

of fifty-two miles occupied a whole year.* It was attended by much sickness, resulting in the death of six Europeans and twenty-two natives and the withdrawal of thirteen invalided whites. Stanley himself became seriously ill with fever, which he tried to break with large doses of quinine, increasing from 20 grains to 30, 40, 50 and even 60 grains of the potent drug. Believing, after many days' illness, that his last hour had come, he summoned all his white comrades and faithful black followers. The scene was of pathetic interest. His tent was pitched on a hill-top, overlooking the broad Congo, with which his name will be forever linked. But let the story be told in his own touching words:

"In a short time there is a rush of many feet round the tent. . . I can see the rows of seated forms around. I struggle hard to recall my fleeting senses to advise them what they should do when all would be over. My thoughts seemed to be distracted between my strong desire to say something intelligible and a strange brooding over a hollowed grave somewhere which drew nearer and nearer to me. Again, and yet again, I strove to utter the words that my lips would not frame.

"'Look well on me, Albert,' I cried. 'Do not move. Fasten your eyes on me that I may tell you.'

"And the young sailor whose hand clasped mine, fixed his eyes steadily on mine to enable him to conquer the oppressive drowsiness; and the sentence was at last, after many efforts, delivered clearly and intelligently, at which I felt so relieved from my distress that I cried out 'I am saved!' Suddenly a dark cloud came over me, and oblivion, which lasted many hours, shut out the sense of things."

Though reduced to less than one hundred pounds weight he gradually recovered strength,† and took up his Herculean task as the pathfinder of civilization in the heart of Africa. There were turbulent chiefs to subdue, discontents to placate, food supply to provide for—they used 400 pounds of rice per day beside other supplies—and a thousand things to tax heart and brain.

From Isangila the Congo was navigable for 88 miles to Manyanga, over which the stores, etc., were conveyed in fourteen round voyages in 70 days. Another land journey

* For a whole month the rate of progress was only 42 yards a day, and 25 days were spent on a causeway 400 yards long.

† He was attacked with fever, he tells us, 120 times while in Africa.

of 95 miles had now to be made to Stanley Pool; above which was an unbroken river navigation of the Congo of 1,000 miles. The road to Stanley Pool was constructed in much less time than the much shorter one from Vivi to Isangila, and the strongly built station at Leopoldville was established. Although trade was not the chief object, barter with the natives was largely practised to procure supplies for the expedition, which with new recruits now numbered over four hundred men. So keen were the natives for trade that as much as £800 worth of European goods was sold in two days. From Stanley Pool the intrepid explorer sailed up the noble stream which, he thinks, surpasses in grandeur the Hudson, the Danube, or the Mississippi, and, after seven days' journey, discovered on an affluent of the Congo a fine large lake, which he named after the royal patron of the expedition, Leopold II. There was a strange charm in exploring those virgin solitudes.

They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The prescient mind of Stanley anticipated the day when the fertile soil and the salubrious climate of this vast region should become the scene of active industry and of Christian civilization.

Stanley's health was much broken, and he was compelled, after three years' absence, to return to Europe to recuperate. The voyage, in a filthy and crowded Portuguese vessel, lasted over a month. The success of his explorations had been so great that it was resolved to prosecute the work with increased energy; to arrange for the construction of a railway around the interrupted reaches of the river, and for retaining the guardianship of the country through which it would pass.

After six weeks' stay in Europe Stanley returned to Africa much invigorated. He found the state of things greatly demoralized at Vivi and Leopoldville, through the incompetence and lack of energy of the white agents. "They had already," he says, "given me more trouble

than all the African tribes put together." "I had rather," he adds, "be condemned to be a boot-black all my life than to be a dry-nurse to beings who had no higher claims to manhood than that externally they might be pretty pictures of men." Many of the subordinate officers had disappeared; conflicts with the natives had broken out which he had to appease. Leopoldville was on the verge of starvation, although abundant supplies were lying at Vivi. The station was grass-grown and ruinous. One of the steel steamers had lain seventeen months in the water, and was almost ruined with rust. Several men had been lost by accident or in quarrels with the natives, etc. Two rival missions had engaged in a "religious duel with more zeal than devotion."

Soon the indefatigable energy of Stanley brought order out of chaos. Food became again plentiful. Peace was made with the native tribes. An open mart for trade was established at the station. Everybody was set to work, and a fresh expedition was organized for exploring the Upper Congo.

