land party, the number of which had greatly increased from the exposures and hardships they were compelled to undergo. In the afternoon they came upon the first rapids they had met. Some boats, attempting their descent, were upset and attacked by the natives, but they were beaten off. Four Snider rifles were lost, which brought down on Pocoke, who had permitted the Arabs to run this risk, a severe rebuke, and a still severer one on the Arab chief, who had asked the former to let him make the attempt. The chief, enraged at the reproaches heaped upon him, went to Tipo-tipo, and declared that he would not serve Stanley any longer. This, together with the increased hostility of the natives, and alarming sickness, and dangerous rapids, brought the head chief to Stanley with a solemn appeal to turn back before it was too late. But the latter had reached a point where nothing but absolute fate could turn him back.

The rapids were passed in safety by the canoes—the Lady Alice being carried on men's shoulders around them. Natives were occasionally met, but no open hostility was shown for several days. The river would now be contracted by the bold shores, and rush foaming along, and now spread into lake-like beauty, dotted with green islands, the quiet abodes of tropical birds and monkeys, that filled the air with a jargon of sounds.

Among the most interesting of the feathered tribe of West Africa are the weaver birds. They owe their name to the inimitable art they display in constructing their nests, which are usually suspended over water from the smaller branches of a tree, the entrance being below; all of which precautions are used by the birds to protect themselves from the ravages of the monkeys.

On the 4th of December they came to a long, straggling town, composed of huts only seven feet long by five

wide, standing apart, yet connected by roofs—the intervening space covered, and common to the inhabitants of both the adjacent huts. It was, however, deserted, like the rest. This persistent desertion was almost as dispiriting as open hostility, and an evil fate seemed to hang over the expedition. The sickness kept increasing, and day after day all that broke the monotony of the weary hours was the tossing over now and then of dead bodies into the river. The land party presented a heart-broken appearance as they crawled, at night, laden with the sick and dying, into camp. At this place Stanley found an old, battered, abandoned canoe, capable of carrying sixty people. This he repaired, and added it to his floating hospital.

On the 8th of December he came to another large town, the inhabitants of which, in spite of all attempts to make peace, were determined to fight, and with fourteen canoes approached the bank on which the land party were encamped, and commenced shooting their arrows. This lasted for some time, when Stanley took the Lady Alice and dashed among them, pouring in at the same time such a close and deadly fire that they turned and fled.

The story of the slow drifting and marching of the expedition down the Livingstone is a very monotonous one to read, but was full of the deepest interest to the travelers, for the forest on either side of the great river seemed filled with horns and war-drums, while out from a creek or from behind an island canoes would dart and threaten an attack. Floating peacefully through those primeval forests on this stately river, bearing them ever on to the unknown, would make the heart heave with emotion, but when danger and death were ever present, the intensest feelings were aroused.

At length they came to a series of villages lining the bank and surrounded with plenty. There was a large population, and the natives, at the approach of Stanley, blew their ivory horns and beat their drums, and soon a whole fleet of canoes, heavily manned, attacked the

little party in the boat. By a bold dash Stanley was able to seize and occupy the lower village, where he quickly intrenched himself. The savages came down in immense numbers, filling the air with hideous shouts and rushed on the slender defenses with desperate fury. It was astonishing to see these men, to whom firearms were new, show so little fear of them. They were the boldest fighters Stanley had as yet encountered in Africa, and though he punished them severely they kept up the attack, with short intervals between, for nearly two days. At last the appearance of Tipo-tipo along the bank with the land forces made them beat a retreat, which they did with a tremendous noise of horns and loud threats of vengeance. Out of the few with Stanley, four were killed and thirteen wounded, or seventeen out of forty—nearly half of the whole force. This showed desperate fighting, and as the enemy advanced by hundreds their loss must have been fearful.

Stanley, who was equal in stratagem to an American Indian, played them a trick that night which took all their bravado out of them. Waiting till he thought they were asleep, he took the Lady Alice, and Frank Pocoke a canoe, and, both with muffled oars, rowed up the river to find their camp. It was a rainy, dark and windy night, and, hence, favorable to the enterprise he had in hand, and his movements were undiscovered. By the light of a fire on the bank he ascertained the location of the camp, and advancing cautiously saw some forty canoes drawn up on shore. Bidding Frank go down stream and lie to, to catch them as they floated down, he quietly cut them all adrift. They were caught by the former, and by midnight were at Stanley's camp. He knew that he now had them in his power, and so in the morning proceeded to their camp and made offers of peace, which they were glad to accept on the condition that their canoes were returned to them. This was agreed to and blood-brotherhood made. Stanley, however, whose great need had been canoes, determined not to let these slip through his hands, and retained twenty-three, giving back only fifteen.

Tipo-tipo now told Stanley that he would proceed no further, his people were dying rapidly, the difficulties of marching were increasing, and he must return. The latter saw he was determined to go, although eight marches remained to be made, and released him. In truth, now he had boats enough to carry his entire expedition, Tipo-tipo, cumbered with the sick, would be a burden rather than a help, and at the rate they were moving, eight marches, more or less, would not amount to much. Besides, marching by land, Stanley saw must be given up or they would never get to the sea. Thus far they had scarcely made any westing at all, having gone almost due north, and were nearly as far from the Atlantic Ocean as when they left Nyangwe. The only thing he feared was the effect the departure of the escort would have on his men. In announcing to them that on the sixth day they should start down the river, he made them quite a speech, in which he asked them if he had not always taken good care of them and fulfilled all his promises, and said that if they would trust him implicitly he would surely bring them out to the ocean and see them safe back to Zanzibar "As a father looks after his children," he said, "so will I look after you." A shout greeted him at the close. One of his chiefs followed in an address to the Arabs, while Uledi, the cockswain, spoke for the boatmen.

Preparations for starting were now set on foot, canoes mended, provisions gathered, and everything provided against future contingencies that could be thought of. Christmas day came, and the poor fugitives had quite a frolic there in the wilderness. The twenty-three boats they had captured were christened by the men, amid much merriment, and then canoe races followed, rowed by both men and women; all wound up with a wild war-dance on the banks of the river.

The next day Tipo-tipo gave a grand dinner. The day after, the camps separated, and all intercourse between them ceased.

On the morning of the 28th, Stanley embarked his

men to the sound of drum and trumpet, and Tipo-tipo hearing it in his camp, knew that the parting hour had come, and paraded his men on the bank. As the expedition slowly floated down the stream toward it, there was heard a deep, plaintive chant from the Arabs on the bank, as a hundred melodious voices arose in a farewell song; out from the dim forest, and over the rippling water it floated, in sweet melancholy strains, that touched every heart in that slowly-moving fleet of canoes. Louder and louder swelled the chant, increasing in volume and pathos, as the wanderers drew nearer. As they approached the Arab camp they saw the singers ranged in a row along the bank. Passing slowly by them, they waved a silent adieu, for their hearts were too full to speak. On they floated, and still the chant went on, until, at last, it died away in the distance, and sadness and silence rested on the stream. No one spoke a word, and Stanley cast his own eyes, not wholly dry, over the crowded boats, and was moved with the deepest pity. Nearly all were sitting with their faces hidden in their hands and sobbing. Those they were leaving behind were about to return to their homes—they to enter new dangers, out of which they might never emerge. No wonder they were sad, and it is singular that not a man, even of those who had before deserted, asked permission to go back. It was a mournful scene there in the wilds of Africa, and on that mysterious river, and Stanley said it was the saddest day in his whole life.

The casting of their fortunes in this desperate venture of his, shows what wonderful influence he had acquired over them, and with what devotion he had inspired them. No wonder his heart clung to them to the last, and he would never leave them, until he saw them safe again in their homes. In order to rouse the men, he shouted, "Sons of Zanzibar, lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? Here we are all together, like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our home. See this river, it is the

road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? Strike your paddles deep, and cry out 'Bismillah,' and let us forward." No shout greeted this appeal, as with sickly smiles they paddled downward. Uledi tried to sing, but it was such a miserable failure that his sad companions could not restrain a smile.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A common fate binding all—"We want to eat you"—The home of the Hippopotamus—The persuasive eloquence of the cannibal prisoners—A novel sensation—A peaceful tribe—the cannibals prevent a fight—A sudden attack—A successful stratagem—Another fight—A hard carry around the falls—An advanced tribe—River full of Islands—Magnificent scenery—Stanley's expedition—A grand barbecue—A necessary fight—Night work—Seventy-eight hours' incessant toil—Passing the rapids—A lost man—A thrilling spectacle—Great daring—Lost men—A fearful night—Rescue in the morning—Brave Uledi—A carry round the falls—A brilliant manœuvre—In a net—Man meat—Another fight—The Congo starts for the sea—Another fight A deserted village—Around the falls—Muskets—A fight—Home of the Hippopotami—A new war-cry—Astonishment of the natives at seeing a white man—More enemies—Stanley's speech—A fight—Three hundred and fifteen muskets against forty-four—Starving—Friendly savages—Abundant provisions—Death and burial of a chieftain's wife—A friendly tribe—Beautiful women—Serpents in camp—The last and fiercest fight—Stanley Pool—Friendly chiefs—Curious interview with King Itisi—A general peace.

STANLEY was now like Cortez when he burned his ships behind him—there was no returning—one and all must move on together to a common fate. All danger of desertion, for the present, was over, and he felt that the consciousness of there being no possible escape, and that one destiny awaited them all, not only bound them closer together, but would make them better fighters.

At first, on their downward march, they met a peaceful tribe, and then a hostile one who would listen to no terms, and whose reply to every request for peace was, "We don't want you; we will eat you." They, however, passed by unmolested, and swept down the river, aston-

ished to see it so thickly populated. That night they encamped in a dense jungle, which was found to be the home of the hippopotamus in the dry season. Tipo-tipo had left with Stanley two cannibals he had captured, to be used by him in conciliating the savages, as they knew their language. These tried their arts this night on the natives on the farther bank, who no sooner espied the strangers, than they beat their drums and advanced to attack them. The cannibals talked so eloquently and plausibly to them, that the savages withdrew and left them in peace. The next morning they came to a large river named Lowwa, one thousand yards wide.

On the last day of the year, they were moving quietly down the stream—the heavens bright above them and the banks green beside them—when they suddenly heard the hated war-drum sound; and soon the canoes of the natives shot out from both shores, and for a moment a collision seemed inevitable; but the two cannibals shouted *Sennenneh!* "peace," so plaintively that they desisted and the little fleet passed on unmolested. But the next day they met other boats, which advanced, their crews shouting "we will eat you," but they were easily driven off. It produced a novel sensation in Stanley to be hailed every day and ordered to give himself up for a good *roast.* At length they came to a peaceful tribe, from whom they obtained provisions.

Gathering such information as they could from the natives, they now continued on very quietly, when they were suddenly attacked by savages in canoes of immense size. One, eighty-five feet long, singled out the Lady Alice and made for it. The crew of the latter waited till it came within fifty feet, and then, pouring in a deadly volley, made a dash to run it down. The frightened crew, just before the collision, jumped over-board, leaving the big boat in the hands of Stanley.

Keeping on, after this little fight, they passed small tributaries, and at length heard the roar of a cataract below. But while they were listening to the unwelcome sound, there suddenly rose over it the wild, shrill war-

cries of the savages from both sides of the river. There was no escape for the expedition now—they must turn and fight. Dropping their stone anchors near the bank, they poured in their volleys, but, not being able to dislodge them, they pulled up their anchors and rowed up stream, where Stanley divided his forces, and while one attracted the attention of the enemy in front, the other landed, and, marching across the land, took them in rear. As soon as Stanley heard the first shot, announcing its arrival, he landed and attacked the enemy in front and routed them, and camped for the night undisturbed.

Next morning, however, the natives appeared again in strong numbers and attacked the camp. The fight was kept up for two hours, when a sally was ordered, and they charged on the enemy, which, though giving way kept up the fight for four or five hours. Two of Stanley's men were killed and ten wounded. The former were thrown into the river, for Stanley had determined to bury no more men till out of the cannibal country. This defeat of the natives gave the expedition a few days' rest, so that this first of the series of "Stanley's falls," as they were named, could be thoroughly explored, not only for geographical purposes, but to ascertain the best way of getting around them. He found that the falls could not be run, and that a carry around them some two miles long must be made. A path was cleared with axes, and boat and canoes were taken from the water and carried with great labor, yet safely, overland, and launched once more on the stream without accident, and he anchored in a creek near its entrance into the main river. Not wishing to remain here, the order to advance was given, and soon they were again afloat on the great river. Sweeping downward they heard the roar of another cataract, and, although the war-horns were resounding on every side, encamped on an island in the middle of the river. The hostile natives on the island, filled with terror, escaped to the mainland. In the morning Stanley explored the island, and found it contained five villages, all now deserted—and

in them such a variety of implements as showed that the inhabitants were adepts in the manufacture of all kinds of iron tools.

The river was full of islands, winding among which, day after day, Stanley often found to be the only means of escape from the pertinacious cannibals. They presented a beautiful appearance with their luxuriant foliage, and occasionally was to be seen the beautiful striped antelope, and other animals, who would look

STRIPED ANTELOPE (FOUND ALONG THE CONGO).

on in wonderment at the flotilla of boats and then bound away; but while the eye was resting on all this loveliness, the ear would be saluted with the sound of war-drums and hideous shouts. Whenever Stanley landed and visited a village from which the inhabitants had fled, he would see human bones scattered around, flung

aside like oyster-shells, after the meat was removed, and at times the whole expedition felt as if they were destined to make a grand luncheon for these ferocious man-eaters.

The next day Stanley began to make preparations to get around the falls. The first thing was to clear himself of the savages that crowned the left bank, and were ready to pounce upon him at any moment. So taking thirty-six men he led them through the bushes and drove the natives back to their villages, a mile distant, and after a desperate struggle, out of them. He next cut a narrow path, three miles long, around the cataract. This was slow work, and, as haste was imperative, the men were kept at work all night, flaming torches lighting up the way and making the gloomy shadows of the strange forest deeper still. Camps were distributed at short intervals along the route, and to the first of these the canoes were carried before daylight. The savages made a rush on them but were driven back. At night another stretch of path was made, to which the canoes and baggage where hurried before the cannibals were astir in the morning. There was less hostility and the work went steadily on, and at last, after seventy-eight hours of unwearied labour, and almost constant fighting, the river was again reached and the boat launched. This was January 14th, but though the river had been reached new perils awaited them. There was a stretch of two miles of rapids that must be passed. After six canoes had been passed safely, one was upset, and one of those in it, Zaidi, instead of swimming ashore, as the others did, clung to it, and was borne helplessly down to the cataract below. But on the very verge was a solitary rock on which the boat drifted and split—one part getting jammed fast. To this the poor wretch clung with the strength of despair, while all around leaped and whirled and roared the boiling water. Those on shore shrieked in agony, and Stanley was hastily sent for. He immediately set to work making a rattan rope, in order to let down a boat to him by which he could be pulled ashore. But the rope was not strong enough,

and snapped asunder as soon as the boat reached the heavy suck of water just above the falls, and it was whirled into the vortex below. Other and stronger ropes were then made, and another canoe brought up and three ropes lashed to it. A couple of men would be needed to paddle and steer the boat so that it could reach the unfortunate wretch on his perilous perch, and volunteers were called for. But one glance at the wild and angry waves was enough, and no one responded. Stanley then appealed to their feelings, when the brave Uledi stepped forward and said, "I will go." Others of the crew followed, but only one was needed. The two stepped calmly into the boat and pushed off—watched with intense anxiety by those on shore. Reaching a certain distance above the falls, it drifted rapidly down toward them, guided by those holding two of the cables on shore. The third floated from the stern of the boat for the poor wretch on the rock to seize. Attempt after attempt was made to get this within Zaidi's reach, but the whirling waters flung it about like a whip-lash. At length the boat was lowered so close to the brink of the falls that he was able to reach it, but no sooner had he seized it and flung himself loose, than he was borne over the edge and disappeared below. But he held on to the rope and soon his head appeared above the boiling waves, when the word was given to haul away. The strain, however, was too great, and the cables parted and away dashed the canoe toward certain destruction, and a cry of horror arose from those on shore, for all three now seemed inevitably lost. But Zaidi below, by hanging on to the rope, pulled the boat against the rock where it lay wedged. He was then pulled up, and the three crouched together on the rock. A stone was now tied to about three hundred feet of whipcord and flung to them, but they failed to catch it. Again and again was it thrown only to be pulled in and recast, but at last it whirled so close to them that they caught it. A heavy rope of rattan was then tied to it and drawn across and fastened, and a bridge thus secured.

But this had taken so much time that night came on before they could finish their work; the three wretched men were left to crouch on the rock, and wait for the morning. All night long they held on to their wild perch, while the water rushed, and boiled, and roared around them, and the deep thunder of the cataract rising in one deep monotone over all, so that they could not hear each other speak.

The next morning early, the Arabs were set to work making more ropes, which were finally hauled across, and fastened round the waists of each man, and then, one by one, they leaped into the water and were drawn safely ashore, amid the shouts of the people.

They now set to work cutting a road three miles long through the woods. Over this the canoes were, with great labor, hauled before the savages on the farther side knew what they were about. But the moment they were afloat, they discovered them, and rushed forward with their canoes, and the battle commenced. Stanley dashed through them, and sweeping down stream for a mile, landed on the island where the tribe lived, and quietly detaching twenty men, sent them to the villages, while he kept the savages at bay. In a short time, the detachment returned, bringing with them a crowd of women and children as prisoners, and a large herd of sheep. The savages, when they saw these marching down to the landing place, were taken so completely aback, that they stopped fighting at once, and withdrew to consult what was best to do in this extraordinary turn of affairs. They sat in their canoes, waiting to see their friends massacred. Negotiations for peace were soon opened and concluded, and the ceremony of blood-brotherhood was gone through with, the captives and herds were surrendered up, and friendly terms were established.

The fifth cataract was at the foot of this island, and was safely passed, and the expedition encamped on the bank of the river, on a green plat of ground, and slept undisturbed. In the morning, to their unbounded sur-

prise, they found themselves inclosed in a net of cord, reaching from the shore above the camp, to the shore below, passing through the bushes. Stanley knew what this meant—that they were to be speared, when they approached, like so many wild beasts. He at once ordered one of the chiefs, Manwa Sera, to take thirty men, and row up the river a short distance and land, and march inland, and come up behind those lying in wait outside of the net. At the end of an hour he ordered men forward to cut the nets, when the firing commenced. The savages soon turned and fled, but to their astonishment, met the enemy advancing on them by the road leading from their villages, and fled in every direction. Eight prisoners were, however, captured, and brought into camp. On being questioned, they confessed that they were after man-meat, and said that their tribe, which lived about a day's journey inland, eat old men and women and every stranger that fell into their hands.

They now kept down the river for several miles unmolested, and at length heard the sullen roar of the sixth cataract rising over the woods, and camped on the right bank, near an island covered with villages. Stanley knew what was before him, and ordered a stockade to be commenced immediately. But, before it was finished, the everlasting drum and horn pealed through the woods, and soon the savages were upon them. After a short fight, they retreated, followed by Stanley's soldiers, to a large village, but there were only three or four old women in it, whom they brought into camp. In a short time a heavier force approached and made a furious attack, but were quickly driven back and two wounded men taken prisoners. A part of the force was all this time cutting a path around the cataract. The next morning they set to work with a will, and by noon had got safely around it. Stanley having wormed out of his captives all the information he could of the surrounding country and the various tribes that inhabit it, set them free. Passing some rapids, they came to a village, in which there was but a single old man, solitary and