

*The Boys Book
of
Explorations*

*True stories of the Heroes of Travel
and Discovery in Africa, Asia,*

and Australia

*From the "Dark Ages" to the
"Wonderful Century."*

*by
Tudor Jenks*



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AN ARAB SLAVE RAID.

Painted by Wm. Hatherell.

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WOMAN
S
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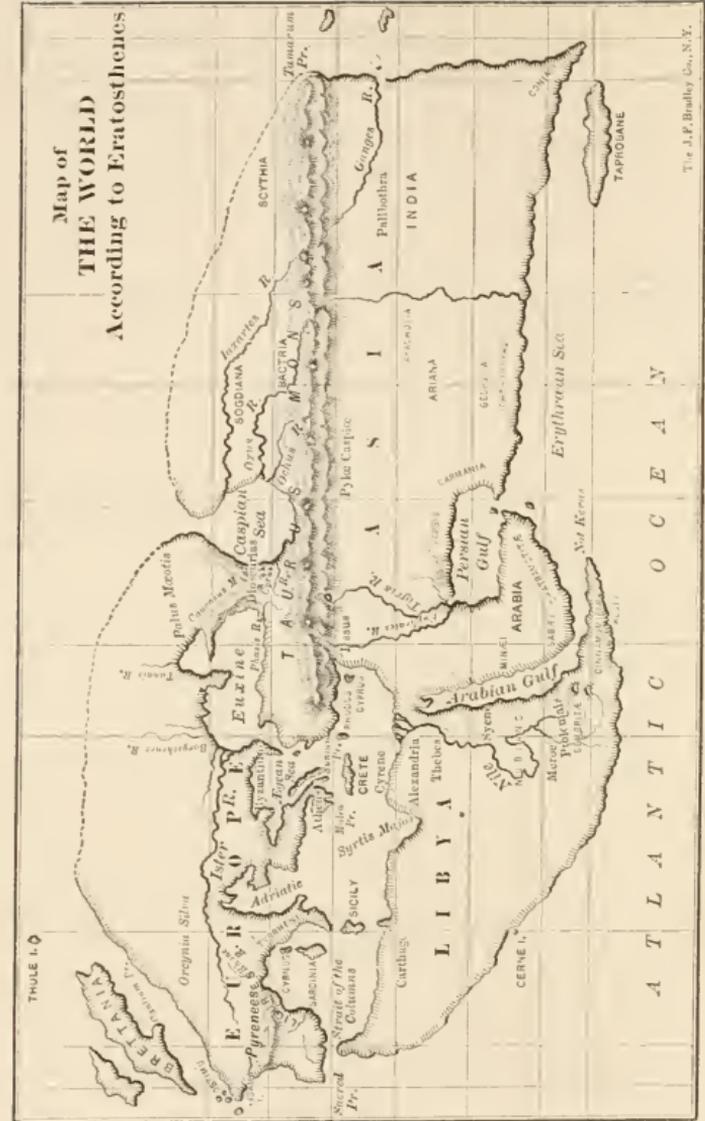
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THE BOY'S BOOK OF EXPLORATIONS

**Map of
THE WORLD
According to Eratosthenes**



PARALLEL OF THULE
 PARALLEL OF RHODES
 PARALLEL OF ALEXANDRIA
 TROPIC
 PARALLEL OF MEROE
 SOUTHERN LIMIT OF KNOWN WORLD
 EQUATOR

The J. P. Bradley Co., N.Y.

MEDIAN OF ALEXANDER

THE BOY'S BOOK OF EXPLORATIONS.

STORIES OF THE HEROES OF TRAVEL AND
DISCOVERY IN OUR OWN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE "DARK AGES" TO THE "WONDERFUL
CENTURY."

Old guesswork and modern science.—Many portions of the earth still unknown, or but slightly explored.—Land and sea compared as routes for the explorer.—What makes the successful traveller.—The great fields of exploration.—What the work of explorers means to English-speaking nations and to the world.

OPEN your atlas to the earliest maps—the rough sketches of an unknown world made by the wisest of the ancients. The geographer of those days was like a lost traveller who stands at night in an unknown land holding a flickering lantern that can light only the little circle close around his feet. Outside is a vast darkness which seems to him to hold unknown terrors.

Go into a great library, revolve a modern globe, and note the thousands of lines, letters, and figures upon its crowded surface. Con-

pare the antique chart with the latest globe, and you will have some hint of the work of the explorers—the brave, devoted, chivalrous heroes who have ventured their lives to bring the earth into the possession of man.

The whole story of exploration cannot be put into a single volume; even the deeds of “our own time” if told in detail would make a library. We will attempt only the retelling of the more recent stories that prove the spirit of exploration to be the same in our own day as in the days when the Norsemen crossed to Vinland, when Da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, when Columbus set his course ever westward, and when Magellan sailed through his strait, and his lieutenant completed the first voyage around the world.

In the achievements of a few recent years will be more than enough stories of heroism. The nineteenth century has added to our knowledge of the earth's geography more than the sum of all contributed by past ages taken together. Until within the most recent times the best map-makers have been compelled to write “unknown regions” over the greater part of all the continents and larger islands, and much map-drawing was in the nature of clever guesswork.

An American geography of 1812 described



VASCO DA GAMA.

From an engraving of a Portuguese portrait.

California as "a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs as damp as they are unhealthful." The northern shores were said to be inhabited by

cannibals, while the interior contained "active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow." When such was the acquaintance with his own land, the geographer could hardly be expected to be intimately informed about Tibet or the interior of Borneo.

Such ignorance was not discreditable to the men of that period. Each generation inherits the knowledge acquired by those who go before; and we owe the greater enlightenment of our day to the work of all who have laboured in the fields of science. We have a hundred aids our forefathers lacked. In our resources must be reckoned the locomotive, the steam vessel, the applications of electricity to light, power, and heat production, iron ships, breech-loading and repeating fire-arms with their metallic cartridges—very wands of enchantment to explorers!—the preserving of food, kerosene, balloons, and unnumbered minor inventions, devices, and improvements that smooth the path of the traveller into unknown, hostile, distant, and desert lands. Modern medicine and surgery have disarmed many of the greatest foes against which old explorers had to contend. The wealth of the world, too, has enormously increased, and vast sums are at the command of those who can show themselves worthy to lead expeditions.

All these aids, while they do not detract from the honor due modern discoverers, help to explain the smaller success of men as brave. The men of our own time *ought* to go farther and fare better than those of the past—and they have done so.

Despite modern science and enterprise the old earth has still enough unexplored territory to provide the adventurous traveller with fields for discovery during many a year to come. Let us take a hasty reckoning, and we shall learn that the maker of maps will long find new work to keep him busy.

Europe, of course, is the best known of all lands. The central part has been fully surveyed and mapped—partly for military reasons, partly because it is possessed by rich nations that can afford to pay for knowledge of the lands they hold. Geographical knowledge began among the peoples on the shores of the Mediterranean, and has spread from them and through them over all the civilised parts of the earth. In the second century the map made by Ptolemy of Alexandria was fairly correct in its drawing of the civilised shores along the Mediterranean, and became less and less so as it departed from this central region. For over twelve hundred years little was added to recorded knowledge of the earth; and then be-

gan the Portuguese voyages that fixed the southern limit of Africa; the discoveries of Columbus and his successors, which found and defined the American Continent; the first sea voyage to India by Da Gama, which caused in his Spanish rivals a fixed resolve to find a sea route westward; and finally the voyage around the world by Magellan's ship in 1520—a proof beyond dispute that the earth was a globe.

To the end of the seventeenth century the work of exploration consisted in filling the outlines thus drawn. Though the coast of Australia was touched, there was no knowledge of the great island continent. But the eighteenth century saw the beginning of accurate map-making, since scientific instruments were improved, and the knowledge of the earth was becoming full enough to allow of its being made systematic. The old knowledge was sifted and criticised, new knowledge was tested before being accepted; and thus the ground was cleared for the work of the nineteenth century.

During this latest hundred years, the civilised world has learned to work together in exploration. The results of each expedition are at once reported everywhere, and explorers may at each step cover new ground, and thus add constantly to geographical knowledge.

By such additions the maps of our own time have been patched and mended into some completeness, and if we examine a chart of the whole world we shall find that the "unknown regions" are comparatively few. There are two untouched spaces at the poles—larger at the southern than at the northern. The central portions of Africa and South America still



MAP OF WORLD, SHOWING EXPLORED, PARTIALLY EXPLORED, AND UNEXPLORED REGIONS AT END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

have wide areas to be entered. Central Asia, Australia, and Greenland, too, have their untouched wilds; but areas absolutely unknown are otherwise found mainly in the extreme north of Asia and North America or in the interior of half-civilised islands such as Borneo.

Surrounding these untouched lands are wide spaces through which travellers have made their

way often enough to render them somewhat known, though complete maps are yet to be made from more thorough investigation.

And after the mapping of the surface, an even more laborious task will begin—the study of the geology, the botany, and zoölogy, and especially of the races of man found in these little known regions, will provide fields of exploration for generations to come.

The ocean has been the readiest key to all unknown lands. Wherever men could sail, the hardy sailors of the past have turned their ships, and therefore the coast lines have usually been charted for many years before there has been any idea of what lay inland. The sea had its dangers, but at least men fought there on equal terms; on the land, the savages were in immense numbers compared to any exploring party. They were at home, knowing the country. They could prepare ambuscades, or night attacks, and could fight invaders from palisaded villages, in the mountain passes, or at the crossing of streams.

Our century has to some extent given the civilised man advantages that offset these. Our modern explorers can go in larger numbers than could be carried in old-fashioned vessels. The modern fire-arms with portable ammunition are irresistible in their destruc-

tiveness, and modern methods of preparing and preserving food have made expeditions self-supporting.

In earliest times exploration was undertaken too often in order to find something to steal; bands of warriors would travel into unknown lands so that they might find new peoples to plunder. This was not stealing, from their point of view, and indeed it was only a question of strength that determined which race should rob the other. In modern times the same "greed of gain," as the author of the "International Geography" calls it, sends out many an explorer to find mines, to collect rarities, to open new markets, or to trade at the best advantage where competition is less keen.

Just as a boy's curiosity becomes developed into a man's thirst for knowledge, so has the desire of early explorers to see strange and remarkable places been expanded into a devotion to science that looks upon every unknown portion of the earth as a challenge to mankind's exploring spirit. The love of fame, too, leads the explorers to risk life and limb when they know that a successful expedition will ensure their everlasting renown, and will redound to the glory of the nation whose flag they plant farther north or farther south than any other has ever been carried.

It is an old quarrel whether there is proper justification for the attempts to penetrate regions where the foot of man has never trod. Able arguments have been made upon each side, but with this vexed question we need not concern ourselves. Whether rightly or wrongly, explorers have ever been ready to find out the secrets of the round earth at any cost, and in their enterprises have shown of what heroism the soul of man is capable. Boys cannot but find interest and profit in following the fortunes of the adventurous men of all races, and in learning to bear bravely what fate has in store for them. The true stories of exploration will be found more thrilling and more wonderful than any fiction—unless it be such fiction inspired by fact as “Robinson Crusoe,” which De Foe drew, as you know, from the true story of Alexander Selkirk. But in order to read the adventures of explorers at their best, young readers must go to the original sources. No extracts, even of the best portions, can in any sense replace the full narratives given by explorers themselves. You must read the adventures at full length—the preparations made, the quieter days without exciting incidents, the long struggles against contrary winds, snow and ice, heat and thirst, famine and treachery; the patient endurance

of disappointment and delay, of broken promises, of inefficient helpers, or thieving natives; the clever devices for surmounting difficulties whether arising from human or from natural causes; and, when all hope is lost, the fortitude of a heroic soul facing inevitable death.

Thus you will learn what makes the successful hero of exploration, and will discover that bravery and a good physique are not even half the battle. Above all, a reading of the records of exploring expeditions will teach the value of discipline and of obedience to authority—a lesson that is an education in itself.

The history of exploration as carried on in our own days falls naturally under a few main headings. First we have the long record of invasions into the countries of ice; the attempts to map the polar regions, to reach the poles. An examination of the successive expeditions will show how each one has attempted to profit by the successes or the failures of preceding parties, and how, in spite of obstacles almost insurmountable, a steady advance has been made toward the goal. The Arctic problem seems in a fair way to be solved. The south pole presents greater difficulties together with some greater advantages; and until recently there have not been the same strong motives to urge explorers forward.

In this volume we shall not enter this field, since it may more profitably be reserved until the most recent expeditions have returned.

Second in rank, if not equal, must be placed the many brave expeditions into the great Dark Continent. Though it has yielded up many of its mysteries, there still remain too many great blanks upon the map of Africa. The Arctic regions have, in the two poles, two great prizes for the explorer; Africa has a thousand minor rewards, instead of these, and if a love of the marvellous or desire for adventure be the cause of exploration, the African Continent should be chosen in preference to any other field. Its great forests and mountains, its lakes and rivers; its superstitious and bigoted natives, its giants and pigmies, its wild beasts and strange vegetation cannot be equalled by any other continent.

Asia, though less uncivilised, deserves third place, as a land of rediscovered mysteries. The original home of mankind, Central Asia has been so long controlled by races jealous of foreign intrusion that it has become again an unknown land. If the braving of danger appeals to the explorer, he will find Asian exploration to his taste; and the lover of antiquity will reap rich rewards for all the perils he may overcome.

The great Island Continent still holds in its interior vast tracts unknown to civilisation, and the deserts here present problems of their own—problems that have defied solution in spite of the bravest attempts to overcome them.

The New World is not yet all our own. The great northwest of America and the vast plains of South America are still to be properly explored.

And in all these regions, as well as in others better known, lofty mountains hold themselves proudly in air, forbidding the ascent of man until he has made proper sacrifices to the mountain deities.

The watery world, too, has its heroes whose deeds must be recounted in order to complete the explorers' roll of fame; and recently there have been audacious spirits who have dared the great depths of the earth, and have found their reward in the discovery of an underworld to which it is too early to set limits.

The explorer is the pioneer of civilisation; but no matter how far he may go, the trader is quick to follow at his heels, and nowadays the civil engineer and surveyor soon arrive to prepare the way for the locomotive and telegraph. The conquest of the wilds follows so fast that the children of the first discoverer may find a home at the end of their father's

route, and a home surrounded by all the advantages of civilised life—including perhaps a library from which they may obtain a copy of their father's book describing his hardships and perils in reaching that very spot.

An acquaintance with what has been done in the past is more necessary to-day than ever before. The world is no longer divided into a number of communities each one blind and deaf to what may be going on elsewhere. All young people to whom English is a mother-tongue must learn something of every quarter of the globe. The boy of the United States can no longer be ignorant of the islands of the Pacific or of the continental powers of Asia. The English boy has cousins wherever the sun rises, and the British Empire's soldiers have found their way to every clime. The English-speaking peoples are spread abroad over the whole earth, and the time may come when they will wish to stand shoulder to shoulder with that complete sympathy which can come only from knowledge of one another's history and understanding of one another's aims.

The explorers are the captains of our race. They have now marched forward to begin the conquest of the new lands that we are to hold. When we know why they have sought out the regions lying north, south, east, and west,

when we have learned at what cost entry into those territories has been purchased, we shall properly value both their labours and the fruits of their self-sacrifice.

No civilisation is perfect, but no civilisation is worse than barbarism with superstition, slavery, cannibalism, and tyranny; and from these terrors the explorers have freed millions of the oppressed of mankind.

Whatever their motives, the outcome of their sufferings, the reward of their heroism is civilisation.

CHAPTER II.

AFRICA AS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

What was known in olden times.—Why exploration was slow.—The earliest expeditions.—“Prester John” and Covilham.—Prince Henry and the Portuguese.—The coast-line determined.—An honest geographer clears the old maps of rubbish.

In his article “About Africa,” J. Scott Keltie says: “Till within the memory of men now living, the great interior of Africa was a blank filled by imaginative geographers with a perplexing and impossible network of lakes and rivers and mountains, interspersed with pictures of monstrous animals, imposing cities, and monarchs with crown and sceptre sitting in majesty on their thrones.”

Dean Swift expressed the same idea in his well-known verse:

“So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their
gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of
towns.”



THE COURSE OF THE NILE.



SCENES FROM THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

From an engraving by Allard after a sketch by Sir Grenville T. Temple.

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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
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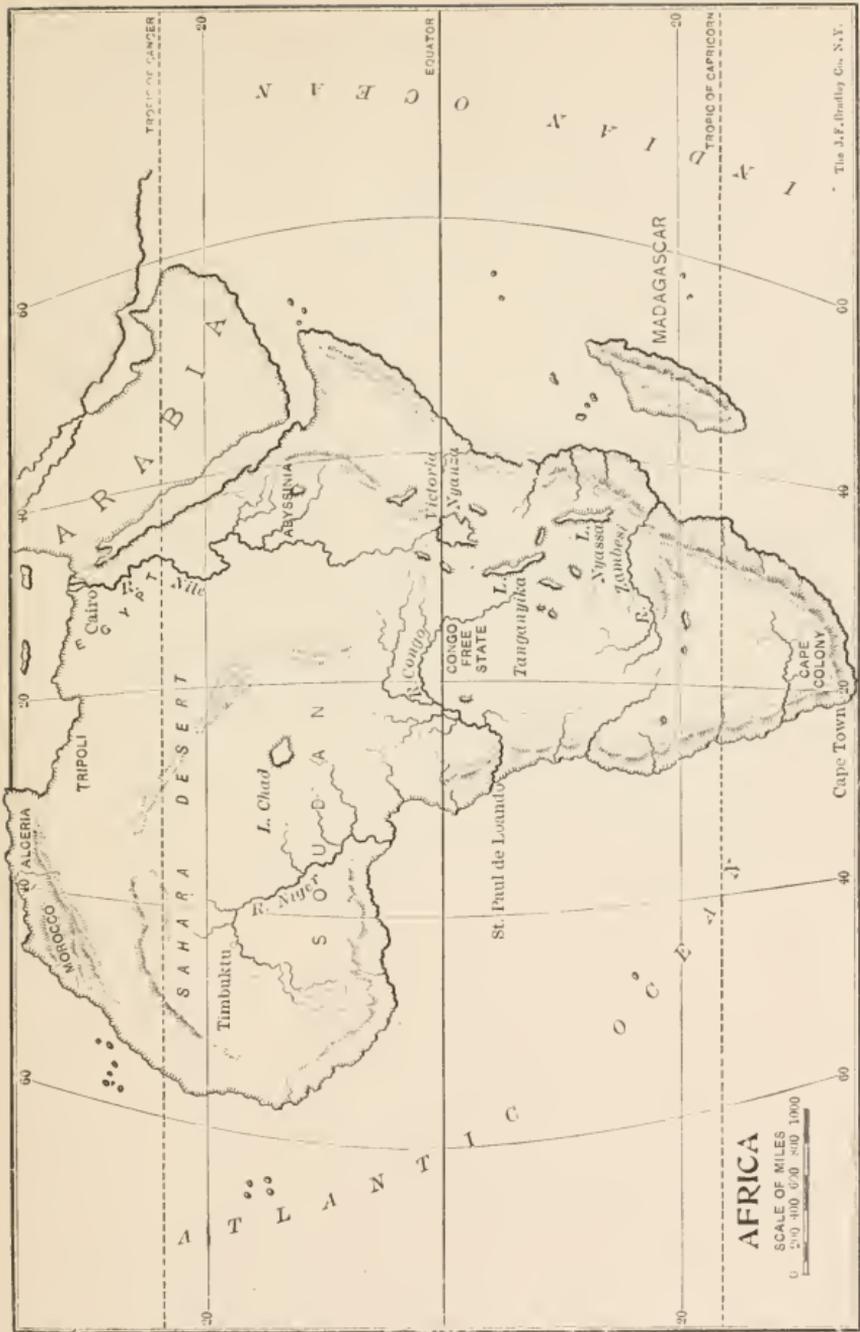
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And yet Egypt, especially the Nile Valley, was the site of the oldest civilisation whose recorded history we possess in any completeness. For centuries African Carthage disputed with Rome the supremacy over the Mediterranean, then the great route by which all the riches of Asia and Africa were carried from the East to the West. Even after Carthage had been destroyed, and the Roman generals left not one stone upon another, the great fertile land of Egypt, far up the Nile, was Rome's granary; and scattered along the northern coast of Africa everywhere are gigantic ruins, proving the presence of Roman and Byzantine buildings, bridges, and fortifications. The great fruitfulness of north Africa probably gave the name to the continent, though the origin of the name is so old that it is impossible to decide which of the many stories told about it is true. The word *feric* meant a grain of corn, and from this word *Africa* was applied to the region containing Tunis and Tripoli, which for many ages was to the Romans "Africa proper." The symbolic figure for Africa was a woman bearing a cornucopia, or holding ears of corn.

The continent of America, and that of Australia, which have been called respectively the gifts of the fifteenth and of the eighteenth cen-

ture, though discovered so many ages later, are to-day the homes of civilised man, and, as far as their physical condition will allow, fully possessed. In Africa, until our own days, civilisation found an abiding place only on the merest fringe of the continent.

For this there are many good reasons. Two-thirds of this great continent lie wholly within the tropics; hence it has rainy seasons, with their accompaniment of luxuriant and rapidly decaying vegetation, and dry seasons bringing intense solar heat; and, as a result, we find vast deserts. The greatest desert, the Sahara, a broad belt shutting off "progress, commerce, civilisation, and conquest," lies like a dead-line between the northern coast and the whole of Central Africa. The coast line of the continent is remarkable in having few breaks. There are no deep gulfs, peninsulas, or islands, excepting Madagascar alone, which is divided from the mainland by a wide and deep strait, and is believed to be part of a lost continent. Even the rivers are not highways for navigation, owing to the fact that central Africa is in most parts south of the Sahara an elevated tableland, bordered along the coasts by only a narrow belt of lower land. All the great rivers, the Congo, Niger, and Zambesi, are interrupted by cataracts. The Nile, too, has



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its cataracts, and even after these are passed there is at times an even greater obstacle. For long periods enormous masses of floating vegetation entirely prevent the passage of vessels. This region of the Nile, called "the sudd," is a sluggish reach of the river, where it passes



TRAVEL IN NORTHERN AFRICA : A CARAVAN HALTING IN THE DESERT.

through a low, swampy country overgrown with rank reeds and water vegetation. Of course, when this vegetable dam is once formed, it keeps on increasing till some very heavy flood forces the mass down stream. Several expeditions up the Nile have come to grief upon reaching this region.

As to the lowlands lying along the coast, and between the sea and the elevated central plateau, they are swampy, thickly overgrown with vegetation, miasmatic, and most difficult to traverse. Indeed, Joseph Thomson, a recent explorer, says: "Africa has been com-



FIRST CATARACT.

pared to a nut—only hard to deal with from the outside; once through the shell and the prize is gained. In East Africa the 'shell' means the low-lying country between the coasts and the edge of the plateau."

These, in short, are the physical reasons—the difficulties made by the country itself—which long prevented explorers from going far

from the coast. In the earliest days the east coast of Africa, lying along the Red Sea and extending to some distance southerly, was known to Arab geographers and described by them. There is also a statement that a certain Carthaginian admiral named Hanno sailed



SECOND OR GREAT CATARACT.

down the western coast, possibly as far as the Gulf of Guinea. He commanded a large fleet, carrying some 30,000 colonists from the regions around Carthage, and established several settlements along the west coast. But the records of this expedition are scanty, and the mere statement is all that is known of his voyage. Herodotus, the old Greek historian, who

was fond of recording all striking stories that came to his ears, tells us that the Phœnicians once sent an expedition down through the Red Sea; and that this expedition returned homeward by way of the Straits of Gibraltar, passing between the two rocky points called by



SIXTH CATARACT.

the ancients the Pillars of Hercules. Another story, recorded by the same gossiping historian, has just a bit more detail. He tells that five young men, called Nasamonians, were chosen by lot to make an expedition through the Sahara Desert into Central Africa. When they had come near to the Atlas Mountains, they were received so enthusiastically by a

numerous delegation of lions that they unani-
mously decided to take another route, and
turned westward. This brought them into an
arid part of the desert, and they were in sore
straits until they fortunately discovered an
oasis. Here they met with dwarf natives, de-
scribed as being about half the size of ordinary
men, and by them taken to a city inhabited by
blacks. How they finally returned to their
own country I do not know. This legend, or
historical incident, whichever it may be, was
long regarded with suspicion, but when the
dwarfs of Central Africa, the "pigmyes," were
discovered, their existence was looked upon as
strong evidence tending to sustain the story
told by Herodotus. It is true that these dwarfs
were in a very different part of Africa, but that
was easily explained, since they might have
been driven south by the invasion of a more
northern and warlike race.

The Emperor Nero, to come down to the
comparatively recent period of eighteen cen-
turies ago, sent a military expedition in the
year 60 A.D. to explore the upper waters of the
Nile, and if possible to find out the source of
the river. His expedition succeeded in reaching
a point about 500 miles south of Khartoum,
which is about in an east and west line with the
strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. These old Romans

were not stopped by the Nile cataracts, but when they met the sudd, even their Roman fortitude was choked in the mass of weeds.

Nearly a hundred years later Ptolemy, the most learned geographer of his time, gave a full description of Central Africa. Undoubtedly much of this was made up from a floating mass of tradition, with a liberal mixture of downright fiction; but the whole account, both chaff and grain, was accepted, for want of anything better to take its place, till about the sixteenth century. Five hundred years further down toward our own time, the Saracens, in their progress westward, conquered Northern Africa, and so long as they remained in possession, all direct knowledge of the continent was cut off from Europe. Of what went on during the possession of the Saracens, we gain no hints except in the words of a few Arab historians, who tell vague stories of minor kingdoms, probably mere settlements, south of the Sahara.

Between the last paragraph and the present one there comes a period of more than seven hundred years, during which there is really little that is worth telling about affairs in this region of the world. From our hasty summary of the past knowledge of Africa it will be understood that, even so late as the time of

Columbus, the map which could be made of the African continent would not pass muster to-day in the poorest schoolroom in the country. If you would like to make for yourself a fourteenth-century map of Africa, it can be easily done. Draw a line from the Strait of Gibraltar in a wavy south and southeasterly direction straight across the Desert of Sahara, and then bring it up with a round turn anywhere you please near the Red Sea. Next, without troubling to consult a modern map, put in a hasty sketch of what you think the Nile might look like, and attach half a dozen lakes here and there, like bunches of grapes, to imaginary branches of the river. A few scattered rivers and lakes also may be put in wherever the fancy seizes you, and the result will fairly represent what knowledge the fourteenth-century map recorded. Just below the lake at the supposed source of the Nile are Latin words signifying "region in which no one can live on account of the heat." I can find nothing more upon the map worth mentioning.

About the time this map was made, a Portuguese named Pedro de Covilham was sent to Abyssinia in search of that fabulous personage Prester John. "Prester" is short for Presbyter, meaning priest or Christian. During the Middle Ages there were stories afloat about

an African or Asian monarch (it was uncertain which) who became converted to Christianity by a chance visit to a church, and who thereafter carried on a holy warfare against the Mussulmans and acquired untold wealth. It was eagerly desired to reach and converse with this far-famed Prester John, either on account of Christian brotherliness or, possibly, because of his attractive wealth; and Covilham, the Portuguese, visited Abyssinia with a letter for the fabulous monarch. Of course he did not find him, but he made many journeys through the eastern region of Africa, and left behind him a journal describing the cities and ports which he visited. He also became learned in the lore of the Arabs and impressed with the idea that there was no impossibility in circumnavigating the Cape of Good Hope, as it was called later. He wrote to the king of Portugal a letter advising him to send an expedition around the southern end of Africa; and with the letter went a chart made by a learned Moor, showing the cape and cities along the coast. The writings of this Portuguese of the fifteenth century were believed to have exercised a strong influence over Vasco da Gama, who knew from Covilham's letter and chart that it was possible to double the cape and then to sail to India.

Prince Henry of Portugal, born in 1394,



FRA MAURO'S MAP, SHOWING PRESTER JOHN'S CITIES (PAGE 30)

nearly a century before Columbus's voyage, in order to carry on successful warfare against the Moors, who had held the greater part of Spain for nearly seven hundred years, established a school of navigation in which noblemen were educated to sail the seas. He understood the use of those astronomical instruments which were due to the learning of the Arabs themselves. This Prince Henry was a descendant of John of Gaunt, and had the blood of the English Plantagenet kings in his veins. Trained as a warrior, he distinguished himself in an expedition against the Moors, and with his brothers captured in one day the strongly fortified city of Ceuta in Morocco, directly opposite the rock of Gibraltar and on the promontory forming one of the "Pillars of Hercules." It would not have been surprising if the young soldier after this victory had dreamed of nothing but a life of glory in arms; but, as if satisfied with this single triumph, Prince Henry never fought again, henceforth giving his life to study, and especially to dreaming of new countries and new conquests in exploration.

"Ancient ideas shut up the world at Ceuta and Gibraltar, as the Philistines shut up Samson. Prince Henry, like the Hebrew giant, rose up out of sleep, and carrying the bars and gates away with him, opened that

world, of which European people, from the Pope to the peasant, were then ignorant.

“Prince Henry found that some of his Moorish prisoners in Ceuta, instead of being horned devils, were polished gentlemen of noble rank, liberally educated and well travelled. He treated them kindly. They in return told of the great continent of Africa where they lived; of the mountains, deserts, and oases; of the city of Timbuctoo, with its ivory palace and gilded roofs; of the Niger River, of Guinea, of Mozambique and Zanzibar. Still further, they thrilled the young Christian prince, their captor, with stories of voyages to India, whence shiploads of pearls and rubies, gold and spices, came to enrich the Mahometans; of the huge animals; of amazing forests and fruits, and of the populous countries of the great continent over which blazed the Southern Cross amid starry skies.

“All this set Prince Henry’s imagination on fire. ‘Africa for Christ’ became his watch-word—to be understood, of course, in his own way. He used his opportunity at once. He was Grand Master of the Order of Christ, and had control of its vast revenues. He was Governor for life of Algarve, the extreme southeastern province of Portugal and of Europe. At Sagres, down at the very tip of the kingdom and the continent, he founded an observatory, the first in Portugal. He devoted himself to the study of astronomy and mathematics. He summoned to his aid all the men skilled in navigation, or in making maps or instruments, of whom he could hear. He trained up young Portuguese naval officers, who became fearless captains. In a decade he had won away from Venice and Genoa the monopoly of seamanship and natural science.”

This spirited description by William Elliot Griffis, from his excellent book, "The Romance of Discovery," will give you the main-spring from which all modern exploration of Africa has proceeded. Gradually the Portuguese extended their voyages southward along the western coast, till Diaz had reached the Cape of Good Hope. Ten years later Vasco da Gama rounded the cape, sailed northward up the eastern coast, finding rich cities all the way; visited Melinda and there procured pilots from the king of that region, who took him safely across the Indian Ocean, whence he returned to Portugal, the first circumnavigator of Africa so far as accepted history knows. By the end of the fifteenth century the general coast-line was known, and not long afterward there were Portuguese and Dutch settlements in various places. In spite, however, of the increased definiteness given to the coast-line, the maps of the interior still contained the usual mass of rubbish that had been handed down by one ignorant geographer to another since the time of Ptolemy. Then arose an honest geographer, D'Anville, who lived about the time of the American Revolution. Having convinced himself that the mass of details which littered the maps of Africa of his time was so inaccurate as to be worthless, he bravely

wiped it from the maps, as a schoolboy wipes a sum from his slate. Frankly confessing that the interior of Africa was wholly unknown, he prepared the way for a real record of true discoveries.

About this time Europe was enjoying a period of peace, the first since the French Revolution, and men turned from news of battles and the fall or creation of kingdoms to scientific pursuits. We may look upon the map of Africa, after the clean sweep made by the French geographer, as a new leaf turned over, upon which to write the discoveries of modern times.

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNINGS OF AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

James Bruce and the Blue Nile.—Mungo Park reaches the Niger.—Denham and Clapperton's expeditions.—The Launders follow the Niger to the ocean.—Laing and Caillié enter Timbuctoo.—Richardson and Barth's journeys in the northern region.

OF course, no one having even the slightest acquaintance with the subject needs to be told that a history of African exploration can no more be included in a single small volume than the great continent itself can be mapped on a sheet of note paper. Besides, in telling the story for boys' reading, it should not include all those scientific and historical facts that are important only to students who will go to the explorers' own books or to histories for them. Leaving such details to other volumes, we shall select from the travellers' diaries only the curious, the wonderful, the striking experiences that give colour and flavour to the record of their journeyings. We shall try to make acquaintance with the explorers as men of bravery and daring, of resource and fortitude, rather than with their achievements

and their routes as landmarks in the history of exploration.

The modern fuller and more scientific knowledge of Africa began, according to the best authorities, with the thirty years' journeys of the greatest pathfinder of all, the missionary David Livingstone; but at least a few of the most prominent explorers must be spoken of, and their exploits recorded, so that we may better understand those of our own day.

JAMES BRUCE.

About the end of the last century a giant of a Scotchman, six feet and four inches in height—Miss Burney, the novelist, said, "He is the tallest man you ever saw gratis"—had married the orphan daughter of a wine merchant, and acquired a share in the business. Losing his wife soon after marriage, Bruce made a journey into Spain and Portugal to visit the vineyards. He became interested in the Moorish manuscripts preserved in the Royal Library, and studied Arabic in order that he might read them.

England was upon the point of war with Spain, and upon his return Bruce told the English Government that the port of Ferrol was undefended and could easily be taken. Though the plan was not adopted, the shrewd

Scotchman was rewarded by an appointment as consul to Algiers, and instructed to study and copy the early ruins of Northern Africa. This work led Bruce at length to resign his office, so that he might give all his time to ex



JAMES BRUCE.

ploration and research, and he spent several years in Syria and Asia Minor making drawings of the relics of old-time civilisation.

In 1768 he was in Egypt bent upon seeking out the source of the Nile, and, sailing down the Red Sea to Bab-el-mandeb, he made a landing at Massawa, the seaport of Gondar,

the capital of Abyssinia. He was the first European to enter the country since a century and a half before.

Bruce found that in order to accomplish anything in Abyssinia he must gain the favour of one Michael, a powerful prime minister or "ras," who, having assassinated one king and poisoned another, was now at the dishonourable old age of seventy-two ruling in the name of a third. Owing to an attack of small-pox that killed several courtiers before Bruce was called upon for aid, and to the recovery of the patients after the white doctor was called in, Bruce was soon in high favour with the queen and with the wife of the prime minister. To complete his reputation as "medicine man," Bruce performed the miracle of shooting a tallow candle through a wooden table, and since none of the natives ever discovered that anybody might do the same, Bruce lived in high repute.

But outside the capital city much territory was held by a powerful chief in rebellion, and the clever explorer, having gained an interview with this rebel, won his regard by taming wild horses and shooting birds upon the wing—a miniature Wild West show.

The way being thus cleared, Bruce traced the Blue Nile to its source in Central Abys-

sinia, and finding a grassy hillock from which flowed the baby Nile "not four yards over, and not above four inches deep," exulted to think that he had solved the mystery that had baffled all mankind for three thousand years. It is not Bruce's fault that the source he found was that of the branch called the Blue Nile, and the fact should not detract from his credit.

Returning to the capital city, Bruce finds 20,000 rebels in possession, and the place "reeking with massacre." His remonstrances against the bloodshed were "considered childish," and the merry game went on. At the end of one of these civil wars Bruce found the dignified old scoundrel Michael arrayed in cloth-of-gold, sitting patiently in his house awaiting his death. But Bruce records that Michael was imprisoned, and before his career was ended once more ruled Abyssinia.

Bruce remained for a while in the army of Abyssinia, gaining renown by his great strength, skill in horsemanship, and knowledge of medicine. Among other valuable things, he secured the "Chronicles of the Kings of Abyssinia," the only historical record of the ancient history of this land—said to have been once ruled by the son of the Queen of Sheba by Solomon—and had enough adventures and experiences to fill five large volumes that one

of his biographers calls "The Epic of African Travel." He had made himself so valuable that when he wished to leave the country the king was unwilling to let him go.

One day, with truly Oriental magnificence, the king carelessly promised Bruce to grant



CARAVAN TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT.

"whatever request he might make," and the Scotch explorer seized the opportunity to beg that he might return to his native land. The king was in a rage, but felt bound to keep his word; and Mr. Bruce hastily packed up his relics, his drawings, and valuable journals, secured camels and servants, and started for Egypt. He had learned by this time enough

of the changeable nature of the Oriental monarch to take the precaution of assuring the king that he should return along the same route by which he had come. Then he wisely chose an entirely different road, betaking himself to the deserts of Nubia, which is the ancient name for the southern regions of Egypt.

His journey through a thickly wooded country and across the deserts was filled with perils and accompanied by disaster. During the whole journey the party did not see a single native, but met with wild beasts and robbers, suffered from hunger and thirst, underwent whirling storms of sand, and thus toiled on for four months of hardship. One by one the men and camels perished, with the exception of Bruce and one servant. Unable to carry their baggage, it was carefully packed in a few boxes and left on the sand, and the two survivors made their way forward on foot, having no clue to the right direction except a general impression that it was best to keep to the west. Bruce's shoes soon went to pieces, and his feet were swollen, blistered, and wounded. After a most painful journey they reached the city of Siana. There an officer of the court, though he reproached Bruce bitterly with being an infidel, gave him camels and attendants that he might recover his baggage, saying

scornfully at the same time: "Of what value are any books and papers that you can have, you infidel?"

Bruce assured him that he had among his papers valuable recipes for curing disease, which it was a pity to lose. This argument



A BEDOUIN CAMP IN THE DESERT.

prevailed, and four days afterward Bruce had recovered the baggage, which remained untouched where he had placed it.

Bruce's explorations, lasting five years, had done much to make known the kingdom of Abyssinia and the country between the Nile and the Red Sea. He returned to England in

1773, married again, and settled down. After thus escaping the perils of Africa, he was unfortunate enough to die as the result of falling down the stairs of his own house when hastening to hand a lady to her carriage. A queer modern parallel to this peculiar fate may be found in the story of the celebrated Alpine traveller who, after safely accomplishing the ascent and descent of many a lofty peak, broke his leg upon the stairs which led to the lecture-platform from which he was about to give an account of his experiences.

Bruce's chief reward was an interview with the king of England, and a reputation as the most gigantic liar of his age. Too proud to complain, the explorer retired to his estate and left his reputation to the care of posterity. To-day his statements are known to be true, and his career has won the admiration it deserved.

MUNGO PARK.

The next noted explorer was also a Scotchman, Mungo Park. He was a young student of medicine who had gained some reputation as a writer upon natural history, through a series of papers describing some new species of fish which he had observed during a voyage to Sumatra as surgeon on an East Indiaman.

The British Association had been formed, in 1788, for promoting the discovery of the interior of Africa. Among the most prominent members of the society was Sir Joseph Banks, one of the friends of Benjamin Franklin, and



MUNGO PARK.

through his influence Mungo Park was selected to ascertain the source and course of the Niger, a much disputed African problem. Three explorers had been sent out by the Association before this time. Two were known to have died in Africa, and the third was missing at



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the time and reported dead. This was a Major Houghton. The first two of these three explorers had attempted to reach the river from the northward and had failed, accomplishing little. Major Houghton had gone in from the west coast, and was unheard of.

Park also decided to start from the west coast. He embarked on a trading vessel, the "Endeavor," from Portsmouth, with a letter of credit for about \$1,000. Reaching the African coast, he ascended the Gambia River to the English trading post at Pisania, 200 miles from the coast. Here he spent over two months preparing himself for the trip into the interior, studying the languages, and at last made up his party, seven in all, he being the only European. It is interesting to compare his equipment with that of some more recent travellers. He says:

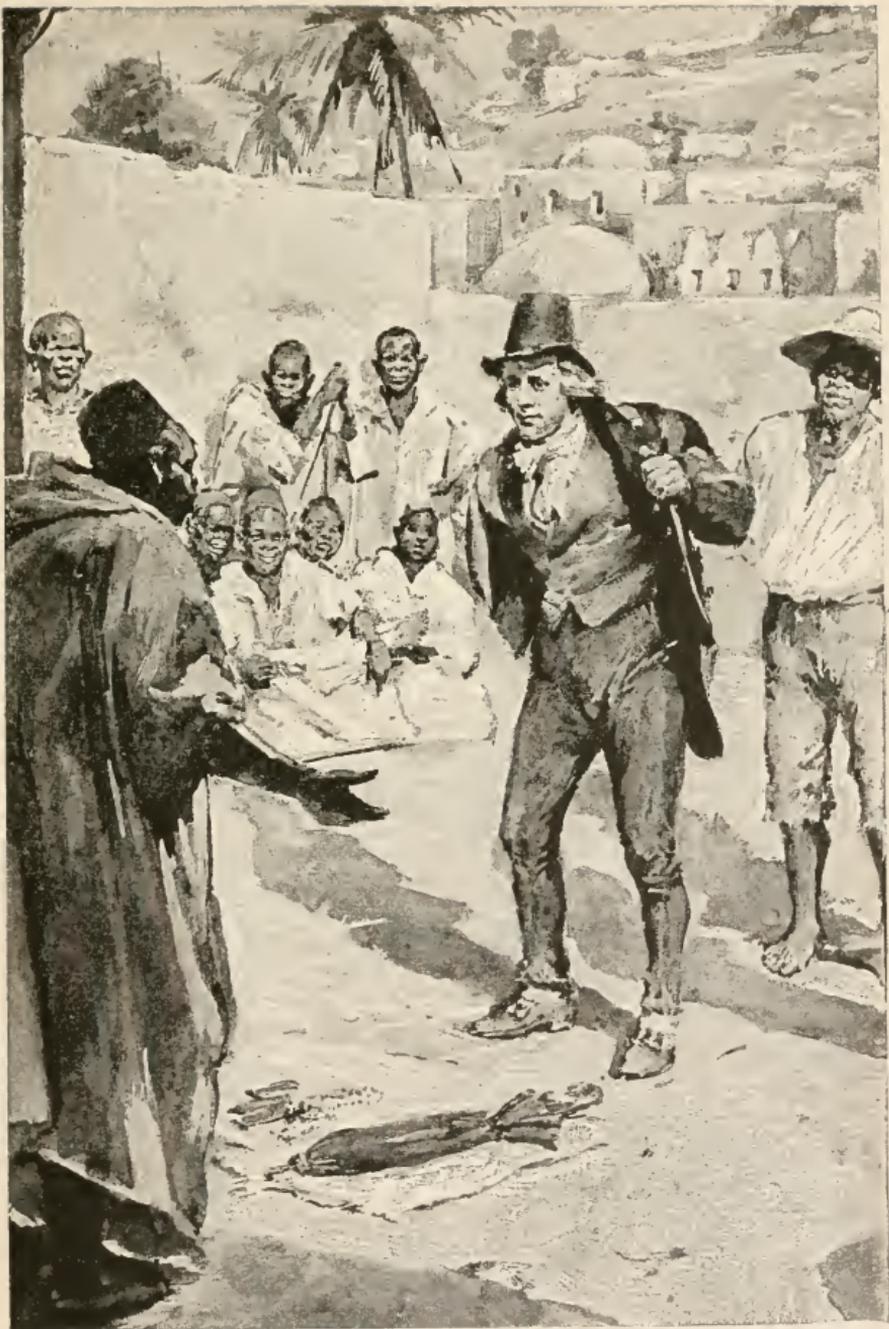
"My baggage was light, consisting chiefly of provisions for two days; a small assortment of beads, amber, and tobacco, for the purchase of a fresh supply as I proceeded; a few changes of linen, and other necessary apparel; an umbrella, a pocket sextant, a magnetic compass, and a thermometer; together with two fowling-pieces, two pairs of pistols, and some other small articles."

It will be enough to characterise the greater part of Park's journey into the interior by saying that it was a long series of detentions

and discouragements; as, indeed, one might conclude from reading this catalogue of his slender equipment. He was bullied and robbed by the half-civilized Arab slave-dealers and officials; and, although he suffered no serious bodily harm, he was treated as a curiosity and a show, being in one instance compelled to dress and undress in order that the natives might see how his clothes were managed.

As an example of his experiences with the potentates of the small Arab settlements which he visited, I will quote his interview with the king of Bondu. Park had heard that he had treated Major Houghton with great unkindness, and had caused him to be plundered, and says:

“As I was entirely in his power, I thought it best to smooth the way by a present. Accordingly, I took with me in the evening one canister of gunpowder, some amber, tobacco, and my umbrella; and as I considered that my bundles would inevitably be searched, I concealed some few articles in the roof of the hut where I lodged, and I put on my new blue coat in order to preserve it. . . . When I had delivered my presents, he seemed well pleased, and was particularly delighted with the umbrella, which he repeatedly furled and unfurled, to the great admiration of himself and his two attendants, who could not for some time comprehend the use of this wonderful machine. After this I was about to take my leave, when the king, desiring me to stop a



PARK AND THE AFRICAN KING.

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while, began a long preamble in favour of the whites, extolling their immense wealth and good dispositions. He next proceeded to an eulogium on my blue coat, of which the yellow buttons seemed particularly to catch his fancy; and he concluded by entreating me to present him with it, assuring me, for my consolation under the loss of it, that he would wear it on all public occasions, and inform every one who saw it of my great liberality towards him. The request of an African prince in his own dominions, particularly when made to a stranger, comes little short of a command. It is only a way of obtaining by gentle means what he can, if he pleases, take by force; and as it was against my interest to offend him by a refusal, I very quietly took off my coat, the only good one in my possession, and laid it at his feet.

“In return for my compliance, he presented me with great plenty of provisions, and desired to see me again in the morning.”

At last Park succeeded in reaching the Niger, found that it flowed eastward, and traced its course for about seventy miles. He had come within 200 miles of the mysterious city of Timbuctoo. This city had attained in European tradition a wonderful place. It was reported to be a city of fabulous wealth and of veritable enchantment. It was inhabited by bigoted Mohammedans, sworn foes to all infidels. No European had ever reached it, and there were offers of large rewards in money to any one who should succeed in visiting the unknown metropolis.

As he was sick, entirely alone in the country, and on foot, Park resolved to return before it was too late. He joined a slave-trader's party, was a witness to the cruelties of the slave-owners, of which he gives a most moving account, and at last made his way to the



TIMBUCTOO

trading post whence he had set out. During this journey Park discovered that his predecessor had been led into a desert by Arab guides, and then robbed; whether the unfortunate traveller was then murdered or simply deserted, Park could not learn. At all events, it was a distinction without difference.



PARK'S LAST STAND

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Then Park seemed inclined to forswear further travel; but being again summoned a few years later, he made up a small party of Europeans, and returned to the same region, intending to make his way to the Niger and by sailing down the river to ascertain its course to the ocean. Few expeditions to Africa have been more unfortunate. Nearly all of the members died of fevers, twenty-eight perishing in six days before the most difficult part of their work was really begun. Park wrote home just before embarking upon the river:

“I shall set sail to the coast with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt. . . . Though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die in the Niger.”

His journal ends with the entry dated November 16, 1805. He began his voyage next day, and nothing of his fate was known for years afterward, when it was learned that in attempting to escape an attack from the shores, Park jumped into the river and was drowned in the rapids. This was about 1806.

DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON.

The next important expedition was led by Major Denham, an officer who had served

against Napoleon; Captain Clapperton, another Scotchman, who had commanded the vessel "Confiance" in the battle of Lake Erie, and a Dr. Oudney. At the head of a strong party these explorers left Tripoli in



MAJOR DIXON DENHAM.

1822, and marched southward over the desert, hoping to complete European knowledge of the troublesome Niger. They found the desert dotted with skeletons of men and animals; and these increased in number till, near

one of the oases, they were "too thick to be counted." Their caravan was led by a Mohammedan, Boukhaloum, a celebrated slave-hunter.

. Owing to the strength of their well-armed



CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

party, they made their way in safety, being entertained with music and dancing by the barbaric chiefs of the settlements they passed. Where these towns were strong, the inhabitants received them hospitably, but the smaller

places were deserted by the inhabitants at their approach.

