the streams which, flowing into Chambeze, Luapula, Lualaba, and the lakes, may be called sources. Thirteen, all larger than the Isis at Oxford, or the Avon at Hamilton, run into one line of drainage, five into another, and five into a third receptacle—twenty-three in all. Not having seen the Nile in the north, I forbear any comparison of volume."

In a postscript he says, "Always something new from Africa. A large tribe live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The 'writings' thereon, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards." That Dr. Livingstone should have been able to write a communication such as this, bristling with facts carefully detailed, under the circumstances indicated, is as wonderful as the resolute endurance and courage necessary to their collection.

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he touches upon his anxieties as a father completely separated from his children. He says:—"I am often distressed in thinking of a son whom I left at the University of Glasgow. He was to be two years there, then spend a year in Mons in Germany, for French and German, before trying the Civil Service examination for India. He will now be in especial need of my counsel and assistance, and here I am at Bangweolo. His elder brother, after being well educated, wandered into the American war, and we know no more of him after an engagement before Richmond.* Possibly Sir Charles Wood (now Lord Halifax) in consideration of my services, might do something to fix this one. . . I feel more at liberty in telling you of my domestic anxiety, and my fears lest Tom should go to the examination unprepared, because you have a family yourself, and will sympathise with me. . . Agnes (his eldest daughter) is to tell Tom not to go in for examination till he is well prepared, and he may take a year more of education where he may have found the most benefit."

The next information received from Dr. Livingstone was contained in a letter sent to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, and was published in the *Times* of December 13th, 1869. It is dated Ujiji, May 30th, 1869, and is as follows:—"This note goes by Musa Kamaals, who was employed by Koarji to drive the buffaloes hither, but by over-driving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in herding, they all died before he got to Unyanyembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods, and got a share of them;

* He was wounded in the battle mentioned, and died in hospital. He was of a very enterprising disposition, and previous to his going to the United States, he had made an attempt to join his father in Central Africa. This expedition was undertaken without the knowledge of his family and friends, and want of funds compelled him to abandon it. Dr. Livingstone was unaware of his fate until Mr. Stanley reached him at Ujiji.

and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way back to Zanzibar. He has done nothing here. He neither went near the goods here, nor tried to prevent them being stolen on the way. I suppose that pay for four months in coming, other four of rest, and four in going back, would be ample, but I leave this to your decision. I could not employ him to carry my mail back, nor can I say anything to him, for he at once goes to the Ujijians, and gives his own version of all he hears. He is untruthful and ill-conditioned, and would hand over the mail to any one who wished to destroy it. The people here are like the Kilwa traders, haters of the English. Those Zanzibar men whom I met between this and Nyassa were gentlemen, and traded with honour. Here, as in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slavery is a source of forays, and they dread exposure by my letters. No one will take charge of them. I have got Thani bin Suelim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a cheque on Ritchio, Stewart & Co., of Bombay, for 2,000 rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the headman to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no assistance in procuring carriers; and, as you will see, if the mail comes to hand, I sent to Zanzibar for fifteen good boatmen to act as carriers if required, eighty pieces of meritano, forty ditto of kinitra, twelve farasales of the beads called jasain, shoes, etc., etc. I have written to Seyd Majid begging two of his guards to see to the safety of the goods here into Thani bin Suelim's hands, or into those of Mohammed bin Sahib.

"As to the work done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered, from 500 to 700 miles south of Speke and Baker, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows from latitude 120° south is so large, I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika, Ujiji, Chowambe (Baker's) are one water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this district, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika, if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar; I earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men. £400 to be sent by Mr. Young must surely have come to you through Fleming Brothers. A long box paid for to Ujiji was left at Unyanyembe, and so with other boxes."

In this letter we have the first indications of dissatisfaction with the way assistance was being sent to him by Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, of which we have heard more from Mr. Stanley and from the traveller himself. It was natural that the lonely man who had not had any communication with the world for so long a period, and who had been travelling in unknown regions dependent upon chance for the necessities of living, should feel a bitterness at the want of success in relieving him. It is to be feared that he had good reason for his discontent. To the unsettled state of the country and the dishonesty and carelessness of the people he employed to succour Dr. Livingstone, were due the failure of these efforts, and, as we shall see further on, he failed to take the most ordinary precautions to guard against such failure. Dr. Kirk mentions in a note published along with this letter, that stores and letters had been sent on the 7th of October, and that no time would be lost in sending the articles now required by the explorer.

Once more the cloud of mystery and darkness enveloped the fate of the great traveller, and surmises and reports as to his probable fate tended towards a general belief that in some unknown region in the far interior, the greatest traveller and discoverer the world has ever seen, had become the most distinguished of that long roll of martyrs who had perished in their dauntless endeavour to penetrate the secret recesses of a country all but impregnably guarded by disease, pestilence, and the cruel jealousy of savage tribes. The anxiety of the public regarding the fate of the traveller was shared in by the Government. In May, 1870, £1,000 was sent to the consul at Zanzibar, to be expended in efforts to discover and relieve him. On the 25th of January, 1871, hope was again excited that we might soon hear tidings from himself of a much later date than the last received, by the arrival of a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Dr. Kirk giving extracts from a letter received from an Arab chief, Sheik Said, of Unyanyembe, dated 16th of July, 1870. The chief says, "Your honoured letter has reached, and your friend (Livingstone) has understood it. The people (a party with a caravan from Zanzibar) arrived in good health, and are going on to Ujiji to our friend the Doctor. The news of him is that he has not yet returned from Manemis (Menama, or Manyema, the Arabic word is spelt in three different ways), but we expect him soon, and probably he and the people with supplies will reach Ujiji at the same time." As Sir Roderick pointed out, this was the first indication we had received that the explorer had made a lengthened journey to the west of Tanganyika, which taken together with the probability that letters sent by him had been destroyed by jealous Arabs, accounted for his long silence.

Early in May this intelligence was corroborated by the arrival of news from Shirif Bassheikh bin Ahmed, the Arab sent from Zanzibar and Ujiji in charge of stores for Dr. Livingstone, dated November 15th, 1870, that he had been visited a few days previously by a messenger from the people of Menama (or

Manyema), with letters from the Arabs staying there, and one from "the Doctor," the letters being dated October 15. The messenger had told him that the Doctor was well, although he had been suffering, and that he was at the town of Manakosa, with Mohammed bin Tharib, waiting for the caravans, being himself without means, and with few followers, only eight men, so that he could not move elsewhere, or come down to Ujiji. Shirif further stated that he had sent twelve men, with a quantity of goods, ammunition, quinine, etc., etc., on to him, and that he awaited the explorer's further orders at Ujiji.

The intelligence that a war had broken out between the Arab colony in the district of Unyanyembe and a powerful native chief between Ujiji and Kasagne, which was being carried on with the utmost fury on both sides, and effectually closed up the road to the coast, added to the public anxiety. For the first time since his departure on an adventurous mission in search of Dr. Livingstone in February, we have the mention of a young gentleman, a Mr. Stanley, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who had been despatched by the proprietor of that great journal from Paris, with orders to find out Dr. Livingstone, or bring back tidings of his safety or death at whatever cost. In a letter to Earl Granville, dated Zanzibar, 22nd September, 1871, Dr. Kirk says:—

"Letters just received by special messengers, who left Unyanyembe about a month ago, inform us of a sad disaster that has befallen the Arab settlement there, and that will in all likelihood stop the road to Ujiji and Kasagne for some time to come. All accounts agree as to the main facts; but, naturally, letters written by Mr. Stanley, an American gentleman who was on the spot, are the most circumstantial and reliable. . . A chief whose village was one day's journey distant on the main road to Ujiji and Kasagne, fell under the displeasure of the Unyanyembe Arab settlers; and his place was attacked, in due course, by a force of about 1500 muskets. Seeing that he could not hold the blockaded village, he retired with his followers, and formed an ambush for the return of the attacking party, when laden with ivory and other booty. The result was disastrous to the Arabs, and a great many were killed, including ten or twenty of the leaders, men of good family here. The Arab retreat soon became a rout, and much property was lost.

"Fortunately, Mr. Stanley, who was weak and ill from fever, managed to return to Unyanyembe; but he was abandoned by the Arabs, whose conduct he speaks of as cowardly in the extreme." In announcing to the members of the Geographical Society that the Council had determined to address the Foreign Office, asking its assistance in an effort to succour Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison said: "It appeared to the Council and himself, now that the hope which we had of communicating with Dr. Livingstone through Mr. Stanley, the American traveller, must for the present be abandoned; and it had become, consequently, their duty to cast about for some other means

of reaching him." The result of this determination of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society was the getting up of a formidable expedition to march into the interior, and find news of the great explorer, dead or alive. As the Government refused to advance any money to assist in covering the expenses of the expedition, it was left for the Society and the public to furnish the means, and within a few weeks ample funds and an efficient party were ready to start for Africa.

Early in 1872 this expedition was being organized at Zanzibar, under the guidance of Lieutenant Dawson, who was assisted by Lieutenant Henn, Mr. New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, a son of the great explorer. As the public felt satisfied with the zeal and abilities of the English heads of the Search and Relief Expedition, the general excitement subsided. No one appeared to hope for any results from the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, and gradually its existence came to be overlooked or forgotten. Even Dr. Kirk, who had opportunities of seeing its leader and his careful preparations for his journey, never dreamed that Livingstone would ever be heard of through his exertions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The "New York Herald's" Expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone—Mr Stanley arrives at Unyanyembe—War and other Perils—Hostility of the Natives—Reach Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika—Stanley finds and succours Dr. Living stone, etc., etc.

THE expedition of Mr. Stanley now claims our attention. In October, 1869, Mr. James Gordon Bennet, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was in Paris, and staying at the Grand Hotel, when he determined on attempting to succour Dr. Livingstone. Among his staff of travelling correspondents was a Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who had represented his newspaper during the campaign against King Theodore in Abyssinia, and it struck him that this was the man who could find the lost traveller, if he was alive. He telegraphed for him at Madrid, where he then was in the prosecution of his duties, and Mr. Stanley started immediately for Paris, which he reached on the following night, after Mr. Bennet had retired to his apartment. The interview which resulted had better be detailed in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennet's room. 'Come in!' I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennet in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked. 'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

"After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennet asked, 'Where do you think Dr. 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.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps'—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—'the old man may be in want: take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE.'

"Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, 'Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?'

"'What will it cost?' he asked abruptly. 'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.'

"'Well, I will tell you what you will do. 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.'"

After some further conversation, Mr. Stanley asked if he was to go at once. Mr. Bennet answered, "No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. . . Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warner is making some interesting discoveries there. Then next to Constantinople, and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan. Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may go through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Perseopolis.

"Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there, and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all: good-night, and God be with you."

Mr. Stanley carried out the programme Mr. Bennet chalked out for him, and chronicled the incidents of his journeyings in the *New York Herald*, and arrived in India in the month of August, 1870. He sailed from Bombay for the Mauritius on the 12th of October, and after touching at Mahe, an island of the Leychelles group, he, in company with William Lawrence Farquhar, mate, a Scotchman, and an Arab boy he had picked up to act as interpreter, sailed in an American whaling vessel, bound for Zanzibar, which they reached on the 6th of January, 1871. Captain Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, after hearing the nature of his mission, entertained him at his house, and did all he could to assist him in his preparations for the journey he had undertaken. The following is Mr. Stanley's account of the City of Zanzibar:—

"My general impressions are of crooked, narrow lanes, white-washed houses, mortar-plastered streets in the clean quarter; of seeing alcoves on each side, with deep recesses, with a foreground of red-turbaned Banyans (East

Indian traders), and a background of flaring cottons, prints, calicoes, domestics, and what not; or of floors, crowded with ivory tusks; or of dark corners, with a pile of ungummed and loose cottons; or of stores of crockery, nails, cheap Brummagem ware, tools, &c., in what I call the Banyan quarter; of streets smelling very strong—in fact, exceedingly malodorous, with steaming yellow and black bodies, and woolly heads, sitting at the doors of miserable huts, chatting, laughing, bargaining, scolding, with a compound smell of hides, tar, filth, and vegetable refuse in the negro quarter; of streets lined with tall, solid-looking houses, flat roofed; of great carved doors, with large brass knockers, with baabs, sitting cross-legged, watching the dark entrances to their master's houses; of a shallow sea inlet, with some dhows, canoes, boats, an odd steam tub or two, leaning over on their sides, in a sea of mud, which the tide has just left behind it, called M'nazi-Moyo, 'one cocoa tree,' whither Europeans wend on evenings, with most languid steps, to inhale the sweet air that glides over the sea, while the day is dying, and the red sun is sinking to the westward; of a few graves of dead sailors, who paid the forfeit of their lives on arrival in this land; of a tall house, in which lives Dr. Tozer, Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, and his school of little Africans; and of many other things, which got together into such a tangle that I had to go to sleep, lest I should never be able to separate the moving images, the Arab from the African, the African from the Banyan, the Banyan from the Hindi, the Hindi from the European, &c."

