

alone, and who had been there for several days. The next day they halted to repair the boats. The persistent course of the river, till within the last few days, to the north, and sometimes north-east, had troubled Stanley, and but for the immense volume of water that he knew had no eastern outlet, would have shaken his faith in its being the Congo. But, since he passed the last cataract he noticed that it gradually deflected to the north-west, and now swept by almost due west, having evidently at last started on its march for the sea. Long islands still divided the river, making, most of the time, two streams and shutting out the opposite banks. Keeping down the right channel, they passed through enchanting scenery, undisturbed by war-drums and savage shouts. Though the water was smooth on their side, over the island, on the other, they could hear the roar of rapids, and a few miles farther down the loud roar of the seventh and last cataract of the "Stanley falls" burst on their ears, filling the solitude with its loud thunder. The river here was over a mile wide, and the fall of such an immense body of water over a high ledge made the earth fairly tremble.

It was one incessant fight, either with the savages or with nature, and it seemed as if fate was determined to wear out these indomitable men. Soon the loud war-drums, and horns, and battle-shouts were mingled with the roar of the cataract, showing them that here, too, they must fight before they could get below it. Dropping down as near as it was safe to the commencement of the rapids, they pulled ashore and pitched their camp in a dense forest. Fearful of being attacked before they could intrench, they immediately set to work with their axes to throw together a brushwood fence, while thirty soldiers were stationed in front toward the river, to repel any assault. They had hardly got it completed before the naked cannibals were upon them with a fury that threatened to break through their defences. All this time out from the woods, adown the gorge through which the river plunged, war-drums and horns were

heard summoning the thickly-scattered villages to the scene of combat. Before the steady fire of the musketeers the savages suffered so severely that at sunset they abandoned the attack and withdrew. Stanley now secured his boats and strengthened the brushwood fence, and laid his plans for the morning.

The camp was roused at five o'clock, and they pushed on to a point nearer the falls, so that the work of carrying around them was completed before the Wangas were upon them. Everything being made secure here, they waited for the expected attack to begin, but no enemy appearing, Stanley sent out scouts to ascertain what they were about. They brought back word that no savages were to be seen. On advancing to the villages, Stanley found to his astonishment that they were all deserted. Why or whither they had fled was a profound mystery. Here was a town or cluster of villages, each with four or five streets running through it, and capable of containing two thousand inhabitants, deserted in a single night. The silence of death reigned over it.

Left thus at peace, he began to turn his attention to the falls. He found the river here in this terrific gorge was contracted to less than one-third of its breadth a short distance above, and hence flowed with a power and strength that can hardly be conceived. Crowded together, the waters struggled and leaped, and tore onward with a wildness and fury like the Niagara River below the falls. He here found baskets tied to long poles set to catch fish. They emptied some of these, and found in them about thirty fish, of a different species from any known in our waters, showing that they had got among savages that did not wholly depend on human flesh for subsistence in the way of meat. They showed, also, in their villages and houses, and various implements and articles of household furniture, that they were in advance of the cannibals above them. At the same time, they seemed more alert, fearless and determined.

The carry around these falls was not interrupted, and

the immense labor of transporting so many boats and so much baggage along a rough-cut path was cheerfully performed. The next day, however, while congratulating themselves on the changed conditions of things, they saw a large number of canoes approaching, and soon a musket-shot rang over the water, and one of Stanley's men fell. A new peril now threatened them —they found the natives armed with Portuguese muskets. Though it was a sure sign that they were approaching the coast, it showed, also, that hereafter it was to be fire-arms against fire-arms, not rifles against spears and arrows; and if the natives continued hostile, the destruction of the expedition seemed certain with such odds against it. Heretofore in every combat the men picked up a number of native shields, almost as big as doors, which they preserved. In battle, the women and children would hold these before the soldiers, which was the chief reason why there had been so few casualities when fighting from the boats; but if bullets hereafter were to be fired, these would be of no use. Still there was nothing left but to fight to the last.

This changed condition of things caused Stanley the greatest anxiety, He, however, formed his boats in line of battle and the firing commenced—the natives after every discharge retiring to reload. Stanley's soldiers fired so rapidly, and with such deadly effect, that after an hour had passed the natives withdrew, and the expedition moved off and was soon lost to sight amid the innumerable islands that studded the river—each one loaded with the most luxuriant vegetation.

The next day they floated down the river undisturbed—the islands growing thicker as it expanded, being now several miles wide. On one of them they saw an immense elephant standing amid the trees, but no one proposed to stop and kill him, though his huge tusks were a tempting sight, and further on a large tiger; there was too much at stake to think of hunting them, or the great crocodiles, hippopotami, and other amphibious monsters, who make the channels around these islands their home.

The next day, the 13th of February, they suddenly came upon a large number of villages. They were hidden from view, till they were so close upon them, it was too late to retreat. The next minute the forest resounded with the loud war-drums and ivory horns, while the fierce war-cries had changed their character and sounded like nothing human Stanley had ever heard. Brigh gun-barrels gleamed above the light, graceful boats a they came swiftly on. But as they drew near, the natives seemed to be filled with such strange wonder a

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the novel spectacle of two white men, that they did not fire, but sat and stared at them as if they had been ghosts. They followed them for five miles in dead silence, when one of them fired and killed an Arab. In an instant, the boats wheeled and opened such a rapid fire, that the savages retreated. But, when Stanley again resumed his downward course, they turned and followed after, hovering like hawks around him for five miles, but making no attack.

They were now just above the equator, and were moving south-west. The next morning the islands were so

thick that they shut out both banks, but keeping on down stream they at length came upon a village, and attempted to pass it unobserved, but the tap of a drum showed that they were observed, and their hearts sunk within them at the prospect of another fight. In a few minutes drum was answering drum in every direction, and soon the savages were seen manning their canoes. Stanley, seeing his men were worn down by this incessant fighting, made them a short speech, telling them if they must die it would be with their guns in their hands. He had come to have a great contempt for the natives on the water so long as they were without fire-arms. He could soon scatter them and keep them at a respectful distance with his rifles, but when it should be five hundred muskets against his forty guns, the whole character of the struggle would be changed.

As they quietly floated down, canoe after canoe shot out into the river with gayly-decorated savages, till a whole fleet of them were in pursuit. Stanley ordered his men to cease paddling and wait their approach, determined, if possible, to make peace. But while he was standing up holding out cloth and wire and making peaceful gestures, the crew of one canoe fired into his boat wounding three men.

There was nothing left now to do but to fight, and soon the crash of fire-arms awoke the echoes of the forest-covered shores. The men had raised their shields, and to their joy found them a perfect protection, as the enemy fired bits of iron and copper, that could not penetrate them any more than the native arrows. As the fight went on, other canoes arrived, until Stanley counted sixty-three canoes, which he estimated carried five guns apiece, which would make three hundred and fifteen to his forty-four—a desperate odds, and if they had been loaded with bullets, would have doubtless then and there ended the expedition. It is a little curious that whenever Stanley gets into a desperate strait that even his boldness and pluck cannot help him out of, some unforeseen thing comes to his aid, and he escapes.

In this case, his rifles having so much longer range and greater penetrating force than these old-fashioned muskets, most of the enemy kept at a distance of a hundred yards. One brave fellow, however, kept dashing up to within fifty yards, and firing, till he was wounded. It was a lucky thing for Stanley that their guns were poor, their cartridges feeble and their aim bad. At length the fire began to slacken, and dwindling down to now and then a random shot, before six o'clock ceased altogether.

The fight being over, the men laid down their guns and once more took up their paddles and soon were out of sight of their enemies, and at sunset camped on an island that lay amidst a nest of islets. Mr. Stanley says: "We clung to the island channels for four days longer, unseen by any of the natives, for the river was very wide—between nine and ten miles. At a place called Ikengo, a great trading people, we found friends. We made blood brotherhood with many kings and collected a vast deal of information. This tribe was one of the cleverest and most friendly of any we had seen. We halted three days with them. We met no armed force to oppose us in the river below Ikengo, though a few canoes indulged in the customary little distractions of savage life by firing iron slugs at strangers; but, as no one was hurt, we permitted them to have their pleasures without regarding them. In the words of a dry humorist —one of our soldiers—'We ate more iron then grain.'"

It now began to look as if after having escaped death by battle and the cataracts, they were about to yield to famine. They met fishermen, but they would have nothing to do with them. The next day Stanley held a market on the island, where he had encamped, to which the neighboring chiefs came, as well as the villagers. Trade was brisk, and before night he had a bountiful supply of sheep, goats, bananas, flour, sweet potatoes and various tropical fruits, for which he exchanged cloth, and beads, and wire. The men revelled in the unexpected abundance, and hope and joy again took the place of

gloom and discontent. The next day they resumed their apparently endless journey, and floated peacefully amid green islands, scattered like gems over the broad bosom of the now friendly stream.

On the 23rd, while floating quietly down, word was brought Stanley that the wife of one of the Arab chiefs, who had been sick for some time, was dying, and he pulled his boat alongside of the one in which she lay. She knew she was going, and bade him an affectionate good-bye. Soon after she expired. At sunset a weight was tied to her body, and she was dropped into the waters of the river, and left to sleep on its lonely bed, far away from the cocoa-nuts and mangoes of her native land.

Their course now led them among beautiful islets, made gay by the rich plumage of tropical birds, occasionally meeting a few canoes, but no hostility was exhibited.

On the 27th, they came upon natives fishing, who at once showed themselves to be friendly, and exhibited no distrust at all. It was a new revelation to the wanderers. Hitherto, after the most patient waiting and persevering efforts, could they gain the confidence of the savages if they secured it at all; while here it was freely given, and they directed them to a good camping place, on an island from whence they looked across to the fields and villages of Chumbiri, where these fishermen belonged. The fishermen then departed, to report to their king, who sent them back with presents of food, and a promise that he would visit the camp. True to his word, he appeared next day, escorted by five canoes filled with soldiers, carrying muskets. He wore a curious hat, was very cool and self-possessed in his manner, and inclined to be sociable. He took snuff incessantly, and in enormous quantities. After a long conversation, he invited them to make his village their home, and Stanley, wishing to learn all he could of the river below, accepted the invitation, and the expedition crossed the river, and was received in savage pomp. A grand market was held,

and exchanges freely made. The women did not seem to be of the pure African blood, being brown instead of black, with large eyes, beautifully shaped shoulders, and altogether very pretty. They were very fond of ornaments, some of them wearing thirty pounds of brass wire around their necks. Stanley estimated that the forty wives, six daughters and the female slaves of the king carried on their necks about one thousand four hundred pounds of brass wire.

He stayed here a week, enjoying the hospitality of the king, who, to all his other kindness, gave him three canoes, as an escort, and on the 7th of March turned the prows of his boats again down stream. That night they encamped in a jungle, into which two immense serpents crawled, one of which was killed just as he began to twine his folds about a woman. It measured thirteen feet and a half in length, and fifteen inches round the body. The next day passing tributary after tributary they, on the 9th, went ashore to cook breakfast; the women were busily engaged in preparing it, when they were startled by loud musket shots, and six of the men fell. They were taken completely by surprise, but springing to their guns, they dashed into the woods, and a fierce fight followed, which lasted an hour. It was one incessant crack of musketry, each one sheltering himself as best he could. The savages were finally driven off, but not until they had wounded fourteen of Stanley's men. This was the sharpest fight he had had yet, and if it was a prelude to what was to follow, the expedition would soon consist of nothing but wounded men. It is astonishing, that in all these fights, of which this was the thirty-second, and last, neither Stanley nor Pocoke should receive a wound.

After the wounded men had been attended to, they again set out and floated peacefully down, not suspecting any danger, when they approached a settlement which suddenly swarmed with excited armed men. Rowing away as fast as possible, they soon got clear of the village, and encamped three miles below. The next

day the voyage was charming, taking them through beautiful and ever-changing scenery. Nothing occurred to mar their pleasure the following day except a fierce south wind, which now began to set in regularly every day, making the river exceedingly rough for the canoes —especially at this point, where the river expanded to nearly two miles in width. This great breadth extended as far as the eye could reach, and, hemmed in by cliffs, resembled a pool, which young Pocoke christened "Stanley Pool."

Paddling slowly down this pool, they passed several villages. Makoneh, the chief of one, proved very kind and hospitable, and offered to conduct Stanley to the next cataract. As they swept down, they halted at a friendly village, the chief of which inquired how they expected to get over the mighty falls below. He was a bluff, genial, good-souled negro, who seemed glad to assist them in any way in his power, and finally offered to guide them to the cataract. Moving down, soon its low roar was heard swelling over the forest, gradually increasing as they advanced, till it rose like a continuous thunder-peal from the solitude below.

Makoneh led the way, and, just skirting the first line of breakers, landed on a pebbly beach. The village of Itsi was in sight, who was the petty king of a neighboring tribe. Some canoes soon crossed from it, and were received so kindly that the natives went back with such wonderful stories to their king, that next day he paid Stanley a visit. He came in a large canoe carrying eighty-six persons. It was over eighty-five feet long, and propelled by sixty paddlers. These, standing up and keeping time with their strokes to the steady beat of a drum, sent the boat like an arrow through the water, and made a stirring picture as they dashed up to Stanley's camp. There were several gray-headed men present, one of whom was introduced to Stanley as the king. The latter noticed that the rest laughed heartily at this, which afterwards turned out to be a practical joke. However, Stanley sat down with the venerable person

in amicable conversation, while a young native and Frank seemed to strike up a warm friendship for each other, or at least the native for Pocoke, judging by the way he pressed presents on him.

It seemed strange to Stanley that the young savage should give twice as much to Frank as the king gave to him, but it now came out that this young man was the king, and the aged man Stanley had been conversing with, one of his counselors. Stanley at once changed his attention, and asked him what present would please him. The royal young savage had been looking about at the various things in camp, and seeing a very large goat, told Stanley that he wished "big goat." Now this happened to be the last thing the latter wished to part with. A lady in England had requested him to bring back a goat of this very breed, and he had purchased several, of which this alone had survived the long and dangerous journey. He therefore endeavored to bribe the young king by doubling the other presents he had prepared. No, he would have the "big goat." Stanley then offered to give him an ass instead. At this the savage seemed to hesitate. The donkey was very desirable, but at this critical moment the animal sent up a huge bray, which so frightened the women, that he would not take him. Other tempting offers were made but nothing would do but the "big goat," and as Stanley was short of provisions (the men having squandered those the king of Chumbiri had given them), and these he must have, he reluctantly turned over the big goat, and the young king departed higly delighted. The next day he returned bringing three ordinary goats in exchange and some provisions. Soon the kings or chiefs of other neighboring tribes came in bringing fruit, and all was harmonious, and treaties of amity were made with all. The one with Itsi was quite ceremonious. Among other things he gave Stanley a white powder as a charm against evil, in return for which, the latter, with all due gravity, presented him with a half-ounce vial full of magnesia as the white man's charm. This

and blood-brotherhood closed the formal proceedings of the treaty-making powers—quite as important, in their way, as similar councils in civilized countries.

Stanley found by observation that though he had traveled from Nyangwe over one thousand two hundred miles, he had descended not quite a thousand feet.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tribal differences—What is the cause of them—The Congro Tribes—The cannibals left behind—Change of scenery—Livingstone Falls—A wild stretch of water—Carrying boats over land—Exhausting, slow work—A canoe lost—Stanley falls thirty feet—Rocky falls—A fearful sight—Kalulu over the falls—A canoe shoots the Kalulu Falls in safety—A third canoe shoots the falls and disappears—Soudi's strange story—More rapids—Difficulties increase—Narrow escape of Stanley—Joy at his deliverance—Four cataracts in sight—Strange music—Less than a mile a day—The big cataract—Scaling a mountain one thousand feet high—Astonishment of the natives.