Without any remarkable adventures, they made their way to Lake Chad, which they believed to be the source of the Niger, a widely mistaken supposition, as will be seen by a



AN OASIS IN THE SAHARA DESERT.

glance at the map. They found the lake frequented by thousands of water birds, such as pelicans, cranes, and spoonbills, so tame that they showed little fear of man. After a slight exploration of the lake along its southern shores, they advanced to the kingdom of Bornou, which had never before been visited by

Europeans. They were detained here by the king and allowed to make only short journeys. Their next stopping-place was Mandara. The



LOADING A CAMEL (BISCARA).

Sultan of Mandara rode out to visit them, attended by "500 horsemen, in dark blue robes striped in bright colours." Boukhaloum ex-

plained to this monarch that he had come a long distance in order to obtain slaves, and invited the African potentate to point out some village that he might attack it. The obliging ruler was glad to name certain villages of Fellatahs situated not far from his capital. Indeed, the sultan kindly volunteered to take command of the expedition.

This enterprise of these cheerful scoundrels seemed to promise entertainment to Major Denham, and he accompanied them while they attacked three villages. The first two villages were easily destroyed and the inhabitants slain or reduced to slavery without any unusual inconvenience to the marauders; but in their attack upon the third village something went wrong, and fortune favoured the defenders. They completely defeated and routed the slave traders, putting them to flight. Among the survivors was the leader of the caravan, Major Denham, and a few others. Denham had several narrow escapes from his pursuers, but at last was captured by them. They were so much delighted with their prize of a strangely dressed European that they quarrelled among themselves about sharing the plunder, and during the quarrel Denham escaped by crawling under a horse, threw himself over a steep bank, crossed a river, and found

himself again among his surviving friends. Boukhaloum, the leader of the slave catchers, had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and



RICHARD LANDER.

you will be pleased to know that he died soon after the battle.

Meanwhile Clapperton and Oudney had set out for a town named Houssa. On this trip Oudney died of fever. Clapperton succeeded in reaching a town called Sakkatu. Here the natives gave him an account of the fate of

Mungo Park, and it was by this means news of the lost explorer reached Europe. No further discoveries of importance were made by this expedition.

Clapperton, however, made a second expedition to the Niger country, intending to follow the river to the ocean from the scene of Park's death.

Among the members of Clapperton's second party was Richard Lander, who served as his attendant, and later became celebrated by his own explorations. At the very beginning of their expedition, tempted by the beautiful weather, the white men slept out in the open air, and as a result were attacked by fever which before long proved fatal to all except Clapperton and Lander. These two made their way to a kingdom with the remarkably pretty name of Wow Wow. Here they met with a comic-opera adventure. An African belle, who is described as "a mountain of flesh," fell in love with one of the white men. Accounts differ as to which was the object of her affections, probably because Clapperton tried hard to fix the honour upon Lander, while Lander disclaimed it in favour of his companion. Whichever was the favoured object, the lady, whose name, Zuma, meant *honey*, begged one of the white men to marry her, dethrone



LANDER UNDER TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

Painted by W. H. Margetson.

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the reigning king, and take his place. They had much difficulty in escaping the attentions of this "Dark Cloud," but finally abandoned her to her fate and reached the Niger. Crossing the river, they were detained by illness for nearly two months. Lander remained at Kano, to recover, while his companion went on to Sakkatu. The sultan made up his mind to get both of the explorers into his power, and therefore sent news to Lander that his companion needed him. Although too ill to travel except in a litter, Lander made the journey.

The two Europeans were detained three months by this too hospitable monarch, when, owing to a hurried journey of the whole tribe, made to escape the attack of a neighbouring people, Clapperton's illness increased, and at last he died in the arms of his friend. Lander made his way homeward, nearly perishing in the desert. He tells that upon one occasion, being almost dead from exhaustion and thirst, he sent his native servant forward to procure aid, while he rested under a tree. Here thousands of Fellatahs and Tuaregs passed the suffering European, but to all his entreaties for help their only reply was, "He is an infidel: let him die." Lander reached London in 1826.

THE LANDERS.

The British Government sent out Richard Lander to make another Niger expedition. He was accompanied by his brother John as a volunteer. The object of their expedition was to determine whether the Niger flows into the Chad or to the ocean. They returned to the region where Richard had already been, reached a town named Boussa, and embarked on the river in two leaky canoes to determine where it emptied. Soon the river grew wider, till it was fully three miles broad. Along the banks were large towns, the inhabitants of which were often hostile. The Landers were at last captured and taken to the slave market, but arranged for their release and conveyance to the sea by promising a large ransom.

After 800 miles of travel upon the river, they came at last to the ocean, and settled once for all that the mouth of the Niger was a delta or group of branches flowing into the Atlantic Ocean.

Thus the Landers' expedition was successful in its main object, but Richard had received a wound from which he died soon after his return. One of their most interesting experiences during this journey, and, in fact, that which resulted in their capture, was a meeting



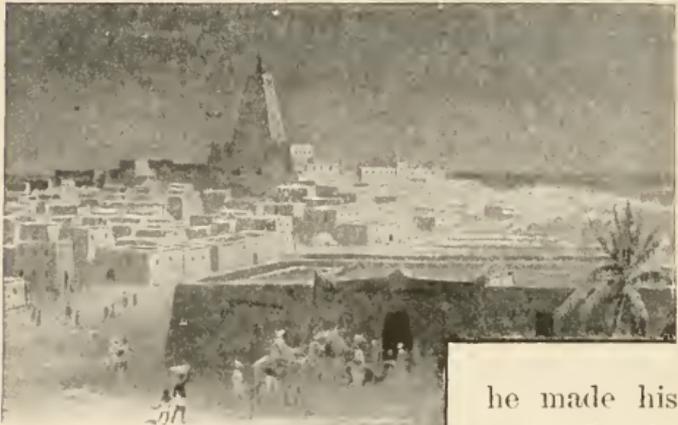
THE LANDERS MEETING NATIVES DRESSED LIKE EUROPEANS.

with a large force of natives who had dressed themselves to represent Europeans, even making an imitation flag which they carried at the head of their canoes.

TIMBUCTOO: LAING AND CAILLIÉ.

The unknown city which had been vainly sought by so many was reached at length by a Scotch officer, Major Laing, and by the Frenchman, René Caillié. It is true that they were not the first Europeans to enter its walls, for it is said that two Americans who had been wrecked on the north coast of Africa travelled into the interior, and one of them, named Adams, being taken prisoner, had entered the city as a captive, and remained for six months. The Scotch major, Alexander Gordon Laing, certainly had succeeded in entering Timbuctoo, as we shall find that the French explorer mentions his residence in the city; but although a letter dated in the city was received from Laing, from Caillié came the first complete account published in Europe, and to him the credit for entering the city is usually given. This Frenchman, born in 1799, was the son of a baker. He was left an orphan at an early age, brought up by an uncle, and had but little education, probably being able to read and write only. It is said that his reading of

"Robinson Crusoe" gave him a love for a wandering life. His first journey began at the age of sixteen years. Having collected a small capital of sixty francs, he sailed for Senegal on the western coast of Africa. Thence



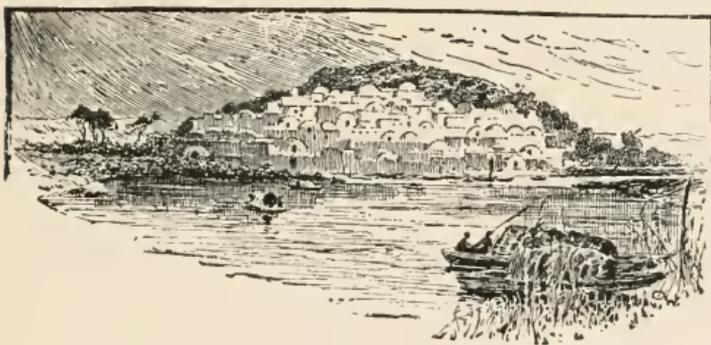
TIMBUCTOO.

he made his way to Bondu in the inte-

rior, but being attacked by the African fever, he returned to France.

In 1824 he again sailed to Senegal, probably with the idea of entering Timbuctoo, since a large prize in money had been offered for this achievement. He spent fully a year in making an Arab of himself, learning the language, customs, and manners of the people, so that he might disguise himself successfully as a Mohammedan. Meanwhile, he carried on a trade in indigo to supply himself with funds, and

raised about \$400. When he considered himself equipped for his enterprise, he represented that he was an Egyptian slave owned by a Frenchman in Alexandria, and having been freed by his master in Senegal, he said he was now on his way to regain his home. Joining a caravan going toward the Niger, he reached the river on June 11, 1827. For some time he was disabled by a wound in the heel, fol-



KABARA.

lowed by an attack of scurvy, but he recovered from his illness owing to the nursing of a kindly old negro woman. Having reached the town of Djenné, he gave his umbrella to one of the citizens in return for a letter of introduction to a merchant of Timbuctoo, which city he reached on April 13, 1828.

He remained in the city two weeks or more, and occupied a house just opposite to that where the Scotch officer already mentioned

had resided. On leaving the city, the skeleton of his European predecessor was pointed out to him where it lay glistening in the desert. Upon his return to France, Caillié received 10,000 francs from the Geographical Society, another prize of 1,000 francs for the greatest discovery of the year, and the Legion of Honour from the French Government as a reward for his enterprise. At the end of his account of Caillié's adventures, Hugh Craig says: "It is worthy of notice that while his profession of the religion of Mahomet rendered his travelling easy, it prevented him from taking sketches or astronomical observations."

Major Alexander Gordon Laing, a Scotch officer in the British army, was undoubtedly the first explorer who succeeded in entering Timbuctoo, although European captives had been taken as slaves into the forbidden city. He had already distinguished himself in explorations of the Niger country, from which he had been recalled for a campaign against the Ashantees. After serving with distinction, Laing was put in command of an expedition to visit Timbuctoo, joined a caravan bound for that great market-town, and entered the city, which Laing declared to be disappointing only in its small size.

Upon his return he was murdered by Tuaregs, the desert Arabs; and proofs afterward came to light showing that the major's death had been brought about by the semi-civilised Arabs of the coast, the authorities of Tripoli, and that his own guide had been in correspondence with the conspirators from the beginning of the journey. There are hints of European jealousies behind this foul murder.

A prize of £3,000 had been offered by a London society to the first explorer who entered Timbuctoo; but I do not know whether Laing's widow received the money. The Paris Geographical Society sent her a gold medal in honour of her husband's achievement.

Truly the Scotch explorers make a wonderful showing in the history of the opening of Africa, and down to our own times no land can show a prouder list of African explorers.

RICHARDSON AND BARTH.

The next expedition of importance was suggested by James Richardson, who had made a few trips from the north to the oases of the Sahara Desert.

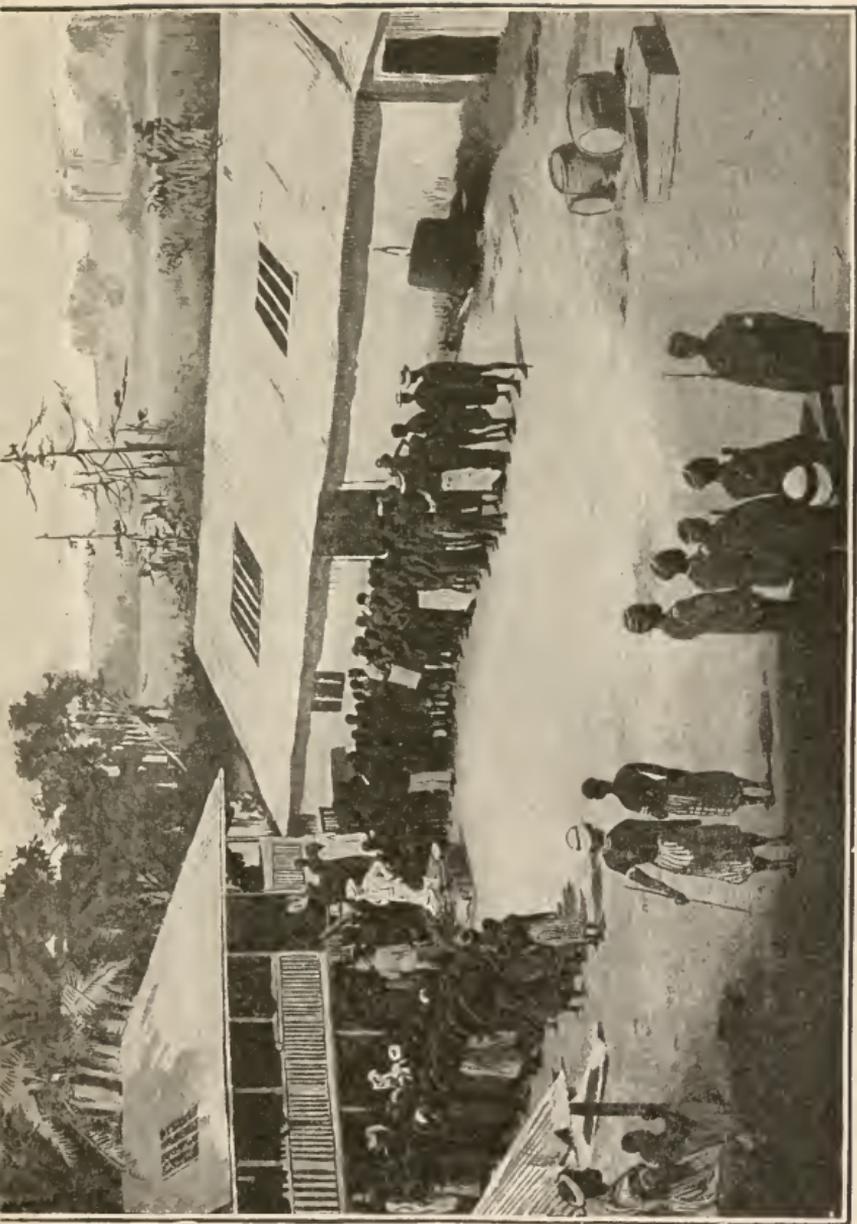
The reports of the slave trade that were made by Denham and Clapperton, together with the accounts of the cruelties witnessed by Mungo Park, had aroused in England a desire

to take measures to suppress the traffic. The British Government authorized Richardson to gather a party for the purpose of verifying the results of Denham and Clapperton's expedition, and to connect the regions traversed by them with those in which Mungo Park had been lost.

It was decided that a German traveller should be invited to join the party, and Henry Barth, known for his journeys through Syria and Asia Minor, was selected. Barth made the request that Oberweg, a geologist, should be allowed to accompany them.

Having been well provided with all things necessary, they made excellent progress through the desert, succeeded in reaching Timbuctoo, and were received by the king. No adventure of importance is recorded until after the members of the expedition separated, Richardson to explore Lake Chad, Barth to reach the town of Kano. Richardson died before reaching the lake.

Barth and Oberweg, after keeping in company for some time, also separated, Oberweg going toward Lake Chad, while Barth took a course further to the westward, penetrating the desert of Sahara, and making his way toward the Niger. After reaching the town of Katsena, on the southern border of the desert,



SCENE AT AN AFRICAN TRADING STATION.

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the head men of the town detained Barth, probably with the purpose of robbing him when the caravan he had so far accompanied should have left him behind. Giving up whatever he could spare, and exchanging his imposing steed for a poor bag of bones, Barth succeeded in escaping from his hosts, and entered the town of Kano a year after the beginning of his journey. He reported on his return that Kano was a thriving place, thronged with natives from all the neighbouring countries of Africa, and carrying on a profitable trade.

Of course in his state of destitution Barth was unable to remain long in so civilised a place, and he passed onward with the purpose of reaching Kuka, where he hoped to meet the other members of the expedition, for he did not yet know of Richardson's death. He was now not far from Lake Chad, and he took advantage of its neighbourhood to visit the lake. At this place he met again the German geologist, and both of them joined an expedition about which they seem to have known very little, being satisfied with the knowledge that it was going southward into the interior.

They were not greatly pleased, after they had gone too far to return, upon finding that they had joined an expedition which was nothing less than a slave-hunt on the largest scale.

To the credit of Dr. Oberweg it is recorded that he was unable to reconcile himself with the slave trade, and returned to Kuka; but Barth, alleging as an excuse his purpose to continue the exploration of the region, accompanied the slave traders and witnessed the extermination or enslaving of peaceful villagers. After the return of the slave traders, proceeding westward, he reached the town of Mashena, and here was visited by a blind man who proved not only well read in Arabian literature, but was also familiar with the works of Greek philosophers.

During his stay at Mashena, the ruler returned from a successful slave raid and made a triumphal entry into the city, bringing with him captive chieftains and all the fruits of his successive raids. This chief was much interested in the European traveller, and seized the opportunity to make many inquiries in regard to the outer world. While not dissatisfied with the presents he had received from the explorer, the ruler intimated that to be perfectly happy he required but one thing more, and in reply to Barth's timid question as to what this might be, he asked for a cannon. Barth regretted that he had not carried one with him through the desert, and the chief wished to know whether he would not make one. Despite his disap-



BARTH'S APPROACH TO TIMBUCTOO.

Painted by G. D. Armour.

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pointment at not receiving the piece of artillery, the ruler made Barth a number of presents, and permitted him to proceed with his journey. Barth thereupon returned to Kuka, where he had left his companion, whom he found dying.

Barth set out westward, intending to reach the Niger, and, if possible, enter the city of Timbuctoo, thus connecting the routes of Clapperton and Park. For this purpose he followed the example of Caillié. Disguising himself as a Mussulman, he crossed the Niger, and, in company with a true Mussulman, entered the city. Apparently there was some reason to suspect that Barth was not what he seemed, for soon he was forbidden to leave his dwelling, and therefore could learn about the city only what he could observe from its roof. During his stay some of the townsmen, believing him to be a Christian, made many attempts upon his life, but owing to the protection of the rulers of the town, Barth was saved from their hands.

During the long absence of Richardson's party, there were many reports that they had all perished, and one after another six different expeditions were despatched to find out the fate of the travellers. Nearly all of these are said to have been disastrous. Even the most

successful of the rescuers, a man named Vogel, although he succeeded in reaching Barth, was not wise enough to return with the German explorer, but ventured into the unknown region beyond Lake Chad, was captured by barbarous natives, and having in vain attempted to escape, was beheaded.

The results of Barth's expedition were the discovery of a large river flowing into Lake Chad and the tracing of a branch of the Niger. Among the important results must also be mentioned the discovery by Dr. Oberweg, the geologist, that in general the desert of Sahara is rather a lofty plateau than a sunken region. We shall see when we come to sum up the results of the labours of David Livingstone the difference between the work of a man who is an explorer, and nothing more, and one inspired by a noble and different purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

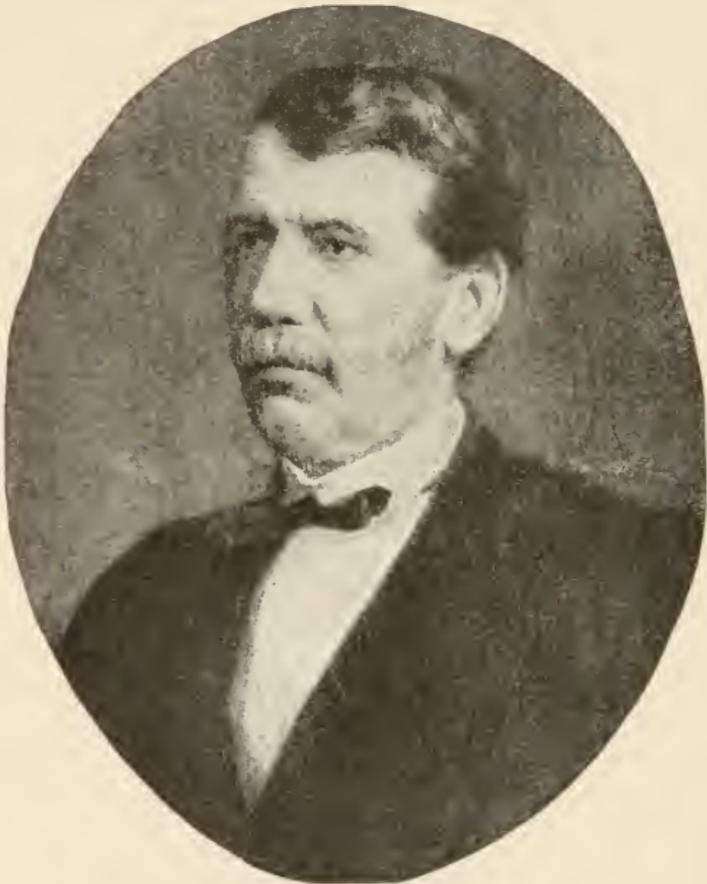
DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S FIRST JOURNEYS.

Livingstone compared to other explorers.—Why his travels are treated much more fully.—His family and early life.—Enters upon his missionary work in Africa.—Kuruman and early trips.—Sets out northward.

THE expeditions so briefly mentioned in the preceding chapters have been grouped together because they are alike in having for an object the finding out of a few particulars about a given region of the unknown continent. The purpose of each one of them has been to determine the source, or course, of some river, or to solve some such minor problem, without any hope of really opening a way into the vast interior so long unknown to Europe. With David Livingstone, the missionary, doctor, and great statesman, we enter upon an entirely new method of discovery, and shall find a difference of the greatest importance in the results of each of his journeys.

It will be seen by a little consideration of the successive expeditions made by Livingstone why it is that he is regarded as the creator of

the modern exploration of Africa. No one of his journeys can be summed up by the state-



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

ment that he went from this place to that, or discovered that a certain river flows in one direction or another. His purpose from the

first was to open the continent to the outer world. He began with the intention of carrying the gospel to the heathen negroes, but as a result of his study of the land and its conditions, he came to see that there could be no religion in Africa without civilisation, and no civilisation without the suppression of the slave trade. While we shall not consider his journeys mainly from the standpoint of their good to humanity, or their value to geographical knowledge, yet it will be seen almost at once that his travels cannot be at all understood without a knowledge of the motives that sent him first in one direction and then in another. When we know what results Livingstone was seeking to bring about, we shall understand his complete disregard of danger, his fixed resolve to spend his life in exploration, and the wise, practical purpose that directed every step of his way.

We shall also give more space to Livingstone's travels than to the journeys of those who either preceded or followed him; and this for two good reasons. First, his career is the most comprehensive of all, and gives in full the experiences that other explorers likewise met. A detailed account of Livingstone's thirty years in Africa will be better than to tell over and over the similar events in the

travels of a dozen explorers. Second, later explorers were taught and inspired by his methods and his example. By treating fully the life of Livingstone, we may the more quickly understand all the rest. The world agrees that he was the greatest of all.

David Livingstone, like so many of those already mentioned, was Scotch, a descendant of a sturdy, hard-working, and poor family. He was born in 1813 in the town of Blantyre, the son of a travelling tea merchant. The traditions of his family, as he learned them from his grandfather, were that all the members of it had been distinguished for honesty, and that there were "no donkeys among them." As a little boy, David was a brave and athletic youngster, as indeed he proved by climbing higher than any one before had gone in the ruins of Bothwell Castle, and carving his name there; much as Washington cut his name highest on the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

Being poor, the boy went to work in the cotton mills, but, despite the fact that his work hours were from six in the morning till eight at night, he studied Latin after his return home, till his mother would insist upon his going to bed at midnight. With his first week's earnings he bought himself his Latin book. Be-

sides his studies, David showed a keen interest in natural history, trying to find in the fields about his home the herbs he found mentioned in a little medical treatise he owned. It is mentioned to show both his pride and his good nature, that he used to offer to scrub the floor for his mother, provided she'd see that the front door was kept closed in order that no one might catch him at the work.

When David was about twenty years old, there was a branch of a missionary society established in his native town, and his imagination was so worked upon by the accounts of missionary work he heard here, that it became his fixed resolve to go to China as a missionary; and finally he wrote to the London headquarters offering his services. In order to qualify himself for the work, he studied theology. At this time it had been learned that a medical education was the most valuable equipment a missionary could carry with him into foreign lands, and Livingstone set out to educate himself in both theology and medicine. He went to Glasgow in 1836 and studied at the University, returning to the mills between the sessions. The assistant to the professor of chemistry at the University, a Mr. James Young, had in his room a bench, turning lathe, and other tools. Livingstone here learned, in

company with two fellow-students, both of whom became distinguished as Lord Playfair and Lord Kelvin, much mechanical skill which afterward proved most valuable during his African life.

Within two years Livingstone was equipped for his life work and went to London to offer his services. He was accepted, and according to custom, was sent to a small country town to practise preaching. His first attempt was successful—so far as it consisted in announcing his text. After an awful pause, Livingstone's opening sentence was, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say"; whereupon he descended from the pulpit and fled from the chapel.

Two years later he had overcome his first difficulties in preaching, was well instructed in theology, and had received his diploma in medicine.

Up to this time Livingstone had never wavered in his purpose of going to China, but owing to the breaking out of what is known as the "Opium War," this country was for a time closed to the English. It happened that a Dr. Moffat, who had been for years stationed as a missionary in Southern Africa, called at the boarding-house for young missionaries where Livingstone lived. This began an ac-

quaintance which aroused a great interest in Moffat's work, and all of his public lectures were attended by the young missionary. "By and by," as Dr. Moffat says, "he asked me whether I thought that he would do for Africa. I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north where I had sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had been. Livingstone said in reply: 'What is the use of my waiting for the end of this abominable Opium War? I will go at once to Africa.'" On November 20th he was ordained a missionary in London, and on December 8th, 1840, he sailed for Algoa Bay in South Africa.

It was characteristic of Livingstone's thoroughness of method that he spent much of his time on shipboard in taking instructions from the captain in the use of the quadrant, often sitting up till midnight to take observations of the moon.

Upon reaching Cape Town, it happened that one of the ministers had received a message summoning him home, and he offered Livingstone the pulpit during his absence, but this did not prove the slightest temptation to a man of so fixed a purpose as the young missionary.

As soon as it was possible, he left the civilised portion of the Cape, and travelled 700 miles in an ox-wagon to the little settlement of Kuruman, where Moffat lived among the tribe called Bakwains. This was then the most advanced missionary settlement in the south of Africa. Before deciding exactly where to form a settlement of his own, Livingstone thought it necessary to acquaint himself with the natives of the country round about, and made journeys for this purpose. He found the whole region in terror because of the raids of a fierce chieftain named Mosilikatse, who had been driven by the Boers to the westward, but still remained near enough to the Bakwains (or Bechuana) to keep them in constant alarm. The presence of this enemy made Livingstone's work easier among the more peaceable tribes, since they knew the value of the weapons which the white man carried, and looked upon his presence among them as a safeguard.

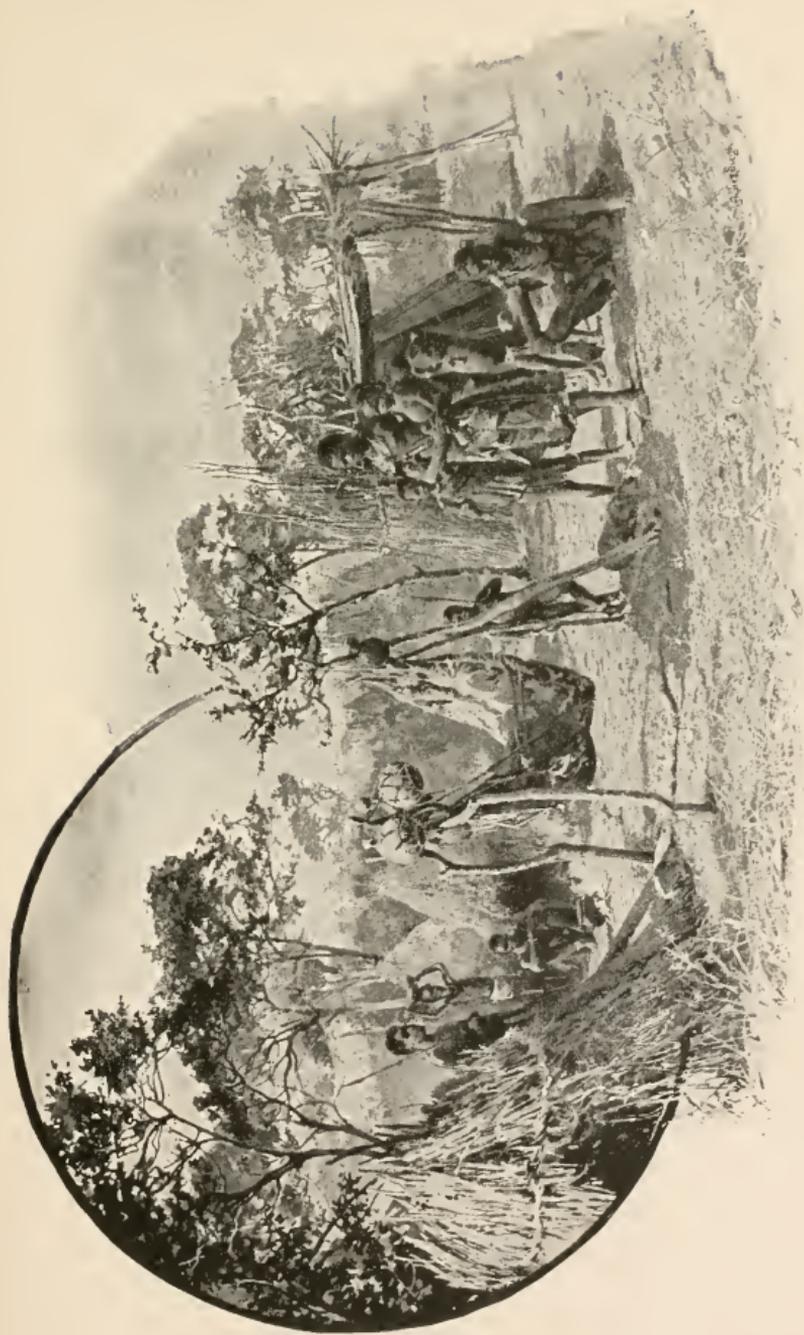
A little adventure upon one of these trips throws some light upon the state of the country. Livingstone says: "When about 150 miles from home [meaning Kuruman] a little girl, about eleven years of age, came up and sat down under my wagon, having run away for the purpose of going with us to Kuruman. She had lived with a sister whom she had

lately lost by death. Another family took possession of her for the purpose of selling her as soon as she was old enough for a wife." Hence she had run away, intending to follow Livingstone's wagon on foot. Livingstone fed her, and shortly afterward heard her sobbing as if her heart would break. He found that a man armed with a gun had been sent after the fugitive, and had just arrived. As it was Livingstone's policy to interfere with native customs as little as he could, he was much puzzled what action to take, but was relieved when a native convert with the party saved Livingstone the trouble of taking action. A compromise was arranged by which all the beads with which the poor victim had been decorated to make her a better bargain, were stripped from her and given to her pursuer. With these the pursuer left, and Livingstone says: "I afterward took measures for hiding her, and though fifty men had come for her, they would not have got her."

Another experience shows Dr. Livingstone's shrewdness. He had been practising medicine among the natives, and they desired that he would bring rain for them, since rain-makers and doctors among these people are one. Livingstone solved the difficulty by boldly asserting that he could bring rain to the drying

crops, but that he had a method of his own. Having thus gained their good will and excited their curiosity, he set the whole village to digging an irrigation canal to bring water from the river near by. As they had very poor tools to dig the canal, they were forced to make it wind about the rocks wherever they came to them; and Livingstone states that it gradually assumed "a beautiful serpentine appearance." He also notes that this was the first instance in which these natives had been induced to work without wages. Former missionaries had asked the natives' permission to do whatever they did, which was the very way to make them put on airs and be disobliging. If they perceived any one to be dependent upon them they began to tyrannise. Livingstone's plan was to make his presence with them a favour, and whenever they were impudent he threatened to leave them, which brought them to terms at once.

The chief of these people certainly was not cured of his superstitions by the white man's teaching, since after Livingstone's departure "he was burned to death by the explosion of gunpowder which one of the royal sorcerers was trying by means of burnt arrows to unbewitch." The very appropriate name of this chief was Bubi.



BU SHIMEN'S VILLAGE

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In returning from one of the journeys of inquiry, the oxen became sick, and the whole party were forced to leave their wagons and proceed on foot. During this pedestrian trip Livingstone heard the natives, who did not know that he understood their language, sneering at him as a weak man. "He is not strong," they said. "He is quite slim, and appears stout only because he puts his legs into those bags [trousers]." Immediately Livingstone exerted himself to the top of his speed, and took the lead of the party for day after day, till he had brought the natives to a very different opinion of his pedestrian powers.

Before he reached Kuruman, messengers came from a chief named Sebehwe, who, having been attacked by the fierce Mosilikatse, had been driven into the desert, and was unable to grow crops. Sebehwe and his people begged Livingstone's advice, and invited him to join them, so that they might make successful resistance against the marauder. Livingstone advised them to stay where they were for the time, but after reaching home, discovered that they had been forced to seek a more fertile country so as to plant corn, had been attacked and many of their people killed. In order to do what he could for these people, another trip to them was at once planned, but he found that

the Bechuana dared not accompany him, and the trip had to be given up. At last, the native wars having been in some way settled or burned themselves out, Livingstone succeeded in making up a party to visit Sebehwe and his tribe. Here he delivered an address to the natives, who were very attentive. But Livingstone intended to go still further into the country, and passed onward to other tribes, the second of which was ruled by a chief named Sechéle. This chief had become jealous because the white men had visited others and neglected him, but the missionary gained his good will by curing his sick child. These slight incidents are told simply to show how the explorer won his way into the interior by his medical knowledge and his evident good faith toward the natives.

The most remote tribe visited by Livingstone upon this journey was that named the Bakaa, who accused him of having poisoned a native whom he had treated on a former visit. Their idea of getting even with the medical missionary was to refuse him all supplies of food, and he wrote to his friends that he had to content himself with the "sumptuous feasts of his imagination." This involuntary starvation Livingstone looked upon as a blessing, because, having wounded himself by the recoil of his



SECHÉLE AND HIS WIFE.

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revolver, which he fired to drive off a lion during a night attack, he found that the wound healed readily and without inflammation.

The result of his preparatory journeys was to lead Livingstone to the conclusion that there were altogether too many missionaries settled within easy travelling distance of Cape Town; and he concluded, therefore, that he would make a settlement further northward, where there was reported to be a fertile and very populous country into which no white man had yet penetrated. Livingstone believed that after training native converts to carry on missionary work in their own tribe, the white missionary should leave them to complete the conversion of their own people, while he passed on to new fields. This view he always advocated and acted upon, and so never settled permanently at any station. Another missionary volunteered to go with him, and in company with three hunters who had come to South Africa for sport, they set forth into the untravelled country.

CHAPTER V.

LIVINGSTONE'S SEARCH FOR A PERMANENT STATION.

He marries Mary Moffat.—Their first home.—Adventure with lions.—
Removal to the Bakwain country.—Drought and the Boers prevent
the civilisation of the Bakwains.—Discovery of Lake Ngami by
Livingstone and Oswell.—Return to the station.

THESE hunters were supplied with everything that wealth could procure to make their progress easy, and had numbers of servants; and yet so great was the devotion of Livingstone's men to him, that he was much more comfortable than the better equipped party. "When we arrive at a spot where we intend to spend the night," Livingstone wrote to his family, "all hands immediately unyoke the oxen. Then one or two of the company immediately collect wood; one of us strikes up a fire; another gets out the water bucket and fills up the kettle; a piece of meat is thrown on the fire; and if we have biscuits, we are at our coffee in half an hour after arriving. Our friends [meaning the hunters] sit or stand swearing at the fire before they get their

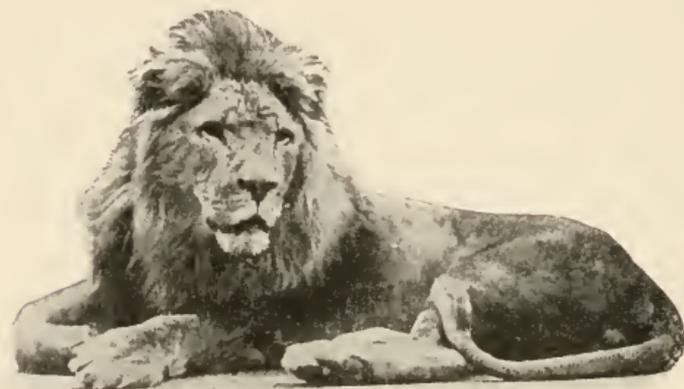
things ready, and are glad occasionally of a cup of coffee with us.”

The goal toward which they were making their way was a certain lake, the banks of which were said to be well wooded and thickly inhabited, but, though favourable in other respects as a site for a settlement, it was reported to be a hot-bed of fever. Even at this time Livingstone began to think that the salvation of Africa was to be brought about by settlers rather than by missionaries.

The tribe among whom Livingstone decided to settle was known as the Bakhatla—the prefix “Ba” in all these names means “people”; but, in order that they might have sufficient water for their crops, they were induced by Livingstone to remove from their town to a valley situated, as Livingstone writes, “in what poetical gents would call ‘almost an amphitheatre of mountains.’” This place was named Mabotsa, which means *a marriage feast*, and it was in this town, strangely enough, that Livingstone was married to Mary Moffat, the daughter of the man from whom he first received the suggestion of making Africa the field of his life work. Here he built his house with his own hands, and settled down for three years with the Bakhatla tribe.

Lions were very plentiful about this village,

and often leapt into the cattle pens by night to carry off cattle, and at times attacked the herds even in open day; which was so unusual that the natives believed themselves bewitched by a neighbouring tribe. If one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder abandon that part of the country; so Livingstone decided that he



AFRICAN LION.

would go with his people to give them courage in their lion hunt. The animals were on a small hill thickly wooded. This was surrounded by a circle of men which advanced, gradually closing up. One of the lions was crouched on a piece of rock within the ring, and a native convert, Livingstone's companion, fired at him, striking the rock on which the animal was sitting. The lion broke through

the circle and escaped unhurt. The native spearmen showed great cowardice in facing the animals: even after they were surrounded a second time they broke through and escaped. Livingstone, disgusted with the cowardice of the hunters, turned to go home. On the way he and his party suddenly came upon a lion behind a little bush about thirty yards away. Livingstone fired both barrels of his gun, and the man called out, "He is shot!" and advanced toward him. Livingstone warned them to wait till he should load again. While ramming down the bullets he heard a shout, and turned just in time to see the lion spring upon him. We continue the account in Livingstone's own words:

"He got me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was passing. . . . As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels."

But the lion left Livingstone and attacked his new assailant, biting him in the thigh. Another man, whose life Livingstone had once saved when tossed by a buffalo, proved his gratitude by attempting to spear the lion, upon which the animal turned to attack this third enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but the wounds the animal had received now weakened him, and therefore his strength failed, and he fell dead.

To an inquirer who asked Livingstone afterward what his thoughts were when the lion was above him, the explorer answered: "I was thinking what part of me he would eat first." The result of this adventure was a broken arm by which years afterward the body of Livingstone was identified when brought home in 1874. Sir Bartle Frere says: "So far as Livingstone's journals go, little is made of this adventure with the lion, and he seems to have spoken of it only when closely questioned;" but in the obituary notice of Livingstone, Sir Bartle Frere added: "For thirty years afterward all his labours and adventures, entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful for him to raise a fowling piece, or, in fact, to place the left arm in any position above the level of the shoulder."

Livingstone, as already mentioned, married at this station, and brought his wife to live with him. Here they established native schools, to prepare native converts to work in settlements throughout the country; but this project was not approved of by the authorities of the missionary society at home, and had to be abandoned for the time. Owing to a disagreement with his missionary companion, who became jealous and accused Livingstone of being "a nonentity," this settlement was abandoned by Livingstone and his wife, who decided to move forty miles further into the unknown country, and established themselves with the tribe of Sechéle. These were Bakwains or Bechuana.

This African chief showed an immediate willingness to become a Christian; and not only that, but to convert all his people, which he proposed to do by getting some good long whips of rhinoceros hide and silencing all objection to the new creed. He was bitterly disappointed that Livingstone did not approve of this plan. Personally, Sechéle found no difficulty with the Christian religion, except that he was somewhat puzzled to know what to do with his numerous wives. He was quite willing to part with the superfluous ones, but found that this involved him in difficulty with their relatives, who had looked upon their daughters

as well settled for life. As a result of the hostility of the wives' relations, the conversion of Sechéle caused a rapid decrease in Livingstone's congregation, and sometimes the chief and his family (that is, his reformed family) made up his entire audience.

A policeman of a somewhat peculiar order was once employed to collect the people for service—a tall, gaunt fellow.

“Up he jumped on a sort of platform, and shouted at the top of his voice, ‘Knock that woman down over there! Strike her, she is putting on her cooking-pot! Do you see that one hiding herself? Give her a good blow. There she is—see, see! Knock her down!’ All the women ran to the place of meeting in no time, for each thought herself meant. But, though a most efficient policeman, we did not like to employ him.”

Two causes combined to force Livingstone to abandon what might otherwise have been a permanent settlement. First, the drought, which, according to Livingstone's observations, resulted from a gradual change in the level of the country that had been going on for a great number of years, and was gradually influencing the flowing of the rivers and the amount of rainfall. This drying up of the whole region was forcing the native villagers to occupy

land near the lakes and rivers, and as these became smaller, they were driven continually to find new sites for their villages. Second, the Boer settlements to the eastward of this region shut the natives up between the desert lands and the civilised colonies—if we may call those colonies civilised which were doing all in their power to exterminate the natives or to reduce them to slavery. Livingstone came in conflict with the Boer authorities as soon as he tried to educate these tribes and to establish native converts among them. In his journeys eastward from this settlement, he found that the Boers were in the habit of shooting the cattle of the natives, and forcing them to work without wages; in other words, enslaving them. Besides, the Boers had seized nearly all the springs in the arid country, so that the natives were completely at their mercy. Blaikie, Livingstone's biographer, says: "When at war, the Dutch forced the natives to assist them, and sent them before them into the battle to encounter the battle-axes of their opponents, while the Dutch fired in safety at their enemies over the heads of their native allies. Of course, all the disasters of the war fell on the natives; the Dutch had only the glory and the spoil." One of the leading Boers told Livingstone that he would attack any tribe that

might receive a native teacher. The Boers also sent complaints to the Colonial government, declaring Livingstone a dangerous influence in the country. To Livingstone's remonstrances the Boer commandant replied: "You must teach the blacks that they are not our equals. You might as well try to teach baboons." Livingstone's reply was an offer to test whether the Boer or his native attendant could read best! Nevertheless, many of the Boers came to visit Livingstone on trading journeys, to be treated for illness, or to get advice. The reports which these visitors carried away with them caused the Boer rulers to order Sechéle to cease his traffic with the English, and not to procure fire-arms from them. Sechéle's reply was: "I was made an independent chief and placed here by God, and not by you. The English are my friends: I get all I want from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like." Then, learning that the Boers had planned an attack upon the settlement, Livingstone went to the commandant, whose name was Krieger, and induced him to keep the peace. The threatening attitude of the Boers, which Livingstone believed was caused by his presence with the tribe, and the drying up of the stream upon which the settlement was located, convinced Livingstone

that his usefulness was at an end in this place.

It happened that during the infancy of the chief Sechéle his life had been saved by another chieftain, who was a man of great ability, and now ruled a large territory to the northward, occupied by the Makololo, with whom had become united the remnants of other tribes destroyed by warfare or driven northward by the Boers. Sechéle consented to go with Livingstone to this new region; and it fortunately happened that about this time two English hunters, Murray and Oswell, arrived on a hunting tour. As the savages had no idea of hunting animals except with a view of procuring food, they were much puzzled to know what had brought Livingstone's friends into their country. They saw that these Englishmen were wonderful hunters, in fact, declared Oswell the greatest hunter they had ever seen; but in order to find out why they killed so many animals, they questioned Livingstone. "Have these hunters, who come so far and work so hard, no meat at home?" Livingstone replied: "They are rich: they kill oxen every day: they hunt for the pleasure it gives them." But at this the savages laughed in scorn, as if to say: "Your friends are simply fools."

Livingstone never met a more devoted friend and companion than Oswell. He says in a letter written at a later time: "Oswell was one



W. COTTON OSWELL.

of Arnold's Rugby boys. One could see his training in always doing what was brave and true and right."

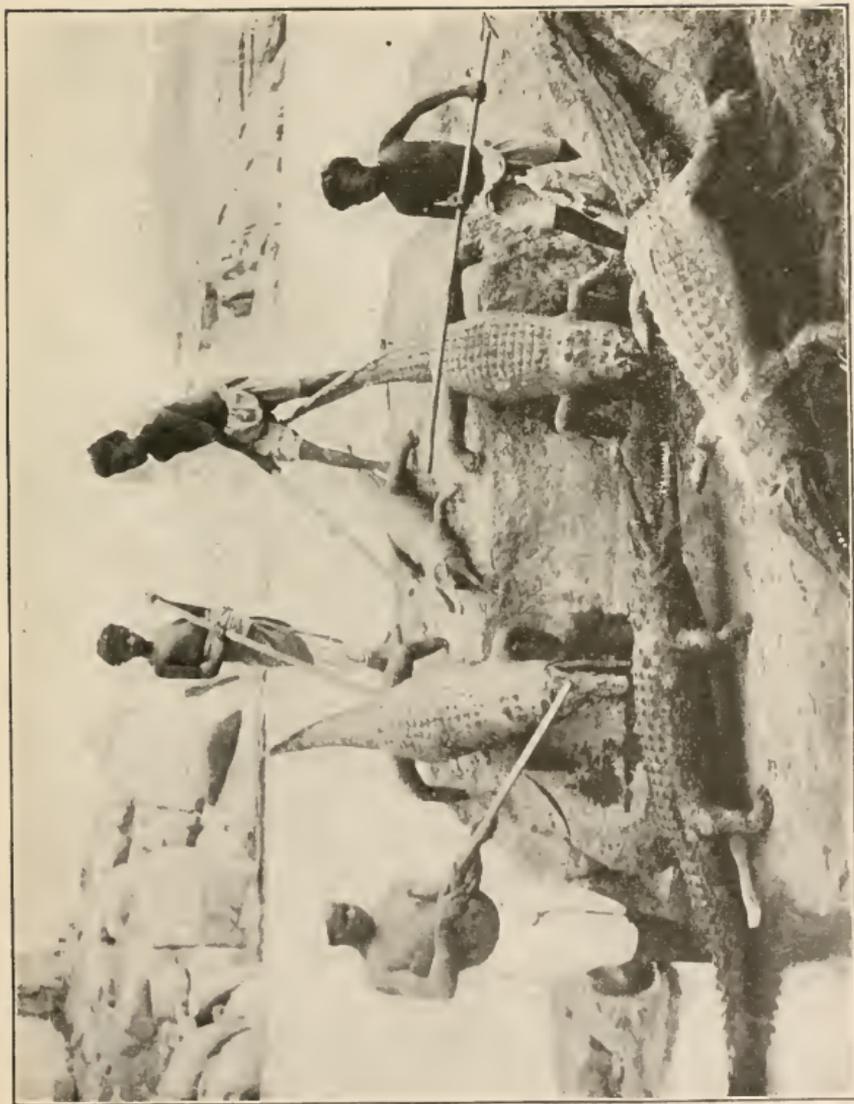
The expedition consisted of twenty men, with as many horses and eighty oxen. They found

the country, the Kalahari, as indeed they had expected, to be almost absolutely a desert, in which water could be procured only by digging deeply for it. The first native met in the desert was, when seen at a distance, taken by Oswell for a lion. She proved, on the contrary, to be an old bushwoman, who immediately offered the Englishmen all the property she had with her, which consisted of a few traps made of cords. Learning that they were in need only of water, and would pay her for guiding them, she set off briskly, and in an eight-mile walk brought them to a settlement. "We rewarded her with a piece of meat and a good large bunch of beads. At the sight of the latter she burst into a merry laugh."

