

## STANLEY'S STIRRING STORY.

Most Graphic Letter from the Intrepid Explorer.

### DEATH, DISASTER AND HONOR.

The Expedition Led by a Higher Hand Than His Own.

#### THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES

Mr. Stanley has handed me the following letter:

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

The Herald correspondent, who found us during our day's halt at Mowah, five days from the coast, has made it a point that I should write to you. I beg you to believe that I should be most willing to do so, did I know what subject would be particularly gratifying to you, but as the Herald correspondent cannot suggest a subject you will perhaps consider that it would be scarcely fair to expect me to know what matters your readers would be most interested in. I find it then most convenient to imagine you as to tell my friends much that I should like to say to them. First of all, I am in perfect health, and feel like a laborer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath.

Just about three years ago, while lecturing in New England, a message came from under the sea, bidding me to hasten and take a commission to relieve Emin Pasha at Wadai; but as people generally do with a faithful pack-horse, a number of trifles, odds and ends, are piled on over and above the proper burden. Twenty various little commissions were added to the principal one, each requiring care and thought. Well, looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we skirted no task, and that good-will, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as well as circumstances permitted.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

Over and above the happy ending of our appointed duties, we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Arusi is now known from its source to its mouth. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The Mountains of the Moon, this time beyond the least doubt, have been located, and Ruwenzori, "The Cloud King," robed in eternal snow, has been seen, and its flanks explored, and some of its shoulders ascended. Mounts Gordon Bennett and MacKinnon come being but giant sentries warding off the approach to the inner area of "The Cloud Kings." On the southeast of the range the connection between Albert Nyanza Lake and the Albert Nyanza River has been discovered and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains has been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture lands as would make your cowboys out west mad with envy; and right under the burning Equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries, and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from snow beds. We have also been able to add nearly six thousand square miles of water to Victoria Nyanza. Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field.

#### SCENES OF HORROR.

I always suspected that in the central regions between the equatorial lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new facts. This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa. A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will, but nevertheless guided and protected us. What can you make of this, for instance? On August 17th, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march to follow our track, they decide to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiated the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere. The results are that three-quarters of their force die of slow poison, their commander is murdered, and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton and obliged to return home; a fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the Congo, and the survivor is found in such a fearful pest hole that we dare not describe its horrors. On the same date, 150 miles away, the officer of the day leads 333 men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic. His white companions, vexed and irritated by the sense of evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals, and poison-tipped arrows thin their numbers. Meantime I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions. Through the forest my scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

#### DEATH AND DISASTER.

Taking the same month and the same date in 1886, a year later, on August 17th, I listen, horror-struck, to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banaaya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and seared; while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Brasseur barely four weeks before, is simply sickening. On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow,

breathes his last. On the next day, Aug. 18th, 600 miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer Jephson are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists. Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners, in daily expectation of their doom. Jephson's own letters will describe his anxiety.

#### THE HAND OF DIVINITY.

Not till both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. I gave as much good-will to my duties as the strictest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands. Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured; yet everyone that started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures is here to-day safe, sound and well, and the Herald correspondent has interviewed them to his heart's content. This is no due to me. Lieut. Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me. These officers have had to wade through as many as 17 streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their hearts. They have been maddened by the agonies of fierce fevers. They have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live. This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings, or the cheery energy which they bestowed on their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks and urged the poor souls on to their graves. The vulgar will call it luck; unbelievers will call it chance; but deep down in each heart remains the feeling, that of a verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy. I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture, it would have a grand interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the unfortunate for one more unfortunate, the influence we have noted in barbarians who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty, of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to the Herald correspondent, who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and who, with his gifts of composition, may present a very taking outline of what has been done and is now near ending, thanks be to God for ever and ever.—Yours faithfully, HENRY M. STANLEY.

#### FOUR DAYS FROM THE COAST.

Stanley's expedition, accompanied by the force sent out by the Herald, arrived safely to-day. All the Europeans connected with the caravan are well with the exception of Stevens, the commissioner of the New York World, who has been struck down with fever and lies in my tent very ill. Stanley is bringing with him 286 of Emin Pasha's people. Many of these persons are aged, decrepit, or sick, and they are all being carried down to the coast by Stanley's Zambian men.