This expedition occupied a month's monotonous journey—monotonous on account of the very prodigality of the forest growths. The river was one and a half times the size of the Mississippi, with "room enough and to spare to stow the half of Europe on its comfortable borders." The monotonous diet also wearied the European palates, and provoked Stanley to exclaim: "It is only a grand moral manhood like Livingstone's that rises above those petty vanities of a continental stomach. Think of his thirty-two years' life in Africa, and of the unsophisticated mannikins who to-day are weeping their eyes out at the memories of a European restaurant before they have been three months out."

Almost everywhere the natives proved friendly and keen for trade. "I was much inspired," says Stanley, "at their intelligent appearance. They had an air of worldly knowledge and travel about them. From Stanley Pool to Upoto, a distance of 600 miles, they knew every landing-place on the river." They were greatly

interested in the steamers which now first breasted the Congo's flood. "It must be strong medicine," they said, "that the engineers were cooking all day in the black pots (boilers)."

At last in N. lat. $0^{\circ} 1' 0''$ Stanley planted the Equator Station and left a little garrison of fifty men, and then returned again to Stanley Pool, which was reached after two months' absence. But evil tidings again awaited our explorers. Three of the river stations had been destroyed, one by fire, with the loss of £1,500 of stores, and thirteen men were drowned. The Bolobo tribe broke out in war, the first hostile shot fired by the natives in four years. They were soon subdued to peace, and then awed into terror by an exhibition of the effects of a small Krupp cannon.

Three months later Equator Station, 757 miles from the sea and 412 from Leopoldville, was revisited and found to be admirably established and strengthened. Stanley now proceeded 600 miles further up the stream to plant a new station and make treaties with the populous tribes. It was a dangerous experiment. For along this long river reach, crowded with hostile villages, he had run the dreadful gauntlet in 1877. But the potent "medicine" of the steam-launches awed the barbaric tribes with some sense of supernatural power and they were glad to make treaties of peace. More than fifty times Stanley made blood brotherhood with those dusky chiefs — "his poor arm," he says, "being scarified and his blood shed for the cause of civilization."

He grows enthusiastic over the resources and beauty of the country; the many islands with the gold, white and crimson flowers, fragrant as a grove of spices, and the noble forest trees "approached in aspect," he says, "as near Eden's loveliness as anything I shall see on this side of Paradise." But the chief interest was that of the human communities whose brawny muscles he hoped to enlist in the service of civilization. "In every cordial-faced aborigine whom I met," he says, "I see a promise of assistance to me in the redemption of himself from the state of unproductiveness in which he at present lives."

Some of the native towns are quite large, containing as many as 8,000 or even 12,000 people. In this once populous region the flotilla passed scores of deserted villages, and then a fleet of a thousand canoes, containing about 5,000 fugitives* from a band of Arab slave-dealers who for hundreds of miles laid waste the country in their horrid work. Stanley soon overtook this band of men-stealers, who had corralled like cattle 2,300 fettered slaves, chained in groups of twenty each, and wallowing in filth and misery. They were all women and children, not a man among them. To capture these they had ravaged a country larger than Ireland, with 118 towns and villages, occupied by a million people, and had murdered, Stanley estimated, 33,000 persons. Our hero longed for a British gunboat and for authority to sweep the miscreants from the face of the earth. The founding of the Congo Free State will do much to heal that "open sore of the world," the slave-trade.

At the fisheries at Stanley Falls, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo, a site for a station was bought for £160, and a little Scotchman, named Binnie, with thirty-one blacks, were left here as an advance guard of civilization.

After an absence of 146 days Stanley returned to Leopoldville, having travelled 3,050 miles on the great river. He made treaties of peace and friendship with 450 sovereign chiefs. He pays a high tribute to the influence of Christian missions. The Livingstone Mission, with the expenditure of £100, produced in his mind a greater degree of pleasure than the thriftless expenditure of £10,000 by the International Colonization Society. Indeed, the unthrift of the mass of European agents made him sad and sore at heart. The Society sent out abundant supplies, but it was very difficult to get energetic agents. Some of the malingerers cost hundreds of pounds for medicines and delicacies. General Gordon wrote to Stanley, in January, 1884, "I will willingly serve with and

* A fleet of 12,000 fugitives was afterward met.

under you, and we will, God helping, kill the slave-traders in their haunts. No such efficacious means of cutting at the root of the slave-trade was ever presented as that which God has opened to us." But the gallant Christian hero was soon summoned to meet his strange fate in the Soudan, as we shall see in the next chapter.