Here Oswell was deceived by a mirage into thinking that they had reached the long-sought Lake Ngami; but it was still 300 miles off. Yet the worst of their troubles were over, since they had come to the bank of a river, the Zouga, along which they proceeded in comparative comfort, now and then taking to canoes. A little before reaching the lake they came upon a second large river, which they were told flowed out of a fertile and populous country, from which confirmation of the rumours that had first sent them in this direction they derived great hopes of the success of their en-

terprise. They finally succeeded in reaching the lake of which they were in search. This was Lake Ngami, and Livingstone and his party were the first white men who had ever looked upon it. Other expeditions had previously attempted to reach Lake Ngami, but for one reason or another had failed. It was believed by the Geographical Society at home that Livingstone had succeeded only because of the friendship of the natives toward him, and his influence over them, due to his services as missionary and doctor. Thus the success of his expedition was looked upon as a triumph for missionary methods. Even after Livingstone had shown the way, another expedition, led by a successful explorer, Francis Galton, again failed to repeat his journey. For his discoveries, Livingstone received an award of twenty-five guineas, of which he wrote to his family: "It is from the Queen. You must be very loyal, all of you. Next time she comes your way, shout till you are hoarse."

Their further progress was suddenly interrupted by the refusal of a native chief to furnish them with canoes, which were necessary in order to reach the northern country. He feared lest the white men should by their presence strengthen the chief, Sebituane, to whom they were going. Sebituane's people lived at



NATIVES WITH CROCODILES.

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the north end of Lake Ngami. Livingstone was obstinate and angry, and for a long time attempted to construct a raft, but was forced to give it up because he found the wood dry and rotten. He learned afterward that this river, in which he had worked so long to make his raft, swarmed with crocodiles, and congratulated himself upon his providential escape from them. During this journey it was necessary at times to cut down trees in order that the wagons might pass, so thickly was the country wooded.

Failing to cross the river, the whole purpose of the explorers was defeated. After a consultation, it was decided to return to Livingstone's station, from which Oswell volunteered to make a journey back to Cape Town and then to return at the next fitting season, bringing a boat with which to cross the river and proceed on their way to the lake. Livingstone hoped to find beyond the lake a populous country, toward which he was ever desirous to make his way. Upon the return to the station it was found that the drought not only continued, but was becoming so much worse that the people were threatened with starvation. Men, women, and children had to go far afield collecting roots, insects—whatever was eatable. Of course the attempt to teach the natives had to come to an

end, and the mission station was a failure. The natives had begun to fear that Livingstone's presence was responsible for all these evils, since they themselves were in an arid district, while the tribes all about them, not very far away, still had rain enough to provide them with crops.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVINGSTONE'S MISSIONS DEFEATED BY THE BOERS AND PORTUGUESE.

Explores the interior northward.—Is turned aside by the tsetse fly.—Welcomed by Chief Sebituane.—Death of this chief.—Livingstone comes to the Zambesi River.—His family sent to England.—Destruction of the mission by the Boers.—The slave traders of the Portuguese settlements.—Livingstone resolves to open a path to the interior, despite both, or to perish.—His journey to the west coast.

FEELING that his station no longer was worth maintaining, Livingstone decided to abandon it, and to make another trip northward to reach Sebituane's tribe. He took with him his wife and child, and was accompanied also as far as the Zouga River by the chief, Sechéle. When they came, travelling in ox-wagons once more, to the banks of a large river, they found there a most formidable enemy, the tsetse fly. This little insect has had a marvellous influence upon the development of Africa, making it nearly impossible for Europeans to settle in certain regions, or even to pass through them. It attacks oxen, horses, and many domestic animals. Mankind and the wild animals do not seem to be seriously affected by its bite,

but domestic animals, even the ox, soon die after being bitten.

During this journey the whole route of the party had to be changed to avoid the dangerous fly, but by a roundabout way the party succeeded in coming again to the southern end of the lake. The chief who had formerly opposed their further progress now took a fancy to Livingstone's rifle, and vowed that if he could have the gun he would give Livingstone whatever he wished to help him on his way. Livingstone sacrificed the rifle, hoping that now his way was clear to the north end of the lake, but, unfortunately, fever broke out and the attacks were so violent that the whole expedition had to be abandoned in order that they might nurse the invalids far from the malarious lake. The only good accomplished by the expedition was the rescue of a party of English, who were in distress some sixty miles from Livingstone's route. They found one of these Englishmen dead, and the others in a dangerous condition, but Livingstone's medical aid put the sick on their feet again. The whole party returned once more to their station with the Bechuana; and here a daughter was born to Livingstone, but died in a short time.

The doctor and his wife soon after went again to their old quarters at Kuruman.

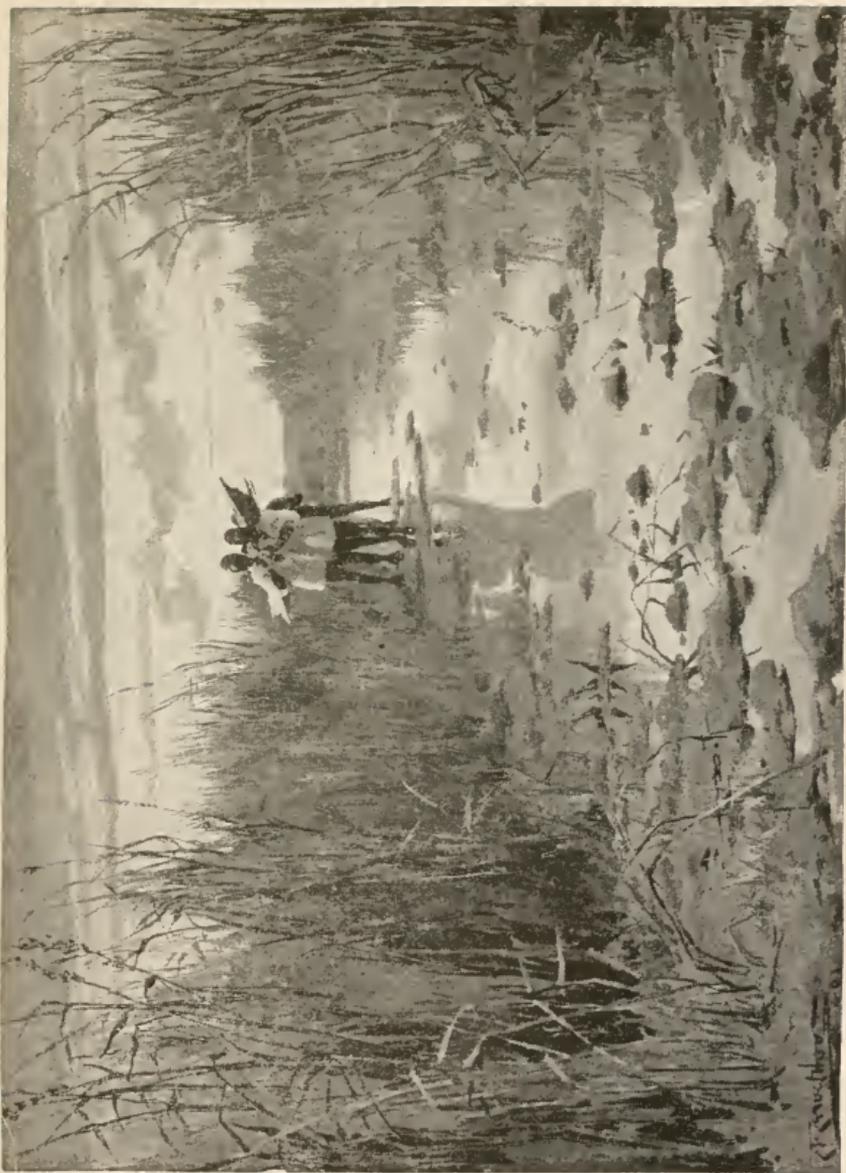
The chieftain, Sebituane, had now heard of Livingstone's repeated attempts to reach him, and did all in his power to make the explorer's way easy, sending presents of cattle to Sechéle and to the chiefs of Lake Ngami, in order to induce them to help Livingstone on his way. Unfortunately Sechéle did not tell Livingstone of the arrival of these messengers, who could have been of great use in making the explorer's third journey, which he undertook the next year, a far easier one.

Mrs. Livingstone and the children once more accompanied the explorer, and his faithful friend, Oswell, went ahead with a party for the purpose of digging wells along the route through the desert. Thus they succeeded in passing over their old route, and had a comparatively easy journey until their Bushman guide lost his way. This man, Shobo, would then sit down in the path and say: "No water, all country one—Shobo sleeps—he breaks down—country one." Next he would curl himself up and go to sleep. After four days of this uncertainty Shobo vanished altogether. For several days Livingstone and his family were almost famished, as the water was all gone; but then Shobo appeared at the head of a party of rescuers.

Oswell and Livingstone now went forward

and finally reached Sebituane, who had come to meet them at the head of all his principal men. They were most hospitably received, well fed, and cared for. Livingstone gives an interesting account of the methods by which this chief had gained a great ascendancy, not only over his own people, but among the surrounding tribes. He seemed to be a man not only of great ability, but of unbounded generosity and good nature. Everything that this chieftain could do to make Livingstone comfortable and to aid him in his work was done; and it seemed that at last the explorer's dream was to be realised by the establishment of a station in the dominions of a powerful king, able and willing to aid him in establishing native teachers throughout all the surrounding country; but within a few days after Livingstone's arrival, this mighty chief was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, and, in spite of all the native doctors could do, died. Livingstone did not dare to treat him medically for fear of the jealousy of the native doctors, and for fear he might be accused of having killed the king in case the disease ended fatally.

To this chief succeeded his daughter, and she was equally kind to the explorers, giving the white men permission to travel wherever they pleased. Their first journey in her coun-



NATIVE ROAD IN THE ZAMBESI DELTA.

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try was 150 miles northward, and here they came upon the Zambesi River, along whose banks they discovered many populous villages, so many that Livingstone concluded that here was the right field for his future labours; and he determined, therefore, to send his wife and children back to England, in order that he might pick out a favourable spot for a settlement, which they had failed to find on this first visit to the river. He might have left his family at Kolobeng, the station to which they had so often returned, but on their way home they discovered that the discouraged Bechuanas had finally given up the attempt to live there, and the place was deserted.

Livingstone arrived at Cape Town after an absence of eleven years of missionary life, and found himself at the end of his resources. He had spent not only all the money allowed him, but, also, had drawn his salary far ahead; but his good friend Oswell, whose hunting trips had been exceedingly profitable, assured Livingstone that the profits ought to be shared equally between them, and generously supplied him with whatever money he needed.

From Cape Town Livingstone sent his family home to England, resolving to devote himself thereafter entirely to discovering a proper station from which he might open a route from

eastward or westward to the coast. His purpose was that English traders, landing their goods from the sea, might be able to carry them into the interior and supply the natives with those civilised products used by the slave traders to tempt the interior tribes to engage in procuring slaves. At this time he wrote: "If I were to follow my own inclinations, they would lead me to settle down quietly with some small tribe and devote some of my time to my children; but Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond." He believed that the Zambesi River might become a highway of commerce. Another object he had in view was to form his settlement in a healthy place, so that missionaries might go thither from unhealthy districts and regain their health.

The explorer remained two months at the Cape after his family left, and made the time useful by putting himself under the instructions of the Astronomer Royal, to qualify himself more thoroughly for taking observations. On the 8th of June, in 1852, he was ready to start northward again.

His wagon was loaded with packages that out of good nature he had agreed to deliver for friends. His oxen were poor, because he could not afford better ones. During this trip over the old route toward the interior he was

detained for some time by the breaking of one of his wagon wheels. This seemed at the time most unfortunate, but turned out to be the means of saving his life, since, if not thus delayed, he would have come to the region of Kolobeng in August, and would thus have been caught by a party of Boers who had come to that place on a raid, and would probably have carried out their threat to kill the explorer. As it was, they wrecked his house and carried off all his property, leaving the ground strewn with fragments of his journals and letters. They destroyed whatever they could not carry away in their wagons. The crops were burned, the cattle driven off, and many on both sides killed. Livingstone wrote home a full description of this raid, and declared that the Boers were resolved to shut up the interior of Africa, while he was determined, "with God's help, to open the country. Time would show which would be most successful in resolution, they or he."

The country was so unsettled that Livingstone could not get guides to take him to Sebituane's for a long time, but, after some delay, he made his way through Sebituane's kingdom and moved forward to Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo. This journey was made through a flooded country, through swamps of water

three or four feet deep. He says after passing through the thorns and thick reeds they at length emerged "with our hands all raw and bloody and knees through our trousers." At one time he narrowly escaped an attack from a lioness which, seeing his wagon, evidently considered it a trap and turned away when just about to make the spring. Sometimes, in order to get water, they were forced to dig wells and wait a day or two till enough water had trickled in to quench the thirst of their cattle. At length, however, Livingstone found himself among the Makololo, who said that he had dropped from the clouds. Sekelétu, the son of Sebituane, had become the chief, his sister having resigned the throne because the fashion of the people had required her to take more husbands than she cared for.

The slave-trading Portuguese had made a beginning with a neighbouring tribe, called the Mambari, in establishing the slave trade, and even the Makololo were being tempted to capture slaves, in order that they, too, might secure some of the goods exchanged for them. The reigning chief, Sekelétu, was opposed to slavery, and this made him unpopular with some of his people. One of his half-brothers had therefore begun an intrigue to take possession of the throne by assassination. An

attempt was made to spear the king, but it failed because Livingstone accidentally stepped before him and so prevented the attack. The plot against the king being betrayed, Sekelétu seized his half-brother, had him led out a short distance from the settlement and speared to death.

In company with Sekelétu Livingstone made many expeditions round about Linyanti, but failed to find any healthy settlement. Even the natives themselves decreased in numbers while living here, and Livingstone decided that he must carry out his original plan of finding an outlet to the coast. He looked upon this journey with discouragement, but, nevertheless, decided to make it, saying: "Cannot the love of Christianity carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader? I shall open up a path to the interior or perish."

Toward the end of 1853 Livingstone began his journey to the west coast. The first part he was able to make easier by following the rivers, and the chief, Sekelétu, lent him his own canoe, which "being broader than usual," as the explorer remarks, he could turn about in it with ease. The party had very few supplies, expecting to depend for provisions upon what they could shoot; but among their baggage they carried a magic lantern, which after-

ward proved to be of the greatest value. Owing to the orders given by the chieftain, the men whom Livingstone had with him showed the most eager devotion, jumping into the water whenever there was the slightest danger that the canoes would be injured or caught in the eddies; for the canoes, being flat-bottomed, would have been overturned at once if they were allowed to swing around across the stream.

At length, without any misadventure, they had passed beyond the kingdom of Sekelétu, and were in a thickly wooded country dwelt in by the Balonda. Although Sekelétu's people and the Balonda natives were on bad terms, because each had been tempted to steal slaves from the other for purposes of trade with the Portuguese, Livingstone had brought back with him several Balonda children, captured by the Makololo (which, you remember, is the name given to Sekelétu's people), and was at once received as a friend.

The most interesting ruler of the Balonda was a young Amazon queen, or chieftainess, who ruled over that part of the country because she was the niece of the head chief, Shinte, to whose court the explorers were going. It had been the intention of Livingstone, who was usually accustomed to command his own expe-

ditions, to remain in the canoes, and to travel by water to the chief Shinte's village, but the young African chieftainess wouldn't have it. She calmly gave orders that the travellers should pick up their baggage and march by land. Livingstone says: "My men succumbed and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and with a motherly look said, 'Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done.' My feeling of annoyance of course vanished."

Manenko was the name of the young Amazon. Her costume consisted of a coat of red ochre. She trudged along on foot so rapidly that the men could hardly keep up with her, and seemed to have breath enough left to keep the whole party in hot water with her repeated scoldings.

After they left the river a tract of forest land succeeded, and heavy rain began to fall. Livingstone, who was riding upon an ox named Sindbad, inquired why Manenko did not protect herself from the rain with clothing. She replied scornfully that it was effeminate for a chief to wear any protection. Under her leadership they came to the village of her uncle, the chief Shinte, a place containing many thousands of people. Here a royal re-

ception in honour of the travellers was given by the natives. Shinte—seated on his throne, which was covered with leopard skins, placed so as to face a space one hundred yards square—presided over a military exercise consisting of imitations of warfare and spear-throwing. This courtesy Livingstone was able to return after a few days by the exhibition of the powers of his magic lantern. The native court was gathered, and the show began. One of the pictures represented Abraham slaying Isaac. The Balonda men remarked that the picture, which was life-size, was much more like a god than the images which they had worshipped. All went well until the slide was suddenly moved to one side, when the ladies of the royal court, fearing lest they would be stabbed by the knife which Abraham held uplifted, rushed helter-skelter out of the hut, shrieking, “Mother! Mother!” tumbling over one another, and disappeared. The men, however, remained and saw the show through, and afterward examined the lantern with great interest, Livingstone being careful to explain to them as well as he could just how the pictures were made, for fear that they might think there was something magical in the instrument.

Since the rainy season had commenced, it

was impossible to secure guides for the journey toward the coast, and the party were compelled to remain Shinte's guests. This chief not only liked Livingstone, and did all he could to entertain him, but seemed to believe that no ill-luck could come to his people so long as the white man was with them. One dull, rainy day the chief came alone to visit Livingstone in his tent, and was much entertained with the wonders of the white man's property, his looking-glass, books, hair brushes and combs, watch, and so on. When he had examined all these to his heart's content, he seemed anxious to make some return, and carefully closing the opening of the tent, he produced a string of beads and a bit of conical shell. Hanging the beads around Livingstone's neck, he said with much satisfaction, "Now you have a proof of my friendship." Livingstone learned that the present was considered of great value in the Balonda country, since two such necklaces would pay for a slave, and five would buy an elephant's tusk.

After a week Shinte furnished Livingstone with a guide who was to remain with the party till they should reach the coast. Their route now led them into great flooded plains, which made camping difficult, as it was necessary to select mounds and then to dig trenches round

about them, using the earth to raise their sleeping places above the water.

The next chieftain into whose territory they entered, named Katema, received them hospitably. He was a tall man, wore a snuff-brown coat with gilt tinsel upon the arms, and a helmet of beads and feathers. He addressed the white man as follows: "I am the great Moeni Katema. I and my fathers have always lived here; and there is my father's house. I never killed any of the traders; they all come to me. I am the great Moeni Katema of whom you have heard." He furnished Livingstone with three guides, advising him to avoid the lowlands, which were impassable from floods. Livingstone presented to him a shawl, a razor, some beads and buttons, and a powder-horn, which the chief received graciously, laughing heartily, and asking the explorer to bring him a coat from Loanda on the coast, as the one which he was wearing was old.

The rest of the journey to the coast was not so pleasant. All big game seemed to have disappeared, and animal food became so scarce that it was looked upon as a piece of great luck when they succeeded in catching moles and mice. In crossing one of the rivers, Livingstone was thrown from his riding ox and nearly drowned, but rescued by his followers,

twenty of whom dashed into the water to save him. They seemed delighted to find that Livingstone could swim, and he was equally delighted to see their devotion to him.

In passing through a native village one of the guides stole some pieces of property and ran away. The chief held Livingstone responsible, and it looked as if there would be serious trouble for a while, but this was avoided by making the chief a present of an ox. The first one offered happened to have lost a piece of his tail, and the natives would not accept it at any price, as they said the tail had been purposely cut off and "witchcraft medicine inserted." This suggested to Livingstone that it would be wise to cut off part of the tails of each of his oxen, since he had only four left, and all of the natives with whom they came in contact seemed to desire them. The shrewd trick worked to a charm, and saved him his oxen.

As the party approached nearer to the coast, they began to see the effect upon the natives of the presence of the Portuguese slave dealers. When they came to the country of the Chibouques, the warriors swarmed around them like a band of highwaymen. Livingstone awaited them, seated coolly on his camp stool, with a double-barrelled gun across his knees, while his spearmen were gathered closely about him.

The explorer says: "The more I yielded, the more unreasonable they became; and at every fresh demand a shout was raised, and a rush made around us with brandished weapons. One young man even made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought around the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated." Livingstone had asked the Chiboque chieftain and his followers to be seated for a conference, and when they had gathered about him, Livingstone's men surrounded the hostile natives, and they saw that they were in a trap. Livingstone then said that he had done his best to satisfy them, but they evidently meant to fight, "and if so, they must begin and bear the blame before God." At last the present of an ox settled the controversy; but thereafter Livingstone was careful to avoid these natives.

From this point he made for the nearest Portuguese settlement, travelling through the woods. There was so much rain that the party were constantly drenched, and Livingstone himself was attacked by fever, which reduced him almost to a skeleton. Then their troubles multiplied. Livingstone was thrown from his riding ox and was kicked as he fell; the guides missed their way, and by accident led their party once more into the Chiboque territory,

where demands were made upon them by every chieftain; Livingstone's followers began to mutiny, and he was forced to give up another of his few oxen to them to make a grand feast. Over this they made such a horrible noise that he ordered them to be quiet; but they laughed in his face, and were brought to terms only by his rushing out and threatening them with a double-barrelled pistol. At night they were compelled to build stockades to protect them from the natives, and during the day had to march in a compact body for fear of the Chibouque warriors. His followers refused again and again to go onward, but at last Livingstone defied them, telling them that he should go on alone; whereupon they repented and said they were all his children, and would die for him.

At last they gained a high ridge overlooking the valley of the Quango River, not far from the coast, and the Portuguese settlements were in sight; but just as they were about to cross the river, they were stopped for the last time by a village chief and his men. He demanded some gift before he would let them pass, but as Livingstone had nothing left but his blanket, watch, and instruments, and a few tusks belonging to Sekelétu, which he had promised to sell to the Portuguese, the explorer flatly re-

fused to give them anything. Just at this point a young Portuguese sergeant of militia came to their rescue, his aid helped them to cross the Quango, and they had left the savage natives behind.

In the Portuguese country they met with no adventures, but, on the contrary, were very fortunate, selling the tusks of ivory at a very high price—"two muskets, three small barrels of powder, and English calico and baize enough to clothe my whole party, with large bunches of beads, were given for one tusk, to the great delight of my Makololo, who had been used to get only one gun for two tusks."

During this journey to the coast, the explorer had had about thirty attacks of intermittent fever, together with other ills; his medicines had been stolen almost at the beginning; he had been thrown several times by his ugly-tempered riding ox Sindbad; and the party had been drenched by rains and by wadings of flooded streams. The mosquitoes had been terrible in their assaults. In spite of his illness, hardships, and accidents, Livingstone never failed to keep himself neat, clean, and as well dressed as was possible, a matter to which he attached the utmost importance, because of its effect upon the natives, who soon lose their respect for a white man if they find him to be at

all slovenly or careless in his dress. The explorer Glave, whom the writer knew personally, once said that many an explorer failed to keep on good terms with the natives simply because he was careless about his dress or per-



AFRICAN TYPE.

sonal cleanliness; and that he had found that as soon as the natives lost respect for a white man, they ceased to fear him. Livingstone says: "I feel certain that the lessons of cleanliness rigidly instilled by my mother in childhood helped to maintain that respect which

these people felt for European ways." In speaking of the natives of this part of Africa, he says: "They are never seen without a spear or a club in their hands; seem only to delight in plunder and slaughter, and yet are utter cowards. The women, like the men, went almost unclothed, and seemed to know no shame."

The first view of the sea amazed the Makololo, who had come from the interior. "We were marching along with our father," they said, "believing what the ancients had told us was true—that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

At St. Paul de Loanda, the large Portuguese town on the coast, Livingstone was most hospitably received by the one Englishman in the place, who was a commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade. "Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good bed after six months of sleeping on the ground." Here Livingstone was once more in touch with the world, and eagerly listened to the news of what had happened while he was in the interior of Africa. One achievement that interested him greatly was news of the success of an expedition to the Arctic regions in finding the remains of the

party under Sir John Franklin. Imagine what it must have been to emerge from the darkness and torrid heat of the interior forests and the presence of threatening enemies, into the breezy freshness of the sea coast, and to be received with the warm hospitality of Europeans.

For this journey the Geographical Society voted Livingstone their gold medal, the highest honour they had to bestow.

It is gratifying to note that Sindbad, the cross-grained riding ox that had given Livingstone so much trouble, was bitten by the tsetse fly, and died in merited unhappiness.

CHAPTER VII.

LIVINGSTONE CROSSES AFRICA.

The return from Loanda to Linyante.—Livingstone refuses to return by sea, and escapes shipwreck.—The journey homeward.—Discovery of the Victoria Falls.—Remains of settlements near the Zambesi.—After escaping many dangers, the expedition reaches the east coast of Quilimane.—Livingstone sails to England.

LIVINGSTONE was so exhausted by illness and hardships upon his arrival at Loanda, that as soon as the responsibility for his followers was removed he broke down completely, and for more than three months was helpless. During all this time he was cared for by the surgeon of an English vessel that happened to be in port, and, being treated with the utmost tenderness, entirely recovered. The first duty he attended to on being able to go about again was to make inquiry as to the welfare of his men. He found that these clever fellows, being thrown upon their own resources, had established a little business in supplying the people of the town with fire-wood, and when English vessels came to anchor at the town, the industrious blacks became longshoremen, and added to their earnings at the rate of six-

pence a day. For "lazy, shiftless negroes" this is a record that might make many white men ashamed of themselves.

There was a mail-packet named the "Fore-runner" about to sail, and Livingstone's friends urged him to embark for home in her. It was a temptation to which many would have yielded; but Livingstone had given his word to his faithful men, and although he had been bitterly disappointed not to find letters from home at Loanda, he sent by the packet his letters and despatches, and turned back toward the swampy rivers, the fevers, and the savages that were between him and the homes of his followers.

The return journey was less troubled by hostile natives, for the very good reason that the party were better armed. Livingstone wrote to his wife: "Two chiefs who plagued us much on going down (to the coast) were now quite friendly. At that time one of them ordered his people not to sell us anything, and we had at last to force our way past him. Now he came running to meet us, saluting us with great urbanity. . . . The alteration in this gentleman's conduct—the Peace Society would not believe it—is attributable solely to my people possessing guns. When we passed before we were defenceless." Nevertheless the Chi-

boque tribe were still ready to rob the travelers if a good opportunity offered, as was shown once when Livingstone, ill with fever, was unable to keep on the alert. Some difficulty arose between Livingstone's men and a Chiboque village. "They began," said Livingstone, "by knocking down the burdens of the hindmost of my men, and several shots were fired, each party spreading out on both sides of the path. I fortunately had a six-barrelled revolver, and, with this in my hand, staggered along the path with two or three of my men, and encountered the chief. The sight of six barrels gaping into his stomach, with my own ghastly visage looking daggers at his face, seemed to produce an instant revolution in his martial feelings, for he cried out, 'Oh, I have only come to speak with you and wish peace only.' Thus was secured another convert for the Peace Society."

This was the last of the warlike encounters, and henceforward they met only the usual pleasures of African travel in these regions, attacks of fever being not infrequent, together with vicious, biting red ants that drove all before them. Adventures in hunting the buffalo, hippopotamus, and smaller game were of daily occurrence, as may be read in the bigger books that have room to tell the minor happenings of these wonderful journeys through a richly

wooded and watered country thronged with inhabitants, swarming with animal life, and rich in vegetation. Until Livingstone toiled through it, this part of Africa was a blank on the maps, and had been entered only once or twice by Portuguese trading parties.

One piece of work that made the homeward journey the harder for the explorer was the necessity of rewriting all the despatches and letters he had sent home by the packet "Fore-runner," for this vessel had been wrecked on her homeward trip, as he heard while still near the coast, and all but one passenger drowned. While the labour of rewriting the voluminous journals, redrawing the many maps, and composing again the letters that "covered sheets almost as large as a newspaper," was enormous, there was always the cheering thought that Livingstone's faithfulness to his men had saved him from losing his life.

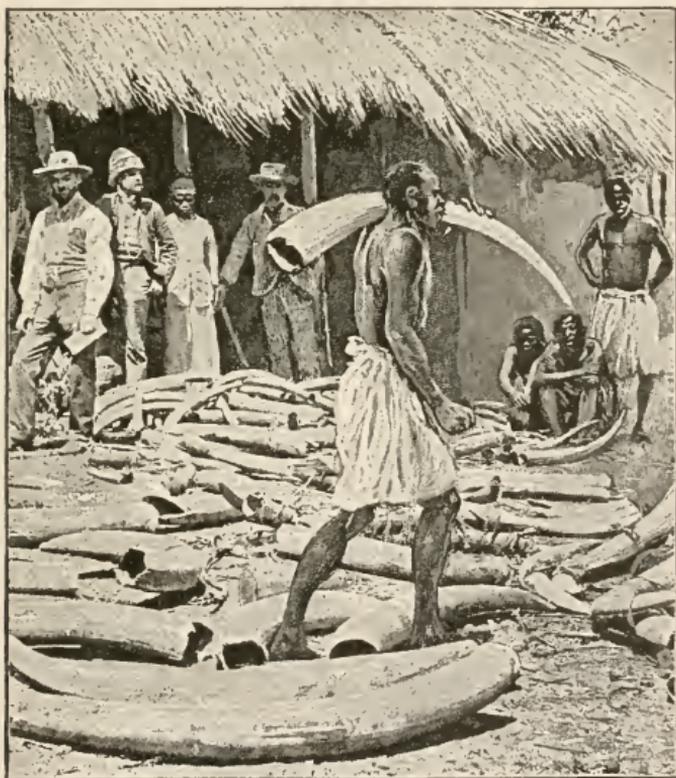
After coming again to the countries of the Makololo their progress became a sort of triumphal march, since the people considered nothing too good for those who had opened a route to the coast, making friends with so many of the chiefs along the road. They were hailed as men risen from the dead, and great was the joy to find not even one of the party missing. With the joy there must have been

mingled some surprise, for the wives of a few of Livingstone's men had looked upon themselves as widows, and consoled themselves by new alliances. But the deserted husbands, having several other wives still left, took their fate philosophically, cheered by Livingstone's remark that they still had as many wives as he.

After his return from the journey to the west coast Livingstone remained for eight weeks with Sekelétu's people—not too long a rest after a journey lacking only nine days of lasting a full year.

Here Livingstone busied himself with letter-writing, though he found awaiting him only a single letter from Kuruman, and some packages of food from his wife's mother, which had been delivered by the Matabele, Moshkatse's people and enemies of the Makololo. The Makololo being afraid to receive the goods, these were left on the other side of the river, the Matabele saying: "Here are the goods. We place them before you. If they are lost it is your fault." After their enemies went away the Makololo plucked up courage enough to bring the packages half-way over the river, and left them on an island, building a little hut over them. Here they remained until Livingstone's return. Among other gifts brought all

the way from Loanda was a colonel's uniform for Sekelétu; and the chief appeared at church arrayed in the uniform, with all the pride a



IVORY STORE.

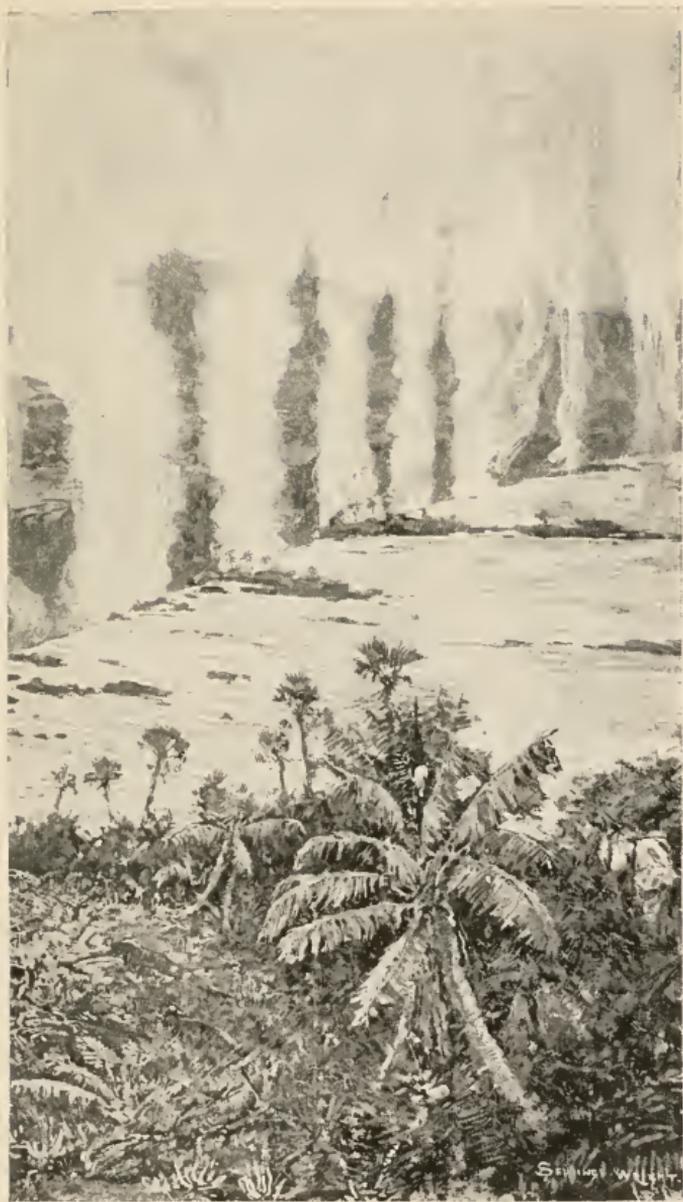
civilised woman feels in a new Easter bonnet, and "attracted more attention than the sermon."

Although the journey to the west coast had not been unsuccessful, since it had discovered

a good market in which the Makololo could sell their elephant tusks at a high price, yet Livingstone was not satisfied. He wished to find a healthful region for white men, and an easy way to the sea for traders. So, as soon as he could equip another expedition, Livingstone set out for the east coast by way of the Zambesi River, hoping that this would prove a possible highway into and out of the fertile lands of the interior. Sekelétu did all he could for his white friend, and by his kindness and generosity Livingstone was better equipped than if he had great wealth at his command. The chief went with them a part of the way, and gave them authority to call upon the tribes subject to him for supplies on their journey.

Livingstone was now in command of one hundred and twenty men, had ten cattle for eating, besides three trained as saddle oxen. The route along the Zambesi had been chosen, though known to be the most perilous because of the savages upon its shores, in the hope that it would prove a navigable river. Only a short distance from their starting-point there was said to be a remarkable cataract, known by the natives as *Mosi-oa-tunya*, "smoke does sound there," and Livingstone with one native companion went to visit this natural wonder.

No other falls excepting Niagara can com-



FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

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pare with the Victoria Falls, for so Livingstone named them; and the African falls are in some ways the more remarkable. The Zambesi, 3,600 feet broad, comes to an abrupt break in its bed, "seeming suddenly to vanish in the very bowels of the earth," and tumbles straight down, 320 feet, into a fissure of fifteen to twenty yards' width, where it is churned into white foam, that dashes itself into five great clouds of white spray thrown in columns of smoke high above the falls, looking white, and then grey, to descend again in showers of rain, while rainbows are formed upon the white clouds. Livingstone was the first to make the existence of these falls known to the modern world, though after he had described them somebody declared that they were marked upon an old map—which is highly unimportant if true, since the old map had never attracted particular attention until Livingstone had described the marvellous falls, and enabled white men to find them. Below the cataract the Zambesi is hemmed into a narrow zigzag course between unscalable precipices hundreds of feet high, and roars its way through the hills in miles of boiling foam.

The explorer's examination of the river and cataract led him to the conclusion that before this great rock fissure was formed the whole

country round had been a vast fresh-water lake—of which Lake Ngami was the remnant—a view that had been independently adopted some time before by Sir Roderick Murchison, a member of the Geographical Society and a loyal friend of Livingstone.

Leaving the river in order to reach it again below the rapids, they marched northeastward through a forest region where remains of large towns were frequent. Millstones worn down several inches were a proof that these towns had in some instances been long occupied.

On returning to the river they met hostile natives, for they had passed beyond those ruled or controlled by Sekelétu.

At a place where the Loangwa River, flowing southward, joins the Zambesi, they were believed to be Portuguese half-breeds, and an attack upon them was prevented only by Livingstone showing his straight hair and white skin, and asking “if the Bazimka (Portuguese) were like that?” They secured only one canoe after much difficulty, though there were two tied near by, and began ferrying their baggage, cattle, and men to an island half-way across the river—here “a good mile broad.” Livingstone was the last to enter the canoe, keeping the armed natives busy by showing them his watch, a burning-glass, and other

curiosities. They made their escape, and Livingstone ends his account with the words, "I thanked them all for their kindness, and wished them peace."

On the opposite bank of the river they found the remains of a Portuguese church, with a broken bell marked I. H. S., proving their nearness to the settlement Tette, and within a day or two met a native of that town wearing hat and jacket, and were warned by him that there was war between the Portuguese and natives on this side of the river. As no canoes were to be had, Livingstone could not cross, and for a time there was a gathering of the natives that looked dangerous. To give his people courage, Livingstone ordered an ox to be roasted, and sent a choice leg to the chieftain of the enemy. This present made peace between them, and on finding that the party were not Portuguese, the chief consented that they should go onward, and when Livingstone sent his man Sekwebu to buy a canoe to carry a sick man, the chief showed his shrewdness by the remark, "This white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions." Thereafter he did all he could to help them forward.

After this they had no difficulty, and in time came safely to Tette, where they were kindly

welcomed by the commandant, to whom Livingstone had letters from the Bishop in Loanda and other friends. The rest of the way to the seaport town of Quilimane was through civilised places, and Livingstone, having arranged that his native followers should await his return at Tette, went aboard the brig "Frolic" to sail for Mauritius. One native named Sekwebu accompanied him, but the sight of the ocean and the ship, and all the strange experiences of the voyage, drove the poor fellow out of his wits, and he at last jumped overboard and was drowned.

From Mauritius Livingstone sailed for England, and arrived in December, 1857, after sixteen years' absence, to find himself, as Thomas Hughes writes in his biography of this explorer, "the most famous man for the time in the British Isles."

So ended Livingstone's first years in Africa.

Of his visit to England we cannot give any account. He was made a popular hero, and received every hour England had to offer. He never wavered, however, in his efforts to prepare himself for the return to Africa, and in his devotion to that land and its people. The most important results of his visit to England were his abandonment of all connection with the Missionary Society; the writing of his

book that told of his travels, which brought him a fortune of £12,000; and his addresses, which stimulated an interest in the African Continent that since that time has never abated.

Meanwhile his Makololo followers awaited his return to the Portuguese town on the east coast.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND VISIT TO AFRICA

The Zambesi expedition.—Exploring the river.—Discovers two lakes.—The Makololo conducted home again.—State of Sekelétu's tribe.—Return to Tette.—He explores the rivers.—Conflicts with the slavers.—Death of Bishop Mackenzie and of Mrs. Livingstone.—Zambesi expedition recalled.—Livingstone takes his little steamer to India.—Returns to England.

WHILE in England Livingstone heard from Loanda that a company of Sekelétu's people had made the westward journey to the coast with ivory, proving that the route found by the explorer was of some use to the tribes of the interior; while from Cape Town came news of a great meeting in honour of the successful explorer, where speeches were made in praise of his courage, scientific accuracy, and worth as a missionary.

Livingstone returned to Africa with the advantages he had fairly won by sixteen years of exploration, "which had found Africa the Dark Continent, and left it the most interesting part of the globe to Englishmen." Instead of entering an unknown land as a friendless, untried young missionary, he now held an ap-

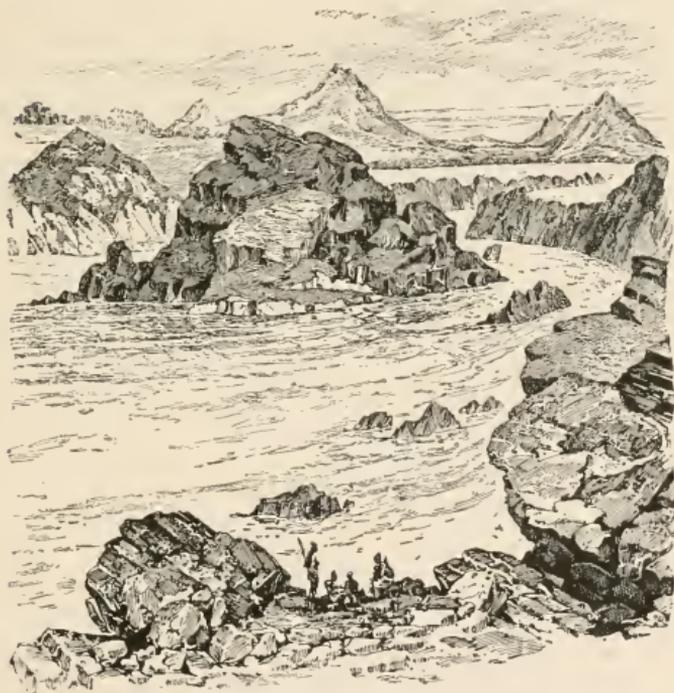
pointment as "Consul at Quilimane for the East Coast and Interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa." This enterprise was known as the Zambesi Expedition, and it was well provided with money. Livingstone on this occasion was accompanied by his wife and his son Oswell, named for the hunter and companion who had so greatly befriended him. His companions in the present expedition included Dr.—now Sir—John Kirkhis; brother, Charles Livingstone, who was skilled in geology, and one assistant, Mr. Thornton. A steam launch, shipped in sections and named the "Ma-Robert," was also carried on the steamer "Pearl," which conveyed the expedition to the east coast, stopping at Sierra Leone to ship twelve natives as a crew for river navigation. At Cape Town Mrs. Livingstone and Oswell were left with her father and mother, while the "Pearl" sailed northward to the mouths of the Zambesi—of which there were four—reaching the end of her ocean voyage in May, 1858.

After a thorough examination of the different mouths of the river, it was decided that the one known as the Kongone was best, and up this they sailed forty miles to land their supplies on an island. Then the "Ma-Robert" and the ship's pinnace came into service to

carry the goods further up the river to Tette, where (as Livingstone had learned from his father-in-law at Cape Town) most of his native followers still waited his return, though thirty of them had died of smallpox and six had been slain by other natives. They welcomed Livingstone with joy, crying: "The Tette people often taunted us, saying, 'Your Englishman will never return'; but we trusted you." The natives' faith in their white friend was never betrayed, and much of Livingstone's influence over them was because of their trust in him.

Since his followers were in no hurry to return to Linyante, Livingstone explored the Zambesi as far as the great rapids, thirty miles above Tette, and decided that, although he would have been lost if he had tried to descend the river in canoes upon his journey from the interior, yet a better steamer than the "Ma-Robert" might in time of flood pass up the Zambesi beyond the Kebrabasa Rapids, and thus open the inner country to trading journeys. Sending to England for a better steamer, Livingstone meanwhile made what use he could of the "Ma-Robert." Before testing this vessel, it had been named in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, whom the natives called "Ma-Robert"—that is, "the mother of Robert"—in accordance with their custom of naming the wife from her

first-born son. But the vessel had not proved worthy; she consumed enormous amounts of fuel, made steam slowly, leaked badly, and snorted so horribly that she was renamed "The



KEBRABASA RAPIDS.

Asthmatic." Nevertheless, Livingstone in this rickety craft succeeded in making many discoveries of value, the most important being Lake Nyassa and Lake Shirwa, which lakes, being in regions suitable for colonies of white men, and lying across the slave traders' route

to Zanzibar, were considered by the explorer as the "Keys to Central Africa."

But leaving such conclusions for older heads, let us see what the explorer's experiences were and how he met them. His steamer was a wonder to the natives of the region, both animals and men. Crocodiles chased it, and one man who fell overboard was instantly pulled down by them. Once they ran into a herd of elephants and shot several, and at another time caught a baby elephant, dragging him into the water by his trunk to escape the charge of the bereaved mother. Livingstone hoped to send this young one home to Queen Victoria, but one of the natives, "in a sort of frenzy peculiar to the chase," wounded its trunk. The wound, though sewed, never healed, and the poor little fellow bled to death. At Lake Nyassa a chief's wife was seized by a crocodile and carried off not long after the white men had taken a bath in the waters. The chief complained to a neighbour that the white men "had rubbed themselves with a white medicine" (meaning soap), and that his wife was taken by a crocodile; he did not know whether the medicine was to blame or not. In another chief's hut they met some Arab slavers who offered a young girl for sale, but who departed at once on learning that the explorers were English.

Though tempted to release the slaves he saw led in gangs by means of forked sticks around their necks, Livingstone decided that this would be only another form of cruelty, since there was no way of providing for the poor creatures; but he never forgot the horrors he witnessed, and in later days used his best efforts to suppress the slave trade.

During this time also the explorers saw many strange creatures: troops of dogs that hunt wild animals; birds that lead men to honey-bees' nests for the sake of sharing in the honey; and a laughing rat, whose cry, "he—he—he," kept them nervously awake. Elephants abounded everywhere.

The discovery of Lake Nyassa, over two hundred miles long, the shores of which seemed well adapted for missionary stations, was the beginning of a series of unfortunate expeditions for the purpose of seeking practical trade routes which would connect it with the sea coast.

But before these researches could be entered upon, Livingstone must redeem his promise to his Makololo men by taking them back to their homes with Sekelétu. With three other Englishmen the journey was begun, and the party proceeded at the rate of over twelve miles a day. Some of the Makololo had been spoiled by civilisation, and sneaked back to the Por-

tuguese settlement, though they had Livingstone's permission to stay there if they chose. Roaring lions often came about the camp at night, and some of the natives, believing lions to be inhabited by the spirits of dead chiefs, would reproach them for cowardice in stealing their food instead of hunting for themselves. During this trip Livingstone and the other white men found themselves superior in endurance to the blacks, and not only led the way on the marches, but also did the work of supplying meat by hunting while the Makololo were resting. At one place Livingstone was charged upon by a rhinoceros, and probably was saved only by being white, since the great beast halted and wheeled just as he reached the explorer—possibly, as Blaikie says, “doubtful if hunting a white man would be good sport.”

Another visit to the Victoria Falls showed that they were even grander than Livingstone's first report had made them.

Reaching Sekelétu's country, they were met by evil tidings. The chief was stricken with leprosy, and was believed to have been affected by witchcraft. His superstition had caused him to put to death a number of leading men in the tribe, and now he was secluded from his people and attended only by his nearest relatives and by an old woman who professed won-

derful powers. Dr. Livingstone could not cure the chief, but helped to make him comfortable, and in return was provided with an escort of young men to aid him in descending the river to the coast. They had been charged to bring back some remedy for the king.

Two remarkable results followed from Seke-létu's decease. First, the great empire founded by Sebituane, his father, broke up, and a few years later was destroyed, *all* the Makololo being slain by their enemies excepting two families. Second, the Makololo who went with Livingstone—only two of them were pure-blooded Makololo—remained near the coast, and founded a tribe that later became known as the Shiré, or Eastern, Makololos, which within twenty or thirty years numbered over 150,000 members, and were known as honest, industrious, and opposed to slavery. Their national greeting is the English phrase, “ Good morning! ”

Another discouraging piece of news that came to Livingstone while returning his men to their homes, was to the effect that the missionaries at Mabotse (his old station) had been attacked by fever, and that their mission was destroyed.

After six months' absence Livingstone was again at Tette, and embarked in the “ Asth-

matic" for the trip to the sea. The old vessel grounded during her voyage down the river, and on December 20, 1860, she was abandoned on a sandbank, without serious regret, her passengers being thankful that she had brought them as far as within one day's journey of Senna.

The next month, January, 1861, the "Universities Mission" arrived, consisting of Bishop Mackenzie and his party, in a little steamer named the "Pioneer." Though of light draught, this vessel yet drew too much water to ascend the Shiré River toward Lake Nyassa, and so Livingstone decided to use the time while waiting for higher water in exploring another river, the Rovuma, in the hope that this might be a way to the lake.

There is no space to tell in full of the exploring trips upon these rivers—a discouraging series of attempts to sail the steamer through shoals and rapids. The only important fact to note is the discovery, on approaching the lake, that the Portuguese had taken advantage of Livingstone's explorations and his good reputation with the peoples of that region to extend their own slave traffic to this new field. At first Livingstone, as we have seen, hoped that he need not fight the slaving parties. But at last the sight of pillaged villages, deserted



BARTERING FOR SLAVES.

Painted by Wal. Paget.

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fields, and gangs of slaves driven by brutal masters proved too much for the humanity of the missionaries. They came upon a long line of chained men, women, and children, being driven through a friendly village, and their indignation boiled over. Upon the approach of the English the slave drivers bolted into the forest, and the slaves were set free—eighty-four of them. “The others tied and starved us,” said one little boy. “You cut the ropes and told us to eat. What sort of people are you?” Before long the freed slaves were at work cooking food around the camp-fires, and the question of rescuing slaves was settled. It was also thus settled that henceforward Livingstone and the Portuguese were to be enemies. As it had been Livingstone against the Boers and slavery, so now it was Livingstone against the Portuguese and slavery. The fight begun that day is not yet over in Africa, nor will it be at an end until the last slave is freed.

