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STANLEY IN AFRICA.

The Famous Explorer's Graphic Letter to a Friend - A Thrilling Recital.

LONDON, April 2.-Henry M. Stanley's letter describes the journey between Yambuya and Albert Nyanza. Mr. Stanley, after stating the orders given by him to Major Bartelot, goes on to describe the advance of the column.

A SUCCESSFUL START.

During the next six days the expedition marched inland in an easterly direction through a densely populated district. The natives used every art known to them to molest and impede the advance of the party.

MULTIPLIED SUFFERINGS.

The party now entered a wild country, in their nine days' march through which their sufferings multiplied and several deaths occurred. On August 12, on arriving at Aisrib, the natives presented a bold front.

AN AWFUL MONTH.

What Stanley describes as an awful month begins on September 18. Leaving the station of the Arab Chief Ugarrava, when the expedition numbered 268 men, having lost 60 by desertion and death, and having left 55 sick with Ugarrava, the march led to the Arab settlement, Kalunga Longa.

STARVING AND NAKED.

The men were absolutely naked, and were so weak that they were unable to carry the boat. Stanley was therefore obliged to leave the boat, together with 70 loads of goods, at Kalunga Longa, under the care of Surgeon Parke and Capt. Nelson.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Mr. Stanley continues: "Our sufferings terminated at Ibwiri. We were beyond the reach of destroyers. We were on virgin soil in a populous region abounding with food. We ourselves were mere skeletons. From 289 persons we now numbered 174. Several of the party seemed to have no hope of life left, a halt was, therefore, ordered for the purpose of recuperating. Hitherto our people were skeptical of what we told them. The suffering had been so awful the calamities so numerous and the forests so endless that they refused to believe that by and by we would see plains and cattle, the Nyanza and Emin Pasha.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

They had turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the

ammunition and became altogether demoralized. Perceiving that mild punishment would be of no avail, I resorted to the death penalty, and two of the worst cases were hanged in the presence of all.

REVELING IN PLENTY.

We halted for thirteen days at Ibwiri, reveling on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, yams, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and our people gorged themselves with such effect that we had 178 sick and robust men. One had been killed with an arrow.

GRASSY PLAINS.

When we started for Albert Nyanza, on November 24, we were still 126 miles from the lake. Given food, the distance seemed nothing. On December 1 we sighted an open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Figah, which was so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On December 5 we emerged upon the plains, leaving the dead and gloomy forest behind us. After 160 days of continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around, making all things beautiful.

THE OLD SPIRIT.

We thought we had never seen grass so green or a country so lovely. The men literally leaped and yelled with joy and reached over the ground with their burdens. Ah! This was the old spirit of former expeditions successfully completed and all suddenly revived. We betide the native aggressor whom we may meet. However powerful, with such a spirit the men will fling themselves upon him like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It was the eternal forest that had made them the abject, slavish creatures so brutally plundered by Arab slaves at Kilunga Longa.

WAR CRIES AGAIN.

On the 9th we entered the country of the powerful Chief Mazambou. The villages were scattered so thickly that no road except through them could be found. The natives sighted us, but we were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages and built a zareba as fast as billhooks could cut the brushwood. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill, pealing across the intervening valleys.

The people gathered in hundreds at every point, war horns and drums announcing the struggle. After a slight skirmish, ending in our capturing a cow, the first beef we had tasted since we left the ocean, the night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow.

THE NATIVES DEFEATED.

Here Mr. Stanley narrates how negotiations with the natives failed, Mazambou declining a peace offering, and how a detachment of forty persons, led by Lieut. Stairs, and another of thirty under command of Mr. Jephson, with sharpshooters, left the zareba and assaulted and carried the villages, driving the natives into a general rout. The march was resumed on the twelfth. There were constant little fights along the route.

KISSED STANLEY'S HANDS.

On the afternoon of the thirtieth, says Mr. Stanley, we sighted the Nyanza, with Kavala, the objective point of the expedition. Six miles off I had told the men to prepare to see the Nyanza. They murmured and doubted, saying: "Why does the master continually talk this way? Nyanza, indeed! When they saw the Nyanza before them, many came to kiss my hands."

NYANZA.

