missionary. The latter (Mr. Black) has been already secured and although he will not be ready for a year, his place could be temporarily supplied.

As to dangers and obstacles.—It is probable that those difficulties which are most anticipated will not occur, and that others not expected may possibly arise. Amongst the chief are those which will probably spring from the natural obstacles of the country and the climate.

Communication will at first be irregular. If all goes well, it will become easy and regular after a while. In regard of climate, fever undoubtedly prevails on the coast, and on the valleys it is deadly; on the highlands it will occur to some extent, but in much less degree.

As to natives, except from accident or mistake, all along the route indicated little danger need be apprehended on this account. The necessary transport of goods for the settlement will year by year be gradually lessening. Sugar, flour, and coffee, are three of the articles most constantly wanted. In three years they should be able to grow all their wheat; in five or six they might grow as much sugar and coffee as would serve for their own use, and all they would want of the former might be manufactured in a rude way by themselves, though they had nothing better than wooden rollers and a few pots.

If, by God's blessing on this undertaking, and the exercise of every care, success is obtained, the results will be of a most momentous kind. It would be difficult to calculate the effects of such a settlement in a country where at present so little moral or social influence of a healthy nature exists. The amount of this better influence depends, of course, on the wisdom, energy, and caution, with which the scheme is developed, and also on the material support which it can reckon on at home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lieutenant Cameron's Expedition to Lake Tanganyika—Discovery of the Lukuga, the long-looked for Outlet to the waters of the Lake—Lieutenant Grandy's Expedition to the Congo District—Recall on the Death of Livingstone.

ONE of the most interesting problems which remained to be solved in connection with African geography was the system to which Lake Tanganyika belongs. Since the discovery of this lake by Burton and Speke on the 13th February, 1858, the solution of this question has exercised the ingenuity of geographers, and has given rise to various conflicting theories. Captain Burton describes the lake as occupying a position on the western extremity of the eastern third of the breadth of Africa, and as lying parallel to the Inner African line of volcanic action. The general formation suggested to him the idea of a volcano of depression, not of a reservoir formed by the drainage of mountains. Judging from the eye, the walls of this Tanganyika basin rise in an almost continuous curtain to two thousand or three thousand feet, and its length is over three hundred miles, with a mean breadth of twenty miles. Burton found the water of the Tanganyika to be deliciously sweet; yet a careful investigation and comparison of statements, led him to the belief that the lake receives and absorbs the whole river system of that portion of the Central African depression whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir. Burton ascertained that the Rusizi flowed into the lake at the northern, and the Marungu at the southern extremity, while on the eastern side he had himself descended the incline for two hundred and forty miles, until he came to the shores of the lake, and had seen that the Malagarazi and other rivers flowed into it. He, therefore, conjectured that Tanganyika had no outlet, suggesting that it maintains its level by an exact balance of supply and evaporation, and that the freshness of its waters is accounted for by the saline particles deposited in them being wanting in some constituent which renders the salt evident to the taste. But the uncertainty gave rise to endless discussion, and the solution of the question was certainly one of the most important achievements which remained for future African explorers. Some geographers maintained that the Rusizi flowed out of the north end of the lake, and that consequently Tanganyika was the main source of the Nile. Others suggested that the outlet was from the eastern side, and that the Ruaha or Lufiji carried the waters of Lake Tanganyika to the Indian Ocean; while a third school contended that the lake had no outlet.

Dr. Livingstone added to the knowledge on the subject which we derive from Captain Burton's admirable work. But the health of the great Explorer was completely worn out when he reached the southern extremity of Tanganyika in April, 1867, and little reliance can be placed on his observations, as he says that his head was out of order at the time. He was then suffering from a severe attack of fever, and in November, 1871, he had lost all count of time. In March, 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake, at a time when he was again suffering from illness; and during the fourteen hours of March the 7th, making the voyage against a head wind, and most of the time in darkness, he appears to have passed that part of the coast where the outlet actually is. In November, 1871, he made a voyage to the northern end of the lake, and found that the mouth of the Rusizi is formed of three branches about twelve to fifteen yards broad, and six feet deep, with a strong current of two miles an hour. He ascertained that all the rivers round the northern end flowed into the lake, and thus confirmed Burton's original conclusions. Dr. Livingstone himself does not appear to have formed any definite opinion on the subject of Tanganyika hydrography. At Ujiji he observed that a current flowed northwards at the rate of nearly a mile an hour from February to November. Then evaporation is at its strongest, and the water begins to go gently south, until arrested by the flood from the great rains in February; so that there is a flow and reflow caused by rains and evaporation on the surface of a lake three hundred miles in length. At one time he seems to have thought there was no outlet, for he accounts for the sweetness of the water by the existence of this current flowing "through the middle of the lake lengthways." At another time he says that he has not the smallest doubt that the Tanganyika discharges somewhere, though he may not be able to find the outlet. The question was thus left in a complete state of uncertainty, and the larger portion of the lake was unsurveyed and unvisited, when Lieutenant Cameron reached its shores on the 21st February 1874, exactly sixteen years after their discovery by Captain Burton.

After a careful survey of the southern and unknown portion of the lake, the young Lieutenant proceeded to explore the western side, and at a distance of twenty-five miles to the south of the Kasenge Islands, visited by Speke and Livingstone, he discovered the river which forms the outlet to Lake Tanganyika on the 3d of May, 1874. This outlet, it appears, is called Lukugu, and had actually been passed by Livingstone, though in the night-time, which might account for his having somewhat hastily concluded that the waters flowed into, instead of out of, the lake. Lieutenant Cameron proceeded for about four or five miles along the stream, the current of which runs from one to two knots per hour, but further navigation was impeded by floating grass and large rushes. In a letter to Lord Derby, from Kawele, Ujiji, May 14, 1874, Lieutenant Cameron says:—"I think, from what I have heard from the Arabs here, that the Lualaba is the Congo. One important fact mentioned by my Arab informant requires looking into. He said he met no English merchants, although he heard of them and of our men-of-war, as all the white merchants he met traded in slaves. This, if true, would point to the Spanish and Portuguese merchants on the Congo. Of the vast importance to the trading community of England of the Congo and Lualaba proving one there is little for me to say, but I will glance over the principal articles of export. The Guinea palm extends, I believe, from the West Coast to here; india-rubber is abundant in Manyema; sem sem (from which much so-called olive-oil is extracted) grows well wherever cultivated; the castor-oil plant grows almost wild; ground nuts the same; copper and gold are found in Katanga; cotton grows well, and of to or three kinds; coffee is reported to grow wild; ivory, it is well known, mostly comes from this portion of Africa; there are many sorts of fibrous substances which might be exported with advantage, and the various millets and maize grow in such abundance that they would form a profitable export; rice also grows most luxuriantly wherever cultivated. The only obstacles to a free water communication of which I know are the Yellala Falls and the rapids on the Lualaba, a short way above the Nyangwe. The Lukuga is at present obstructed with grass, but a way might easily be cut through that. The trade at present is about here entirely in the hands of Arabs who, when in Manyema, live nearly entirely by plunder, and who take the wretched inhabitants as slaves to carry their ivory and other goods. The efforts of England will, I trust, be successful in putting down the slave-trade by sea; but at present they leave untouched an equally crying evil, the internal trade, which is rapidly depopulating vast districts. In going round the lake I was constantly shown places where villages had been, and when I asked where the former inhabitants were, invariably received the same, 'Killed, or carried off for slaves.' The price of a slave is only 5 dotis (20 yards) cf calico, while the hire of a passage is 5½ from Unyanyembe here, so that it is far cheaper to buy slaves than to hire porters, besides which no porters are obtainable in Manyema, and the whole trade there is carried on by means of slaves. The Arabs take with them a horde of Wagwana or free men, armed with muskets, and carry a few stores by means of domestic slaves, and the ivory, of which they obtain large quantities, is all brought by fresh-caught slaves to Ujiji. The numbers of Arabs settling in the country is constantly increasing, and they all have large numbers of slaves for domestic purposes, for cultivating their gardens, and for porters.

Many of those employed as porters only receive rations whilst on journeys, and when not travelling have to live by plunder. Of the relations between the various tribes there is little to be said; the agricultural people seldom make war on each other, unless they get mixed up with the quarrels of the Arabs, to any great extent; predatory tribes prey on all others indiscriminately, carrying off slaves, and murdering all who attempt to resist; the cattle they slaughter at once, and find a ready market for their slaves among the Arab traders and tribes with whom they are not actually warring. I am afraid that stopping the export of slaves, although it will diminish the evil in the districts around the Nyassa, from whence Kilwa draws its principal supplies, will only exacerbate it elsewhere by causing many now engaged in that trade to settle in the interior, where they will become slaveholders and traders afresh. In conclusion, let me add that, in my belief, this internal slave-trade will continue to increase until proper means of communication are opened up, and the country brought under the influence of civilisation and legitimate commerce."

Lieutenant Cameron has thus achieved the honour of solving one of the great African problems, which previous explorers had failed to solve, by his discovery of the long-looked for outlet, which all physical geographers had agreed must exist, as in no other way could the sweetness of the water be accounted for.

The further discovery of the course of the Congo will be the greatest achievement that remains to be done on that continent; for the difficulties are so serious that they can scarcely be exaggerated, and it will call forth qualities of no ordinary kind to surmount them. Cameron's first idea was to have obtained some light canoes, and to have followed down the outlet from its commencement. He subsequently appears to have determined to make direct for Nyangwe, across the Manyuema country, and to descend the great river from that point. He started from Ujiji on his lonely and chivalrous expedition, on the 20th of last May, and surely he will take the hearty good wishes of all true Englishmen with him. The undertaking will necessarily involve great expense, towards which the Council of the Royal Geographical Society has headed the Cameron Expedition Fund by a subscription of £500. Many other sympathisers have also come forward, and the amount already subscribed is £994, or, including the grant of the Council, £1,494.

