M. STANLEY

THE AFRICAN EXPLORER

BY

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE
F.G.S. F.R.G.S.

Mrs H. Moodie

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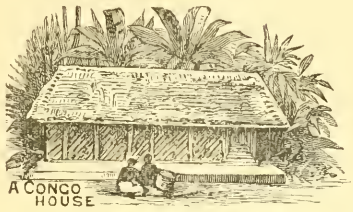
AUTHOR OF "DAVID LIVINGSTONE: HIS LABOURS AND HIS LEGACY."



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"HENRY M. STANLEY,"

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

HIS LABOURS AND HIS LEGACY.

160 pages, Map, and 12 full-page and other Illustrations.

PREFACE.

"Strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."
TENNYSON. "*Ulysses.*"

STANLEY'S career is the history of the development of the Dark Continent. He has, indeed, been called the Columbus of Central Africa, but the title is inadequate. At the head of a long roll of renowned names, he has placed his own—not by some mere chance of circumstance or fortuitous turn of fortune's wheel, but by dint of sheer determination "to seek, to find, and not to yield," by a rare courage, and a devotion to duty hardly short of heroism. He is more than a mere discoverer, for the scene of his many marvellous exploits has also been the centre around which his highest hopes and deepest feelings have revolved. For twenty years he has been an African traveller—for fifteen, an African enthusiast.

For we must not suppose that Stanley was won over to the cause of the Dark Continent in a moment, that his well-known feeling on the subject arose, like some love, "at first sight." When searching for Livingstone he detested the country and its climate, and despaired of the people. Livingstone, who laid

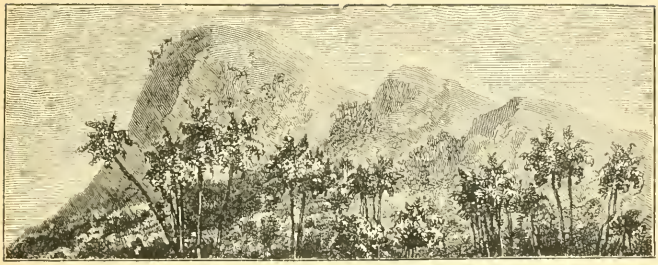
down his life for Africa and the African, would reason with him, hour after hour and day after day, but to little purpose at the time. Stanley has told us himself that it was not until he penetrated Africa for the second time, that he first awoke to the fact that large portions of the interior might repay an outlay of labour and money on the part of Europe. Then the bread which Livingstone had cast upon the waters was found indeed, for Stanley remembered the arguments of the Doctor, and a burning zeal to be up and doing for Africa and its people became the ruling passion of his life.

It must not be supposed that even this miniature portrait of Stanley's life is the unassisted work of the author. I have foreshortened the facts of many a bulky volume into that which now lies before the reader. The various letters and addresses of Stanley himself have been consulted, as well as his remarkable works, "How I found Livingstone," "Through the Dark Continent," and "The Congo, and Founding its Free State." To Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., the publishers, I tender my best thanks for their special permission to make extracts from these works.

And although the needs of the many have naturally been preferred to those of the scientific few, an effort has been made to place the reader abreast of that geographical development of Central Africa with which Stanley has had so much to do. In a word, this work is intended to put before the general public an authentic and graphic sketch of just those features connected with the life of the great African explorer which help to make the portrait at once characteristic and true.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

Bedford Park, W.



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HENRY M. STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

IN the northern division of the Principality of Wales there are many interesting and ancient towns, set in an environment of nature at once rugged and beautiful, which have played an important part in the history of the connection between the Teutonic and Keltic races. Yielding to none in point of historical interest or natural beauty, the town of Denbigh has added to its claims upon the respect of Britons, and, indeed, in this instance, of the whole world, by giving birth to the most intrepid and successful explorer of the age.

On a sloping eminence in the valley of the Clwyd there stands the town and what remains of the castle of Denbigh. The fortress—naturally—crowns the hill, and in its immediate vicinity, and at one time under the protecting shadow of its walls, there nestles the older part of the town. As civilisation advanced, and the arts of war were replaced by those of peace,

the growing community issued from its huddled home, and, "safe from war's alarms," raised the modern part of the town of Denbigh on the slopes of the hill and even in the valley itself. That valley forms a scene of uncommon beauty. On every side, save northward, the horizon is hacked into an infinity of form by the rugged peaks of the Cambrian range. In the distance, the summits of mountains rear their splintered crags above the rounded contours of the nearer hills. As the latter decline in height and become less imposing, they gain in richness and beauty, and the Clwyd finally runs through a gently sloping valley, enclosed by wooded hills.

At no time during the present century has Denbigh risen above the position of an ordinary market-town, and its general character has in no way differed from the accepted type—"dull and drowsy" on every day in the week save one—that of the market. The castle has long been in ruins, and within its ancient bounds, among the moss-grown piles of stone, there has arisen a group of cottages, inhabited by the poorer class. Here begins the main thoroughfare of Denbigh, cautiously winding its way down the slope of the hill, and straightening out as it reaches the modern town and the level of the river valley. Standing in the castle grounds, one's eye takes in the whole of the town, with a moment's glance, as it lies below, and then travels along the sylvan beauty of the vale of Clwyd—onward and upward until it is arrested by the peaks and passes of the distant range, by the glistening crown of Snowdon himself. In a glance the eye passes from art to nature, from the cultivated wealth of the plain to the desolation of the mountain-top. There is an element of contrast in the scene, which is rare indeed in Britain.

Amid such surroundings Henry Stanley first drew breath, and spent his earliest years. But not as Henry Stanley. His patronymic was Rollant, afterwards anglicised into Rowlands, and his Christian name

John. In after years, as we shall see, he saw fit to alter these names, and adopt the designation under which he has earned honour for both his native and adopted countries, and made his name "familiar in our mouths as household words."

John Rollant—H. M. Stanley—was born in the year 1841, and, be it noted, amid humble surroundings. His parents lived in the cottage of his maternal grandfather, whose name was Moses Parry, and who combined in his careful person the trades of butcher and grazier. A home had not been provided for them by the paternal grandfather, who was a fairly well-to-do farmer in the neighbourhood, and enjoyed a considerable degree of local fame for his convivial propensities, and it is supposed that the old man, who was of an extremely careful if not parsimonious nature, disapproved of his son's marriage on the ground of improvidence. At any rate it is certain that the John Rollant, in whom we are interested, was born in Parry's cottage, and that his parents had taken up their quarters there from the first. This cottage was one of those to which reference has been made as standing within the ancient precincts of Denbigh Castle, and, in fact the little quarter they formed was usually called "The Castle."

About two years after the birth of the child the household was broken up by the hand of death. Moses Parry and John Rollant, senior, died within a short time of each other; the mother had to go out to service, and the child was looked after by a kindly neighbour who occupied another cottage in the Castle precincts. At the end of two more years the slender resources which paid for his support came to an end, and again a change had to be made. This time, however, the change was a radical one, for the child was sent to the Workhouse School of St. Asaph, a few miles distant from his birthplace. This was his first journey in life.

The years between 1845 and 1856, John Rollant, or

Rowlands as he was now called, spent in the little world of School, and from what can be gathered of his character when there, he early gave evidence of such powers as belong to a born leader of men. To an intelligence which was remarkably keen, he added a determined will and high spirit. As he rose higher in the School he assumed a command over his fellows which made him a ringleader in many a boyish escapade; but be it added, to his credit, he was valued for his general good influence by the master, one John Williams. It is noteworthy that, even in these early years, he showed a preference for the study of arithmetic and geography, and thus gave promise of the brilliant business habits and geographical instincts with which, in later years, the world has been made so familiar.

It is pretty certain that John Rowlands ran away from school, though it is difficult to state what led him to take such a step. This happened in May, 1856. For a short time longer he acted as pupil teacher in a national school, of which his cousin was master. At this period he is described as "a full-faced, stubborn, self-willed, round-headed, uncompromising, deep fellow. He was particularly strong in trunk, but not very smart or elegant about the legs, which were disproportionately short. His temperament was unusually sensitive; he could stand no chaff nor the least bit of humour." It is not surprising therefore that, after a short trial at teaching the "young idea," he threw up the task, and sought a more suitable outlet for his powers. He had eagerly read about foreign countries and the adventures of travellers, and it seems he early made up his mind to emulate their deeds. The first step had to be taken, and in his case this was an easy one. To tramp from Denbigh to Liverpool, even though he had but a few pence in his pockets, was a simple task for one of his determination and spirit. And so it came to pass that, at the age of sixteen years, John Rowlands found

himself on board a sailing ship bound for New Orleans, the most brilliant and tropical, though not the most attractive city in the United States.

On arriving at that city, the lad started on his search for work, and after a short time found it in the office of a merchant named Stanley. In his employer he found also a friend, and ultimately a father. For Mr. Stanley, who was childless, in course of time adopted him as his heir; and it was in consequence of this that John Rowlands assumed the designation by which he has ever since been known—that of Henry Morton Stanley.

But though his lines had fallen in pleasant places, the hopes of young Stanley were destined to be soon shattered. Mr. Stanley died suddenly and intestate; relatives claimed his property; and once more had the adventurous youth to trust to his own ready-wit and strong right arm for the means of existence. And although for the next two years or so there is no record of his doings, it goes without saying that, in the great Republic of the West, such as he would find no difficulty in earning his daily bread. And it is quite possible that Stanley might have drifted into some narrow groove, and there remained for the rest of his life, had not an event occurred which shook the Republic to its foundation, held the civilised world spell-bound with horror, and developed his adventurous and danger-loving nature to such an extent that Stanley has been a nomad and an adventurer ever since.

This evént was the breaking out of the American Civil War.

Stanley, as a Southerner by adoption, joined the Confederate Army, and under General Johnstone fought in several battles, till, in that of Pittsburgh Landing, he was taken prisoner. With characteristic daring, however, he managed to escape—swimming across a river under a fusilade of bullets—and soon after returned to England and his Welsh home.

He visited his mother and various friends, but,

owing to his being in a destitute condition, did not meet with that reception which is the customary due of a returning warrior.

Thence he proceeded to Liverpool, where for a while he was employed in a merchant's office. But his spirit had been stirred to its depths by the scenes he had witnessed when fighting with the Confederates, and, after a few months' experience of the counting-house, for the second time he worked his passage to the States.

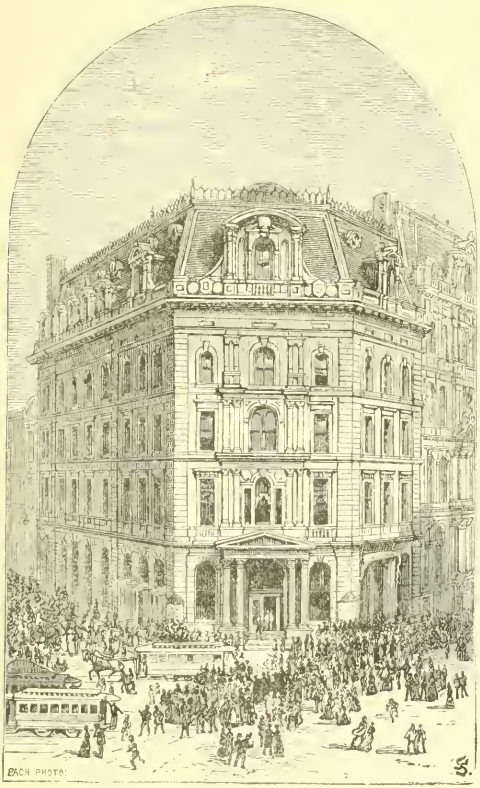
This time he landed at New York. Obviously it was an awkward predicament in which he found himself on landing—an ex-Confederate—in a Federal State. With that readiness of resource, however, which has characterised Mr. Stanley in all of his many undertakings, he at once cut the Gordian Knot and enlisted in the Federal Navy. This was in 1863. He joined the Flag-ship, the *Ticonderoga*, and after a few months became Secretary to the Admiral. While fulfilling the duties of this office, he distinguished himself by repeating, on behalf of the Federals, the daring deed he had previously performed on behalf of himself.

He swam a distance of 500 yards under fire, and fixed a line to a Confederate steamer, thus securing her as a prize. For this act of gallantry he was made an officer. He took part in many subsequent engagements, the last of which was the attack made on Fort Fisher, in January, 1865.

At the conclusion of the war, the *Ticonderoga* set off on a cruise, and in 1866 was in the Mediterranean. Stanley took advantage of being in Europe to revisit his home, and as his circumstances were in so favourable a condition, the welcome assumed a similar hue. In the same year also he made an attempt to do some exploring on his own account, by a trip through Asia-Minor.

This excursion, which he undertook with two companions, ended in failure—due, be it noted, to the

folly of one of his companions; and in 1867 we find him again in the United States, acting as correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and other papers, in a



"NEW YORK HERALD" OFFICE, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK.

military expedition against the Indians of the Far West.

It was on his return from this expedition that

Stanley, with one companion, built a raft and floated it down the river Platte to its junction with the Missouri. This somewhat risky trip was but another step toward the inevitable end of all Stanley's various undertakings.

He was slowly but surely, and perhaps unconsciously, converging to the point where he would take his leave of civilisation, and make for himself fortune and fame in the undiscovered regions of savage countries. His first commission, which would bring him face to face with the inhabitants of the Dark Continent, was at hand, and although his path was not to lie among the Arab-ridden heathen of Central Africa, it led him as it were to the threshold of the scene of his subsequent career. Now, also, was to begin the connection with that great American newspaper under whose auspices, and with whose unstinted aid, he was afterwards enabled to accomplish so much.

On returning to New York from the expedition against the Cheyennes, he was appointed to the staff of the *New York Herald*, as travelling correspondent. He wished for nothing better. The work was congenial, the roving commission which he received fascinating to a degree, and the salary of £600 a year eminently satisfactory. In a very short time he had orders to proceed to Abyssinia, for the purpose of reporting the doings of the English Expedition which had been despatched to that country, under the command of Sir Robert Napier, who was subsequently raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Napier of Magdala.

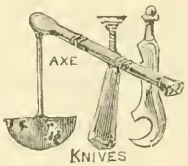
Stanley found time upon his arrival in England *en route* to Abyssinia, to stay a few days in London, and see some of his Welsh relatives. It is remarkable that, in spite of his frequent renewals of the connection which bound him by the closest ties to Wales, so many people should have been of the opinion that he was an American—not only bred but born in the United States. Even the *New York Herald*, upon

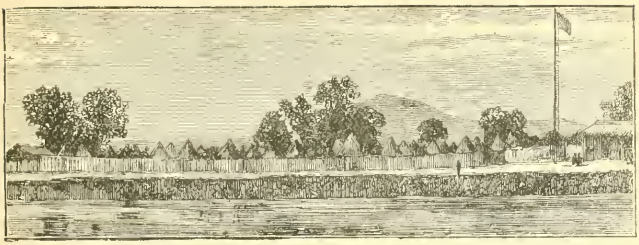
more than one occasion, denied his Welsh origin ; and in reply to a claim made on behalf of the Principality for the honour, that journal stated : "Mr. Stanley is neither an Ap-Jones nor an Ap-Thomas. Missouri and not Wales is his birthplace." Other American papers followed suit, and the public generally were much mystified. But time, which reveals most things, has long since made it clear that, although America was the land of his adoption, Wales was that of his birth. And in America the truth of this has been accepted and acknowledged, time and again, in the most unreserved manner.

Stanley's career in Abyssinia was, from first to last, an unqualified success. Not only did he discharge his duties as correspondent with marked ability, but upon several occasions he made himself of great use to the officers of the English staff. He distanced the English correspondents by his graphic reports and the rapidity with which he forwarded his despatches to the coast. In fact, his account of the fall of Magdala was published in the *New York Herald* twenty-four hours before the intelligence reached London. In connection with this, however, and without in any way detracting from Stanley's personal ability, it must be remembered that he was being backed up by a millionaire, who spared no expense to obtain early news. The story of the Abyssinian Expedition is told by Stanley with a vivacity and vigour which makes the work read like a romance, in "Coomassie and Magdala," published in 1874, and incorporating his experiences in the Ashantee Expedition with those of the Abyssinian. So closed his first performance in Africa. No wonder is it that when, a year or so later, the opportunity arrived, Stanley was found not only willing, but waiting to renew his acquaintance with that continent of surprises.

Returning from Abyssinia, he paid another visit to his family and friends in Wales, and then the war

in Spain required his presence. All through the cruel scenes which characterised the great rebellion of 1869 Stanley was a passive spectator—a quiet man with an active eye. He was present at the battles, at the sieges, at the wholesale slaughter; for the second time did he see the ferocity with which an internecine war is waged, and the merciless spirit in which fellow-citizens and countrymen raise the cry of "No quarter." How closely he studied the situation, and with what graphic power he described the result, the columns of the *New York Herald* revealed to a delighted nation. How nobly its proprietor recognised Stanley's merits, and how soon he afforded him the opportunity of making an indelible mark upon an age already impressed with countless acts of valour and virtue, it is now time to explain.





CHAPTER II.

STANLEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

IT was while resting at Madrid, after the fatigue of campaigning, that Stanley received the now historic telegram from James Gordon Bennett who was the son of the then proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and managed the paper for his father. On October 16th, 1869, he wired to Stanley in these words, "Come to Paris on important business," and on the same day Stanley left Madrid for Paris—and for the great opportunity of his life. How the two met, and what transpired between them is more than a twice-told tale, but its interest is such that the salient points of the interview cannot be omitted here. Stanley may well be allowed to tell his story in his own words, and in his own striking manner.

On arriving at Paris in the dead of night "I went," he says, straight to the Grand Hotel and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"'Come in,' I heard a voice say. Entering I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business in hand for you. Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'

"'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!'"

On Stanley's referring to the great expense of the proposed expedition, Bennett replied,—

"Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on; BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

With such a commission, and such an employer, it is no wonder that a man of Stanley's calibre should have grasped this great opportunity with a determination to turn it to the best possible account. This was the tide in his affairs which Stanley took at the flood, and so was led on to fortune. To hesitate was to be lost, to act promptly and with vigour was to succeed.

But it must not be supposed that this was the first time he had thought of Livingstone and his relief, or that Mr. Bennett had jumped to the conclusion in a moment that Stanley was the right man in the right place at the head of a Relief Expedition. There is no doubt that Stanley had for some time past been cogitating the matter in his mind, and had even approached the management of the *New York Herald* on the subject. Thus Bennett knew that Stanley was not only a tried traveller, and a man of great daring, but also that he was willing and anxious to take part in the relief of Livingstone. Details had been considered before, and at Paris the only question was that of the actual commission.

The year 1869 was one of stirring interest in the geographical world. And not of that world alone, for the fame of Livingstone had for two decades gone out into all lands, and the whole of the civilised world was wondering whether the great traveller was really dead or not. An expedition had already sought for him in vain, and although, in the spring of 1869, some letters from him had reached Europe, they had been written more than a year before. Autumn had arrived, and still there was silence, only broken now and again by uncertain rumours, which were worse than no news, for some said he was sick, some that he was dead—all agreed that, if he were alive, he must be in great poverty, and, therefore, unable to accomplish any exploring work. The Royal Geographical Society, ever to the fore in assisting exploration, and who had, so far back as 1855, awarded Livingstone the Patron's Gold Medal, were

meditating his relief, and the Government had made a grant towards the same purpose. But the honour was to fall to the enterprise of an American newspaper, whose expedition was supposed to be meandering through Eastern Africa with no definite aim, and whose leader was merely that newspaper's correspondent!

For Stanley's orders were sealed; his commission was to be kept a secret. However, before proceeding to Africa, he had to accomplish a great deal of preliminary travel in the interests of the *Herald*. He was present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, and "did" Egypt; thence he went to Jerusalem, and looked up the investigations of the Palestine Exploration Fund; thence to Constantinople and the Crimea. Crossing the Black Sea and skirting along the northern coast of Asia Minor, he arrived at Tiflis, and by way of Armenia reached Teheran. From there he visited Ispahan, Shiraz, and Persepolis, and at Bushire took ship for Bombay. The journey had been a dangerous one, and Stanley proved himself to be a good traveller by avoiding the many risks which, on every side, surrounded him. Similar expeditions had been attempted before, but most of them had failed, and, in some instances, with complete disaster. Colonel Stothard and Captain Connelly had been murdered, and Dr. Wolff, the father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, just managed to escape with his life. As a triumph over difficulties, and a revelation of sealed lands, however, Stanley's journey is not to be compared to that of Mr. Edward Ledwich Mitford, who, in the "forties," rode through, not only Asia Minor and Persia, but proceeded, at the daily risk of his life, across the Iranian Plateau, crossed the rugged uplands of Afghanistan, and on arriving in the Punjaub traversed the length and breadth of the Indian peninsula until he arrived at Madras. To have performed this journey with well equipped companions, and amid continual skirmishing, would have been a

deed worthy of admiration, but as the performance of a single man who never met with mishap, nor dealt a blow in self-defence, it deserves the highest praise.

From Bombay Stanley sailed to Mauritius, and on the voyage he enlisted the services of the first mate of the ship—the first white man to join his expedition. At Jerusalem he had already engaged an interpreter —an Arab boy who had been brought up in Bishop Gobat's Mission, and who ever after gave the greatest satisfaction to Stanley, and did credit to his Christian training. The mate's name was Farquhar, and that of the Arab boy, Selim. We shall hear of both again. From Mauritius Stanley could only get to Zanzibar—his destination—by a circuitous route ; to the Seychelles—the islands which "Khartoum" Gordon believed to be the home of our primeval parents—he sailed in company with his recruits, and thence he departed for Zanzibar on board an American whaler. He arrived at Zanzibar on January 6th, 1871.

Zanzibar is the gateway of Eastern Africa. It is the capital of the island of the same name, as well of the entire Sultanate, which till lately included that part of the coast of Africa which lies between 3° N and 11°30′ S. The Sultan also exercised a more or less nominal protectorate over a large portion of the interior, between the coasts and the great lakes. Situated on the Western Coast of the island, which is about 25 miles from the mainland, the town occupies an excellent position for commercial purposes. The island has an area of about 600 square miles, and supports a population estimated at 200,000. Of this number about 80,000 live in the town of Zanzibar. As with all the Oriental emporia of trade, the population of Zanzibar is a highly mixed one. Alexandria and Bombay, Colombo and Singapore cannot show a more heterogeneous assemblage of individuals. English and Americans, Germans and French, Portuguese and Italians, Arabs and Hindus, and a large variety of Africans—Somalis, Wanyamwezi, Waswahili, and

a score and more of other tribes, freed men and slaves, are all to be found, in varying proportions, at Zanzibar. Europeans are comparatively few in number of course, and the most important of the Orientals are the Muscat Arabs, who are both landed proprietors and traders; the Banyans, who are traders *par excellence;* and the Hindi, who rival the Banyans in their "unco grip" of this world's wealth, and their possession of the serpent's cunning. After these come a huge following of Arab-African half-castes, who pander to the higher classes while they terrorise the lower. Of the lower classes, many of the freed men own their patches of garden, and dwell under the shadow of their particular fig-tree, while many work on the country estates of the Arabs or in the warehouses of the city. In the city, also, live large numbers of negro slaves, whose chief employment is to transport goods from the warehouses to the wharves and from the wharves to the warehouses. As in other Eastern ports, all day long, strings of these half-naked "coolies" trot down the streets with bags and boxes on their heads, to the same unvarying tune that one hears in Calcutta and Bombay, Port Said and Suez, Madras and Colombo, Penang and Singapore—wherever, in fact, there is any work to do, and coolies to do it. It is a song peculiar to the coloured people all over the world—it is heard from the lips of Malays at Singapore, Bengali at Calcutta, and Madrassees on the Coromandel Coast; from the coloured "citizens" along the stony streets and wooden wharves of Charleston and the sandy avenues of Savannah; and from the dusky "gemmen" of Jamaica and Trinidad. Just as even European sailors cannot pull on a rope without indulging in a "chanty," so all labour is carried on in the tropics to the monotonous sing-song of the black or the brown son of the soil.

Zanzibar is an Arab city set in African scenery—though neither the one nor the other is absolutely typical. Despite the impress which the conservative

ZANZIBAR.

Arab—who though he may change his sky never changes himself or his customs—has set upon the city, the influence of the native population is too great to be stamped out. Though the island lies near the coast of Africa, its insular character is sufficient to moderate the tropical exuberance of the mainland. The town itself is composed of glaring white houses, lofty, flat-topped, and Arabesque; narrow streets or alleys; dark and deep recesses for shops—familiar enough to the traveller in Lower Egypt, Morocco, or Algiers; throngs of people, always noisy and busy, often dirty and offensive. In the better quarters and overlooking the bay are the dwellings of European merchants and consuls, of wealthy Arabs, of the Sultan himself. The national flags of mighty civilisations float above the dwellings of their representatives, and over all there gleams the crimson banner of the Sultan. Moored to the quays, or at anchor in the roads, are the ships of the nations, the ironclads and iron-plated merchantmen of Europe, the swift and slender dhows of Cathay.

Amid such surroundings Stanley began his preparations for a march into the heart of Africa. He tells us how often he was misled or delayed; how every mother's son of an Arab or Hindu conspired with each other to defraud him; how difficult it was to know how many pagazis (carriers) and soldiers he would need, how much money to take, and in what form and proportions—in short, he tells us of all the worry and work he had to undergo before he knew what to buy, and bought it. It will be sufficient in this book to give a simple list of his outfit and his followers, thereby showing more clearly than many words could convey, the exact nature and composition of the *New York Herald* Expedition.

Members of Expedition.

Henry M. Stanley, *Commander.*

William L. Farquhar, a Scotchman, and late chief mate of the *Polly*, *Second in command.*

JOHN W. SHAW, a Londoner, late third mate of the *Nevada*, *Third in command.*
SELIM, the Arab boy, *Interpreter,*
BOMBAY, one of Speke's "Faithfuls," *Captain of the Soldiers.*

Uledi.
(Captain Grant's Valet.)
Ulimengo.
Boruti.
Ambari.
"Bullheaded" Mabruki.
(Captain Burton's Valet.)
} Soldiers. Speke's "Faithfuls."

And 18 negro free men.
8 Odd men (Cook, &c.)
153 Pagazis or Carriers.

STORES, &c.

About 40,000 yards (10,000 *doti*) of Cloth and Sheeting.

(Cloth is largely used for money in Africa. The better cloth is paid away as tribute to the chiefs through whose country an expedition passes. Some tribes prefer one quality, some another; and so with the colour, &c.)

22 sacks of Beads.

(Among the tribes of the Interior, beads are preferred to cloths. As with the latter, so with beads; some tribes preferring one colour or quality to another. Red beads, called *sami-sami*, are current in most districts; black or white in one or two; brown, yellow, and green in many.)

350 lbs. of Brass Wire.

(In the Interior, wire stands for gold, cloth for silver, and beads for copper.)

2 boats; 1 cart; 2 horses; 27 donkeys; tents; cooking utensils, &c.; medicine; powder and ammunition; instruments; provisions; innumerable small articles; 4 breech-loading guns; 2 repeating rifles; 1 elephant rifle; 2 revolvers; 24 muskets;

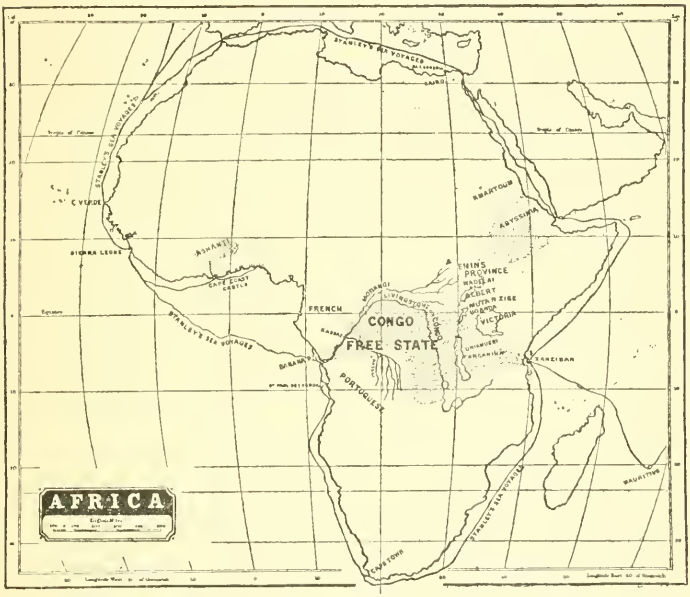
5 pistols; swords; daggers; spears; axes; knives, etc. In all, about 6 tons of material.

On the 5th of February, 1871, Stanley left the American Consulate—where he had been residing—and, together with the above formidable category of men and material, set sail in four dhows for Bagamoyo, the nearest town on the mainland. The pagazis had to be engaged at Bagamoyo, but otherwise the expedition was complete. Within twenty-eight days of arriving at Zanzibar, Stanley had finished the equipment of his force, and on the twenty-ninth made his first day's journey on his long march in search of Livingstone.

At this point, and before closing this chapter, it will be desirable to give a brief *résumé* of the work of previous explorers in Central and Eastern Africa, and of the possibilities which lay before Stanley as he drew near to the palm-fringed coast of the mainland. Westward of him lay a series of great opportunities, each of which he was destined to seize, in the order in which they arose, and utilise to his own honour and fame, and for the benefit of the world in general as well as of Africa in particular.

In spite of the valuable discoveries of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone, there was much left for a future explorer to reveal. The chief geographical features of Central Africa—the great lakes—had been approached but not circumnavigated. It was a fact that Speke had discovered the White Nile flowing out of the northern end of the Victoria N'yanza, but it was a question for the hottest discussion, in geographical circles, whether the Victoria N'yanza, in its turn, was not fed by the Tanganika. In 1856, the Royal Geographical Society published a map, sketched by a German missionary who, when at Mombasa, collected a store of information from Arab traders. The pith of their statements lay in the revelation that there was at least one vast lake, extending over twelve degrees of latitude, in Central

Africa. This was soon to be disproved, for late in the same year, Burton and Speke's expedition landed at Zanzibar, and on the 13th of February, 1858, discovered Lake Tanganika. The extreme north of the lake was not reached, and the whole of the southern half was left for future exploration. Nine years later, Dr. Livingstone arrived at the south-west corner of the lake, and travelled northward along the



MAP SHOWING PARTS OF AFRICA EXPLORED BY H. M. STANLEY.

western shore, until he had traversed about two-thirds of the entire length of the lake, when he crossed over to the eastern shore, and continued his journey northward to Ujiji. Thus it will be observed that the whole of the eastern shore of the southern half, the extreme south and north, and much of the north-western shore was, at the time of Stanley's setting

out to find Livingstone, a *terra incognita*. In the course of this book it will be seen how, step by step, these and other blanks on the map were filled.