We are now at an altitude of 5,200 above the sea, with the Albert Nyanza 2,300 below, in one degree twenty minutes. The South end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped for about sixty miles south of this position and right across in the eastern shore. Every dent in its low, flat shore was visible, and traced like a silver snake on the dark ground was the tributary Landlike flowing into the Albert Nyanza from the southwest.

MAGNIFICENT PROSPECT.

After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the rugged and stony descent. Before the rear guard had descended 100 feet natives from the plateau poured after them, keeping the rear guard busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the anemoids reading 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. A night attack was made, but the sentries sufficed to drive our assailants off.

A SINGULAR PROPLE.

We afterwards approached the village of Kakongo, situated at the

southwest corner of the Albert lake. Three hours were spent by us in attempting to make friends, but we signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake, because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange the blood of brotherhood because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us because they did not know where we were from. But they would give us water to drink, and would show us the road to Nyamassie.

From this singular people, we learned that they had heard that there was a white Unyorn, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they ever seen any steamers on the lake. There was no excuse for quarreling. The people were civil enough, but they did not want us hear them. We, therefore, were shown the path and followed it for miles.

CRITICAL POSITION.

We camped about half a mile from the lake and then began to consider our position with the light thrown upon it by conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zambar had evidently not arrived or Emin Pasha with two steamers would have paid the southwest side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kalunga Longa 190 miles distant and there was no canoe obtainable. To seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel, my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size sufficient to make canoes. Waddellia was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days' fighting on the plain.

PLAN OF RETREAT.

A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested that was feasible except to retreat to Ibwiri, build a fort, and send the party back to Kilunga Longa for a boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, march back to Albert lake and send a boat in search of Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussion with the officers, I resolved upon.

On the 15th we began a night march, and by 10 a. m. on the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more, the Kakongos natives having persisted in following us to the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded. On January 7 we were in Ibwiri once again. After a few days' rest, Lieut. Stairs, with 100 men, was sent to Kilunga Longa to bring the boat and goods. I also sent Surgeon Parke and Capt. Nelson. Out of the 38 sick men in their charge only 11 men were brought to the fort. The rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods he was sent to Ugarrav. He was to bring up the convalescent.

STANLEY SICK.

Soon after his departure I was attacked by gastritis and an abscess on the arm. After a month's careful nursing by Parke I recovered, and set out again for the Albert Nyanza on April 2, accompanied by Jephson and Parke. Nelson was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty three men and days.

BLOOD BROTHERHOOD.

On April 26 we arrived in Mozambini's county again. This time, after solicitation, Mozambini decided to make blood brotherhood with me. His example was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza. Every difficulty seemed now to be removed. Food was supplied gratis. Cattle, goats, sheep and fowls were also given in abundance, so that our people lived royally.

NEWS OF EMIN PASHA.

When one day's march from the Nyanza, natives came from Kavali and said that a white man named Maleja had given their chief a black packet to give me, his son. "Would I follow them, they asked?" "Yes, tomorrow," I answered, "and if your words are true I will make you rich." They remained with us that night telling us wonderful stories about big ships as large as islands filled with men, etc., which left no doubt in our mind that the white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's journey brought us to Chief Kavali. After awhile he handed me a note from Emin Pasha covered with a strip of American oilcloth. The note was to the effect that there had been a native rumor that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone to a steamer to make inquiries, but had been un-

able to obtain reliable information. He begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The next day, April 23, Mr. Jephson was dispatched with a strong force to take the boat to the Nyanza.

EGYPTIAN EMBRACES.

On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mawa station, southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha. Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers.

MEETING EMIN PASHA.

On April 23 we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on December 16, and at 5 p. m. of that day I saw the Khedive steamer about seven miles away steaming up towards us. Soon after 7 p. m. Emin Pasha, Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us. Next day we moved to a better camping place, about three miles above Nyamassie, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp.

THE PARTING.

We were together until May 25, when I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Sudanese and two Zan-zibars in his care. In return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and 102 Madi natives as porters. Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo.

A DECIMATED GARRISON.

A fort was built by Nelson and Lieut. Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrav some twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, bringing with him, also, only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Maj. Bartelot had safely left Ugarrav, was for Yambuya on March 16.

HARVESTING CORN.

Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested and was in the granaries. On June 16 I left Fort Bodo with 111 Zan-zibars and 101 of Emin's people. Lieut. Stairs was appointed commandant of the fort. Capt. Nelson was second in command and Surgeon Parke was medical officer. The garrison consisted of 59 rifles. I thus deprived myself of all my officers in order not to be encumbered with baggage, provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans.

DOWN THE RIVER.

On June 24 we reached Kilonga, and on July 19 Ugarrav was. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrav was having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from the district, had proceeded down the river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with 60 pounds of corn, so that we were able to pass through the wilderness unscathed. Passing on down the river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers, who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of £10 per head, or the major himself, leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in pleasing anticipation as we neared the goal.

PERIL OF THE COURIERS.

On August 10 we overtook Ugarrav with an immense flotilla of 57 canoes, and to our wonder our couriers, now reduced to 17, who related an awful story of hairbreadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three had been slain; two were still feeble from wounds; all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

A WEEK LATER.

A week later, August 17, we met the rear column of the expedition at Bunalya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade, who at first I thought was Mr. Jamieson. A nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonney, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"Well, my dear Bonney, where's the major?" I asked. "He is dead, sir; shot by a Mauyema about a month ago," replied Bonney.

"Good God!" I cried; "and Jamieson?" "He has gone to Stanley Falls to get more men from Tipoo Tib."

"And Troop?" "Troop has gone home invalided."

"Well, where is Ward?" "Ward is at Bangalia."

"Heaven alive! then you are the only one here?" "Yes, sir."

AN AFRICAN KIT.

After describing what a wreck he

found the rear column to be, Stanley complains of the officers at Yambuya too readily accepting the deserters' report of his death and sending his personal kit, medicines, etc., down the Congo, leaving him naked of necessities for his return to Emin. "By accident," he says, "two hats, a fair pair of boots and a flannel jacket were left, a truly African kit with which to return."

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

The letter then proceeds to summarize what has been accomplished Stanley says: "We were 160 days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forests along the edge of the grass land are well marked. We saw in extending northeasterly, with its curves, bays and capes just like a seashore. South-westerly it preserved the same character. North and South the forest area extends from Nyanzive to the southern borders of Monbutta. East and West it embraces all the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwhimi, to about east longitude 29 degrees, latitude 40 degrees. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract described, totally covered by forest, is 246,000 square miles. North of Congo, between Upoto and Aruwhimi, the forest embraces another 80,000 square miles. Between Yambuya and Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down the Congo river, from an altitude of 5,500 feet to 1,400 feet above the sea. North and South of our track through the grass land the fall of the land was much broken by groups of conical or isolated mountain ridges. To the north we saw no land higher than about 6,000 feet above the sea, but bearing 215 degrees magnetic, at a distance of 50 miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, probably 17,000 feet or 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruetenzori, and will prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon Bennett mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting if it be the same. First, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter, as given by me in 1876. Secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennette. I have met only three natives who have seen the lake toward the South. They agree that it is larger, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

EMIN PASHA.

Before closing let me touch more largely upon the subject which brought me here, namely, Emin Pasha. He has two battalions or regulars, the first consisting of about 750 rifles, and the second of 640 men. Besides these battalions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks and servants. "Altogether," Emin said, "if I consent to go away from here, we shall have about eight thousand people with us. Were I in your place I would not hesitate a moment, or be for a second in doubt what to do. What you say is quite true. But we have such a large number of women and children—probably 10,000 people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a number of carriers."

"Carriers for what?" I asked. "For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel."

"The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on donkeys. I hear you have about two hundred. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zan-zibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why can not your black women do the same? Have no fear of them; they will do better than the men."

"They would require a vast amount of provisions for the road?" "True, but you have thousands of beef, and the countries through which you pass must furnish grain and vegetable food."

"Well, we will defer further talk until tomorrow." The conversation with the Pasha took place on May 1, 1888, during a halt in camp at Nsabe. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer Khedive next day about 1 p. m. In a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of our arguments used above were repeated. He said: "What you told me yesterday has led me to think if best we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of those about 100 men, besides their

women and children. I shall be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavors for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and that Gordon Pasha was slain they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted story and that some day we should see steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars I am extremely doubtful. They have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries that they cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married and several of them have harems. Many irregulars would also retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave you, you can imagine the position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to their ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on returning all discipline would be ended. Disputes would arise, factions would be formed, the more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter, until there would be none left."