The troops and carriers in Stanley's command elicit the unbounded admiration of everyone. They are under the most perfect discipline, and when on the road march in that perfect order which could only be expected of a well trained and well provisioned army.

Acting under the orders of Major Wissmann, Lieut. Schmidt and a few soldiers are accompanying us to the coast. It is their duty to slightly precede the main body on the march and to make all preparations for camping comfortably at the various places selected for nightly halts. Stanley and all his officers are loud in their praise of the kindly reception they met with at the hands of the Germans. A special car was sent up to Mpwapa by Major Wissmann, bearing many of the comforts of life, of which the gentlemen of the expedition stood sorely in need. I am assured that these things were most welcome. Although we are only four days from the coast, Stanley is still expecting to meet the caravan of provisions which should have been sent out in accordance with the directions which he gave four months ago.

—Faith without works is a mining enterprise with no plant.

—The bustle has at last entirely disappeared. Hip, hip, hurrah!

OUR FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS.  
There's an excuse for family jars;  
'Tis selfishness our pecuniary wars;  
The wife insists on this or that;  
The husband falls out—then a spat—  
A fiddle, foolish falling out—  
Some words, some tears, a little pout.  
Because they have not learned to share  
Each other's foibles and forbear.

My wife and I plan devised  
Whereby all points are compromised,  
Though differences arise with us  
We settle them without a fuss.  
And how much better 'tis to find  
One to the other's wish resigned.  
It matters not what I may say,  
We compromise—she has her way.

—Pray excuse me," were the last and dying words of Jefferson Davis.

Old Dr. Gray was at the dance  
When Ethel said, with merry glance,  
"Doctor, don't you dance the lancers?"  
—No, my dear, I dance the dancers."

—The pitcher who goes too often to the bar is bound to be knocked out.

—Prince Albert Victor of Wales will visit Barmah during his journey in the East.

## THE FAIR WOMEN OF TURKEY.

Emancipated from the "Yashmak," They Now Dress Like Fashionable Europeans.

### DOMESTIC LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

How the Ottoman Dame and Demoiselle Look and Act—Intrigues Through Street Scribes.

Correspondence of the London News.  
CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 15, 1889.

There has been a great change for the better in Constantinople. Not many years ago the streets were the worst of any ancient city in the world. It was exceedingly difficult to navigate a carriage through their tortuous windings and among the army of impudent sidewalk vendors, who claimed the right to blockade traffic pretty much as they pleased. With a donkey and a good guide you might possibly have got through with some delay; but on horseback, or afoot unattended, such a thing was out of the question. Even the Pashas had their footmen to run ahead and clear the way for them through the fazed and turbaned population. And then there were many curious and purely oriental sights to be seen that are rare now. On the street you would run across a cobbler mending the shoes of the pilgrims while the latter waited humbly by; while over yonder might be seen a procession of long-robed, white-fezed and bearded priests, or perhaps, if it were the days of the Bazarim festival, a jolly company of Musulmans in gaudy robes enjoying their holiday.

Perhaps the most picturesque and attractive feature in the Ottoman capital to the stranger, because the most exclusive, is the women. The western European gazes with curious eyes on the cloaked and hooded figures he sees on the streets and wonders how they would look if garbed like the wives and maidens of the Giaours. Some of the women one sees are dressed with rare neatness, and their fine, lustrous, vari-colored silks, shimmer in the sun as they move by. They are from Brousses, the old capital, where all their vanity is apparent in both dress and walk, and it would also seem that the ascension ascendancy on the domestic life of the Turkish ladies does not suppress the natural tendency of the sex to coquetry. The pair of eyes that flash out from over the top of the transparent yashmak are well drilled and very eloquent.

#### A TURKISH LADY AT HOME.

In the household the Turkish woman is a charming simple creature. She is not unlike the natives of Louisiana and Florida. I observed the same dark, rich complexion, regular features and deep, luminous eyes one finds in the Southern States of America, with the finest of penicillated eyebrows and long, sweeping lashes. It is a matter of surprise to the visitor to some Turkish homes to find the mistress and her daughters so fair-skinned. Their complexions are of that rich, transparent type one sees in southern Europe, all the way from Madrid to Florence.

During our visit to the house of Ben Ali Bel, situated near the margin of the blue Bosphorus, we were introduced to Fatma, the principal wife of the official. She came into the saloon and stood before us unveiled and brilliantly attired in the dress of a Turkish lady of rank. Instead of the customary fez, she wore a Greek cap, and in her small ears were enormous ornaments that might have served for old-fashioned brooches. The scarlet jacket was a magnificent affair, covered with lace in which heavy gold thread was prominent, and the sleeves were embroidered with the same rich material. Her sash was of vari-colored silk and hung in a large bow behind. The national costume was completed by the bifurcated trousers, which were simply appalling to western eyes in their gorgeousness and dimensions. Gathered at the ankles, they disclosed an exceedingly neat pair of shoes of a white and silver material that looked like burnished kid, and which were decorated with red silk rosettes. The whole costume was highly picturesque and added not a little to the brilliant effect of the vivid colors in the saloon, the furniture in which was beautifully carved in dark mahogany, somewhat like rosewood or old mahogany.

#### FREEDOM FROM REEVE.

After our greeting coffee was served in cups little bigger than walnuts. They were the tiniest vessels ever placed to my lips. Still their contents—dark, strong and odorless, with a thick sediment—were most refreshing. Then we drew up to the marble basin in the middle of the room, and each took a whiff or two of the narghileh; for the Turk never considers you his guest till you have smoked a pipe under his roof. After that you are his sacred charge. Such is the hospitality imposed by the koran. Then candies were handed around on curiously wrought trays of silver, and we all fell to chatting again. The ladies of the household were not so shy as at first. One beautiful girl—Zelva, the daughter of our host—sat in a graceful attitude on the divan and chatted in an amused way with my companion, who acted as interpreter, casting occasional glances of curiosity at the visitors—two Americans and a German—and was evidently interested in the dress of our little party.

This Turkish demoiselle was robed in a long, flowing house-gown of silk that reached below her knees. A jaunty tasseled fez of crimson plush sat on her dark hair, and in her left hand she held the unfailing narghileh, or water-pipe, which she had been smoking as we entered. All the talk was of the festivities attending the visit of Emperor Wilhelm, in which the ladies evidently took quite as much interest as the men. The girl was about 15, although she was as well developed as an American miss of 18.

On the street the Ottoman dame is less distinctly oriental in appearance than at home amid her servants, and were it not for the ever-present yashmak and the many-tued ribbons and trimmings, she might pass in a crowd of Europeans without attracting much attention. Indeed, the higher class of Turkish ladies dress quite as a Parisienne. French shoes, a handsome Parisian parasol and a long silk cloak gathered about the shoulder and reaching to the feet, entirely concealing the dress beneath, complete the costume. The white

veil swatches the face and neck and serves the double purpose of a modest concealment and a cool neckerchief. It is only fair to say, however, that the yashmak is gradually becoming more and more transparent, and that every lineament can easily be traced through its gossamer folds. So lights a face covering does not impose any restraint on conversation or breathing, and in the dusty and unwholesome streets of Constantinople is a positive benefit, keeping the dirt from the lungs.

#### CURIOSITIES OF COSTUME.

Among the wives of the poorer class of Turkish citizens the yashmak is even more of a make-believe. It becomes simply a meagre square of muslin or some gauzy stuff, generally white or grayish, and is the merest shadow of its predecessor, which was a formidable affair of many folds, entirely obscuring the whole face, with the exception of the eyes. The head-dress is usually white, and covers the hair altogether, leaving only the eyes free. While among ladies of wealth the black cloak has been superseded by the more fashionable dolman or pelisse, among the middle-class women and the poor the sombre garment still holds its own. One meets heavy-looking creatures hidden in its folds from head to foot, and not a feature visible except possibly a single eye that shines out from the black hood like a dusky amp. It will be many years before the ungainly cloak retires before the more fashionable garments of western Europe, for all the Turks, except the official class, are very poor, and the big cloak hides a multitude of shortcomings. Diaphanous veils, high-heeled shoes and slippers, fine dresses and European styles belong to the owners of palaces and villas, whose mistresses never leave home unattended, and whose Nubian girls trotting behind remind the American visitor of the custom of the Southern States in ante-bellum days.