Lake Nyassa had been discovered in 1859 by Livingstone, and the year before Speke first sighted the great lake which he named Victoria N'yanza. This took place while Burton was at Unyanyembe, collecting information from the Arabs. Convinced that this vast sheet of water gave birth to the Nile, and heedless of the opposition which Burton made to his supposition, Speke returned home, and was not long in getting the Geographical Society to send him out again in command of an expedition, whose object was to prove if the Victoria N'yanza were really the long looked for source of the Nile. On the 7th of July, 1862, Speke, with his companion Captain Grant, reached the outlet by the lake and the effluence of the Nile. It was established, without doubt, that "Old Father Nile" issued from the bosom of the recently discovered lake, and Speke had earned the reward he had coveted so greatly. But much more remained to be done. Speke and Grant had solved the burning question of the hour, but added little to our knowledge of the coast line of the Victoria, or of the existence of the other lakes reported to lie west of the great lake. The Muta N'zige, Albert N'yanza, and Alexandra N'yanza, were undiscovered, and it was still to be ascertained if the Kitangule or Alexandra Nile descended from the Tanganika to the Victoria. Nothing was known, moreover, of the huge extent of continent westward of the Tanganika, and no one knew that the large river which ran northward from Lake Bemba had any connection with that which, under the name of the Congo, emptied its waters into the Atlantic Ocean.

In 1868 Livingstone had discovered that this great river, which was known as the Lualaba, flowed into the eastern extremity of Lake Bemba or Bangweolo as the Chambesi, and out of it at the western

extremity as the Luapula. The year before he found that this same river, flowing northward, entered Lake Moero, and made its exit at the northern extremity as the Lualaba. Following the course of the river as it flowed ever northward, Livingstone's steps were arrested at Nyangwe, whence he crossed the country intervening between that place and the Tanganika, and returned to Ujiji. It was the dream of the great explorer's later years to work out the problem of the Lualaba, which he believed would prove to be the Nile, but he was destined to proceed no further. A few years later, with somewhat better health and equipment, he returned to the southern shore of Lake Bemba, there to prosecute his search for the sources of the river which was for him the Nile. On the shores of that lake, early in May, 1873, the finger of death touched him, and his heroic soul journeyed to that undiscovered country whence no traveller returns.

The great question remained unsolved. Did the Lualaba suddenly curve eastward and flow into the Victoria? Or could it be possible that it followed its course ever northward, until, turning sharply to the west, it dropped down a long slope of undiscovered country and emptied its waters into the Atlantic? Livingstone had followed the course as far north as Nyangwe, which is about 4° S. and 26° E., and it was from this point that any future traveller had to take up the thread. This traveller proved to be Henry M. Stanley. In one expedition after another he followed on the tracks of Burton and Speke, Grant and Livingstone, and completed the discoveries they had made. He cleared up the mystery of the great lakes—he penetrated the heart of the continent, and revealed its most important features, and he followed the wonderful Lualaba till he saw from its estuary the gleaming waters of the South Atlantic. But first in human interest, as well as chronological order, he FOUND LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

ON arriving at Bagamoyo, Stanley's first act was to engage pagazis for carrying his stores as far as Unyanyembe, an important town on the direct route to the Tanganika, whither he was bound. Rumours had been heard from time to time of Livingstone being in the neighbourhood of that lake, and, although Stanley kept his mission a close secret even at Zanzibar, he could not afford to march in another direction simply to add to the security of his secret.

But engaging pagazis proved no easy task. It was full six weeks before all the men he required were engaged, and he was able to start for the interior. He divided his force, from motives of prudence, as the native chiefs are extremely avaricious, into five caravans, and sent each caravan forward at intervals of a few days. With the third caravan Farquhar went as commanding officer, with the last the man Shaw and Stanley himself. The total number of the expedition amounted to close on two hundred.

The route lay through Ukwere,* Ukami, Useguhha, Usagara, to Ugogo, at which country the second stage of the journey may be said to have begun. Thence to Unyanyembe would complete this stage. From Unyanyembe to Ujiji would be the third and last stage. Much of the road they were to follow would be trod for the first time by the white man's foot, for Stanley had chosen the shorter course—one which ran due west—while Speke and his associates in African travel had diverged to the south on their way to Unyanyembe. It must not be supposed, however, that it was a wild and tangled bush through which the way had literally to be cut. Nearly the whole of equatorial Africa is a network of footpaths, well defined by long usage. Every tribe is connected, every village is linked together by means of these paths. Professor Drummond, in his "Tropical Africa," has described them as being "never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic. . . . Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe."

Day by day the caravans proceeded, marching a few hours at a time, and covering but a few miles in a day. Although the outbreak of the rainy season or Masika, as it is called, was expected, the weather continued fine. Through a rich and rolling country, extremely fertile, producing numberless varieties of grain and fruit; across open plains and shallow valleys which were covered with an exuberant wilderness of growth, save in the cultivated neighbourhood of villages; through glades of mighty trees—the

* The prefix *U* means country, *Wa* its people, *M* an individual inhabitant, and *Ki* their language. Thus the country near the sea-coast is Swahili, its inhabitants Waswahili, a single inhabitant, Mswahili, and the language spoken by them Kiswahili.

ebony, the calabash, and the mango ; over seas of grasses of many kinds, and amid islands of tree-clumps or tangled thickets, Stanley's caravans proceeded on their course two or three days' march behind each other. All went well until they came in for the first taste of the Masika when encamped at Kingaru. The place itself was unhealthy, and when Stanley renewed his march, most of his men were enfeebled by ague, fever, or dysentery, and the two valuable horses he had were dead.

On the 8th April, 1870, between Imbiki and Msuwa, the expedition had their first experience of jungle. Added to the obstacles which "a wall of thorny plants and creepers" bristling on each side of a narrow path—but a foot in width—across which projecting branches stretched with "knots of spiky twigs stiff as spike-nails, ready to catch and hold anything" would naturally present to a train of donkeys laden with large bales, there arose from the decayed vegetation around such a breath of miasma, mingled with the poisonous stench of the rank undergrowth, that Stanley momently expected to find himself and his men succumb to an attack of jungle fever. This jungle was happily soon left behind, and on the succeeding days the road proved excellent. They had now reached the limits of the country of Ukwere, and that of Ukami lay before them. Lofty mountains loomed in the distance, and the intervening ground was rich in varied landscape and cultivated fertility. They passed through "teeming fields of sugar cane and matama, Indian corn, muhogo, and gardens of curry, egg, and cucumber plants. On the banks of the Ungerengeri flourished the banana, and, overtopping it by 70 ft. and more, shot up the stately Mparamusi, the rival in beauty of the Persian chenar and Abyssinian plane. . . . There were a score of varieties of the larger kind of trees, whose far extending branches embraced across the narrow but swift river. The depressions of the valley and the

immediate neighbourhood of the river were choked with young forests of tiger grass and stiff reeds."

The expedition reached the country of Useguhha on April 16th, and here they found themselves marching between the mountains of Uruguru on the south and those of Udoe and Useguhha on the north—a change indeed from the ever rolling plains of Ukwere and Ukami. At Muhalleh, the first settlement in Useguhha, Stanley met a huge Arab caravan on the downward journey to Bagamoyo, from Tanganika, and for the first time had tidings of Livingstone. The Arab Sheikh, Salim Bin Rashid, told him that he had actually lived for two weeks in a hut next to that in which Livingstone dwelt at Ujiji; that the great traveller looked aged and ill, and that his hair was nearly white. Such tidings as these were enough to induce Stanley to strain every nerve to hasten his steps, and we can readily believe how exasperating to a man of his personal vigour and promptitude were the many delays and obstacles he had to contend with between this point and his destination. On the following day he passed close by Simbanwenni, the capital of Useguhha, but refrained from camping in or outside the city, for fear of being hindered in his onward march. Simbanwenni, however, was a notable town for the interior of Africa. It was surrounded by a strong stone wall, built on the Persian model, with towers at the angles—the plan of the city, which occupied an area of about half a square mile, being quadrangular. The sovereign was a female and rejoiced in the title of Sultana of Simbanwenni, or the "Lion City."

The caravans had been twenty-nine days on the march, and they had covered 119 miles since leaving Bagamoyo. When encamped a day's march from Simbanwenni, Stanley experienced his first attack of the *mukunguru* or fever of East Africa. As he was destined to have no less than twenty-three of such attacks before regaining the shores of the Indian

Ocean, it will be of interest to let him describe his own sensations and the method by which he soothed them.

"The premonitory symptoms were felt in my system at 10 a.m. First, general lassitude prevailed, with a disposition to drowsiness; secondly, came the spinal ache which, commencing from the loins, ascended the vertebrae, and extended around the ribs until it reached the shoulders, where it settled into a weary pain; thirdly, came a chilliness over the whole body, which was quickly followed by a heavy head, swimming eyes, and throbbing temples, with vague vision which distorted and transformed all objects of sight. This lasted until 10 p.m., and the mukunguru left me much prostrated in strength.

"The remedy, applied for three mornings in succession after the attack, was a quantum of 15 grains of quinine, taken in three doses of five grains each, every other hour from dawn to meridian. I may add that this treatment was perfectly successful in my case and in all others which occurred in my camp."

Proceeding onwards and ever westward, the party arrived at the Makata valley, which the rainy season had converted into a perfect Savannah of slush and mire, and through which the pagazis, as well as the beasts of burden, had the greatest difficulty in passing. Men fell out of the ranks; valuable bales of cloth, cases of powder, and provisions were again and again, through the carelessness or stupidity of the carriers, allowed to get wet—no slight disaster; and what with the swollen streams and turgid pools, Stanley, who worked with almost superhuman energy, found the greatest difficulty in getting his caravan through at all. At the rate of less than a mile an hour, day after day, it dragged its slow length along, and it was with feelings of unusual relief that Stanley, with his men suffering from dysentery and other ills contracted from the long march through forty miles of water, sometimes four feet in depth, arrived on the 4th of

May at Rehenneko and encamped on the hilly slopes of the Usagara country.

The change of scene and climate was naturally welcomed, but the beasts of burden found hill-climbing even more arduous than wading through swamp.

At Kiora, a village in the valley of the Mukondokwa, Stanley came up with the third caravan which he had despatched from Bagamoyo nearly a month before he started himself. Through the illness of Farquhar, the white man in command, and from a variety of causes emanating from his incapacity, the caravan had been halted again and again, and its purchasing power—*doti** of cloth, and *fundo* of beads—recklessly expended. From this time forward the caravans marched together, and Farquhar, who continued to get worse as he advanced—a state of things Stanley attributed to his habits of debauchery—was finally left behind in one of the villages on the slopes of the Mpwapwa mountains. Though an attendant remained to care for him, he died within a few weeks of Stanley's departure. The Mpwapwa range—some 6000 feet in height—afforded great beauty of scenery, and many varied marches, but the word upon every one's lips was "Ugogo," and every effort was made to reach this reputed land of promise, where milk and honey overflowed.

On May 22nd two Arabs travelling west joined their caravans to Stanley's, and, leaving the uplands behind, together they crossed the absolutely waterless and shadeless desert plain of Marenga Mkali. This wilderness passed, they found themselves in Ugogo, amid fields of matama and grain, and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Crowds of men, women, and children came together to see the Musungu (white men), who were subjected to the minutest examina-

* A *doti* consists of four yards of cloth; a *fundo* ten necklaces of beads.

tion, regardless of any personal feelings they may have had on the subject. But in face of the plentiful supplies which came pouring in, in exchange for *doti* of cloth and necklaces of beads, such excessive interest in their persons did not affect the Musungu. Indian corn, matama, honey, ghee (butter), beans, peanuts, water-melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers, together with milk, were among the supplies which the country afforded; and what was of still greater satisfaction to the purchasers, the people themselves were easily satisfied as to the price. Far different was it with the Wagogo chiefs. The extortionate demands of Shylock paled before those which the chiefs of the many villages, through which the expedition passed, required Stanley to pay as tribute. Hours of wrangling, and all the arts of diplomacy of which the white men and the Arabs were possessed were spent in trying to reduce the amount which the avaricious chiefs vowed would alone satisfy them, or make them allow so large a caravan to pass through their country. The chiefs, who called themselves sultans, were more or less always drunk, and it is but charitable to suppose that under those circumstances the dimensions of the caravans assumed incorrect proportions, and that the lust of greed and pride of power of the sultans were similarly increased. Delay after delay occurred, and progress proved slow. Chaffering and bargaining, remonstrating, and indignantly rejecting the offered terms, Stanley found life in Ugogo anything but what he had anticipated. The long-looked-for times of ease proved a delusion, and the fruit of an ill-founded hope turned to ashes in the mouth. It was with genuine thankfulness, therefore, that, on the 7th of June, he led his caravan across the borders of Nyanzi, and shook the dust of Ugogo off his feet. Worry and annoyance, even real danger had accompanied each step he took; and although the land before him was but a wilderness compared to Ugogo, it was regarded by Stanley as a haven of rest. He

ON THE MARCH TO UGOGO.

was right; an unpeopled desert is more friendly than a rich and hostile country.

Avoiding Kiwyeh—whose sultan was reported to be even more exacting than those of Ugogo—the route passed through Kiti, which lay to the northward, to Mgongo Tembo. In the days of Burton and Speke this was a prosperous town, situated in the midst of a cultivated country. But Stanley found here, as elsewhere, the trace of the Arab slave-trader, and the devastation which marks his progress through the unfortunate country that knows his presence. The houses were but blackened heaps, the fields, where once the cattle lowed and the grain ripened, were covered with the rank weed and tall grasses of a tropical jungle. Gone were the simple people, gone the results of their industry; there only remained the marks by which their former existence could be proved.

The expedition was now marching in a north-westerly direction, right on Unyanyembe (or Tabora). Passing through Rubaga and Kigwa—like Mgongo Tembo, monuments to the iniquities of the slave-trade—and marching as rapidly as possible, by June 27th, Stanley sighted the suburbs of Unyanyembe, and with guns firing, flags flying, and the soldiers and pagazis dressed in their bravest loin-cloths, on the same day he made his entry into Unyanyembe, and the long march of the pagazis hired at Bagamoyo came to an end.

Unyanyembe is the central district of the great country of Unyamwezi, the most important and fertile country in the whole of that part of Central and Eastern Africa. It is a vast table-land, sloping in gentle undulations towards Lake Tanganika, into which the country chiefly drains. The mountainous character of Usagara is wanting, as well as the fertile plains of Ugogo; but in their place league upon league of purple forests roll away into the hazy distance, and wide stretches of pasture, on which ten

thousand flocks are grazing, separate these forest belts. A dozen powerful states are contained within this region, and the supremacy is continually passing from one state to another. The people of this great country, the Wanyamwezi, carry off the palm among the people of Central Africa. They are well developed and intelligent, enterprising and industrious, perfect traders and travellers. They are the inter-tribal porters of the continent, the prop of the Arab caravans, the reliance of the white man. A Mnyamwezi thinks nothing of a journey to Zanzibar, and unless his people are on the war-path, is always ready to follow to what are to him the uttermost parts of the earth—provided, of course, that he can get well paid. He is equally at home on the shores of the Victoria N'yanza or Tanganika, on the banks of the Lualaba, or the Rufiji river. Easily influenced, they prove admirable followers, but when once roused, cowards though they may be, they show themselves to be unscrupulous and cruel. The caravan of the slaver has wrought havoc in their midst, and the rivalries which have given birth to internecine war have marred their unity as a nation. For all this they have held their own in their noble country, and earned the respect of those who have visited them on their own ground. Little wonder is it that Stanley should have seen in this people a glorious field for the agencies of philanthropy and the humanising influence of the Christian religion.

Central Unyanyembe consisted of three settlements, Kwikuru in the south-east, the capital of Unyanyembe, in the middle of which stood the Sultan's palace; Kwihara in the south, where Stanley had his camp and comfortable *tembe* (house); and Tabora, in the north, a large native settlement and the chief Arab city in Central Africa. Tabora, which is situated in the midst of an extremely fertile plain, contains over a thousand tembes and huts, and boasts of a large population It was here that Speke and

Burton dwelt for months together, and afterwards both Speke and Grant. The luxuries of Arabia, Egypt and Zanzibar, are to be found in the Arabs' tembes, which are large and handsome. These Arabs, who are nearly all rich men, have imported everything they could need for an easy and luxurious life. Persian carpets, silver coffee services, wines and spices, and last, but not least, extensive harems. They own large flocks and herds, and numerous slaves, for household as well as trading purposes. In his intercourse with the Arabs, Stanley found the services of Selim, his interpreter, invaluable. It was when at Unyanyembe that Stanley threw in his lot with the Arabs, and marched in their company against Mirambo, a troublesome neighbour. It was an unfortunate proceeding, although undertaken on Stanley's part for what seemed to him excellent reasons; but the expedition resulted in disaster, and Stanley, stricken with fever and deserted by the Arabs, escaped from the vengeful clutches of Mirambo by the merest chance in the world. The only result of this hostile movement was to effectually close the direct road to Ujiji, thereby compelling Stanley to proceed by a circuitous route, hardly less dangerous than the direct one through Mirambo's country.

At Unyanyembe Stanley not only found his first, second, and fourth caravans, which he had despatched previously to his departure from Bagamoyo, but also fell in with the caravan which Sir John Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar, had sent off, many months before, to relieve Livingstone. When Stanley first landed at Bagamoyo, he had found this caravan idling there, having been a hundred days searching for the few pagazis required to carry the bales and goods destined for Livingstone. Since the middle of May it had been ingloriously resting at Unyanyembe. Stanley secured the letters for Livingstone, which the chief of the caravan had, and made it his business to look after the goods. To this considera-

tion on his part it is probably owing that Livingstone ever received them at all.

The 7th of September was a notable date for Stanley, for upon that day an Arab gave him the little slave-boy whom he named "Kalulu," who afterwards followed and attended on him with such great fidelity, and whom he has immortalised in the book "My Kalulu." Kalulu in the Kiswahili tongue, means "antelope," and the name was suggested by one of the native members of the expedition, as appropriate for a lad at once active and graceful.

On the 20th of September the expedition set out, this time in much reduced numbers. For the road was eminently dangerous, and Stanley was determined not to be saddled with inefficient followers, or a superfluity of baggage. The march to Ujiji was to be the work of a "flying column," the *impedimenta* or the useless were to be left, in more or less clover, at Unyanyembe. This was the programme, though it was with a doubtful heart that Stanley — worn to a shadow almost by constantly recurring fevers — turned his steps towards the shores of the Tanganika.

As soon as Unyanyembe was left behind, the white man Shaw gave in. This individual had been the source of endless trouble to Stanley from the very first. He had been sullen and sulky, quarrelsome and overbearing, lazy and insubordinate. On one occasion after a scene in which his baseness outvied his folly, he had deliberately shot at Stanley, who escaped by the merest chance. Now, however, weakened by fever and demoralised by debaucheries at Unyanyembe, Shaw had no stomach or stamina for facing the arduous task before him. And although Stanley urged him to pluck up spirit and "act the man," nothing would satisfy him but his return to the comparatively gay metropolis of Central Africa. As Stanley had warned him, he returned

but to die. After an amicable evening they parted, Stanley to lead, unaided and alone, his blacks to Ujiji, and his wretched weak-kneed intemperate lieutenant to find an untimely grave in Unyanyembe.

It does not lie within the scope of this work to give all the details of the journey to Ujiji, but one striking incident—among many—occurred, that for the light it throws upon the character of the petty Sultans Stanley had so frequently to fear, propitiate or avoid, may well be included even in this brief sketch. Mtemi, the Sultan of Manyara, had absolutely refused Stanley passage through his territory, and forbidden his people to sell him any provisions. By liberal gifts, however, Stanley induced the Sultan to visit him at his camp, and the following ridiculous scene took place.

"The chief, a tall, robust man, and his chieftains were invited to seat themselves. They cast a look of such gratified surprise at myself, my face, my clothes, my guns, as it is almost impossible to describe. They looked at me intently for a few seconds, and then at each other, which ended in an uncontrollable burst of laughter, and repeated snappings of the fingers. They spoke the Kinyamwezi language, and my interpreter, Mayanga, was requested to inform the chief of the great delight I felt in seeing them. After a short period their chief desired me to show him my guns. The 'sixteen-shooter,' the Winchester rifle, elicited a thousand flattering observations from the excited man; and the tiny, deadly revolver, whose beauty and workmanship they thought were superhuman, evoked such gratified eloquence that I was fain to try something else. The double-barrelled guns, fired with heavy charges of powder, caused them to jump up in affected alarm, and then to subside to their seats convulsed with laughter. As the enthusiasm of my guests increased, they seized each other's index fingers, screwed them and pulled at them until I feared they would end in their disloca-

tion. After having explained to them the difference between white men and Arabs, I pulled out my medicine-chest, which evoked another burst of rapturous sighs at the cunning neatness of the array of vials. The chief asked me what they meant.

"'Dowa,' I replied, 'medicine.'

"'Oh—h! oh—h!' they murmured, admiringly.

"'Here,' said I, uncorking a vial of medicinal brandy, 'is the Kisungu pombe (white man's beer); take a spoonful and try it,' at the same time handing it.

"'Hacht, hacht, oh, hacht! what! eh! what strong beer the white men have! Oh, how my throat burns!'

"'Ah, but it is good,' said I, 'a little of it makes men feel strong and good; but too much of it makes men bad and they die.'

"'Let me have some,' said one of the chiefs, 'and me,' 'and me,' 'and me,' as soon as each had tasted.

"I next produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, which, as I explained, was for snake-bites and headaches. The sultan immediately complained he had a headache and must have a little. Telling him to close his eyes, I suddenly uncorked the bottle and presented it to His Majesty's nose. The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. His chiefs roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, pinched each other, snapped their fingers, and committed many other ludicrous things. I verily believe that if such a scene was presented on any stage in the world the effect of it would be visible instantaneously on the audience—that had they seen it as I saw it, they would have laughed themselves to hysteria and madness. Finally the Sultan recovered himself, great tears rolling down his cheeks, and his features quivering with laughter; then he slowly uttered the word 'Kali,' hot, strong, quick, or ardent medicine. He required no more, but the other chiefs

pushed forward to get one wee sniff, which they no sooner had than all went into paroxysms of uncontrolable laughter. The entire morning was passed in this State visit, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. 'Oh,' said the Sultan at parting, 'these white men know everything, the Arabs are dirt compared to them!'"

On the 3rd of November, while encamped on the banks of the Malagarazi, Stanley learnt from the leaders of a caravan that a white man, "old, with white hair on his face, and ill," had recently arrived at Ujiji from Manyema, and that they had seen him as lately as eight days before. This could only be Livingstone, for Baker, the only other white man known to be in the interior, was comparatively young, and consequently would not be grey-haired. By dint of large bribes, Stanley aroused his men to something like excitement and energy, and pressing forward as speedily as possible, paying large tribute at every town, if only so as not to lose time, resisted continually by the savage chieftains of the country, crossing quagmires and streams, and, as the main track was infested by bands of warriors on the war-path, plunging into jungle depths and the wildest parts of a tropical wilderness, on November 10th, the 236th day from Bagamoyo, at the head of his men, he surmounted a steep and lofty ridge, and beheld the Tanganika and Ujiji at his feet.

His faithful Wangwana pressed forward and gave vent to their feelings in the most boisterous and characteristic fashion—well indicated by the suggestive sketch on the cover of this book. There, in front of them, lay the goal to which, through all their toil and privation, they had ever been pressing nearer. The days of trouble were over, the hour of triumph had arrived.

CHAPTER IV.

SUCCESS.

ALL the dreary incidents, all the constantly recurring dangers of the long march from the Indian Ocean were in a moment forgotten; Ujiji lay before them, and Livingstone was in Ujiji. With his heart beating high with excitement, Stanley marshalled his caravan in order, and then with horns blowing, guns firing, and flags flying, they descended the hill towards Ujiji. The people came out in crowds to meet them, and in the midst of the uproar, Stanley was accosted by Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone, who, in good English, told him that the Doctor was indeed alive, though poor in health.

The news had quickly spread that a white man was coming, and all the chief Arabs had gathered in front of the Doctor's house, there to await the new arrival. For the rest—is it not a matter of history and engraved in the hearts of thousands, to whom the story of the great traveller and missionary has been as an epic? But let Stanley tell his own tale once more.

"I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale,

looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap, with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waist-coat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers; I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

"'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'"

The whole of the next few days was occupied by the white men in talking—sitting on the mud verandah of Livingstone's house, talking; talking not only of what Stanley had experienced, and why he had come, and what the world thought about Livingstone, but also what the great traveller himself had done in the regions beyond the Tanganika, and how it was he returned to Ujiji, sick and helpless.

Since leaving Zanzibar in 1866, Livingstone had travelled over thousands of miles of wild country, and met with enough misfortune to paralyse any ordinary man. He had gone up the Rovuma River, skirted the shores of Lake Nyassa, and penetrated into the country of Lunda, whose king was the powerful Cazembe. On his way thither, most of his men had deserted, among them the scoundrel Musa, who had spread the report of Livingstone's death. During the next two years he was engaged in explorations in the basin of the Chambesi River, in the countries bordering on Lunda. He reached the south-western point of Tanganika and discovered Lake Mœro. From the southern end of that lake he followed the course of the Luapula River till it issued from Lake Bangweolo.

THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.

Proceeding along this lake, he found the last link in this chain of lake and river, and proved beyond doubt that the Chambesi, flowing into the eastern extremity of Bangweolo (or Bemba), was the beginning of the Luapula, and in no way connected with the Zambezi, a fact hitherto unascertained.

Returning to Cazembe's capital, he had struck out for Ujiji, meeting with many accidents and losing all his followers by desertion—save two, Susi and Chumah. After a three months' stay at Ujiji he plunged once more into the undiscovered countries westward of the Tanganika, and though obliged to rest at Bambarre for six months, owing to the ulcerous condition of his feet, he managed to get over an enormous amount of ground. He discovered those large lakes, Kamolondo and Lincoln, and, striking the course of the Lualaba, followed it through the former lake and south to Lake Mœro. Thus he had completed the chain of investigations needed to prove the Chambesi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba but one great river of lacustrine character. But he was not satisfied yet; he had still to prove whether the Lualaba ran through some large lake farther north, of which the natives had told him, and so flowed into the Victoria N'yanza, to flow out again as the Nile; or, whether it turned sharply to the west and entered the Atlantic as the Congo. Livingstone leaned to the former theory, but he was not to be permitted to prove it wrong. On his return journey down the Lualaba, he was unable to proceed further north than Nyangwe, whence he returned across the wild but attractive country of Manyema to Ujiji, a distance of 700 miles. Here it was, as we have seen, that Stanley found him, and in terrible plight. For the goods which had been awaiting his arrival at Ujiji, the bales of cloth and sacks of beads which would have enabled him to complete his investigations on the Lualaba, had been squandered by the rascals in charge of them —in riotous living. They had divined on the Koran

and found, conveniently, that the Doctor was dead! Livingstone was in despair, almost broken-hearted at this culminating misfortune, when Stanley appeared, just in the nick of time. The latter, therefore, not only found Livingstone, but, with the amount of stores he had left at Unyanyembe, and the unlimited credit he had at Zanzibar, was in a position to help him as well. The Doctor was both found and relieved.

It was not long after Stanley's arrival at Ujiji that he proposed to Livingstone an expedition by water to the head of Lake Tanganika, in order to ascertain once for all if the Rusizi River flowed *into* the lake or *out of* it. If it flowed out of it, in all probability it was that river which emptied itself into the Victoria N'yanza and made its exit as the Nile. If, on the other hand, the Rusizi flowed into the Tanganika, all further controversy was useless. The Nile did *not* find its southernmost reservoir in the lake, and the geographers of the day were at fault.

The expedition was soon arranged, and in about ten days they found themselves at Mugihewa, at the delta of the Rusizi. Thence they paddled to the mouth of the river, and with some difficulty ascended a short distance. The current was rapid and strong, flowing into the Tanganika at the rate of seven miles an hour—and the problem was solved for ever. The Rusizi was an influent of the lake, and *not* the Nile. Without experiencing any privations or dangers beyond those which the ordinary course of travel in Africa engenders, the two travellers returned to Ujiji, arriving there after an absence of twenty-eight days. The route northward had been by the eastern shore, and on the return journey they had followed for about a third of the distance the western coast, and then crossed the lake to Mukungu. From there they went over their former course, reaching Ujiji on the 12th of December.

It was now arranged that Livingstone should accompany Stanley back to Unyanyembe, and there

receive not only his own stores but as much as he might require from those which Stanley had left behind. In the meanwhile he employed himself by copying out the rough field notes he had taken during his wanderings, and by writing letters to his relatives and friends. Stanley was busy at mapping out a new route to Unyanyembe. The one finally selected took them by water to Cape Tongwe, whence they could strike a "bee line" to Itaga, where they joined Stanley's old track. By this way they avoided the savage and tribute-clamouring chiefs of Uvinza and Uhha, and escaped the pressing but unwelcome attention of their people, the Wavinza and Wahha. Part of the caravan was to follow them along the coast, and the boats of the expedition would ferry them across such rivers and inlets as they met in the way.

On the 27th December, Livingstone and Stanley finally bade farewell to Ujiji, and embarked on the Tanganika. A week later they landed at Urimba, and rapidly pushed their way across country to Itaga, and thence through Utakama to Unyanyembe, where they arrived on the 18th of February—the 53rd day from Ujiji, and the 131st since Stanley had set out from Unyanyembe. Heavy rains had accompanied them most of the way from Ujiji, and Stanley was repeatedly prostrated by his old enemy the fever. However, Unyanyembe meant rest, security, and plenty, and it was with no ordinary feeling of gratitude that the travellers entered the comfortable tembe at Kwihara, and found all things ready for their coming.

Livingstone's goods had been much plundered, and there was much also that through carelessness had become useless. Stanley handed over to him no less than forty loads of all manner of cloths and beads, together with wire, rifles, guns, ammunition, and a host of the lesser, but still indispensable paraphernalia of a well-equipped expedition. With the remnant of his own goods at Unyanyembe, Livingstone

had enough to keep himself and a force of about sixty men for a period of four years. The Doctor was much inspirited by this sudden access to his broken fortunes, and became desirous of starting off on a renewed search for the sources of the Nile, with the least possible delay. As the Wanyamwezi were still at war against Mirambo, it was out of the question to think of employing them as carriers, and accordingly a considerable time had to elapse before the services of the next best men—freemen from Zanzibar—could be secured. This was the mission that Livingstone gave to Stanley on his departure from Unyanyembe—a mission it need not be added Stanley faithfully fulfilled. But it was not the only service that he had to perform, for he was the bearer of the precious Journal into which Livingstone had copied the notes of his journeys since 1866, and which revealed in detail the marvellous endurance as well as the discoveries of the great traveller.

The parting of the two men was extremely affecting, and Stanley, who had conceived the very highest opinion of Dr. Livingstone during four months' intercourse, has given us a vivid description of it—only a portion of which we can quote—

"We walked side by side; the men lifted their voices in a song. I took long looks at Livingstone, to impress his features thoroughly on my memory.

"'The thing is, Doctor, so far as I can understand, you do not intend to return home until you have satisfied yourself about the "Sources of the Nile." When you have satisfied yourself, you will come home and satisfy others. Is it not so?'

"'That is it, exactly.'

"'Now, my dear Doctor, the best friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back.'

"'Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for

what you have done for me. God guide you safe home and bless you, my friend.'

"'And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell.'

"'Farewell.'

"We wrung each other's hands, and I had to tear myself away before I unmanned myself; but Susi and Chumah and Hamoydah—the Doctor's faithful fellows—they must all shake and kiss my hands before I could quite turn away. I betrayed myself!

"'Good-bye, Doctor—dear friend!'

"'Good-bye!'"

So they parted—the one to carry his news to the expectant ears of the civilised world; the other to that journey undertaken to fulfil his highest hopes, but which ended with his life on the lonely shores of Lake Bangweolo, leaving the long sought mystery still unsolved. The one to step out into the fierce light of fame, the other, already famous, to pass into the valley of the shadow of Death. From the closest companionship and the most confidential relationship they passed from each other's sight for ever—but never, we may believe, from each other's mind.

The homeward journey followed much the same line of country as the outward, and beyond their encountering the most violent Masika known for a generation or more—rendering the dreaded Makata swamp almost wholly impassable—the expedition proceeded swiftly and safely. At Rosaka, near the sea coast, Stanley received some "animal comforts" from his good friend, the American Consul at Zanzibar, and with them a few copies of the *New York Herald*—one containing the letters he had sent from Unyanyembe on his westward journey! Here also he had tidings of a Livingstone Relief Expedition, which was just about to start from Bagamoyo!

At sunset on the 6th of May, the *Herald* Expedition entered Bagamoyo, having marched 525 miles in 35 days, through howling tempests and inundated

plains — struggling, wading, and swimming, and all but succumbing. The end was at length reached—the double journey completed. Stanley entered the town with the tattered stars and stripes of his adopted country flying before him ; with his men wrought up to a state of excitement hardly short of madness, discharging their guns and yelling like a company of fiends—with the marks upon every single individual of illness, famine, and toil—a sorry-looking crew—but for all that with the eyes of an admiring world upon them. Men whom Stanley had known in Zanzibar failed to recognise him now—he was so aged and his hair had become so grey. None however withheld the hand of congratulation and applause which the reliever of Livingstone had so well earned. None thought of aught but to do honour to him to whom honour was most justly due. Livingstone was alive, and able to go on with his great work ; his journals had been brought safely from out of the darkness of the continent, and the records of his labours preserved ; the *New York Herald* Expedition had fulfilled its purpose and more than justified its existence—for Stanley had succeeded !

The expedition which the Royal Geographical Society were despatching from Zanzibar, under the command first of Lieutenant Dawson, R.N., and afterwards of Lieutenant Henn, R.N., collapsed. Its raison d'être no longer remained, and it died a natural death. Stanley tried to induce Livingstone's second son, who was one of the members of the expedition, to go to his father with the men and additional stores he was about to despatch ; but as his health was indifferent, and the British Consul thought he would be hindering rather than helping his father's plans, young Livingstone finally abandoned the idea.

Stanley's last act was to despatch the promised caravan to Livingstone in command of a reliable man. This done, he wound up his own affairs, and on the 29th of May sailed from Zanzibar for Europe.

CHAPTER V.

COOMASSIE.

BEFORE long Stanley was to return to Africa on another mission for the *New York Herald*. On this occasion his rôle was that of war correspondent—the duties of which post he had vigorously discharged some years before in the Abyssinian Expedition. Then his work lay in the extreme east of the great continent—in a country of lofty mountains and deep ravines, and almost unimpeachable climate. Now it brought him to the extreme west of the same continent—to a land of swamp and jungle, forest and stream, which possessed one of the deadliest climates on the face of the earth. Upon both occasions he was attached to a British army, sent to avenge insult and injury inflicted by an ignorant and savage king.

To put the matter in a nutshell, the expedition sent against the Ashantees was to punish the king for ignoring the rights of the British Protectorate over the Gold Coast, and for retaining in captivity certain prisoners who, if not English, were at least Europeans. The King of Ashantee—which is a country having an area equal to that of France, and occupying the

alluvial, and consequently, in such latitudes, malarial plains between the Kong Mountains and the Gold Coast—may have had some cause for complaint in the earlier years of the British occupation of the coast But there was nothing to warrant his raids upon the tribes of the Protectorate, his obstinate refusal to surrender the prisoners, nor his threatening attitude to the rapidly increasing trade of the Colony. To bring this variety of the "noble savage" species to reason was the aim of the British expedition entrusted to the command of General Sir Garnet Wolseley.

In the Autumn of 1873, Stanley sailed from Liverpool for the Gold Coast, where he arrived on the 24th of October. The port of debarkation, as well as the chief place of the Colony, is Cape Coast Castle, a typical West African Settlement, and egregiously unhealthy. Overlooking the golden sands, on which the rolling waves of the Atlantic for ever thunder in a cauldron of surf, are a few low hills, crowned with the fort, the Government houses, and the dwellings of the most prosperous merchants. These hills, rising one behind the other, are separated by deep and swampy valleys; and in these valleys the native town is built. There is neither harbour nor wharf, and the ocean-going ships have to anchor in the roads, while their passengers and freight are landed in surf boats manned by the dexterous boatmen of the locality. All along this surf-rimmed coast nature has failed to provide a harbour, and such is the lassitude induced by the climate that no attempt has been made to supplant or even assist nature by art. For some twelve hundred miles the land is girdled by this raging foaming wall. Stretching back from the shore to the furthest horizon lie plains of bush and jungle, narrow sluggish streams, and here and there a wide and alligator-haunted river. The jungle is composed of innumerable varieties of bush, and shrub, and flower, growing in such profusion that

the tendrils of one are tightly interlaced with the branches of another and form, some 15 or 20 feet above the moist and malarial soil, a dense, compact covering, through which the light of day can scarcely pass. Through such a jungle as this the British army had to cut its way to Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee; and amid such tangled vegetation the battle-fields of the campaign lay.

While awaiting the arrival of the English soldiers, Stanley set himself with his usual vigour to the study of the country and its geography. The proprietors of the *New York Herald* had provided him with a steam launch, and in this he started to navigate the Gold Coast, and collect those items of interest which the world calls "news."

By closely following the coast-line, Stanley was enabled to obtain a very fair idea of the scenery of the Gold Coast. He saw—he tells us—"tiny nut-brown villages, modestly hiding under a depth of green plantain fronds, and stately silk cotton trees, which upheld their glorious crowns of vivid green foliage more than 50 feet above the tallest palm tree; depths of shrubbery wherein every plant struggled for life and breathing space with its neighbour, through which the eyes attempted to penetrate in vain beyond a few feet; tracts of tall wavy grasses, tiger, spear, and cane, fit lurking places for any wild beast of prey, varied by bosky dells, lengthy winding ravines literally choked with vegetation—and hills, on the slope of which perhaps rested a village of a timid, suspicious sub-tribe. The surf on the African Coast is ever a wonder and a danger. Try along the whole of the Grain, Ivory, the Gold and Slave Coasts, and there is not one port. But fortunately for ships trading to these places, there is seldom a hurricane or a gale blowing, so that they are able to anchor about a mile from shore. There is never any dead calm. The sea is ruffled in the morning by the breeze from ocean-ward; during the night it is moved by the land-

breeze, so that ships anchoring in the roadsteads are ever to be seen rolling uneasily; they are never at rest. Unceasingly the long line of waves is to be traced, rolling onwards toward the shore, gathering strength as they advance nearer, until, receiving the ebbing waters flowing from the beach from preceding seas, there is a simultaneous coiling and rolling, and at once the long line of water is precipitated with a furious roar on the land. Where the water meets a rock, a tall tower of spray and foam is suddenly reared, the wave line is broken, and is in mad confusion. Where the beach is smooth sand, you may trace a straight unbroken line of foam, nearly a mile long."

Along such a shore, and within a gunshot of such a surf, Stanley proceeded in his little snorting launch to Accra, a distance of seventy miles. Here he found a very able officer in command, Captain (afterwards Sir John) Glover. By wise administration he had endeared himself to the natives—the Yombas and Houssas—and they believed that of all white men the greatest was Governor "Golibar." At the time we are referring to, he had been entrusted with the task of driving back the Ashantees and their allies from the western basin of the river Volta, thus forming an extended right wing, as it were, to the main body under Wolseley. In a subsequent trip, which Stanley made from Cape Coast Castle in the *Dauntless*, he found Captain Glover, with a large native force, encamped on the banks of the Volta, near Addah. As a man of untiring energy and great strategic ability, Stanley formed the very highest opinion of him, and it would seem that England would never have known to what extent she had been indebted to this gallant officer had it not been for the full and faithful despatches of the *New York Herald's* correspondent.

During the many weeks which elapsed before the English soldiers arrived, Wolseley and his staff had

been occupied in a complete reconnaissance of the line of march. With a large force of natives the jungle had been pierced for many miles in a north and north-westerly direction, and at favourable spots camps had been prepared. Wolseley's policy was to reach Coomassie by rapid marches, take the city and reduce the king to reason, and then—the country being fairly pacified and the route open—to return to the coast with even greater rapidity, just in the nick of time to avoid the rainy season, and the danger and disease it would bring. Practically, this was accomplished; for, although certain minor portions of the policy were omitted in the great haste with which the General performed his task, it is obvious that, had he delayed his departure from Coomassie in the interests of diplomacy, his army would probably have been decimated by the rigours of the rainy season. As a matter of fact, he accomplished all that was really necessary.

To assist Sir Garnet Wolseley in his task, a brilliant staff of officers had been sent. The mere enumeration of their names—since become so familiar—will prove this to the reader:—Sir Archibald Alison, Evelyn Wood, Baker Russell, Brackenbury, Buller, Paul Methuen, Charles Warren, and many more. The late Admiral Sir William Hewett—then a captain—was in command of the Naval Brigade, which throughout this, as in other campaigns, performed excellent service.

Wolseley led an army of about 4000 men through the 140 miles of jungle and swamp that lay between the coast and Coomassie. The white regiments comprised the famous "Black Watch"—the 42nd Highlanders—the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the Rifle Brigade—all crack corps. In addition to these were the Naval Brigade, a corps of Royal Engineers, and a strong contingent of artillery, together with several bodies of native soldiers.

On January 6th, 1876, the advanced guard of the

expedition left Cape Coast Castle, and by the end of the month the whole force had crossed the river Prah—about half way to the capital. From this point they were in the midst of continual fighting until Coomassie was reached. The nature of the country, which now presented a dense wall of forest trees as well as the tangled undergrowth of bush to the advancing army, rendered fighting especially difficult. Ensconced in the bush and sheltered behind gigantic trees, the Ashantees lurked unseen, and from this point of vantage poured a fire which was not only murderous but rendered retaliation almost impossible. The advanced guard, and the scouts under the command of Lord Gifford, a young but exceptionally dashing officer, suffered heavy losses in driving back the natives and clearing the road for the main body.

After two or three preliminary battles, the most important action of the campaign was fought before Amoaful—about twenty miles distant from Coomassie. Here the Ashantees were drawn up in great force, it being estimated that at least 12,000 men were engaged on their side. Wolseley entered into action, mounted on a Madeira cane chair, borne on the shoulders of four natives, "a conspicuous object for a lurking enemy in the bush." The total number of the British force present at this battle did not exceed 2,500, and their great success in completely routing the enemy was owing to the excellent generalship of Wolseley, the dashing behaviour of the troops, and the superior character of their weapons and ammunition. The Ashantees, who charged their guns with slugs dropped on loosely rammed powder and fired wildly, lost what advantage they gained by their overwhelming numbers, and, despite their successive rushes down a much broken slope, were finally beaten back with immense slaughter. It was estimated that more than a thousand of these unfortunate people were killed on the field of battle. Stanley put the total down at a higher number, but explained in his despatches that the

custom of the Ashantees in removing as many of the mortally wounded as possible, for fear of their subsequent decapitation—the practice of the West African tribes in war—prevented the English from arriving at a correct calculation.

Two more battles were shortly afterwards fought and then the compact little army dashed upon Coomassie, which King Coffee had evacuated; and on February the 4th the capital of the Ashantees was in the hands of the English army. Sir Archibald Alison, in command of the vanguard, entered the city at nightfall, and a few hours later, Wolseley and his force bivouacked in the deserted houses and squares.

Stanley has given us an excellent description of the appearance that Coomassie presented to the victorious army; and, as an account of the capital of a great though savage people, it is well worth our quoting extracts from it.

"In size, Coomassie came up to the standard I had formed of it. The streets were numerous, some half-a-dozen were broad and uniform. The main avenue, on which the troops had bivouacked during the night, was about seventy yards wide, and here and there along its length a great patriarchal tree spread wide its branches.

"The houses in the principal streets were wattled structures, with alcoves and stuccoed façades, embellished with mauresque patterns. Behind each of the pretentious buildings which fronted the streets were grouped the huts of the domestics, enclosing small courtyards. From one courtyard might be seen a small alley leading to another, where the storerooms were located. By the general order and neatness of the arrangements, I am compelled to say that, in their domestic life, they appear to me to be a very cleanly people.

"Coomassie is said to be over three and a-half miles in circumference. It is such a city of magnifi-

cent distances that one could well believe it. It stands on a low rocky eminence, consisting of iron-stone, the greatest breadth of which may be half-a-mile. The greatest length of the town may be about a-mile and a-half.

"Each house fronting on the great streets had its lower part, as high as the floor of the elevated alcoves, painted an ochrish-red; the upper part was coloured white. In the courts, also, the houses were decorated in the same manner.

"Passing down the main street, which was littered with drums, large and small, from the great *Kinkassi* which sounded the alarm of battle or the death-minute of a condemned person, to the little drum, the plaything of children during the evening dance, we came to the grove whence the terrible effluvia issued which caused all men in Coomassie to describe the place as a vast charnel house. It was almost impossible to stop longer than to take a general view of the great Golgotha. We saw some thirty or forty decapitated bodies in the last stage of corruption, and countless skulls, which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. M. Bonat, a French trader and one of the released captives, says he has seen some two or three hundred slaves slain at one time. About a thousand slaves, offenders and rebels, are executed annually!

"From the Golgotha we proceeded to the King's palace. The first view of what was designated as the 'palace' was a number of houses with steep thatched roofs, clustered together, and fenced around with split bamboo stakes, occupying an area 400 or 500 feet square, at the corner of which rose a square two-storied stone building. In the first court we entered, the lower part of the lofty walls of stucco was painted red, the upper part white. The designs, diamond-shaped, of the friezes and the scroll-work on the walls, done in alto-relievo, were bolder than anything of the kind yet seen. The columns were square, with simple

pediments and capitals. The alcoves were spacious. Other courts were after the same style as this.

"The alcoves were littered with various articles. One contained a large number of war-drums, stained with blood, and decorated with ghastly trophies of wars and triumphs, with human skulls. Another contained a number of cutlasses, rusty sabres without scabbards, accoutrements plated with gold, old worn-out guns with bands of silver and gold, horse tails and wisps of elephant tails, a great number of iron war-horns, each with its human jaw-bone; and in another we beheld any number of tall umbrellas—of silk, satin, velvet, crimson damask, and woollen cloth, bespangled with bits of gold and silver, or fringed with small gold, silver, and brass bells."

On reaching the square stone building—the king's private apartments—Stanley saw, among hundreds of other articles, a breakfast and dinner service of solid silver, English cutlery, rugs and carpets of every description, all manner of swords and other weapons, including a sword given to the King by Queen Victoria, English engravings, enormous silken umbrellas, the regalia, consisting of crowns, staves, and stools of gold and silver, and copies of the *Bristol Courier* and *The Times!* In fact, it would seem that the King had kept an old curiosity shop on rather a costly scale.

"From the flat roof of the palace, which is surrounded by battlements, a very extensive view of the city and the surrounding forest and swamp was obtained." The King's palace exhausted, little remained to be seen by the enterprising correspondent of the *Herald*, and as the outbreak of heavy rains foretold the much dreaded wet season, Wolseley determined to evacuate the city at once.

Before entering on this step, however, he endeavoured to come to some agreement with King Coffee, who, while professing a great desire for peace and reconciliation, acted throughout with insincerity and

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treachery. Finding this peculiar monarch in no way amenable to the ordinary procedure on such occasions, the English General determined to leave his mark upon the place, and teach the savage mind, by means of an "object-lesson," the futility of opposing a great nation. He accordingly demolished the palace, and burnt the city to the ground. The centre of the kingdom of Ashantee was uprooted, and Coomassie was no more.

Writing later to the Secretary of State, Sir Garnet said: "From all that I can gather, I believe that the result will be such a diminution in the prestige and military power of the Ashantee monarch as may result in the break-up of the kingdom altogether. . . . I certainly believe that your lordship may be well convinced that no more utterly atrocious government than that which has thus, perhaps, fallen, ever existed on the face of the earth. Their capital was a charnel-house; their religion a combination of cruelty and treachery; their policy the natural outcome of their religion. I cannot think that, whatever may be the final fate of the people of this country, the absolute annihilation of such a rule, should it occur, would be a subject for unmixed regret.

"In any case, my Lord, I believe the main object of my expedition has been perfectly secured. The territories of the Gold Coast will not again be troubled by the warlike ambition of this restless power. I may add that the flag of England, from this moment, will be received throughout Western Africa with respectful awe—a treatment which has been of late years by no means its invariable fate among the savage tribes of this region."

Stanley strongly disagreed with Wolseley's policy at this juncture. He contended, and with some force and truth, that by a little more patience and diplomacy, Wolseley might have achieved a greater success. By staying one day longer in the capital, the great *Bantamah*, or treasure house, a mile and a

half from the capital, might have been emptied and afterwards destroyed. The king himself, by a little tact, might have been induced to come in person to headquarters, and make the treaty which was somewhat unsatisfactorily concluded with a doubtful representative of the monarch ; and a large indemnity might have been wrung from his treasuries. Moreover, by an oversight, the English General allowed a large number of Ashantees to leave the city with arms, ammunition and treasure, when it was perfectly within his power to deprive them of everything. Thus a force of men and quantity of treasure which the king had regarded as lost to him, were by the lack of foresight preserved to him by his enemies! "At the very moment," wrote Stanley in his despatches, "that Captain Glover, with a considerable force behind him, arrived near Coomassie, after an enormously difficult march right across the interior from Volta, and that the king by sending prayers for peace and a large quantity of gold dust (the currency of all that part of Africa) intimated his collapse, the English General was hurrying away from the city, and robbing himself of that larger measure of success which lay within his grasp. And moreover," added Stanley, "this rapid retreat was undertaken without the intelligence being conveyed to Captain Glover, who, by acting according to instructions, had arrived close to Coomassie, and was at once placed in a highly dangerous position by the sudden disappearance of the British Army."

The very men whom Wolseley had allowed to leave Coomassie after his entry, with their arms and ammunition, might have roused the courage of the fugitive king, and helped him to fall on the unfortunate Glover and annihilate him. Luckily the king was too frightened to be so roused.

However much reason there may have been in Stanley's remarks, the fact remains that Sir Garnet Wolseley inflicted a salutary and lasting lesson on

Coffee Calcali, King of Ashantee; that he overcame the innumerable difficulties of the route with a consummate command of resource; and that he led a force of Europeans through nearly 300 miles of a country hostile in its people and deadly in its climate, with marvellously slight loss of life.

CHAPTER VI.

ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT.

THE death of Livingstone, the faithfulness of his African servants in carrying his mortal remains across hundreds of miles of the savage interior to the sea-coast, and the subsequent solemn interment at Westminster Abbey, roused public interest in Africa and its still undiscovered regions to the pitch of fever heat. Never had such an outburst of missionary zeal been known, never did the cause of geographical exploration receive such an impetus. Small wonder was it that Stanley, who helped to carry the remains of David Livingstone to their last resting place, registered a vow to unravel the mysteries of the Lualaba River, and clear up the doubts which existed as to the number, position, and extent of the great lakes; small wonder was it that those who should bear the expense of an undertaking of such magnitude came forward without delay.

As with the first, so with his second expedition into Africa, newspaper enterprise and munificence supplied the "sinews of war," the indispensable financial support. At the invitation of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Bennett of the *New York*

Herald consented to share with the great English "Daily" the expenses of an expedition into Central Africa. Stanley was to be in command, and his commission was sufficiently ample for a man of even his calibre. He was to clear up all uncertainties about the Lake region, to follow the course of Livingstone's Lualaba wheresoever it might lead, and to investigate the slave trade, tracing its sphere and influence throughout Central Africa. He was moreover to represent the two great English-speaking nations in a befitting manner; and no expense on the one hand, nor care on the other, was to be spared to make the expedition of lasting advantage to "science, humanity, and civilisation." In a word, Stanley was to complete all that Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone had begun, and reveal, in a philosophical as well as geographical spirit, the heart of the Dark Continent.

Leaving England on August the 15th, 1874, with three companions and a huge outfit of necessaries, together with a large boat which he had had made expressly for the navigation of the lakes and rivers, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar a month later. Plunging immediately into the hard work of organising his force, he found that there was no difficulty in getting plenty of volunteers. His fame as the discoverer of Livingstone, and as a generous employer, brought many hundreds of the Wangwana—free negroes of Zanzibar—to his headquarters. Of these he selected the strongest and most reliable. All the best men of the former expedition were also engaged, among them being several of Speke's "Faithfuls."

The expedition started from Zanzibar on the 12th November, and on the 17th it left Bagamoyo for its long journey across Africa. Counting the wives of the few who were privileged to take them, the total number of souls was 356. The weight of the goods—cloth, wire, beads, ammunition and miscellaneous stores—exceeded eight tons. All this

was carried in loads varying from 25 to 70 lbs. on the heads of the pagazis. These carriers received, in addition to their food, wages at the rate of from eight shillings to two pounds a-month, according to their capacity and character.

The names of Stanley's white companions were Frank and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker. The two former were brothers, and the sons of a fisherman well-known to Mr. Edwin Arnold, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. They were fine young fellows and excellent boatmen. Barker had been a clerk at the Langham Hotel, but owing to his earnest entreaties and some knowledge of him, Stanley had accepted his services. He proved very useful in many ways, and, in fact, the three young men were totally different from Shaw and Farquhar, Stanley's almost useless lieutenants in the former expedition.

The route as far as Ugogo, though more northerly, led through the same countries, and amid similar scenery as that which has been described in the search for Livingstone. After traversing the greater part of Ugogo, at Mwenna Stanley struck out northwards for the Victoria N'yanza, and left the beaten tracks along the high road to Unyanyembe behind. Here he began to experience the difficulty of passing through regions unopened even by Arab caravans. Indeed, all through Eastern Africa, the difference between the people who live on or near the caravan routes, and those who are remote from them is great. If the traveller wanders from the direct track, he very soon finds himself among timid and treacherous savages, who know nothing of Zanzibar or Unyanyembe, and who simply regard the stranger as a foe. *Kirangozi*, or guides, are either not to be had, or, when procured, prove untrustworthy; and as the inhabitants of these undisturbed regions never travel, the information to be got of the countries lying on the line of one's march is of the most doubtful value.

Soon after leaving Mwenna the expedition plunged into a trackless wild, the wilderness of Uveriveri—some 60 odd miles in breadth—and here it nearly collapsed from famine. Men deserted, others mutinied, and many succumbed to attacks of fever and dysentery. On arriving at Suna, matters mended as far as food was concerned, but the people proved hostile, and compelled the weakened and weary caravan to keep moving. The first great blow fell on the following day at Chiwyu—Edward Pocock, who had been ill for a few days, died. His loss was irreparable, and it was with saddened hearts that the travellers made the first white man's grave in Ituru.

At Chiwyu the expedition had reached a great elevation, over 5,000 feet above the sea. The whole of Ituru is a plateau, traversed by steep ridges. Vegetation abounds, and the forest trees assume large proportions, while the undergrowth of grass and bush, though thick, enables fairly rapid journeys to be made. Food and water are found everywhere, and the former can be cheaply procured, the suspicious and unfriendly character of the natives alone preventing this country from being a favourable route for caravans. At Vinyata, in Ituru, the expedition was assailed by thousands of savage Wanyaturu, who, for three days, maintained their attacks with the utmost determination. In one day alone Stanley lost over twenty men. The natives had killed and wounded several stragglers from the expedition, and, their appetite for bloodshed thus whetted, they surrounded the camp and attacked it in great force. With about thirty men on the sick list, and nearly all suffering from the privations of the Uveriveri Desert, Stanley's force was much weakened; but, in the end, by acting with both diplomacy and vigour, the attack was repulsed, and marching forward on their journey once more made possible.

By February the country of Usukuma was reached,

and here for a time their troubles came to an end. Crossing wide plains and a succession of low ridges, they arrived at an elevated plateau, whose rolling downs and open valleys were carpeted with the richest pasturage. Flocks and herds were found in enormous numbers, and prosperous villages frequently met with. The people proved friendly, and porters were hired without any difficulty. Usukuma proved a land of plenty and peace; their progress through it was barred by no hostility, and, since the climate was healthful, was delayed by no sickness.

The plateau of Usukuma trends towards Lake Victoria; and, traversing the thickly-peopled rolling plains which lie to the eastward, the river Shimeeyu, which may be called the headwaters of the Nile, flows into the great lake. Near its mouth is the town of Kagehyi, and here, on the 27th of February, Stanley arrived. In 103 days he had conducted his huge caravan over 720 miles of country—much of it excessively difficult—and nearly all of it hitherto unknown to the white man.

At Kagehyi Stanley determined to leave Pocock and Barker in charge of his men, and to circumnavigate the Victoria himself in the boat he had brought from England. This boat, which was called the *Lady Alice*, had been divided into eight sections for porterage through the waste and jungle, and these were now fitted together. Nine days after arriving at Kagehyi, Stanley set sail in this boat, accompanied by ten oarsmen and a coxswain, for the great work of sailing entirely round a vast inland sea, of which none knew the character or the extent. Few travellers, with a large force at their back, have deliberately forsaken such protection and sallied out practically alone into the unknown and unfriendly regions round them. But Stanley, whose courage was dauntless, and to whom time was everything, knew that he could accomplish his self-allotted task in one quarter of the time that would be required by a large expedi-

tion. He was courting the gravest risk—but the Columbus of Central Africa has never been backward in facing danger, nor, indeed, particularly forward in avoiding it.

Sailing eastwards along the southern shores of the Victoria, the *Lady Alice* crossed Speke Gulf, put in at the mouth of Shimeeyu river—the "extreme southern reach" of the Nile—and then coasted round the island of Ukerewe, which is populous, richly cultivated, and about the size of the Isle of Wight. Sailing in a north-easterly course, and hugging the eastern coast, Stanley sighted islands and rivers in large numbers, but comparatively few villages. Lofty ranges succeeded to jungle-covered plains, and these in their turn again gave way to mountains. Heavy squalls and thunderstorms frequently compelled the voyagers to seek shelter in some creek or bay, but otherwise all went well till off the coast of Usoga, a country lying along the north-eastern shore of the lake. Here they found a savage people, whose only clothing consisted of a few banana leaves, and whose indulgence in *pombé* * rendered their naturally rude manners even more unpleasant. Over a hundred of the natives launched canoes and crowded round the *Lady Alice*, with menacing gestures and the most fearful cries, until Stanley appeased them by pretending to go ashore with them. But, as they fell back from the *Lady Alice*, he ran up his sail, and, there being a strong breeze, the canoes and their furious crews were soon left far astern. A day or two later he was less fortunate, and narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of the people of Uvuma—the Wavuma. As giving an insight into the character of many of the tribes dwelling on the lake, it may be well to quote the great explorer's own account of this *rencontre*.

"From a small cove in the Uvuma shores, abreast of us, emerged quite a fleet of canoes—thirteen in

* A native fermented beer, made from grain.

number. The Wavuma were permitted to range alongside, and we saw that they were fully armed with spear and shield. Emboldened by their numbers they waxed noisy, then insolent, and finally aggressive. . . . Becoming assured by this time that the Wavuma had arrived in such numbers for the sole purpose of capturing what appeared to them an easy prey, I motioned them to depart with my hand, giving orders at the same time to the boat's crew to make ready their oars. This movement of necessity caused them to declare their purposes, and they manifested them by audaciously laying their hands on the oars and arresting the attempts of the boat's crew to row. I seized my gun and motioned them again to depart. With a loud, scornful cry they caught up their spears and shields and prepared to launch their weapons. To be saved we must act quickly, and I fired over their heads; and as they fell back from the boat I bade my men pull away. Forming a line on each side of us, about thirty yards off, they flung their spears, which the boat's crew avoided by dropping into the bottom of the boat. I seized my repeating rifle and fired in earnest to right and left. The big rifle, aimed at the water-line of two or three of the canoes, perforated them through and through, which compelled the crews to pay attention to their sinking crafts, and permitted us to continue our voyage."

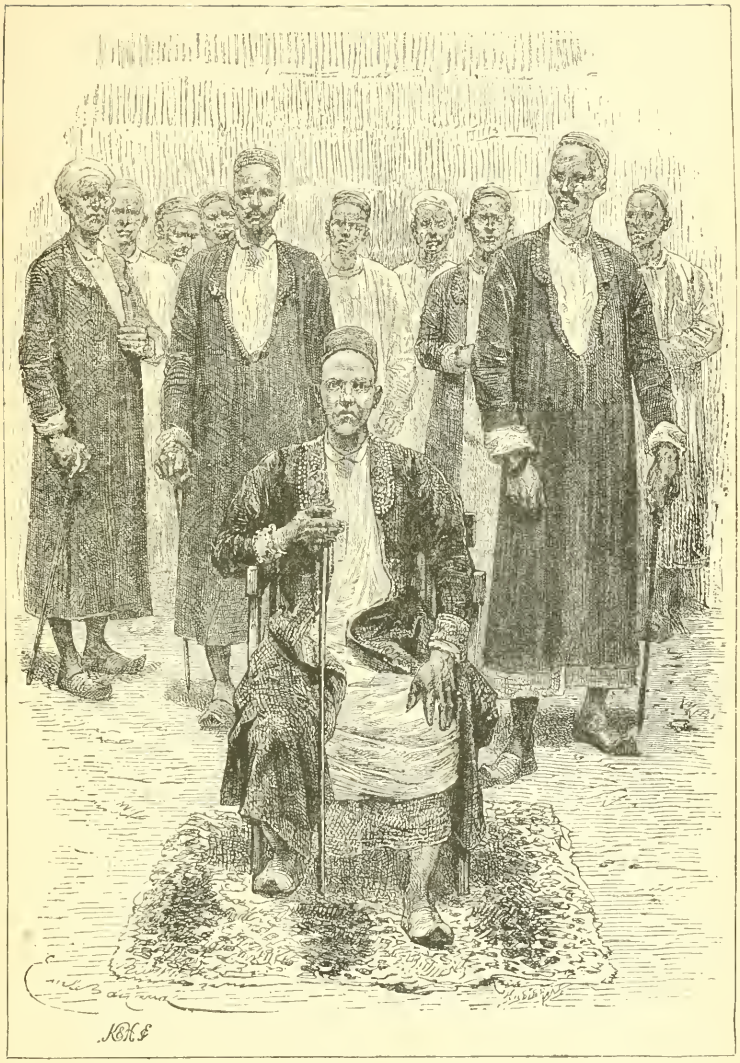
On the following day these modern "Argonauts" were off the coast of Uganda, and all trouble came to an end. Stanley's reception in Uganda was nothing short of a triumph, for Uganda was ruled by a great king, and he made his power as well as his personal wishes known throughout the whole of his country. Unstinted hospitality was offered them all along the coast, and on nearing Usavara Stanley was met by a small fleet of canoes, which the king, M'tesa, had sent as an escort.

Their reception at Usavara was indeed a refreshing experience in the heart of Africa. Thousands of

soldiers, uniformly clad in white, stood massed in solid line on each side of the landing-place. As the white man landed, a deafening roar of guns announced the fact to the surrounding country. Walking up the wide avenue between these saluting bodies, Stanley found himself confronted by the *Katekiro*, or Prime Minister, of the country, who with other high officials, had been commissioned by the king to receive the white man. After this reception, Stanley was shown to luxurious quarters, and then presents came pouring in from the king. If it be remembered that Stanley's *compagnons de voyage* were eleven in number, the following list of provisions will seem fairly ample:—14 fat oxen, 16 ditto sheep and goats, 100 bunches of bananas, 36 fowls, 4 wooden jars of milk, 10 pots of maramba wine, and many other items on a similar scale. Stanley was clearly an honoured guest.

After giving the white man time to rest and to eat, M'tesa sent for him. Stanley tells us that from the first moment he was deeply impressed by the personality of the king, who at that time was the foremost man of Equatorial Africa. Having passed through several courts, Stanley entered the throne room. On either hand were long lines of chiefs, kneeling or seated, and at the end, on a wooden arm-chair, sat the great M'tesa, the *Kabaka* of Uganda. Tall, clean shaved, with lofty forehead and large speaking eyes; clad in a spotless white shirt, reaching nearly to his ankles, and belted with gold—over which an embroidered black robe fell loosely—M'tesa presented a striking appearance. Shaking Stanley warmly by the hand, he invited him to be seated, and then ensued the inevitable palaver—the *shauri* of Eastern Africa.

As the days rolled by, the mutual esteem which existed between M'tesa and Stanley deepened. The former found in Stanley a man far above the average of the white man—bold in ideas, prompt in action,



M'TESA AND HIS OFFICERS.

thoughtful in speech, affable in manner, resolute in demeanour. Stanley, who had completed a wide, rather than a thorough education in camps and caravans, who had had his character tried to its utmost on many an occasion, and had withstood the trial, who had read enormously, thought deeply, and yet was nothing if not a "man of affairs," was just the man in whom M'tesa would find the qualities he looked for in the European—a man to convince the African, by the force of his personality rather than by mere words, of his superiority. Stanley, on the other hand, saw in M'tesa a sovereign whose word reached to the uttermost ends of his great country. From the moment of his arrival in Uganda, he had heard of nothing but the *Kabaka.* Messengers had been sent at once to the Kabaka to announce his arrival; feasts had been made for the Kabaka's guest; his hosts had told him they were the Kabaka's people—the Kabaka's Mkungu,* or the Kabaka's Mtongoleh.† Here, in the presence of the great Kabaka himself, Stanley found his conception of him confirmed. Wearing his power with an easy dignity, carrying on the work of government with informal diligence, M'tesa showed himself a potent influence for order and civilisation. Insisting on cleanliness and strict discipline, M'tesa's court and camp were an example to the whole nation. Throughout his beautiful country, waving with undulating landscapes of great fertility, and starred and girded here and there by isolated peaks and long-drawn ridges, M'tesa's rule was absolute. His character, moreover, was better than that of the average African Chief. For, although he had a violent and wayward temper, and was capable of great cruelty, he respected religion, and appreciated its influence.

Stanley accompanied M'tesa to Rubaga, his capital, and here met another white man—Colonel Linant, a lieutenant of Gordon Pasha, and who was shortly

* General. † Colonel.

after murdered in the Equatorial Province. Here, also, Stanley began his famous attempt to convert M'tesa from the darkness of Mohammedanism to the light of Christianity which, later on, he was to pursue with such success.

After staying a few days at Rubaga, Stanley took leave of M'tesa, promising to return with his expedition, and re-embarked in the *Lady Alice, en route* for his camp at Kagehyi. At Bumbireh he and the boat's crew were nearly massacred. Their oars were stolen from them, and when they had managed by a stratagem to push the boat off from the shore and leap into it, they were obliged to break up the bottom boards and use them as paddles. To increase their danger, a heavy gale raged for two days, and they were compelled to relinquish paddling and drift hither and thither at the mercy of wind and wave.

At last, on the 6th of May, after an absence of fifty-seven days, the *Lady Alice* arrived at Kagehyi, having circumnavigated the great lake, and sailed a distance of close on a thousand miles.

Sad tidings were awaiting Stanley. Only twelve days before Frederick Barker had died, and the sole companion left to Stanley was Frank Pocock. The latter, who had been in charge of the camp, had behaved splendidly, and beyond some ordinary accidents of camp life, and of course the great loss which the death of Barker meant to the expedition, all had gone fairly well. Stanley now devoted some time to rest, but his old enemy the fever found him out and reduced his strength to that of a child. Gradually, however, he grew better, and then began his preparations for transporting the entire expedition to Uganda. This great undertaking was successfully accomplished by August, and Stanley rejoined M'tesa to find him at war.

In the intervals of peace he resumed the task of converting the King, and, with such success, that at last M'tesa renounced Islam and embraced the faith

of the Nazarene. It must ever be remembered to Stanley's exceeding credit that he not only used all the arts of oratory and argument to obtain this end, but also drew up an abstract of the Bible, together with a translation of the whole of St. Luke's Gospel in the Kiswahili tongue. M'tesa called a meeting of his great men and propounded to them the story of God's dealings with man as revealed in the Scriptures, concluding by asking them to choose between the Koran and "the white man's Book." With their decision, "we will take the white man's Book," the conversion of Uganda may be said to have begun.

The introduction of Christianity into this fine country is entirely due to Mr. Stanley's personal and direct efforts, and it would be well if some of the enthusiastic stay-at-home champions of the negro race grasped this fact more clearly. Many an unjust criticism has been passed upon the great explorer for his ready, if somewhat rough, treatment of savages who barred his progress or threatened his life. Here we see how Stanley makes use of an opportunity if it arises, and no more worthy act is recorded of men who have been carefully prepared for evangelisation in heathen countries, and specially sent out to preach the Gospel of love and truth. Conversion was not included in Stanley's commission, neither did his employers require him to add the zeal of a missionary to that of the explorer. All the more should he be honoured for freely and spontaneously exerting himself as he did for the extension of Christendom.

A short account of the fortunes of the Uganda Mission cannot but be appropriate here. Its origin may be traced to the letter which Stanley indited, on his first visit to M'tesa, to the journals he represented. This letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, on 15th November, 1875, and the following clauses are extracted from it.

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that M'tesa has determined henceforth, until he

is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Muslim Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for M'tesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

"Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here!"

"It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. . . . It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son, and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race."

Such being the tenor of Stanley's letter, it is not surprising that wealthy Christians at home should have responded liberally. In a short time about £25,000 were contributed for the special purpose of the Uganda Mission. In June, 1876, a well-equipped party of eight arrived at Zanzibar. Sickness and death brought down this number to five, of whom one died on reaching the southern end of the lake. Here the commander of the expedition, Lieutenant Shergold Smith, R.N., received a letter from M'tesa, written in English by a young African Christian whom Stanley had left with M'tesa. The letter ran:—

"My second letter.
To My Dear Friend
Wite men
I send this my servant
that you may come quickly

and therefor I pray you
come to me quickly and
let not this my servant
come without you
and send my salaam to
Lakonge King of Ukerewe
and Kaduma Mwanangwa
of Kageye and Songoro.
This from me M'tesa King of Uganda."

In reply to this, Lieut. Smith and the Rev. C. T. Wilson sailed across the lake, and arrived at Rubaga on 30th June, 1877. They were warmly received by M'tesa, and at once set to work. Lieut. Smith, however, returned for one of the members left behind at Ukerewe, and soon after they were both killed in a fight arising out of a quarrel between the King of Ukerewe and an Arab. Mr. Wilson, who was thus left alone in Uganda, was subsequently joined by Mr. A. M. Mackay, who was destined to become the leading figure of the mission. More missionaries followed, but early in 1879 difficulties arose from the hostility of the Arabs and the arrival of some French Roman Catholic priests. Ultimately, M'tesa, under the influence of a "sorceress," prohibited both Mohammedanism and Christianity. In 1880 matters looked very dark, but in the following year an improvement took place. M'tesa sent Envoys to the Queen, and the missionaries were allowed more freedom. Their work as builders, carpenters, smiths, farmers, and doctors, &c., began to influence the people, and found favour with the King. Toiling constantly in the garden of the Lord, they had begun to gather of the fruit of their labours, when M'tesa died—in 1884—and Mwanga, his son, was chosen in his stead.

Unfortunately, Mwanga possessed only the vices of his father, and although the missionaries were for a while allowed to continue their work, he soon began to persecute the native Christians. About the same

time came alarming rumours of German annexation in Eastern Africa; and when, in 1885, Bishop Hannington travelled through Usoga on his way to Uganda, by land instead of across the lake, Mwanga was both angry and afraid. Usoga on the east of Uganda was his vulnerable point, and from that quarter he expected the Germans; so when he heard of a white man of distinction "entering his house by the back door," he sent orders for his execution. How Hannington died is now well known.

Matters soon grew worse, and in 1886 the fires of persecution were lighted. By torture and hunger, fire and sword, the native Christians gained the martyr's crown. At the end of 1886 the missionaries had all been sent away, excepting Mr. Mackay. For the next eleven months he was alone. In 1887 he too was driven away, but Mwanga asked for Mr. Gordon, the identity of whose name with that of Gordon Pasha pleased him, to be sent in his place. Gordon was soon joined by Mr. Walker, whom Mwanga received with honour.

All went well for a time, but on January 11th, 1889, a telegram arrived in England with the news that the missionaries had been plundered and expelled; that Mwanga was deposed and made a prisoner; and that the Arabs were triumphant and boasting of the victory of Islam. Thus for the present the mission is at a standstill. The Arabs are foreigners and not natives of Uganda, and hate the English for their determined opposition to that dreadful traffic in slaves which makes them rich; and it is therefore to these Arab slave-traders, and not to the king or people of Uganda, that we must look for the cause of this sudden collapse. While awaiting the course of events, in the fulness of God's own time, and hoping for the best, it should cheer those interested in the mission on the shores of the N'yanza, to remember that the Arabs and *not* Uganda rejected the Christianity Stanley had planted in the country.

CHAPTER VII.

ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT—*continued.*

NOT till November was M'tesa free to listen to Stanley's plans for further exploration. He had to subjugate the outlying and rebellious people of Uvuma, and neither time nor men could be spared to further the white man's wishes Stanley had completely circumnavigated the great Victoria N'yanza, and had proved that its sole outlet was over the Ripon falls, from the foot of which the Victoria Nile began. He had reduced Speke's guess of 29,000 square miles, as the area of the lake, to 21,000; had made himself acquainted with the countries surrounding the lake and their inhabitants; and had altogether journeyed nearly 2,000 miles on the lake itself.

He now wished to proceed to Lakes Muta Nzigé and Albert, to investigate their extent and nature, and ascertain the character of the people dwelling on their shores. To this end M'tesa gave him an escort to conduct him to Muta Nzigé. To the Albert N'yanza he could not go, for the native states which lay on the line of the march were engaged in one of their ferocious wars, and the danger to the expedition was

too great. Rejoining his camp, which, during M'tesa's campaign, had been pitched at Dumo, he marched to Muta Nzigé with an escort of over 2,000 Waganda. When at the very brink of further discoveries, on the shore of that great arm of the inland sea which he called Beatrice Gulf, the vaunted courage of the Waganda leaders, and all the great deeds they had declared they would perform, evaporated like the morning mist that rose from the placid water. To Stanley's immeasurable disgust, they declared their inability to remain any longer in a country whose inhabitants they knew to be hostile, and, consequently, the disloyalty of these wretched cowards baulked Stanley of the prize that lay within his grasp, and the world for a time of an accurate knowledge of this vast lake. It is satisfactory to know, at any rate, that M'tesa afterwards punished such treachery with his characteristic severity. Stanley, however, could only gaze—like Tantalus—on the receding waters, and meditate on the "what might have been."

On returning to Uganda, Stanley struck due south to Karagwé. Here he investigated the Alexandra Nile, proving it to be the most important feeder of the Victoria Lake. Rumanika, the king of Karagwé, received him most hospitably, and from him and his chiefs Stanley learnt a great deal of the savage tribes dwelling in the countries westward of the lake. He heard from many of a lake of considerable size, which he named the Alexandra, lying to the south-west, and of which the Kagera or Alexandra Nile was an affluent. From native information, however, he gathered that this same river entered the lake at the southern end, and therefore rose in the countries between that lake and the Tanganika. He heard of wild peoples and cannibals; of a race almost white, and of a nation of dwarfs. To penetrate these countries proved impossible; the chiefs of the intervening districts demanded *hongo*, or tribute, in ruinous quantities; and the mountainous character of the countries

further west, together with the implacability of the natives, effectually prevented the advance of the stranger.

Reluctantly turning his steps southward and eastward, Stanley marched to the Tanganika by a circuitous route which led him through Unyamwezi—within fifty miles of Unyanyembe—and thence to Ujiji. Here he arrived on May 27th, 1876. He set out almost immediately on his voyage round the Tanganika, for it was part of his mission to entirely circumnavigate all the great lakes, especially with a view to their sources of supply and means of drainage. The important point to be cleared up about the Tanganika was whether the River Lukuga, on the west, flowed out of or into the lake. Stanley proved beyond question that, while the creek of Lukuga was so choked with reed and grass that practically no current was discernible, yet a few miles inland the river, cleared of the tangled obstruction, flowed westward with a distinct current. The Lukuga, therefore, is the sole effluent of the lake, and drains it by a westerly course into the Lualaba.*

Towards the end of August, Stanley started with an enfeebled body of men—for fever and small-pox had played havoc with those he had left at Ujiji—upon his march to the Lualaba. He intended here, as elsewhere, to take up the work exactly where Livingstone and his other predecessors laid it down, and thus it is we find him marching directly westward for Nyangwé, the most northern point of Livingstone's explorations. As he advanced, the surrounding country increased in beauty, and the vegetation in luxuriance. The wooded hill-sides and forested plains were alive with animal life, and everywhere the villages betokened the presence of plenty. But

* It should be remembered that Cameron was the first to discover the Lukuga; that Stanley proved it to be without doubt an effluent; and that Thomson, recently, traced its course toward the Lualaba.

Stanley kept his force together with the greatest difficulty, for the people of Manyema, the country through which they were passing, were reported to be cannibals, and the feelings of the Wangwana were thereby considerably exercised. Though Stanley had distributed £350 in presents to the people before leaving Ujiji—as a "refresher" to their drooping spirits—yet many desertions took place, and for a time the expedition was in a high state of demoralisation. Nothing but firm treatment sufficed at such a crisis as this, and it was fortunate for Stanley that his indomitable character enabled him to grapple with the spirit of mutiny in a masterful way.

For more than two hundred miles the route lay along the valley of the Luama—a tributary of the Lualaba—and, at its confluence with the great river upon which Livingstone had spent so much time, thought, and labour, Stanley realised that at last he was face to face with a simple problem—he was to follow the river to the ocean, and prove or disprove once and for ever its identity with the Nile. He was to follow it into countries of which even the natives could give no account, deal with peoples whose very name was unknown, and finally trace it to an end no man could indicate.

At Mwana Mamba he met the Arab with whom he was to be afterwards—on this and other expeditions—so closely connected, Hamed Bin Mohammed, alias Tippu Tib. Stanley says of him:—"He was a tall, black-bearded man, of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white and perfectly formed teeth. . . . With the air of a well-bred Arab, and almost courtier-like in his manner, he welcomed me, and his slaves being ready at hand with mat and bolster, he reclined vis-à-vis, while a buzz of admiration of his style was perceptible from the onlookers. After regarding him

for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was a remarkable man—the most remarkable man I had met among Arabs, Waswahili, and half-castes in Africa. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowée, his dagger was splendid with silver filagree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances."

From Tippu Tib, Stanley heard the welcome news that Lieutenant Cameron, who arrived at Nyangwé on that adventurous journey which ultimately led him across Africa, had been prevented from proceeding down the Lualaba by the want of canoes, the disloyalty of his men, and the enormous difficulties stated by the Arabs to exist. Cameron, therefore, had turned back, and journeying southward through Rua, fell in with a number of Portugese traders, in whose company he travelled to Benguela.

The most terrible tales were told by the Arabs of the savages dwelling on the banks of the Lualaba. Dwarfs who shot with poisoned arrows, cannibals who regarded the stranger as so much meat, barbarians who wore no clothing and killed all men they met—these were some of the people to be met on the river, which in itself presented great difficulties. There were many falls and many rocks; and the river flowed northward for ever and knew no end! In the face of such testimony from men who had travelled for some distance down the river, Stanley's intention never swerved; he was determined to follow the Lualaba to the sea.

To help him attain this end, and to inspire his trembling followers with courage, Stanley engaged the services of Tippu Tib, who, in return for £1,000 and rations for his escort, was to bring to Stanley's aid his own personal efforts and influence, assisted by a considerable force of men—about 150 of whom were armed with rifles.

On the 5th of November, 1876, the Anglo-American Expedition left Nyangwé—the outpost, as it were, of the Arab traders of the Lake districts—and proceeded on its arduous journey down the Lualaba. As the name soon disappeared, and the river was rebaptised every few miles by the natives, Stanley gave it the name of Livingstone—after him who had given his life for a knowledge of it—and by this name it will hereinafter be mentioned.

For the first ten days the march along the bank led through a dense forest growth; so dense that often the travellers could not say if the sun were shining or the sky were overcast. Dew fell from the leafage overhead in drops of rain; the narrow track became a ditch of wet mud; the air reeked with the poisonous fumes of fungi and the deadly breath of miasma. At times progress became so difficult that a whole day's march advanced them but six miles. The men were rapidly succumbing to weariness and sickness, and the Arabs in Tippu Tib's train clamoured loudly for retreat. Even Tippu Tib himself came to Stanley and declared his unwillingness to proceed; although by doing so he forfeited his claim to the £1000. Stanley was desperate. If he attempted to march without the great Arab, he knew that his expedition would be no more; that the Wangwana would desert to a man. By dint of argument, however, and the sum of five hundred pounds, he induced Tippu to accompany him twenty marches further, at the end of which Stanley hoped he would be able to obtain canoes for the whole of his expedition and take to the river for the rest of the journey.

At the confluence of the Ruiki with the Livingstone they first fell in with cannibals. These savages attacked the crew of the *Lady Alice*, in a small camp they had made on the banks, and with the avowed intention of getting "meat." After a sharp fight, they were vigorously repulsed. About this spot the Livingstone has a width of a mile, and flows between

forests, dark with dense undergrowth. Islands, clad to their edges with tropical foliage, stud the broad bosom of the stream, and here and there the banks give way, and the eye travels along the reedy meanderings of some shady creek. At Ukassa, rapids were encountered for the first time, and as the river suddenly narrowed at this point, dangerous eddies and whirls made progress slow and cautious. All this while the main body was marching with Tippu Tib and his followers, along the left bank, and Stanley, with some thirty companions, navigated the river in the boat.

At this part of the river, the inhabitants of the villages fled on the approach of the travellers, giving them no chance to buy food, or gain information about the locality. They were obliged to take what food they found, for the enfeebled condition of the men could not withstand the attacks of hunger. Stanley wrote about this time: "There was work enough in the stricken expedition for a dozen physicians. Every day we tossed two or three bodies into the deep waters of the Livingstone. Frank and I endeavoured our utmost to alleviate the misery, but when the long caravan was entering camp, I had many times to turn my face away, lest the tears should rise at sight of the miserable victims of disease who reeled and staggered through the streets. Poor creatures, what a life! wandering, ever wandering, in search of graves."

On reaching Ikondu, one of the much-talked of dwarfs was caught and brought into camp. A little over 4 ft. in height, diminutive in proportions, and altogether puny in appearance, he did not seem to represent a very formidable race. But these dwarfs are very nimble, and the arrows they shoot are invariably poisoned. Soon after, when the boat-party were encamped on the bank, awaiting the arrival of the column marching by land, hundreds of wild savages attacked them, blowing their war-horns,

and yelling their war-cries, and shooting clouds of poisoned arrows. All that day and through the greater part of the night the contest went on. Early next morning the fight was renewed, and continued with few interruptions till night. On the following day, reinforced by about a thousand neighbours in canoes, the savages attacked again, and this time with desperate fury. From the forest on the one side and the river on the other they came in vast numbers, showering their arrows on the gallant little band. In the midst of the battle, the advance guard of the land column made its appearance, and at the sight of the reinforcements the natives retreated. During the night, which was dark and stormy, Stanley crossed the river to the island whither those who attacked in canoes had retired, and under cover of darkness cut the canoes adrift and floated them down the river to his camp. Being now in a position to make his own terms, he rowed to the island on the following morning, and offered the surprised owners fifteen of their canoes if they would make peace. This they consented to do—Stanley reserving twenty-three for conveying his expedition down the river.

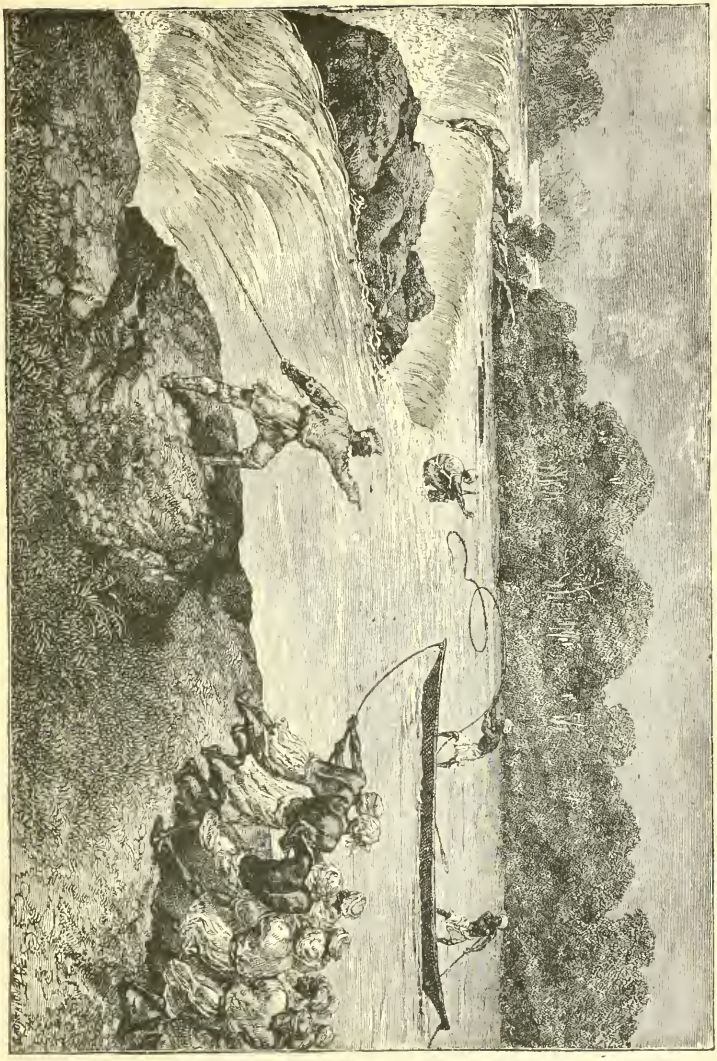
But the Arabs had had enough of this wild country and its turbulent people, and Tippu Tib declared that he and his men would not go one step further to what they knew to be certain destruction. Only 12 of the stipulated 20 marches had been performed, but Stanley saw that the time had come for the final parting, and accordingly released Tippu Tib from his agreement—rewarding him with a draft for about £500, together with numerous presents for himself and his chief people. Through the fidelity and courage of some of the Wangwana, Stanley was able to arouse the enthusiasm of his own band in the coming voyage down the river, and with such good effect that, in finally leaving Tippu Tib and his camp behind, not one of the expedition had deserted.

On the following day the little flotilla was attacked from both banks at once. Hundreds of savages with gaily feathered heads and painted faces dashed out at them, shooting their spears and shouting "Meat! Meat! Ah! Ha! We shall have plenty of meat!" But they were to be defrauded of the expected feast, for the well aimed rifles of the Wangwana soon struck terror into their midst, and compelled them to seek the cover of the shore, and their meat in more legitimate quarters.

Again and again, as the expedition floated down the river, some twenty or thirty canoes would shoot out from the shore, despite the long-drawn cries of "Sennenneh—Sen-nen-neh" (Peace, peace), which the interpreter of the party would raise; the cannibals ignored everything but the advent of so much food to their market! "We shall eat meat to-day, Oho! We shall eat meat."

The sixth of January, 1877, found the little band of daring spirits at the first cataract of the Stanley Falls. From this point for about 60 miles the great volume of the Livingstone rushes through narrowed and lofty banks, in a series of rapids interspersed with steep falls. Nearly the whole of the distance is impracticable for boats, and Stanley had to force his way along the bank, through jungle and forest and over cliffs and rocks, blazing a path through dense wood, and clambering over rugged and precipitous banks. The whole of the distance he was exposed to the murderous attacks of cannibal savages who, while the boat and canoes were transported, the necessary roads cut, and the camps made, never relaxed their efforts to exterminate the party. By the 28th of the month the seventh cataract was cleared, and once more the expedition was enabled to resume its voyage down stream.

Space prevents our entering into all the hair-breadth escapes and dangerous undertakings which formed the daily programme of the expedition. There was



THE RESCUE OF SAIDI.

one event, however, which must be described, as exhibiting with unwonted force the truth of the old adage, "There's but a step between us and the grave." This was the narrow escape of Saidi from destruction in the fall below Ntunduru Island. Some way above the rapids, the canoe which this faithful follower of Stanley had been steering was upset, and the crew managed to swim to another canoe which was near. Saidi, hoping to save the canoe of which he had charge, clung to it. But he was rapidly carried down by the ever increasing current to the edge of the falls. By the merest chance, the canoe struck against a small rock which, at the very brink of the fall, jutted out of the swirling current; and, splitting in two, it became jammed against the rock. Saidi, with wonderful presence of mind, clung to the rock and steadied himself by the upturned pieces of the canoe. The waves washed over his knees, and all around the brown swirling waters of the upper stream, and the roar of the falls below, threatened him with instant destruction the moment he lost his hold.

For a time Stanley was puzzled how to act. After a few minutes' consideration, he had three strong cables made of twisted rattans, and attached these to a canoe. He then called for volunteers. The ever faithful Uledi, coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, was the first to move.

"Master," said he, "I will go. Mambu kwa mungu—my fate is in the hands of God."

A boat boy named Marzouk, then stepped forward, and inspired by example, several others volunteered to go. But two lives were enough to risk at one time, and Uledi and Marzouk took their places in the canoe. It was then launched—someway up the bank—cautiously paddled into the stream, and allowed to float down on the rapid current. On nearing Saidi, Uledi threw a short twisted cable towards him, which, after several attempts, he caught.

At the same moment the party on shore, who were holding the canoe in check with the cables, began to haul it ashore. But the moment the full force of the current seized it, all the three cables snapped like blades of scorched grass, and the canoe with its brave and faithful occupants began to glide towards the falls. Saidi had been knocked off his friendly rock in the act of catching the cable, and was now hanging just over the fall, and clinging like a leech to the one thing between him and death. As the canoe drifted towards him his weight directed its course against the rock from which he had but the moment before been rescued. In a twinkling, Uledi and his companion leaped out of the canoe and hauled the half-drowned Saidi on to the rock. So far they were saved; but matters were worse than ever, for there were now three men, instead of one, to be rescued.

At this juncture night fell with that mysterious rapidity peculiar to tropical regions, and all further attempts were postponed till the morning. Early on the following day, the 15th of January, 1877, Stanley set his men to make several strong cables of rattans. Attaching a length of whip-cord to a stone and hurling it towards the little group upon the rock—who, after a score or so of vain attempts, caught it—Stanley motioned to them to draw the cables over. This was done, one end remaining with the rescuers. Then Uledi, binding himself with loose rattans to a couple of cables, plunged into the rushing flood, and, half-drowned by the swirling waves, was slowly drawn to land. Saidi followed, and then Marzouk. They were saved at last!

Sometimes, however, there were accidents whose fatal results were not averted—lives swept down the devouring rapids, which were never rescued. The descent of the Congo was too often marked by death, and Stanley's days were never free from anxiety or toil.

The river, broadening out, now flowed on in a distinct westerly course, and this, coupled with the temporary cessation of hostilities, raised the wearied spirits and put strength into the weakened bodies of the party in a wonderful degree. For not long, however, were they to have peace, and in a few days they were passing through a running fire from either bank. Day after day, as they dropped down stream, new tribes appeared, but ever in the old garb of enemies. Gradually the river widened to about 4000 yards, islands became more numerous, and the banks rose on either hand high and steep. But an eternal forest dwelt on the islands, the banks, and the interior, and the only clear spaces here and there were occupied by villages or used as market places by the tribes of this fluvial region. Noble tributaries, from a furlong to a mile in width, occasionally swelled the ever-increasing river, and revealed by their magnitude the great extent of country drained by the many waters of the Livingstone.

Off the mouth of the Aruwimi, which is an important tributary to the great river on the right bank, and more than a mile wide at its confluence, a determined attack was made upon the travellers by about 2000 savages. They had the largest canoes yet met with—some containing more than 100 men—and rushed to the fray with all the "pomp and panoply of war" which presumptuous ignorance and overweening pride in superior numbers led them to assume. Stanley coolly anchored his little fleet in mid-stream, and received them with such a succession of well-directed volleys that, in a comparatively short time, the heroes who had stalked to war sneaked gladly home. Thus ended the twenty-eighth pitched battle the unfortunate little fleet had been compelled to fight—harassing work indeed for strangers in a strange land. Truly might they be called Ishmaelites, for everyone's hand was against them, and theirs, perforce, against everyone.

A hundred miles or so west of the Aruwimi the Livingstone reaches its most northerly point, and amid a perfect maze of islands the canoes, with the *Lady Alice* ever at their head, threaded their course in a south-westerly direction. A greater danger now lay in their path, for, for the first time, their opponents were armed with guns brought up from the coast by native traders. When off the country of Bangala no less than sixty canoes, filled with men armed with firearms, attacked Stanley's party; and with the overpowering odds of over 300 guns to 44—now the full strength of the expedition. Fortunately for Stanley, both his weapons and ammunition were of a better stamp. For nearly five hours the conflict waged, and then the victory rested, as it had so many times before, with the Ever-Victorious Expedition.

On the 9th of March, when encamped on the left bank for breakfast, a sudden attack made by natives, armed with guns, ended in another victory for Stanley, although it left him with fourteen men wounded. This was the thirty-second fight forced on him by the savages he had encountered since leaving Nyangwé, and it proved to be the last. Three days later the wearied voyagers entered a wide basin, surrounded by lofty cliffs, white and gleaming, on the flat top of which grew green and succulent grass. Having an area of more than thirty square miles, the basin seemed to the eyes which had grown accustomed to the river—wide though it was, nearly five miles in places—just like a vast pool—and at Frank Pocock's suggestion it was named Stanley Pool, and the lofty white cliffs, Dover Cliffs. Passing out of the Pool, the roar of a great cataract burst upon their ears. This was the first of a long series of falls and rapids which were to continue until they reached Boma—a distance of 155 miles—in the course of which there were no less than thirty-two falls, and an average declination of the river of about seven feet per mile. Stanley gave to this enormous stretch of cataracts

and rapids the name of "Livingstone Falls." The difficulties presented by man had, to a great extent, passed away, only to reveal obstacles offered by nature—obstacles, indeed, which were to deal a severer blow to Stanley and the expedition than had all the cunning and violence of those savages who regarded their fellow-creatures as so much prey.