"Suppose you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?" I asked. "Oh, these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you."

"This day after day I have recorded faithfully my interviews with Emin Pasha but these extracts reveal enough for you to understand the position. I left Mr. Jephson thirteen Sudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return, with the united expedition, to the Nyanza within two months. The Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new route."

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Great English Commoner.

Gladsstone's Eulogy on John Bright.

Mr. Bright has been, to a very remarkable degree, happy in the moment of his removal from us. He lived to see the triumph of almost every great cause to which he specially devoted his heart and mind. He has established a special claim to the admiration of those from whom he differed throughout his long political life by marked concurrence with them upon the prominent and dominant questions of the hour. [Hear! hear!] While he has in that way opened the minds and hearts of those with whom he differed to appreciation of his merits, he has lost nothing by that concord with them on the particular subject we so much represent.

Though Mr. Bright came to be separated from the great bulk of the Liberals on the Irish question, on no single occasion has there been a single word of disagreement. I acknowledge that I have not, through my whole political life, fully embraced the character of Mr. Bright and the value of that character to the country. I say this because it was at the particular epoch of the Crimean war that I came more to understand than before the position held by him and some of his friends and the hold they had laid upon the confidence of the people. I was one of those who did not agree with the particular views he took of the Crimean contest, but felt profoundly and never ceased to think what must have been the moral elevation of men, who, nurtured after their lives in the temple of popular approval, could at a moment's notice consent to part with the whole of that favor they enjoyed, which opponents might think the very breath of their nostrils. [Hear! hear!] They accepted undoubtedly unpopularity, for that war commanded the enormous approval of the people.

It was at that time that, although we had known much of Mr. Bright, we learned more. We had known much of his great mental gifts, his courage, his consistency and his splendid eloquence. We had not known how high was the moral tone of those popular leaders, and

what splendid examples they could set for their contemporaries.

Amongst other gifts, Mr. Bright was delighted to be one of the chief guardians of the purity of the English tongue. [Hear! hear!] He knew how the character of a nation is associated with its language. He was enabled as an Englishman, profoundly attached to his country, the tongue of the people being almost an object of worship, to preserve the purity of the language of Shakespeare and Milton. [Cheers.]

Another circumstance of his career is better known to me than to any other person present. Everybody is aware that office had no attraction for him. But few can be aware that extra efforts were required to induce him to become a servant of the crown. In the crisis of 1868, when the fate of the Irish church hung in the balance, it was my duty to propose Mr. Bright that he become a Minister. I never undertook so difficult a task. From 11 o'clock at night until 1 o'clock in the morning we steadily debated the subject. It was only at the last moment that he found it possible to set aside the repugnance he felt, at doing anything that might in the eyes of any one, even of the most ignorant class of his countrymen, appear to detract in the slightest degree from that lofty independence, of character which I have mentioned, and which never throughout his career was held in doubt.

It was a happy lot to unfite so many attractive qualities. If I had to dwell upon them alone I should present a dazzling picture to the world. It was a happy lot to teach moral lessons by simplicity, consistency, unflinching courage and constancy of life, thus presenting to us to a higher atmosphere. [Hear! hear.]

His sympathies were not only strong, but active; not sympathies awaiting calls to be made upon them, but sympathies of a man seeking objects upon which to bestow the inestimable advantages of eloquence and courage. In Ireland, when support of the Irish cause was rare; in India, when support of the native cause was rare; in America, at the time when Mr. Bright, foreseeing the ultimate issue of the great struggle of 1861 stood as the representative of an exceeding small portion of the educated community of the country, although undoubtedly representing a large part of the national sentiment. [Hear! hear!] In all these cases Mr. Bright went far outside the necessities of his calling.

Thus it has come about that he is entitled to a higher eulogy than is due to success. Of mere success, indeed he was a conspicuous example. In intellect he might claim a most conspicuous place. But his character lies deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described or can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due is that he elevated political life to the highest point—to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that cannot only be made a subject of admiration and gratitude, but—I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance.

I do not know of any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honor of approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. [Hear, hear.] Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the advance of his country and his people. His name is indelibly written in the annals of time and in the hearts of the great and over-priding people to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see, and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind.