

STANLEY

Chapter I

An Unexpected Arrival.

Tufts of grass grew over the ~~very~~ narrow streets and the square of the little town. Cows, goats, and donkeys browsed for what sustenance they could get among the tired-looking verdure and heaps of rubbish. Most of the native huts ~~houses~~ were rounded, windowless, with cone-shaped thatched roofs, closely resembling haystacks, except for the doorway. Some of them had a small piece of ground around them protected by a rough palisade.

On the square was a ~~square~~ straight ~~infront of xxxxxx~~ house with mud walls, its wide eaves supported by wooden pillars, forming a shady veranda. Here, out of the sun, were gathered a number of the Arab magnates of Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika. Their long white their turbans, contrasted their black and grey beards ~~contrasted~~ with the near nakedness of the indigenous ~~Negros~~ who gossiped in groups wherever a corner of shade could be found on the square from the pitiless sun. The man to whose use the, the present had for the ~~xxxxxx with Arabs stood xxxxxx, xxx xxxxxx~~ time being leased ~~allocated~~ the house was standing in their midst. He was of medium height, pale beneath a grey-brown tan, weary-looking, grey-bearded, his hair pepper and salted. He wore grey tweed trousers, a brown jacket with red sleeves - faded and patched - a ~~and xxxxx~~ round, nautical looking ~~that once had been~~ peaked cap that once had been blue with a faded gold band. He ~~His xxxxx~~ was David Livingstone, English explorer and scientist. The date was 10th November, 1871.

Small wonder that Livingstone looked weary, ill, depressed. He had suffered five years of terrible privations, of living the only white man among primitive native tribes, journeying over the plains and through the forests and swamps of Central Africa, with his Negro bearers his only companions, his Negro bearers, for the most part mere boys, not always reliable in the execution of duties yet so devoted to him unto death. In search of the sources of the River Nile, he had achieved ~~made other~~

prodigious things for science ~~great discoveries~~, had proved wrong not a few theories of arm-mapped every weary mile chair geographers in Europe, had ~~recorded every detail~~ of he had trodden, had recorded every detail of flora and fauna in diaries later - after his death among the swamps - to be given to the world ~~of science~~. But he had not found ~~the~~ sources of the Nile. At last he had been forced to return to Ujiji, glad and perhaps surprised to reach the little lakeside trading town, driven by the need of rest and recuperation, and to collect stores sent there for him from Zanzibar, on the east coast of the continent.

Just over three weeks back he had tottered into Ujiji, worn out, disappointed, sick of dysentery and suffering ~~the~~ haemorrhages to which he was a martyr, buoyed up only ^{by} the thought that stores and medicine and rest awaited him. In that condition, he had suffered the blow which would have sent any ordinary man back to his homeland - or killed him. All the stores sent for him had been rifled and sold. He was all but destitute. He had just enough cloth and beads to ~~xxx xx xxxxxxxx~~ ^{enable him to obtain} shelter and bearers food for himself and his faithful band of ~~xxx for~~ for a month.

As now he chatted with the Arab magnates, whom made a good deal of fuss of him, perhaps because they knew he distrusted and ~~of slaves~~ traffickers in slaves, ~~xxx and sellers of~~ abhorred them as traders in human life, ~~xxx~~ a young ~~negro~~ negro ran up to him, gesticulating frantically in the direction of the high ground to the east,

"Bwana Bwana", he cried. "A white man coming. With guns and flags and lots of people"

"Susi, you ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ have been drinking again", Livingstone rebuked. "How many times have I warned you"

"Not drinking, Bwana. I speak truth. A white man, with lots of people, all carrying boxes, and one an empty box thing turned upside down"

Another young Negro joined the little party.

"It is as he says, Bwana it is as he says."

"You two are not joking, Chuma?", Livingstone asked.

His question was answered by a volley of rifle fire, from what could hardly have been less than fifty guns. Then a great shout rent the lucid blue sky, and a choir of native voices broke into a chant more loud than melodious to a European ear.

"A white man, Bwana", ~~the~~ Susi and Chuma shouted together, excitedly. "He told us to run and tell you of his coming"

"But who is he? What is his name?".

"He did not say, Bwana. But he must be very rich. He has a vast array with him and flags, bwana, flags".

Livingstone stood thunderstruck, seeking answer to his question in the smiling faces of the Arabs. A white man? What could a white man be doing at Ujiji - visited by only two white men ever, before Livingstone himself? who could he be? Who Who Who ...?

Chapter II

A Runaway Disowned.

St. Asaph's Union Workhouse, in North Wales, was a fairly average representative of that kind of institution in mid-nineteenth century Britain. The gaunt stone building, with a tall iron fence all round it housed old folk without other means of subsistence and children whose parents for one reason or another had abandoned them. It was one of the means used by the respectable well-to-do to relieve themselves of the obnoxious sight of extreme poverty.

Inmate of St. Asaph's in the year 1856 was a fifteen-year-old lad, known as John. He had already spent nine years in the workhouse, and was inured to most of its grim hardships, its endless toil, its semi-starvation, and its recurrent outbursts of brutality. He was ^{a squat figure, ~~his~~ hair close-clipped,} ~~xxxxxx~~ round-headed, full-faced, stubborn-looking, self-willed, for his years powerfully built above the waist, but with chunky legs ~~slightly~~ disproportionately short. He was the illegitimate son of a certain Elizabeth Parry by a ~~he was sensitively apt to fly into a fury if teased and persecuted~~ man called Rowlands, had been abandoned by his shamefaced mother ~~of little if any sense of xxxxxxx~~ which was surely the worst to the care of ~~her~~ grandfather and then, on that guardian's ~~for him, since his fellow-inmates would not be likely to spare~~ death, of ~~her~~ ^{brother} ~~uncle~~, who finding him an unremunerative burden dumped him at the door of the workhouse, and walked out of his life. Such beginnings perhaps had something to do with his sensitiveness, his aptness to fly into a fury if teased, his almost total lack of sense of humour.

Life at St. Asaph's needed the stubbornness and the strong physique which John Rowlands possessed; it might have been a ^{by the sense of humour which he lacked.} At six ~~trifle eased and he but possessed the sense of humour~~ in the morning, young and old were awakened. For fourteen hours ^{for the children} ~~thereafter,~~ ^{lessons} until keys were turned in dormitory doors for the night. ^{thereafter,} there was only work and punishment, ~~for the children~~ turned in dormitory doors for the night. ^{The} work was sweeping the ~~grounds~~, scrubbing floors, digging, weeding and harvesting

the workhouse fields. ~~xxxxx~~ The lessons involved no arithmetic or geography - considered superfluous for such social outcasts - and were limited to bible history, the catechism and spelling. No writing books, no slates, no maps were provided. Education was a matter of memorising whole pages of stuff of no possible practical value in the children's later lives - and of listening to two long sermons every Sunday

All tasks were performed in ~~windows~~ little if at all heated in winter. The principal means of getting warm was to hoe the frozen ground in ~~thin~~ drab, fustian thin clothes, the sport of every degree of frost or gust of cold wind. Bread, gruel, rice and potatoes were the youngsters' food, in rigidly ~~xxx~~ rationed quantities. The taste of ~~Meat, xxx~~ and still more ~~xxx & xxx~~ its capacity to nourish, was virtually unknown to them.

John Rowlands managed well enough the strange educational curriculum to which he was subjected. He had an excellent memory, and the training of it involved in learning masses of print by heart was probably the only good thing he took away from St. Asaph's. He led the workhouse boys' choir, and was presented by the local bishop with a bible autographed by himself as a reward for ^{copying} ~~drawing~~ tolerably well prints of cathedrals. But none of this prevented him from falling foul, repeatedly, of the (James Francis;) ~~late powerfully built,~~ schoolmaster, thirty-two years old, callous, vicious, and delighting in terrorizing the boys with fist, cane and boot.

In that ninth year of John Rowlands's sufferings under the regime and the schoolmaster of St. Asaph's Union Workhouse, Francis entered the schoolroom one morning, to find that his table had been scratched with some sharp instrument.

Cracking down on to the table the cane from which he was inseparable - he took it to his room with him at night, so that the boys supposed that he tucked it up in bed with him - he cried:

"Which little felon perpetrated this crime?"

No voice answered him. There was only an uneasy moving ~~in~~

of their apprehensive behinds. *He questioned each boy in turn, receiving only sullen denials.*

"What - will no one confess? And take his punishment like a man".

The boys looked from Francis to one another. None ~~was~~ knew who had done it - if indeed any of them had. Perhaps one of the girls had got into the boys' classroom. Perhaps Francis ~~had~~ himself, dissatisfied with ~~his~~ legitimate opportunities for the administration of beatings, had done it himself.

"Then I will beat every one of you. ^{Stand up and} Unbutton - the whole lot of you".

Francis strode to the foot of the class, and began to delight himself at the expense of the flesh of a small boy.

John Howlands had stood up, but the second part of the schoolmaster's order he had made no move to obey. ^{He was fifteen} ~~xxxxxx~~ years old. Only for ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} a few months longer would they keep him in the workhouse. Then he would be ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{bound apprentice to} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{as harsh as the St. Asaph governors.} some employer as brutal as the usher. ^{The time had come to make} a final stand. *He had nothing to lose.*

Francis approached him in a frenzy, ^{brandishing} ~~waving~~ his cane and waving his other arm.

"How is this?", he cried savagely. "Why not ready? Strip this instant, sir. I mean to stop this defacement of ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{and} the property of your generous benefactors, ^{lying} ~~this barefaced refusal to~~ ^{own up to your offences} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{mouth, always somewhat} John threw up a defiant chin. His ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} grim as to line, set hard. His dark eyes smouldered.

"I did not lie, sir. I know nothing of the scratch on your table", he said doggedly.

"Silence!", Francis roared. "Do you think I am to listen to your lies? To be talked out of administering just punishment by a smooth tongue? Down with your trousers!"

Francis's roar was answered by John's shot -

"Never again!"

But he had not adequately prepared his self-defence. Before he knew what was happening, Francis had hold of the collar of his jacket, swung him up in the air, and then threw him in a heap on to a bench. The cane had been thrown away. The schoolmaster set about his helpless victim with his fists, hitting him on the arms, on the chest, and finally in the stomach. Gasping for breath, John ~~wriggled~~ ^{wriggled} this way and that to avoid the rain of blows. He managed ~~at last to~~ ^{to roll himself} into a ball, presenting only his back to his tormentor. Francis's ~~fury~~ ^{anger} however, had not burned itself out. Again John was hoisted into the air, and again smashed down on to the bench with a fury which ought to have broken his bones. He lay breathless, immobile.

The other boys looked on with gaping jaws and staring eyes.

"He's done it this time"

"John's a gonner"

"The master 'ave killed 'im"

So they whispered, gathered in a semi-circle out of reach of Francis's flailing arms.

For a few moments, John knew only blackness. Then he found himself being slapped on the cheeks. Emerging into consciousness, he was impelled by a single instinct - and followed it..... The frames of Francis's glasses tinkled lenseless to the floor; the usher started back, crying out more in astonishment and the helplessness of virtual blindness than in pain. The semi-circle of terrified ~~pupils~~ boys gave way, and the schoolmaster's foot came in contact with a bench. He fell head over heels backwards, striking his head heavily on the stone floor. There he lay, ~~black-eyed and~~ ^{black-eyed and} senseless - testimony to the intuitive aim of John Rowlands's kick.

Recovering himself, John seemed to go berserk. He jumped ^{from the bench}

Pounced
and ~~leapt~~ on ~~him~~ the schoolmaster, beginning to pommel him wildly, with all his not inconsiderable strength. Two or three of the watching boys took hold of him, held his arms, dragged him back.

"Don't you see, you fathead - he's knocked out"

"Hit his head on the floor"

"Perhaps he's dead"

"Got a piece of mirror anyone"

"Here you are"

"Now watch - see. It's alright. Breath on the mirror".

John passed a hand over his brow, and looked round on his companions with eyes frightened, but still stubborn.

"Let me go", he said, quietly now.

"Better not ^{hit} him no more", two of them said as one voice.

"I won't. Help me some of you".

John lifted Francis under the arm-pits. Several pairs of hands came willingly to his aid, lifting the master's feet, supporting under his buttocks, preventing his head from jerking back. Thus they half carried, half dragged the still unconscious figure to its room. They stood a moment surveying him, testing for life
~~his breath~~ again with the mirror.

"He'll do", one said.

"Look - his eyelids are flickering", another added.

"You better cut and run", the first boy advised.

"The rest of you may get ^{into} trouble", John demurred.

"Don't you worry. You get clear away, then we can all say it was you. You won't come to no harm".

"Good fellows!", John said, unsmiling, still grim - and with good reason.

He shook the nearest hands, and ran from the room, followed by the other boys, who heaved him over the iron fence, and went back to their classroom to await events.

John Rowlands stood in the road, in his workhouse clothes, with nothing but his determination ^{to live on}. The clothes carried with them no taint, though they were seldom seen outside the great iron fence. Where should he go? The possibilities were few. He fixed on his paternal grandfather, ~~xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx~~ ^{farming prosperously} ~~xxx~~ only a few miles from St. Asaph.

It was almost dark when he reached the square, grey-stone house, with its garden in front, and its ^{large,} well-kept barns on the other side of the farm road. He knocked at the heavy front door which was opened by a good looking young woman - his aunt, though he had never set eyes on her before - who peered at him in the gloom.

"Can I see Mr. Rowlands, please?"

"What do you want with him?", the young woman asked, not unkindly.

"He is my grandfather".

"Your grandfather??"

"Yes. My father was his son".

"Oh, so you are one of ^{my} wild brother's bastards, I suppose? I pity you". Her words were spoken rather with contempt for the wild brother than with distaste for the product of his wildness.

John did not answer, but looked his aunt in the eye.

"You can see him", she said. "But you'll get little from him". *He turned your father out long ago.*

She asked the boy into the hall, and told him to wait there ~~The farmer was a widower. He sat at a table in a large~~ while she went into a ~~door~~ ^{at} room and shut the door. He heard ~~parlour, pouring over a heavy-looking volume, by the light of~~ them speaking together in low tones. Then she emerged, ~~and held an oil lamp.~~ the door open for him, closed it behind him, and went away.

The farmer was a widower. He sat at a table in a large parlour, poring over a heavy-looking volume, by the light of an oil lamp. Like his grandson, he was short and stocky. He had weather-beaten ~~a~~ ^a ~~xxx~~ face, ~~x square grey beard,~~ dark, brooding eyes and enormous

in which he held a large pipe the stem of which he used red hands, ~~with the fingers of one or other of which he scratched~~ ^{to scratch in} ~~rightly but~~ persistently ~~in~~ his square grey beard.

"Well?", ~~the~~ ^{farmer} asked. "What do want of me?"

"I am", John began, battling manfully with his fear of this prosperous, ^{self-satisfied} looking figure who could hardly be expected to understand.

And I see by your clothes where you come from.

"I know who you are. What is it you want of me? No one of my blood ever comes to me unless they want something."

"I have just run away from St. Asaph's. I was beaten unjustly by", and the whole story of the affray with Francis poured out.

The farmer heard him in silence, looking down at his book, alternately puffing at his pipe, and scratching in his beard with it.

~~When at last~~ "..... And so I have come to ask you to help me", John concluded. "I have no one to go to. I will work from dawn till dark for a roof over my head, and a little food. I am not accustomed to having much".

The farmer looked at him sternly. Then he turned his head towards the door, and in that direction pointed the stem of his pipe.

~~That~~ The way out is the same as the way you came in. Take it - keep on through the gate and down the road. Don't ever come back"

"But I have no"

~~And~~ The farmer ignored the interruption.

"And if I ever find you round these parts again, I will give you a beating beside which the ~~xxx~~ usher's will be a mere tickling".

The pipe stem still pointed towards the door, but the farmer's eyes went back to his book.

John could only do as he was bidden. As he passed through

A part from the pipe he looked very much as John had long imagined, a stern, unyielding, unrelenting, judging other people.

the hall, his aunt, finger on lips, pressed a substantial packet of bread and meat into his hands, and dropped a few shillings into his pocket.

"Our land runs down to the first turning off the road", she whispered on the doorstep. "Just beyond that, you will find a haystack where you can sleep tonight. But be up and away by dawn. Make for Liverpool - you'll get work there, on the docks or somewhere".

She pressed on his cheek the first kiss he ever remembered to have ~~receive~~ received, then hurriedly shut the door on him.

John Rowlands stepped out into the now complete darkness.

Chapter III

In the New World.

Rather more than a year after he had run away from St. Asaph's Union Workhouse, John Rowlands was ^(one morning) pushing in the direction of Liverpool docks a crudely constructed handcart, the ~~cell-fitted~~ wheels of which, wobbled like a drunken man under a load of joints of meat. The lad himself was suffering from a form of intoxication - that form which in the 19th century overwhelmed many an English boy of adventurous spirit when he surveyed the tall masts of sailing clippers regularly running to Australia, the funnels of steamships operating the service to America, all the gamut of craft which carried goods for most countries of the world ~~undertook the carrying trade into almost every port in the world,~~ from China to Peru ~~which was so vital a feature of British commerce at that time.~~

The docks area was dirty, stinking, infested with thieves and half the outcasts of society. Yet over it there rested an ~~xxx~~ inescapable aura of romance. What tales of strange lands and peoples, of roving beasts and exotic nature, of battles with storm and fire might not be told by the least prepossessing of the men who lounged about in blue jerseys and bell-bottomed trousers, blackened, acrid smelling smoking ~~fitty xxxxxx~~ pipes. ~~becoming messenger boy to~~

Before ~~getting the job with~~ the Liverpool butcher who supplied ships, John Rowlands ~~had~~ had several jobs of a similar kind and one which, though it ^{had} lasted but a few months, ^{had} had some influence on his development. He had been pupil teacher in a village school, under a master who ^{had} imparted to the lad his own passion for books. He ^{had done} ~~did~~ well enough in the work, but when the boys ^{had} discovered his origins, they ^{had} made life unlivable for one who was sensitive, passionate, and humourless. ^{had} He decided that the ~~xx~~ love of books he could take away with ^{him} ~~them~~, and the ^{lasting} persistent ~~he~~ could leave behind.

His load of meat was ~~destined~~^{destined} for a mail-boat named "Windermere". She was a ~~trim craft~~^{sailing ship, trim enough}, compared to many at the Liverpool quays; ~~and~~ her side seemed to John to tower above him at once alarmingly and excitingly. He left his hand-cart in the care of the ship's cook, whose assistants began to ~~unx~~ carry ~~xxx~~ the meat up the gangway, and went in search of the Captain, for whom he had a note from his employer.

Captain David Harding was little taller than John himself. He was broad, ~~black~~^{swarthy, black} bearded, pugnacious looking, with a patch over one eye which gave him the air of a pirate. He gave it out that he had lost his eye in a naval fight, but his crew insisted that ~~he had never served the Queen, and had that~~ the naval fight was nothing more patriotic than a tavern brawl.

He took the note from the messenger boy without a word, and began to read it, though not without cocking his one good eye from time to time at John, who was looking fascinated round the cabin. It was ~~a small space~~^{not large}, but its walls were hung with mats and ~~strange~~ brackets made of strange beads and in unknown woods, with wicked looking swords, and ~~spears~~^{with} presumably of native origin, all mixed up with gilded mirrors and cornices; in addition to the bunk, there was ~~a desk~~^{the table, screwed to the floor,} at which the Captain sat, ~~and~~ four chairs, and a green armchair.

~~"How beautiful to have such a home for oneself"~~^{mountainally compared} John thought, ~~comparing~~ it with the bare attic with one tiny window, which he occupied above the butcher's apartment. ~~"And to have it mobile, able to take you to the farthest corners of the earth"~~

Captain Harding spoke to him in a rich voice, and short, clipped sentences, ~~always ending with a question, freed as~~^{I see from a gun.}

"You admire my cabin, ^{Everything in it is my own. A sailor can collect a few possessions. ^{You like it?} But he must be ~~devoted~~ devoted. He must put the orders and interests of ^{his superiors}}

above his own inclinations" *you understand?*

"I have never seen ~~anythin~~ any place I liked so much", John admitted.

Yes
"Would you like to live in such a cabin ~~at~~ - *would you?*"

"Of course, sir ... but"

"You prefer to be a butcher's boy? Where will that get you? You might be a butcher one day. Doubtful. And even if you are - is that life?"

"I have to ^{~~earn~~} *earn* my bread, sir".

"You could ^{~~earn~~} *earn* your bread at sea. And more than a little to go with it. *— don't you believe me?*"

In his searches for work, John had more than once considered ~~it suggested to the boy visions he had never previously~~ ~~considered~~ trying to go to sea. But he had been put off by the ~~considered~~ ~~or if he had~~ rough looks of those ~~he~~ ordinary members of the crew he had seen going aboard and coming ashore at the docks. His only answer, now, was

"Yes, sir".

"Well, you seem to have some education. A lad with education can rise in my profession. You look strong, too, and pretty determined" *— aren't you?*

"Yes, sir".

"How would you like to sail in this ship?"

"In this ship, sir? Your ship?"

"I said this ship - didn't I?". Captain Harding was becoming irritated.

"But I should not be any use. I don't know anything about"

"Oh, stop humming and haaing, boy. You can learn, can't you? You had to learn - even to be a butcher's boy - didn't you? Then you can l-earn to be a cabin boy - can't you?"

John Rowlands thought he saw his chance, and answered this time without demur,

I should like to try 15.

"~~Yes~~ sir".

"Good. We're getting somewhere - aren't we?", Harding said. His single eye twinkled. "Fact is, I had a cabin boy. Sailed with me to America and back, once. A good enough boy. Nothing special. But good enough. He would have sailed with me again. But ~~two days ago~~ ^{yesterday morning} his father turned up. Took the boy away. Said he ought ought never to have gone to sea. Had run away from home. Bad for me. Just got the boy trained. But what could I do?"

John thought it was not for him to answer that pistol-shot question. Captain Harding apparently required no answer, for he went on,

"You can take his place. Got any father?"

"I've never seen him, sir".

"Mother?"

"She doesn't want to see me, sir".

"All very good. Then you'll be my cabin boy - eh? The steward and I - we'll soon teach you your duties. ~~xx~~ I was a cabin boy myself once. And see what a fine ship I have. Educated myself, had guts - and I'm a Captain. You've got some education, and guts, too, it seems - you may be Captain of as fine a ship one day. Now then - do you agree?"

"What - what are the terms?", John asked, ^{hesitantly but} ~~hesitatingly~~ forcing himself. ~~hesitatingly~~.

The Captain threw back his head and laughed, then crashed his fist down on the table.

"That's the boy. Good boy. Wise boy. I was wanting you to ask that question. Clothes, full board of course while we're at sea - and a pound a month - suit you?"

"Yes, sir. I think so, sir".

"Right. We sail at dawn, ^{for New Orleans, in the Gulf of Mexico.} Be on board before eight o'clock this evening - understand?"

It was very sudden. John realised that in order to comply he would have to run away once more. His butcher employer would never let him go voluntarily. But his mind was made up ^{therefore} ~~and~~ ^(making up his mind was to be followed by action.) ~~his life~~ ^{that was to mean action.}

"You're going to trust me, sir? I don't have to sign ...?"

"Signatures ... papers ... all nonsense. Got no time for such stuff. It's to your interest to be here when you say you'll be here. If you're not here - I shan't die of remorse. I can get someone else to cabin boy for me - can't I? ~~But you'll be here - won't you?~~"

^{shall}
"I ~~will~~ be here, sir".

John Rowlands had made the first of the decisions which, though as yet he had no relevant ambitions, far less plans, were to take him step by ~~step~~ inexorable step towards the life of an explorer, towards an historic meeting on the shores of Lake Tanganyika with an Englishman seeking the sources of the River Nile, an Englishman ill, weary, but still devoted, and of world-wide fame.

Not at dawn but an hour or two after John had come aboard on 20th December 1858, did the 'Windermere' ^{on 20th December 1858,} nose her way out into the Irish sea, ~~the~~ sails ^{what in 1858 those} set for ~~a dash across the~~ times was a dash across the Atlantic - taking only about six weeks.

The lad, now seventeen years old, did not again see the inside of ~~the~~ Captain Harding's cabin. For three days he lay in misery in his hammock, ^{constantly gazing into the rising} ~~swelling~~ ~~at~~ ~~but~~ ~~his~~ ~~heart~~ ~~it~~ ~~seemed~~ swell of his own vomit, in a basin ^{brought to him by a slightly} ~~to him~~ ~~into~~ ~~a~~ ~~basin~~ ~~given~~ ~~to~~ ~~him~~ older boy, named Harry, who had laughingly ^{handled him also a} ~~encouraged,~~ ^{saying} "Here's a knitting needle, If your heart and lungs come up, try and put them back again".

~~Just when it seemed that indeed there was nothing else to bring up but his heart and lungs, there stamped into the~~
~~seamen~~

In the hold where he swung gently to and fro ~~in his hammock~~, there was constant coming and going of seamen proceeding on watch or returning from watch, arguing, fighting, cursing, drinking from secreted bottles, snoring, shouting in their sleep. No one ^{except Harry} took any notice of the sea-sick youngster who had joined ship as a cabin boy, and like millions on their maiden voyage before and since, longed only to die.

~~xxxxxxthe first and second mates had only this to do: nothing else to~~
Just when it seemed that indeed there was nothing else to bring up but his heart and lungs, a long, thin, cadaverous looking ^{mate} officer rolled into the hold ~~behind his own stream~~ of profanity on the subject of lazy, idle good-for-nothing boys, who stuffed their bellies full of the ship's good food - the very idea made poor John retch anew - and gave no service in return.

"Get out of that bloody hammock, you nasty little scrimshanker, you", he shouted when he came alongside John.

He did not wait for the boy to obey or disobey. He tipped him out on the deck of the hold, where John landed in a heap, rubbing his face in the accumulation of filth lieing there. The second mate aimed a powerful kick at him, which sent him some distance sliding along the floor, gathering on his clothes ^{in the} more of the dirt which ~~the men's~~ hold was never cleaned up except in port. The ~~from one voyage to the next~~ officer shaped for a second kick, but John had by then found his legs, and managed to drag himself up the companion ladder.

The second mate was hard behind him when he reached the deck.

"Harry", he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir".

"Put this lazy spalpeen to scrubbing. I found him lurking down below. Pretending to be ill".

~~Looking from the mate to the older boy, John noticed that the former winked at Harry as he said the word "pretending".~~

~~But~~ Somehow the ~~being disturbed~~ ^{rude manner of disturbance,} the rough impelling

Insert to page 18.

Second interrupted him
The ~~first one~~ *only laughed* with a
burst of laughter, and then said,
you know now.
"If that's the way to get on at sea -
then I reckon my fortune's made. I'm as
good at tricks as the next man".

John Rowlands did not laugh. He saw
nothing in his situation to amuse him.

on to the deck, the ~~fresh~~ sea breezes ^{refreshing} ~~was~~ so invigorating after the close stench of the hold, and the action of scrubbing, on hands and knees, ^{together they} went a long way to reviving John, and certainly put out of his head all thoughts of vomiting any more.

Harry, who seemed to be in ^{charge of the scrubbing,} ~~charge of the scrubbing,~~ put John to work in between ~~were similarly engaged~~ two others much his own age and similarly engaged. They went on with their work, ignoring the newcomer, while Harry flicked around with a mop, glad to have "boys" to do the hands and knees ^{stuff} ~~work~~.

"I was taken on as cabin boy", one of ^{the other two scrubbers} ~~the Johns two~~ said. ~~these companions~~

"What you mean?", the second one asked, aggressively, stopping his scrubbing a moment, leaning on the brush. "I was to be cabin boy".

Skipper

"~~He said~~ said I was to be cabin boy", the first persisted. "Told me that with education and determination I might rise to be a Captain".

"Ere - you stop that. You're pulling my leg. You heard me tell that to one of the seamen last night".

"What you mean? I never heard nothing. That's what the Captain told me".

"What he told you?", the second boy asked, the corners of his evil-looking mouth dropping, ^{comprehension} ~~understanding~~ beginning to dawn.

"Yes, me", the first boy confirmed.

"Well I'll be -----", the second swore. "Christ, if I get near that"

"Don't brag", Harry intervened. "If you get near the Captain, you'll be running like the devil ten seconds later, and screaming like a stuck pig, with the weal of a rope's end across your backside".

^{if I'd known} ~~But it's not fair~~, the ^{the first boy began.} ~~second boy began.~~

Take in insert

~~You're ^{just} all mugs", Harry said. "I bet this one here is~~
~~another", and he flicked his mop lightly ^{Harry} ~~into John's face.~~ ^{in the direction of his charges.}
 "Get on with your scrubbing, all of you, or you'll get me into
 trouble", ^{I'll be in} ~~and I'm not for that to please your souls."~~~~

"Because he's sailed a voyage out and back before, he thinks he's superior", the second scrubber gibed.

"I am superior", Harry agreed. "I was brought aboard by my father. I've signed ship's articles. I'm going to be an able seaman. If anything happens to me, the Captain will have to account to the authorities. But if one of you gets kicked overboard by a mate in a fury, or beaten to death by one of them - and that's not the least likely thing to happen, I'm telling you - then the Captain isn't accountable to no one".

Harry was of medium height, with a shock of blonde hair that he was for ever sweeping back from his ^{brow} ~~eyes~~ with one hand. John looked up at him, and received a wink from ^{one of his} ~~one of the~~ girl^{ish} blue eyes.

"I don't understand", John spoke for the first time. "Why does he say he wants so many cabin boys?"

"That's his way of getting cheap deck hands", Harry answered. "He and the mates will chivvy you three till you're ready to jump ship, and then pocket the wages showed on the ship's list as having been paid to you".

"Then if we can jump ship, and you can't", John said, "perhaps you're not so much better off than we are."

~~"But I want to be a sailor", Harry answered simply. "I'm not running away from nothing, like most of you 'cabin boys' are, didn't come to sea just because I thought it was an easier life I'll bet. I persuaded my dad to put me to sea because I than I had ashore, but just because I wanted to get to America"~~
~~wants to make the sea my career."~~

~~It was not such an introduction to a nautical life as was likely to enchant any but the most eager would-be sailor. (John~~
~~that having been fooled by one sea~~
 made a mental resolve to change his state at the earliest possible
 Captain, he would never ~~for~~ allow himself to get into
 a position where he might be fooled by another. The sea
 might suit Harry, but it was no career for him.

Insert to page 20.

Captain Harding was little seen among the crew. He preferred to leave the active bullying to his henchmen. If he did happen to pass the boys ^{he had deceived} they had to stand stiffly until he had gone, but he never favoured them with so much as a ~~gl~~ glance in their direction. John once asked the second mate for an interview with the Captain, resolutely determined to ^{complain} remind ~~him of his promises.~~ ^{of the treatment he received} The next thing he knew he was lying flat on his back, convinced - though in error - that his jaw was broken.

Every subsequent day aboard the 'Windermere' confirmed him in his resolution. There were in those days good ships to sail in with good officers, and decent crews. But Captain Harding was known ^{to} those familiar with Liverpool ships as a swindler and a bully. ~~Max~~ His mates were chosen for their filthy mouths and brutal ways. Few first class seamen would sail with him.

~~John's life aboard was a nightmare, even for one reared to rough living as he had been.~~ Every time the sea was a bit more than usually rough, he felt ill, but was not allowed to lie in his hammock. Knowing how the so-called "cabin boys" ^{were not} ~~had been~~ ^{even wanted} ~~tricked~~ aboard, the mates gave them no peace, chivvied them from morn till night, using the rope's end not ^{so much as} ~~as a form~~ a form of punishment as a means of relieving their feelings. The crew not unnaturally took their cue from their officers, kicking and cuffing any boy who got in their way or ^{who} did not jump to do their lightest wish.

At night, the language in the seamen's hold was to the former workhouse boy something horrifying. And ^{some years later} ~~he afterwards~~ he recorded having noticed that the seamen who on deck were loudest in shouting their "Aye ayes", to the officers' ^{(always managed, most} ~~orders, were the~~ ~~most~~ cunning when it came to climbing into the rigging in rough weather, ^{mast, and} ~~always managing~~ to occupy the safe position near the ~~hunt of the~~ ^{never to} ~~exit~~ ^{appearing} far out on the yard arm.

^{Take in insert}
The most welcome sight John's youthful eyes had so far known was the coast of Florida. The 'Windermere' nosed her way through Florida Strait, into the Gulf of Mexico. A certain sense of pride in having broken out into the New World buoyed the lad up. ^{Soon} ~~until~~, he found himself ashore at New Orleans, enjoying the air ^{February} which was balmy even in ~~January~~ and impregnated with the odours of coffee, pitch, semi-baked sugar, rum and whiskey. He watched with astonishment and mounting excitement the mixture of races - black, white, yellow and red.

