some are seen to wear red or blue hood-cloths. The male costume of the lower orders is confined to softened goat, sheep, deer, leopard, or monkey skins, tied at two corners like a little apron, passed over the right or left shoulder, with the flaps open at one side, and with tail and legs dangling in the wind. Women who cannot afford cloth use, as a substitute, a narrow kilt of fibre or skin, and some were seen with a tassel of fibre, or a leafy twig, depending from a string bound round the waist, and displaying the nearest approach to the original fig-leaf. At Ujiji people are observed, for the first time, to make extensive use of the macerated tree-bark, which supplies the place of cotton in Urundi, Karagwah, and the northern kingdoms. This article, technically called 'mbugu,' is made from the inner bark of the various trees. The trunk of the full-grown tree is stripped of its integument twice or thrice, and is bound with plantain-leaves till a finer growth is judged fit for manipulation. This bark is carefully removed, steeped in water, macerated, kneaded, and pounded with clubs and battens to the consistency of a coarse cotton. Palm-oil is then spurted upon it from the mouth, and it acquires the colour of chamois-leather. The Wajiji obtain the mbugu mostly from Urundi and Uvira. They are fond of striping it with a black, vegetable mud, so as to resemble the spoils of leopards and wild cats, and they favour the delusion by cutting the edge into long strips, like the tails and other extremities of wild beasts. The price of the mbugu varies according to size, from six to twelve strings of beads. Though durable, it is never washed; after many months' wear, the superabundance of dirt is removed by butter or ghee.

"Besides common brass girdles and bracelets, armlets and anklets, masses of white porcelain, blue glass, and large 'pigeon-egg' beads, and hundreds of the iron-wire circlets, called sambo, worn with ponderous brass or copper rings round the lower part of the leg, above the foot, the Wajiji are distinguished from tribes not on the lake by necklaces of shells—small pink bivalves strung upon a stout fibre. Like their Lakist neighbours, they ornament the throat with disks, crescents, and strings of six or seven cones, fastened by the apex, and depending to the breast. Made of the whitest ivory, or of the teeth, not the tusks, of the hippopotamus, these dazzling ornaments effectively set off the shining, dark skin. Another peculiarity among these people is, a pair of iron pincers, or a piece of split wood, ever hanging round the neck; nor is its use less remarkable than its presence. The Lakists rarely chew, smoke, or take snuff, according to the manner of the rest of mankind. Every man carries a little half-gourd, or a diminutive pot of black earthenware, nearly full of tobacco; when inclined to indulge, he fills it with water, expresses the juice, and from the palm of his hand snuffs it up into his nostrils. The pincers serve to close the exit, otherwise the nose must be corked by the application of finger and thumb. Without much practice, it is difficult to articulate during the retention of the dose,

which lasts a few minutes, and when an attempt is made, the words are scarcely intelligible. The arms of the Wajiji are small battle-axes, and daggers, spears, and large bows, which carry unusually heavy arrows. They fear the gun and the sabre, yet they show no unwillingness to fight. The Arabs avoid granting their demands for muskets and gunpowder, consequently, a great chief never possesses more than two or three fire-arms.

"The Wajiji are considered by the Arabs to be the most troublesome race upon this line of road. They are taught by the example of their chiefs to be rude, insolent, and extortionate; they demand beads even for pointing out the road; they will deride and imitate a stranger's speech and manner before his face; they can do nothing without a long preliminary of the fiercest scolding; they are as ready with a blow as with a word; and they may often be seen playing at 'rough and tumble' fighting, pushing, and tearing hair, in their boats. The Wajiji draw dagger or use spear upon a guest with little hesitation. They think twice, however, before drawing blood, which will cause a feud. Their roughness of manner is dashed with a curious ceremoniousness. When the Sultan appears amongst his people he stands in a circle and claps his hands, to which all respond in the same way. Women curtsey to one another, bending the right knee almost to the ground. When two men meet they clasp each other's arms with both hands, rubbing them up and down, and ejaculating for some minutes, 'Nama Sanga? Nama Sanga?—Art thou well?' They then pass the hands down to the fore-arm, exclaiming 'Wakhe? Wakhe?—How art thou?' and, finally, they clap hands at each other—a token of respect which appears common to these tribes of Central Africa. The children have all the frowning and unprepossessing look of their parents; they reject little civilities, and seem to spend life in disputes, biting and clawing like wild cats. There appears to be little family affection in this undemonstrative race. The only endearment between father and son is a habit of scratching and picking each other, caused probably by the prevalence of a complaint before alluded to; as among the Simiads, the intervals between pugnacity are always spent exercising the nails. Sometimes, also, at sea, when danger is near, the Wajiji breaks the mournful silence of his fellows, who are all thinking of home, with the exclamation, 'Ya mguri wange—O my wife!' They are never sober when they can be drunk; perhaps in no part of the world will the traveller more often see men and women staggering about the villages with thick speech and violent gestures. The favourite inebrient is tembo or palm-toddy; almost every one, however, when on board the canoe, smokes bhang, and the whooping and screaming which follows the indulgence resemble the noise of wild beasts rather than the sounds of human beings. Their food consists principally of holcus, manioc, and fish, which is rarely eaten before it becomes offensive to European organs.

"The great Mwami or Sultan of Ujiji in 1858-9 was Rusimba; under him

were several mutware or minor chiefs, one to each settlement, as Kannena in Kawele, and Lurinda in Gungu. On the arrival of a caravan, Rusimba forwards, through his relations, a tusk or two of ivory, thus mutely intimating that he requires his blackmail, which he prefers to receive in beads and cloth, proportioning, however, his demands to the trader's means. When the point has been settled, the mutware sends his present, and expects a proportionate return. He is, moreover, entitled to a fee for every canoe hired; on each slave the Kiremba or excise is about half the price; from one to two cloths are demanded upon every tusk of ivory; and he will snatch a few beads from a man purchasing provisions for his master. The minor chiefs are fond of making 'sare' or brotherhood with strangers, in order to secure them in case of return. They depend for influence over their unruly subjects wholly upon personal qualifications, bodily strength, and violence of temper. Kannena, the chief of Kawele, though originally a slave, has won golden opinions by his conduct; when in liquor, he assumes the most ferocious aspect, draws his dagger, brandishes his spear, and, with loud screams, rushes at his subjects as with the intention of annihilating them. The affairs of the nation are settled by the Mwami, the great chief, in a general council of the lieges, the Wateko (in the singular Mteko), or elders presiding. Their intellects, never of the brightest, are invariably muddled with toddy, and, after bawling for hours together, and coming apparently to the most satisfactory conclusion, the word of a boy or an old woman will necessitate another lengthy palaver. The sultans, like their subjects, brook no delay in their own affairs; they impatiently dun a stranger half-a-dozen times a day for a few weeks on occasions to him of the highest importance, whilst they are drinking *pombe* or taking leave of their wives. Besides the Magubiko or preliminary presents, the chiefs are bound, before the departure of a caravan which has given them satisfaction, to supply it with half-a-dozen masuto or matted packages of grain, and to present the leader with a slave, who generally manages to abscond. The parting gifts are technically called 'urangozi' or guidance.

". . . The Wajiji never could reconcile themselves to 'merchants' who had come to see and not to buy, and, under the influence of slavery, made no progress in the science of commerce. They know nothing of bargaining or of credit; they will not barter unless the particular medium on which they have set their hearts is forthcoming; and they fix a price proportioned to their wants, not to the value of the article. The market varies with the number of caravans present at the depot, with the season, the extent of the supply, and a variety of similar considerations. Besides the trade in ivory, slaves, cloth, and palm-oil, they manufacture and hawk about iron sickles, shaped like the European; small bells, and wire circlets, worn as ornaments round the ankles; long double-edged knives in wooden sheaths, neatly whipped with strips of rattan; and Jembe, or hoes.

" . . . The traveller in the Lake regions loses by cloth; the people, contented with softened skins and tree-bark, prefer beads, ornaments, and more durable articles. On the other hand, he gains upon salt, which is purchased at half-price at the Parugerero pans, and upon large wires brought from the coast. Beads are a necessary evil to those engaged in buying ivory and slaves. . . . A serious inconvenience awaits the inexperienced, who find a long halt at, and a return from, Ujiji necessary. The Wanyamwezi porters, hired at Unyanyembe, bring with them the cloth and beads they have received as hire for going to, and coming from the lake; and they lose no time in bartering the outfit for ivory and slaves. Those who prefer the former article, will delay for some days with extreme impatience and daily complaints, fearing to cross Uvinza, in small bodies, when loaded with valuables. The purchasers of slaves, however, knowing that they will evidently lose them after a few days at Ujiji, desert at once. In all cases, the report that a caravan is marching eastwards, causes a general disappearance of the parties. As the Wajiji will not carry, the caravan is reduced to a halt, which may be protracted for months—in fact, till another body of men coming from the east will engage themselves as return-porters. Moreover, the departure homewards almost always partakes of the nature of a flight, so fearful are the strangers, lest their slaves should seize the opportunity to desert. The Omani Arabs obviate these inconveniences, by always travelling with large bodies of domestics, whose interest it is not to abandon the master. They also wisely discourage the African's proclivity for 'levanting,' by refusing to hire parties who have run away. The coast Arabs, and the Wasawahili, on the other hand, ignore this point of commercial honour, and shamelessly offer a premium to deserters.

"South of the Wajiji lie the Wakaranga, a people previously described as almost identical in development and condition, but somewhat inferior in energy and civilization. Little need be said of the Warinza, who appear to unite the bad qualities of both the Wanyamwezi and the Wajiji. They are a dark, meagre, and ill-looking tribe; poorly clad, in skin aprons and kilts. They keep off insects, by inserting the chauri, or fly-flap, into the waist-band of their kilts; and at a distance present, like the Hottentots, the appearance of a race with tails. Their arms are spears, bows, and arrows; and they use, unlike their neighbours, wicker-work shields, six feet long by two in breadth. Their chiefs are of the Watosi race; hence, every stranger who meets with their approbation is called, in compliment, Mtosi. They will admit caravans into their villages, dirty clumps of bee-hive huts; but they refuse to provide them with lodging. Merchants, with valuable outfits, prefer the jungle, and wait patiently for provisions brought in baskets from the settlements. They seldom muster courage to attack a caravan, but stragglers are in imminent danger of being cut off by them. Their country is rich in

cattle and poultry, grain, and vegetables. Bhang grows everywhere near the settlement, and they indulge themselves in it immoderately.

"The Watuta—a word of fear in these regions—are a tribe of robbers originally settled upon the southern extremity of the Tanganyika Lake. After plundering the lands of Marungu and Ufipa, whose cattle they almost annihilated, the Watuta migrated northwards, rounding the eastern side of the lake. . . Shortly afterwards they attacked Msene, and were only repulsed by the matchlocks of the Arabs, after a week of hard skirmishing. In the early part of 1858, they slew Ruhenibe, the Sultan of Usui, a district north of Unyanyembe, upon the march to Karagwah. In the latter half of the same year, they marched upon Ujiji, plundered Gungu, and proceeded to attack Kawele. The valiant Kannena, and all his men, fled to the mountains. The Arab merchants, however, who were then absent on a commercial visit to Uvira, returned precipitately to defend their depots, and, with large bodies of slave-musketeers, beat off the invader. The lands of the Watuta are now bounded, on the north by Utumbara; on the south by Misene; eastward by the meridian of Wilyankuru; and, westwards by the highlands of Urundi.