In the harbour of Zanzibar are Arab dhows, engaged in the gum copal, cloves, pepper, and cocoa-nut oil trades, and foreign vessels, hailing from England, Germany, France, and the United States; man-of-war ships, carrying the flags of these four nations, come and go, or rest at anchor in the channel between the mainland and the Island. The exports reach about a million annually, while the value of merchandise imported is in excess of that amount.

The Island of Zanzibar, which is distant from the mainland about forty miles, contains a population of about 200,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the town of Zanzibar. The inhabitants consist of Arabs, Banyans, Mahommedans, Hindis, native Africans, and a considerable sprinkling of European merchants. The Arabs are all engaged in the ivory, gum, copal, and slave-trade, and most of them have wandered for years in the interior of Africa, collecting the articles in which they trade, and are perfectly familiar with the regions which Dr. Livingstone and others have made known to us. It is no uncommon thing for an Arab trader to cross the Continent from Zanzibar, Khiva, or Mozambique, to the West coast. They are a most reticent class, and although they have gone through adventures, and seen sights which would make the reputation of a European traveller, they make no allusion to their adventures. The Banyans are the most wealthy class;

and it is with money furnished by them that two-thirds of the slave-trade is carried on. These Banyans, as Dr. Livingstone has so frequently pointed out, are our fellow-subjects, and have hitherto carried on their detestable traffic in human flesh under the protection of the British flag. No wonder that Livingstone found it difficult to get letters to and from the coast, and found it next to impossible to get stores and articles of absolute necessity delivered in the interior. The voice of this prophet in the wilderness of Africa was pronouncing the death-knell of their trade, and was to be stopped at all hazards. He was too conspicuous a man, and stood too well with the native tribes, to be slain with safety, but he might be starved out. Weary waiting and hope deferred might tire out the iron constitution, and break the lion heart, and to this they and their emissaries set themselves. But they had not calculated upon the resolute endurance and high courage of the man with whom they had to deal; and the very means they took to stop his voice made it tenfold more powerful when, through the aid of Mr. Stanley, its story of shame and horror penetrated to the ends of the earth.

The climate of Zanzibar is not naturally unhealthy, but the almost total want of sanitary arrangements has made it a very pest house. A little energy, and a small money outlay, would make Zanzibar a hundred per cent. healthier than it is; but the climate, and the influence exercised by the Arabs, Banyans, and Hindis, soon subdues the vitality of the most energetic European, and the Malagash inlet, a shallow arm of the sea, which makes the site of Zanzibar a peninsula, with a neck of only 250 yards, is the receptacle for "the undrained filth, the garbage, offal, dead mollusks, dead pariah dogs, dead cats, all species of carrion, and remains of men and beasts unburied. "Were these 250 yards cut through by a ten foot ditch, and the inlet deepened slightly, Zanzibar would become an island of itself, and what wonders would it not effect as to health and salubrity!" On suggesting this to Captain Noble, the American Consul, he admitted the ease with which so great an improvement could be carried out, and the great need for it, but pleaded his utter helplessness.

"Oh," said he, "it is all very well for you to talk about energy, and that kind of thing, but I assure you that a residence of four or five years on this island, among such people as are here, would make you feel that it was a hopeless task to resist the influence of the example by which the most energetic spirits are subdued, and to which they must submit in time, sooner or later. We were all terribly energetic when we first came here, and struggled bravely to make things go on as we were accustomed to have them at home, but we have found that we were knocking our heads against granite walls, to no purpose whatever. These fellows—the Arabs, the Banyans, and the Hindis—you can't make them go faster by ever so much scolding and praying; and in a very short time you see the folly of fighting against the unconquerable. Be patient, and don't fret; that is my advice, or you won't live very long here."

Captain Grant, the companion of Speke, in his famous African journey, gives some characteristic sketches of Zanzibar at the period of his visit (1860):—

"Though the streets of Zanzibar," he says, "are too narrow for a wheeled carriage, and the supply of water deficient, everything looked clean and neatly kept; and the shopkeepers, chiefly Indians, were respectful, even to a painful degree, rising as we passed them. The bazaar is very abundantly supplied with vegetables, fruit, and dried fish; little butcher meat, but liquor shops abound, and water has to be purchased—the best quality being carried from a hot spring, which bubbles from under a rock, and tastes unpleasantly warm. Men in the market-place have an odd way of hawking about their goods for sale. Goats, carved doors, beds, knives, swords, etc., are all paraded up and down, and their prices shouted out. The market for human beings is a triangular space, surrounded by rickety huts, thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, and the parties of slaves (negro men and women, brought originally from the interior of Africa), on being exhibited, are guarded by men with swords. Some of the unhappy groups sit calmly in the market-place, looking very clean, well-fed, and dressed, with a depressed anxious look, saying to you with their eyes, 'Buy me from this yoke of slavery.' It is a very striking, though most humiliating sight, to observe one of the Zanzibar rakish-looking crafts, felucca rigged (called dhows) arrive from Ibo, on the mainland, crammed with naked slaves for the market, all as silent as death. The Arab owners, gaily dressed, stand at the stern, and one holds the colours, in seeming defiance of the British Consulate, as he sails past. The price of slaves was low in 1860, only £3 each; and many Arabs would have taken less, as Colonel Rigby (then H.M.'s Consul), had released upwards of 4,000, who became independent, living in a newly-made part of the town, and gaining a livelihood by fetching water, and selling the produce of the island.

"The climate of Zanzibar is very relaxing, owing to the humidity of the air, a great amount of rain falling during the year. The rain comes down in plunges, pelting showers, or like squalls at sea, and in the intervals any bodily exertion is attended with profuse perspiration and lassitude. . . . . The island has two crops of grain yearly, and four of manioc, which, with dried shark, is the staple food of the people. They cook it in every form, making also flour of it. One has only to walk of a morning along the roads leading to the town, to see the productiveness of this beautiful island. Negro men and women, laden with mangoes, oranges, plantain, sugar-cane, grass, cocoa-nut, manioc, yams, sweet potato, Indian corn, ground nut, etc., go in streams to the market. The return of these crowds is, in contrast, utterly ludicrous. Nothing do they then carry but a stick over their shoulders, with a cut of stale fish hanging from it, and one wonders at the extreme poverty of the people in the midst of such abundance.

"Besides the above products, cloves, cotton, bajra, sorghum, coffee, tobacco, seesamum, nutmeg, red pepper, betel-nut, catchoo-nut, jack-fruit, papan, almond, pomegranate, and the castor-oil plant, were all seen growing. To remark upon a few:—The mango tree, met with everywhere, is splendidly umbrageous, more lofty than the variety seen in Indian topes, and not so brittle. It yields two crops yearly of stringy fruit; but there are better sorts, such as those from Pemba Island, to be procured. The clove tree is planted in rows, twenty feet apart, and after it has grown to the height of thirty feet, it seems to die, as if from the effects of ants. Cotton we rarely saw. The cocoa-nut is the most common tree in the country, the husk, we observed, being used as firewood, and a capital salad is made from the crown of the trunk. The Arabs allow their slaves to cultivate the manioc gratis, under the cocoa-nut trees, in payment for gathering the harvests of mango, cloves, etc. The growth of the ground-nut is very curious, creeping close to the ground, with a yellow flower, and leaf resembling clover. On the flower withering, the pod grows underground, when it matures. The coffee-tree grows luxuriantly, and the sugar-cane is very fine; pomegranate does not seem to succeed. The boundaries of farms are often marked by the castor-oil bush." Captain Grant arrived at Zanzibar in time to witness and compel the execution of two of the murderers of Dr. Roscher, a German traveller, who was murdered in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, in 1858, by natives, who coveted his scientific instruments and his small supply of stores. The Sultan of the country in which the offence took place sent four of the natives implicated to Zanzibar for trial. Two of them were sentenced to be decapitated, and the remaining two got a free pardon. The Sultan was afraid to carry the sentence into execution; and when they were brought to suffer, on the 23rd of August, and were squatted outside the fort wall, naked to the waist, no order had come to proceed with the execution. After the prisoners had remained in this position for a considerable time, "a jail official announced that the Sultan wished the Sahib to give the order, and I informed Colonel Rigby of the circumstances. He at once saw through the timidity of the Sultan, and said, as the sentence had been passed weeks ago, he could give no orders about it. Returning to the place of execution, where both men still sat, we found the mob had increased. An Arab boldly asked me, 'Why should two men suffer for one white?' On my remarking that 'Sooner or later the men must suffer—the sun was broiling over the poor creature's heads—would it not be a charity to go on with the execution?' the reply was, 'They are mere animals, and have no feeling.' Still no one would give the order. Again the Sultan was applied to. A rush was now rudely made upon the crowd by half-a-dozen handsomely dressed Arabs, brandishing their shields and swords. I thought it was a rescue, but kept my place; and it appeared they only wanted to get up to the prisoners, around whom every one laughed heartily at the momentary panic. Here one

of the guard, with whom I had been conversing, laid hold of my arm, and followed by a noisy drummer, the prisoners, and mob, we pushed on for a dozen yards, and stopped in an open space, where some cows were lying. A twig of grass pinioned each man, and they were made to sit on the ground, speaking calmly, while the crowd, all crushing around, joked as if at a holiday rout. Another delay occurred; no one had given the order. On being asked 'Might it commence?' I replied, 'Yes, certainly; proceed.' The executioner at once took his place, drew his sword, weighed it in his hand, threw up his sleeves, and slipped his feet out of his shoes, while the dense mass all seemed breathless. The executioner was a small man, respectably dressed, looking like an Indian. The prisoners sat three yards apart, one slightly in advance of the other. The foremost was then ordered to bend his head, when, with one stroke, the back of his neck was cut to the vertebræ; he fell forward, and lay breathing steadily, with his right cheek in his own blood, without a sound or struggle. The executioner, after wiping his sword on the loin cloth of the dying man, coolly felt its edge. The other victim had seen all, and never moved nor spoke. The same horrible scene was again enacted, but with a different result; the man jerked upwards from his squatting position, and fell back on his left side, with no sound nor after struggle. Both appeared as if in a deep sleep; two chickens hopped on the still quivering bodies, and the cows in the open space lay undisturbed.

"I left the spot, hoping never to witness such another scene; but I had the satisfaction of feeling that justice was carried out, and that had I not been present, these murderers would have escaped punishment, owing to the effeminancy and timidity of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Their accomplices, each with a cleft log on his neck, were taken to witness the bodies."

Mr. Stanley gives an interesting account of the *impedimenta* he collected for his journey, after consulting with a grey-bearded old Sheikh, and several Arab merchants he introduced him to. Putting the number of his party at 100, he was informed that ten doti—40 yards of cloth per day—would be sufficient for food. About 4,000 doti of various kinds of cloth were purchased. Next in importance to cloth was the kind and quality of beads necessary. These were selected of various colours, as only a particular kind or colour of bead would circulate in each of the districts through which he had to pass. Wire was another important article. Three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, nearly as thick as telegraph wire, was his stock of this important commodity. In addition to these he purchased a plentiful supply of provisions, cooking utensils, rope, twine, tents, bagging, canvas, tools, ammunition, guns, bedding, hatchets, medicines, presents for chiefs, boats, &c., &c., until his baggage weighed in all about six tons. No wonder he asked himself, "How will it ever be possible to move all this inert mass across the wilderness, stretching between the sea and the great lakes of Africa?"

He purchased twenty donkeys, each of which would carry a load of about 140 lbs.; and the loads for the human bearers were made up into bundles of 68lbs. each. An armed escort of twenty men, whom he designates in his narrative as soldiers, were engaged with Bombay, an old servant of Captain Speke's, in his journey to Lake Tanganyika as chief. Mabruki and other five of Speke's "faithfuls" were also engaged. When his escort appeared before him, "they were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men—far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians to be." John William Shaw, an Englishman, third mate of an American ship, applied for a situation in the caravan, and was engaged. The carriers could only be engaged at Bagamoyo, on the mainland. Before leaving he was presented to the Sultan by Captain Webb. The Sultan's palace "is a large, roomy, lofty, sylvan house, close to the port, built of coral, and plastered thickly with lime mortar. In appearance, it is half Arabic, and half Italian. The shutters are Venetian blinds, painted a vivid green, and presenting a striking contrast to the white-washed walls."

The party was received at the outer door of the Palace by the Sultan, who waived them up the steps, and into the audience chamber before him. The room was lofty, and painted in the Arabic style; the carpet was of Persian fabric, and the furniture consisted, in addition to the chair of state, of a dozen gilt chairs and a chandelier.

"The Sultan," says Mr. Stanley, "so far as dress goes, might be taken for a Mongolian gentleman, excepting, indeed, for the turban, whose ample folds, in alternate colours of red, yellow, brown, and white, encircled his head. His long robe was of dark cloth, cinctured round the waist with his rich sword-belt, from which was suspended a gold-hilted scimitar, encased in a scabbard also enriched with gold. His legs and feet were bare, and had a ponderous look about them, since he suffered from that strange curse of Zanzibar—elephantiasis. His feet were slipped into a pair of slippers, with thick soles, and a strong leathern band over the instep. His light complexion and correct features, which are intelligent and regular, bespeak the Arab patrician. They indicate, however, nothing except his high descent and blood; no traits of character are visible, unless there is just a trace of amiability, and perfect contentment with himself and all around.