Lieutenant Grandy, who, by the munificence of Mr. Young, of Kelly, was sent to try and meet Livingstone on the Congo, by penetrating from the West Coast by way of Ambriz and Bembe, has found greater difficulty of penetrating into the interior of the country by that route, and from his comparatively early recall on account of the death of Livingstone, he has been unable, apparently, to achieve any great geographical discovery. His opinion of the Congo is, that there are two main branches, the southern one draining Angola, and the northern one being apparently identical with the Lualaba.

The expedition under Lieutenant Grandy left Liverpool on the 3rd of November, 1872, arriving at Ambriz in February 1873, where considerable difficulty was experienced in securing the requisite number of carriers. On the 23rd of March after a journey of eleven days, they reached Bembe, where they were very kindly received by the chief, who gave up a portion of the barracks for the accommodation of the men, as well as a lock-up store for stowing away their cargoes. Bembe is the most advanced port of the Portuguese, and from its command of the roads to and from the interior, is of considerable importance. The fort is in a very dilapidated state, and a rumour prevailed that the Portuguese intended abandoning it. While at Bembe Lieutenant Grandy paid a visit to the copper mines, where there seems still to be a considerable amount of ore. In his published Journal, he says:—"Formerly they had an English manager here, and every requisite machinery, but the manager died, and the Company got into difficulties, and the whole plant was eventually destroyed by fire. There is a chief at Encoge, three days south of this place, through whom communication is kept up with Loanda. The place produces large quantities of good quality coffee, and fine sheep may also be obtained; but the climate, from the greater quantity of rain that falls, is much more unhealthy. . . Paid a visit to the caves, which are in the same valley as the mines, but a mile further to the south-eastward: they are very interesting, and the rocks from which they have been scooped form a strange feature amongst the surrounding soil of slate and shale, being composed entirely of limestone. The entrance to the first cave is by a low, narrow passage, and having arrived at the end, you enter a circular vaulted chamber about thirty-five feet in diameter and forty feet high. Beyond this again is another chamber, nearly sixty feet in height, and also circular. In these caves, it is said, the natives deposited the copper ore they collected at the mines before the Portuguese took possession. Passing round to the right, after emerging from the first two chambers, you enter a second cave of greater extent, but not so singular in shape, the roof gradually sloping to the ground. We found some few specimens of malachite in the caves."

On Wednesday, the 8th March, Lieutenant Grandy left Bembe, and bade farewell to the chief, of whom he says:—"I was exceedingly sorrow at parting with the chief, who, in his kindness to our men and selves, has been almost as a brother. He pressed on me from his small store some rice, wine, bread, etc., and accompanied me to the first village, where he embraced me, and wished me Godspeed and good fortune. Our men, I am glad to state, fell in of their own free will, and one of them, acting as spokesman for the rest, thanked the chief for his great kindness to them. The chief seemed much moved at their gratitude, and said he had never known black men thankful before."

On the 15th of April, Lieutenant Grandy reached Congo, where he had an audience of the king, by whom he was received in great state, the old king sitting on a chair, under a huge state umbrella, habited in the uniform of a Portuguese lieutenant, and surrounded by his sons and principal chiefs. He expressed himself as being very much gratified at being visited by Englishmen—hoped that many more would follow, and ended with a cordial invitation to the party to make their home in his town, which Lieutenant Grandy describes as follows:—"Congo, or San Salvador of the Portuguese, is situated on an elevated plateau fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. It has formerly been an extensive fortified city, surrounded by a loopholed wall, averaging fifteen feet in height and three feet in thickness, portions of which are still standing. There are also the ruins of an old church or cathedral at the north-west portion of the town. The Portuguese held military occupation for some years, but abandoned it in 1870, and their forts and barracks are now ruins, completely overgrown with rank grass and shrubs. The town is supplied with water from a beautiful spring, which issues in three small streams from the clay soil half way down the plateau on the east side of the town. There are very few trees near the town; bananas, plantains, and fowls are plentiful and cheap, and the farms of beans, cassava, and ground-nuts are well kept. There are three markets weekly held near the town. The Congoese are great snuff-takers, are well clothed, and a great many speak Portuguese. They are dark coloured and of average height, but not muscular; indifferently armed with flint muskets and knives, and very fond of hunting. They make free use of the knife in their quarrels, not using it as a dagger, but giving long sweeping cuts across the back, breast, and stomach. They are habitually lazy. The women are decently clothed, modest and virtuous, and exceedingly industrious. They tend the farms, look after the house, and cook the meals, whilst the man sits quietly down and smokes his pipe. Polygamy is general in the country, and a man is accounted rich according to the number of his wives, who, as soon as married, select a piece of ground which they industriously farm, the produce being sold at the markets for beads, cloth, etc. The King of Congo has two nephews, and, by the laws of the country, one of them, who shall be the choice of the people, succeeds to the throne. Failing a nephew, the people elect a king themselves. The sons of the king do not in any way participate, nor are they entitled to any of his property; but during his lifetime he can appoint them to chiefships of towns in his kingdom as vacancies occur. The King of Congo commands the roads from the interior to the coast, and levies contributions on all 'chiboukas' of ivory. He was once a very powerful chief, and, being supported by the Portuguese, was much respected; but since they withdrew from Congo he has been gradually sinking to the level of other chiefs, and, although he keeps up an outward show of authority, he has very little power." Of the River Congo, Lieutenant Grandy observes:—"The Congo, which is one of the grandest rivers of the universe, and still awaits exploration, is navigable for steamers to a distance of one hundred and ten miles from its mouth, even in the dry season; it floods twice annually, the first and great rise taking place from 10th of September to the 23rd of December, the second from first week in March till nearly the end of June. In 1873 it only rose nine feet six inches with the first flooding, and two feet with the second. A very low run was expected at the end of August of this year, owing to the small quantity of rain which fell. There are hundreds of canoes on this river, some of them capable of carrying three tons of cargo. A very large trade in nuts and oil is carried on with them between Boma and the towns and markets above the factories. The natives are very skilful in the handling of their canoes, yet a great number of lives are lost annually through the swamping of their frail craft by whirlpools. They stand to paddle, singing the while. The large canoes have two men to steer, and six to paddle; they chose the early morning for descending the river when there is no wind. The fishermen use nets shaped like a spoon, and choose dark nights for their work, one man holding a lighted brand over the water, whilst the other dips up the fish attracted by the glare with the net."

Notwithstanding the professions of friendship by the King of Congo, he proved utterly powerless to secure a sufficient number of carriers to enable the party to prosecute their journey. Lieutenant Grandy says:—"I began to fear we never should get out of Congo; the disaffected people were constantly bringing in reports that chiefs whose towns we had to pass had sent word that they intended to fire upon and exterminate the whole party, and therefore carriers had better not come with us. These, and like stories, which it would be tedious to repeat, lost us a whole month of the best season of the year." After innumerable delays, and vexations enough to try the spirit of any Job, Lieutenant Grandy succeeded in collecting together a sufficient number of carriers, and, on the 21st June, he left Congo. Proceeding in a northerly direction, he passed through several inconsiderable towns and villages; and having crossed the Quilo and Luanga rivers, the party at length reached Tungwa, which Lieutenant Grandy declares to be by far the most populous and best-built town he had seen. "The streets are regularly laid out and cleanly; the people are ivory traders, and the whole place has an appearance of prosperity. Our interpreter said the chief had in his house chairs, tables, and every article of European manufacture that is traded with, and lives in comparative luxury. He looked upon our presents as being very insignificant. The estimated population is about one thousand six hundred. The river, which rises from a fountain about eight miles eastward of the town, flows round three sides of it, the fourth having a background of hills, the slopes of which are cultivated. Since crossing the Quilo River, we have noticed that the natives are smaller in stature and of a lighter colour, this being especially remarkable with the Tungwa people. Banza Macoota, the residence of the king, is a large manufacturing town lying in the valley to the northward of the Tungwa; it is noted for pottery, pipes, mats, and grass cloths. The surrounding country is very fertile and well-cultivated, producing sugar-cane, corn, ground-nuts, mandioca, yams, beans, etc; poultry, sheep, and goats, are also plentiful.

The marriage customs of the inhabitants of some of the villages beyond Congo are rather peculiar:—"As soon as a young man has built himself a house, and can assure the parents of the girl that he has sufficient money to keep a wife, he can marry. Girls are betrothed at their birth, and the intended husband continues to make presents to the parents, and give cloths to the girl, until she arrives at the age of puberty, when she is handed over to him. In the event of a married man dying, if he has a younger brother, his estate and wives are handed over to him. If there is no brother, the wives go back to their parents, and the children are supported by the deceased man's family, and his property sold. They keep no account of the children's ages after they are two years old. A man is not allowed by 'fetish' to cohabit with his wife after the birth of a child until it can walk alone. In many villages there is what is called a young man's house. When a boy is about eleven or twelve years old, he leaves his parents' house for this place (only returning for his meals), where he lives with the other young men until he marries."

Baffled by the opposition of the native chiefs in carrying out his mission, Lieutenant Grandy was waiting on the Congo River for the recurrence of the proper season for a renewed attempt, for which his arrangements were completed, when he was informed of Dr. Livingstone's death; and having received a letter of recall from the Royal Geographical Society, he at once made preparations for returning to England, very much regretting the idea of leaving his work when all seemed so full of promise.

CHAPTER XXV.