A picturesque feature in the streets of Constantinople and Pera is the wandering musician. He is generally a bashi-bazouk—a Moslem from the Caucasus. Groups of these odd-looking fellows, in their queer, outlandish dresses, may be seen on the street corners and near the public squares waiting to be hired to play for the delectation of some official's household. Carrying as many weapons as musical instruments, it is puzzling to a stranger to decide whether they mean to play or fight, for they look equally ready to do either. They come from Asia Minor, and belong to a race that was at one time the terror and scourge of the whole Ottoman Empire, but they are subjected now. A Persian head-dress, a Turkish jacket, immense sashes of many folds of colored cloth, in which are stuck daggers and yataghans and pistols. Imagine like those worn by Swiss mountaineers and coarse cowhide shoes complete the uncouth garb of these wild-looking men. Their music is as weird as their appearance and can only be endured by the Turks themselves. It reminded me of the discordant strains I once heard in a Chinese theatre in San Francisco, or of a war song among the Apache Indians.

Among other odd characters to be met here are the candy-seller, the Armenian porter, and the street scribe. The first is an institution especially favored by the ladies, for the average Turkish miss, and even the matrons, eat candy continually. They are fonder of sweetmeats than the gum chewing and bonbon-loving American girls. The result of this is that, what with fig-paste, sugared almonds and plums, the teeth of the fair subjects of the Sultan are in a very bad way. Not 5 per cent. among the Turkish women have sound teeth at 20, and they paint them black with henna to disguise the disfiguration.

#### AN ILLITERATE CLASS.

The street scribe is a person of importance. You can find him on every other corner, writing to the dictation of some official, or, it may be, some veiled or hooded female who wishes to send a message to her lover. Very few of the population are able to either read or write, and this ignorance exists even among the official class to a surprising extent. A lady goes shopping, and she takes the opportunity to send a note to some acquaintance while she is out, or to add another link to some lover's intrigue; a man wishes to tell his friend that he cannot meet him as arranged, and he does it through the same channel. The scribe is both Secretary and messenger, for he has to deliver the note, and read it to the person to whom it is addressed. He is a man of secrets, and being an Armenian, he keeps them well, for it is characteristic of the Armenians that they are to be trusted above all others.

The street porters are all Armenians, and very honest fellows they are too. One who carried my baggage nearly four squares on his back made the very modest charge of one lire for the service. "We can send them anywhere with gold or valuables," explained an official, "and they never go amiss. If a banker wishes to send a bag of money across the straits he hands it with the address to the porter and Yusuf will deliver it sacredly, without the loss of a coin."

The most detested yet not the least serviceable, persons here are the eunuuchs. A eunuch more or less makes no difference," they told me. "You might kill one with out any fuss being made about it, but you may not even touch a dog." And it is true. There are still quarters both here and in Pera where a stranger may not venture lest he be eaten alive by the thousands of evil-looking curs whose lives are held sacred. The dogs are protected by the koran. Some parts of the city is fairly given over to them. Between dogs and dirt and begging dervishes, who spring at you from hidden corners, and who may be seen performing in a fanatical and frenzied way whenever a crowd can be attracted, there is little to attract a visitor to the thickly populated sections of the town. They are not quite so bad at Pera, but here they are a nuisance.

BARON VON M.

The old gunboat Condor, which, under the command of Lord Charles Bessford, did such efficient service at the bombardment of Alexandria, has been condemned and sold. The Condor will be broken up for the old iron that is in her. Lord Bessford takes command of the cruiser Undaunted and will do duty in the Mediterranean.

When a man is young he thinks to reform the world, but when he gets older he is quite satisfied if he is able to reform himself.

#### My Needs.

I want to feel His presence when I waken in the morn,  
With the hour of toil before me and my work yet unbegin;  
I want His strength to help me, lift the burden of the day,  
And to honor His commandments, "Little child, drest watch and pray."

I want to feel His presence, in the noontide gay and bright,  
When the cares of life are pressing, and too quickly comes the night;  
Whether flushed by victory's triumph or by failure sore oppressed,  
In Thy loving arms, my saviour, at the noontide I would rest.

In His mercy He has hidden what the coming hours must bring—  
If 'tis joy, it grows still brighter, or if pain it bears no sting;  
When I know that all He sends me is to draw me nearer Him,  
Oh, my soul be strong, courageous in His strength new victory win.