"Such is Prince, or Seyd Burghash, Sultan of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the East coast of Africa, from Somali Land to the Mozambique, as he appeared to me. Coffee was served in cups supported by golden finjans, also some cocoa-nut milk and rich sweet sherbet. The conversation began with the question, addressed to the Consul—

"'Are you well?'—'Yes, thank you; how is His Highness?'—'Quite well.'

"His Highness to me. 'Are you well?'—'Quite well, thanks.

"The Consul now introduces business, and questions about my travels follow from His Highness.

"'How do you like Persia? Have you seen Kerbela, Bagdad, Masr, Stamboul? Have the Turks many soldiers? How many has Persia? Is Persia fertile? How do you like Zanzibar?'

"Having answered each question to His Highness' satisfaction, he handed me letters to his officers at Bagamoyo and Kaole, and a general introductory letter to all Arab merchants I might meet on the road, and concluded his remarks to me with the expressed hope, that on whatever mission I was bound, I might be perfectly successful.

"We bowed ourselves out of his presence in much the same manner as we had bowed ourselves in, he accompanying us to the great entrance door."

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was hospitably entertained by the members of a Roman Catholic mission, during the time occupied in engaging 140 pagazis (bearers), and arranging to start. While Bishop Tozer, the Primate of Central Africa—who failed in establishing a mission on the Shire, after a few weeks' residence on the top of a mountain, where there was scarcely any people for miles—resided at Zanzibar, the Catholic missionaries were successfully carrying on their labours on the mainland. Mr. Stanley's account of the Fathers, their station, and their work, is worth quoting:—

"The Mission is distant from the town a good half-mile, to the north of it; it is quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are more than ten *padres* engaged in the establishment, and as many sisters, and all find plenty of occupation in educing from native *crania*, the fire of intelligence. Truth compels me to state that they are very successful, having over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in the Mission, and, from the oldest to the youngest, they show the impress of the useful education they have received.

"The dinners furnished to the *padres* and their guest consisted of as many *plats* as a first-class hotel in Paris usually supplies, and cooked with nearly as much skill, though the surroundings were by no means equal. I feel assured, also, that the *padres*, besides being tasteful in their *potages* and *entrees*, do not stultify their ideas for lack of that element which Horace, Hafiz, and Byron, have praised so much. The Champagne—think of Champagne Cliquot in East Africa!—Lafitte, La Rose, Burgundy, and Bordeaux, were of first-rate quality, and the meek and lowly eyes of the fathers were not a little brightened by the vinous influence. Ah! these fathers understand life, and appreciate its duration. Their festive board drives the African jungle fever from their doors, while it soothes the gloom and isolation which strikes one with awe, as one emerges from the lighted room, and plunges into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the weary monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant ululation of the hyena. It requires somewhat

above human effort, unaided by the ruby liquid that cheers, to be always *suave* and polite amid the dismals of native life in Africa. After the evening meal, the most advanced of the pupils came forward, to the number of twenty, with brass instruments, thus forming a full band of music. It rather astonished me to hear instrumental sounds issue forth in harmony from such woolly headed youngsters; to hear well-known French music at this isolated post; to hear negro boys, that a few months ago knew nothing beyond the traditions of their ignorant mothers, stand forth and chant Parisian songs about French valour and glory, with all the *sang froid* of *gamins* from the purlieus of Saint Antoine."

Mr. Stanley's expedition arrived at Bagamoyo on the 6th of February, 1871, and his first caravan started on the 16th, and the last on the 21st of March, each being under the escort of a certain number of soldiers, with one of Speke's "Faithfuls" at their head. The number of people forming the expedition was 192.

In melancholy contrast with this was the fate of a caravan despatched by Dr. Kirk for Dr. Livingstone, on the 1st November, 1870. It consisted of thirty-five packages, which required as many bearers, and it had not left Bagamoyo on the 10th of February. One cannot help thinking, that Dr. Kirk, knowing the need there was for promptitude if his old friend was to be relieved, should have crossed the narrow channel to the mainland, and seen it fairly started. Mr. Stanley's formidable expedition had been collected together, and was on the march within seventy-three days of his arrival in Zanzibar, while the Livingstone caravan had rested more than that period on the very threshold of its journey. The knowledge that another expedition was being collected, should have stimulated him to see to the very needful duty that the one under his charge had at least started on its journey. No wonder Dr. Livingstone fretted and thought that he had been utterly forgotten, when, sick and weary, and without the means of going forward, he went and came to and from Ujiji, until, at last, he had perforce to remain there until relieved.

Mr. Stanley had not proceeded far when "the plague of flies" induced him to watch their habits, and examine them with a view to identifying the famous *tsetse* fly. In his eagerness, he submitted himself as a victim to their thirst for blood. "I permitted one," he says, "to alight on my flannel trousers, which I wore when *en deshabille* in camp. No sooner had he alighted, than his posterior was raised, his head lowered, and his weapons, consisting of four hair-like styles, unsheathed from the proboscis-like bag which concealed them, and immediatly I felt pain, like that caused by a dexterous lancet-cut, or the probe of a fine needle. I permitted him to gorge himself, though my patience and naturalistic instinct was sorely tried. I saw his abdominal parts distend with the plenitude of the repast until they had swollen to three times

their former shrunken girth, when he flew away, of his own accord, laden with blood. On rolling up my flannels to see the fountain whence the fly had drawn the fluid, I discovered it to be a little above the left knee, by a crimson bead resting over the incision. After wiping the blood, the wound was similar to that caused by a deep thrust of a fine needle, but all pain had vanished with the departure of the fly.

"This fly is called *mabunga* by the natives. It is about a third larger than the common honey bee, and its colour more distinctly marked; its head is black, with a greenish gloss to it; the after-part of the body is marked by a white line running lengthwise from its junction with the trunk, and on each side of this white line are two other lines, one of a crimson colour, the other of a light brown. . . This fly, along with a score of others, attacked my grey horse, and bit it so sorely in the legs, that they appeared as if bathed in blood. . . This I consider to be the African horse-fly."

The second fly examined "was exceedingly nimble, and it occupied three soldiers nearly an hour to capture a specimen; and, when it was finally caught, it stung the hand most ravenously, and never ceased its efforts to attack until it was pinned through. It had three or four white marks across the after-part of its body; but the biting parts of this fly consisted of two black antennæ, and an opal coloured style, which folded away under the neck. When about to bite the style was shot out straight, and the antennæ embraced it closely.

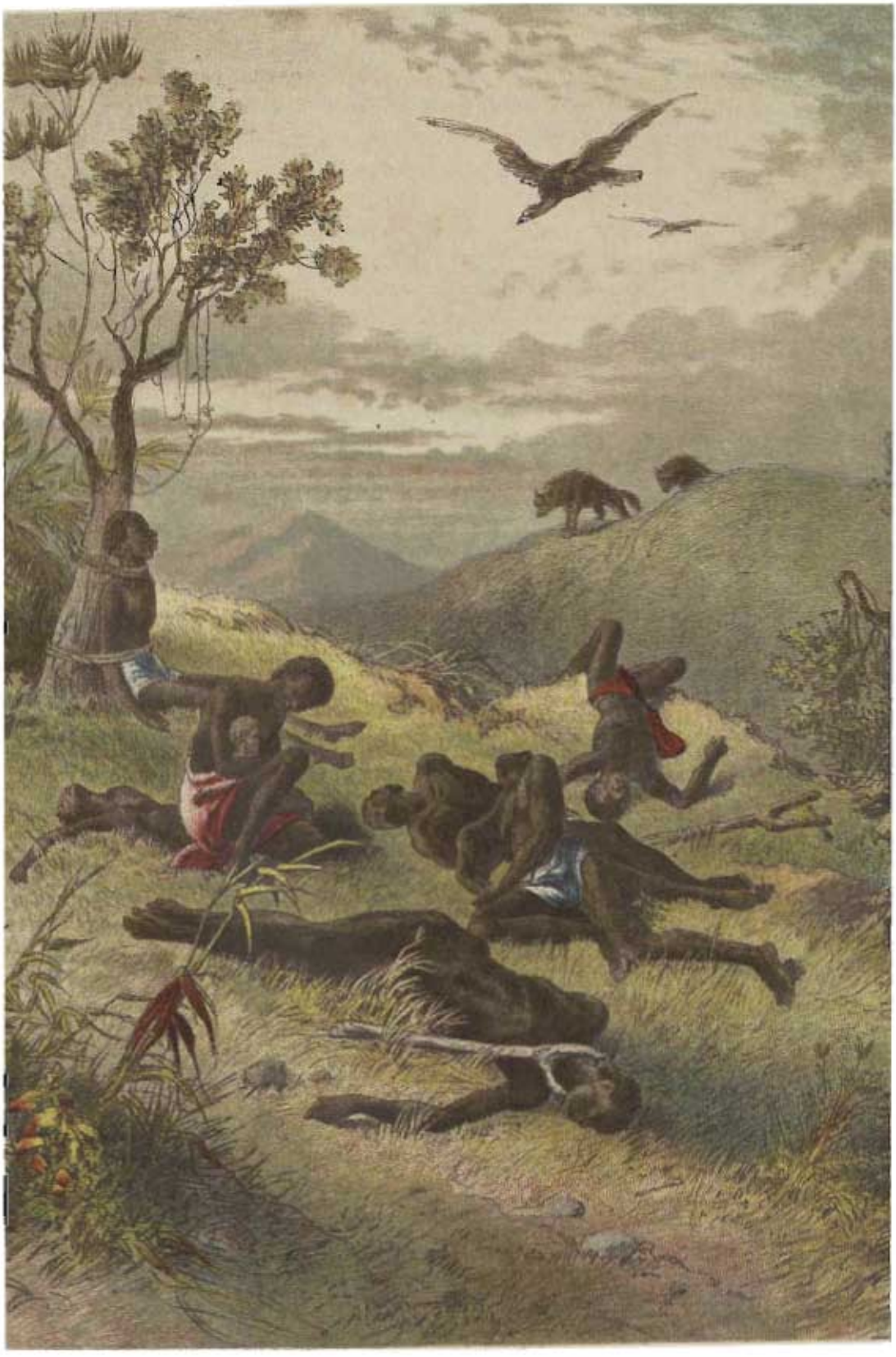
"The third fly, called by the natives 'Chufwa,' was a third larger than the house-fly, and had long wings. This insect certainly did the most work, and inflicted the most injury. Horses and donkeys streamed with blood, and roared and kicked with the pain. So determined was it not to be driven away before it obtained its fill, that it was easily despatched; but this dreadful enemy to cattle constantly increased in numbers. The three species above named are, according to natives, fatal to cattle; and this may perhaps be the reason why such a vast expanse of first-class pasture is without domestic cattle of any kind, a few goats only being kept by the villagers. This last fly I subsequently found to be the *tsetse*."

About the middle of April Mr. Stanley reached the town of Simbamwenni, which was the largest and most important town he came across in his wanderings. It contains a population of 3,000. "The houses in the town are eminently African, but of the best type of construction. The fortifications are on an Arabic-Persian model, combining Arab neatness with Persian plan. Through a ride of 950 miles in Persia, I never met a town outside of the great cities better fortified than Simbamwenni. . . Well-built towers of stone guard each corner, iron gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors, made of African teak, and carved

with the infinitesimally firm and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were either made at Zanzibar or on the coast. . . . The Sultana is the eldest daughter of the famous Kizabengo, a name infamous throughout the neighbouring districts for his kidnapping propensities. He was another Theodore on a small scale. Sprung from humble ancestry, he acquired distinction for his personal strength, his power of harangue, and his amusing and versatile address, by which he gained great ascendancy over fugitive slaves, and was chosen a leader among them. Fleeing from justice, which awaited him at the hands of the Zanzibar Sultan, he arrived in Ukami, which extended at that time from Ukwere to Usagara, and here he commenced a career of conquest, the result of which was the cession by the Uakami of an immense tract of fertile country, in the valley of the Ungerengeri. On its desirable site, with the river flowing close under the walls, he built his capital, and called it Simbamwenni, which means 'the lion,' or the strongest city."

Two days' journey beyond Simbamwenni, Mr. Stanley had his first attack of fever. Many of his attendants had suffered from dysentery and other causes. The rainy season had now commenced, and for miles their course was over swollen streams and swamps, half-wading half-swimming in the utmost discomfort. The first of May found them struggling through the mire and water of the Mataka river, with a caravan bodily sick, from the exertion and fatigue of crossing so many rivers, and wading through marshes. Shaw was still suffering from his first fever; Zaidi, a soldier, was critically ill with the small-pox. Most of the others were either really sick or driven to despair by the fatigues of the journey. "I was compelled," says Mr Stanley, "to observe that when mud and wet sapped the physical energy of the lazily-inclined, a dog-whip became their backs, restoring them to a sound—sometimes to an extravagant activity."