Among the slaves rescued by Livingstone's party was Chumah, who took part in the later expeditions of Livingstone, and afterward in those of Stanley and Joseph Thomson.

Within a week they had scattered several other gangs of slaves, and then Bishop Mackenzie arranged to settle at a village of Manganja, whose chief had promised him a friendly

reception. But this tribe was at war with another, the Ajawa, and Livingstone and the bishop started on the 22d of July to see whether the trouble with these savages could not be settled.

The day after our battle of Bull Run in America, journeying through a land where the Ajawa warriors had left only ruin and desolation, the missionary bishop and Dr. Livingstone met a war party. These natives, crying, "*Nkoudo!*"—"War!"—advanced until within fifty yards, and opened fire with poisoned arrows and bullets, a few of these Ajawa warriors having guns. Livingstone's party returned the fire, and the warriors fled.

Leaving the Manganja under the militant bishop to fight out their quarrel with the Ajawa, Livingstone next took a boat expedition to Lake Nyassa, and thoroughly explored its banks, finding a peaceable and industrious population everywhere except at the north, where a lawless tribe of Zulus made raids. The slave-trading in this region was causing the capture or death of about one hundred thousand slaves every year.

After another meeting with the bishop, who reported that the war was proceeding favourably, Livingstone once more returned to the coast, intending to return with a new boat



A SLAVE DROW.
Painted by G. Harbey.

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called the "Lady Nyassa," and also to bring to the mission Miss Mackenzie, the bishop's sister.

As these journeys covered the same regions he had often traversed, they are not explorations, and need not be told here in detail. Let it suffice to say that Livingstone on meeting the English ship learned that Mrs. Livingstone had come with the party for the mission, and then the whole company began the return trip, only to be halted by the news that the bishop, in attempting to release some captives from slave traders, had been upset from a canoe, and had died from illness and exposure. Livingstone therefore returned to the coast, and before the ship came for them the whole party were attacked by fever. Among its victims was Mrs. Livingstone, who died April 27, 1862.

It was not until 1863 that Livingstone could once more resume his attempts to carry a steamer into Lake Nyassa, and he had hardly completed his attempts to prepare a way past the rapids of the Shiré River when the "Zambesi Expedition" was recalled by the English Government—that is, its supplies and money were cut off. Livingstone wrote home: "I don't know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa that shelf. If

the 'Lady Nyassa' is well sold I shall manage."

Until the rainy season there would not be water enough in the rivers to take the two steamers to the coast, and Livingstone spent the time in making an exploring tour to the northeast of Lake Nyassa to find out whether any river gave access to the lake from the north. Here, again, they found the slavers at work, and came within a few days' march of Lake Bangweolo, a region the explorer visited later; but Livingstone could no longer pay his men, and they turned back. During the return they were told of the abandonment of the mission station, and Livingstone's kindness of heart secured the transportation to the Cape of many native children who otherwise might have been left to relapse into savagery. One of these in after years became a successful teacher.

Having thus come to the sea, the explorer was without money to continue his work unless he sold the "Lady Nyassa." No one on the African coast would buy the vessel except the Portuguese, and a sale to them meant her use in the slave trade. The nearest other market was Bombay, India, and so plucky Dr. Livingstone got up steam, and with a mixed crew, most of whom had never seen the sea, sailed



MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

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2,500 miles to the coast of India. "This voyage," says Blaikie, "has only escaped fame because of the still greater wonders performed by Livingstone on land."

But again we must pass hastily over Livingstone's experiences in the intervals of his explorations. While at home he succeeded in selling the "Lady Nyassa" for £2,600, which was safely put into a bank that soon after failed; he attended the funeral of the explorer Captain Speke, whose work in Africa is yet to be told; he heard of President Lincoln's assassination; he learned the "sad news" that his son Robert had enlisted in the United States army ("sad news" it was, since Robert Livingstone laid down his life for the cause of the Union, and lies buried in the Gettysburg cemetery); he attended his mother's funeral; he appeared before the House of Commons to plead for missions; he visited the school where his son Oswell was studying, and ended his address to the boys with these concluding words, in the last public address he made to his own countrymen, "Fear God, and work hard."

CHAPTER IX.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST EXPEDITIONS AND HIS DEATH.

He seeks the sources of the Nile.—He is reported dead.—Search expeditions enter Africa.—Stanley reaches the old explorer.—Death of Livingstone at Lake Bangweolo.—Summary of his achievements.

IN 1866 Dr. Livingstone sailed for Africa in the "Thule," a pleasure yacht meant as a gift to the Sultan of Zanzibar—"the whole 2,000 miles being an everlasting see-saw, shuggy-shoo, enough to tire a chemist, the most patient of all animals," he said, in a letter. He reached the Rovuma River with an ill-assorted lot of Sepoys from India and rowdy natives, most of whom were discharged soon after.

He pushed toward Lake Tanganyika, losing what resources he had, including his medicines, which were stolen, as he notes in his journal with the remark, "Felt as if I had received my death sentence." Seeking a route that would avoid Portuguese influence, and accompanied by only five followers, Livingstone disappeared into the unknown interior, resolved upon reaching the sources of the Nile.

His deserting followers carried to the coast

a detailed lie that Livingstone had been killed by Zulus, and the English did not know the truth until expeditions of inquiry had been sent as far as Lake Nyassa.

Though alive, Livingstone was so ill that his progress was a long martyrdom; but even in his litter he persisted in his purpose to settle the question as to the sources of the Nile and the Congo. He discovered new lakes and rivers, including Lake Bangweolo, and reached Ujiji, where he expected to find stores he had forwarded. But these had been plundered, and the sick explorer, though revolted by the daily horrors of the slave trade carried on by the Arabs, was compelled to seek aid from them.

Once these Arabs made in Livingstone's sight a barbarous and unprovoked attack upon a busy market-place, shooting down hundreds in cold blood, while as many more were drowned in attempting to escape. Livingstone said he had "the impression he was in hell," but was helpless. From the scene of this massacre, Livingstone returned to Ujiji, and five days afterward was blessed by the arrival of Stanley, in the nick of time. Of this meeting we shall tell in connection with Stanley's first expedition, sent out because of the uncertainty as to Livingstone's fate, since no word had been received from him in two years.

After waiting five months for a fresh party to be sent from the coast, Livingstone set out with new supplies, given by Stanley, in search of the Nile or Congo sources, and soon became involved in the swampy shores of Lake Bangweolo. Again attacked by illness, the explorer was carried to a little town on the south shore of the lake, and here, on the morning of the 1st of May, 1873, his men found their master on his knees, his face buried in his pillow—dead.

We may believe that his last prayer will be answered, for though he knew death was near, he would have had no other thought than for the civilisation and regeneration of Africa.

His native followers proved their love for him by reading over him the service for the dead, and then by making the long journey to the coast with his body—a journey requiring eight months of toil and danger.

Sir Bartle Frere says of this first of explorers: “I never met a man who fulfilled more completely my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modelled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar.”

Blaikie writes: “Livingstone travelled 29,000 miles in Africa, and added to the known part of the globe about 1,000,000 square miles.”



LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

Painted by W. H. Margetson.

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He discovered five great lakes, the Victoria Falls, and many rivers; his name and character so impressed the natives that the work of



D. LIVINGSTONE AND H. M. STANLEY.

later explorers was never so dangerous or difficult as his own; his death amid his work made it certain that the objects for which he died will never be abandoned.

When the Continent of Africa is civilised, the slave trade a memory, and the natives redeemed from superstition and savagery, the influences that have brought about Africa's redemption will be traced back to David Livingstone, whose inspiration was Christian faith.

CHAPTER X.

BURTON AND SPEKE.

Burton and Speke visit Abyssinia.—They decide to explore Central Africa.—Exploration of Lake Tanganyika.—Speke's discovery of the Victoria Nyanza.—A new expedition equipped.

THE expedition which finally succeeded in solving the problem of the source of the Nile grew out of the journey made by Sir Richard Francis Burton and Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, Speke, both of whom had been officers in the British service in India. Burton, as an explorer, visited a great many different parts of the world, and when we take up the exploration of Asia, we shall find him penetrating to Medina and Mecca, disguised as a Moslem. Before the end of his life, Burton was said to have known more than thirty, some say thirty-five, different languages and dialects. He was very fond of adventurous exploits, and during his service as an officer in India at times joined the natives who were doing days' labour on a canal, in order that he might become thoroughly acquainted with their ideas and customs. His connection with Captain Speke began when the two decided to enter Moslem

Abyssinia. Having organised an expedition in Bombay, they induced two other officers to accompany them.

During this journey they visited the city Harar, but during a night attack made by the natives at Berberah, both Burton and Speke were severely wounded, and a third officer was killed. After further service in the Crimea, Burton was thrown out of employment by the ending of the war, and he then determined to enter Central Africa, for the purpose of exploring the regions where, from Arab reports, it was believed that there were a number of great lakes.

They entered the continent opposite Zanzibar, with a party mustering two hundred men. It was a long time before they could get enough baggage animals to carry their equipment. The first stage of their progress brought them to Tabora, then called Cazé. The only obstacle that interfered with their progress was the fear of their men to enter the regions occupied, as report said, by ferocious savages. The nearer the expedition came to this little known land, the more reluctance was shown by their native helpers; and, finally, Burton, in order to overcome their dread of the natives, resorted to an exceedingly clever trick. He hired a native medicine-man to exhibit a species of numbo

jumbo, in order that he might make a favourable prophecy as to the result of the expedition. He went through a juggling with two gourds, one filled with snuff, and the other with various magical rubbish. These were shaken up, and then two goat's horns were produced and tied together with a snake skin, decorated with little bells. When he had sufficiently impressed the natives, he professed to give a message from the spirits of the dead, promising success to the expedition, asserting that the porters would overcome all their enemies, and return to Zanzibar in triumph.

There was reason for the fear of the natives of the interior, for at one place, not long before, a young French explorer had entered the dwelling of one of the chiefs for the purpose of making a treaty in regard to passing through the country, when the chief became so eager to secure the explorer's possessions that he was seized and put to death.

Besides the more or less imaginary dangers, there were many actual perils to be encountered, from the crocodiles that swarmed in the rivers, and from the beasts of prey in the jungles. At one place a leopard sprang upon and killed a spear-bearer before his companions could rescue him. In fact, it was only the great skill of Burton as a hunter which gave

his men confidence to proceed. Even where there were no animals to dread, there were the deep swamps in which the porters would sink up to their necks, and in which, sometimes, the asses that bore their baggage had to be helped by two men apiece, in order to keep them from drowning. Discouraged by their hardships, many of those who had been brought from the coast deserted, and others had to be hired from the villages through which they passed to take their places.

At length, on the 13th of February, 1858, Burton climbed a steep hill and came in sight of a body of water. It seemed to his eyes, which were in anything but a good condition, since he had been ill and had almost lost his sight, that the lake to which they had come was too small to be worth the hardships they had undergone to reach it; but when they came nearer, Burton discovered that the lake was truly enormous, being thirty to thirty-five miles in width.

Speke, also, had been having trouble with his eyes, and was in worse condition than his fellow-explorer, being unable even to see what they had discovered. They stood now upon the mountains which had been celebrated in all African annals for hundreds of years as the Mountains of the Moon.

Descending to the lake, the party secured canoes and proceeded along its eastern shore for many miles, coming to the village of Ujiji. Ujiji, already mentioned in the account of Livingstone's explorations, was well known by report even as far as the eastern coast. From the Arabs Burton and Speke had learned that the lake upon which Ujiji was situated was a different lake from that known as the Nyanza, reported to be the source of the Nile. Neither of the explorers was in good physical condition. Nevertheless, after procuring boats with great difficulty, they did their best to acquaint themselves fully with the great lake upon the shores of which Ujiji was situated—Lake Tanganyika—and particularly they resolved to find out whether there was any truth in the report that a large river flowed out from its northern end. They reasoned that this river might be the beginning of the Nile. While sailing upon the lake at one time, Burton came in sight of a large island, and ordered his canoemen to approach it. They warned him that the inhabitants were cannibals who would kill the party and eat them. In spite of their fears, Burton insisted upon going as near the island as they would venture, and the truth of his canoemen's prediction was at once evident, as the inhabitants, fully armed, at once came yelling to the

shores of the island, and dared him to approach. Burton did not accept their invitation, but sheered off. These were not the only cannibal tribes that lived on Lake Tanganyika, for at the northern end were found other races quite as savage. The explorers seem not to have landed upon the north shores, but they convinced themselves that there was no truth in the report of a river flowing out of the lake.

In May Burton resolved to return to Zanzibar, and succeeded in reaching the coast, although at one time on the return journey the whole party were threatened with destruction by a great fire in the dry grass upon the hill-sides. Fortunately the men were near enough to a river to escape by jumping into the water.

Meanwhile Speke, having obtained permission from Burton, the leader of the expedition, to make further explorations northward for the purpose of finding, if possible, the lake of which they had received reports from the Arabs, set out on a little expedition of his own. In the territory of a certain African queen, Ungugu, Speke was summoned to the royal palace, a small court full of little huts. After a visit from a sort of black lady's maid, who apparently had come to see whether there was any danger to her mistress from the interview,



THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

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the queen, described as having a short, squat, flabby face in an everlasting smile, came and squatted by Speke's side, shaking his hands and examining with especial interest every article of his clothing, and begging for everything that she touched. This potentate kept Speke waiting several days for permission to leave her lands, but at last consented to his going on. Passing through one jungle to another, and wading watercourses, at last he came to a long, gradually inclined hill, and from its summit viewed the vast expanse of the waters of the Nyanza. Speke believed from the first that he had discovered the long-sought prize of African exploration, the proper source of the Nile, but upon this visit he acquired no certain evidence to confirm his opinion.

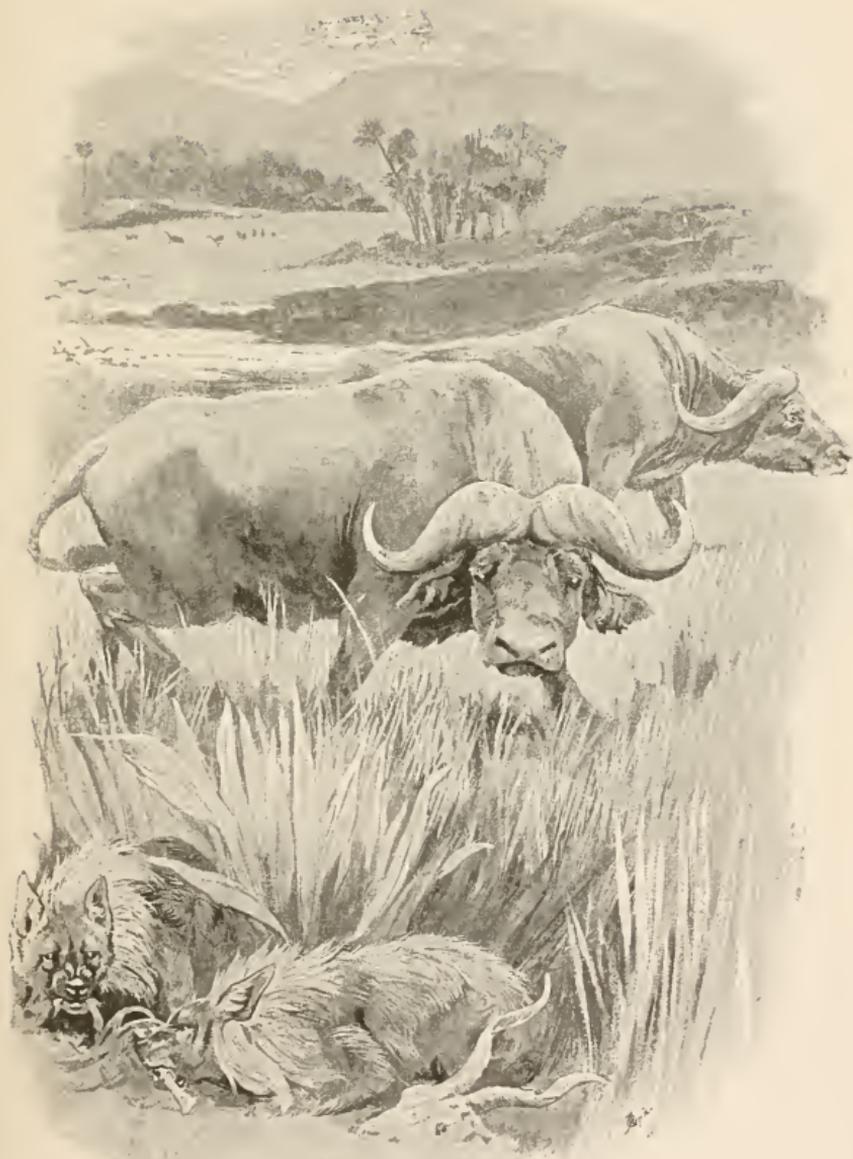
When Speke rejoined Burton, and reported his discovery, his chief was inclined to make light of his claims. In his book, Burton says, speaking of the reasons given by Speke for believing the new-found lake to be the source of the Nile: "His reasons were weak; were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta when justifying her penchant in favour of the lovely gentleman, Sir Proteus: 'I have no other but the woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so.' And probably his sources of the Nile grew in his mind as the

Mountains of the Moon had grown under his hand."

In short, Burton was anything but pleased at Speke's attempt to reap the larger harvest of the honours of their expedition; which was natural enough, though hardly creditable. The new lake was named by Speke Victoria Nyanza, or Lake Victoria, the second word being the native word for *lake*. After its discovery Speke returned to Burton, and then both left Africa for England.

This first expedition, made by Burton and Speke in company, had exceedingly important results. Burton, as an experienced explorer, was able to give an interesting and complete description of the tribes living between the coast and Lake Tanganyika; and, also, a valuable report upon the condition of the slave trade, as observed by him, though he was inclined, from his long experience in Eastern countries, to see less evil in the institution than was found by such a moralist as Livingstone.

Convinced, in spite of Burton's sneers, that in Lake Nyanza he had really found the source of the Nile, Speke appealed to the English Geographical Society for aid in equipping a new expedition which should settle the matter beyond all doubt. Greatly aided by Sir Robert Murchison, Livingstone's friend, Speke



THE COUNTRY OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA REGION.

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secured twelve thousand dollars, besides arms and a scientific equipment. A valuable helper



VICTORIA NYANZA CHIEF.

volunteered in the person of Captain J. W. Grant, who had been an Australian explorer. In 1860 Speke and Grant left London, and,

after a stay of about two weeks at Cape Town, arrived at Zanzibar in August. Upon their voyage on the English steamer they overhauled and captured a slaver which was on her way to Havana, and released over five hundred slaves.

CHAPTER XI.

SPEKE'S EXPEDITION WITH CAPTAIN GRANT.

Rhinoceros hunting.—Deserted by the carriers.—A buffalo hunt.—Rescuing a slave.—A mutiny.—Visit to Rumanyika.—Life in Mtesa's country.—Detained by Kamrasi.—They reach the Nile, and meet Baker's party.

CROSSING from the island of Zanzibar a little southerly, the explorers reached Bagamoyo, where they hired porters, packed up their supplies, and set off for the interior. Their course led them generally westward until they reached Tabora, a town almost directly south of Victoria Nyanza, the great lake Speke had before visited. When they had travelled about two hundred miles eight of their men deserted, running away with what they carried and with eight mules. A halt was made in order to pursue the thieves, and meanwhile Speke and his friend Grant started out on a rhinoceros hunt, with attendants carrying lanterns. Speke, fastening a bit of white paper to his rifle sight, shot and killed one from a distance of eighty yards, a remarkable shot. To kill a rhinoceros with a single shot is unusual, because the hide is

so thick. After two hours two more of the animals were seen, but a single shot this time only frightened them away. Speke's gun-carriers having taken flight and climbed a tree, a second shot was impossible.

Next morning, when Speke's men arrived to carry the meat to camp, they found that they would have to fight for it with the natives, who had gathered like a flock of vultures, and were tearing the great carcass to pieces with as little neatness and order as the carrion birds themselves. The natives at last fled, but took their dinners with them.

The missing mules, however, were recovered, which was the important matter. But Speke and Grant kept losing their porters by desertion, until they had to come to a halt while they sent to a village for new recruits. During the halt they improved the time by hunting buffalo, these animals being plenty in the grassy plains round about. Speke almost at once came upon a rhinoceros, and again skilfully brought down this animal by a single shot. Then, spying a herd of buffalo, the hunters crept within range, and Speke killed four. Then the herd scattered, and a big bull charged toward the white hunter, tossing one of the blacks as he came. Speke, when he had slain this brave bull, discovered another just as

it treed a black boy. This bull also charged him, but he saved himself by breaking its neck with a bullet. From another bull he had a narrow escape by dodging behind a tree just as he had fired his last shot. One imagines in reading this account that with a modern magazine rifle Speke might easily have slain the whole herd.

At a place called Minsenga, Grant took pictures of some natives, and was much amused when the husband of one woman insisted that his name should be written on the picture, so that the English at home might know whose wife she was.

This expedition also came into contact with the gangs of slaves, but seldom dared interfere with the natives. One poor fellow, however, who had seen Speke on his former visit to Lake Tanganyika, begged so piteously for freedom that the Englishman secured his release from the Arabs, named him "Farhan," or Joy, and enrolled him in his service.

Every recruit was welcome, since, as they approached the lake, their force was reduced by one-half through desertions, and many of their beasts of burden had died. Half of their supplies were stolen, and provisions, owing to a famine in the land, were costly and hard to get. Besides these troubles a deposed native

chief had begged them to side with him against the Arabs, and later the Arabs also tried to get Speke to take their side. It was difficult to put off both these enemies, and yet to quarrel with neither.

Then Speke's men mutinied, and were brought to terms only by starvation. Surmounting all these obstacles, the white men at last, in November, 1861, reached Karagwe, a region just west of Victoria Lake, and were royally treated by the chief Rumanika.

This chief, though not without superstitions, was intelligent and eager to learn of the outside world. He begged Speke to take two of the princes to England to be educated. This people were of superior race, resembled the Abyssinians, and (except the artificially fattened women) were well formed. The women of high rank were fattened on milk from early childhood, with dime-museum effects. The children were delighted with the picture-books shown them by the white visitors, and Speke praises them for their beauty and excellent behaviour.

Rumanika entertained the expedition hospitably, and among other amusements invited the white men to a Feast of the New Moon—a magnificent drum concert, a chorus of officials yelling out oaths of fidelity to the king, and a



KING MTESA.

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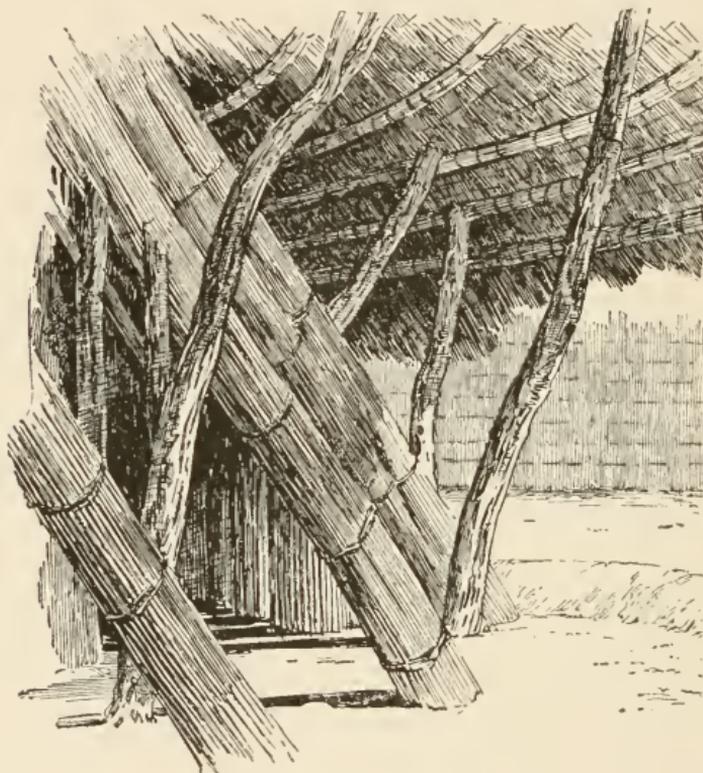
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dance of young girls. Before bidding Rumanika farewell, another rhinoceros hunt took place, and Speke performed his usual feats of wonderful shooting.

Then, after a long stay, preceded by kind messages from Rumanika, Speke, in January, 1861, marched to the kingdom of Mtesa, the land known as Uganda, Grant being delayed by abscesses on his knee. Speke was received by Mtesa in royal state. This African king, a young man of twenty-five, was a monarch indeed. He received his visitors sitting on a square red carpet, wearing his hair in a cock's-comb, radiant with beads, and rings of brass and copper. After an hour of silent staring, Mtesa inquired if Speke had seen him, and when Speke said, "For a whole hour," the ceremony was over. Later interviews, however, were more interesting, and during their acquaintance Speke discovered many pleasant traits about the young king. Yet his bringing up had developed certain faults in his character, and he was about as ruthless and bloodthirsty a mortal as can be imagined. When Speke sent him a gun, the king ordered the new present tested by a shot at whatever citizen first came within range. His court was governed by rules of the strictest etiquette, and the slightest offence was followed by instant

death, which the king at pleasure might change into a fine, a very convenient method of raising money. Mtesa gave what orders he pleased,



KING'S HOUSE, UGANDA.

and unless the subjects ran to obey them, the torturers and executioners were busy. If a courtier was careless in saluting, slightly disarranged his clothing, coughed, laughed, or did anything in fact that displeased the king,

he might immediately be condemned, and dragged by a howling mob to execution.

There was a crowd of small boy pages, who wore turbans of aloe fibres, and always attended the king in his palace. These little imps were ready at his slightest nod to whip off their turbans and use them as cords to lead any of the palace women to execution. Nearly every day two or three of these poor creatures were led away to be butchered. Nothing more bloodthirsty and brutal than the conduct of King Mtesa can be imagined, but there is no need to dwell upon the bloody horrors of his court.

Grant, who had been delayed by a sore upon his knee, came after a few weeks to join Speke, and the explorers proceeded toward the Nile. On the way they passed through a country inhabited by savages who carried spears as broad as shovels. This region abounded in elephants, lions, and other wild beasts. At last, however, they reached Victoria Lake. Grant had been sent ahead to King Kamrasi's country, and although this king sent one hundred and fifty men to assist Speke forward, he nevertheless refused to see the white men for several days. This action was explained when the king became better acquainted, for he admitted his belief that the white men, being possessed of

enormous appetites, ate not only "lakes and mountains, but human beings three times a



KING KAMRASI'S PALACE.

day." This king, having lost his fear of his visitors, proved to be a persistent beggar, and

in order to get all he could, kept refusing the explorers permission to go on. Finally, when Grant threatened to go at any hazard, Kamrasi was brought to terms, and in return for a final present of carbines, a hair brush, some matches and ammunition, sent an escort of twenty-four warriors and some cattle.

The rest of their journey was a repetition of their former experiences—the cautious approach to strange villages, the giving of presents, attempts by natives to beg or steal whatever the travellers could be made to part with, and then, after a rest, onward to the next town to repeat the process.

A merchant of Gondokoro named Petherick was to send an expedition up the Nile to meet or rescue the party of Speke and Grant, and Speke sent a trustworthy man to communicate with him. Meanwhile Speke himself led his party forward, and at length met a black Musulman named Mohammed, whom he took to be in command of the rescuers. Mohammed, when he saw Speke's mistake, never undeceived him, but permitted the Englishmen to guard his camp while he went on a "trading expedition," which was really a slave raid.

Seeing at length that Mohammed made no move to return, Speke and Grant pushed on toward the Nile and the town of Gondokoro.

At Gondokoro they met Samuel White Baker, in command of an expedition on its way up the Nile, and before long Petherick's party also came in, and the work of exploring the Nile was accomplished. The meeting of the expeditions at Gondokoro proved that the main branch of the river, the White Nile, flowed from Victoria Nyanza, and Speke had triumphantly proved his claim to be the discoverer of the main source of the great river. He had solved the greatest problem of African exploration.

Baker, whom they met at Gondokoro, was afterward Sir Samuel Baker; and of his travels in Africa, with Mrs. Baker, we shall next tell.

After Speke's success it would seem that there was little to be said against his claim to be the discoverer of the Nile sources. But Burton challenged Speke to a public discussion on the subject when Speke came back to England, and on the very morning fixed for the debate Speke accidentally shot himself while partridge shooting. This was on September 15, 1864, about nine years before the death of Livingstone.

CHAPTER XII.

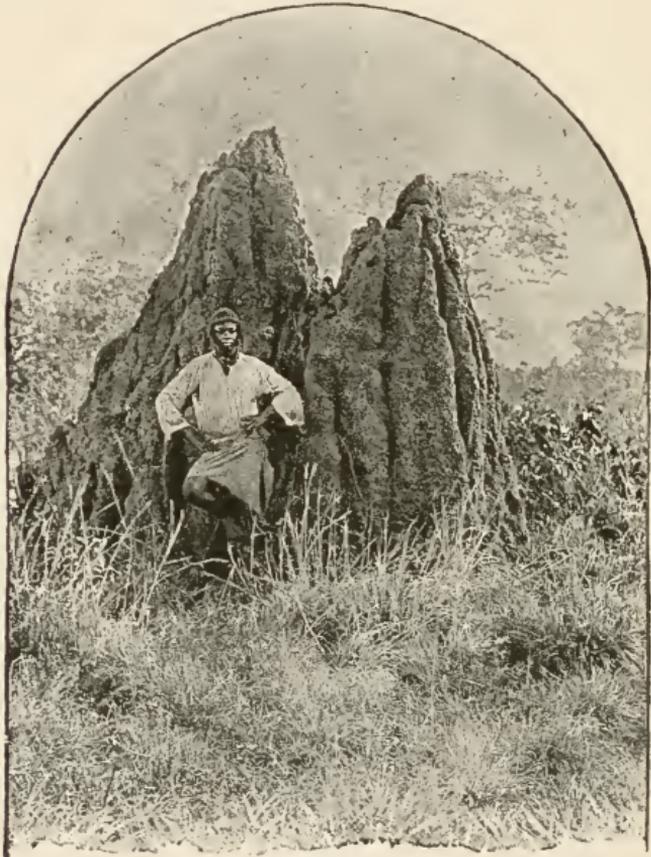
SIR SAMUEL BAKER DISCOVERS THE ALBERT NYANZA.

With his wife, he sails up the Nile.—Mutinies suppressed.—He follows an Arab party.—A third mutiny suppressed.—Baker as a prophet.—Old King Katchiba.—Trouble caused by native wars.—Mrs. Baker sunstruck.—Discovery of Albert Nyanza.—The Murchison Falls.—The real Kamrasi.—Baker's campaign in the Soudan.—His later exploits mentioned.

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, born in London in 1821, having spent eight years in central Ceylon, landed in Cairo in 1861 with an ambition to discover the source of the Nile. His wife, a brave Hungarian, insisted upon going with him; and after a preparatory year spent in Abyssinia to learn Arabic, he set sail from Khartum with three boats and about a hundred men, to explore the Blue Nile, the main branch of the river. Badgered by thieving government officials, Baker defied one and thrashed another in a fist fight, and sailed triumphantly southward.

The first incident of note was a buffalo hunt, in which one of the men was killed while about forty cowards looked on, afraid to descend from an ant-hill; the second was a visit from a na-

tive chief, who wore a bracelet with spikes like a dog-collar, and his wife, who wore the scars of the wounds the spikes had made; the third



ANT-HILL.

interesting incident was a long discussion by Baker's men as to whether the scars upon a young hippopotamus they killed were made

by the father or mother, a debate settled by Baker's wise and confident decision that they were caused by the animal's uncle.

The boats reached Gondokoro, a trading station of the Bari people, and the expedition halted to wait for some Turkish traders who were going southward. Baker was considered a spy collecting facts about slave trading, and his unpopularity led to a mutiny by his men.



HIPPOPOTAMUS.

An attempt to punish one of them brought on a fight between the Englishman and the ringleader, the rest joined in, and Baker's life was saved only by his cleverness in ordering the drums beaten. At this signal the men fell into line, and the excitement ended in an apology by the ringleader, Mrs. Baker having interceded for him.

Two days later came the meeting with Speke

and Grant, who were able to give Baker many valuable suggestions about the journey to the lakes. It was disappointing to learn that they had already found a source of the Nile, but having heard rumours of a second lake-source, they encouraged Baker to go on. After Speke and Grant left for England, an attack of fever prostrated Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and they were hardly on their feet again when a more serious mutiny among their followers forced the commander to disarm and discharge all but a faithful few.

Deciding to wait no longer for the departure of a trader's party, new men were hired, and Baker resolved to set out in company with a Turkish expedition, in spite of their warning that they would set the natives against the Englishman if he dared follow.

Baker followed them without hesitation, and encamped near their first stopping-place, but next morning pushed ahead, hoping to pass the dangerous natives before the Turks came up. Without guides, his progress was slow and painful, and until two natives, having been beaten by the Turks, deserted to Baker's party, he had to guess his way.

When the most dangerous part of the journey lay just before him—a narrow pass commanded by high cliffs, a defile in which over a

hundred men had recently been killed by the natives—Baker was horrified to see the Turks march out from the woods just behind him. The Turks filed by with threatening scowls, the rear being brought up by their leader, Ibrahim.

Mrs. Baker told her husband to make friends; and, seeing he would not speak to the Turk, herself called Ibrahim to an interview. Threats of punishment if harm came to the English party, promises of aid in trading, and some valuable presents won the Turk's heart, and a sort of alliance was formed. Through Ibrahim, Baker was warned of yet another conspiracy among his own men; but when it broke out Baker knocked down the leader, and forced the rest to load the animals, putting an end to the trouble for a time. A few days later several of the worst characters deserted and joined some slave-trading Arabs. Baker said "their bones would be picked by vultures," and it happened that this prediction was literally fulfilled within three days, since they were tumbled from a cliff by some natives they had attacked, died miserably, and were food for birds of prey. This gave the Englishman much power over his superstitious followers.

Ibrahim ran out of ammunition, and during his return to Gondokoro Baker's party awaited

him, being too few to go on without the Turks. During his absence the party hunted elephants. Rejoined by Ibrahim, Baker went on to Obbo, a town ruled by an amusing old fellow named Katchiba, who had many wives and over a hundred children, having lost as many more.

Katchiba told Baker that the Asua River barred their way and could not, be crossed, being in flood; and while Baker went to see for himself, Katchiba took excellent care of Mrs. Baker, receiving on Baker's return a pair of sun-goggles and a looking-glass which delighted his heart. This king was feeble, and was accustomed to ride pick-a-back on one of his subjects, while a favourite wife carried a great jar of wine to refresh him. He tried to ride Baker's saddle horse, was thrown, and, deciding the horse was "too high, and that it was a long way to tumble down," contented himself with a donkey, four attendants holding him on by the legs. The Turks returned from Obbo to the Latooka country, Baker's party going too. Soon, however, the Turks made the place too hot to hold them, and all came back to Obbo once more.

Here Baker and his wife had fever again; their animals died, provisions failed, and the lack of rain threatened the tribe with starvation. Katchiba, being the "rain-maker" and

magician, was in danger of being sacrificed; but finding out that the Englishman thought rain probable, the old fellow predicted showers, and, being lucky enough to guess correctly, was saved.

Thence Baker and the Turks—as Baker calls them, though they seem to have been the same people other explorers call Arabs—went to the land of King Kamrasi, the Turks being in search of ivory, while Baker was willing to go anywhere nearer the Nile sources. Here they found the natives fearful of attack, since certain Arabs, led by Speke's reports about the country, had marched from Gondokoro and joined Rionga's people, a tribe at war with Kamrasi, and tried to conquer the region. Baker's porters all ran away, and even some of Ibrahim's men refused to go on.

Baker promised the Turks 10,000 pounds of ivory if they would accompany him, and abandoning much luggage (including Baker's big tin bath-tub!), the two parties marched southward once more. At last they came to the river dividing them from Kamrasi's territory, and only by the display of rich presents for the king could they persuade his people to ferry them over.

More delays followed, but by threats of carrying away his presents, and by proving himself

of the same race as Speke, Baker thought he had gained the king's confidence, and believed he had held an interview with Kamrasi himself.

The supposed Kamrasi told Baker that the lake he was seeking was six months' journey distant over a most difficult country. This was a lie. Baker made many presents and received some food in return; but the native chief insisted that Baker and his men should join him in fighting Rionga, the hostile chief. Baker refused, though Ibrahim consented and swore brotherhood with the king. This refusal of the Englishman almost ruined the expedition, as will be seen.

Another attack of fever confined the explorer and his wife to their leaky, muddy hut, and their African host showed the greatest anxiety—to beg, borrow, or steal all the valuables they had with them, which was precisely what he had done in Speke's case. When he could get no more, he let them go, making only the last condition that Baker should give Mrs. Baker to him.

The scene that followed was dramatic. Baker drew his revolver and made warm remarks; Mrs. Baker, "looking almost as amiable as the head of Medusa," joined in with an oration in Arabic—which the king didn't understand at all; and the interpreter—a woman—translated

her mistress's language without weakening it. So the African apologised, expressed his surprise, and explained that it was a custom for him to give his visitors wives, and in effect said politely, "Don't maké a fuss; if you don't like it, I'll never mention it again."

The expedition, escorted by a band of Kam-rasi's soldiers, whom Baker calls "the devil's own," slowly dragged itself through rivers and swamps toward the lake. In crossing a river Mrs. Baker was sunstruck, and for days was thought to be dying or dead. Baker had to dismiss "the devil's own," who howled, robbed, and fought around the hut where his wife lay with brain fever, and he got rid of them only by threatening to shoot if they didn't go home. Coming to a deserted village, Baker, exhausted by anxiety and lack of sleep, fell insensible, while his men "put a new handle to the pickaxe, and sought a dry spot to dig his wife's grave."

But next morning the fever was gone; and two days later, on March 14, 1864, they climbed a hill, and "there like a sea of quicksilver lay, far beneath, the grand expanse of water. . . . England had won the sources of the Nile."

Speke and Grant having named the lake they found Victoria Nyanza, Baker named this lake for the dead Prince Consort, "Albert Nyanza."

Unless Baker reached Gondokoro by April, he would not be able to return to England that year, since the Nile boats would have sailed. Delayed by fever and the difficulty of getting canoes, it was eight days before he could begin to explore the lake; but some boatmen appeared with hollowed-log canoes, and in these he sailed northward. The new men soon deserted, and Baker's men could not paddle. The explorer, however, did not lose heart, and one way or another made the journey to Magungo at the upper end of the lake. Here he beheld a long, flat, swampy plain of green reeds "extending as far as the eye could see."

From the natives' reports and his own judgment, Baker believed this the Nile; and, having promised Speke to examine the rivers between the Victoria and Albert lakes, he felt bound to turn back. Mrs. Baker wished afterward to sail down the Nile from Albert Nyanza to Gondokoro, but the inhabitants declared that the savages along the river would kill the party, and Baker thought the journey unnecessary. So back they went along the Victoria Nile, until stopped by a great waterfall 180 feet high, preventing further navigation. This was named the Murchison Falls.

On the homeward journey more misfortunes overtook them, and at length, after a two



BAKER'S PARTY FIGHTING WITH THE NATIVES.

Painted by Wal. Paget.

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months' delay in a fever-stricken district, unable to get carriers, Baker sent word that Kamrasi must come to their aid. Believing the explorer would now help him against his enemies, Kamrasi had them brought to his village.

Then to his utter surprise Baker learned that he had never seen the *real* Kamrasi; but that the king's brother had been ordered to represent him, because Kamrasi feared treachery. Offended, Baker long refused to see Kamrasi; and when at length he consented, he abused that monarch roundly, denying that he could be the king, since he was so great a coward and beggar. These remarks gained force from Baker's imposing garb, for he had arrayed himself in full Highland costume for the interview.

During his stay with Kamrasi the Englishman once hoisted his flag and saved the village from an attack of Arabs and native allies; then these quarrelled among themselves, and Kamrasi's people defeated them, to the great joy of the poor king.

News came of a threatened attack by Mtesa, but this attack, at first successful, also was defeated by the aid of Ibrahim's party, who were rewarded with great quantities of ivory and many slaves.

Soon after Baker and his expedition set out

on their return journey, and despite many complications caused by the native wars, at length reached Gondokoro. Here they lost many men by disease, but by May 5, 1865, were at Khartum, where news came of the death of Captain Speke in England.

The rest of the way was through more civilised lands, and the days of exploration were at an end.

At Cairo Baker heard that he had received the medal of the Geographical Society, and on reaching England was knighted, becoming Sir Samuel Baker.

Baker's second expedition in 1869, four years later, consisting of fifty-nine vessels and more than a thousand soldiers, with artillery, entered the Soudan to suppress the slave trade; but, exciting and interesting as this campaign proved, it was not, strictly speaking, an exploring expedition, and does not call for more than mention in this book. Baker subdued the whole region, and returned in 1873, only to find that the Egyptian government had not acted in good faith with him, but still continued to connive at the slave trade.

Disgusted and in despair, Baker returned to England, being succeeded in control of the Soudan by "Chinese Gordon," whose life and administration were brought to an end by the

Mahdi insurrection. General Kitchener's defeat of the Mahdi is recent history, and the fate of the Soudan country is in the future.

Sir Samuel Baker's later travels included Cyprus, Syria, India, Japan, and America. He died at his English home December 30, 1893. Boys should read his book, "Cast Up by the Sea," an excellent story written especially for them, and they will also find his books of exploration and travel well worth careful reading.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORG SCHWEINFURTH'S JOURNEYS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Nature of his explorations.—A scientific traveller.—The first adventure, a fight with a bull.—Bees attack the expedition.—Fight with a fleet of native canoes.—An African cattle-owner.—Some remarkable tribes described.—Meeting with the pigmies.—Fight with cannibals.—Schweinfurth loses his records by the burning of a native village.—His return to Europe, and recent journeys.

EXCEPTING Sir Samnel Baker, the only European traveller who reached the central regions of Africa by going up the Nile to Khartum was Georg Schweinfurth, born in Riga, Russia, in 1836, but a German by parentage. He was a botanist, and travelled in Russia, France, and Germany making collections of plants. In his school days one of his masters was the son of an African missionary, and this man's accounts of South Africa may have given his pupil the wish to visit that country. Soon after 1860 there came to the German botanist a collection of plants brought from the River Nile, and these awakened the desire to see them growing.

In 1863 he went to Egypt, visiting the mouth

of the Nile, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Khartum as a botanist; but after two years and a half he was compelled to return for want of money.

Drawing up a plan for visiting the unexplored country west of the Nile beyond Khartum, where the White and Blue Nile join, he presented it to a scientific society. The plan was approved, money furnished, and in 1868 he again entered Africa. Proceeding to Khartum, he was kindly received, was aided by the government, and during the early part of his journey formed a friendship with an Arab trader named Mohammed Aboo Sammat, whose alliance was of the utmost value to him. Leaving Khartum in January, 1869, he was absent for three years and a half, during which time he had visited several unknown tribes of savages, studied plants and animals, thoroughly explored and mapped a new country, and made many accurate drawings of natives, their homes, weapons, and customs.

His book, "The Heart of Africa," is packed full of information and interest; but the very success of his expedition deprives it of those few striking episodes which can be told in so brief an account as this. The reader receives from its pages hundreds of minor incidents that help him to understand life in Central Africa,

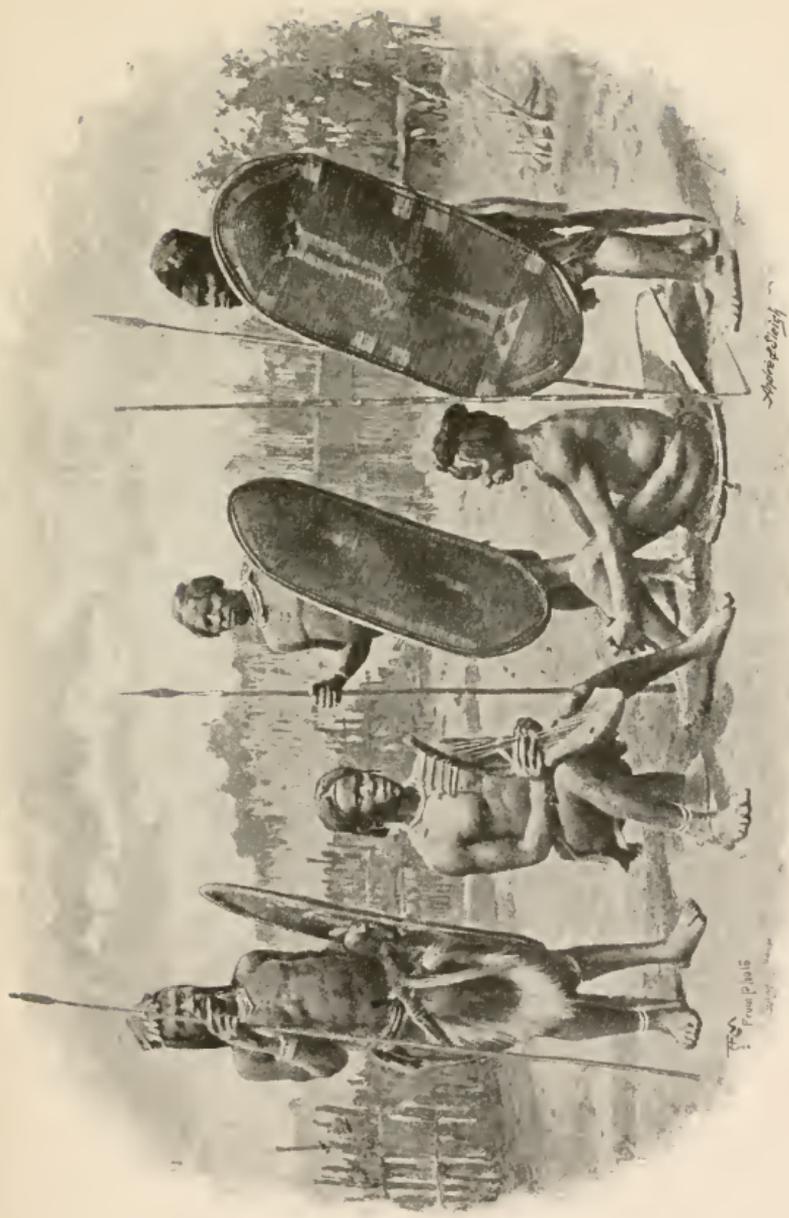
but few thrilling scenes are told. We shall tell only such incidents as seem novel and striking.

The voyage up the Nile was marked first by an adventure on shore. With two attendants Schweinfurth landed on an island, and came suddenly upon a buffalo sleeping in the high grass. Rising, the bull tossed one of the attendants high in air. Schweinfurth's rifle, which the man had been carrying, hung by its strap from the bull's horn as the furious animal stood roaring, ready to trample the victim, so Schweinfurth was unarmed. Another man had Schweinfurth's second gun, but this missed fire; so the brave fellow hurled a small axe at the bull's head.

The axe struck the bull, who at once ran off bellowing.

The man that had been tossed recovered after three weeks, but had lost four teeth. To make up for this misfortune, Schweinfurth paid him ten dollars for each tooth, a generosity which greatly pleased his followers.

Next, the expedition stirred up some very hostile natives—first, a countless swarm of ferocious bees which, disturbed by the men towing the boats through the weedy growths, made so terrible an attack that all took to the water or wrapped themselves in whatever covering came



NIAM-NIAM MUSICIAN AND WARRIORS.

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handiest. Schweinfurth says he remained three hours under a sheet, killing such bee-warriors as entered this fortification. After this the Shillocks pursued the expedition in 3,000 canoes, but in the end were shaken off. Later he killed a giant snake, fifteen feet long, whose skin furnished a handsome waterproof gun-case. Now they entered the Nile sudd, named by the Arabs "el sett," and had to drag their boats over the solid mass of vegetation, 200 men sometimes pulling at one rope.