"The Watuta, according to the Arabs, are a pastoral tribe, despising, like the Wamasai and the Somal, such luxuries as houses and fields; they wander from place to place, camping under trees, over which they throw their mats, and driving their herds and plundered cattle to the most fertile pasture-grounds. The dress is sometimes a mbugu or bark-cloth; more generally it is confined to the humblest tribute paid to decency by the Kaffirs of the Cape, and they have a similar objection to removing it. On their forays they move in large bodies, women as well as men, with the children and baggage placed on bullocks, and their wealth, in brass wire, twisted round the horns. Their wives carry their weapons, and join it is said, in the fight. The arms are two short spears, one in the right hand, the other in the left, concealed by a large shield, so that they can thrust upwards unawares. Disdaining bows and arrows, they show their superior bravery by fighting at close quarters, and they never use the spear as a weapon to be thrown. In describing their tactics the Arabs call them manœuverers. Their thousands march in four or five extended lines, and attack, by attempting to envelope the enemy. There is no shouting or war-cry, to distract the attention of the combatants: iron whistles are used for the necessary signals. During the battle, the Sultan, or chief, whose ensign is a brass stool, sits, attended by his forty or fifty elders, in the rear; his authority is little more than nominal, the tribe priding itself upon autonomy (self-government.) The Watuta rarely run away, and take no thought of their killed and wounded. They do not, like the ancient Jews, and the Gallas and Abyssinians of the present day, carry off a relic of the slain foe; in fact, the custom seems to be ignored south of the equator. The Watuta have still, however, a wholesome dread of fire-arms, and the red flag

of the caravan causes them to decamp without delay. According to the Arabs they are not inhospitable, and though rough in manner, they have always received guests with honour. A fanciful trait is related concerning them. Their first question to a stranger will be—'Didst thou see me from afar?'—which, being interpreted, means—'Did you hear of my greatness before coming here?'—and they hold an answer in the negative to be a *causus belli.*

"The Wabuha form a small and insignificant tribe, bounded on the north by Ubha, and on the south by the Malagarazi River; the total breadth is about three marches; the length, from the Rusugi stream of the Wavinza to the frontiers of Ujiji and Ukaranga, is a distance of four days. Their principal settlement is Uyonwa, the district of Sultan Mariki; it is a mere clearing in the jungle, with a few wretched huts, dotting fields of sweet potatoes. This harmless and oppressed people will sell provisions, but, though poor, they are particular upon the subject of beads, preferring the coral and blue to the exclusion of black and white. They are a dark, curly-headed, and hard-favoured race: they wear the shushah or top-knot of hair, dress in skin and tree-barks, ornament themselves with brass and copper armlets, ivory disks, and beads, and are never without their weapons, spears, daggers, and small battle-axes. Honourable women wear tobes of red broad cloth, and fillets of grass or fibre confining the hair.

"Ubha was previously a large tract of land bounded on the north by the mountains of Urundi, southwards and eastwards by the Malagarazi River, and on the west by the northern parts of Ujiji. As has been recorded, the Wahha, scattered by the Watuta, have dispersed themselves over the broad lands between Unyanyembe and the Tanganyika, and their fertile country, well stocked with the finest cattle, has become a waste of jungle. A remnant of the tribe, under Kanoni, their present Sultan, son of the late T'hare, took refuge in the highlands of Urundi, not far from the principal settlement of the mountain king Mwezi: here they find water and pasture for their herds, and the strength of the country enables them to beat off their enemies. The Wahha are a comparatively fair and a not uncomely race; they are, however, universally held to be a vile and servile people; according to the Arabs they came originally from the southern regions, the most ancient seat of slavery in Eastern Africa. Their Sultans or chiefs are of Wahinda or princely origin, probably descendants from the royal race of Unyamwezi. Wahha slaves command the highest prices in the local slave markets."

Dr. Livingstone, as we have previously stated, was to accompany Mr. Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, there to await stores, etc., which he undertook to see despatched from Zanzibar in safe and competent custody. Livingstone declined to return. He said, "I would like very much to go home and see my children once again; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I

have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

In order to avoid the districts through which Mr. Stanley had passed, and in which he had been so heavily mulcted in tribute, the party went south, along the east coast of the lake, partly on foot, and partly by boat, to Urimba, from whence they struck across country to Unyanyembe. For several days their route lay through unexplored country. For long distances the dense grass and brushwood, and the want of a path, made the progress tedious and difficult. On the 17th of January, 1872, they reached Imrera, where Mr. Stanley and his party had previously camped, on their march to Ujiji. Both Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley suffered from sore feet, which were cut and bleeding from the long and trying march. The Doctor's shoes were worn out, and cut and slashed all over to save his blistered feet, and Mr. Stanley's were in no better state. They rested for a day, and on the 19th, Mr. Stanley shot a male and female zebra. As they had had no flesh-meat for a considerable time, the possession of such an amount of meat had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of their tired-out followers. On the 21st, Mr. Stanley shot a giraffe. This was the noblest animal which had as yet fallen to his rifle, but he could not feel in his heart that its death was a triumph. "I was rather saddened than otherwise," he says, "at seeing the noble animal stretched before me. If I could have given her her life back, I think I should have done so. I thought it a great pity that such splendid animals, so well adapted for the service of man in Africa, could not be converted to some other use than that of food. Horses, mules, and donkeys, die in these sickly regions; but what a blessing for Africa would it be, if we could tame the giraffes and zebras for the use of explorers and traders. Mounted on a zebra, a man would be enabled to reach Ujiji in one month from Bagamoyo; whereas it took me over seven months to travel that distance.

On the 27th the party disturbed a huge swarm of bees, which stung the men and animals frightfully. This is no unusual incident in African travel. A kind of bee, which makes its nest among the long grass, when disturbed rushes out in vast numbers, and stings every animal within reach. There is nothing for it but flight in such circumstances, and men and beasts rush from the enraged insects with all the speed they may.

At Mwaru they met a slave of Sayd bin Habib, in charge of a caravan, for Ujiji. He reported that Mirambo was nearly exhausted, and that Shaw, who had been left by Mr Stanley at Unyanyembe, was dead. They also learned that several packets of letters, papers, and goods, had arrived for Mr. Stanley from Zanzibar. The Doctor also reminded Mr. Stanley that, "according to

BEATING SORGO

VILLAGE BLACKSMITHS

his accounts, he had a stock of jellies and crackers, soups, fish, and potted ham, besides cheese, awaiting him at Unyanyembe." Mr. Stanley, who had suffered from several attacks of fever, was longing for a change of diet, and the prospect of such variety cheered him. "I wondered," he says, "that people who have access to such luxuries, should ever get sick, and become tired of life. I thought that if a wheaten loaf, with a mere pat of fresh butter were presented to me, I would be able, though dying, to spring up and dance a wild fandango."

Arrived at Unyanyembe, the two toil-worn travellers found welcome letters and newspapers from home. Among other letters to Mr. Stanley was one from Dr. Kirk, H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, requesting him to do all he could to push on the Livingstone caravan. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley found it at Unyanyembe as he passed through on his way to Ujiji, and it was still there when he returned. The man who had gone and relieved Livingstone, and was half-way on his return journey when he received this request in connection with a caravan which left Zanzibar two months prior to his own expedition, has some grounds for the terms in which he speaks throughout his book of the carelessness of Dr. Kirk. He dryly remarked to Dr. Livingstone that the request came too late for his visit to Ujiji, but that he had done better, he had brought him to the caravan.

When Dr. Livingstone's boxes came to be opened, Mr. Stanley, who had been looking forward to luxuriating on all the delicacies of civilization, was grievously disappointed. We must let him tell the result in his own words; it is a fine commentary on commercial morality, and the watchful care of the traveller's friends:—

"The first box opened contained three tins of biscuits, six tins of potted hare—tiny things, not much larger than thimbles, which, when opened, proved to be nothing more than a table-spoonful of minced meat, plentifully sprinkled with pepper: the Doctor's stores fell five hundred degrees below Zero in my estimation. Next were brought out five pots of jam, one of which was opened —this was also a delusion. The stone jars weighed a pound, and in each was found a little over a tea-spoonful of jam. Verily, we began to think our hopes and expectations had been raised to too high a pitch. Three bottles of curry were next produced—but who cares for curry? Another box was opened, and out tumbled a fat dumpy Dutch cheese, hard as a brick, but sound and good, although it is bad for the liver in Unyamwezi. Then another cheese was seen, but this was all eaten up—it was hollow, and a fraud. The third box contained nothing but two sugar loaves; the fourth candles; the fifth, bottles of salt, Harvey, Worcester, and Reading sauces, essences of anchovies, pepper and mustard. Bless me! what food were these for the revivifying of a moribund such as I was! The sixth box contained four sheets, two stout pair of shoes, some stockings, and shoe-strings, which delighted the Doctor so much when he

tried them on that he exclaimed, 'Richard is himself again!' 'That man, said I, 'whoever he is, is a friend indeed.' 'Yes, that is my friend Waller.'

"The five other boxes contained potted meat and soups; but the twelfth, containing one dozen bottles of medicinal brandy, was gone; and a strict cross-examination of Asmani, the head man of Livingstone's caravan, elicited the fact that not only was one case of brandy missing, but also two bales of cloth, and four bags of the most valuable beads in Africa—Sami-sami—which are as gold with the natives.

"I was grievously disappointed after the stores had been examined. Everything proved to be deceptions in my jaundiced eyes. Out of the tins of biscuits, when opened, there was only one sound box, the whole of which would not make one full meal. The soups—who cared for meat soups in Africa? Are there no bullocks, and sheep, and goats, in the land from which far better soup can be made than any that ever was potted? Peas or any other kind of vegetable soup would have been a luxury, but chicken and game soups!—what nonsense."

Asmani, the head man in charge of Dr. Livingstone's caravan, had also broken into Mr. Stanley's store huts at Unyanyembe, and abstracted cloth and other articles. It was evident that if the two travellers had been much longer in reaching Unyanyembe the Doctor's stores would have entirely disappeared. The stolen goods found in possession of Asmani were taken from him, and he was at once discharged. Nearly one-half of the stores Mr. Stanley had brought from Bagamoyo were at Unyanyembe, and the greater portion of them were handed over to Dr. Livingstone for use in his future journeyings.

Another caravan of stores which had been prepaid from Zanzibar to Ujiji, which had been despatched shortly after Dr. Livingstone landed in the country in 1866, or rather the miserable remnants of it, was found in the possession of an Arab who had been charged with their despatch to Ujiji, and handsomely paid for the same.

On the 14th of March, 1872, Mr. Stanley departed for the coast, and left Dr. Livingstone at Unyanyembe, who was to await there the sending of carriers and some further stores for his future journey. He was, thanks to Mr. Stanley, well supplied with everything, and could rest in ease and plenty until he was joined by the carriers who were to accompany him in his march. The parting of these two brave men must have been a serious task to both. The courageous young man who had succoured the great traveller, could hardly help thinking that possibly they who had met so opportunely in the heart of Africa might never meet again; and the dauntless explorer, when he looked his last upon the lithe and active figure of the young man who had come to him in his great need, would not fail to think that this might be to him the

last glimpse—the last visible embodiment of civilization he was destined to see. Any feeling of this nature would be more than balanced in his enthusiastic nature by the hope that now he had the means of completing the great work which was dearer to him than life.

