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SOME INCIDENTS OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

By E. J. Glave.

The Zanzibaris have played a noble part in Central Africa. They have been the companions of many white travelers in that wild land, and to their zeal, courage, and loyalty is history greatly indebted for the exploration of the Dark Continent. Under the standard of those Anglo-Saxon heroes, Stanley, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, the natives have done wonderful service.

No nobler record of absolute devotion to duty on the part of blacks exists than "Through the Dark Continent," in the pages of which the graphic pen of Stanley thrilled the hearts of all nations with the brilliant narrative of the deeds of his heroic followers — of those adventurous and plucky spirits who left home and friends in Zanzibar, enrolled themselves under the two great Anglo-Saxon banners, the "Stars and Stripes" and the British "Union Jack," and remained with their noble leader, Stanley, through thick and thin — repelled the persistent attacks of hostile savages, bore sickness, privation, and hunger, and remained unconquered till their work was accomplished and Africa had been crossed.

During Stanley's last triumphal success, relieving Emin Pasha from the fanatic hordes of the Mahdi, the young Zanzibari, Saleh Bin Osman, served with great distinction and by his loyal conduct gained the confidence of "Buana Mkubua," "Big Master," which, as I have told you, is the name by which these people knew Stanley.

After accompanying Stanley through Darkest Africa, he returned with the expedition to Zanzibar, and remained with his leader while the explorer narrated to America his stirring adventures.

Being conversant with Ki-Swahili, the language of the Zanzibaris, I have had several interesting chats with young Saleh, and in the following short article I have translated from his own tongue some anecdotes and incidents which happened on the march and in camp during the travels of the expedition.

Early in 1887, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, in command of the "Emin Relief Expedition," for which Mr. Mackenzie, who was acting as agent, had gone on ahead in order to recruit Zanzibari followers.

Among the candidates for enlistment was Saleh bin Osman, who, although he had never made a journey with Stanley, had accompanied white travelers in some parts of Eastern Africa and the island of Madagascar.

Saleh "signed on" as a servant, and owing to his superior intelligence was soon appointed to be chief of all the black servants of the force.

The expedition remained at Zanzibar but three days. Six hundred and twenty Zanzibaris in all were engaged, and as they were duly enrolled on the Expedition books they were sent off in barges and placed on board the "Madura," a steamer chartered to convey the party from Zanzibar around the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Congo.

When all arrangements were complete, and the *Kaa Heris* (good-bys) had been said by the enlisted men to their friends who came off in dhows and canoes, the Madura hoisted her anchor and steamed away to the southward.

The Zanzibari force was now divided into companies, and the white officers of the expedition received their respective commands. The boys who had engaged as servants were also told off to their different masters, and Saleh bin Osman became Stanley's body servant.

After a few days' steaming, the Madura arrived at Cape Town. Some of the white offi-

cers and Tippu Tib went ashore, but the Soudanese and Zanzibaris were not permitted to do so, as such liberty would be taken advantage of by some of the disorderly.

But a day or two was spent at Cape Town, and then the ship steamed away for the west coast of Africa, and arrived a few days later at the mouth of the Congo. Here the expedition was transferred to smaller boats, and the whole force, white and black, was conveyed to Matadi, one hundred miles up the Congo River.

When the Expedition was landed at Matadi, all the men received their rifles and ammunition. Each of the blacks had quite a bulky package of his own private property, a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, no doubt valuable additions to comfort, but superfluous weight on the march. So when each man received a load of sixty-five pounds weight to carry two hundred odd miles, besides the several pounds of rations for the journey, all those private packages had to be abandoned by their mourning owners.

Previous to receiving their heavy loads, the Zanzibaris had been full of good spirits,—probably expecting a continuation of the enjoyable existence so comfortably passed on the good ship Madura,—but the weighty cases of cartridges and the big steep hills ahead which had to be climbed, brought unhappiness and rendered the men dejected. Instead of dancing and singing throughout the evening as before, the camp looked glum and miserable as the smoldering campfires lit up the sadly meditative faces of the silent throngs who saw their time of ease and comfort was at an end, and realized that arduous toil was ahead of them.

The white traveler who has performed the overland march from Matadi to Stanley Pool can heartily sympathize with the black porter who manfully struggles up the steep, rocky incline of Pallaballa, Congo Di Lemba, or staggers almost stifled through the suffocating valley of Lakanga. The white man makes the marches unhampered by unnecessary clothing, and then flatters himself he has performed a wonderful feat of endurance.