The blonde Harry, who had taken a greater fancy to John and had tried to persuade him than to the other "cabin boys", ~~stood beside him~~ persuaded him to make the sea his life, stood beside him in ~~the~~ F Jackson Square, surrounded by splendid specimens of French and Spanish architecture.

"I'll take you to a good place to eat", the veteran traveler said. *[When they had cleaned up such a meal,*

such as John had never before tasted
~~They had a good meal,~~ and ~~Rowlands~~ said,

"It's ^a hard way to see the world - but I grant one does see it".

He was beginning to feel proud of his own venturesomeness.

"And now a little fun for the boys", Harry said gaily.

He led John to a house where they were graciously received by an elderly lady and shown into a decorous parlour. From *lightly clad for the time of year,* John thought, a door on the other side, four pretty girls entered, ~~seating~~ *and seated themselves* ~~themselves so that each of the boys had a girl on either side.~~

John looked at Harry in alarm. Harry winked at him. John was shaking with nervousness. But this was a strange country, and he supposed he must ~~make~~ ~~he supposed~~ accustom himself to strange customs. If he ^{be ready} was to see the world, he must ~~learn~~ ~~x~~ to learn from it. But when the two girls between whom he sat began to pet him, to stroke his legs, to put arms round his neck, and ~~make ready~~ *invited them* ~~to kiss~~ *them* ~~him~~, that was a form of learning for which he was not ready.

He jumped from the settee, and fled from the room and the house, followed by ~~the~~ shouts of laughter from ~~Harry~~ and the four girls.

Harry followed him, and tried ~~Harry~~ ~~however~~ ~~followed him~~ to persuade him to return, urging ~~promising~~ that the girls were good friends of his and would be offended by such treatment. John, however, stuck out his stubborn chin, and walked in the opposite direction. Harry's good heart would not allow him to desert ^{an obvious} ~~the boys~~ green-horn. ~~Best~~ Besides, ^{after} a few drinks, and he might feel more amenable. But in the bar to which they now went, John said he had sworn early

and pushing back his blonde hair,
in life never to touch strong liquor. Exasperated, Harry burst out, ~~xx~~

"Well have a cigar, then. Do something that men do, or I'll buy you a pair of baby's drawers".

Taunted into acquiescence, John lit the black roll which his companion bought for him. Though the smoke burnt his tongue, he stuck to it, and puffed away while Harry drank several glasses of rum. But as the minutes passed, the bar began to swim round him. He made longer and longer intervals between puffs. But it was no use. Harry saw that he was turning literally green.

"Christ - what a partner for a night out you are", he said. "You'd better make a run for the lavatory".

John needed no second bidding. He reached seclusion only just in time to find a safe receptacle for the ^{supper which} ~~dinner he~~ had been the first meal ~~so much enjoyed~~ he ever remembered to have really enjoyed.

When he returned, shamefaced, to the bar, Harry had gone. Still feeling terribly ill, he crawled back to the ship. Almost the whole crew was ashore, and those few left on watch were (including the bible given him by the bishop at carousing heavily. John gathered his few possessions, tied them up in tied them into a bundle, put on the best suit of when he had joined ship clothes given him ~~by Captain Harding,~~ and went ashore again. From the quay, he looked back at the 'Windermere,' and said ~~to it,~~

"You brought me here. Whether I have reason to bless or curse you, I don't yet know".

He ~~lay~~ wandered round the docks until, in a quiet part, he found a pile of bales of cotton. He climbed on to them, ^{and} put his bundle under his head ~~and~~, ~~lay down to spend his first night~~ ^{wondering whether all his life} was to be spent ~~in the New World~~ running away from something - already a workhouse, a butcher's shop and ^a ship. ^{settled for} ~~he lay down to spend his~~ first night ^{spent} in the New World. John Rowlands

Chapter IV.

A Change of Name.

On the morning following the day on which John Rowlands had jumped ship, there sat outside a ^{warehouse} ~~store~~ in a New Orleans Street a fatherly-looking, middle aged man, reading a newspaper. Cultured, intelligent, prosperous, Henry Morton Stanley was not the owner of the warehouse but a ~~middle man~~ ^{broker} who travelled ^{on the one hand, and on the other} ~~between~~ the city and the planters ~~and country store owners who~~ ^{owning} ~~had their land on the~~ ^{banks of the} Mississippi and its tributaries, and the country stores in the small towns in that region. For the city warehouses he arranged purchases of plantation products - coffee, sugar, tobacco - and for the country stores he ^{contracted} ~~arranged~~ the ^{brought into} ~~despatch of goods imported~~ the port of New Orleans in ships from Europe.

The kindly man had tears in his eyes as he read how a devoted couple had ^{entered into a pact} ~~committed~~ suicide (because of their inability to have a child. He put down the newspaper, and reflected on his own marriage - deeply happy but also, and sorrowfully, childless. It was too late now to hope that the lack would be rectified. ~~All~~ ^{All} his life he had dreamed of having a son to follow him in his business. 2

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

Henry Morton Stanley was awakened from his reflections by a lad's voice, respectfully asking him that question, so apt to his own thoughts. ^{with a start,} ~~He sat upright in his chair with a start.~~

"Eh? What did you say?"

"Do you want a boy, sir?", John Rowlands repeated. "I'm looking for work".

For a moment, the heavily built, red-faced man, with slight-
ly greying hair, ^{and} stomach that seemed to rest on his thighs, coat-
less, with his tie hanging loose on his open-necked shirt, stared
speechless at the stocky lad in front of him. Then he murmured,

slowly.

"A boy a boy".

Ignorant of the ^{cogitations} ~~mentak~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ which led the merchant to that meditative repetition, John wrinkled up his face in doubt.

Stanley motioned the boy to a seat beside him.

^{how it is you're out of work}
"Now, tell me ~~where you were~~", he said in kindly tones.

John recounted as much of his history as he thought it desirable ~~xxxxxx~~ for a stranger to know - reticent about his parentage, ^{deceived} frank about his workhouse upbringing and his having been ~~xxxxxx~~ by Captain Harding.

"You did well in your lessons?", the merchant asked.

"I think I made the most of my opportunities," ^{su} John replied, cautiously. "I was pupil teacher for a few months".

"And you like books - and reading?"

"I only wish I had more books to read, sir. Lately, I have not come near any - or had any money to buy them".

Henry Stanley now changed ~~his~~ the nature of his interrogation, passing from the general to the particular. He made John step inside the warehouse.

"You see those sacks", he said. "They're coffee. Just arrived for Mr. Speake, the owner of this place. They ought to have been labelled. But they're not. And it's my business to see that they arrive labelled. Could you label them?"

"If I knew what was supposed to be written on the labels, sir".

^{unhitched}
The merchant ~~unhooked~~ his jacket from a nail, and dipped into an inside pocket. He fished out a sheaf of papers, selecting one in particular to hand to John, who watched him, fascinated by his vast paunch.

"There you are young fellow. That's the line. Sit at this little table here - there's pen and ink - and make out what you

think would be a properly descriptive label, clear to a warehouseman, or any shipper's clerk who had the handling of the stuff".

John did the job quickly, in a clear, round hand.

"Well enough, well enough", Stanley approved. ^{"When did} ~~xxxxxxx~~
you eat last?".

"Yesterday evening, sir". John did not think it necessary that meal had to report that ~~xxxx~~ ~~of that~~ not remained inside him long enough for digestion.

"And haircut and shoeshine - not since you were in England, I should think", the merchant smiled. "Suppose you and me go for a little walk".

~~xxxx~~ Afraid to hope, and indeed half doubtful whether he was not going to be handed over to the police as a vagrant, John walked half a pace behind his new acquaintance, keeping a sharp look out. There was nothing to fear. He was stuffed with a ~~solid~~ ~~breakfast of ham and eggs~~, and duly placed successively in the hands of barber and shoe-shine boy.

"Now you're ready to interview an employer", Stanley said, casting an approving eye over his protégé.

He took the boy back to the warehouse, introduced him to James Speake, a ~~dark~~-haired, bright-eyed little man, with quick jerky movements. The ~~xxxx~~ warehouse owner looked at the coffee labels John had made out, and shook his head.

"I've only got room for a humper", he said.

"Let me have the job, sir", John spoke up before his benefactor could get a word in. "I'll show you I can be useful to you".

"Five dollars a week", James Speake said. He wasted neither words nor time, and expected others not to do so either.

Henry Morton Stanley patted the boy on the shoulder, told him ~~to~~ ^{if he} behave himself, ~~and~~ Mr. Speake would be a good employer,

Insert to page 26.

Finding good lodgings with a motherly woman, John set about making up for lost reading time. He purchased and waded through a small collection of somewhat ponderous books, including ~~Gibbon~~ Plutarch's 'Lives' and Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'. Book-cases he made, with his landlady's help, out of packing cases. He read late into the night, content as he had never been before, scarcely able to believe that less than two years had passed since he had been a workhouse boy, grateful to ~~the~~ merchant whose interest and kindness had transformed his life and prospects, and, ^{not unnaturally,} ~~seeing America as~~ mentally comparing the land of his birth unfavourably with the land to which chance and a deceitful sea captain had brought him.

and, before the lad could mumble out thanks to the first man he had found to give him a disinterestedly helping hand, had walked off, without saying where he lived.

Insert TO his employer,

John was as good as his word. He did show James Speake that he could be useful to him. After two weeks of unloading and stacking goods in the warehouse, he knew the location of every item, and carried in his head the number of barrels, boxes and sacks ~~sacks~~ held of each line. The workhouse memory-training was ^{just} beginning to prove ~~useful~~ of value. Speake was ~~fair~~ to those who worked hard and well in his interests. A walking stock book was an asset to him. John was soon put on labelling and addressing, and then to recording goods received and despatched in ledgers. He became a junior clerk, with a salary of twenty five dollars a week.

trips So much progress ^{Wales} ~~he~~ ^(the boy from England) had made when, after a month's ^{business} absence ~~upt~~ the Mississippi, caring for his business transactions, Henry Stanley reappeared in the warehouse, and ~~expressed his delight~~ asked Mr. Speake how the new employee was doing.

"Well enough, well enough", Speake answered, without ^{so much} ~~stop~~ ^{as looking up from the business letters he was writing} ~~ping the work he was engaged on, writing business letters.~~ ^{Commercial correspondence he was dealing with.}

"I see he's not a labourer any more", Stanley said.

"The only things he carries ^{now} are figures, in his head", the warehouseman confirmed.

"Is he a fit person to invite to my house?", John's benefactor asked, winking at the lad.

"If you're fool enough to waste his time and yours that way, he won't disgrace you", Speake replied, still going on with his letter writing.

That visit to the home of the childless Stanleys gave John ^{his} Rowlands ~~the~~ first taste, at eighteen years old, of maternal affection. It also led to his losing the first really good job he had ever had.

Mrs. Stanley took an instant liking to the serious, determined ^{Welsh} ~~English~~ boy, invited him frequently to the house in the subsequent few months, and received in return his adolescent ^{again} ~~devotion~~ Henry Stanley being away on business, ~~in the absence of Henry Stanley~~. John's arrival at the house was greeted with the news that his hostess was ill. John immediately assumed the role of attentive son. ^{The doctor informed} ~~Night and day~~ him that the illness was serious, even dangerous. John left the house only long enough to race to ~~Mr~~ his employer and say that he would not be back at work until Mrs. Stanley was well.

"Thenx you'll not be back at all", James Speake answered, looking up from his Sunday ~~evening~~ ~~with his evening~~ afternoon bible reading. "I can't while you wait ~~for you~~ fritter away ~~your~~ my time and your life on a silly sentiment"

"But Mr. Stanley is your", John began to interrupt, but was himself cut short.

"I don't need you to tell me what Mr. Stanley is. You are my clerk, and either you do your work, day by day, or I get someone else to do it".

John Rowlands walked out without a word, and ran all the way back to the Stanley house. He wrote down every instruction that the doctor gave, though he might well have trusted his almost infallible memory. He saw to it that every detail was meticulously carried out, that Mrs. Stanley's every whim was satisfied, provided that it did not run contrary to the doctor's ^{lay down} orders. At night he ~~stood~~ ^{lay down} outside her door, ready to jump up at the sound of her weakened voice.

^{Henry Stanley} When ~~he~~ ^{him} was travelling the great river, there was no means of contacting ~~Henry Stanley~~. Thus his wife fell ill, and in a few days died, without his knowing a thing about it. His brother, a ship's captain, happened to arrive in time to make the funeral arrangements. John, unknown

and conscious of being unwanted, left the house and went back to James Speake. His former employer, without interrupting the stock checking on which he was engaged, told him to get out, since his job was already filled by another.

For a matter of weeks, John earned enough to keep himself doing odd jobs around the docks, stevedoring, portering, running errands. Every evening he went to the ^{back door of} ~~Stanley~~ ^{the} Stanley home, to ask the maid, ~~walk~~ who knew him well and had been touched by his devotion to her mistress, whether Henry Morton Stanley had come home, or whether there was any news of him.

At last the day came, when the merchant returned. The maid told John to go round to the front door, and ring the bell. There, she herself admitted him, and took him straight to the study. Henry Stanley heaved himself to his feet, came round from behind his desk, and to the boy's astonishment took him in his arms and pressed him to him, rather against his inescapable paunch than his breast.

"My dear boy. That good maid has told me all you did for my poor, deceased wife. I can never be sufficiently grateful to you."

"But, sir, Mrs. Stanley was an angel to me".

"She was an angel to all who knew her, and most of all to me", the merchant said with tears running down his fleshy, red cheeks. "And because she loved you, and because you gave back her love with interest, I make you this promise - from now on ^{you as my own.} I will take care of ~~your future~~ You have had a hard life. I have ^{had} a good life, because I was lucky enough to marry ~~an~~ good woman. My memorial to her shall ~~take~~ the form of ensuring that there shall be no more hard times in your life".

middle-aged

While Henry Morton Stanley wept for his lost happiness, young John Rowlands broke down sobbing for his discovery of

tenderness and affection.

From that day, the boy took up residence ^{with his benefactor.} ~~in xxxstanley's~~
~~home.~~ The very next morning, Henry Stanley questioned him closely, and elicited from him those details of his origins and his family which had previously been discreetly hidden.

"So the fact of the matter is", the good man said at last, "you are without parent or relation who cares a cent for you?"

"That is true, sir", John said quietly, his voice not quite steady.

"Then from now on", Stanley said, "you will cease to ^{address} ~~exit~~
^{as} ~~me~~ 'sir', and will ^{call me} ~~address~~ 'father'. I will take you as my son, and prepare you for a mercantile career".

John's emotions ^{overwhelmed} ~~overwhelmed~~ him. He could find no words of appreciation. He went on one knee, took his foster father's hand in his, and kissed it. The merchant drew him to his feet ^{into} and called to the maid to bring him a basin of water, ~~he~~ which he dipped his hand. He made on his adopted son's forehead a sign, saying,

"I hereby change your name from John Rowlands to that which I bear - Henry Morton Stanley, and I ~~heartly~~ exhort you to be worthy of it".

He promptly took the boy out to buy him suits, shirts, shoes - and the first toothbrush he had ever possessed. ~~But~~ He did everything that a father might be expected to do for his son, but he neglected to go through the procedure of legal adoption. Even so, the boy who had been John Rowlands, and who was always to remember the beatings and kicks of his youth so that he came to rely entirely on himself and to put little trust in the undertakings towards himself of others, carried throughout his life the name he had received in that strange ceremony of baptism in his foster father's study.

(almost
For) two years, foster father and adopted son travelled the plantations and country towns of the Mississippi drainage area, the one teaching, the other learning, all there was to know of the mercantile life, together with the necessity to think clearly at all times, and to live cleanly. At the end of that time, the merchant went off on a visit to his brother in Havana, leaving ~~his~~ the young man, now close on twenty years old, gaining experience in retail trade with a business friend at a place called Cypress Bend in the southern state of Arkansas.

What Henry Morton Stanley the younger, ~~was~~ the explorer, was later to describe as "the golden period of my life" was over. As he watched the thin trail of ^{smoke from} the steamer which bore his foster father to Havana disappear over the horizon, a lump rose in his throat. He felt desolate, though he did not know that he was never again to set eyes on the man who had given him his name.

Chapter V
First Bloodshed.
~~Soldiering in Two Camps.~~

Young Parker was blonde, blue-eyed and girlish looking, seventeen years old. He leaned on his flintlock musket, looking around him in bewilderment.

"I'm hungry", he said to the man beside him.

The answer came from Henry Morton

"So am I", ~~young Henry Morton Stanley answered~~ Stanley, four years older than his comrade. "No wonder. Two days on cold rations, marching in all that April rain"...

"Ought to be thankful it's fine this morning", Parker commented. "Look ^{at} violets".

He moved out of the line of Confederate soldiers, stretching ^{ing} away two and a half kilometres to right and left of ~~them~~ where they stood near Shiloh church, ^{three kilometres} ~~two miles~~ west of Tennessee River, forty km. north of the border between Tennessee and Mississippi States. They were tired men, dirty men, their ^{grey uniforms} ~~clothes~~ still wet, their once shining buttons green with neglect. A Union force under Grant and Bell was between them and the Tennessee River. the ~~their~~ forty thousand weary troops were, outnumbered though ~~they were~~, the Confederate Generals - Johnston and Beauregard - had decided to attempt to drive the Union men, superior in numbers but only just arrived in their positions and unprepared for battle, into the river.

Parker wandered in a circle, picking violets.

"Making himself a ^{posy} ~~wreath~~ for his coffin", one of the soldiers jeered.

"He'll be lucky if he ever gets a coffin", another said.

"More ~~likely~~ likely a hole in the ground".

At least I'll make sure of being

"Then let me ~~be~~ buried with violets", Parker smiled palely. He put one small bunch of the flowers in his cap, and handed ^{an-} ~~the~~ other to Stanley.

A horseman galloped up to an officer just down the line.

The second great battle of the American Civil War was about to begin - Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, April 6th and 7th 1862.

"Prepare to advance", ~~the officer shouted~~. All down the line, officers were giving the warning, to be followed in a matter of minutes by ~~"Advance"~~ ^{Advance}.

The grey line lurched forward, for a moment straggling, uneven, then picking up its dressing, more or less.

^{with a nervous smile, his tall brow knit,}
"Now we're for it", Parker said to Stanley, ^{for you} "I'll write a poem about it when it's over - all mud and blood and heroism".

"If you're alive to write it", Stanley answered grimly.

"Or you to read it", Parker retorted.

"I shall be alive alright", Stanley said.

They advanced at a walking pace over the fields for half a kilometre.

"I don't like that sound", Parker said. "It makes me feel those Yankees can see me, and are aiming at me".

The sound was rifle fire. The Confederates came to a wooded belt.

Pity the hushed ^{Parker's nervousness}
"Pity the hushed ~~the~~ song of the birds", ~~Parker said~~ ^{needed} the frequent solace of ~~words~~ words.

"There's plenty of ^{music} ~~song~~ all the same", Stanley answered.

Bullets hummed overhead, bringing down a rain of small twigs and branches. Most of the Confederate ^{men} ~~were~~ under fire for the first time. They surged forward at a brisker pace - excited for victory, strangers yet to ~~the~~ carnage of battle.

Stanley and Parker stepped out of the wood into what had now become an ear-splitting roar. A ~~bluish~~ haze of smoke hung over the new grass and ^{the} buds of wild flowers which they trod beneath their heavy boots.

"See - their blue uniforms", Stanley said.

"Out here, I feel as if I was naked", Parker added.

An officer shouted again.

"Fire as you advance. Aim low".

"It will be all the same where I aim", young Parker grinned. "I'm so scared my musket waves like one of our flags in the breeze".

"Shut up", Stanley snapped. He was pale, solemn, absorbed, moving forward steadily, loading and firing his clumsy weapon with ~~determined~~ ^{practised} deliberation. A series of Union fusillades crashed on them. A few despairing cries, a few screams of pain were added to the cacophony. Glancing right and left, Stanley saw gaps in the line. He loaded and fired again.

"Fix bayonets!" The order was bellowed, echoing along the line from officer to officer.

A disorderly attempt was made to attach bayonets to musket barrels, some of the men halting, some still moving on.

"At the double - charge".

With a yell, as much an expression of the 'raw levies' own fears as of desire to intimidate, the line of grey uniforms leapt forward. Those who had kept moving, ~~who included Stanley and young Parker~~ ^{Stanley and young Parker among them, could} were to the fore; those who had halted, ~~could~~ ^{not catch up.}

Even so all capacity for thought, ~~every excitement, even fear~~ all fear, even, left Stanley as he bounded on in the primitive exhilaration of a bayonet charge, conscious only of holding in his hands an authority and a power to shed blood, to kill.

The Union line stolidly awaited the attack, but as the first Confederates reached the Yankees, and began plunging with their gut-tearing weapons, Stanley, striving wildly to get at the enemy, saw the blue figures running before him, some stumbling, and taking vicious wounds behind as they fell. There was a void in front of him. The Union men had fled. But, ~~the~~ ^{with} young Parker beside him, panting but keeping up, he rushed on with his comrades, until all were suddenly halted by a ^{searing} ~~perfect~~ ^{well} ~~halt~~ of bullets from ^{Grant's} ~~the Union~~ second line. A score of men

within Stanley's field of vision threw hands in air, or toppled forward, spurring their blood on the fertile soil of a Tennessee spring.

Volley after volley wrought terrible execution among the Confederate ranks, slowed down in their headlong rush by the trunks of hundreds of felled trees. It was a situation full of peril for inexperienced soldiers, who may be carried to triumph by the excitement of a charge but are apt to be panicked by infectious fear when checked.

Through the ~~hammerade~~
~~thunder of officers~~ murderous succession of fusillades, Stanley heard the now thin seeming voices of officers.

Down ... down ...
"~~lie down and~~ and continue firing", were all the words he heard.

He threw himself behind a tree trunk, and Parker and a dozen others flopped down beside him. For the first time he appreciated *density of the fusillade*
~~realized the veritable hail of bullets~~ being directed at them.
Bullets
They thudded into the tree trunk, whistled over his head, hummed to left and right. On his left *(a comrade lifted* ~~raised~~ his head an inch or two above the shelter of the trunk. *his eyes were raised* ~~Before he could raise his head~~ to look over, a bullet had furrowed his face and buried itself in his chest. Another just beyond leapt to his feet -

"We can't stay here, boys", he cried, and was sent sprawling as by a club, with a bullet in his forehead.

Parker fingered the tiny bunch of violets at his cap, looking wistfully sideways at Stanley.

"We have a talisman", he said. "The spirit of spring will preserve us".

Stanley lay silent, ~~beginning to think that nothing could~~
~~preserve them, yet~~ *cockily* somehow ~~surely~~ certain that whoever might die, he would live.

The officers, too, realised that their men could not lie inactive in that ~~sea~~ maelstrom of ^{lead}. Neither could they re-

retire.

"Forward! Forward!" The cry began on the left of the line of prone men, and echoed along the five kilometres of their front to the right flank.

Stanley found himself rushing on again, bent almost double, firing his musket almost without aim, pausing to reload it.

There was now a new note in the metal discord - the dull boom of cannon. A youthful, high-pitched voice cried out,

"Stop - Stanley! Please stop! I can't move. ~~My violets~~ ~~are gone.~~ ~~And my~~ And I've been hurt".

He turned to see Henry Parker, a look of pained surprise on his face, one hand raised to his cap. He was balancing on one leg, the other hanging a limp mass of pulp. As Stanley looked, the boy's head ~~fell~~ spun away from his body, hit direct by a missile from a cannon.

Not sickened by the sight, but lashed to fury, Stanley doubled his speed of advance, reached the next line of blue uniforms with the first of the Confederates, found himself confronted with a man inches taller than himself who ~~carried his~~ ~~swung his~~ first lunge. Crazy with a desire to revenge young Parker, ~~musket over round his head by the barrel; preparatory to striking~~ Stanley drew back his musket and lunged again with power and ~~his xxxxxxxx~~ speed. He was past his antagonist's guard, saw the man throw his arms wide, as men will when death is inevitable, felt the bayonet tear into the stomach. The next moment, he was extricating himself from the weight of the ~~man~~ first man he had ever killed. ~~He was in later life to kill, and be responsible for the killing of, many more.~~

He rushed on, seeing only the backs of fleeing Union men. Exhausted, ~~his legs feeling like clubs of wood, he stumbled.~~ ~~he caught his feet on a tree trunk, stumbled.~~ He felt at that moment a terrific blow in his stomach, and was thrown to the ground, ~~his cap flying off his head.~~ Apprehensively, without looking down, he felt for the place where he had been struck, expecting ~~the dip his~~

to dip his fingers in blood, to find his hand full of his intestines. But all he touched was the buckle of his belt, which now examining he found to be bent and ripped. ^{Instinctively, he} ~~unthinking, his~~ stretched out a hand to his cap, and found Parker's violets still fixed there.

Stanley sat up and sighed. The exploration of his stomach ^{from his haversack} had reminded him that he was hungry. He took ^{there, and} ~~what~~ food he could find ~~from his~~ began to chew on a handful of hard biscuits and a piece of cheese.

It was the first time that day he had had a moment for connected thought. The excitement which the dawn parade in battle positions had engendered, the stimulation of the attack, were both now submerged in fatigue.

Up ^{to} this day, he had thought war a disillusionment, and a bore. While he had been working in the retail store at Cypress Bend, Arkansas, he had suffered attacks of ^{malaria} ~~fever~~ which were to prove a bane to him in later life. Then he had been ^{infected by} ~~swept into~~ another sort of fever, as the southern states of America ^{had} ~~declared~~ their secession from the Union, and the northern ^{rather than abolish slavery, declared} ~~had~~ determined find no solution ~~in exercising~~ save coercion. The temperature had risen as the provisional Confederacy government had seized the southern ports and begun hastily to recruit.

The young Stanley had been concerned in America with ~~keeping~~ maintaining life and then with learning his patron's business.

As to the issues involved in the Civil War he ^{had known} ~~knew~~ virtually nothing. He ^{had seen some of acquaintances} ~~only saw all his friends~~ ^{heard the} suddenly appearing in new grey uniforms, and ~~the rest~~ rest loudly denouncing the ~~their~~ determination of the northern states to pauperise them. He ^{had} ~~had~~ no inclination to a soldier's life. But a young woman with whom he had become infatuated had been the cause of ^{weakening in} ~~his~~ changing ~~a~~ determination not to enlist.

The girls loved to parade in the streets alongside boys in

the grey uniforms. ^{had} He received a parcel, addressed by a feminine hand, containing a lady's chemise and petticoat. ^{The implication} ~~it was like~~ ^{had} made him feel a coward. And when, the same day, the girl's father ^{had} called on him, and asked him whether he did not intend to ~~throw~~ ^{had thrown} prove himself a man, he ~~threw~~ up his chin and answered, "Yes, sir, I do".

He ^{had} quickly slipped into the role of swaggering young hero, the charmer always at his side when he walked in the streets. He had bought a long knife and a revolver, and when the 6th Arkansas Regiment of Volunteers was ordered northwards, ^{had} he marched through the town with head held as high as his paucity of inches would allow, singing as lustily as his comrades, and basking in the warmth of popular acclaim.

Disillusionment had followed with aching shoulders, blistered feet, want of baths, and such shortage of food that bellies could only be filled by raiding the farms of farmers suspected to be opposed to secession. Soon had been added ^{squalid} ~~squalid~~ camp conditions and the rigours of military discipline which ^{had} required the ~~young~~ volunteers to watch their friends being hoisted up by their thumbs ^{horred on fences} or fettered with ball and chain for minor breaches of regulations.

No use regretting now, the young, blooded Stanley thought as he stuffed the remains of his biscuits back into his haversack, and set off after his regiment. Like every individual in battle, he knew little of how the day was going, except that his side seemed still to be advancing. But ^{now} he gathered some notion of the desperate nature of the encounter in which he was playing a part. The dead lay in bloody piles, with here and ~~the~~ there an upturned face and staring eyes of one with whom he had on some march shared a ration or a bottle of water.

After an hour of following a route all too grimly marked, Stanley caught up with his regiment, resting in a wood while

the artillery of the two sides blazed away. Soon, the infantry advance was resumed. A large camp was captured, and the officers decided that they ^{could} call no more on their exhausted men that day.

Stanley looked wearily round him. The Union men had left the camp in a hurry, and ^{abandoned} left behind a good deal of property. Some of the Confederates ~~fell in~~ roused themselves from their fatigue to plunder. But Stanley had learnt that on the ~~the~~ march, possessions were only a further weight on his already lacerated shoulders. He found a tin of biscuits and a jug of molasses, ^{supplied at his own unconcern at shedding blood,} consumed them, and fell asleep in a tent on a bed occupied ~~that~~ the previous night by a Federal officer, while the helpless wounded left in the open fields spent their night under torrential rain.

The company to which the young Englishman ~~was~~ belonged had suffered severely. Only some fifty of them fell in in the morning. They were bedraggled, footsore, could scarcely hold their muskets. ^{urged on by their} But ~~they were~~ ~~the~~ officers they had to be - and deployed and ^{desire to distin-} urged on they were. ^{guish himself} ~~To Stanley there came the instinct of the~~ ~~seasoned soldier.~~ He had killed one of the enemy. He felt a seasoned soldier. He must set an example. When the order to advance was given, he rushed to the fore. He was a long way the first to enter an open field, which the Union men promptly proceeded to sweep with a devastating fire. There was no convenient tree or stump to crouch behind, so he dashed still further ahead to throw himself into an inviting hollow.

Settled in comparative safety, he began systematically to load his antiquated flintlock musket - tearing the cartridge paper with his teeth, emptying the powder into the pan, locking it, pouring the remaining powder down the muzzle, and ramming it home. This ^{already obsolete} ~~complicated~~ process the Confederates most of the time had had to perform in the open, in the middle of the attack, ~~while~~ ~~the Union men had up-to-date rifles.~~ Stanley fired, reloaded, fired again, and once more re-loaded, ^{His targets became larger} ~~without noticing~~

and larger. More than once the crack of his musket had been followed speedily by ~~the~~ a Union man dropping to his knees, or throwing his arms in the air, and toppling over backwards. ~~It~~ ^{but slowly on the absorbed Stanley} dawned ~~on him~~ that while it was becoming easier to pick an opponent and hit him, the effect was that the Union force was becoming uncomfortably close.

He stood up, to see whether any officer was doing anything about this alarming proximity of the enemy. He found that there was neither officer nor other ^{Confederate} infantryman in sight. His enthusiasm to set an example had isolated him. A fusillade of bullets mad him ~~went him~~ drop flat in his burrow again. And in a few minutes he found himself surrounded by advancing Federal men.

"Down with that gun, or I'll drill a hole in you. Hear me? Drop it quick".

A big burly ^{fellow} was sticking ^{to} barrel of an up-to-date rifle in his chest, while another stood by, bayonet fixed.

Stanley let go his musket. It dropped to the ground. The burly fellow kicked it out of reach, jeering -

"Why didn't you make yerself a bow and arrow. It would serve you better".

Rough hands were laid on his arms. Henry Morton Stanley junior was a prisoner in the hands of General Ulysses Grant's men. Glad of the chance to get away from the fighting, his two captors ^{He felt numbed, unable for some minutes to grasp what} marched him to the rear. ^{The Union men among they passed,} had happened to him. ^{spat at him, let loose kicks at him, and one called out,}

"Where are you taking him? Plank your bayonet into the son of a slave-owning bitch".

Surprised, humiliated, he pulled himself together to look around him. He saw fury and ^{contempt} hate in the wild-eyed faces, ~~round him.~~

"Destroyer of the Union", someone shouted at him.

"Give him the whip he lays on the slaves", another

cried.

Several actually tried to get near him, to wound him with bayonets, or humiliate him with a kick. He realised that his Confederate comrades need expect little mercy, and began to wonder whether they themselves would have any more humane approach to an enemy prisoner. His guards at least protected him - since with every step they themselves were getting further from

the firing line. But soon they and he were in a new danger - *ill-ranged, covering the retreat of Stanley's exhausted comrades,* the falling shells from the Confederate artillery, *like a like coralled horses,*

That night he was thrown *miserable wretches* into a pen where he found some fifty other ~~men~~ (from his own side, though none he had ever seen before. They were given no food, and had to huddle together for warmth in the cold April night, ~~though~~ *they were* happily spared rain.