Dr. Livingstone accompanied Mr. Stanley for a part of the way, and then the moment came when they must part. "Now, my dear Doctor," said Mr. Stanley, "the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back."

"Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done to me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

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

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

"Good-bye, Doctor—dear friend!"

"Good-bye!"

"The FAREWELL between Livingstone and myself had been spoken. We were parted, he to whatever fate Destiny had in store for him, to battling against difficulties, to many, many days of marching through wildernesses, with little or nothing much to sustain him save his own high spirit, and enduring faith in God, who would bring all things right at last, and I to that which Destiny may have in store for me."

On the march back, Mr. Stanley and his party suffered from the flooded state of the country, as the rainy season was now on; and more than once they had extreme difficulty in passing the swollen rivers.

On one occasion a native, in wading a stream with the box containing Dr. Livingstone's despatches and letters on his head, plunged into a hole up to the neck, and Mr. Stanley for a moment was filled with an awful dread that they might be lost. Presenting a loaded revolver at his head, he shouted: "Look out! Drop that box, and I'll shoot you." The poor fellow's terror was extreme, but after a staggering effort he reached the shore in safety.

The rains being at their height, the difficulties were greater than any Mr. Stanley had as yet experienced. He gives a graphic picture of the jungle at one point of their journey. He says, "What dreadful odours and indiscribable loathing this jungle produces! It is so dense that a tiger could not crawl through it; it is so impenetrable that an elephant could not force his way! Were a bottleful of concentrated miasma, such as we inhale herein, collected, what a deadly poison, instantaneous in its action, undiscoverable in

its properties, would it be! I think it would act quicker than chloroform, be as fatal as prussic acid."

"Horrors upon horrors are in it. Boas above our heads, snakes and scorpions under our feet. Land-crabs, terrapins, and iguanas, move about in our vicinity. Malaria is in the air we breathe; the road is infested with 'hot water' ants, which bite our legs until we dance and squirm about like madmen. Yet somehow we are fortunate enough to escape annihilation, and many another traveller might also."

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was soon in communication with the heads of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition," Lieutenant Henn, Mr. Charles New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the eldest surviving son of Dr. Livingstone. Lieutenant Dawson, the head of the expedition, had thrown up his appointment on hearing of the approach of Mr. Stanley. Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New, on learning that Dr. Livingstone had been relieved, decided to retire from the expedition, but Mr. Oswell Livingstone determined to go on with the bearers and stores needed to completely equip his father for his further journeyings. A few weeks afterwards he decided not to go, a decision which now he must bitterly regret.

The expedition sent to Dr. Livingstone consisted of fifty-seven individuals, many of whom had accompanied Mr. Stanley to and from Ujiji. The most of them had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi journey. Six Nassick boys (African lads educated at the Nassick School, Bombay), who had been brought by Dr. Livingstone from the Shire valley in 1864, and had volunteered to go with Lieutenant Dawson's expedition, were among the number. Their names were Jacob Wainwright, John Wainwright, Matthew Wellington, Canas Ferrars, Richard Rutton, and Benjamin Rutton. The first of these was destined to accompany the remains of his great master to England, and stand beside his grave in Westminster Abbey.

On the 29th of May, Mr. Stanley left Zanzibar for England, and within a few days it was known all over the civilized world that Dr. Livingstone had been found and relieved.

In addition to the assurance of his being alive, we had news of his having been in the far west among friendly tribes, exploring the western division of the great watershed of Central Africa, of the extent of which he had already informed us in his letter to Lord Clarendon of July 8, 1868.

The news of his safety did not come to us in the shape of a telegram of a few lines by way of Bombay—tantalizing us with the scantiness of its information, and the dread that in a few days, like many others, it would be contradicted—but reached us in the form of a succinct narrative of the meeting of Mr. Stanley and the explorer at Ujiji, their companionship together for several months, a brief account of his discoveries, and an intimation that Mr. Stanley was the bearer of letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone for the

Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and personal friends. As many of the most sanguine believers in his ultimate safety had begun to have grave doubts that Livingstone's great career had ended, as that of many a brave predecessor in African discovery had, the joy and satisfaction felt at the certainty of his safety was of the warmest description.

When people had time to think calmly about his safety, and the startling nature of the discoveries which he had made, while lost to our view in the recesses of the interior, a feeling of wonder arose that he should have been discovered and succoured by a private individual, a young man at the threshold of his fourth decade, the correspondent of a newspaper, whose only experience of Africa, prior to this great feat which has associated his name for ever with that of the greatest and most successful explorer of ancient or modern times, was gained in company with the expedition sent by the English Government for the rescue of the English prisoners at Magdala. Caravan after caravan, laden with stores, and accompanied by men intended to be of service to the traveller, had been despatched by Dr. Kirk, H.M. Consul at Zanzibar—the Government and the Royal Geographical Society aiding him in his endeavours to discover and succour the man in whose fate the whole civilised world was interested—in vain.

As we have seen, an imposing expedition under the auspices of the Geographical Society, and handsomely provided with means by subscriptions from private individuals and corporate bodies, had left this country, and was then popularly supposed to be far on its way towards the unknown region where its mission could be fulfilled.

That Livingstone's safety should be determined, and his wants supplied, at the cost of the proprietor of a New York newspaper, and through the pluck and daring of one of his subordinates, who went at his bidding to look for Livingstone in Central Africa, just as he would have gone to collect news in any of the great centres of European civilization, was a singular way of accomplishing a great object, sadly puzzling for a time to many; and fears were entertained that the whole was an audacious canard, which only a Yankee journalist would dare to perpetrate. By and by, as the original intelligence came to be supplemented, it became apparent that not only was his story true, but that this young journalist was one who, in determined courage and resolute perseverance, was in every way worthy to take his place among the heroes of African discovery and travel. When James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, made up his mind that an effort should be made to find Livingstone, and assigned the task to Mr. Stanley, it fell into the hands of a man capable of carrying it into successful execution. No doubt, if some Englishman or American of fortune had done this thing from a love of adventure, or some higher impulse, our ideas of the fitness of things would not have been outraged; but there are hundreds of capable and adventurous men who

cannot afford to indulge in heroic impulses of this nature, and it was a fortunate thing for Livingstone, and a matter for congratulation on the part of civilised mankind, that Mr. Bennet had such a man on his staff, and had the wisdom to know that *he* was the man who could carry out his wishes, if these were possible.

In 1841, shortly after David Livingstone had joined Robert Moffat and his coadjutors at Kuruman, with the view of fitting himself for the work of the Christian Mission to the heathen tribes, to the north of the furthest missionary outpost—in a humble cottage on the site of the old Castle of Denbigh, a son was born to John Rowlands, son of a small farmer, and Elizabeth Parry, daughter of a respectable butcher of Denbigh. No lives could have seemed so far apart as that of the resolute and adventurous Scot, who was commencing that career of lofty and "high souled-surprise" in Africa which has rendered his name illustrious, and that of the infant who was entering upon a childhood and boyhood of poverty and dependence. That child, who for fifteen years went by the name of his father and grandfather—John Rowlands—as Mr. Henry M. Stanley, was destined to have his name associated with that of David Livingstone, as his deliverer and preserver, when his fate was the subject of anxiety and discussion throughout the civilized world.

In any circumstances, the early life of such a man, prior to the great achievement which has rendered him famous, could not fail to be a subject of interest to all, but as in his case there had been crowded into his previous thirty years of life an amount of trial, vicissitude, and daring adventure, given to few to experience during the natural term of life, our interest in him is redoubled. The father and maternal grandfather of John Rowlands (Rollants, the Welsh have it), having died when he was about ten years of age, the child was left all but dependent upon a humble couple, who, so long as their means would permit, treated him as though he had been a member of their own family. When five years of age the death of an uncle left the child totally dependent upon strangers, and he was received into the work-house at St. Asaph. This last refuge of the poor is in too many cases a cold foster-parent to the orphan, but it is a pleasure to be able to record, that the work-house of St. Asaph was not only admirably looked after by the guardians and the officials, but the outside public, from the Bishop of the diocese and the local county families down to the tradesmen of the district, took such an interest in the management of the house and the well-being of its inmates, that the incidents in the life of the orphan boy, up to the time of his leaving St. Asaph, have been easily collected.

For ten years John Rowlands was an inmate of the work-house of St. Asaph, where, amongst other experiences of much use to him in after life, he received an admirable elementary education. He was notable among his compeers in the class-room and the play-ground as a lad of more than ordinary

parts and pluck. In the class-room there was only one lad who approached him in diligence and success, but in the play-ground, whether in the amusements proper to his years, or in a rough stand-up fight, he was without a rival. Notwithstanding the comfort and even indulgence he enjoyed at St. Asaph's, his adventurous disposition manifested itself in more than one attempt to escape from the house. As Mr. J. Hughes, teacher, Llandudno, who knew him after he left St. Asaph, says:—"He burst the trammels of beadledom three times! The widow of his uncle, Mrs. Parry of Dale Street, Denbigh, tells that, on one occasion, he presented himself at her house at an unusually late hour, and without any companion—circumstances which, taken in connection with his sheepish look, led her to suspect that something was wrong. On asking him some questions, she found he had run away. After consulting with some of her friends, John got supper and went to bed.

"Next morning he was sent to St. Asaph in the coach in charge of the guard, who had strict orders to leave him at the school. Before he left Mrs. Parry gave him a sixpence, which gratified him much, and reconciled him to his return. Years afterwards, in speaking of this incident of his life, he spoke of the feeling of being rich, which the possession of that sixpence gave him." *

When John Rowlands, who was then fifteen years of age, left St. Asaph's, in May, 1856, he joined a cousin, Mr. David Owen, teacher of the National School at Mold, with whom he remained for some time, acting as his assistant. His residence with his cousin was a period of much trial and discomfort. The young man and the boy had nothing in common, and quarrels and bickerings were the result. Mr. John Hughes, who saw a good deal of him at this period, gives an interesting account of him. He speaks of finding a copy of Johnson's "Rasselas" on his table, and describes him as being possessed of "an indomitable will, that really knew no impediment to its purpose. . . . His youthful struggles, the character of his reading, and his bold, inflexible nature, eminently fitted him for adventure. . . . I knew every ingredient in his nature, I thought, and used to sum him up as a full-faced, stubborn, self-willed round-head, uncompromising, deep fellow. In conversation with you, his large black eyes would roll away from you as if he was really in deep meditation about half-a-dozen things besides the subject of conversation. He was particularly strong in trunk, but not very smart or elegant about the legs, which were slightly disproportionately short. His temperament was unusually sensitive; he could stand no chaff, nor the least bit of humour."

* "Henry M. Stanley, the Story of the Life." By Cadwalader Rowlands. London, 1873. We shall have frequent occasion to quote this work, to which we are indebted for our account of the incidents in the early life of Mr. Stanley. The book purports to be written by a countryman, who has had unusual facilities for collecting the materials.

This being his character, and his cousin having become jealous of his superior abilities, he endeavoured to crush his proud spirit, by putting him to menial occupations, and by parading his authority over him, we need not wonder that, after a year at Mold, John Rowlands walked straight away into the great world, with only a few pence in his pocket. He walked to Liverpool, and within a few hours engaged himself as extra hand on board a New Orleans cotton ship, which carried passengers on the outward voyages.

"Passage as an emigrant," says the biographer of Stanley, "in an emigrant ship, is quite bad enough, . . . but a passage in the same ship, as an extra hand, going for the first time to sea, is an experience which few who have ever passed through it will recall with pleasure. However, John Rowlands had made up his mind to bear it, and the first sharp lesson tried his quality. The unfortunate holder of such a position on board ship is usually the slave of all the crew, and is put to all sorts of menial tasks. The value of his passage has to be taken out of him in work, and he is lucky if he escapes a plentiful share of kicks and curses in addition."

Landed at New Orleans, John Rowlands parted with his shipmates, and went his way in search of what fortune might bring him. He was not long in learning that a cotton broker, of the name of *Stanley*, was in want of a youth to assist him in the counting house. He applied for the situation, and was fortunate enough to get it. Mr. Stanley was a bachelor, and was noted for an eccentric and kindly disposition. Our hero filled the situation to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Stanley; and the latter having induced him to tell the story of his early years, his sympathies were excited in his favour, and within a very few months, at his suggestion, he took the name of his friend and benefactor, and adopted the name by which he is now so well known. Further intimacy so deepened the affection which the old merchant bore to his friendless assistant, that he intimated to him that he would take charge of his future while he lived, and provide for him by will in the event of his death.

Unfortunately, Mr. Stanley's death took place suddenly, before he had executed a will, and the relations, who looked with no kindly eye on the young man who had so narrowly escaped coming between them and what they would naturally suppose to be their rightful inheritance, turned him adrift. He was now about nineteen years of age, and capable of looking after himself. The next two years were spent in various commercial situations. When the American civil war broke out, his adventurous spirit induced him to enlist in the Southern army. "During his service with the Confederates," says Mr. Cadwalader Rowlands, "he took part in all the engagements fought by General Johnstone up to, and including the battle of Pittsburg Landing. The battle commenced on Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. The first day's fighting resulted in the defeat of the Federal forces, under General Grant, but the latter being reinforced by General Buell, renewed the engagement

on the following day, and defeated the enemy, General Johnstone being among the killed. Many Confederate prisoners were taken in the retreat, among whom was Mr. Stanley.

"While being conveyed with a number of others to prison, Stanley determined on making his escape, and in the most daring manner burst through the armed escort, and, plunging into a river, swam across, and got clear off. More than a dozen shots were fired at him, but he escaped without a scratch."

He returned to England immediately after making his escape, and visited his mother in South Wales. After a short stay he went to Liverpool, where he filled a situation as clerk for several months, living with some of his father's relatives. Having some difference with his friends, he shipped again for the United States, and landed at New York. The war was still raging, and he, with characteristic promptness and audacity, enlisted as a common seaman in the Federal navy. His quality rapidly asserted itself, and within four months we find him secretary to the Admiral, on board the *Ticonderoga*, the flag-ship. "This apparently unwarlike appointment," says his biographer, "did not prevent him from embracing opportunities of showing the stuff that was in him, and his next step in promotion was the most fitting reward for a most gallant and daring exploit. In the heat of an action, he swam five hundred yards under the fire of a fort mounting twelve guns, and fixed a rope to a Confederate steamer, out of which the crew had been driven by the Federal fire, thus enabling the *Ticonderoga* to secure her as a prize.

"He was raised to the rank of ensign on the spot. He fought in several engagements, both on sea and land, and concluded his fighting career as a naval officer, by taking part in the second attack on Fort Fisher, on the 13th January, 1865. Ten months after this decisive engagement, the *Ticonderoga* was sent on a cruise, and arrived at Constantinople in the year 1866." Getting leave of absence, he visited Denbigh, and was well received by his relatives and friends. Visiting the old castle, the scene of his birth, and the first four years of his life, he made the following entry in the visitors' book:—

December 14th, 1866.

John Rowlands, formerly of this Castle, now Ensign in the United States Navy, in North America, belonging to the U. S. Ship "Ticonderoga," now at Constantinople, Turkey; absent on furlough.*

It is worthy of notice, that while he was known in the world as Henry M. Stanley, and all his friends and acquaintances in and around Denbigh knew that he had assumed that name—in the scene of his infant years he makes use of his baptismal name—John Rowlands. He called upon all his

* The houses built within the walls of the Old Castle were, and are still, spoken of as the Castle.

old friends—and visited the work-house at St. Asaph, and made a speech to the children. The Board of Management were very much gratified at the visit. One of the members said, in speaking of the visit—"He came gratefully, and, I may say, gracefully, to see his former acquaintances, and to return thanks to the Governors for the kindness he had formerly received, and to show how well he had merited the indulgence shown to him.

Shortly after this Mr. Stanley resigned his commission, and became the leading actor in a most extraordinary adventure. Along with two young companions, Mr. Cook and Mr. Noe, he formed a resolution of undertaking a journey in Asia Minor. The three adventurers landed at Smyrna, and penetrated into the interior, on horseback, as far as Chi-Hissar, about three hundred miles from the coast. At that place Noe was guilty of some imprudence, which exposed him to the ire of a formidable Turk, the chief of a gang of brigands, who gave him a good caning. In the excitement of the moment, Stanley drew a sword, with which he was armed, and struck him from his horse, and would undoubtedly have slain him but for the protecting folds of his turban. After an adventure of this nature, there was nothing for it but flight. Unfortunately they rode right into the robber's head quarters, and were immediately seized, stripped, and maltreated, and all their money and valuables taken from them. The robber who was struck hit upon an artful expedient for hiding the outrage he and his party had been guilty of. He took the luckless travellers before the Cadi, and charged them with assault and robbery. When asked what they had to say to this charge, Mr Stanley, as spokesman of the party, addressed the Cadi, who, fortunately, was acquainted with the English tongue, and said, "That so far from having attempted to rob their captors, they themselves had been robbed of everything they possessed, and if certain members of the party were searched (here he pointed with his finger to some of the robbers), evidence of his assertion would be proved."

On the men being searched, many of the missing articles were found upon them, a result which the daring young fellow knew how to improve. He threatened all and sundry with the vengeance of Brother Jonathan if they were not at once set at liberty, and their property restored to them, and the robbers punished. His eloquence had such an effect upon the Cadi that the robbers were put under arrest. At Afiun-Kara-Hissar, M. Pelesa, of the Ottoman Bank, provided them with some money and clothes to enable them to proceed to Constantinople. Within a few days' march of Constantinople, Mr. Stanley sent a letter detailing the usage they had received to Mr. E. Joy Morris, the United States Representative at the Turkish Government. Another letter was sent for insertion to the *Levant Herald*, so that by the time the ragged and worn travellers reached the "City of the Sultan," the whole Frankish community was busy with their sufferings and their wrongs. When they arrived at the American Consulate, "Mr. Morris and the American Consul-General

were waiting to receive them, and notwithstanding that they had been prepared for witnessing a case of suffering and destitution, the forlorn appearance of the three youths startled them. Mr. Stanley's clothing, if clothing it could be called, consisted almost exclusively of a single over-covering; he had neither shirt nor stockings, and his companions were in no better plight. Mr. Morris would appear to have been a model minister, for he at once advanced Mr. Stanley £150 without security of any kind."

So vigorously did Mr. Morris press the case of his suffering countrymen upon the attention of the Turkish Government that the brigands were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and the loss they had sustained in money and property was made good—the Grand Vizier, Ali Pacha, actually concluding the arrangements with Mr. Morris. The services of an English Consul in Asia Minor were also pressed into the service, and he watched the trial of the robbers on behalf of Mr. Morris, who had no official countryman within hail. English travellers abroad must think with envy of the readiness with which Yankee officials attend to the interests of their wandering countrymen.

Mr. Stanley returned to the United States early in 1867, and acted for some time as correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and the *Missouri Democrat*, with General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowa and Cheyenne Indians. On his return from this congenial expedition he, along with a companion, constructed a raft, and floated down the Platte river to its junction with the Missouri, a distance of seven hundred miles. Mr. Stanley's biographer says:—"This was an exploit strikingly illustrative of the enterprising character of Stanley, for we may safely assume that it was instigated by him. Travel by the lumbering stage down the valley of the Platte, for seven hundred miles, would have been a dull and prosaic method of finding his way back to civilization after several months' raid against the Indian tribes of the far west. A raft voyage was not without its dangers; the Indians might prove hostile; an unexpected encounter with a snag might shiver the raft into its respective fragments and drown the two voyagers, or a grizzly bear might pay a visit to their night encampment on the banks of the river, and make an end of them. But dangers like these would only give a zest to the adventure."

Mr. Stanley's letters from the far west, abounded with details of horrible massacres by the Indians, who had been goaded into madness by the ill-usage they received from the frontier men. No compact is kept with them; further and further westward they are being driven from the land of their forefathers by the advancing tide of the pale faces. The pioneers of civilization there, as elsewhere, are a reckless and lawless class, and they think as little of shooting an Indian as an Englishman would of shooting a hare. When one reads of a terrible instance of Indian vengeance, when whole families have been put to death after unheard-of tortures, we are apt to forget that some cruel wrong

and injustice on the part of the white settlers have let loose the wild and savage passions of the Redskins. We find room for an abbreviated account of a desperate Indian foray reported by Mr. Stanley. A band of Sioux Indians made a raid upon the railway, near Fort Kearney, over two hundred miles to the west of Omaha. They met a gang of telegraph repairers, and slew and scalped them—James Thomson, an Englishman, escaping with his life. This is Thomson's account of it, as reported by Mr. Stanley:—

"He (the Indian) took out his knife and stabbed me in the neck, and then, making a twirl round his fingers with my hair, he commenced sawing and hacking away at my scalp. Though the pain was awful, and I felt dizzy and sick, I knew enough to keep quiet. After what seemed to be half-an-hour, he gave the last finishing touch to the scalp on my left temple, and as it still hung a little, he gave it a jerk. I just thought then that I should have screamed my life out. I can't describe it to you; it just felt as if the whole head was being taken right off. The Indian then mounted and galloped away, but as he went he dropped my scalp within a few feet of me, which I managed to get and hide. . . Drs. Peck and Moore, of this city (Omaha)," says Mr. Stanley, "will endeavour to reset the scalp on his head, and they are confident they can do it well. As he is a strong man, it is expected that he will recover health and strength." There is something horrible, and yet humorously grotesque, in the securing of his own scalp, by the half-dead Englishman!

On his return to New York, he received the appointment of travelling correspondent to the *New York Herald*, at a salary of £600 a-year, and his first important commission was to accompany the forces under Sir Robert (now Lord Napier) for the relief of the English captives, detained by King Theodore at Magdala. As Mr. Stanley has recently published his account of this brilliant campaign, we will not allude to it further than to mention, that his energetic character enabled him to obtain a happy superiority, not only over his fellow-correspondents, but over the English Government itself, as he sent important intelligence to his paper, which reached England *via* New York, a few days earlier than the official intelligence sent by the Commander-in-chief.

On his return to England from Abyssinia, he spent several weeks with his relatives in Wales, before starting for Spain, to give an account of the revolution which resulted in the flight of Queen Isabella. He was at Madrid, as we have seen, when Mr Gordon Bennet sent for him to Paris, for the purpose of despatching him in search of Dr. Livingstone. As Mr. Stanley himself has informed us, he was present at the opening of the Suez canal, visited the more important places of interest in Palestine, and marched right across Asia Minor into India, landing in Bombay in September of 1869.