Description of Zanzibar—Its Commercial Advantages and Prospects—Mr. Stanley's Interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar—Capture of an Arab Slave Dhow—Organisation of a New Exploring Expedition, under Mr. Stanley—Proposed Route, etc.

IN a previous portion of this work we gave an account of Sir Bartle Frere's Mission from the English Government to Zanzibar, and of the successful conclusion of a treaty, by which the slave-trade, both foreign and domestic, ceased to be recognised or supported by the Sultan of Zanzibar and his brothers on the East Coast of Africa. The conversation which is recorded in the following letter from Mr. Stanley, the joint commissioner of the "New York Herald" and "The Daily Telegraph," as having taken place between him and the Sultan of Zanzibar, is full of interest, and is well worthy of careful perusal and consideration. It would be well for the Sultan of Zanzibar, instead of mourning over the loss of the gains which he formerly derived from the traffic in slaves, to devote his attention to the development of legitimate traffic, by utilising those rivers debouching along the coast spoken of by Mr. Stanley. That there is an immense future opening for Zanzibar cannot be doubted, but it depends, as does the salvation of Africa, upon the relentless, the uncompromising, the final extirpation of slavery, external and internal. To Mr. Stanley also we are indebted for a most interesting word-picture of this great African Emporium, which bids fair to become the Alexandria of the Eastern Coast. In the first of two long letters, published in "The Daily Telegraph," dated Zanzibar, Nov. 15, 1874, Mr. Stanley says:—

"For the last four or five years the island and town called Zanzibar have been very prominently before the public. The rigorous measures pursued by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on this coast, and the appeals of Livingstone on behalf of the aboriginal African, have made Zanzibar a well-known name. Previous to this time it was comparatively unknown—as little known, indeed, as the polysyllabic name by which it is described in the Periplus of Arrian. The mention of Zanguebar, Zanji-bar—or, as it is now called, Zanzibar—produced very little interest. Some few people there were who remembered there was such a name in very big characters on the map of the world, occupying a large strip on the east side of Africa, seen during their school-boy days, but what that name indicated or comprehended very few knew or cared. They thought that it might be a very wild land, peopled with cannibals and the like, no doubt; for I remember well, when I first returned from Africa, that a great number of those gentlemen who frequent clubs and fashionable societies often asked me, 'Where the deuce is Zanzibar?' There were people, however, who prospered and grew rich on the ignorance of their white brothers, so woefully deficient in elementary geographical knowledge. These were the staid old merchants of London, New York, Salem, and Hamburg, who had agents living at Zanzibar, unobtrusively collecting precious cargoes of African productions, and shipping them home to their employers, who sold them again quietly and unobtrusively to manufacturers at enormous profits. Great sums of money were made for many years by these old merchants until the slave-trade question began to be agitated and Livingstone's fate became a subject of inquiry. At this date a Committee of the House of Commons held a protracted sitting, sifting every item of information relating to the island and its prospects, its productions, commerce, etc., and the 'New York Herald' despatched a special commissioner in search of Livingstone, one result of whose mission was the publication of the name of Zanzibar far and wide. Captain Burton has also written two large volumes, which bear the conspicuous title of 'Zanzibar,' in large gold letters, on their backs; but very few copies of this work, I imagine, have found their way among the popular classes. I mean to try in the present letter to convey a description of the island, its Prince, and such subjects in relation to them, as will suit any mind likely to take an interest in reading it. De Horsey's 'African Pilot' describes Zanzibar as being an island forty-six miles in length by eighteen miles in width at its greatest breadth, though its average breadth is not more than from nine to twelve miles. The 'African Pilot' and None's 'Epitome' place the island in south latitude 6° 27′ 42″, and in east longitude 39° 32′ 57″, but the combined navigating talent on board her Majesty's surveying ship Nassau locates Zanzibar in south latitude 6° 9′ 36″, and east longitude 39° 14′ 43″. Between the island and the mainland runs a channel from twenty to thirty miles in width, well studded with coral islands, sandbars, sandbanks, and coral reefs.

"The first view the stranger obtains of Zanzibar is of low land covered with verdure. If he has been much informed concerning the fevers which trouble the white traveller in equatorial Africa, he is very likely to be impressed in his own mind that the low land is very suggestive of it; but a nearer view is more pleasing, and serves to dispel much of the vague fear or uneasiness with which he has approached the dreaded region of ill-health and sorrow. The wind is gentle and steady which fills the vessel's sails; the temperature of the air is moderate, perhaps at 70° or 75° Fahrenheit; the sky is of one cerulean tint; the sea is not troubled and scarcely rocks the ship; the shore is a mass or vivid green; the feathery fronds of palm trees, and the mango's towering globes of foliage relieve the monotony; while the gleaming white houses of the rich Arabs heighten the growing pleasure with the thought that the 'fever may not be so bad as people say it is.' Proceeding southward through the channel that separates Zanzibar from the continent, and hugging the shore of the island, you will many times be gratified by most pleasant tropical scenes, and by a strange fragrance which is borne from the leaf-clad island—a fragrance which may remind you of 'Ceylon's spicy isle.' With a good glass you will be able to make out first the cocoa palm and the deep dark green orb of foliage which the mango raises above when the tree is in its prime, the graceful bombax, and the tall taramind, while numbers of gigantic trees of some kind loom over masses of umbrageous shrubbery. Bits of cultivated land, clusters of huts, solitary *tembes*, gardens, and large square white houses, succeed each other quickly, until your attention is attracted by the sight of shipping in the distance; and near by, growing larger and larger every moment, is the city of Zanzibar, the greatest commercial mart on the East Coast of Africa. Arrived in the harbour, you will find the vessel anchors about four hundred yards from the town, close to a few more European ships, and perhaps a British man-of-war or two; while a number of queer-looking craft, which you will style 'native,' lie huddled between your own vessel and the shore. These native boats are of various tonnage and size, from the unwieldy Arab trading dhow, with two masts leaning inelegantly and untrimly towards the bows, while the towering after-part reminds you of the pictures of ships in the Spanish Armada, to the lengthy, low, and swift-looking *mpete*, which when seen going before the wind, seems to be skimming the sea like a huge white seagull.

"Beyond the native fleet of trading Muscat dhows, Kilwa slavers, Pangani wood-carriers, and those vessels which carry passengers to the mainland, the town of Zanzibar rises from the beach in a nearly crescent form, white, glaring and unsymmetrical. The narrow, tall, white-washed house of the reigning Prince, Burghash bin Said, towers almost in the centre of the first line of buildings; close to it on the right, as you stand looking at the town from shipboard, is the saluting battery, which numbers some thirty guns or thereabouts; and behind rises a mere shell of a dingy old Portuguese fort, which might almost be knocked into pieces by a few rounds from Snider muskets. Hard by the water battery is the German Consul's house, as neat as clean white-wash can make an Arab building, and next to this edifice rises the double residence and offices of her Britannic Majesty's Assistant Political Resident, surmounted by the most ambitious of flagstaffs. Next comes an English merchant's house, and then the buildings occupied by Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, the agent of the great house of John Bertram and Co., of Salem, Massachusetts; while between the English merchant's house and the Bertram agency, in neighbourly proximity, is seen the snow-white house of Mr. Frederick M. Cheney, agent of Arnold, Hines, & Co., of New York; and beyond all, at the extreme right, on the far end of the crescent, at Shangani

Point, appears in isolated vastness the English Residency, which was formerly the house of Bishop Tozer and his scanty flock of youthful converts. If you start again from that central and prominent point, the Palace of his Highness, and intend to take a searching view of the salient objects of observation along the sea front of the town, you will observe that to the left of the water battery are a number of sheds roofed with palm fronds, and that in front of these is about the only thing resembling a wharf visible on the beach. This, you will be told, is the Zanzibar Custom House. There may be a native dhow discharging her cargo, and lines of burly strong labourers come and go—go and come—continually bearing to the Custom House bales, packages, ivory tusks, and what not, and returning for fresh burdens; while on the wharf turbaned Arabs and long-shirted half-castes either superintend the work, or, from idle curiosity, stand by to look on. Moving the eye leftward of the Custom House to a building of noble dimensions, you will see that mixture of richness of woodwork with unkempt slovenliness and general untidiness or semi-decay, which attracts the traveller in almost all large Turkish and Arab houses, whether in Turkey, Egypt, or Arabia. This is the new Palace of Prince Burghash. The dark-brown verandah, with its open lattice work, interlaced bars of wood, and infinitesimal carving—the best work of an Arab artisan—strikes one as peculiarly adapted for a glowing climate like this of Zanzibar. But if the eye surmounts that woodwork it will find itself shocked at observing the half-finished roof and the seams of light which fall through it, and the dingy whitewash and the semi-ruinous state of the upper part of the structure. A little left of this, stand two palatial buildings, which for size dwarf even the British Residency. One is the house of Nassur bin Said, the Prime Minister of his Highness; the other is inhabited by the Sultan's harem. Beyond these large buildings are not many more. The compact line of solid buildings becomes broken by unsightly sheds with thatched roofs. This is the Melinde quarter, a place devoted to the sale of fish, fruit, etc., to which new European arrivals are banished to seek residences among the few stone houses to be found there. Past Melinde is the shallow Malagash inlet—the cause, I may say the main, perhaps the only cause of the unhealthiness of the town of Zanzibar—and beyond the Malagash inlet extends the country, like a rich, prolific garden, teeming with tropical plants and trees, sloping gently upward as far as the purpling ridges of Elaysu.