On the 28th of March, 1877, at the Fifth Fall, by an unfortunate accident, whilst cautiously creeping down the rapids, a large canoe got adrift into mid-stream, and in a few seconds was hurled over the fall, whirled round several times, and then sucked in by the maëlstrom which raged below. In this canoe were four men, and Stanley's favourite page Kalulu. It will be remembered that Kalulu had been given to Stanley when at Unyanyembe on his search for Livingstone. He had since been to Europe and America with his master, and had accompanied him wherever he went. Stanley naturally felt the loss keenly—the more so as it might have been easily averted. For Kalulu had been closer to him than any of his native servants. Through many an attack of fever he had been nursed by his page with the tenderness and care of a woman. At the end of a weary day's march, it was from Kalulu's hands that he received the grateful cup of coffee or chocolate; it was Kalulu who roused him in the early morning and gave him his *chotahazri*, or first breakfast, of bananas and coffee. Kalulu himself had been an object of interest and care on the part of Stanley. Born a prince, and subsequently captured by Arab marauders and sold into bondage, the witness of deeds of untold cruelty to the wretched natives, Kalulu was a personification of the vicissitudes and misery caused by the slave-trade. At one time Stanley had cherished the idea of marching into the country over which Kalulu's father had reigned as king, and giving his page his own again; but the stern sense of duty had led the explorer to do that which lay nearest to him, the

arduous labours of which left him neither time nor inclination to prosecute a desire highly creditable to his feelings. The lad who had been born a prince, sold into slavery, and given as a page to the white

KALULU AND STANLEY.

man who had cared for him as he might for his own child—after travelling in Europe and America, and studying at school in England—went to his death over the wild falls of the Livingstone, and found his

last resting-place in some silent pool below the remorseless rapids.

Progress was very slow, for none of the cataracts and few of the rapids could be navigated. The canoes and all the stores had to be dragged over-land from point to point—now over rocks, now through jungle, and now again over table-land. On arriving at the Massassa Falls, Stanley pitched his camp on the cliff commanding the river, leaving the canoes to work their way down stream, from rock to rock, as far as they could. Frank Pocock, who was to follow him to the camp, by some strange fatal perversity, insisted on going with the canoes to the falls, and then, as if urged to his fate by an irresistible impulse, declared his intention to shoot them. Too late he realised the full danger. The canoe was caught by the rushing tide, flung over the falls, tossed from wave to wave, and then dragged down into the swirling depths of the whirlpools below. The crew struggled to the surface; the insensible form of Pocock was shot up by the eddy only to be sucked in again and never more seen! The men were rescued, but the "little master," as he was called, had gone from them for ever.

To Stanley the blow was crushing. He mourned for him as for a brother. "Thirty-four months," he wrote, "had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance, and true had been his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion; the companion had soon become a friend. . . . As I looked at the empty tent, a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly recalled the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship; it dwelt upon the pleasure of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and the cheerful trust in our success with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered only served to intensify my sorrow for his loss, and to suffuse my

heart with pity and respect that, after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities, and such long faithful service, he should depart this life so abruptly, and without reward." To such a tribute to Frank Pocock's worth, nothing need be added.

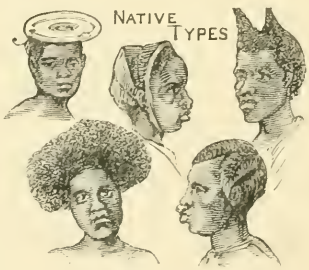
At the Isangila Cataract—where the already explored "Congo" began—Stanley left the river, which had been so fraught with adventure, privation, and sorrow, and started on a direct line across country to Boma—the nearest European settlement, and about 60 miles distant. The long line straggled on, weary and footsore, faint from insufficient food—for a few bananas and ground nuts were all they could procure—and silent from suffering. When half the distance had been traversed, and no food was forthcoming, Stanley wrote a letter of earnest appeal to any Europeans who might be at Boma, and sent this letter by his ever faithful and willing coxswain, Uledi. A most generous and timely response was made by two gentlemen who represented an English firm there, and just as the poor wretched Zanzibaris were lying down by the roadside, gaunt with starvation and resigned to fate, the welcome appearance of Uledi at the head of a caravan of goodly supplies brought new life back to the weary souls, and supplied the sinews for the continuance of the journey.

On August 9th, 1877, the more than decimated expedition marched into Boma, 999 days after leaving Zanzibar, having travelled over 7000 miles in that time. The reception accorded to Stanley partook of the nature of a triumph, and the first few days at Boma were given up to that delicious rest and oblivion of danger from which he had so long been an exile. From Boma the expedition was taken in a steamer to French Point and Kabinda—thence to San Paul de Loanda in a Portuguese gunboat. After being fêted by the Portuguese authorities, Stanley embarked again with his people on an English man-of-war for Cape Town, where

his followers were enabled to see the wonderful works of the white men—chief among which was the "fire-carriage"—the locomotive.

Once more the voyagers took ship, and this time their destination was Zanzibar, where all arrived in the highest of spirits and greatly improved health on the 26th of November. We have no space to detail the joy and emotion, or the surprise and admiration with which the prowess of Stanley and the deeds of the Anglo-American Expedition were regarded. The feelings of all may be very much more easily imagined than described. The "good master" had not only performed what he had set out to do, had not only crossed those distant lakes even to the great Salt Sea beyond, but had brought back his faithful Wangwana to their own homes, there to reward them with his own hand, and see them with his own eyes at rest at last.

The price paid for this success was great. His white companions had all died, and with them in their deaths were no fewer than 170 natives. The financial cost was enormous. But the aim and end of the Anglo-American Expedition had been achieved, the great geographical problems of the dark continent solved, and Stanley had performed the task allotted to him, with a success so brilliant as to make him the cynosure of the admiring eyes of two hemispheres.



CHAPTER VIII.

STANLEY A STATE BUILDER.

STANLEY returned to Europe, but not, as he had anticipated, to his well-earned rest. On arriving at Marseilles, in his journey across Europe, he was met by representatives of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, who informed him that their Sovereign contemplated some great undertaking in Africa, and that he looked to Stanley for assistance in prosecuting it with success.

This was in January, 1878, but it was not till the end of the year that the project took final shape and Stanley prepared to revisit Africa. In the meanwhile he was occupied by lecturing to great audiences, by a voluminous correspondence, and a careful study of the details of the proposed expedition. In June he published the account of his journey across Africa, under the title of "Across the Dark Continent." The book had an immense sale, and gave an impetus to African projects which resulted in numerous undertakings. On the river Congo, lakes Victoria and Tanganika, in West, East, and Central Africa, missions were established by several denominations; French, Portuguese, and German travellers set out to

explore vast regions of the Continent; and there began a series of annexations by the European powers which have continued up to the present time.

In November, 1878, at the palace of the Belgian King, an Association was formed for the purpose of utilising the vast basin of the Congo for the benefit of the vaster world, and developing its natural wealth simultaneously with civilising its people. Representatives of most of the European States were among the prominent members of this novel company, and it finally received the title of "The International Association of the Congo." To Stanley was offered the all-important post of chief of the expedition which was to initiate the work—an offer which recruited health and his characteristic enterprise led him to accept with hearty promptness.

The exact nature of the work before him may be considered under three heads—philanthropic, scientific, and commercial. Philanthropy was to be represented by urgent attempts to bring the savage tribes infesting the upper reaches of the Congo to something like a reasonable toleration of the white man and the stranger. They were to be shown the benefits of peace and trade, and the advantages accruing to them by intercourse with the civilised world. Above all, they were to be secured from the horrors of the slave trade. Science was to be served by the contemplated surveys of the basin of the river which would reveal the physical geography and natural facilities and productions of the region. And, lastly, the work of the Association was to advance commerce, to provide an outlet for the great wealth of the interior: an opening for the manufactures of Europe. By the medium of roads, rivers, and bridges, by the founding of settlements and the cultivation of land, by the pacification of hostile tribes and the establishment of a secure main route, by means of the exchange of goods and other commercial methods, the Association was to achieve the gradual civilisation of the Congo

tribes, and the permanent founding of a vast field for the energies of the whole commercial world. The great share which Stanley had in furtherance of so wide an aim—so almost Quixotic a conception—this and the following chapters will show.

In the spring of 1879, Stanley sailed for Africa in a specially chartered steamer. Proceeding first to Zanzibar, he engaged about seventy Wangwana, the majority of whom had crossed Africa with him. In May, he sailed for the Congo, viâ the Red Sea and

LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

the Mediterranean, and arrived off Banana Point—the settlement at the mouth—on the 14th of August, having been much delayed, by awaiting further orders, at several ports *en route*. At this place Stanley met his assistant officers, eleven in number. Two were English, five Belgians, one Frenchman, one American, and two Danes.

The "baggage" of the expedition was, of course, as bulky as it was heterogeneous. It comprised—among other things—four screw steamers and launches, one

paddle steamer, and several large steel lighters, etc. The cost of these alone was about £5000. Then there were wooden houses of a portable character; iron store-sheds, waggons, implements, arms and ammunition, tools, tons of canned provisions, and thousands of odds and ends, all more or less useful and indispensable.

As far as Ponta da Lenha or Wood-Point, a distance of 34 miles from Banana Point—the Congo is navigable by the largest sea-going steamers. Above this, however, the river rapidly shallows, and fluctuates in depth according to the season of the year.

The next point of interest on the Congo is Boma, where it will be remembered Stanley met with so hospitable a welcome in 1877. Boma, like Banana Point, is a great factory settlement. It is composed of large warehouses and store-sheds, belonging to trading companies of English, Dutch, French and Portuguese nationalities. These companies also own several large and small steamers, the latter used for carrying on business on the river, and the former for plying between Europe and the coast. In the reaches of the Lower Congo these steamers are a frequent feature in the otherwise monotonous scene, and at the time of Stanley's arrival on the West Coast, that part of the Lower Congo which lies between Banana Point and Boma, presented the busy appearance of a mercantile river.

The landscape in which Boma forms the attractive spot is wide and vast. Northward there ridges up against the heated sky a long uneven mass of hills, blue and cool in the hazy distance. Southward these hills are repeated, but in miniature. Filling the whole of the foreground and the middle distance—sweeping toward you on your left, and away from you on your right—the mighty Congo moves with silent, certain pace toward the sea. When the rains have fallen, the country is carpeted with a vivid green, but a few months later, the vertical rays of a tropical

sun have scorched every leaf and blade to tinder. Then follow the bush fires, bequeathing their legacy of embers, where succulent grass, gorgeous flowers, and thick undergrowth of bush once flourished. This bequest of charred trunks and blackened branches deprives the environment of Boma of what beauty it might have had, and imparts a dismal monotony to the landscape.

But the white man has introduced features which do not change, conditions which are permanent. Machine shops, iron sheds, coal yards—a whole village of European houses—a whole town of huts belonging to the native employés—a large and well-designed hospital, on an elevated and airy site—and lastly, a staunch iron pier, thrusting its girders and spans far out into the river; these are the new features which the seasons do not alter, and which one may safely predict are permanent. What traders accomplished for their own ends on the lower reaches of the Congo, Stanley was to achieve in the broader and more enlightened spirit of the Association on the upper waters of that vast river.

About 40 miles from Boma, the Congo suddenly, and temporarily, assumes the character of a Colorado river, and rushes downward through a cañon of lofty and bare rock in a succession of falls and rapids. The foot of this cañon is naturally the limit of navigation from the sea. At this point, goods destined for the upper river have to be transported across country. Here, therefore, Stanley determined to found his chief settlement, and create his base for further exploration. Having purchased the exclusive right of the district from the native chiefs, he proceeded to make his mark upon the country.

At the foot of the rapids, on the right bank of the river, rises the mountain of Vivi, and on an uneven plateau of that mountain—about 350 feet above the river—Stanley formed his first settlement.

The plateau was levelled, the gigantic rocks that

sprouted up here and there were smashed into pieces and used for foundations, a road was made from the narrow beach to the chosen spot, several houses were built both for Europeans and natives, and, finally, a large garden was formed by carrying rich soil from the valley and laying it in previously excavated ground. In a short time this garden came to be a boon to the white men residing at the station, affording the only spot on the bare and sterile hills where shade from the glaring sunshine could be found. In pulverising the scattered rocks, Stanley, to whom idleness of any kind was an abhorrence, showed such skill with the sledge-hammer that the native chiefs gave him the name of "Bula Matari"— the Stone-breaker — by which title he soon became known to all the tribes dwelling upon the Congo.

In three months the settlement at Vivi was finished, and "Onward" became the policy of the expedition. Leaving an American—named Sparhawk—in charge of Vivi, Stanley marched to Isangila for the purpose of determining the direction of the road that was to be made. It will be remembered that from Vivi to Isangila the river is incapable of navigation, owing to the numerous cataracts and rapids which are known as the Livingstone Falls. Isangila is fifty-two miles distant from Vivi, and the intervening country is extremely rocky and rugged. The native tracks led, as usual, up and down the hills and valleys—straight as Roman roads—but it was not possible for a waggon road to be made over such country. Stanley finally decided on a route which in many places was fairly level, while in others it became steep and rocky, requiring much work before it could serve the purpose intended. This roadmaking from Vivi to Isangila was one of the most arduous duties of the expedition, involving a great deal of planning as well as much labour. Once at Isangila, the boats could be launched upon the river and, with the exception of the Upper Livingstone Falls, the wide reaches of the Congo

would, from there to the foot of the Stanley Falls, form a natural highway, requiring nothing but navigation.

With a force of 106 men, Stanley started on his "road-making;" and if we may judge from his own journals, the number was miserably small for such work. The first few miles ran through grass from ten to fifteen feet in height, and of the thickness of bamboo. In one day about half-a-mile was made through such country. This indeed was splendid work, but they had something different to grass awaiting them. Moving slowly onward, at night camping by the road at the spot where they left off work, slowly but surely they approached the rocky hills that lay between them and Isangila. With enormous labour a vast mountain mass was circumvented, and a roadway created by blasting along the face of the cliffs, and but a few feet above the surging rapids. Gullies had to be bridged, small ravines filled up, two large forests cut through, and a thousand and one difficulties overcome. As each length of road was completed, Stanley returned to Vivi and brought up several tons of baggage. These visits to Vivi were usually far from brief holidays, for the trouble with the European assistants was never ending—some being ill and unable to work, others being mutinous and refusing to work; many left for Europe, and their places were filled by new arrivals, with whom the whole process of acclimatisation and initiation into their work had to be repeated. Stanley himself was not free from illness, and the road-making was occasionally delayed on account of it. At the end of a year the road was at last finished. The marching and counter-marching between Vivi and the ever lengthening road had led the "Stone-breaker" over about 2,300 miles! The year had been big with toil and fraught with trial. Six Europeans had died, and thirteen had retired invalided, and the natives had also succumbed in numbers to the oppressive heat of

the Congo Cañon. But the work had been done, and done well, and from Vivi to Isangila there was a fifteen feet road, along which the heaviest waggons, laden with steamers, launches and boats, could safely travel.

By the 1st May, all the fifty tons of baggage had been transported to Manyanga — 140 miles above Vivi—and Stanley began treating with the natives for permission to found a settlement in their district. Within a few days, he was prostrated with a severe attack of fever, from which he thought, at one time, he could not rally. But his constitution proved even stronger than his temperament, and after many days he was able to move about again. Just at this time came the news that a large number of Zanzibaris were on the road to Manyanga ; and this, coupled with the final settlement of the treaty question with the natives, helped him towards recovery by leaps and bounds.

The expedition was now within measurable distance of Stanley Pool, and up to this point the natives had been friendly and hospitable in the extreme. Even now no outward hostility was shown, but the native chiefs displayed the very greatest repugnance to the founding of any permanent station. They imagined it would deprive them of their inter-tribal trade, and prevent the holding of their frequent markets. In one case, that of Ngalyema, king of Ntamo, over £200 was spent in inducing him to grant the white man a concession, and a few weeks afterwards he became actively hostile. But there was a greater personage than Ngalyema, and this was Makoko, the great chief of the Wambundu, who to a six-foot beard added all the dignity expected of a lord of many acres. Makoko proved staunch and friendly, and ultimately Ngalyema, whose town was Kintamo, welcomed Stanley to his district. This was exactly what the latter desired, for the neighbourhood of Kintamo was the most suitable locality for the proposed station.

On the southern bank, just above the cataracts which mark the rapid drop from Stanley Pool to the river, the settlement of Léopoldville was founded. It stands in an excellent position between the Lower and Upper Congo, on the south-western corner of Stanley Pool, which connects the rivers. On lofty ground, overlooking Kintamo Bay and sloping towards the river, Stanley cleared his site, and began building. Out of the hillside he cut a long and wide terrace, and upon this the various buildings were erected. The largest house, headquarters, was stoutly made of wood, and then plastered with clay to the depth of two feet. This would form, in the event of subsequent hostilities, an excellent fort into which the garrison could retreat. The native village was built a little distance away, and as it had even then to accommodate over 150 natives, its proportions were considerable. Headquarters contained five bedrooms, a commodious dining-room, and a strong magazine. A garden was laid out, sheds and houses were erected for live stock of various descriptions; and, in short, all that an important station could require was, after much labour, supplied.

During all this time the camp was much disturbed by the frequent petty acts of hostility committed by Ngalyema, and at last it became evident that, if peace was to be preserved, the white man and the black must make what was called "blood brotherhood." Stanley tells how this curious operation—which, by-the-by, he had frequently undergone—was performed.

"We crossed arms, an incision was made in each arm, some salt was placed on the wound, and then a mutual rubbing took place, while the great fetish man of Kintamo pronounced an inconceivable number of curses on my head if ever I proved false. Susi (formerly Livingstone's headman) not to be outdone by him, solicited the gods to visit unheard of atrocious vengeances on Ngalyema if he dared to

make the slightest breach in the sacred brotherhood, which made him and Bula Matari (the stone-breaker) one and indivisible for ever."

Stanley sums up his work at Léopoldville thus: "Léopoldville, with its one-storey blockhouse, commanding from its windows all approaches, impregnable to musket-armed natives, and proof against fire, despite its grass roof, because, underneath that grass roof, there was an earth roof two feet thick, on which the fire might burn itself out harmlessly, offered a safe refuge should trouble arise. The terrace was long and wide—the native village was formed of one broad street—flanked by a row of clay huts on either side. Slanting from a point thirty feet below the blockhouse, and sloping gently down to the landing place, gardens of young bananas and vegetables extended beyond these huts. Water was handy; fuel was abundant. The agricultural Wambundu were our landlords as well as our good friends. In a basin right in front of his residence, which time and industry might render pretty, the work of the station-chief lay before him." From Léopold Hill, above the station, a magnificent view is to be had. The vast circle of water formed by Stanley Pool, the amphitheatre of rocky mountains and lofty white cliffs, the large island of Bamu, with many attendant satellites, combine to make a scene of a striking character. Back, away behind the lofty banks of the Congo, there stretches a country as rich as it is neglected, whose enormous natural wealth it will almost require another generation of toil to rightly gauge.

The station at Léopoldville was finished in April, 1882. Stanley thereupon set out and surveyed the Pool, making hundreds of valuable observations and notes. In the following month he embarked in the *En Avant*, a paddle boat over forty feet in length, with a draught of only eleven inches; and, after passing through many miles of fertile country, enduring much opposition on the part of the natives, including

the mosquitoes of the locality, he entered a large lake which he thereupon circumnavigated and named Lake Léopold. This was all he was to do for some time, for fever suddenly attacked him and prostrated him to such an extent that he was brought back to Léopoldville in a delirious condition. When slightly recovered, he journeyed in easy stages down the river, and thence to San Paul de Loanda, where he embarked for a visit to Europe, after an absence of three years.

What had been accomplished in that time? Much. Stanley's original instructions were to found three stations, launch a steamer on the Upper Congo, and keep touch between his stations and the sea. Five stations had been erected, a sailing boat as well as a steamer plied on the Upper Congo, and a launch continually kept up communication between the stations. Besides this, a waggon road had been constructed between Stanley Pool and Manyanga, and from Isangila down to Vivi. Generally speaking, the native tribes had proved friendly, and, in some cases, willing to hire out their services. The influence of the International Association had been spread from Boma to Stanley Pool, and from thence to the confluence of the Kwa with the Congo—that is to say, a distance of over 400 miles. Thus far, then, had the thin end of the wedge penetrated; much had been done, but more, far more, remained to be done. The first "phase" of the work had been completed, and there was now the slower, more diplomatic task of extending the area of influence by persuading the native chiefs to concede their power over the river regions to the Association. Those political rights, without which the great work begun might be thwarted if not ruined by the hostility of any envious corporation or greedy trader, were to be secured to the Association. Its officers were to have power of life and death, law and order, over the districts adjoining their stations, and under their immediate control.

Stanley's routes are indicated by chain lines,

with the dates marked of the different journeys.

Stanley placed all this, and much more, before the Association on his return to Europe, and the Executive Committee announced that they were prepared to undergo all the expense that such an extension of efforts would cause, provided that Stanley would return to carry on the pioneering work on the Upper Congo, and generally direct the action of the entire undertaking. On his part, Stanley announced his willingness to accept the task, after he had made a few stipulations which he deemed necessary for the success of the work.

In November, 1882, he sailed again for the Congo, there to resume the task committed to him by the "Association Internationale Africaine."

Before continuing further, it may be well to give a brief resumé of the general character of the Congo and its basin, thus making what follows more clearly understood. This river, which exceeds 3000 miles in length, has been divided for the sake of convenience into well-defined sections. The Lower Congo is that part of the river between Léopoldville, on Stanley Pool, and the sea, and is about 330 miles in length. Of this, the reach between the sea and Vivi, 110 miles, is navigable. From Vivi to Isangila, a distance of 50 miles, the Lower Livingstone Falls prevent navigation, but thence to Manyanga, about 90 miles, the river, broken in places, becomes navigable. At Manyanga the Upper Livingstone Falls are met with, and, consequently, from these to Léopoldville a road had to be made.

The Upper Congo begins at Stanley Pool, and for over a 1000 miles—that is to say to Stanley Falls—the river is navigable, and forms a grand highway for commerce right into the heart of Africa. Following the river up still higher from the foot of Stanley Falls, a length of nearly 400 miles of more or less broken water, the traveller would arrive at Nyangwé. Thence to Lake Moero or Mweru is another 400 miles. Lake Bangweolo or Bemba is 220 miles

distant from Moero, and nearly 400 miles from Bemba, the Congo, under the name of the Chambesi, takes its rise. From Stanley Falls to Lake Moero the river was called by Livingstone the Webb-Lualaba.

The maritime region of the Congo basin is restricted, and a few miles inland the ground slopes upward, until we are confronted by successive ridges of hills gradually rising to mountain height. Through this mountainous region the Congo runs as in a cañon, and not until Stanley Pool is reached does the river spread out to its great breadth and most placid pace, amid fertile plains and prolific vegetation.

The largest affluents from the south are the Kwa, into which flows the noble Kasai. This river, with which the name of Wissman, the German explorer, is closely identified, extends over an area of about seven degrees of latitude. Next comes the Ruki, at whose mouth Equatorville has since been built; and the Lulongo, which drains a densely populated country. The chief tributaries on the north bank are the Mobangi, the most important affluent of the Congo, which drains by its multitudinous head streams the region between the Congo and the Equatorial provinces of Egypt, and from which the names of Captain Van Gèle and Dr. Schweinfürth are inseparable; the Itimbiri, which flows into the Congo at its greatest breadth, and, lastly, the Aruwimi, about 150 miles below Stanley Falls.

Stanley put the population of the Upper Congo basin down at 43,000,000. Captain Wissman, Dr. Pogge, and other great travellers through portions of this area unite in testifying to the density of population and the extent of the so-called "villages." Wissman has put on record his feelings of astonishment at the length of these villages—oftentimes five and six miles of continual street! Tippu Tib told Stanley that he had been two hours passing through some of these villages. The great German traveller, Dr. Schweinfürth, has told us that, in one

part of the country, an almost unbroken line of huts and tembes stretches along the caravan route. The people themselves, though often barbarous to the stranger, can readily be approached by means of trade. As keen as any European or American after business, these more than half-naked people will consume hours in attempting to get the upper hand of the trader who offers for sale the white man's handiwork.

A few words as to the productions of the Upper Congo basin will not be out of place here. Naturally, in an equatorial region, the vegetation stands first. The oil palm, valuable for the oil it gives, and its kernels, which are used for oil-cake, is found everywhere—whole forests of it are commonly met. The india-rubber plant is another important factor to be reckoned with. Stanley believed that enough gum could be transported in a year to pay for the much coveted railway! Vegetable fibres of all kinds are numerous.

Then ivory, of course, represents a large, though less satisfactory, source of income. According to Stanley's estimate, £250,000 worth of ivory might be collected annually for twenty-five years, and then the elephant would be no more; at least, in the basin of the Upper Congo.

Vegetables, fruits, and herbs of many kinds grow prolificly. Potatoes, onions, and cabbages have been imported from Europe, and thrive well. Naturally the banana and plantain flourish exceedingly. Bread is made of millet flour in many parts; in others, the staple nourishment is cassava or manioc.

Rice, wheat, and other grains have done well in suitable localities; in short there seems little if any limit to the fertility of this glorious area of over a million square miles.

Stanley now returned to Africa with fourteen European officers and some 600 tons of material for service on the Congo, and at once set to

work to utilise such wealth of men and means.

Proceeding up the river to Manyanga, Stanley despatched one of his officers to conclude treaties with all the tribes on the south bank of the river between Manyanga and Léopoldville. Stations were also to be erected. The temporary track between Manyanga and Stanley Pool was taken in hand and converted into an excellent road. As Stanley slowly journeyed along the river, organising, strengthening, and encouraging the various stations and posts as he went, news came from Léopoldville of quarrels with natives and scarcity of food. Despatching provisions with all speed, Stanley pushed forward over the old road he had made four seasons before, and which, through neglect, was beginning to show a promising crop of young trees; and on March the 21st, 1883, once more arrived at this finely situated settlement.

Having held a great "shauri" with all the neighbouring chiefs, at which he managed to restore the good-fellowship which had before existed, Stanley induced the chiefs to sign a treaty by which they and he, on the part of the Association, engaged to control the entire country south and west of Stanley Pool, in a civilised and enlightened manner. In this and all succeeding treaties, it must be remembered that the Association was always regarded as the chief power, and invested with the sovereign rights of peace, war, and commerce. And further, as a visible sign of the new-born confederation, every chief received the Association's flag to fly above his grass-roofed hut on certain stated occasions. As soon as this treaty with the Wambunda was concluded, other chiefs came in and professed their willingness to confederate; and up to the time of Stanley's departure for the Upper Congo, everything went "merry as a marriage bell."

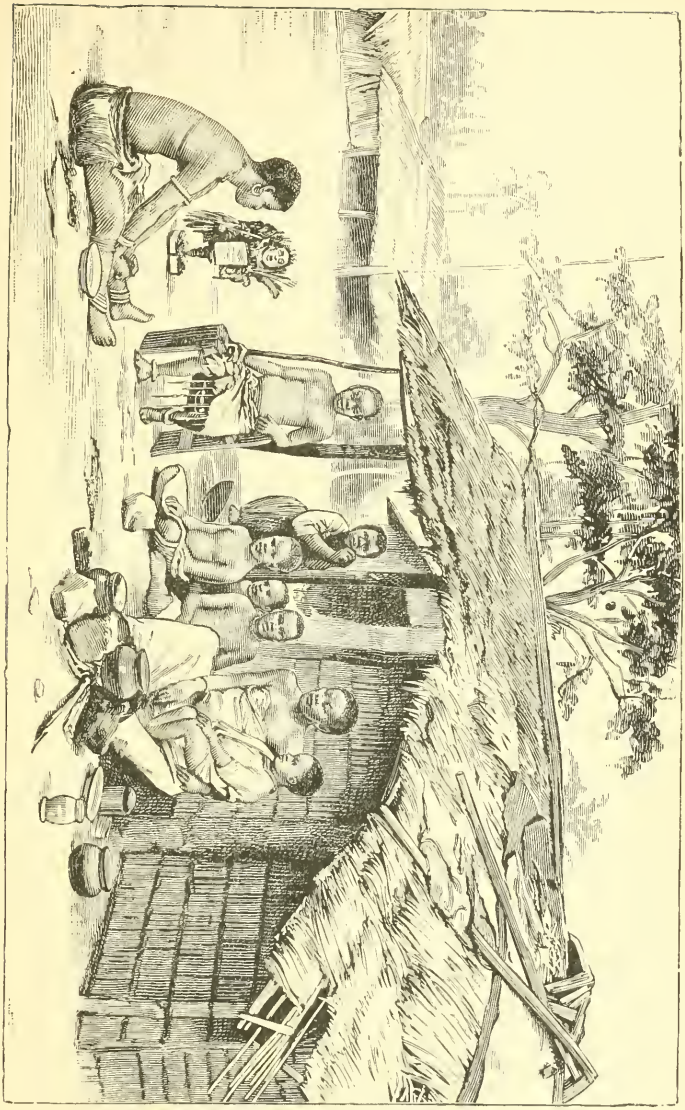
This departure took place on May the 9th, 1883. The little exploring fleet was composed of the *En Avant*, steamer; the *Royal*, launch; and the *A. I. A.* (*Association Internationale Africaine*), steamer. A

whale-boat and canoe were towed by the two former. The force amounted in all to eighty men, the cargo to six tons. To quote Stanley himself:—

"We have axes to hew the forests, hammers to break the rock, spades to turn up the sod and to drain the marsh, or shovels to raise the rampart; scythes to mow the grass, hatchets to penetrate the jungle, and seeds of all kinds for sowing. Saws to rip planking, and hammers, nails, and cabinet-makers' tools to make furniture; needles and thread for sewing all the cloth in these bales, twine to string their beads, and besides these useful articles in the cases, there are also countless 'notions' and fancy knick-knacks to appease the cupidity of the most powerful chief, or excite the desire for adornment in the breast of woman."

The power by which the steamers were driven provided an inexhaustible source of speculation for the natives. The less philosophical supposed that a number of men were concealed in the hold, but the more astute rightly put it down to the "big pot," as they called the boiler. But even these could not conjecture the thing that the engineer was always "cooking"! "Whatever it is," said they, "it takes a long time to cook. That engineer has been cooking all day, and it is not finished yet." Finally they fell back upon that invariable *dernier ressort* of the African—"It is the white man's medicine!"

At the confluence of the Buruki or Mohundi (Black River—since called the Ruki, and which is nearly a thousand yards in width at its juncture with the Congo, Stanley established a station, which was first called Equator Station, and afterwards Equatorville, on account of its being situated on the Equator. Leaving Lieutenant Van Gèle in charge, Stanley returned to Léopoldville to bring up reinforcements of men and material. On his way he induced the tribes of Irebu, who were waging an internecine war, to "bury the hatchet;" he then steamed up the Lukanga River, and



A CONGO FAMILY.

discovered Lake Mantumba, which is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and has a circumference of about 150 miles; and finally arrived at Léopoldville after an absence of two months.

Shortly after this, owing to some misunderstanding, the desultory fighting which the natives call a "war" broke out in the neighbourhood of Bolobo, and Stanley, who hastened to the scene, had his little fleet fired at for the first time in the four years he had spent upon the Congo! The natives were aroused, and it required about ten days of continual "Shauris," and a harmless exhibition of the powers of a Krupp gun, to procure peace. Stanley has been credited with the reputation of a "fighting man," and therefore it is only due to him to point out how, again and again, in his intercourse with the Congo tribes, he prevented bloodshed even among the natives themselves by the exercise of a well-timed diplomacy.

He scored his next success by inducing the warlike Bangalas, who had fought him furiously when descending the Congo in 1877, to make "blood brotherhood." The country of these people is Iboko, and it is one of the largest and most powerful on the Upper Congo. Proceeding ever up stream, Stanley passed through a perfect archipelago of islands. The forest trees reached the great height of 150 and 200 feet, and the bush was so dense as to be impenetrable without the aid of the axe. While passing along these green-walled straits, Stanley experienced one of those violent storms which are not unusual in any tropical country. With a sudden rustling roar, as if all the miles and miles of forest had been buffeted by a stupendous whirlwind, such a storm begins. The river, which the moment before has been like oil is now scarred with waves increasing in height and velocity every minute. The huge trees, with all their attendant parasites and creepers, sway to and fro, shrieking and moaning as if in mortal pain. The leaves are swept in clouds before the rushing wind,

and then — then comes the rain. No European shower, but genuine tropical rain, drenching to the skin in a moment, and hailing down pellets of water as large as marbles. If the ground were parched and the grass but tinder an hour ago, now it is covered with running water and the vegetation has revived. Where there was a runnel or a brook, now there is a river. From the four quarters the clouds have gathered and shattered right overhead, letting fall a sea of water which precipitation converts into rain—tropical rain. Before the fury of the tempest man and beast must seek shelter, whether on the open savannah or under the boughs of the groaning trees. But in an hour the clouds have passed over and the hailing of the rain is ceased. Faint gusts of wind, ever growing fainter, or the patter of the drops as they fall from leaf to leaf, the rushing streams and broken boughs, are all that marks the track of the storm. The sky is blue as ever, the sun as fierce; the thermometer is high up in the sultry regions, and the last, loose fringe of the storm-cloud has dropped below the horizon. Suddenly arising, as suddenly gone—such is a tropical tornado.

As the little fleet of steamers puffed its way higher and higher up the mighty river, richer and richer grew the land. The soil was black with vegetable matter, and its fertility was extreme. Miles and miles of forest trees of great value lined the banks on either hand; gum copal trees covered with the parasitic orchilla—containing the germs of large fortunes—were seen for hours together. The many islands in mid-stream continually assumed new shapes, but their exuberance of vegetation was an enduring feature. The land was a land of plenty.

Passing slowly up river, exploring all important tributaries for a considerable distance, undergoing the ceremony of "blood brotherhood" countless times, making treaties with the great chiefs, this mission of commerce and civilisation at length arrived at the

foot of the seventh and last cataract of Stanley Falls. This was the destination of the expedition — the *Ultima Thule* of Stanley's "state building" on the Congo. The people who inhabited the islands and the mainland west of the Falls are the Wenyas, who are great fishermen and dexterous boatmen. With these Stanley opened a "shauri" for the purchase of land on which to found a permanent settlement. After a great deal of agitation on the part of the natives, to whom the idea was entirely novel, and prolific outbursts of native oratory in many phases—fearful, cautious, prophetic, indignant, abusive, shrewd, philosophic, pacific, and finally friendly—Stanley bought for £160 worth of beads, knives, cloth, wire, looking-glasses, caps, brass rods, and other forms of an extensive currency, a considerable portion of a large island for founding his settlement. The station was situated just below the rapids, and possessed in a creek on the east side of the island an excellent harbour. The powerful tribe of the Bakuma dwell in the country east of the seventh Fall, and of them Stanley made most cordial friends. With both the Wenyas and the Bakumas he concluded treaties, insuring his people safe and permanent dwelling among them, and stipulating for a civilised method of conducting commerce, and the sovereignty or the powers of Umpire in all matters of doubt or difficulty.

He then set his men to build a strong house, which was plentifully stored with provisions, tools, ammunition, cloth, beads, cowries, etc.; and gave the charge of the station to a Scotchman, named Binnie,—a man of small physique, but with a lion's heart—entrusting thirty-one armed men to his command. On the 10th of December, 1883, Stanley turned his back upon the Falls, and began to descend the river. The little Scotchman was alone in the heart of Africa! It should be added here that he behaved splendidly, and in a very short time won the affection, as well as the respect of the neighbouring tribes.

Stanley's work was almost done. From point to point, along the river, he had placed stations, and obtained treaties which gave the Association sovereign rights. When the success of these stations had encouraged the natives, little difficulty would be experienced in filling up the gaps. The pioneering was accomplished, the seeds of federation sown; and time, and time only, could combine the scattered links, and weld them into an unbroken chain. All the Congo tribes knew and honoured "Bula Matari;" and nearly all had covenanted with him to keep the peace and advance his aims. The whole region had been touched by a master's hand, and quickened into vitality. The tribes of the Congo were ready for the final step —the confederation of their units into an undivided whole, ready for agglomeration into one great state.

Stanley returned to Vivi in April, 1884. He then learnt that Gordon Pasha was coming to the Congo to help on the work. The next news reversed this arrangement—Gordon was on his way to Khartoum, under orders from the British Government. Then Sir Francis de Winton arrived, and to his efficient care Stanley gladly handed over the direction of affairs. Vivi had never thriven, and in fact its last days were less promising than its first. Sir Francis de Winton began his work on the Congo by moving the station to a more suitable site, and erecting larger and better equipped buildings. Vivi—New Vivi—was in a fair way to prosperity; a splendid sanatorium had been built on the summit of a hill at Boma, under the direction of Dr. Allard, and the well-being of the invalided was for the future assured. The affairs of the Upper Congo were left to the able guidance of Captain Hanssens, and Captain Saulez was appointed chief of Léopoldville. With these able men in command, Stanley left his work on the Congo behind, and turned his face once more toward Europe. On August 3rd, 1884, he arrived at Ostend, and presented his report to the King of the Belgians.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOUNDING OF THE FREE STATE.

THE coping stone to the fabric was wanting; the great achievements of the International Association's Expedition required European countenance for the final investment of their political rights. The Expedition had finished its work, and a settled polity was now required. The European States were about to sit in conclave, and out of the material created by Stanley to carve a new State in Equatorial Africa.

Of all the varied material gathered for State-building, first and foremost were the treaties made by Stanley with more than 450 independent chiefs. These men had sold, in return for large sums of money, part of the lands they had owned from time immemorial. With the land they had transferred their powers as chiefs—they had, in fact, invested the new owners with the rights and privileges of a sovereign.

The conditions of these treaties were all, more or less, alike, and may be briefly described as, on the part of the chiefs, giving up their sovereign rights over the country; promising to join their forces to those of the Association; to resist intrusion or

attacks from foreigners of any nationality and colour; and yielding to the Association all game, mining, fishing, and forest rights, together with absolute control of all roads and waterways running through the country. The Association, on its part, paid a large sum of money down, together with monthly subsidies. It promised to take no land or property except with the consent of the owners. It undertook to promote, as far as lay in its power, the prosperity of the country, upholding justice and punishing the transgressor. And it agreed to lend its aid and countenance to all just government and authority exercised by the chiefs over their own subjects. In addition to these direct treaties between the natives and the Association, the chiefs themselves had been confederated, and in unison they had agreed to accept the Association as supreme, requiring no tribute nor imposts from any one connected with, or protected by, the Association; and they had further covenanted to hoist the flag of the Association—blue, with a golden star—above their respective villages, as a sign of its supreme power.

With such thorough preliminary work as this, it was not difficult to bring matters to a successful conclusion.

The idea of holding an European Conference on the subject of the Congo and its Free Stations originated with Prince Bismarck's proposal to the French Ambassador at Berlin. On November 15th, 1884, this Conference held its first sitting at Berlin. Its International character may be gathered from the fact that among the nations represented were Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Belgium, Austria, France, Portugal, Italy, Holland, and Russia.

The chief objects of the Conference may be divided under three heads:—The free navigation of the Congo. With this was coupled free trade. All nations and people were to be able to engage in commerce without being liable to any duties or

imposts. Certain taxes, however, which would be required for the support of the actual government, might be levied. The next question to be settled was the free navigation of the Niger. And the third was to define the procedure for all valid annexation of land or property, in bulk and by nations, in Africa. This, of course, referred to the future.

On the 18th of December the proposals as to the free navigation of the Congo and Niger were finally approved. Italy was anxious that the liquor traffic which, unfortunately, is very considerable, should be prohibited. She was unsuccessful in her good intentions, but the Conference adopted certain precautions in case of the "abuse" of the liquor traffic.

On the 7th of January, 1885, the Conference agreed to the slavery clauses; that is to say, all powers holding territory on or near the Congo basin were to prevent the sale of the natives, forbid the waters of the Congo or its tributaries, or the land adjacent, to the slaver; and to do all in their power to put an end to the trade and punish those engaged in it.

By the 5th of February the difficulty between France and the International Association was removed. The southern limit of French territory was defined as being from the Chiloango River to near Manyanga; then along the northern banks of the Congo as far as the confluence of the Mobangi with the Congo —about 17° E. longitude. The flag of the Association was to be considered that of a friendly state. At that time the course of the Mobangi was not known, and its subsequent discovery has given rise to some tension between France and the Congo Free State, which, happily, is in a fair way of being removed.

Ten days later, the other great question, that of the frontier-line between the territories of the Association and Portugal, was amicably settled. The latter was to own the south bank of the Lower Congo nearly as far as Vivi, and then, roughly, was

limited by the parallel of 6° S. latitude to the River Kuango or Coango. Portugal, also, received a portion of the coast between French territory and the mouth of the Congo, wedged into the region claimed by the Association.

Thus, the International Association was granted, by an European Conference, a well-defined status and limit. It gained a coast-line about twenty-two miles in length—amply sufficient for all trading purposes—and a vast domain in the interior. It extends to Lake Bangweolo, in the S.E., to Lake Tanganika, in the E. It follows the Rusizi River to 30° E. longitude, thence to the watershed between the Nile and the Congo. Its northern limit, from E. to W., runs from that point to 17° E. long., and down that meridian, or along the banks of the Mobangi, till it joins the French territory on the banks of the Congo. Thus it almost touches, on its north-east corner, on the province of Emin Pasha, and includes nearly the whole of the great lake, Muta Nzige, from which Stanley had been forced to retreat when about to embark on its navigation many years before.

On the 26th of February the final sitting of the Conference was held, and the Congo Free State became an actuality. Throughout the proceedings Stanley had lent his great experience and sage advice to the formation of its opinion, and the guidance of its action, and this was publicly recognised, upon several occasions, by the representatives of the Governments there assembled. He was fêted at banquets given in his honour, and received with enthusiasm in various cities where he lectured. Bismarck paid him special attention, inviting him to dinners, and showing, as far as he could, his esteem for the great services Stanley had performed. This was, no doubt, an hour of triumph for our old friend "Bula Matari," but long before he had found his reward, if, indeed, he had coveted any, in the feeling that he had consistently striven his utmost to do his duty.

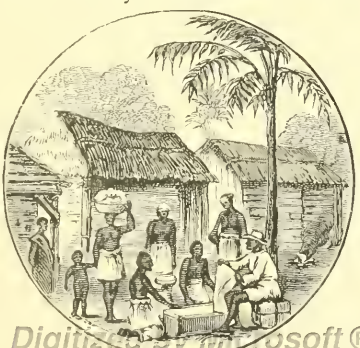
The West African territory of France, as defined by the Berlin Conference, has an area of about 250,000 sq. miles. Portugal has about 100,000 sq. miles more, and a coast-line of about 1000 miles. It also possesses about 100 miles of bank on the Lower Congo.

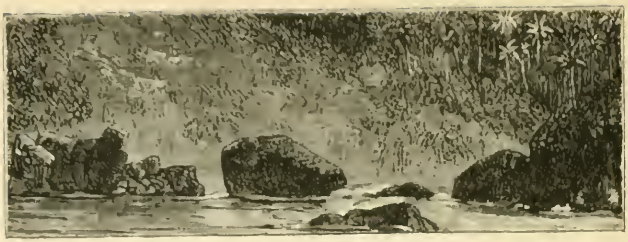
The International Association greatly exceeds both these countries in its territorial possessions, although, in its desire to possess the Lower Congo, it yielded some hundred thousand square miles of interior to France and Portugal. There is secured to Free Trade, by the Berlin Conference, about a million and a-half square miles of country. The future of this immense region, now welded into a State, none can rightly predict. Its height of prosperity and acme of power, its ripened civilization, and its influence on the world lie in the unknown future, and none can gauge the extent of trade and wealth of resources which a generation or so may bring forth. Africa is being rapidly colonized, and still more rapidly explored. The Dark Continent has become a Twilight one. A generation hence it will be all surveyed, and few parts of it will not be colonized, or, at least, absolutely controlled by the wiser and more efficacious government of the white man. When the day comes, on which it may be said, with truth, that the Congo Free State is the most important and wealthy power in Africa, the name of Henry M. Stanley, "Bula Matari," will not, we may be sure, be forgotten. Among the pioneers of dark lands he will take a foremost place; but his name will not be missing in the roll of those who have out of the abstract created the concrete, out of diversity produced unity, out of wild and fiercely-independent savages reared a state at once beneficial and enduring.

And it must not be forgotten that the enterprise received birth and constant nurture from the broad-minded and philanthropic King of the Belgians Léopold II. Stanley has never ceased to attribute to that monarch the first meed of praise; and it

would be foreign to the spirit in which this book is written if, in awarding to Stanley the palm for heroic labours under the torrid sun, we did not give to the enlightened monarch who inaugurated and consistently supported the entire work of the Association, unstinted praise for his genius of philanthropy and its well-deserved success.

In conclusion, it may be added that the King of the Belgians, who had been President of the International Association, was shortly afterwards elected Sovereign of the Free State. Léopold marked his appreciation of the honour by presenting the munificent sum of £50,000 to the funds of the State, in order to facilitate the creation of the necessary administrative authority. The headquarters of this authority, including the offices of the Ministers of foreign and domestic affairs and finance, is situated at Brussels. The representatives upon the Congo of this responsible ministry are the Administrator-General, and his assistant Divisional Administrators. Among other officers on the Congo, are a Chief Justice, Chief of Police, and a Postmaster-General. A complete service of steamers plies up and down the Upper Congo, as regularly as on the Lower, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a young and vigorous State are now to be found between the mouth of the great river and Stanley Falls.





CHAPTER X.

EMIN AND THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.

IN the comparative lull which followed the turmoil of labour, and strain of anxiety, endured by Stanley on the Congo, he was able to go about Europe and America, see his old friends, and make new friends of the great ones of the world. This lull, therefore, supplies an opportunity to look back upon the past, and observe some facts intimately connected with the explorer's life, but which from limit of space have been neglected till now.

Though Stanley has been the recipient of many honours, which as years rolled on came upon him with increasing thickness, it must not be forgotten that he has had that hour of trial which falls to the lot of most great men. No sooner had he scored his first great success, and found Livingstone, than many people began to throw doubts upon his veracity, and openly accuse him of perverting facts to gain notoriety for the newspaper he represented. His expedition, as soon as its existence became known, was referred to in a slighting manner, as if it were but a mild and ephemeral attempt at self-advertisement on the part of Bennett. And when he had

succeeded, distinguished travellers, and men of high position and intellectual attainments did not hesitate to dispute his geographical discoveries, or express their opinion that he had never even seen Livingstone! Time rolled on, and, with its accumulation of indisputable evidence, the unjust suspicions and accusations were vanquished. Then the English geographers and men of travel, with that honest candour which is so characteristic of John Bull—and his island, unhesitatingly made the *amende honorable*, and welcomed Stanley with the greater honour because it had been somewhat delayed.

Notwithstanding the fact that he had silenced his too captious critics upon a former occasion, as soon as Stanley's exploits in the heart of Africa in his second—the *Telegraph-Herald*—expedition were known, there were found men of weight in the geographical world to assail his method of dealing with the natives. In fact, the poison had entered within the charmed circle of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society itself, and for a time it seemed as if that august body, representative of all that is best and most admirable in the exploration of the world, would withhold its welcome to the traveller on his return from Africa. Better counsels, however, prevailed; and when the accused was allowed to speak in his own defence, he gave what proved, to the majority of his listeners, ample reason for his behaviour under very trying circumstances. His retaliation on those who would have murdered him, had he shown any ill-timed leniency, was perfectly justifiable. He invariably went out of his way to avoid hostilities, but when his own safety, the safety of his whole expedition, and the successful performance of his arduous mission, were each and all threatened with complete destruction, by savage and cannibal negroes, Stanley was not the man—and England, at any rate, should not be the nation—to say "Forbear." Under the circumstances, forbearance

meant annihilation for the party of peace, the heralds of civilization.

In considering the difficulties which beset Stanley, and his persistent triumphs over them, it should always be remembered that he was the first white man to penetrate Africa with a large armed force. Then, the marvellously short time in which he—with a numerous following—accomplished his journeys, must be taken into account. In about four years he journeyed some 10,000 miles through a savage and hostile country, and managed to obtain priceless knowledge of the resources and possibilities of the land through which he passed.

Without actually comparing the two, it may be said that had that African hero, David Livingstone, in whose honour too much cannot be written, treated his rascally porters, who deserted him by scores time and again, with something of the severity of Stanley, he would in all probability have solved the problem of his beloved Lualaba, and found the crown to his self-sacrificing labours in the discovery of its identity with the Congo. Of the thirty odd years spent by that most patient and courageous of men under the fervour of the African sun, nearly ten were wasted by the unscrupulous conduct of the natives he was compelled to employ. Twice, when on the threshold of discovery, had he to turn reluctantly back from the realization of his hopes, in order to humour the cowardly hounds on whom his gentleness and forbearance had been wasted in vain. What that great man suffered, none will ever entirely know; but we are forced to conclude, from his own writings and those of his friends, that had he turned to wholesome discipline when mild remonstrance proved of no avail, he would have been saved thousands of miles of weary retreat, thousands of days of unrewarded labour, and the bitterness of dying with his years of search unsatisfied by the solution for which they had been spent.

Among the many honours which have fallen to Stanley's share may be mentioned the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, and the Geographical Societies of Paris, Italy, and Marseilles; the Honorary Membership of nearly all the chief Geographical Societies and Chambers of Commerce throughout the world; the Grand Commandership of the Order of the Medjidie, with the Star and Collar; an unanimous vote of thanks from the United States Congress; and the freedom of the City of London. In addition to these honours, the Queen presented Stanley with a valuable memento in recognition of his rescue of Livingstone; the late Victor Emanuel gave him a gold medal and wrote an autograph letter to him, commenting on his great services to civilization; and the present King of Italy presented his portrait to the great explorer. Below the portrait the following had been written by the royal hand:—

"All' intrepido viaggiatore
Enrico Stanley,
Umberto Re."

As year after year and success after success stamped Stanley's character in a clear and unmistakable manner upon the susceptible surface of the public mind, the jealousies and accusations of the few sank in the turgid pool they had raised, to rise no more. In the year he spent in England, after his return from the Congo, no man's words or actions or views were regarded with more interest and appreciation than were Stanley's. He stood out in bold relief against the shadowy background of the Dark Continent, as the herald of light and civilization, the Columbus of Central Africa. And when he had gone to America to fulfil a long-promised, and often deferred lecturing tour, a tour, be it remembered, which would have been highly remunerative as well as pleasant—England could find no man but Stanley to serve her turn when the silence which had settled over the Equatorial

Province of Emin Pasha cried loudly for relief. Without a moment's hesitation, he returned to London and placed his services at the disposal of the Committee of the Emin Relief Expedition.

It is now time to describe the state of things brought about in the Soudan by the fall of Khartoum and the death of that Soldier-Saint, Charles George Gordon; and how it came to pass that Englishmen should conceive it their duty to relieve his faithful servant, Emin Pasha. When in the spring of 1878 Gordon returned for the second time to Khartoum—this time as Governor-General of the whole of the Egyptian Soudan, he appointed Dr. Schnitzer, a Prussian—who to enhance his usefulness among the Mohammedan races, and suppress his European extraction as much as possible, had adopted the Arabic name of "Emin"—as Governor of the Equatorial Province, which Gordon himself had ruled in 1876 and 1877. At that period Emin had served under Gordon, first as chief medical officer, and afterwards as his most trusted co-adjutor in the general conduct of affairs. The province of which Emin was now appointed governor extended from the borders of Uganda and Unyoro, and the Lake Albert N'yanza on the South, to a region about 150 miles north of Gondokoro on the Nile, and nearly 1000 miles distant from Khartoum. Though its government had always been a thorn in the side of the Khedivial dynasty, the fertility and natural resources of the country were beyond dispute. But the miserable weakness and peculation of the Egyptian governors had fostered a system of oppression without which it would seem the Oriental magnate cannot exist; and they had actually farmed out huge districts to notorious slave-traders. During his short tenure of office, Gordon had done much, and though unable to place the province upon an independent financial basis, he had stemmed the flood of slave-caravans which swept over the country,

and brought the region into something like security and order. No sooner had he retired, however, than the worthless officials appointed in his stead revived the old system of plunder and peculation, injustice and indolence, and last, though not least, the baffled though not broken trade in slaves. With the return

Dr. Emin Bey

of Gordon to Khartoum, as Governor-General of the Soudan, affairs once more took a favourable turn; and in appointing Emin Pasha to the governorship of the Equatorial Province, he proved his ability to detect the qualities of a great man, and his willingness to find him suitable occupation.

On taking charge, Emin found much to dishearten him. The Slave-traders had emerged from the obscurity into which Gordon by active measures had compelled them to retire, and settled themselves in fortified villages all over the province. The men who were his subordinates, and the soldiers on whom he had to rely, proved to be "hand in glove" with the slave traders. The various stations erected under Gordon's active rule had been allowed to collapse by his indolent successors. The people had been crushed by oppressive fines, whole villages destroyed by marauding banditti, and the government of the province was almost hopelessly in debt.

With the determination of a mind bent on philanthropy and duty, Emin set himself to produce order out of chaos. Within the space of a year he had rebuilt the dilapidated stations, removed all unjust taxation, and made his people look up to him with respect and loyalty. Within three years, by dint of energy which knew no tiring, he had induced his subjects to cultivate their land with steady industry, and transformed a set of miserable, hunted, and oppressed tribes into an agricultural and thriving population. He had built permanent roads, and established a weekly post throughout the province. He had added largely to his territory by just and honourable means. Moreover he had converted a province which had never been anything but a drain upon the Egyptian treasury into one which was self-supporting. He had converted a yearly deficit of £30,000 into a balance of £8,000! And, finally, he had swept the slave-dealers from the face of the country.

The enormity of the African slave-trade can never be insisted upon too much. The Arabs, who make it their business to deal in this "ebony" trade, while ostensibly seeking for ivory, are a heartless and infamous set of scoundrels. Whether they are pure Muscat Arabs or have a proportion of negro blood in their veins, their conduct is such as to justify the

African proverb, "God made the whites, and God made the blacks; but the devil made the Arabs." By a merciless system of slaughter, they are draining the life-blood of Central Africa. Without able-bodied natives, without beaten tracks and frequent villages, without waving fields of grain, and shady groves of bananas, the white man will be powerless to advance in Africa. If the Arabs are allowed to depopulate the interior at the enormous rate they are now proceeding, the day will come when the steps of civilisation will be halted at the margin of a vast wilderness. There will be none to cultivate the fertile fields—there will be no fields to cultivate. This slavery question is not confined to the negro; it involves loss or gain to the civilized world. If Europe refuses to acknowledge the dictates of humanity, it should at least observe the counsels of self-interest. The riches of Central Africa—inexhaustible as they may be—cannot be garnered without the aid of the son of the soil; and if the wholesale slaughter which is carried on by the Arab slave-dealers be not speedily checked, that unfortunate individual—so much more sinned against than sinning—will have taken his place among the interesting, but no longer existing realities of the past.

The enormous cruelty of the slave-dealers is cited by Stanley in his book on the Congo Free State. In that work he speaks of an Arab caravan which, throughout the space of eleven months, ravaged a country about 30,000 square miles in extent. At the end of this time, about 2,300 captives were obtained. In capturing these no less than 118 villages were destroyed, and about 4,000 people killed. This particular caravan was the fifth of its kind to scour the same country, and therefore it was computed that altogether about 30,000 lives had been sacrificed in the attempt to obtain a very much smaller number of

slaves. Cardinal Lavigerie has declared that not less than 400,000 slaves are annually brought into the market, and that as many as 2,000,000 of lives must have been sacrificed in capturing and bringing this number to the coast! It will be remembered how Stanley was struck by the extreme fertility and numerous villages of Manyema, as he struck across country from the Tanganika to Nyangwé. To-day, nearly the whole of the country is a depopulated and devastated desert. The Tanganika itself is a very high-road of caravans. Professor Drummond has narrated how the crafty Arab will sometimes settle for a year or so in some favourable spot, and accumulate enormous quantities of ivory, until all his money is gone. Then, on some slight pretext, he will simulate a righteous indignation, which, of course, ends in a quarrel, and the quarrel in war. As the Arab has a large number of well-armed followers, the result is a foregone certainty. A massacre of the natives ensues, the villages are burnt, and those who are likely to be most saleable on the coast are utilised to carry the loads of ivory, which have been so patiently and artfully acquired.

Such are the scoundrels and such their ways that Emin manfully banished from his province. No sooner, however, had he placed his house in order, than the cloud, which had been looming in the north, burst with disastrous effect.

The Mahdi revolt swept along the country from Bahr-el-Ghazel to Khartoum, and completely shut off Emin from communicating with Gordon. Fortunately, the province had been made self-sustaining, or Emin would have been speedily forced to resign. This his colleague, Lupton Bey, the Governor of the Ghazel, was compelled to do. Though frequently summoned to surrender to the Mahdi, Emin maintained his ground and fortified his more tenable positions, making Wadelai his headquarters. In spite

of all difficulties, and constant attacks, he was prepared to hold his own.

In 1886, there came from Dr. Junker, the well-known traveller, then in Uganda, letters and newspapers for the beleaguered Pasha, the first he had received for three years, and a dispatch from the Egyptian Government. This dispatch was to the effect that, as the Soudan had been abandoned, Emin might quit the country directly, how and whither he pleased. Such was the official reward reserved for a faithful servant, such the views of the Egyptian Government. It need hardly be added that Emin's ideas of duty failed to coincide with those of the Khedive. Moreover, the only road of retreat, that to Zanzibar, was closed. He determined to continue among his people, who, as it turned out, proved unworthy of the sacrifice, to stick to his post, do his duty, and wait for better days.

The mental strain of enforced solitude has proved too much for many an able man. There can be little doubt that the indecision which Emin subsequently showed was due to this isolation. It dated from 1878, and, from 1884, he was completely cut off from regular communication with the outside world. Yet the privation which lack of intercourse with civilization would be to a man of Emin's keen intellect and warm sympathy, was undoubtedly lessened by his enthusiastic love of nature in her manifold branches.

Dr. Hartlaub has written of this side of the man, in eloquent terms. "The amount of work," he said, "which Emin Pasha has performed in making zoological collections, observations, and notes, is astonishing in the highest degree. It could only have been performed by a man whose heart was aglow with the pure fire of scientific instinct, with enthusiastic, absolutely unselfish, love of nature, and with an irresistible impulse to add to the knowledge of her treasures, to the full extent of his powers. Emin was able to turn this impulse into action, notwithstanding

the pressure of difficulties surrounding circumstances, and the many and varied duties which his high position compelled him to fulfil."

This exceptional man did not, however, allow his scientific enthusiasm to wean him from his first duty to his people. As is the case with all well-balanced minds, Emin made science subserve the higher pursuit of philanthropy. Lending his extensive knowledge to the use, as it were, of his people, he began a series of more or less successful experiments with a view to bringing out the full capacity of the country. He clearly proved the adaptability of the soil to various agricultural methods, and organised his province in such a manner as to facilitate, should the opportunity arise, the successful issue of commercial enterprise.

It was to bring relief to such a man as this, that Stanley returned from America, and, under the direction of the Emin Relief Committee, prepared an expedition to reach this faithful devotee to duty by way of the Congo. The difficulties before him were great enough to check the eagerness of the most experienced traveller; but, as we have seen again and again, an obstacle only exists for Stanley to be overcome. The route from Stanley Falls to Wadelai was unknown country, reputed to be inhabited by fierce cannibals, and rendered by its physical character still more difficult to penetrate. Even supposing his safe arrival at Wadelai, there would arise the question of return. A large, armed force, such as Stanley would be obliged to take, would require an enormous amount of food, and, if the natives proved hostile, this would have to be exacted by force of arms, precluding the possibility of returning by the same route. For, on this first journey, tribes of savages might be met and conquered separately, whereas on the return march the entire population of the country would meet the naturally weakened force with an organised front.

These and numerous other difficulties existed, and Stanley frankly admitted the fact. How he successfully combated each as they arose, and pushed his way through vast unexplored regions to the faithful Emin, is a story of remarkable adventure not unmixed with disaster, which must now be told.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA.

WITHOUT money—and a good deal of it too—the Emin Relief Expedition could not be sent a foot on its way. The "sinews of war" were supplied by a grant from the Egyptian Government, which ultimately amounted to £14,000. Mr., afterwards Sir W. Mackinnon, President of the Imperial British East Africa Company, gave £3000; Mr. Peter Mackinnon, £1500; and Messrs. Gray, Dawes & Co., the same amount; Mr. D. Macneil subscribed a thousand guineas; and Mr. Jameson, on condition of his services being accepted, £1000. A similar sum was given by the Countess de Noailles on behalf of Mr. Mounteney Jephson, another volunteer for the expedition. The Royal Geographical Society also gave £1000, on the understanding that it received first-hand geographical information. On all sides the greatest interest was evinced, and Stanley became —not for the first time—"the man of the hour." King Leopold, as Sovereign of the Congo Free State, placed at the disposal of the Relief Committee the entire naval stock of the Free State, for the transport

of men and material to Stanley Falls. The popularity of the expedition was remarkable, and all eyes centred on Stanley and his movements.

The appointments on Stanley's staff were sought by nearly 500 applicants. The first officer selected was Lieutenant W. Grant Stairs, R.E., who applied by letter, and Mr. Stanley has since told us that "the concise style and directness of the application appealed strongly in his favour." The next was Mr. William Bonny, whose record of service in the Army Medical Department was of the highest character. He was engaged as Medical Assistant. Mr. John Rose Troup was the third to be selected. He had seen good service on the Congo, and—what was very important—knew Swahili, the language of the Zanzibaris. The fourth officer chosen was Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, of the 7th Fusileers, who had fought gallantly in Egypt, and had a slight acquaintance with Arabic. Major Barttelot was brave and full of energy, but his appointment as second officer was the one great mistake of the expedition. This post should have been given to none but an experienced African traveller, familiar with the natives, their language, and their ways. Such a man is Mr. Joseph Thomson, and although there may have been good personal reasons for refusing his application, there can be no moral doubt that under his leadership the Rear Column would have had a very different record. The fifth officer chosen was Captain R. H. Nelson, who had seen service in Zululand, and been a member of Methuen's Horse; the sixth, Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson, inexperienced in travel; the seventh, Mr. James S. Jameson, an ardent naturalist, who had travelled much and was possessed of considerable means. The surgeon of the expedition, Mr. T. H. Parke, of the Army Medical Department, was engaged in Cairo, and Mr. Herbert Ward on the banks of the Congo—a district in which he had seen several years' service.