Saleh said it was curious to watch Stanley's white officers when they were first introduced to *chiquanga*, a kind of pudding made of boiled manioc root. Neither the taste nor odor of this food is at all inviting at first; but necessity brings all whites as well as blacks to regard it as the bread of life before many months of residence in Central Africa.

Sometimes when deprived of it for many days I have often hailed a piece of toasted *chiquanga* as a real luxury, and I have been rather disgusted with newly arrived whites whose upturned noses condemned my barbaric taste.

When Stanley's white officers had finished their small stock of tinned provisions and rice, they were absolutely compelled to fall back on the manioc dishes; but the sourness of taste of this African pudding is a serious barrier to the enjoyment of it, and some stubborn persistence is required before the white man hails *chiquanga* as a delicacy; but like other white travelers, these officers began to like it, and when they passed beyond the districts where it grew, and were forced to adhere to a roast plantain diet, they regretted bitterly that they had no manioc.

As all the world knows by Stanley's account, the advance column of the expedition had a hungry journey in their march through the great forest. For days and days, both whites and blacks lived upon mushrooms and the acid fruit of the india-rubber vine.

Saleh is eloquent in his tributes to Stanley's wonderful influence during this trying time, saying that it was his personal example in enduring hardship, and his consoling presence that kept up the spirits of the men.

The marches, owing to the weakness of the men, were but a few miles a day, when a halt would be called and everybody would be sent into the jungle to search for food. Saleh cited an incident which illustrates the condition of mind and body to which these poor creatures had been reduced.

One day they had stopped as usual, after a short march, in order to hunt for food. Two of the Zanzibaris, Asumani and Ismail, wandered off together for the purpose of finding *mabungu* (india-rubber fruit). After they had penetrated a little way into the forest, Asumani espied a rich cluster of the fruit, and pointed it out to his friend, but told him that as he had been the first to see it, he considered that it was his,

and advised his friend Ismail to go and find another such lot himself. The other suggested that such selfishness was not right in hungry times. These two men, made weak by many days of starvation, after a harsh discussion determined to fight. They closed, but had not sufficient strength for fighting. They sat down breathless and glared. When sufficiently recovered to speak, Ismail said he would seek another tree.

Then Asumani started to scale the tree. Ismail's wits had been sharpened by hunger, and under the circumstances he considered a little deceit quite pardonable. So he quietly hid under the tree his friend had climbed. Asumani ate ravenously of the ripened *mabungu* fruit, and then threw some to the ground, intending to pick it up and take it to camp with him. He little dreamed that Ismail, hidden beneath, was disposing of it as fast as it fell.

By and by Asumani became exhausted and decided to descend. But he had not sufficient strength to support his own weight, and he fell from a height of fifteen feet down upon his friend.

Amid groans and hard breathing, they again tried to settle differences by a contest; but it was of no use, they were too weak. They limped back to camp. Having arrived in a village where they got abundance of corn, bananas, goats, and fowls, they told how Ismail had obtained the yellow rubber-fruit, and recounted Asumani's abrupt descent from the tree.

During the very hungriest time spent by Stanley's expedition in going through the dense forest, it happened that the discovery of a little child of the dwarf tribe proved truly providential.

Upon approaching one of the settlements of these people, the natives, fearing that the Arabs were upon them, hastily retreated to the depths of the jungle, leaving in the village one of the young children. He was an ungainly little creature, and from Saleh's description had an enormously big head, protruding lower jaw, lean frame, and ungainly, fat body. The Zanzibaris sat about in dejected groups, complaining of their present hard existence, and the sad contrast of to-day with their joyous life in their island home away in the Indian Ocean.

The little *Teki-Teki* (pigmy), although not more than three years old, was busily searching for something in the dry leaves. The Zanzibaris were attracted by the child's activity. Presently the sparkle of his eyes and the increased earnestness of his hunt showed that he had been successful; and, indeed, he returned to the camp-fire carrying a lot of pods like enormous beans. These he scraped to a fine powder, which he damped, rolled in some big leaves, and then toasted in the ashes. When cooked to his satisfaction he opened the dainty package and the whole camp became filled with the pleasant odor of this new dish. The men of the expedition then closed round and, much to the young Teki-Teki's disgust, helped themselves to a tasting pinch. The Zanzibaris knew the tree quite well; it was the "*makneme*." This new discovery brought a gleam of hope to the hearts of these hungry beings. The capture of the tiny woodsman was a godsend, and Saleh said that had this unhappy little creature but faintly understood their language he would have been overwhelmed with the heartfelt blessings showered on him. A few days afterwards another tribe of these same small people was met, and the child was handed over to them to be returned to his parents.