"Such is Zanzibar and its suburbs to the new arrival, as he attempts to note down his observations from shipboard. Descending the side ladder, he is rowed ashore, and if he has a letter of introduction is welcomed by some 'noble specimen of a British merchant,' or an 'American merchant of thirty-five or forty years' standing,' or a British official, or by one of those indescribables who have found their way into Zanzibar, and who patiently bide for the good time that is reported and believed to be coming; for I find that Zanzibar, instead of attracting the real merchant, has, since my last visit, but changed its European inutiles. When I was here before I met a living specimen of the happy and sanguine Micawber class. He is gone, but another fills his place. One can scarcely dare say anything good of Zanzibar, or of any other place, without attracting the wrong class of persons; and, as I am on this topic, I may as well specify what class can be benefited pecuniarily by immigration to Zanzibar. To an enterprising man of capital Zanzibar, and the entire sea-line of the Sultan's dominions, offer special advantages. A person with a capital of £5,000 might soon make his £20,000 out of it, but not by bringing his money and his time and health to compete with great rich mercantile houses of many years' standing and experience, and settling at Zanzibar, vainly attempting to obtain the custom of the natives, who are perfectly content with their time-honoured white friends, when the entire coast-line of the mainland invites his attention, his capital, his shrewdness, and his industry. The new arrival must do precisely what the old merchants did when they commenced business. He must go where there is no rivalry, no competition, if he expects to have a large business and quick returns for his money. He must bring his river steamer of light draught, and penetrate the interior by the Rufiji, the Pangani, the Mtwana, or the Jub, and purchase the native produce at first cost, and re-sell to the large mercantile houses of Zanzibar, or ship home. The copal of the Rufiji plain, accessible, as I know by experience, to a light-draught steamer, is now carried on the shoulders of natives to Dar Salaam and Mbuamajii, to be sold to the Banyans, who re-ship it to Zanzibar, and there re-sell to the European merchant. The ivory trade of Unyamwezi is brought down close to Mbumi Usagara, which is accessible in a light-draught steamer by the Wami. The ivory trade of Masai, and the regions north, is carried down through a portion of the Pangani Valley, and the Pangani for a short distance is also navigable, and furnishes a means of enabling the white merchant to overreach his more settled white brothers at Zanzibar. The Jub river, next to the Zambesi, is the largest river on the East Coast of Africa, while it is comparatively unknown. Arab caravans penetrate the regions south of it, and obtain large quantities of ivory and hides. Why should not the white merchant attempt to open legitimate trade in the same articles by means of the river? When John Bertram, of Salem, Massachusetts, came to Zanzibar, some forty years ago, there was not a single European house here. He was an officer of a whaling vessel when he saw this large town, with its splendid opportunities for commencing a mercantile business. On arriving home, he invested the results of his venture in chartering a small vessel with goods, such as would meet a ready sale in Zanzibar. The speculation turned out to be a fine one; he repeated it, and then established an agency at Zanzibar, while he himself resided at Salem to conduct the business at home, to receive the cargoes from Zanzibar, and ship cloth and other goods to his agency out here. The business which the young whaler started continued to thrive. Agent succeeded agent as each man went home, after a few years' stay in Zanzibar, to enjoy the fruit of his labours. Boys sent out to learn the business become responsible clerks, then head agents, and subsequently opulent merchants, and so on from year to year, until John Bertram can point with just pride to his own millions and the long list of men whom he taught, encouraged, sustained by his advice, and enriched. The moral of all this is, that what John Bertram, of Salem, did at Zanzibar can be done by any large-minded, enterprising Englishman or American on the mainland of Africa. Nay; as there is a larger field on the mainland, and as he can profit by the example of Bertram, he can do more.

"Men experienced in the ways of Oriental life need not to be told in detail how people live in Zanzibar, or how the town appears within, or what the Arabs and half-castes and Wanguana know of sanitary laws. Zanzibar is not the best, the cleanliest, or the prettiest town I have ever seen; nor, on the other hand, is it the worst, the filthiest, or the ugliest town. While there is but little to praise or glorify in it, there is a good deal to condemn, and while you censure it, you are very likely to feel that the cause for condemnation is irremediable and hopeless. But the European merchants find much that is endurable at Zanzibar. It is not nearly the intolerable place that the smelted rocks of Aden have made Steamer Point, nor has it the parboiling atmosphere of Bushire or Busrah, nor is it cursed by the merciless heat of Ismailia or Port Said. If you expose yourself to the direct rays of the sun of Zanzibar for a considerable time, it would be as fatal for you as though you did an unwise thing on the Aden isthmus. Within doors, however, life is tolerable—nay, it is luxuriously comfortable. We—I mean Europeans—have numbers of servants to wait on us to do our smallest bidding. If we need a light for our cigars, or our walking-cane, or our hats when we go out, we never think of getting these things for ourselves, or of doing anything which another could do for us. We have only the trouble of telling our servants what to do, and even of this trouble we would gladly be relieved. One great comfort to us out here is that there is no society to compel us to imprison our necks within linen collars, or half-strangle ourselves with a silken tie, or to be anxious about any part of our dress. The most indolent never think of shifting their night *pyjamas* until nearly midday. Indeed, we could find it in our hearts to live in them altogether, except that we fear a little chaff from our neighbours. Another luxury we enjoy out here which may not always be obtained in Europe without expense. What think you of a salt-water bath morning, noon, and evening, just before dinner? Our servants fill our tubs for us, for our residences stand close to the sea, and it is neither trouble nor expense, if we care at all for the luxury, to undress in the cool room, and take a few minutes' cooling in the tub. Though we are but a very small colony of whites, we resemble, miscroscopically, society at home. We have our good men, and true, and sociable men; we have large-hearted hospitable men, our peg-giving friends, our hail-fellows-well-met, and perambulating gossips. Our houses are large, roomy, and cool; we have plenty of servants; we have good fruit on the island; we enjoy health while we have it; and with our tastes, education, and natural love of refinement, we have contrived to surround ourselves with such luxuries as serve to prolong good health, peace of mind, and life, and Inshallah! shall continue to do so while we stay in Zanzibar. The above is but the frank, outspoken description of himself, that might be given by a dignified and worthy Zanzibar merchant of long standing, and of European extraction. And your Commisioner will declare that it is as near truth as though the Zanzibar merchant of long standing and experience had written it himself.

"Now we have had the Europeans of Zanzibar, their houses, and mode and law of life described, let us get into the street and endeavour to see for ourselves the nature of the native and the Semitic resident, and ascertain how far they differ from the Anglo-American sublimities. As we move away towards the Seyyid's Palace, we gradually become conscious that we have left the plastered streets with their small narrow gutters, which re-echoed our footsteps so noisily. The tall houses where the Europeans live, separated by but a narrow passage ten feet wide, shut out the heat and dazzling glare which otherwise the clean whitewashed walls would have reflected. When we leave these behind we come across the hateful blinding sunlight, and our nostrils become irritated by an amber-coloured dust, from the 'garbling' of copal and orchilla weed, and we are sensible of two separate smells which affect the senses. One is the sweet fragrance of cloves, the other is the odour which a crowd of slaves bearing clove bags exhale from their perspiring bodies. Shortly we come across an irregular square blank in the buildings which had hemmed us in from the sunlight. A fetid garbage heap, debris of mud houses, sugar-cane leavings, orange and banana peelings, make piles which, festering and rotting in the sun, are unsightly to the eye and offensive to the nostrils. And just by we see the semi-ruinous Portuguese fort, a most feeble and dilapidated structure. Several rusty and antique cannon lie strewn along the base of its front wall, and a dozen or so of dusky and beggarly-looking half-castes, armed with long straight swords and antique Muscat matchlocks, affect to be soldiers and guardians of the gate. Fortunately, however, for the peace of the town and the reigning Prince, the prisoners whom the soldiers guard are mild mannered and gentle enough, few of them having committed a worse crime than participating in a bloodless street brawl, or being found intoxicated in the street. Passing the noisy and dusty Custom House, with its hives of singing porters at work, and herds of jabbering busybodies, nobodies, and somebodies, we shortly arrive at the Palace, where we might as well enter, and see how it fares with his Highness Burghash bin Said, the Prince of Zanzibar and Pemba. As we may have merely made an appointment with him, as private citizens of a free and independent foreign Court, and are escorted only by a brother citizen of the same rank, etiquette forbids that the Seyyid should come down into the street to receive his visitor. Were we her Britannic Majesty's Consul or Political Resident, his Highness would deem it but due to our official rank to descend into the street and meet us exactly twenty-four steps from the palace door. Were we an Envoy Extraordinary, the Prince would meet us some fifty or seventy-five paces from his gate. We are but private citizens, however, and the only honour we get is an exhibition of the guards—Beloochis, Persians, and half-castes—drawn up on each side of the door, their uniforms consisting of lengthy, butternut-coloured *dishdashehs*, or shirts, which reach from the nape of the neck to the ancles of each.