On the 21st of January, 1887, Stanley left Charing Cross for Cairo. "Had he been a king," wrote an eye-witness, "we could not have wished for a more striking testimony of the esteem in which he is held here, and of his widespread popularity, than the ovation which was made him." In February, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, where he recruited largely among his former followers—the Wangwana. He also performed a good stroke of diplomacy by engaging the great Tippu Tib, whom he found there. The engagement of the renowned Arab chief was to guarantee the expedition immunity from hostile tribes and the intrigues of Arab slave-dealers, who, though beyond the influence of the Free State, were amenable to the wishes or commands of the richest Arab in Equatorial Africa. Tippu Tib was to be governor of Stanley Falls Station, with powers to defend that place against all comers.

This step of Stanley's was regarded by many with something more than suspicion, but yet he had reason to know his man. On the 24th of February, he and Tippu Tib concluded a treaty together, the former acting on behalf of the King of the Belgians, the sovereign of the Independent State of the Congo, and the latter speaking for himself and his undoubted influence.

Sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, the expedition reached Banana Point on the 18th of March. The whole force was re-embarked in steamers provided by the Free State, and on the following day proceeded up the Congo. At Matadi the cataracts compelled the party to take to the banks, along which they marched to Léopoldville. Between these points lies the route of the projected railway, which will at once render the upper Congo and its superior climate easily attainable by those who have neither constitution nor temperament to withstand the unhealthy climate of the coast-belt or the rigours of a march through the Congo Cañon.

Leaving Léopoldville, on the 29th of April, in four steamers and three steel lighters, Stanley arrived off the Aruwimi in the month of June. It should interest the reader who has followed the fortunes of "Bula Matari" through this book, to know that the garrison of Léopoldville was composed of Bangalas — those fierce savages who had fought Stanley with relentless fury on his first descent of the Congo, and whom he had subsequently found so powerful and prone to war. What a contrast—this of 1887—to that of ten years before!

At the head of the navigation of the Aruwimi—just below the first rapids—Stanley built the entrenched and palisaded camp of Yambuya. Here he left a large reserve of supplies and about 250 men, under the command of Major Barttelot, the senior officer of his staff and a brave and energetic soldier. On the 28th of June, 1887, Stanley set out on his march to Kavalli, with a force of about 400 men. For a few days news of him came back to the camp on the Aruwimi, and then silence—a death-like silence reigned.

Month after month rolled by, but no voice came out of the stillness to speak of his progress or safety. As time went on, and the suspense became more acute, expectation gave way to disappointment and disappointment to misgiving and doubt. Now and again rumours came through native channels—rumours of famine and disease, fighting, defeat, capture—rumours even of death. They came to the East coast and the West, and thence were sent to Europe. They filtrated through the Soudan and reached us in Egypt. The Khalifa and his fanatical lieutenants seized upon them and converted them into reports of Mahdist triumphs. Emin was defeated, and he and Stanley captured! The clouds thickened, and the continuing silence deepened the gloom which hung over the Equatorial Province.

Out of the silence of the vast Soudan a message

at length came. In a letter to Tippu Tib, Stanley himself announced, from Bonny's stockaded camp at Banalya, his safety and his success. He had met Emin on the Albert N'yanza, and found him well and prosperous. He had come down to the neighbourhood of the Congo for his stores and rear-column, and, though terribly disappointed at the tidings he had received, was about to return to Emin. He had traversed the return journey in 82 days, and the road, now known, had ceased to be difficult. He asked Tippu Tib to accompany him, but this the Arab chief refused to do—as he had previously refused to accompany Jameson, who offered him, be it said, an enormous sum as an inducement. Stanley mentioned that both Emin and Casati, the Italian traveller, were well, and consequently refuted the report that the latter had been murdered by natives. He also said that he had left his white companions with Emin, which disposed of Osman Digna's announcement of the capture of only two white men—Emin and the White Pasha. Subsequent events proved that there was half a truth in this report, for from August, 1888, to January, 1889, Emin and Mr. Jephson, one of Stanley's officers, were prisoners in the hands of the Egyptian soldiery of the Equatorial Province. Mr. Jephson, in fact, was the White Pasha.

On the 3rd of April, 1889, the long-expected and long-delayed letters from Stanley arrived, and were published in the papers. They had been written at the end of August and in the beginning of September, 1888, and had taken five months to reach the mouth of the Congo. They revealed a story of great distress, much disease and death, fearful difficulties, final triumph. Written in the well-known forcible style of the great explorer, they informed an expectant world of the well-being of the beleaguered Emin, and of the geography of a region before unknown. Written with the graphic pen of one who has encountered the difficulties he describes, who has

himself achieved the success he relates, these letters of Stanley's will for ever remain remarkable in history as the record of an unparalleled combination of pluck and perseverance in the heart of a savage and inhospitable continent. But we must give the wonderful story of adventure and discovery in its chronological sequence, and show how Stanley had reached Emin on the Albert N'yanza, and why he should have appeared again—almost on the very banks of the Congo—without the rescued Pasha.

On leaving his rear-guard entrenched at Yambuya, on the 28th of June, 1887, Stanley, with the main body of the expedition, followed the bank of the Aruwimi, and very soon made acquaintance with that native hostility which was to dog his steps almost to the very end. For, at their approach to the first town of importance, the natives, warned by the loud beating of their watchman's drum, set fire to their frail huts, and withdrew into ambush in the forest, there to await the passing of the advancing strangers. Now the approach to these towns in the river valley was in itself a glaring example of the subtleties of savage warfare, for the path was honeycombed with shallow pits, which were filled with splinters, so sharply pointed as practically to be skewers, and hidden from the sight of all but the most experienced by a light layer of leaves and branches. To add to the deception, these approaches were cleared by the forest people for some hundred yards or so, and formed—what is so unusual in Central Africa—a wide and direct avenue to the village. The real approach would be narrow and tortuous, making a wide detour, and the apparently direct path all the more alluring. And then, with a fine sense of strategic warfare, the natives would hail their poisoned arrows and spears upon the expedition at the very moment when the discovery of the hidden pits had thrown it into confusion and panic. One can readily imagine the effect of such an experience

upon the bare-footed and half-clothed Wangwana from Zanzibar, and appreciate more fully the command Stanley must have acquired over his men to have rallied them time after time, and induced them to present an orderly front to their hidden assailants in the dense jungle on either hand.

From the 5th of July to the middle of October the expedition kept by the bank of the Aruwimi. The river presented a noble aspect, varying in width from 500 to 900 yards, and dotted over with islets frequently covered with a dense tropical growth. On some of these islands, however, there appeared products of other than the vegetable world, for Stanley has recorded his amazement at the enormous number of oyster shells which he found piled on them. "On one island," he wrote, "I measured a heap thirty paces long, twelve feet wide at the base, and four feet high."

Despite the number of men who had been wounded by the peculiar mode of defence adopted by the natives, as well as by their actual attacks, the expedition marched on without actual loss till August 1st. On that day, however, the first death occurred, and in the next nine days' march through a wilderness where food was unobtainable, several members of Stanley's force succumbed to their injuries, and matters began to have a serious aspect. On August 13th, on arriving at Avi-sheba, five men were killed by poisoned arrows, and Lieutenant Stairs was badly wounded. Two days later, a number of men under the command of Mr. Mounteney Jephson, lost their way, and until the forces were united, six days later, the liveliest apprehensions were entertained of their annihilation by the utterly savage natives. On August 25th, Stanley pitched his camp exactly opposite the spot where the Nepoko, here almost as wide as the Aruwimi, plunges down in a fine cataract into the latter river, and six days later he fell in with a party of slaves, belonging to one

Ugarrowwa, who turned out to have been a tent-boy in the service of Captain Speke. It will be remembered that Speke, in company with Burton, had discovered Lake Tanganika, and afterwards, with Grant, reached the shores of the Victoria N'yanza, and beheld the White Nile flowing out of its northern extremity.

Stanley put down this chance meeting with the Arab slave-dealer's party as the beginning of his greater misfortunes. He had taken the Congo route to Emin's province in preference to those which lay through Masai-land, through Unyamwezi, or through Usukuma, in order to avoid the demoralising influence of the Arabs and their huge caravans of ruffianly soldier-slaves. That his dread of such influence was not ungrounded was proved by the simple fact that within three days of this meeting with Ugarrowwa's men, no fewer than twenty-six of his own followers had deserted. And, since misfortunes do not come singly, his men proved to be so broken with the labour of cutting through the interminable forest, and so reduced in strength by prolonged hunger, that he was compelled — much against his will — to leave fifty-six Somalis and Soudanese in the care of Ugarrowwa. With much reduced numbers, therefore, he pushed on again through the forest, whose gloom was never broken by the rays of the sun, and in whose reeking depths lurked not only the ghostly demons of fever and malaria, but also the incarnate fiends who dogged their steps with a malice and persistent hostility which are almost incredible.

For a hundred and sixty days—from the end of June to the middle of November—Stanley and his followers hacked and hewed their way through this deadly forest jungle. "Take," wrote that wonderful man to his friend, Mr. Bruce, "take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain ; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet

high ; briars and thorns abundant ; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate ; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours murmuring around ; monkeys and chimpanzees above ; queer noises of birds and animals ; crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away ; dwarfs with poisoned arrows, securely hidden behind some buttress, or in some dark recess ; strong brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps ; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year ; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery ; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night ; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us."

The last month spent in forcing their way through the forest was a memorable one. The Arabs had devastated the region through which the expedition was now passing; and of inhabitants, and, consequently, of food, there was no trace. In their feeble condition this was even worse than active hostility. Between their leaving Ugarrowwa's and entering the settlement of Kilinga Longa, (a Zanzibari slave-agent of an Arab trader), no fewer than fifty-five men either died of starvation or deserted. The fungi, the wild fruits—especially a large bean-shaped nut—formed the staple of food—food that had to be sought and found and gathered in great quantity before it could satisfy the pangs of the famished people. And when Kilinga Longa's was reached, even Stanley's influence was unable to prevent his followers selling their clothes, their ammunition, or the very weapons which constituted their sole defence in this hostile land, for the

poorest food. When the expedition left this settlement behind, it was almost in a state of beggary, and its native members were absolutely in a state of nudity.

At Kilinga Longa's, Stanley left Captain Nelson, one of his officers, in the charge of the able surgeon of the expedition, Dr. Parke. Nelson was too ill to march, and rest was imperative. To the care of these gentlemen about seventy loads of goods were entrusted, —the men being unable to carry them any further— together with the large boat, which was being carried in sections, and was destined for use on the Albert N'yanza. Thirty-eight natives, completely worn out, were also left in the charge of Nelson and Parke. Of this number, only eleven rejoined the expedition, the rest having died or deserted; and of the fifty-six who were left at Ugarrowwa's, all died but sixteen!

At length, twelve days after leaving Kilinga Longa's, Stanley reached the district of Ibwiri, and at the same time the eastern limit of the great forest. The joy with which the whole expedition hailed the open grassy country which lay before them was unbounded. The forest—which, according to Stanley, covers an area of at least a quarter of a million square miles, or, in other words, five times the area of England—had oppressed them with its gloom, had fostered the fever and ague, the dysentery and other ills from which they had suffered so greatly, and had sheltered the relentless savages who dogged their every step. Now at Ibwiri their sufferings terminated for a time.

"Ourselves and men," wrote Stanley to Sir William Mackinnon, "were skeletons. Out of 389 we now only numbered 174, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. . . . The suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by-and-by we should see plains and cattle, and the N'yanza, and the white man, Emin Pasha. They turned a

deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralised. . . . We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, etc. . . . There were still 126 miles from the lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing. . . . After 160 days' continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us, and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions, successfully completed, all of a sudden revived!"

On December 9th, Stanley entered the country of a chief called Mazamboni. This district was so thickly populated, and village followed so quickly on village, that the road lay right through an almost unbroken street. Mazamboni viewed the approaching force with disapproval, and finally declared that it must be driven from the land. Over the hills that arose on either hand the people came rushing to the sound of the war-drums and horns; yells of defiance rang from hill-top to hill-top across the valleys; and down the gentler slopes hundreds and hundreds of naked savages descended on the little band that was fighting its way to the Lake. Throwing out a wing right and left, and pressing forward with his main body, Stanley drove these wild hosts back over the hills they had crossed so blithely in the morning—in the evening, doubtless, sadder, wiser men. But all fighting was not over, for the next day they were attacked four distinct times, and on the next the fighting was incessant. For three days these Baregga poured down from the hills on the rear and flank of the column, and for three days, unable to come to terms, "we simply pressed on," wrote Stanley, "and

fronted them on each occasion with smoking Remingtons, until the waste tract along the N'yanza gave us a breathing spell."

At one P.M., on the 13th of December, 1887, after a brief camp for rest and refreshment, the expedition moved on in its eastward march. And now let Stanley tell his own tale.

"Fifteen minutes later, I cried out, 'Prepare yourselves for a sight of the N'yanza.'

"The men murmured and doubted, and said,

"'Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? N'yanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?'

"At 1.30 P.M. the Albert N'yanza was below them!

"Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters, but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon, that I could not say a word. This was my reward."

About six miles in front of them lay Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition; and beyond Kavalli, the blue expanse of the Albert N'yanza.

The Aruwimi river, along whose valley Stanley had journeyed for so many miles and throughout such eventful days, rises a little to the north-west of the Lake. About 100 miles above Yambuya, it exchanges its well-known name for that of Suhali; but as the confluence of the Nepoko is approached, it assumes the name of Nevoa, which is again exchanged—as soon as the confluence is passed—for No-Welle. Some 300 miles from its junction with the Congo, it is called the Itiri, which soon develops into Ituri, the name it bears to its source. The region traversed in following the river has a gentle trend from the plateau near the N'yanza to the valley of the Upper Congo, a declination in all of about 4000 feet. Northward no land rises higher than some five or six thousand feet, but about due south, at a distance of

some fifty miles from the camp on the N'yanza, there rises the lofty mountain mass of Ruwenzori. Between Yambuya and the N'yanza five distinct languages were encountered. Save where the devastations of the Arabs had made the country a wilderness, there were numerous villages and abundance of provisions. But until they set foot on the grass land about fifty miles west of the N'yanza "we saw nothing," said Stanley, "that looked a smile, or a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse."

Although Stanley had arrived at the lake, he had not yet heard anything of Emin; and as he was unable to procure tidings of the beleaguered Pasha, he at once determined to march back again, through the country of the hostile Baregga, for the boat which had been left behind. On arriving at Ibwiri, he built a fort—Fort Bodo—and sent 100 men under Lieutenant Stairs to Kilinga Longa's, 190 miles distant, for the boat, stores, and the two officers, Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke. On their return, he set out for the second time for the lake. This was on the 2nd of April, 1888. On this his third passage through the hostile tribes of the grassy country, he managed to overcome native objections, and made "blood-brotherhood" with the most powerful chiefs—Mazamboni being the first to set the example.

Stanley now sent Mr. Jephson in the boat to Mswa station, Emin's southernmost outpost. This was by way of reply to a note which he had received from the Pasha, who had heard that a white man was at the southern end of the lake. Six days later Stanley encamped on the same ground he had occupied on the previous December, and at 5 P.M. of that day, the 29th of April, 1888, the *Khedive* steamer hove in sight, and two hours afterwards Emin Pasha, together with Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson, arrived at the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

DARK DAYS.

THE day after meeting with Emin, Stanley moved his camp to a more favourable spot, about three miles from Nyam Sassic—and there remained till the 25th of May. During the whole of this month he could come to no understanding with the Pasha, who, now that the long-looked-for relief was at hand, seemed more and more reluctant to leave the Province over which he had so long held sway. For at this point in the history of the Relief Expedition, it was supposed by Stanley—and, indeed, by the whole of Europe—that Gordon's old lieutenant had magnetised the Egyptians and Soudanese, who formed the bulk of his people, into a state of consummate trust and reliance in their leader. Time, however, had other revelations in store.

Meanwhile, Stanley laboured at convincing the Pasha that the best thing he could do was to retire. It was true that Emin had reported having two battalions of regular soldiers—1400 strong—and a large force of clerks, artisans, and irregulars of many sorts; that he had announced the fact that if he made

up his mind to go away from the Province, some 8000 followers would coincide with his views and join him in his exodus, but at the same time his opinions fluctuated between the two opposite poles, and for several weeks he was quite unable to decide whether it were better to go or to remain. On one point he was decided—the Egyptians should go. Even at the first meeting, when so much that should have been said was suppressed, Emin referred to the Egyptians as being disloyal, and eager for the return to the lower valley of the Nile.

To the curious indecision of Emin was added the no less curious view that Captain Casati, the Italian traveller and companion of Emin, took of his own position. Unsaddled by official cares and unfettered by government responsibilities, he, at least, who had but a short time before barely escaped with his life from the hands of Kabba Rega, King of Unyoro, might have been supposed to be willing to accompany the Relief Expedition out of the country. But no.

"What the Governor Emin decides upon," said he, "shall be the rule of conduct for me also. If the Governor stays, I stay. If the Governor goes, I go."

To a man of Stanley's promptness of action and decided views, this irresolution of the very individual he had gone through so much to relieve, must have been exasperating in the extreme. But Stanley, although he is the same "self-willed, uncompromising, deep fellow" that he was described in his youth, has gone through much since those early days. Although he has been accustomed to have his own way pretty well in the arrangement of his various African campaigns, he has been confronted by too many a difficulty in carrying them out, to imagine that his desire would invariably be shaped in the deed. In fact, this knowledge of difficulties that would certainly arise, and the consequent careful provision for such emergencies, are prime factors in his marvellous success. No man could look forward with greater care, and provide

more fully for that unexpected turn of the tide which so often happens in the things of the world, as well as in matters African, than "Bula Matari," the great stone-breaker of the Congo Cañon. And in evading such obstacles, by sacrificing much of his desire in order to ensure a more complete rendering of the deed, Stanley learnt the art of self-government. Many a time when physical difficulties—the eternal forest, the malarious swamp, the wide and rushing river, the desolate and desert plains—had arisen before him, teaching him the great natural law of patience, Stanley had understood that his cue was to endure; and now that he was confronted by the moral difficulty of another's indecision, he came to the conclusion that it would be well to wait awhile, and trust to the working of time. This must have been a veritable "self-denying ordinance" for such a man as he, and subsequent events only too clearly showed that he met with a poor reward.

All this long while, from within a few days of his leaving Yambuya, Stanley had heard nothing whatever of his rear-guard, under the command of Major Barttelot. It was owing to want of carriers that this portion of the force had been left behind, and it was an understood thing that, as soon as Tippu Tib supplied—as he had promised—the necessary number of carriers, the rear-guard should follow in Stanley's track to the lake. This being the arrangement, Stanley left the great bulk of the ammunition, clothing, and general baggage of the Expedition at the palisaded camp on the Aruwimi, and now that he had found Emin and was willing to play a "waiting game" for that individual's decision, his thoughts once more turned to the anxious subject of the rear-guard and its fortunes, with the result that he determined to march back and meet it.

Accordingly, on May the 25th, 1888, he bade Emin Pasha "*au revoir*," leaving with him as his representative Mr. Mounteney Jephson. The Pasha agreed, after

informing his people as to Stanley's movements and propositions, to visit Fort Bodo, which was to be then vacated and destroyed, and to return with Stanley's officers to the camp on the Albert N'yanza. For Stanley, knowing that he could march with a greater speed in the absence of the special food, medicines, and baggage which Europeans would require, had determined to march right back again through the fearful forest, alone with his Zanzibaris. On the 8th of June he arrived at Fort Bodo, which he found in a thriving condition. Just outside the fort nearly ten acres had been planted with corn and beans, and beyond this plot of ground lay vast plantations of bananas. Comfortable whitewashed houses had been erected, and the health of the men appeared to be excellent.

Leaving instructions with his officers, Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, and Dr. Parke, Stanley left Fort Bodo on June 16th, with 212 men, and eight days later reached Kilinga Longa's. From there it took him more than a month to get to Ugarrowwa's settlement, or, rather, where that settlement had been. For Ugarrowwa, having plundered the natives of all the ivory they possessed, or could procure for him, and desolated the surrounding country, had, after the manner of the Arab slave-trader, moved on to pastures new. As, however, Stanley had taken the precaution at Fort Bodo to load every one of his carriers with 60 pounds of corn, he passed through the devastated country without serious inconvenience.

Stanley was now able to procure some canoes and descend the river itself, and he pressed on with such despatch that, in about three weeks, he overtook Ugarrowwa, who had left his former settlement three months before. This was on the 10th of August, and a week later Stanley met his rear-guard, or what remained of it, at a place called Banalya, but a short distance from Yambuya.

And now we must go back a little in order to give

a brief account of the fateful story of this unfortunate portion of the Relief Expedition.

It will be remembered that on the 28th of June, 1887, Stanley left a portion of his force, together with the bulk of his baggage, in an entrenched and palisaded camp at Yambuya, on the Aruwimi. In charge of this he placed Major Barttelot, a dashing young officer who had seen excellent service with the British colours in Egypt, and who was his second in command. With Barttelot was Mr. Jameson, an African traveller of some experience. Both were ignorant, however, of the language of the men under their charge. They were subsequently joined by Messrs. Ward and Bonney, who had been left, owing to inadequate means of transport, with 120 men at Bolobo, and by Mr. Rose Troup, the transport officer of the expedition, and who was delayed at Stanley Pool. Messrs. Ward and Troup, of the five white officers in the rear-guard, alone knew the language of the force under their command, which numbered about 250. Stanley had arranged that Tippu Tib, the Arab governor of Stanley Falls, should procure about 600 carriers in order that the rear-guard, with its enormous amount of *impedimenta*, might be able to march in his track.

While waiting for these carriers, Major Barttelot was to hold the camp at Yambuya. Of this camp Mr. Werner, lately in the service of the Congo Free State, and who, in the capacity of engineer of one of the State's steamers, visited it, has given us an admirable account.

"The fort or stronghold," he writes in his book,—"A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard,"—"containing all the stores as well as the huts of the Europeans, was an enclosure some sixty paces (say twenty-five to thirty yards) square, enclosed by a strong palisade of sticks, from two to three inches in diameter, and twelve to fifteen feet in length. These were planted as close together as possible, just leaving room to insert the

muzzle of a gun between them. On the side facing the river, the palisade was planted on the very edge of an almost vertical descent of fifty feet. This side, being perfectly unassailable by natives or Arabs, needed no further defence. The two entrances to this enclosure were about three feet wide, and defended by a door formed of planks made from the thick bottoms of large canoes. These doors were closed every night, and two men set to guard them. The trench was crossed by means of some light planks, which could have been pulled up in less than half a minute."

Mr. Rose Troup, one of the garrison of this fort, has given an unflattering account of its healthiness. He wrote, on returning home invalided, that, "in a private letter Stanley describes the place as being remarkably healthy, but our experience proved it to be quite the contrary, as all the country at the back of the camp was of a swampy character, calculated to prostrate quickly with malarial fevers all the white men."

It was within this fort that, for nearly twelve long months Major Barttelot and his companions were compelled to await the pleasure of Tippu Tib for the promised carriers. Much has been written for and against this individual, but there can be little doubt that Stanley had over-estimated the staying power of Tippu's virtue. When the treaty was signed at Zanzibar, and Tippu took charge of Stanley Falls, it is quite probable that the famous half-caste Arab trader meant to fulfil his obligations. But when Stanley had disappeared into the darkness of the unknown basins of the Aruwimi, and month after month rolled by without a word to tell of his safety or his success; when, in the place of that veteran of African travel, he had to deal with a young officer who was ignorant of his tongue, and who had had some misunderstanding with his nephew, it is quite certain that Tippu's good resolutions were forgotten,

THE PALAVER BETWEEN MAJOR BARTTELOT, MR. JAMESON, AND TIPPU TIB.

and his zeal in the cause waned. Moreover, he had suspicions that Stanley had motives ulterior to the rescue of the Pasha; he shrewdly — and not unnaturally—thought that "Bula Matari" meant to "eat up" the very core of the great continent, even as he had eaten up, or colonised, the great river Congo. At any rate, whatever he thought in his own dark heart, he preserved an outward semblance of friendship, while he managed to delay, month after month, the necessary carriers, and, as a consequence, the march up the valley of the Aruwimi in Stanley's steps.

At last Major Barttelot grew desperate. The constant and continuous delay almost overpowered the man whose courage, boldness, and thirst for action were so conspicuous. A palaver with Tippu was accordingly arranged, and it is of this palaver that the illustration on page 171 is descriptive. Barttelot and Jameson are sitting, with Tippu, on a daïs, and on the left hand side of the picture the interpreter is explaining to Tippu the views of the Major and his companion. The hut is surrounded by a throng of low caste followers, whose immediate presence, at the barred but unglazed window, must have been entirely dispensable! The result of this interview was that Tippu sent a large number of carriers to the camp on the Yambuya, but with orders—so Mr. Werner subsequently heard—to shoot Major Barttelot should he not treat them well. Any one who knows the African character will be able to interpret this as a practical command to put an end to poor Barttelot's life, a sad event which was very shortly to occur.

When, on the 10th of June, 1888, Major Barttelot was at last enabled to make a move out of camp, he had lost two of his brother officers—Mr. Rose Troup, who had been invalided home, and Mr. Ward, who had been sent to the coast to communicate with the Relief Committee. On the 19th of July, Major Barttelot was cruelly murdered by the wretched

carriers for whom he had waited so long, and though the murderer was subsequently captured and executed, the result was a general stampede. Left without carriers, the two remaining officers, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Bonny, had a sore task before them. The former hastened down the river to Bangala to procure fresh carriers, but contracted fever and soon after died. Mr. Bonny, the junior officer of the expedition, was left in charge of the remains of the rear-guard, and it was he who alone welcomed Stanley when, on the 17th of August, 1888, that wonderful man once more issued from the impenetrable gloom of the great forest, to find his hopes shattered and his resources scattered to the four winds.

What his feelings must have been, perhaps the reader can hardly imagine. He had been marching steadily for nearly three months through the most difficult country, in search of his rear-guard, in order to help them in their task of following him, and now, when within a few marches of his original starting point, he came upon that rear-guard in a state of complete demoralisation, and the valuable stores on which he had so much counted largely reduced. Out of five officers, but one remained. Out of 257 men, but 71 were left, and of these about twenty were unfit for service. Of the stores more remained than Stanley's few carriers could take, but unfortunately, as a report of his death had reached the camp at Yambuya, his personal clothing, medicines, provisions, and a number of other necessaries, had been sent down the Congo. "Strange to say," wrote Stanley to the Emin Relief Committee, "they have kept two hats, and four pairs of boots, and a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha, and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time."

In all respects the blow was a great one, but

Stanley was not the man to succumb to disappointments or waste time in regrets. Like the man of action he is, that very day he wrote to Tippu Tib for help, and set about packing up, with Mr. Bonney's aid, for the march back to the N'yanza. He wrote those letters which, arriving in England in the following April, created so profound an impression; and, with a request to Tippu to follow him and join him if he possibly could, on August the 27th he once more plunged into the silence and obscurity from which he had but a few days before emerged, and, for the third time, braved the toil, peril, and hostile savages of the great Aruwimi Forest.

All went well for a time, but some distance above the former settlement of Ugarrowwa's, Stanley essayed the right bank of the Aruwimi, here known as the No-welle or Ituri, and shortly afterwards was confronted by an unfordable tributary called the Thuru. Following this stream northward in search of a crossing place, the party struck its right branch, which some Wambutti dwarfs they captured called the Dui. This was soon bridged, and Stanley found himself in a country unknown to, and consequently unvisited by the slave-raiders. It was thickly peopled by the Wambutti dwarfs—those curious people whom Professor Flower has supposed to be the aborigines of Central Africa—and the country itself was one unending vast forest.

It was while between the two branches of the Thuru River that Stanley and his expedition came nearest to extermination. "This," he wrote, "has been the nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience." For nine days he served out as the daily allowance for 130 people—some 150 having already been sent to forage, if necessary far and wide—a broth composed of a pot of butter, a pot of condensed milk, a cupful of flour, and water in sufficient quantity to make the concoction go the round of this large number of hungry individuals. At last, the

foraging party returned with food; but not before twenty-one people had succumbed to their sufferings at "Starvation Camp."

On December the 18th, 1888, the Thuru River was crossed, and two days later Stanley arrived at Fort Bodo. Contrary to arrangements, but not to his presentiments, he found that fort still occupied by the officers he had left there. Moreover, there were no tidings whatever of Emin or Mr. Jephson. During the whole of the seven months of Stanley's absence, not a word had been heard of the white men or of the state of affairs on the Albert N'yanza. And yet the Lake was hardly a fortnight's march from the fort! This single fact well illustrates the difficulties of communication in the heart of that continent of surprises.

Stanley was anxious about Emin, and equally anxious about his own officer, Mr. Jephson. Before three days had elapsed, therefore, he was on his way to the Lake. For the fifth time he passed through the plains of Ibwiri, and the country of the Baregga, and on this occasion complete harmony was established. Ample supplies were forthcoming, and with the exchange of gifts and the performance of the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, an excellent understanding was arrived at. Stanley had almost reached the Lake before he heard any tidings of the missing men; but when those tidings came, in the form of a long letter from Mr. Jephson and two notes from Emin, they were of such a character as to throw the dreadful ruin of the camp at Yambuya completely into the shade.

Then, and for the first time, Stanley heard what no one had hitherto dreamed of. The excellent government and the orderly condition of the Equatorial Province had ceased to exist long before. The two battalions of regulars had for years resisted the Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him a prisoner. Mr. Jephson wrote that "the Pasha possessed only a semblance—a mere rag—of autho-

rity, and if he required anything of importance to be done he could no longer order—he was obliged to beg—his officers to do it. . . . In May, '88, we thought, as most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe by the Pasha's own letters and Dr. Junker's later representations, that all his difficulties arose from events outside his own country; whereas, in point of fact, his real danger arose from internal dissensions. Thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence or help."

Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson were themselves prisoners in the hands of the rebels, and to add to the danger of their position, the Mahdists were sweeping down upon the unfortunate Province, and had already taken possession of Lado. But as the soldiers who were led by Emin's rebellious officers against the forces of El Mahdi were on all sides repulsed, matters began to mend for Emin. For the soldiers, becoming panic-stricken, declared that the Pasha must be set free, and accordingly he was given his liberty. Then Emin, in company with Jephson and Casati, retired to Wadelai, but as matters again became complicated—the Mahdists continuing to march southward without suffering repulse—the unfortunate Governor fled with his companions to Tunguru, a station on the Lake itself, and but two days' journey by steamer from Nsabe, Stanley's camp. But this took place while Stanley was still in the heart of the Aruwimi forest, and it was not until two months later that news came of his arrival on the Lake once again. Stanley had received Mr. Jephson's letter, and he immediately sent him orders to return. This Jephson did, though not without difficulty. For the chief of Tunguru was opposed to his leaving, and Emin could do nothing to help him. Moreover he had to pass through the territory of a chief called Melindwa, the Pasha's most deadly enemy. But in spite of rough weather on the lake, and cruel enemies on shore, Jephson

pluckily held on his way, and, on February the 6th, safely arrived at Stanley's camp, on the plateau above Kavalli.