Mr. Stanley returned to Vivi on April 24th. He found the affairs of that station in a very unpromising state, owing to the negligence and incompetence of some of the European agents and superintendents, who were not of his own selection. There had been great waste of the Company's property, as well as waste of time; and Stanley, who was personally animated by strong feelings of duty and honour, might well be indignant. He soon put matters right, and then, leaving all the stations in charge of trustworthy men, returned to Europe, arriving at the end of July, 1884. He gave lectures on the resources of the Congo during the autumn months, while friendly diplomatists, above all the powerful German statesman, Prince Bismarck, took up the question of creating a neutral Free State in that region, as the alternative of permitting it wholly to become a Portuguese dominion. Prince Bismarck, desirous of aiding the Association for the sake of German trade, proposed the holding of a European Conference, which assembled at Berlin in November to settle every territorial question, and to decree resolutions for the free navigation and traffic of the Congo. At the meetings of the Conference, which ended on February 26th, 1885, Stanley attended as "technical adviser." The French, British, German, Austrian, Belgian, Russian, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and other Governments were represented by their ambassadors, aided by special delegates and experts. They consented, one after another, formally to recognize the International Association of the Congo as a new State, and conventions were made by it with France and Portugal, relating to changes of territory, which were satisfactory to Stanley and his principals. The dominions finally assigned to France and Portugal, on the western side of Central Africa, are of

great extent and value; but the Free State, of which King Leopold is the head, covers two-thirds of the whole breadth of Central Africa, as far east as Lake Tanganyika while to the north it approaches the confluents of the Upper Nile; and to the south it is on the watershed dividing the sources of the Congo from the Zambesi. It has only a very little sea-coast; but many hundred miles of the great river flow through its territory, which is rich in a variety of products affording good mercantile profit. The King of the Belgians, President of the International Association of the Congo, has conferred the appointment of Governor of the Free State upon the bold explorer and successful administrator by whose labours that region has been won to geographical science and civilization. The present disposition of the natives seems all that could be wished; and we doubt not that, while Mr. Stanley is Governor, the Congo Free State may have a good chance of prosperity, and its administration may benefit the general interests of mankind. At a meeting of the delegates of the fourteen Powers of Christendom, held in Berlin, April 20th, 1886 — Prince Bismarck presiding — “THE CONGO FREE STATE” was formally recognized and admitted into the family of nations.

The construction of 150 miles of railway around the rapids of the Congo will open up to commerce 10,000 miles of river navigation through a country peopled by 43,000,000 of inhabitants. Among its resources are ivory, palm oil, rubber, gums, varnish, ground-nuts, precious woods, fruits, rice, sugar, cotton, maize, iron, copper, coal, etc. France secures as a result of previous exploration 257,000 square miles—equal to the area of England and France combined. Portugal secures nearly half as much more. The Congo Free State covers 1,660,000 square miles, or about seven times the area of both France and England together, while the free trade area covers 2,400,000 square miles extending across the whole of Central Africa to within one degree of the East Coast. This vast region is secured forever for free trade. The slave-trade is to be rigidly suppressed. Italy, to its honour,

sought to suppress the liquor traffic, but Germany and Holland strenuously objected. But the nefarious traffic is to be rigidly regulated. Missions are to be protected and encouraged. These rights are guaranteed by the signatures of fourteen European Powers.

The founding of such a State, with its own government and its own flag, is one of the greatest achievements ever permitted to man, and to its accomplishment no one has contributed so much, as, by his seventeen years of exploration and toil, has Henry M. Stanley.

CHAPTER XLIII.

“CHINESE” GORDON IN AFRICA, AND GEN. WOLSELEY’S EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE HIM.

The Revolt in the Soudan—Extent of the Country—Kind of Inhabitants—Who is the Mahdi?—British Money Lender—“Chinese” Gordon sent to the Soudan—He believes in his own Divinely appointed Mission to succeed—He arrives at Khartoum—Burns the Government Books—Holds the place for a year against the Mahdi—Wolseley sent to rescue him—Canadian Soldiers—Difficult feats—The Camel Corps—Gordon Killed—The Fall of Khartoum—The War ended.

A FORMIDABLE religious revolt broke out on November 12th, 1882, under Mahomet Achmet, the Mahdi of the Soudan.