IT is a little singular, that in this age of inquiry and persistent effort to get at the cause of things, no one has yet attempted to explain the reason of tribal differences. Aborigines occupy the same parallels of latitude and longitude, subject to the same influences of climate, living on the same diet, are different in color, features, and more than all, in disposition. The real, or supposed influences, that lie at the bottom of the different races, do not apply here. Difference of origin, of climate, of food, all these must have great effect in changing color, features and character, and hence, to a certain extent, explain how such distinct nationalities exist, but not in the least account for tribal differences, where all these are the same, and where there are not even barriers of mountains and rivers separating them. Why should our western Indian tribes, roaming over the same prairies, living on the same food, and similar in all their mode of life, be yet so different in form, feature and disposition?

Is there really no way of getting a satisfactory, true explanation of all this?

So in Africa, Stanley crossed the continent in the same general range of latitude. The savages he met were all dwellers of the equatorial region; hence, lived in the same climate, using the same food, dressing in the same way, and living the same life, and yet as dissimilar as different nationalities. If any educational influences had been brought to bear upon them, one could understand this, but none have been exerted. These same tribal differences Stanley found on the Congo. Fierce cannibals and gentle agricultural people were living side by side. Suspicious, faithless men, differing very little from the better class of monkeys, lived neighbours to tribes unsuspicious and trustful, and wonderfully advanced in the art of mechanism. Here at the falls, which he named "Stanley Falls," the natives were suspicious, faithless, cruel, and now when he reaches the Livingstone Falls, he finds them hospitable, kind and trusting. When this difference bursts on him practically, he feels it sensibly, but philosophically dismisses it with the simple remark, such "is the effect of trade." We cannot accept this as any explanation at all, for there was no trade with the outside world, and they showed the same kindly natures before *he* commenced trading with them.

The only evidence of their connection with civilised life was that they had muskets, and yet the very first tribe which possessed them was the most fierce, implacable and relentless he met with. This ethnological question has never yet been settled.

Still it is not singular that Stanley just then did not trouble himself with it. As long as the difference existed and was now in his favor he was content, as well he might be.

The friendly natives at the head of these falls assured him that he had passed the cannibal country, but they differed materially as to the number of falls below—one making them three and another a half a dozen or more.

No matter whether they were few or many, they had got to be passed, though he dragged his canoes over lofty mountains to do it.

But if the change in the character of the natives was great, that in the character of the scenery and aspect of the river was no less so. The wild, fierce savages had become tame, while the gently flowing river, studded with green islands, had become wild and fierce and angry. The gradually descending plain was transformed into the terrific gorge, over which hung beetling cliffs, and the placid current into a roaring torrent, dashing amid rocks and plunging over precipices, and filling the solitudes with an every-angry voice. Hostile savages were behind, but hostile nature was before the adventurers, to whom there would be no rest till they found the restless sea.

Immediately before them were two stretches of rapids and then a cataract. The first was a mere piece of broken water that was easily passed. Having no fear of hostile natives, Stanley leisurely explored both river and shore to ascertain the best way of getting around the second rapids. The goods, asses, women and children were taken overland, while the boats were led with hawsers from rock to rock along the shore. Fortunately not a rope broke, and by five o'clock the rapids were passed and all were in camp together.

The last, Stanley declared to be the wildest stretch of water he had ever seen. For four miles the river looked as if thrown upward by volcanic action beneath, and at the same time swept by a fierce hurricane above, and all the while dashing madly on at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Huge troughs would be formed, as if the stream was yawning asunder, and then the divided water would come together with a crash, sending up columns twenty feet high to dissolve in foam and spray. The crash of colliding waves and the steady roar of the rapids were awful. It was literally a "hell of waters." The land carriage around this wild stretch was a rough piece of work. Paths of brushwood were made, and

the canoes slowly hauled up rocky heights and slid down into deep gullies—the women and children toiling after. They were nearly four days getting around this four miles of impassable rapids. The men were fainting for want of food, when smooth water was at last reached. This, however, continued but a short distance, when they had to take to land again, and haul their boats over a rocky point for three-quarters of a mile, which it took three days to accomplish. When it is remembered that one of the canoes was eighty-five, and another seventy-five feet long and dug out of a solid tree, we can get some conception of the tremendous effort it required to transport them over rocks and hills. When smooth water was again reached, it gave them only a short respite. Stanley, however, found it necessary to halt and give the people rest, for the tremendous strain of the last week was telling fearfully on them.

On the 25th they found themselves once more confronted by ugly rapids. In endeavoring to lead the boats around them, the best canoe was dragged by the mere force of the current from the hands of fifty men and whirled down the mad stream and dashed to pieces. Toiling amid the rocks several men got injured—one had his shoulder dislocated, while Stanley fell into a chasm thirty feet deep, but fortunately struck on his feet, and thus escaped with some light bruises, though he was very much stunned. On the 27th they succeeded in getting past this "cauldron," as it was called, although they narrowly escaped losing their largest canoe. The next day was smooth water for only a short distance, when they came to "Rocky Falls." These, however, were passed with comparative ease, and two men sent forward to explore. They reported, on their return, that about a mile below was another cataract, and that at its head was an excellent camp in a sandy bay. Stanley, therefore, determined to reach it before dark, and so manning his remaining seventeen canoes, he led the way, hugging the shore, so as not to get into

the suction of the water above the falls. All were told to follow him, and by no means to venture out into the middle of the stream. Keeping close to the right bank, he felt his way carefully onward, and at last floated into the tranquil bay, at the head of the fall. Three canoes followed him, and as he was waiting for the others to come in, he saw, to his horror, the largest canoe he had, in midstream, and coming down like a race-horse. Kalulu had charge of this, and deceived by the smooth, glassy surface of the stream, pulled out into midcurrent. The moment he was caught by it his doom and that of the four men with him was sealed. There was nothing to be done by those on shore but to watch the swiftly gliding boat till it shot over the edge of the falls to disappear in the tumult below. Three of the men were Stanley's especial favorites, and he felt their loss keenly. While his eye was yet resting on the spot where they had gone down, another canoe shot in sight, driving straight for the falls. Fortunately, they struck them at the least dangerous point, and went over safely, then skilfully working the canoe toward the opposite shore, sprang overboard and swam to land. Stanley immediately dispatched his boat's crew upstream to tell the rest to hug the shore, and in no case venture out into the stream. Before they reached the canoes, another one, with only the lad Soudi in it, shot by, who cried out, as he was borne swiftly onward, "There is but one God—I am lost, master," and next moment dropped out of sight. Strange to say, though the canoe was whirled about at the bottom like a spinning top, it did not sink, and was finally swept out of sight behind an island. The rest of the canoes arrived safely.

The next day Stanley sent Frank back to bring over the goods to where he was encamped, while he traded with the natives, whom he found very friendly, and from whom he obtained abundant provisions. Resting here one day, they, on the 1st of April, got everything round the falls and encamped. In the afternoon, to the sur-

prise and joy of all, young Soudi walked into camp. He had a strange story to tell. He was borne helplessly down the rapids, confused and dizzy, till at last the boat drifted against a rock, when he jumped out and got on shore. Before he had time to think where he was, he was seized from behind and pinioned, and borne to the top of a mountain by two men, who stripped and examined him with great curiosity. The next day several of the tribe came to see him, one of whom had been in Stanley's camp when King Itsi visited it, and he told them such terrible stories about Stanley and of his gun that could shoot all day, that they became frightened and took him back to the place where they had found him, and told him to speak well of them. The other two men had swam across the river, a mile below, and also joined the camp.

Proceeding on down stream they came to more rapids, in passing which there were many narrow escapes. It was a succession of rapids, and while Stanley carried the boats through them, Frank took the rest of the party and goods overland. The former examined every inch of the way carefully before starting. Thus day after day passed, always fighting the relentless river. Sometimes the water was too rough to admit the passage of the boats, and then they had to be carried overland. It was slow and tedious work, and but little progress was made. The question each one kept asking himself was, how long will this last and when shall we see smooth water again?

Each day was but the repetition of the former, and if the natives had been as hostile as those farther up the river, they could not have got on at all. The only variation was when the river took some new whim or the formation of the country required more effort and new modes of getting on. Thus one day they undertook to lead the canoes by hawsers around a rocky point, where the eddies set up stream with the strength and velocity of a torrent, so that it seemed impossible to get them down stream. To add to the difficulty the cliffs, on the top of which the men with the hawsers

stood, were fifty feet high, with their jagged edges, sawed the ropes till they parted one after another.

So creeping along the shore to-day, and daring the mid-stream, though boisterous, yet clear of rocks, to-morrow, they kept on, hoping after the next stretch to reach a quiet flowing river. The Lady Alice fared hard in this perilous navigation, and once came near being lost. All this time the resources of the expedition were being exhausted, for though the natives were friendly, everything had to be paid for, and it was not difficult to answer the question "How long would their currency last?"

The next rapids they came to Stanley named the "Lady Alice Rapids," because we suppose both he and the boat escaped, almost by a miracle, sharing the same fate in the wild and mad waters of the Livingstone. The cables lashed to bow and stern, to let the boat down, parted, or were snatched from the hands on shore, and away she dashed down the foaming torrent. Above, the naked cliffs rose three hundred feet high—around boiled and tossed the tumultuous waters, and certain destruction seemed to await the man who had triumphed over so many obstacles, and at last was nearing the goal of his ambition. The Arabs, whose life depended on his life, were in despair—their master was gone—there was no one left to lead them out of this strange wilderness. Nothing but the coolness of Stanley saved him and his crew. Watching every change in the flow of the water—resigning himself to the wild will of the wild waters, when struggling was useless—taking advantage of every favorable change of the current, and bidding his men row for life at the right time, he at length reached shore, and at once sent messengers to his despairing camp to tell them he was safe. He knew, and they knew, that all their lives hung on his. He had had a narrow escape, and the natives on shore, as they watched his boat flung about like a cockle-shell in the boiling surge, looked upon him as lost.

If Stanley wanted any new proof of the affection of

his Arabs for him he had it now. He had been only able, after his fierce struggle with the rapids, and being carried, in the meantime, over one fall, to reach land at last two miles below his camp, where he was looked upon as lost. When, therefore, the message was received from him that he was alive and safe, they streamed forth in one confused mass, and hastening down the river, came in a long straggling line in sight of Stanley, waving their arms on high, shouting words of welcome and overwhelming him with their expressions of glad joy. This involuntary outburst of feeling and gratitute that their "master" was safe, was worth tenfold over all the suffering and peril he had endured. It is strange, when such momentous results hang on a single life, how we go on as though nothing depended upon it till the moment we are losing it comes.

The men, women, and children had joined in this grand exodus to congratulate Stanley on his deliverance from what appeared certain death, and the men now returned to bring up the goods to this point where the camp was pitched. Not twenty rods from it the Nikenke River came foaming, tumbling into the Livingstone from a precipice one thousand feet high, with a terrific roar and rumble. Almost as near, another tributary dashed over a ledge four hundred feet high, while just above was the wild rapids he had just passed, and just below another stretch of swift and tumbling water. The din of these surrounding cataracts made a fearful, strange music in these mysterious solitudes, and awakened strange feelings in Stanley, as he lay and listened and wondered what would come next,

The sharp crash of the near cataract tumbling from its height of a thousand feet, the low rumble of the lower fall, and the deep boom of the mighty river made a grand diapason there in the wilds of Central Africa. West from the great lakes, the continent seemed to stretch in one vast plateau, across which the river moved in placid strength, its gently sweeping current, parted with beautiful islands, that filled the air with perfume ex-

haled from countless flowers and tropical plants, and making a scene of loveliness that intoxicated the senses.

But all this was marred by the presence of blood-thirsty cannibals, whose war-drums and savage cries filled this world of beauty with terrific sounds and nameless fears. But the moment the stream reached the edge of this plateau, where man seemed to become more human, it rolled into cataracts and rapids, down a steep incline, till it came to the sea.

Canoes were upset and lost, and men barely saved from death, by expert swimming, during these fearful days, and yet Stanley could get no reliable information from the natives how far down this remorseless stretch of water extended. This terrible struggle, which the party underwent, and the exhausting nature of their work may be faintly imagined when it is stated that for thirty-seven consecutive days they *made less than a mile a day.* It was a constant succession of rapids from the middle of March to the latter part of April.

At length, on the 22d, they came to the "big cataract," called by the natives Inkisi, which Stanley fondly believed would be the last. The table-land here is one thousand feet high, and the natives occupying it flocked into Stanley's camp, curious to know how he was to get his canoes past the falls. When he told them that he was going to drag them over that table-land one thousand feet high, they looked at him in speechless astonishment. His own men were thunderstruck when he announced to them his determination. But they had got so accustomed to believe that he could do anything he resolved to do, that they silently acquiesced. The natives, as they looked at the heavy canoes and then on the lofty height, with its steep, craggy ascent, took their departure and began to climb back to their homes to secure their property, for, they said, if the white man intended to fly his boats over the mountains, they did not know what terrible things might next happen.

Having settled on the undertaking, Stanley imme-

diately set to work to carry it out, and the first day built a road nearly a mile long. The next day the Lady Alice and a small canoe were resting on the high summit. The work was done so quietly and without any disastrous results to life and property, that the native chiefs were dumb with admiration and offered to bring six hundred men next day to help haul up the heavy canoes. They kept their word, and soon boats and baggage were in camp on the top of the mountain. Sending off a party ten miles ahead to prepare the natives for his coming, Stanley took the women and children, and goods and boat's crew on to the next tribe to make a camp near the river, for the purpose of exploring the defile through which he was to work his way.

He had found many articles of English make, and dishes, etc., among the natives, showing that he was approaching the coast from which these must have been obtained. They had not, however, been brought there by traders, but had worked their way up from market to market along the river. It was encouraging, nevertheless, to the members of the expedition, who were getting worn out, while disease prevailed to a large extent and threatened to increase. Still they might be a great way off from the coast yet, in time if not in distance, if they continued to make but one mile a day. Hence Stanley had to be very economical in everything, especially in the use of meat—though the constant and terrible mental and physical strain on him made it necessary that he should have the most nourishing food. For lack of this in a simple form, he concocted a dish out of vegetables, fruit and oil, which proved a great success.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Last instructions—A magnificent forest—Stanley thinks of dug-outs at home—Resolves to build canoes—The first tree felled—Two canoes finished—The boats and expedition moving overland—Arabs stealing—Redeeming a captive held for theft—Canoes over the mountain—Rest—Third canoe built—Dispiriting news—Native superstition—A narrow escape—Launching of the third canoe—Rains—Rise of the river—Storms—The expedition moves over the mountain—Frank takes the canoes by the river—Mowwa Falls—A terrific scene—Passing the Mowwa Falls—Uledi caught in theft—His sentence—A touching scene — Atonement — Forgiveness—Christian principles in heathens—A strange superstition—The natives demand that Stanley's note-book be burned up—A painful dilemma—A successful stratagem—Shakespeare burned—Frank's last night with Stanley.

IT was the 29th of April when Stanley gave his last instructions to his Arab chiefs about getting the canoes down the mountain to Nzabi, the home of the next tribe west. On his way he entered a magnificent forest—the tall and shapely trees of which reminding him of his early wanderings in the wilds of Arkansas and on our western frontiers. It was not strange, while looking at them, that he should be reminded of the "dug-outs" of the Indians which he had often seen, and that the thought should occur to him to make some canoes, to take the place of those which he had lost in the passage of the rapids and falls above. It seems as if his early life had prepared him especially for all the contingencies that were to occur in his long and varied explorations in Africa. After thinking the matter over a short time, he resolved that the boats should be built, and having obtained permission of the chief of the district, he at once commenced operations. The first tree selected was more than three feet in diameter and run sixty feet straight before it reached a limb. As soon as it was prone upon the ground the men were set to work in sections upon it, and in a week had it finished. In a week more another was completed, measuring forty-

five feet in length and eighteen inches deep. All this time the canoes were advancing over the land at the rate of a little more than a third of a mile a day, and finally reached camp the day before the second boat was finished.