His old friend, Mr. E. Joy Morris, saw him at Constantinople, previous to his starting on his famous journey to Bombay. Mr. Morris gave him letters of introduction to such merchants as he knew on his route, and also recom-

mended him to the good offices of the Russian authorities. Mr. Morris says—"He started on the desperate enterprise some time after, and my table thereby lost one of its most entertaining guests. When I say desperate enterprise, I mean it—for Persia is to a European a practically unexplored country; and in consequence of its weak government, and the marauders with which it abounds, a journey from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe would be a safe trip compared to it. I received a letter from him, while on the way, narrating the hospitable manner in which he had been received by the Russian authorities, and the way in which he had astonished them by the performances of his Henry rifle. (This rifle was a present from Mr. Morris.) The journey over the Caucasus and through Georgia was a sort of triumphal march, though he was looked upon as a lost man by all who knew anything of the East.

"The route he took was an entirely new one, as he went in a kind of zigzag way to Thibet, and he must have possessed a charmed life to have come through so much peril in comparative safety. After this affair I returned home, and I did not hear of Mr. Stanley again until I heard of him as the discoverer of Livingstone. . . I should be astonished at no feat in the line of travel that he might not accomplish. He is a clever traveller, and I used to say to myself at my table in Constantinople, 'Here is a man who will yet achieve greatness, and leave his mark behind him in the world.' He has all the qualities which the great explorers possessed—Mungo Park, Humboldt, and Livingstone himself—a hardy frame, unflinching courage, and inflexible perseverance. If such a thing were possible, that I were forced to become a member of a band to undertake some forlorn hope, some desperate enterprise—I know of no one whom I would so readily select as the leader of such an undertaking as Henry Stanley."

As the Shah of Persia is an object of more interest to English readers now than he was at the time Mr. Stanley wrote, we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Stanley's account of the first use the "King of Kings" made of the Telegraph when Teheran was first connected with the principal places in his dominions by wire. To understand it properly we may say that the khans or governors of provinces in Persia pay the Shah for their positions, they screwing out of the people as much more than they pay to the Shah as possible. Mr. Stanley says:—

"The Shah of Persia visited the Telegraph Office in person, and—cunning fellow!—after examining the mode of operating, professed to be delighted with everything he saw. He regarded the apparatus of telegraphy intently, and then begged Mr. Pruce to explain how he manipulated the little round knob, which flashed the mysteries. Mr. Pruce did so very readily, and as he speaks eloquently, no doubt the Shah was much enlightened, for during the exposition the Shah laughed heartily, and delivered many a fervid 'Masha-allah!' Then the Shah wanted to telegraph; he tried a long time, but as the

words would not march, he gave it up as a difficult job. His fingers, he said apologetically, were dumb: they would not talk. Then he summoned one of his own employes from the Persian office, and bade him telegraph as follows:—

"TELEGRAM No 1, TO KOUM, FROM THE SHAH IN PERSON.

"'How much money hast thou for the Shah, Khan?'

"ANSWER.—(After a pause of about three minutes, the rascally governor evidently considering, for all along the line the governors had been forwarned.) 'When the Asylum of the Universe commands less than the least of his slaves, he will give all he is worth.'

"TELEGRAM No. 2, TO KOUM.

"'How much is that?'

"ANSWER.—'Ten thousand tomans.' (£4,000.)

"TELEGRAM No. 3, TO KOUM.

"'Send the money, the Shah commands; he is well pleased.'

"TELEGRAM No. 4, TO KASHAN.

"'Oh! Khan, the Shah wants money; how much hast thou to give him?'

"ANSWER.—'Whatever the Light of the World commands is at his service. I have five thousand tomans.' (£2,000.)

"TELEGRAM No. 5, to KASHAN.

"'Too little; send me twenty thousand tomans (£8,000): the Shah has said it.'

"TELEGRAM No. 6, TO ISPAHAN.

"'Khan, thou knowest thy position is a treasure. What wilt thou give the Shah to keep it? A man has offered me fifty thousand tomans (£20,000) for thy place. Speak quickly: it is the Shah that waits.'

"ANSWER.—'Oh! King of Kings, thou knowest my faithfulness, and hast but to speak: I have 60,000 tomans ready.'

"TELEGRAM No 7, TO ISPAHAN.

"'It is good. Thou art a wise Khan. Send the money.'

"TELEGRAM No. 8, TO SHIRAZ.

"'Shah-Zadeh, speak for thy place. There are evil-minded men who desire thy position. Art thou wise, and is thy hand open?'

"ANSWER.—'The throne is the place of wisdom. When the Shah speaks the world trembles; the ears of his governors are open. I have 30,000 tomans in hand.'

"TELEGRAM No. 9, TO SHIRAZ.

"'The Ameer-ed-Dowlah offers me 45,000 tomans. Oh! little man, thou art mad.'

"ANSWER.—'The Shah has spoken truly: I will send 50,000 tomans.'

"From his telegram to Bushire, he received answer that 10,000 tomans would be sent immediately, which was accepted. This is the Shah and his ways of government. The handsome sum of 150,000 tomans, or £60,000 sterling, was netted in one morning from the governors' privy purses His governorships are sold to the highest bidder."

Mr. Stanley arrived in England on the 1st August, 1872. His half-brother and cousin from Denbigh met him on Dover pier, and accompanied their now famous relative to London. Petty jealousy on the part of professional geographers, and certain newspapers, prompted unworthy doubts as to the truth of the story he had to tell; and both in this country and in America it was broadly hinted that Mr. Stanley had never seen Dr. Livingstone at all. The day after Mr. Stanley's arrival, Lord Granville, and Dr. Livingstone's son and daughter, bore testimony to the authenticity of the letters and despatches he had forwarded to them. The first public appearance made by Mr. Stanley was at the meeting of the British Association, held at Brighton during the third week of August. The geographers had a theory that the waters of the region Dr. Livingstone had been exploring for five years must find their way to the Congo, notwithstanding that Dr. Livingstone stated it as his belief that the Lualaba was in reality the Nile. Mr. Stanley's fiery nature was thoroughly roused by the storm of doubts and cavils which had burst upon him, and he indulged in an amount of hard hitting in reply to the discussion which the reading of his paper had evoked, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience. We give a few extracts from his address:—

"Gentlemen of the Geographical Society—I have been invited to deliver an address here before you, or rather, to read a paper on the Tanganyika. Responding to that invitation, I came here; but before entering upon that subject, which seems to interest this scientific assemblage, permit me to say something of your 'distinguished medallist' and Associate, Dr. David Livingstone. I found him in the manner already described, the story of which in brief, is familiar to everybody. He was but little impaired in health, and but a little better than the 'ruckle of bones' he came to Ujiji. With the story of his sufferings, his perils, his many narrow escapes, related as they were by himself, the man who had endured all these and still lived, I sympathised. What he suffered far eclipses all that Ulysses suffered, and Livingstone but needs a narrator like Homer, to make his name as immortal as the Greek

hero's; and, to make another comparison, I can liken his detractors in England and Germany only to the suitors who took advantage of Ulysses's absence to slander him, and torment his wife. The man lives not who is more single-minded than Livingstone—who has worked harder, been more persevering in so good a cause as Livingstone—and the man lives not who deserves a higher reward.

"Before going to Central Africa in search of Livingstone, I believed almost everything I heard or read about him. Never was a man more gullible than I. I believed it possible that the facetious gentleman's story, who said that Livingstone had married an African princess, might be correct. I believed, or was near believing, the gentleman who told me personally that Livingstone was a narrow-minded, crabbed soul, with whom no man could travel in peace; that Livingstone kept no journals or notes; and that if he died his discoveries would surely be lost to the world. I believed then with the gentleman that Livingstone ought to have come home and let a younger man—that same gentleman, for instance—go and finish the work that Livingstone had begun. Also, inconsistent as it may seem—but I warn you again that I was exceedingly gullible—I believed that this man Livingstone was aided in a most energetic manner, that he had his letters from his children and friends sent to him regularly, and that stores were sent to him monthly and quarterly—in fact, that he was quite comfortably established and settled at Ujiji. I believed also that every man, woman, and child in England admired and loved this man exceedingly. I was deeply impressed with these views of things when James Gordon Bennet, jun., of the *New York Herald*, told me, in a few words, to go after Livingstone, to find him, and bring what news I could of him. I simply replied with a few monosyllables in the affirmative, though I thought it might form a very hard task. What, if Livingstone refused to see me or hear me? 'No matter,' said I to myself in my innocence, 'I shall be successful if I only see him.' You yourselves, gentlemen, know how I would stand to-day if I had come back from the Tanganyika without a word from him; some, but few, believed me, when Livingstone's own letters appeared. But how fallacious were all my beliefs! Now that I know the virtue and uprightness of the man, I wonder how it was possible that I could believe that Livingstone was married to an African princess and had settled down. I feel ashamed that I entertained such thoughts of him. Now that I know Livingstone's excessive amiability, his mild temper, the love he entertains for his fellow-men, white or black, his pure Christian character, I wonder now why this man was maligned. I wonder now whether Livingstone is the same man whom a former fellow-traveller of his called a tyrant and an unbearable companion. I wonder now whether this is the traveller whom I believed to be decrepid and too old to follow up his discoveries, whom a younger man ought to displace, now that I

have become acquainted with his enthusiasm, his iron constitution, his sturdy frame, his courage and endurance.

"I have been made aware, through a newspaper published in London, called the *Standard*, that there are hopes that some confusion will be cleared up when the British Association meets, and Mr. Stanley's story is subject to the sifting and cross-examination of the experts in African discovery. What confusion people may have fallen into through some story I have told I cannot at present imagine, but probably after the reading of this paper, the 'experts' will rise and cross-question. If it lies in my power to explain away this 'confusion?' I shall be most happy to do so.

"There are also some such questions as the following propounded:—Why did not Dr. Livingstone return with Mr. Stanley? Why was the great traveller so uncommunicative to all but the *New York Herald?* Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him? What has Dr. Kirk been doing all the time at Zanzibar? Here are four questions which admit of easy solution. To the first I would answer, because he did not want to come with Mr. Stanley; and may I ask, was Mr. Stanley Dr. Livingstone's keeper, that as soon as he found him he should box him with the superscription, 'This side up, with care?' To the second I would answer that Dr. Livingstone was not aware that there was another correspondent present at the interview when he imparted his information to the correspondent of the *New York Herald.* To the third question, I would answer that Livingstone was already relieved, and needed no stores. To the fourth question I would reply that Dr. Kirk's relatives in England may probably know what he has been doing better than I do. Also, in answer to that article in the *Standard*, and to some articles in other newspapers, I must confess that I cannot see wherein those letters of Dr. Livingstone to Mr. James Bennet are disturbing, grotesque, or unexpected, unless the editors believed that Dr Livingstone was dead, and that his ghost now haunts them and disturbs their dreams. We are also told that 'Dr. Livingstone's reports are strangely incoherent;' that Sir Henry Rawlinson's letter is 'most discouraging;' that the only theory to be gleaned from Dr. Livingstone's letter is simply impossible; that the *Standard*, echoing the opinion of geographers, is more in the 'dark than ever?' Here is a field for explanation, had one only time or space in such a paper as this to explain. Let us hope that geographers who are in the dark will come forward to demand to be admitted into the light.

"But leaving these tremendous questions to a subsequent moment, let us now turn our attention to that large body of water called the Tanganyika. England is the first and foremost country in African discoveries. Her sons are known to have plunged through jungles; travelled over plains, mountains, and valleys; to have marched through the most awful wildernesses, to resolve the many problems which have arisen from time to time concerning Central

Africa. The noblest heroes of geography have been of that land. She reckons Bruce, Clapperton, Lander, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Laing, Baikie, Speke, Burton, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone, as her sons. Many of these have fallen, stricken to death by the poisonous malaria of the lands through which they travelled. Who has recorded their last words—their last sighs? Who has related the agonies they must have suffered—their sufferings while they lived? What monuments mark their lonely resting-places? Where is he who can point out the exact localities where they died? Look at that skeleton of a continent! We can only say they died in that unknown centre of Africa—that great broad blank between the eastern and the western coasts.

"Before I brought with me producible proofs, in the shape of letters, his journal, his broken chronometers, his useless watches, his box of curiosities, it was believed by all, with the exception of a few, that the most glorious name among these geographical heroes—the most glorious name among fearless missionaries, had been added to the martyrology list; it was believed that the illustrious Livingstone had at last succumbed to the many fatal influences that are ever at work in that awful heart of Africa.

"It was in my search for this illustrious explorer, which has now ended so happily—far more successfully than I could ever have anticipated—that I came to the shores of the great lake, the Tanganyika. At a little port, or bunder, called Ujiji, in the district of Ujiji, my efforts were crowned with success. If you will glance at the south-eastern shore of the Tanganyika, you will find it a blank; but I must now be permitted to fill it with rivers, and streams, and marshes, and mountain ranges. I must people it with powerful tribes—with Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo, and Wanyamwezi. More to the south, ferocious Watuta, and predatory Warori; and to the north, Mana Msengi, Wangondo, and Waluriba. Before coming to the Malagarazi, I had to pass through southern Wavinza. Crossing that river, and after a day's march, I entered Ubha, a broad, plain country, extending from Uvinza north to Urundi, and the lands inhabited by the northern Watuta. Three long marches through Ubha brought me to the beautiful country of Ukaranga and Ujiji, the Liuche valley, or Ruche, as Burton has it. Five miles further westwards, brought me to the summit of a smooth, hilly ridge, and the town of Ujiji, embowered in palms, lay at our feet, and beyond was the silver lake, the Tanganyika, and beyond the broad belt of water towered the darkly purple mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba.

"To very many here, perhaps, African names have no interest, but to those who have travelled in Africa, each name brings a recollection—each word has a distinct meaning; sometimes the recollections are pleasing, sometimes bitter. If I mention Ujiji, that little port in the Tanganyika, almost hidden by palm groves, with the restless plangent surf rolling over the sandy beach, is recalled as vividly to my mind as if I stood on that hill-top looking down upon it, and

where, after a few minutes later, I met the illustrious Livingstone. If I think of Unyanyembe, naturally I recollect the fretful, peevish, and impatient life I led there, until I summoned courage, collected my men, and marched to the south to see Livingstone, or to die. If I think of Ukonongo, recollections of our rapid marches, of famine, of hot suns, of surprises from enemies, and mutiny among my men, of feeding upon wild fruit, and of a desperate rush into a jungle. If I think of Ukawendi, I see a glorious land of lovely valleys, and green mountains, and forests of tall trees; the march under their twilight shades, and the exuberant chant of my people, as we gaily tramped towards the north. If I think of southern Uvinza, I see mountains of hæmatite of iron—I see enormous masses of disintegrated rock, great chasms, deep ravines, a bleakness and desolation as of death. If I think of the Malagarazi, I can see the river, with its fatal reptiles, and snorting hippopotami; I can see the salt plains stretching on either side; and if I think of Ubha, recollections of the many trials we underwent, of the turbulent, contumacious crowds, the stealthy march at midnight through their villages, the preparations for battle, the alarm, and the happy escape, culminating in the happy meeting with Livingstone. There, in that open square, surrounded by hundreds of curious natives, stands the worn-out, pale-faced, grey-bearded, and bent form of my great companion. There stands the sullen-eyed Arabs, in their snowy dresses, girdled, stroking their long beards, wondering why I came. There stands the Wajiji, children of the Tanganyika, side by side with the Wanyamwezi, with the fierce and turbulent Warundi, with Livingstone and myself in the centre. Yes, I note it all, with the sun-light falling softly on the picturesque scene. I hear the low murmur of the surf, the rustling of the palm branches. I note the hush that has crept over the multitudes as we two clasp hands."

After Mr Stanley had given details of the geographical discoveries Dr. Livingstone had entrusted to him, which we will deal with further on—the geographical experts proceeded to cross-examine him, and to propound their individual theories as to the ultimate goal of the great river Lualaba. None of them agreed in the belief that Livingstone held as to its being the Nile, and Mr. Stanley was exceedingly caustic in dealing with these geographical doubters. We make a few extracts from an account of the scene by an eye-witness.

After Mr. Stanley's paper was read, some extracts from Dr Livingstone's despatches were read, "the gentleman who performed that duty skipping a good deal; and then Mr. Francis announced a paper from Colonel Grant (Speke's companion), part of which had only been received by post that morning. Mr. Stanley began to make notes for his reply directly Colonel Grant's doubts came to be read, and it was clear that he was prepared to stand by the theories he had formed after his four months and four days' close conference with Livingstone, let who would oppose them."

"Mr. Consul Petherick, a hale-looking, portly gentleman, with white whiskers and beard, then gave his experience as an explorer, and claimed to have been the first traveller who had attempted to estimate the volume of water flowing from the various African rivers.

"Dr. Beke then had his turn, and after regretting that he should have to eat his own words, said that, taking Dr. Livingstone's facts as they stood, it was impossible that his conclusions could be correct.

"Mr. Oswell, an old fellow-traveller of Livingstone's, who was not down on the programme, but was called on by the chair, spoke next from the body of the hall, and paid warm testimony to the heroic qualities of Livingstone's wife, who was one of the expedition in which the speaker took part.

"Then Sir Henry Rawlinson rose at the chairman's right, and disclaimed with some elaboration all feeling of jealousy on the part of the Geographical Society, and then paid warm compliments to the honourable loyalty and gallant courage with which Mr. Stanley had performed his onerous task.

"Still Sir Henry could not assent to the proposition, as one beyond cavil, that Livingstone had discovered the sources of the Nile; and leant rather to the opinion, that some great lake or swamp, or system of water sheds, would be found to be the outfall into which Livingstone's river emptied itself.

"Mr. Stanley had before this pointed out, at the request of the President, on the large map of Africa, drawn by Mr. Keith Johnston, the alterations which it will, in his judgment, require before it accords with the map shown by Livingstone. This map was hung behind the platform, and was of a size which enabled every one to follow the course of exploration as it was touched upon by the various speakers.

"Mr. Galton spoke, when summing up the proceedings from the chair, of the 'somewhat impassioned appeal' made by Mr. Stanley on behalf of Livingstone's conclusions, and the phrase expresses accurately the character of the traveller's reply. He spoke like a man who was a little indignant.

"'Dr. Beke,' Mr. Stanley said, 'living in London, and never having been within two thousand miles of the spot, declares positively that Livingstone has *not* discovered the sources of the Nile; whereas Livingstone, who has devoted thirty-five years to Africa, only says he *thinks* he has discovered,' was one of the remarks which created a good deal of laughter and applause. So when Mr. Stanley, lifting his arms aloft in amazed protest, exclaimed, 'and Sir Henry Rawlinson thinks that a river of from one to three miles in breadth can lose itself in a swamp,' and when he alluded to gentlemen 'sitting on their easy chairs at home, and mapping out Central Africa to their own satisfaction, and to never having known an Englishman discover anything yet, but some learned German declared he'd been there first,' the laughter was long and loud.

"Altogether, the impression left by Mr. Stanley upon his hearers was in

the highest degree favourable; and while it is possible that some of his opinions may be modified by the light scientific geographers may supply, it is certain that he carried his audience with him this morning in debate."

On the 27th August, 1872, Mr. Stanley received the following letter from Earl Granville; it was accompanied by a valuable gold snuff-box, set with brilliants:—

"Foreign Office, August 27th, 1872.

"SIR,

"I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and relieving her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller.

"The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with her Majesty's congratulations on your having so successfully carried out the mission which you so fearlessly undertook. Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"HENRY STANLEY, Jun. "GRANVILLE."

Nothing could exceed the warmth with which the general public gave expression to their admiration of the pluck and daring with which Mr. Stanley had carried out his splendid achievements. At banquets, luncheons, and public meetings, he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The freedom of the principal cities of the empire was conferred upon him at the unanimous wish of their corporations, and he had a personal interview with the Queen.

He accompanied the forces under Sir Garnet Wolesley during the Ashantee Campaign, and gave the results of his observations in the *New York Herald*. His letters from thence have since been reprinted as a volume, and we need hardly assure our readers that it is not the least interesting account of that brilliant campaign among the many with which the public have been favoured.

As we write he is on his way to Zanzibar to organise the most formidable expedition ever led by a European into the heart of Africa for mere purposes of exploration and discovery. The relief of Livingstone, and the stirring and adventurous life he has led since boyhood, prove him to be thoroughly fitted for the dangerous and arduous duty he has undertaken. The proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph* bear the entire charges of this great undertaking. It must be months, and it may be years, before we hear of him from the centre of Africa, but we may rest assured that all that skill,

resolute daring, and an iron constitution can do, will be done to unravel the mystery of the "Heart of Africa."

As this sheet goes to press, we learn that Mr. Stanley, who had met with a gratifying reception from the authorities at Zanzibar, has, along with Mr. Laing, a Zanzibar merchant, ascended the Lufiji river, which flows into the Indian Ocean, opposite the island of Monfia. He reports that boats, of light draught, can ascend it at certain seasons, for a distance of over two hundred and forty miles. The main stream of slave traffic from Central Africa crosses this river at the point where it ceases to be navigable. While this river will materially lessen the travel to Lake Tanganyika, it will also prove of great usefulness in the final suppression of the slave trade.

CHAPTER XX.

Dr. Livingstone's Account of his Explorations.—His theory of the connection between the Lualaba and the Nile.—Horrors of Slave-Trade.—A Man-Eating Tribe.—Massacre of the Manyema, etc., etc.

THE story of Dr. Livingstone's wanderings to and fro over the vast extent of country, the watershed of which, according to his belief, goes to form the Nile and the Congo, cannot be better told than in his own words. Letters to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and to Lords Clarendon and Granville, successively Foreign Ministers in the English Government, supply ample materials, and tell the story of his trials and difficulties, and the geographical conclusions he had arrived at up to the period of Mr. Stanley's meeting with him, in a far more graphic and telling manner than any paraphrase of ours could pretend to. As the letters were sent to different individuals, there is considerable repetition, which we have endeavoured, by excisions, to render as little noticeable as possible. In his first letter to Mr. Gordon Bennett, he records his thanks for the great service rendered to him by that gentleman:—

"It is, in general, somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an abstract idea; but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region, takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

"If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves, sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woeful sights I had seen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say, that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who,

after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot; and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijans made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, said 'that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.' After that, the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, it is out of the question.

"Well, when I had got about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan, could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand; and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' And off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling: the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics, riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and *Punch* for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866—and information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1000 to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired; and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my

friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last."

After giving a brief account of his geographical discoveries, he says:—"I must go to Unyanyembe at Mr. Stanley's and your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work; and if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijan slavery should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.

"Now that you have done with domestic slavery for ever, lend us your powerful aid towards this great object. This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave dealers."

Dr. Livingstone's despatch, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, gives the best summary of his geographical conclusions up to the time of which we are writing. No single letter from any traveller, from the scene of his labours, ever recorded so important discoveries. We give it entire:—

"I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ultimo, and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than four hundred miles beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in mind by being forced back by faithless attendants, that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend; but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyanyembe, when entrusted to the care of the Lewale or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates, and give in this as much as I can recall.

"I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between 10° and 12° south latitude, and from four thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between six thousand and seven thousand feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over seven hundred miles in length, from east to west. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable; that is, it would take a large portion of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the height of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary

sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams, in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo;' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river-beds in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches; and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the number of lichens, which make the upland forest look like the mangrove swamps on the coast.

"In passing over sixty miles of latitude, I waded thirty-two primary sources from calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge; this would give about one source to every two miles.

"A Suaheli friend, in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into 11° south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in 12° south. I tried to cross it, in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here, the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. 'They would come back for me in a few days truly,' but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft if they should leave me in this wide expanse of water; and being four thousand feet above the sea, it was very cold, so I returned.

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, one hundred-and-fifty miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapala; yet lakes are in no sort sources, for no large river begins in a lake. But this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara—which, according to a Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza—gives out a large river, which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely

be mistaken in saying that, of the three or four lakes there, only one, the Okara, gives off its water to the north.

"The 'White Nile' of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb's Lualaba, of from two thousand to six thousand yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

"Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped; but they are so far from the sources, and send no water to any part of the Nile, they could never have been meant by the correct ancient explorers, from whom Ptolemy and his predecessors gleaned their true geography, so different from the trash that passes current in modern times.

"Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about six hundred miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression, that in the last hundred miles the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not, like all the rest, from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound; and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the north-east of the mound becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain, rising on the north-west, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the south-west, Palmerston's, becomes the Leeambye or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue, and falls into the Zambesi in Inner Ethiopia.*

* The following is the passage in Herodotus alluded to by Dr. Livingstone:—

"With regard to the sources of the Nile, not one of the Egyptians, or Lybians, or Greeks, professed to know anything, excepting the guardian of the precious things consecrated to Minerva in Sais, a city of Egypt. But this individual, in my opinion at least, did but joke when he asserted he was perfectly acquainted with them. He gave the following account:—'That there were two peaked

"More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years; but had I left when the money was expended, I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave-trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinates of their last so-called expedition, I learnt that it was believed that the Luapula went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up-hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your Lordship will approve, that makes me remain, and, if possible, finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage down, I have a sore longing for home; I have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts, and an endless succession of beautiful mankind; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge overflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

"Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I

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mountains situate between Syene and Elephantis, the names of which mountains are Krophis and Memphis, and that accordingly the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless, come from between these two mountains—that one-half of the water flows into Egypt, and towards the north, while the other half flows into Ethiopia. That the sources are bottomless Bammetticus, the king of Egypt,' he said, 'proved, for having caused a cable to be twisted, many thousand ogyæ in length, he cast it in, but could not reach the bottom.'"

A recent writer compares Livingstone's story with that of Herodotus. He says:—"Herodotus speaks of the peaked mountains, between which lie the sources of the river—Livingstone of an earthen mound and four fountains, as the sources of the river. Herodotus writes that one-half of the water flows north into Egypt—Livingstone, two of these run north to Egypt, Lufira and Lomame. Herodotus again—the other flows into Ethiopia: Livingstone—and two run south into Inner Ethiopia, as the Leeambye, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kafue. Again the father of history is confirmed by modern research, and the information which the Doctor has obtained, almost in the immediate neighbourhood of the object of his ambition, shows how carefully the curious old traveller of two or three hundred years ago must have pursued his inquiries and recorded the results, although he puts it upon record that he thought the man of letters, or notary, was joking with him.

have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza, he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, 'twenty thousand square miles of water,' confused by sheer immensity.

"Ptolemy's small lake 'Coloc' is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north; its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash or Neibash is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

"These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them farther and farther from the sources they sought. But for devotion to the foregone conclusion, the sight of the little 'White Nile,' as unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

"The next explorer, Baker, believed as honestly as Speke and Grant, that in the Lake River Albert he had a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came farther up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between six hundred and seven hundred miles of the *caput Nili.* He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile Slave Trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

"When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one should come after me and find such sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.

"But all that can in modern times, and in common modesty, be fairly claimed, is the re-discovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about B. C. 600. He was not believed, because he reported that, in passing round Libya, he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine.

"The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region; for in the second century of our era he gave, in substance, what we now find to be genuine geography.

"The springs of the Nile, rising in 10° to 12° south latitude, and their water collecting into two large lacustrine rivers, and other facts, could have been learned only from primitive travellers or traders—the true discoverers of what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know, and longed in vain.

"The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb's Lualaba, in the centre of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least one hundred-and-eighty miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west, of about one hundred-and-twenty miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to north-east, receives the Lomame, or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for, assuming Speke's longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

"The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika two thousand eight hundred-and-eighty-feet high. Respect for Speke's memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same; but from the habit of writing the Anno Domini, a mere slip of the pen made one thousand eight hundred-and-forty-four feet. But I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling-points, and they make Tanganyika over three thousand feet, and the lower point of Central Lualaba one inch lower, or about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro.

"Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick's branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the small eastern arm, which Speke, Grant, and Baker, took to be the river of Egypt.

"In my attempts to penetrate farther and farther I had but little hope of ultimate success; for the great amount of westing led to a continual effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile; and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

"The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and

Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

"The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'not proven.' They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

"The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema, seem to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gun-shot on a goat was shown, in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship: they looked up to the skies and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down; and afterwards, when the traders tried to force a passage, which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity; and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would leave their country.

"There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos—there is no political cohesion—not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere very honest. When detained at Bambarre, we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages, to prevent them all being stolen by the Zanzibar slaves; the slave-owners had to do the same.

"Manyema-land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as 'lambas' or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the 'Muale' palm.

"They call the good spirit above 'Ngulu,' or the Great One; and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, 'Mulambu.' A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes.

The following graphic account of travel in Manyema-land, which occurs

in a despatch to Lord Granville, gives a striking picture of the country and the difficulties of travel:—

"The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light grey granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half-an-inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant-walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with moisture which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom; but the mud, mire, or *(scottice)* 'glaur' is grievous: thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way, one may waddle a little distance along; but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes, cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In other cases, the Muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass-cloth is woven, and called by the same name, 'lamba,' has taken possession of the valley. The leaf-stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off and block up all passage, save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.

"Every now and then the traders, with rueful faces, stand panting; the sweat trickles down my face; and I suppose that I look as grim as they, though I try to cheer them with the hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephant's enormous weight; the deep hole is filled with mud; and one, taking it all to be about calf deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flaps on to a seat, soft enough, but not luxurious; a merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, though I have no other reason for it than that it is better to laugh than to cry.

"Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges: a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon, it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high

enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear, which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as a bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by the Manyema 'kintefwetefwe,' as if he who first coined it was grasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whip-cord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous, the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time.

"The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes, ox-like, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good ox-gun shot does no harm to parrots or guinea-fowls on their tops; and they are often so closely planted, that I have heard gorillas, here called 'sokos,' growling about fifty yards off, without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our cushat dove. Here the 'soko' sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it; but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as to build a house, and not go beneath it for shelter.

"Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of Californian gold fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde, numbering six hundred muskets, all eager for the precious tusks. These had been left by the Manyema in the interminable forests, where the animals had been slain. The natives knew where they lay, and, if treated civilly, readily brought them, many half-rotten, or gnawed by a certain rodent to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already, on this journey, two severe lessons, that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marunga I had pneumonia, the illness to which I have referred, and that was

worse than ten fevers—that is, fevers treated by our medicine, and not by the dirt supplied to Bishop Mackenzie at the Cape as the same. Besides being unwilling to bear the new comers company, I feared that, by further exposure in the rains, the weakness might result in something worse. . . .

"The rains continued into July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful; and it laid up some of the strongest men, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory. I lost no time, after it was feasible to travel, in preparing to follow the river; but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave-women, whose husbands were away from the camp in trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves and freemen say, 'No one will ever attack people so good' as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times even. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten."

In a despatch addressed to Earl Granville, dated Ujiji, Nov. 14, 1871, Dr. Livingstone exposes the fact that the slave trade in Central Africa is mainly carried on for the benefit of British subjects. He says:—

"In my letter dated Bambarre, November 1870, now enclosed, I stated my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing paper, intended to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyanyembe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banyans of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent, he pilfers from his employers, be they Banyans or Arabs; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most; and as the subject of a Sultan who entrusted him because he had no power on the mainland to supersede him, he robs his superior shamelessly. No Arab or native ever utters a good word for him, but all detest him for his unjustice.

"The following narrative requires it to be known that his brother, Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid, is equally notorious for unblushing dishonesty. All Arabs and Europeans who have had dealings with either speak in unmeasured terms of their fraud and duplicity. The brothers are employed in trade, chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banyan in Zanzibar.

"It is well known that the slave trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banyans advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as

their agents, perform the trading, or rather murdering; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast, the Arabs sell the slaves. The Banyans pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents. As a rule, no travelling Arab has money sufficient to undertake an inland journey. Those who have become rich imitate the Banyans, and send their indigent countrymen and slaves to trade for them. The Banyans could scarcely carry on their system of trade were they not in possession of the custom-house, and had power to seize all the goods that pass through it to pay themselves for debts. The so-called Governors are appointed on their recommendation, and become mere trade agents. When the Arabs in the interior are assaulted by the natives, they never unite under a Governor as a leader; for they know that defending them, or concerting means for their safety, is no part of his duty. The Arabs are nearly all in debt to the Banyans, and the Banyan slaves are employed in ferreting out every trade transaction of the debtors; and when watched by Governors' slaves and custom-house officers, it is scarcely possible for even this cunning, deceitful race to escape being fleeced. To avoid this, many surrender all the ivory to their Banyan creditors, and are allowed to keep or sell the slaves as their share of the profits. It will readily be perceived that the prospect of in any way coming under the power of Banyan British subjects at Zanzibar is very far from reassuring.