"We have ascended a flight of steep wooden steps when we discover the Prince, ready to receive us with his usual cordial and frank smile and pleasant greeting; and during a shower of good-natured queries respecting our health we are escorted to the other end of the barely furnished room, where we are invited to be seated. I have had (adopting the first person singular again) a long conversation with the Prince of Zanzibar; but, omitting all extraneous matter, I shall only touch upon such portion of our conversation as relates to a subject in which we are all interested, viz., the slave-trade, and the diplomatic mission of Sir Bartle Frere. We have all read the dispatches of Sir Bartle, relating his intercourse officially with the Sultan of Zanzibar; we have also heard from his own lips his views upon East African slavery; but none of your readers have heard the story of the Sultan himself, with his views of slavery and of the mission of Sir Bartle Frere. Without pretence of literal and exact record of what the Sultan said, I yet declare that the spirit of what he said will be found embodied in the following:—'During Majid, my brother's time, Speke came here, and travelled into Africa, and what he said about us Arabs caused us a little trouble. The Consuls too have given us great trouble. Some have written home much that is not quite true; but some time ago my brother Majid died, and by the grace of God I succeeded him. The trouble which my brother Majid endured was as nothing compared to that which has been the result of Doctor Livingstone's letters. I maintain that those letters you brought from him and carried to England were the cause of all this great trouble. Indeed, I have had a troublous time of it ever since I came to the throne. First, there was the hurricane of two years ago (April, 1872), which destroyed my entire fleet and all the ships of my people, and devastated the island and the coast. We were well off before that time, and we became suddenly poor. I had seven ships and steamers of war lost, and my people lost about two hundred ships; and if you doubt my word respecting the devastation on the land, take one of my horses and ride out into the country that you may see for yourself. In the midst of the desolation and ruin which had overtaken us we heard that the former Governor of Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere, was coming out to talk to us about the slave-trade. Now, you white people must understand that all Arabs trade in slaves—that they have done so from the beginning. Our Koran does not say it is a sin; our priests say nothing against it; the wise men of Mecca say nothing against it; our forefathers traded in slaves, and we followed their footsteps and did likewise. But my father, Said Said, and my brothers, Thouweynee, Majid, and Toorkee, were friends with the English, and the English gave them advice and got them to sign treaties not to trade in slaves any more. To the treaty that my brothers signed I gave my consent freely when I came to the throne, for I have always been a friend to the English and to Englishmen. When Sir Bartle Frere came here we were in sore distress, and very poor. He asked me to sign a treaty that no slave-trade should be permitted in my country. When I consulted my chiefs, they held their hands out to me, and said, 'We have nothing, we are poor; but if the English will give us time—say a year or so—we are quite willing to sign that which they ask us.' I repeated to Sir Bartle what my chiefs were willing to do, and I asked him to give us time, such as they gave the Portuguese; but Sir Bartle, in his hurry to get us to sign the treaty, overlooked the distress we were in from the hurricane. Time and time again I asked that he would give us but a few months to consider and prepare for this final stroke of misfortune; but he would not listen; he was deaf to me. Continually he said to me, 'Sign this treaty.' I was quite willing to sign it, though by signing it I was losing about £4,000 a year revenue; but my people could not understand this haste of Sir Bartle Frere to get the treaty signed without giving us time to think of it. We all knew that the English could do what they wanted to do in Zanzibar; if they took the island, we were too poor and weak to resist; if they destroyed us all, we could not help it All we could have done would have been to consign our cause to God, and submit. Sir Bartle Frere went away angry. I cannot help it; but I grieve that he should be angry with me for what I could not help. One of the things he asked me to give my consent to was that I should assist the English in putting down the slave-trade. How can I assist the English? I have no ships as I had formerly, or I would willingly do so. Soon after Sir Bartle Frere went away an English fleet came to our harbour. The English Admiral (Rear-Admiral Arthur Cumming) and Dr. Kirk came to see me about the orders they had received from the Foreign Office to stop the slave-trade. They both advised me, as friends, to sign his treaty. I got my people's consent to do so and I signed it—not because I was afraid of the English ships, for if the English came to Zanzibar, and said, 'We want this island,' I would not resist them, for I know that they are strong and I am weak—but because the English Admiral and Dr.

Kirk advised me as friends, for they knew my poverty and understood my case better than I could have told them.'

"Such is the story of the Sultan without embellishment, and I dare say that Sir Bartle Frere will endorse most of it, if not all. Now, however, that the treaty has been signed, and England's indignation at the Seyyid's first refusal to concede to her demands, has been appeased, strict justice requires, in his opinion, that the Prince shall in some measure be requited for the concession he made. This is not merely his opinion, nor is it only my definition of what justice demands, in this case; but it is the outspoken and frank declaration of several eminent English gentlemen with whom I have conversed. They say that the Prince should be indemnified, for this concession on his part, with some grant of money or aid, in some form or another, for sacrificing to England's views of what is right and wrong an eighth portion of his revenue. That the plea that England may use, that she guaranteed Prince Burghash's release from the annual subsidy of 40,000 crowns to his brother at Muscat, cannot be employed at all, as England herself had imposed this sum on the Zanzibar Sultan in order that her commerce might not be endangered in the fratricidal war which might ensue on Prince Burghash's refusal to pay this heavy subsidy; and that it is doubtful whether Prince Toorkee could ever summon sufficient force to compel Prince Burghash to pay him a single coin. With which views just men will not fail to agree. The presents which Sir Bartle Frere and his suite brought to Zanzibar for presentation to the Sultan were, again, hardly worthy of the nation, which, no doubt, intended to act generously, or of the representative of her Britannic Majesty which conveyed them, and of the Prince for whom they were purchased. Well enough, no doubt, for the petty potentate of Jobama, who ultimately received them, but not for the Sovereign of Zanzibar and Pemba, and a thousand miles of coast, with whom a British envoy was charged to negotiate. It is not common sense to suppose that any private citizen would look indulgently upon any proposition which required of him to sacrifice £4,000 a year of his income in consideration of a few petty gifts which did not exceed over a few hundred pounds in value at the most, any more than that Prince Burghash should. Yet this is precisely what Sir Bartle Frere was charged to propose by the Foreign Office in his late mission to Zanzibar. Owing to the losses incurred by him and his people during the hurricane of 1872, and the sacrifice of a large portion of his revenue by the demands of England, the Prince of Zanzibar suffers from straitness of income and ready money. He has leased the customs to Jewram Sujee, a Banyan, during a term of years, for a very insufficient sum. He is sorely troubled with the native war in Unyamwezi, which prevents the ivory from arriving at the sea. His private estates are mere wrecks of what they once were, and the real pecuniary condition of Prince Burghash may be summed up as truly deplorable. Now, a present of two condemned gunboats, or any two vessels of war, such as the Admiralty has almost always on hand for sale cheap for cash, would be a god-send to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and a round sum of a few thousands of pounds, given to him as a sign of friendship and good-will, might obviate in some measure the necessity of the large expense which England incurs annually in her laudable endeavours to suppress the slave-trade. There are several ways of regarding such a proposition, but it will not appear outrageous to the candid reader if he reads the above facts dispassionately, and without prejudice. It is a good adage which advises that we should choose the lesser of two evils, and every body will admit that if England could purchase the hearty co-operation of the Zanzibar Sultan with a timely and needful present, in the philanthropic scheme which England has so long attempted to enforce on the East African Coast, it would be less expensive than supporting a large squadron at an expense of several thousand of pounds per annum. And now that the slave-trade is carried on inland, it is more necessary than ever that Seyyid Burghash's good-will should be secured. Without the aid that England could give the Prince, I doubt much whether, however friendly disposed he may be, he can do anything to assist in suppressing the trade for the reasons already given.

"Turning again to other topics, I may as well sketch the Prince before bowing him my adieu. He is now in the prime of life, probably about forty-two years old, of vigorous and manly frame, and about five feet nine inches in height. He is a frank, cordial, and good-natured gentleman, with a friendly brusqueness in his manner to all whom he has no reason to regard with suspicion. He wears the usual linen dress of the Arabs, with his waist cinctured by a rich belt of plaited gold, which supports the crooked dagger generally borne by an Arab gentlemen. Over his linen dress he wears a long black cloth coat, the edges of which are trimmed with narrow gold braid. His head-dress is the usual ample turban of the Arab, and completing in his person a somewhat picturesque figure. It would be difficult to choose a Prince with whom diplomatic relations could be carried on so easily, provided always that the diplomat remembered that the Prince was an Arab and a Moslem gentlemen. Politeness will always effect more than rudeness with a well-bred Arab. In whatever school of deportment these old British Admirals who, over a steely firmness wear such urbanity, are brought up, it might be recommended that diplomats charged with delicate negotiations should be sent there too, to learn lessons of true politeness. There is, however, one phase in Prince Burghash's character which presents a difficulty in dealing with him, and that is his fanaticism. Ever since he undertook the journey to Mecca, he has shown himself an extremely fervid Moslem, indisposed to do anything or attempt anything not recommended in the Koran. A prince of more liberal religious views might have had an opportunity during the late diplomatic negotiation of permanently bettering himself and his people; but

Burghash was restrained by his extreme religious scruples from asking any aid of England.

"Before closing this letter, I should like to ask the reader to accompany me as far as the ridges of Elaysu. The path which we choose lies through cultivated tracts and groves of fruit trees that stretch on either side of it, thickening as they recede, and growing intensely deep and umbrageous, even to the depth and intensity of a forest. We note the sad effects of the hurricane in the prostrate and fast-rotting trunks of the cocoa-nut palm, and the vast number of trees which lean from the perpendicular, and threaten before long to fall. We observe these things with a good deal of pity for the country, the people, and the poor unfortunate Prince; and we also think what a beautiful and happy place this Isle of Zanzibar might be made under a wise and cultivated ruler. If such a change as now visible in Mauritius, with all its peaks and mountains, and miles of rugged ground, can be effected, what might not be done with Zanzibar, where there are no mountains nor peaks nor rugged ground, but gentle undulations and low ridges eternally clothed in summer green verdure! At every point, at every spot, you see something improvable, something that might be made very much better than it now is. And so we ride on with such reflections, which are somewhat assisted, no doubt, by the ever-crooked path that darts towards all points of the compass in sudden and abrupt windings. But the land and the trees are always beautiful and always tropical. Palms and orange groves are everywhere, with a large number of plantains, mangoes, and fruit trees; the sugar cane, the Indian corn, the cassava, are side by side with the *holcus sorghum*, and there is a profusion of verdure and fruit and grain wherever we turn our eyes. Shortly we arrive at the most picturesque spot on the Island of Zanzibar—Elaysu, or Ulayzu, as some call it, every inch of which, if the island were in the possession of the white man, would be worth a hundred times more than it is now, for its commanding elevation, for the charming views of sea and land and town its summit presents, for its healthiness, and its neighbourhood to town, whence it is five or six miles distant. What cosy, lovable, pretty cottages, might be built on the ridge of Elaysu, amid palms and never-sere foliage, among flowers and carol of birds, deep in shade of orange and mango trees! How white men and white women would love to dream on verandahs, with open eyes, of their far-away homes, made far pleasanter by distance and memory, while palms waved and rustled to gentle evening breezes, and the sun descended to the west amid clouds of all colours! Yes, Elaysu is beautiful, and the receding ridges, with their precipitous ravines fringed with trees and vegetation, are extremely picturesque—nay, some short bits of scenery which we view across the white glaring bars of sunlight are perfectly idyllic in their modest beauty."