In this region Schweinfurth described the inhabitants as having long heels, slender legs, long, thin necks, and small, pointed heads; he likens them to cranes. The weedy growth was mainly of three plants, and to the fact that one of these was not in season Schweinfurth says they owed their success in passing onward.

Reaching a settlement of cattle ranches, where he met an old African woman who owned 30,000 head of cattle, the explorer landed, and started overland for the unknown interior.

The first African people they met were the Dinkas, of whom a long description is given. The most striking peculiarity about them is their love of owning great herds of humped cattle, which they treat more as pets than as property. The next people, the Dyoor, were

skilful workers in iron, though using the simplest tools. More interesting than either were



NIAM-NIAM WIZARD.

the Niam-niam (pronounced *gnam-nam*), a nation of warlike, fearless cannibals, of whom

Schweinfurth tells many striking and strange peculiarities, and the Monbuttoo, also a cannibal nation.

But most important discovery of all, among the Niam-niam Schweinfurth met several of the African "pigmies," of whom there had been traditions since the earliest accounts of the continent. He not only carefully studied these men—whose height, full grown, was little more than four feet—but even induced one of them to visit Europe. Unfortunately the little fellow died before reaching civilisation. Later explorers tell us more fully of the pigmies, but Schweinfurth first, of modern travellers, proved their existence.

Toward the latter part of his journey, the Arab, Aboo Sammat, was the hero of a fierce fight with the A-Banga natives, during which he was severely wounded, and doctored by Schweinfurth. The brave Arab then insisted upon mounting an ant-hill to make a speech of defiance to the cannibal army that was rejoicing over his fall, they meanwhile crying out, "Meat, meat!" as a reminder of his possible fate. The expedition fought its way through this hostile region, and came at last to the Arab or Nubian settlements.

While resting here Schweinfurth was in constant terror that fire would break out among

the thickly crowded grass huts, a fear that soon proved well grounded. When the fire once began nothing could check it. Schweinfurth lost nearly all the records of his travels, his observations, collections, everything. His watches being destroyed, he could thenceforth note his journeys' length only by counting his footsteps.

After his return to Europe Schweinfurth gave all his valuable material to museums in Berlin. Soon he was summoned again to Africa by the Khedive of Egypt, and there stayed several years, exploring the deserts between the Nile and the Red Sea. When the English bombarded Alexandria in the fight against Arabi Pasha, Schweinfurth had a narrow escape from the mob that terrorised the city.

Dr. Schweinfurth is rather a student than an explorer, and his writings will interest those who wish to know the everyday life of Africa and to acquire an acquaintance with its natural objects. As has already been said, his early explorations, though valuable in every way, were so prudently conducted as to lack many adventures into which a less cool-headed explorer would have stumbled. In later years he has again visited northeastern Africa upon botanical researches.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON.

He volunteers to search for Livingstone.—Stanley's success causes a change of plan.—An explorer's card tricks outdone by an Arab.—Death of Livingstone's nephew.—The Wadirigo warriors.—Fate of an Arab expedition among the Ugogo.—Value of a pair of blue "goggles."—Delay at Unyanyembe.—The news of Livingstone's death changes Cameron's plans.—A gloomy Christmas.—A river tragedy.—Strange customs and superstitions.—African mail service.—Incidents on the way to the coast.—A bloodthirsty tyrant.—The forced march to the sea.

If space permitted it would be only fair to give many pages to certain famous explorers who must here be no more than named. Africa in recent years has been the field in which so many brave men have accomplished wonderful explorations that their books would fill a library. We must pick and choose, not claiming to do justice by giving space in proportion to merit.

Whoever will read in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the article "Africa," and note the multitude of names given even in so general a survey, written over twenty years ago, before the great expeditions of Stanley and his suc-

cessors, will be content to find that in this volume only a few typical explorers are noticed with fulness.

Cameron, born in 1844, entering Africa from Zanzibar, crossed the continent to the west coast, completing the work of Burton and Speke and Livingstone in this belt. He had entered the British navy at the age of thirteen, and his first visit to Africa was a cruise along the east coast to suppress the slave trade. This experience taught him that slavery must be attacked in the interior. A study of the works of Burton and Speke and Livingstone led Cameron to offer his services in the search for Livingstone during the unexplained silence of the explorer. Furthermore, reports that Arab merchants had reached the west coast from Zanzibar excited the naval officer's ambition to accomplish the same feat.

Stanley's return after his meeting with Livingstone prevented a great search expedition in which Cameron hoped to take part; but in 1872 the money collected for that purpose was devoted to another expedition meant to join Livingstone and aid his researches.

Cameron was placed in command, and was assisted by his messmate, Dr. Dillon, a naval surgeon, Lieutenant Murphy, and others who joined later, including Robert Moffat, Living-

stone's nephew. In February, 1873, they sailed from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo, and thence marched inward, in separate divisions; Cameron and Dillon in command of the first, Murphy and Moffat following.

Joined by other caravans, they went over the regular trade route to the interior, swindled by demands for *mhongo*—that is, toll—by every petty chieftain, and continually halting to collect provisions because of warnings that the country was “hungry.” Once Dr. Dillon tried to amuse the leader of an Arab caravan by playing card tricks, on a rainy day, and to his great surprise found the Arab was better at this amusement than himself.

Crossing the Makata River, the donkeys were pushed from a high bank, and towed across by a dozen men running with a rope on the opposite bank. This drew the donkey under water, where he remained until he reached the other side. Dr. Dillon, wet to the skin in crossing the stream, suffered a severe attack of fever as a result. The natives at Rehenneko, a small village, were notable for wearing necklaces, or disks, of coiled brass wire, two feet in diameter, reminding Cameron of “John the Baptist's head on a charger.” Dillon's sickness continuing for three weeks, Cameron being disabled by an abscess on his instep, and their

carriers being mutinous, a long stay became necessary.

Murphy now came riding up with the second part of the expedition, and reported the death of Moffat from fever. "Poor boy!" writes Cameron, "he came to Bagamoyo so full of hope, and told me that the day he received permission to join the expedition was the happiest of his life."

Murphy also was so disabled by fever that he had to be carried in a litter, which required four men at a time. But May 30, 1873, the party went on—about 250 men in all—the bearers squabbling for the "most dignified" loads: the tent-carriers ranking first, bearers of wire, cloth, and beads next, and so on. They camped on slopes "steep as the roof of a house," passed gigantic trees 140 feet high and 15 feet in diameter, and had trouble with some natives owing to the killing of a villager by an accidental gunshot, for which three loads of cloth were paid in reparation. Three more parties here joined the expedition—Arabs and natives travelling for purposes of trade—making the whole caravan 500 strong. They marched onward over two long tracts where there was no water, and met warlike parties of Wadirigo, a naked nation of robbers who carry great shields within which are fastened a heavy

spear for hand-to-hand fighting, and a bunch of small throwing lances. These they can throw 150 feet with force and accuracy. The Wadirigo terrorised the more peaceful tribes about them, but were well disposed toward so strong a caravan.

They came now to the Ugogo country, where the natives were reputed to be brave and quarrelsome, but the explorers found them, on the contrary, to be cowardly. Here they heard of an Arab who, with 900 men, some years before had tried to fight his way through; the people of Ugogo had fled before him, but destroyed their wells, and carried everything eatable into the jungles. The Arab party lost 600 or 700 men by starvation and thirst. When Cameron arrived he found a chief celebrating the funeral of a sister, and "consequently every one was drunk." These natives pierce their ear-lobes, and carry all sorts of articles in them, using them as pockets; they dress their hair in the most fantastic shapes, and anoint themselves with rancid oil instead of washing.

With the usual incidents of African travel they marched on to Kanyenyé, where they found reigning the same chief whom Burton had met in 1857; he was reported to be three hundred years old and cutting a fourth set of teeth, having lived on native wine since losing

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his third set, seven years before. Cameron says this chief's grandchildren were "grey and grizzled," and believed him considerably over a hundred years of age. Owing to a fancy for a pair of "blue goggles," the headman who imposed the tax accepted the spectacles instead of 320 yards of cloth.

Here they received news of Livingstone for the second time during their journey, but later it was proved false.

As a justification for shortening the account of the journey, let us quote Cameron: "But I need not recapitulate the vexatious delays which occurred at the village of each of these petty tyrants through the drunkenness of themselves and their advisers." The most interesting passages of Cameron's journal tell of how workers of witchcraft are tied to a post, roasted in a circle of fire until they confess themselves guilty, and then are burned; how the bodies of dead chiefs, in one place, are carefully washed as part of the funeral ceremonies, of which Cameron remarks, "One is almost inclined to wonder that so unwonted a proceeding does not bring them to life;" and how a headman to whom pictures were shown always looked on the underside of the paper, and objected that the pictures showed only half of things.

They came now to Unyanyembé, a fairly

civilised Arab settlement, and were hospitably cared for. Here the first lot of carriers were dismissed. Cameron found the inhabitants at war with a native chief, Mirambo. The chief had been swindled by Arabs and denied justice. In retaliation he had considered their goods fair game, and a bloody, barbarous war resulted. Fever attacked Cameron, Dillon, and Murphy, rendering them helpless during most of their stay, which lasted four months. Among the visitors to Unyanyembé was a caravan from Mtesa, the Uganda chief, bringing a letter from Sir Samuel Baker to Dr. Livingstone, telling of Baker's troubles with Kamrasi. Another letter bore momentous tidings. It came October 20, 1873, and read thus:

“SIR : We have heard in the month of August that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyenyembe, and again and again lately we have heard your arrival. Your father died by disease beyond the country of Bisa, but we have carried the corpse with us, 10 of our soldiers are lost, and some have died. Our hanger presses us to ask you some clothes to buy provision for our soldiers. And we should have an answer that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns, then send some powder. We have wrote these few word in the place of sultan or king Mbowra.

“The Writer, JACOB WAINWRIGHT,

“Dr. LIVINGSTONE Exped.”

It was supposed by Wainwright that Living-

stone's son was the leader of the relief expedition. Cameron at once sent supplies to Livingstone's faithful men, and despatched a messenger to the coast to carry news of Livingstone's death, which meant a complete change in the purposes of Cameron's journey.

After paying to Livingstone's body such honour as they could, a discussion was held as to their plans. Lieutenant Murphy decided to return to England, Cameron and Dillon to go on to Ujiji; but Dillon fell ill, and had to return toward the coast. So Cameron was left to go on alone. Soon after the separation of the parties Cameron was shocked by news that Dillon while in the delirium of fever had killed himself.

Starting early in November, 1873, Cameron made good progress and spent a rainy, miserable Christmas in his tent at Hisinéné, with six inches of water over the floor or ground inside. For his Christmas dinner he had saved a tin of soup, one of fish, and a plum-pudding. It was not a success, since a dog stole the fish, while his cook upset the soup, and spoiled the pudding. Along his route Cameron found that most villages could turn out about half their men armed with muskets, though in Burton's time a gun was a rarity even among the chiefs.

The country was rich and full of game, but in a state of lawless confusion because of Mirambo's war with the Arabs.

Beside a river the explorer saw the skeletons of a buffalo, lion, and crocodile, a sight which



BARI HEADDRESS.

was explained by his men's story that the buffalo, coming to drink, had been attacked by the lion, and that both were seized by a crocodile. The three had fought to the death upon the bank.

Through ruined villages, swampy streams, hostile natives, and fine forests; scared by

buffalo, lost for want of guides, drenched by floods of tropical rain, and often unable to get food, the caravan came to the Sindi River and crossed it upon floating islands of matted vegetation, though Cameron says entire caravans have been lost in the attempt. In one village a headman brought his chief, a boy of eight, to see the white man. The little fellow was scared into floods of tears until Cameron showed him pictures, then at last departed happy with a few sheets of an old illustrated paper. Another village chief decided, after examining the explorer's feet and hands, that he had done little work and must therefore be an important personage at home. Here was found a curious mode of salutation:

“When two ‘grandees’ meet, the junior leans forward, bends his knees, and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, while the senior claps his hands six or seven times. They then change round, and the junior slaps himself first under the left armpit, and then under the right.”

This programme is modified for other social ranks, but Cameron says “the sound of patting and clapping is almost unceasing.”

After a fair amount of hardship, not the least being the mixing of the dough for the explorer's breakfast cakes with castor-oil, a mistake his cook made more than once, and the

wearisome bargaining with the greedy chiefs, Cameron reached Lake Tanganyika, a little more than fifteen years after Burton's discovery. Here he was welcomed by Arab traders, and found many of Livingstone's papers, but suffered a wearisome delay in securing boats to complete the exploration of the unknown shores. An attack of fever, in which he "thought he was at least twenty people, all of whom were in pain, and each one had the same feeling as all the rest," was another difficulty; but at last he was afloat, with a cowardly crew of boatmen who put for the shore at every squall, and threw beads into the water at certain capes they believed inhabited by devils. One clever boatman "used his rifle as a boat-hook, holding it by the muzzle, and clawing at the gunwale of the boat with the hammer!"—and he *did* know it was loaded.

Early in May, 1874, Cameron found himself at the supposed outlet from the lake, a river called Lukuga, and he believed this to flow into the Lualaba, or Congo; but later explorers, Stanley and Thomson, could find no proof that it was more than a swampy extension of the lake itself. Leaving this "outlet," Cameron returned across the lake to Machachézi, and was delighted to receive a packet of letters a

year old. An extract from his book will show something of the African mail service:

“These letters had a curious escape. The caravan by which they were forwarded . . . was dispersed by a party of robbers, who afterwards attacked a stronger caravan, and were beaten off. . . . On the body of one of the killed this packet of letters was found and brought on to me at Ujiji.”

Leaving Tanganyika, Cameron hoped to get boats at Nyangwé, an Arab settlement, and float down the Congo to the coast. The journey westward was quite as trying as those that preceded it, and the incidents of the days were of the same nature. A few unusual happenings may be noted at random. At Nyangwé Cameron found that the water of the Lualaba was at a much lower level than that of the Nile at Gondokoro, and asserted that it belonged to a different river system, which Stanley afterward proved. In August, 1874, the rich Arab Tipo-tipo (“Tippoo Tib”), of whom we shall hear again, arrived with a large party, and was of aid to Cameron in reaching the coast.

In the country of Urua the natives attacked them, thinking they were in league with a party of Portuguese slave stealers; and a two or three days' fight followed, which was finally ended by the friendly efforts of a woman they

captured, and whom they convinced of their desire for peace. Soon after they reached the especial dominion of Kasongo, king of Urua, and found him the most bloodthirsty wretch one can imagine, for he amused himself by ordering his subjects to have their ears, noses, arms, fingers, feet, etc., cut off for trivial offences, much after the style of King Mtesa. This villainous old wretch detained Cameron's party as long as he dared, begging from him whatever he could, and telling all possible lies to keep the white man from going onward.

When at length Cameron left in company with an Arab caravan, he found himself out of the frying-pan and in the fire, for these Portuguese were lying slavers, deceiving him in every way, besides being monsters of cruelty to the slaves they had taken by treachery and murder. Nevertheless, they kept on toward the westward, and so helped Cameron to his goal.

At Lake Dilolo a native told the white man this story of its origin. Once a poor old man came to a village and begged for food and shelter. He was denied, mocked, and pelted with mud by the children. One villager took pity on him, and fed him. In return the old man warned his host to flee from the place when he should hear a great storm coming. The storm

broke out one night soon after, the one kind villager fled, and next morning a lake covered the site of the village. Sounds of village life can still be heard beneath its waters.

When within 125 miles of the coast Cameron found his men in such bad condition that he abandoned everything except about twenty pounds of baggage, including his instruments and journals, and started with the strongest on a forced march, which, in November, 1875, brought him within sight of the sea. Cameron says:

“ I ran down the slope, swinging my rifle round my head, which I believe was almost turned for very joy. . . . Coming towards us I saw a couple of hammocks with awnings, followed by three men carrying baskets ; and, on meeting this party, a jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out, seized the baskets, and instantly opened a bottle to drink ‘ to the honour of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west ! ’ ”

No one can read Cameron's travels without admiration and affection for the manly, gallant explorer who so bravely accomplished this magnificent journey. A more interesting story of African travel than his own account is hard to find.

boy was treated as a son, and finally adopted. But when this merchant died there was no will to provide for his adopted son, and John Rowlands, changing his name to that of his benefactor, became Henry Morton *Stanley*. Young Stanley went West, leading an adventurous life until 1861, when the Civil War began. Enlisting as a Confederate soldier, he was captured, and soon after became an ensign on a United States man-of-war. His first newspaper work was for a St. Louis paper; and then, going East, he was employed by the New York *Herald*, serving as a war correspondent and travelling special-writer. England having sent General Napier to punish King Theodore of Abyssinia, Stanley went with the expedition, saw the capture of Magdala, and was the first to report this victory and the suicide of the African king. Next he went to Spain, where the Carlists were fighting the government; and in 1869, when this insurrection was at an end, the bright and capable war correspondent received the telegram from Bennett.

In a brief interview Bennett laid out Stanley's work. Dr. Livingstone was to be found, whatever the expedition would cost, and to be aided in whatever manner necessary.

“Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?” Stanley asked.

Bennett in answer said “No!” and then laid out the following work to be done first. Stanley was to go to the opening of the Suez Canal; then up the Nile; find out about Baker’s expedition; describe whatever was interesting for tourists; write a practical guide for tourists to Lower Egypt; go to Jerusalem, where Captain Warren was making discoveries; visit Constantinople and find out about the trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan; visit the Crimea and its battlegrounds; go across the Caucasus to the Caspian, to find out about the Russian expedition to Khiva; go thence through Persia to India and Bagdad, writing up the Euphrates Valley Railway on the way. “*Then*, when you have come to India you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that he is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him, if alive.”

One wonders how such an interview can have been misrepresented into a burning eagerness to find and help the missing explorer. Does it read so? The account is taken from Stanley’s “How I Found Livingstone,” and certainly seems to show chiefly a burning

eagerness for salable news, with Livingstone as one item.

After a full year of hard work upon these matters of prior moment, Stanley sailed from Bombay, India, to Seychelles, engaging on shipboard William Farquhar for his expedition. Thence on an American whaler Stanley, Farquhar, and a Christian Arab boy, Selim (who was to be interpreter), sailed to Zanzibar, arriving in January, 1871. Here another white man, named Shaw, was engaged, and the caravan was organized. It included many of Speke's black companions, two portable boats, twenty donkeys, a watch-dog, and two fine horses, presents to Stanley. In a month all was ready. Farquhar and Shaw were routed out of a groggery, both drunk, and the party started, well loaded down with cloth, beads, and wire with which to pay its way. Rows with Arab traders were the first troubles, quarrels between Shaw and Farquhar followed. The two horses died early in April, and Stanley, having buried one near a village, the chief came to demand two doti (four yards each) of cloth in satisfaction. Stanley objected, and settled the matter by ordering his men to dig up the horse, and leave it to taint the air; whereupon the chief withdrew. By April 3d ten men were sick, but Stanley urged them on,

stopping only to recapture and flog a thievish deserter, or to refresh his men by a short rest at convenient villages. On their way they met a slave gang, chained but cheerful, and a caravan carrying 300 ivory tusks to the coast. From the Arab leader Stanley heard the first news of Livingstone, who had been met by the Arab at Ujiji, "just recovered from a long illness." The expedition next marched past a stone-walled town of 1,000 houses named Simba-wenni; that is, "The Lion." It was ruled by the daughter of its founder, a slave-dealing chieftain as successful as he was wicked. Its inhabitants followed the caravan, Stanley says, as the rats followed the "Pied Piper," but were compelled by the sun's heat to return home. Within a few days the Sultana sent to their camp to demand tribute, but Stanley reminded her messengers that his advance guard, under Farquhar, had made payment already, to which she sent no answer, but waited a chance to make trouble. And the chance came.

Stanley's cook, caught stealing, was flogged, and ran away, thinking himself banished from the camp. He was called back, but did not come. Then the caravan moved on, leaving the cook's donkey and baggage behind. As he still did not return two men were sent back for him, and these fell into the hands of the

woman ruler of Simba-wenni, and were imprisoned, while their guns were taken as tribute. An Arab sheikh who knew Stanley, coming to the town soon afterward, threatened the sultana with the white man's wrath, describing his terrible weapons, and secured the men's freedom, but she kept the guns.

The next obstacle was a terrible swamp at the Makata River, "soft as slush and tenacious as mortar," which so delayed them that in ten hours they advanced but six miles. Then all the baggage had to be carried across a shaky bridge, a task requiring five hours, and no sooner was it deposited on the other side than torrents of rain fell, soaking everything as thoroughly as the river could have done; but this was the last of the rainy season, which, however, had been fatal to one of the carriers.

They were now beyond the swampy coast region, and entered higher ground. The caravan had been travelling in sections, and when Farquhar's party came up, it was found that he had recklessly wasted the goods entrusted to him, and had broken down his own health by laziness and over-eating. Shaw was nearly as useless. Provoked by Shaw's insolence, Stanley at last knocked him down; and that night Shaw shot into Stanley's tent, trying to murder him. This Shaw explained was done

“in a dream about a thief.” Farquhar was now left behind, with provision for his comfort, and the party went on into the country of the Wagogo, the strong, warlike nation of whom Cameron tells. Their insolence drove Stanley beyond all patience, until he was compelled to use a whip upon them. Narrowly escaping actual hostilities, Stanley at length reached the region Unyanyembé, the largest Arab settlement in Central Africa.

Being kindly received by the Arabs, Stanley joined them in a raid against Mirambo, capturing a village. Later engagements resulted in the defeat of the Arabs, and Mirambo attacked and burned part of Tabora, their chief settlement. While in Unyanyembé Stanley met a lazy caravan that had been sent from Zanzibar with letters for Livingstone, and he took charge of the letters. He also learned that Farquhar had died, the inevitable result of his drunkenness and gluttony.

While Mirambo was threatening an attack Stanley had to remain in readiness for a siege, and thus lost two or three months, during which his men were kept busy stringing beads. An Arab here gave Stanley a slave-boy, who from the brightness of his eyes was christened “Kalulu”—that is, “antelope”—and became Stanley’s gun-bearer.

At last Mirambo was defeated in an attack on a fortified settlement, and ran away. This left Stanley free to resume his march, but compelled him to choose a more southern route to avoid the chief's hostile people. The caravan again took the road, repeating its usual programme of paying tribute, buying provisions, marching, and fever. Shaw gave out, and begged to be sent back to Unyanyembé; so, warning him that he would die there, Stanley consented. A mutiny broke out, and Stanley, at the muzzle of his rifle, compelled its leaders to drop their guns just when they were on the point of murdering him. Early in November they met a native caravan from Ujiji, and learned of a white man there, who was sick and deserted by his carriers. Being not far from Ujiji, Stanley urged his men forward, but was detained by a warlike tribe which barred his way demanding heavy tribute. After a consultation with his men Stanley resolved to go around this village by taking to the jungle and marching by night in deep silence. One of the women with the caravan had to be flogged and gagged by Stanley to keep her from hysterical shrieking, but they circumvented the greedy chieftain, and reached Ujiji on the 16th of November, 1871.

From the crowd that welcomed them Stanley

heard the English greeting, "Good-morning, sir," and met one of Livingstone's servants. Then followed the interview familiar to every one. Walking deliberately to him, Stanley took off his hat, and said: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

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

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

Livingstone answered: "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

Then the old and the young explorers began an eager exchange of news, Stanley telling what had happened in the outside world—the opening of the Suez Canal, the election of Grant as President of the United States, the dethroning of Isabella of Spain, the humbling of Napoleon III. by Prussia, the completion of the Pacific Railroad. Livingstone in return told of his explorations and discoveries, his misfortunes, illness, and poverty.

Stanley remained at Ujiji with Livingstone from November 10th to December 27th, and the two explored in company Lake Tanganyika's northern half, finding that the River Rusizi flowed *into* the lake, instead of being its outlet. During this boat journey the mild methods of Livingstone were brought into

sharp contrast with the more forceful ways of the younger explorer, and Stanley's admira-



GIRAFFE.

tion and reverence for the doctor increased daily. The alert correspondent, eager only to

interview a notable explorer and withdraw, became imbued with the old missionary's spirit; and Stanley the newspaper man was changed as by a magic touch into Stanley the successor



COMMON ZEBRA.

to Livingstone's great mission—the opening of Africa.

Then Stanley and Livingstone left Ujiji for Uryanyembé, Livingstone making the trip in order to meet stores sent from England. Stanley led the way, and so planned the route as to avoid the extortionate demands for tribute;

but being compelled to go through the jungle, they sometimes found it hard to get food. Stanley shot at several giraffes, but his lead bullets would not go through their tough hides, until, by Livingstone's advice, he melted his zinc canteen, and made bullets partly of zinc. Angry bees once stampeded the whole caravan, so that it ran half a mile or more at full speed. At another time, meeting lions in daylight, Stanley tried to shoot one, and was disgusted when it ran away. "From that moment," he writes, "I ceased to regard him as the mightiest among the brutes, or his roar as anything more fearful in the broad daylight than a sucking dove's."

Arriving safely at Unyanyembé, they found letters and newspapers which told them of the terrible deeds of the Paris Commune, and Livingstone received supplies of which he was in sore need. Most of the Arabs were absent from their towns, besieging the chief Mirambo, but Stanley was able to make the old explorer comfortable, and to supply him with a new equipment for his return to the interior to study out the sources of the Nile.

In March, 1872, Stanley began his return to Zanzibar, and Livingstone, after going one day's march with his rescuer, turned back to die in his work of exploration.

Although not without minor adventures, Stanley's journey to the coast does not need detailed description. His main difficulty was in crossing the swampy Makata River, where the carriers had to swim and to carry the baggage on a framework of poles. Stanley's anxiety over Livingstone's journal, which the doctor had entrusted to him, at one time caused him to threaten to shoot a young native who carried the precious burden and seemed likely to drop it in the river.

When they reached Zanzibar Stanley found the members of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition" about to set out, Livingstone's son being among them. He also found that in the thirteen months of the search his hair had turned grey, and he had changed so that he was not recognised.

Stanley arrived in England late in July, 1872, and after a little natural jealousy that an American should have been the means of finding and relieving Livingstone, he was honoured according to his merits. The Geographical Society voted him its medal, and Queen Victoria sent him a diamond-decorated snuff-box, according to the well-honoured custom handed down from past generations.

CHAPTER XVI.

STANLEY'S EXPLORATIONS OF THE LAKE REGION.

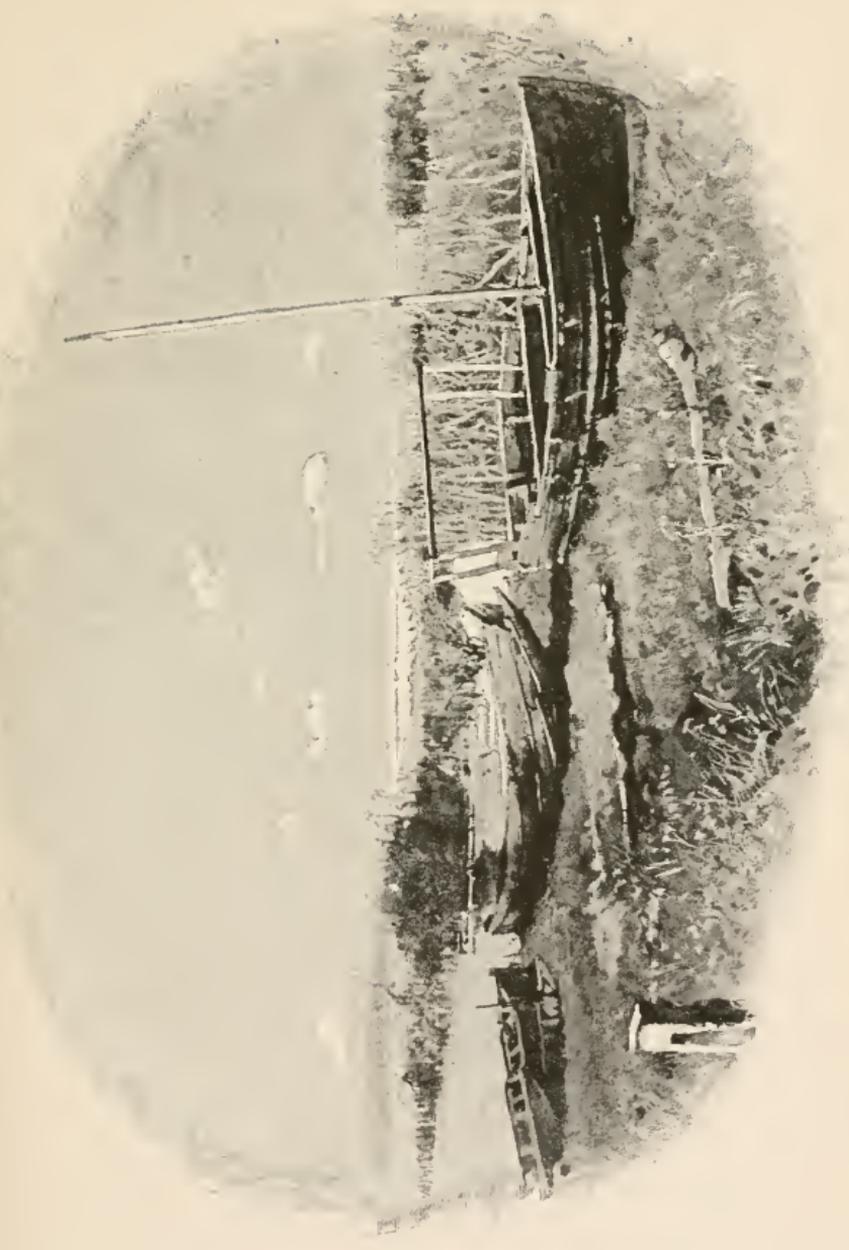
Stanley resolves to complete Livingstone's work.—His large caravan.—Fights with the natives.—Visit to Mtesa.—Exploring Victoria Nyanza.—The hostile natives beaten off.—Peril on the lake.—A pitched battle.—Second visit to Mtesa.—An African naval battle.—How Stanley conquered the islanders.

WITHIN a little more than two years Stanley was again in Zanzibar, engaged by the *New York Herald* and the *London Daily Telegraph* to complete the work of David Livingstone. He had been meanwhile acting as correspondent to report the campaign of General Wolseley against the Ashanti tribe in West Africa; and on his return to England in 1874, he learned of Livingstone's death, and was one of the pall-bearers when the body of his friend was laid in Westminster Abbey. To complete the unfinished tasks of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant, Stanley left England in August, 1874, and was ready to march toward the interior from Bagamoyo about the middle of November, at the head of a caravan numbering over 300 men. His white companions were John and Edward Pockock, brothers, and

Frederick Barker. A boat forty feet long, named the "Lady Alice," was carried in sections.

Having learned wisdom by experience, Stanley avoided many of the troubles of his earlier expedition, and, going by his old route, made a successful journey half-way to Ujiji without other mishap than the death of Edward Pockock from illness, and one pitched battle with a native tribe, which cost the expedition over two dozen lives. Then, striking northward, he came to Victoria Nyanza at the end of February, 1875. The rapacity of a chief named Kaduma made living so expensive that the "Lady Alice" was speedily launched and volunteers called for to sail around the lake. Kaduma so scared Stanley's men by stories of cannibal tribes, fierce dogs, and tailed natives, that it was only by imperative orders that eleven boatmen were made to embark. The voyagers were attacked several times by dwellers along the shores, but in most cases the discharge of fire-arms put the enemy to flight. One tribe, however, after running away, renewed the attack with spears; whereupon Stanley fired and killed five or six, which drove them to shelter.

Reaching a village named Kerudo, they received a messenger from Mtesa, king of Uganda, the region north of Victoria Nyanza, the same



THE "LADY ALICE" AT THE LANDING-PLACE.

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whom Speke had visited. This man, Magassa, commanding a fleet of six canoes containing 130 men, said the king's mother had been warned of the white man's coming, in a dream, and invited the caravan to visit the king. Stanley accepted the invitation, and was received in truly royal state by the most powerful monarch in Central Africa. At the head of thousands of white-robed warriors, surrounded by courtiers and officers, Mtesa received Stanley with so much dignity and good-will that Stanley considered him a monarch who might "make the civilisation of Equatorial Africa feasible."

Mtesa had become a Moslem, and undoubtedly had changed for the better; but the change was recent, for only a year before this same Mtesa had handsomely celebrated the arrival of Colonel Long, a friend of "Chinese Gordon," by a slaughter of thirty victims. This Colonel Long had ridden on horseback from Gondokoro, and as the horse was an unknown animal in Uganda, was taken for a sort of centaur until he dismounted.

Mtesa entertained Stanley with a sham naval battle in which 40 canoes were engaged and 1,200 men; and then at Mtesa's request Stanley shot at a young crocodile, nearly cutting off its head at 100 yards. A week's visit with the king so increased Stanley's regard for him

that letters were sent to the coast appealing for a mission to complete Mtesa's conversion to Christianity, which Stanley believed he had begun.

While at Mtesa's court Stanley met a French traveller, Colonel de Bellefonde, who had come from Cairo; and the fact that both white men, strangers to each other, and from different lands, told the same stories of their religious faith seemed miraculous to the African king. The Frenchman was amazed to meet Stanley, and at first believed him to be Lieutenant Cameron, who was just then far westward near the Congo River.

Thirty of the king's canoes accompanied the explorers for fifty miles, but Magassa, who was in command, proved a nuisance, and Stanley dismissed the whole escort, and proceeded alone along the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza. The natives were warlike, and threatened mischief, so the voyagers did not land until compelled by lack of provisions; and then, though received with apparent good-will, no sooner were the canoes within reach than the black warriors seized them and drew them ashore. A time of peril followed, the natives surrounding them with lifted clubs and spears. A meeting was held and much wild speech-making indulged in, while the travellers sat



KING MTESA OF UGANDA.

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with their weapons ready for instant service. At length a long line of warriors was seen advancing in battle array, and Stanley determined to make a dash for freedom. With a rush the boat was slid into the lake, and pushed off. A battle followed, in which many natives were killed, but they retreated only after Stanley had sunk two of their canoes with his explosive bullets, and had with a single shot killed a hippopotamus or two that, excited by the noise, joined with the other native forces in the attack on the "Lady Alice."

Though they had beaten off their enemies, the exploring party had procured no food, and the twelve men, exhausted by many hours of fasting, passed a stormy night with no other food than four bananas, being compelled to bail the boat constantly to keep her afloat. When the storm was over they built a fire by burning one of the seats of the boat, made coffee, and rested afloat till morning. Next day they reached "Refuge" Island, shot some ducks, and were soon able to complete the last stage of their trip around the lake, a distance of 1,000 miles.

At the camp of the expedition they were received with joy, but learned with grief that the Englishman Barker and six of the negroes had died during their absence.

The next object of the expedition was to explore the country toward Albert Nyanza, the region of Baker's discovery. Out of more than twenty canoes in which they embarked, five sank during the first night, and their occupants were rescued only by desperate daring. During one encampment fifty-three of the men got drunk on *pombé* (native beer) and engaged in a free fight, during which one man was killed, but soon they arrived at the island they had named Refuge Island, and celebrated the event by a grand moonlight dance.

When the expedition approached the Bum-bireh Islands, a body of over 2,000 natives refused to listen to friendly advances, and were taught the power of firearms in a pitched battle. Thereafter no resistance was offered. Leaving most of his men in camp at Dumó, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, Stanley went again to visit Mtesa, whom he found setting out on a foray against another tribe. Stanley's object was to secure guides and an escort to the Albert Nyanza; but Mtesa refused all aid until the war was over, and so Stanley, as war correspondent, resolved to accompany Mtesa's forces and report the campaign.

The enemy, skilful sailors, were on an island, and Mtesa's army, unused to warfare on water,



NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN WAGANDA AND WAVUNA.

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encamped on a cape near by. After a disastrous naval skirmish the African king begged for Stanley's advice, and was told to build a



WAGANDA MODE OF DRESSING.

causeway of stone from the mainland to the island. While this work was under way, a number of Mtesa's men were sent to propose peace, and were promptly butchered and thrown into the lake. Meanwhile Mtesa was

discussing with his white visitor European science and Christian theology. Parts of the New Testament were translated into the native tongue, and read to the king, who soon declared a wish to give up his Islamism and to choose Christianity.

At length over 200 canoes set out for the island, while Mtesa with his army, his band, and his magicians watched from the shore, assisting the navy by applause, witchcraft, and hideous noises. But the enemies' canoes made a gallant charge, and drove the invaders back, whereupon Mtesa made a speech abusing his men for cowardice, and threatening to roast all who were cowardly over a slow fire. A second attack, aided by two howitzers and musketmen posted on the half-completed causeway, resulted in sinking many of the defenders' canoes; but instead of advancing, Mtesa's men at once retired to rejoice over the victory.

These tactics were followed in a number of attacks, but no progress was made toward conquering the islanders, and Mtesa's powder gave out. He applied to Stanley for more, but it was sternly refused. Mtesa had captured one of the islanders' chiefs, and decided to burn him alive, but upon the intercession of Stanley the chief was forgiven. Then Stanley decided to help Mtesa in the war, and to conquer the

island without bloodshed. This he accomplished by building a great floating fortress that carried 214 men, and was propelled by hidden paddlers. When near the island a voice from within threatened to "blow them all up."

Believing this strange phenomenon to be a spirit, the islanders surrendered, sent tribute—and the war was over.

CHAPTER XVII.

STANLEY CROSSES THE CONTINENT.

The expedition goes to Lake Muta Nzigé.—Failure of this trip.—Explores Lake Tanganyika.—Extortion by chieftains.—Confirmation of Speke's discoveries.—Revisiting the Livingstone scenes.—Sickness at Ujiji.—Journey to the coast begun.—The strange tribes of the Congo region.—The river voyage.—How the expedition fought its way.—Stanley Pool.—The rapids and cataracts.—They are met by a relief party from the west coast.—Success of the expedition.

AFTER the interesting visit in Uganda, Stanley, recalling to Mtesa his promise, received from him some 2,000 men as escort to Lake Muta Nzigé. On the eve of his departure, the explorer, in an earnest conversation with Mtesa, reviewed with him the grounds of the Christian faith, which Mtesa, an ardent admirer of white men, wished to adopt. But Stanley says: "Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal;" and he adds that "only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion to duty, and the paternal watchfulness of a sincerely

pious pastor" could effect a real change in this sensual despot.

At Dumo Stanley rejoined the rest of his expedition, left three months before in charge of Frank Poccock, and at Langurivé and Kawanga came up with his Waganda guard under Sambuzi, who was the *kabaku* or acting emperor, an officer much overweighted by his new dignity.

It was now the 1st of November, 1875. Their march led through hostile Unyoro and Ankori, bringing them to the heights above Muta Nzigé early in January. Here the natives, roused to anger by the intrusion, declared war. Alarmed by their threats, and daunted by the difficulty of the task before them, the lowering of their boats down a precipice, the Waganda, panic-stricken, prepared for flight. Neither warnings of the emperor's vengeance nor the large bribe offered by Stanley could turn their leader. Foreseeing that he would be helpless in a hostile country, if left with only the 180 men of the expedition, Stanley, angry and disappointed, turned back also. According to Uganda custom, Sambuzi—family, house, and lands—was "eaten up" joyously by Saruti, who by Mtesa's order replaced the disgraced leader. Stanley declined the second and much larger escort offered by Mtesa, and pushed on to Lake Tanganyika, pausing at the

Arab depot of Kafurro, high above Lake Windermere.

Several of the chieftains encountered during their journey to Ujiji are worthy of mention: the gentle-voiced, intelligent giant, Rumanika, president of "the Geographical Society of Karagwé," and proud director of an African museum. A second notable chief was Mirambo, in preparation for whose visit the criers called: "Listen, O men of Serombo! Mirambo, the brother of Ndega, cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Send your women to dig potatoes, dig potatoes. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes, potatoes, dig potatoes, to-morrow!" This certainly sounds mild, yet the chief thus heralded was the terror of a region covering 90,000 miles. He is named the "Mars of Africa," and Stanley found him "a thorough African gentleman in appearance." He said of the explorer, smilingly: "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend." They performed the ceremony of blood-brotherhood together, exchanged presents, and parted on the best of terms.

A third worthy of mention was Myonga, "the same valorous chief who robbed Colonel Grant as he was hurrying with an undisciplined caravan after Speke." He demanded

“twenty-five cloths, a gun, and five fundo of beads” from Stanley, and the same from his Arab companions, but received only two cloths and a telling hint as to the state of the expedition’s guns.

Another extortioner drew from Stanley’s men the following tribute: “The white people know everything. They are better than the black people in heart. We have abundance to eat, plenty to wear, and silver for ourselves. All we give to the white man is our strength. We carry his goods for him, and he bestows a father’s care on his black children. Let Ungomirwa make friends with the white man, and do as he says.” Whether moved by these words or not, Ungomirwa restored to an Arab trader goods taken from him a few days before, made presents to the white man, and boasted of his new friends to his wild Watuta visitors, the Ishmaelites of Equatorial Africa.

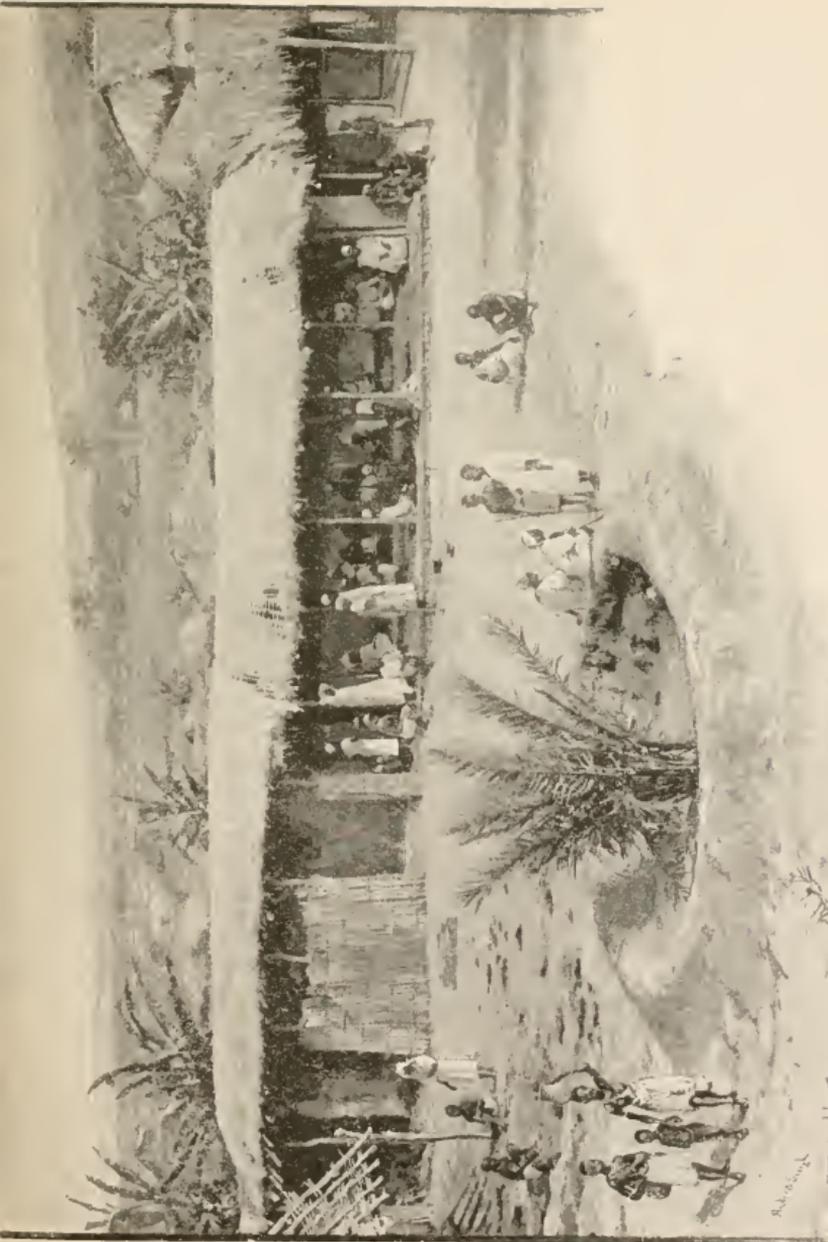
About the end of May the expedition reached Ujiji, little changed since 1871, but robbed now of its interest, for “the grand old hero, whose presence once filled the place,” was gone.

Before entering the region of Tanganyika, Stanley had finished satisfactorily one part of his task, the exploration of the southern sources of the Nile, and had sailed completely around

the Victoria Nyanza, proving that it was a single lake, and giving to Speke "the full glory of having discovered the largest inland sea on the Continent of Africa."

The expedition reached Ujiji at the end of May, 1876, and during the short time spent there the leaders enjoyed to the full the hospitality of the governor, and of a wealthy Arab trader, Mohammed bin Gharib, delicately expressed in presents of "such luxuries as sweetmeats, wheaten bread, rice, and milk." Much to their disappointment, no letters awaited them, though the governor of Unyanyembé had had over twelve months' time in which to earn the "noble reward" promised him by Stanley if he would forward the mails. "Trustworthy" messengers sent back to Unyanyembé to perform this service made the journey within fifteen days, "but from some cause they never returned to the expedition."

The "Lady Alice" was made ready again, and on June 11th, escorted by a lumbering canoe borrowed from the governor, started south with her master and picked men, to circumnavigate the lake, the particular object of the expedition being to discover the outlet of this great body of water. The voyage occupied fifty-one days, and seems to have given the party pleasure. Stanley revisited with



At a distance
of 10 miles
from Tembe

COURTYARD OF GOVERNOR'S TEMBE.

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reverence the scenes of his life with Livingstone, enjoyed some good hunting, the scientific work, and the beautiful mountain scenery, especially the strange, natural rock towers called the "High Places" of the spirit Mtomba.

One ghastly experience is recorded. As they approached Kiwesa, a large village near the shore, the unusual, deathly silence, and the sight of household articles strewn along the path, caused alarm. Suspecting a trap laid for them, the party retreated to the boats for their arms. Climbing back to the village, "we saw," Stanley says, "a sight which froze the blood—first one dead body, then another, the defences broken down and burnt, all but about fifty huts destroyed, all the articles that constitute the furniture of African families scattered around. A coal-black cat was the only living creature met with in this desolate place. Before the chief's house was the usual supply of bleached skulls, showing that he did not himself fail to proceed to the same extremes which his enemies had now adopted to his utter ruin."

Stanley found the lake to be in length 329 geographical miles, in width from 10 to 45, averaging about 38; in depth, in mid-lake, it was beyond his power to sound. As he had surmised, after hearing the legends current

among the natives to explain the steady rise of the water, the lake had for the time no outlet. There was evidence that the northern portion was of later formation, which, subsiding through the action of some great earthquake, had received, as in a bowl, the waters of the southern portion. Its outlet, the Lukuga, became the channel for streams pouring into this new reservoir, but after working his way for some distance up the cane-choked bed of the former river, Stanley was convinced that soon "the accumulated waters of over a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap . . . down the steep incline to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone (Congo) River."

The expedition returned to find Ujiji scourged with smallpox. Five of their party were dead, six others seriously ill, but Pocock, though a pale and sickly convalescent, was held high in regard by the community for his devotion and sympathy during the epidemic. Here also Stanley himself was attacked by a serious fever.

However, in spite of delays, the leader by the end of August was again ready to start. But now his people, "demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals," began to desert. Forty-one out of 170 left him (among them the boy Kalulu, whom Stanley



VILLAGE IN MANYEMA.

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had carried with him to England and the United States, and partly educated), but by prompt arrests nearly all were brought back.

Early in September the party crossed the lake to Mtowa Uguha, and began in earnest the long journey of more than 2,000 miles to the coast. From this point on the story is one of repeated disasters.

There was first a land journey of nearly 500 miles to Rukombeh's crossing on the Livingstone River; and though the party found themselves only too soon among fierce enemies, the natives first met with were of a mild type, so amiable yet so hideous that Stanley pauses in his story to give us some idea of their appearance and their life. "As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly, uglier, ugliest." But while he "studied their nude and filthy bodies," the "hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat-horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle," and at "the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper"; smelling the strange smell of their bodies, and trying hard to conceive them human, they in their turn were loudly commenting on his appearance with "long-drawn ejaculations of

‘Wa-a-a-antu!’ (‘men’), ‘Eha-a, and these are men!’”

West of Tanganyika the head-dress becomes a matter of vast importance to the native. Only a traveller’s photographs can give a proper idea of the amount of ingenuity expended upon designs in curly wool, dried mud, boards, etc. In reading of the care taken to preserve these coiffures, one recalls the court belles of the time of Queen Anne.

At the border of cannibal land Stanley secured temporary support from the Arab trader, Tippu Tib, and from his people, gratuitously, a generous supply of alarming stories of the tribes ahead, the choicest being those concerning the dwarfs in the deep forests of Usongora Meno. Undaunted, the leader pressed on, taking the northern route which skirts the Lualaba branch of the great river.

In the black, chill forest beyond Nyagwé, the western outpost of the Zanzibar traders, their troubles began anew. At times they could advance but six miles and a half in twenty-four hours, and then must halt a day “to recruit their exhausted strength.” After about three weeks of this tedious work Stanley determined to take to the river. Canoes were secured as indemnity after a fight at Vinya-Njara, and late in December the expedition,

149 souls, embarked in twenty-three boats, the people sobbing as they bade farewell to Tippu Tib and his men and turned down stream.

Before the middle of March the little band had fought thirty-two times with the savages. Sandwiched in between fierce neighbours there were peaceable tribes, who would heed the repeated cries of "Sennenné! Sennenné!" (Peace! Peace!), seal friendship in blood-brotherhood, and barter food for cloths, beads, etc.; but the routine was war. The little fleet learned to expect the sound of the war-drums and horns as they came in sight of a village, the wild cries, the rush of attacking canoes—monster ones of eighty-five feet, or "waspish" little ones, full of shouting, dancing savages—the shower of spears and arrows.

Stanley's people learned to line up for action promptly. The "Lady Alice" "moves up to the front, and takes position fifty yards above. The shields (taken from the enemy in one of the early combats) are next lifted by the noncombatants, men, women, and children, in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these the muskets and rifles are aimed." The commander adds amusingly: "Had I not been able to ascertain the names of these tribes, I should certainly have been justified in stating that after the 'Ooh-

hu-hus' we encountered the 'Bo-bo-bos,' and after a dire experience with the fierce 'Bo-bo-bos' we met the terrible 'Yaha-ha-ha.' Any traveller who should succeed me would be certain to remark upon the fidelity of the novel classification."

For the first part of their voyage the river was their friend, though it flowed north for many days with discouraging persistence. It is broad, quiet, beautiful, studded with islands under whose friendly shelter the harassed explorers could occasionally enjoy a brief spell of peace.

On the 12th of March the party reached the wide expanse of Stanley Pool, beyond which, though the tribes, "tamed by trade, no longer resisted their advance," a more dangerous enemy was found in the "furious river rushing down a steep bed obstructed by reefs of lava, projected barriers of rock, lines of immense boulders, winding in crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids."

This is an example of the work done. At the Inkisi Falls a path was made by which to haul the canoes "up 1,200 feet of a steep slope," over three miles of ground, and down 1,200 feet into the river again. The progress was so slow that at one period only *three miles* were covered

in *thirty days*, so that one need not wonder that it took till August 9, 1877, to reach Boma, near the mouth of the river, the party entering the town on the 999th day from the date of their departure from Zanzibar.

The expedition numbered now but 115 wretched people, "in a state of imminent starvation." Many had been lost in the river, among them Kalulu and Frank Pocock; some had deserted, and some had been left as slaves to those from whom they had stolen food, no sufficient ransom being in the hands of the commander.

A relief caravan from Boma reached the travellers on August 6th, in answer to Stanley's appeal sent forward by his two best men; and "while the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious loud-swelling chant of triumph and success" which fittingly summarises their achievements. "The bard, extemporising, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the 'hell of

hunger.' And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus:

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

Several of the men died at the coast from the effects of the journey, one saying, as he expired : “ We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers. La il Allah, il Allah! There is no God but God.” The survivors, refreshed in the coast towns, where Portuguese and English vied with one another in showing them attention, set sail late in September on Her Majesty's Ship “ Industry.” True to his promise, Stanley accompanied them back to Zanzibar, and remained to see them paid off, not forgetting even the three babies “ ushered into the world amid the dismal and tragic scenes of the cataract lands.”

“The master has been good to his children,” his people said, and they let him go only after repeated demonstrations of their affection. Of them he writes: “ For me, too, they are heroes, these poor, ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru, to the last staggering rush into Embomma [Boma], they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

STANLEY'S EXPEDITIONS TO THE BASIN OF THE CONGO, AND TO RESCUE EMIN PACHA.

The International African Association.—Its projects in the Congo country.—Engineering works by the second expedition.—Meeting with De Brazza, the French explorer.—Stanley returns to Europe.—The Congo Free State founded.—Africa opened to European trade.—The rescue of Emin Pacha.—Stanley's subsequent career.

THE great wealth and enormous population of interior Africa led to the International African Association, which sprang from a smaller society formed under the leadership of the King of the Belgians, to study the Upper Congo. In addressing the members of this society, Stanley pointed out the profitable exchange that might be made of European manufactures for ivory, rubber, gum, and other African products. The company having been organised, \$100,000 was raised, and Stanley was sent to carry out his plan of establishing mercantile stations, steam-boat routes, and roads. In January, 1879, he went to Zanzibar, thence by sea to the mouth of the Congo, and with a fleet of eight vessels began the up-stream journey. Near Boma one station was placed, and at Vivi a second, after

a long negotiation with five chiefs of the neighbourhood. Then came the Livingstone Falls and other rapids and cataracts, extending over 200 miles, around which footpaths had to be enlarged to roads, boats drawn overland for miles through dense forests, rocks blasted, and great hills cut away.

Under Stanley's energetic leadership all obstacles were overcome or circumvented during months of labour. By January, 1881, he had reached Isangila; and in another year the rapids and cataracts were passed, and Stanley Pool was reached, with a thousand miles of clear water ahead, since the elevated edge of the great central tableland had been left behind. Near Stanley Pool was established Leopoldville, an important station named for the King of the Belgians. Stanley's exploits in engineering gained from the Africans the name "Bula Matari," rock breaker.

In his work along the upper waters of the Congo, Stanley met the distinguished French explorer De Brazza, and found that the Frenchman had made many treaties with the natives, securing trading privileges of enormous value for his own nation. Although De Brazza and Stanley did not come into direct conflict of authority, the American explorer's work was hindered by misunderstandings among the

native chiefs, and Stanley, who was suffering again from fever, returned to Vivi and thence to Europe in October, 1882. He had done better than his instructions, and had left behind him a secure route up the great river to the interior. His reports of the prospects for trade caused a great European rivalry to secure the benefits of business with Central Africa, and resulted, in 1885, in the creation of the Congo Free State under the guardianship of Belgium. After a short stay in Europe Stanley came back to Vivi, reorganised the parties he had left in Africa, and proceeded higher up the river, extending the work for hundreds of miles, and coming here and there upon the scenes of desolation caused by the Arab slavers. Stanley Falls was reached in December, 1883, and the expedition returned then to Leopoldville, arriving in June, 1884.

The later history of this government and its 30,000,000 people does not fall within the scope of a book on general exploration, though much of its territory is not fully known.

Stanley had accomplished Livingstone's dream of opening Africa to Europe.

Of course there were scenes of danger and daring during Stanley's various expeditions to establish this great route; but they were not exactly the adventures of an explorer, and do

not call for detailed treatment in a volume given primarily to the work of explorers in first opening unknown regions to civilisation.

Stanley's last expedition to Africa, like that for the opening of the Congo, was not in all respects an explorer's mission. His purposes in the second journey on the Congo were fulfilled by establishing a route to the interior, and did not look to the increase of geographical knowledge as its main object. Likewise, when Stanley was put in command of forces to "relieve and rescue Eduard Schnitzer, 'Emin Pacha,'" his instructions were not consistent with exploring work, and, exciting as the adventures of the expedition proved, they must not be described here to the crowding out of journeys of genuine exploration. Only the briefest summary can be given, enough to complete the account of Stanley's travels in Africa.

After Sir Samuel Baker had subdued the Soudan, and began the task of governing, he was succeeded by Chinese Gordon, and Gordon appointed Emin Pacha to high office in the Equatorial Province. Emin Pacha had proved an excellent official, governing wisely and economically, suppressing the slave trade, and becoming popular with his people.

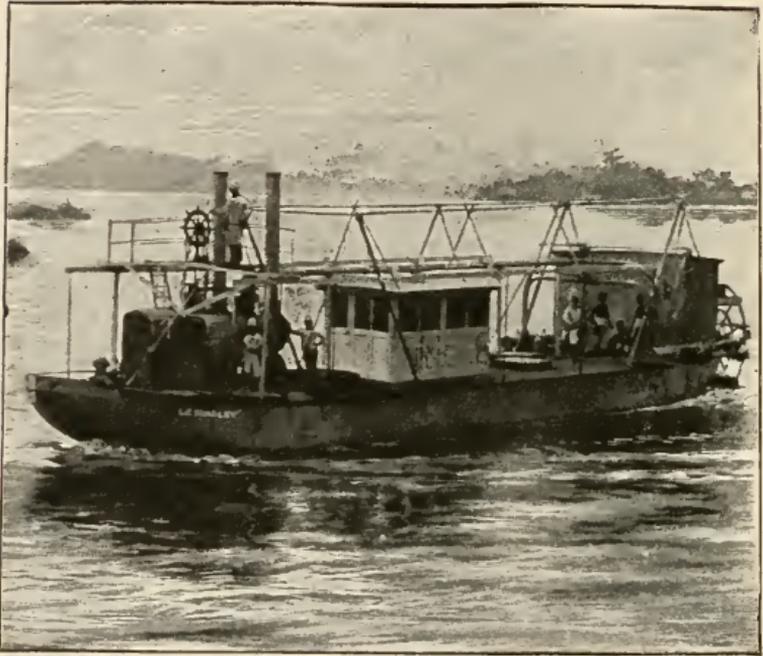
In 1881, however, the Mahdist insurrection began. The Mohammedans reconquered the

territory Baker had won, took Khartum, killed Gordon, and though Emin's province was still held by him, the Mahdists were between him and all communication with Egypt. In 1886 letters came from Emin pointing out the difficulties of his position, since the Soudan had been abandoned to the Mohammedans, and the way to Zanzibar was long, toilsome, and dangerous.

A relief expedition was subscribed for, and Stanley, serving without pay, was put in command. The Nile route was closed by the Mahdists; and in the region between Zanzibar and Emin's province wars were raging among various tribes. It was therefore decided to go up the Congo to the Aruwimi, and then follow that river to the region of the great lakes. Emin was probably somewhere on the Nile, not far northward from the Albert Nyanza, since the last news, from one of his lieutenants, Dr. Junker, placed him at Wadelai. Stanley estimated that the journey might be made in less than 120 days.

But although the mouth of the Congo was reached on March 18, 1887, and the Aruwimi on June 16th, after Stanley had gone onward, leaving part of the expedition at Yambuya under command of Major Bartillot, nothing more was heard of him for fifteen months. From this "rear column" to the lake where Stanley

hoped to meet Emin was believed to be about two months' journey, and yet 450 days went by without news of the expedition. During this year and a quarter the Stanley party were fighting their way through the knotted under-



"LE STANLEY."

growth of tropical forests, attacked by natives who believed them slave traders, travelling up the Aruwimi River, hauling their boat past cataracts and rapids, and all the way marking the route so the rear column might follow.

Many of Stanley's men were shot with pois-

oned arrows, and died in a few days; some deserted, some sold their ammunition and rifles, others stole whatever they could from the baggage—all were more or less demoralised by hunger and despair. Among their fiercest foes were a race of dwarfs who shot showers of poisoned arrows from ambuscades. With these and other natives Stanley's men fought thirty battles, and only their rifles saved them from extinction.

At last the forests were ended, and on December 5th, "after 160 days of continuous gloom," the expedition reached the grass-land, and plucked up heart again; but even here the fighting continued, two battles being fought a few days later.

Upon reaching the Albert Nyanza there came no news of Emin even after two weeks' stay; so Stanley built a fortress at some distance from the lake, and sent back for the rest of his forces, and for the boat, which had been left at a station on the way in command of two officers. Out of thirty-eight sick men left behind only eleven came to join the forward column, the rest having died or deserted. Then, once more advancing to the Albert Nyanza, they sighted one of Emin's steamers, and at the end of April, 1888, Emin Pacha and Stanley met on the shore of the lake.

But Emin Pacha, though thankful to Stanley for the ammunition and supplies, made many objections to returning with him, since there were about 10,000 men, women, and children to be taken out of the country if it were to be abandoned to the Mahdists.

In order to give Emin plenty of time to make up his mind, Stanley went to see what had become of his rear column at Yambuya. Here he found affairs as bad as they well could be. Out of five officers he had left in charge only one remained. Out of 257 men only 71 were yet alive, and "these mostly were scarecrows." Stanley says "the record is only of disaster, desertion, and death." The question of who was to blame—whether Stanley or his lieutenants—was bitterly disputed between them, and the less said about it now the better.

When Stanley returned to Albert Nyanza, after eight months' absence, he found that the Mahdists had invaded Emin's province, and that Emin and Mr. Jephson (one of Stanley's lieutenants), after having been prisoners in the hands of Emin's rebellious troops, had been brought south to Wadelai because of the advance of the Mahdists, who had sent back to Khartum for reënforcements.

Then Stanley told Emin to "come or stay,"



ANTELOPE AMONG PAPYRUS.

once for all and at once. Emin joined him, after a few more delays, during which Stanley amused himself by hunting. He and his party killed 21 antelopes, 5 buffaloes, 13 springboks, 3 zebras, and an elephant.

Then the march homeward began, and it would require a volume to record the experiences of the caravan—their attempts to climb a lofty, snow-topped mountain then first discovered, the Ruwenzori; their discovery of Albert Edward Nyanza, another link in the Nile sources, and of a great lake of brine; their sufferings with fever; their meetings with tribes before unknown; their sufferings from heat and from cold; their skirmishes with hostile parties, and their struggles with swamps and rivers.

They came at last to Bagamoyo, and a grand feast took place, after which Emin fell from a balcony and was so severely injured that for four weeks he lay between life and death, but at length recovered.

After his return to civilisation, Stanley went upon lecturing tours for a short time, and published "*In Darkest Africa*," as a record of his journey. In 1890 he was married to Miss Dorothy Tennant in Westminster Abbey, and in 1895, having previously been naturalised a British subject, entered Parliament. In 1899 he became Sir Henry Stanley, G.C.B.

Stanley has been severely criticised, but his record as an explorer entitles him to rank at least next to Livingstone.

After he had opened the Congo, the interior of Africa was no longer a land of mystery. European civilisation has followed in his footsteps, and telegraph lines and railways are now invading the interior from the north, the south, and the east.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOSEPH THOMSON'S EXPEDITION TO THE CENTRAL LAKES.

With Keith Johnston, Jr., Thomson undertakes to find a route to Lake Nyassa.—Death of Johnston.—Thomson's pluck.—His early trials.—Mutiny quelled in a novel way.—A remarkably successful march.—Thomson's methods of management.—Flogging abolished, and restored.—Lake Nyassa reached.—March toward Lake Tanganyika.—An African Arcadia.—Natives of various types.—Tanganyika reached without the loss of a man.—Meeting the slave gang.—Adventure in a hostile village.—Confirmation of Stanley's discovery of Tanganyika's outlet.—Thomson visits Unyanyembé.—Return in triumph to Bagamoyo.

JOSEPH THOMSON was surely "of our own times," being born at Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1858, and dying at thirty-seven years of age. Yet Sanderson, in his recent book, "Africa in the Nineteenth Century," ranks Thomson next to Livingstone, justifying this view by comparing "his achievements with his slender means." He was "aided by little more than his stout heart, his devotion to his task, his thirst for knowledge, his zeal for the good of his fellow-men." Having studied geology and botany at Edinburgh University, he was appointed at twenty years of age to go as geologist and nat-

uralist with Keith Johnston, Jr., who commanded an expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society to find a route to Nyassa Lake in East Africa, and to explore between that lake and Tanganyika. No other white man was with them, and when, little more than a month's journey from the coast, Johnston died of fever, Thomson was left with the whole responsibility of the expedition.

How well the young Scotchman accomplished his task may be gathered from a few words of his preface:

“The expedition has been unique in many ways. I have to record neither desertions, deaths (with one exception), plundering by the porters, battles, bloodshed, nor other disasters hitherto supposed to be inevitable adjuncts of African exploration.”

After praising his own men highly, he adds:

“Of the natives likewise I have, for the most part, nothing but good to say. . . . Almost everywhere I was received with genuine hospitality and friendship. . . . Never had I occasion to fire a single shot at them.”

After Johnston's death, Thomson says: “The question arose whether I should go forward, but it was soon disposed of. I felt I must go forward whatever might be my destiny. Was I not the countryman of Bruce, Park, Clapperton, Grant, Livingstone, and Cameron?”

Within a day or two after the burial of his chief, Thomson, though so weak he could hardly stand erect, and dizzy with fever, took command and set out at the head of his men. On the first day it was reported that the Mahenge, a "ferocious, slave-raiding tribe," were before them, and further progress was impossible; but, despising these rumours, on they marched until these enemies were met. Then, *unarmed*, Thomson went courageously forward to meet the hideously painted, well-armed savage band, and explained the purpose of the expedition. Whereupon the fierce warriors told the white man that he might go on, and would be welcomed in their country. After travelling together for two days the parties separated.

Thomson's route led him past several villages that Burton had visited. He found many changes to note. Names of villages were different, and the characters of some tribes had greatly altered, while others had changed their homes, which shows how travellers may truthfully tell very different stories when speaking of the same regions.

While the Ruaha River was being crossed in their collapsible boat, the men were greatly amused by the sinking of the purposely overloaded boat at every trip as soon as the dan-

gerous part of the current was past. Within a few days Thomson's men unanimously refused to go on, saying they were ill and half-dead from exhaustion and needed a day's rest. He yielded, and went to bed in his tent, only to be awakened by a hideous uproar. Thomson came out to investigate, and discovered a grand dance in progress, while each of his "worn-out" men "had acquired the agility of a dozen ballet dancers, and stamped and wriggled about like a madman."

Except for minor incidents the journey was not eventful, and perhaps a few of the happenings may be put down as specimens of the rest.

During his stay with the native tribes Thomson, like other explorers, was regarded as a wonderful curiosity, and hundreds gathered about to see him, especially when eating. His attempts to carve a tough fowl once sent a whole tribe into convulsions of mirth. After leaving a village, a group of natives came to meet them with presents of rice and fowls, representing them as sent by a chief. Suitable gifts were made for this "chief," and the natives disappeared.

But these men were proved to be aboriginal "bunco" men, since no chief was ever found, and Thomson discovered he had been imposed upon by the untutored Africans. One of the

porters being discovered in possession of beads like those in the loads, Thomson made some inquiries as to how he got them. At once the whole caravan threw down the loads, and clamoured to be dismissed, if they were to be accused of theft; whereupon Thomson promptly apologised, said he was "only a boy," and begged them to teach him how to travel with them. This aroused their loyalty, and all went merrily again. Another white man's party being soon after reported to be following them, a party including "a woman and four elephants," Thomson's men became wild with enthusiasm to hurry onward, "forming a procession round the village, firing guns . . . and thoroughly alarming the entire district."

Progress was rapid when the men were zealous. Soon the low-lying coast lands were passed, and they reached the elevated plateau of Central Africa, without losing a single carrier or one yard of cloth during the march of 350 miles, a feat never before performed by any caravan, "whether Arab or European."

Filled with pride and mountain air, Thomson says he advanced boldly to cross a swamp on a slippery tree. Suddenly he disappeared in liquid mud, was dragged out, scraped down, and "continued his march in a sloppy and bedraggled condition." He remarks: "The

odour ascending from my clothes kept me in a more subdued frame of mind for the rest of the day.”

Though the purer air seemed to bring out the poison of the lowlands, the inspiring mountain scenery and the cheery behaviour of the porters kept up Thomson's spirits; and except for suffering from the cold during a tempest of wind and rain, and some difficulty in obtaining food, the expedition was in fairly good condition. The young explorer warmly praises the cheerful resignation of his faithful followers under the minor misadventures of travel. Just after crossing the mountains a most irritating accident occurred. The hungry caravan bought a bullock at a high price, when, as their butcher tried to slay it, the bullock escaped and dashed down the mountainside. The men, at first dismayed, were flogged by Thomson to restore their good sense, and put off after their dinner. After three hours' chase it was caught and turned into steaks.

The next incident came from Thomson's chivalrous treatment of his men. He had tactfully given them the idea that they were conducting *him* over the country, and were responsible for his safety. This put them on their mettle, and worked admirably. But when, to save their self-esteem, he abolished flogging and instituted

fines instead, there was great discontent, which was not the less because of their suffering from the cold weather. Even Thomson wore an ulster, and the men had only cotton clothes.

When they mutinied, the white leader chased some of them out of camp with a rubber water-bottle, and these on their return persuaded nearly all the rest to go back to the coast. Next morning they started, and the young explorer had actually to run after them and yield to their demands, one of which was a promise to flog instead of fining. This promise he faithfully kept, using his leather belt as a convenient means of discipline.

A significant observation made by Thomson during this first journey was that animals in Africa are usually silent, owing to their dread of beasts of prey. He also notes that the mountaineers of Africa are the inferior races, while in other lands the opposite is true; this is explained by the supposition that in Africa the weaker races take to the hills for safety, having been forced away from the fertile plains.

When near Lake Nyassa Thomson left his men drinking native beer and went up into the mountains, hoping to see the water. Linger- ing too long, night overtook him, and he was startled by the roar of a lion, which sent him, unarmed as he was, back to camp in a hurry.

In the morning the expedition crossed a deep gorge, climbed up 3,000 feet, and then descended with painful precautions down a steep precipice into another gorge, so dangerous a descent that a single load escaping control might have swept every man to his death. As difficult an ascent followed, up another 3,000 feet, and then the lake was in view.

The first stage of the journey was done. With a wild rush Thomson dashed into the water, and he says: "I felt myself baptised an African traveller."

During the stay at the lake a strange native woman joined their party, anything but a beauty; and since to turn her adrift would simply cast her into slavery, Thomson gave her a yard of cotton, had the drum beaten to summon the caravan, and announced that some one *must* marry her. Amid much joking a volunteer was found, in spite of the smallness of her marriage portion, and the woman remained faithfully with the self-sacrificing husband until near the coast on the return journey, when she mysteriously disappeared. The husband made no search for her.

The next object the expedition had in view was Lake Tanganyika, but before this lake was reached they climbed the mountains again, waded through sandy shores, and floundered

interminably in swamps. At length Thomson came to an earthly paradise, a neat, clean, picturesque village, filled with innocent villagers who slept naked in the sun, amid a "perfect Arcadia," where bees hummed and birds sang and beetles droned.

A shout, and the village was awake, each warrior grasping his spear; but only to drop it in amazement at sight of a "Mzungu," or white man. A few friendly words, and Thomson and his men were made welcome, and feasted royally on bananas, sweet potatoes, yams, cassava, ground nuts, Indian corn, millet, beans, milk, and beef. All else was in keeping, and the people—the Wakinga—proved delightfully kind and friendly. They were so anxious to obtain cloth that in a short time Thomson's men were more naked than the villagers, through bartering their clothes for fruits. As the village seemed malarious, Thomson regretfully moved forward, along the Jumbaka River, and passed a conical volcanic hill in whose crater was a pond inhabited by hippopotami. This was additional evidence to prove that once "a line of volcanic activity" existed from Cape Town to Abyssinia. Reaching higher ground, Thomson became ill with feverish symptoms, and morbidly irritable, swearing until rebuked by his cook (a graduate

of the Universities' Mission), who, he says, had been "taught where bad boys go to."

The next natives they saw fled at their approach; and it was not until they reached the land of the Wanyika that they came into close contact with another tribe. These were brave to impudence, and as filthy as the Wakinga were clean. Thomson's tact and justice kept the peace. It was difficult to obtain any food except honey. This his men ate with relish, bees and all.

We must pass over the minor happenings of this part of the way, though there is no page of Thomson's writing without its charm, its bit of delightful humour or shrewd philosophy. The reader sees for himself why Thomson travelled swiftly, safely, and economically. In choosing incidents to repeat there is a continual embarrassment of riches, provided one is not seeking battle, murder, or sudden death.

In November, 1879, they reached the southern end of Tanganyika and celebrated the event with gun-shots, music, and dances. The roll was called on the lake-shore, and the whole 150 men replied. "Neither desertion nor death had deprived us of a single porter, an occurrence unique in the history of African travelling."

While at Pambeté on Tanganyika, Thomson

had a narrow escape from a crocodile, and met a lay missionary named Stewart, with whom he held delightful converse. Stewart had followed Thomson, and arrived only a day later, bringing newspapers and news from civilisation. But the young Scotch explorer had now to determine his next step. His main work was done, and he might have returned with honour; but he preferred to go northward to Ujiji for two reasons: he would hear from home, and he might settle the question about Tanganyika's outlet, a question at issue between Cameron and Stanley.

On the way Thomson met his first slave gang, a sight that made him tap his gun significantly and look unutterable things at the slave trader, who got "out of sight in a twinkling." When Thomson came to the Arab settlement Iendwe, he was made to tell his story to their leaders, and, he says, they "stroked their long beards, looked wonderingly at my embryo whiskers, and concluded that God was great and I was a 'Mzungu hodari sana' (a very strong and lucky white man)." They tried to frighten him from exploring the region west of Tanganyika, but he persisted; and, leaving all but thirty men, pushed forward for the Lukuga River.

On the way Thomson wandered alone into

a village to seek shelter from a storm. The sight of his following caravan sent all the inhabitants to the stockades, and the gates were closed. Upon Thomson's appearance *inside*, the natives acted as if they had seen a ghost, which belief he humoured by "striking an attitude, and like Hamlet's spirit" striding forward with a severe expression. But he burst out laughing at the absurd scene. This scared them more than ever, and as they gazed in horror, he dashed out of the gate and was free.

By Christmas, 1879, Thomson stood beside the Lukuga, and found it a rushing torrent of rapids, draining the Tanganyika. This confirmed Stanley's view, and showed that Cameron's visit was made while this river was blocked with vegetation. When Thomson saw it Tanganyika had already been lowered eight or ten feet. Proud of having solved this problem, Thomson set out for Ujiji in a slave trader's boat, was wrecked, and "washed ashore into the arms of the missionary agent."

Securing fresh stores, he recrossed the lake, meaning to proceed to the Congo. But, after the first march or two, the thirty men of his party came to the country of the Warua, and here they were in constant peril. Had these warriors known the party were short of ammunition, nothing could have saved the expe-

dition. The chiefs were constantly demanding gifts and imposing fines, and only Thomson's exhibitions of marksmanship kept them in fear of the guns. At last the men refused to go further toward the Congo. Impoverished and sick of the struggle, Thomson marched his men back to the Tanganyika.

After a long voyage around the lake, the whole caravan marched through 350 miles of new country to Unyanyembé, where Thomson occupied the same house that had sheltered Stanley, Cameron, Livingstone, and others. A letter written here says, after recounting his hardships: "But in whatever position one is placed in this world something of beauty appears, a daisy meets the eye or a sweet sound the ear." Mungo Park at the time of his deepest discouragement was likewise cheered by the sight of a bit of exquisite moss in flower.

The journey to the coast was over a well-travelled caravan road, and in record-breaking time they reached Bagamoyo, entering "with all the pomp of a bloodless victory."

CHAPTER XX.

THOMSON'S OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

A mission for the Sultan of Zanzibar.—He decides to enter Masailand.—The danger of this enterprise.—Failure of a first attempt.—A second advance.—The daily and nightly dangers.—Discoveries in the unknown land.—Safe return from Masailand.—Later explorations.—The Niger.—The Atlas Mountains.—On the Zambesi.—Thomson's death, in 1895.—His character.—A brief mention of some later explorers.—Glave, Bent, and their successors.

THEN Thomson returned to England, delivered lectures, wrote his book, "To the Central African Lakes," and was feasted and lionised. In one of his addresses he said:

"My fondest boast is, not that I have travelled over hundreds of miles hitherto untrodden by the foot of white man, but that I have been able to do so as a Christian and a Scotsman, carrying everywhere goodwill and friendship, finding that a gentle word was more potent than gunpowder, that it was not necessary, even in Central Africa, to sacrifice the lives of men in order to throw light upon its dark corners."

In Edinburgh he met J. M. Barrie, the writer, who, in "An Edinburgh Eleven," has written of one of their meetings.

Meanwhile the Sultan of Zanzibar, having been led by a passage in one of Livingstone's

journals to believe there was a coal mine on the banks of the Rovuma River, had sent an Arab and a Parsee engineer to examine it. Their reports were favourable; but in order to make sure, the Sultan sent for Thomson and employed him to take the journey. Arriving at Zanzibar, Thomson found endless obstacles put in his way by the lazy government officials. Suddenly the Sultan gave orders to start in three days, and Thomson, securing the aid of the Sultan's guards, captured all the porters in sight, and inquired who they were *afterwards*. This expedition resulted in no adventures, but showed the supposed coal was a poor quality of shale, much to the Sultan's disgust. Thomson enjoyed the trip, despite some illness and difficulties, climbed a great solid granite hill 970 feet high, and in his tent at night read Shakespeare or Tennyson "to the romantic accompaniment of the roaring of the king of beasts," as his brother's biography puts it.

The Sultan was angry, believing Thomson had found coal and had concealed the fact, so the explorer seized the first opportunity to leave his service, and returned to his home in Scotland in the first month of 1882.

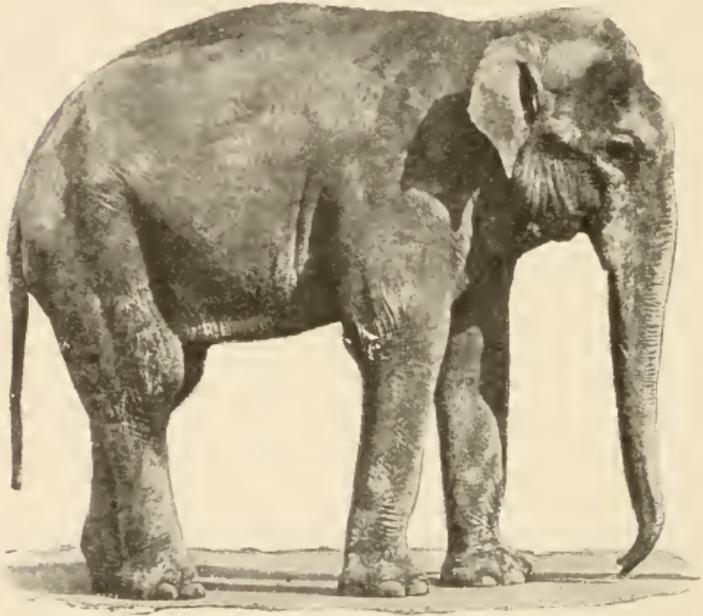
During this sojourn at home and in Europe, Thomson visited Paris, and declared he would prefer to live in Central Africa; he also en-

gaged in a warm, though courteous, discussion with Lieutenant Cameron over the nature of the Lukuga River before the British Association.

Thomson's next expedition won him the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Between Victoria Nyanza and the coast lay an unknown land, inhabited by fierce and warlike cannibals, the Masai. This was believed to be the best way to the Nile sources and to the missionary stations. Gordon had tried to open it, but had been stopped by the British Government. "Various travellers," says Thomson in an article in "*Scribner's Magazine*," "had nibbled at it, but no one had made it his own. Even Stanley considered there was but one way to cross Masailand, and that was 'with a thousand rifles.'"

The Royal Geographical Society sent Thomson on this perilous journey, and by way of Zanzibar and Mombasa the expedition arrived at the border of this region in March, 1883, and wound "like a centipede" through the palm groves. The party was 150 strong, and included Thomson, a white sailor, named Martin, and some of Stanley's and Thomson's former companions, besides a poor assortment of Zanzibari porters. Their first marches lay through 200 miles of desert land, and it was

necessary to help, coax, threaten, and bully the half-hearted carriers through this dangerous belt. Eight marches covered the wilderness section, and then they "plunged into the soothing shadow of an ideal tropic forest,"



AN ELEPHANT.

beside which "rose the majestic mass of Kili-manjaro, its base scorched by tropic suns, its summit capped with eternal snows, from which come icy streams and cool, refreshing breezes." Here they halted for two weeks, during which Thomson climbed 9,000 feet up the great mountain. The journey was resumed April 17th.

Passing through a country nearly uninhabited but rich in big game, avoiding reported Masai war parties, they rounded Kilimanjaro, and leaving the forest, entered the Masai country May 3d. Grassy uplands were everywhere shut in by mountains on the horizon. Soon they saw distant huts, then a native warrior or two, and at length met the inhabitants face to face.

The first people met were the Wachaga, from whom was suffered nothing worse than the usual extortion of "presents" by the chief. But soon some Masai women entered the camp and promised an interview with the Masai warriors. Next day these splendid warriors appeared, and with due dignity their spokesman delivered his oration. He explained that another white man's caravan (that of Fischer, a German explorer) had arrived only a short time before, and that there had been trouble ending in a fight. Nevertheless, the Masai had decided to welcome the new party. These ambassadors remained over night.

Encouraged by their good luck, Thomson's men went forward into the dreaded Masailand, and made a fortified camp. There was no undignified curiosity or jostling, and no annoyance during this first day's march, the Masai warriors merely watching the advance with the

undisturbed demeanour of men of the world. But the camp once established a detachment of warriors arrived to take the toll of beads and wire for coming into their land. The goods were prepared, the Masai stood in a ring, and then Thomson's men threw the strung-beads and wire into the middle of the ring, running to get out of the way, for the Masai then fought like wolves over the spoil, even to bloodshed. Party after party of Masai arrived, and fought thus over what was paid them. It was the ordinary method of dividing property among themselves. Then Thomson had to show himself, and was stared at, handled, and examined until even his patience gave out, and he pushed a native away with his foot, which almost caused bloodshed instantly.

Next day Thomson went to hunt zebras, and on his return to camp was "thunderstruck by the unexpected news that the whole country ahead of us was up in arms to oppose our further progress, and to revenge themselves for the Fischer affray."

This raised the question whether to go forward and fight, or at the risk of demoralising the expedition to retreat and try another route.

Thomson's policy was to avoid bloodshed, and it was common prudence in this case to do so. So one stormy night the camp was aban-



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done, and leaving their camp-fires burning, they stole away, following their leader, who carried a dark lantern by which to read his pocket compass. "Drenched and crushed, morally and physically," they recrossed the frontier and returned to Taveta. Here Thomson, taking possession of his men's guns to keep them from deserting, left most of them behind, and made a flying trip to the coast, on the return from which he learned that a trading caravan was to leave Taveta for Masailand.

With this party a second start was made, and the incidents of the trip were like those of the first in general, though a terrible struggle to escape a jungle fire set by the natives was an unpleasant novelty, and attacks by the wild buffalo and rhinoceros were frequent. From a few old men of the Masai they learned with joy that the warriors of the tribe were absent on distant expeditions, probably cattle-stealing, and proceeded with less caution and dread. Still, when they were actually among the settlements they met troubles enough. "They treated me," says Thomson, "as something phenomenal, but with that lack of reverence and fear that characterises those at home who pay their shilling to see the latest human monstrosity, and thank God they are not like him or her."

The camps at night had to be surrounded with a thick fence of prickly thorns, and everything must be constantly guarded from thievery, since the Masai were utterly fearless, and



ELOKO OF UPOTO. AFRICAN TYPE.

the travellers dared not punish thieves if caught. Thomson gives his experience with them thus:

“They crowd round about me in a stinking circle, laying their filthy paws on my person, stroking my cheek, feeling if my nose is the same make as theirs, anxious

even to see my teeth. They turn up my sleeves or my trousers to make sure that it is not a part of me, and the sight of my white skin gives them thrills of horror—it looks so strangely dreadful.”

Among these strange savages it is a great honour to be spat upon, and Thomson had to perform this pleasing ceremony for many of his visitors, for he was believed to be a great “Lybon,” or medicine-man. The Masai’s mode of life is most peculiar: the younger men or warriors and women live together unmarried, eating only meat and milk alternately, and making cattle-stealing and warfare their sole occupations. After youth is past marriages take place. The Masai always fight hand to hand with spears and knobsticks, despising cover. “Through Masailand,” Thomson’s book descriptive of this expedition, is largely made up of the strange life and customs of this remarkable race, who are not negroes, but a Hamitic branch, like the Moors and Egyptians.

The further the expedition penetrated the more troublesome the savages became, and dealings with them had the aspect of skirmishes. Sometimes all night attempts were made to stampede their cattle, and crowds of savages bent on murder or thieving were on every hand. Once lions attacked the donkeys,

causing a panic and confusion that were not allayed for three days.

A cattle plague was raging, and this threatened the natives with ruin and starvation, by no means improving their temper. Thomson had to play medicine-man to impress the inhabitants, and used his two artificial teeth for this purpose with great effect. But when, seeing the teeth taken out, a native tried to remove the white man's nose in the same manner there were objections made by the "magician." The Masai wished Thomson to stay and cure the cattle of the plague. But after a visit to Mount Kenia, companion to Kilimanjaro, the expedition marched secretly away by night and through an uninhabited forest toward Lake Baringo, which was found by a lucky guess, since it was not on any maps.

From Baringo to Victoria Nyanza was a dangerous journey, in which three previous caravans had each lost over a hundred men, killed by savages. But by gentle methods, and careful explanations that they were not slave traders, Thomson brought his men safely through to the lake, but dared not go into the Uganda country, since he heard that the king objected to his country "being entered by the back door."

Turning back once more to Baringo by a

new route, Thomson discovered a great series of artificial caves in a volcanic mountain, and decided that these enormous caverns must have been cut by the ancient Egyptians. On the last day of 1883 Thomson was tossed by an African buffalo, and almost killed, and thenceforward had to travel in a litter. At Baringo he recovered, but was attacked soon after by serious illness, and on the way home—his route being in part parallel with his advance from the coast—often despaired of recovery. But his pluck saved his life, and at length he led his caravan safely out of the perilous land of the Masai.

Space will not permit a description of Thomson's later expeditions, which must be merely mentioned, though each was interesting and full of incident. In 1885, though opposed by native authorities and hampered by a body of mutinous followers, Thomson went up the Niger and secured treaties from the rulers of the Soudan, visiting Sokoto (Sakatu), Wurnu, Gandu, and other places more or less explored by previous travellers, in the interest of the British Government and in competition with German agents. In the next three years we hear of Thomson as advocating the route through Masailand for the rescue of Emin Pacha, and in 1888 as the commander of a pro-

jected expedition that never was sent. In the same year Thomson had on his own account visited the Atlas Mountains, near the north-west coast of Africa, and after ascending two peaks some 13,000 feet high, was recalled at the time of the plans for his Emin Pacha expedition. In 1888-89 he opposed the "pusillanimous" withdrawal of Great Britain from the Soudan.

His last African journey was made in 1890, for the British South African Company, under the instructions of Cecil Rhodes, to report upon the value of the territory north of the Zambesi. On this expedition he entered the interior from Quilimane, fooling the Portuguese authorities, who opened fire on his boats when too late, and by way of the Shiré River reached Blantyre, Matopé, and Lake Nyassa. After leaving the lake the porters suffered terribly from smallpox, and Thomson himself contracted a disease that afterward proved to be cystitis. Excellent white lieutenants made the expedition a success, but Thomson never recovered his health. From 1892 to 1895 he was ill at intervals, and died on August 2, 1895.

Thomson's ability as an African explorer was marvellous. He could outmarch any of his men, had a wonderful genius for observing

and noting facts, and a "most amazing capacity for dealing with men." He "passed through the midst of the most ferocious tribes when their hostility against white men was at fever-heat, without firing a shot or leaving a needless grave."

Boys will find his books delightful. They are lively in style, never dull, always written with kindly humour, and full of the very details young readers wish to know.

LATER EXPLORERS.

The reader will see that since the explorations here described the work of examining the African continent becomes one of detail. The greater divisions and the races occupying them are known, but there yet remain years of study to round out and to complete our knowledge of the land and its people.

The great powers have divided Africa into parcels, and at the beginning of 1900 only five independent governments remained—Abyssinia, Liberia, Morocco, Congo Free State, Orange Free State. But the Congo Free State is really a Belgian dependency, and the Orange Free State lost independence in the Transvaal War. The Abyssinians are pressed upon by the Italians of Erythrea, Morocco will have to fight the French, while Liberia owes the Eng-

lish about £200,000, apparently a debt destined to swallow up the country. Independent Africa will soon cease to exist.

It remains only to mention the names of the recent African explorers whose work will interest those desiring to follow the subject further. It must be remembered that only the most noted explorers have been mentioned, the few very greatest or best known.

E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's lieutenants, crossed the continent successfully in 1893, and wrote most interestingly of his journey, which was especially noteworthy because of his visit to the tree marking the burial place of Livingstone's heart, and because of his excellent report of conditions in the Congo Free State. After his journey across Africa, the death of Glave in May, 1895, while awaiting a ship to return home, cut short a career that promised to write his name among those of the greatest modern explorers.

The travels of Bent, in Mashonaland, brought to light perhaps the most interesting ruins in Africa—those at Zimbabwe, which are believed to be the remains of the mines and fortress of Ophir, whence King Solomon's gold was procured. The Sahara region has been the theatre of the most dramatic incidents, resulting from the conflicts of French explorers with the Tua-

regs and other fierce natives. The works of Lloyd, Donaldson Smith, Ausorge, Gibbons, Dêcles, Johnston, Burrowes, and a dozen others should be consulted by all who wish to bring the knowledge of Africa up to date; but once the continent was opened the swarm of explorers became too great to be treated in any single book. Besides, the methods of exploration become fixed, and the histories of later expeditions differ only in minor details from those of the first comers.

ASIA.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNEXPLORED ASIA.

The first home of mankind.—Its extremes of temperature and altitude.—Physical character of the Asian continent.—Europe and Asia until the thirteenth century.—Marco Polo's wonderful travels.—Friar Odorico.—Ibn Bututa, the Arabian.—Visitors to Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet.—Hinc, the missionary.—Central Asian explorers of recent years.—General Prjevalsky, the Russian.—Roekhill, the American, travels to the borders of Tibet.

THE earliest civilisations of which we have found relics had their home in the great continent of Asia. That "greatest of archaeologists," the spade, has recently brought to light whole libraries of clay cylinders from which are read the lives of monarchies that perished before history began. The books of the Old Testament record traditions of these ancient peoples handed down to their remote descendants, and as we trace back the wanderings of the great races we find their earliest footprints in the soil of Asia.

Asia contains one-third of all the land of the globe, and covers a twelfth of the earth's surface. Reaching from the arctic regions, and



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containing the locality of the most intense cold known on earth—at Verkhoyansk, in north-



AN EARLY PORTUGUESE SETTLEMENT NEAR CALCUTTA
ATTACKED BY NATIVES.

eastern Siberia, where sixty degrees below zero is the average January temperature—the con-

continent descends almost to the equator, and in northwest India and Arabia there is an average summer heat of over ninety-five degrees.

Then there are enormous differences in the height of the land above sea-level. If we could saw the continent in two, straight northward from the Bay of Bengal to the Arctic Ocean, the section would, in silhouette, remind us of a great cathedral, of which Mount Everest, the highest elevation on the globe, forms the spire, and several smaller churches standing in a village. Mount Everest is known by the native name Gaurisankar, which means "the radiant." The "cathedral" would be the Himalaya and other ranges of mountains in the south, and the "village" would be the lower elevations of the northern half of the continent. Elizée Reclus, the great geographer, calls this extended plateau "a continent within a continent." Taking a point in the heart of Asia as a centre, the Himalaya range may be traced by swinging a radius from that point. Cut through from west to east, we should find the mountains at the two ends, and lower levels in the middle. The snows of these great mountains—the highest in the world—descend in glaciers to the valleys, and with the rain condensed against the mountain walls feed the great rivers that flow to the oceans along the

valleys, such as the Yang-tze-kiang, Hwang-ho, Amur, on the east; Lena, Obi, and Yenisei on the north; the Indus, Ganges, and Mekong on the south. But though these rivers bring fertility to the lower levels, and support millions of inhabitants in the eastern and southern countries where the climate is not too severe, there remains a central region—the high tablelands of the interior—where little rain falls, and the land is desert, uninhabited except by wandering peoples dependent upon their flocks and herds for food, and a northern region too cold to be worth conquest or settlement.

These conditions explain the history of Asiatic peoples. The wandering, warlike tribes of the interior highlands, the ancient Scythians, the Tartars, the Mongols, the Turks, were forced by the gradual drying up of their pastures to conquer new homes from the farming peoples that dwelt nearer the oceans in the well-watered plains.

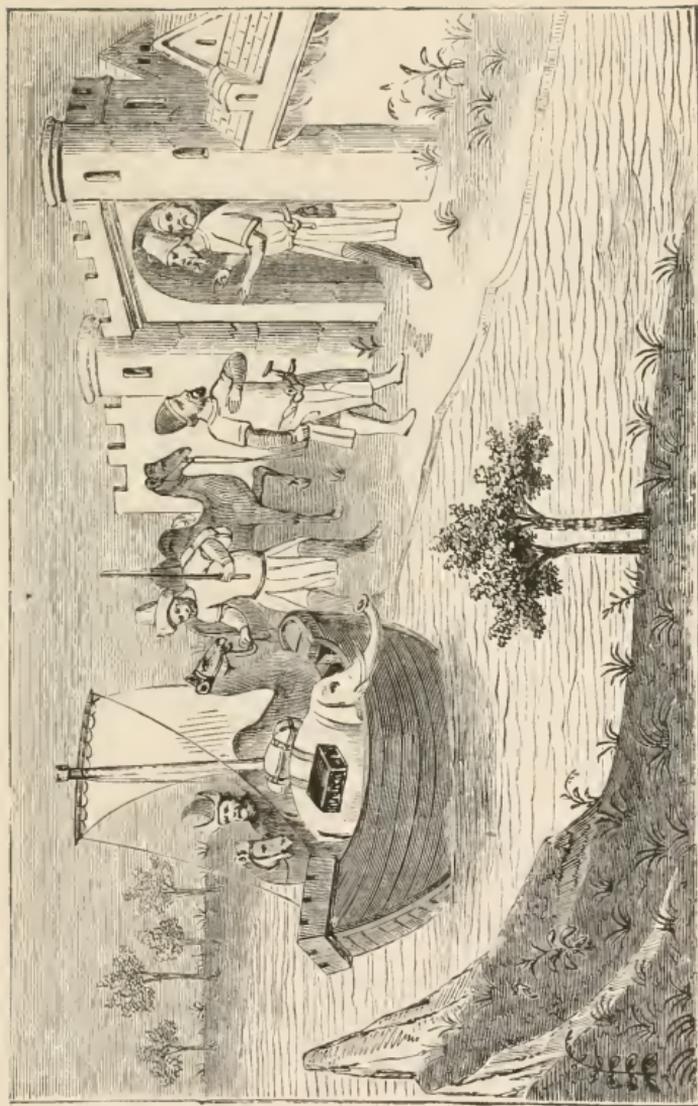
Reclus, the same geographer from whom quotation has already been made, declares that history is a record of the successive waves from Asia to Europe and back again.

Though civilisation began in Asia, and spread thence into Europe, Asia Minor, Arabia, and northern Africa, until the Portuguese rounded Africa and showed the way to the “wealth of

the Indies," commerce with Europe was carried on overland by means of caravans exposed to all the dangers and difficulties of land travel. Now and then a traveller penetrated into Asia, but until the great Venetian, Marco Polo, made his wonderful journey, little was known of this Eastern world, though the gateway cities between Asia and Europe became rich by trade with the East.

MARCO POLO.

This Venetian merchant, born in 1254, was the son of Nicolo Polo, who with Maffeo, his brother, went by way of Constantinople to the Crimea in 1260, trading in jewels. Thence, prevented by a war from retracing their steps, they went to Bokhara, remaining three years, and meeting an envoy who was despatched to Kublai Khan, were persuaded to go with him to the court of this emperor of China. The emperor, impressed by their accounts of the West, sent messages by them to the Pope, offering hospitality to missionaries and teachers, and provided the Venetians with a passport engraved on a gold tablet. But the death of one Pope and the delay in the election of his successor prevented the Venetian merchants' return for two years. Then they started with two friar missionaries, who soon turned back.



MARCO POLO LANDING AT ORMUZ.

From an old print.

The Polos went on, Marco, now a young man under twenty, going with his father.

Their journey lasted over three years, and took them to Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, across Persia, and into Central Asia, and through the great desert of Gobi to China. Kublai Khan was pleased with Marco, had him taught four languages, and while his father and uncle remained at the court (perhaps at Peking), the young Venetian was sent by the emperor to visit various parts of the empire, and was even made ruler of a great city. From 1275 to 1292, seventeen years, the Venetians remained in China, and then returned to Persia in charge of a Mongol bride sent to a Persian lord. Their errand performed by the marriage of the lady to the son of the bridegroom—for the expectant husband died—the Polos returned to Venice after twenty-six years' absence. In 1298, Marco, commanding a galley, was captured in a sea-fight when the Genoese defeated the Venetian fleet; and while in prison told his adventures to a friend, who wrote them out.

There was in those days little inducement to write books, and except for his captivity, Marco might have kept the account of his adventures for his own family circle; but, his story being written, the learned men of Europe became impressed with the enormous wealth and re-

sources of Asia. One indirect result of Polo's reports was the discovery of America by Columbus.

Marco Polo's history of his travels faithfully



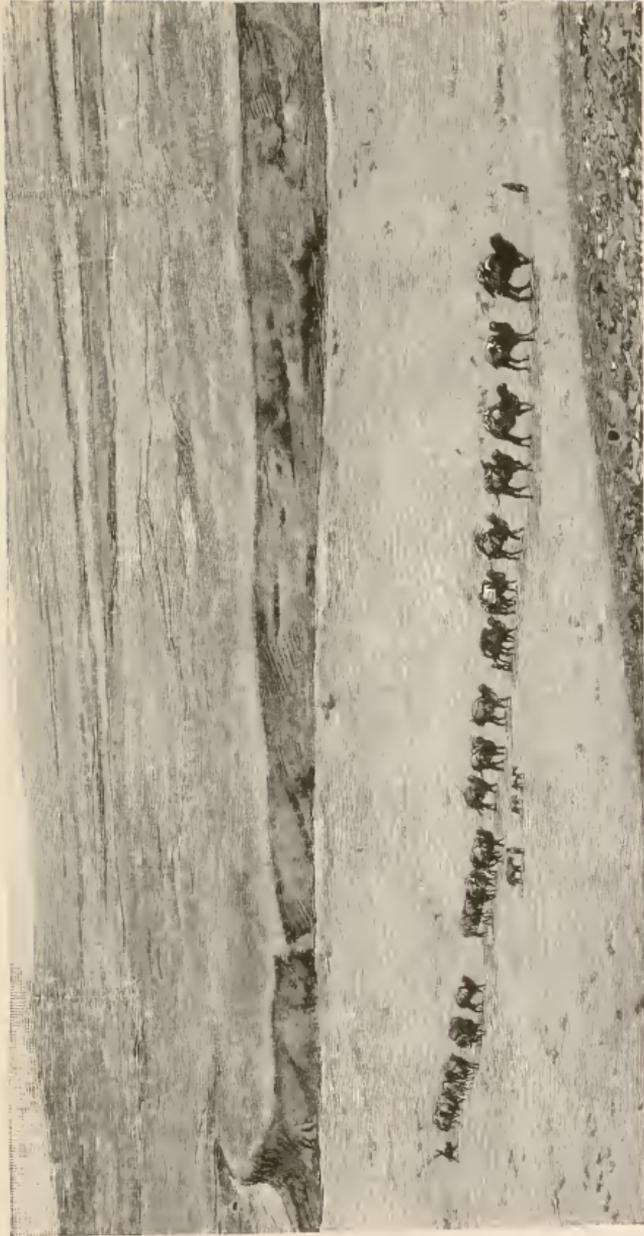
MARCO POLO'S ALLIGATORS.

From an old print.

describes the chief features of Central Asian travel—the enormous deserts, lofty mountains, strange animals, and curious customs of the inhabitants; and if, now and then, he gives place to marvels that seem incredible to moderns,

these are generally reported from the testimony of others—for in the thirteenth century there was little scientific knowledge by which to correct such evidence, and less disposition to be critical. His book is rather a treatise than a record of personal adventures, and this because he travelled always under the guardianship and authority of the Great Khan. Protected by the soldiers and guided by the officials of this mighty emperor—then at the height of his power and conqueror of nearly all Asia—Marco Polo escaped most of the hardships and dangers that are met by explorers. Even those he encountered were of little interest to his hearers, to whom the chances of civil warfare brought daily perils quite as thrilling. Marco Polo's journey remained unrivalled for six hundred years, and the conditions that made it possible have never been repeated.

After Marco Polo the most important traveller in these parts of the earth was an Italian, Friar Odorico, who began his journey about 1318, as a missionary. From Ormuz he set sail for India, visiting Ceylon, Sumatra, Borneo, and at last reaching China. At Peking he remained three years. It is said that before returning home Odorico visited Tibet, and even was the first to enter the "forbidden"



CARAVAN TRAVELLING IN TIBET.

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city Lhasa. Upon the return of this great traveller to Europe his account was taken down in Latin, and brought him a certain fame, though less than he deserved.

Much of his story is said to have been stolen by Sir John Mandeville, and published over his own name. Ibn Batuta, an Arabian, whose wanderings included northern Africa, Arabia, Asia Minor, and Asia, and kept him twenty-four years from home, during which he traversed 75,000 miles, must also be mentioned, though no account of his experiences will be attempted.

Though Marco Polo and certain missionaries accomplished so much, the exploration of Central Asia has only become more difficult since their time. After Vasco da Gama opened the sea route, the overland traffic became lessened for this and other reasons, and with cessation of travel, the routes by land became more dangerous and difficult. Even the best known caravan-roads have been lost or obliterated, and the modern traveller enters Central Asia as if it were a newly discovered country.

Among the few Europeans to visit the sacred city Lhasa, the centre of the hierarchy of the Lamaist priesthood, was the French missionary Évariste Régis Huc, born in 1813, who in 1839 set out for China. For the purpose of his jour-

ney he learned the Chinese language, and when ready to set out assumed Chinese costume,



TIBETAN SALUTING.

wearing a queue and staining his skin yellow. After a preliminary stay in the southern prov-

inces he entered Peking, and while there acquired various dialects of the Tartars, translated religious works for them, learned their customs, and in all ways prepared himself for entering the interior. At the end of 1844 he started for Tibet in company with his fellow-Lazarist, Joseph Gabet, and a Tibetan priest who had become a Christian. All three were disguised as Lamas, or priests. After passing the Yellow River, they suffered from want of water and fuel in the sandy desert, and were forced to recross the river. For eight months they awaited an embassy of Tibetans that was to return from Peking. During their stay they continued their studies in Buddhistic literature, being lodged in a famous monastery that accommodated 4,000 persons. In company with the embassy they crossed a wide desert, passed a great lake in which was an island occupied by Lamas, climbed the difficult winding passes up the snow-covered mountains, and entered the Holy City, Lhasa, January 29, 1846.

While in the city they established a mission, but were recalled by the Chinese authorities, and were conveyed back to Canton, where Hue remained for three years.

Hue, after his journey home, lived in Paris until his death in 1860. His writings were extensive, and gave full accounts of his travels

and observations; his style was interesting and picturesque, and made his work widely known.

The conditions of the country and even the daily lives of the people having remained nearly unchanged since the days of Marco Polo, the



ASIATIC LION.

experiences of explorers have been little varied. Of the many who have become distinguished by their travels in Central Asia, we shall briefly mention the achievements of a noted Russian, Prjevalsky, and then give accounts of the recent explorations of Rockhill the American, Sven Hedin the Swede, and Landor the Englishman.

An excellent summary of previous explorations in Central Asia is given by the Swedish explorer in his "Through Asia." He gives first rank as an explorer of Eastern Tibet to the Russian General Prjevalsky, who made in all four great journeys. His first was made in 1870, in company with three Russian followers, and covered 7,500 miles in three years; the second journey, beginning in 1876, lasted about one year, covering 3,650 miles, and the most notable results of his investigations may be summed up by the statement that he added a great mountain chain to the map of Asia, found the Lake Lop-nor, probably the last remnant of a great interior sea—an Asiatic Mediterranean—and discovered the existence of a wild camel, a remarkable discovery, at first doubted, but fully established by later travellers. The third journey, in 1879-80, was through an entirely unknown region, by way of the great desert of Gobi, thence south and across the Yang-tze-kiang. The fourth journey was also over the Gobi Desert to the twin lakes that are the sources of the Yellow River.

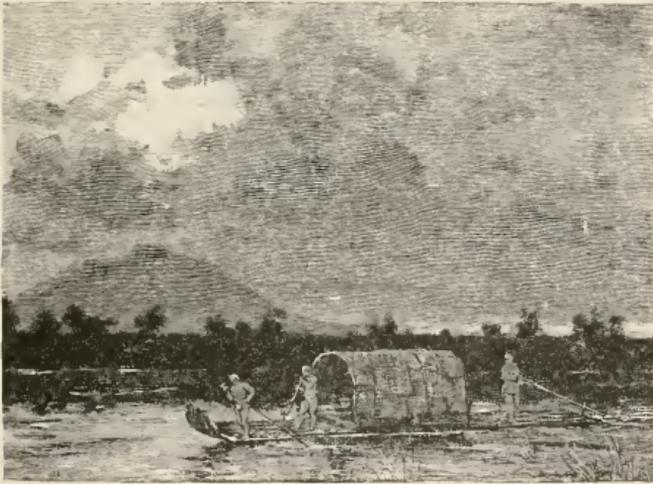
W. WOODVILLE ROCKHILL.

In recounting the obstacles that have made Tibet "the most inaccessible and least known country of Asia," Mr. Rockhill states that the

highest mountains in the world cut it off from India and China, while to the eastward it is separated from Mongolia by broad deserts whose altitude makes them uninhabitable. The ignorance of the Tibet tribes, the jealousy of the Chinese, and the fierce opposition of the Lamas or priesthood must be met and overcome. We have seen that the Abbé Hue succeeded in entering the country in 1845, but for fifty years afterward all Europeans failed to repeat his success.

Mr. Rockhill had desired from boyhood to make the journey, and had learned the "literary language" of Tibet. In 1884, becoming a member of the United States Legation in Peking, he gained the friendship of a Lama priest from Lhasa, and for four years studied Tibetan and Chinese. At last, not too well provided with sixty pounds of silver and twenty ounces of gold sewed into his thickly wadded Chinese clothing, he began his journey in a springless mule-cart of the country. Each stage of the ride was begun at moonrise, so as to secure accommodations by an early arrival at the inns. At first the road led through a thickly populated district, and then entered upon the "loess" country, where are great deposits, hundreds of feet deep, of the loess or yellow earth that is believed to be blown from

the lofty, treeless steppes of the interior. This curious, porous soil is wonderfully fertile, and under the action of rain splits into chasms of great depth. Sometimes homes are dug in the perpendicular cliffs, and lined with brick. A



RAFTING IN ASIA.

native told Rockhill that these were known as “houses that stand a myriad years.”

Through sunken roads that prevented any view of the surrounding country, the traveller completed his route through the better known parts of China and toward the borders of Tibet. During this part of his journey he passed many small cities and towns separated by great stretches of uninhabited country, and

crossed the Hwang-ho, or Yellow River—named because the loess gives it a yellow tint—at the town of Tung-kuan, the customs city, through which tribute passes to Peking from nearly all parts of the empire. Not far from Tung-kuan is said to be buried the famous emperor who built the Great Wall of China. His tomb is reported to be a superb underground palace, packed with rare treasures, and guarded by bows and arrows arranged automatically to transfix intruders. But as the 70,000 men who built these wonderful catacombs were shut up in them, and a hill of earth piled over the entrance and planted with trees, there is no way to verify the stories. The next place of interest was Hsi-an, for centuries the residence of Chinese emperors, and containing the “Forest of Tablets” engraved with quotations from Confucius. These have stood since the days of Charlemagne.

Thence Rockhill passed through more loess hills and valleys, finding a population diminished by a recent Mohammedan rebellion. His way lay along a road lined with willows planted in imitation of Western fashions—the only trees for miles—others having been felled for fuel. An interesting feature was a cave-temple cut in a sandstone cliff, wherein was chiselled a sandstone Buddha forty-five feet high. The

villages were mud-hovels whose people indulge in meat once a year, and often died from this New Year's feast. Pigs and children both were



GROUP OF CAMELS AT THE GREAT WALL IN THE NAN
KON PASS, CHINA.

seen about the houses, and opium-smoking was the men's only pleasure.

Just before again crossing the Yellow River,

the mule-cart was sent back, and after a ten-days' stay at a Catholic mission, in Lian-chou, Rockhill pushed forward on pony-back, with three baggage mules, and within a few days traversed a gorge described by Huc as "a most difficult and dangerous piece of road" where he "trembled for his camels." Rockhill says: "There is absolutely no danger in it, and the most awkward camel in the world could go through it on a run." Soon after, being requested "to report to the authorities and show his passport," Rockhill shaved his head, assumed Tibetan dress, and joined a party of Mongols with whom he went to Kumbum, a famous resort of the Lamas, and the scene of a great fair. Here the people were Mongols, instead of Chinese, visitors and traders from Tibet who come to see the temples and religious festivals. Rockhill's Chinese servant thoughtlessly tried to walk *to the left* around a temple, and was soon started in the other direction, and forcibly reprovved. One remarkable curiosity that Rockhill saw here was a pair of great bas-reliefs of religious scenes modelled in butter and painted in bright colours.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROCKHILL'S ADVENTURES IN TIBET.

He enters Tibet.—Koko-nor, the Blue Lake.—Meeting the Tibetans.—The Ts'aidan wilderness.—Visit to Shang.—Preparing to visit the elevated tablelands.—Sufferings in high altitudes.—Difficulties of the route.—Rescued by the Tibetan chief.—Sufferings on the way to Jyékundo.—Two of the party captured.—Rockhill's dangerous progress.—Danger from mobs.—Safe with friends.

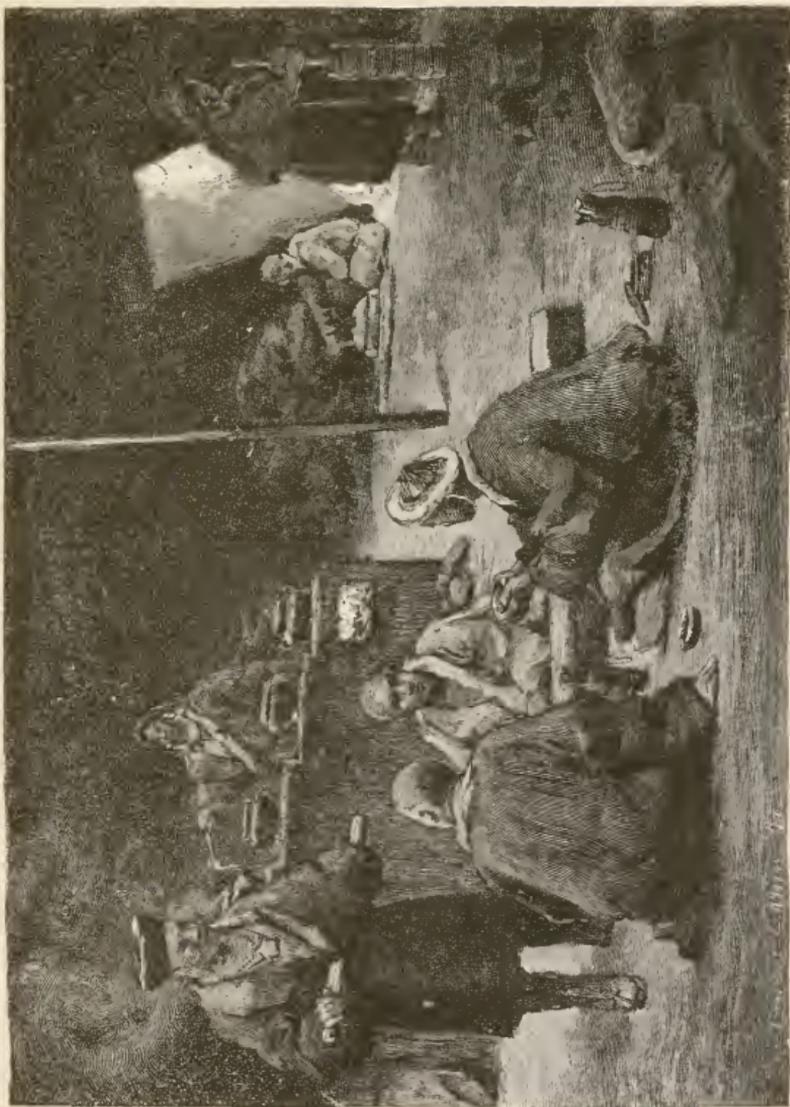
For six weeks Rockhill tried in vain to make up a caravan. All were unwilling to travel in a small party and without a passport toward Tibet. He wanted five or six horses, four or five camels, and two or three men speaking Mongol and Tibetan. The camels were especially costly, but he finally bought five of "the vile brutes," and secured three Mohammedans, of whom he says "more honest and better men never breathed." He set out from Tankar, ten miles beyond which the last Chinese village was passed.

They were now among the wandering Tibetan and Mongol tent-dwellers, of whose barbarous customs and disgusting manners Rockhill writes with feeling. Here is the Koko-nor or Blue Lake, 250 miles around and over 10,000

feet above sea-level, first seen as a sheet of ice. The vast plains around were sparsely dotted with black tents, inhabited by a poor race who dared not wander far from the Chinese frontier for fear of being robbed by the fiercer Tibetans.

The Abbé Hué described the perils of crossing a frozen river in this region, and his story has been considered much exaggerated, but Rockhill finds good reason to accept it as true. The camels of Rockhill's party gave him much trouble, and he declared camels the most troublesome animals he had ever seen, and believes they suffer from "hereditary dyspepsia." On stony ground their feet wear out, and have to be patched by pieces of leather stitched on.

A party of Tibetans from Lhasa met Rockhill and told him that the English were at war with Central Tibet, and that some troops from Eastern Tibet who had been promised protection through the prayers and incantations of the Lamas had been disgusted with war upon finding that the priests' protection failed to prevent many of them from being killed and wounded, and had returned home. Rockhill also met in this country a kindly Chinese official, going to collect a poll-tax. This man assured the white traveller that even with so small a caravan Tibet might safely be en-



INTERIOR OF A TIBETAN TENT.
'From "The Land of the Lamas," by W. W. Rockhill.

tered. Rockhill and this friend travelled for some days in company.

The wilderness of the Ts'aidan, a shaking bog, southward extends 400 miles east and west. Six days were required to cross to a better region, during which a few wild asses and antelopes were the only creatures seen.

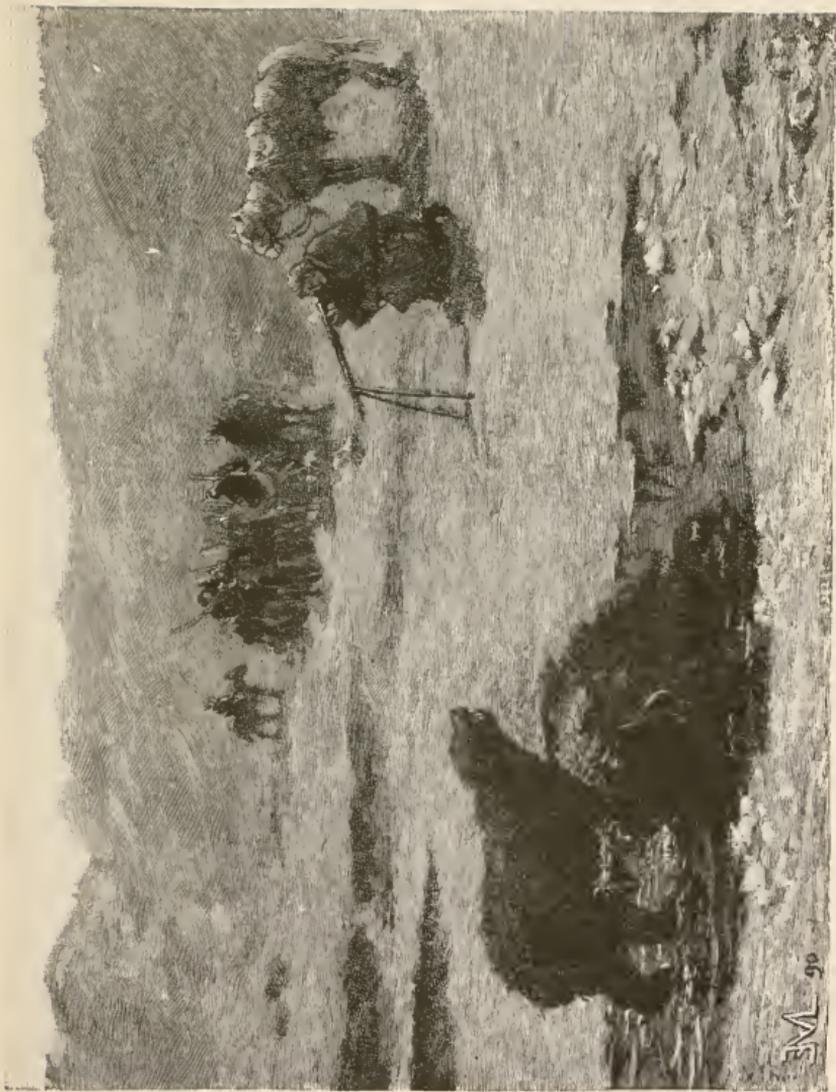
Just before beginning the climb to the tableland, Rockhill visited the town of Shang, where each house was provided with prayer-wheels turned by the wind. Here he was entertained by a Tibetan Lama, whom he "would have liked to dignify with the title of Lord Abbot of Shang," but could not bring himself to "dub with a name so sounding the dirty old monk living in a corner of his kitchen, and eating with his fingers." This priest tried to frighten Rockhill with tales of the dangers ahead, but in vain. Here the camels were exchanged for ponies, and Rockhill made a side hunting trip into the high mountains as a preparation for the life at higher levels.

Returning to lower altitudes, Rockhill applied to a village headman for men to go with him to Lhasa. But the wages demanded were too great, and Rockhill decided to abandon that part of his plan. A false statement that a Russian expedition had arrived in Lhasa a short time before, based perhaps upon a mis-

taken report about Prjevalsky's travels, consoled Rockhill for his disappointment, and he resolved to go through Eastern Tibet to Assam or China. This new route did not please his host any better than that to Lhasa, and in order to emphasise its dangers he told Rockhill how some Lama priests had prevented Prjevalsky from crossing the Yang-tze-kiang by magically raising a great storm. Afterwards, this man declared, the Russian explorer had been attacked by the Goloks, or desert robbers, and had been driven back in a destitute condition.

But as Rockhill refused to be scared, the kindly chief advised him always to represent himself as a Chinese business agent or Fung-shi, since this would insure the respect of all those he might meet. This was no pretence, according to the chief's view, since he had little idea of any government but the Chinese, and knew Rockhill had been some sort of an official. Rockhill's statements made in China that his own country was governed by a ruler named Pi-li-shih-tien-ti (the nearest to "president" he could form in Chinese sounds), and that this ruler was changed every four years, seemed to his Chinese hearers an evidence of complete savagery.

Leaving his Mongol host, Rockhill's journey lay at first over a snowy mountain pass more



MR. ROCKHILL'S PARTY SHOOTING A BEAR,
From "The Land of the Lamas," by W. W. Rockhill

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than 15,000 feet high. Then began the most difficult part of his route. It led him through "snow and piercingly cold winds, with starving horses," and he was hampered by "the sickening effects of the rarefied air, and the constant fear of falling in with some party of Golok." This land of desolation is avoided even by the wild animals. The weather became worse as they went on, and squalls of snow and hail kept them always drenched, so their clothing "seemed to weigh tons." They were constantly light-headed and sick. Near the headwaters of the Yellow River Rockhill shot a bear, which seemed a great feat, and was announced by his men to every Tibetan they met afterwards. In this region is an enormous swamp known as the "Starry Plain," since it is dotted by pools and puddles of iridescent water. Near this swamp Prjevalsky had been attacked by the Golok in 1884. Beyond the swamp the ground was rough, with grassy hummocks upon which walking was impossible and sleeping an agony. So slow was their progress that their provisions were reduced to mutton tallow, tea, and little else, and this in small quantities. Before long their guide lost his way and had to secure the aid of two Tibetans in greasy sheepskin gowns, who took them to their chief's camp. Here Rock-

hill was utterly dependent upon the natives, since his resources were exhausted. What he could have done unaided one can only guess;



YAK WITH LOAD.

but most fortunately the kind Chinese agent with whom he had travelled in the early part of his journey had left a request that the Tibetans should do all in their power to help his friend on his way. The chief provided

fresh horses and yaks, the shaggy, stunted cattle used as pack animals. In return Rockhill delighted him by promising a revolver and a hundred cartridges, which the chief said would enable him to sleep quietly as soon as the Golok raiders learned that he owned so powerful a weapon.

In his magazine articles Rockhill summarizes the next stages of his travels by saying that they climbed six mountain passes, five over 15,000 feet high, swam their animals over the Yang-tze-kiang—being once driven from the banks of the river by an armed party—and after seven terrible days (during which three of the party were snow-blind, in spite of wearing horsehair blinkers) arrived at Jyékundo, a town of considerable size, and the only place of importance yet seen by Rockhill in Tibet.

Here the Lamas first interfered with Rockhill's trading. They forbade any dealings with this foreigner who was unprovided with a pass. A Lama disobeying the order would have his ears and nose slit; others, severely beaten. They said Rockhill practised the black art, and that his money would return to him in three days after he had paid it out. Some Chinese traders, friends of the same Chinese agent who had formerly helped him, now advised Rockhill to depart from the town during a tempo-

rury absence of its governor. Leaving two men in charge of most of his property Rockhill set out southward with a single guide, having assumed a more effective disguise and hidden his blue eyes under snow-blinkers. Rockhill never again saw the two men left behind with his goods, but learned, after his return home, that the governor of Jyékundo issued orders, when he came back to the town, that Rockhill's journey was to be stopped, even if it were necessary to kill him. The leader having escaped him, he imprisoned and chained the two men remaining in his power. The friendly Chinese agent secured their release, but they were captured by Lamas, forced to pay a heavy ransom, and only reached their homes "after many tribulations." Their fate showed how narrow had been Rockhill's own escape.

The next region delighted the explorer by its beauty, perhaps because of the sharp contrast with the arid uplands. Villages and lamaserics were frequent, and tea-caravans of loaded yaks were constantly passing. Rockhill's party camped far from inhabited places, passing as Mongol traders; and though the old guide soon found out that Rockhill was a foreigner, he never betrayed him, even though drunk every evening. In one town a mob, led by Lamas, attacked the house of the Chinese trader

where they lodged, but a detachment of Chinese troops protected him. The lieutenant who saved him told Rockhill that the fine for murdering a pauper, or wandering foreigner, was about two or three bricks of tea, worth perhaps fifty cents. He added that hardly a grown man in the country was without a murder or two to his credit, a statement confirmed later by the bishop of Tibet. Under the protection of an official order, sent ahead tied to an arrow (an indication that speed was requisite), Rockhill travelled south six days' journey to another large town, where he was again threatened by a mob, but was protected as before by a Chinese garrison. Thence, guided by Chinese soldiers, he travelled in safety to Ta-chien-lu, where, he says, "I found myself in the midst of friends," the bishop and the Apostolic Vicar of Tibet.

These authorities of the mission were amazed to learn of the explorer's success in crossing Eastern Tibet, since none of them had been able to penetrate the country for twenty years. Prjevalsky had failed in 1884, though following nearly Rockhill's routes. From the mission station the journey to Shanghai presented no difficulties.

No matter what resources Rockhill had possessed, no matter how great his courage or

physical prowess, it will be seen that disaster to his expedition would have been inevitable without the good will and unselfish help of his Chinese friend. We can ascribe the action of this man only to a personal affection for the American traveller, an affection based upon the sterling qualities of Rockhill himself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SVEN HEDIN, THE SWEDE.

Famous Swedish explorers.—Sven Hedin's wonderful record.—His previous journeys.—Enters Central Asia.—Through perilous passes.—A narrow escape from storms and avalanches.—Intense cold and deep snow.—Sounding Kara-Kul Lake.—How the Kirghiz natives sleep.—At a Russian station.—Ascending the mountains.—Exploring the great desert.—Mistake in the water supply.—Death claims men and animals.—Sven Hedin and one companion forced to go forward alone.—Their terrible struggle for life.—They are rescued.—Sven Hedin's many discoveries.—Henry Savage Landor.—His capture and sufferings.—Brief list of recent writers on Asian exploration.

SWEDEN has won the blue ribbon of recent explorations. She claims Nansen, who attained the "farthest north"; Nordenskjöld, the only explorer who has made "the north-east passage," Andrée, who dared to make the first attempt to reach the north pole by a balloon voyage, and Sven Hedin, the hero of Central Asia exploration.

From 1893 to 1897 Dr. Hedin journeyed in unknown Central Asia, and explored the Pamir, that high tableland called "The Roof of the World"; the two greatest deserts of Asia, Takla-Makan, and Gobi; the northern highland of Tibet. He found the Lop-nor, and settled

the dispute as to position; he discovered two buried cities, and showed that these were Buddhist cities, in a land that now is Mohammedan; and he gave an unexampled exhibition of courage and endurance, proving that the European could outlast the natives of these regions under the most terrible test of vitality.

In his youth Dr. Hedin had intended to become an Arctic explorer, but later decided that Asia was a better field for scientific work. His first travels were in Persia, but in 1893 he began to prepare for the work in Central Asia, and secured a grant of money from the king of Sweden.

Leaving Sweden in October, 1893, he went to St. Petersburg, thence through Moscow to Orenburg, and here bought a tarantass, a low, long, jolting, four-wheeled wagon, which carried him in nineteen days through monotonous plains to Tashkend, the capital of Turkestan, "beaten to a pulp in the uncushioned vehicle." Going next to Marghilan, he prepared his caravan. Winter was coming on, and he was warned that it was suicidal to attempt to cross the Pamirs (plateaux 13,000 feet above sea-level) in winter. He was told that the temperature might sink to forty-five degrees below zero, and that blinding, howling blizzards were to be expected at any moment. Nevertheless,

Hedin began his journey in February, 1894, and passed first through a great valley with precipitous walls, crisscrossing to and fro by means of slender bridges over the Isfairan River far below. Ice made the cliff road perilous, and in places it was necessary to roughen it with spades and axes, and to spread sand to make a secure footing. One horse slipped on a declivity, plunged down, and was killed on the rocks below. The icy roads became worse as they went on, and the men "crawled, crept, and slid along past abysses waiting for their prey." Again and again Hedin was on all fours, with a native to hold him at perilous passes. Twelve hours of slow advance took them to a wider part of the valley, where they rested. Again on the march, the road a little improved, as they advanced toward "the dreaded Tenghiz-Baj," a pass at an altitude of over 12,600 feet. This lofty gateway, overhung by avalanches always ready to fall, has been the scene of numerous tragedies, and in summer the many skeletons of horses and men "might serve as milestones." The travellers were forced in many places to hew steps out of the ice, and even to carry the horses' loads where the animals could with the utmost difficulty clamber across unloaded. At times six men were needed to push each horse up some

steep ascent, and again a narrow path had to be trampled down before the snow would bear the animal's weight. Through such difficulties they at length climbed by endless zigzags the last summit, and were at the top of the pass. Scarcely had they descended to the valley below, when a terrible snowstorm was seen raging in the mountains above. The day before their passing, avalanches would have crushed them; the day after, this snow-hurricane would have overwhelmed them. They had stolen through in the nick of time.

Deep in the valley snows, after a rest of two days at a Kirghiz tent-village, the men and horses marched in a narrow path trodden out by the broad feet of their four camels, and came at length to another group of tents. But just before this settlement was a ravine filled with snow, over which the horses could not pass until the Kirghiz laid their felt tent-coverings to form a bridge, as Raleigh made his cloak a carpet for Queen Elizabeth. That night, in Sven Hedin's tent it was five degrees below zero, and in the morning the snow was so thick as to prove impassable. But next day four men on camels again broke a path for them. They reached and crossed a broad, ice-fringed river, and marched toward the Trans-Alaï Mountains. Throughout these stages of his journey in the



CAMEL LOST IN SNOW.

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Alaï Valley Hedin received valuable aid from the Kirghiz, who had been ordered by their governor to prepare tents and fuel at each stopping-place.

Despite the cold, which was once thirty degrees below zero, it was often hot when the sun shone and the wind ceased—so hot that their sheepskin coats were burdensome. In these high altitudes the skin peels once or twice and then browns deeply and becomes tough as parchment.

Passing over a mountain pass nearly 15,000 feet in altitude, they came, March 10, 1894, to the Great Kara-Kul Lake. It was one of Dr. Hedin's objects to sound this little known lake, so he remained upon its thick ice a day or two, while most of the caravan preceded him. When, with a single companion, Dr. Hedin tried to follow in the twilight of the second day, he lost the trail and was forced to camp in a snowy plain, while their horse scraped the sand and ate the few tough roots he grubbed up. The Kirghiz natives sleep bent forward, resting upon their knees, face downward, to keep their bodies from the frozen ground, but Dr. Hedin could find no rest in this attitude, and was chilled if he lay down, so he passed a sleepless night. Next day they fortunately found the caravan, and the day after saw two

remarkable "volcanoes" of ice, formed by springs, the water of which flowed from the tops of peaks of ice twenty and thirty feet high.

On March 18th they came to a Russian outpost, nearly 12,000 feet above sea-level, where they found hospitable entertainment from the officers, whose "nearest neighbours were the wild sheep of the rocks, the wolves of the wilderness, and the imperial eagles of the heavens." Here they remained nearly three weeks.

From this Russian fort Dr. Hedin went to the town of Kashgar to rest, but in the summer of 1894 came back to the Pamirs to attempt the ascent of the mountain Muz-Tagh-Ata, "Father of the Ice-mountains," one of the highest in the world—so high that "the eagles' benumbed wings could not carry them to its topmost pinnacles." His companions were natives, Kirghiz, and their steeds were the shaggy yaks. Several attempts to ascend the mountain were failures, from various causes, the first because of an inflammation of the explorer's eyes; but at length, by fixing a camp high up, partial success was won in a fourth attempt. An hour's climb, says Dr. Hedin, brought them higher than Monte Rosa in Switzerland; two hours', higher than Mont Blanc;

two hours more, and they were above all heights in North America, even Mount Saint Elias; soon after, Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest, was lower than they. By this time the yaks and Kirghiz began to break down and were unable to go on, so, as twilight was falling, they returned to the camp.

Ten days later another ascent was made. Climbing up over 20,000 feet a tent was spread and anchored with ropes. Here the night was passed at a point twenty Eiffel Towers would not have reached from sea-level. The party, owing to the thin air, suffered from ringing in the ears, splitting headaches, asthma, sleeplessness, and dejection; but Sven Hedin describes the moonlit mountain wastes as magnificent and overwhelming. Next morning there was an impenetrable snowstorm, and they plunged downward through the drifts, reached their lower camp, and straightway fell into deep sleep.

Between the two visits to this mountain Dr. Hedin returned to Kashgar, and wrote a book, in German, on the climate of these regions; and after the last ascent spent the winter in that city, the capital of Eastern Turkestan, containing about 100,000 inhabitants.

In February, 1895, with four Turkish servants and eight camels he started to explore

the great Takla-Makan Desert, which had never been entered by a European, and about which there were legends current among the people, telling of strange lost cities where bodies of men were mummified in attitudes that showed they had been suddenly stricken by death, of hidden treasures, and of desert spirits that mislead travellers to their bewilderment and death. On April 10th they entered the desert, water for twenty-five days being carried in iron tanks on the camels' backs, and during thirteen days of scorching heat and bitter cold nights crossed half the desert and came to small lakes of fresh water. Orders were given to carry ten days' supply of water from here, but the men took only enough for four days, as Hedin discovered two days afterward. He was then assured that there was no need of so much water, and that in six days they would come to the river, the Khotan-Darya, while in three days they would be in a region where water could be found by digging.

This was a mistake, and a fatal one. After two days more all began to suffer. Three camels were the first to give out, one of the dogs was wise enough to run away, and the men sickened, wept, and called upon Allah in their misery. No living thing was seen, even flies, butterflies, and mosquitoes were absent—

all was an ocean of lifeless, featureless sand, piled in a labyrinth of hills and winding valleys, glaring yellow in the hot sun, or swept into whirling columns and clouds that penetrated everything.

On April 26th they tried to dig a well, and in a few feet came to a cool, moist sand, but below this the sand was dry again, and they despaired. Next day whatever could be easily spared was abandoned, and the ration of water was reduced to two cups a day for each man, and a bowlful for the remaining dog and each sheep. In the afternoon clouds were seen, and they prepared to catch the rain, but no drop fell. From this time on the condition of men and animals grew steadily worse, until most of their baggage was abandoned, and on April 30th, after one man had stolen a drink and been attacked by the rest, only one-third of a pint of water remained, and part of this was soon stolen by two others of the famished men. May 1st was a day of terrors. All water was gone, and there was only rancid oil for drinking, and before noon all were prostrated, even their leader losing all hope. At sunset, the coolness brought strength; the last sheep was killed, its blood was drunk, the few last articles of food and the indispensable baggage were packed on the five camels, and they crept

onward. But two of the men had lost consciousness and were left behind to be buried in the sand by the winds. At midnight another man fell, and with Kasim, the last of his companions, Sven Hedin crawled on. Hedin carried two chronometers, a clock, a compass, a knife, pen, bit of paper, a can of lobster (because of its moisture), and some chocolate. Kasim carried a spade and bucket, a few bits of bread, and the tail of the sheep. As they left the encampment they could see the light burning beside the dying man they had left behind, but soon this disappeared behind the sand dunes. Hour after hour they toiled forward, resting at short intervals, but driven onward by the intense night cold. When the sun rose they suffered intensely from the heat, and finally were forced to dig down to the cooler sand below the surface, where they lay stripped to the skin, and sheltered from the sun's rays by their clothing stretched over the shovel. On the third day after leaving the camp, Kasim discovered a tamarisk on the horizon, and when, with great suffering, they reached it, they thanked God and chewed its juicy needles. Not long after they rested in the shade of another bush, and late in the evening arrived near three poplars, where they tried to dig a well, but were too exhausted. The next day

they came upon another sterile region, which so discouraged them that they remained in one spot till seven o'clock in the evening. Then Sven Hedin called upon Kasim to go forward, but his companion had hardly strength to gasp that he could not move, and Hedin crept on alone until one o'clock in the morning, reaching another tamarisk shrub. Here Kasim joined him, and the two moved on until three o'clock in the morning. On the fifth day they still toiled onward, but could not travel until late in the afternoon. On the horizon they saw a dark line, the woods along the river. At seven o'clock, after a rest, Sven Hedin rose to go onward, but Kasim, stretched on his back, refused to move a limb, saying he wished only to die. Sven Hedin says: "I had eaten nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for nine. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the half of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place. The forest ended like a devastated 'plain.'" Hedin had reached the bed of the river, which he knew by the scattered tree trunks and furrows in the sand, but there was not one drop of water in its bed.

In the moonlight, feeling "an irresistible impulse to go forward and as if led by an unseen hand, I went on. I meant to *live*. I would

find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed." Sven Hedin crept southeastward across the course of the river, when suddenly a water-fowl sprang up with a whir of wings and a splashing sound. "The next moment," he writes, "I stood at the edge of a little pool, twenty metres long, of fresh, cold, splendid water. I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at forty-eight. Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I had a little tin with me. It had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away, as I could swallow nothing. The tin I had kept. I had felt sure, all the time, that I should find water, and that I should use that tin as a drinking-cup. I drank and drank and drank. It was a most lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying. It began to run in my veins; my pores opened. My pulse went up at once to fifty-three. I felt quite fresh and living.

"As I lay there I heard a noise in the reeds like a big animal moving. I thought it must be a tiger. There are tigers in the Khotan-Darya. I had not the faintest feeling of fear. I felt that the life that had been just regained could not be taken from me by such a beast as a tiger. I waited for him with pleasure. I

wanted to look into his eyes. He did not come." As soon as he regained strength he turned back to find Kasim, carrying his waterproof boots full of water, slung upon the spade handle. He followed his own track, but in the darkness he lost the trail, and building a huge fire to keep off wild beasts, waited until sunrise. Then he found the trail and soon came upon Kasim lying as he had left him. Kasim crept a yard or two nearer, gasping out, "I am dying." When he heard the splash of the water he uttered a cry, and in a moment more drank every drop. Directing Kasim to follow the trail of footsteps to the pool, Sven Hedlin kept to the river bank southward for two days, almost starved, living upon a few frogs, young reed-shoots, and grass. He was searching for a caravan track that was marked upon Prjevalsky's map.

At last he came upon men's footprints and the tracks of four donkeys. Following these he heard a shout, and then the lowing of a cow, and in a moment more met one of a company of shepherds. The next day a caravan of a hundred donkeys, carrying rice, passed the shepherds' hut, and from them Sven Hedlin learned that the day before they had found a man, nearly dead, lying beside a white camel. To their questions he could only gasp out,

“Su! Su!” (Water! Water!) When they had given him drink and food, he had begged them to search for Sven Hedin and the others of the caravan. So Sven Hedin knew that Islam Bai, whom they had abandoned in the desert, was saved. Before many days Islam and Kasim were rescued and once more with their leader.

Although Sven Hedin's subsequent explorations in this desert region were scarcely less important, and in some respects were more interesting, it is impossible to compress them within reasonable limits. We must be satisfied to mention a few of the more important discoveries, and refer our readers to the fuller accounts so charmingly written by the explorer himself.

In the sandy desert near the city of Khotan he found buried in sand dunes two large but distinct cities over two thousand years old, and exhibiting wall paintings and other evidences of high culture and civilisation. In another desert journey to Lop-nor he discovered beds of dried-up lakes that had been marked on old Chinese maps. Besides these desert journeys Sven Hedin made two others in Northern Tibet, finding lakes, mountains, and rivers before unknown, and after crossing mountain chains and reaching an inhabited country, was

pursued by robber tribes, who were driven off only by rifle bullets. Through North China he came to Peking, and finally arrived in Stockholm on the 10th of May, 1897, after an absence of three years and seven months.

A French writer says that, remarkable as were the geographical triumphs of the Swedish explorer, the example he gave of the rarest qualities of manhood is even more worthy of the admiration of the world.

ARNOLD HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

One of the most recent of the travellers who have laboured and suffered in Tibet is the Englishman Landor, of whose adventures we shall give but the briefest summary, since they are more painful than instructive. His book gives many details of the life and customs of the natives, and exhibits the people in a most repulsive light.

In July, 1897, Mr. Landor crossed from India over the Lumpia Pass, at an altitude of over 18,000 feet, with thirty followers, and though at first the Tibetans gave permission to explore the Mansarowar Lake, this was afterwards withdrawn, and most of the men turned back, leaving Landor with nine followers to reach the lake through uninhabited wilds. Five more of his party refused to go

further, and were dismissed, while two deserted, leaving only two with the European. Nevertheless he decided to reach Lhasa, the capital city, and crossed a high mountain pass. Losing their baggage in crossing a river, the party had to seek help from the people, and



TIBETAN PRIEST AT PRAYER

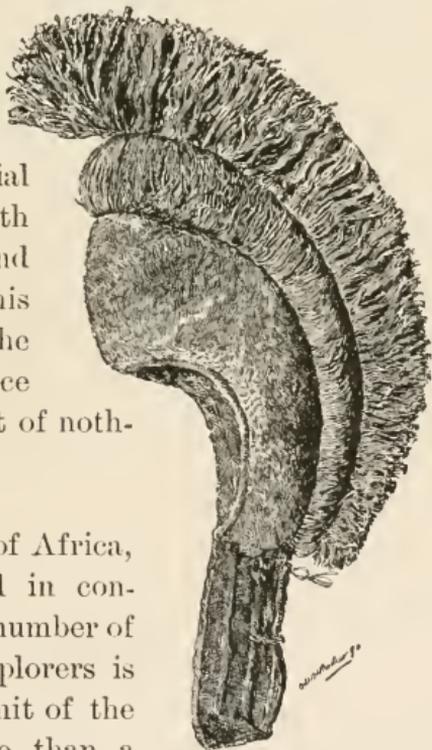
visited a village. Though receiving them apparently with friendliness, the Tibetans suddenly attacked Landor and his companions, bound them, and handed them over to soldiers and the Lamas, who seemed waiting for the prisoners.

Having the travellers in their power, the sol-

diers tortured them for several days, and carried them out of the country; but no purpose can be served by describing the cruelties that were inflicted.

Appended to his book, "In the Forbidden Land," are official proofs of the truth of his story, and from them this short outline of the facts is taken, since space will permit of nothing more.

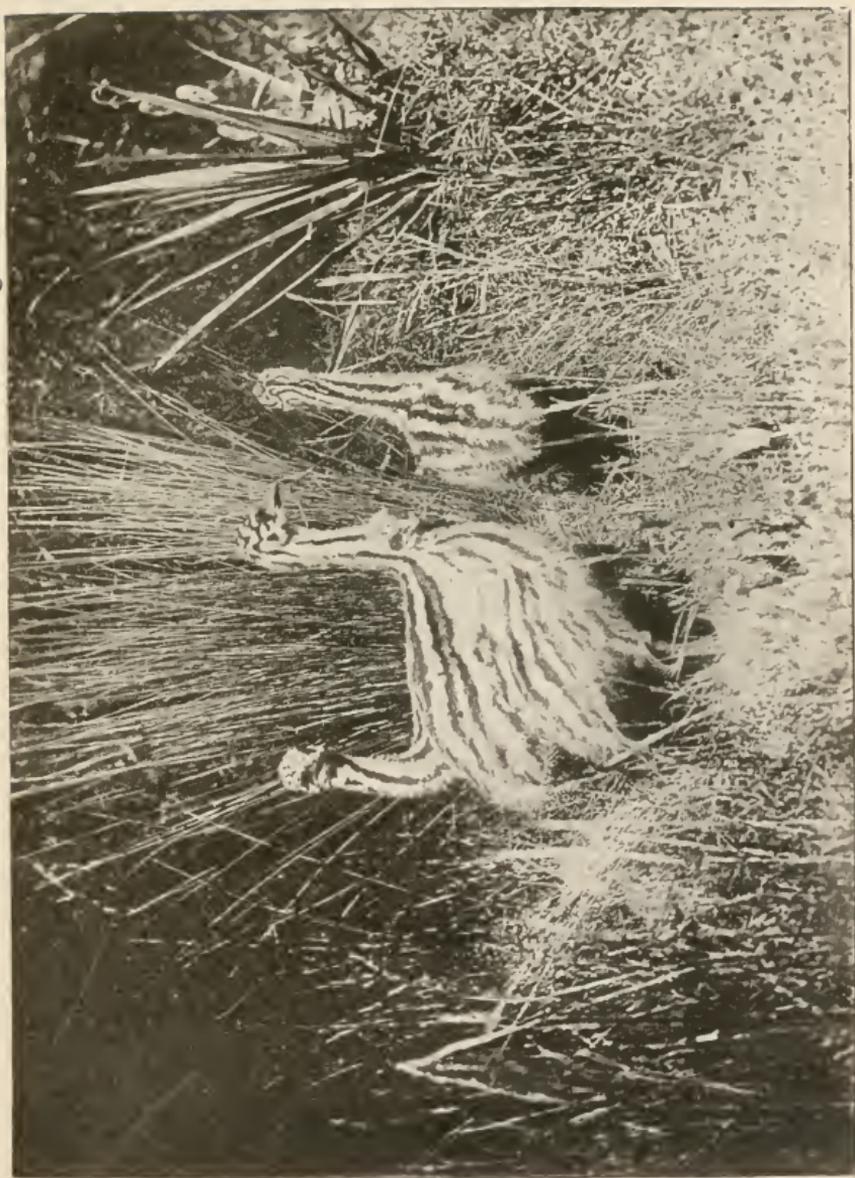
As in the case of Africa, it must be said in conclusion that the number of recent Asian explorers is too great to permit of the naming of more than a few. The works of Rockhill and Sven Hedin have been selected as excellent types of the rest, and as giving the reader a clear idea of the nature of explorers' work among the deserts and mountains of unknown Asia. The expeditions of Forsyth, "A—K," Bonvalot and



YELLOW HAT WORN BY
LAMAS.

Prince Henri of Orleans, General Piertsoff, Bower, and Captain Younghusband are all of interest and importance. But even within the last two years (1898, 1899) Lieutenant Olufsen, Captain Deasy, Dr. Futterer, M. Chaffanjon, M. Monnier, Count Zichy, M. Bonin, Captain Welby, Captain Wingate, and a dozen others have been exploring and describing the less known parts of Asia, while in every part of the globe the same activity in exploration exists.

In fact, the increase of knowledge is to-day so rapid in all departments of human endeavour that only a specialist can keep up with its growth, and geographical science is no exception to this rule.



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CHAPTER XXIV.

EXPLORATION OF THE ISLAND CONTINENT.

Character of Australia.—Its strange plants, animals, and native races — What was known to the ancients.—Earliest voyagers.—Captain Cook's visit.—Its results.—Flinders and Bass.—Botany Bay Colony.—Beginning of inland exploration.—Eastern Australia opened.—Oxley and Sturt.—Laichardt's fate, and the search for him.—Burke's unfortunate party.—Sturt's career.—Tracing the Murray River.—Sturt and Stuart explore the centre of the continent.—Its deserts and salt pools.—Stuart's expeditions in the same region.—The explorer Giles.—The nature of the scrub.—Experiences of a recent explorer.

AUSTRALIA, last and least of the continents, seems in all respects a land apart. It is nearly 2,000 miles from its nearest mainland neighbour, the Malay Peninsula, and between lies the East Indian Archipelago—Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Philippines, the Celebes, the Moluccas, and New Guinea, evidently the high parts of land once connecting Australia and Asia.

Australia's coasts are bordered by mountains except in the south. The central portion is lower, so that there are rivers that flow seaward and others that flow into the central plains, there spreading out into marshy lakes.

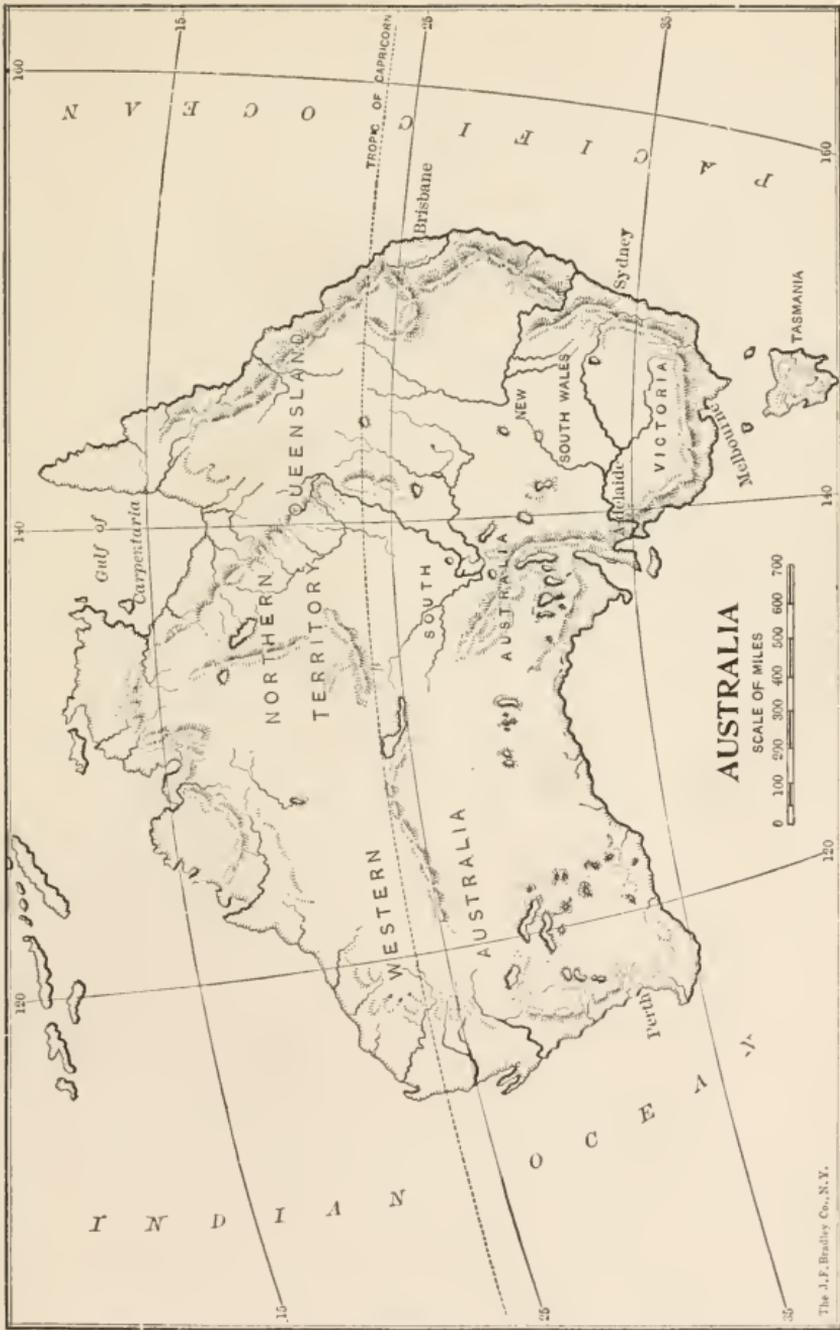
The great majority of its plants and animals

are peculiar to the continent; many of its plants are such as existed elsewhere only in geological ages long past. The animals like-



KANGAROO WITH YOUNG ONE IN POUCH.

wise are such as have elsewhere been extinct for ages: the kangaroos, the phalangers, wombats, bandicoots, and dasyures, which are



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pouched mammals; and the strange egg-laying mammals, the duck-billed platypus and the spiny echidna. The birds and reptiles also differ from those of the rest of the world.

The natives, "black fellows," seem to belong to the past. They never learned to cultivate the ground, never tamed any animal except the dog, never built any better shelters than temporary hovels, nor made anything except such weapons and utensils as could readily be carried about in their wanderings. They had axes and spears of wood and stone, and that strange missile-weapon, the boomerang; but they knew nothing of the bow and arrow.

The rugged coasts, and especially the great northeastern reef, long prevented all access from the sea, and the interior is for the most part made up of desert wastes.

"Terra Australis," the "Southern Land," was a name familiar to ancient geography, but it is impossible to say just what or how much it meant. Certainly there was no conception of the continent we know until the voyage of Captain Cook in 1770.

Before that the Spanish and Dutch navigators had touched at various points of the northern coast, sailed along the eastern and western coasts, and in 1627 even rounded the western coast and came in view of the Great Australian

Bight on the south. In 1642 Tasman reached Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania, and made explorations also along the northwest coast, but apparently did not know this was not part of New Guinea. Dampier, the first English explorer, wrote and published an account of his discoveries after his return to England in 1691; but he apparently did nothing more on his first visit than plant a post and raise a flag where Tasman had been before him. Of a second voyage his report was unfavorable.

The celebrated Captain Cook, in 1770, returning from carrying an expedition to Tahiti to observe a transit of Venus, came upon Australia, and threading his way through the dangerous coral reefs that border the eastern coast, went northward to Torres Strait, and so on to New Guinea. He was the first to discover the eastern side of the continent, and to report its suitability for European settlement. Two more voyages were made by Cook to these waters, but both were disappointing. Nevertheless, Cook's account of the attractions of the east coast resulted in the choice of Australia as a penal settlement.

Thirty years later the whole coast outline was nearly completed by Matthew Flinders and George Bass, British naval officers. On his way home with his charts and journals



CAPTAIN COOK.

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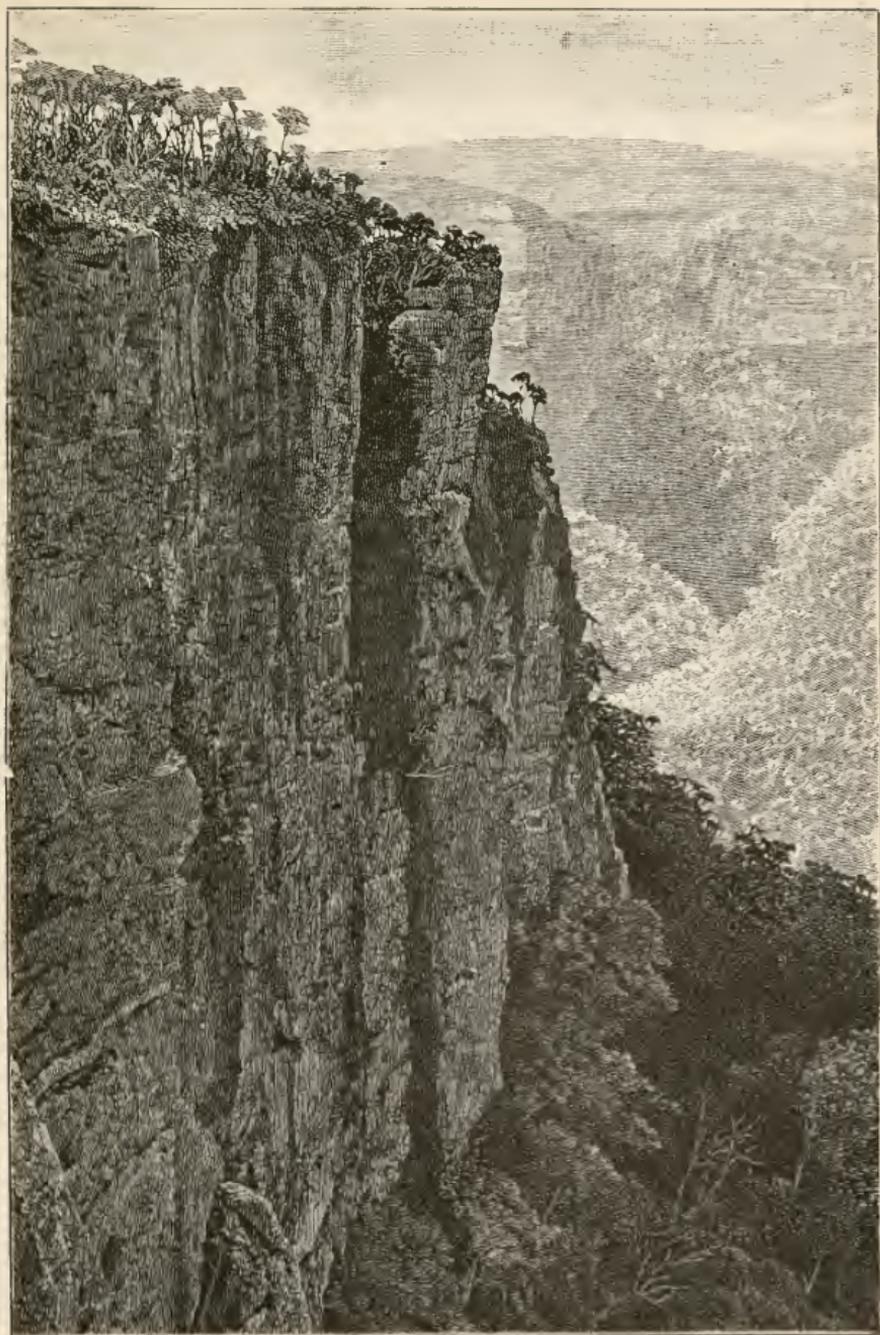
Flinders was detained for seven years by the French governor of Mauritius, and an attempt made to steal his discoveries. But when Flinders published his log-book and map in 1814, the French claimant, Baudin, was stripped of his borrowed plumes. Captain Grant and Lieutenant Murray carried on the task of fixing the sea boundaries by their explorations, in 1800 and 1802, of the Victoria coast, and in 1837, the "Beagle," on board of which was Charles Darwin, surveyed the west coast, and thus completed the outline of the continent.

In 1788 the colony of Botany Bay was established by Captain Phillip, who there landed over 700 convicts and a guard of marines; but the settlement was soon removed to where Sydney now stands. Free colonists followed, and before 1800 there were 5,000 settlers in the neighbourhood.

But Sydney was cut off from the unknown interior by the Blue Mountains, which long proved impassable, 3,400 feet high and intersected by precipitous ravines. In 1799 a convict named Wilson first crossed the range, and in 1813, when a dry season made new pasturage a necessity, three colonists found a practicable pass, and discovered a river and grassy valleys beyond the mountains. Three years later Lieutenant Oxley and other explorers fol-

lowed the Lachlan River 300 miles, and then went along the Macquarie until it seemed to end in a marshy plain. They next returned to the coast, disappointed that they had not found an inland lake or sea. Other expeditions followed, until Eastern Australia had been somewhat opened; but it was still an unsolved puzzle what became of the rivers flowing toward the interior. In 1828 Captain Sturt was sent by Governor Darling to solve this problem. Going along Oxley's route he reached the marshy plain, discovered that it was drained by a great river which he named the Darling, and proved that this and the Murray and the Murrumbidgee rivers all united and flowed into the ocean. Sturt made another expedition to the stony deserts of the interior, where the temperature was 131 degrees, and returned nearly blind to the coast.

Other distinguished explorers of the time, each of whom had a share in opening the interior, were Hume and Hovell, Cunningham and Eyre, who traversed the barren sea coast along the Australian Bight. But only a few can be mentioned before coming to more recent times, to the period when the discovery of the gold-mining districts brought thousands to settle in the new lands, and gave reason for wider exploration.



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Ludwig Leichardt in August, 1844, entered the interior from Brisbane, with a party of six white men and two natives, and crossed the continent to the north coast, reaching Port Essington in 1845. Two of the party were killed in a fight with natives, and two wounded. Returning by sea to Sydney he received £1,000 reward, while £1,500 was divided among his companions. After a second expedition, which was not successful, he organised a third, and marched once more into the interior, intending to cross the continent from east to west. Nothing is certainly known of the fate of this last expedition, though several parties were sent out to seek traces of its members. Quite recently evidence has been found that Leichardt lived for years a captive among black fellows.

During 1860 J. McDouall Stuart reached the centre of the continent and turned back; and another expedition of four—Burke, Wills, King, and Gray—using camels, crossed the same arid region almost to the north coast. Three of the four members of the expedition perished after returning southward to their starting-point at Cooper's Creek, where the four had arrived just after the departure of a relief party sent to meet them. Three having perished of starvation, King, the survivor, was rescued by a second relief party from Melbourne. During

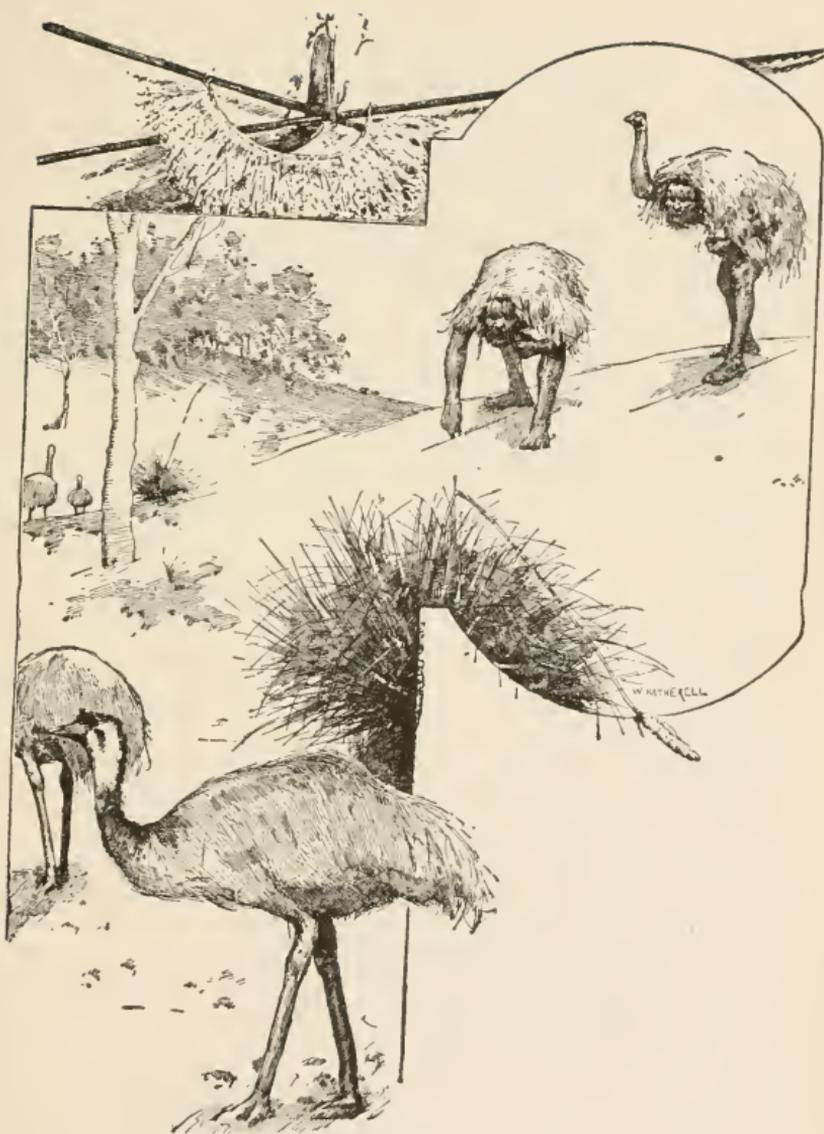
the long absence of this expedition search parties were despatched to the interior from both north and south, and these brought back much geographical information.

Of the explorers named in the last few paragraphs at least two deserve a more extended notice, Charles Sturt and John McDouall Stuart.

Charles Sturt, born in India, was the son of an English judge and a Scotch mother. At the age of eighteen he entered the army and took part in campaigns in Spain and Canada. After the battle of Waterloo he was with the allies when they entered Paris. From 1819 to 1826 he went through exciting scenes during what are called "the Whiteboy Riots" in Ireland. Having secured a captain's commission, he went with his regiment to Sydney, Australia, and was appointed on Governor Darling's staff. Then followed the expedition that resulted in the discovery of the Darling River, during which Sturt travelled over 1,200 miles. At the end of the same year, descending the Murrumbidgee River to the vast reedbeds that interrupt it, he established a depot, leaving a number of his companions, and with some others and his friend, Macleay, built two boats to follow the river to the sea. One boat ran upon hidden rocks and went to the bottom



NORTH AND SOUTH HEADS, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



MODE OF HUNTING THE EMU.



BOTTLE TREE.

with a large part of their stores. In the other Sturt and Macleay and six others succeeded in reaching the Murray River, down which they sailed only to find no practicable



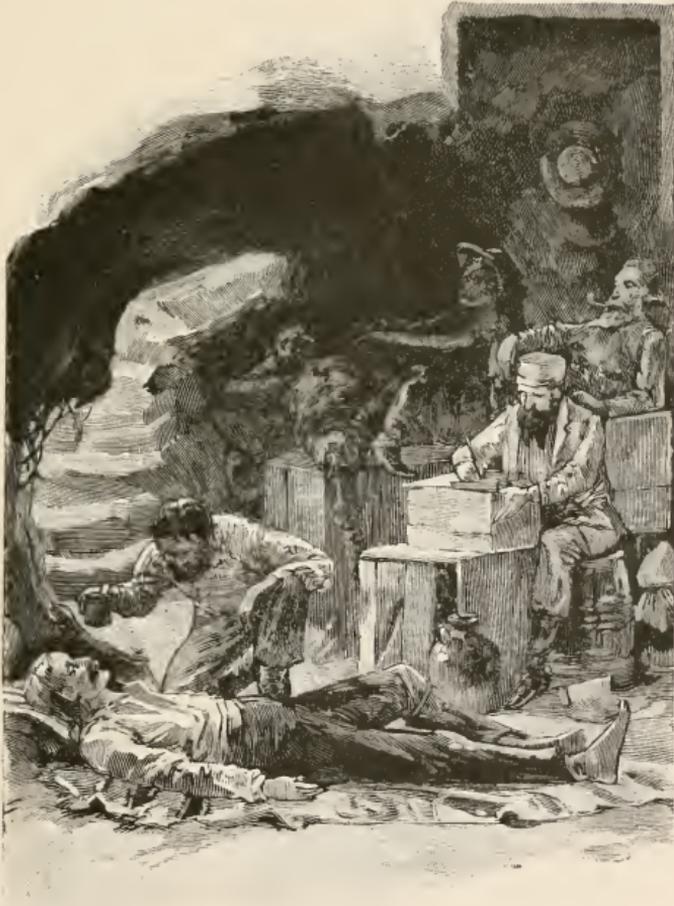
SETTLERS TEAMING IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

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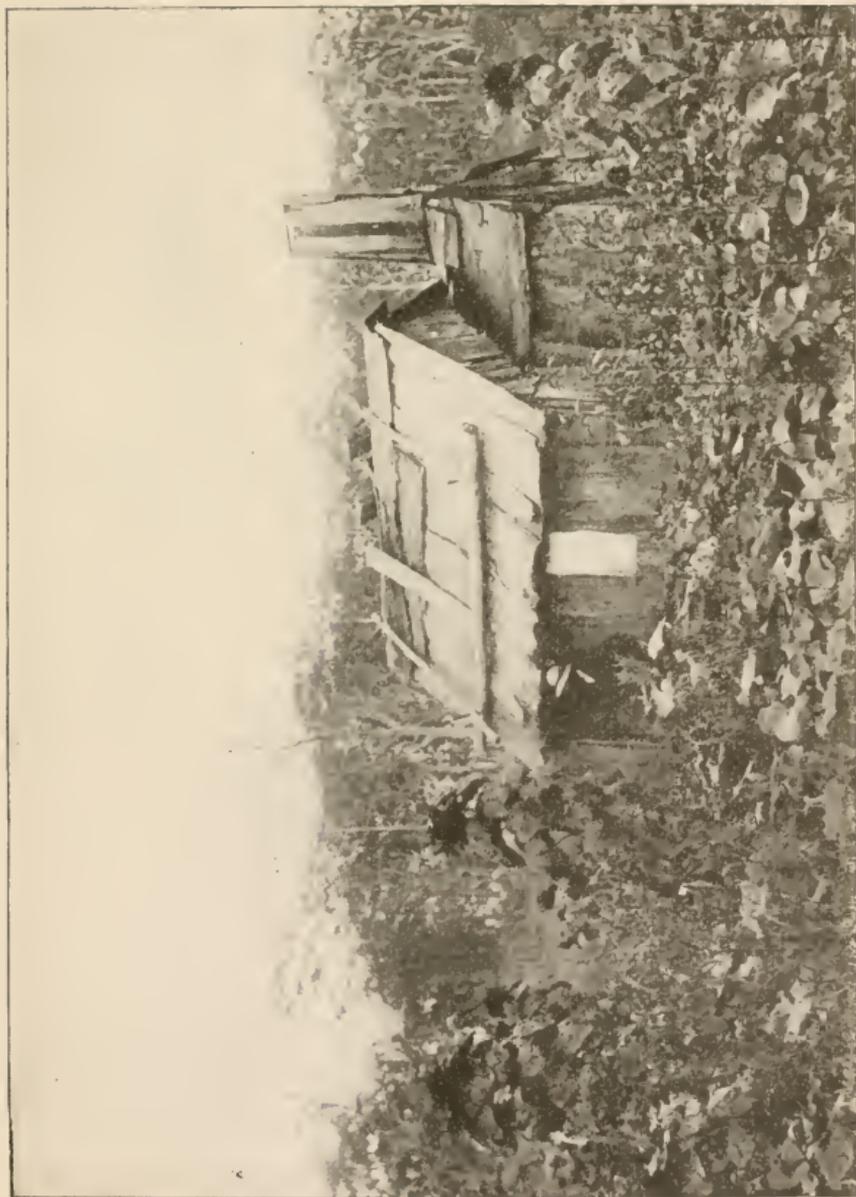
THE UNDERGROUND ROOM.

outlet seawards. Disappointed by the absence of a ship to meet them, they were compelled to ascend the river against the current, reaching their depot after a voyage only seven

days longer than their descent. This journey covered 2,000 miles. Sturt's eyes failed him, and he returned to England.

In 1834 he married, returned with his wife to Australia, and made other voyages on the Murray.

Ten years later Sturt volunteered to explore the centre of the continent, and was accompanied by Stuart, afterwards a noted explorer of Australia, as draughtsman to the expedition. Going up the Darling River, he crossed the Stanley Range into the interior. From November until July no rain fell, but in January, 1845, the expedition found a creek beside which they established a camp, and there remained for six months. Their only relief from the intense heat was found by digging underground rooms, in which Sturt carried on his writing and scientific work. The men were attacked by scurvy, and one died. Sturt's foresight in taking a flock of sheep with him was the salvation of the expedition. On July 1st one-third of the party were sent home; the rest went westward, finding a dry lake bed, dotted with salt pools, and mud too soft to bear their weight. Although now and then creeks were found, they were at intervals of fifteen or eighteen miles, and much of their route was a hopeless, stony desert. In seven weeks 900 miles



AN AUSTRALIAN "BUSH HUMPY."

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were explored. After a rest of six days they reached Cooper's Creek, and ascertained that the region northward was also desert land. Sturt himself was attacked by scurvy on the return journey, but the explorers at last reached the Darling and returned to Adelaide. Sturt in this expedition explored 3,450 miles.

In March, 1853, Sturt returned to England, but until his death, in 1869, showed the keenest interest in Australian exploration, and aided many of his successors by his generous advice and encouragement. He received the Royal Geographical Society's gold medal, which was well deserved, since he had discovered Australia's largest river system, was the first to open South Australia, and was long the only traveller who had approached the central region.

Stuart, who had accompanied Sturt, afterwards made six explorations in the same region. In the fourth of these he attained Central Australia, a victory commemorated by the naming of the "Central Mount Stuart" range. Attacked again and again by the black fellows, being in ill health, and having become nearly blind, he returned to the coast. At the end of the same year the fifth expedition carried him to Stuart's Plain, but for lack of water he could go no further. His last expedition,

which took place the next year, was full of accidents and discouragement. He was severely injured by a fall from his horse in the very beginning; there were desertions among his men; the horses died from the intense heat, and there were many fights with the natives. But coming upon Frew's Water and King's Pond, he was able to go northward and reached the Indian Ocean. The lack of water on the return was almost fatal, but Stuart had accomplished the feat of crossing the continent. His entry into Adelaide was a triumph, and he received as a reward £2,000, and a thousand square miles in the interior free of taxes. His health, however, was broken, and he died in 1866.

The explorer Giles, who as a young man became interested by the exploits of travellers in Australia, secured twenty-two camels, and by their aid accomplished an enormous amount of exploration; but since he failed to find lands that were available for settlement, he has not become so well known as many less successful explorers.

Since 1872 many expeditions have supplemented those of the famous pioneers, and have made familiar the main features of Central and West Australia, proving more than one-half to be uninhabitable desert, arid, but subject to



NINETY MILE DESERT.

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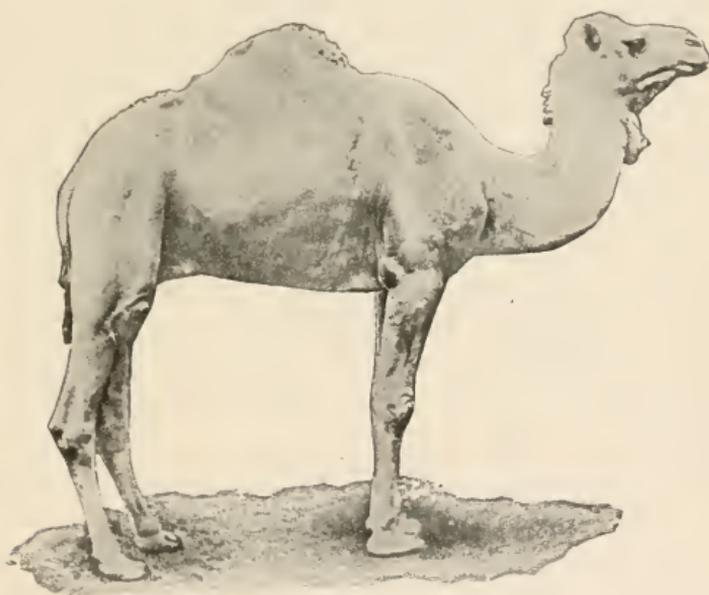
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occasional great floods, converting salt lakes and marshes into seas.

The most hopeless feature of this inhospitable land is the scrub. Three plants make up the worst of this wild tangle. A road cut one



A CAMEL.

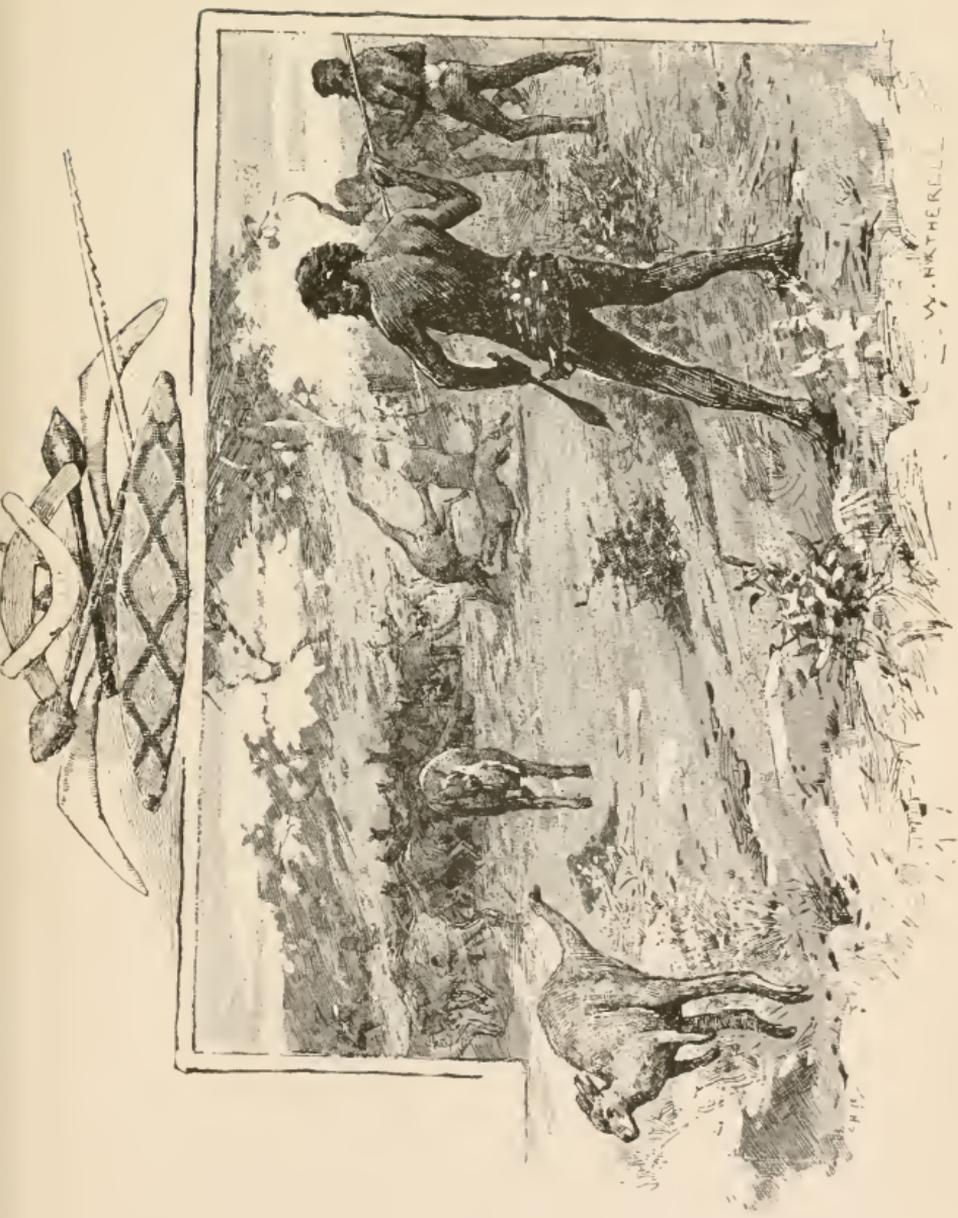
year is overgrown and lost the next. The Mallee scrub is said to cover 100,000 square miles in the south, in patches sometimes 9,000 square miles without a break. It is a plant growing over ten feet without branching, and then spreading in a bushy head. The Mulza scrub grows in matted bushes armed with

strong thorn. Luckily this is less common than the Mallee. Next in extent to the Mallee is the "heath" country—vast, sandy tracts, dusty in summer, boggy in winter, tangled,



MALLEE SCRUB AND KANGAROOS.

woody vegetation two feet high. Worst of all is the spinifex, or porcupine grass, "a stiff, grassy shrub, with thorns and prickles in all directions, greatly dreaded by horses and camels" because it cuts their feet. In the



NATIVES HUNTING KANGAROOS.

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desert lands spinifex covers more than all the other vegetable nuisances put together. Nowhere on the globe is the heat so intense as in these deserts, and, except in rare oases, there



TREE WITH NATIVE CARVING.

is no drinkable water. In the dry season the few water holes are salt, alkaline, and nauseous, and even in the great floods that come once in eight or ten years the inland seas are turbid and brackish, and the interior impassable.

The difficulties of the explorer in the deserts of Australia, and how those difficulties are overcome, may be illustrated by a few episodes from the recent experiences of David W. Carnegie.

After having been perhaps thirteen days without finding water, the whole party keep a keen lookout for a column of smoke upon the horizon, the sign of a native encampment. Having found this evidence of life, the next object is to capture a native, which is accomplished by the good old plan of riding him down, a man on camelback heading him off if necessary. To make sure of his attachment to the party, the native is then securely fastened to a rope or chain, and made to understand that the white men are thirsty and seeking for a water hole. Then the native, with the untaught cunning of his barbarous life, shows signs of acquiescence and leads them, by as long a route as possible, to the furthest dried-up well he can think of. The native next grins derisively to see the white men dig. No water is found, and an encampment follows. The black fellow waits patiently for the white men to fall asleep, so that he may gnaw the rope, or burn it in the camp-fire. The white men set a guard to prevent this. Next day his captors, being on short rations of water, and the



AN AUSTRALIAN CORROBORE

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black fellow being on none at all, they are able to bear thirst better than he. At length, tortured by thirst, the black fellow yields, leads the expedition to a *bona fide* well, and as a reward is set free.

Carnegie says that the young native girls were usually willing to direct them to the wells; that the boys and men needed some persuasion, probably of the kind described above, whereupon they soon gave way; but that the old women, with fortitude worthy of a better cause, never gave in. They fought, scratched, bit, yelled, and so far as the linguist of the expedition could ascertain, swore and cursed until released.

One native was found in possession of a priceless treasure. He carried it in a woven grass case, opening like an oyster shell, and carefully lined with feathers to make a soft bed and protecting layer to preserve the contents—a bit of a broken glass bottle. To him this was a most valuable tool, since it enabled him to shape and finish his wooden spears to a nicety.

These black fellows secure their food by surrounding a mass of spinifex shrub, setting fire to it, and killing the animals as they are driven out. They settle about the water holes, remaining in each locality until they have exhausted its resources, and then moving every-

thing to their next station. Carnegie notes that, though they seem careless of all else, they are most scrupulous to guard from pollution the precious water on which their lives depend.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

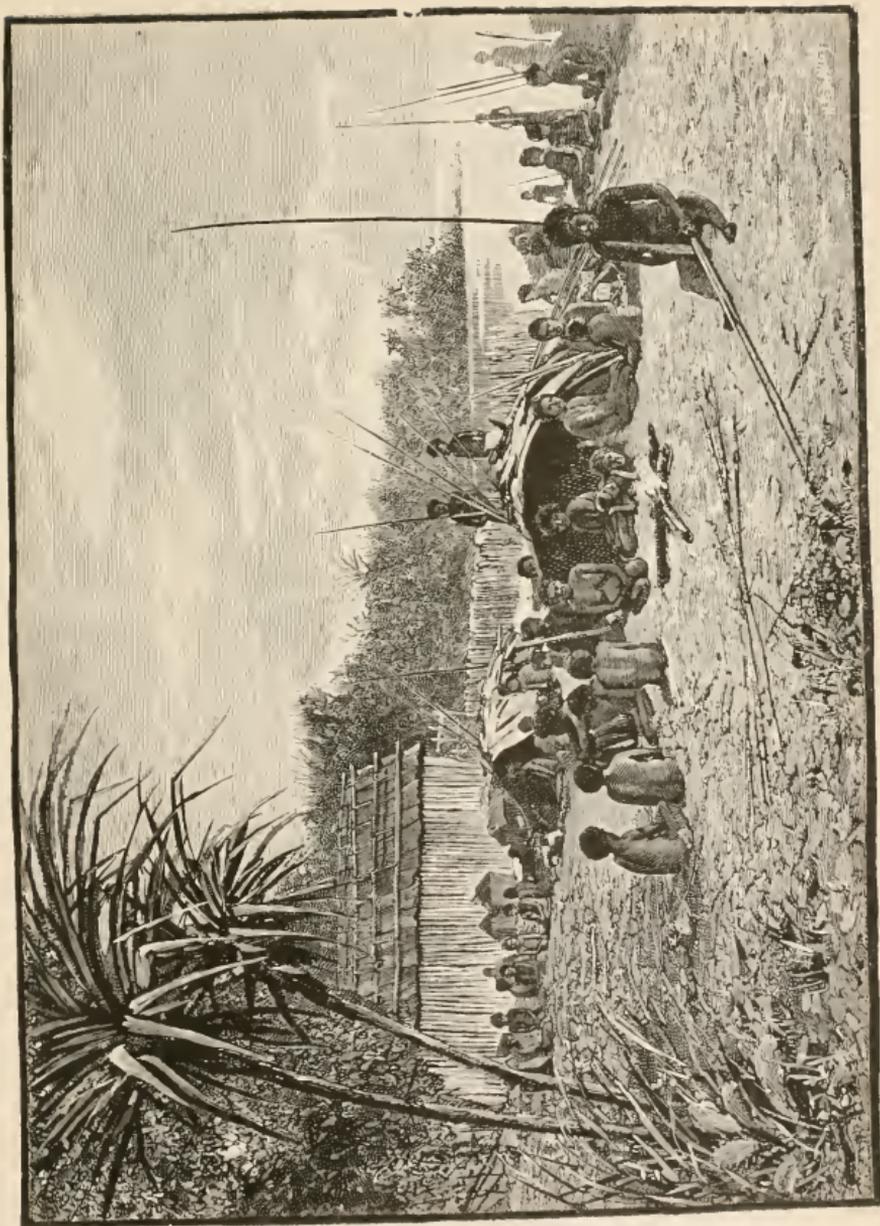
The problems of each continent solved.—Why Africa claims most space.—Nature of recent expeditions.—Destiny of Africa.—Love of home as a factor in colonising.—Asiatic civilisation and our own.—The conflict between them.—The state of exploration in Australia.—Polar exploration, and the opening of the new world.—The scientific explorers.—This book a guide to the writings of explorers.—The lesson of explorers' lives.

WE have seen in this volume, brief and crowded with mere statements of great achievements, how the problem presented by each continent has been attacked by brave men and solved at the cost of many lives. The "dark continent" has claimed more space than the others, but this has been necessary because Africa is a great mass of raw material waiting to be brought into use by the civilised world, an inexhaustible fountain of wealth—precious stones, minerals, ivory, grain, animals, all that fertile land and rich pasturage can yield mankind—and an enormous population eager to secure the manufactured products of the outside world. Besides, the African natives are for the most part kindly, tractable, simple folk;

they are ready to welcome those who approach them peaceably, and they are only too readily conquerable by the terrible weapons of more advanced peoples. The religious difficulties met with in Asia were here long absent, though the spread of Mohammedanism in the north may one day cause a great war of rival religions.

The parcelling out of Africa among the colonising races has made recent explorations political. We see the French and English, Dutch and Germans, Portuguese, Belgians, and Italians despatching military expeditions wherever they can extend or strengthen their colonial territory. Now and then the natives revolt, and a few adventurous white men are slain. But the end is certain. Sooner or later the white races will possess the soil, because they make their homes upon it. Their wives and children once there, they never let go; and they everywhere make common cause against the darker races.

Colonists who bring wives and whose children grow up in the new lands are there to remain. Adventurers, even if they intermarry with native women, lose their heritage as members of the world-conquering races, and soon they and their children must give place to those of purer blood.



A NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.

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Thus, strangely enough, it is the love of home that determines which race shall possess new lands.

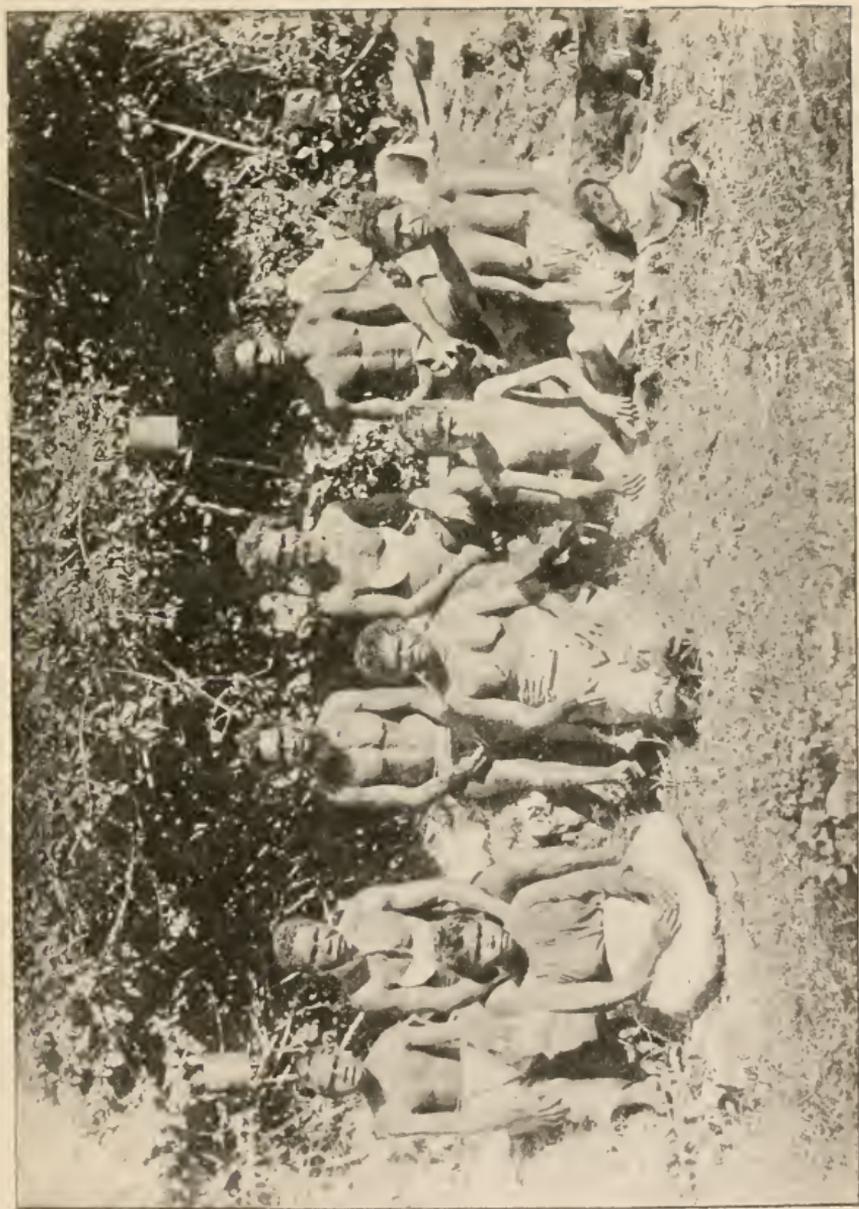
Asia is not uncivilised, even in its less known portions. The forms of civilisation are different from our own, and to our minds are of lower grade. But their civilisation is fixed and finished to the utmost degree, while ours is plastic, unformed, and seems crude when compared with what we all hope it may yet become. In short, the Asian ideal—imperfectly as it may be expressed, deformed by superstition, cramped by long fixity—is the philosopher's ideal. The highly cultivated Asiatic strives with all his soul to think the truth, and to be absorbed within himself. The European and the American ideal is the Christian ideal. The highest type of mind to European and American is the mind that *does* right—whatever it thinks—and tries to make others do right also. From our point of view, the self-absorbed, self-perfecting hermit is a lunatic, who might better be employed draining marshes, tilling the soil, weaving cloth, wielding tools, teaching the ignorant, or enforcing justice—with steel and powder if necessary.

Consequently when Europe and Asia are brought into conflict one or the other must yield. The work of the explorer in Asia can

have little result so long as it is not followed by the introduction of European ideas. Japan, opened by the American navy, has deliberately chosen the civilisation of Europe, and since her people are adaptable and able, she may yet make good her place among the nations of modern ideas. China is just now in revolt, trying to cast out the seeds of European civilisation; and the coöperation of Europe against her shows that the struggle is wider than a political or economic conflict.

Enough has been told of the exploration of Central Asia to show that it is little more at present than the entry of scouts to spy out the land. Asian exploration to-day is like African exploration in the day of Mungo Park: an adventurous plunge in the hope of bringing out some pearl of knowledge.

In Australia the situation is more like that in Africa after the journeys of Livingstone, Stanley, Thomson, and the other great pioneers. The general facts are known, and the objects of exploration are economic. The question with each new district is, "Are the conditions such that white men can make the region valuable? Can the settler live there and produce wealth?" As the increase of population brings a demand for new lands, they will be made fit for use. If they are dry, they will



AUSTRALIAN NATIVES (QUEENSLAND).

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be watered; if they are held by natives, the natives will be conquered; if regions are inaccessible, they will be brought within reach by roads and railways or by boats. One way or another, Australia will be subdued and made habitable, as the Western "deserts" of our own nation have been reduced to the service of mankind.

The subject of polar exploration has been reserved for another volume. The purposes and the results, the methods of explorers and their hardships are due to a struggle against natural conditions only. In the earliest polar voyages the Eskimos were at times troublesome, but to-day they do not dare molest the white men, and even welcome their visits because of what may be gained from exploring parties.

With the polar researches may well be grouped the explorations of the northern continents, the seeking of the northwest and the northeast passage, the journeys in Alaska, including the gold discoveries, the glacier, and mountain climbing. And in connection with the Antarctic field of polar voyages, the Pacific islands and the story of South America may well be told.

The field of purely scientific exploration—the work of archæologists and antiquarians,

the voyages and travels of naturalists, the deep-sea explorations, and the feats of those who descend into the bowels of the earth, or who trace the windings of great rivers, such as the Amazon or the Colorado—while no less interesting, engages the efforts of a different class of men, and calls for a different treatment.

This volume makes no claim to the impossible merit of completeness. The object has been to give a good general idea of the experiences of the greater explorers, of the men who have broken the way into the unknown regions of three continents, and at the same time to show why they went where they did, and how they made it possible for others to follow in their steps.

In order to understand fully the work of any explorer, his exploits must be read as he tells them. This book mentions at least the greatest pathfinders, and will serve as a guide-book to the rich literature of exploration. Live books of travel are fascinating with a normal, healthful excitement. They inspire bravery and self-reliance, and also teach the wisdom of the Italian motto Thomson put on his title-page:

“ Chi va piano, va sano.

Chi va sano, va loutano.”

“Who goes quietly, goes safely; and who goes safely, goes far.”

The boy who in imagination accompanies the noblest explorers acquires something of the qualities that made them great—perseverance, honesty, self-reliance, and heroism based on faith in God.

THE END.

1891

1892