Jesus, 'mid the busy whirling, to Thy kind care I appeal,  
For the unseen seems so misty and I strive to grasp the real;  
Help me to perform each duty, walk the path Thyself hast trod,  
And by bearing others' burdens night may find me nearer God.

I want to feel His presence in the evening cool and calm,  
When the low wind stirs the tree tops, sobbing nature's twilight psalm;  
When my heart has grown more tender, and I long for home and friends,  
With a sense of work accomplished peace unto my spirit lends.

Oh! when life's bright day is over and the evening draweth nigh,  
And I dream amid the gleaming of my home beyond the sky,  
When I fall asleep forever and my early race is run,  
May I at the pearly portals hear His voice, "My child, well done."

—By the late JESSIE H. BAKER, of Caledonia, aged 21 years.

#### WATERWAYS OF THE WORLD.

Something About the Canals Cut and Being Cut.

Artificial waterways are so far from having gone out of fashion that thirty-seven ship canals are now under way or are contemplated in different parts of the world, besides the sixteen already in existence. That from Manchester to the Mersey, which has been described in the *Courier*, will be opened in 1891. It is proposed to enlarge the old canal from the Clyde to the Forth from the present depth of nine feet to a depth permitting the passage of the largest vessels. Another canal across Great Britain is proposed between the Tyne and Solway Firth, and one across Ireland between Galway and Dublin. On the continent a canal is in process of construction across Holstein which will cut off the passage around Denmark, and others are talked of to connect Brussels, Bruges and Paris, respectively, with the sea. One is proposed across Italy, and a great scheme contemplates the construction of one to connect the Oder and Danube, and a short one between the Don and the Volga, thus connecting the Baltic Sea with the Caspian. Canals are suggested across France, cutting off the passages around Spain; from Acre to the Jordan Valley and thence to the Red Sea; and from Antioch to the Euphrates, and thence to the Tigris. A canal originally begun by Nero will soon be opened across Greece, and Lesseps has obtained a concession to construct one across the Isthmus of Malacca. In the United States a ship canal is under way across Cape Cod, and others are contemplated to connect the Delaware and New York Bays and the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. A charter has been granted for one across Florida.

#### SPANISH POSTAGE STAMPS.

They Bear the Portrait of the Baby King.

Letters which have recently arrived from Spain have borne a new postage stamp, marked with the effigy of the King of Spain, Don Alfonso XIII. The fact in itself is nothing at all remarkable, since the postage stamps of every monarchial country bear the portrait of its monarch. But the fact that the King is less than 4 years old, having been born May 17th, 1886, and the further fact that the stamps of the kingdom have been marked with his effigy but a short time, makes the circumstance an interesting one. Never before, we believe, has a postage stamp borne the portrait of a baby monarch. There have been many child potentates, but Don Alfonso XIII. is the first baby who has reigned over a European country since the introduction of the use of postage stamps. To this generation, which considers the postage stamp almost as much a necessity of life as food or raiment, it seems hard to believe that forty years have not yet gone by since postage stamps came into general use in Europe and the United States.

No doubt this new baby stamp of Spain will be sought for, at least for a time, by thousands of stamp collectors for its novelty. It is quite sure, however, to become common. But within a few years Don Alfonso, growing so old that he may fairly claim to be "quite a big boy," will need a new postage stamp; and then, perhaps, another and another still before he has become a man. So that people who preserve these stamps will possess a record in postage stamps of a young king's growth from babyhood to manhood.

The present stamp is quite a pretty one. It is printed in several colors, according to the denomination.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### Grim Glee.

Dolly—I don't see how there can be any humor in your profession.  
Doctor—Why my dear, a miser died on my hands last week, and I had to give the cause of his death on the certificate as enlargement of the heart.

A review of fire losses for the United States and Canada printed by the New York Commercial Bulletin gives the following totals for the first ten months of the year named: 1887, \$102,963,325; 1888, \$104,595,520; 1889, \$104,562,850. These figures show a curious coincidence, considering how largely fires are the work of accident.

Jinks—Winks must be doing finely. He tells me he has a country house and a city house. Binks—He has. He takes care of my country house in winter and my city house in summer.

Mrs. Scrimp—I do wish, John, that you would get me a new winter wrap; my old one is a sight to behold. Mr. Scrimp—H'm. Can't you wait a little while longer, so it can pass as a Christmas present?