Things, however, had gone badly in the camp on the mountain-top after Stanley left, for the Arabs, following their apparently natural propensity, began to steal. One man, who had been caught in the act, was seized and made a prisoner by the natives, who resolved to keep him as a slave. Stanley spent an entire day negotiating for his redemption, and finally had to give one hundred and fifty dollars worth of cloth to get him released. It was plain that he could not afford to redeem many men at this price, and he distinctly told them that if, after this, any of them were caught stealing, they would be left in the hands of the natives, to be held as slaves for life. A terrible punishment, yet, as it proved, not great enough to deter them from committing the same crime afterwards.

The labour of the men engaged in hauling the canoes over the high mountain had been so great, that Stanley felt that some days of rest were demanded to recuperate them. But as idleness was always the fruitful source of all kinds of evil with the Arabs, he determined to keep the men who had hewed out the boats still at work, and set them to making a third canoe.

The chief of this district now informed Stanley, greatly to his surprise and disappointment, that there were five falls immediately below him, while how many lay between these and the sea no one could tell. No matter; he must still move on, and, for the present, cling to the river on account of the sick, if for nothing else.

On the 18th, he sent off a man to get some axes repaired by a native blacksmith. While the latter was engaged in the work, a spark flew from the anvil against the body of one of his children playing near by, burning him slightly. The enraged man asserted that the accident was owing to a wicked charm of the stranger,

and, running out, beat the war-drum, at which the excited natives assembled in a great fury, and the poor Arab was in danger of immediate immolation, when the chief happened to arrive and saved him.

On May 22d, the great teak canoe, the third which had been built, and which Stanley named Livingstone, was launched in the creek just above its entrance into the river, amid the shouts of the natives. It could carry forty-six people. As far as means of transportation was concerned, Stanley was now at ease—but would there ever be a peaceful river on which these twelve canoes could float?

It was now the 22d of May, and since the 24th of February there had been forty rainy days, and hence for the month they had been working their slow, tedious way over the ridges and mountains, the river had been continually rising, and now, more than eleven feet above its usual height, was rolling in a grand, resistless flood through the gorges. Thunder and lightning had accompanied the storms, lighting up the wild river and drowning its fierce roar, and drenching the wanderers, till it seemed as if heaven itself was leagued with the natives and the cataracts to drive them to despair and destruction. The river was still rising, and the rush and roar of the waters were only less terrific than the deafening thunder-peals that shook the chasm in which they were confined. Still they must move on, even though it should be to greater horrors and more desperate conditions and a darker fate. So on the 23d of May they set out, and carrying around a short fall in the creek on the banks of which they had been encamping, and ascending a mountain, pushed slowly on for three miles over a plateau—the sick and suffering complaining bitterly, while the well were almost ready to give out and die then and there on the shores of the river. Every fall was expected to be the last, and yet proved the forerunner of a worse one to come.

From this creek Stanley led the expedition—those that could walk—to the head of the Mowwa Falls.

Frank, whose lame foot did not permit him to walk, took the Lady Alice, followed by the canoes, out of the mouth of the creek, to coast carefully along down the river to the same camping-place. In the meantime, Stanley, who had arrived first, took a long and anxious survey of the terrific scene before him. At the head of the falls, where he stood on a grassy plot, a ledge of rock twelve feet high ran straight across the river like a wall for a mile and a quarter and then stopped. From the end to the opposite shore it was a clear space of a little more than a quarter of a mile, through which the compressed river rushed with a strength and shout and fury that were appalling. This wall of rock, however, was not solid—here and there it was cut through as if by some mighty blow, making separate channels that had a fall of twelve feet. Below, as far as the eye could reach, treeless mountains arose nearly a mile into the heavens, while half-way up from the mad river, that tore with the sound of thunder along their bases, perpendicular cliffs stood walling in this awful embodiment of power.

A scene of more utter desolation cannot be imagined than was here presented to his view in this solitary spot. The camp seemed a mere speck amid these gigantic outlines of mountain and river. As he thus looked and listened, awe-struck and subdued, he saw Frank in the Lady Alice coming through the rapids at a terrific pace. This was the first time he had attempted such a feat, and he got confused and finally thrown into the worst part of the rapids, and in his frantic struggles to release himself, struck a rock and stove a hole into the boat six inches square. However, all were landed in safety, though Stanley mourned greatly over the severe injury to his boat, which thus far had escaped all harm. It took him a whole day to repair it. Two days after, the goods were transferred below and the boats dropped carefully through the ledge near the shore, where the water was less rough, and reached the camp below the great falls in safety.

While resting here there occurred one of the most interesting scenes of this whole remarkable journey. In the transportion of goods over the mountains robberies had been committed of beads, etc., and now the last man in the whole party Stanley would wish to have accused of theft was found guilty—the noble, brave, reliable and kind Uledi. True as steel in the hour of danger, quiet, obedient, thinking nothing of his life if Stanley asked him to risk it, he had yet stolen—not things of ordinary value, but that on which their very existence might depend. Cloth was getting so plenty among the natives that its value was very much decreased, but beads were worth ten times their weight in gold, and these Uledi had stolen and hidden in his mat. Of course this must be stopped at all hazards and at whatever sacrifice, still Stanley would almost as soon have lost his hand as to leave Uledi, as he threatened he would the next man he found stealing, in the hands of the savages as a slave forever. He therefore called the chiefs together and made them a speech, in which he clearly showed them that their lives depended on putting a stop to theft, for if they were left without anything to buy provisions with, they all would inevitably perish of famine before they reached the sea, and asked them what should be done with Uledi, on whom stolen goods had been found. The principal chief would not answer for some time, but being urged to give his opinion said at last: It was very hard, seeing it was Uledi. Had it been any body else he declared he would vote to pitch him into the river, but now he gave his vote for flogging. The rest of the chiefs concurred with him. Stanley then turned to the boat's crew, of which Uledi was coxswain, and by whom he was dearly loved. The principal one and the most relied on, the watchman of the boat, replied, "Ah, it is a hard question, master. He is like our elder brother; but, as the fathers of the people have spoke, be it so; yet for our sakes, master, beat *him just a little.*" He next accosted Zaidi, by whose side Uledi had clung all night in the midst of the

cataract, and had saved his life by risking his own. He replied, "Remember it is Uledi, master." Next he addressed Uledi's brother, who cried "Spare Uledi, but, if he must be flogged, give me half of it, I shall not feel it if it is for Uledi." Last of all he asked the poor culprit's cousin, when he replied in a speech that the London Athenæum, in quoting it, said would stand beside that of Jeanie Dean's, when pleading for her sister. The poor fellow asked, "Will the master give his slave liberty to speak?" "Yes," replied Stanley. He then came forward, and kneeling before him and clasping his feet with his hands, said: "The master is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is something written. We black men know nothing, neither have we any memory. What we saw yesterday is to-day forgotten. Yet the master forgets nothing. Perhaps, if the master will look into his book, he may see something in it about Uledi. How Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how he has saved many men, whose names I cannot remember, from the river—Bill Ali, Mabruki, Komkusi and others. How he worked harder on the canoe than any three men; how he has been the first to listen to your voice always; how he has been the father of the boat-boys. With Uledi, master, the boat-boys are good and ready, without him they are nothing. Uledi is Shumari's brother. If Uledi is bad Shumari is good. Uledi is my cousin. If, as the chiefs say, Uledi should be punished, Shumari says he will take half of the punishment; then give Saywa the other half, and set Uledi free. Saywa has spoken."

All this was uttered in a low, humble tone, with his head bowed to Stanley's feet. Stanley could not resist such an appeal, and said: "Very well, Uledi, by the voice of the people, is condemned; but as Shumari and Saywa have promised to take the punishment on themselves, Uledi is set free and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned." The moment the poor fellow was set free, he stepped forward and said: "Master, it was not Uledi

who stole—it was the devil which entered into his heart." This touching scene is given, not merely for its pathos, but because the untutored natives, here in the wilds of Africa, illustrated the principles that lie at the very foundation of the Christian religion. First, they recognized the great fundamental doctrine of atonement —of expiation—the suffering of the innocent in the place of the guilty, by which the offender can be pardoned. In the second place, Uledi uttered over again the sentiments of Paul—When a man's whole nature revolts at the wrong he has done, and hates himself for it, it is not he that commits it, but "sin that dwelleth in him," when he would do good, evil was present with him. It was a happy termination of the affair, for it would have been a cruel act to have had the noble, true, unselfish and brave Uledi suffer the indignity of a whip. As in God's arrangement, forgiveness here was a severer condemnation of crime than punishment would have been.

Another scene occurred, while in camp, that shows on what an insignificent, nay, ridiculous thing the fate of a great expedition may turn. One day, Stanley being at leisure, took out his note book and began to write, as was his custom when he had a few hours to himself. The natives, who flocked into camp in great numbers daily, noticed him and began to whisper among themselves. The crowd around him gradually increased and began to be strangely agitated, as the word "tara tara" passed from lip to lip, and presently, as if seized by a single impulse, they all ran away. Stanley merely observed the fact without stopping to think what the cause of this sudden abandonment of the camp might be. He therefore went on writing, when suddenly he was startled by loud war-cries ringing far and near over the mountain top, and, in two hours after, saw between five and six hundred natives fully armed rushing down the table-land toward the camp. He quickly mustered his men to be prepared for what seemed an unprovoked attack, but determined, if possible, to avoid a collision.

He therefore advanced toward them as they drew near, and, sitting down on the ground, in a friendly tone asked what it all meant, and why they had come in such a warlike manner to their friends. A large savage, acting as spokesman, replied that they had seen him make marks on some "tara tara." Those black lines he had drawn on the paper, he said, would bring sickness and death and utter ruin on the land, and the people, and animals, unless the book containing them was burnt up.

Here was an unexpected dilemma. He must burn up that note-book or fight these five or six hundred armed, desperate savages. But that note-book, the gathered results of nearly three years of exploration, was the most precious thing on earth to him. He was astounded and sorely perplexed at the strange demand—burn up that note-book! He might as well burn up himself. Even if he could remember his main adventures, he could not recall all the observations, plans of maps and routes, and statistics of every kind it contained, and, without which, the whole expedition was a failure. No, he could not give it up, but what then—fight one against four, all armed with muskets, to retain it? Suppose he could put them to rout, it could not be done without a serious loss of life to himself as well as to them. But this was not the worst of it—with the natives friendly and aiding him as they had done and supplying him with provisions, it would be almost a miracle if he ever reached the sea-shore; but with them hostile, even if he could fight his way through them, he would certainly perish from famine, for he could obtain no provisions, without which he and the book would perish together. But, still, he could not give up that book, and he turned over in his mind every conceivable plan of averting the catastrophe. Finally, he told them to wait a moment, while, in the meantime, he stepped back to his tent as if to fetch it.

All at once it occurred to him that he might substitute another book for it, if, among his scant collection, he could find one at all resembling it. Turning them

over, he came across a volume of Shakespeare of just about the same size. True, the binding was different, but those savages knew as little of the peculiar binding of a book as they did of its contents. Besides, it lay open on Stanley's knee when they saw it, and they observed only the black lines. However, the attempt to pass it off on these wild savages for the real book was worth making. So taking it in his hand, he walked back to where they stood with ferocious looks waiting for his determination, and handing it to them, told them to take it. No, they would not touch it, he must burn it. Well, Stanley said he would do anything to please such good friends as they were. So together they went to a camp-fire near by, and solemnly consigned poor Shakespeare to the flames.

The natives were delighted at this evidence of Stanley's good will, and became faster friends than ever. What he would have done had it come to the issue—burn that note-book or fight—he does not tell us.

The river had been thoroughly explored for two miles below where they were encamped to the head of the Zinga Falls. It was a rough, wild stretch of water, but it was thought it might be passed safely by using great caution and keeping out of the midstream rapids. At all events, Stanley had determined to try it first himself in his own boat—a resolution that nearly cost him his life. The next day, the 3d of June, the attempt was to be made, and Frank passed the evening in Stanley's tent in great spirits, talking and singing songs of merry old England. He was always singing, and most of the time religious songs which he had learned at home. The wilds of Africa had equalized these men, and they held sweet communion together this last night on the banks of the wild river. Frank seemed unusually exhilarated, little dreaming, alas, that the next night his lifeless body would be tossing amid the rocks that lined the bed of the fierce torrent below—his merry songs all hushed—nevermore to while away the weary hours in this dreary solitude of Africa or brighten the life of his England home.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DEATH OF FRANK POCOKE.

Elevated from the place of servant to that of friend—Proposes to toss up to determine whether they shall follow the Lualaba to the sea or not—Chance decides they shall—Pocoke's shoes become worn out in the forest—Is made lame—Passage of the Mowwa Falls—Stanley's peril—Pocoke's fatal self-will—His death—The sight that stunned Stanley—A gloomy night for him—Pocoke's character.

FRANK POCOKE, who, as stated previously, joined the expedition under Stanley as a servant, and whose brother had fallen at what proved to be the mere outset of the real main expedition, had, by his intelligence, geniality, ability and courage, and perhaps quite as much by the necessity of companionship that Stanley felt the need of in that wild region, and which only a white, civilised man could furnish, had risen above the position he had taken till Stanley looked upon him more as a friend than as a servant. This was natural; he was the only man he could talk with in English; the only man who had the taste and manners of civilized life; the only one who in the long halt could in any way be his companion; and, more than all, the only man who he knew positively would stand by him in the hour of danger to the last, and fall, if fall they must, side by side. Whoever else might prove false in these vast untrodden solitudes, Frank Pocoke, he well knew, would not be one of them. Under such circumstances and conditions, Stanley would not have been the true man he is if he had not lifted the servant up to the place of friend, and he did. It was therefore but natural that in the long mental discussion at Ziangwe as to whether he should return or choose some other route than through the hostile tribes whose territory the waters of the Lualaba washed, or push on at all hazards by following its current to the sea, that he should take his quondam ser-

vant into his confidence and they should together talk over all the probabilities and possibilities of the different routes to be adopted. In another place we have shown what those difficulties were, and what the real or imaginable obstacles were that confronted Stanley if he determined to follow the Lualaba at all hazards to the sea.

In speaking of the death of young Pocoke, we wish to show what influence he had at last in fixing the determination that led to his own death and Stanley's fame as an explorer. One day, while Stanley was discussing with Pocoke the wisest course to pursue, the latter said : "Mr. Stanley, suppose we toss up, to determine whether we shall follow the Lualaba as far as the Lowra, and then strike off for Monbruto, or follow it to the sea ?"

Stanley, who had become almost indifferent as to whether one course or the other would end his life, agreed, and a toss-up was made, and the result being on the side of following the river to the sea, the drawing of straws was resorted to. Three trials of chances were made, and the decision of fate, as proposed by Pocoke was to follow the river to the sea. He little thought that accidental toss was a toss-up for his own life, and that so trivial an affair settled his fate forever. We know what was Stanley's final decision, and though he does not acknowledge that this trial by chances had any effect on his final determination, the experience of human nature, since the world began, proves that it must have had. Even Napoleon, who believed that Providence was on the side of the strong battalions, had an equally strong belief in his "star." While it, doubtless, did have more or less influence on Stanley, it did not weaken his faith in the "strong battalions," which was, in his case, a wise provision, so far as he could make it, against all possible and probable contingencies.

We have said thus much to show the real relations that Frank Pocoke at last sustained to the expedition. In the long and terrible march through the gloomy forest after leaving Zywague, and before finally launch-

ing on the Lualaba, to quit it no more till they reached the sea, or lay at rest forever on its solitary banks, Pocoke's shoes had become completely worn out. In traversing, half-barefoot, the tangled undergrowth, they had at last given out entirely, and the result was his feet became chafed, and at last, through constant irritation, caused by the necessity of hastening forward at all hazards, the abrasions that would have healed, could they have made a short halt, became ulcers, so that when they again struck the Lualaba he was unable to walk any farther, and Stanley said that if at any time they would have to leave the river and carry around rapids, Frank would have to be carried also. Stanley always led the way over the rapids, and selected the paths for hauling around the canoes, while Pocoke superintended the soldiers and distributed the rations, etc. But now he was placed on the sick-list.

On the morning of the 3d of June, they came to the Mowwa Falls, around which they must carry, and the men shouldered the goods and baggage and started overland for Zinga, three miles distant, while Stanley attempted to run two small falls, named Massesse and Massassa, with the boat's crew. Hugging the shore for about three-quarters of a mile, they came at last to a lofty cliff, against which the tide threw the down-rushing stream back in such fury that great whirlpools were formed and they steered for the centre of the river and endeavored to stem the tide, but failed. After fighting fiercely against the raging of whirlpools, they tried again to advance in another direction, when Stanley discovered that his boat was fast filling with water, while the surface became still more terribly agitated at a point toward which he had been unconsciously drifting. The danger now became imminent. Shouting to the men to leave off bailing and pull for life for the shore, he threw off his coat, belt and shoes, to be in readiness to swim when the boat should capsize, as he expected it would. A wild whirlpool was near the boat and for a moment it seemed certain that it would drift into the

vortex. But by a strong effort it was forced away and they pulled for shore. By the time they had reached it, the leaky boat was half-full of water. Finding it impossible to proceed in it he returned to Mowwa Falls, and after a short rest took a canoe and tried to proceed. But while he was talking with Pocoke, the crew had scattered, and as those who had gone to Zinga had not returned, he determined to go overland and look after the goods, and leave to his chief captain, Manwa Sera, the supervision of the passage of the fall. He told him to first send forward a reserve canoe with short ropes fastened to the sides. "The crew," he said, "will pick their way carefully down the river until near the falls, then let the men judge for themselves whether they are able to take the canoe farther. Above all things stick to the shore and do not play with the river." He then bade Pocoke good-bye, saying he would send him his breakfast immediately with hammock bearers, shook hands and turned to climb the mountain toward the camp.

Sending back the breakfast as he had promised, he paid a visit to the kings of Zinga. Becoming anxious about the boats, as this was the first time he had ever permitted any one but himself to lead the way in any dangerous part of the river, he about three o'clock took his glass and going to the shore began to look up the river that came tearing out of the mountain like a wild animal and shaking the shores with its loud thunder. Suddenly he saw something black tossing amid the turbulent water. Scanning it closely, he saw it was an upturned canoe and to its side several men were clinging. He instantly dispatched two chiefs and ten men to a bend toward which the wreck was drifting. The crew, however, knowing there was another cataract just below, attempted to right the boat and save themselves; but, unable to do so, got on the keel and began to paddle for dear life with their hands toward the shore. As they got near the farther bank, he saw them jump off the boat and swim for shore. They had hardly reached

it when the upturned boat shot by Stanley like an arrow and with one fierce leap dashed over the brink of the cataract and disappeared in the foam and tumult below. In a few minutes a messenger arrived out of breath, saying that eleven men were in that canoe, only eight of whom were saved—the other three being drowned, one of whom was Pocoke. Stanley turned fiercely on Uledi, his coxswain, and demanded how he came to let Pocoke, a lame man, go in the rescue canoe. "Ah, master," he replied, "we could not help it; he would not wait. He said, 'since the canoe is going to camp I will go too. I am hungry and cannot wait any longer. I cannot walk and I do not want you to carry me, that the natives may all laugh at me. No, I will go with you; and refusing to listen to Captain Manwa Sera, who remonstrated with him, he got in and told us to cast off. We found no trouble in forcing our way against the back current. We struck the down current, and when we were near the fall I steered her into the cove to take a good look at it first. When I had climbed over the rocks and stood over it, I saw that it was a bad place—that it was useless to expect any canoe to go over it without capsizing, and I went to the little master and told him so. He would not believe me, but sent other men to report on it. They told the same story: that the fall could not be passed by shooting over it in a canoe. Then he said we were always afraid of a little water and that we were no men. 'All right,' I said, 'if you say cast off I am ready. I am not afraid of any water, but if anything happens my master will be angry with me.' 'Cast off,' the little master said, 'nothing will happen; am I not here?' You could not have counted ten, master, before we were all sorry. The cruel water caught us and tossed and whirled us about and shot us here and shot us there, and the noise was fearful. Suddenly the little master shouted 'Look out! take hold of the ropes!' and he was tearing his shirt off when the canoe, which was whirling round and round with its bow in the air, was dragged down, down, down, until I thought

my chest would burst; then we were shot out into daylight again and I took some breath. The little master and two of the men were not to be seen, but soon I saw the little master with his face upward but insensible. I instantly struck out for him to save him, but we were both taken down again and the water seemed to be tearing my legs away; but I would not give in; I held my breath hard then and I came to the surface, but the little master was gone for ever. This is my story, master." Stanley then examined the men separately, to ascertain if it were true and found it was. This man was brave but not foolhardy, and the best and most reliable in the whole party.

Stanley very briefly expressed the sadness and loneliness of his feelings that night as he sat and looked on the empty tent of young Pocoke, but no language can express the utter desolation of his situation. His position, surroundings, prospects, all combined to spread a pall black as midnight over his spirit and fill his heart with the gloomiest forebodings. Sitting alone in the heart of a country never before trod by the foot of a white man, on the banks of a mysterious river, on whose bosom he was to be borne he knew not where, the gloomy forest stretching away beyond him, the huts of strange natives behind him, the water in deep shadows rushing by, on whose foam and whirlpools his friend had gone down, and whose body then lay tossing amid the broken rock, the strangely silent tropical sky, brilliant with stars, bending over him, the thoughts of home and friends far away caused a sad and solemn gathering of emotions and feelings around his heart till they rushed over it like that rushing water, and made him inconceivably sad there in the depths of the forest. With no one to talk to in his native tongue, no one to council with, without one friend on whom he could rely, left all alone to meet the unknown future, was to be left desolate indeed. Before, he knew there was one arm on which he could always lean, one stout, brave heart that would stand unflinchingly by his side in the deadliest

peril, share all his dangers, and go cheerfully to the very gates of death with him. But now he was alone, with none but natives around him, with whom he must meet all the unknown dangers of the untrodden wilderness before him—perhaps be buried by them in the gloomy forest or left to be devoured by cannibals. It was enough to daunt the bravest spirit, appal the stoutest heart, and that lonely night on the banks of the Lualaba will live in Stanley's memory forever.

Stanley pronounced a high eulogium on his young friend, saying that he was a true African explorer—he seemed to like the dangers and even the sufferings of the expedition, so well did they harmonize with his adventurous spirit. Quick and resolute, he was always docile, and in the heat and excitement of battle would obey Stanley's slightest wish with alacrity. He seemed fitted for an explorer: no danger daunted him, no obstacle discouraged him, while his frame, though slight, was tough and sinewy, and he was capable of undergoing any amount of labor and could endure the heaviest strain. He had so endeared himself to Stanley that the latter said, in a letter to young Pocoke's parents, that his death took away all the joy and exultation he should otherwise have felt in accomplishing the great task the two had undertaken together.

CHAPTER XL.

Stanley mourning for his friend—A mutiny—Sadness of Stanley—Return of the deserters—Boats carried over a hill—The chief carpenter carried over the falls—Stanley runs the Mbelo Falls—Miraculous escape—Feeling of his people—The end of the chasm—One mile and a quarter a day for eight months—The Arabs steal, and are made prisoners—Arabs left in slavery for stealing—Falls of Isingila reached—Stanley resolves to leave the river—The Lady Alice abandoned—The march for Boma—Uledi slaps a king in the face—Stanley sends a letter to Boma—The messengers depart—He moves on—Meets an enemy who becomes a friend—A glad surprise—Food in abundance—Luxuries for Stanley—A song of triumph—Stanley's feelings, as shown by his letter—Reach Boma—The reaction—Stanley offered a steamer home—Prefers to stand by his Arabs—Reception at Cape Town—Zanzibar reached—Joy of the Arabs—An affecting scene—Farewell to Stanley.

THE next morning Stanley arose with a sad and heavy heart; the cruel, relentless river seemed more remorseless than ever, and its waves flowed on with an angrier voice, that seemed full of hate and defiance.

Eighty men were still behind, at Mowwa, and the next day word reached Stanley that they had mutinied, declaring they would follow the river no longer, for death was in it. He, borne down with his great loss, paid no attention to the report, and stayed and mourned for his friend for three days before he set out for Mowwa. He found the men sullen, sad and reckless. It would be strange, however, if he could not regain his old influence, which, after much effort, he did. But he did not get all down to Zinga till after four days. Meantime Frank's body had been found floating, face upward, some distance below the falls. All the canoes did not reach Zinga till the 19th, more than a fortnight after Frank's death.

On June 20th Stanley began to make preparations to continue on down the river. There had been dreadful hard work in passing and getting round the falls where Frank lost his life, but the worst of it was, when they

had succeeded, they seemed to have just begun their labors, for now it had all got to be repeated over again. The men had lost all spirit and did not seem to care what became of them; and so, when on the 20th, Stanley ordered the men to the work to lay brushwood along the tracks marked out for hauling the canoes from the Pocoke basin around Zinga point into the basin beyond, the men seemed disinclined to move. Stanley, in surprise, asked what was the matter. "We are tired of this," growled a burly fellow, "and that's what's the matter."

Stanley soon discovered that he was not alone in his opinion, and, though once he would have quelled this spirit of rebellion with prompt, determined action, he did not feel like using harsh measures now, or even harsh language. He knew he had tasked them to the uttermost—that they had followed his bidding unquestioned, as far as he ought to ask them, and so he called them together to talk with them and give them an opportunity to tell frankly their grievances. But there was nothing to say, except they had gone far enough, and did not mean to make another effort. Death and famine awaited them, and they might as well give up first as last. Stanley did not attempt even to appeal to them, except indirectly. He simply told them that he, too, was hungry, and could have had meat, but saved it for them. He, too, was weary and sad. They might leave him if they chose—he had his boat still, and if he was left alone, he had but to step into it—the falls were near, and he would soon be at rest with his friend. It is most pitiful and sad to see how the indomitable will of this strong man has given way. The bold and confident manner with which he set out for Nyangwe—the healthy, cheery, tone in which he addressed them when bowed down with grief at the farewell song of Tipo-tipo's Arabs are gone, and in their place has come a great weariness and despair. To see such a strong man forced at last to yield, awakens our deepest sympathy. No wonder he was weary of life, and longed to die.

Under the terrible mental and physical strain of the last six months the toughest nature must give way, while to this was added the feebleness that comes from want of food and the utter dreary, hopeless prospect before him. As he stood amid his dusky followers, his once sinewy frame looked lean and languid, and his voice had a weary, despairing tone. The star of fame that had led him on was gone down, and life itself had lost all its brightness, and when he had done speaking he turned away indifferent as to the future. The men listened, but their hungry, despairing hearts felt no sympathy. They, too, had reached the point of indifference as to the future, except they would no longer cling to that cruel river, and thirty-one packed their baggage and filed away up the ascent and were soon lost to view. When it was told to Stanley, he inquired how many had gone. Learning that only thirty-one had left, and that the rest would stand by him to the last, he roused himself, and unwilling that the faithful should perish through the disaffection of a few men, he sent messengers after the deserters to plead with them to come back. They overtook them five miles away and urged them to return, but in vain. Setting the faithful to work, he dispatched two men to cut off the fugitives, and tell the chiefs not to let them pass through their terrritory. They obeyed, and beat the war-drum, which so terrified the wanderers that they were glad to return. It would seem strange that men who had been accustomed to obey him implicitly for nearly three years, and had stood by him so staunchly in many a fight and through countless perils, could so easily desert him now. But despair will make even a wise man mad, and these poor creatures had got into that hopeless condition which makes all men reckless. Starting off with no definite aim in view, no point to travel towards, shows how desperate they had become. No wonder they saw no hope in clinging to the river, for they had now been over a month going three miles, and it seemed worse than useless to attempt to push on farther in that direction.

On the 23d of June, the work was commenced of hauling out the canoes to take them over a hill two hundred feet high, and by noon three were safely on the summit. Next came the "Livingstone," which had been recently made. It weighed some three tons, yet, with the aid of a hundred and fifty natives, they had succeeded in getting it twenty feet up the bank, when the cables parted and it shot swiftly back into the river. The chief carpenter clung to it, and, being carried beyond his depth, climbed into it. He was only a short distance above the falls, and the brave Uledi, seeing his peril, plunged into the river, and, swimming to the boat, called out to him to leap overboard instantly. The poor wretch replied that he could not swim. "Jump," shouted Uledi, "you are drifting toward the cataract." The terrified creature, as he cowered in the canoe, faltered out, "I am afraid to." "Well, then," said Uledi, "you are lost—brother, good-bye," and struck out with all his might for the shore. A minute's longer delay, and he, too, would have been lost, for, though a strong swimmer, he was able, only by the most desperate effort, to reach shore less than sixty feet from the brink of the falls. The next minute the canoe was shooting over them into the boiling cauldron below. Tossed up and down and whirled about, it finally went down and was seen no more.

The next day the other boats were got up, and then the process of letting them down was commenced. This was done in safety, when the goods were sent overland to the Mbelo Fall beyond, while the boats should attempt to run the rapids. There was no abrupt descent, but a wild waste of tumbling, roaring water dashing against the cliffs and rocks in reckless fury. Stanley resolved to try them first, before risking his men, and embarked in the Lady Alice, and, with men on shore holding cables attached to the bow and stern, drifted slowly downward amid the rocks. The little boat seemed a mere toy amid the awful scenery in which it floated, and Stanley felt, as it rocked beneath him, what a helpless thing it

would be in the wild and turbulent midstream. But just as he had reached the most dangerous point, one of the cables parted. The boat swung to, when the other snapped asunder and the frightened thing was borne like a bubble into the boiling surge and carried downward like an arrow. Down, down, between the frowning precipices, now barely escaping a huge rock, and now lifted like a feather on the top of a wave, it swept on, apparently, to certain destruction. But death had lost all its terrors to these hard-hunted men, and the six in the boat sat resigned to their fate. The brave Uledi, however, kept his hand on the helm and his steady eye on the hell of waters around and before them. Sometimes caught in a whirlpool that whirled them around and around, and then springing like a panther down a steep incline, the boat continued to plunge on in its mad course with death on every side, until at last it shot into the Niguru basin, when they rowed to the sandy beach of Kilanga. Here, amid the rocks, they found the broken boat in which Pocoke went down, and the body of one of the men who was drowned with him jammed among the fragments.

Stanley looked back on this perilous ride with strange feelings. It seemed as if fate, while trying him to the utmost, was determined he should not perish, but fulfil the great mission he had undertaken. His people seemed to think so, too, for when they saw his boat break adrift and launch into the boiling rapids, they gave him up for lost; but when they caught sight of him coming toward them alive and well, they gave way to extravagant joy and exclaimed, "It is the hand of God—we shall reach the sea." The escape was so wonderful, almost miraculous, that they could not but believe that God had spared him to save them all.

They now pushed on with littte trouble to Mpakambendi, the terminus of the chasm, ninety-three miles long, in which they had been struggling a hundred and seventeen days. This simple statement conveys very little to the ear, yet what fearful shapes does it conjure

up to the imagination! Ninety-three miles of rapids and cataracts, with only here and there a stretch of smooth water! A mile and a quarter a day was all the progress they had made now for nearly four months. No wonder the poor Arabs gave up in despair and refused any longer to follow the river.

Although below the chasm the stream did not flow with that placidity it did through the cannibal region, still, it did not present any dangerous rapids, and they glided on toward the sea with new hopes.

The natives along the banks were friendly, though difficulties were constantly arising from the thieving propensities of the Arabs. Two were seized by the natives, and Stanley had nearly to bankrupt himself to redeem them, on which he gave the men a talk and told them plainly that this was positively the last time he would redeem a single prisoner seized for theft, nor would he resort to force to rescue him.

It was now the 7th day of July, and although hope had revived in the hearts of the people, some of the sick felt that they should never see their native island again. Two died this day and were buried on the banks of the river whose course they had followed so long. They now had clear, though not smooth, sailing for some nine or ten miles, when they came to another fall. This was passed in safety, with the assistance of the natives, who assembled in great numbers and volunteered their services, for which they were liberally rewarded. More or less broken water was experienced, but not bad enough to arrest the progress of the boats. Provisions were getting scarce, and consequently the thieving propensity of the Arabs to obtain them more actively exhibited itself, and one man, caught while digging up roots in a garden, was held as a prisoner. The men asked his release, but Stanley, finding that the price which the natives asked for his redemption was far greater than his means to pay, would not interfere, and he was left to live and die in perpetual slavery. But this did not stop thieving, and soon another man was caught in the

act and made prisoner. This case was submitted to the chiefs, and their decision was to let him remain in slavery. But the men were starving, and even this terrible exhibition of the doom that awaited them was not sufficient to deter the men from stealing food. The demands of the stomach overrode all fears of punishment, and three or four days after another man was detected and made a prisoner. He, too, was left to live and die a slave in the hands of the natives. Dangerous rapids were now and then encountered, but they were passed without accident, and Stanley at last found that he was close to the sea. He announced the fact to his people, who were intensely excited at the news. One man, a boatman, went crazy over it, and, shouting "we have reached the sea, we are at home," rushed into the woods and was never seen again. The poor wretch, probably, lay down at last in the forest, with the groves of Zanzibar, in imagination, just ahead of him. Sweeping downward, frequent rapids occurred, but the expedition kept on until it reached the district of Kilolo.

Stanley here lay down weary and hungry, but was aroused by musket-shots. His people, starving and desperate, had scattered about, entering every garden they saw to get something to eat, and the natives had attacked them. Soon wounded men were brought in, whom the natives had shot. Several had been captured whom Stanley refused to redeem, and they were left to pine in endless captivity, never again to see the hills of Zanzibar, as he over and over again had promised they should.

Changing from bank to bank, as the character of the river changed, the expedition, on the 30th of July, heard in advance the roar of the cataract of Isingila. Here Stanley ascertained that they were but five days' journey from Embomma, a distance always traveled by land by the natives, on account of the obstructions in the river.

As the whole object of the expedition had been accomplished, and the short distance beyond these falls to

the sea was known to Europeans, he resolved to leave the river and march by land to Embomma. At sunset the Lady Alice was drawn out of the water to the top of some rocks and abandoned forever. To Stanley it was like leaving a friend behind. The boat had been his companion for nearly three years. It had carried him over the waters of the lakes, dashed at his bidding among hostile canoes, rocked him to sleep amid the storms, borne him all safely over foaming cataracts, and now it must be left ignobly to rot in the wilds of Africa. As he turned to cast a last farewell glance on it resting mournfully on the rocks, the poor boat had almost a human look, as if it knew it was to be left behind and abandoned forever.

On the 1st of August, the famished, weary column took up its line of march toward the sea—the mothers carrying infants, that had been born amid the cataracts, and the larger children trudging slowly after. Nearly forty of the one hundred and fifteen were sick, and though it was painful to travel, they were cheered by the promise that in four or five days they should once more look on the sea, toward which their longing hearts had been turned for so many weary months. Coming to a village, the king stopped them and told them they could not pass without they gave him a bottle of rum. Uledi, hastening up, asked Stanley what the old man wanted. "Rum," he replied. Hitting him a severe slap in the face, "there is rum for him," growled Uledi, as the drunken negro tumbled over. The latter picked himself up and hurried away, and Stanley and his worn and wasted band passed on without further molestation.

It was hard to get food, for one party would demand rum and refused to furnish it without, another wanted them to wait till the next market-day.

On the third day they reached Nsanda, the king of which told Stanley it was but three days' march to the sea. The latter asked him if he would carry a letter to Embomma for him. He replied no, but after four hours of

hard urging he agreed to furnish guides for three of Stanley's men.

VILLAGE OF NSANDA.

The next day they set out, carrying the following letter:—

VILLAGE NSANDA, August 4th, 1877.

To any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma.

DEAR SIR: I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased except on market-days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I therefore have made bold to dispatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Ferugi of the English mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you, but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg of you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our condition than I can tell you in a letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress, but, if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma in four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as, even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving men cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you, on my own behalf, that you will send a small supply, and add

to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of supplies for my people. Until that time, I beg you to believe me,

Yours, sincerely,

H. M. STANLEY.

Commanding Anglo-American Expedition for Exploration of Africa.

P. S.—You may not know my name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone.

H. M. S.

After writing this letter, Stanley called his chiefs and boat's crew to his tent and told them of his purpose to send a letter to Embomma for relief, and wanted to know which were the most reliable men—would travel fastest and least likely to be arrested or turned back by obstacles. The ever ready Uledi sprang to his feet and exclaimed, as he tightened his belt, "O master, I am ready now!" The other volunteers responded as quickly, and the next day the guides appearing, they started off. In the meantime, the expedition resumed its slow march, having eaten nothing but a few nuts to stay their stomachs. Coming to a village, the chief demanded payment for passing through his country, and armed his followers; but on Stanley threatening to destroy every man in the place, his rage subsided, he shook hands, and peace was made and sealed by a drink of palm wine and the promise of a bottle of rum.

In the meanwhile, Uledi and his companions pressed swiftly on, but when about half way, the guides, becoming frightened, deserted them. Unable to obtain others, they resolved to follow the Congo. All day long they pressed steadily forward, and, just after sunset, reached Boma, to which Embomma had been changed, and delivered the letter. The poor fellows had not tasted food for thirty hours, and were well-nigh famished. They soon had abundance, and the next morning (August 6th), while Stanley was leading on his bloated, haggard,

half-starved, staggering men, women and children, Uledi started back with carriers loaded down with provisions.

At nine o'clock, the expedition had to stop and rest. While they lay scattered about on the green sward, suddenly an Arab boy shouted, "I see Uledi coming down the hill! and sure enough there were Uledi and Kacheche leaping down the slope and waving their arms in the air. "La il Allah, il Allah!" went up with one wild shout—"we are saved thank God!" Uledi had brought a letter to Stanley, who had scarcely finished reading it when the carriers appeared in sight laden with provisions. The sick and lame struggled to their feet, and, with the others, pressed around them. While Stanley was distributing them, one of the boat-boys struck up a triumphant song, that echoed far over the plain. They then set to and ate as only starving men can eat.

When all were supplied, Stanley turned to his tent, to open the private packages sent to him. Heavens! what a spectacle met his astonished sight! A few hours before, he had made his breakfast on a few green bananas and peanuts, washed with a cup of muddy water, and now before him were piled champagne, port and sherry wines, and ale, and bread and butter, and tea, and sugar, and plum-pudding, and various kinds of jam —in short, enough luxuries to supply half a regiment. How Stanley felt that night as he looked on his happy, contented followers, may be gathered from the following extract of a letter he sent back next day to his kind-hearted deliverers. After acknowledging the reception of the bountiful supplies, he says:

"Dear sirs—though strangers I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, Master, we are saved—food is coming!' The old and the young men, the women and the children lifted their wearied and worn-out frames and began lustily to chant an extemporaneous song in honor of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic),

who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would come, despite all my attempts at composure.

"Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps, whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

That day was given up to feasting and rejoicing, and the next morning—a very different looking set of men—they started forward. All this and the next day they marched cheerfully over the rolling country, and on the third, while slowly descending a hill, they saw a string of hammocks approaching, and soon Stanley stood face to face with four white men, and so long had he been shut up in a country of blacks that they impressed him strangely. After some time spent in conversation they insisted on his getting into a hammock, and borne by eight stout bearers he was carried into Boma, where rest and abundance awaited him. He stayed in this little village of a hundred huts only one day and then embarked on a steamer for the mouth of the river, a hundred or more miles away. Turning northward he reached Kabinda, where one of the expedition died. The reaction on these poor creatures after their long and desperate struggle was great, and they fell back into a sort of stupor. Stanley himself felt its influence, and would fall asleep while eating. The sense of responsibility, however, roused him, and he attempted in turn to arouse his men. But, notwithstanding all his efforts, four died of this malady without a name after he reached Loanda, and three more afterwards on board the vessel that carried them to Cape Town.

Stanley gave these poor fellows eight days' rest at Kabinda, and then in a Portuguese vessel proceeded to Loanda. Here the governor-general offered to send him in a gun-boat to Lisbon. This generous offer was very tempting, and many would have accepted it, but Stanley

would not leave his Arab friends who had shared his toils and harships, and shown an unbounded trust in his promise to see them back to Zanzibar. A passage being offered them in the British ship *Industry*, to Cape Town, Stanley accepted it, and, instead of going home where comfort and fame awaited him, turned southward with his Arab followers. At Cape Town he was received with every mark of distinction, and delivered a lecture there giving a brief account of the expedition, especially that part of it relating to the Congo. A British vessel here was placed at his disposal, and while she was refitting Stanley gave his astonished Arabs a ride on a railroad, on which they were whirled along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Of all the wonders they had seen since they left Zanzibar, nearly three years before, this was the greatest. Entertainments were got up for them, suitable garments for that cold latitude provided, till these poor, simple children of nature were made dizzy by the attentions they received. Among other things a special evening was set apart for them in the theatre, and they were thrown into raptures at the performance of the acrobats and made the building ring with their wild Arab shouts of approval.

At length, on the 6th of November, nearly two months from the time they reached the Atlantic coast, they set sail for Zanzibar. Stopping for two days at Natal to coal, where every possible attention was lavished on them, they again put to sea and stretched northward through the Indian Ocean.

Day after day these now contented people lay around on deck, drinking in health from the salt sea air. All but one were shaking off every form of disease contracted in their long wanderings. This was a woman who was slowly dying, and who was kept alive alone by the thought of seeing her home once more. At last the hills of Zanzibar arose over the sea, and as these untutored Arabs traced their well-known outline, their joy was unbounded, and Stanley felt repaid for the self-denial that had refused a passage home from Loanda and to stick by his faithful fol-

lowers to the last. Their excitement increased as the caves and inlets grew more distinct, and at last the cocoa-nut and mangrove-trees became visible. As the vessel entered port their impatience could not be restrained, and the captain of the vessel, sympathizing with their feelings, had no sooner dropped anchor than he manned the boats, while the eager creatures crowded the gangway and ladder, all struggling to be the first to set foot on their native island. As boat-load after boat-load reached the shore, with a common feeling they knelt on the beach and cried "Allah!" and offered up their humble thanksgiving to God, who had brought them safely back to their homes.

The news of their arrival spread like wild-fire on every side, and soon their relatives and friends came flocking in from all directions, and glad shouts, and wild embracings, and floods of glad tears, made a scene that stirred Stanley's heart to its profoundest depths. Still, there was a dark side to the picture. Scores of those that came rushing forward to greet them, fell back shedding tears, not of gladness, but of sorrow, for they found not those whom they fondly hoped to meet. Of the three hundred that had set out, nearly three years before, only one hundred and twelve were left—and of these, one, the poor sick woman, lived only long enough to be clasped in her father's arms, when she died.

The great journey was ended, and Stanley, after paying off the living and the relatives of the dead, at last started for home. As he was about to enter the boat that was to bear him to the ship, the brave Uledi and the chiefs shoved it from the shore, and seizing Stanley, bore him through the surf on their shoulders. And when the latter stood on deck, as the vessel slowly steamed away, the last object he saw on shore through his eyes, filled with tears, was his Arab friends watching him till he should disappear from sight.

An enthusiastic reception awaited him in England, while from every part of the continent distinguished honors were bestowed upon him.

He had performed one of the most daring marches on record—traced out, foot by foot, one of the largest lakes of Central Africa, followed the mightiest river, which, from the creation, has been wrapped in mystery, from its source to its mouth, and made a new map of the "*dark continent.*"

Among the testimonials of the estimation in which the great work he had accomplished was held, may be mentioned the gift of the portrait of King Humbert of Italy, by himself, with the superscription:

"ALL' INTREPEDO VIAGGATORE,
ENRICO STANLEY.
UMBERTO *RE.*
TO THE INTREPID TRAVELER,
HENRY STANLEY.
KING HUMBERT."

The Prince of Wales also complimented him warmly on his achievements, while the Khedive of Egypt conferred on him the high distinction of the Great Commandership of the Order of Medjidie, with the star and collar. The Royal Geographical Society, of London, gave him a public reception, and made him Honorary Corresponding Member, and the Geographical Societies and Chambers of Commerce, of Paris, Italy and Marseilles sent him medals. He was also made Honorary Member of the Geographical Societies of Antwerp, Berlin, Bordeaux, Bremen, Hamburg, Lyons, Marseilles, Montpelier, Vienna, etc., etc. Honorary membership of almost every distinguished society in England and on the continent were conferred on him, and each and all seemed to vie with each other in heaping honors on the most intrepid traveler of modern times. Yet, as an American, it gives us great pleasure to record the following sentiment, showing that Stanley takes especial pride in being an American. He says: "For another

honor I have to express my thanks—one which I may be pardoned for regarding as more precious than all the rest. The Government of the United States has crowned my success with its official approval, and the unanimous vote of thanks passed in both houses of legislature, has made me proud for life of the expedition and its success."

Dinners and banquets followed wherever he went, and he yet awaits the honor his own country will confer on him when he once more shall visit it.

CHAPTER XLI.

The great eighteen hundred mile journey down the Lualaba—Discouraged by timid Arabs at Nyangwe—Forward in spite of all—Terrible tribes of cannibals dispute the way—The mid-African plateau—Perils and difficulties in the region of the cataracts—Among the friendly natives—A land of large towns and ivory temples—The basin, watersheds, trend and length of the mighty river.

WE give the following instructive retrospect of Stanley's explorations in his own words.

"There is no such river as the Congo, properly speaking, in Africa. There is a country called Congo, occupying an extensive portion of mountain lands south of the river, and running parallel with it, at a distance of five or six miles from it, in that broad mountain range which separates the West Coast land from the great plains of the interior. Following the example of the natives among whom they lived the Portuguese colonists and fathers of the fifteenth century called it the River of Congo, which was just as if the natives of Middlesex county, England, called the Thames the River of Middlesex. By the Kabindas, near the mouth of the river, it is called the "Kwango," or, if you do not like the African look of the spelling, the "Quango." The natives of the cataract region also designate the river below them as the Kwango, and those living between the Mosamba and Tala Mungongo Mountains call

the Nkutu River at its source the Kwango. As Congo land does not occupy any very great portion of the river bank it has no right to give its name to the river any more than any other of the hundred different districts by which it flows. By a small tribe near the Equator I heard it called Ikutu Ya Kongo, which, in my ignorance of the word Ikutu, I take to mean the river of Congo, but after passing that tribe the name is known no more, except in books and charts of the West coast of Africa.

