

## THE WHITE PASHA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.



STANLEY'S LETTER CREST.

DURING the past twelvemonth, or so, there have been coming from the heart of Africa — that mysterious and little-known land — sundry rumors concerning a personage whom the natives call the White Pasha. In African countries a Pasha is a military officer whose rank corresponds to that of general in European usage. A Bey is a colonel; but neither Bey nor Pasha need always be in command of troops. A Pasha usually has an authority of some sort, however. The White Pasha, in this case, is known to have with him a large force of armed men; for the natives, of a warlike race, have made many attacks on the White Pasha and have always been beaten off. So this mysterious personage, whoever he is, must be well provided with means of defense and have with him many warriors. Who can he be? There are not many white men traveling about in the midst of the Dark Continent, as Africa is sometimes called. Some have thought the White Pasha may be General Gordon, the wonderful and famous man who was besieged in Khartoum, a year or two ago, by the Mahdi, or Prophet, when that person rebelled and fought against the Egyptian Government, took Khartoum, and cruelly put its defenders to death. It sounds like a fairy tale to be told that Gordon escaped far to the south of Khartoum and organized a force of fighting natives and is making his way out of the Dark Continent. But the story is improbable. Many people have begun to think the White Pasha is Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer.

Everybody will hope that this unknown armed white traveler is Stanley; otherwise, there is reason to believe that that remarkable man has perished. But, as Stanley is one man in the heart of Africa, who is not only white, but well provided with arms, ammunition, and men, this is likely to be he. We Americans claim Stanley as an American; but he was not born in this country, although he has lived here — when he has not been wandering in savage lands — and it is fair to call him one of us.

Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old he was sent to

the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old, he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad, he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again left to shift for himself.

Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate Army. He was taken prisoner by the Federal forces, and, being allowed his liberty, he volunteered in the Federal Navy, being already fond of seafaring and adventure. He did his work well, and in course of time was promoted to be Acting Ensign on the iron-clad "Ticonderoga." He seems to have made friends wherever he went, for he was brave, modest, and of a generous disposition.

The war being over, he was discharged from the naval service, and his love of adventure led him to travel. He went to Asia Minor, saw many strange countries, wrote letters to the American newspapers, and, in 1866, visited his native village in Wales. At St. Asaph he gave a handsome dinner to the children of the poorhouse where he had been cared for as a child; and, in a little speech to the youngsters, he told them that he was grateful that he had been so well nurtured there, and that the education given him at St. Asaph's was the foundation of all the success he had had in life, or might have hereafter. Even then Stanley might say that he was a successful man; for he was beloved and respected, had made his own way in the world, had traveled far and wide, and was making for himself a name and fame.

Returning to the United States, he was sent by

Mr. Bennett, of *The New York Herald*, to Abyssinia in 1868, a war having broken out between the British and the king of that country. Here Stanley got his first taste of African adventure. It was not a long war; for the British soon shut up King Theodore in his fortress of Magdala, where he perished miserably, by his own hand, amidst the flames of the burning citadel. It was a strange campaign, and Stanley wrote an account of the war, with its cruelties and its wild adventure, that reads like a romance, true though it all was.

The very next year a great rebellion broke out in Spain, and a war, long and cruel, followed. Cities were sacked, sieges were undertaken, and the land was filled with trouble. Thither went Stanley, again in the service of *The New York Herald*, for which he had done so much satisfactory work. He saw the battles and the sieges, studied the art of war, and wrote letters describing very vividly all that passed before his eyes.

When the war in Spain was over, in the autumn of 1869, the world was beginning to wonder whether Dr. Livingstone, the devoted Christian missionary and African explorer, were alive or dead. Dr. Livingstone was a Scotchman who studied medicine and divinity for the purpose of going to pagan nations to preach Christianity and minister to the needs of the heathen. He offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and was sent to South Africa, a country which we then knew very little about, except for a short distance from the coast. And what little was known of the interior of the Dark Continent was told by slave-catchers who brought to the coast the poor black people they had captured and driven out to sell, like so many cattle, to the slave-traders. Dr. Livingstone, a kind and gentle man, determined to do what he could to hinder the work of these cruel slavers, break up their trade, and spread the light of the Christian religion throughout the unknown land.

He arrived at Cape Town, Africa, in 1840, and from that time to his death, more than thirty-three years, he spent his life in the work to perform which he had consecrated himself. As he went away from the few settlements of the white people, he soon began to explore regions that were indeed dark and "full of the habitations of cruelty." His mind was kindled by a love for exploration as well as by a desire to take the light of the Gospel to pagan tribes. So, in 1858, he returned to England and published a book giving an account of his missionary labors and his discoveries. That book created much interest throughout the civilized world. It was a message from the Dark Continent, as Stanley afterwards called Africa. Money was liberally subscribed to enable Livingstone to

carry on his explorations. He went back accompanied by his wife, and, starting from the mouth of the Zambesi river, he explored that stream and its tributaries, discovered a great lake in the interior, rumors of which had reached the coast; and he traversed all the region around the head-waters of the northeast branch of the Zambesi. His wife died in the interior of Africa in 1862, and in 1863 he returned to England, and published another book giving a history of his explorations.

Again he returned to his task, in 1865, and when nothing had been heard of him for a year there came a report that he had been killed by the savages. An expedition under Mr. E. D. Young was sent in search of Livingstone, and, although he was not found, tidings of his being alive were gathered from the natives, and early in 1869 letters from the missionary explorer, written a year before, were received, showing that he was alive and well. He had traversed many thousands of miles, the first white man that had ever penetrated those untraveled regions, accompanied only by his faithful and affectionate blacks, recording in his little journals what he saw and heard, and gathering a store of novel and most fascinating information. But now, in the autumn of 1869, more than twenty months had passed since his last letter was written. No word of his came out of the darkness, only saddening rumors, and the world began to believe that the faithful missionary and explorer had died in the heart of the Dark Continent.

It was at this time that Stanley, resting after a long and weary campaign in Spain, received from Paris a telegram from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, summoning him to that city. With his usual soldierly promptness, Stanley packed his baggage instantly, and, without an hour's delay, was off for Paris as fast as steam could carry him. Arriving at the French capital early in the morning, he went straightway to Mr. Bennett's hotel before that gentleman was out of bed. In answer to his knock on the door, a voice called to him to enter. The two men had not met in years; Stanley was bronzed and aged by sun and storm, and Bennett asked, abruptly, "Who are you?"

"I am Stanley, and I have come in answer to your message," was the reply.

Bennett invited Stanley to a seat, and, drawing a wrapper over his shoulders, asked, "Will you go to Africa and find Livingstone?"

We may well imagine that Stanley was startled. He reflected for a moment. Then he answered, "I will." The agreement was actually concluded. But, before he left the room, some of the smaller details were agreed upon and Stanley went out, clothed with a commission to find Livingstone, and promised ample funds for all expenses and for the

relief of the great explorer, in case he should be found in need, as undoubtedly would be the case, if he were found at all.

This was in November, 1869; and Stanley was told to go to Africa by a devious route, in order to visit sundry places of interest on his way. He went first to the Suez Canal opening, that great work being just ready for commerce. Then he visited Constantinople, the battle-fields of the Crimea, Bombay, and thence to Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, where he arrived early in 1871. Some time was spent in organizing the expedition, several caravans, or trains, being dispatched, one after the other, loaded with ammunition, arms, provisions and other necessaries, and with a large supply of goods with which to purchase his right of way through hostile or unfriendly kingdoms and chieftaincies; for it is the custom of the rulers of interior Africa to levy tribute on all who pass through their territories. Glass beads, fine brass and copper wire, cloths of divers colors, and trinkets of European make are as good in that country as money is in civilized regions.

Last of all, and bringing up the rear, was Stanley himself. His force, leaving the coast March 21, 1871, consisted of one hundred and ninety-two persons, negroes and Arabs. The daring adventurer launched out into the untraveled spaces of Central Africa, with these words ringing in his ears, "Find Livingstone!"

Enduring many hardships, now fighting and anon coaxing the natives, Stanley pressed on, his general course being in a north-westerly direction, certain signs and certain rumors, perhaps instincts, leading him to believe that Livingstone would be found, if alive, in the region of Lake Tanganyika. He heard stories, reasonable and incredible, of the white man who had gone into the heart of the continent years before and had been lost to view. After a little these rumors grew more distinct and hopeful, and he made up his mind that Livingstone was alive and that he should find him, provided the missionary explorer did not elude him; for some had said that Livingstone did not wish to be found. So Stanley pressed on and, to his great joy, found traces of the lost man. His first intimation of being near Livingstone was when a black, coming from the village where an unknown white man was said to be, spoke to him in excellent English. This man was one of Dr. Livingstone's servants; and soon the two white men met for the first time, in the midst of the Dark Continent, at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, November 10, 1871.

Stanley had found Livingstone.

Any but men of the cool and self-contained Saxon race would have rushed into each other's

arms. Not so with these. Stanley, lifting his cap, said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The doctor nodded a reply, and Stanley said, "I am Stanley."

Stanley found that Livingstone was destitute of goods or other means of barter, and was now at a standstill. Look on the map of Africa (p. 254). Due west from Cape Delgado (which is below Zanzibar and on the northern line of Mozambique), you will find Lake Nyassa, the great lake discovered by Livingstone in 1859. North-westerly from that body of water, and about one-third of the way across the continent, is Lake Tanganyika, and near its upper end, on the eastern shore, is Ujiji, where Stanley found Livingstone. Stanley, fresh from the outer world, and fired with the spirit of adventure, proposed that he and Livingstone should together explore the great lake of Tanganyika at its northern end to find, if possible, whether this was one of the sources of the Nile for which so many men have vainly searched for centuries past. The expedition was carried out successfully, and the explorers satisfied themselves that the Nile had no affluent drawing from the lake; no outlet could be found.

Stanley remained with Livingstone until March 14, 1872, busied with explorations of the region. He supplied Livingstone with all the goods and commodities that he could spare, and on his return to Zanzibar he sent him men, supplies, and such articles as he needed, fulfilling the orders of Mr. Bennett. Stanley never saw Livingstone again in life. A strong friendship grew up between the two white men who met in the interior of Africa under such strange circumstances, and when Stanley, in 1874, learned that Livingstone had died on the shores of Lake Bemba, at the very threshold of the dark region he desired to explore, he was smitten with grief.

Livingstone died of malarial fever contracted in the pestilential marshes of Africa, as many Europeans have died before and since. His faithful blacks embalmed his body and carried it to the coast, hundreds of miles, bringing with them every article belonging to the doctor, even to the smallest scraps of paper, on which were written the notes of the explorer's last work. Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, that grand resting-place for the great ones of England. Stanley was one of those who bore him to his grave. It was then, he tells us, that he vowed that he would clear up the mystery of the Dark Continent, find the real course of the Great River, or, if God should so will, be the next martyr to the cause of geographical science.

When Stanley returned to Europe, after his discovery of Livingstone, in July, 1872, many peo-

ple refused to believe his story. Some said it was the idle tale of "a mere newspaper correspondent"; but the evidence he brought with him, letters from Livingstone, and other things, was too strong. The Queen believed him, for she sent him a beautiful box of gold set with jewels; and the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, a very high and mighty body, believed him, for it showed him high honor. But it does seem a great shame that after a Christian and a noble-hearted man, as Stanley is, had done so much and suffered so many privations in a good cause he should have been stigmatized as a pretender. No wonder he was angry.

Stanley tells us that he saw in London, one day soon after the burial of his great friend Livingstone, in the window of an old book-shop, a queer little book with the title, "How to Observe." He bought it, took it home, and speedily mastered its contents. It was a modest manual for the observer, telling him what to observe and how to observe, laying down very general rules for this purpose. It was just such a book as a keen-witted traveler like Stanley would find quickening. As his thoughts were already turned toward the Dark Continent and its mysterious depths, he bought books of African travels, books of botany, natural history, geography, geology, and ethnology, and hungrily mastered all that they had to give him. He was preparing his mind for observing and understanding all he might see and hear, in case he should ever go into the heart of Africa. For him the opportunity came, as it usually does to those who are ready and willing.

The outlet of the great Lake Tanganyika was as yet undiscovered; nobody knew much about the great river that reaches from the Congo coast into the interior, losing itself in the foam of the cataracts; and the secret sources of the Nile were yet undiscovered. Even the then famous lake known as Victoria Nyanza was only imperfectly sketched on the maps; and people familiar with African exploration were uncertain whether that vast body of water was one lake or a chain of lakes. These things Livingstone hoped to clear up; but he died without the sight.

Discussing such matters with the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph* one day, Stanley was asked whether he could settle these questions if he were commissioned to go to Africa.

He said: "While I live, there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done." This was well said, and equally to the point was the answer that James Gordon Bennett telegraphed under the sea from New York to London, when the proprietor of the *Telegraph* asked him, by the cable, if he

would join the new expedition. "Yes. Bennett." was the answer speedily flashed back. The mighty work was determined upon.

Of course, there were a great many details to be arranged, and many things, large and small, to be looked after. Six weeks were allowed for preparations. When it was noised abroad that Stanley was to make another expedition into the heart of Africa, he and the people associated with him were overrun with applications from men to go with him and with all sorts of strange contrivances and absurd inventions to help him out. But when he finally left England, August 15, 1874, he had engaged only three white men, Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker. These, with the goods and other needed articles, were sent on before, and, twenty months after his last departure from Zanzibar, Stanley was once more at that place, ready to begin his final preparations.

This work required much time and skill, to say nothing of experience and patience. Everything must be carried by porters, for the journey must be made on foot. The trails in many places are not more than eighteen inches wide, leading through jungles and tangled thickets, and in many places even these must be cut by the travelers. Each porter carries, usually on his head, a burden of sixty pounds; and as the total weight of the entire "outfit," as we would say in America, was a little more than eight tons in weight, a carrying force of some three hundred men was required. The burdens consisted of cloths, beads, brass and copper wire, and other articles for trading purposes, stores, medicines, bedding, ammunition, tents, a boat built in sections (the "Lady Alice"), oars, instruments, photographic apparatus, and other articles too numerous to mention, but absolutely necessary to the expedition.

Stanley found some of the men who had been with him on his previous journey when he searched for Livingstone; and it spoke well for his treatment of them that they all wished to go with him again. When he was ready to depart, he had two hundred and twenty-four persons, some of the men taking their wives with them. He had also with him three native young men from the English mission near Zanzibar. With him, too, was the faithful Kalulu, an African boy, originally a slave, given to Stanley when he was in the Tanganyika country, on the Livingstone search. This lad had been in America, and all of Stanley's friends will remember the bright, handsome, bronze-colored lad, who accompanied his beloved master everywhere in this country, dressed in a picturesque suit of garments like a page's costume.

Leaving Zanzibar, with many conflicting emotions, the company landed at Bergamoyo, on the

mainland, November 13. Five days later, having secured six asses for the use of the sick, and made their final preparations, the column boldly advanced into the heart of the Dark Continent.

By looking at the map of Central Africa shown on page 254, you will see that the general direction of the expedition was at first nearly westerly, then, curving to the north, it was aimed for Victoria Nyanza, at the most northerly point of that stage of the journey. The march was hindered by heavy rains, damp and poisonous exhalations arose from the ground, and the first month of the expedition was a gloomy one. Stanley's own weight, in thirty-eight days, fell from one hundred and eighty pounds to one hundred and thirty; and the three young Englishmen were reduced in like manner. Very soon, one of these, Edward Pocock, was taken ill, and, although he was carried back to the high table-land nearer the coast, he died and was buried in that lonely region, Stanley reading the Church service over his African grave.

By the 21st of January, fatigued by toilsome marches, or smitten with disease, twenty of the men had died, many were sick and disabled, and, to crown their misfortunes, eighty-nine men had deserted. They were now in a hostile region and were attacked by the natives two days in succession; but after hard fighting they got away and left the inhospitable tribes behind them, and new men were engaged at the friendly villages they entered. In this way, the expedition fought and labored onward to the Victoria Nyanza.

There was great excitement and hilarity in the Stanley company when, on the 27th of February, the shores of Victoria Nyanza were reached at its extreme southern verge. The natives celebrated the event with an extemporaneous song of victory and triumph. The word "Nyanza," Stanley explains, means "water," whether in a cup or in a great lake. We should translate the title of this great lake as Victoria Water, but usage will probably adopt Victoria Lake as the fittest name for this great sheet of water. Stanley circumnavigated the lake, passing entirely around it, and settling all dispute as to the draining of the waters of this lake into Albert Nyanza, a smaller body of water connected by the Victoria Nile with Victoria Nyanza. As the White Nile draws from Albert Nyanza, it may be said that Victoria Nyanza is one of the sources of the Nile, if not *the* source of that historic river.

In their voyage around the Lake Victoria, which consumed six weeks, the explorers had a taste of the sort of warfare that they might expect on all such water expeditions. They were repeatedly attacked from the shore and from canoes. But the fire-arms of the white men usually dispersed the

enemy. During the absence of the exploring party from the camp on the lake, Frederick Barker died of fever, leaving Frank Pocock and Stanley the only white men in the party.

It was here that Stanley met good King Mtesa, the ruler of the country of Uganda, and who, under the teaching of Stanley, was converted to Christianity. Mtesa had been a mild-mannered and benevolent pagan; then he embraced Mohammedanism, and now he accepted Christianity as the true faith. When Stanley went away, after a long and pleasant tarry with the king, Mtesa said to him: "Stamlee, say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall be continue a Christian while I live." This message was safely delivered and, although King Mtesa did not live to see his kingdom Christianized, missionaries were sent to Uganda and the religion of Christ was there preached, as he had desired. Mtesa will long be known as a generous and kindly African king.

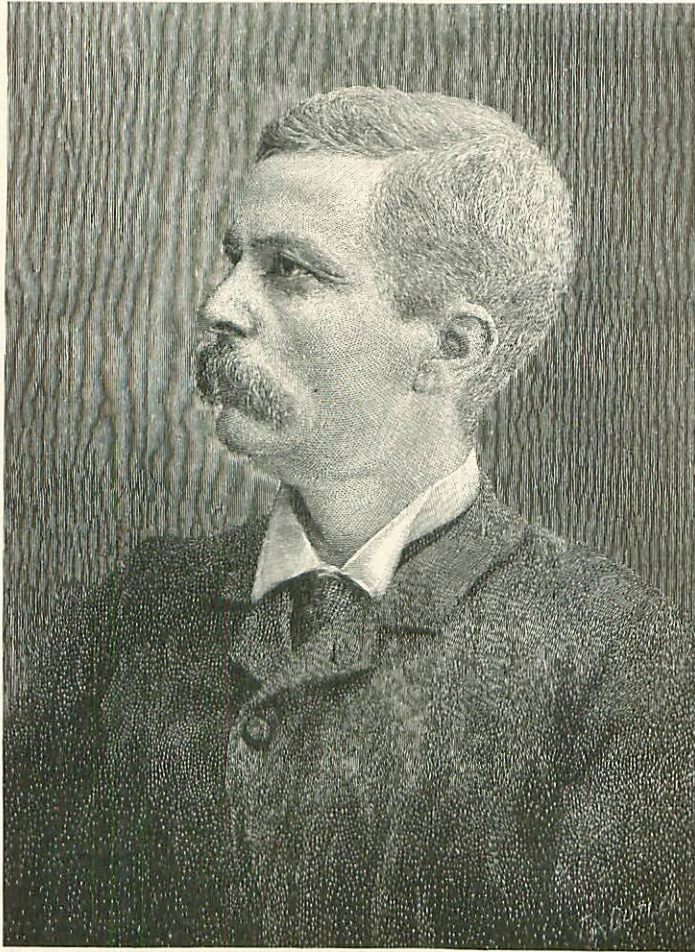
On his way to a lake lying westward of Victoria Lake, and known as Muta Nzege, Stanley passed through the regions of another African king, Rumanika, who was an odd character, but, on the whole, very friendly to the white man. At the court of Rumanika Stanley heard many strange stories of the unknown regions in the heart of the continent. One told of a race of dwarfs; another of a tribe of little men with tails like those of a buffalo. In those far-off lands, he was gravely told, were people with ears so long that they descended to their feet; one ear was used as a blanket to sleep on, while the other was a cover to the sleeper. Later on, Stanley met men who told him that on Lake Tanganyika were to be found ships sailing, manned by white Africans. Is it any wonder that we have been for centuries beguiled with ridiculous tales about these foreign lands?

King Rumanika had an inquiring mind. Observing that Stanley's nose was not flat like an African's, and that the nose of Stanley's bull-dog was a pug, he asked why the white man's nose was so long and the nose of his dog so short. The king was satisfied when he was told that the white man's nose was made long by smelling of the quantity of good food that he had in his country, and that the dog's nose was made short by pushing open the house doors.

From Muta Nzege, Stanley went south to explore that part of Lake Tanganyika that he and Livingstone had not had time to sail around, in 1871-72. He went entirely around the southern part of the lake, which he found to be three hundred and twenty-nine miles long, averaging a

width of twenty-eight miles. It has no known outlet, and a lead-line of two hundred and eighty feet found no bottom. Stanley tells an interesting native story, that in ancient times an old woman and her husband dwelt here in a hut, in the middle of which

disaster. In a moment of thoughtlessness, the woman let a stranger see the well and attempt to catch one of the fish. Then the earth groaned and heaved, the well sank, and its place was covered by the sheet of water, bottomless and



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES REUTLINGER, PARIS.

*Yours very sincerely*  
*Henry Duff Stanley*

was a marvelous well full of crystal-clear water, and with many fish upon which the aged couple lived. The gods had told them that so long as they never divulged the secret the well should be theirs alone. To show it to a stranger would be a great

vast, that is now known as Tanganyika, a name signifying a plain of water.

Stanley's march from Tanganyika to the river Lualaba was very toilsome and perilous. The route lay through jungles well-nigh impassable,

while the ground was so covered with tropical growths and the forests were so dense as to be almost impenetrable. But worse obstacles than these afterwards encountered him. At Nyangwe, the most distant point in Central Africa ever reached by those who had gone before him, Stanley had the good fortune to meet with Tippoo Tib, a famous Arab trader; otherwise he might have had to turn back to Ujiji, as Cameron and Livingstone had done before him. For a consideration of five thousand dollars, Tippoo Tib agreed to accompany Stanley on the exploration of the Lualaba, or Great River. If this agreement had not been made it is likely that the expedition would have failed, and we should never know, as we know now, that the Congo and the Lualaba are one river, the second largest in the world, extending from its mouth on the western coast of Africa more than halfway across the continent, and having its rise near the great lakes of the interior. Hereafter, this one vast stream may be known as the Livingstone, a name given to it by its explorer and discoverer.

Tippoo Tib agreed to go with Stanley sixty marches, taking with him one hundred and fifty of his own followers. As we shall hear of Tippoo Tib many times, in our news from Africa, we may as well explain that he is a man well known through the interior of the Dark Continent as a person of great wealth and influence, able to assemble a thousand men at very short notice, and on the best of terms with the petty kings who vex the souls of all white explorers, robbing them at times, and exacting oppressive tribute at others. Stanley got on better with the natives than did any of those who had gone before him. He was wise, patient, gentle, and yet so firm and decided that he was held in great awe and respect wherever he was known. It would appear that no man ever had so complete sway over the minds of savages and semi-savages as had Stanley on this and other journeys.

The object of the journey was to shed light on the western half of the continent, then represented on the map by a blank, through which meandered a few uncertain lines representing rivers—guessed at, but not known.

Leaving the river and deflecting to the westward, Stanley struggled on through a forest matted and interlaced with vines, swarming with creeping things, damp and reeking with vapors, and dripping with moisture. It was a most intolerable stage of the journey. When again he struck the river, he resolved to go by land no farther. Here he was finally abandoned by Tippoo Tib, who resolutely turned back. Stanley, as resolutely, set himself to work building and buying canoes, and led by his own section-built English boat, the

“Lady Alice,” the expedition started down the great river, which here flows due north. The fleet was twenty-three in number, loaded with stores, goods, and supplies.

Of the adventures of that famous voyage we have not here space to tell. The explorers were sore beset, at times, by hostile tribes who attacked the strangers from the shore, or from canoes, in pure wantonness, as they paddled or drifted down the stream. Sickness and hunger were often their lot; they were pursued by cannibals who boasted that they would eat the flesh of the strangers. And not seldom they were overtaken by tropical storms. In places, too, they encountered rapids and cataracts around which their fleet had to be dragged through paths cut in the virgin forest, while savages hovered about. The forests were alive with African beasts; chimpanzees and gorillas chattered and roared from the thickets, and monkeys swung in the climbing vines that festooned the trees. A hippopotamus once attacked them, and elephants and rhinoceroses were never far away. It was a journey the like of which man has never before undertaken.

At a point below where the great river turns from its northerly course and deflects to the westward, just above the equator, were found a series of cataracts, seven in number, the first of which was named Livingstone Falls and the seventh Stanley Falls. In years to come we shall hear much of Stanley Falls, as a supply station has since been established there. The natives from this point downward to the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, have lost something of their natural ferocity. They have been tamed by trade. Great was the rejoicing of Stanley's Zanzibar men when they saw, not far from this point, fire-arms in the hands of the native warriors. This showed them that they had reached a people supplied by traders from the west coast of Africa.

The passing of the last group of cataracts was attended by many dangers. In spite of all their efforts, canoes were sometimes carried over the falls and wrecked. In one afternoon, nine men were lost in this way, and among them was Kalulu, Stanley's favorite native boy, who had faithfully accompanied and waited on him for years, and who came to New York with his master several years ago. His name will be found on the maps now, for Stanley named the cataract where he met his death, Kalulu Falls. A still greater grief was in store for the harassed explorer; for, on the 3d of June, Frank Pocock, the last of Stanley's white companions, was drowned in the Congo by the upsetting of a boat. This was a heavy and most lamentable disaster. Frank was a brave, faithful, and devoted follower of Stanley, who has paid a touching trib-

ute to the manliness, affection, and courage of this lovable young Englishman who lies buried in the savage wilderness of the Congo.

Very soon, as they drew near the coast, in the latter part of the summer of 1877, sickness and famine pressed hard upon the weary travelers. They were destitute of nearly everything that could sustain nature. They could not buy of the churlish natives, and starvation stared them in the face. Knowing that a trading-post was established at Embomma, two days' journey down the river, Stanley wrote a letter on an old piece of drilling, and sent it by his swiftest runners. This was the letter: \*

VILLAGE OF NSANDA, August 4, 1877.

TO ANY GENTLEMAN WHO SPEAKS ENGLISH AT EMBOMMA:

*Dear Sir:* I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people can not afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to dispatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and, as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in the state of the greatest distress; but, if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people can not wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course, I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H. M. STANLEY,

Commanding Anglo-American Expedition  
for Exploration of Africa.

P. S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S.

Another letter was written in French, and another in Spanish. Most European merchants understand French and Spanish. In the anxiety of his despair, Stanley left no means untried to reach the unknown white traders whom he heard were at Embomma.

We can not imagine the amazement of the white men at Embomma when this cry of starving men came out of the trackless wilds of the Congo country where it could not have been supposed that any civilized man was wandering. The gentlemen into whose hands this threefold message fell were Mr. John W. Harrison and Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, the former from Liverpool and the latter a Portu-

guese. Their response was prompt, generous, and most thoughtful.

Stanley's messengers joyfully returned to the camp and were closely followed by a small caravan laden with ample supplies of food and other necessaries, even luxuries, for the relief of the famishing people, who, when this timely succor arrived, were on the brink of starvation, having had nothing to eat for thirty hours. Words can not describe the joy and exultation of the distressed followers of Stanley at the sight of this welcome relief. Murabo, a boat-boy, who seems to have been something of a minstrel and a bard, struck up an impromptu hymn of praise celebrating the kindness and liberality of "the white men of the second sea," and loud and clear, says Stanley, rose the chorus at the end of each stanza:

"Then sing, O friends; sing, the journey is ended;  
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea."

As for Stanley, the devoted leader, the "great master," as they called him, he tells us that he rushed to the privacy of his tent to hide the tears of gratitude and joy that welled from his eyes. The journey was ended. Privations were over. Stanley sent back to the coast a touching letter of thanks, in which thankfulness to the God who had delivered them out of all their perils, and to the kindly gentlemen who had succored them, were written out of a full heart.

There is little left to tell of this wonderful expedition. On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of their departure from Zanzibar, the company, now numbering one hundred and fourteen blacks and one white man, met the advance guard of civilization, the generous traders and merchants of Embomma. How pale these looked to Stanley, who had so long seen only the bronze faces and dark skins of the natives! How well-dressed and gay they seemed in comparison with the tattered and dirty voyagers from the heart of the Dark Continent.

From the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, the expedition was carried by steamer to Kabinda, a seaport only a short distance up the coast, where the blacks supposed that Stanley would leave them and go home; but, true to his word, he told them that he would never leave them until they were once more in their own home. Carried thence to the port San Paolo de Loanda, they were embarked on board a British man-of-war and then taken to Cape Town. Thence, touching at Port Natal, they steamed to Zanzibar, where they arrived on the 20th of November. Long since given up for dead, the blacks were greeted by their kindred with songs and tears, with thanksgivings, wonder, and cries of joy. They had

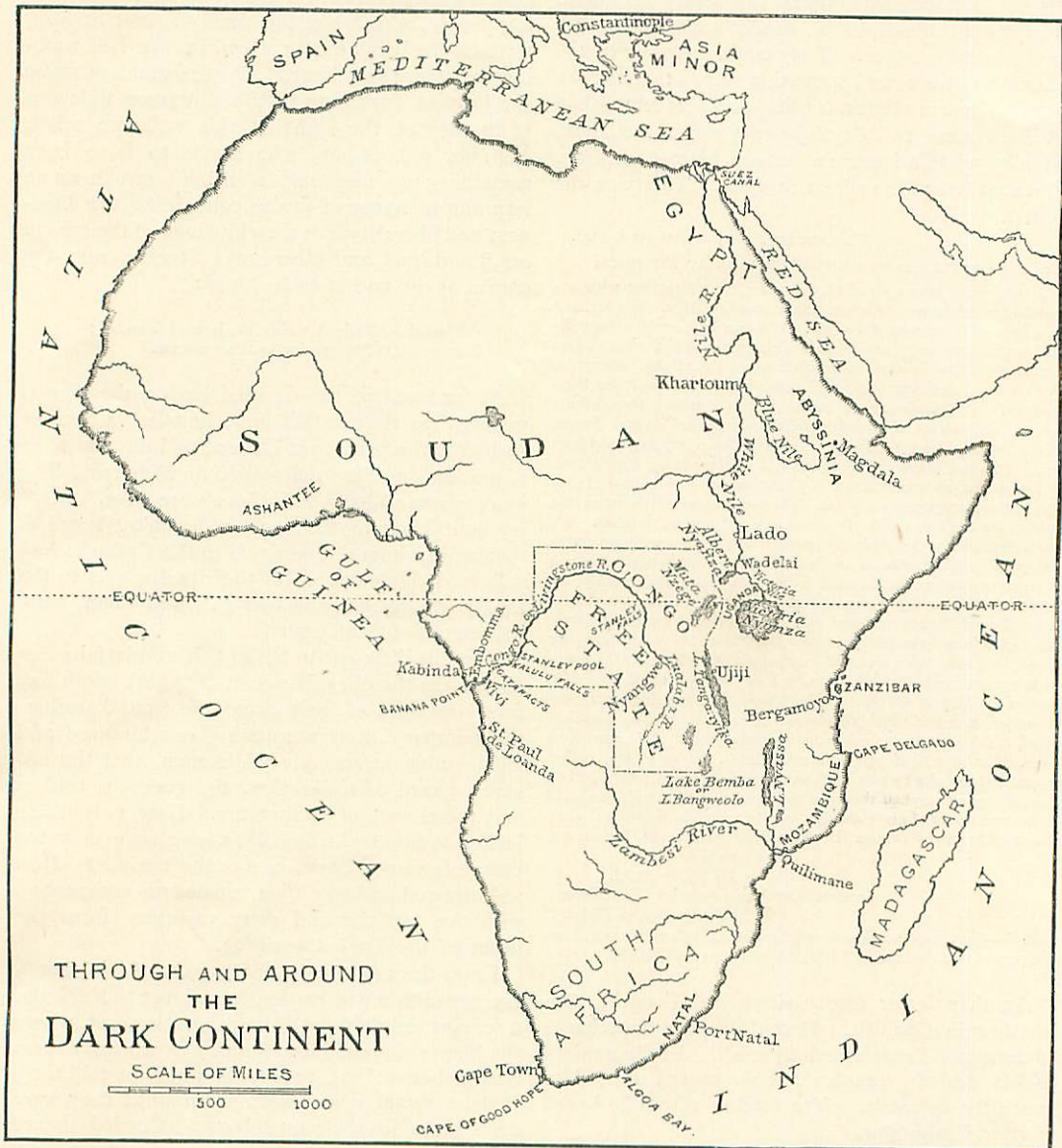
\* Reprinted from Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers.



pierced the heart of the continent, doubled the great Cape, and were at home.

Stanley returned to England from Zanzibar, December 13th, 1877. Immediately on his arrival, he found an embassy from the King of the Belgians,

the new organization was called, and he returned to Africa in 1879, where he remained nearly six years, hard at work on the Congo, or Livingstone, making roads, establishing stations, and opening the way for commerce. His exploits in building



MAP OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

who had been planning an expedition to open up the Congo country to trade and who wanted Stanley to take command. With great reluctance, for the explorer now desired to enjoy the sweets of civilized life for a season, Stanley undertook the management of the International Association, as

roads, some of which were over mountains and across rocky chains, won for him from the natives the title of "Rock Breaker." At the head of the cataracts nearest the west coast the river widens into a broad lake, studded with islands, and known as Stanley Pool. At the foot of the cataracts is a

trading-post, called Vivi; and large steamers can ascend the river to Vivi, while above that point, as far as Stanley Falls, steamboats of lighter draft are now running in considerable numbers. When we remember that the distance from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls is nearly one thousand miles of savage river, we can understand why the great explorer should say, "We found the Congo having only canoes; to-day there are eight steamers." But since then the number of steamers has been multiplied many times.

A railroad has been planned to carry freight around the cataracts. Soon, trading-stations will be scattered along the five thousand miles of navigable waters of the great river. Stanley found a vast country that had no owner. The river drains a region containing more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The Congo Free State, founded by Stanley's friend, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, lies chiefly south of the great bend of the river, and contains an area of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles; its population is more than forty-two millions. The articles collected from the African trade are ivory, palm-oil, gum-copal, rubber, beeswax, cabinet-woods, hippopotamus teeth and hides, monkey-skins, and divers other things. These are bought with goods, such as colored beads, brass and copper wire, cotton cloth, cutlery, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of articles known as "notions" or "trade-goods." The basis of all buying and selling in the Congo Free State is free trade; all nations that participated in the Berlin Congo Conference have right to trade and barter and establish posts within the boundaries of that territory, vast and rich, made accessible through the labors of Stanley.

During his six years' service in Africa, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, Stanley made brief visits to Europe and the United States. It was while he was in this country, in the winter of 1886-87, that he was summoned back to Europe to take command once more of an African expedition; this time to rescue another white man lost in the heart of the Dark Continent. This was Emin Pasha, governor of the Province of Equatorial Africa. Emin is the Egyptian name of Dr. Schnitzler; Pasha, as we have said, is the title of a civil or military officer. The province, over which Emin Pasha or Schnitzler is governor, is one of the outlying possessions of the Egyptian Government. When the revolt in the Soudan took place and Gen. Gordon was besieged in Khartoum, the Province of Emin Pasha was cut off from the rest of Egypt, and there he has been ever since, shut up in the region due north of the Albert Nyanza. Its capital is Lado, on the

affluent leading from the Albert Nyanza to the White Nile. Here Emin Pasha has been closed in by hostile tribes, without sufficient ammunition or other supplies to enable him to cut his way out, or to traverse the routes that may be open through regions not hostile.

Finally, to rescue Emin Pasha, subscriptions were started in Europe. The largest subscriber to the Emin Pasha relief fund is Mr. William Mackinnon, a wealthy Scotchman, who is president of a great line of steamers, the Peninsular and Oriental. The Burdett-Coutts family are also large contributors. The fact that Mr. Mackinnon, a private citizen, gave so much money to the fund has moved some people to think that the British Government, and not Mr. Mackinnon, is really backing up this new expedition; and that the real object is to come in the rear of Khartoum, as we have already said, and retake it from the rebels who have held it ever since it fell into the hands of the victorious false prophet (El Mahdi) in 1884.

Stanley sailed once more for Africa in January, 1887, making his headquarters for the organizing of his expedition at Zanzibar, where he has so many true friends among the Arabs and the blacks. The supplies for the expedition were shipped directly to the Congo and carried up-stream by steamers. At Zanzibar, Stanley did his recruiting only. At Zanzibar, too, Stanley's old friend, Tippoo Tib, was met, and Stanley signed an agreement with him making him governor of Stanley Falls, to defend that point against all comers, Arabs or natives, a salary being guaranteed him then and there.

Accompanied by Tippoo Tib, the great explorer went to the mouth of the Congo, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, reaching Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, March 18, 1887, and soon after ascending the river on which he had encountered so many hardships and endured so much suffering. His force consisted of nearly one thousand men, and his supplies, arms, and ammunition, intended for the relief of Emin Pasha, were enormous in quantity. One of the arms provided for his own use was a revolving many-chambered gun, of the Mitrailleuse pattern. This terrible engine would be so great a novelty among the savages who annoyed Stanley on his first voyage down the great river that it was thought they might be subdued into good behavior when they beheld its working.

The exact line of travel to be pursued by Stanley in his search for Emin Pasha is not known. The explorer, for reasons of his own, chose to keep that a secret. But it was generally supposed that he would strike for Wadelai, on the White Nile, just above Albert Nyanza. At any rate, he dis-

appeared somewhere into the vague unknown of the region lying between the Upper Congo and that lake. More than a year has now passed since we heard any tidings of the White Pasha, except such wild rumors as have come out of the darkness of the continent. It seems strange that a captain, at the head of more than a thousand men, can so completely disappear in the interior of a continent that he should be lost and never heard of for so long a time. Where is he, if alive? And if Stanley has perished, where are the many men that were with him? Where the goods and munitions of war? No wonder people are asking these questions.

But bad news came from one of Stanley's aiding expeditions not long ago. This expedition, commanded by Major Barttelot, one of Stanley's trusty lieutenants, left the Upper Congo, last April, with supplies for Emin Pasha, which Stanley had left behind for that purpose. On the 19th of July, it appears, Major Barttelot was attacked and killed by his own carriers. The expedition being thus broken up, one source of supplies for Stanley and Emin Pasha was cut off.

Probably no man has ever excelled Stanley in his wise treatment of the Africans. He seems to have a natural instinct of the best way to manage these people, who combine great childishness with natural ferocity. Stanley is firm, but kind, considerate, and generous. The natives know that he is strong, and they have faith in his honesty and truth. He has managed the savages with wonderful skill. The slave-traders hate and fear him, and many people have thought that if he were ever surprised and cut off in Africa it would be by the malice of these bad men, who fear for their trade. Stanley, like Livingstone, saw enough

of the horrors of the slave-trade to be in deadly earnest to do all that lay in his power to stop it. Tippoo Tib, the Arab trader, has long been a slave-dealer, though he has pretended to give up that horrible traffic since he has been associated with Stanley. Very likely, if he ever got a chance to go into the slave-trade again, without being found out, he would do it. And, if Stanley stood in his way, some men think Tippoo Tib would not hesitate even to kill Stanley, and so be rid of him. Tippoo Tib is now a very great man in Central Africa. He is enormously rich, and he can raise a force of many thousands of men whenever he has occasion to call for them.

It is singular that it should now be thought necessary to send a search expedition for Stanley, after all that he has done in that direction himself. But Leopold, King of the Belgians, and others, devoted friends of Stanley, propose to do this very thing, unless news of the White Pasha's safety comes to us.

When Stanley was in this country, soon after his discovery of Livingstone, he was full-cheeked, rosy in color, and his hair was dark and handsome. When next he came, after his memorable trip through the heart of the Dark Continent, the ruddy hue of his face was gone, and his beautiful hair was nearly white. But the brightness of his eyes was not dimmed, and the alert and sinewy limbs were as agile as of old. He has borne privations and great hardships well, but they have left their mark on his face; and countenance and head are old long before their time.

It would be a great loss to the world of commerce and of Christian endeavor and human activity if the White Pasha should return no more.