One evening the expedition arrived at Fort Bodo, after the long, hungry march and many days of anxiety because of the continued fights with cannibals and dwarfs. Now they could have good food in place of the fungi and wild fruits on which they had been living for many months. The groups of laughing men clustering round the big camp-fires seemed to be on good terms with themselves and were well contented.

This particular evening Saleh passed with three friends, who formed a select little party around a big, steaming saucepan. They were saying, "We have passed the hunger-stricken forest and shall soon be strong again. Many have fallen by the way; all we can do or say will not bring them back again. Let us who remain at least be happy and regain as quickly as possible our health and strength." All agreed to make the best of their lot.

"Who can tell us a good story?" said one.

Another native answered, "I will tell you a story of the animals long ago. It is a story of:

The Cat and the Rat.

The cat and the rat lived on the island Miota, all alone. The rat said, "Let us go to the island of Joanna, for if we get sick no one would care for us." So they started to go seven hundred miles in a canoe made of a sweet potato. The rat rowed till he became tired and cross, and began to eat the potato. The cat said, "Row on," but the rat said, "I am tired; you row awhile." So the cat rowed till she was tired, and she fainted. The first thing they knew the boat was sinking.

The cat said, "Now, I am going to eat you, for you ate my boat."

The rat said, "No; if you eat me in the water you will die. Just wait till we are on land." They swam to the island Miota, and the rat began to dig a hole and said, "Wait till I dig some roots before you eat me, then you will have a nice dinner." When the rat finished the hole, they fought for a long time; then the rat ran into the hole all but his tail. The cat stayed outside and changed his voice to imitate the rat. He said to the rat, "Even if I die you will never be free, for you and all the rats forever will be beef and mutton for my sons and daughters."

Then the cat went away and made a great banquet for all the animals. He told the lion how the rat ate his canoe. The lion said, "Had I been you I would have killed the rat for eating your canoe!" The lion then roared and said, "I give orders for the cats to eat the rats forever!" The rabbit, who was sitting near, and was the judge of the animals, said, "Why so?" The lion answered, "For eating the canoe." The rabbit said, "The rat did right for he was hungry. You think you are king but I know somebody stronger than you." The lion, irritated by the rabbit's talk, angrily asked him, "Who can be stronger than I?" The rabbit, trembling at the glare and roar of the lion, said, "I know you are powerful and terrible and are able to kill other animals, and successfully battle even with men, but I am sure *Mzé Nyaa* [Old Man Hunger] is your master." The lion jeered contemptuously at the little animal and said in scorn, "You are an idiot, my little friend. Mzé Nyaa cannot conquer me. I challenge him to a duel." "All right," said the rabbit; "I know where he lives. I will go after the banquet and tell him what you say, and in a few days' time I will return again and let you know what he says."

The rabbit then hopped away, and selecting a quiet spot in the depths of the forest he built a strong house of heavy posts stoutly fastened together. This little rabbit superintended the construction, the other animals in the woods lending a helping hand, being always willing to render any assistance to thwart their old tyrant the lion. When everything was completed to the rabbit's satisfaction he again sought an interview with the lion, and said:

"I have seen Mzé Nyaa, who scorns your defiance and has appointed a meeting-place for the conflict, to which I will conduct you when you are ready."

"We will go now," said the lion. "I am too angry for any delay."

So the little rabbit piloted the great forest king through the quiet paths to the little stockaded house he had recently constructed.

"If you will just lie down in there," said the rabbit, "Mzé Nyaa will appear."

The lion innocently walked into the trap and the rabbit closed and firmly barred the door. The rabbit then gaily scampered off to receive congratulations from the other animals for the success of the ruse, and the lion was left in silent conflict with Mzé Nyaa.

After a few days the little rabbit approached the trap. The lion was now shrunk to a skeleton; he pleaded hard, but it was of no avail. "Continue the contest," said the rabbit.

Day after day the little animal appeared, until the captive died of hunger.

Ever after that the rabbit was king, but he lived in a hole in the ground. The animals said as he was so small it would be better to keep himself from danger.

"Now," said the story-teller, "during our recent travels we were the lions and Hunger was the master. In his grasp we were weak as women, though we feared not wild beast nor savage man."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

(As told by Saleh and recorded in shorthand.)

SALEH BIN OSMAN.