The story he had to tell Stanley was a painful one. With the outbreak of open rebellion, Emin's mind seemed to grow less rather than more decided. Weak in health, half-blind, and consumed by an affection for his people which became a morbid sentiment, the Pasha could neither make up his mind to go nor to stay.

"If my people go, I go," he said. "And if they stay, I stay."

Casati kept up the embarrassment of the situation by echoing Emin's irresolution: "If the Governor goes, I go. If the Governor stays, I stay."

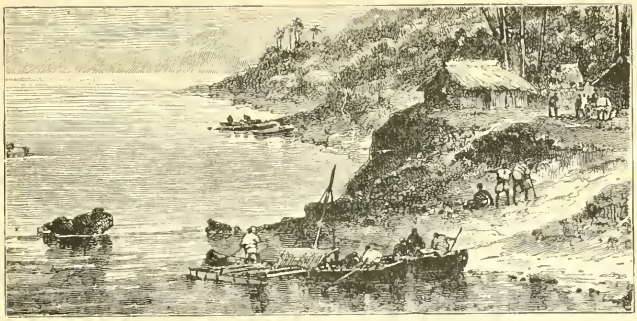
And, wrote Stanley, "the Faithful reply: If the Pasha goes, we go. If the Pasha stays, we stay."

Such a state of affairs was exasperating to a degree. Not only had the Equatorial Province been lost to civilization, but the object of the relief—Emin himself—refused to be relieved. Stanley had written a letter to Jephson in which he pointed out that the time had gone by for argument and that he was prepared for action. "This time," he wrote, "there must be no hesitation, but positive yea or nay, and home we go." The convictions formed by Jephson during his nine months' sojourn in the Province were summed up thus: "Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy—no one keeps Emin Pasha back but Emin Pasha himself."

"With any other man than the Pasha or Gordon," wrote Stanley home, "one could imagine that, being a prisoner, and a fierce enemy hourly expected to give the *coup mortal*, he would gladly embrace the first chance to escape from a country given up by his Government. But there was no hint in those letters what course the Pasha would follow." Stanley, however, decided that something more than a hint was now required, and accordingly, on the 7th of February, he despatched couriers to Emin with a letter to the

effect that if help were needed, help could be sent; but that in any case the reply must be positive, as delay was fatal.

On the 13th of February, a messenger arrived in Stanley's camp, bearing a letter from Emin. The Pasha was on a steamer then at anchor off the shore!



CHAPTER XIII.

HOMEWARD WITH HONOUR.

EMIN had reached Stanley, but only with the loss of his Province. To go back there would have been certain death. The Mahdists were flowing southward over that once well-governed country, like the tide over the sea-shore. And in front of this irresistible wave there came flying the scum of the Egyptian soldiery, who had rebelled against the very man who could have helped them most. Emin would have received less mercy at the hands of his own soldiers than at those of the fanatic followers of El Mahdi. When he and Jephson fled from Dufilé to Tunguru, they had been condemned to be hung, and hung they would have been had they fallen again into the power of the rebels.

The disintegration of the Equatorial Province had been gradual, and therefore all the more sure. When his officers, and the battalions under them, first rebelled against Emin's authority, all that complete and just government which he had established received a shock from which it was never to recover.

The outlying parts of the Province were thereafter at the mercy of a military control which knew no conscience. Only time was needed to extend that régime to headquarters at Wadelai and its immediate vicinity, and in time that also took place. The arrival of Stanley, and the subsequent mission of Jephson to proclaim throughout the Province the news of relief sent by Britain and the Khedive, brought matters to a crisis.

"It is a lie," said the people. "Khartoum has not fallen. That is the road to Egypt, and we will only go by that road, or live and die in this country."

The onset of the Mahdists, the rebellion of the soldiers of the Province, and the imprisonment and subsequent flight of Emin, were the last events in the final chapter of the splendid stand for the cause of civilization which Emin had made. That defence had been conceived on lines so philanthropic and humane, that one may well pardon the Pasha's irresolution when he saw the Province he had once administered so wisely and so well, relapsing hopelessly into a state of anarchy and barbarism. But no force was available with which to withstand force, and the day of his personal influence had gone by. Stanley was waiting at the Lake to lead him, and such of his people as remained faithful, out of the country, and thence once more into civilization; and to Stanley, though with obvious reluctance, he at length came. The step saved his life.

On the day following Emin's arrival at Stanley's camp, a "divan" was held, at which Emin and several of his officers were present. In the course of discussion it was clearly pointed out by the leader of the relief expedition that it was now time for him to depart, and, therefore, for them to decide whether they would remain in Africa or leave with him for the coast. If they decided to depart, Stanley offered to wait a reasonable time to allow them to gather their people and their baggage together. This offer

was deemed fair, and twenty days were fixed as a reasonable period of preparation.

In the meanwhile, Stanley made ready for the long march to the coast. The first thing needful was bodily health, and Dr. Parke was, as Stanley wrote to Sir William Mackinnon, "at this time the hardest worked man in the expedition. Ever since leaving Fort Bodo in December, Surgeon Parke attended over 100 sick daily. There were all kinds of complaints, but the most numerous, and those who gave the most trouble, were those who suffered from ulcers. So largely had these drained our medicine chests that the surgeon had nothing left for their disease but pure carbolic acid and permanganate of potash. Nevertheless, there were some wonderful recoveries during the halt of Stairs' column on the Ituri River in January. The surgeon's 'devotion'—there is no fitter word for it—his regular attention to all the minor details of his duties, and his undoubted skill, enabled me to turn out 280 able-bodied men by the 1st of April, sound in vital organs and limbs, and free from all blemish; whereas on the 1st of February, it would have been difficult to have mustered 200 men in the ranks fit for service. I do not think I ever met a doctor who so loved his 'cases.'"

Full busy, too, were the Zanzibari carriers in bringing countless loads of baggage—characterised by Stanley as "rubbish"—belonging to the refugees, from the lower camp on the lake shore to the higher camp on the plateau nearly 3000 feet above. Day after day the task went on, until Stanley, who well knew that when the order to march was given nearly the whole of the *impedimenta* would have to be left behind, refused to allow his men to work any longer at such futile labour.

The appointed time of waiting passed by, and none of the Egyptian officers who had returned to Wadelai to acquaint the soldiers of Stanley's offer had reappeared. Emin begged Stanley to wait a little

longer, but, after giving the rebels a few days' grace with no result, the latter made up his mind to march at once. The fact of the matter was, that the Egyptians required time to put into practice a conspiracy, subsequently discovered, to attack the camp with treachery, and plunder Stanley as they had previously plundered Emin. But they did not know the man they had to deal with, for the plot was not only discovered, but the ringleader promptly executed and his confederates flogged and put into irons. Moreover Stanley threatened to put every one to death who should prove rebellious or turn traitor.

At last, Emin's scruples having one by one been overcome, the now united forces set out from Kavalli on the 10th of April, 1889. Their total number was about fifteen hundred—three hundred and fifty carriers having been procured in the neighbouring district. Emin's people, who numbered over five hundred, were made up thus: 134 men, 84 married women, 187 female domestics, 74 children above two years, and 35 infants in arms. Truly a curious caravan to march half across Africa with!

Two days after starting—when the expedition was encamped at Mazamboni's—Stanley was placed *hors de combat* by an illness which brought him almost to death's door. Owing, however, to the careful and skilful treatment of Dr. Parke, combined with his own tough constitution, Stanley was enabled, after the lapse of a month, to take the lead once more, and set his caravan again in motion.

Until they reached the river Semliki, which Stanley had ascertained flowed into the Albert N'yanza, and hence was a source of the White Nile, the expedition held on an almost direct southerly course. The river was in itself a great discovery, for up to the date of Stanley's arrival on it, geographers had supposed that the Victoria N'yanza was the ultimate feeder of the Nile. But here was a river which, according to Stanley, was quite two-thirds the width

of the Victoria Nile, and which had an average depth of nine feet. Whence came this river? That question also he was to decide.

Marching up the Semliki valley, through the country of Awamba, there loomed clearer and clearer to the advancing travellers the mighty mountain mass of Ruwenzori. In that great snow-clad group Stanley identified the "Mountains of the Moon" of the old Arab geographer who, four hundred years before, wrote that "from the Mountains of the Moon the Egyptian Nile takes its rise. It cuts horizontally the Equator in its course north. Many rivers come from this mountain, and unite in a great lake. From this lake comes the Nile, the most beautiful and greatest of the rivers of all the earth." Stanley in his letter to the Royal Geographical Society, paraphrased this old geographer thus: "From Ruwenzori, the snow mountain, the western branch of the Upper Nile takes its rise. Many rivers come from this mountain, and uniting in the Semliki River, empty into a great lake, named by its discoverer the Albert N'yanza. From this lake, which also receives the eastern branch of the Upper Nile, issues the true Nile, one of the most famous of the rivers of all the earth."

This most interesting mountain mass, crowned in the centre with perpetual snow, was ascended to a height of nearly 11,000 feet by Lieutenant Stairs. His report revealed the chief features of the mountain as seen from comparatively close quarters. Starting on June 6th, with 40 Zanzibaris, he soon left the highest native huts behind, and after passing through a dense growth of bamboos, came upon tree-heaths, growing to a height of some twenty feet. Pitching camp among these heaths, and safely passing the night in an unusual altitude for Central Africa, the following day Lieutenant Stairs continued his ascent till within a couple of miles or so of a snow-peak. At this point, unfortunately, wide and deep ravines

occurred, and as the party was not properly equipped for mountaineering, the order to retreat was given. Lieutenant Stairs had gathered much, however, in the course of his ascent. It appears that Ruwenzori is covered with a snow cap, which descends more than a thousand feet down the mountain side. The general formation of the whole mass is briefly this: In the centre are the highest peaks, snow-clad. From them radiate huge spurs, which gradually, by other spurs, spread themselves out on the plains below. Down the western side—the only side investigated as yet—flow snow-fed streams, which diverge as they reach lower altitudes and run at a greater angle, finally flowing into the Semliki River, and thence to the Albert N'yanza. The origin of this stupendous mass in the very core of the continent is evidently volcanic, the highest as well as many of the lower peaks being apparently extinct craters. While Stairs and his party were on the mountain, little or no animal life was seen, although there existed many indications of a prevalence of game of some sort. The only birds that were noticed were of a dull greyish brown hue, not unlike stone chats. In fact, as compared with an ascent of a mountain almost on the equator made about the same time—that of the Owen Stanley range in New Guinea, by Sir William Macgregor, and where birds of the most dazzling plumage were quite common—that of Ruwenzori holds out few attractions to the naturalist beyond its remarkable position and height, and its contribution to the hydrography of Central Africa.

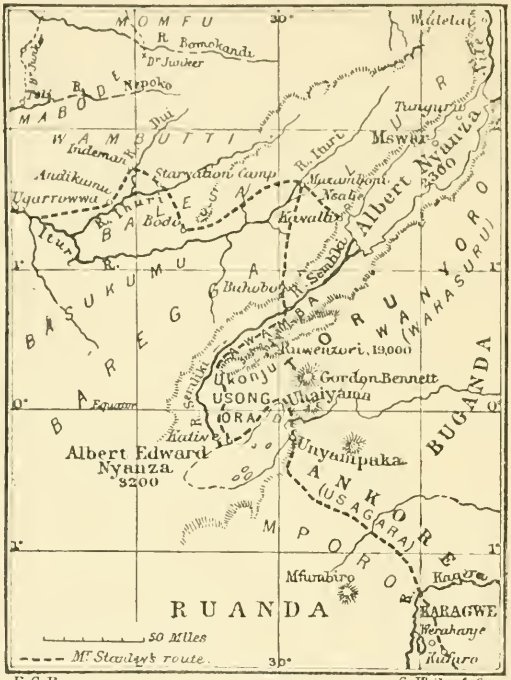
In passing up the Semliki Valley, Stanley found it first grassy, then thinly studded with acacias and other trees, and subsequently claimed by the uncompromising grasp of the tropical forest. At first level, the valley gradually rises, and at a distance of about seventy-five miles from the Albert N'yanza, it reaches a height of nearly a thousand feet above that lake. It is near this point that the western extremity of

Ruwenzori abuts on the river valley. The great quantity of sediment found in the water of the Semliki accounts, so Stanley thought, for the extreme shallowness of the Albert at its southern end. After passing through the thick forest belt of the Semliki, the expedition entered on a fine open grassy region—Ukonju and Usongora—which retained that character until the Muta N'zige was reached.

This lake, which is now known to be very much smaller than it has been mapped by geographers, owes its chief interest to the fact that it receives all the streams at the head of the south-western basin of the Nile, and in turn discharges them by the Semliki into the Albert. The Victoria N'yanza, receiving the waters of the south-eastern basin of the Nile, and discharging them also into the Albert, affords a remarkable parallel. Stanley named the Muta N'zige, on the occasion of this his second visit,—for it will be remembered that he visited its eastern shores in his first march across the Dark Continent,—"Albert Edward," out of respect, he said, to the first British Prince who has shown an interest in African geography. The sentiment is good enough, but it is to be deplored that the custom of retaining the native name is not more generally observed. Burton wisely left the Tanganika the name with which he found it; and Livingstone acted similarly with regard to the Nyassa. Baker has always regretted that he followed suit to Speke (with his "Victoria" N'yanza) by calling the lake he discovered the "Albert," and it is still more unfortunate that Stanley should have perpetuated an evil fashion by calling the famous old Muta N'zige the "Albert Edward N'yanza." There is, however, one excellent excuse for such a system of nomenclature. In days when the nations of Europe are land-grabbing in Africa with more voracity than honesty, it may be useful to stamp the nationality of discoverers, travellers, and exploiters upon the region in which their labours lie! Had the N'yassa been

called the "Livingstone," and the Shiré river the "Mackenzie" or the "Kirk," even the Portuguese might have blushed to make the pretensions to those regions that they have in years past, and in the time now present.

In the march along the Semliki valley, Stanley had met with much opposition at the hands of the



SKETCH MAP INDICATING STANLEY'S HOMEWARD ROUTE.

natives, owing to their being in league with Kabba Rega, the powerful but unfriendly king of Unyoro, a country which lay to the westward of Ruwenzori. On arriving at Kative, an important town on the north-western shore of Muta N'zige (or Albert

Edward N'yanza), Stanley marched in a north-easterly direction to the northern point of the lake, and then, following an almost due south course, he entered Unyampaka, whose king proved friendly. Thence he marched in a fairly straight line through the countries of Ankori, Karagwe, and Uhaira to Usinja. For various reasons—all however strictly personal—the kings of these countries received the advancing host in an amiable manner, but the climate was not equally friendly. There was much sickness in the camp, and in one day alone, no fewer than 150 cases of fever were reported.

It was when in Usinja that Stanley made another discovery of great importance. This was nothing less than a south-westerly extension of the Victoria N'yanza, which increased the area it had hitherto been credited with by nearly six thousand square miles. The southern point of this extension is in S. lat., 2° 48′, thus bringing the Victoria within 155 miles of Lake Tanganika. It would appear that this discovery had been deferred so long by the overlapping chain of islands which bars, as it were, this great south-western bay from the lake proper. The real importance of the discovery, however, lay in the fact that the Victoria was thus really so near to the Tanganika that the idea of navigating the inland waters of Africa, from the mouth of the Nile to the mouth of the Zambesi, ceased to be a mere chimera. Already the Zambesi had been used as an entrance to the Shiré, and this river as one to the Nyassa. Thence to Tanganika, the Stevenson Road had been made the connecting link; and now that the Victoria —which had been again and again reached from Khartoum by river—was found to be so much nearer to the Tanganika than had been supposed, the hopes of those who centred them on Africa, and the conversion of its great continental wastes to civilization, were aroused to the highest pitch. If a canal should eventually be found possible—when, that is, a responsible

commercial State takes charge of the Tanganika and its eastern and northern basins, and renders such a work probable—then one of the greatest difficulties presented by the African continent will have disappeared. In that tropical country, where the horse and the mule are comparatively useless, water-ways form the most convenient and comfortable, as they are the most expeditious means of travel and commerce. By placing the Victoria so much nearer to the Tanganika, Stanley revived the hopes of those who spend and are spent for Africa—hopes that had been cruelly shattered by the reversion of the Equatorial Province to the tyranny of the renegade and fanatic.

On the 25th of August Stanley arrived at Usambiro, the Church Missionary Society's station south of the Victoria Lake, and where Mr. A. M. Mackay had laboured since his expulsion from Uganda. This marked the close of the march through absolutely new countries, and hitherto unknown peoples. In a letter to Mr. Marston, Stanley said that "at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilization."

Mr. Mackay—"The Modern Livingstone," as Stanley called him—received the wearied travellers as his guests, and the fortnight spent at the Mission station was a period of delightful rest for the whole party. Here, also, Stanley received a large consignment of goods which had been awaiting him for eighteen months, and a packet of mails which had fortunately not been sent on to Uganda, and consequently escaped the destruction which they would have shared with the mission station in that troubled country.

Once again the huge caravan was set in motion, and now the route of its march lay through the southern portion of Usukuma and thence, skirting the northern districts of Ugogo, to the well-known station of

Mpwapwa, situated in the German protectorate. At this junction it may be well to quote Stanley's remarks on his geographical discoveries, which were of the most important character, and added to the honour he gained by his heroic, and finally successful efforts to save the life of Emin Pasha.

"Over and above the happy ending of the appointed duties, we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo Forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian Peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The Mountains of the Moon, this time beyond the least doubt, have been located; and Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, robed in eternal snow, has been seen, and its flanks explored, and some of its shoulders ascended, the Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon cones being but giant sentries warding off approach to the inner area of the Cloud King. On the south-east of the range, the connection between the Albert Edward N'yanza and the Albert N'yanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains have been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture land as would make the cowboys out west mad with envy; and right under the burning Equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries, and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from the snow-beds. We have also been able to add nearly six thousand square miles of water to the Victoria N'yanza. Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds, and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries. I always suspected that in the central region between the Equatorial Lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new

facts. This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition that I have ever led into Africa."

At last, November 10th, the expedition arrived at Mpwapwa. On the last day of that month it reached Msua, and, on the 1st of December, Mbiki, a village some four days' journey from the coast. At Msua, Stanley was met by an expedition sent by his old patron, the *New York Herald*, and which brought him a goodly supply of luxuries and comforts. Emin and his people also received a similar supply from an expedition under a German officer, and the *Herald's* special correspondent had packets of letters and personal comforts, sent by the Italian consul at Zanzibar, for Captain Casati. As the expedition approached the coast, it assumed the appearance of a triumphal march. Parties of couriers and small caravans were continually meeting it with letters and telegrams of congratulations and loads of extremely welcome luxuries. The hour of danger was past: that of triumph was at hand.

On the 4th of December, Major Wissman, who had himself twice crossed Africa, and was then in charge of German interests at Bagamoyo, met the advancing expedition on the banks of the Kinghani River. On the following morning, Stanley and Emin, riding on horses supplied by Wissman, and accompanied by that distinguished traveller, entered Bagamoyo, the port for Zanzibar. The whole town was decorated with palm leaves and triumphal arches, and both Stanley and Emin received the heartiest acclamations. They were welcomed by the Captain of the German warship *Sperber*, in the name of the Emperor William; by the Judge of the English Consular Court, as representing the Queen; and by Mr. Nichol, on behalf of the Emin Relief Committee. A salute of nine guns was fired simultaneously, by the soldiers under Major Wissman, and by the war-ship *Sperber*. In the evening a grand banquet was given by the Major, who made a speech in which he described Stanley as

his master in African exploration. Stanley, replying, spoke feelingly of those soldiers whose bones lay bleaching in the forest, declared that with the whole party the one word had been "Onward," and thanked God that he had been permitted to do his duty.

But even now that they were among friends, danger was to dog them yet. The evening which had begun so propitiously closed disastrously. Emin, who was half-blind, walked through a window whose height he had misjudged, and fell heavily to the ground, a distance of twenty feet. When picked up he was quite unconscious, and it was thought at first that he had sustained fatal injuries. Under the devoted care, however, of Dr. Parke and some German physicians, the Pasha was brought slowly and with difficulty from the very door of death back again to life, and ten days later he was declared to be out of danger.

Meanwhile telegrams of congratulation poured in on Stanley and the suffering Emin. It was recognised throughout the civilized world that the former had accomplished with rare honour a task of almost superhuman difficulty, while to the latter the hand of sympathy was pitifully extended in the hour which should have been one of unmixed rejoicing. The reception accorded to Stanley at Zanzibar would have done honour to a crowned monarch, and the whole world eagerly vied, day after day, in flashing along the ocean cables the willing share it took in that welcome. Among the acclamations of the hour none stands in greater prominence and none, perhaps, was more acceptable to the great explorer, than the message of the Queen whose subject he was born. Thus it ran :—

"My thoughts are often with you and your brave followers, whose dangers and hardships are now at an end. Once more I heartily congratulate all, including the survivors of the gallant Zanzibaris, who displayed

such devotion and fortitude during your marvellous expedition."

Marvellous, indeed!

In spite of every difficulty, in spite of the failure of his rear-guard to follow in his steps, in spite of the terrible collapse of the province over which Emin had ruled, in spite of fevers, famine, relentless natives and inhospitable nature, Stanley had consummated his mission with the best success. He had brought out of the danger of the dark Soudan the one white man left at his post. He had saved him from the fanatic Mahdists, he had saved him from his own rebellious people. Had Stanley been unable to push through that terrible forest any one of the three times that he successfully performed that feat, Emin Pasha could hardly have survived the dervish confiscation of the last remnant of the Egyptian Soudan. It is conceivable that he might have been spared in order to be brought before the Mahdi himself; but what then would have been his fate and the fate of his white companion, Casati? They would have been forced to wander for years about the wide streets of Khartoum, dressed in the garb of the dervish, and outwardly conforming to the utter apathy and corruption of his social system. Whether Stanley saved Emin from the pangs of physical death or from the more insidious moral death which captivity at Khartoum would have ensured, one thing at least is certain—he brought "the last white captain of the Soudan," the faithful lieutenant of that faithful general—Gordon—back again into civilization and all that civilization meant. To his own people—all those, of whatever nation or tongue, who had dwelt upon the Pasha's position with anxious sympathy, and followed the reliever's steps with prayerful eagerness—to such as these did Stanley bring Emin in safety from out of the very core of the Dark Continent.

In only one other contingency is it conceivable that Stanley might have helped Emin better, had he

simply taken vast stores of ammunition to him and then done everything in his power to strengthen the Pasha's position at Wadelai. The one condition to make this method of relief effectual was wanting. The Pasha was found to have no real power left—to be occupying a position which was daily becoming more and more untenable. There was therefore no hope of doing good by staying; and Emin, in answer to Stanley's earnest appeals, determined to go. His decision meant life and safety not only for himself, but also for those of his followers who still remained faithful.

In its best sense, the relief of Emin must also mean the rescue of the Soudan from the tyranny of the dervish, and the slave-trade of the Arab. The loss of the Equatorial Province is but a call to arms for another crusade in Central Africa. We are warring with the weapons of peace and commerce in Nyassaland, and that vast region through which the middle course of the Zambesi runs. In the interior, as well as on the west coast and the east, that crusade is being fought. With Mombasa as starting point, the commercial state of British East Africa is pushing inward to the Victoria N'yanza, and so onward to the lost valley of the Upper White Nile. When the day comes—as come it assuredly will—for the conversion of that country to civilization and the blessings of peace and unity, Stanley—if he be not, indeed, the actual leader in that crusade—will be remembered for his heroic relief of the one man who, for eleven long years, manfully upheld the banner in that deserted region, and who, though acclaimed throughout the world as Emin Pasha, thought himself honoured the most in being the last of Gordon's lieutenants!

The sequel of this story of discovery, adventure, and relief is not such pleasant reading. Before Stanley had left Zanzibar for Egypt, on his way to Europe,

the estrangement between Emin and his relievers—of which premonitory signs had not been wanting—became complete. For some inscrutable reason, Emin, who had been all gratitude to the English for his rescue, became altered in his demeanour towards them, and finally, to the surprise of everyone, renounced his allegiance to the Egyptian Government, and took service under Major Wissman. It was natural, perhaps, that Emin, a German, should prefer to serve his Kaiser rather than the Government which had for so many years ignored his struggle against the odds which had eventually proved overwhelming; but it was unnatural that this step should be accompanied by demonstrations of determined opposition to those who had at such personal risk saved his life, and had desired to preserve for him his province. It is true that Stanley's ways were not those of Emin; that the men were utterly unsuited to work together, or even to live together; that there were faults on both sides to account for personal estrangement: hot, dogmatic temper in the one, vacillating waywardness in the other. But no valid excuse has yet been shown for the bitter taunts which Emin subsequently levelled at his rescuers, nor for the apparently ungrateful and even peevish way in which he treated the Egyptian Government. As we have already said, there can be little doubt that the anxieties of his terrible position in the Equatorial province proved too much for him; his nerves were unstrung, his temper made irritable, his mind, now morbid, lent itself to suspicion, and his brain, overwrought, diverted the kindliness of his natural feelings. His diplomatic and administrative qualities were apparently lost: the man of science, the gentle student of nature, unfitted for affairs, and almost intolerant of society and its demands, irresolute in council, and unable either to command or obey, alone remained. This was the first shadow on the story; we shall soon come to the second.

Meanwhile let us follow Stanley's movements. On

the 16th of January he arrived at Cairo, and here he proceeded to write the record of the expedition. For fifty days he worked at this task with his usual and wonderful persistence, and at the end of that time he had written the book which, in two bulky volumes,—amounting to about a thousand pages—was published in London in the following June, under the title of "In Darkest Africa: or, The Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria." The first English edition of 20,000 copies was rapidly exhausted, and a second edition called for. A still larger edition was sold in America, and translations into French, German, and other Continental languages met with thousands of eager buyers. The book, in fact, though necessarily burdened—as the official report—with many minute details, was enthusiastically welcomed by a long-expectant public.

This book finished, Stanley set his face toward Europe. Sailing from Alexandria in the P. and O. steamer *Hydaspes*, he arrived at Brindisi on the 10th of April. To greet him, on setting foot in Europe, came telegrams from the King and Prime Minister of Italy. Two days later he reached Cannes for a week's rest. Then he started for Belgium, to stay a week with King Leopold, and receive congratulations and welcome at the headquarters of the Congo Free State. His entry into Brussels might have been a royal progress—so lavish was the welcome, so universal the acclamation. The King, to mark his special admiration, presented him—suitably enough—with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Congo. The whole city—indeed, it might be said, the whole nation—united to do him honour. From the moment of crossing the Belgian frontier to the last day of his visit, when he made a triumphal entry into Antwerp, Stanley enjoyed an unparalleled reception.

On the 27th he arrived at Dover, and on the pier was met by a distinguished party, which included the Secretary of State for the Colonies and Lord Wolseley.

As he stood bareheaded on the bridge of the steamer, the many thousands who were massed around, wrought up to a high pitch by expectation, received him with a perfect storm of applause, repeated again and again. His hair had become perfectly white, his face had greatly aged, but the resolute look in his eyes was not weakened, and his alert, soldierly carriage was the same. He had gone through innumerable dangers, and endured suffering and disaster exceedingly great; but once again had he conquered—again had he come back, and his spirit and pluck were not diminished one whit. That was why the people rent the air with their cheers.

That night he went to Sandringham, the guest of the Prince of Wales. But he was back in London in a few days, and on the 2nd of May the Emin Relief Committee gave him his first public reception at St. James' Hall, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. Brilliant as was that gathering, and hearty the welcome then accorded, they were eclipsed a few days later—5th May—by the magnificent reception given by the Royal Geographical Society to their distinguished "honorary member." It was the occasion, too, of their presenting him with a gold medal, specially struck to commemorate his discoveries. His companions, moreover, were to receive bronze medals, and, above all, the audience was to hear from the great explorer's lips the weird, the wonderful story of the march through the vast equatorial forest, of the newly discovered mountains of the moon, of Emin and his province, and much besides. Across the end of the hall there stretched a vast map, worthy of the occasion—sixty feet from east to west, and thirty feet from north to south. As the procession, with the President, Mr. Stanley, and the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh at its head, entered the hall, the assemblage of some seven thousand people, in all the brilliance of evening dress, arose as with one mind, and gave their guest such an enthusiastic, such a tempestuous recep-

tion, such rounds of cheering, such bursts of applause, that only fall to a very few in many years, and that come to a man but once.

After this triumphant night came many nights on which its echo was repeated. Reception followed reception; the freedom of the chief cities of England and Scotland was given him; the Universities vied with each other in enrolling him among their Doctors; banquet succeeded banquet, and as the sun of his day of triumph rose higher and higher, larger and larger loomed the cloud of evil report which came from the survivors and the enemies of the survivors of the Rear Column. Barttelot's fair fame was impugned, and some of the charges made against that gallant, though headstrong, officer appeared to be substantiated by evidence; against Jameson the most horrible accusations happily fell to the ground—he who bore witness was a liar and a renegade, and Jameson's known character was the best witness for itself. In the course of the controversy, Stanley permitted himself to be led away by personal feelings and preference into intemperate language and unfounded insinuations against the dead. It is to be deeply deplored, and although much was said at the time that may be forgiven, it will probably be long before it is forgotten.

But we now come to the crowning moment of his life. On the 12th of July, 1890, in the presence of an immense congregation, in that most national of all our national buildings—Westminster Abbey—Henry Morton Stanley was married to Dorothy Tennant, a gifted lady, whose lineage was, like his, Welsh. Amid all the gaiety natural to the occasion, a note of pathos was struck which could not but be in harmony with it. Over the stone slab which marks the spot where rest the bones of Livingstone, there were placed two great wreaths of flowers—one by Stanley and his bride, the other by the officers of the Expedition—in memory, one may reasonably suppose, not only of that great

pioneer, but, through him, of their comrades who, like him, had found their deaths in Africa.

The interest of the event was heightened by the serious illness of Mr. Stanley, which at one time threatened to postpone the marriage; but, with that indomitable pluck of his, he rose from his bed, and, with the help of a stick and the friendly arm of his groomsman, entered the Abbey at the appointed hour. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Westminster and Archdeacon Farrar; a few words of wisdom came from the lips of Dr. Montagu Butler, and a minute or two later Stanley, with his bride, passed out of the great west door, to face a vast multitude of Englishmen, whose enthusiasm gave him a reception but little inferior to any he had experienced.

Since this date, Mr. Stanley has twice stood as a candidate for Parliament, seeking on each occasion the suffrages of the electors of North Lambeth. In his first candidature, in 1892, he was defeated; but on contesting the division again, in 1895, he was returned to the House of Commons by his chosen constituency.

MRS. H. M. STANLEY.


F.M.R.