How painful to turn away from this beautiful scene, which the writer depicts with such graphic power, to another, the horrors of which the Sultan of Zanzibar would willingly prolong, for the sake of the accursed gains which he and his chiefs have so long derived from the traffic in slaves, although it is the very root of the evil which is gnawing at the vitals of the prosperity of his kingdom, and paralysing, by its seductive and benumbing influence, all the effort and enterprise of his subjects, in developing the natural resources of Central Africa, and in bringing down to the seaboard the commercial wealth of the interior. The Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," in a communication from Mahe, Seychelles, December 16, 1874, gives the following harrowing details, in connection with the capture of an Arab slave dhow:—

"The last batch of slaves rescued from Arab clutches arrived at Seychelles on Sunday, the 23rd August, 1874. They were re-captured by H.M.S. Vulture—the same ship, by the way, that so recently conveyed the remains of Livingstone from the continent to Zanzibar. The Vulture was steaming into Majungel, a post on the east coast of Madagascar, when a large dhow was made out inshore of the ship. When the Vulture was near enough, a boat, in charge of a young officer, was sent on board the Arab, whose true character, and the nature of his cargo, were soon made known. On going below the men found a framework of bamboo constructed on each side of the hold, ranging fore and aft, in which two hundred and thirty-eight human beings were packed, tier upon tier, like bottles in a rack. The occupants of each tier were placed in the closest personal contact with each other—so much so, in fact, that, to use the men's homely phrase, they really 'were stowed away like herrings in a cask.' When taken out and placed upon the deck, their limbs were useless; they were seized with vertigo, and fell from sheer inability to stand. Some were found in a truly shocking condition. One or two young children were found crushed to death. The lower tier had been laid upon the sand ballast and was half buried. One poor woman really was buried, with the exception of her face; her mouth was full of sand, and when taken out was on the point of suffocation. The mortality among a batch of negroes must be sometimes frightful, not only on board the dhows, but also during the journey down from the interior. There was a woman among this lot who, if her statement is to be credited, was the only survivor of a numerous band. Six months since she roamed as free as air in her native village in the middle of Africa. The Arabs went with fire and sword; the village was burnt, and the greater number of the women and children were made prisoners. Then commenced a weary march of four months' duration. Fresh accessions of slaves were made as they passed along on their way to the coast. Manacled women fell by the way side, and being unable to travel, were left to die in the jungle. Young children withered like plucked leaves, and the Arabs, to these more merciful, struck off their heads and threw them aside. The woman has survived them all, but she is alone. Of all the band captured with her, she states that she only has escaped alive to tell the sickening tale."

It is very gratifying to learn from Colonel Gordon, who is engaged in active measures for the suppression of the slave-trade at Gondokoro, that one tribe had already sided with him, and, through their instrumentality, one thousand six hundred slaves had been captured, which had proved the death-blow to the slave-trade in that particular district.

In the following letter, written from Zanzibar, Nov. 16, 1874, Mr. Stanley gives some very important information respecting the organisation, prospects and intentions of the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph" and "New York Herald," and which was about to commence its long journey into the heart of unexplored Africa. After a humorous portraiture of the numerous applicants, of all nationalities, who tendered him their assistance and advice, he says:—

"I never knew how many kind friends I could number until I was about to sail from England. The White Star Line treated me in the most princely fashion; gave me free passages to America and back. The Peninsular and Oriental Company and the British India, through their obliging agents, showered courtesy after courtesy on me. Testimonials from hundreds of gentlemen were thrust on me, and invitations to dinner and dances, and to 'spend a month or more in the country,' were so numerous, that if I could have availed myself of them in succession years must elapse before any hotel need charge a penny to my account. But though my preparations for the journey monopolised my time and compelled me to 'decline with thanks' these manifold kindnesses, my numerous friends must believe that I am none the less grateful. I departed from England on August 15, loaded with good wishes, keepsakes, photographs, favours of all kinds. At Aden I met my white assistants, whom I had despatched from England, *via* Southampton, in charge of the boats, etc. My young English assistants had quite got over all melancholy feelings and were in capital spirits, though they entertained a doubt whether, if Central Africa were as hot as Aden, they should enjoy it very much. On my assuring them that they need fear nothing on the score of heat in Africa after Arabia, they expressed themselves relieved from their greatest fear. On the British Indian Steamer Euphrates, I was delighted to find that the Pocock brothers possessed several qualifications beyond those of sobriety, civility, and industry. I discovered that they were capital singers and musicians, having belonged to some choir in their native town, where they were justly much esteemed. The delightful weather we experienced between Aden and Zanzibar was most grateful after the intense heat of Steamer Point, and we consequently arrived at Zanzibar on the 22nd of September, almost as fresh and robust as when we left England.

"The next morning after I landed, some of my old friends of the former expedition heard of my arrival, and I was much gratified by the good-will they manifested towards one who had been so stern to them on certain occasions when naught but sternness of the most extreme kind would have sufficed to overmaster a disposition they sometimes betrayed to be sullenly disobedient and mutinous. But they remembered, as well as I did, that, though I was merciless when they were disposed to be stubborn, I was kind enough to them when all went fair and well; and they knew that, when the rewards were distributed, those who had behaved themselves like true men were not forgotten. The report that I had come was soon bruited through the length and breadth of the island, and Livingstone's and my own old dusky comrades gathered quickly about my good host Mr. Sparhawk's house, to pay their respects to me, and, of course, to receive *heshimeh*, or presents, with which, fortunately, I had provided myself before leaving England. Here was Ulimengo, the incorrigible joker and hunter of the Search Expedition, with his mouth expanding gratefully on this day at the sight of a gold ring which soon encircled one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain which held an ornament, and hung down his broad and muscular chest; here too, was Rojab, who narrowly escaped destruction for immersing Livingstone's six years' journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, his ebony face lighted up with the most extreme good-will towards myself for my munificent gift; and Manwas Sera also, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke and my most faithful messenger, who had once braved a march of six hundred miles with his companion, Sarmine, in my service, and Livingstone's most devoted captain on his last journey; he was speechless with gratitude, because I had hung a splendid jet necklace round his neck and encircled one of his fingers with a huge seal ring, which to his mind was a sight to see and enjoy. Nor was the now historical Mabruki Speke—styled by Captain Burton 'Mabruki, the Bull-headed'—who has each time distinguished himself with white men as a hawk-eyed guardian of their property and interests—less enraptured with his presents than his fellows; while the comely, valiant, faithful Chowpereh—the man of manifold virtues, the indomitable and sturdy Chowpereh—was pleased as any with the silver dagger and gold bracelet and ear-rings which fell to his share. His wife, whom I had purchased from the eternally wandering slave-gang, and released from the harsh cold iron collar which chafed her neck, and whom I had bestowed upon Chowpereh, as a free woman for wife, was, I discovered the happy mother of a fine little boy, a tiny Chowpereh, who I hope will grow up to lead future expeditions in Africa and be as loyal to white men as his good father has proved himself. After I had bestowed presents on his wife and child, Chowpereh, having heard that I had brought a wondrous store of medicine, entreated me that I should secure his son during his absence with me in Africa against any visitation of the small-pox, and this I hope I have done by vaccination.

"Two or three days after my arrival a deputation of the 'Faithfuls' came to me to learn my intentions and purposes. I informed them that I was about to make a much longer journey into Africa than before, and intc very different countries from any that I had ever been into as yet, and I proceeded to sketch out to the astonished men an outline of the prospective journey. They were all seated on the ground before me, tailor-fashion, eyes and ears interested, and keen to see and hear every word of my broken Kisawahili. As country after country was mentioned, of which they had hitherto but dimly heard, and river after river, lake after lake, named, all of which I hoped, with their aid, to explore carefully and thoroughly, various ejaculations, expressive of emotions of wonder, joy, and a little alarm, broke from their lips; but when I concluded each man drew a long breath, and, almost simultaneously, they uttered, in their own language, 'Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!'

"'But, master,' said they, with some anxiety, 'this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years?'

"'Nonsense,' said I. 'Six, nine or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to go to Ujiji, it is true; but I was only sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji, and back to the sea. Is it not true?'

"'Ay, true,' answered they.

"'Very well. And I tell you further, that there is not enough money in this world to pay me for stopping in Africa ten, nine, or even six years. I have not come here to live in Africa. I have come here simply to see these rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home.'

"'Ah, but you know the big master (Livingstone) said he was only going for two years, and you know that he was gone, altogether, nine years.'

"'That is true enough. Nevertheless you know what I did before, and what I am likely to do again, if all goes well.'

"'Yes, we remember that you are very hot, and you did drive us until our feet were sore, and we were ready to drop from fatigue. Wallahi! but there never was such a journey from Unyanyembe home! No Arab or white man came from Unyanyembe in so short a time as you did. It was nothing but throw away this thing and that, and go on, go on, all the time. Ay, master, that is true.'