Once clear of the valley of Mataka, the road improved, but as population was scant, and game scarce, the expedition stopped for want of fresh meat for several days. Farquhar broke down completely, and had to be left at a friendly village until their return; but long before Mr. Stanley passed through on his way to the coast he was in his grave. On the Mpwapa slopes the party suffered from a plague of ear-wigs. "In my tent," says Mr. Stanley, "they might be counted by thousands; in my sling cot they were by hundreds; on my clothes they were by fifties; on my neck and head they were by scores. It is true they did not bite, and they did not irritate the cuticle, but what their presence and number suggested was something so horrible that it drove one nearly insane to think of it. . . Second to the ear-wig in importance were the white ants, whose powers of destructiveness were simply awful. Mats, cloth, portmanteaus, clothes, in short every article I possessed, seemed on the verge of destruction, and, as I witnessed their voracity, I felt anxious lest my tent should be devoured while I slept In the



STARVING SLAVES ABANDONED ON THE MARCH

Ugogo country the various Sultans and chiefs were clamorous for presents. Food was plentiful, and the weather fine, but the major portion of the donkeys died. The horses had early succumbed to the climate. The population was very numerous, and at every village hundreds of natives crowded to see the Masungu (white men). The Wahumba, a tribe of shepherds, evoked the traveller's admiration.

"The men are positively handsome, tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or a flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was this peculiar feature that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd-bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for the sculptor who would wish to immortalise in marble an Antinous, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Apollo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebon skins, not coal-black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass, pendant from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass-wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining the calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and depending from the shoulder, shade one half of the bosom, and fall to the knees."

In the Ugogo country Mr. Stanley's caravan was joined by those of two Arab traders, Sheikhs Thani and Hamed, and he had ample opportunity of observing how the Arabs are compelled to pay heavy black mail to every chief who is in a position to demand it. The contrasts of travel in Africa are very striking. Before reaching the country of Ugogo the party had to force their way through thirty miles of swamp, and flooded streams and moors. The last week of travel, before reaching the district of Unyanyembe, the party suffered from hunger and thirst, and the heat of the sun was all but unsufferable. They reached Kwikuru, two miles south of Talbor, the chief Arab settlement of Unyanyembe, on the 21st of June, and hungry and jaded as they were, they managed to enter it with banners flying and trumpets blowing, and the discharge of fire-arms. Outside the town they "saw a long line of men in clean shirts, whereat we opened our charged batteries, and fired a volley of small arms, such as Kwikuru seldom heard before. The pagazis (carriers) closed up, and adopted the swagger of veterans. The soldiers blazed away uninterruptedly, while I, seeing that the Arabs were advancing towards me, left the ranks, and held my hand, which was immediately grasped by Sheikh Sayd-bin-Salim, one of the two chief dignitaries of Unyanyembe, and then by about two dozen other people, and thus our *entree* into Unyanyembe was effected."

The country round Tabora is exceedingly fertile, as the Arabs irrigate portions of it, and cultivate it with care, and the merchants live in a state of considerable comfort and even luxury:—

"The plain in which the settlement is situated is exceedingly fertile, though naked of trees; the rich pasturage it furnishes permits them to keep large herds of cattle and goats, from which they have an ample supply of milk, cream, butter, and ghee. Rice is grown everywhere; sweet potatoes, yams, maize, millet, peas, are cheap everywhere, and always procurable. Around their *tembes* the Arabs cultivate a little wheat for their own purposes, and have planted orange, lemon, papaw, and mangoes, which thrive here fairly well. Onions and garlic, chilies, cucumbers, tomatoes, and brinjalls, may be procured by the white visitor from the more important Arabs, who are undoubted epicureans in their way. Their slaves convey to them from the coast, once a year at least, their stores of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine clothes and articles as they require for their own personal use. Almost every Arab of any eminence is able to show a wealth of Persian carpets, and most luxurious bedding, complete tea and coffee services, and magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers. Several of them sport gold watches and chains; mostly all a watch and chain of some kind. And, as in Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkey, the harems form an essential feature of every Arab household, the sensualism of the Mohammedans is as prominent here as in the Orient.

The finest-house in Unyanyembe belongs to Amram bin Mussoud, who paid ivory for it to the value of about £700. "It is one hundred feet in length, and twenty feet high, with walls four feet thick, neatly plastered over with mud mortar. The great door is a marvel of carving-work for Unyanyembe artizans. Each rafter in them is also carved with fine designs. Before the front of the house is a young plantation of pomegranate trees, which flourish here as if they were indigenous to the soil. A shadoof,* such as may be seen on the Nile, serves to draw water to irrigate the gardens."

Ten days after his arrival, when he and his party had rested, Mr. Stanley was visited by the principal Arab settlers of Tabora, which is the principal Arab settlement of Central Asia. It consists of over one thousand houses, and contains over five thousand inhabitants, Arabs and natives. The intelligence he received as to the state of the country he would have to cross on his way to Ujiji, was anything but reassuring. Mirambo, originally the head of a gang of robbers, had usurped the lordship of a large tract of country to the west. He had carried war and plunder far and wide, and becoming bolder with success had, previous to Mr. Stanley's arrival, begun to rob Arab caravans bound for Ujiji, and refuse them passage.

* A rude hand-crane, worked with a lever.

A council of war was held, at which it was determined to fight Mirambo and his followers, a decision which met with much applause from all engaged in the trade of Central Africa. As Mr. Stanley was as much interested in forcing a passage to the west as any of them, and a brush with a native chief would give him a new experience, and gratify his adventurous spirit, he agreed to join them with all his available force in men and fire-arms.

While preparations were being made for engaging in war with Mirambo, Mr. Stanley was waited upon by the head man of the Livingstone caravan he had seen at Bagamoyo, who showed him a packet of letters addressed to Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, bearing the date of leaving Zanzibar Nov. 1st, 1870, on it. "From November 1st, 1870, to February 10th, 1871, just one hundred days at Bagamoyo. A miserable, small caravan of thirty-three men, halting one hundred days at Bagamoyo, only twenty-five miles by water from Zanzibar. Poor Livingstone! Who knows but he may be suffering for want of those very supplies that were detained so long near the sea. The caravan arrived in Unyanyembe some time about the middle of May. About the latter part of May the first disturbance took place. Had this caravan arrived here in the middle of March, or even the middle of April, they might have travelled on to Ujiji without trouble."

On the 7th of July, Mr. Stanley was insensible from an attack of fever, and had only recovered his usual state of health on the 21st. Mr. Stanley and the Arabs, and their forces, numbering in all 2,225 men, 1,500 of whom were armed with guns and muskets of various kinds, marched to the stronghold of Mfuto on the 29th of July, and on the 3rd of August, they marched out to do battle with Mirambo. At a village called Zimbizo they encountered the enemy, and defeated him. On the morning of the fifth day a small detachment went out to reconnoitre, and managed to capture a spy, who was thrown on the ground, and his head cut off immediately. Growing valiant over this little feat, a body of Arabs, under Soud, son of Said-bin-Majid, volunteered to go and capture Wilyemkuru, where Mirambo was just then with several of his principal chiefs. They were 500 in number, and very ardent for the fight. I had suggested to the Governor, that the leader of the 500 volunteers should deploy his men, and fire the long dry grass before they went, that they might rout all the forest thieves out, and have a clear field for action. But an Arab will never take advice, and they marched out of Zimbizo without having taken this precaution. They arrived before Wilyemkuru, and after giving a few volleys, rushed in at the gate, and entered the village. While they rushed in at the gate, Mirambo took 400 of his men out by another gate, and instructed them to lie down close to the road by which the Arabs had come, and when they should return, to get up at a given signal, and each to stab his man.

The Arabs found a good deal of ivory, and captured a large number

of slaves, and having loaded themselves with everything they thought valuable, prepared to return by the same road they had gone. When they had arrived opposite to where the ambush party was lying on each side the road, Mirambo gave the signal, and the forest thieves rose as one man, and each taking hold of his man, speared him, and cut off his head. Not an Arab escaped, but some of the slaves managed to save themselves, and bring the news to us at Zimbizo." The Arab soldiers, slaves, and women and children, fled pell-mell to Unyanyembe, and Mr. Stanley, who was suffering from another attack of fever, found himself left to fight the enemy, or make his way out of danger as best he could. At a meeting of the chief Arabs, Mr. Stanley told them that he was satisfied, having seen their mode of fighting, that they would not conquer Mirambo in a year. "I am a white man," he said, "accustomed to wars after a different style. I know something about fighting, but I never saw people run away from an encampment like ours at Zimbizo for such cause as you had."

Mr. Stanley turned back three days journey to Kwihara, and determined to await the attack of Mirambo there, if he should venture on such a course. He determined to fight the enemy, if fight he must, on his own account, and trust to the chapter of accidents to being able to maintain his ground, and march on to Ujiji. "A fortlet was rapidly constructed, in which all our arms and effects were placed, and a lofty bamboo was procured, and planted on the roof of our fortlet; and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters. Then began the work of ditch-making and digging rifle pits all around the court or enclosure. The strong clay walls were pierced in two rows for the muskets; the great door was kept open, with materials ready close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight; watchmen were posted on the top of the house; every pot in the house was filled with water; provisions were collected sufficient to stand a siege of a month's duration; the ammunition boxes were unscrewed, and when I saw the three thousand bright metallic cartridges for the American carbines, I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this *furore* of war be ended without much trouble.

"Before six P.M., I had one hundred and twenty-five muskets, and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives; and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality, impregnable and untakeable. All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana houses were destroyed; and the fine house of Abid-bin-Sulermain had been ransacked, and then committed to the flames. Mirambo boasted that 'to-morrow' Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumour that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed, with the ivory and

cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer. Here is a sketch of a morning at Unyanyembe, in which we are introduced to a native who was destined to excite a large amount of interest in England:—

"In the early morning, generally about 5.30 A.M., I begin to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo; for you know they are such hard sleepers, they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him; and Ferajji, the cook, who has long ago been warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring 'chai' (tea). For I am like an old woman; I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kululu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe's country, is my waiter and chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by skill and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kululu, young antelope, is frisky. I have but to express a wish, and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kululu cleans the dishes, and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea-cup licking up the sugar that was left in it, and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained.

"And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal far off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye. I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji, then perhaps to the Congo river." Clearly here was a man who was not to be turned aside from his purpose on small or even great occasions. He had been sent to find Livingstone, and find him he had determined upon, if he was alive.

Captains Speke and Grant spent a considerable time in the neighbourhood of Kwihara. The account of the latter forms an interesting pendant to Mr. Stanley's narrative:—

"The province of Unyanyembe has nearly four months of rain, commencing in the end of November, and winding up with the greatest fall in February. As soon as the soil of sand, or black, spongy mould, has softened, the seed is dropped, and by the 1st of February all is green as an emerald. The young rice has to struggle for fifteen days against the depredations of a small, black caterpillar, green underneath. It is a precarious time for the agriculturist, for if rain does not fall, the crop is lost, being eaten close by this insect. Women walk in the fields, with small hand-picks, loosening the soil, clearing it of weeds and worms. There is only one crop in the year, and all the cereals

known in Zanzibar are grown here. Cotton was considered by an Indian resident to be as fine as that grown in Kutch, but he said they had no use for it, merely burning it as wick. . . . The surrounding country is devoid of game, but within a long day's march a forest was visited, where various antelopes, giraffes, lions, and a few elephants, might be met with along the valley of the Wallah river. The scales of an armadillo were seen worn as a charm, three inches across and striated or lined at one end. One man had a superstition that the person who found a live armadillo would become a king—meaning, I imagine, that it was so rare. However, we came upon a pet one, at 3° N. latitude. About the cultivations, near the village, no singing-birds are ever heard; but the plumage of those seen is often very brilliant. Flocks of beautiful little birds, with black bodies, golden-tinted scarlet heads and backs, pecked at the ears of corn; or in the rice-fields, the favourite of the Cape farmers, the "locust bird," black, and looking like a curlew when walking, went tamely about. Crows, with a ring of white round the neck, were seen in two's and three's. The matting in the house was full of bugs, or ticks, which pestered one while seated at night, causing considerable irritation

"Let me give the reader some idea of our life here. Moosah, an Indian, in whose house we resided, was a fine benevolent old man, with an establishment of three hundred natives, men and women, round him. His abode had, three years ago, taken two months to build, and it was surrounded by a circular wall, which enclosed his houses, fruit and vegetable gardens, and his stock of cattle. The lady who presided over the whole, was of most portly dimensions, and her word was law. Moosah sat from morn till night with his 'Foondee,' or chief manager, and other head servants, within sight, receiving salutes and compliments from the rich and poor at the front, or *gentlemen's* side of the house, while the lady presided over the domestic arrangements of the interior. We had full access to both; and no house could be conducted with greater regularity. At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange, that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Birkeen,' or Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make his shirts. After a mid-day sleep, he would refresh himself with a second and larger pill, transact business, and so end the day. The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro in

their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women, chained by the neck, fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex ; and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, our white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.