"The packet above referred to was never more heard of, but a man called Musa Kamaah had been employed to drive some buffaloes for me from the coast, and on leaving Ujiji the same day the packet was delivered for transmission, I gave him a short letter, dated May 1869, which he concealed on his person, knowing that on its production his wages depended. He had been a spectator of the plundering of my property by the Governor's slave, Saloom, and received a share to hold his peace. He was detained for months at Unyanyembe by the Governor, and even sent back to Ujiji on his private business, he being ignorant all the while that Kamaah preserved the secret letter. It was the only document of more than forty that reached Zanzibar. It made known, in some measure, my wants, but my cheques on Bombay for money were in the lost packet, and Ludha, the rich Banyan, was employed to furnish, on credit, all the goods and advances of pay for the men required in the expedition. Ludha is, perhaps, the best of all the Banyans at Zanzibar; but he applied to Ali-bin-Salem, the brother of his agent, the Governor, to furnish two head men to conduct the goods and men to Ujiji, and beyond it, wherever I might be then reported to be. He recommended Shereef Bosher and Awathe as first and second conductors of the caravan. Shereef, the Governor, and the Governor's brother, being 'birds of one feather,' the consequences might have been foretold. No sooner did Shereef obtain command than he went to one Muhamad Nassur, a Zanzibar-born Banyan or Hindoo, and he advanced twenty-five boxes of soap and eight

cases of brandy for trade. He then went to Bagamoyo on the mainland, and received from two Banyans there, whose names to me are unknown, quantities of opium and gunpowder, which, with the soap and brandy, were to be retailed by Shereef on the journey.

In the Bagamoyo Banyan's house, Shereef broke the soap boxes, and stowed the contents and the opium in my bales of calico, in order that the carriers paid by me should carry them. Others were employed to carry the cases of brandy and kegs of gunpowder, and paid with my cloth. Henceforth all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my property, and while retailing the barter goods of his Banyan accomplices, he was in no hurry to relieve my wants, but spent fourteen months between the coast and Ujiji, a distance which could have been easily accomplished in three. . . . Two months at one spot, and two months at another place, and two at a third, without reason except desire to profitably retail his brandy, etc., which some people think Moslems never drink, but he was able to send back from Unyanyembe over sixty pounds worth of ivory—the carriers being again paid from my stores. He ran riot with the supplies, all the way purchasing the most expensive food for himself, his slaves, and his women, the country afforded. When he reached Ujiji his retail trade for the Banyans and himself was finished; and, in defiance of his engagement to follow wherever I led, when men from a camp eight days beyond Bambarrie went to Ujiji and reported to him that I was near and waiting for him, he refused their invitation to return with them."

Leaders of slave parties often resort to massacre with the view of inspiring a dread of their power, and to ensure the rapid capturing of slaves during the confusion thus created. Dr. Livingstone gives a terrible narrative of an attack upon the unoffending Manyema:—"On the 13th of June, a massacre was perpetrated which filled me with such intolerable loathing, that I resolved to yield to the Banyan slaves, return to Ujiji, get men from the coast, and try to finish the rest of my work by going outside the area of Ujijian bloodshed, instead of vainly trying from its interior outwards.

"Dugumbe's* people built their huts on the right bank of Lualaba, at a market-place called Nyangwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, [they] were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him, and make an impression in the country in favour of their own greatness by an assault on the market people, and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves. Tagamoio, the principal under-trader of Dugumbe's party, was the perpetrator.

* Dugumbe was an Arab trader.

The market was attended every fourth day by between two thousand and three thousand people. It was held on a long slope of land, which down at the river ended in a creek capable of containing between fifty and sixty large canoes. The majority of the market people were women, many of them very pretty. The people west of the river brought fish, salt, pepper, oil, grass-cloth, iron, fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, in great numbers, to exchange with those east of the river for cassava grain, potatoes, and other farinaceous products. They have a strong sense of natural justice, and all unite in forcing each other to fair dealing. At first my presence made them all afraid; but wishing to gain their confidence, which my enemies tried to undermine or prevent, I went among them frequently, and when they saw no harm in me, became very gracious.

"The bargaining was the finest acting I ever saw. I understood but few of the words that flew off the glib tongues of the women, but their gestures spoke plainly. I took sketches of the fifteen varieties of fish brought in, to compare them with those of the Nile farther down, and all were eager to tell their names. But on the date referred to I had left the market only a minute or two, when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market-place, but had refrained, attributing it to ignorance in new-comers, began to fire into the dense crowd around them; another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods; the men forgot their paddles; the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprang into the water. The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island a mile off; to gain it, they had to turn the left shoulder against a current of between a mile and a-half to two miles an hour. Had they gone diagonally with the current, though that would have been three miles, many would have gained the shore. It was horrible to see one head after another disappear, some calmly, others throwing their arms high up towards the Great Father of all, and going down. Some of the men who got canoes out of the crowd paddled quick, with hands and arms, to help their friends; three took people in, till they all sank together. One man had clearly lost his head, for he paddled a canoe which would have held fifty people straight up-stream, nowhere. The Arabs estimated the loss at between four hundred and five hundred souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of his thirty canoes, which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One woman refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them, next day, home; many escaped and came to me, and were returned to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's

band began their assault on the people on the west of the river, and continued the fire all day. I counted seventeen villages in flames, and next day six. Dugumbe's power over the underlings is limited, but he ordered them to cease shooting; those in the market were so reckless, they shot two of their own number. Tagamoio's crew came back next day in canoes, shouting and firing off their guns as if believing that they were worthy of renown.

"Next day about twenty head men fled from the west bank and came to my house. There was no occasion now to tell them that the English had no desire for human blood. They begged hard that I should go over with them and settle with them, and arrange where the new dwellings of each should be. I was so ashamed of the bloody Moslem company in which I found myself, that I was unable to look at the Manyema. I confessed my grief and shame, and was entreated, if I must go, not to leave them now. Dugumbe spoke kindly to them, and would protect them as well as he could against his own people; but when I went to Tagamoio to ask back the wives and daughters of some of the head men, he always ran off and hid himself.

"This massacre was the most terrible scene I ever saw. I cannot describe my feelings, and am thankful that I did not give way to them, but by Dugumbe's advice avoided a blood feud with men who, for the time, seemed turned into demons. The whole transaction was the more deplorable, inasmuch as we have always heard from the Manyema, that though the men of the district may be engaged in actual hostilities, the women pass from one market-place to another with their wares, and were never known to be molested. The change has come only with these alien bloodhounds, and all the bloodshed has taken place in order that captives might be seized where it could be done without danger, and in order that the slaving privileges of a petty Sultan should produce abundant fruit.

"Heartsore, and greatly depressed in spirits, by the instances of 'man's inhumanity to man' I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body, and it is no over-statement to say that almost every step of between four hundred and five hundred miles was in pain. I felt as if dying on my feet, and I came very near to death in a more summary way. It is within the area of bloodshed that danger alone occurs. I could not induce my Moslem slaves to venture outside that area or sphere. They knew better than I did. 'Was Muhamad not the greatest of all, and their prophet?'"

"About midway back to Bambarre, we came to villages where I had formerly seen the young men compelled to carry a trader's ivory. When I came on the scene the young men had laid down the tusks and said: 'Now we have helped you so far without pay, let the men of the villages do as much.' 'No, no, take up the ivory;' and take it up they did, only to go a

little way and cast it into the dense vegetation on each side of the path we afterwards knew so well. When the trader reached the next stage he sent back his men to demand the 'stolen' ivory; and when the elders denied the theft they were fired upon and five were killed, eleven women and children captured, and also twenty-five goats. The surviving elders then talked the matter over, and the young men pointed out the ivory, and carried it twenty-two miles after the trader. He chose to say that three of the tusks were missing, and carried away all the souls and goats he had captured. They now turned to the only resource they knew, and when Dugumbe passed, waylaid and killed one of his people."

The natives to the west of Lake Tanganyika are, according to Livingstone, a naturally intelligent and well-favoured race, and exceedingly friendly and well-disposed towards strangers, until they have lost confidence in them through cruelty and ill-usage. The following "lights and shadows" of African life are painfully interesting. He says:—

"Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast at Zanzibar, and elsewhere—are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow-men. But the low retreating forehead, prognathus jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast Negroes, always awaken the same feelings of aversion as those with which we view specimens of the 'Bill Sykes' and 'Bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk; but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the continent are fair average specimens of humanity. I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms correspond with finely-shaped heads. Insama himself, who had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others; he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bilbous' below the ribs. I don't know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good few English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

"Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the

dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Ornaments are scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on 'Women's Rights'? But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour; and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to oneself to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazembe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the top of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth; and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know, go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phæton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take *Punch's* motto for Cazembe, 'Niggers don't require to be shot here,' as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense. Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe.

"An Arab, Said-bin-Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do when natives have no guns, Said-bin-Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran at all indiscriminately in a large district. Let it not be supposed that any of these people are, like the American Indians, insatiable bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed, or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ro Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of

nothing that distinguishes the untcontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relations kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilised or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured, and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said-bin-Habib, close to the point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the River Lualaba out of lake Moero; and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the differences between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gang by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere; but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, on seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat. I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not usually cruel; they were callous—slavery had hardened their hearts.

"When Said, who was an old friend of mine, crossed the Lualaba, he heard that I was in a village where a company of slave-traders had been previously assaulted for three days by justly-incensed Babemba. I would not fight, nor allow my people to fire, if I saw them, because the Babemba had been especially kind to me. Said sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village by night and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slavery 'hardens all within, and petrifies the feelings.' It is bad for the victims, and bad for the victimisers.

"I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country—Lunda or Londa—of which Cazembe is chief in general. They were loaded with large heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree, or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes

are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women having in addition to the yoke and load a child on their back, have said to me on passing, 'They are killing me! If they would take off the yoke, I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with the loads.' One who spoke this did die; and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I interceded for some, but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was greatly blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted.

"The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. 'Hallo!' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state.' And I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, 'Yes, we are going away to Manga (abroad in white man's land) with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death. And we shall return to haunt and kill you.' The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man of at least one hundred-and-four years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered—

'Oh, oh, oh!
Bird of freedom, oh!
You sold me, oh, oh, oh!
I shall haunt you. oh, oh, oh!'

The laughter told not of mirth, but of tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. 'He that is higher than the highest regardeth.'"

No slave hunters or traders had ever entered the Manyema country until about the time of Dr. Livingstone's visit. He was destined to see the first horrors consequent upon their presence; and his account of what he saw was destined to be the prime agent in rousing the Government of this country to attempt the complete extinction of the slave trade. To the Manyema, as they had no market for it, "the value of ivory was quite unknown." As Livingstone has already informed us, the natives readily produced the hitherto valueless ivory, and handed the tusks over to the traders for a few brass or copper ornaments. "I have seen," he says, "parties return with so much ivory, that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed. The Manyema were found to be terrified by the report of guns: some, I know, believed them to be supernatural; for

when the effect of musket-ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

"Many of the Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light-coloured and lovely: it was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resembled the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious ironfounder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, 'Oh, if we had Manyema wives, what pretty children we should get!' Manyema men and women are vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired through wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, 'Were it not for fire-arms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.' If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look wofully scraggy. But though the 'inferior race,' as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals.

"It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of the canine teeth of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human."

Dr. Livingstone found it difficult to pick up genuine information as to the man-eating propensities of the Manyema. "This arose," he says, "partly from the fellows being fond of a joke, and they liked to horrify any one who seemed incredulous. They led one of my people, who believed all they said, to see the skull of a recent human victim, and he invited me in triumph. I found it to be the skull of the gorilla, here called soko, and for the first time I became aware of the existence of the animal there." Speaking of the soko, he says:—"I cannot admire him. He is sometimes seen in the forest, walking upright, with his hands on his head, as if to steady his loins; but on sight of man, he takes to all-fours. He is not handsome: a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-browed villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him; but he has a good character from the natives."

"The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months it yielded between one hundred-and-twenty fold.