"'Well, is it likely, then, when I marched so quick before, that I am likely to be slow now? Am I much older now than I was then? Am I less strong? Do I not know what a journey is now? When I first started from Zanzibar to Ujiji I allowed the guide to show me the way; but when we came back who showed you the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass, which could not lie like the guide?'

"'Ay, true, master; true, every word.'

"'Very well, then, finish these foolish words of yours, and go and get me three hundred good men like yourselves, and when we get away from Bagamoyo I will show you whether I have forgotten how to travel.'

"'Ay, Wallah, my master;' and 'they forthwith arose, and did as they were commanded.'

"The result of our polite 'talk' or 'palaver' was witnessed shortly, when the doors and gates of the Bertram Agency and former Consulate were thronged by volunteers, who were of all shades of blackness, and who hailed from almost every African town known. Wahiyon, Wabera, Wagnido, Wanyanmezi, Wagogo, Wasegubba, Wasagara, Wabehe, Somali, Wagalla, Wanyassa, Wadirigo, and a score of other tribes, had their representatives, while each day added to the number, until I had barely time to do anything more than strive with calmness and well practised patience, to elicit from them information as to who they were, what they had been doing, and whom they had served. The brave fellows who had accompanied Livingstone on his last journey, or myself, of course had the preference, because they knew me, and fewer words were wanted to strike a bargain with them. Forty-seven of those who marched with Livingstone on his last journey answered to their names, along with two hundred strangers, on whose fidelity I was willing to risk my reputation as a traveller, and nearly £1,000 sterling in advanced wages. These were finally enlisted and sworn as escort and servants. Many of them will naturally prove recreants and malcontents, braggarts, cowards, and runaways; but it cannot be helped—I have done all that I am able to do in providing against desertion and treachery. Where there is such a large number of wild people it would be absurd to hope that they will all be faithful and loyal to the trust and confidence reposed in them, or that a large expedition can be conducted thousands of miles without great loss. After the men, the armed escort, and the porters, had been secured, I devoted myself to examine the barter goods which were necessary in order to procure sustenance in the far interior. I discovered, contrary to my expectations (for it had been stated that these goods had risen in price since my departure from Zanzibar), that the barter goods were one per cent., and in some instances two per cent. cheaper than the rate at which they were purchasable formerly. Bales of American sheeting, that cost me 93dol. 75c. in 1871, I was now enabled to buy for 87dol. 50c. per bale; while the sami-sami beads, that were formerly worth 13dol. the frasilah, could now be got for 9dol. 75c. This was very much in my favour; and after long consultation with the lately returned leaders of caravans upon the present prevailing fashion of beads and cloth among the distant tribes, I ordered the necessary stock of both, which, when piled up in portable bales and sacks, present quite an imposing and indeed somewhat formidable mass. If, however, cloth and beads, and wire, are cheaper than they were two years ago, the hire of *pagazis*, or porters, is double. In 1871, and in 1872, I employed Wanyanmezi and Wanguana at the rate of 2dol. 50c. per month each man; the same class of persons now obtain 5dol. per month, and with some people I have had great difficulty in procuring them at this pay, for they hold out bravely for a week for 7dol. and 8dol. per month.

"It has grown to be a custom now for servants, porters, and escort, to receive at least four months' pay in advance. Before starting from Bagamoyo I expect that my expedition will number four hundred men. Each of these men, previous to his marching, will have received £4 pay on account, either in money or in cloth. The most prudent ask that their advance be given them in cloth. Those who take money require three days to spend it in debauchery and rioting, or in purchasing wives; while a few of the staid married men who have children will provide stores for their families. On the morning of the fourth day, when the bugle sounds for the march, I need not be surprised if I find it a difficult task to muster my people together, or if hours will be employed in hunting up the laggards and driving them on to our first camp, when very probably I shall learn that at least fifteen or so have absented themselves altogether. This, of course, will be annoying; but it is well that I know it is a probable thing, and that I am in a measure prepared for such desertion. On the second day of the march I shall probably find myself minus ten more, which will also be vexatious, and exceedingly trying to the stock of patience I have in reserve for the emergency. For several days longer there will be constant desertions by twos and threes, and fours; but the losses will have to be borne and remedied somehow. Finally, disease will break out, the result of a mad three days' debauchery, to be succeeded by small-pox, ulcerous sores, dysentery, fever, and other maladies. And about this time, too, the white men will begin to suffer strange languor of body and feverish pulse, and these, despite the rapidly-diminishing force of carriers, will have to be transported on the shoulders of men or on the backs of such asses as may be strong enough for that work. The future of the expedition depends upon the way in which we shall be able to weather this stormy period; for the outlook about this time will be sad indeed. The magnificent caravan which started from the sea four hundred strong, armed to the teeth, comfortable, well laden, and rich, each man vigorous, healthy, well chosen, his skin shining like brown satin, eyes all aglow with pride and excitement, strong in his Snider rifle and twenty rounds of cartridges, his axe, and knives—twelve stately, tall guides, tricked out in crimson *jobo* and long plumes, heading the procession, which is nearly a mile long, while brazen trumpets blow and blare through the forest, awakening the deep woods with the sounds, and animating every soul to the highest pitch of hope—this was a scene worth seeing. But three weeks from that how different will be the greatly diminished caravan; scores will have deserted, the strong will have become weak, the robust sick, the leader will be half ready to despair, and to wish that he had never ventured a second time into the sea of mishaps and troubles which beset the traveller in Africa! These are my anticipations, which are none of the brightest, you will allow. However, when the soldier has donned his helmet, it is too late to deplore the feelings that induced him to enlist.

"Among many other things which I convey with me on this expedition to make our work as thorough as possible is a large pontoon, named the 'Livingstone.' A traveller having experience of the difficulties which prevent efficient exploration is not likely to enter Africa without being provided with almost every requisite likely to remove the great obstacles which lack of means of ferryage presents After I had accepted the command of this expedition I began to devise and invent the most portable kind of floating expedient or vehicle to transport baggage and men across streams and lakes, so as to render me independent of the native chiefs. I thought of everything I had seen likely to suit my purpose. Zinc tubes, such as the Engineer Department conveyed to the Prah in the late Ashantee War—canvas boats such as Marcy, in his 'Prairie Traveller,' recommends, the devices and contrivances suggested in 'Art of Travel,' india-rubber boats, Irish wicker boats, and so forth; but all the things I thought of that previous travellers had experimented with seemed to me objectionable on account of their weight and insufficient floating power. It is one of the most interesting things in African travel, among chains of lakes and numerous large rivers, to resolve the problem of navigating these waters safely and expeditiously without subjecting an expedition to the caprice and extortion of an ignorant savage chief, or entailing upon yourself heavy expense for porterage. As no carts or wagons can be employed in conveying boats or zinc pontoons through the one-foot-wide paths which are the channels of overland trade in Central Africa, zinc pontoons were not to be thought of. A metal tube eighteen inches in diameter and eight feet long would form a good load for the strongest porter; but fancy the number of tubes of this size required to convey across a lake fifty miles wide a force of three hundred men and about nine tons of the baggage and material of my expedition. And what kind of boat could transport such a number and weight across such a stormy lake—such a boat, I mean, as we could carry with us, at a moderate rapid rate of travel, a distance of from one thousand to two thousand miles? After long and anxious deliberation and sacrifice of much paper, I sketched out a series of inflatable pontoon tubes to be two feet in diameter, and eight feet long, to be laid transversely, resting on three separate keels, and securely lashed to them, with two separate triangular compartments of the same depth, eight feet at the base, which should form the bow and stern of the inflatable craft. Over these several sections three lengthy poles were to be laid which should be lashed between each transverse tube to the three keels underneath. Above these upper poles, laid lengthwise, were to be bamboo poles, laid transversely, upon which the passengers and baggage might rest, without danger of foundering. The design being fully matured the next thing to do was to find a manufacturer intelligent enough to comprehend what was required, and as Mr. Cording, of Piccadilly, had a good reputation among travellers, I tried him, and after a few moments' conversation with the foreman of the shop, I was delighted to find that he perfectly understood what unusually strong material was requisite, and every part and portion of the plan. I need only add that within a month I had in my possession the several fittings and sections of this peculiar floating craft, beautifully and strongly made, in as complete and efficient order as would please the most fastidious traveller. All these several sections, when put in the scales, weighed three hundred pounds, which, divided into portable loads of sixty pounds each, require but five men to carry the entire construction. No material can possibly equal this caoutchouc. If the strong thick indiarubber cloth is punctured or rent, Mr. Cording has supplied me with the material to repair it, and if all turns out as well with it as I strongly anticipate and hope, it must of course prove invaluable to me.