Stanley did not

~~He~~ ~~consider~~ sleep. He pondered on the swaggering folly which had got him into this plight. Then, not having the true spirit of a soldier, he reflected that at least he was not likely to be involved in any more fighting. He had done his bit *(The Battle of Shiloh this battle, he learned had been nobody's victory?)* of killing. For him, surely, the war was over. *But how would*

etc war ~~it~~ end? And ~~how would~~ the end bring for him? He thought of his foster father, supposing that when he had heard of the Civil War, he ~~had~~ would have stayed in Havana. ~~And~~ *On* that thought he dozed for an hour before dawn, when he and his companions were herded on to a steamer *and borne* ~~and plying~~ northwards.

Chapter VI

The Habitual Deserter.

81
"Do you think it is right that one man should ^{own} another - as he owns a cow or a dog?" The questioner was a Mr. Shipman, ^{meat packer's} in normal times a ~~Chicago~~ clerk, short, dried up, with thick lenses to his spectacles. The Civil War had made him quartermaster at Camp Douglas, for ^{Confederate} ~~prisoners~~ prisoners, near Chicago, where Stanley, after a journey by river and train, always in conditions similar to those common for cattle, was confined.

"I don't know", Stanley answered. "I suppose that depends on how the owner treats the man". Stanley had been elected captain of his prisoner-of-war company. One of his duties was to draw from ^{the Quartermaster's store} ~~Quartermaster's store~~ his fellows' meagre rations, and in the process he had ^{got on} ~~become~~ friendly terms with the kindly Shipman.

"Whether or not a man should own a horse or a dog - yes, that depends on how he treats it. But the answer to whether or not he should own a man, = that depends on one thing only - H-U-M-A-N D-I-G-N-I-T-Y". Shipman spelled out the words to the young man from the south, who sat opposite his desk drinking coffee.

"But many slaves are far better off than farmer whites", Stanley protested. "Their owners treat them generously, kindly, they have a good life".

H-U-M-A-N
"There is no good life without ~~xxxxxxx~~ D-I-G-N-I-T-Y", Shipman spelled out the words again.

ly
"Why repeat that?", Stanley said irritably. It was a conception his own life had given him little opportunity to think about, yet. In New Orleans he had taken Negro slaves for granted, as ^{being} necessary, like raw materials, for the production of the export foodstuffs on which the South lived. "I ~~have seen~~ ^{have seen} some

plantation owners, it is true", he went on, "who are unkind, even cruel to their slaves - but also many who treat them almost like their own families"

"Like their own families?", Shipman repeated. "And when catastrophe comes? When money is needed? They sell their slaves - maybe to one of those who are unkind, cruel. Would they sell members of their families?"

"I suppose not", Stanley had reluctantly to agree. "But then, people are seldom quite as good to anybody, even their friends, as they are to their families. The slaves are"

"There's only one thing that matters about slaves", Shipman interrupted, pointing at Stanley the penholder with which he was stirring the coffee he had made himself, "only one thing - they A-R-E- N-O-T F-R-E-E. That covers all the rest. They cannot come ^{and go} ~~at~~ ~~go~~ at will. They cannot own property. They cannot marry at will. They have no rights at law. Their master - he who owns them as he owns his cow - is their judge, and if it pleases him their executioner. At worst, the slave has no human sort of life. At best, ^{he is} ~~they are~~ robbed of H-U-M-A-N D-I-G-N-I-T-Y". He persisted in spelling out the words he most wanted to emphasise.

Stanley pondered a moment. Shipman got up and checked over the rations prepared by a boy who helped him. When he came back to his desk, he asked,

"What are your origins?"

Stanley cleared his throat. "My foster father ...", he began, then checked himself, stammered.

"I don't want details", Shipman said. "Did you run away from ~~a rich home~~ ^{the boredom of} a rich home, or the poverty of a working class family?"

"My people were humble people", Stanley answered.

"Then what sort of future do you envisage for North ~~the~~"

United States

~~America?~~", ~~the~~ the Quartermaster pressed. "A landed aristocracy, a plantation economy, like you've got in the South? Or an industrial, go-ahead country, challenging England - like we're trying to build up ~~here~~ *here in the North?*"

"I've never really thought much about it", Stanley conceded lamely.

"At your age, it's time you did think about it", Shipman said. "What were you fighting for? There's only one thing worth fighting for, in my opinion - that's H-U-M-A-N D-I-G-N-I-T-Y".

He made Stanley sign for his company's rations, and sent him away.

Stanley did ponder Shipman's words. He acknowledged to himself, as he picked lice off his skin and squashed them between his finger nails, or as he sat head in hands staring at nothing for hours on end that he had gone to war for no better reason than that a girl, whom he had already all but forgotten, had shown that she thought him a coward.

Though the Union authorities seemed to have little thought for the H-U-M-A-N D-I-G-N-I-T-Y of their Confederate prisoners, it was perhaps the conditions of ^{Stanley's} ~~his~~ life which helped to back up Shipman's implication that he had chosen the wrong side in the war. There was little dignity in living in a field surrounded by a high fence, some twenty metres inside which was a white line; to step beyond ~~which~~ ^{that line} was to be shot down by sentries, in boxes at regular intervals. Little dignity about living cooped in a barn, (delirious with dysentery and typhoid, or praying up with two hundred or more others in a barn) ~~little dignity~~ for death. Little dignity, about visiting open-ditch latrines on the way to which the worst dysentery cases were seen crawling through filth. Little ~~human~~ H-U-M-A-N D-I-G-N-I-T-Y about gathering up the dead every morning, and stacking them in carts to be buried in mass graves.

Whether Shipman convinced Stanley that once slavery was got

the denial of human dignity
 rid of other forms of ~~marks~~ inhumanity to man would in turn be
 abolished, or whether ^{the young man} ~~he~~ simply saw the way out of an in-
 definite period of listlessness and horror. The historic fact
 is that on 4th June 1862, he deserted the Confederate Army and
 his comrades in ~~the~~ Camp Douglas, to ^{join} ~~enter~~ the Union artillery.
 The idealistic meat packer's clerk, Shipman, patted him on the
 back, and told him that the decision he had made was more manly
 than had been his enlistment with the Confederates under the
 influence of war hysteria.

Stanley's service with the Union army was brief and inglo-
 cut short,
 rious, ~~over~~ indeed, by the treatment he had suffered at
 the hands of those to whom he now gave allegiance. Three days
 after joining the artillery, he succumbed to the bacterial micro-
 organisms which he took away with him from Camp Douglas. After
 three weeks in hospital, he was discharged as medically unfit
 for military service.

He did
 He now entered another period of wandering. ~~Being~~ farm
 moving ~~on~~
 work wherever he could get a few weeks' employment, ~~he contrived~~
~~eastwards~~ towards the coast whenever it was necessary to seek
 a fresh engagement. ~~Coming at last to the Atlantic, he signed~~
^{large}
 on as deck hand with a ship bound for Cuba. Arrived there early
 in 1863, he found that the man whose name he bore had died two
 years earlier. Now he had cause to regret his foster father's
 neglect to complete the legal forms of adoption. Young Stanley,
 whom surely the New Orleans merchant would have wished to inherit
 his business and most of his ~~possessions~~ considerable possessions,
 had no claim whatever on the estate.

Having turned to the sea in search of his benefactor, he
 had not the interest to change his way of life once more. For
 over a year, he remained a seaman, visiting the West Indies,
 Italy and Spain. Few details are known concerning his voyages,

Insert to page 44.

By the time he came to New York, Stanley had, by careful husbanding of his earnings, always demanding from farmers board and lodging, and pocketing his cash wages, accumulated sufficient money to enable him to take a room in the home of a Judge whose large house and expensive drinking habits ^{compelled} ~~forced~~ him to receive paying guests. The Judge and his wife lived on cat-and-dog terms, he raucous and coarse with her in his cups, she given to hysterical outbursts concerning his alcoholic homecomings and inability or unwillingness to pay for the hats and dresses ~~she~~ which were her own form of immoderate indulgence.

Climbing the stairs to his room late one evening, Stanley met the Judge, a tall, heavy-framed man, with purple cheeks and large red nose, emerging from his own study brandishing a pistol. He staggered, clearly in a condition beyond responsibility for his actions.

"Can I help you, sir?", Stanley asked, courteously, fearful of rousing the anger of so threatening looking a figure.

"If you ... are ... prepared ~~the~~ to ... help me kill that confounded, screaming woman downstairs yes", came the alarming reply.

"That may be quite necessary", Stanley answered with soothing presence of mind. "I should like to discuss that with you". The young man's varied experience had taught him discretion.

"No discussion", the Judge cried, waving his weapon. "Do the deed ... if you want to help come on".

"I'm willing to help", Stanley said. "But I must know about your reasons. Into your study, ^{please sir} just a moment".

He caught hold of the arm brandishing the revolver, and managed to propel the heavy man, scarcely conscious of where he was or what he was doing, back through the study door, which he quietly locked behind his back.

The Judge flopped into a large leather armchair and proceeded

in drunken, stammering, indistinct enunciation to denounce his wife for a nagging, henpecking, inconsiderate, inhuman harridan such as no man who had real blood in his veins could be expected to put up with.

"If I had before me in my court a man with such a wife and if he told me he had ... ~~murdered~~ ^{killed her} ~~It~~ should rule ... that ... it was not ... murder, ... ~~but~~ ^{... but} self-defence".

Stanley's was not the sort of intelligence to find humour in the situation. He felt himself rather an important figure in a drama. He thought it incumbent on him to gain time. So he began to ask questions about the alleged shortcomings of the Judge's wife, though he himself had had reason to know some of those shortcomings when he had entered the house with mud on his boots or had left on his plate ~~some dish~~ ^{meat} which he found ~~too much or too little flavoured~~ ^{had proved to be a burnt offering or a bloody sacrifice}. The stratagem proved successful. The Judge, in the same staggering enunciation as before, expounded at length. From time to time he rose to his feet, swayed, and announced,

"Enough of talking ... it is time ... for doing".

He would then ~~lean~~ ^{stretch an arm} towards the table where his pistol lay. Regularly, he toppled ~~towards it~~, supported himself on the table, and by that time was being urged by his young guest to resume his chair.

At last, the Judge's head nodded, jerked upright, nodded again, jerked upright again. After several of such ~~un~~ ^{un} successful attempts at sleep, the ~~alcoholic~~ ^{alcoholic} head got the better of the outraged heart, and ~~the Judge began to snore~~ ^{came finally to rest on his chest}. Stanley had long ago heard the lady of the house proceed up the stairs to bed.

~~He~~ ^{After having} waited still another half hour, listening to the Judge's snores, ~~and then~~ ^{and then} he deemed it safe to retire himself. In his own room, nevertheless, he did not sleep. With his door ajar,

he sat listening for the Judge to come to his bedroom. But dawn came without further disturbance.

Early down for ~~dining~~ ^{breakfast} after his night's vigil, Stanley sought, while waiting for his host and hostess, to soothe his exhausted nerves with a cigar. He stood smoking it, and looking out of the dining room window. The next he knew was a ~~resounding~~ ^{resounding} smack on the side of the head. Expecting to find the Judge irate at having been prevented from his murderous purpose, he turned sharply, to be greeted with the words -
 "How dare you have the impudence to smoke in my ~~house~~ ^{dining} room, ~~you~~ and before breakfast, you ill-bred young puppy. Why - the Judge would never dream of doing such a thing".

He was being ^{thus} berated by the woman ~~whose~~ to save whose life he had passed a sleepless, anxious night. The humour of even that situation was unfortunately lost on him. He walked breakfastless from the house, inwardly deploring ~~the lack of justice~~ ^{that even in the house of a Judge there was no justice.} among men, even Judges and their wives.

~~determined to seek his father-in-law's~~ ^{thus} Shortly after this incident, Stanley, ~~signed on as a deck~~ ^{signed on as a deck} foster father, ~~signed on as a deck~~ ^{signed on as a deck} hand with a cargo ship bound for Cuba. Arrived there early in 1863, he found that the man whose name he bore had died there two years earlier. Now he had cause to regret the neglect to complete the legal forms of adoption. Young Stanley, whom surely the New Orleans ~~business man~~ ^{merchant} would have wished to inherit his business and most of his considerable possessions, had no claim whatever on the estate.

Having turned to the sea in ^{fruitless} search of his benefactor, he had not the interest to change his way of life once more. For over a year, he remained a seaman, visiting the West Indies, Italy and Spain. Few details are known concerning his voyages,

and none of his commanders and shipmates. The telegraphic diary he kept at the period dismisses in two lines a shipwreck off Barcelona in which, it seems, most of the crew were lost, while Stanley himself managed to strip and swim ashore, where he was greeted by Spanish coastguards ~~who~~ ^{who} demanded that the naked arrival from the sea should produce his papers!

Life afloat seems to have suited him well enough, for in July 1864, he enlisted ^{on a three-year agreement} in the United States Navy. There are no acts of gallantry, or even of bravado, to record in Stanley's service in the American navy. Yet ^{the six months} ~~that period~~ he spent aboard the U.S.S. Minnesota were to set him on a course leading directly to his later way of life and ultimate fame.

Enlisting as a clerk ^{recorded} as 165 cm. in height, with hazel eyes, dark hair and complexion ^{he} ~~was~~ was given the rank of petty officer and charge of the Minnesota's log and other records. In this capacity he played but ^{an observer's} ~~a watching~~ part in the land and sea attacks on the desperate and despairing Confederate forces defending their last open port - Fort Fisher in North Carolina.

When the fort fell, Stanley went below to write up that naval occasion in the log. Finishing his work, he sat for some minutes looking at the completed page. He pursed the lips of his drooping mouth, and tapped the end of his pen on the table. Then he rose, and went straight to the Captain's cabin with the log.

"Is there any objection, sir", he asked, "to my writing up what I have seen and what I know of the battle, for the newspapers?"

The Captain, a brisk, go-ahead professional sailor, smiled appreciatively, ^{and said,} ^(when he finds them) *I like a young fellow who seeks opportunities, and grasps them.*
"Are you going to share the fee with the United States Navy authorities?", ~~he asked.~~

"The authorities can gladly have it all, sir. I should

just like to see if I can write something well enough for it to be printed".

"Well, you've plenty of material, young fellow", the Captain encouraged. "Go ahead. Let the people know the details of the struggle." *I like it*

"Thank you, sir", and Stanley returned to his own cubby hole to write a second account, clear and vigorous though in a style certainly more ornate than that he left in the ship's log.

His foster father had left him no money. Yet now he ~~found~~ ^{found} that after all he had an inheritance from that ~~who had~~ ^{who had} ~~fixed from that the fact that that~~ ^{benefactor} ~~had~~ ^{assiduously} trained him, in their travels together, to observe men and events with detailed precision. His report of the battle was lucid and vivid. This, Stanley's first piece of professional writing, was printed, and paid for. His success turned his mind in the direction of yet another profession. But his service in the United States Navy, *which still had 2 1/2 years to run,* ^{Journalism} made it impossible to pursue ~~it~~ ^{at once}, as his inclination urged him to do.

Stanley had already learned, by repeated experience, one way of changing a course of life which had become distasteful. One left it, and set out on another. The Civil War was as good as won and lost. The Minnesota put into Portsmouth, New Hampshire. There, the young man who had run away from school, ~~and~~ ^{for} a job with a butcher in England, ~~and~~ ^{from} ~~and~~ ^{and} (an English mail boat, ~~who~~ ^{for} had deserted the Confederate cause) which he had volunteered to fight, now deserted for the last time - on February 10th, 1865.

Let those of us older ones who may ~~be apt~~ ^{sometimes} to think that the young generation of our time is unsettled, lacking determination always to carry ~~through~~ ^{undertakings} ~~it~~ ^{reflect on this.} to a conclusion, ~~remember this~~ ^{this young Henry Morton Stanley junior,} ~~seeing~~ ^{that} who, by the time he was twenty four had become an almost habitual deserter, was to be known to history as ^a the man who never gave up, the man who ~~saw~~ ^{saw his every} task through to the

end, regardless of discomforts, obstacles, and dangers.

END OF PART I.

"I Look Further Up."

A new passion - be it girl or profession - often seems to change a man, when ~~what~~ all that it really does is to bring out ~~and some of the bad,~~ the good, that was always in him. Writing up the battle stories of the American Civil War had given Stanley a taste for journalism. He felt confidence in his own power to use what was to him a new weapon - the word.

The Civil War was at an end. The Union no longer needed soldiers and sailors in such numbers ^{its authorities} as before. ~~It~~ ^{the deserters} had little time to bother with deserters, provided ~~they~~ did not bother them by becoming vagrants or worse. Stanley first became special correspondent for the 'Missouri Democrat', accompanying an expedition sent to 'persuade' the Indians who were resisting the ^{westward-movings} encroachments on their territories of settlers, goldseekers, adventurers, gamblers, railroad builders, and wanton women. The expedition was ~~Stanley saw little~~ ordered not so much to fight as to manoeuvre, to split up the Indians so that they might be managed, to divide those willing to accept the white man from those who would resist him with gun and scalp knife. Stanley saw little exciting action, but he proved his capacity to pick on the human interest story: the white man who had been scalped by a brave who dropped the trophy so that the man crawled back to his tent with it, and kept it ~~as a trophy~~ in a bucket of water; the little Indian boy who rode with the expedition, having been earlier captured when his father, a chief, was killed; the big Indian scout who took a fancy to the journalist, ^{picking up} ~~xxxxxxx~~ and throwing over a billiard table a man who insulted him; and ^{moving} the speech of an old chief - "I love the land and the buffalo, and will not part with them. I don't want any of these medicine houses built in the country; I want the papooses brought up exactly as I am. I have word that you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to sett,

there. I love to roam over the wide prairie, and, when I do it, I feel free and happy; but when we settle down we grow pale and die".

Stanley's despatches were not limited to appearing in the 'Missouri Democrat'. The New York Herald and the New York Times were among papers which published his news stories. Thus he averaged close on a hundred dollars a week income. A good deal of that he had to spend, loosening the tongues of informants with drink, dropping a hopeful tip here and there to telegraph men and messengers on whom he relied to ^{transmit} ~~carry~~ his columns to ~~the~~ the great centres of population. Even so, by January 1868, he had managed by "a rigid economy, punishing my appetites", to save three thousand dollars which, ~~then~~ he said, "began to impart a sense of security, and gave an independence to my bearing which betrayed that I was delivered ~~from~~ from the dependent state".

The Indian expedition over, Stanley looked round for ^a journalistic assignment which should constitute a challenge to his resources, and enable him to prove his value as a correspondent. In his new mood of self-confidence, he resigned his post on the 'Democrat' and set out to hitch his wagon to the most glittering star among American newspapers of the time - the New York Herald. ^{It was} ~~He was~~ owned by James Gordon Bennett, who had started the paper twenty six years earlier, from a cellar, and made it into a great commercial success by hustling, innovatory methods and ^{basin} ~~making~~ ~~the basis of~~ the paper ^{on} news, instead of the traditional views.

Stanley was proud that his despatches had already appeared in the columns of the Herald. ^{He sought an interview with} ~~and set out to story~~ its owner. It was at the time when England was preparing an expedition into Abyssinia to secure the release of various British subjects, including a consul and missionaries, imprisoned and said to be ill-treated by ~~the~~ ^{therefore} King of that country. Having gained admis-

sion to the owner and editor-in-chief of the 'Herald', Stanley proposed that he should be sent as correspondent with the British expedition.

Gordon Bennett senior lounged back in a swivel chair, one powerful leg lieing across the desk in front of him, his hands deep in ~~the pockets of~~ ^{the pockets of} light grey trousers, his black bearded chin resting on a check waistcoat, his ~~fat~~ tongue twisting a black cigar between thick lips. Through bushy ~~eyebrows~~ brows, his dark, penetrating eyes assessed at once the young man and the proposition he advanced.

"All the news the American people want to read - that is ^{will} the policy of my paper", he said. "But ~~is~~ the American people want to read about this British expedition?"

"I think they will, sir", Stanley ~~xxxix~~ answered, without hesitation.

"I like a young man with faith in himself and his ideas", Gordon Bennett said. ~~xxxx~~ "On what terms do you propose that we should send you?".

Some understanding of Bennett's psychology
Stanley showed ~~his wisdom~~ in his next answer.

"On any terms you like, sir. Pay me a moderate salary as a special correspondent if that suits you. Or pay ~~me~~ ^{me} lineage if you prefer - but in that case, of course, I should reserve the right to send despatches to other papers as well".

Bennett rolled the cigar to one side of his mouth.

"I don't share myx news with anybody. But I ~~pay~~ ^{pay} well for exclusive stories. Ever been to Europe?"

"I was born there, sir".

"H'm. You look a likely young man. You don't talk too much. Are you prepared to back yourself?"

"In anything that I'm confident I can do, sir".

^{Then} ~~the~~ "how about making this a trial trip? Pay your own expenses, and if you send us stories up to ^{to} standard, I'll pay

you the top rates we have for Europe". ^{The Newspaper owner} ~~He~~ paused, and watched ~~him~~ for Stanley's reaction. Then he added, smiling, "We don't yet have special rates for African correspondence".

Bennett's pause had been enough for Stanley to make up his mind.

If you'll allow me to say so, sir,
~~"I'll go on any terms you like, sir~~ you're loading the dice in your own favour. But I'll go on any terms you like. And I believe neither you nor I will regret it".

"If I thought ^{you} ~~it~~ would ~~not~~ regret it, I would give you a flat negative". Bennett replied. "But believe me, this way will be the greatest stimulus to you. When do you intend to start?"

"I have booked a passage in the steamer 'Hecla', sailing on the 22nd, ~~sir~~, the day after tomorrow".

"So you intended to go, anyhow?", Bennett chuckled deeply.
~~"That is the day after tomorrow"~~
 "Certainly, sir". Stanley did not smile, saw nothing to smile at.

The venture was a tremendous gamble, but—
By exercising characteristic foresight, Stanley made that trip a journalistic success. ^{He first ascertained that} ~~At Suez he went to~~ the telegraph office nearest to Abyssinia was at Suez. Landing at that port /the canal was not yet opened though advanced in construction/, Stanley went straight to the chief telegrapher. A few words and some money passed. The journalist emerged with a promise that any despatches received from him should be given priority over the wires to London. The chief telegrapher looked forward to a considerable further instalment of his fee.

10th April

On ~~the 10th~~ 1868, the British expeditionary force, under General Sir Robert Napier, stood in battle array before the granite mountain stronghold of Magdala, capital of King Theodore of Abyssinia. Stanley ^{keeping} well out of the way of the commander who had ordered the 'low journalist' out of his tent when

he had reported his ^{joining} ~~arrival~~ the expedition, looked over the six thousand strong, colourful British force, every man dressed in his best uniform. Veterans of English and Irish regiments in red coats; Punjabis, native Africans colourful in Baluchis and Sepoys from India; ~~colourful~~ with red fezzes, green turbans; English sailors with rockets; elephants, camels, horses, mules; officers dressed in a gamut of colours and wearing silver helmets - with one young man in kid gloves and a green veil; and an archaeologist from the British museum. To modern eyes such an army would make a ^{splendid} ~~colourful~~ review - but as a fighting force?

Yet as a fighting force they began to march in parade order up the mountain. ~~The~~ King Theodor^e sent a horde of warriors, armed with swords, spears, axes yelling down the slopes. The sailors halted the onslaught with their rockets; a British battalion finished off the work with rifle fire and bayonet. Stanley watched Abyssinian warriors leap into the air, fall, and claw the ground in agony, others blown to pieces by rockets. The attack down the slopes was thrown back. ~~But~~ Fighting went on all day, King Theodor^e attempting outflanking movements, but his warriors' weapons being not the equal of his tactics. Rockets, rifles, and the Sepoys' bayonet charges proved overwhelming. That night the jackals and hyenas feasted on the bodies of one British officer killed and five hundred and sixty Abyssinians. ~~The British also had thirty one other ranks wounded.~~

not buried

The following morning, two of the King's British captives were sent to ~~the~~ Sir Robert Napier with a letter. ^{By the evening,} ~~from the King~~ all the captives, their servants, and their servants' servants had been released. Well, not quite all. In his haste to ~~xx~~ put distance between himself and his place of captivity and torture, one of the missionaries forgot his wife, ^{who lay sick!} In the middle of the night, his servants were sent back up the mountain to fetch her from the stronghold.

Stanley sat writing in his tent, not only of the battle but

of the complete want of emotion on the part of the released prisoners and their rescuers. The prisoners were concerned only that their servants should make them as comfortable as possible, while the ^{aristocratic} English officers sat their horses and surveyed ^{dispassionately} ~~through~~ ^{bourgeois} through monocles the men and women they had marched through tropical discomforts to release.

It was not the first time Stanley had had cause to wonder at the behaviour of the snobbish English officers. ~~One~~ One morning he had met a young cavalry officer and called out a polite greeting. The officer had raised his monocle to his eye, treated the impertinent Yankee journalist to a glassy stare, and ridden on. Another young blood whom Stanley had addressed had taken a pace back and asked, "Whom have I the honour to address?" The English were still contemptuous of reporters - especially American reporters, who did not ^{they felt,} understand the distinctions of class and rank.

King Theodor^e had surrendered his prisoners, but was not yet ready to surrender his fortress. A final assault was made, ~~the~~ King Theodor^e shot himself in the mouth with a pistol once presented to him by Queen Victoria, the British ^{force tore down the} ~~and native soldiers~~ ^{(tore down the} defences with hands and rifle butts) - having forgotten to bring their scaling ladders and axes from the camp! - and in a few hours the bands were playing "God Save the Queen" beneath the Union Jack hoisted on the fortress top. Nothing remained but the looting, the drinking, and the distribution of the spoils. Foremost in the scramble for plunder, Stanley ^{wrote} ~~said~~ in shocked surprise, were the former captive missionaries.

Two days later, the rock fortress of Magdala was blown into the air by British engineers. Stanley had a wonderful story - colourful, exotic, full of human interest, packed with emotional appeal. Could he have permission to send a ^(with it) courier ahead of the returning army? He could not. He had to sen

his story in the official 'bag' with the Commander's report, and the despatches of other reporters. ~~But~~ That was far from satisfying him. His despatches must be first! He sat down ~~and wrote them all again~~ evening after evening at the end of the day's march, and wrote them all again.

He got himself on to the first troop~~s~~ ship to leave the coast, expecting to be able to see his telegraphist friend at Suez. Arrived at the head of the Red Sea, however, all passengers on the troopship were quarantined for five days. Desperate, Stanley took a chance. He gave his despatches to a native boy selling fruit from a small boat at the ship's side, ~~he~~ promising him a considerable reward if he would bring back to him a receipt from the chief telegraphist. In two hours the boy was back, and duly paid.

Stanley's despatch, published in the New York Herald, was the first news story of the British expedition to Abyssinia to get out. First by a long way, for no sooner had his ~~material been~~ ^{transmitted} ~~sent~~ out than the cable broke. Other reporters had to ~~wait weeks~~ ^{wait weeks} for their stories to go by telegraph, or ~~nurse them in their~~ ^{stories in their} pockets until they reached ~~Cairo~~ ^{home}. Gordon Bennett was ~~delighted~~ Stanley's fame as a correspondent was established. Gordon Bennett was delighted, ^{fulfilled his} ~~and promised~~ undertaking to pay his ^{large} man well, and promised him the next challenging assignment that should come along.

In the meantime, Stanley went to Crete, in search of an insurrection ^{he learned Greek and} suppose to be pending. On that trip he ^{and get the first interview with} ~~all but~~ got himself married not so much to a Greek girl as to her family. From the final step he was saved by being sent to Aden to meet ^{explorer of Central} the famous ~~Africa missionar~~ Africa, Dr. David Livingstone, said to be on his way home. The ~~story~~ rumour, of course, was false. Stanley sweated out two and a half months in the arid desert out-

Fretting in inactivity

post for nothing. ~~It was at about this time that~~ he wrote:

"The more tasks I receive, the happier is my life. I want work Books come in work, close, absorbing and congenial ~~worky worky~~ ~~so that there~~ handy. I have picked up Helvetius and Zimmerman, in Alexandria, ~~will be no time for regrets, and vain desires, and morbid~~ ~~but~~, though there is much wisdom in them, they are ill suited to ^a young man with a craze for action".

He was to get all the action he wanted. *But* first he was sent by the New York Herald to Spain, to report the rebellions and to learn another language. and counter-rebellions of the time, *From* there he wrote a letter which revealed ~~revealing letter~~ no little satisfaction with his own achievements since becoming a journalist: "So well have I performed my duty, surpassing all my contemporaries, that the greatest confidence is placed in me This I have done in the short space of eighteen months, when others have languished on at their business for fifteen years, and got no higher than the step where they entered. How have I done this? By intense application to duty, by self-denial, which means I have denied myself all pleasures Pleasure cannot blind me, it cannot lead me astray from the path I have chalked out. I am so much my own master, that I am master over my own passions. It is also my interest to do my duty well My future promotion to distinction hangs upon it. Even now, if I applied for it, I could get a consulship, but I do not want a consulship - I look further up, beyond a consulship".

That next step 'further up'
~~The next step 'further' up~~ was not long in being pointed out to him. Called to Paris, he received on October 27th 1869, from James Gordon Bennett jnr., the son of his original employer, orders ~~to go to Africa~~ ^{such as might} have daunted any journalist.

"I want you go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal", the younger Bennett said. "Then proceed up the Nile, and tell us whatever is interesting for tourists. Then you might go to Jerusalem, where interesting discoveries are said to be being

made just now, visit Constantinople, some of the old cities of Persia, thence to India, and so, across the Indian Ocean to start the really important part of the ^{job} ~~assignment~~ - to find Livingstone in Central Africa".

Stanley had, before this ^{Expanded} ~~assignment~~ had been thus given to him, protested ~~the~~ about the expense involved in finding Livingstone, ^{Supposedly} ~~apparently~~ lost in some unknown swamp or forest or native village of Central Africa, ^{or, some said, dead.} He had been told to draw whatever money he needed ^a thousand pounds ~~at a time; xx~~ money was no ~~xxxxxxx~~ object so long as Stanley did find Livingstone, and take to him whatever he might be in need of in the way of food, clothing, trade goods.

All ~~x~~ through the conversation, two words kept recurring, ^{when} ~~the~~ presence so that Stanley left ~~his employer's~~ of his employer's son ^{were} ~~with~~ his ears ringing with the injunction - FIND LIVINGSTONE.

The young man with a "craze for action" set out the same day for the Middle East. I do not propose to follow him over ^{His} the ~~early~~ first and less important parts of his assignment. ~~But~~ articles sent back to the New York Herald ^{passed} ~~himself have had visible indication that prove that he execu-~~ ^{them} ~~ted it~~ faithfully. And at one point of his route I myself have had opportunity to check him. At Persia's ruined city of Persepolis, seat of Darius and other kings of Persia in the days of its greatness, I saw in August 1945, on an ancient wall hard by a ^{a crude diamond} fragmented portal, ~~the inscribed text~~ carved in the stone, and within the diamond: -

Stanley
New York Herald
1870.

*I found the more than 800 km. of poor
road surface from Teheran to Persepolis a
trying enough journey in a Ford station waggon;
(was shamed by the thought that) covered
but Stanley had traversed the distance on
camel back.*

Chapter VIII *Region* *Launched into the*
~~The Slave Market of Zanzibar~~ *African Interior*

On 6th January, 1871, almost fifteen months after the interview with James Gordon Bennett jnr., Stanley stood on the deck of a rough American whaling ship, between a somewhat oddly assorted pair of companions, watching the approaching shore. He was on the final stage - the two thousand miles from the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius to the East African island of Zanzibar - of the round about journey to the point whence he must set out on his overland search for Livingstone.

The air was slumbrous with blinding heat. The sea, deep blue but heavy, oily looking, ^{se}watched languidly on to ~~the~~ Zanzibar's white coral beaches, immediately behind which began the brilliant green of jungle foliage. No cliffs, no hills to be seen. The port, like any other that is predominantly Arab, was a conglomeration of earth hovels and square stone buildings, topped here and there by minarets rising from stately mosques. The building stone was greyish coral.

On Stanley's left was a 17-year-old Arab lad, Selim, dressed in blue and white striped linen pantaloons and jacket, and with a red fez above his sallow visage, semitic nose, and dreamy eyes. Having read up all he could lay hands on about Central Africa, and its approaches, Stanley had decided that, despite his own aptitude for languages, he needed an interpreter speaking English and Arabic. In Jerusalem, he had found Selim, ambitious for travel, and had taken him through Turkey and Persia. Now on his right stood William Farquhar, a ^{stocky} ~~powerfully built~~, red-headed, red-bearded, swarthy Scot, who had been first mate on the ship which had taken Stanley from India to Mauritius, and had convinced him of a desire to make ~~his~~ a contribution to the rescue of his countryman, David Livingstone.