Dr. Livingstone, the discoverer of the Lualaba, devoted the last years of his life to exploring the head-waters of the Congo, the Chambezi and Karungwesi, which feed Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo. He traced the Luapula as far as Mweru Lake, but from Mweru Lake to the Luama River no European knows anything from personal observation of its course or its affluents. Striking across country from Tanganyika Lake Livingstone arrived at Nyangwe, near which Arab depot the Lualaba, by which name the Congo is known there, flows west of north with a volume of 124,000 cubic feet of water per second. Unable for want of men and means to extend his exploration, the renowned traveller left its further course to conjecture and theory.

But before Livingstone had described the river at Nyangwe no one, scientific or unscientific, imagined that the Congo had such a great length. Though Captain Tuckey's explorations in the neighborhood of Yellala Falls, in the year 1816, furnished the elements for Dr. Behm's computation respecting the volume of the lower Congo, geographers waited for Livingstone's arrival at Nyangwe and Dr. Schweinfurth's arrival at Monbulbu before they came to the idea that the Lualaba must be the Congo. Previous to this it is in the memory of many how scientists were involved in discussions and elaborate arguments to prove that the great Congo was simply the united Kasoye and Quango, or Congo, which was giving it a length of but 800 miles. Ah! had Speke become interested in this river and had obtained one

glance at the mouth even, and had gleaned but one or two facts from the natives, I believe that his rare and wonderful geographical instinct would have pencilled out the course of this stream somewhat nearer the truth. When Lieutenant Cameron arrived at Nyangwe he also expressed a conviction that the Lualaba must be the Congo; but with the exception of a divergence of opinion, he threw no newer light on its real course.

Sixteen months after the Lieutenant's departure for the South I appeared at Nyangwe, and I then learned definitely that he had abandoned the project of following the Lualaba. As it seemed the most important task of exploration I resolved to attempt it. Ignorant, foolish and heathenish as Europeans may deem Arab traders and African savages to be, the "Great River" has been the subject of as many hot disputes under the eaves of the mud houses of Nyangwe and the cane huts of the river fishermen as it was under the dome at Brighton or the classic roof of Burlington House, and my enthusiasm for this new field of exploration—the unknown half of Africa and the mighty river that "went no man knew where"—was stimulated as much by the earnestness with which Arabs and natives discussed it as though each member of the Royal Geographical Society had bestowed a scientific blessing on me and unanimously wished me success.

Nyangwe is in latitude 4 deg. 16 min. south. If you follow the parallel of latitude 4 deg. east to the Indian Ocean you will observe there are 13½ degrees of longitude or 810 geographical miles. If you will measure the distance between Nyangwe and the Atlantic, along the same parallel, you will find there are 15½ degrees of longitude, or 930 geographical miles. The eastern half of Africa is generally known, but that western half was altogether unknown. To any one arriving from the East Coast with the love of exploring unknown wilds what a field lay extended before him! The largest half of Africa one wide, enormous blank—a region of fable and mystery—a continent of dwarfs and cannibals and

gorillas, through which the great river flowed on its unfulfilled mission to the Atlantic! Darkness and clouds of ignorance respecting its course everywhere? What terrible dread thing is it that so pertinaciously prevents explorers from penetrating and revealing its mysteries! It struck me thus also, as though a vague, indescribable something lay ahead.

I believe I was made half indifferent to life by my position; otherwise I doubt if I should have deliberately rushed upon what I was led to believe—as my predecessors were—was almost certain death. I had not anticipated hearing such forbidding things as I did hear of the regions north or meeting such obstacles as I met. Neither of my predecessors could obtain canoes at Nyangwe, nor was I more successful; and the Arabs at Nyangwe, pretending to be very solicitous about my safety, said they could not think of permitting my departure. But my fate seemed to drive me on. I listened to their stories about how many caravans attempting to open trade below had been annihilated, but I had calculated my resources and had measured my strength and confidence, and I declared to the Arabs that I intended to try it.

I was quite prepared to hear that I should be murdered and eaten, and that my people would desert; that I would meet opposition of such a nature that I never dreamed of, and that they (the Arabs) could not listen to such a project. Being prepared, these things did not surprise me. It was perhaps time I should be murdered; it was perhaps impossible to penetrate the wild, wide land before me, but it was no reason why I should not try and put the practicability of its exploration to the test. "If you did not try it for more than a week or so, how do you know it was impossible?" people might ask me, and very rightly to. "You say there are cannibals who will eat me. It may be true; but I have one comfort, they cannot eat me before they kill me. Can they?" "No, certainly not." "You say they will fight me. I have had wars enough already on this ex-

pedition, and I should not like to have another war; but what can I do if savages will attack me? I have a few young men who are aware of what we can do in the way of fighting, and we do not propose to sleep or let any man draw his knife across our throats without remonstrating in a most energetic manner. Granted that we shall have fighting to do, what else is there to fear?" "Oh, plenty of things; but you will see." We did see, it is true.

The journey over the hitherto unknown half of Africa now being finished, the difficulties and terrors, wars after wars, troubles after troubles, toil upon toil, the dismay and despair being ended, it cannot be wondered that we breathe a little freer and feel more relief now than when we were about to begin our journey. Our experiences have been very sad and dreadful, and we have paid dearly for the temerity and obstinacy with which we held on. You might cull all the terrible experiences that African travelers relate in their books, and united they would scarcely present such a list of difficulties as we could show. Our losses, nevertheless, have not been so great comparatively. Our journey's length from Nyangwe is nearly one thousand eight hundred miles; our losses in men are one European and thirty-four Wanguana. Captain Tuckey lost eighteen Europeans and eleven colored men in about three months. Mungo Park lost his own life and the lives of all his people, and out of Peddie's Niger expedition the commander and all the principal officers lost their lives and the expedition was broken up. Much earnest effort was necessary to break through, and there is no doubt that if we had not made it some explorer, with a little more determination and less nonsense in him, would have done it, and his troubles would have been much the same.

A REMINISCENCE OF FRANCIS POCOKE.

But I have paid for my triumph with one of my band whose loss almost causes me to regret that I also did not permit myself to be dissuaded from entering the unknown

regions. Though born in an humble sphere of life Francis Pocoke was an extraordinary man; a man to make himself respected and beloved; a man of many fine qualities, of cool, steadfast courage, that knew no quailing; of great manliness, a cheerful, amiable companion: a gentle, pious soul, a staunch friend in trouble. One instance of his courage is worth relating. The natives of Abaka prepared to attack us and advanced for that purpose. I stood up in the boat to speak to them, and while engaged in conversation with one of the chiefs a canoe crept up near Frank's, and Frank was made aware that he was a target for two or three guns, and lifted his gun to fire or to threaten them. Seeing this, that it would precipitate us into another fight, before exhausting all endeavours for peace, I cried out to Frank to drop his gun. He instantly obeyed, and permitted them to approach within thirty yards of him without making the least motion, though every one was exceedingly anxious. Finding that his eyes were fastened on them, two of the savages that were aiming at Frank suddenly changed their minds, and gave my boat's crew the benefit of their attentions, firing among us, wounding four of my best men, though fortunately not fatally, and the third emptied his gun among Frank's people, wounding one. He then received permission to avenge himself, which he did in an effective manner.

It has been a custom from a remote period, with merchants and European travellers desirous of penetrating inland from the West Coast to give "rum dashes." Rum is an article unknown on the East Coast, and I cannot but think that it acts perniciously on the insignificant chiefs of small villages. We found them exceedingly bumptuous and not easily mollified without rum. Having almost crossed Africa we could not gratify their demands for rum, and had to stand firm and resolute in our determination to pass through these small tribes; and though we were not compelled to use force, there was frequently a disposition among them to oppose

by arms our journey. Neither had we the gaudy uniform coats of a bygone century to gratify their love of tinsel and finery.

Still, there was here no rupture of the peace. We were allowed to proceed without violence, more as strange curiosities than anything else, I believe, and as people who had come from wild lands whither the white people had never ventured before. Possibly on that account there may have been a small feeling of respect mingled with their jealous regard of us. I speak, of course, about the people called Basundi and those inhabiting Eastern Mbinda. The tribes above Babwende and Bateke were more kindly disposed. I am indebted to them for many a laborious service performed for very little pay, and during five months our intercouse with them was of the most amicable kind. Those of the south side vied with those of the north side of the river in the cataract districts to assist us. Food was generally more plentiful on the south side, and, in many instances, the natives were more friendly.

The entire area the Congo drains embraces about 860,000 square miles. Its source is in the high plateau south of Lake Tanganyika, in a country called Bisa, or Ubisa, by the Arabs. The principal tributary feeding Bemba Lake is the Chambezi, a broad, deep river, whose extreme sources must be placed about longitude 33 deg. east. Bemba Lake, called Bangweolo by Livingstone, its discoverer, is a large body of shallow water, about 8,400 square miles in extent. It is the residuum of an enormous lake that in very ancient times must have occupied an area of 500,000 square miles, until by some great convulsion the western maritime mountain chain was riven asunder, and the Congo began to roar through the fracture. Issuing from Bemba Lake, the Congo is known under the name of Luapula, which, after a course of nearly two hundred miles, empties into Lake Mweru, a body of water occupying an area of about one thousand eight hundred square miles. Falling from Mweru, it receives the name of Lualaba from the natives of Rua.

In Northern Rua it receives an important affluent called the Kamalondo. Flowing in a direction north by west, it sweeps with a breadth of about one thousand four hundred yards by Nyangwe, Manyema, in latitude 26 deg. 15 min. 45 sec. south, longitude, 26 deg. 5 min. east, and has an altitude of about fourteen hundred and fifty feet above the ocean. Livingstone, having lost two weeks in his dates, appears, according to Stanford's map of 1874, to have placed Nyange in latitude 4 deg. 1 min. south, longitude 24 deg. 16 min. east, but this wide difference may be due to the carelessness of the draughtsman. Those who feel interested in it should compare it with the latest map issued by Stanford or the map published with the traveller's last journals. The distance the Congo has flowed from its extreme source in Eastern Bisa to Nyangwe Manyema is about eleven hundred miles. Lake Ulenge I inquired very industriously for, but I am unable to confirm what Livingstone appears to have heard from Abed-bin-Salem and Mohammed-bin-Said, his informants. Kamalondo River, which runs through the Lualaba, is a lacustrine river, and I am told it has several small lakes in its course. Probably Ulenge may be a name given to one of these small lakes.

At Nyangwe Manyema, the Congo is distinguished by various names. To prevent confusion, it is best to adopt the spelling given by the European discoverer of the river—viz., Lualaba. A few hours north of Nyangwe the Lualaba inclines east of north. It meets impediments. High spurs from the Uregga hills bristle across the river and wild scenes of falls and foamy water meet the eye. Near these cataracts very impracticable savages are found, who resent in a ferocious manner the appearance of strangers. Arabs have paid terribly for their intrusion.

Along the river banks on both sides dwell the fishermen called Wainya—a most singular tribe, singularly cowardly, but also singularly treacherous and crafty, and utterly impenetrable to the usual "soft soap," "sugar and honey" style. North of Uvinza is a power-

ful tribe of another kind, of superior mettle ; not habitually cannibalistic, but very aggressive. Each time Arabs have ventured to enter their region they have met with decided repulse. This tribe is called by the Arabs Warongora Meno, by themselves Wabroire. They inhabit a large extent of country on the right bank. On the left bank are still the Wagenya, which, as you proceed west, introduce you to the warlike Bakusu, whereas, at all hours, the traveller must be a man of action. Upon these gentry the approaches of a whole congress of bishops and missionaries could have no effect, except as native "roast beef." The Lualaba clings to longitude 26 deg. east. It begins to receive great affluents, the principal of which along the right bank are the Lira, Urmeli or Ilindi, the Lowa, and the Kankora. On the left bank are the Ruiki, the Kasuka and the Sumami, though there are scores of creeks and streams constantly visible as you proceed down the river from either bank.

For a thorough comprehension of the subject, without fatigue of study, you must understand that from the moment the Congo issues from Lake Bemba, it skirts, at a distance of two hundred miles or so, the mountain chain which shuts in the Tanganyika on the west, and —as if its bed was related to the same system by which the great lakes, Nyassa, Tanganyika and the Albert, are disposed—it still clings to the base of that extraordinary mountain region long after it has left the parallel of latitude of the north end of Lake Tanganyika. By a series of powerful affluents it drains the entire western versant of the lake regions as far north as 4 deg. north latitude, while along the counterslope torrents and unimportant streams find their steep course to the lakes Albert, Kivu and Tanganyika.

At the Equator the great river which has been the immediate recipient of all tributaries from the east, and has skirted the western base of the lake mountain region between east longitudes 25 deg. and 26 deg., sinks into a lower bed and turns northwest, having reached

the great plains which extend between the maritime mountain region and the lake mountain region.

The service the great river hitherto performed for itself—viz., to receive the northern tributaries discharged down the western region now divolves upon the Aruwimi, the second affluent of the Congo, which no doubt, at a future time will prove of immense value, as it is open to any vessel that may be successfully launched on the upper Congo. Below the junction of the Aruwimi our intercourse with the cannibals of these lands was of so precarious a nature that we dared not continue our exploration along the banks, because they involved us in conflicts of the most desperate nature with powerful tribes. For this reason I have no doubt we passed a great many important tributaries. Besides, it spread over such an enormously wide bed, with sometimes a dozen channels, that though I frequently passed what appeared to me to be new rivers, I preferred to construct my chart free from hypothetical streams. An almost certain guide to me as I journeyed down river along one of the many broad channels in distinguishing the main from the islands was that the former was inhabited, the islands below the Aruwimi rarely.

When forced by famine to risk an encounter with the ferocious savages I made for the right bank, and opportunities were then given me to explore. But the interests of humanity and the interests of geography were ever at variance in this region. The natives had never heard of white men; they had never seen strangers boldly penetrating their region, neither could they possibly understand what advantage white men or black men could gain by attempting to begin an acquaintance. It is the custom for no tribe to penetrate below or above the district of any other tribe. Trade has hitherto been conducted from hand to hand, tribe to tribe, country to country: and as the balance of power is pretty fairly maintained, only three tribes have as yet been able to overcome opposition. These are the Warunga, Wa Mangala and the Wyzanzi.

After our battle with Mangala we showed a preference for the left bank and soon after discovered the greatest affluent of the Congo, the Ikelemba, which I take to be the Kas-sye. It is nearly as important as the main river itself. The peculiar color of its water, which is like that of tea, does not commingle with the silvery water of the Congo until after a distance of 130 miles below the confluence of the two great streams. It is the union of these two rivers which gives its light brown color to the Lower Congo.

A little after passing longitude 18 deg. east we come to the river called by Europeans, on their vague charts of the Congo region, the "Kwango," a deep stream, about five hundred yards wide, entering the Congo through lines of hills which, receding from the neighborhood, assumes the altitude of mountains. This Kwango is known to the natives as Ibari Nkutu, or the river of Nkutu. A little west of longitude 17 deg. east the great river, which spreads itself out into enormous breadths, slowly contracts, becomes interrupted by linea of rocky relics of hill points, rocky islands or bars of lava rock, and thunders down steep after steep along a distance of nearly one hundred and eighty miles to the majestic and calm Lower Congo.

In these 180 miles it has a fall of 585 feet, according to boiling point. The cataracts and rapids along this entire distance may be passed overland by a month's easy march along either the south side or the north side. We encountered no difficulty with the peoples of this region. Once the cataracts are passed the explorer may push his way to Koruru, I sincerely believe, or to the southern ridge of the Great Basin; and if he can find cause to quarrel with the lower tribes he must be charged with having sought it. If we take into consideration the fact that each day's march introduces one to fresh chiefs and clans, and that a cordial reception will be given to him by all, we are compelled to respect these very various people still more for their amiability and gentle manners with strangers.

