

IN DARKEST AFRICA

OR THE

QUEST RESCUE AND RETREAT

OF

EMIN

GOVERNOR OF EQUATORIA

BY

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WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WOODCUT ILLUSTRATIONS
AND MAPS.

"I will not cease to go forward until I come to the place where the two seas meet,
though I travel ninety years."—KORAN, chap. xviii, v. 62.

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heap, he will ask with a sneer, "Do you call this Africa? Pho!" Nevertheless, within three weeks after the fire which burnt the sere grass, and gave the land an aspect of desolation, the young grass is waving merrily, exulting in its youth, and beauty, and greenness over mountain summit, slope, and valley, and these two pasture-lands, renowned for the breeding of their cattle, really look beautiful. I have seen them now under two aspects. To Ankori I give the preference. In it are mighty extents of plain stretching in a hazy, billowy manner, broken up here and there by humpy eminences, pap-like hills, and dwarfish mounts, divided by tributaries of the Alexandra like the Rwizi, or by feeders of the Albert Edward like the Rusango, and all within curving lines of grand grass-covered ranges, which separate one broad river basin from another. It seems as though all this was arranged after some cunning plan, to meet the exigencies of exclusive tribes. The plan has been defeated, however, for Antari reigns over the basins of the Rwizi, the Namianja, the Rusango, and many another stream, despite the mountainous dyke, and of late years he has annexed Mpororo country, and if his power were equal to his ambition he would probably annex Karagwé, and Koki, and Uddu, down to the Victoria Lake.

1889.
July 28.
Karugwé.

We are now in Karagwé. The Alexandra Nile—drawing its waters from Ruanda, Mpororo, to the west; and from north, Uhha; and north-east, Urundi and Kishakka—runs north along the western frontier of Karagwé, and reaching Ankori, turns sharply round to eastward to empty into the Victorian Sea; and as we leave its narrow valley, and ascend gradually upward, along one of those sloping narrow troughs so characteristic of this part of Central Africa, we camp at Unyakatera, below a mountain ridge of that name, and like the view obtained from that summit two score of times repeated, is all Karagwé. It is a system of deep narrow valleys running between long narrow ranges as far as the eye can reach. In the north of Karagwé they are drained by small streams which flow into the Alexandra.

1889.
July 28.
Mtagata.

The second day's travel was terminated when we reached Mtagata hot springs, which I have already described in 'Through the Dark Continent.'

Soon after reaching the camp our Nubians set out to hunt, for the land is famous for rhinoceros, and being good shots, they dropped four of these huge beasts, and



A HOT SPRING, MTAGATA. (From a Photograph.)

captured a baby, which they brought to us. We tied the baby, which was as large as a prize boar, to a tree, and he fully showed what combativeness there was in his nature. Sometimes he mistook the tree for an enemy, and rushed to the attack, battering it with his horny nose until, perceiving that the tree obstinately resisted him, he would halt to reconnoitre it, as though he had the



BABY PITCHCOCK'S BROTHERS FIGHT IN CAMP.

intention of assaulting it by another method; but at such times some wicked Zanzibari boys prodded him in the hams with a reed cane, and uttering a startling squeal of rage he would dash at the offenders to the length of his tether. He seemed to me to be the stupidest, most irreful, intractable little beastie that ever I had met. Feeling himself restrained by the cord, he felt sure it must be the tree that was teasing him, and he would make another dash at it with such vehemence that sent him on his haunches; prodded, pricked in the rear, he squealed again, and swinging round with wonderful activity, he would start headlong, to be flung on his back by the rope; until at last, feeling that it would be only misery to him to be carried to the coast, he was consigned to the butcher and his assistants.

1889.
July 29.
Karagwé.

On the march of July 31st to Kirurumo, Wadi Asmani, a Zanzibari headman, laid his rifle and box on the path, and disappeared without a word of parting or warning to any person, with nearly thirty months' pay due to him, while in perfect condition of body and at peace with all the world.

Captain Casati was placed in a hammock and carried on account of increasing weakness. The Pasha visited me, and related his opinion that Casati was a curious man. Said he: "I have just come from seeing my friend Casati; I found him lying on some grass, and the sunshine pouring on his bare head with such heat that, even with my topee, I suffered inconvenience. He has four women, besides two Manyuema and his young man from our province. I asked him why he did not make his people build him a shelter with banana leaves, for there were some within forty yards of him. He replied, 'I have no servants.' I then said to him, 'Why did you not send for the bath-tub I promised you? You should avail yourself of these hot springs.' 'True,' he replied, 'but I have no people.' 'But you have four stout female servants that I know of.' 'Yes,' said he, 'but I don't like to ask them to do anything lest they should say I work them like slaves.

1889.
July 31.
Kirurumo.

They are widows, you know, and their husbands are dead, etc.'"

The young pigmy damsel who had been with us for over a year began to show symptoms of chronic ill health, and was left with the chief of Kirurumo. The little thing had performed devoted service to Surgeon Parke, who had quite won her heart with those soft gentle tones of his that made everybody smile affectionately on the Doctor. She used to be the guardian of his tent, and whenever the Doctor had to absent himself for his duties she crouched at the door, faithful as a spaniel, and would permit no intruder to approach the doorway. She performed her work in the most unobtrusive manner, and she was the only one of her sex who did not abuse the privileges we generally concede to women in the camp. On the road she carried the Doctor's satchel, and on nearing the resting-place she was as industrious as a bee in collecting fuel, and preparing the Surgeon's cheering cup of tea, which after patient teaching she learned was necessary for his well-being. There was a little fellow of her tribe attached to another of the officers, who never spoke a word to mortal being except to his master, was one of the first to gain camp, collect the fuel, and make his fire. Though loaded on the march he never appeared fatigued or worried, and never gave any trouble. Sometimes when by his industry he had collected a stock of fuel, and a big callous-hearted ruffian took it from the boy, he would show his distress by his looks, but presently gathering courage he would abandon it and collect another pile, as though time was too precious to waste in useless argument over the inevitable. And thus the Pigmies showed by their conduct that they were related to all that was best and noble in human nature.

Kibbo-bora, a headman of the Manyema, lost his wife at the Hot Springs, and so great was his grief that he had to be restrained lest he should commit suicide. Sitting apart in the gorge of Mtagata he howled his laments during twenty-four hours, and his followers formed a chorus to respond to his mournful cries.