Zanzibar anchorage was congested with sixty Arab dhows - solid wooden hulls of from 50 to 500 tons with a single mast and sail and a bowsprit as long as the boat - half a dozen square rigged merchantmen from France and Germany picking up cargoes of coconuts, ivory, hides, tortoiseshell, red pepper, ambergris, beeswax, hippotomus teeth, rhinoceros horn, and the pickings of the bazaars. From time to time, a giant shark surfaced among the craft.

Once ashore, Stanley sensed immediately the atmosphere of ease, of indolence, of inducement to sleep. The wildness of Central Africa did not touch this commercial outpost. The aromas
were

a composition of dirt and ~~excrement, with~~ ^{copra and decaying fish,} cloves and tropical spices.

Leaving Selim in charge of his baggage, Stanley took Farquar in search of the British Consul, John Kirk, a man who himself had spent five years in the African interior with Livingstone ^{when that} ~~stone~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ indefatigable explorer had travelled the River Zambesi and discovered Lake Nyassa. ^{narrow} In the crooked, dirty streets, he watched the exotic scene peopled by half-naked Negros, Arabs, Indians, Persians and Swahilis, pushing and being pushed by camels and donkeys. Merchants sat cross-legged in alcoves in the walls, smoking and turning over their wares; piles of tropical fruits and vegetables were laid on straw mats; beggars held out bony fingers at the end of emaciated arms, crying for alms.

"The Arabs own this place", Farquar informed his chief. "I've been here many times. Some of the Arabs have as many as 2000 slaves, brought from the interior, of course, to work their clove and coconut palm plantations. The Arabs run the ivory trade as well, though the Indians are in that, too. ^{Arabs} They lend money - cursed usurers they are, fantastic rates of interest. No wonder they can have those fine carved doorways on their wooden houses; inside, they've got whole rooms stuffed with embroidered gowns and turbans."

Stanley had once, almost unwittingly, fought for the maintenance of slavery in America. Since his conversations with the Union quartermaster Shipman, the idea of it had become a horror to him.

"Cursed fellows", he said, and added, "heathens".

Farquar chuckled in his red beard.

"Better not tell them so. They are good followers of Islam. Prayers in the morning, an hour of prayers in the mosque before the mid-day nap, prayers in the evening before they go ^t to the

harem. You mustn't call them heathens". He chuckled again, and thumped Stanley on the shoulder, a gesture the journalist was already beginning to resent.

"And the women in the harems - are they Arabs?", Stanley asked.

"I've never been in one", Farquhar winked heavily. *and sighed regretfully* "But they do say the Arab merchants prefer Negro women. That the Arab wives prefer Negro men, too"

"Negro men? ~~Here that means slaves.~~ Why should the Arab women prefer them?", Stanley asked.

Farquhar nudged him in the ribs, another annoying trick.

"You're a deep one" ~~xxxxxxx~~, he said. "Pretend you don't know? Didn't your mother ever tell you? *Have you never seen* Go down into the slave market, where the Negro *a* ~~are~~ *are* for sale, ~~stripped~~ *naked*? You'll soon understand". The Scot chuckled once more, and added, *ironically,* "Why should the Arab women prefer them?"

Kirk the Consul proved to be another Scot, and another read-head. But Stanley left Farquhar in the ante-room ~~while~~ of himself sought to conceal the ~~reason for his~~ the consular residence while he ~~proceeded~~ *the nature of his* real reason ~~for his arrival~~ for his arrival. In our day, a ~~journal~~ newspaper which sent a correspondent on a journey of comparable difficulty to that which the New York Herald had assigned to Stanley would have trumpeted the fact to the world. Gordon Bennett had *Time enough for that when the assignment produced a story the "Scarf" done no such thing.* Kirk knew little or nothing of Stanley *(met him, and then)* until he was told that,

"I am interested in the country north of Tabora", Stanley ~~prevaricated~~ with great seriousness. *(Victoria Nyanza, and the source of what lies north of that. The argument as to whether John Speke really discovered the source of the Nile which goes on in what John Speke discovered at Ripon Falls was really the source of the Nile still goes on in England. I should like to confirm or refute Speke.)* *among geographers*

(which alone could make the outlay worth while to a newspaper proprietor)

(in 1862)

"Livingstone is one of the unconvinced", Kirk answered.
 "He is seeking the source of the Nile further west, beyond
~~Ujiji~~ Ujiji."

"So I understand", Stanley said, casually. "Is there any
 news of him? I believe there is in England some anxiety concern-
 ing him".

"News is little and ^{contradictory} ~~unreliable~~", Kirk shook his head. "Some-
 times an Arab slaver will come in to say Livingstone is well.
 The next day another will report him dead."

"And what is your view?", Stanley asked.

"I believe he is alive".

"Well, truly I hope so," Stanley went on, "but I must con-
 centrate on my ^{own} mission, which does not concern him".

Kirk eyed the American journalist shrewdly.

"Yet if Livingstone returns to Zanzibar", he said, "I have
 a feeling he will return with you".

Stanley shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell what one will find in the unknown? You send
 Livingstone supplies, I suppose".

"When I can. But Arab parties are uncertain. I am loath
 to consign valuable stores which Livingstone may never receive".

"But I should have thought any risk was worth while ~~to~~ on
 the off-chance of helping such a man in God knows what predica-
 ment," Stanley said with unintended warmth. "I wonder you do
 not organise a special expedition?"

"I have not the means for such", Kirk answered. "But you,
 it seems, have".

"I am not a free agent", Stanley sought lamely to turn off
 his ^{unguarded} ~~spontaneous~~ outburst. "I have to do what I am told, go where
 I am sent".

"A Consul is not a free agent, either", Kirk capped him.
 "And governments are seldom so generous as newspaper proprietors".

What is more" - here Kirk fixed Stanley with a cognisant eye - "anyone who goes in search of Livingstone must remember that he does not welcome interference. I spent some years with him. I have a great admiration for him. But he is self-willed, and not infrequently irascible. Someone may one day risk their life to find him, and then be told he has wasted his time, that a man is only lost when he thinks he is".

Stanley did not answer. He went on to question Kirk as to the possibilities of obtaining supplies, carriers and equipment.

~~Enter that day~~ Before Stanley left the Consulate, Kirk ~~in the afternoon, Farquhar took Stanley~~ asked,

"Have you ever led such an expedition before - anywhere?"

"Never".

"But you have, of course, experience of leading men?"

"None"

"You are confident in your own powers?"

"Perfectly."

As Stanley ~~left~~ departed, ^{(watching him from} eyebrows raised, lips ^{raised,} Kirk stood ~~at~~ the window, ~~and~~ ^{watched him} pursed, and thinking that this twenty-nine-year old man, about a metre ⁷² cm. high, with broad chest, short legs and big feet, with florid face and boyish eyes, was a strange choice to command an expedition to find - for such he was sure was the intention - David Livingstone, wandering none knew where in the jungles and swamps of Central Africa.

William Farquhar was all for buying slaves as carriers, emphasising that they would have knowledge of the terrain. Stanley had no intention of doing any such thing, partly because he had no desire to become a slave master and partly in view of the practical consideration that, unless chained, slaves would surely seek their freedom. ~~It was to learn that it was not only slaves who deserted expedition commanders on the march. He agreed~~

He was to learn that it was not only slaves who deserted expedition commanders on the march. He raised, too, the objection that,

"Britain and France have outlawed slavery".

Farquhar first nudged Stanley in the ribs, and then said,

"But this is not the British Empire. The Sultan of Zanzibar himself may have forbidden the export of slaves. British and French men-of-war patrol the coast in search of slave dhows. But it needs more than ^{that} to stop a dealer who can buy in the market ~~an~~ a slave for upwards of £2, and sell him or her in Persia for £20. More than twenty thousand slaves leave Zanzibar every year for Persia, Egypt, Turkey, and even remoter places".

"Slave market?", Stanley queried.

"Slave market", Farquhar insisted. "Slavery^{is legal} within the Sultan's own so-called dominions. His only claim on those dominions ^{is} a rake-off per head of slaves. ^{ah} ~~Look~~, it's four o'clock. Just about time for the slave market to open. We'll have a look".

Stanley was revolted by the idea. But he was a journalist. It was his duty to see and record.

In the market, the slaves, male and female, paraded naked past the prospective purchasers and curious, sniggering onlookers, ~~who included well dressed Arab women.~~ Some of the slaves were ill-fed, their bones jutting through their skin. Some were so old they could hardly walk. Some were women with ^{babes} ~~child~~ at the breast. All - from 6 years old to 60 - had had their skins cleaned and polished with coco-nut oil, their faces painted with red and white stripes, their ^{ears, noses, hands and feet} ~~hands, noses, feet and ears~~ ornamented with jewels or gold and silver bracelets. Two or three of each parading owner's domestic slaves guarded those for sale, armed with swords and spears, while the owner himself chanted the good quality of his wares, and the high prices he had been offered for them.

Every now and then a spectator would step forward, and the line of slaves opposite him would be stopped. The owner then advanced the slave or slaves pointed out by the would-be purchaser, who proceeded to examine them with a minuteness of a dealer buying cattle. He tested for defects in speech, hearing and movement. He questioned the owner as to diseases. He investigated mouth and teeth ~~and every part of the body.~~

Farquar ^{lustfully} ~~sexually~~ eyed the young girls, and at last stopped a line which included a lush, plump beauty.

"What are you doing?", Stanley asked.

Farquar nudged him in the ribs.

"We'll be ^{in Zanzibar} ~~here~~ some time", he said. "This is the cheapest way to get a woman".

"You'll do nothing of the sort", Stanley protested.

Farquar put out his tongue.

"I'll do as I please", he answered. "You need me more than I need you, Mr. Stanley".

He proceeded to ~~handle the girl's breasts in a most inde-~~ ^{and to examine her} ~~cent manner,~~ while other ~~white~~ spectators gathered round. ^{the girl} ~~The~~ looked over the purchaser's head, her eyes fixed in a dignified stare, while her reluctant body twitched beneath the probing fingers.

After a lot of bargaining, Farquhar handed over £4, the owner stripped ^{the girl} ~~her~~ of her finery.

"I'll get as much or more when I sell her again", Farquhar commented. "Cheap ^{concubine} ~~mistress~~. She'll be better with me than with an Arab. I shan't beat her". ^{indignant, pitying,} ~~nauseated,~~ walked away, while Farquhar ^{took} ~~led~~ his purchase home to his quarters.

But the leader of the expedition faced too many problems, was too single[↑]-mindedly concentrated on the fulfilment of his mission to allow the ways of such as Farquhar, or even the

~~of a teen-age Negro slave girl,~~
~~sufferings~~ ~~which indeed he could not prevent, for it was~~
~~true that Farquhar would probably treat her better than some~~
~~other inevitable purchasers~~ to interfere with what he had to do.

His basic problems were two - what to ~~take~~ carry on his expedition, and who should carry them? The first problem was not merely a question of arms, camp equipment, and non-perishable food. He must have currency to buy perishable food, to pay ^{dues required} the ~~taxes~~ of local chiefs for crossing their territory unmolested. Even in 1871, the dollar was powerful over many parts of the globe. But in Central Africa it was worthless. Currency there was beads, wire and cloth. Some tribes would take only red beads as currency, some only black; some would take only egg-shaped beads, some only beads as small as sesame seeds, others only beads the size of marbles.

^{with Salim ever at his heels,}
Stanley ^{his mistress, Concorine} combed the bazaars for the beads which Kirk advised him he would need. He set Farquhar on the hunt, but the former first mate was better at buying girl slaves than beads, and more anxious to spend all the time he could getting his money's worth from her ^{Stanley} (than sweating in the garlic-laden air of the bazaars. Kirk also found ~~xxx~~ another white assistant, ^{until recently} John Shaw, ~~xxx~~ former third mate aboard an American ship, but ^{had light blue eyes, was} anxious for a change. He was twice Stanley's size, ^{and} powerfully built, apparently a picture of health. In the bazaars he proved more useful than Farquhar, bullying one minute and cajoling the next until he got what he wanted at a price not more than double its worth.

Beads, wire and cloth were only the beginning of the purchases. Tents, food, medicine, clothes, arms, ammunition - all ^{in quantities to last the expedition the two years which Stanley estimated} had to be collected together. Eight thousand dollars were spent on the native currency alone.

"It is a terrible amount of Gordon Bennett's money to spend", Stanley said to Shaw.

^{might elapse before their return, together with supplies for}
^{Livingstone.}

The expedition's latest recruit laughed heartily.

"We sailors have a maxim", he said. "Obey orders even if you break owners".

Stanley, eager to perform his mission, took that for good advice.

The recruiting of carriers and armed guards began. Here, again, the advice of Consul John Kirk was invaluable. When later Stanley spoke depreciatingly to Livingstone of Kirk, and censured him in his writings, he had perhaps already forgotten, in his own hour of triumph, the debt he owed to the man he thought - quite erroneously - he had deceived concerning his destination, and who did so much to help in the preparations.

There was no lack of ^{freed} ~~Negroes~~ expressing themselves ready ^(as guards or guides) to accompany the three white men. ~~Most of them were freed slaves, and care had to be taken in selecting them for there was a natural presumption that they desired only to get back to their own territories, whereas Stanley would want at least a considerable proportion of them to return with him to Zanzibar.~~ Six who offered their services had already made ~~trips~~ ^{trips} into this

or that part of the interior with other explorers. That fact ^{since it carried a presumption that they would be willing to return with Stanley to Zanzibar.} obviously weighed in their favour, Five of these were askaris,

or soldiers, and one of them, Bombay by name, was given command of the fighting party and told to recruit a further eighteen.

The remaining 'old hand' was Mabruki, ^{who though} known as "the bullheaded", ~~to~~ ^{he} proved ~~but~~ intelligent and loyal. Bombay was to receive eighty dollars ^{year} ~~a month~~, the other 'old hands' forty dollars, and ~~all other~~ ^{the rest of the}

native members of the expedition thirty six.

The earliest recruits were ^{set} ~~to~~ to pack equipment and beads into bags or boxes. Thousands of yards of sheeting and cloth, of various kinds, had to be cut into lengths of a doti, four yards. They were then laid, piece upon piece, on the ground ^{until a weight of 68 pounds was reached;} ~~some of each sort of cloth in each bale, so that the loss of~~

was included

a single bale would not involve the loss of too much of any one variety. Wrapped in cloth and tightly bound, they were pounded into a solid roll, three and a half feet long and a foot in diameter. The roll was placed in a bag, ready for ^{being borne} ~~carrying~~ on the shoulders of pagazis, or carriers. The wire was arranged in 60-lb. coils, carried on five-foot poles, three coils at each end. In all, the equipment ^{amounted} ~~amounted~~ to over six tons, excluding the timbers and thwarts of two boats, the tarred double canvas sides of which were made under the amiable direction of John Shaw.

In the main, there was only ^{one} way that such loads could be carried - on human backs. Waggon and carts were out of the question for jungle travel. The prevalence of the fatally biting tsetse fly ruled out cattle as pack animals. Twenty seven donkeys were purchased, and two horses. But pagazis had to be hired by scores, ^{replacements for casualties as well as}

Stanley worked all day, ^{purchasing,} ~~supervising~~ supervising packing, recruiting, and planned all night. "My mission to find Livingstone", he wrote ^{later} ~~at the time~~, "was very simple, and was a clear and definite aim. All I had to do was to free my mind from all else, and relieve it of every earthly desire Intense application to my task assisted me to forget all I had left behind, all that might lie ahead in the future". Stanley was a changed man from the habitual deserter - changed by feeling an ability to stand out from the crowd, ability to make an impression, to assert his individuality. Journalism had proved his opportunity, and he had grasped it with both hands. In his early life, he had but been someone for others to push around. Now, he acquired a new conception of life, in which success or failure depended largely on the degree of his own effort and determination.

He sought to get others to follow his own example of assiduity. The faithful Selim, and some of his Negros, led by Makrubi, did so. But he ⁶⁹ began in bitterness and self-reproach to

understand why Farquhar and Shaw had forsaken the ocean for a ~~land~~ land expedition; they were lazy, probably unable to obtain further advancement at sea, seekers after pleasure rather than ambitious for achievement. They had taken much of their pay from Stanley in advance, and counted on his turning back after a brief foray into the jungle. Every wasted hour fretted the leader. The rainy season was not far off, with its threat of swollen streams to cross, bogged plains, and all the ills attendant on repeated drenchings. He wanted to be as far on his way as possible before the clouds ~~burst~~ gathered and burst.

A month after his arrival in Zanzibar, Stanley had solved ^{problems} all the ~~problems~~ that could be solved before he got to the mainland, where he would have to obtain the majority of his pegazis. He had got all his equipment and material loaded on to four dhows, without the help of his two white companions, who had not been seen all ^{the morning} day. ~~At six o'clock~~ ^{mid-day} in the evening was the hour fixed for leaving Zanzibar. Kirk came down to the port to see Stanley and his party off. It was not to be expected that strict punctuality would be observed. But just before ^{one} ~~seven~~, all was ready - except Shaw and Farquhar. ^{They} ~~They~~ were still missing.

"I'll go without them. They will be useless, anyhow, if this is their idea of ^{contributing} ~~helping~~", Stanley said angrily to Kirk, ~~as~~ forgetting, perhaps, that though he ~~though it was the Consul's fault~~ had taken Shaw on the Consul's recommendation, Farquhar was his own recruit.

"With the ^{size of caravan} ~~numbers~~ of you're going to have, you'll be glad of some white assistance", Kirk demurred.

Selim whispered into Stanley's ear.

"I'm sure I can find them, sir. Give me Bombay, Mabruki and three askaris".

"Take them", Stanley said, too angry fully to think what Selim wanted six men for. "I'll wait an hour. No more".

Impatiently, thumping the legs of his boots with a cane, Stanley strode up and down, ^{Kirk sometimes} ~~the wharf~~ following him and trying to ^{calm} ~~xi~~ him, sometimes standing mute on his own, half deprecating the man's restlessness ~~xxx~~ among a people needing patient handling, half admiring his dynamic eagerness.

"Five minutes", Stanley said. "Five minutes, and we leave. Who wants to follow can find his own way after us".

Almost as he said ~~At that moment~~ the words, Selim's party of Negroes came running down to the waterside, three of them carrying Farquhar, under arm pits and knees, three of them Shaw.

Stanley took one look at the disgraceful burdens.

"Dump them on the deck", he said.

"Come," Kirk protested. "You can't ~~xxx~~ have white men treated like that by blacks. Your lieutenants ^{put on the ground} have suffered indignity enough - ~~such~~ such, indeed, as they will probably never get over in the eyes of the fellows you have here."

Furious, but comprehending, Stanley then arranged for ~~xxx~~ the two men to be pillowed and cushioned on bedding unpacked from one of the carefully prepared rolls.

"Where did you find them?", he asked Selim.

"In a saloon, sir, lieing asleep over the bar. I knew they had gone there, sir, last night".

"A native saloon?"

"Yes, sir".

Stanley was, in theory at least, against slavery, but he was not white-black integrationist. He thumped ~~xxx~~ fist into palm in disgust.

"Spending the money Farquhar got from the sale of his Negress concubine", he said to Kirk.

Brusquely, without thanks, Stanley said his farewells to ~~Kirk~~ ^{the Consul}, and the dhows set ^{off} across the mere twenty miles of water

which separate Zanzibar from the mainland.

The askaris and ^{guides} ~~pagazis~~ already recruited watched the approaching coast without emotion. To them the expedition was nothing but the opportunity to earn a little money. Stanley was feverishly eager to be ashore, to be on the march. ~~And his~~ two white companions lay unmoved in their alcoholic stupor.

But even Stanley's restiveness was calmed by the sight of the town of Bagamoyo, at which they ^{were to} ~~landed~~, with a line of rustling coconut palms on the shore, and beyond them flamboyant trees blazing in bright shades of scarlet, flame and orange. There was no harbour. A coral reef broke the force of the waves, and the beach sloped very gently inland. The dhows took advantage of full tide to run in as far as possible. The seamen produced several stretcher-like contraptions, and proposed to carry Stanley, Farquhar, and Shaw to land.

"Take the other two", Stanley said. "I will wait for low tide, and wade".

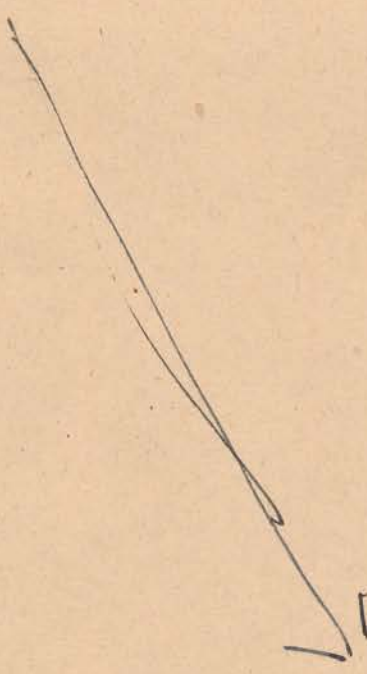
The seamen looked at him astonished. But ^{so profound} ~~he was so~~ was his scowl that they did not question him. They did not know that Stanley was afraid ^{that, though to be} ~~of being confused~~ carried ashore at Bagomoyo was in those days the usual procedure, his arrival ~~on~~ a stretcher would make it look as though he was in the same condition as his fellow whites.

At low-tide, the dhows were propped on either side with mango poles, while Stanley's Negros, and a line of hired slaves came slopping through the shallows to carry the stores and equipment ashore. Stanley himself stood at last on the dry land of Bagomoyo - a name ^{with the poetic} ~~which means~~ meaning, 'Lay down the burden of your heart'. ^{Bagomoyo the better town} The beauty of the scene from the ocean gave way to a somewhat forbidding prospect of dry scrub, stretching away into the distance, with ^{in the foreground} flat-roofed, chicken-coops of houses,

← mere oblong boxes, made of poles and plastered with mud. Dotted over the plain were baobab trees, the colour of elephant hide, and standing like round wooden tubs, with antlers for branches.

For Stanley, there was no laying down the burden of his heart at Bagomoyo. The Arab agents who undertook to supply him with pegazis first took his money, then said they had been robbed, then insisted on receiving higher ~~for~~ commissions. A further six desperate weeks passed before he could gather all the men he needed who would undertake to carry over the slavers' track as far as Ujiji, beside Lake Tanganyika, whence the last news of Livingstone - true or false, none knew - had been received. Stanley was by now making no secret of his destination.

At last, on 21st March, 1871, he stood with Selim and Shaw and Farquhar watching his caravan march out of Bagamoyo, led by the American flag, borne by a giant, shining black kirangozi, or guide, Asmani.



When ~~the~~ the man whom Stanley was going to seek had left Bagamoyo, ~~almost~~ ^{about} five years earlier almost to the day, he had ^(bearing, carrying) a few stores and a minimum of arms. ^{had} had with him forty carriers and guards only. Stanley ^{watched} ¹⁸⁹ ~~a hundred and fifty~~ ^{minely} ~~pass him~~ ^{all told, as well as his two} ~~and knew that forty~~ ^{others} ~~and~~ ^{had already gone ahead.} The pagazis bore between them fifty bales of cloth, sixteen bags of beads, seven loads of wire, twenty loads of boat fixtures, three loads of tents, four loads of clothes and personal baggage, two loads of cooking utensils and dishes - including silver goblets in which to toast Livingstone - one load of medicines, eight loads of ammunition, ~~and~~ three loads of instruments and provisions - including champagne with which to fill the silver goblets - and one hip bath which Livingstone's Susi was later to describe to his mystified master as "an empty box thing turned upside down".

The caravan having passed by, Stanley - called by his men Bwana Mkuba /Big Master, which may or may not have been ironical/ - ^{to overtake} hurried ^{Farguhar was overman} to the head of the column, ~~to march with Selim behind~~ ^{of the pagazis} ~~Asmani the ebony mountain, Asmani~~ In the middle ~~was~~ of the long, winding, ~~line~~ quickly straggling line was Bombay, with twelve of the askaris and the ~~loaded~~ donkeys loaded with boat parts. Shaw brought up the rear with the rest of the askaris. ^{with Selim,} Stanley, ^(riding a horse) took his place at the head, immediately behind the ebony mountain, Asmani. The ~~new~~ proud, determined journalist described himself as "the vanguard, the reporter, the thinker, the leader of the expedition".

It may be thought~~th~~ that Stanley~~x~~ put his trust rather in force than brain power. Unwilling to let anything, even human life, stand in his way, he had equipped himself and his caravan ^{with a shotgun} ^{two carbines} ^{four rifles} ^{eight pistols} ^{twenty} ^{four flintlock muskets} ^{two swords} ^{two daggers} ^{a boar spear} ^{two} ^{twenty four} ~~axes~~ ^{two axes} ^{axes}, a battle axe, and ~~twenty four~~ long knives. Thus

provided, he considered himself capable of hacking and shooting his way through any jungle, any attack by ^{beasts,} animals, any line of black bodies. Such equipment reflected something of the difference in temperament between the tough Henry Morton Stanley and the gentle man he was going to seek. David Livingstone was ever saddened by bloodshed, and preferred a sextant or a mapping pencil in his hand to a shotgun. But Livingstone never in his life set out on - or could have been persuaded to set on - an expedition planned ^{lavishly} and financed primarily as a journalistic "scoop".

Chapter IX
Day by day Problems of the March

It was still dark, the air chill with damp, when the voices of the cock-birds among the mangroves and coco-nut palms told of the approach of dawn. Stanley woke in his tent to another typical day - with its frustrations, its problems, its annoyances. He shouted for Selim, the Arab lad, sleeping in an adjacent grass hut, with Mabruki and Asmani. It was Selim's duty to wake his master. But, though faithful and devoted, he tended to be indolent, and was fatigued by the march. Stanley usually turned the tables on him.

Selim, dragging at the striped linen suit he had slept in, appeared at the ^{tent} ~~door~~ door. Stanley was already stepping into his hip bath, filled with water the previous evening.

"Wake Mr. Farquhar and Mr. Shaw", Stanley said.

In a few moments, Selim returned.

"They say they are tired and footsore, sir. They won't get up".

"Tell them to report to me here in ^{fifteen} ~~five~~ minutes", Stanley retorted.

Unkempt, rubbing his eyes, Shaw duly appeared. Stanley, already dressed, began to give instructions for the day's march, one eye on his watch. When Farquhar had delayed fifteen minutes, Stanley broke off in the middle of a sentence to Shaw and strode out of the tent. The Arab guard was turned to the east for morning prayers, called by the same "muezzin of the trees" which had awakened the Bwana Mkuba. Pegazzis were stretching themselves beside the camp fires, trying to shake the earth damp out of their bones. Stanley strode to Farquhar's tent.

"It's time to be on the move", he said brusquely.

"I feel ill", Farquhar answered. "My legs ache. I'll follow - catch you up later".

"You say that every morning", Stanley protested.

"But today it's true", Farquhar groaned.

"How do I know?", Stanley came back at him. "You probably spent too much time last night with your bottle".

With that he took up the end of the Scotsman's bed, and tipped him on to the ground. ~~Then he left~~

Stanley left the tent and went back to ^{resume} ~~take up his~~ again his discussion with Shaw. ^{Mabruki} ~~Selam~~ brought in three plates of porridge, and three cups of coffee - all ^{on} good and tasteful china. The two men began to eat, while Farquhar's portion steamed its warmth away. At last the former first mate entered, looking heavy-eyed.

"My legs", he complained. "They ache so".

Without a word, Stanley pointed to the coffee and porridge. Farquhar eagerly drank the one, but pushed the other away. Stanley went to his medicine chest and measured out a generous portion of quinine, which he told Farquhar to drink.

They had been a month on the march, following from one of the Arab traders ~~native~~ village to another the paths ~~in~~ across rough and infertile savannah, round dense bush and impenetrable patches of mimosa, through streams and rivers whose banks were lined with thick forest, ^{where bright plumaged birds watched them} ~~their waters infested with crocodiles~~ curiously, shrieking as they winged from branch to branch. By day the heat and humidity sapped their strength; by night, the plagues of ants ran over their bodies and sucked their blood.

"Time for roll call, ^{Farquhar} ~~Shaw~~", Stanley announced.

"I'm too ill for roll call", Farquhar mumbled. But he went out of the tent.

Stanley and Shaw followed. The guards and pegazis ~~were~~ had been drawn up in some sort of ~~line~~ double rank by Bombay and Asmani. Bombay called out the men's names. Every now and then, his call produced ^{repeated} ~~no~~ answer. He ~~said~~ (the name ~~again~~ again. If

there was still no answer, Bombay turned to look at Stanley.

"What was he carrying?", Stanley asked.

"A bale of cloth", Farquhar replied.

"Is it left lying about?"

In ~~three~~ ^{there was no sign} cases, ~~the answer was no~~ of the load, which meant that the pegazzi had deserted, taking with him part of the caravan's precious trade goods. In two other cases, the load was found lying by the embers of a fire, and was given to one of the replacement carriers.

"At this rate, we shan't have enough men left to carry our loads, and shall have to dump what they don't steal", Stanley said.

"Tell them to ^{prepare to march} ~~take up their loads~~", Shaw told ^{Selim} ~~Bombay~~. The order was passed on, and something like a free fight ensued, every man diving for a lighter load than he had carried yesterday. The stronger pushed off the weaker, who were left with the toughest burdens. Meanwhile, Shaw and the askaris set fire to grass huts in which many of the Negros had slept.

At last Asmani led the caravan westwards, followed by Stanley and Selim, with Farquhar listlessly dragging his way along beside the pegazzis, and Shaw, ~~int~~ ^{too weakened by} the rear, driving on the Negros ~~unable to carry~~ dysentery to be able to carry even the lightest load. [←]

The humid mist was dispersed, and with every minute ~~With every hour the heat grew more intense~~ ^{the heat} grew more intense. The carriers chanted, sang, whistled and shouted, noise being supposed to impress the local tribes with ^{(fighting power} the strength of the caravan.

^{five a different cry,} ~~When some four miles had been covered in three hours~~ Hearing ~~a shout~~ and a scuffle, Stanley turned to see the cause. ^{porters} ~~The~~ Some of the ~~carriers~~ were racing away across the savannah, their burdens shed by the path. Others were putting down their loads, to tear after the ~~the~~ others. Stanley spurred

Each askari carried musket, cavalry sabre, a small leather pouch on a belt, and a large cowhide filled with ammunition.

~~spurred~~ his horse back down what had been the ~~peg~~ pegazzi line.
 Farquhar was sitting ^{on a boulder} with his head in his hands, ^{sick} ~~on a boulder~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~boulder~~ still further back doing the same, while Shaw and Bombay shouted helplessly to the hunters to come back.

"A hare", was all the answer Farquhar gave to Stanley's petulant enquiry.

"A hundred and fifty men chasing one hare", Stanley protested.

No one answered him. Something similar happened almost every day.

At the head of the hunting pegazzis, four Negros dived on the ground. Others fell on top of them until there was a towering scrimmage of black legs and arms. From underneath one or two crawled out, munching at pieces of raw hare meat, ^{from which they spat out lumps of} ~~fur,~~ while the less fortunate sought to snatch a mouthful from them, like chicken worrying the lucky finder of a worm.

The porters straggled back, grinning, and in leisurely style began to take up their bundles.

"Tell them the next man who breaks the caravan will be shot", Stanley said to Selim.

"It's the only way", Shaw ^{agreed} ~~said~~, and began with his whip to lash at ~~the~~ porters ~~who were~~ slow to resume their loads.

Just as the line began to creep forward again, another hare darted away to one side. A few of the Negros ^{threw down} ~~dropped~~ their loads ^{once more} ~~again~~, but before any chase could begin, Stanley dropped the hare with a single shot from his gun, ~~and sent Mabruki to pick~~ ^{ordered} ~~fixup~~ "Pick it up and bring it to me", he ~~ordered~~ Mabruki. "I'll tie it to my saddle".

The prompt, effective shot sobered the pegazzis. They trundled on, chanting with exact rhythm if little melody.

~~When some nine miles had been covered in ten hours~~ ^{five hours,} ~~the~~ ~~circular huts of a village were seen ahead.~~

In such country, and with such a caravan, there was never any fear of boredom. Hour by hour, ^{new dangers} ~~new dangers~~, new problems, new tests of courage and resourcefulness presented themselves.

Shortly after the incident of the hare, ^{the four askaris} ~~Asmani the askari~~ that, cutting across assigned as scouts came running back to warn ~~of a considerable~~ the beaten path immediately ahead, was a considerable river ~~already cutting across the beaten path~~ (stream).

"It's ~~sn~~ not the first", Stanley said, shortly. "We shall get across it, I've no doubt".