The Basundis, perhaps, may give trouble to the traveler, but, being well supplied with cloth and rum, and using tact and great patience, the traveler just starting from the West Coast has a better chance of ingratiating himself with them than I, who had exhausted my cloth and beads and all things to win particular favor. What we possessed were simply a few cloths and beads to purchase food from the natives on the south side. As travelers bound for the Great Basin must in future start from the West Coast, and may very probably take the Congo route—as they ought to do, for we have shown its practicability—they perhaps will pardon me if I suggest that a want of firmness and perseverance has caused most of the expeditions from the West Coast to collapse. Neither Bacongo nor Basundi, I feel convinced, will use force to oppose, and there is no cause to be frightened by big words. There are no martial or ferocious savages in the neighborhood of the West Coast on the north or south side of the Congo after passing Yellallas Falls. If I, with my knowledge of the character of the peoples of this region, were bound on an exploration of the Great Basin, I should undoubtedly prefer the south bank because of its greater supplies of food. In our descent of the lower cataracts we suffered terribly from want of food when the violence of the rapids happened to keep us on the north side.

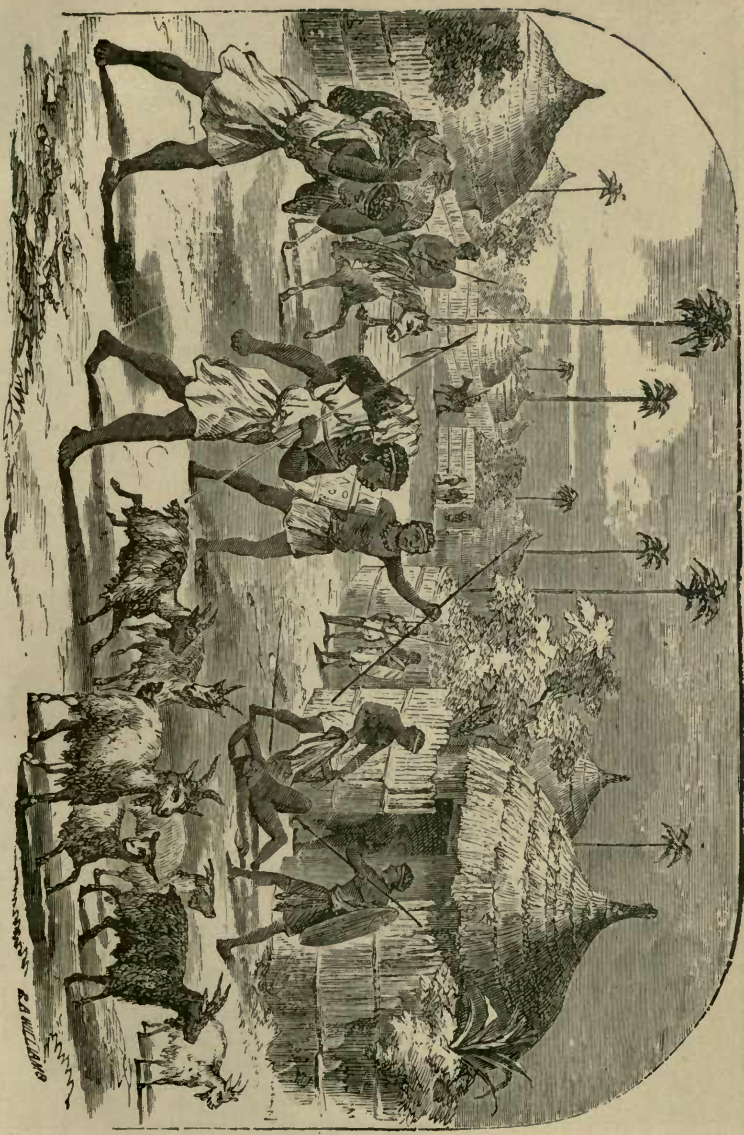
As I have stated above, in rough numbers the entire area drained by the river of Congo, or the River Kwango, as it should be called, is about eight hundred and sixty thousand square miles, 450,000 miles of which is almost taken up entirely by the great basin lying between the lake and maritime regions. The length of the Congo is about two thousand nine hundred miles, divided thus:—From the source to Nyangwe, 1,100 miles; from Nyangwe to the Atlantic, nearly one thousand eight hundred miles.

My experiences of the river date from the 1st of November, 1876, to the 11th of August, 1877, a period of over nine months. Its highest rise lasted from the 8th

of May to the 22nd of May, and was caused by the periodical rains known to us on the East Coast as the Masika. While the flood is of great advantage to the navigation above the cataracts of the maritime region, where the river assumes a lacustrine breadth, it vastly increases its terrors at the cataracts, because of the trebled fury with which the swollen water sweeps down the steep incline of its bed through the rocky narrows to the sea. The depth of the rise varies naturally, owing to the great disproportion of the breadth of the stream. Up river it is about eight feet, but in the narrows it is from twenty to fifty feet. In some places of the cataract district the rise was as much as fifteen inches per diem, but when the river was at that point only 500 yards wide. Whatever efforts may be made by the explorer in future in the commercial development of this river, no one need try to ascend through any part of the cataract region by means of any kind of floating vessel. It might be done, since very few things are impossibilities; but the ascent mainly must be overland, as nothing floating could climb six, ten, twenty and twenty-five foot falls.

The Congo river is the Amazon of Africa, the Nile is the Mississippi. While the latter has greater length the Congo could furnish water to three Niles. It requires enormous breadth or great depth to restrain all this impetuosity. Though the Nile is a most valuable river for commerce the Congo is still better. The former has its course frequently interrupted by cataracts, but the Congo fortunately has all its falls and rapids in two series—the upper, between east longitude 25 deg. and 26 deg., consisting of six great falls, terminating all navigation that might be established above the lower series, which consists of sixty-two important falls and rapids, though there are many minor rapids I do not think necessary to include in the list. I remember when about starting from Nyangwe I told Frank that I hoped I should find the cataracts in a "lump."

Once above the lower cataracts we have the half of



MARAUDING IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

WEST AFRICAN HABITATIONS, NEAR THE CONGO.

Africa before us with no interruption, and not, like the Lower Nile regions, deserts of sand, but one vast, populous plain, so populous, indeed, that, excepting Ugogo, I know no part of Africa so thickly inhabited. The usual term village is a misnomer for most of the collections of dwellings; they are towns in some places two miles long, with one or more broad streets between the rows of neat, well-built houses. The houses are superior to anything in East Central Africa. The natives are different also. Every thought seems engrossed with trade, and fairs and markets are established everywhere.

There has been a suspicion generally entertained that ivory must soon become a curiosity; but I can vouch that at least it will not be so for three or four generations. This is the land of ivory "temples," of idol enclosures, where the commonest utensils for domestic use are made of ivory. The people do not seem able to comprehend why any one should take the trouble to pay for it when it is so plentiful in each village.

The entire plain is also distinguished for its groves of the oil palm. In Ukusu there are huge forests of this tree. Almost everything that Africa produces is to be obtained in the Congo basin—cotton, india-rubber, groundnuts, sesamum, copal (red and white), palm kernels and palm oil, ivory, &c. By means of the Congo a journey to the gold and cotton district of Katanga is rendered moreover, very easy.

The Congo River gives 110 miles below and 835 miles above the cataracts of navigable water, while the great affluents north and south, traversing the basin, will give over one thousand two hundred miles, and perhaps much more. The greatest affluent, the Ikelemba, is over a thousand miles in length; the Nkutu River is over seven hundred, the Aruwimi must be over five hundred, while there are four or five others which, by their breadth, I should judge to be navigable for great distances. I would not advise any solitary explorer to venture near the cannibal lands unless he wishes trouble, but the influence of trade, once it is established on the

equitable basis, will soon reduce those natives also to reason.

A trader ascending the river has a better chance of ingratiating himself with the natives than an explorer descending a river from a region whither no trading native has dared to venture. As he must halt a considerable time for business at each capital his reputation for being just and good will precede him and bring him hosts of customers. Indeed, the great difficulty will be to restrain their inordinate love of barter. The islands on the river will afford him safe camps and quiet retreats, and it will be better for the trader and the native to occupy island depots near the mainland until mutual confidence is thoroughly established.

I feel convinced that the Congo question will become a political question in time. As yet, however, no European Power seems to have the right to control. Portugal claims it because she discovered its mouth; England, America and France—refuse to recognize her right, and express their determination, in plain terms, to dispute her assuming possession of the river. If it were not that I fear to damp any interest you may have in Africa or in this magnificent river by the length of my letters I could show you very strong reasons why it would be a politic deed to settle this Congo question immediately.

I could prove to you that the possessor of the Congo, despite the cataracts, would absorb to himself the trade of the whole of the enormous basin behind, which extends across thirteen degrees of longitude and over fourteen degrees of latitude. The Congo is and will be, the grand highway of commerce to West Central Africa. If so, why should it be left to dispute as to who shall rule the lower river and its banks? Why should it be left to the mercy of the piratical Mussolongos? I hear that British men-of-war have been castigating those scoundrels lately with bombshells in a more determined manner than I have been punishing the piratical cannibals on the eastern border of the Great Basin.

But merely castigating these people is not enough;

there should be vessels of war to prevent such deeds as the destruction of European ships; and the question is, What power shall be deputed in the name of humanity to protect the youth of commerce in this little known world? An explorer is seldom called upon for the expression of his views, nor would I venture on this ground or meddle in the matter if I did not feel so very strong an interest in Africa. But I will present you with an example of what might come to pass if the question be not settled. A number of European merchants interested in African commerce construct houses and stores and depots on the Congo, say on either bank, north or south. The natives, troubled with indigestion or bad dreams, take it into their heads that it would be a fine thing to rob the white people and burn their dwellings and depots and murder them. The thing is done, pandemonium is re-enacted, the newspspers and public opinion hear the news, and expressions of "shame" on all the Powers interested are very loud and strong. British men-of-war hurry up and bombard everybody, or, to use an expressive though vulgar phrase, they "knock things into a cocked hat;" and perhaps the punishment exceeds the offence, because the innocent would be involved in the destructive fury. Or, as the case might easily be, suppose the European merchants capable of defending themselves, and that by a little strategy they capture the conspirators and doom them, one and all, without mercy, to death by chaining them in gangs, young and old, and drown them off hand in the deep water of the Congo. What would be said of this? I do not say it has or has not been done. I merely state what might happen. I put a possible case before the enlightened reader. Would you be surprised to hear that it has been done? What ought, then, to be planned to prevent Mussolongos and natives, with bad dreams and deranged indigestion, from strangling lawful, legitimate and humane commerce? What ought to be done to prevent pitiless, vengeful merchants from placing themselves under the ban of Christians?

Let England arrange with Portugal at once to proclaim sovereignty over the Congo River to prevent the sensibilities of the world being shocked some day when least expected.

I have hinted a few strong reasons why the question ought to be settled.

You may now divine the nature of our struggles to gain civilisation, of our desperate battles with the cannibals, of the patience required to cross the cataract districts with our fleet, of our daily terrors and griefs at the loss of dear and valued comrades during the passage of fifty-seven falls and rapids that interrupt the flow of the mighty river through the maritime region. I have told you little about sickness, of the insalubrity of some portions we traversed, of the intense gloom and depression we experienced in the doleful regions of Uzimba and Urinza, and of the severe fatigues we have undergone, which have bowed our manhood and reduced our energies; but you may imagine them.

I have endeavored to take you rapidly through a few of our thousand and one experiences as we struggled through the dense darkness and mystery of the unknown into light. A few exciting contests I have briefly described—contests with human demons who delighted in craft, fraud, treachery and cruelty, who regarded us much as we regarded the noble beasts that roved over the plains of Usukuma, as so many heads of seasoned game to be slaughtered and carved, and broiled and eaten. They attacked us with spears, assegays, poisoned arrows and muskets, and at one time they actually surrounded our camp with hidden nets. They drove poisoned sticks into the ground, so that in the charge to scatter them from the neighbourhood of our camp our people might have their feet pierced with these instruments of torture. On all sides death stared us in the face, cruel eyes watched us day and night, and a thousand bloody hands were stretched out to take advantage of the least carelessness. We defended ourselves like men who knew that pusillanimity would be our ruin—

that mercy was unknown to these savages. Out of charity and regard for my own people, and myself as well, on whom developed the responsibility of taking the expedition through these savage regions, I wished naturally that it might have been otherwise, and looked keenly for any sign of forbearance and peace, as I saw my African comrades drop one by one from my side in the oblivion of the terrible wilds. We thank Heaven that these dark days are over.

Yet we had some briefest intervals of pleasure even during that stormy period. One pacific tribe—the day after a desperate battle with a martial tribe above, who, it seemed, had oppressed them greatly—warned by the huge drums that sounded the approach of strangers, turned out in dense crowds along the river banks, while the boldest of their warriors manned their enormous canoes and bore down on us, taking care, however, to cry out the magic word, "Sennene!" which caused us to drop our guns and echo the happy word with such fervor of lungs that the thousands on the banks, who might have been a little distrustful, instantly distinguished its hearty sincerity, and repeated it with equal fervor until for a time, even after they had ended, the forests across the river seemed to thunder mysteriously, "Sennene! Sennene!" We dropped our stone anchors abreast, and near enough to the vast crowds on the banks, and invited the warriors on the canoes to approach.

From childish shyness they would not come nearer than fifty yards or so, and two old women—ladies, I ought to call them—"manned" a small canoe, and, coming straight to my boat, they brought their tiny vessel alongside, and after an introductory laugh offered us palm wine and a couple of chickens! Presently the warriors, shamed out of their shyness—it was not fear—drew their canoes alongside—great, enormous things, twice the length of our boat, and completely hid, almost crushed, the tiny canoe of the women; but the most pleasing sight to me, to which my eyes were constantly attracted, was the faces of the two women, and the tiny

messenger of peace and comfort to us in the midst of our days of trial. On looking into the great war canoes of this tribe I observed with pleasure that there was not one spear or bow and arrow in any of them, which caused me to confirm my opinion of their tact and delicacy, to look more attentively at the crowds on the bank, and there was not one weapon of war visible anywhere. Presently I observed one huge canoe make off for the shore, load gourds of palm wine and baskets of potatoes, and return, each man singing enthusiastically. The potatoes were for me, the palm wine for my people.

When I asked how it happened that they were so kind to strangers when we had fought three times the day before, they said that though the drums above the river summoned them to fight us, some of their people had been up river fishing among the islands the day before, and the drums had caused them to hide themselves and see what took place. They had seen us talk to the natives, offer cloths and beads, and had seen them refuse all proffers and fight us. "They are always fighting us, and stealing our people, but we are not strong enough to kill them. This morning when you left that island where you slept last night we sent very early a canoe with two slaves—a boy and a woman in it—with potatoes and palm wine; if you were bad people you would have caught that canoe and made those two slaves your own, but when you allowed it to pass you, saying 'Sennene,' we knew that you were good people, and we did not beat our drum for war, but for peace. If you had taken that little canoe this morning you would have had to fight us now. You killed our enemies yesterday, and you did not injure our two slaves this morning. You are our friends."

Throughout our entire journey, unless all opportunities for friendly intercourse were closed by furious onsets, and all minds were engrossed with the necessity of immediate and desperate defence, we made overtures of conciliation and friendship. I can recall many and many an instance when kindness, sociability and

forgiveness won many tribes from a suspicious and menacing attitude to sincere friendship and open, candid conduct. Many tribes have, on my departure from among them, implored me to return soon, and have accompanied me long distances as though loath to part with me. Others, in their desire to see their friend again, have brought their medicines and idols before me and conjured me by their sacred character to tell their white brothers how glad they would be to see them and trade with them and make eternal friendship with them; and one king, whose friendship must be secured before any explorer can enter the Congo Basin, outdid me in generosity with such delicacy and tact that I looked upon him, and still regard him, as a phenomenon of benignity.

Large as the number of cataracts and rapids mentioned above may be, we have discovered that the great highway of commerce to broad Africa is the Congo, and happy will that power seem which shall secure for itself a locality for a depot at the extreme limit of the navigation of the Lower Congo, and establish there a people such as the freed slaves, to assist it in enriching itself, the poor races employed in the service, and the redemption of the splendid central basin of the continent by sound and legitimate commerce.

So far as I have been permitted to observe I find that Eastern Central Africa and Western Central Africa must be acted on by two different influences. While all Africans, naturally, as savages, would more readily appreciate the trader than the missionary, still the missionary would be the most powerful agent in East Central Africa; while in West Central Africa the trader must precede the missionary. The reasons for this are obvious at a glance.

In East Central Africa the people are gathered under powerful emperors and kings. The great Empire of Uganda, which has an estimated population of 5,000,000; the great Empire of Ruanda, with an equal estimaed population; the Empire of Urundi, with about

3,000,000; the Kingdoms of Usagara, the two Usuis, Unyoro, Karagwe and Usongora and Ukerewe—all of these empires and kingdoms governed despotically, subject to the will of their respective monarchs. In his worthy efforts for the improvement of these benighted races the missionary, using a discreet judgment, can soon secure the good will, assistance and protection of the supreme powers of these countries.

In West Central Africa, from Lake Tanganyika to the mouth of the Congo River, the people are gathered in small, insignificant districts, towns or villages, each governed by its respective chief. As we approached nearer the West Coast the explorer dares not begin to classify the people after the usual manner employed in Africa, as the districts are so small, the population so great, the number of villages so confusing, that there are as many kings ruling over a hundred-acre plot as there are officials in Greece, all animated by an intense thirst for trade and distinguished for their idolatry, hostility to each other and foolish pride. The love of trade and barter is, however, universal.

Setting aside the contributions of our expedition to geography, the grandest discovery it has made is the great field for trade it has opened to the world, especially to the English, French, Germans and Americans, the English especially, for greater attention to those fabrics and wares purchased by Africans on the West Coast. In round numbers you have thrown open to commerce an area embracing over six hundred thousand square miles, which contains nearly two thousand miles of an uninterrupted course of water communication, divided among the Upper Congo and its magnificent affluents.

For those interested in geography I may say that one time I never dreamed that you could hear anything of me until some time in 1878 or 1879, for my wonderful river continued a northerly course two degrees north of the Equator, sometimes taking great bends easterly, until I thought sometimes that I should soon be in the

neighborhood of the Mountains of the Moon, in which case I should either have to resolve, after reaching five degrees north latitude, to force my way toward Gondokoro through the wild Baris who are fighting with Gordon Pasha, or continue on my way north to some great lake, and ultimately perchance the Niger.

At the Equator the Lualaba turned north-north-east, as if it really had, by some unknown means—unless all aneroids and barometers were wrong—a connection with the Albert Nyanzi, and I hurrahed rather prematurely for Livingstone. This north-north-east course did not last long, for the Lualaba was simply collecting its force to tilt against a mountain, where, of course, there was the wildest scene imaginable.

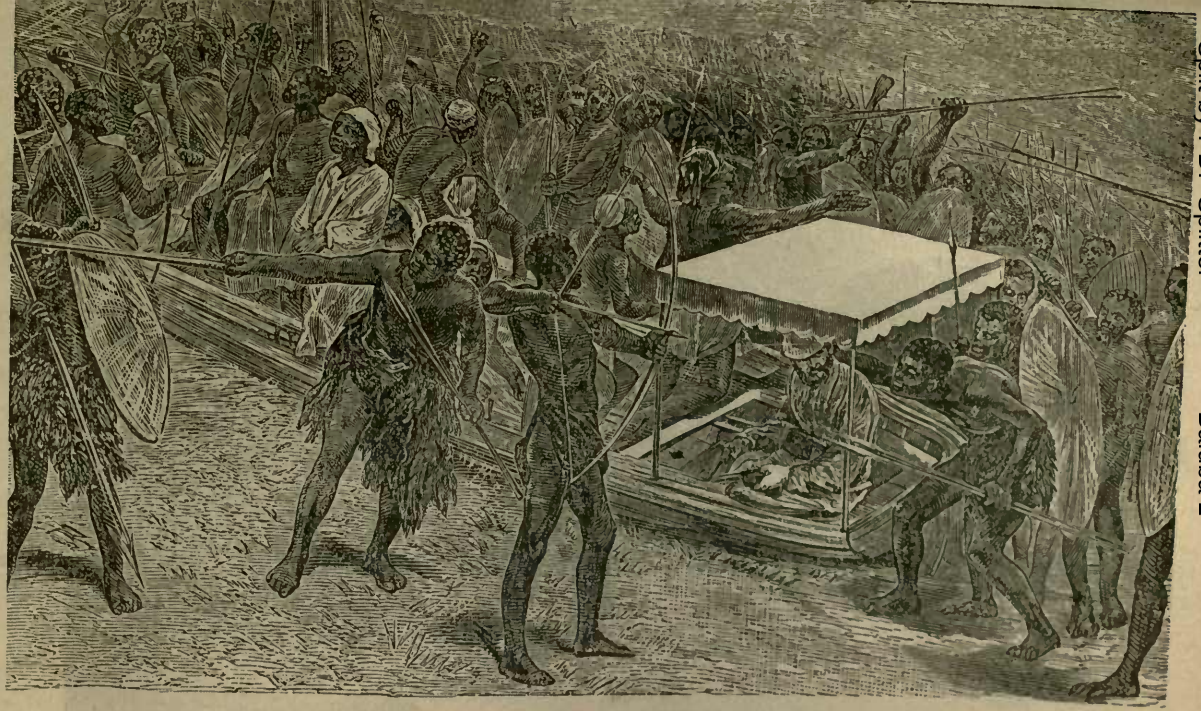
We had good cause to remember this river, for in midstream we had the second toughest fight of all. A fleet of canoes, fifty-four in number, came down on us with such determined ferocity that four of our canoes began to give way and run. One of the enemy's canoes contained over eighty paddlers: a platform on the bow, for the best warriors, held ten men; eight steersmen, with ten feet paddles, steered the great war vessel, while from stem to stern there ran a broad planking, along which the principal chiefs danced up and down, giving rehearsal of what they proposed to do with us. In half an hour the fight was decided in our favor.

Another thing I must hint to you about—the incorrectness, or rather the infamous inaccuracy of the chart of Western Africa. The chart-maker may be to blame, after all; but if he can produce his authority and the source of his information he is saved from the serious charge of having published much of his work upon hearsay, without marking his information as "such." I dare not imagine Captain Tuckey to be responsible for these errors. I should much rather accuse Portuguese traders, who might be presumed to be very uncertain about the meaning of the words "geographical accuracy." In plainer terms, nothing that can be seen on your map of Western Africa twenty miles

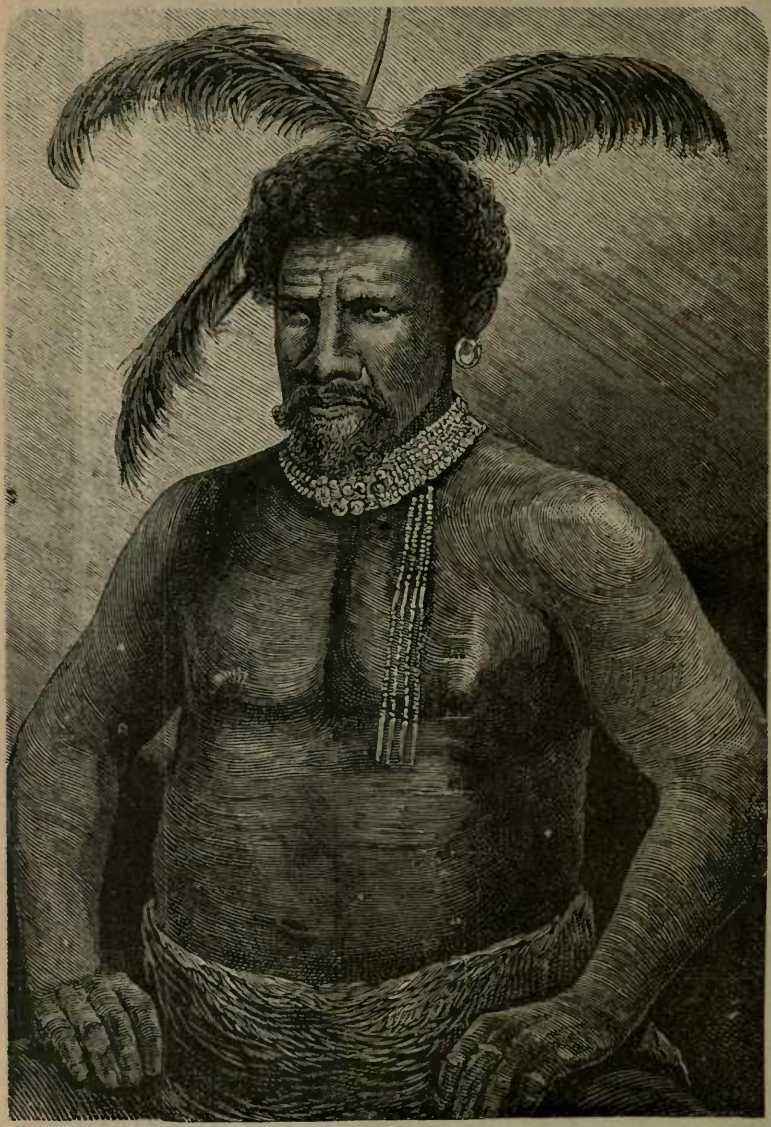
east of Yellala Falls is correct. It is a simple show of names that I hear nothing about and a wild wavy line marked deeply black which pretends to be the Congo. We have also just above the Falls of Yellala a sketch of a river four or five miles wide, with islands, the whole of which I shall be able to show you is sheer nonsense, and anybody who doubts it need only spend £100 to satisfy himself by a personal investigation. Besides the enormous amount of internal satisfaction he will receive he will have a pleasant five days' walk through a picturesque country.

With a feeling of intense gratitude to Divine Providence, Who has so miraculously saved me and my people from the terrors of slavery, from the pangs of cruel death at the hands of cannibals, after many months' daily toil through fifty-seven cataracts, falls and rapids—Who inspired us with manliness sufficient to oppose the hosts of savages, and, out of thirty-two battles, brought us safe across unknown Africa to the Atlantic Ocean—the work of the Anglo-American Expedition has been performed to the very letter.

The story is now told, how we crossed the hitherto unknown half of Africa; how we journeyed 1,800 from Nyangwe to the ocean. You have had a glimpse of the wide wild land that lies between that Arab depot and the Atlantic."



"The wretches seemed crazed with passion, and poised their spears as if about to strike, and drew their arrows to the head, yelling till their great eyes seemed bursting from their sockets."—Page 316.



CETEWAYO—KING OF THE ZULUS.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CONGO AND THE FOUNDING OF A FREE STATE IN AFRICA.

The Sequel of Stanley's Explorations—Europe's Desire for Commercial Colonization—Stanley Engaged to Carry Out the Plans—He Again Leaves for Africa—Sails Up the Congo—Trading Warehouses—Road-making—Sick with Fever—Natives Keen for Trade—Returns to Europe—Appointed Governor of Free State—Missions—Extent of Country.

THE reader has followed with much interest the account which is given of Stanley's intrepid journey through the Dark Continent. We now give the sequel of that exploration—the founding of a Free State, under the auspices of Christian civilization, in the heart of Africa. This "story," as written by Stanley, has just been published simultaneously in eight different languages, and is attracting the attention of the world as few books ever have. The work which it describes may prove to be one of the greatest movements of the age. Future ages may look back to this event as we now regard the planting of the English Colonies in Virginia and in Massachusetts Bay.

Stanley's account of the Congo had excited in Europe a strong desire to attempt the opening of that great river to commercial colonization. Leopold II., King of Belgium, took the lead of an association composed of Belgians, Dutch, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and others to prosecute this important object.

Stanley, during the year 1878, was consulted on the plans, and engaged to carry them out by an expedition to proceed from the west coast of Africa up the Congo, to select sites for the stations, entering into friendly negotiations with all the native chiefs of tribes, and to form establishments for peaceful trade. He first, however,

went to Zanzibar, on the east coast, in order to obtain the services of a sufficient number of trusty men of the same class as his followers in the expedition of 1876 and 1877. He had a flotilla of steamboats, built of steel, and made so as to be taken to pieces for occasional carriage overland; those which proved most useful were 42 ft. or 43 ft. long and 7 ft or 8 ft. wide, drawing 11 inches water, with engines of six horse-power; one was much larger, drawing 3 ft. 6 inches. He was accompanied by a dozen European officers, several of whom belonged to the Belgian army; and he had sixty-eight Zanzibar men who were armed and drilled as soldiers. This number was afterward more than doubled. Ample stores for the personal wants of the party, with tools for building and road-making, and quantities of cloth and other manufactured goods to trade with, had been provided for the expedition.

The purpose of the expedition in organizing a Free State in Central Africa was at once philanthropic, scientific and commercial: to repress the feuds of the native tribes, to survey and map the Congo River, and to prepare the way for European trade. On August 14th, 1879, Stanley reached the Congo. Here at the Dutch factory of Banana were already assembled a flotilla of three steamers and five other boats with their crews for the purposes of the expedition. In a week Stanley's steamer, the *Albion*, and the flotilla sailed up the mangrove-bordered stream, which for thirty miles is deep enough to float the *Great Eastern*. The volume of the river is surpassed only by that of the Amazon.

The second day Boma, a congeries of factories, *i.e.*, of trading warehouses, is reached. For two hundred years it was the centre of a cruel slave trade which covered the land for many a league with mourning and woe. Consequently the country is almost depopulated and untilled, and scarce a sign of life, beyond the limits of the factory, is seen. Nevertheless a large trade is done in exchanging Manchester and Sheffield goods, etc., for the palm oil, rubber, copal, and ivory, etc., of the interior.

Within thirty-four days vast quantities of stores,

wooden huts, machinery, etc., were brought ninety miles up the river to this new base of operations, and the *Albion* was sent back to England.* Stanley proceeded up the river about seven hours' sail from Boma, to Vivi, above which navigation is interrupted by strong rapids. Here he found a fine elevated plateau, accessible from the river and the interior. A "palaver" was held with the native chiefs, who were dressed chiefly in cast-off European clothes. He made a bargain with these shrewd fellows for a site for a trading station for the sum of £32 and a rental of £22 a year.

By payment of liberal wages he enlisted the natives in the work of road-making and preparing the site for his first station. The difficulty of his task may be estimated from the fact that it required the carriage of 5,000 tons of the rich alluvial soil, on men's heads, to the barren plateau 340 feet above the river to make a garden plot. Soon he had a large number of buildings erected and his stores safely housed.

He next proceeded to lay out a road fifty-two miles long, through the tangled forest and over a rugged country, to Isangila, where the Congo again became navigable. He showed much tact in negotiating with the native chiefs for the right of way, and in restraining his force of over two hundred men of many European nationalities or native tribes from any excesses that might lead to a rupture of peaceful relations. In the interior, animal life (elephants, buffaloes, antelopes, etc.,) was very numerous. It was a work of great difficulty to cut down the teak and other hardwood trees, and to build bridges over the numerous streams. The road being constructed, the next work was to convey over it the steel steamers, with their heavy boilers and machinery, with all the stores for the expedition. This involved many journeys to and fro, amounting in all to 2,352 miles. The ponderous loads were dragged chiefly by human muscle. This advance

* In 1879 there were only two factories above Boma. In 1886 there were nineteen.