"But an explorer needs something else—some other form of floatable structure, to be able to produce results worthy of a supreme effort at penetrating the unknown regions of Africa He must have a boat with him in which he may be enabled to circumnavigate lakes, and go long distances up and down rivers with a small but efficient body of men, while the main corps is encamped at some suitable and healthy site. And what kind of boat can be invented for the traveller such as he can carry thousands of miles, through bush and jungle, and heat, damp, and rain, without impairing its usefulness, or causing him to regard it as an incumbrance? After having considered various plans and designs, I could think of nothing better than a light cedar vessel, something after the manner and style of the Okonagan (Canada) cedar boat, but larger and of greater capacity These Canadian boats are generally thirty feet in length, and from five to six feet in width. They are extremely light and portable, and when near rapids are taken ashore, and, being easily hoisted on the shoulders of six men, are carried to smooth waters again. But a craft of this kind, though available for short distances in Canada, would have to be constructed differently to be carried along the crooked narrow paths of the African jungle; it would require to be built in water-tight sections, each section light enough to be borne by two men without distressing the bearers. Mr. James Messenger, of Teddington, near London, has a well-deserved reputation for building superb river boats, and while enjoying a Sunday, near Hampton, I examined the various specimens of his skill and workmanship, and came to the conclusion that he would be able to suit me. I had an interview with this gentleman, and I laid my plans before him. I soon discovered that I was in the presence of a master workman, by the intelligent way in which he followed my explanations, though it was evident that he had not the slightest idea of what an African jungle path was like. He understood what I meant by 'portability,' but his ideas of that quality naturally suggested a broad highway, an English turnpike-road, or at the utmost a path over treeless fields or commons. I doubt if even now the gentleman understands the horrors of a jungle path, with its intricate and never-ending crooked curves, beset on each side by a depth and intensity of vegetation through which we must struggle, and twist, and contort our bodies in order that we may pass along with our burdens, while almost blinded by perspiration, we grope, and stumble, and halt in the sickly, dull twilight which reigns there. To convey anything very large, or wide, or high, or long, through such a tangle, is out of the question under such circumstances; and I endeavoured to describe such a locality to the boat-builder as vividly as my powers would enable me. Mr. Messenger accepted the contract to build a boat of light, well-seasoned cedar, forty feet in length, and six feet in width, in five sections, each of which was not to exceed more than 120lbs. in weight. I saw the boat after it was constructed, and before it was sawn up into sections, and her beautiful lines and the skilled workmanship lavished on her elicited at once from me unqualified approbation. Before departing from his yard I suggested to Mr. Messenger that he should weigh her as she stood, and divide her, if he found her of greater solidity than he or I anticipated, into sections not exceeding the weight named above. This boat, completed and packed with care, followed me to Zanzibar by the next mail. When I opened the packages a perfect marvel of river architecture was revealed; every bolt and nut worked close and free, and all who saw the sections admired them. In a transport of joy, I ordered the scales to be rigged up, and each section weighed carefully. Four of the sections weighed 280lbs. each, and one 310lbs.! The utter impossibility of rectifying this mistake in a place like Zanzibar made me despair at first, and I thought the best thing to do was to ship the boat back to England; but, upon enquiring for a carpenter, a young shipwright, named Ferris, was introduced to me, and recommended for his intelligence. I exhibited the beautiful but totally unmanageable boat, and told him that in her present state she was useless to me and to everybody else, because she was too heavy and cumbersome—that I could not possibly carry her, and that time was short with me. I desired him to cut her down six inches, and subdivide each section, and to complete the work in two weeks, for that was the utmost time I could give him. To effect these improvements, the two after sections had to be condemned, which would curtail her length considerably, and, of course, mar her beauty. I can now congratulate myself (good Mr. Ferris having completed his work to my entire satisfaction) on possessing a boat which I can carry any distance without distressing the porters, competent to hold twelve men, rowing ten oars and two short paddles, and able to sail over any lake in Central Africa. I ought to state here that I do not blame Mr. Messenger for sending me such unmanageable sections, so much as I blame myself for not stopping over another month in England, to watch the construction of so great a novelty as this kind of boat must necessarily be to a Thames boat-builder. As this expedition is for a different purpose from the former one in which I discovered Livingstone, I am well provided with the usual instruments which travellers who intend to bring home results that will gratify scientific societies, take with them. I have chronometers, sextants, artificial horizons, compasses, beam and prismatic; pedometers, aneroid barometers, and thermometers; Nautical Almanacs for three years, hand leads, and one thousand fathoms sounding line, with a very complete little reel, mathematical instruments, a planisphere, and a complete and most excellent photographic apparatus, and a large stock of dry plates. I have also half-a-dozen good time-pieces, silver and gold, blank charts, and all the paraphernalia and apparatus necessary to obtain satisfactory geographic observations.

"The East Coast of Africa, from the mouth of the Juba River to that of the Rovuma, possesses hundreds of good starting-points for the unexplored interior; but the best, for many reasons, is Bagamoyo. The present expedition is a large and costly one, and promises so far to be the best organised and best equipped of any that ever left the sea-coast of East Africa for the purpose of exploration; therefore it would be a great pity if it were wrecked or ruined just as it began to set out to fulfil its mission. To guard against the possibility of such a sad collapse, I have, after much deliberation, decided to start from Bagamoyo, and to proceed some distance along the well-known caravan path, so as to give confidence to my men, and withdraw them as much as possible from the temptation to desert, and afterwards to plunge northward into the Masai Land—a country as yet untrodden by white men, and of the state of which the best-informed among us are totally ignorant. It will be a risky undertaking, but not half so dangerous as starting for that region from some unknown seaport My present intention is then to make my way westward to the Victoria Nyanza, and ascertain whether Speke's or Livingstone's hypothesis is the correct one—whether the Victoria Nyanza consists of one lake or five. All the most important localities will be fixed by astronomical observations; and whether the Victoria Lake consists of one or many pieces of water, we shall discover it by complete circumnavigation. When this work is finished, I intend to visit Mtesa or Rumanika, and then cross over to the Lake Albert Nyanza, and endeavour to settle how far Baker is correct in his bold hypothesis concerning its length and breadth. On this lake I expect to meet Gordon and his party, by whom I hope to be able to send the first reports of my travels and discoveries since leaving the Unyanyembe caravan road. Beyond this point the whole future appears to me so vague and vast that it is impossible to state at this period what I shall try to do next."

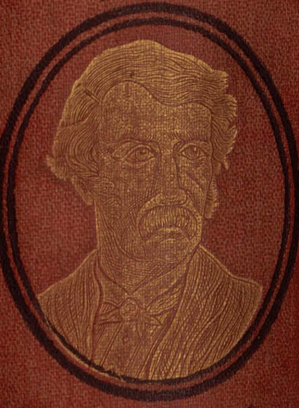
Mr. Stanley has, no doubt, plunged, with his four hundred followers, into that abyss of silence and peril which the African wilderness really is; he has already surmounted, we hope, those difficult first three weeks of marching which he paints so graphically; and we trust that, with forces not greatly diminished, and resolution not lessened at all, he has entered upon that vast blank space upon the map which lies between the Kilima Mnjaro and the Victoria Nyanza. No one has yet visited this region, wherein the dubious Lake Manyara is said to lie, and where the Masai, reputed fierce and inhospitable, reside; but Stanley has a strong and well-equipped band, and knows how to push his way past difficulties. The original plan of the journey has been so far modified by circumstances, that, instead of attacking the great African problem from the south and east Mr. Stanley approaches it from the west and north. In doing this, he at once penetrates a country of extreme interest to geographers, and can hardly fail, while making his way towards the Victoria Nyanza, to light upon revelations of much moment. Arrived at the Victoria Lake, about which Colonel Long's recent visit has still left an immense deal to be learned, he will, we trust, be able to complete our knowledge of the discoveries of Speke and Grant; and while he contemplates far more than this large task, it is certainly enough for the present to fill all who love adventure and exploration with excited anticipations.

In addition to the expedition under Mr. Stanley, the Viceroy of Egypt, having annexed the important kingdom of Darfur, has just commissioned two parties under European command to proceed to Kobbo and El Obeid—tracing the paths, clearing the wells, and pioneering generally towards the mouth of the Sobat, and the country to the westward of the Albert Nyanza. This, together with the work already done by Nachtigall and Schweinfurth, will soon leave little that is unknown on the left banks of the White Nile. Colonel Gordon will, in all probablity, shortly be able to have his steamer afloat on Baker's Lake, where the first voyages of that little craft will enable us to map the shores of that great inland sea. To the southward upon Tanganyika, Lieutenant Cameron is at work, whether the Lualaba leads him northwards or westwards. Another expedition to Equatorial Africa, under the command of Captain von Homeyer, has left Lisbon for the Loanda Coast; while there are also three Missionary enterprises on foot, and three parties of men will shortly wend their way to Lake Nyassa, to the head waters of the Shire, which communicate with the Zambesi, the great highway of that part of Africa.

From these various efforts it is all but certain that before the year 1875 closes, immense results will have been obtained for science and civilisation. We may hope to know at last where Tanganyika drains, whither the Luapula and Lualaba run, what is the southern connection of the Albert Nyanza; and all the important revelations—which Mr. Stanley means to make, if they are not made before he reaches the spot—will have been augmented by his accounts of that vast blank chasm in the map westward of Kilima Mnjaro, and by a final declaration as to the geography of the Victoria Lake or Lakes.

There are some, perhaps, who ignorantly say, "Well, and what then? Who will be a jot the better for knowing where these distant waters flow, and whether Livingstone died beside the fountains of the Nile or the Congo?" It matters very much to the future of commerce, and to the destiny of the Africans, which way these lakes empty, and whither those mighty channels flow. If the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika waters are united, a railway of one hundred and fifty miles is alone required to open the continent from Alexandria to the parallel of south latitude. If, again, the Lualaba comes into the Albert Lake, there is a water road from Ilala, where Livingstone died, into Egypt, opening up three more degrees of south latitude; while, if it run westward as the Congo, the Nile must yield its ancient honour to so wonderful a stream, but commerce will find a magnificent gateway at Loanda. Upon the decision of these and the cognate problems rests the question of the course which trade will take, and upon trade depends the gradual extinction of that dreadful slave-traffic which Livingstone called "the open sore of the world," an ulcer eating away the life and loveliness of this wonderful continent. Lovely it is in all its wealth of splendid scenery, its majestic rivers, mighty inland seas, flowery forests, and sunny mountains; nor can any large-minded man doubt that, when justice is done to its vast and patient populations, the entire region will not contribute richer gifts to humanity than will these industrious, glad-hearted, artistic Africans.

THE LIFE AND
EXPLORATIONS
OF
Dr. LIVINGSTONE



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