They ^{threaded} ~~beat~~ their way through thick forest, where snakes lay in the undergrowth watching them pass, frightened of the noise which the pegazzis set up. Asmani slid down the muddy approach what the askaris had called a stream, to ~~the stream~~ which was ~~no shallow~~ but which proved to be deep enough ~~enough~~ to come up to the giant's chest, and over six metres wide. Stanley followed, on his horse, ^{with Selim up behind,} scanning the surface of the water for suspicious looking ~~stumps~~ "stumps". On the other bank, Stanley dismounted, handed his bridle to Selim, and took up his position, gun in hand, ^{at the highest point} ~~close to the water~~ (which gave him command of the ford.

"Send the ^{my over} ~~across~~", he shouted to ~~Shaw~~ Farquhar.

But the Scot took no notice. He sat on a ~~tree~~ fallen tree, his head ^{drooped drooped} ~~fallen~~ forward, his hands hanging languorous between his knees.

~~A boy led his askaris into the water.~~ ^{started to cross} Mabruki shouted to the pegazzis. Some ~~walked into the~~ water, looking fearfully up and down stream. Others hung back, until Shaw and the askari rearguard came up, and threatened them. Stanley stood impassive, not a muscle moving, but intently watching the surface of the rivulet. Once in the water, the pegazzis hurried, but the ~~stream~~ current was strong, and their arms were raised to steady their loads now perched on their curly heads. They lurched, missed a footing, stumbled, recovered themselves, not always without giving bag of beads or bale of cloth

Shaw and Mabruki
 a wetting. Whenever that happened, ~~Stanley~~ shouted abuse ~~and~~.
 But at last the final pegazzi scrambled up ~~the~~ on to the bank,
~~and~~ threw down his load, and sat on it. Mabruki ^{entered} ~~entered~~ the
 water with Bombay and the askaris behind him.

Stanley eyed a 'tree stump' close to Mabruki. Surely that
^{Instinctively} he raised his gun to his shoulder.
 had not been there before. Yet undoubtedly a tree stump it
 was With the ^{thought} ~~though~~ the tree stump moved, submerged.
~~Stan~~ Mabruki yelled. Stanley pressed the trigger. Mabruki
 stumbled on. Bombay, immediately behind him had recoiled into
 the arms of the nearest askari. A red patch appeared at the spot
 where Mabruki had been when Stanley fired. And a crocodile
 floated, belly upwards, on the current, crimsoning the water.
 Mabruki was on the ~~bank~~ bank, staunching blood ^{which} ~~which~~ ran
 a skin break made by the reptile's teeth. Stanley had hit the
 crocodile at the back of the head in the very moment when he
 had snapped at Mabruki's thigh. The teeth had all but closed,
 though only on flesh, checked by the hammer blow of the bullet.
 The medicine ^{chest} ~~was~~ ^{unlashed} ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~lashed~~, and Stanley produced bandages,
 medicament, and a restorative for ^{Mabruki} ~~the Negro~~ now shaking with

fear shock. Shaw climbed up the bank, carrying the ailing Far-
 sitting on their loads, chanted
 quhar on his back. The pegazzis, ~~chanted~~ a ~~doleful~~ ~~complaint~~
 dolefully. Stanley, who was rapidly picking up the Swahili
 about the dangers of their method of earning a livelihood, ~~through~~
 language, basis of ~~all~~ ~~other~~ most Central African dialects,
~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~rapidly~~ ~~picking~~ ~~up~~ ~~Swahili~~ ~~language~~ ~~basis~~ ~~of~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~
 understood enough to know that the chant was a dirge on their
~~Central African dialects~~; Stanley could not catch the words
 dangerous method of earning a livelihood.

^{customary}
~~When~~ With such ~~un~~ ~~accustomed~~ obstacles and delays, it took the
 caravan some five hours to cover about nine miles. It was then
 near mid-day, the full fierceness of tropical heat scarcely sup-
 portable by black or white. During the subsequent two hours, the
 temperature might be expected to rise to as much as 128°F, ~~accom-~~
~~panied by great humidity~~, ^{damp and muggy} ~~It was~~ ~~such~~ an atmosphere which sapped
 all
 the strength of body and eroded ~~the~~ wills less stubborn than

V Stanley's. *Insects very conceivably had made the day-time a misery and night sleepers rigid to protect eyes, mouth and ears from being entered.*
 Bombay, ~~early~~ ^{surly} proving surly *though fully in*
~~The scouts now reported~~ *On the march, but in general*
Command of his men reliable, went ahead with the scouts to find a suitable camp site. In a few minutes, ~~a scout came back~~ ^{he sent} to say that a village lay a mile ahead, beyond the forest belt the caravan was traversing. Bombay had taken the askaris in a ~~detour~~ ^{detour} to get behind the village, and prevent the escape of the natives, with their foodstuffs. That manoeuvre was commonly made because ~~the sight of~~ a caravan was presumed by the villagers to be in search of slaves. Wherefore, they fled, taking with them all they could of their possessions.

As Stanley rode out into the open, he saw a short procession emerging from the palisaded village. Some of the men were quite naked, *all had stripes in white and red painted on their faces* some had a loin cloth; ~~The~~ women were bare above the waist, many carrying children on their hips, or slung over their backs. Their leader, the village headman, wore a ~~coloured~~ ^{brilliant} red and flame coloured cloth over his shoulder, and a tall headdress of ~~featherxxx~~ ^{green and} yellow feathers. All the men carried spears. Behind them came Bombay and his askaris, their rifles and muskets held ready at the hip. In their midst were six almost naked young girls.

The headman ^{stopped} ~~waited~~ some paces from Asmani and the American flag. Stanley, too, called his caravan to a halt. The pagazis immediately threw down their loads, and sat on them, awaiting the outcome of the parley. ^{began to move} Shaw ~~moved~~ ^{up} the column to join Stanley, gathering the exhausted, feverish Farquhar on the way, supporting him ^{under one arm} ~~round the waist~~.

"We come in peace", Stanley told the headman.
~~Tell the headman we come in peace~~ Stanley "We ask grain, and any vegetables and fruits you can supply us with. But we will pay in cloth or beads or wire".

"How much will you give?", the headman asked. He was a

brave man. ~~He had few warriors, and they were tightly surrounded by Bombay's askaris.~~ He knew that in the last resort, the askari muskets could decide the ^tissue.

"That depends on what you have to offer", Stanley answered.

The headman gave orders to some of his people, who turned back to the huts, accompanied by six askaris detached by Bombay. ^{and Farquhar}

Shaw ~~now~~ reached the head of the column, and two others of the askaris led out to them the six village girls. Shaw looked them over, and chose one for himself.

"How about you?", he asked Farquhar.

^{bearded} *The red ~~headed~~ Scot was past being* interested in women. He shook his head.

"Better take one of them to look after you", Shaw advised. He selected a second girl, signing to the askaris to free the other four, and hold those two until the tents should be pitched.

Stanley had given up trying to prevent this performance so ^{to turn back.} distasteful to himself. He did not want his ^{two white companions,} ~~if whom~~ Shaw at least was of great value, ~~in~~ keeping the caravan moving, chasing up the stragglers, driving on the pegazzis who were apt simply to sit ^{and leave} ~~simply sat~~ down by the path, ~~leaving~~ the column to proceed.

The men sent by the headman to the huts returned with baskets of grain and fruit, ^{and half a dozen goats.} The bargaining began. Stanley made an offer of cloth and beads. The headman said he wanted beads and wire. Stanley assessed the provisions and proposed the quantities to be given in exchange for them. The headman said it was not enough, but betrayed his consciousness of his own temerity by looking anxiously round at the askaris. That was signal enough for Stanley. He ^{insisted} ~~said~~ he would give no more. The ^{capitulated} headman ~~gave in~~, honestly admitting,

"I can only agree. I have so few warriors*, and they but boys. My best men have been taken to war by the chief".

Stanley ordered that a tent be at once erected for Farquhar, whom he at last recognised as being indeed ill, not merely mal-
 ingering. He himself went off ^{on to the savannah,} ~~into the bush with~~ taking with him Selim and Mabruki, and saying to Shaw,

"I'll try to get something to tempt Farquhar's ^{dinner} ~~supper~~ appetite."

His gun was heard to speak from ~~He returned an hour later with~~ time to time, and an hour later he returned with two brace of partridges. By then, a rough kraal of branches and thorns had been thrown around the caravan encampment, and a number of grass huts erected, as well as the white men's tents.

The heat was overpowering. Even Stanley crept gratefully into his tent, and there sat writing up his diaries, and holding discussions with Shaw on the next day's march, on the sick, and the condition of Farquhar.

At 4 O'clock in the afternoon, ^{when the} ~~the main~~ peak temperature was past, the cooks served dinner - goats meat and groats for the carriers and guards, the ^{Rare and the} ~~par~~ partridges for the white men. Farquhar did not come from his tent, but ^{alone picked alone} ~~ate a substantial por-~~
^{on the plate} ~~tion~~ carried to him by one of the cooks.

Having written letters which he hoped to send back to Zanzibar, and thence to Paris and New York, by some caravan proceeding ^{across to the tent} ~~in the opposite direction~~, Stanley walked ~~in the direction~~ shared by Shaw and Farquhar. It was already dark, and Shaw's erect silhouette was thrown on the tent wall by the candle. The two men were talking. Stanley thought it no misdemeanour to pause and listen. He might hear something to the advantage or otherwise of his mission.

"He cares for no human being", Farquhar was saying.

"He can't afford to", Shaw replied. "On a job like this the fit survive, the rest"

"Don't be so cheerful", Farquhar groaned. "I feel terrible".

"Sorry old chap. But you can't blame it on Henry Morton. ^{everything is} He's got a job to do, and ~~he only wants~~ subordinated to that".

"Everybody, you mean. I've served under some rum fellows, but he's the hardest, the most bloodless yet. He'll leave me and you, too, to die by the track if we can't keep up".

"What would you have him do?"

"I'm going to ask him for a party of pegazzis to carry me back to Bagamoyo".

Shaw was seen to throw up his hands in a gesture of hopelessness.

~~If he doesn't agree, I'll~~ ^{shoot} ~~shoot him", Farquhar said.~~
He heard Shaw shout.

Stanley turned from the tent, and went back to his own. The two native girls crept from behind the tent, and entered it.

The camp fires were blazing, and the Negroes sitting round them chanted, keeping time to a solitary drum. Stanley looked for ^{the askari guard} ~~Shaw is useful~~, supposed to be posted. There was no sign of them. He shouted for Bombay. There was no answer. But Selim appeared as from nowhere.

"Find out where ~~the~~ Bombay is, and the guard", Stanley said.

"They are in the village, sir, with the ~~native~~ women".

Stanley stamped his foot in anger. How could he order the askaris back, while Shaw and Farquhar had their girls in their tent? But the camp was unguarded. He took his rifle from his tent, and circled round and round outside the kraal, until an hour before dawn, when Bombay and his guards came slinking back.

"We heard the headman was preparing an attack", Bombay lied. "We went to cut it off at the root".

"Come and tell me the next time, before you go", Stanley said. "You are responsible for the guard. If ever I find them off their posts again, it will be you I shall shoot. I promise it you".

The next morning, Shaw came to say that Farquhar was too ill to move.

"He's promising to shoot a lot of people", Bombay mumbled to himself as he posted
answer his reluctant guards. The commander of the askaris did not realize
that Stanley would not be willing to make good such a promise.

"It seems to me it's genuine this time", Stanley said.

"He's ill alright", Shaw confirmed, "talking wildly in his sleep".
Stanley gave Shaw an answer which based on his ~~private~~ eavesdropping, ~~Stanley's answer sounded cryptic to Shaw.~~ knowledge but sounding cryptic to Shaw -

"Talking wildly when awake, too".
"reporter, the leader,
Bathed and breakfasted the ~~caravan commander~~ the thinker"
went to see Farquhar, haggard and limp on his bed.

Stanley might doubt the ~~will-power~~ ^{good will or enthusiasm} of his associates, but he could believe the evidence of his own eyes. ^{without a word,} He produced a Fahrenheit ^{without a word} thermometer, and pushed it into the sick man's mouth.

~~with~~ Farquhar submitted, glad that at last his commander was taking notice of his condition. Finding the Scot had a ^{considerable} ~~high~~ temperature, Stanley ~~said~~ asked,

"Any pain?"

"In my legs, chiefly", Farquhar answered. "But I ache all over. You'll have to give me a dozen pegazzis and a couple of guards, to take me back to Zanzibar".

"Impossible", Stanley said. "We lose too many by desertion and sickness as it is".

He was examining the sick man's legs, and finding them somewhat swollen. He looked concerned, stroking his chin for a moment, but he only said,

"We'll have to carry you today".

"That's no use", Farquhar protested. "I shan't get better by going on".

"I know you want to go back", Stanley replied. "But it is those for my duty to go on, and to take ~~with me~~ whom I am responsible with me".

"If you thought less of your duty and more of ~~your~~ men", Farquhar began, but Stanley had left the tent. He could not rid himself of the conviction that Farquhar was being ^{sick} ~~ill~~ out of

sheer ill will.

Two days further on, the rains came, swelling the rivers and streams, so that crossing took hours. Farquhar's litter had to be sent across on ropes. Loads were transferred from bank to bank in ^{a similar} ~~the same~~ way. Non-swimmers among the Negros went hand over hand, one at a time, by the same ropes. Men ^{lost their} ~~pitched heads~~ foothold on the muddy banks and pitched headlong, ^{the rest of} ~~long~~ into racing waters. ^{after losing their foothold on muddy} ~~the donkeys were~~ ^{had already tied of the tsetse bite; the rest were now} ~~hanks~~ (drowned. The tracks became a quagmire of mud and slime, on which the loaded porters slithered and stumbled. ^{four} ~~the~~ men's fell and refused to rise. Stanley dismounted, put ^{four} ~~the~~ men's load ^{on} his horse, and gave it into the care of the bullheaded Mabruki. ^{He himself took} ~~Next to the~~ over Farquhar's role, moving incessantly up and down the slow moving column, urging on the pegazzis, dragging the laggards to their feet, heaving abandoned loads on to men's shoulders. The pace slowed down to five miles a day.

"At this rate", Stanley commented desperately to Shaw, "we shall take so long to reach Livingstone that we shall be beggared by the time we find him."

"We have his supplies, as well as our own," Shaw reminded.

Stanley was shocked at the suggestion.

What - reach him, but empty handed?

"I would starve before I would touch a bead or a bale destined for him", he said. "And shoot anyone who attempted to pilfer Livingstone's loads".

As the days passed in a dreary succession of marches in soaked clothes which rubbed the skin sore, cases of elephantiasis developed among the Negros. Small pox ^{caught} ~~contracted~~ in a native village robbed the column of two askaris and three porters. Stanley contracted ^{malaria} ~~dysentery~~, but forced himself to drag one foot after another, to ^{feverish} ~~ill~~ (even to chivvy the exhausted ^{pegazzis} ~~pegga~~ who sunk by the wayside, yet too stubborn to allow himself to be carried.

It was a sight of horror which, temporarily at least, revived him. The expedition met a slave caravan, some 300 strong,

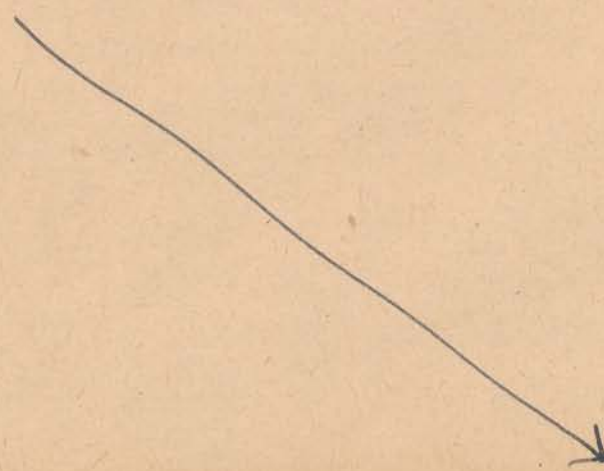
moving towards the east coast. The slaves were linked together by a rope from neck to neck; the stronger and more recalcitrant had their necks placed in a wooden yoke, with hands tied over the bar running to the next in front. Men, women and children were ~~driven~~^{herded} along by brutal guards who drove their rifle butts and prodded sabre points into the sick and starved ~~starving~~^{ruggling} blindly along.

The weary Negros of the expedition looked pitifully on, some speculating, perhaps, on how their parents had once made the journey from the interior in similar conditions } compassio- nating, yet thankful that their own guards and white leaders secured them from being added to the dismal line.

^{Though} Stanley had been prepared for such a sight, ~~yet~~ he was appalled in actual confrontation. Yet he saw the possibility of ridding ^{his} ~~the~~ own column of the burden of Farquhar. He proposed to send him with the slavers.

"Yes - if you will give me my own carriers, and two askaris as guard. Otherwise, they'll slit my throat", Farquhar, weak but truculent, answered.

And that was the end of the idea. Stanley would not deplete ~~deplete~~ further his already diminished force. The Arab trader's agent in charge of the slaves agreed, however, to take Stanley's letters to Consul Kirk in Zanzibar, for onward transmission to Paris and New York.



make him forget ^{to him} to call the Arab trader's agent who came behind and, with Selim as interpreter, to ask him to take letters to Consul Kirk in Zanzibar, for onward transmission to Paris and New York.

After the ^{slave} caravan had gone on, the expedition encountered its tragic aftermath in sick and dying men and women beside the track. The man who had been unwilling - rightly as it proved - to sacrifice porters to take a sick white companion back to Zanzibar, who was himself so sick that few but he would have attempted to march, ^{was} now constantly ^{(moved to} halted his column while he and Shaw, aided by Mabruki and Selim, rendered what help and comfort they ~~xxx~~ could ~~dragged from~~ ^{to the poor} strangers torn from their native villages, their families and tribes to become carrion for the vultures already hovering overhead.

Diligently closing himself with gummi,
Stanley recovered slowly but surely from his ^{melaria} dysentery, ^{But} ~~but~~ ^{his} horse, unridable on the slippery paths, and turned into a pack animal, succumbed to the dread tsetse fly. That night, near ^{a village,} Stanley ordered the animal to ^{be} buried deep in the ground at some distance from the camp. Before the column left in the morning, ^a the ~~local~~ chieftain came with his ^{wise men} warriors, to ^{protest} ~~xxx~~ their way.

"You had no right to bury a horse on my land", he complained.
"I demand two dhoti of cloth in compensation".

"Are you the great chief of these parts?", Stanley asked, keeping his temper, and determined on diplomacy.

"I am".

"The great-great chief?"

"I am".

"Then how many warriors have you?", Stanley kept up his interrogation.

"None".

"Oh! I thought you might have a thousand warriors with you, since you dare to fine a strong white man, who has plenty

of guns and guards, two dhoti for burying a dead horse. Why do you come and make trouble?" The Bwana Mkuba, no less than the native chiefs, argued in a different tone when sure of his superior fighting strength.

"You have taken possession of my soil in putting your horse into the ground", the chief answered. "Who gave you permission to use my soil for burying land?"

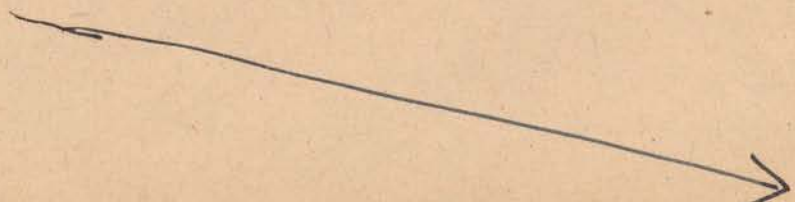
"I want no man's permission to do what is right, and clean", Stanley said. "Had I left my dead horse to fester, and pollute your valley, sickness would have visited your village, your water would have become unwholesome, and caravans would not stop here for trade. But I understand your objection. I will correct the offence. My men shall dig up the horse, leave the ground as before, and the beast where he died". Stanley turned to Bombay, and ordered, "Take a party of men, and do as the chieftain wishes".

The stratagem worked. The chief, lacking warriors to enforce his claim, saw he would get no cloth on account of the horse.

"Stay", he cried. "Let not the white man be angry. The horse is dead, and now lies buried. Let it be so. I will say no more. Only let us be friends again."

Being "friends" involved Stanley in paying considerably more than two dhoti of cloth for some scraggy chickens and two goats offered by the chieftain. But the column was allowed to proceed.

The expedition marched for a day or two without ^{special} ~~incident~~ incident - nothing more than the usual delays and annoyances. But there came a morning when the scouts reported a large force



sheer ill will.

Roll call over, revealing two more desertions, and the kraal destroyed, the caravan set off on another day's march.

Several of the donkeys had died by this time, and more and more of the pegazzix replacements had to be loaded. The expedition had travelled but a few miles when the scouts reported a large force of warriors ahead. They proved to be the army of a local chief demanding honga, or territory tax, before allowing passage through his lands. Arab Agents of Arab, their territory traders thus impeded knew to a dozen beads or half a dhoti of cloth just how much they must pay to satisfy each individual on their oft-travelled route.

the various chieftains. But Stanley, having to buy his experience with his progress day by day, found that what he had to pay to one was no criterion as to what another would demand.

With a sigh, he called his column to a halt a hundred yards short of the menacing, ebony, painted warriors, many of them carrying muskets traded received in exchange for slaves, members of other tribes taken in internecine wars. Under a coconut palm, the young, finely built chieftain sat, with his advisers, the most of them old and leaning on staves. Stanley approached, with his interpreters. The long haggling began. The chieftain's demands were fabulous. Stanley resisted, making a very low offer, knowing well that at best he would have in the end to pay more than twice as much. After new demand and new offer had several times been made, the chieftain said he would take no less, and Stanley that he would give no more. Between those two quantities there was still a serious gap. Negotiations were broken off, with more or less amity on both sides. The chieftain was not anxious to make war if he could avoid it. Though he was in a position to regard Stanley's comparatively puny askari force with contempt, he feared later reprisals, and did not wish to have to leave a territory exposed by being on the slave traders the track of the slave traders. Stanley had learned by experience that threats and rage were of no avail;

patience, shrewdness, efforts to understand the chieftains' purposes had been found more productive of eventual co-operation.

A new subject of bargaining began. Food for the caravan. On that matter, the chieftain proved surprisingly reasonable. A deal was soon made, the chieftain illogically rejecting both beads and cloth - which he had demanded as honga - and settling for what was ^{comparatively} quite a small amount of wire.

The haggling over honga was resumed next day. Shaw accompanied his commander to the chieftain's coconut tree, but for Farquhar to leave his bed was out of the question; after a brief seeming improvement, in his general condition, he had for twenty four hours been getting noticeably worse and weaker.

Stanley was adamant not raise the price last offered. The chieftain, smilingly content with the bargaining ^{occasion} procedure, was equally stubborn in not reducing his demand. That deadlock continued until just after 11 o'clock. All of a sudden, the chieftain lowered his demand to a quantity mid-way between his previous lowest and Stanley's highest. The journalist accepted. He realised why the chieftain had made such a gesture. It was too late, the sun too high, for the column to proceed that day. Another day's supply of food could now be sold, as well as the right of passage. Shaw laughed. Stanley paid tribute to his antagonist's shrewdness, but it was not to him a matter of humour.

Back in the caravan kraal, Stanley had to face the problem presented by his senior white companion. Examination of the legs revealed further swelling, accompanied by redness, and hardening of the tissues ^{beneath} of the skin. Emerging from the tent, Shaw uttered one word to Stanley,

"Elephentiasis". There was a brief silence, and he added, "I've seen enough of it to be sure".

"Practically incurable", Stanley commented, thoughtful but without emotion.

^{these conditions}
 "In ~~this climate~~, probably", Shaw agreed. "You'll have to send him back after all".

"If he was likely to be cured, there might be some sense", Stanley replied. "As it is, there is none. It would be sacrificing good pegazzis to ^{mere} a sentiment, ~~or forxshewly~~
^{none}

"Have you ~~any~~ at all?", Shaw asked, aghast.

"I have a sentiment to fulfil my missions", Stanley answered
^{admirable enough,}
 shortly. To shaw that was ~~the negation~~ but the negation of sentiment.

When the column at last moved on, Farquhar was left in the best hut in the village, with one Zanzibari to act as servant, and cloth enough to purchase his needs for six months. ~~He would~~
 "Get better", Stanley admonished, with more
~~he picked up he was told on the return journey~~ firmness than warmth, "and we will pick you up on the return journey".

*Farquhar turned his face to the tent wall. When Stanley had gone ^{out}, he said to Shaw,

"Even if you come back, only my bones will be left. And that man will not pay me the compliment of jettisoning his hip bath to free a porter to carry my skeleton".

~~For~~ The red-headed, red-bearded Scot died a few days later, alone among strangers.

Chapter X.
Stanley in a State of Nerves.

Stanley lay on his camp bed in a village ^{hut} a few miles north west of Tabora in the district of ~~Anyembe~~ ^{Anyangemba}. He was so weak, so debilitated, that it was an effort to speak, let alone move. The malaria cycle of symptoms had been several times repeated - first the shivering and chattering with cold, the face pale, the fingers dead white, the nails blue; then the dry heat, the skin burning and flushed; and finally the drenching sweat. But for a whole day, now, there had been no renewal, only devastating enfeeblement and overwhelming lassitude.

Hurried footsteps outside the hut. Selim rushed in, his breath coming, red fez lost, his ~~eyes wild~~ short and panting, his eyes wild.

"Master, master. The Arab army is defeated. They fly. Up, master, or Mirambo will make you prisoner".

Stanley struggled from his bed.

"Help me, Selim. I am too weak to dress. Where are our men?"

"Four are killed, master. Most of the others are running with the Arabs. They have gone past the village. They have deserted us".

With Selim's aid, the sick leader managed to drag on shirt, breeches, boots. He staggered to the door of the hut. He looked down the village street, and saw Shaw attempting a get-away with seven of the askaris, giving no warning to their ^{sick} commander, whom presumably they thought would, in his weak condition, hamper their flight.

Stanley
 "Mr. Shaw", ~~he~~ called. But his voice was too low to carry.

Shaw and the askaris hurried on. Selim tore after them. At last, Shaw turned, and saw Stanley ⁱⁿ leading against the door-post of the hut. He was shamed into returning, with the remnant of the fifty askaris and pegazzis with which he and Stanley had

set out.

"Where are the rest of ~~the~~ our fighting men?", Stanley asked, when Shaw came ignominiously back.

"Fled", the Englishman answered in one word.

"And you were caring for your own skin, too?", Stanley followed up.

Shaw did not answer.

"Gather them", Stanley ordered. "Take five of these fellows and gather them. Leave two with Selim and me. We will follow".

Stanley's possessions were ^{collected ~~up~~} gathered up, and a hurried exit made from the ~~village~~ ^{village into} a nearby forest. As the fugitives hid themselves among the lush vegetation, they heard the cries of Mirambo's men, ^{Falling} ~~as they fell~~ on the village to plunder it.

"They will be there some time. There is much plunder ⁱⁿ ~~the village~~", Selim said. "And women".

Stanley refused to be carried. He dragged one leaden foot after another, but seemed to gather some strength as he proceeded. By the evening, they reached another village, where ^{Arabs} the scattered ~~Arab~~ forces were with difficulty being mobilised ~~with~~ by their ~~Arab~~ ~~leader~~ Shaw was there with most of ~~the~~ Stanley's men, including Bombay, who had been in the vanguard of the flight. Both Shaw and Bombay were truculent in their dishonour.

The mobilisation was only ~~in~~ in order the better to retreat on Tabora. Stanley had no option but to lead his men after the defeated force. Seeing that no rearguard was detailed, ^{he} Stanley so constituted what was left of his own ^{detachment} ~~body of men~~.

Thus ended Stanley's essay into local internecine strife. He had reached Tabora on 23d June, 1871, having travelled 512 miles from the coast in three months - no mean achievement in view of the delays and frustrations he had suffered. Though the majority of the population of Tabora were Negros, ^{the town} ~~it~~ was in the control, Stanley found, ~~x~~ of grave, courteous, bearded Arabs in

turbans and long white robes, cultivated ^{patriarchs} ~~men~~, with graceful manners - and living by herding men, women and children down to the slave market of Zanzibar. They had built for themselves ^{round central courtyards} large houses, made of mud and called tembes, ~~found a central~~ courtyard with separate quarters for domestic slaves and harem. Part of the land ^{at the edge of} ~~round~~ the town had been cultivated, and fruit, vegetables, ~~and~~ rice and other commodities were on sale in the bazaar.

The Arabs ^{had} welcomed Stanley with gracious delight. ^{had been} They ~~were~~ holding council, to which they ^{had} admitted him, and where he ^{had} learned that they were in great trouble. A man named Mirambo, a former ^{turned bandit} ^{adjoining} pegazzi, had seized power in the ~~neighbouring~~ region of Uyoweh, and was proceeding to terrorise the neighbourhood. ^{With several} ^{scattered} ^{felt sufficiently strong} tribes he ~~had~~ already ~~dealt to his satisfaction~~, and ~~was now~~ ^{felt strong} ^{challenge} ~~on the march to attack~~ the power of the Arabs in Unyanyembe district. He threatened their livelihood by turning back the caravans passing from Unyanyembe to Ujiji and in the reverse direction.

"What does the white master think we should do?", they had ^{the white} ^{when the facts} asked ~~Stanley~~ ^{visitor} ^{had been stated in the council.} Stanley answered question with question. "How many soldiers ~~have you?~~" ^{had} Stanley ~~asked~~ ^{had} "How many soldiers have you?"

^{Some} "Two thousand, free men and slaves",

"And this Mirambo?"

"We do not know. But probably not more". ^{let them}

"Then do not sit and ~~see your~~ ^{have the bandit by the throat} singe your beards", Stanley counselled. "March out and ~~attack the bandit~~".

Stanley seemed to ^{have} ^{had} ^{ed} ~~be~~, indeed was, advising slavers to fight for their evil trade. But he ^{had} his own reasons. If the way to Ujiji was barred, how should he reach Livingstone? Mirambo did not sound like the sort of man who would be bought off with honga, and if so not with less than all the trade goods the expedition carried. ^{Stanley had} Thus he ^{had} supported his advice with practical

assistance. Rather than sit and await the issue, he had gone to try to influence it. He had taken fifty of his best men, with Shaw and Bombay, leaving Mabruki to look after the pegazis and stores, and joined forces with the army of the Arabs, marching on ~~the~~ Mirambo's stronghold.

adventurous
But the ~~fighting~~ journalist had not himself got far. Malaria had struck him down. Mirambo had sallied out of his fastness and administered a crushing defeat on ~~their~~ ^{his} attackers.

Arrived back

(At Tabora, Stanley called Shaw to him.

"Where did you learn", he asked, "to desert your commander in the face of the enemy?"

Shaw made no answer. He looked sullen and defiant.

"After such an action," Stanley asked again, "what sort of treatment do you expect from me?"

"No better and no worse than I have had thus far", Shaw this time replied. "Better I have learnt not to expect from you. Worse you could not give me. You have treated me no better than Bombay, and worse than Selim".

"Were you as loyal as ~~Selim~~ Selim", Stanley ~~it was Stanley's turn to be silent and Shaw left the hut~~ began. But Shaw did not wait for more. He turned and left ~~the leader compared in his mind the attitude of Shaw~~ the hut.

The altercation reminded Stanley that he had not done justice to the devotion of the Arab interpreter. That boy, at least, was one who did not complain of his treatment.

"I am deeply touched", he said later to Selim, "that you should have risked your life to warn me of my danger".

Selim, like Shaw, did not answer this first approach.

"What made you do it?", Stanley asked, unable to resist the desire to hear someone praise his leadership, or express attachment to him. "Why did you not think first of your own skin, like the others?"

"Oh, sir", Selim said, "I ~~was~~ ^{assure you I did} afraid you would ~~whip~~ ^{be} afraid that if I did not warn you, you would whip me!"

Shaw was now in no mood for consultation. He remained mostly in the house allotted to him by the solemn Arab fathers, entertaining a stream of ^{(native} ~~negro~~ girls ^{procured for} ~~brought to~~ him by Bombay. Stanley had to decide on his own that the only possibility of reaching Livingstone was by striking south, and making a detour round the territory controlled by Mirambo. ^{(what were left of} He called his askaris and pegazzis together; not a few of the latter ^{had} ~~had~~ eluded Mabruki's undoubted vigilance, and deserted while Stanley had been with the army of the Arabs. He explained his intention, and asked who was prepared to go with him.

At once there were cries of protest. Bombay said that their undertaking had been to go as far as Ujihi following the Arab caravan route. ^{Asmani, claiming that he himself was ready to} ~~Asmani, powerful giant though he was, was not~~ go with Stanley, ~~ashamed to say~~ asserted that too many of the others were afraid of Mirambo and his warriors, so that it was no good a handful offering.