The Soudan, or “Black Country,” is separated by five hundred miles of rainless and waterless desert from the Egypt of the Nile valley. It extends from Assouan on the Equator, and from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to Darfour, a territory 1,650 miles long by 1,200 broad. It includes the Provinces of Khartoum, Sennaar, Fashoda, and the magnificently fertile alluvial valleys of the rivers Atbara and Ayteck. Professor Kean (a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who is the most recent authority on

the Soudan country) states that the Soudan rivals and excels the fertility of the Egyptian delta, the alluvial deposits of the Atbara being spread over many millions of arable and forest-bearing lands.

The inhabitants of the Soudan are, as the name denotes, mainly of negro race; but, as the present writer was assured by the Austrian explorer, Baron Vanderdecker, the Negroid tribes north of the Killimanjaro Range are far superior in physique to the Negroes of Equatorial Africa and the Mozambique. The hardy Arab and Moorish blood is thoroughly intermixed with that of the Negro tribes, the result being a race temperate in habits, skilled in desert warfare, and utterly without fear of death.

If there exist any survivors of the sentimentalists who fifty years ago, used to gush over Tom Moore's Veiled Prophet in "Lalla Rookh," they will recognize the Mahdi as his legitimate successor. It had been foretold them that in twelve centuries from the Hegira a new Mahomet would appear to conquer the world in the cause of Islam. A runaway schoolboy, a companion of quacks and fanatics, declared himself to be the Mahdi in 1881. In December of that year he annihilated an Egyptian force of 350 men, and by a series of subsequent successes gained command of the entire Soudan region. The Egyptian Government, which in reality represented the British money-lender, was threatened with the loss of a large portion of its income. In England a Liberal Government, professedly opposed to militancy, was in power; it was felt to be undesirable to engage in any great military operations. Yet, it was desirable to uphold the bankrupt Egyptian tyrant; hold on to the taxes extractable from the Soudanese; the Gladstone Cabinet thought that in "Chinese" General Gordon they had hit on the man for the situation.

"Chinese" Gordon was an adventurer belonging to the class of Sir Walter Raleigh and Admiral Blake, not without a dash of Captain Kidd and Praise-God Barebone. A muscular Christian and a fatalist, he had much power of attaching those whom he led to himself personally, had a blind belief in his own divinely appointed mission

—to succeed; he went into action with no other weapon than a walking-stick, and when in doubt as to military measures tossed up a copper to consult Providence by the simple but familiar method of "head or tail." Gordon went to Khartoum with an informal mission, without an adequate force, and in the face of the foe whose most familiar weapon was treachery.

Charged by the British Government with "the pacification of the Soudan,"—in other words, the reduction into the foreign tyranny of the Egyptian tax-collector of a free and fierce nationality of over 12,000,000—"Chinése" Gordon arrived at Khartoum on February the 18th, 1884. He publicly burned the Government books, thus relieving from debt thousands of taxpayers; he released the political offenders from prison, and was apparently all-powerful. For a year this one English soldier, single-handed, held possession of Khartoum, fighting with what force he could collect against the victorious hordes of the Mahdi. At length a sense of shame was aroused in the mind of the English public, and an army under General Wolseley was once more despatched to Egypt with orders to push on to the Soudan and rescue Gordon. The wish of the British people was rather the rescue of Gordon than the conquest of the Soudan, or the "smashing" of the Mahdi.

From the first the Soudanese war had been associated with disaster, though more directly to the Egyptian Government. Egyptian armies were twice defeated by the brave fanatics hurled against the Egyptian bayonets by the Mahdi. The disasters of Hicks Pasha and of Baker Pasha were as shadows thrown beforehand by the greater loss of Gordon. After the slaughter of the gallant Hicks, the followers of the Mahdi grew infuriate in their fanaticism. They swarmed around Tokar, then held Sincat in a state of seige. Within the feeble outworks of this little place, Tewfik Bey, with his handful of followers, was abandoned to die.

The generous indignation of the English people had secured a vote of £3,000,000, and the despatch of 10,000

men under Lord Wolseley, to rescue Khartoum. In this expedition Canada was well and ably represented. Lord Wolseley knew by his experience in the Red River expedition the value of Canadian soldiership. By communicating with Lord Melgund and the Canadian authorities he procured nearly five hundred Canadian voyageurs, some from the Ottawa district, some from the Red River, and a body of Indians from the Caughnawaga reserve. This part of Wolseley's army amply fulfilled the expectation of the General. The good steering and stalwart arms of these brave sons of Canada succeeded in accomplishing apparently impossible feats in ascending the cataracts and rapids of the great Egyptian river. Ropes were attached to osier bushes above the rapids, and all hands strained to haul on the ropes till the force of the rapids had been overcome.