"The most important functionary about this court was the head keeper, or Foondee, who had been a slave all his life, and now possessed a village, with a farm and cattle. His daily duty was to sit within sight of his master. On Speke calling to see his collection of horses, and extract a bullet from the leg of one of his slaves, the Foondee made us heartily welcome. Stools were placed, and in gratitude for the operation he produced some ripe plantain, and showed us about his premises. He also took us to one of his favourite shooting-grounds, where he certainly knew how to make himself comfortable. His servants had constructed for him a most luxurious waterproof hut, with broad stripes of freshly-cut bark, and a capital bedstead of boughs. At night five fires were kept burning round him to keep off the mosquitoes. The grate was most original: three stout pegs of green wood, driven into the ground, forming an equilateral triangle, answered every purpose of an iron utensil, and in it a frying-pan, made of bark, frizzled mushrooms and meat to the chief's satisfaction. By his own account, he had shot many lions from trees; and during the march to and from Zanzibar, with his master's property, he, with a staff of under-keepers, used to supply the porters with rations from wild animals, which plan saved the expenditure of bead-money. He had many sporting stories. The lion, he said, seldom killed men; but, not long ago, he had jumped the wall of the building, and killed five cows, two of which he dragged over the wall—the natives fearing to impede his course.

Moosah's cow-herds were a very interesting set of people—so well featured, tall, and generally superior to the Africans, that I took great interest in them. They were Watusi, from Karague. There were ten men and women, all with woolly hair—the men leaving a crescent of it unshaved. Their gums were blackened with a preparation from the tamarind-seed, powdered, roasted, and mixed into a paste with blue vitriol, and afterwards heated until fit for use. Their ornaments were large, solid rings of brass upon the wrists, and iron rings, in masses, on their ankles. In walking, they carried a bow and arrow, a staff, and long-stemmed pipe. The women were of a large stamp, with fine oval faces, and erect figures, clad in well-dressed cow-skin, from above the waists to their small feet. Their huts were quite

different from any we had seen, being shaped like the half of an orange, and only five feet high, made of boughs, and covered with grass very neatly. There was but one door; the hut had no chimney, the smoke finding its way through the light, grass roof. I observed a portable Indian 'chivlah' or fireplace inside the hut, which was tidily floored with hay. These natives are a curious and distinct race. Previous to milking the cows in the morning, they wash themselves, their teeth, and their wooden milk vessels or gourds, with the urine of the animal, as they consider there is some virtue in it, afterwards using fresh water for cleansing. They are allowed half the milk, and Moosah had his half milked into his own clean vessel, in the morning at eight o'clock. It took the milk of two cows to fill one good-sized tin tea-pot. A cow's value was four or five dollars, though a first-class one would cost double, or two pounds. Men milked them into a large crucible of wood or gourd, in an open yard; the hind-legs were tied above the hocks with a thong of leather; one of the handsome women sat on the other side, with a bough beating off the flies, and with a stick to keep away the calf, which stood at its mother's head, a boy sometimes assisting. Should the calf die, its skin is stuffed and placed before the cow, otherwise she refuses to milk. The Wanyamwezi look with great respect on this people. When two of them meet, the Wezee puts both his palms together; these are gently clasped by the Watusi, a few inaudible words are repeated, and they pass on. The form of salutation, when a native meets one of his women senior to himself, is gentle and pleasing; he places his hands on her arms, below her shoulders, while her hands hang by her sides."

The following interesting picture of African village life and industry, by Captain Grant, refers to the country a few days' march to the south of Kwihara.

"The flora was new and interesting; but we were amazed at not seeing better crops, as grasses, with pendant panicles, grew luxuriantly ten feet high. The surface-soil, however, was very light, merely the washings of the hill-sides brought down in a stream of red clay grit. In this tract of country we came upon groups of palms, not met with since we left the coast. They were converted into many uses—fences, thatching, firewood, and uprights for building, etc. Toddy, also, was occasionally extracted. The fruit hung down in rich, large, tempting clusters, at the mercy of any hungry traveller. We observed some of these palms, with their leaf stalks still remaining in the tree, to be the support and life of a species of ficus, growing like a parasite, luxuriantly healthy, its roots not near the ground, but forming a complete network round the stem of the palm. Tamarind-trees, so umbrageous and beautiful in outline, were numerous. There were also the runner, from ten to twelve feet high; and the tree, a ficus, whose bark affords the Waganda their clothing, was here seen for the first time. The bark is taken

off in strips, according to the size they can get it, then damped and beaten by heavy wooden hammers till pliant, and afterwards sewn into a shirt, the colour of Chamois leather, but much thicker; the outer bark is thrown away. Near the villages a few scrubby bushes of cotton were grown upon mounds made by white ants. Looms of the rudest construction converted the produce of these into a hard, very stout, heavy cloth, about four or five feet in size, with one-fourth of it a black border, and woven by women only. Sessamum grew in ridges with the sorghum; its oil, and that extracted from the ground-nut, being used by the natives for smearing themselves from head to foot, giving their skins a handsome colour, like the gloss on polished marble. To vary the colour some red clay is added. The sorghum is sometimes afflicted with a black blight, but the natives do not think this any deterioration; all goes into the mill. They live upon Indian corn, ulezee, sorghum, made into flour, by rubbing the grains between stones, as a house-painter pounds colours. Their vegetables are sweet potato, and the leaves, flowers, and fruits of pumpkins; and they brought us, daily, ground nuts, tobacco, and fowls, for sale. On the 3rd of April, the rice-harvest was being gathered in; but we perceived no traces of irrigation, as in Egypt. Abundant rains gave an ample crop. The reapers consisted of negro women and girls, who sang pleasantly, though the scene was marred by the sight of a gang of men-slaves, heavily ironed together by their necks, with some superintendants, gleaning. Those who had small knives, cut the stalk four or five inches below the grain, and held it in their left hand till the hand was full, when it was placed in a huge tub of bark lying in the field.

The thrashing of the rice was novel. A quantity of ears was placed upon a cow's hide, slaves in irons were made to work it with their toes and feet, and winnow it in the wind; and after being thoroughly sun-dried upon a clear space of cow-dunged ground, it was fit for the process of shelling in the large pestle and mortar. If a considerable amount was to be thrashed, a bludgeon answered the purpose of the negro's feet. The stubble would afterwards be turned over with powerful long-handled hoes, beds of the soil made, and the suckers or offshots of the sweet potato planted there by bands of twenty or thirty villagers, shouting and singing the whole time. If one Seedee (negro) had to clean rice in the wooden mortar, a dozen hands would set about the work of two. It could not be done without those who worked keeping time with their feet to the song, the lookers-on clapping hands, and stamping with their feet. The work and song never ceased until the rice was pounded almost into dust—such joyous, reckless creatures are these Africans. Yams are grown upon mounds of earth, placed all over a field, the branches of the plant trained upon a stick, or more commonly allowed to crawl over the ground. They do not attain a great growth. Grain is buried under the eaves of stack-shaped huts, or a clustered mass of Indian-corn may be seen suspended

from the bough of a tree, as exhibited in the illustration of 'Unyamwezi harvest,' in Captain Speke's Journal.

"Provisions were all remarkably cheap upon the route. A fat cow was purchased for four fathoms of calico; another full-sized cow and four small goats were got for eight fathoms; but three small goats were a bargain at the same price; a donkey was offered for fourteen, but he would have been dear at half the amount. For a fowl, one native demanded a charge of gunpowder, and would not sell it for anything else; another native led in a goat to camp, saying if we repaired his old flint-musket we should have the animal; he refused to bargain for anything else. For two quarts of impure honey, ten strings of common beads and a fathom of calico were asked, but not given. Milk was not always to be had, the people being afraid to keep heads of cattle, as they would attract the plundering Watuta race. Milk sometimes cost three strings of beads per pint; twelve measures of rice, one fathom of calico; sweet potatoes were one-tenth of the price they brought at Zanzibar; a basinful of ground nuts, or a load of wood, cost but one string of ordinary beads.

"The people preferred keeping a few milk-cows, being more productive than oxen, which were rarely met with, except one or two, fattened up to a large size, on purpose to be killed on the visit of a neighbouring Sultan, or to celebrate some success in war. After the cattle have been brought in at night, a quantity of rubbish is allowed to smoke and smoulder in the centre of the fold. It was amusing to watch how each animal took up its nightly position, never altering it, and thoroughly enjoying the smoke, which prevented them from being annoyed by insects. The sheep were very stupid-looking animals, small, and wanting in rotundity.

"We had daily visits from the women of the country, who came in parties. They were copper-coloured, and flat featured, and wore round their necks a profusion of pendent bead necklaces, of the colour of the mountain-ash berry; their ankles were concealed with masses of wire rings. For hours they sat silently before us, smoking, nursing, and shampooing the limbs and necks of their infants; some wore the heavy cloth of the country, others had soiled robes of calico. Young girls, many of them with pleasing faces, and plump round figures, wore merely a diminutive cloth about their loins, and infants had a fringe of beads. . . . We saw some decidedly handsome girls on this route: their men attend upon cattle exclusively, while they stay at home doing household work, cooking, coquetting, and showing off their beautiful feet and ankles. Two, in the bloom of youth, sat by us, with their arms most affectionately twined round each other's necks. The arms were at once dropped, exposing their beautiful necks and busts, quite models for a 'Greek Slave.' Their woolly hair was combed out, and raised up from the forehead and over the ears by a broad band, made from the skin of a milk-white cow; this contrasted strikingly with their beautiful light copper skins."

When Mr. Stanley arrived at his next camping ground—Mkwenkwe—he found that his attendants, who had gone before to make preparations, had deserted in a body, and returned to Kwihara. To make matters worse, he was suffering from fever. The awkward position in which he found himself roused his indomitable pluck, and enabled him to throw off the fever which oppressed him; and the men who stood true to him having collected the scattered fugitives, after a couple of days' rest he continued his march. After reaching Kasegera, two of his followers deserted. When brought back, he had them tied up and flogged, and then fastened them together with a chain. This mode of treatment he found to be quite successful in quelling insubordination. He says in regard to it: "I was determined to try a new method, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before my eyes; and I am happy to say to-day, for the benefit of all future travellers, that it is the best method yet adopted, and that I will never tread in Africa again without a good long chain." A few days after this, Shaw the Englishman broke down, partly from illness and partly from fear, and was sent back to Unyanyembe.

The following extract gives a graphic picture of the country he was marching through:—"We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy, undulating waves, the land stretched before us—the new land which no European knew—the unknown mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another, is one of the most disheartening which can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, were the lengthy rectilinear ridges clad in the same garb—woods, woods, woods; forests, leafy branches, green and yellow, and dark-red and purple; then an undefinable ocean, bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all round shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest, higher than their neighbours, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest, and the same horizon, day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove, from wandering over a world without a halting-place, they return wearied with the search."

At Ugunda Mr. Stanley had an interview with a friendly chief, Mamanyara, "a tall, stalwart man, with a pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati round his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country. Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked, and as quickly answered; and the ice being broken, the chief being as candid as I was myself, he grasped my forefinger and middle

fingers, and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifle were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his were, would task my powers. The chief roared with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger; he clasped their fore and middle fingers, vowed that the Masungu (white man) was a wonder, a marvel, and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it before? 'No,' as solemnly as before. Is he not a wonder? Quite a wonder—positively a wonder."

Pushing onwards, he made the acquaintance of the honey bird, and while in timbered country never lacked the agreeable addition of honey to their meals. The honey bird "is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren. When it sees a human being it becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips and flies from branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird hopping about, and hears its sweet call, 'Sweet—Sweet—Sweet!' If he is a Wokonongo (a native tribe given to honey-hunting), he follows it. Away flies the bird on to another tree; then springs to another branch nearer to the begging man, as if to say, 'Shall I—must I come and fetch you?' Another, assured by the advance of its friend, rushes off to another tree, coquets about, and sweets his call rapidly—sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding the traveller for being so slow; and so on, until at last the treasure is found and secured. As the honey bird is a very busy little animal, while the man secures his treasure of honey, he holds himself ready for another flight, and to discover another treasure."

The following illustrates the trouble he had in maintaining discipline among his own followers. A man of less courage and nerve must either have laid down his life there and then, or have been compelled to abandon the expedition for a time, if not for altogether. Three hours' journey from the banks of the Gombe, where they had rested for three days, his men halted, and refused to proceed. The rapid marching was beginning to tell upon them, and they wished to remain encamped several days, where, from the quantity of game about, they could rest and enjoy abundance. Ever since he had left Kwihara, Stanley had been possessed by a feverish eagerness to push forward, and was in consequence in no mood to submit to any needless detention. We will let him tell what happened in his own words:—

"As I was walking up to see what was the matter, I saw the guide and his brother sitting on an ant-hill, apart from the other people, fingering their guns in what appeared to be a most suspicious manner. Calling Selim, I took the double-barrelled smooth-bore, and slipped in two charges of buckshot, and then walked on to my people, keeping an eye, however, upon the guide and his brother. I asked Bombay to give me an explanation of the stoppage. He would not answer, though he mumbled something sullenly, which was unintelligible to me. I looked on the other people, and perceived that they acted

in an irresolute manner, as if they feared to take my part, or were of the same mood as the party on the ant-hill. I was but thirty paces from the guide, and throwing the barrel of the gun into the hollow of my left hand, I presented it cocked at the guide, and called out to him, if he did not come to me at once I would shoot him, giving him and his companions to understand that I had twenty-four small bullets in the gun, and that I could blow them to pieces. In a very reluctant manner they advanced towards me. When they were sufficiently near I ordered them to halt; but the guide, as he did so, brought his gun to the present, with his finger on the trigger, and, with a treacherous and cunning smile, which I perfectly understood, he asked what I wanted of him. His companion, while he was speaking, was sidling to my rear, and was impudently engaged in filling the pan of his musket with powder; but a threat to finish him if he did not go back to his companion, and there stand till I gave him permission to move, compelled this villainous Thersite to execute the 'right about' with a promptitude which caused commendation from me. Then facing my Ajax of a guide with my gun, I next requested him to lower his gun if he did not wish to receive the contents of mine in his head; and I do not know but what the terrible catastrophe, warranted by stern necessity, had occurred then and there, if Mabruki (bull-headed Mabruki, but my faithful porter and faithfullest soldier) had not dashed the man's gun aside, asking him how he dared level his gun at his master, and then throwing himself at my feet, prayed me to forgive him. . . . When Mabruki's prayer for forgiveness was seconded by that of the principal culprit that I would overlook his offence, I was able to act as became a prudent commander, though I felt some remorse that I had not availed myself of the opportunity to punish the guide and his companion as they eminently deserved. . . . However, as Bombay could not bend himself to ask forgiveness, I came to the conclusion that it were best he should be made to feel the penalty for stirring dissensions in the expedition, and be brought to look with a more amiable face upon the scheme of proceeding to Ujiji through Ukonongo and Ukawendi; and I at at once proceeded about it with such vigour, that Bombay's back will for as long a time bear traces of the punishment which I administered to him, as his front teeth do of that which Speke (he had been a servant of Speke's) rightfully bestowed on him some eleven years ago."

After a time the character of the scenery changed, and this, together with rapid movement, and the almost certainty that Lake Tanganyika would be speedily reached, had the effect of raising the spirits of every member of the expedition. This is his description of the country within fourteen days of the great lake, on whose shore he hoped to find the object of his search:—

"Here and there were upheaved above the tree-tops sugar-loaf hills; and darkly blue, west of us, loomed a noble ridge of hills, which formed the boundary between Kamiramba's territory and that of Utendi. Elephant tracks

became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mivara, with its lengthy slope slowly declining westward, the vegetation became more varied, and the outlines of the land before us more picturesque. We grew satiated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on the trees. There was the Mbember, with the taste of an over-ripe peach; the Tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in their flavour; the Matonga, or nux vomica, was welcome; and the luscious Singive, the plum of Africa, was most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked, long past their season, and beyond eating.

"Guinea-fowl, the moor-hen, ptarmigan, and ducks, supplied our tables; and often the hump of a buffalo, or an extravagant piece of venison, filled our camp-kettles. My health was firmly re-established. The faster we prosecuted our journey, the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one drawback to it all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy, Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water at the pools at which we had camped between Manyara and Mvera; but judicious attendance, and Dover's powders, brought the boy round again. After a halt of three days at this village for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly. . . Traversing a dense forest of young trees, we came to a plain dotted with acres of ant-hills. Their uniform height (about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to inundations. Beyond this plain about four miles we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight, after so many months spent by brackish pools."

Pushing onwards, their proximity to the Tanganyika lake was evident from the number of streams, all trending towards that goal of their hopes. The neighbourhood of these streams was thickly covered with brushwood, and the vicinity of these was dreaded by his followers, and not without cause. He says:—"The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard, lion, and wild boar, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys, while being driven to water along a narrow path edged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal's neck; and it would have made short work of it, had not its companions set up a braying chorus that might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to the limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath, and prowled about a well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful

clamour without intermission until morning. Towards daylight they retreated towards their leafy caverns, for—

'There the lion dwells—the Monarch,
Mightiest among the brutes;
There his right to reign supremest
Never one his claim disputes;
There he layeth down to slumber,
Having slain and ta'en his fill;
There he roameth, there he coucheth,
As it suits his lordly will.'

And few I believe would venture therein to dispute it. Not I, 'i faith,' when searching after Livingstone."

He has a different story to tell of the southern portion of the same region. He says: "The fairest portion of Californian scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests; now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well-watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the river; and behold exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque, and pretty—all within the scope of vision, whichever way one may turn. And, to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across three degrees of longitude, and nearly four of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.

"Ah me! what wild and ambitious projects fill a man's brain as he looks over the forgotten and unpeopled country, containing in its bosom such stores of wealth, and with such an expanse of fertile soil capable of sustaining millions! What a settlement one could have in this valley! See, it is broad enough to support a large population. Fancy a church spire where that tree rears its dark crown of foliage, and think how well a score or so of pretty cottages would look, instead of those thorn clumps and gum trees!

"Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle, and fields of corn spreading to the right and left of this stream! How much better would such a state of things become this valley, than the present deserted and wild aspect! But be hopeful; the day will come, and a future year will see it when happier lands have become crowded, and nations have become so overgrown, that they have no room to turn about. It really wants an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila, to lead their hosts to this land, which perhaps has been wisely reserved for such a time."

Leaving this unpeopled paradise behind them, the party had several weary days' march over a country as rocky and sterile as the Sierra Nevada, which, in its rocky hills, and dry, stony watercourses, reminded Mr. Stanley of the country round Magdala. Their provisions were all but exhausted,

and they were suffering from thirst, and foot-sore and weary, when they reached the village of a son of the chief of Uzogera, where they were hospitably entertained. From this point the country improved at every step, although many difficulties had yet to be overcome, the principal of which were the heavy tributes exacted by warlike chiefs for leave to pass through their territory. Mr. Stanley's account of a natural bridge, across which the expedition passed with safety, cannot fail to be interesting. "Fancy," he says, "a river as broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over with water-plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that, only a few yards higher up, an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves, and sixteen tusks of ivory, had been suddenly sunk for ever out of sight. As one-half of our column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side, and between each man; in one place like the swell of the sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled and undulated, one wave after another. As we all got on it, we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet, and a circular pool of water was formed. I expected every minute to see them sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without further accident. Arrived on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suited for agricultural settlements, or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, or a flat-topped rock on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen, and where the natives prided themselves on their security, and conducted themselves accordingly in an insolent and forward fashion, though I believe that with forty good rifles I could have made the fellows desert their country *en masse*. But a white traveller's motto in these lands is, do, dare, and endure; and those who have come out of Africa alive have generally to thank themselves for their prudence rather than their temerity."

At last their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the broad and swift Malagarazi, an influent of Lake Tanganyika. The goal was nearly won; a few days' march, and the mighty lake of Central Africa would be spread out before their gaze. The principal Sultan of Uvinza, the country bordering on the Malagarazi, was Kiala, the eldest son of Uzogera. The command of the

river gave him great power as a levier of black-mail from travellers passing through his country, which he used to the uttermost. After much higgling, Stanley had to give 92 yards of cloth for the privilege of passing through his country. The tribute for passing the river had still to be settled, and after a long and stormy discussion, this was arranged. "Finally," he says, "seven doti (28 yards of cloth) and ten pounds of Sam-Sami beads were agreed upon; after which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish, and deep. Yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming, rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for crocodiles—crocodiles cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself pelting them with two ounce balls, I made no effect upon their numbers.

"Two canoes discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river, when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which now commenced. About twenty or so of the chief's men had collected, and backed by them he became insolent. If it were worth while to commence a struggle for two or three more doti of cloth, the mere firing of one revolver at such close quarters would have settled the day; but I could not induce myself to believe it was the best way of proceeding, taking in view the object of our expedition. And accordingly, this extra demand was settled at once with as much amiability as I could muster; but I warned him not to repeat it; and to prevent him from doing so, ordered a man to each canoe, and to be seated there with a loaded gun in each man's hand. After this little episode we got on very well until the men, excepting two, besides Bombay and myself, were safe on the other side. . . . We then drove a donkey into the river, having first tied a strong halter to his neck; but he had hardly reached the middle of the river when a crocodile beneath seized him by the neck and dragged him under, after several frantic but ineffectual endeavours to draw him ashore. A sadness stole over all, after witnessing this scene; and as the shades of night had now drawn around us, and had tinged the river to a black, dismal colour, it was with a feeling of relief that the fatal stream was crossed, and we all set foot ashore."

More and yet more pillage in name of tribute had the party to undergo. After paying tribute to the chief of Kawanga, the party marched forward cheerfully, when they were overtaken by a party, who demanded why they attempted to pass without paying the tribute to the King of Ubha. In their innocence they thought they had settled with him when they satisfied his subordinate Kawanga. Mionvu, another subordinate of the King of Ubha, came up to them to receive his master's tribute.

"He was," says Mr Stanley, "robed most royally, after the fashion of

Central Africa, in a crimson cloth, arranged toga-like over his shoulder, and depending to his ankles; and a brand new piece of Massachusetts shirting folded around his head He greeted us graciously; he was the prince of politeness; shook hands first with myself, then with my head men, and cast a keen glance around, in order, as I thought, to measure our strength. Then seating himself, he spoke with deliberation, something in this style:—'Why does the white man stand in the road? The sun is hot, let him seek the shelter of my village, when we can arrange this little matter between us. Does he not know that there is a king in Ubha, and that I, Mionvu, am his servant? It is a custom with us to make friends with great men, such as the white man. All Arabs and Wanguana stop here, and give us cloth. Does the white man mean to go on without paying? Why should he desire war? I know he is stronger than we are here; his men have guns, and we have but spears and arrows; but Ubha is large, and has plenty of people. The children of the king are many. If he comes to be a friend to us, he will come to our village, give us something, and then go his way.'

"The armed warriors around applauded the speech of Miovnu, because it spoke the feelings with which they viewed our bales. Certain am I, though, that one portion of his speech—that which related to our being stronger than the Ubha—was an untruth, and that he knew it, and that he only wished we would start hostilities, in order that he might have good reason for seizing the whole. It is not new to you, of course, if you have read this letter through, to find that the representative of the *Herald* was held of small account here, and never one did I see who would care a bead for anything that you would ever publish against him; so the next time you want me to enter Africa, I only hope you will think it worth while to send 100 good men from the *Herald* office to punish this audacious Mionvu, who neither fears the *New York Herald* nor the 'Star Spangled Banner.'

"I submitted to Mionvu's proposition, and went with him to his village, when he fleeced me to his heart's content. His demand, which he adhered to like a man who knew what he was about, was one good bale of cloth, apportioned between the king, himself, his wife, three of his chief men, and his son, a little boy. I went to bed that night like a man on the verge of ruin. However, Mionvu said we would have to pay no more in Ubha. Notwithstanding this, a brother of Mionvu's levied black mail on the traveller at a village further to the west, and further exactions were eluded by starting in the middle of the night, and keeping clear of the villages."

At last they are at "the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi (a native tribe) said we would obtain a view of Lake Tanganyika. . . . On arriving at the top, we beheld it at last from the spot whence probably Burton and Speke looked at it, 'the one in a half-paralyzed state, the other almost blind.' Indeed, I was placed at the right, and as we

descended, it opened more and more into view, until it was revealed at last into a great inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south, without bounds, a grey expanse of water."

After feasting their eyes on this longed-for prospect, they hurry on with eager footsteps. "From the western base of the hill there was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly—the hours seemed to have been quarters—we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long in the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward receded, and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Liuche, and its thick belt of matete grass; we had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, etc; and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet, was directly beneath us.

"We are now about descending. In a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where lives, we imagine, the object of our search. Our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming—least of all do they know we are so close to them; if any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe, they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise; for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other but a crazy white man, whom Sheikh, the son of Nasib, is going to report to Syed or Prince Binghas, for not taking his advice."

The supreme moment had come at last; the American flag is flung out to the breeze; muskets are loaded and fired off in hot haste to rouse the little town of Ujiji, which as yet knew nothing of the strange and unexpected visitors now at its gates. "The flags are fluttered—the banner of America is in front, waving joyfully—the guide is in the zenith of his glory—the former residents of Zanzibar will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may, as to what it means. Never were the stars and stripes so beautiful to my mind, the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill wild clangour of it is far and wide, and still the muskets tell the noisy seconds. . . The natives of Ujiji, . . and I know not where else, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means, this fusillading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos (how do you do's) shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hand and ask anxiously where I come from. But I have no patience with them—the expedition goes far too slow; I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled? Suddenly a man, a black man at my elbow, shouts in

English, 'How do you do, sir?' 'Hallo, who the deuce are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions, he is running like a madman towards the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands, without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a great triumphal procession. As we move, they move; all eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt, the journey is ended for a time, but I alone have a few more steps to take. There is a group of the most respectable Arabs; and as I come nearer, I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it; his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth; and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' and he says, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji—Expedition to the Rusizi—Lake Tanganyika, and Tribes on its shores—Livingstone and Stanley arrive at Unyanyembe—Mr. Stanley bids the great Traveller farewell—Memoir of Mr. Stanley, etc., etc.

THE following description of Dr. Livingstone, as he appeared to Mr. Stanley at Ujiji, has additional interest for us, now that its subject has passed away to the land of shadows He says:—"Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome with a most unpretending binding. Within, the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus, outside Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the mobility of prime age, just enough to show that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very gray. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with gray over the temples; otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone show indications of being worn out; the hard fare of Louda and Manajenia have made havoc in their rows. His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking, he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round visor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally. "Of the inner man, much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself bit by bit to the stranger, a great many favourable points present themselves, any of which, taken singly, might dispose a man well towards him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and, though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he

would defer reading until night; for the moment he would enjoy the astonishment which the European caused him, and any general world news I could communicate."

" . . . . The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone, which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure; but what he had was mine and his. The wan features, which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and stooping shoulders, belied the man. Underneath that aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter; the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Varden, and Gordon Cumming, were always the chief actors. 'You have brought me new life,' he said several times, so that I was not sure but there was some little hysteria in this jovialty and abundant animal spirits; but as I found it continued during several weeks, I am now disposed to think it natural. . . . Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man, a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with owning all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome, and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmans even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man, and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and has made him—to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

"I have been frequently ashamed of my impatience while listening to his mild rebuke of a dishonest lazy servant; whereas had the servant been mine, his dishonesty or laziness had surely been visited with prompt punishment I have ofter heard our servants discuss our respective merits.

'Your master,' say my servants to those of Livingstone, 'is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours—oh! he is sharp—hot as fire.' From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon his first arrival at Ujiji, through his uniform kindness and mild pleasant temper, he has now won all hearts. I perceived that unusual respect was paid to him by all. . . . Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ear insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately, viz. natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention."

Dr. Livingstone having expressed his determination not to return to England until he had completed his task, Mr. Stanley asked him why he had come so far back without finishing the short task he had to do.

"Simply," said he, "because I was forced. My men would not budge a step forward. They mutinied, and passed a secret resolution, if I still insisted in going on, to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me; in which case I should have been killed. It was dangerous to go any further. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their water into the central line of drainage, and when about starting to explore the last hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body."

After the Arabs had left Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley together, the latter says, "Said bin Majid, and a curried chicken, was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession; and as fast as they were brought we set to. I had a healthy sublime digestion—the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order; but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, he kept repeating, 'You have brought me knew life. You have brought me new life.'

"'Oh, by jingo!' I said, 'I have forgotten something. Hasten Selim, and bring that bottle; you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped, would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it." Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and

handing the Doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said:—

"'Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, Sir.' 'And to yours,' he responded, smilingly.

"And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drunk with hearty good wishes to each other.

"But we kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was being brought to us all that afternoon; and we kept on eating each time it was brought, and until I had eaten even to repletion, and the Doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Halimah, the female cook of the Doctor's establishment, was in the state of the greatest excitement. . . She was afraid the Doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abilities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten, and she was in a state of delightful excitement. We could hear the tongue rolling off a tremendous volume of clatter to the wondering crowds who halted before the kitchen to hear the current of news with which she edified them. Poor faithful soul! While we listened to the noise of her furious gossip, the Doctor related her faithful services; and the terrible anxiety she evinced when the guns first announced the arrival of another white man in Ujiji; how she had been flying about in a state of the utmost excitement, from the kitchen into his presence, and out again into the square, asking all sorts of questions; how she was in despair at the scantiness of the general larder and treasury of the strange household; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man. 'Why,' said she, 'is he not one of us? does he not bring plenty of cloths and beads? Talk about Arabs? Who are they that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!'

"The Doctor and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles, and his disappointments upon his arrival in Ujiji, when told that all his goods had been sold, and he was reduced to poverty. He had but twenty cloths or so left of the stock he had deposited with the man called Sherif, the half caste, drunken tailor, who was sent by the consul in charge of the goods. Besides what he had been suffering from an attack of dysentery, his condition was most deplorable. He was but little improved on this day, though he had eaten well, and already began to feel stronger and better."

Mr. Stanley stayed with Livingstone for a considerable period; and before they left for Unyanyembe, at which place Dr. Livingstone was to await stores and assistance from Zanzibar, they set off for the head of the Tanganyika to settle the question as to whether the Rusizi is an influent or effluent of the lake—a question which was greatly exciting the minds of Geographers at home.

"It took us," says Mr. Stanley, "ten days' hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a distance of nearly 100 geographical miles from Ujiji; the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Urundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward; the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearance impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks which rise abruptly out of the lake, a most wonderful scene would be presented to us We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from 5000 to 7000 feet deep, with the large island Ubwari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it, for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is nearly 3000 feet deep. . . . Only two miles from shore I sounded, and although I let down 620 feet of line I found no bottom. Livingstone sounded when crossing the Tanganyika from the westward, and found no bottom with 1800 feet of line. The mountains around the northern half of the Tanganyika fold around so close, with no avenue whatever for the escape of waters, save narrow valleys and ravines which admit rivers and streams into the lake, that were it possible to force the water into a higher altitude of 500 feet above its present level, its dimensions would not be increased considerably. The valley of the Malagarazi would then be a narrow deep arm of the lake, and the Rusizi would be a northern arm, crooked and tortuous, of sixty or seventy miles in length.

"The evening before we saw the Rusizi, a freed man of Zanzibar was asked which way the river ran—out of the lake or into it? The man swore that he had been on the river but the day before, and that it ran out of the lake. Here was an announcement calculated to shake the most sceptical. I thought the news to good to be true. I should certainly have preferred that the river ran out of the lake into either the Victoria or the Albert. The night we heard this announcement made so earnestly, Livingstone and myself sat up very late, speculating as to where it went. We resolved, if it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza, to proceed with it to the lake, and then strike south to Unyanyembe, and if it flowed into the Albert lake, to proceed into the Albert lake and cruise all around it, in the hope of meeting Baker.

"As there was war between the rival tribes inhabiting the banks of the Rusizi, the King Mokamba advised us to proceed to his brother's village in Mugihewa by night, which was situated about 800 yards from the river, on the right bank. Just after dark we started, and in the morning we arrived at Mugihewa. After a cup of coffee we manned our canoe, and having prepared our guns we started for the mouth of the river. In about fifteen minutes we were entering a little bay about a mile wide, and saw before us to the north a dense brake of papyrus and match cane.

"Until we were close to this brake we could not detect the slightest

opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldly up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was, vanished at once and for ever before that strong brown flood, which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should ever be able to ascend; but after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling, the river broadened, and a little higher up we saw it widen into lagoons on either side."

Several times the party were in considerable danger from the attacks of the numerous inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Mr. Stanley had a slight attack of fever, and during its continuance Dr. Livingstone nursed him with great care. An amusing incident happened at Mukamba's town.

"Susi, the Doctor's servant, got gloriously drunk, from the chief's liberal and profuse gifts of *pombi*. Just at dawn, next morning, I was awakened by hearing several sharp crack-like sounds. I listened, and found the noise was in our hut. It was caused by the Doctor, who, towards midnight, had felt some one come and lie down by his side on the same bed, and, thinking it was me, he had kindly made room, and laid down on the edge of the bed. But in the morning feeling rather cold, he had been thoroughly awakened, and, on rising on his elbow to see who his bedfellow was, he discovered, to his great astonishment, that it was no other than his black servant, Susi, who taking possession of his blankets, and folding them about himself most selfishly, was occupying almost the whole bed. The Doctor, with that gentleness characteristic of him, instead of taking the rod, had contented himself with slapping Susi on the back, saying, 'Get up, Susi, will you? You are in my bed. How dare you, Susi, get drunk in this way, after I have told you so often not to do so; get up.' 'You won't? Take that, and that, and that.' Still Susi slept and grunted; so the slapping continued, until even Susi's thick hide began to feel it, and he was thoroughly awakened to the sense of his want of devotion and sympathy for his master, in the usurping of even his master's bed. Susi looked very much crestfallen after this *expose* of his infirmity before the 'little master,' as I was called."

One of the questions left for Livingstone to settle was the outlet from Tanganyika, and whether it is or is not connected with the Nile drainage by some other channel.

Dr Livingstone and Mr. Stanley reached Ujiji on the 13th of December, and after making the necessary preparations, they started for Unyanyembe.

The Tanganyika Lake was first seen by European eyes in 1858, when Captains Burton and Speke looked down upon it from the heights above Ujiji. After a terrible journey from Unyanyembe, Captain Speke was nearly blind, and Captain Burton was so weak from fever and paralysis that for

several days he had been carried in a hammock. For three hundred years the existence of this great lake had been known, and various guesses had been made as to the course of its effluent waters. In some maps it was laid down as having a connection with the Nyassa lake; in others it figured as the head-waters of the Congo or the Nile—although Livingstone, Stanley, and Captain Grant, have visited it since the date of Captain Burton's visit, and the direction of its outflow is as great a mystery as ever. As its waters are sweet it must have an outlet somewhere, and in all likelihood they find an exit by a rent in the mountains, similar to that through which Livingstone saw the Lualaba escaping from Lake Moero, through the mountains of Rua. Captain Burton inclines to the belief that it has no effluent. He says:—

"A careful investigation and comparison of statements leads to the belief that the Tanganyika receives and absorbs the whole river system—a net-work of streams, nullahs, and torrents—of that portion of the Central African depression, whose water-shed converges towards the great reservoir. Geographers will doubt that such a mass, situated at so considerable an altitude, can maintain its level without an effluent. Moreover, the freshness of the water would, under normal circumstances, augur the escape of saline matter washed down by the influents from the area of drainage. But may not the Tanganyika, situated, like the Dead Sea, as a reservoir for supplying with humidity the winds which have parted with their moisture in the barren and arid regions of the south, maintain its level by the exact balance of supply and evaporation?* And may not the saline particles deposited in its waters be wanting in some constituent which renders them evident to the taste.

"As in Zanzibar, there is little variety of temperature upon the Tanganyika. The violent easterly gales, which, pouring down from the cold heights of Usagara, acquire impetus sufficient to carry the current over Ugogo, Unyamwezi, and Uvinza, are here less sharply defined. The periodical winds over the latter—regular, but not permanent—are the south-east and the south-west, which also bring up the foulest weather. The land and sea breezes are felt almost as distinctly as upon the shores of the Indian Ocean. The breath of the morning, called by the Arabs *el barad*, or the zephyr, sets in from the north. During the day, are light variable breezes, which often subside, when the weather is not stormy, into calms. In the evenings, a light afflatus comes up from the lake. Throughout the dry season the lake becomes a wind trap, and a heavy ground-sea rolls toward the shore. In the rains there is less sea, but accidents occur from sudden and violent storms, which are preluded, as about Zanzibar, by sudden gusts of cold and rainy wind. The mountainous breakers of Arab and native informants were not seen; indeed, with a

* Dr Livingstone has demonstrated that there is no desert to the south nearer than the Kalahari Desert, nearly a couple of thousand miles to the south, so that this theory falls to the ground.

depth of three feet from ridge to dell, a wave would swamp the largest laden canoe. Wind currents appear common. In a few hours a stream will be traversed setting strongly to the east, and crossed by a southerly or south-westerly current. High gales in certain localities, when the waves set upon a flat, flush shore, drive the waves from fifteen to twenty feet beyond the normal mark. This circumstance may partly explain the Arab belief in a regular ebb and flow, which they maintain has been observed in the Tanganyika and Nyassa lakes, and which Mr. Anderson believes to exist in lake Ngami. A mass of waters so large must be, to a certain extent, subject to tidal influences; but the narrowness of the bed from west to east would render this effect almost unobservable.

"The navigation of Tanganyika is as yet undeveloped. It has neither quay nor jetty, except strips of sand; nor harbours, save shallow bays, or dwarf creeks, winding through hedges of stiff rush. In former times the Arabs built sailing vessels, bought gangs of slaves, and trained them to row instead of paddling. In 1858, there remained but one dhow, or small quarter-decked sailing-craft, capable of carrying about fifty men; it belonged to an Arab merchant, Hamid bin Sulyman, who, professing willingness to let it for a voyage, nullified his concession by removing the crew. The native boats are long, narrow canoes, rudely hollowed with the axe—the application of fire being unknown—in fact, mere logs of mvule, or some other large tree. The most considerable are composed of three parts—clumsy, mis-shapen planks, forming, when placed side by side, a keel and two gunwales, the latter fastened to the centre-piece by cords of palm-fibre passing through lines of holes. The want of caulking causes excessive leakage. The cry Senga!—bale out!—rarely ceases, and the irregular hollowing of the tree-trunks makes them lie lopsided in the water. These vessels have neither masts nor sails; an iron ring, fixed in the stern, is intended for a rudder, which, however, seldom appears except in the canoes of the Arabs, and a flag-staff, or a fishing-rod, projects from the bow. Layers of palm-ribs are strewed over the interior, to raise the cargo—which is often of salt—above the bilge-water. The crew sit upon narrow benches, extending across the canoe, and fastened with cords to holes in the two side-pieces; upon each bench, despite the narrowness of the craft, two place themselves side by side. The stout, stiff mats used for hutting and bedding, are spread for comfort upon the seats; and for convenience of paddling, the sailors, when at work, incline their bodies over the sides. In the centre there is a square place about six feet long, kept clear of benches; here also cargo is stored, passengers, cattle, and slaves are carried, the paddles, gourds, and other furniture of the crew, are thrown. It is often ankle-deep in water, and affords no convenience for leaning or lying down. The most comfortable place, therefore, is near the stern or bow of the boat. The spears are planted upright at one or two corners of the hold,

so as to be ready at a moment's notice; each man usually has his dagger stuck in his belt, and on long trips, all are provided with bows and arrows. These Africans cannot row. The paddle in the Tanganyika is a stout staff, about six feet long, and cut out at the top to admit a trefoil-shaped block the size of a man's hand. The block is adorned with black paint, in triangular patches. It is tied to the staff by a bit of whipcord, and it seldom lasts a day without breaking. The paddler, placing his hand on the top, and the other about the middle of the staff, scoops up, as it were, the water in front of him, steadying his paddle by drawing it along the side of the canoe. It is a laborious occupation, and an excessive waste of power.