"I have brought you so far. You have carried so far. We must fulfil our mission", Stanley urged.

But the hired porters and guards could not be expected to have much sense of mission. David Livingstone was nothing to ~~or Henry Morton Stanley~~ them. Far less the New York Herald and its proprietor, Gordon Bennett. *No kudos in success or ~~the~~ disgrace in failure would be theirs.*

"You did not tell us we were going to fight in tribal wars", one of the askaris spoke up. "We agreed only to be your guards on a regular caravan route".

"We had to ^{fight} go", Stanley argued. "We had to try to open up that caravan route. It was closed to us. Mirambo's presence threatened ~~threatened~~ us with having to return to Zanzibar"

"If we can go round him now, we could have gone round him then", one of the pegazzis cried.

"Let us return to Zanzibar", another shouted.

That was taken up.

"Let us return to Zanzibar Return to Zanzibar
^{arose on}
 to Zanzibar", the cry ~~was take~~ all sides, became a
 shout of defiance.

The askaris began to turn away, ^{to} and walk in shouting, gesticulating groups towards the town.

Stanley watched them go with tightened lips. No use ~~in~~
 trying to persuade them, or threaten. His voice could not even
 be heard among the din they made. At last ^{there remained only} only eleven of those
 he had set out with from Bagamoyo remained. There was Selim and
 Mabruki, ^{FERAZI} a cook, and a certain Ulimengo, later described by Stan-
 ley as the maddest and most hair-brained in the expedition, ~~and~~
 three ~~seven~~ askaris, and four pegazzis. Bombay and Asmani had walked
 off with the rest. ^{Only those, or of} ~~That was all~~ the 189 who had set ^{out from} on the
^{Bagamoyo, only those eleven} march ^{Adopting with what seemed illusory optimism} were prepared to go further.

"Keep together", Stanley urged them, "You faithful few
 shall yet be many. We shall go forward again in a few days".

Back in his own house, ^{he pondered} Stanley ~~in~~ what to do. He sent
 Selim for Shaw, who delayed an hour before answering the summons.

"If I can ^{get} fifty men", Stanley asked, "are you ready to
 go on, in spite of ~~my~~ the ill treatment you accuse me of?"

Shaw pondered a moment, eyeing his chief.

"I suppose if I don't~~x~~, I shall get no more pay from you",
 he said.

"Not a cent", Stanley agreed shortly.

"Then I shall march".

"Very good. ~~Then~~ I will make it known, and I ask you to,
 also, that I will pay three times the usual rates for pegazzis
 or askaris, ^{your} our old party, or any others ^{who} wish to join us".

"And do I get ~~three~~ triple fee, too?", Shaw proposed.
^{This time,} It was Stanley ^{didn't} turn not to answer. Looking at Shaw's
 departing back, ~~departed was~~ he thought, with no false modesty,

To some men
 "Trials adversity *are inspiration*
~~trials~~ and ~~adversity~~ inspire some men, make lions of them,
 but ~~of~~ *with* others - ~~find out their~~ *they but prove* weaknesses, ~~brutalise them~~ *make break them* like
 reeds".

The offer of greatly increased pay produced some response, though a small one. Cupidity in a few of the original ~~expedition~~ carriers was aroused. And about twice their number of new men volunteered. But it was *before Stanley* mid-September, ~~almost three months after~~ *after having stayed at* ~~been forced to stay~~ *and near Tabora for almost as long as it had taken him to march* from the coast, ~~that~~ *before* ~~Six Stanley~~ could gather some fifty men willing to make a dash to Ujiji.

During the night before the renewal of the march, there was a bitter quarrel in a quarter of Tabora; knives flashed, and threats were made to have the lives of the men from Zanzibar. In the morning, fearful of remaining in the town, Bombay and Asmani ~~joined the~~ *rejoined* Stanley's column.

Another last-minute incident was of pleasanter character. As Stanley breakfasted, with the dawn just breaking over the thatched coco-nut palms and ~~and roof~~ roofs, and scraggy chicken scratching round his doorway, a grave Arab came to call on him, and to offer him as a parting gift a little black slave boy, *who the Arab said, had begged to be allowed to travel with the Swahili*. Thanks duly expressed, Stanley asked the boy what was his name,

"Ndugu M'hali", the boy answered, shyly.

"It means My Brother's Wealth", Selim, who had picked up Swahili still quicker and more exactly than Stanley himself, ~~translated.~~ *interpreted.*

The Arab interpreter was far more delighted with the gift to Stanley than was the recipient.

"I will be his father, I will be his father", he kept repeating, and Stanley gave Ndugu M'hali into Selim's care.

At the first halt, Stanley called round him Shaw, Mabruki, Bombay, Asmani, Ulimengo, and others of his original company.

His hand on Kalulu's shoulder, he said,

"This lad was given to me ~~as a present~~. But only ^{after} ~~when~~ he ^{pleaded} himself had volunteered to join our ranks. I do not like his name. I have asked him to suggest another, but he cannot, or is unwilling. ~~But~~ I do not know what name would be suitable in ^{would be suitable} and the the Swahili language. Do you suggest a name, ~~for it~~ ^{and the} one I choose, that shall be his for as long as he remains with us".

"Simba", cried out the cook.

That, Stanley knew, meant a lion, and could only have been offered in irony.

Asmani,
"Ngombe", called ~~another~~ but that was a sneer, for the word meant a cow.

"Bombay Mdogo", suggested Bombay.

"Young Bombay?", Stanley asked. "No, you would then annexe him to yourself, but he wants to stay with me. He has said so. And stay with me he shall, ^{as} ~~was~~ my body servant".

Mirambo",
"Perhaps ~~Mirambo~~ Mabruki offered jocularly, and Ulimengo came forward with,

"Kalulu".

"The young of the blue-buck antelope", Selim said. "That's the one, sir".

Stanley looked at his new acquisition, at his slimness, his bright eyes, his pleased ^{glance, as his} ~~look on all men~~ curly black head moved quickly ~~on~~ this way and that.

"Bring me a pan of water", Stanley said to Mabruki.

He poured water over the little slave boy's head, and said solemnly,

"Let his name henceforth be Kalulu, and let no man take it from him".

It was an agreeable little ceremony, and the last agreeable event Stanley was to know for some weeks.

Roll call on the ^{first morning} ~~morning~~ away from Tabora revealed that

no less than twenty men had ^{already} fled the column. Mabruki was at once sent out with a search ~~party~~ party. He returned with nine ^{around} of the deserters. That left ~~just over~~ ^{around} forty, of whom another two disappeared during that day.

"We are few", Stanley said to Bombay and Asmani. "Surely you can watch them. We cannot lose any more".

Bombay and Asmani were surly, unco-operative.

"We do all we can. If the Bwana Mkuba wishes more, he must tell us what to do".

^{Alright. Then}
"I will tell you. Those who have once attempted desertion, and been brought back - chain them together. That will be a lesson to others".

So that anyone meeting Stanley's column might have thought its appearance bore very little difference from a caravan of slavers. But Stanley had freed himself of every care save to find the man he was sent to seek. To that end everything must be subordinated. He was not the man to take notice of Shaw, who urged that they turn back.
Stanley ~~he~~ was soon sick again with malaria. But he would not allow his fevered, enfeebled condition to hold up the caravan for one single hour. Over the rolling grasslands of western Tanganyika the little column marched, making better progress with few obstacles save their own fatigue. Herds of zebra stampeded away at their noisy approach; long-necked giraffe watched them superciliously from a discreet distance; the swift, graceful, red, lyrate horned ~~hartebeest~~ ~~xixeph~~ /alcelaphus cama/ sped wildly ^{war.} and at night the sleepers were disturbed by the lion's at the crack of Stanley's gun. Whenever they were well enough, ^{their diminished company} Stanley and Shaw bagged plenty of meat for ~~the diminished~~. Bombay, too, proved to be a fine shot at a moving beast.

Shaw now fell victim to malaria, and lacking his leader's determination, allowed it to master him.

"I cannot go on", he insisted one morning when Stanley

urged him to drag himself off his camp bed. To the sick man's surprise, the commander said,

"Then you had better go back".

The strains and stresses of the journey ^{had} made each of these so differently constituted men repugnant to the other.

"Will you give me ^{porters} ~~beavers~~?"

"You shall have four of those ^{who are} ~~most~~ ~~easy~~ most reluctant to go on. Like you, it is only to return to Tabora that they want".

So Shaw was sent back, but long before Stanley saw ~~Tabor~~ ^{the former third} the Arabs' town again, ~~he was dead~~ ^(mate was dead).

Only one white man remained, driven on by his indomitable will to succeed, by his resolution to find Livingstone, by his yearning for fame. But his troubles were not yet over.

The rolling grasslands, rich in food, were coming to an end. Ahead lay rocky, hilly, scrub-covered territory where ~~little~~ ^{Stanley's} few plants grew and fewer animals grazed. At the sight of it, ~~the~~ companions wilted, drew back. It was decided to halt for two days, to give Stanley and Bombay a chance to kill all the meat the party could carry. Since Stanley would not agree to the jettisoning of a single one of the diminished number of loads, even his hip bath, the amount ^{portable} ~~was~~ still small, surely too small to see them as far as the shores of Lake Tanganyika. ^{Camp fire} ~~Ominous~~ ^{Little Kalulu} grumblings on a heightened scale were ominous. ~~Seim~~ reported that the mood was rebellious. Stanley slept with his rifle beside him on the bed. He had little faith in Bombay and Asmani.

The morning to renew ~~them~~ march came. Breakfast was eaten in sullen silence, the huts were fired. The pegazzis stood by their loads.

"Sound the horn ~~to~~ march", Stanley ordered Asmani.

The giant kirangozi did as he was bidden, then shrugged his shoulders and said,
^{They were wise who stayed at} ~~"I wish I had never left Tabora. They were wise who stayed"~~ ^{(I wish I had never left}

But he took his place in the lead. Bombay, who usually stayed with Stanley, whipping in the stragglers, ignored his leader and went to walk beside Asmani. Murmuring among themselves the men took up their loads, and started off, Asmani and Bombay in front talking together in low tones. Stanley was last out of the camp, Selim carrying his gun, Kalulu his ammunition.

Half-an-hour later ^{the} ~~his~~ caravan, all in front of ^{the Bwana Mkuba} ~~him~~, came to a halt. Bundles had been thrown on the ground as Stanley strode up the line to find out what was wrong. The pegazzis and askaris eyed him ^{defiantly, even} ~~defiantly~~ threateningly. ^{with} ~~Deliberately~~, he stepped aside from the line, took his gun from Selim and loaded it with buckshot, so that all might see him. This was the moment, he felt, when he must get control by instilling fear, or lose his own life. He primed ^{the} ~~his~~ pistols at his belt and moved towards Bombay. ^{Asmani was} ~~and Asmani~~ no longer to be seen.

Most of the men ^(by now) ~~Every man who~~ in the column had a gun of some sort. Seeing Stanley's menacing preparations, they grabbed them up. As he moved towards Bombay, Stanley saw two curly heads ^{behind} ~~behind~~ a large anthill ~~rank~~ on his left. The muzzles of the men's guns were pointed at himself, moving as he moved. Calmly, Stanley stopped, turned towards them, and raised his gun, aiming at the heads.

"Walk towards me, or I fire", he shouted.

Mortified but surly, they stood up. One of them was ^{called Halongo} ~~Ulimengo~~, ~~the other~~ the giant Asmani, who now still kept his finger on his rifle trigger. ~~Kalulu had disappeared.~~

"Drop that weapon, or I will kill", Stanley ordered.

Asmani ^{was} ~~stood~~ challenging, truculent, not obeying. He moved towards the Bwana Mkuba, a sneer on his lips, and murder in his eyes. Stanley was not the man to be intimidated. ^{Hengo, Halongo} ~~Ulimengo~~ moved to one side, as though to take the white man in the rear.

Stanley swung towards him, ordered him to drop his musket. ^{Hengo's Halongo's} ~~Ulimengo's~~ courage failed him. He did as he was bid, and ~~Selim~~

and, for no apparent reason, suddenly pitched forward on his face. Over his prostrate body appeared the grin of Kalulu, the ~~blue~~ little "blue-buck ^{antelope} ~~antelope~~", who unseen had crept up behind, grasped ~~the~~ ^{the fellow's} Ulimeno's ankles, and tipped him over.

~~finger on trigger,~~
Stanley, turned to face Asmani, now within a few feet of him. He was not loath to shoot. But again from behind his attacker two black hands appeared, sweeping Asmani's ^{gun} ~~weapon~~ from his grasp. This time it was the bullheaded Mabruki who had saved the life of whoever might have been a split second ^{the} later on the trigger.

The mutiny was over. Bombay came up to Stanley and said he was prepared to lead on.

"First, I want a solemn promise", Stanley insisted. "Every man shall here swear, by whatever is most sacred to him, that he will remain faithful, and go with me until I find the white man, David Livingstone."

The oath was given, and duly kept. The Negros bore no malice for their defeat by Stanley's firmness and the resource and devotion of Kalulu and Mabruki. ^{and indeed,} ~~(All their goodwill was yet required)~~ ^{of them}. The barren land over which they now marched soon found them hungry, their meagre stores expended, their diet ^{reduced to} ~~only~~ roots and a few berries. On October 29th, their supper after twenty four hours of fasting consisted only of tea. Stanley, with the instinct of the doomed, carved on a tree what might prove a message to the world as to his fate: "Starving. H.M.S."

This time, his dramatic sense was ever pessimistic. The next day, with Bombay, he shot a few hares. Then they met, ~~a caravan which~~ also taking a long way round to avoid the predatory Mirambo, a caravan which traded them grain. Hardly less encouraging to Stanley than the full belly was the news given by the caravan leader that a white man was staying in Ujiji, sick,

travel weary, prematurely aged.

Re-energised with excitement, Stanley called his party together.
~~together and officers~~

"Two dhoti of cloth", he said, "in addition to all agreed payments, to every man who will march to Ujiji now without a halt".

Caring nothing for Stanley's reason for eagerness, but themselves ardent for the comparative comforts of an Arab settlement, every man in the column agreed. To achieve such a thing proved impossible, ~~however.~~ But only the briefest halts were taken. ~~But five days after leaving the caravan, Stanley was certain~~
~~certain at last that that very day they must make Ujiji~~

at last that that very day they must make Ujiji.

Chalk my helmet, and wind
"Wind~~xxxx~~ pugaree round my round it a new pugaree", he
ordered Kalulu. "Unpack my new flannel ~~suit~~ ^{suit} and my Wellington boots".

The little man's vanity demanded that he ~~make on~~ ^{make on} to Livingstone the best impression possible. He did not yet know that to the man he sought such sartorial luxury meant nothing?

Stanley, who had felt never a tremor when threatened with death by the ringleaders of a mutiny, was now all nervous excitement. Would Livingstone still be in Ujiji? How would he receive him? Would Kirk's gloomy prognostications prove true?

A long hill hid the column from Ujiji. Climbing over the crest of it, they looked down on journey's end.

"Fish and beer and a long rest await you", Stanley shouted.
"Unfurl the flags", ~~Stanley shouted~~ "Load your guns."

Fire a volley to warn ~~them~~ of that we are coming". ~~Risk and berry~~
~~and a long rest await you~~

That was the same volley which had convinced Livingstone that his servants, Susi and Chuma, were not suffering from hallucinations when they said that a white man was approaching the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

For once, Stanley was at a loss. He did not know how the Englishman would receive him, nor did he know how best to

approach him. Let him speak for himself, in the words of his own record of his journey:

*See
Livingstone*

"My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances. So I did what I thought was most dignified, I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, before which stood the white man with the ~~grey~~ beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed that he was pale, and ~~he~~ looked wearied and wan, that he had grey whiskers and mustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground ^{round} ~~on~~ it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob - would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing - walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said:

'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

'Yes', said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replaced my hat on my head, and he put on his cap, and we both grasped hands, and then I said aloud,

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

He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you'!

*Double
Space -*

with his flags and his guns and his "box thing
This man, this Henry Morton Stanley ~~was he whose coming~~
turned upside down", was he whose coming
~~Livingstone's servants~~, Susi and Chuma had so excitedly an-
nounced. This
~~announced with~~ was he concerning whom that one word of question
Livingstone's
had hammered in ~~his~~ brain - Who? Who? Who?

End of Part

Chapter XI

2 Stanley Finds - Himself.

"A penny for your thoughts, Doctor", Stanley offered, when, on a certain morning, Livingstone had sat for some time abstracted, gazing over the low roofs of Ujiji apparently into nothingness, a meditative frown on his balding brow, first finger and thumb of his right hand pressed into the down-drawn corners of his thick lips.

For a moment, the older man ignored the assault on his inner privacy. Then he turned his deep brown eyes on the New York Herald reporter, and said slowly,

"Those thoughts are not worth a penny, my young friend, and let me suggest that, if I had any ^{worth} ~~things~~ such, possibly I should wish to keep them".

It was the sort of rebuke such as a stern but affectionate father might have administered. Having lived much alone, and being given to spells of contemplative moodiness, the great explorer ^{occasionally} ~~sometimes~~ found the company of the eager, restless, probing, sometimes even presumptuous young journalist something of a strain.

The house where the two men sat was the usual sort of Arab trader's tembe, with a flat earth roof of uncertain utility earth floors, against rain, a reception room, a room for sleeping and eating, an inner courtyard to shelter cattle and other livestock at night, and quarters for native servants. There, Livingstone had made Stanley his guest, though Stanley it was who was able to provide from the ~~the~~ ~~delic~~ cases portered half across Africa the delicacies, the champagne, the china, and the silver tea pot which attracted so many onlookers that ^{when the ~~table~~ rickety table} ~~was~~ ~~times~~ was spread, the two white men felt like zoo animals at feeding time.

The strange thing was that ~~the~~ Stanley, usually sensitive to any shortcoming of respect which he considered ~~due~~ to him, felt no resentment at Stanley's rebuke. ^{The two men differed} ~~Different though they~~

profoundly,
~~were~~ (in temperament and habit - Livingstone gentle, reflective,
 harsh
 scarce able to say a ~~harsh~~ word to thoughtless servants; Stanley
 brusque, a man of action, as likely to strike a servant with fist
 or whip as to throw him a quite valuable gift.* Yet in general
 they got on famously together, the one gracious, appreciative,
 indulgent, the other ~~captivated~~ ^{fascinated}, admiring, seeking to please.

["I am not of a demonstrative turn - as cold, indeed, as we islanders are commonly reputed to be", Livingstone wrote in his journal, "but this disinterested ^{/sic/} kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect ~~by~~ Mr. Stanley, was simplyx overwhelming. I do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosityx. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy, good judgement, in the teeth of very serious obstacles". ~~While Livingstone also wrote of Stanley as behaving towards him "like a son to a father", the journalist recorded that Livingstone was as a father to him.~~
 Livingstone's ^{moral greatness} ~~saintliness~~ took Stanley by surprise, for the time completely subjected him and, while not changing his own ~~downright~~ ^{later} methods, caused him to dedicate himself to carrying on ^{his mentor's} ~~Livingstone's~~ work. "My everyday study of him, during health or sickness", Stanley wrote, "deepened my reverence and increased my esteem. He was, in short, consistently noble, upright, pious and manly"x.

Livingstone mildly commented to Stanley that the stores which Consul Kirk sent him from Zanzibar were inadequate, the porters he sent - thieves. At that, Stanley broke out bitterly, saying that Kirk did not care about Livingstone, that the Royal Geographical Society, too, was dilatory in sending help when it seemed that Livingstone might need it.

"Is that so?, (Livingstone commented, with characteristic ^{mildness} ~~v.~~ mildness. "I should not have expected it,")
 Stanley went down with ^{Malaria again} ~~fever~~, and ~~the~~ ~~expe~~ ^{Livingstone,} experienced

in dealing with that scourge, nursed him with the tenderness of a woman.

On 15th November, finder and the found set off together on a journey round ^{the northern end of} Lake Tanganyika, the former providing the men, the equipment, and the native currency, and proving his subjection by the older man in allowing him to be the leader whose ~~and in~~ lightest wish was law. At the northern tip of the Lake ^{- the Rusizi -} was a river ^{ran northwards} which some geographers supposed ~~to be~~ into the Nile. If that ~~were~~ had been so, it would have meant that the Lake itself - not at that time known to lie too low - would have been the true source of the world's longest river. Livingstone and Stanley completely refuted that conception by finding that the Rusizi in fact flowed southwards, into Lake Tanganyika. ^{(On the journey,} The grateful old explorer named a group of ^{eyots,} ~~lake islands~~ "New York Herald's Islets" - a name which unfortunately did not stick, the old native name of Kavuneh being restored.

Back in the middle of December at Ujiji, the two white men ^{Bombay} began to plan what might be done to celebrate ~~Christmas~~ ^{Christmas}.

"Leave it to me", Stanley insisted. "I have the cook who will do us well, and the wherewithal to purchase the best that the markets of Ujiji can provide".

He set about the preparations with energy, sending ^{Bombay} ~~Selim~~ and Mabruki to buy sheep and goats, eggs, fresh milk, plantains, fine corn-flour, fish, onions, sweet potatoes, and local vegetal delicacies known as zogga, pombe and singwe. Kalulu, of whom Livingstone became extremely fond, was delegated ~~to~~ as kitchen boy to Ferajji the cook. When the great day came, the table was decorated by ^{(with leaves and flowers,} ~~decorated with~~ Selim, and the last of the treasured champagne was got ready.

But this time, Stanley's organising powers were defeated. A few of the small dishes - the fish and the vegetables - proved

eatable. But the roast mutton and goat were so underdone as to be repulsive; the custard was burned.

"My dear Doctor - how can I excuse such a failure?" ^{host discomfited} Stanley suffered the humiliations of the ~~discomfited host~~ by his servants' failings. He rose from the table, stamping up and down the room, thumping fist on palm.

"Sit down, my good fellow", Livingstone soothed. "What we have already eaten is ten times better than I should have had if you had not been here".

"But that ^{confounded fellow,} ~~cook,~~ that Ferajji", Stanley stormed on. "I told him exactly what to do, exactly how, and exactly how long ^{to cook everything}. The man is a dunderhead, a fool, perhaps worse [&] a deliberate spoiler". He picked up a whip from the couch. "I shall give the fat-brained rascal a thrashing for this". He turned towards the doorway.

Livingstone was on his feet in an instant.

"You shall do nothing of the sort", he said, catching Stanley by the arm. "On Christmas day or any day - so long as you are with me. That is self-indulgence, which will recoil on your own head, for the fellow will leave you or poison you".

Stanley gave in. "As you will", he conceded. "But only because you will. The fellow deserves it. Why, probably now he is eating all those things which should have been so good, but which for us he made unpalatable. He is so thick-skulled he won't even know what we find wrong with them".

"Life has more proper calls on your energy than working yourself into a passion over meats underdone and pies overcooked", ^{urged} Stanley Livingstone. "Come - I pledge our next journey together in the last of your invigorating champagne". The old explorer raised his silver goblet, and Stanley, mollified, ^{& joined} ~~and~~ accompanied him, though not without angry ^{menacing} glances at the doorway.

The next journey together was the first part of Stanley's

return to Zanzibar. The journalist ^{sought} ~~sought~~ to persuade Livingstone ^{so} ~~to~~ ^{him.} ~~to~~ the whole way with ~~himself~~

"No. I wish to stay and settle the question of the source of the Nile", Livingstone insisted. But there was a tiredness in his voice which may have implied that what Stanley had told him about the carelessness for his ^{welfare} ~~welfare~~ displayed by Consul Kirk and the Royal Geographical Society made him unwilling to return to white communities; or it may have been a reflection of his expressed desire to die in Africa, ^{where some years} ~~and he buried in~~ earlier he had buried his wife.

Whatever the real cause, ~~Stanley~~ all Stanley's arguments concerning ~~the Livingstone's~~ ^{sons and daughter} ~~proved unavailing~~ need to see his ~~family~~, to recuperate, to gather new funds and supplies were unavailing.

"I will come as far as Tabora", Livingstone persisted. "There I shall surely find stores sent up for me. There, too, ^{Generosity of Mr. Bennett} you say you have left further stores which I can have^{it}. Then I shall return to follow the course of the River Lualaba, which I have a feeling may prove to be the beginnings of the Nile".

At the end of December they started off on a route worked out by Stanley to avoid Mirambo's possibly still marauding warriors, and to save Livingstone ^{as much} ~~some miles~~ ^{as possible} of marching. The first hundred miles was travelled on ~~the~~ Lake Tanganyika, in canoes borrowed from the Arabs. Thus much they would do not only for Stanley, but also for Livingstone. ~~That~~ was part of their native courtesy. But transmit Livingstone's letters via the slave trader's caravans - that they would never agree to. They knew ~~too~~ too well that those letters would contain indictments likely sooner or later to make trouble for their evil trade.

Livingstone constantly appealed to all authorities and private individuals with whom he corresponded to take all possible action to suppress the slave trade. He knew how it was ruining Central Africa. ~~On~~ Cupidity, the desire for arms and

tempted cloth and beads and wire ~~made~~ the stronger tribes ^{to} war on the weak, making their men and women prisoners, that they might be sold to the slavers. The old explorer's gentle heart was rent by the sufferings of the slaves, not only their physical sufferings, but their mental tortures. "The strangest disease I have seen in the country," he wrote, "seems, really, to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves".

The shore of ~~the~~ Lake Tanganyika, close to which the great canoes, with canopies in the stern to protect the white men from the blinding sun, were steadily paddled, were beautifully green, the effect of recent rains. The waters of the lake itself perfectly reflected the deep blue of the sky. Stanley's sporting instinct was roused by the ^{abundance} ~~plenteousness~~ of ~~hippopotami~~ ^{hippotami} hippopotami, with ~~exquisite~~ reddish rings round the base of their ears and on the neck.

He had not long to wait before his gun ^{could be} ~~was~~ brought into ~~xxx~~ effective action, but not against hippopotami. They arrived at Urimba, the point on the Lake shore from which they were to strike overland. Here ^{they had} ~~they had~~ to pause, ^{waiting} ~~to wait~~ for some of their men travelling on land to catch up with them. Stanley took ~~took~~ with him the inseparable Selim and Kalulu, and a double-barreled rifle belonging to Livingstone, ^{in search of venison.} and walked inland, Selim was leading, Kalulu carrying the rifle. Selim suddenly dropped to the ground, signalling the others to do the same. Peering over the long grass, Stanley saw a herd of striped, round-bellied zebras grazing quietly. ~~Selim~~ Selim lay still. Stanley, followed by Kalulu, crept forward on hands and knees, until he was within 100 yards of the herd. He took the rifle from the little black boy.

"Not shoot ~~brana~~. Bad place", Kalulu warned.

Indeed it was bad. Stanley's legs were entangled in low,

prickly shrubs. He raised the rifle to his shoulder, and tsetse fly settled on the sight, bit his nose, blundered into his eyes. Stanley tried to dash the flies away, and at the same time to disengage himself from the shrubs. X

"You frighten them, Bwana. Bad place for shoot", Kalulu ~~xxx~~ warned again.

The zebras pricked up their ears, turned towards the disturbance, facing the raised barrel of Stanley's gun. He could not resist taking a shot, but he was agitated and flustered. He missed. The animals galloped off, and Stanley with Kalulu ^{rushed} ~~dashed~~ into the open. Having put ~~xxx~~ three hundred yards between ~~The proud leader of the herd xxx~~ themselves and that noisy danger, the herd slowed to a trot. Their proud leader was ten yards ahead of the rest, ~~xxxx~~ an irresistible shot for Stanley's second barrel. ^{This time he did not fail.} ~~This time he did not fail~~

His bullet went through the zebra's heart. The hunter returned proudly to the camp where Livingstone ^{greeted him with,} ~~content to let the young~~ ^{give vent to his propensity} ~~ger man display his leadership for~~

"My dear fellow, what a fine beast. Now we shall have meat with which to start our land journey. Your ^{indeed} are an accomplished ^(in the wilds) traveller ~~indeed~~".

To Livingstone the journey, though over new ground, was hardly an exploration. Wherefore he was quite content to give rein ~~far~~ to Stanley's propensity for organising everything and everybody around him. Tired himself at the end of each day, the older man found it easier to give Stanley the mead of praise on which he thrived than to go out with a gun himself.

On 7th January 1872, the party struck eastwards overland. The very same day, Stanley the hunter had further sport. The path they followed led through a valley of the River Loajeri. The valley grew narrower, until it became a ravine, where the river raced and ~~xxxx~~ roared, threatening, it seemed, to engulf the travellers. Opportunely, a hill took them out of the oppressive

valley, as humid as it was hot, and to the foot of a mountain. There it was decided to make camp for the night.

While Stanley was giving orders, Dr. Livingstone quietly took him by the arm, and pointed ahead. Kalulu, ever at his master's heels, slid the double-barrelled rifle forward so that Stanley had only to grasp it. Gun in hand, the journalist looked down a steep ravine to see a fine buffalo cow climbing up the other side. At the top, the beast turned to look around.

"Now", Livingstone said. "Aim behind the head".

Stanley pressed steadily on the trigger. The buffalo let out a great bellow of pain.

"Blood! She bleeds! From behind the shoulder blade"x. The phlegmatic Livingstone was about as near to being excited as he ever became.

The carriers, led by Bombay and Asmani, good ^{and} faithful now that they were homeward bound, raised a shout. Stanley fired again, taking the wounded animal in the spine. She sank to her knees, and soon the men were skinning her, ^{cutting} ~~drying~~ up the meat for drying before the fire. Livingstone's lore of the plains and jungles prompted him to advise Stanley,

x "Tell the men to put aside the tongue, the hump, and a few other choice pieces. We can salt them down for corned beef. We shall appreciate that as a delicacy. The others won't".

As the march proceeded, the ^{parkland} grass became so high that Asmani, acting as guide, could not ~~see where he was going~~ pick out the distant landmarks on which he relied. Taking Livingstone's small pearl encased compass in hand, Stanley went into the lead. In a few days, more big game ^{This time, too big.} ~~next~~ presented itself. Having seen another camp established,

Stanley left Livingstone resting his tired feet and, ^{carrying only a shot-gun} with the ~~inseparable~~ ^{walked with the} Selim and Kalulu walked some few miles until he came to a ravine which he entered, and then turned to climb the bank. At the top, his eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped.

"Tembo! Tembo! Bana ~~Yongo~~ yongo", Kalulu cried, and fled back down into the ravine. "An elephant! An elephant! My master".

The weapon in his hand being about as much use against such a colossus as a pea-shooter, Stanley quickly followed Kalulu, and Selim, who also had gathered wits from fear. The three paused for a moment breathless, trembling, but congratulating themselves on their escape. ^{Anti-climax} ~~And then~~ followed. Stanley slapped his hand to his ~~neck~~ sun-browned neck. By having brought the wrong rifle, he had missed his chance of killing an elephant. And in the moment of regret - he had been stung by a wasp!

Red-bearded monkeys next attracted Stanley's attention, as they scrambled up the trees and barked defiance at him - a thing few men dared to do more than once.

Soon, the caravan was swallowed up in the jungle clothing ~~the~~ the mountain ranges of the territory called Ukawendi. The lush growth of vegetation exerted a deep fascination which was sheer humbug, as Stanley, suffering again from malaria but refusing to delay the march, soon discovered, even while he yearned after its richness. The same humid richness which gave all plant life such powerful growth, such magnified size, sapped at the blood and bones of man. "Only in Ukawendi", wrote Stanley, at a time when he yet had seen but little of Africa, "you can almost behold the growth of vegetation; the earth is so generous, nature so kind and loving /sic/, that without entertaining any aspiration for a residence, or a wish to breathe the baleful atmosphere longer than is absolutely necessary, one feels insensibly drawn towards it Even while staggering under the pressure of the awful sickness, with brain sometimes reeling with the shock of constantly recurring fevers - though I knew how the malaria, rising out of that very fairness, was slowly undermining my constitution, and insidiously sapping the powers of mind and body - I

regarded the alluring face of the land with a fatuous love, and felt a certain sadness steal over me as each day I was withdrawing myself from it, and felt disposed to quarrel with the fate that seemed to eject me out of Ukawendi".

The humbug jungle was left behind. Smooth, sloping grasslands were soft to the feet and offered no obstruction to progress.

~~And indeed~~ Livingstone's rifle in Stanley's hands was soon busy again. Two zebras fell to ~~two~~ ^{successive} shots - one from each barrel.

Bombay ~~thereupon~~ declared that he had dreamed ~~that~~ he saw the Bwana Mkuba shooting down animals right and left. But the next essay was less successful.

On one of his almost daily forays, Stanley came upon a herd of eleven giraffes.