I BORN in July 9, 1871. My mother was dead when I three years old. When I was one year older, I go to my mother sister, and stay with her. When I get four year old, my father send me school to read Koran, and then when I seven year old I begin to read the Bible, and finish when I eight year old the Bible. The schoolmaster name is "Shayhah"; over in America you call him schoolmaster. He change my name and call him "Saleh," mean "honey"; and when I ten year old, I finish all school and went to my father, and taker me one year to stay with my father. When I get ten year, he taker me travel to India, Bombay, Calcutta, Bungola, and come back to Zanzibar.

He asker me, "Which kine business you

like?" I say, "I liker make shop, fruit-shop"; and then he give me 40 dollar, and I go to my fren [friend] and he give 40 dollar, and then to 'nother fren, he give 40 dollar, and then we make bisness. We sell cokenuts, orange, and mango, and sweet lemon. And then my fren he tol' me "This maker dirty bisness, much better to buy boat, a little rowboat," and we pay 200 dollar, and that 's all money we got.

When 'Merican manwah [man-of-war] come, we bring people down; and next time we went to go, the sea very bad, and boat he go down, and one my fren no swim, he wear heavy jacket, and he go down dead. And we swim to manwah, and 'nother boat he come and bring us to shore, and all people say my fault, because I at the head of the bisness, and I mad. And he say I be liker to get a plent' money quick! And my father was cross-to me because all people say that my fault. I run away and went to Malagascar [Madagascar]; and all money I get I got 20 rupee [rupee, 40 cts.] in my pocket.

When we 'rive to Malagascar, we stop at Noosbay. All French people, and master asker me for passage. I broke French. I say, "How much?" He say, "Twenty rupee," and I say, "That 's all money I got." He say, "I don't care, I want twenty rupee, now, quick!" I give it him, and I don't got any money in my pocket. And I went in police station, and soon I see myself, and I set down and cry. When watchman come, asker me, "Why you cry?" He think somebody beat me. I told I cry because I no home this country, no fren. He asker me what language speak. I say, "I speak Arab"; and he laugh me, and say you can't go far, we no speak Arab in this country [Madagascar]. I stayed there till half-past five, and see him, he bring in tin, a small tin liker a cup, and it inside no sugar, no milk. A piece bread he giver me, and said, "That all I have in my supper. Have no better supper." And I say, "Thank you to God, and thank you to yourself." And then he show me place and say, "You go down there." In evening rain come and sundercome [thunder come], and I fright. And I don't got blanket, don't got pillow, just sleep in groun. And when rain come, and I up and I sit down, and I cry.

In morning I went to French town, and I see big big man, and he say to me, "Hello, boy! what you do here?" Because he know me very well, because I dress different; I dress Zanzibar dress. He say, "You Zanzibar boy." I said, "Yes. I don't know anybody here." He say, "Come with me." And I go to him. And he told me, "I want you to go to my wife, and carry bag, and to go with her all places she go, when she go for walk." This man Frenchman. He name Admirally Pierre. He fight in Malagascar. And he taker me in his manwah, and taker me to his wife; and she be glad. She say, "I tried to find Zanzibar boy when I there, to teacher me Zanzibar language."

Half-past four we went down shore, in town, and she buy too much cloths, and guve to me, and she told to me, "I want you to throw 'way dirty cloths you got." And I throw 'way, and dress fine.

We sail from Noosbay to Junka, and we fight there for seven day. That was the native Malagascar, called "Hover"; yellow, liker Chinese. Got two name, the other name we call him "Wambalambo." When we fight we stay there for two mont's. And Madam Pierre she show very kine for me, liker my mother. And then I teach her in Zanzibar tongue for two mont's, and then she speaker me very well. When I say something to her she understan'. And then she asker me everything 'bout myself, an' I told her how I come. She said, "I am very sorry for you, I maker you happy just liker mother." And then she say, "I want you teacher me Zanzibar language, and I want you learn Malagascar, because when Admirally go home he will want you interpreter, and on manwah."

He got two boys, and he say, "Now, Saleh, you taker walk with these boys every day and they teacher you. You go down city, and they tell you name everything." One boy told me something and I put down Arab, and I learn quick in four months. And Madam go home, and she say, "Admirally, taker care Saleh, he good boy." And then my bisness was carry Admirally's rifle and glass when we go in shore. And on manwah I have nothing do, and sit down and eat and dress nice. And then he call me, "Saleh, my boy," in Zanzibar language, because he speak Zanzibar first class. One day he call

me in morning and give me letter, and I open and fine Madam's picture and little gold ring.