"The Lake people derive their modern practice of navigation, doubtless, from days of old; the earliest accounts of the Portuguese mention the traffic of this inland sea. They have three principal beats from Ujiji: the northern abuts at the ivory and slave marts of Uvira; the western conducts to the opposite shores of the lake, and the island depots on the south-west; and the southern leads to the land of Marungu. Their canoes creep along the shores like the hollowed elder-trees of thirty bygone centuries, and, waiting till the weather augurs fairly, they make a desperate push for the other side. Nothing but their extreme timidity, except when emboldened by the prospect of a speedy return home, preserves their cranky craft from constant accidents. The Arabs, warned by the past, prefer the certain loss incurred, by deputing, for trading purposes, agents and slaves, to personal risk. A storm upon the lake, especially on one of the portentous evenings of the tropics, is indeed deeply impressive. The wind is hushed, and the air feels sultry and stifling, while low mutterings from the sable cloud-banks lying upon the horizon, cut by light masses of mist in a long unbroken line, or from the black arch rising above the Acroceraunian hills, at times disturb the death-like stillness. Presently, as the shades deepen, a cold gust of wind—the invariable presage of a storm—pours through the vast of night; lightning flashes—at first by intervals, then incessantly, with its accompaniment of reverberating thunder; now a loud lumbering roll, like the booming of heavy batteries, then deepening into a crash, which is followed after an interval by a rattling discharge, like the sharp pattering of musketry. The waves begin to rise; the rain—descending at first by warning drops, presently in torrents—blinds the crew; and if the wind increases, there is little chance of the frail canoe living through the short chopping sea. In addition to the dangers of the deep, the maritime tribes are, or are supposed to be, ever planning ambuscades against the boats touching at their land, and the sight of a few woolly heads in the bush causes the crew to rise precipitately from food or sleep, to rush headlong to their canoes, without caring what may be left behind, and to put out to sea beyond the reach of a flight of arrows.

"A voyage upon the Tanganyika begins with all the difficulties and delays

of African locomotion. When the boat is hired, the crew must be collected, and paid, rationed, and kept together. This is no easy task, as each man is thinking solely of his own affairs, disdaining the slighest regard for the wishes, the comfort, or the advantage of his employer. The cargo must then be placed on board, and the canoe moved to its original place—to a point of known departure, otherwise no man can be persuaded to embark. The expedition sets out in a kind of procession; the captain, dressed in his best dress, heads the sailors, who are followed by their loud-voiced wives, performing upon the rudest musical instruments. Of these the most noisy is a kind of shawm, (a short tube of wood, bound with palm-fibre, and opening like a clarionet): a distressing bray is kept up through a hole pierced in the side. The most monotonous is a pair of foolscap-shaped cones of thin iron, joined at the apices, and connected at the bases by a solid cross-bar. This rude tom-tom is performed upon with painful perseverance by a stick muffled with cloth or skin. After embarkation, the canoe must be paddled out for a mile, to ascertain the proper quantum of cargo and crew, an exertion followed by fresh delays for victualling, taking leave, settling disputes, hard drinking, and driving deserters. The first stage is short enough to admit of the scene being encored. Finally, when the weather is perfectly calm, and no pretext nor desire for further detention remains, the crew scramble into the canoes, and, with the usual hubbub and strife—order which no man obeys, and advice which no man takes—they pole off and paddle along the shore.

"The Wajiji, and, indeed, all these races, never work silently or regularly. A long monotonous howl, broken occasionally by a scream of delight from the boys, or by the bray and clang of the instruments, lasts throughout the trip, except when extreme terror induces a general silence. They row in "spurts," applying vigorously to their paddling, till the perspiration pours down their sooty persons, and splashing the water in streams over the canoe: after a few minutes, fatigued and breathless, they either stop to quarrel, or they progress languidly till recruited for another effort. When two boats are together they race continuously, till a bump, and the consequent difficulty of using the paddles, afford an opportunity for a little chatter and abuse. At times they halt to eat, drink, or smoke; the bhang pipe is produced after every hour, and the paddles are taken in whilst they indulge in the usual screaming whooping cough. They will not allow questions to be asked, or scraps of provisions to be thrown overboard; moreover, it is a mortal sin to chip or to break off the smallest bit of even a worn-out boat drawn up on the sands. They will lose half an hour, when time is most precious, to secure a dead fish, as, entangled, in its net, it floats past the canoe. They never pass a village or a settlement without a dispute—some wishing to land, and the others objecting because that some wish it. The captain, seated either in the fore or in the stern, has no authority; and if the canoe is allowed to touch the shore, half

the crew spring out, without an idea of consulting anything but their own convenience. Obeying only impulse, and being wholly deficient in order or arrangement, they make the voyage as uncomfortable as possible. They have no regular stages, and no fixed halting times; they will waste a fine cool morning, and pull through the heat of the day, and doze throughout the day, and at the cry of *Pakira Baba !*—(pack up, hearties!)—they will rush into their canoes after midnight. Outward bound, they seem to seek opportunities for delay; homeward, they hurry with precipitous haste. Arrived at their destination, there is a general concert—vocal and instrumental, while the captains perform a solemn and bear-like dance upon the mat-covered benches—the apology for a quarter-deck; and when touching at places where they have friends, the crews rattle their paddles against the canoe sides, in token of greeting; an imitation, probably, of the ceremonious address which is performed by knocking the elbows against the ribs. Finally, the voyage concluded, they enter their homes by daylight with much pomp and ceremony, noise, and jollity, and are not sober for the next fortnight.

"The Lakists generally are an almost amphibious race, excellent divers, strong swimmers, and fishermen. At times, when excited by the morning coolness and by the prospect of a good haul, they indulge in a manner of merriment, which resembles the gambols of sportive water-fowls: standing upright, and balancing themselves on their hollow logs, which appear but little longer than themselves, they strike the water furiously with their paddles, skimming over the surface, dashing to and fro, splashing one another, urging forward, backing and wheeling their craft, now capsizing, then regaining their position with wonderful dexterity. They make coarse hooks, and have many varieties of nets and creels. Conspicuous on the waters, and in the villages, is the Dewa, or 'otter' of Oman, a triangle of stout reeds, which shows the position of the net. A stronger variety, and used for the larger ground-fish, is a cage of open basket-work, provided, like the former, with a bait and two entrances. The fish once entangled cannot escape, and a log of wood, used as a 'trimmer,' attached to a float of rushy plants, directs the fisherman. The heaviest fish are caught by a rope-net, weighted and thrown out between two boats. They have circular frames of lath, meshed in with a knot somewhat different from that generally used in Europe; the smaller kind is thrown from the boat by a single man, who follows it into the water—the larger, which reaches six feet in diameter, is lowered from the bow by cords, and collects the fish attracted by the glaring torch fire. The Wajiji also make big and little drag nets, some let down in a circle by one or more canoes, the others managed by one or two fishermen, who, swimming at each end, draw it in when ready. They have diminutive purse-nets to catch small fry, hoops thrust into a long stick-handle, through the reed walls that line the shore; and by this simple contrivance the fish are caught in considerable quantities.

The common creel resembles the Khun of Western India, and is well-known even to the Bushmen of the South: it is a cone of open bamboo strips or supple twigs, placed lengthways, and bound in and out by strings of grass or tree fibre. It is closed at the top, and at the bottom there is a narrow aperture, with a diagonally-disposed entrance like that of a wire rat-trap, which prevents the fish escaping. It is placed upon its side with a bait, embanked with mud, reeds, or sand, and well answers the purpose for which it is intended. In Uzaramo, and near the coast, the people narcotise the fish with the juice of certain plants; about the Tanganyika the art appears unknown."*

There are many varieties of fish in the lake, but most of them are somewhat tasteless. One of the largest, which sometimes attains a length of five or six feet, is called the Mguhe, and is the most palatable of the whole. Another large fish is the Singa; it is scaleless, and has long fleshy feelers or cirri, standing out from its snout. This fish is much prized by the natives on account of its rich luscious fat. Two smaller varieties, known as the Mvoro and the Sanjale, are somewhat like mackarel in shape. Minnows of several kinds, a kind of eel, and a fresh water shrimp, are very abundant, and are largely captured and eaten. A fresh-water oyster, called Sinani, is eaten by the natives, but it is unpalatable to Europeans. The numerous islands on the lake are mostly all inhabited, although many of them are exceedingly unhealthy. The inhabitants of the lake district are a quarrelsome and warlike people, and it is owing to their hostility that the lake and its shores have never as yet been properly examined by any of the travellers who have visited it.

The lake, with its continuation Lake Liemba, is about three hundred miles in length, and its breadth at the widest part ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five miles, and it covers an area of nearly six thousand square miles. Captain Burton, in speaking of the water of the lake, says:—

"The waters of the Tanganyika appear deliciously sweet and pure, after the salt and bitter, the putrid and slimy produce of the wells, pits, and pools on the line of march. The people, however, who drink it willingly when afloat, prefer, when on shore, the little springs which bubble from its banks. They complain that it does not satisfy thirst, and they contrast it unfavourably with the waters of its rival Nyanza; it appears, moreover, to corrode metal and leather with exceptional power. The colour of the pure and transparent mass has apparently two normal varieties: a dull sea-green—never, however verdigris—coloured, as in the shoals of the Zanzibar seas, where the reflected blue of the atmosphere blends with the yellow of the sandy bottom—the other, a clear, soft azure, not deep and dark, like the ultramarine of the Mediterranean, but resembling the light and milky tints of tropical seas. Under a stormy wind the waves soon rise in yeasty lines, foaming up from a

* The reader will remember that Dr. Livingstone noticed the same practice on the Zambesi.

turbid greenish surface, and the aspect becomes menacing in the extreme. . . . Judging from the eye the walls of the basin of the lake rise in an almost continuous curtain, rarely waving and impacted, to from two to three thousand feet above the water-level. The bay is almost due north and south, and the form a long oval, widening in the central portions, and contracting systematically at both extremities."

The principal tribes in the lake region are the Wajiji, the Wavinza, the Wakaranga, the Watuta, the Wabuha, and the Wahha. We give Captain Burton's account of these tribes:—

"The Wajiji are a lively race of barbarians, far sturdier than the tribes to the eastward, with dark skins, plain features, and straight, strong limbs: they are larger and heavier men than the Wanyamwezi, and the type, as it approaches Central Africa, becomes rather negro than negroid. Their feet and hands are rather flat, their voices are harsh and strident, and their looks, as well as their manners, are independent even to insolence. The women, who are held in high repute, resemble, and often excel their masters in rudeness and violence: they think little of entering a stranger's hut in their cups and of snatching up and carrying away any article which excites their admiration. Many of both sexes and all ages are disfigured by the small-pox—the Arabs have vainly taught them inoculation; and there are few who are not affected by boils and various eruptions; there is also an inveterate pandemic itch which, according to their Arab visitors, results from a diet of putrid fish.

"The tribe is extensively tatooed, probably as a protection against the humid atmosphere and the chills of the Lake Region. Some of the chiefs have ghastly scars raised by fire, in addition to large patterns marked upon their persons—lines, circles, and rays of little cupping-cuts drawn down the back, the stomach and the arms, like the tatoo of the Wangindo tribe, near Kilwa. Both sexes like to appear dripping with oil; and they manifestly do not hold cleanliness to be a virtue. The head is sometimes shaved; rarely the hair is allowed to grow; the most fashionable *coiffure* is a mixure of the two; patches and beauty-spots of the most eccentric shapes—buttons, crescents, and galeated lines—being allowed to sprout either in the front, the sides, or the back of the head, from a carefully-scraped scalp. Women, as well as men, are fond of binding a wisp of white tree-fibre round their heads, like the ribbon which confines the European wig. There is not a trace of mustachio or whiskers in the country; they are removed by the tweezers, and the climate, according to the Arabs, is unfavourable to beards. For cosmetics, both sexes apply, when they can procure such luxuries, red earth to the face, and over the head a thick coating of chalk or mountain meal, which makes their blackness appear hideously grotesque.

"The chiefs wear expensive stuffs, checks and cottons, which they extract from passing caravans. Women of wealth affect the tobe or coast dress, and