"Shoot Bwana", Kalulu urged. "Beautiful skin".

Stanley needed no injunction. At a hundred and fifty yards range, he let go with both barrels. He felt certain ^{of the call least} that one was wounded, but with their ungainly, dislocated-seeming motion, resembling the contortions of a native dancer, and involving even the tail, with its long fringe of black hair, they all galloped off. Returning dejected, for indeed he desired a skin as

a trophy, Stanley was greeted by Livingstone, who knew how to console a disappointed hunter as well as how to praise success, said,

"My good young fellow. ~~I know how it is~~ That wasn't your fault. ~~These beasts are very wild and very sensitive to sound~~ You were not expecting giraffe. Had you been, I would have advised you not to use leaden balls. They are too soft ~~skin or Kalulu surely made a noise and once they a giraffe~~ for tough hides. Melt down some of your zinc canteens, and use ~~is frightened no man can stalk it~~ that to harden the lead. Next time, you will bring us a beauty".

For the next time, there was not long to wait. A day's halt was made to rest Livingstone's lacerated feet. Stanley seized the occasion to set out again with the deadly rifle, accompanied by Kalulu as gun-bearer and Mabruki as butcher. Crossing a high ridge, they came to a basin-like plain, covered with tall grass and dotted with dum palms /hyphaene/ and mimosa.

And nibbling their favoured mimosa leaves - a ~~herd~~ ^{herd} of giraffe. ~~itself~~
 Tall though it was, the grass ^{itself} was not high enough to conceal
 the stalking hunter. He had to make use of the abundance of
 great ant-hills, also green ~~covered~~ ^{But for a consi-} carpeted. ~~He reached a~~
 derable distance round the giraffes, there were no such hills.
 Stanley went on one knee behind the last of them, 150 metres
 from the quarry. He was hot, sweating, trembling, from his
 advance and ~~from~~ with expectation. Recovered somewhat, he care-
 fully checked over his rifle, handled it affectionately. He
 stood up, and took careful aim. He was not satisfied. He
 lowered the rifle again and adjusted the sights. ~~Stanley~~ ^{Kalulu, silent,}
 nudged him. Stanley looked up to see one of the giraffes had
 turned full towards him, a perfect target if at longish range.
 Up went the rifle again to the shoulder. One quick sighting
 in the region of the animal's heart, a steady pressing on the
 trigger. The great beast, like a sailing ship hesitating on
 the tack, staggered, reeled, then started to gallop. ~~The water~~ ^{Stanley,}
 Mabruki, and Kalulu, watching breathless, saw blood spout from
 the chest in a thick stream. Yet the giraffe covered two hun-
 dred yards before he ~~stopped~~ ^(ears drawn back.) stopped, to look round, bewildered,
^{On} ~~Forward~~, Bwana. ^{(urged the diminutive} One more shot", Kalulu, ever ready with
 what, in such matters, generally proved to be good common sense.
~~urged~~

Stanley got to within twenty ^{yards} ~~yards~~, and finished ^{his} ~~the~~ tall
 quarry with a zinc bullet in the head. ^{Mabruki} ~~Asmani~~ leapt and danced
 forward, ^{cavorting} ~~swirling~~ round the fallen giraffe, ^{(waving his arms and} and crying,
 "Allah ho, ahbar. This is meat, ~~master~~ ^{master."}

The giraffe proved to measure over five metres from the
 right forefoot to the top of the head. Livingstone was all
 praise.

"Magnificent beast" he said. "Splendid shooting. More
 meat than we can carry. And what magnificent markings - see,

the large black patches are nearly round - that is perfection".

The Doctor's estimate of the meat being too much to carry left out of account what the guards and pegazzis could ^{even} do to giraffe in a single celebrative feast. It was quite easy to carry on the shoulders what was not already in the belly.

Twice before they reached Tabora, Stanley ^{fancied he would} ~~sought to complete~~ be able to complete his bag with a lion. But each time, the king of beasts eluded him or, as Stanley ^{implied} ~~averred~~, apparently not intending humour, fled from him in terror!

At Tabora, the column found that Mirambo had for the time been driven off, and was being besieged by the Arab's forces in his stronghold. ~~xxxx~~ The stores waiting for Livingstone proved to be a disappointment, having been rifled by the leader of the party despatched from Zanzibar ~~with them~~ by Kirk. In his account of the matter, Stanley directed his special ire at the fact that the fellow had consumed several bottles of brandy.

By the time, however, that Stanley had given Livingstone all his surplus material, left in the care of a chief at Tabora, the Doctor already ^{had} far more ~~than~~ supplies than men to carry them, and had to agree to wait until ^{the pick of} ~~more carriers~~ Stanley's ~~men~~ ^{carriers} should be sent back from Bagomoyo. ~~to move westwards with him once more.~~

Stanley was now eager to ^{reach} ~~get back to~~ Europe with his story perhaps the most satisfying - ~~one of the best that~~ ^{the evening of} that journalist ever took out of Africa.

On 13th March, he said,

"Tomorrow night, Doctor, you will be alone".

"Yes; the house will look as though a death had taken place", Livingstone replied. "You had better stop until the rains, which are now near, are over".

"I would I could, my dear Doctor; but every day I stop here, now that there is no necessity for me to stay longer, keeps you from your work and home".

you from your work and home".

"I know", Livingstone persisted. "But consider your health - you are not fit to travel. What is it? Only a few weeks longer. You will reach the coast just as quickly ~~when~~ by waiting till the rains are over as you will by going now. The plains will be inundated between here and the coast".

"You think so?", Stanley challenged. "But I will reach the coast in forty days; if not in forty, I will in fifty - certain. The thought that I am doing you an important service will spur me on".

He did not quite fulfil his boast, but he was only four days over the ultimate limit he set. It was not only his journey (to give wings to his feet.) He had with him the explorer's story that he carried ~~in a special chest more~~ treasure more valuable to mankind than any slaver or ivory trader ever took out of Tanganyika. A letter to Gordon Bennett, later published in the New York ~~World~~ Herald, ~~and another to the British~~ and appealing for help in the suppression of the slave trade, a blight and a curse, he wrote, on a fine country. Another ~~Prime Minister~~ But above all ~~a Livingstone's journals covering~~ to the British Prime Minister. But above all, the grand old ~~five years of journeying over territory never before trodden~~ explorer's journals covering five years of journeying over ~~by white man's foot~~ central African territory never before trodden by white man's foot.

Those treasures gave Stanley the most anxious moment of the journey to Bagamoyo. The little column, lightly burdened, and with all temptation to desertion removed, travelled rapidly ~~west~~ ^{east} ~~westwards~~, despite the swollen rivers and inundated plains foretold by Livingstone. They plunged on across flooded land, frequently in mud up to their knees.

A month, almost to the day, after setting out, they came to a tributary river, narrow but, Stanley decided, too deep and swift for fording. A tree beside the bank was cut down and thrown across the swirling waters. One by one, the porters crossed it, sitting astride, and pushing their bales and boxes in front of them.

Stanley was already across when Selim dragged at his shirt and cried,

"The grey haired ~~master's~~ Englishman's box. It will be lost".

Stanley turned to see a young pegazzi ^{with the precious documents,} to whom ~~the box~~ ^{the box on his head.} had been entrusted, wading neck deep in mid stream, ✓ He had thought crossing by the tree trunk too slow. The journalist had a vision of all the proof and result of his work being lost in the muddy bottom. At that very moment, the pegazzi all but disappeared under the surface, only the box remaining ^{dry} above. He had put his foot in a deep hole. He managed to scramble out again, to find himself looking at Stanley's ^{pistol} ~~revolver~~, aimed at his head. ^{the Bwana}

"Look out! Drop that box and I'll shoot you", ~~Stanley~~ ^{the Bwana} Mkuba cried.

Those on the tree trunk, and others still on the far bank stopped to watch their fellow, threatened by flood and bullet. Mabruki knelt at Stanley's feet, begging him not to shoot. Eyes wide with terror, the wreckless pegazzi stumbled on, holding so tight to the box that he almost drove his head into his shoulders. At least he was within a foot of the bank. Stanley ~~At last he reached the bank; and Stanley~~ thrust his pistol into Mabruki's upstretched hand, and leaned down to gather the precious box safely from the affrighted porter, ~~who himself managed to scramble to safety.~~

Hurriedly the box was opened. Its contents were undamaged.

"Lucky for you, you miscreant", Stanley stormed. "Had there been a drop of water on any of those papers, I would have had you whipped within an inch of your life. Never again will you touch that box. You shall march in the line as far from it as I can possibly put you".

~~The box was thereupon transferred to a less impetuous carrier.~~

*double
space -*

6th May when the Bwana reached the Bwana
It was May 29th before Stanley stood once more on the deck

of a ship. In 411 days, he reflected, he had travelled 2250 miles, almost half of it - his circuitous route from ^{Tabora} ~~and~~ to Ujiji and back, and the excursion up Lake Tanganyika - through country on which no previous white man's eyes had ever rested. It had been arduous, it had been dangerous - as reflected in and accretion of grey ~~hair~~ hair, his own loss of 30 kg weight, and in the deaths of eighteen askaris and pegazzis as well as those of Barquhar and Shaw. But of those debits he was not at the moment thinking.

Beside him stood the little black boy whom he himself had christened Kalulu. ^{and had decided to take to Europe.} The lad was all excitement at the prospect of the ocean voyage, all nervousness at ^{the thought} ~~what he was~~ of what he might find at the end of it. His patron, ^{with unseeing eyes} looking at the receding shores of Zanzibar, entrepot of the evil slave trade, with ~~unseeing~~ eyes, uttered five words, slowly, pensively, triumphantly.

~~"But I have found"~~
~~And those words ~~xxxxxx~~ found~~
 "But I have - found Livingstone".

Those words, so deliberately enunciated, ^{Kalulu, quick to} ~~the boy understood~~ learn, understood. But he did not understand that his patron, in meeting and overcoming such formidable obstacles, ~~in organisation and actual journeying, in the practice of leadership, and~~ ^{chosen of experience} ~~towards~~ in the acceptance of the superiority of the ~~gentle man whom he~~ ^{gentle man} towards whom he had come ~~had come to regard as a~~ to have such filial feelings had, ~~found~~ ^{not only} ~~not only~~ ~~found~~ in the course of executing new traits of determination and capacity his mission to ~~find~~ ^{find} Dr. David Livingstone, ^{He found} found also - Henry Morton Stanley.

Chapter XII

Descendant of the Last King of Poland?

from
James Gordon Bennett Jnr., the man who, ~~then in~~ the Paris office of the New York Herald, had sent Stanley on his historic journey to "Find Livingstone", sat in his office in New York. founder of the paper, His father, ~~had~~ died two months before, on ~~the~~ 1st June, 1872. He was now in sole control of ^{an organ} ~~a paper~~ of great popularity and some influence.

Spread on the desk in front of him was a cable from his Paris correspondent: "Henry Morton ^{Stanley}, ~~he~~ ~~Stanley~~, ~~it~~ read with furrowed brow, "is the hero of the hour. He is sought for, honoured, feted, talked about in a way that will turn his head if he has a head capable of being turned. He is interrupted by newspaper reporters, importuned by correspondents of pictorials for sketches and scenes from his travels, and generally lionized"~~is~~.

Gordon Bennett Jnr. pursued his perusal in haste, the furrow on his forehead deepening, his fingers ever and anon beating an irritated tattoo on the desk. Once he clenched his fist, and banged it angrily on the blotting pad. He rose and strode ^{to the} ~~across~~ fire place, beside which hung a bell cord. He pulled the cord with such vigour that the clangour rang round all the adjacent rooms - and the cord itself came away in his hand.

His ^{chief} ~~senior~~ assistant came running in, with the somewhat banal query,

"You rang, sir?"

"Yes. I rang. Have you read this cable about Stanley?"

"I have, sir. A great success for the Herald, sir".

"I don't see where the Herald comes in", Bennett answered, tersely, bitterly. "It seems to be all Stanley".

"He is ~~only~~ your representative, sir".

"But nobody, including himself, seems to remember that.

See here - these crazy French newspapers are comparing his finding of Livingstone with Hannibal's march on Rome and Napoleon's passage of the Alps. The fellow will lose all sense of his own unimportance - all feeling of responsibility to me".

"But the Paris Geographical Society, sir, has declared him an impostor. Says he never did what he says he did".

"They're a lot of stuffy professors. Nobody will take any notice of them," ^{Bennett said,} ~~and~~ ~~of~~ and then added, somewhat inconsequential-ly. "Of course he found Livingstone. He's determined and honest".

"You saw the bit about his supposed ancestors, sir?", the chief assistant ^{(asked}), still standing before the owner's desk, ~~at~~ ^{to} a little uncertain what line to take ~~which would~~ please this dynamic if sometimes unpredictable employer.

"No, I haven't ^{finished reading} ~~got that far~~ yet. Where is it?"

"At the end, sir".

Bennett perused the final paragraphs. He did not laugh. His sense ~~My~~ of humour was little superior to Stanley's.

"My God! He's of Polish blood, some damned nonsensical newspaper says? His name a corruption of Stanislaus? And he ~~one~~ of the descendants ~~of~~ ~~descendant~~ of the last King of Poland, who settled in France? Balderdash! Arrant balderdash!"

Bennett's fury rose with every minute. His face was red. The veins stood out on his massive forehead.

"I have checked up on that possibility, sir", his chief assistant soothed. "It seems that King Stanislaus II had no legitimate issue. Though ^{he gave himself} ~~there was~~ plenty of opportunity for illegitimate".

"Rubbish! Rubbish! Rubbish!", Bennett exclaimed. "Illegitimate, yes, that fits our famous - or notorious, have it as you will colleague. But Polish? Rubbish! If it comes to that, he's not properly American. He was born in Wales. His only claims to being American are having jumped an English ship to stay here,

and deserting the American navy. He may not think I know that.

But it is my business to know".

There isn't much you don't know

"You know everything, sir. We realise that", the chief assistant flattered.

The newspaper owner

Gordon Bennett grunted. He thrived on sycophancy, which made Stanley's independence all the more galling to him. The expedition to find Livingstone had been intended to boost the ~~name~~ ^{circulation} of the New York Herald, and the name of Gordon Bennett. He had chosen a young man ^{with no more} ~~without much~~ reputation yet than was sufficient to give confidence ~~in him~~. He had not planned to share with Stanley the glory of achievement.

"Who was Stanley before I found him?", he now asked his assistant, aggressively, as though the fellow ^{had been} ~~was~~ not ~~so~~ striving with all his might to agree, but ~~had~~ in fact been opposing him.

"Who thought of hunting for Livingstone? Who paid the bills?".

"You don't expect me to ^{reply to} ~~answer~~ those questions, sir. The answers are intimately with you".

"Well, what can I do? Will you answer that?", Bennett barked.

"You could tell him to come back immediately, sir, to New York".

Bennett ignored the proposal.

The point is", he said, "professional jealousy

~~"Send him exactly the same two words only"~~ getting the better of personal rancor, "the story belongs to the Herald. And that fellow Stanley is making it the property of all the press ^(of the world) well paid, no doubt." ~~Send him a cable Two words only~~

"Pirates they are sir, those French papers".

"Send him a cable", Bennett ordered. ^{"At once. Two} ~~two~~ words only.

"Stop talking".

Double Space

But Stanley did not stop talking, or writing, about his so much applauded feat. Nor was it only his employer who was

angry with him. His reception in London was mixed. Agnes Livingstone, daughter of ~~the~~ the Doctor, wrote him her thanks, and ^{received as a} ~~and lionised by~~ ^{in the} the former workhouse inmate was ~~the~~ guest of English aristocratic ^{houses of members of the English Government} families. But in some quarters it was said the letters he had brought back, ^{supposed} ~~said~~ to be in Livingstone's hand, were forgeries. Newspapers expressed suspicions even that he had not been to Africa at all! And called for an investigation.

The climax came on August 15th. He was invited to speak at a meeting, held in Brighton, on the south coast of England, of ~~the~~ the Geographical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. From the platform, he found himself faced with an audience three thousand strong, including most of the best reputed geographers, and the ex-Emp~~er~~or and Empress of France.

Short, bronzed, heavily moustached, he stood before them with some appearance of arrogance. But he was suffering acutely from stage fright.

"Your Majesties, Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen", he began. "I consider myself in the light of" He came to a halt. He swallowed hard, spoiling the picture of masterful self-confidence. "I consider myself in the light of a troubadour, to relate ... to tell ... to recount" He got stuck again. There was a rustle of dissatisfaction among his audience. Doubters whispered that he feared his story would not withstand such eminent examination. He started a third time, and rushed on, this time gathering assurance as he went. "I consider myself in the light of a troubadour, to relate ~~ya~~ to you the tale of an old man who is tramping onward to discover the sources of the Nile".

He proceeded to tell ~~the story~~ of Livingstone's sufferings in the cause of science, in the cause of settling the geographers' conflicts and doubts. He thought the detail would convince them of his veracity. He was not a ^{practised} ~~good~~ speaker. He rambled at times, confused his anecdotes. But he stuck to his task, as he had stuck

Insert to page 127.

He concluded with a ~~long~~ eulogy of Livingstone and a bitter condemnation of "armchair geographers", awaking from their ~~sleep~~ dozeing to dogmatise about the Nile while Livingstone was devoting his life to the long, toilsome exploration of Central Africa.

to his journey across Africa. When he sat down, he found that not only was his story doubted, ~~but~~ Livingstone's also.

"Dr. Livingstone says he has seen cannibals where he is, ~~and men eating pigs~~ ^{there} the first critic to rise ~~next~~ declared. "Impossible. Dr. Livingstone is wandering. He has been much further west than he thought".

Another antagonist arose. "I feel convinced that Dr. Livingstone has not discovered the sources of the Nile".

And a third. "Dr. Livingstone will by and by begin to say what I have said. I do not believe in his arbitrary way of settling the sources of the Nile, because I do not understand it".

~~Stanley sat looking over his hostile denounciators. They did not believe. They did not understand. What did they know? Only what others had told them, and what they might deduce. They were contemptuous of a man who devoted his life to seeking for own feet in every sort of hardship and danger, to settle scientific problems on the spot. He listened to much more of the same kind before he was asked to reply. There was no hesitancy about him now. He was as angry as with a thieving pegazzi. What, indeed was it to steal a few bales of cloth as compared to stealing a great man's good name?~~

"One gentleman has said", he began, "that because Dr. Livingstone saw ~~no~~ gorillas on the Lualaba, he must have been much further west than he ~~really~~ thought, because there are no gorillas in Uganda. The gentleman forgets that between Uganda and the region of Livingstone's search there are eight degrees of longitude. The gentleman might have said 'I have seen St. Paul's cathedral', and another ^{in France,} might have said, 'You are mistaken, sir; there is no St. Paul's cathedral in France, therefore there is none in England'".

Stanley gave many answers in the same strain, understandable but hardly calculated to placate, ^{to} ~~the~~ encourage scientific study.

Insert

President
And when he sat down once more, Sir Henry Rawlinson, ~~rose to~~
of the Royal Geographical Society, rose to say,

"We are very much obliged to Mr. Stanley; but we do not want sensational stories. We want facts".

~~The same authority, in a letter to the Times, coined the quotable and much quoted quip that Stanley did not discover Livingstone, but rather it was Livingstone who had found Stanley.~~

Leaving the Brighton hall, Stanley overheard one geographer say to his companion,

"We can ignore him. He's only a journalist. What does he know about geography?"

~~Lord Granville, Minister of Foreign Affairs,~~
Stanley's companion, laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Then you ignore them", he urged. "You don't understand the crime you have committed. It is supposed that only an Englishman is tough enough to penetrate Africa. They are furious that you, an American reporter should have done so, and found the man they did not bother about. They will come round. Wait, only wait".

~~The maligned traveller~~
~~Stanley~~ did not have long to wait for vindication. Despite a letter from Sir Henry Rawlinson which included the quotable and much quoted quip that Stanley did not discover Livingstone, but rather it was Livingstone who had found Stanley, the "Times" ^{supported by} championed him, with the Daily Telegraph and Punch. The Livingstone family publicly confirmed the unquestionable authenticity of the Doctor's letters and papers. ^{That doubt having been} ~~Sir Henry Rawlinson~~

cleared up, everything else fell into place. The man who brought out of Africa letters and papers which ~~the letters and papers out of Africa~~ ^{Gunsul Kirk duly sent} and there was no other ~~firmly that Stanley was~~ ^{geologists} eulogised Stanley could have been none ~~eluxinant save Stanley~~ ^{that man} * must have found Livingstone ^{geographers, unwilling} other than Stanley. It was clear even to the ~~gang unwilling~~ ling to credit Stanley though they were. Sir Henry Rawlinson led the volte face by a complete public apology for his doubts and misplaced wit. The Royal Geographical Society gave a banquet

in honour of he who had been ^{by one of its members} described as "only a journalist", and conferred on him its highest award, the Victoria Medal.

The flood gates of acclaim were now let loose. Banquets, invitations to address public meetings, presentation medals and other gifts ~~snuff boxes~~ were showered upon him. The crowning mark of appreciation came ~~from Queen Victoria herself~~ in the shape of a gold snuff-box, set with more than sixty diamonds, and inscribed inside the lid:

Presented by
Her Majesty Queen Victoria
to

Henry M. Stanley Esq.

in recognition of the prudence and zeal
displayed by him

in opening communication with

Doctor Livingstone,

and thus relieving the general anxiety
felt in regard to the fate of
that distinguished traveller.

~~London August 17th~~

Her Majesty graciously accorded him ten minutes of her time in personal audience, ^{less graciously} and wrote of him in her diary as "a determined, ugly little man - with a strong American twang".

Stanley was touched by these attentions of a different kind the initial slaps in the face from ~~these which had at first~~ face. "The Royal Geographical Society", he wrote in his book "How I Found Livingstone", which he was completing at extraordinary speed considering the demands on his time, "discovered slowly but surely that I was not a charlatan, and that I had done what I said I had done, and then they extended to me the right hand of fellowship with a warmth and generosity which I shall never forget".

The amende honorable he perhaps did not forget. But also the scars of the embittering calumination remained with him all his life. Many years later, he was still fulminating inwardly, when

he wrote in his notebook: "All the actions of my life, and I may say all my thoughts, since 1872, have been strongly coloured by the storm of abuse and the wholly unjustifiable reports circulated about me then." He had supposed that toil, devotion to duty, ~~ster~~ determination to overcome obstacles, and the finding of England's lost explorer hero would have won ^{for} ~~fra~~ him a place in English society. And it seemed to him that "the years of patient watchfulness, the long periods of frugality, the painstaking self-teaching in lessons of manliness, had ended disastrously in failure".

The disappointment was certainly at least in part the fault of his own indiscretion. Gordon Bennett had ^{cabled} ~~sent~~ wise advice in two words - 'Stop talking'. Stanley had ignored it. He had talked too much. He had censured Consul Kirk ^{for dilatoriness} ~~for dilatoriness~~ and negligence in sending supplies and carriers to Livingstone. He had referred slightly [↑] to earlier travellers in Africa - Richard Burton, James Speke and Samuel Baker. He had made ~~slight~~ ^{offensive} ~~ing~~ references to the disregard of the Royal Geographical Society for Livingstone's welfare. These were not windmills he had tilted at. They were well able to return his blows ^{as} ~~as~~ he discovered.

The storm in England over, Stanley set sail for America, where an enterprising promoter had arranged sixty lectures for him. The first of the series was in New York's famous Steinway Hall. The ~~audi~~ platform was decorated with the American flag which the giant Asmani had borne from Bagamoyo to Ujiji and back, with spears, swords, ^{and specimens of cloth and beads} ~~and rusty guns~~ said to be souvenirs of the journey. Undoubtedly genuine was Kalulu, who ~~appeared~~ ^{stood beside} the Bwana Mkuba while he spoke, holding his shot-gun, as though a zebra might be expected to ^{present itself for shooting} ~~appear~~ at any moment. The stageing was effective enough, in a flamboyant way which Stanley did not disprove. The lectures were less so. ^{Read} ~~Delivered~~ in a droning

monotone from a too long manuscript packed with clichés and commonplaces, when the audience wanted ^{colour,} action and excitement, they drew the withering fire of American journalists, including ~~that~~ the representative of his own paper, the New York Herald, and had to be abandoned after the third. Stanley ~~had to~~ fell back on rather cheap demonstrations of the capacities of the former slave boy, Kalulu ^{grown}, filled out, with bright eyes and intelligent face. A picture of Livingstone would be held up, and the boy would call out "Lifinston". Kalulu would sing a Swahili song. But the most popular turn was that in which Stanley would tell him to pray like a Moslem, when Kalulu would get on his knees and imitate the ^{Arabs} ~~motions~~ he had seen in the bazaars of Zanzibar, not forgetting the fly-swatting and mosquito-slapping which usually punctuated their devotions. Such ^{unworthy} ~~poor~~ parody, and abuse of the slave boy's dignity, ~~fare~~ ^{the American public seemed to appreciate, and Stanley to have been ready to serve up to them, although he spoke of Kalulu as his adopted son}

The American press, like the English, were mixed in their reception of the actual African journey. ^{few papers questioned} ~~None doubted~~ its authenticity, but some, ^{jealous of the New York Herald,} set about publicising ^{Stanley's} ~~the facts about~~ his early life, including the fact that he was not an American but a Welsh-man, and that he had deserted from the American navy. ^{A man who} ~~But since~~ chose to make a platform act out of a poor black slave - even ~~Stanley, with his black slave~~ ^{even} ~~and treated America with contempt~~ though he called him his adopted son - had no cause to object to such treatment. And to offset ^{it} ~~them~~, there were plenty of eulogies, in print and oral, notably that by Mark Twain who, introducing Stanley to a Boston audience said:

"I am not here to disparage ~~to~~ Columbus. No, I won't do that; but when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus. Now, Columbus started out to discover America. Well,

more anxious, no doubt, to discredit the New York Herald than its correspondent,

he didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship and hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of the American continent, and he couldn't get by it. He'd got to discover it. But Stanley started out to discover Dr. Livingstone, who was scattered abroad, as you might say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States".

York Herald

The New ~~York Herald~~ staff gave a party to celebrate their colleague's success. Reporters, printers, clerks, office boys, messengers, doormen - all were present. But there was one absentee. James Gordon Bennett Jnr. sat in his office writing a letter. A senior editor took Stanley in to the man who had sent him on his quest. Bennett gave him precisely the same amount of time as Queen Victoria had - ten minutes. He was not worried by his employee's American twang, but ~~he~~, though later he was glad enough to use him, he never got over the hatred bred of jealousy of the man who, ^{supposed} ~~was~~ to have brought kudos to the newspaper, ~~had succeeded in attaching the greater part of it to himself.~~

Not only the press but the theatre, too, paid Stanley the compliment of its attention. Among a number of shows based on Stanley and ^{his} achievement was ~~one~~ a musical comedy which the hero himself attended. There were mock fights between Mirambo's warriors and the Arabs' forces; there were conversions to Christianity ~~xxxxxx~~; there was a dance called the "coconut shuffle" by made-up "Congo Dancers". Finally, a scene ^{a burlesqued} in which Livingstone, almost dieing of hunger and thirst and exhaustion, attempted to ~~barter~~ his watch to an Arab for a slice of pineapple. On to another part of the stage strode Neil Warner, ^{playing} ~~playing the part of~~ Stanley, followed by askaris and pegazzis. 'Stanley' strode up and down, not seeing ~~the~~ 'the Doctor' who was hidden by a huge cactus. At last, he pushed aside the leaves of the cactus, saw 'Livingstone',

raised his hat in the best City gentleman manner, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?".

The audience loved it. They applauded and roared with laughter. But not Stanley. He could not understand what they were laughing at.

By the time Stanley got back to London, his book, "How I ^{achieved} Found Livingstone" was just coming from the press. It ~~received~~ such popularity as had seldom been ~~received~~ accorded before to a book of travel, notwithstanding its somewhat unpleasant indications of megalomania, the ~~some~~ suspicion of exaggeration which it arouses, and the ~~perhaps unnecessary length devoted to self~~ ^{distasteful attacks on Kirk and others who} incurred Stanley's ~~justification~~ ^{displeasure.} Florence Nightingale, founder of England's nursing service, ^{friend and confidante of Ministers,} and a minor power behind the scenes described ~~the book as~~ ^{it as} "the very worst book on the very best subject I ever saw in my life". Consul Kirk, in his calm way, commented: "Stanley will make ~~his~~ fortune out of Livingstone". And when Livingstone came to hear of ~~the~~ ^{that} remark he wrote in his diary: "Stanley is heartily welcome, for it is a great deal more than I could ever ^{make} out of myself".

Fortune or no fortune, Stanley still regarded himself as a working journalist. He sent Kalulu to school, and went off on New York Herald ~~assignments~~ assignments first in Spain, where war was again flareing, and then to the Gold Coast, accompanying a ~~further~~ British military adventure against the Ashantees. It was on his way back from the latter trip that he heard that Livingstone had died near Lake Bangweulu on 1st May, 1873. On that event he wrote in his notebook: "Dear Livingstone! Another sacrifice to Africa! His mission, however, must not be allowed to cease. Others must go forward and fill the gap. May I be selected to succeed him in opening up Africa. My methods, ~~however~~, will not be Livingstone's. Each man has his own way".

Almost two years after Gordon Bennett Jnr. had ~~read~~ sat in his office reading his Paris correspondent's reports of the lionising in the French capital of ~~his~~ the reporter he had sent in search of Livingstone, he found himself reading another vital cable in which again Stanley was the central figure.

Livingstone had been buried in Westminster Abbey, among England's heroes and poets, telegraphed the proprietor of the London "Daily Telegraph", ^{Edward Levy-Lawson.} But his work was unfinished. He had never solved the problem as to whether the Lualaba ^{was} ~~is~~ the Nile; ~~had~~ died before he could complete ~~he did not complete~~ the exploration of Central Africa; the slave trade which ~~he~~ ^{had} ~~abhorred~~ flourished still in the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. At that point, Gordon Bennett murmured, ~~the "Daily Telegraph" wished to~~

"But what has all this to do with me?"

Levy-Lawson went on to

~~The "Daily Telegraph"~~ say that it had been proposed that the "Daily Telegraph" should sponsor an expedition to settle all the ^t outstanding geographical problems of Central Africa. The paper was willing, but felt unable to cover all the expenses. Would Gordon Bennett, in the name of the New York Herald, be prepared ^{share the expense?} to ~~going expenses~~

"That depends on", Gordon Bennett muttered, but he was cut short by a ^{glance} ~~glance~~ at the end of the cable -

"Mr Henry Morton Stanley, who needs no introduction to you, has kindly offered to lead the expedition". ^(the man who, supposed to have brought funds to the Herald, had appropriated the greater part of it to himself.) Gordon Bennett might hate Stanley. But he knew the man ~~his~~ ^{that Stanley} who, taking a newspaper proprietor's money to finance an expedition, would give good value for it. ~~The~~ He rang for a secretary, and dictated another cable containing ^(again) a bare two words.

"Yes. Bennett".

END OF PART II.

Part III

Chapter XIII

At the Kabaka's Court.

Nyanza
~~Lake~~ Victoria stretched away northwards, covering an area of twenty^t six thousand square miles. ~~the second largest lake in the world~~ At a small village called Kagehi, close to where the town of Mwanza now stands at the southern end of the second largest lake in the world, Stanley ^{had} among friendly natives established a base camp for the more than 250 men and women who accompanied him, and for the loads they carried. vast quantities of ~~stores~~ ~~ammunition~~

He had gathered his expedition at the water's edge, and now pointed to the "Lady Alice", a barge he had himself designed, divided into 5 sections; forty feet long, six feet wide, thirty inches deep, divided into 5 sections, it was made of cedar from Zanzibar three eighths of an inch thick, and had been borne by pegazzis chosen specially for their extraordinary strength.

"In that boat", he told his assembly of pegazzis, askaris, and their women, "I propose to make the first complete survey of the shores of ~~the~~ this great lake. The journey may take a month, two months. I cannot tell. That will depend on the people and events we encounter. I need some ten or twelve good men to go with me".

Two white men, Francis Pocock and Frederick Barker, looked imploringly at him, as did Kabuku, given in height and strength. Unsmiling, Stanley he shook his head. "You must stay and care for the majority and the stores", he explained, not for the first time.

No Negro had spoken.

"Come - surely someone has the courage to go with me", Stanley urged.

Still no one stepped forward, no one raised voice or hand.

"Mabruki - surely you will volunteer?", Stanley named the old, faithful bullheaded ~~from~~ one, who had joined him again in Zanzibar.

"I know nothing about boats, Bwana Mkuba", Mabruki objected.

"Then - Zaidi", Stanley named another.