Madam go home, write Admirally, "Please bring Saleh home, we show people, and we send him back to Zanzibar." One day in morning he called me, we go shoot guinea-fowl, and taker clean and bring to Madam when we go to France. And we went there and shoot one, and he send me look for it, and he forget I there, and he shoot and his bullets come through my ear, and I fall down and cry loud, and he come and looker, and then throw 'way his gun, and call somebody taker me 'way to manwah. And he taker care for me, and when I get better he finish his business himself, and we sail for Marseilles, France. And then he ketch fever in sea, and when he go to Marseilles he sick seven day, and he dead. And his wife she was good to me and sen' me back to Zanzibar.

I was glad to go back, but I was sorry to lose Admirally because he was good to me. I was glad to go home, but I was sorry to leave Madam because she nicer lady.

That all my story travel in Malagascar with Admirally.

My uncle, Tippu Tib, told me much about Mis'r Stanley. He know him. He Mis'r Stanley's fren. When Mis'r Stanley 'rive in Zanzibar, that maker me to go with him in Africa because I think I travel all same liker I travel in Malagascar. I find Mis'r Stanley nices' man I ever see. He is strong man, and very clever man. He is a very good shot. He is strong for march. He is clever for caravan. He has six hundred twenty-one Zanzibars, and all liker him, all speaker good for him. He think all time for his people. This Dark Forest, we don't have car'age there, no horse, no donkey, no camel, no railway, you know very well. This travel everybody must carry his rifle, his cloths, tent, and ammunition. And this Dark Forest, all bush and trees very very high,—big! People live in this Dark Forest, cannibals and pigmies. This little people, this pigmies are 'bout two feet and half big. The pigmies not strong 'nough for grow anything. They maker iron, they maker fine powsen [poison], and they go round elephant, because they so small he no see them, and they shoot him in eyes with powsen arrow, and before long he fall down dead. And they go to village and call big natuve, we call Wasamgora and cannibals. Pigmies have no big knife, [and bring other natives] because they got knives to cut elephant. Now this big natuve he come cut all meat and divide, and taker half, and half he leave to pigmies. These cannibals (Wasamgora) eat man the same they eat beef and mutton. And we have cannibal man, he belong to Emin Pasha, and his name we call Binsa. Emin Pasha give him to Docter Junker and taker to Zanzibar, and he went with us in Africa. He is not cannibal now.

TIPPU TIB.

I think Mis'r Stanley is very fine man. We lose many people in Dark Forest for hunger. I don't forget why I say Mis'r Stanley is very fine man, he think for his people more than for himself. One day he told me, "I think I liker my people very much, because my people is my home. If I lose my people I can't go anywhere." All native in Africa liker Mis'r Stanley. Ev'rything he want and do, he call his people, asker first. And me sure many people say Mis'r Stanley bad man — all je'lus, have nothing in head, all head full flies. I see six hundred people myself liker Mis'r Stanley, speak well for him. I been three year and half with him, he teach me very well. I enjoy my travel with him. He bring me back to Zanzibar, home. I asker him to come to Europe with him. I come for good time with him in Europe. He is here July, and have wife, good heart and fine looking. We all went through Europe, France, Germany, Italy, Switz'land, come back to London and went to Scotlan' and Irelan' and all over Englan'. He taker me over here to 'Merica now, and I liker 'Merica very much. I think there is nice ladies in 'Merica. And I think there is nice boys and girls. I think they have nice schools in 'Merica. I believe this is a rich country. I been in New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Springfield, Boston, Worcester, Providence, Chelsea, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and too many places in all the country that no have time to say, and I forget his name.

I have no time to tell you how good time I have this country. I like this country very much. I write book in Arab, and I go to publish when I go home. I have no time tell you how fine ladies this country. How fine boys. I 'm sure I got something to say when I get home. Goo'-bye. I sail Wednesday to Englan'. Soon as I get to Englan' I go home to Zanzibar.

SALEH BIN OSMAN,
Of the Stanley Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha.

THE FROGS' SINGING-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

DOWN in the rushes, beside the pool,
The frogs were having a singing-school;
Old frogs, young frogs, tadpoles and all,
Doing their best at their leader's call.
He waved a grass-blade high in the air,
And cried, "Ker-chunk!" which means
"Prepare!"
But the youngest singer took up the strain,
And sang "Ker-chunk" with might and
main.
The others followed as he sang;
"Ker-chunk" their voices loudly rang,
Until their leader so angry grew
He snapped his baton quite in two,
And croaked, "Oh, wrong! oh, wro-ong!
oh, wro-ong!"
Which his class mistook for another song.
At that, their leader had hopped away —
"Ker-chunk! oh, wro-ong!" I heard him
say.
Then *flop!* he went, right into the pool.
And that was the end of the singing school.