The following description is taken from a letter by one of our brave voyageurs, and tells of one of the most difficult feats accomplished.

"Abbatfatma was the most dangerous place we have yet encountered on the river. We arrived there just as the sudden blaze of the tropical sunset gave place to darkness. We could just see miles upon miles of river above and below, and far off in the east the sky and river meeting. The horizon broken here and there by great conical hills, table-topped, standing out of the dreary waste of the sandy desert in sullen, solitary grandeur. Our boat was unlucky in the first attempt. We lost hold on the rope, the boat swung broadside on to the eddy, and was dashed against a rock by the whole force of the current. Luckily, our oars caught the force of the collision, otherwise boat and men would have run their last trip."

Not the least successful part of the operations in the Soudan was Lord Wolseley's employment of the Canadian voyageurs; and the English Government, by their liberal treatment of the Canadians on their return, has added another link to the bonds which unite Canada to the Mother Country.

Another useful provision for the Soudan warfare for

which Lord Wolseley deserves credit was the organization of the Camel Corps. This was composed of detachments from the three Household Cavalry Regiments, seven Battalions of the Guards, sixteen Cavalry Regiments, and a part of the Naval Brigade. The camel is one of the oldest of domesticated animals. As early as the time of Herodotus (400 B. C.) no memory existed of camels being found in a wild state. "The ship of the desert," alone of living creatures, can travel for ten days without water, for twenty days without food. A good idea of the *modus vivendi* of Lord Wolseley's Camel Corps may be derived from the following statement of an eye-witness. "The scene at the starting was quaint in the extreme. Camels were there of every size and hue, bellowing one and all as though in direst agony; some of them bestridden by English soldiers on their red leather saddles; some by officers who preferred the comfortable Soudan saddle, some by naked sons of the desert, and without saddles of any kind."

Meanwhile Gordon held Khartoum, and strengthened its defences with the utmost skill. Broken glass, crowfeet, tangled wire, *chevaux de frise* and a triple line of percussion mines protected the time-worn old walls of stone. Gordon's armed steamers traversed the Nile, and did much to check the foe. But treachery accomplished what the utmost efforts of a vast armed population had failed in. On the morning of the 27th of January, 1885, a black slave whom Gordon had emancipated and enriched, and whom he trusted implicitly, opened the southern gates of Khartoum to the Mahdi's soldiers. As they entered the main street, General Gordon came out of Government House; the moment he appeared he fell dead, shot and stabbed by the Arabs.

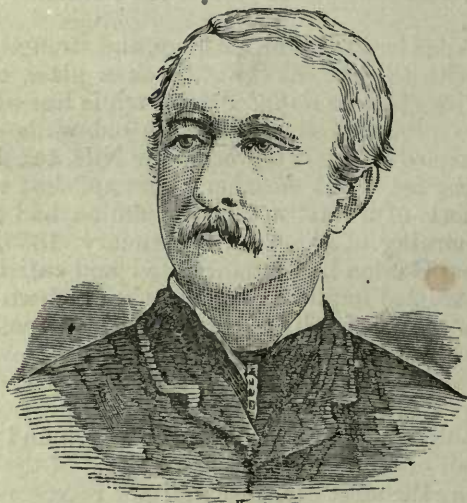
The stabbing to death of General Gordon and the consequent fall of Khartoum, the Nile capital of the Soudan, were among the most crushing military reverses England has sustained.

With that event the Soudanese war was practically ended. Public opinion in England, ever since Gordon's

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death became announced, has been against devoting more blood and treasure to an attempt to hold a country in no way connected with English interests, and with a climate fatal to Europeans. With many minor episodes of soldierly prowess, the general result of the Soudanese war has lowered the reputation of General Wolseley, has not raised that of any other commander, and has proved a military and financial burden unequalled since the disastrous expedition of the British to Walcheren, or the Athenians to Syracuse.

England leaves as memorials of her visit to the Soudanese only an unfinished railway, and many hundreds of skeletons bleaching on the desert sands.



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B.

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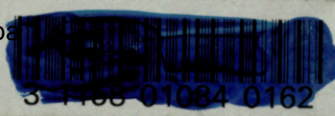
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