"I am a coward on the water, Bwana", the fellow replied, unashamed.

"Uledi, Safeni - you will follow me. You are not new to travels with white men".

But they shook their curly heads. All these four Stanley ^{designated} ~~had~~ named had, at the outset of the expedition, been ~~named~~ Chiefs, with one other, Manwa Sera, nominated over all the ~~others~~ ^{rest} ~~others~~. Manwa Sera had ^{journeyed} ~~journeyed~~ with ^{previous} ~~other~~ explorers, and had ^{four} ~~been chosen by Stanley for~~ years back ^{that first fully led} ~~to lead~~ to Livingstone the party of carriers Stanley ^{had} ~~selected~~ for him in Zanzibar, ~~task he had faithfully discharged.~~

Stanley shrugged his shoulders at the refusals, and turned to confer with Pocock and Barker, standing behind him. As he did so, Manwa Sera spoke up.

"Master, have done with these questions. Command your party. All our people are your children, and they will not disobey you. While you ask them as a friend, no one will offer his services. Command them, and they will all go".

Manwa Sera knew how ^{his countrymen were accustomed to being} ~~a great-great Chief should deal with~~ ^{dealt with by} ~~his people~~ their great-great chiefs. If they regarded themselves ^{a chief's} ~~as his~~ people, they would go where they were told. Failure to ^{the chief} ~~do so~~ would mean that, for the time being, ~~he~~ had lost their confidence.

Stanley wisely took the advice, and instantly nominated one who had refused, Safeni, a careful, prudent Negro of medium height and enormous ears, ^{to be his coxswain.} He named also Uledi, destined to follow him ^{over hundreds} ~~through many~~ of miles, and through many dangers, Saramba and Kirango, fellows of proved courage and resource, and six others who, on the march from ^{Zambesi} ~~Zambezi~~ had ^{shown} ~~proved~~ themselves to ~~possess~~ be brave, or loyal, or both. Verte

Three days later, on 8th March 1875, Stanley said farewell to Poch^ock and ~~Baker~~ Barker, Kalulu and Mabruki, and other faithfuls he had left behind in charge of his vast caravan of men, *(- one of three boats he had with him, a second being named "Livingstone" -)* women and stores, and set out in the Lady Alice to explore over 2000 miles - though he did not yet know the figure - of Lake Victoria coastline, lying at some thousand metres above sea ~~level~~ level. The only boats, apart from native canoes, which then sailed the Lake ~~where~~ were the dhows of Arab traders, ~~who were~~ not infrequently wrecked in the severe and sudden storms which swept its waters.

This survey of the shores of Lake Victoria, discovered in 1858 by John Speke and named after the Queen of England, was one of the prime objectives of Stanley's second assay into the heart of Africa. Next he proposed to make a similar full survey of Lake Tanganyika, the northern^{end} only of which he had explored with Livingstone^x. And finally he proposed to follow his great mentor's River Lualaba to its mouth, wherever that might be. Livingstone had supposed that the Lualaba would feed the Nile. Stanley, in fact, dreamed of finally settling all doubts and questions about the entire pattern of lakes and rivers in Central Africa, while at the same time, as he wrote to his publisher, Edward Mars-ton, "not labouring for applause, but labouring to establish a confidence in me in the minds of right-minded people, which my vicious foes robbed me of".

He had planned and organised his second expedition down to the last detail, using to the full the experience he had gained on the first, and all he had learned from Livingstone. His methods, he had declared, would not be ^{as of} Livingstone's^x, who preferred to march with a few native boys and carriers. Stanley's preparations^{had} rather resembled those for a military foray, which to some extent ^{his mission was} ~~they were~~, envisaging rapid advance, the shooting down of whatever Africans stood in the way, inevitable loss of life among

his own followers. Perhaps he had been impressed by the comparison the French journal had made between himself and Napoleon. Certainly to march with Stanley meant to triumph or to die, and perhaps both.

Before he had left England, he had been inundated with presents from well wishers - watches, pistols, scientific instruments, chronometers, photographic apparatus, packages of medicine, cigars, even poems and religious tracts. Literally hundreds had offered to join his party, including several marine officers. Of such, however, he had had enough with Farquhar and Shaw. He chose only ^{Companions} three, ^{and} ~~and~~ men of the army sergeant type, fellows who were tough, ^{and} would ~~serve~~ obey orders unquestioningly. ~~and~~ Two of these were the brothers Pocock - Francis and Edward - sons of a Kentish fisherman, honest, reliable, skilled with small boats. The third was the clerk of London's Langham Hotel, whose principal virtue seemed to be an overweening desire to see Africa.

At Zanzibar and Bagomoyo, as before, he had gathered native currency, pegazzis, askaris, his chiefs. ^{had} He selected three hundred and fifty six men, ~~of whom a hundred and twenty had failed to report on the day of departure.~~ The chiefs, and the specially picked fellows to carry the boat parts, ^{had the privilege of} taking their wives along with them - a ~~privilege~~ ^{privilege} more appreciated by the men, perhaps, than by the women.

On 16th November, 1874, ^{the caravan, the largest and best equipped ever seen in East Africa, had} ~~had~~ struck northward from Bagomoyo. They ^{had} passed through beautiful, open country with, for a time, few obstacles to progress - save one: there was famine in the land. One one day when five men had lagged in the rear, a search party under Mwana Bera had found three of them dead of exhaustion and hunger, and the other two were never more seen. ^{On a day in} By January, they had been down to using the oatmeal in the medical stores - ^{of thin} amounting to two cups ~~per man~~ porridge per man. ~~By~~ Typhus struck down ^{twenty} ~~thirty~~ of the Negros, together with Edward Pocock

He had hoped to find Salim still in Zanzibar, but the Arab interpreter had found ~~him~~ and taken opportunity to return to his Palestine home. Stanley

who died on 17th January, and by that time eighty nine men had deserted.

The friendliness previously encountered from the natives had now become hostility. One straggler ^{had been} ~~was~~ found with thirty wounds in his body, and a young Zanzibari named Soudi ^{had staggered} ~~straggled~~ into camp with his forehead split open by a whirling knobkerrie /knobbed stick/, to tell how he and his brother had been attacked ^{searching} ~~when~~ ^{and} ~~searched~~ for food, (the brother ~~having been~~ ^{had soon become} killed. Such ^{had known how} guerilla tactics ~~soon began~~ ^{direct attack}. Stanley ~~knew what to~~ ^{to deal with that}. Not for nothing had he been newspaper correspondent on ^{American and British} "pacifying" expeditions ^{against} ~~against~~ ^{Red} American Indians, ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and Ashantee} Abyssinian warriors. His counter-attack had driven off the assailant natives, burned several of their villages, and supplied the caravan with several oxen, goats, and baskets of grain. But the cost had been twenty four killed and three wounded.

So short of personnel had the expedition now become that some of the loads had had to be burned. Even the chiefs had now to become porters. Yet the two hundred men and twenty five women remaining ^{had been} ~~were~~ relentlessly driven on the by ~~the~~ ~~de~~ their determined Bwana Mkuba. And finally, approaching Lake Victoria, they had found friendly natives again, and abundance of food.

The little boat party moved now slowly up the shores of the ~~Zakez~~ ^{Insert} Lake. ^{When} hostile natives threatened from the shore, Stanley ^{now} practised the wisdom he had learned from Livingstone on Lake Tanganyika. He remained seated smiling in the back of the boat, while spears were poised at him, and intentions to kill screamed at him. He was for the nonce more concerned with taking careful notes and measurements, recording every cove, river and island he found, than with "teaching ^{a lesson} ~~the natives~~ ^{to} ~~natives~~ ~~exercising~~ their right to resent uninvited intrusion into their territory. ^{Not that he was unready for a} ~~punitive foray~~ ^{when he should deem such desirable.}

Insert to 140.

The climate was hot and damp, the configuration a series of broken hills and jungles.

From the red earth sprang plantations of ~~bananas~~
undergrown by flowering shrubs,
bananas, ~~and a blaze of exotic colour~~ /

and providing perches for innumerable exotic
birds, as colourful as the plant life.

The very smallness of his party - obviously no serious threat to anyone's sovereignty - was perhaps a source of strength. With only more or less routine difficulties, the northern end of Lake Victoria was reached in ~~little over a month~~ ^{a little under a month.} He examined there the Ripon Falls, which John Speke had discovered and named, and confirmed that the waters which tumbled over them flowed northwards. ^{(Insert) Stanley} ~~As he~~ was about to ~~next~~ order the boat to be driven westwards along the northern ^{of the Lake} shore, he was halted by the appearance of a cavalcade headed by ^{black} a dignitary in a red robe.

"News of your coming has reached ^{the Kabaka} ~~King~~ Mutesa of Buganda", this dignitary pronounced solemnly. "I am sent by His Majesty to convey his compliments, and to invite you to his capital, Rubaga".

"The name of your King is well known in England", Stanley replied. "I myself have heard and read much of him. I welcome his invitation, and look forward to meeting so illustrious a son of Africa".

Formal speeches were followed by formal exchange of presents: bullocks from the ^{Kabaka} ~~King~~, cotton and wire from Stanley, though he was soon to find that there was little need for such in Buganda. Somewhat uncertain as to what sort of reception awaited him at the hands of Mutesa, whose reputation was that of ~~As Stanley stepped into the "Lady Alice", a fleet of war~~ a man who was a mixture of sophistication and horrible cruelty, ~~canoes rapidly approached, and surrounded him~~ oarsmen Stanley decided to assume diplomacy. He put his ~~boots~~ ^{erect} into white robes and skull caps, hoisted sail, set Uledi ~~in the~~ in the bows, and himself ~~sat~~, one hand surreptitiously on his pistol, ~~sat~~ with Safeni in the stern, shaded by a white canopy. As the "Lady Alice" put out into the Lake, a fleet of war canoes approached, paddling rapidly, and surrounded him. Apart from the ^{perhaps purely formal} present of the bullocks, Mutesa's intentions still seemed to Stanley to be obscure. However, with a bare dozen companions, he had no option but to brazen out the situation, whatever it might prove to be.

The "Lady Alice" was soon ~~off~~ ^{within sight of} the capital, approaching the shore, where Stanley could see warriors, ~~drawn up~~ guns in hand, drawn up in two separate groups, a hundred yards apart, ~~on~~ at the water's edge. Behind them were ranged several thousand of the people of Buganda, all wearing white robes, and drawn up in two dense lines which ran perpendicular to the shore. ^{Keeping} ~~in~~ them back from encroaching on the empty central space were ~~front of them, more musketeers, stood~~ shoulder to shoulder, with drummers in front of them.

"It is peace", Safeni murmured to the Bwana Mkuba. ~~xx~~

"But all those guns?", Stanley doubted.

"If it was war, there would be only warriors", Safeni explained.

At the far end of the rows, Stanley could ~~not~~ ^{now} descry, attired in beautiful robes of red, black and white, and standing under a collection of gaily colored flags, several solemn looking dignitaries. Uledi leapt ashore to hold the prow of the "Lady Alice" while Stanley stepped on land. It was the signal for hundreds of muskets to be fired into the air, for the drums to roll, and for the assembled crowds to roar ^{swelling} ~~great far-rolling~~ shouts of welcome. Indeed, as Safeni had said, it was peace - more than peace, ^{demonstrative} ~~active~~ friendship.

Pausing for a moment in uncertainty what to do, Stanley saw that the dignitaries did not move. Clearly, he was expected to approach them. As at Ujiji when he had found Livingstone, he strode down the clearing between the cheering lines of people, followed by Safeni and his boatmen, only Uledi remaining behind. He bowed before the elaborately dressed elders. One of them spoke, and Safeni explained,

"The katekiro /Prime Minister/ of Buganda greets you in the name of ^{the Kabaka} ~~King~~ Mutesa".

Not to be outdone. Stanley ^{took it} ~~replied~~, on himself to reply,

"And I convey the good wishes of the Queen of England".

Insert to page 142.

The way to the royal residence, ^ystrategically ~~was up a long~~
situated at the top of a hill, was by a long
smooth road with a tall paling fence on
either side holding back the encroachments
of palm trees and ^{profuse}tropical vegetation.

Nearby was a circle of grass-thatched huts, with in the centre of them a larger house. Thither Stanley was escorted by the government dignitaries, who entered the ~~larger~~ house with him, and explained that it was ~~placed~~ at his disposal for as long as he should like to stay at Rubaga. They questioned him closely about recent events in Europe, and the purpose of his visit. ^{a lowing of cattle, a bleating and} And ~~Soon~~ after they left him, ~~xxfurther gift appeared x~~ ^{fourteen} a cackling drew him to his door. Something like ~~xxenx sixteen goats and sheeex over thirty fowls~~ a mobile farm-yard, a further present from Mutesa resulting from the favourable report on the white man from the katekiro, was approaching - fourteen oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, over thirty fowls, yams, Indian corn, rice, eggs, and wine.

The whole gamut of ceremony had to be gone through. The ^{over Buganda's} ruler ~~of Mutesa~~ ^{three million people bade Stanley to audience.} Mutesa was at that time one of the most important ^{rulers} ~~kings~~ in Africa, his authority backed by 150,000 warriors, mostly armed with a variety of ~~guns of various~~ firearms, and a large fleet of war canoes. ^(Lusit)

Stanley found Mutesa surrounded by officials, from the katekiro ~~xx~~, the commander-in-chief, the admiral of the fleet, ^{and} the treasurer, to the chief executioner, the chief brewer and the keeper of the drums. Behind the king - in his early forties, ^{thin,} tall, clean-shaven, large-eyed, restless - was a short but powerful looking black slave. Initial greetings over, an iron stool was provided for Stanley. Mutesa sat down, in the manner of ^(unclowed) ~~whose~~ hand in marriage his emissaries to London had unsuccessful England's Queen Victoria, ~~without ever looking behind him; but~~ fully solicited - without ever looking behind him; but the seat which must always be ready for him was the broad back of the black slave. Stanley, too, was invited to be seated, a signal honour since no other personage was allowed to sit in the royal presence, and on his appearance all must abase themselves to the ground.

Mutesa spoke in fluent Swahili, ⁱⁿ which Stanley was by ^{now} proficient. ^{The Kabaka} He wore a tasselled red fez, a black ^{robe} jacket the

Sitting on a platform of grass covered by a red blanket, and

reveres of which were white decorated in gold, and a collarless white shirt, looking like a modern singlet ~~but belted in gold.~~ Stanley noticed about the palace a [^]ll kinds of manufactured items, bales of cotton cloth, steel knives and other tools of a western character. At the royal feet were his symbols of power - a spear, a shield and a white dog.

After an exchange of pleasantries, Mutesa proceeded to speak to Stanley of Buganda's relations with other states, how he had established friendship with the Sultan of Zanzibar by means of a present of bullocks, receiving in exchange not only soap, brandy and gin but a quantity of guns and gunpowder, and permission to purchase more. When he spoke, the ^{courtiers,} ~~signatories~~ of whom there were hundreds, in addition to two hundred wives, prostrated themselves, ^{iterating} ~~uttering~~ and reiterating a curious cry -

"N'yanzig n'yanzig",

^{term} a ~~word~~ implying gratitude and humility.

Stanley was enchanted with his host, saw him as a most desirable object for conversion from his recently acquired Moslem faith to Christianity, ^{and as} the instrument by which Africa might be ~~civil~~ civilised. It was a feature of the viewpoint of all explorers - except perhaps Livingstone - ^{more than a curiosity} ~~(on Africa)~~ that they assumed it would never be ~~worth more than tourist attention~~ until it was made to look like Europe, its inhabitants to accept European culture and superstitions.

~~That being so,~~ Stanley's enchantment was a delusion. Mutesa pursued the practices of his ancestors, who had found the creation of an atmosphere of dread an essential to retention of their thrones. On his accession, Mutesa had instantly burned alive some sixty of his brothers, any one of whom might otherwise have sought to depose him. Wilful, casual executions were a daily occurrence, even while Stanley was at Rubaka, though he must be presumed to have known nothing of them or, his own notions of

effective methods of discipline being ^{connected} ~~somewhat~~ ^{considered} with whips and pistols, to have ~~appreciated~~ them necessary. A girl had but to talk too loudly within the royal hearing, or a page to forget to ~~shut~~ a door, and off ~~he~~ ~~we~~ she or he would be hauled, ~~to~~ the executioner.

^{the Kabaka's}
Yet ~~his~~ people seemed happy enough, a happiness which was perhaps no more than fatalism but which certainly induced content. They had plenty, Stanley found, to eat and drink, their houses were large, well made conical structures of tightly woven cane and reeds, often over twelve metres high. These dwellings, ~~were~~ unlike most of those further south, kept out the rain, and were cool in the hot ~~season~~. They were undoubtedly far better suited to the climatic conditions than the white stone monstrosities built in Uganda during the twentieth century.

Canoes ~~of the people of Buganda~~ were beautifully ~~made~~ ^{local} constructed and up to twenty metres long. Their ~~basketware~~ ^{was made} held water, ~~they made~~ cloth from the bark of trees. On their feet the better sort of people wore ~~sandals~~, and over their long and graceful togas many had capes of antelope skins ~~so~~ skilfully pieced together that the joins were invisible. Bodies were not disfigured with scars or ~~paint~~ tattoos, hands were regularly washed before meals, which consisted of fish and meat stews, fowl, sweet potatoes, maize and sugarcane, with a sort of gruel made from crushed bananas. Bananas were also the raw material from which beer was brewed. Both men and women smoked, and all were devotees of music, melodiously produced on instruments they made themselves.

The contacts Mutesa had made with other countries ^{were} ~~were~~ beginning to bear fruit in the introduction of the arts of writing and counting ~~x~~, and cultivating with the plough. But with these blessings came those less ^{welcome} ~~beneficial~~ gifts of civilisation - syphilis and smallpox.

For almost exactly a month, Stanley remained in Rubaga, passing his time in, among other things, giving a series of Bible readings to the kabaka and his court. To a man like Mutesa, there probably appeared no inconsistency in the fact that the man who pressed on him words which described a god of love should himself make it a rule that if in order to succeed blood must be shed, then blood must be shed.

During the period of Stanley's stay, a Frenchman, Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, arrived at the kabaka's court as an emissary from General Charles Gordon, Governor General of the Sudan. Having ~~shared~~ ^{shared de Bellefonds} with Stanley his paté de foie gras, his sardines ~~and other delicacies~~, ^{despatches} Stanley persuaded the Frenchman ~~to take back with him and to~~ ^{forward} despatches from Khartoum Stanley to the "Daily Telegraph", in which he appealed for Christian missionaries to be sent to Buganda. On the day on which the first despatch was published in London, five thousand pounds was subscribed, largely by people who made their money out of the guns and ammunition used in British military adventures against Africans. A party of missionaries was soon got together, and despatched to Mutesa.

By the time they arrived, however, Stanley was ^{not there} ~~far away~~ ^{accompanied by some of Mutesa's war council} to greet them. Proceeding on his tour of Lake Victoria, he came, on the western shore, to the territory of the Karagwe, now a part of Uganda. Beyond the ^{steep, cliff-like} lake banks, sweeping, ^{undulating,} ~~grassy~~ grassy plains fed vast herds of cattle; ~~elephant~~ giraffe, buffalo and antelope roamed in their hundreds. And at night, Stanley and his party watched elephant come down to the water's edge ^{at beaches dotted here and there} to drink, and ~~hippopotami~~ hippopotami lumber ashore to browse. ^{Here, Stanley found what proved to be the only major intake of water to the lake - the River Kagera.}

Rumanika, king of Karagwe, was a vassal of Mutesa, but his little court was maintained at some distance from the lake-side. His principal eccentricity was a harem of wives who were so fat they could not stand upright; they grovelled and rolled

like seals on the floor of their house. Like it or not, they were required constantly to suck milk from a gourd through a straw, and if they refused were whipped by a eunuch who constantly stood over them, and subsequently forcibly fed.

One evening, ~~the~~ Stanley and his augmented party ^{were search-} ~~pulling~~ ing along the banks for a suitable place to pull in for the night. ~~their canoes up on a beach behind which a party of natives stood~~ "That beach will do", Stanley pointed. "It slopes gently. ~~smiling a welcome and beckoning to them~~ We can pull the canoes up. There is flat grass beyond to pitch my tent".

"I saw warriors' heads", Safeni warned. "I think they will not be friendly. If they were, they would not hide".

"You are too suspicious", Stanley insisted. "Anyhow, we must settle somewhere." ~~And we are strong enough to give a good account of ourselves.~~

The canoes were therefore beached, and preparations made for supper. Darkness fell quickly, and no more was seen of Safeni's men of war. The fires died down, and Stanley in his tent retired to bed. But hardly was he asleep than he was awakened again by a loud beating on drums, sometimes quite close to the little encampment, sometimes further away, as though an army ^{Stanley went outside his tent,} was manoeuvring this way and that. ~~thenight was pitch black~~ but it was pitch black; nothing could be seen. His own boat ^{warriors} crew and Mutesa's ~~men~~ were sitting tense beside the embers of their fires, weapons in hand. Steadily the drumming went on, assailing the courage of men who could but guess at - and inevitably magnify - the numbers ^{and degree of proximity} ~~whothreatened them~~ of those who threatened them.

Stanley dressed, and looked to his weapons. Then he went and placed himself between his men and the menacing sounds, to wait for the dawn. At last, the first scarcely perceptible greying ^{pall-black} ~~lightening~~ of the sky appeared. Stanley peered into the gloom, and as they first decided streaks of dawn ^{pushed the black cur-} ~~app possessed the sky~~

det. 6 ston

perceived,
tain aside, he ~~perceived~~ not thirty paces away, between two
and three hundred natives, in no sort of formation but all in
war costume, with spears, bows and arrows, shields and long han-
dled battle~~axes~~ axes. They looked at him fiercely, but said
nothing.

With ^{upward} one sweeping ^{motion} ~~signal~~ of his ^{arm} ~~hand~~, bent back behind him,
Stanley brought his own men to their feet, in ^{defensive} fighting posture.

An elderly man, upright, dignified, fearless, walked to-
^(Stanley's raised gun) wards ~~him~~ from the mass of warriors ~~opposite him~~. Stanley was
the first to speak.

"What is the meaning of this threatening array? Is anything
wrong?"

The native ^{elder} ~~man~~ answered question with question. "What do
you mean by drawing your canoes up on our beach?"

"We mean to save the canoes from wind and storm, while we
rest. The canoes are our homes. We cannot afford to lose them".

"But do you not understand this is our country?"

"Yes. But are we doing wrong? Shall we hurt the beach?"

(It is our right to keep it for ourselves.)

"This is our country. ~~We~~ do not want strangers. You must
leave at once".

"We will do as you wish," ^{Stanley agreed, facing overwhelming odds.} "But I shall tell the Kabaka Mutesa,
and he shall decide whether any harm has been done to you or
your country".

^(the name of Mutesa)
The name of Mutesa seemed somewhat to soften the native
~~elder~~ ^(the native elder seemed to relent at) "If it is food you want, I will send some bananas to
that island over there. But you must leave this beach, at once".

~~Stanley knew his men, even with the Kabaka's reinforcement,
amounting to some fifty warriors, would speedily overwhelm
by the force he was facing.~~ So the boats were rowed to the is-
land, and some ^P hours later ten bunches of bananas arrived.

Far from being upset by the incident, Stanley ^{felt} ~~seemed to be~~
strangely vitalised by it. He went for a solitary walk on

the island. Released for a while from the responsibilities of leadership, he felt impelled to ^{behave like} ~~perform~~ a care-free youth. He leaped into the air, he advanced in great bounds, he jumped up to catch boughs under which he passed, he crawled under low branches, skipped over obstructions, and wriggled his way through undergrowth, ~~as~~ as though he were playing at being a Red Indian. He paused for a moment, ~~and~~ spread his arms wide, and shouted ~~at~~ into the dense vegetation -

"Life is wonderful! Just to be alive is joy!"

It was a pleasing demonstration of human foible in a man who seemed often to have trodden down so many of the common human emotions.

But the care-free spasm was literally cut short in mid-air. Ahead of Stanley was a heavy overhanging branch, about half as high again as himself. He bounded forward to hang from it, swing on it. As he swung, he looked down - and almost dropped his eyes from his head. ^{Close} ~~At~~ under his dangling feet was the ~~head~~ black head of a man, the skull cleft with a hatchet, the body lying under a stone.

Thus dragged back to reality, Stanley ^{jumped} ~~dropped~~ gingerly to earth. He turned over with his shoe the dried grass and leaves which lay around the gruesome head. He unearthed five other ill-concealed bodies, all ^{bearing the marks} ~~exactly the subjects~~ of recent violent death. Stanley did not wait even to ^{restore the leaves} ~~repair his own~~ and stones which his curiosity had removed. He turned and ran back to the camp, where his party were just ^{eating} ~~finishing~~ the bananas. Breathless, he panted out to Safeni what he had seen.

The coxswain remained quite calm, ^{but} ~~he~~ shook his head, saying,

"Better leave at once, bwana. I suspected ill intention ^{insisted} when that man ~~insisted~~ we come to an island. Surely they send here all strangers whom they intend to butcher and rob - ~~while~~ ^{in their} sleep*. They came quietly in their canoes. And they have no trouble disposing of the bodies."
 "At least they are not cannibals," Stanley thought.

Mutesa's men ~~had~~ overheard the exchange between Stanley and Safeni. In an instant, they were on the island beach, crowding into their canoes.

"Wait", Stanley shouted. "We are all going. But together".
kabaka's

But the ~~Baganda~~ watermen did not heed. They shot their canoes out into the stream, and made off northwards. Stanley and his crew were afloat only a few minutes later in the "Lady Alice". But they never saw their Baganda escort again.

Chapter XIV
NARROW ESCAPE

Dawn broke on a bedraggled, slightly frightened party, fleeing from their enemies, deserted by their friends. All were dripping wet. The togas worn by Safeni and Uledi clung drenched to their skin. Stanley's canopy had been taken down, his pith helmet was a soggy mass, and water still dripped from his square, dark brown beard. It was three days since they had fled from the gruesome island. They had not dared to put in to shore, where every now and again the heads of warriors appeared, and to utter the battle cry -

"Hehu-a hehu-u-uu!"

For food, they had ~~had~~ only what had been left of the ten bunches of bananas, and their discomfiture had been enhanced by such downpours of rain that they had had constantly to bale the "Lady Alice". Hungry and disheartened, their hopes were now raised by the belief that they must be near Bumbireh Island, of which Mutesa had spoken to Stanley as ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{some fifty small} containing ~~xxxxxx~~ villages. The sun came out to dry them, and for a time their very cravings of their bellies leant eagerness to their progress towards what they hoped would be a long delayed breakfast.

The sail was hoisted, but there was little breeze. The oarsmen had to try to forget their semi-starvation in the sustained effort of rowing. But breakfast ^{time} came and went, without any sign First one oarsman then another had to stop rowing. of the island of hope. It was mid-day, and the ~~heat~~ shadeless heat almost unbearable before Uledi, in the bows, shouted

"An island - I see an island".

The exhausted boatmen redoubled their efforts in one final spurt. The island was wide, some two miles or more, and Stanley could see herds of cattle grazing on its slopes, ^{banana groves} patches of ground cultivated around groups of twenty huts.

"These are cultivators", ^{not hunters} he said to Safeni. "They will be

hospitable. Here we shall be in plenty".

^{steep}
The shore of the island stretched on down the lake, ^{the end} ~~further~~ of it, some eleven miles, ~~than eye could see~~ distant, not discernible.

"We have trade goods enough", was all Safeni's comment.

"Keep going a little longer, my good fellows", Stanley urged.

"We shall have meat, and fruit, and vegetables. We must only find a landing place."

~~But at that moment figures ran~~

But at that moment, figures ran along the shore close beside them, and the dread cry rose among the trees and bushes,

"Hehu-a hehu-u-uu!"

Stanley and Safeni looked at one another in silence. The rest of the boat's crew instinctively stopped rowing, and reached for their guns.

"Keep moving", Stanley ordered. "I see a cove".

Opposite the inlet, the boat was stopped, while the oarsmen looked in alarm at the crowd of shouting armed men on the bank, wearing only skins round their waists. No women were to be seen.

"We are not strong enough to land and take food by force", Stanley said.

"As well die that way as of starvation", Safeni answered, with simple realism. "Besides, their threats are probably empty. Let us speak fair words - then their noise will cease".

The "Lady Alice" was rowed slowly in, Safeni steering, and Uledi standing bravely in the prow, forcing a smile.

Safeni's optimism was soon diluted. The ~~old~~ now familiar objection was heard from the bank.

"This is our country. Go away! We don't want strangers here!"

The "Lady Alice" was in shallow water, a few yards from the shore. Safeni stood up, smiling like Uledi.

"We are hungry", he said, and reinforced his words with gestures. "We come in peace. We need food or we shall starve."

We want to make friends".

Spears earlier poised were ^{lowered,} ~~dropped~~ arrows were withdrawn from bow-strings, boulders held ready for throwing dropped on the ground. The natives went into a conclave, constantly turning and pointing at Stanley, one white man among a dozen blacks. The conclave broke up, most of the natives stood now smiling, their arms at ease, while a few of their number waded into the water, grinning and chattering in friendly voices.

Stanley leaned out of the boat, waving to the men and looking his pleasant^{est}~~ness~~. Safeni and Uledi held out welcoming hands.

And on an instant, the natives grabbed the gunwale and the painter. They lifted the "Lady Alice" bodily into the air, heaved it out of the water, its occupants hanging on for dear life, and hauled it twenty yards ~~over~~ the rocky beach.

Meanwhile the warriors had taken up their arms again. Stanley found the boat surrounded by a forest of spears and leveled arrows. ^{assailants} The ~~men~~ were shouting for the privilege of striking the first blow against the unwanted intruders. Stanley stood ^{up} in the boat, a revolver in each hand.

Safeni ^{touch} ~~put a hand on~~ the Bwan Mkuba ^{on the} shoulder. "It is useless", he said, and in that instant received a violent push behind which sent him sprawling forward among the terrified ~~men~~ ^{themselves} oarsmen, being beaten over the shoulders with long poles. Someone took a handful of Stanley's beard, and tugged, as though he expected it to come off. *Saramba picked ~~themselves~~ up.* ^{Safeni}

"Do not resist, men. Remain calm", Stanley shouted, and sat his pistols resting on his knee, smiling, down in the boat, ~~looking~~ at the two hundred or so assailants. ~~xx~~

His boatmen tried to follow his example, but it is not easy to sit idle and receive unrequited blows.

Among the natives there now strode an elderly man, unarmed, striving to ~~clan~~ ^{clash} heated passions. For a while the riot and noise subsided. The natives were restrained by the voice of the elder.

"Who are you?", Stanley called out in Swahili.

"I am Shekka, king of Bumbireh Island", came the answer.

Stanley dragged out from under the seat he occupied a collection of beads and wire, trying to indicate to the king that he desired to trade. ~~For the moment, the~~ ^{commotion} ~~danger was~~ ^{was calmed.} ~~Weapons~~ ~~xxx~~ were again lowered, but a crowd of the natives remained round the boat, threatening any man who moved. Shekka walked some distance from the shore, beckoning after him a dozen or so of presumably of his chief men. Half the warriors gathered round the elders to listen, and comment noisily.

"A shauri", Safeni said, wiping blood from his mouth with his hand. "Next to wine, women and war, it is the central African's most favoured passion".

For some time the conference continued. Then an elder came down to the waterside ~~xx~~ and beckoned to Safeni.

"It is not safe^{to go}", Stanley said to the coxswain.

"It is our only chance", Safeni replied, grinning, and showing where his fall had cost him two teeth.

"Then for God's sake use your wit", Stanley urged.

"It is the only weapon of any use, bwana".

Safeni, a man in middle years, walked up the shore with slow, solemn dignity, followed by the rest of the natives. He stood before Shekka with hands folded across his abdomen, calm, with all semblance of being unafraid^{The king}. ~~Shekka~~ asked him a question. Stanley heard Safeni's voice rise and fall in measured tones, his arms making the graceful gestures of an orator. He looked like a lawyer pleading for justice - passionless, arguing, persuading. Stanley was impressed with the self-confidence of his Zanzibari coxswain.

For some half an hour the parley went on. The rest of those in the "Lady Alice" could have got away. All the warriors were listening in to the shauri. But Safeni could not be left. At

last he broke away from the encircling islanders, and walked back towards the boat, still dignified, composed, but radiant.

"It is alright, bwana. There is nothing to fear. ~~Only~~ They offer us hospitality."
~~say we must stay here until tomorrow~~

"They will sell us food?"

"All we need, bwana. And allow us to sleep ashore in safety".

"Then let them bring the food", Kirango grumbled, faint with hunger.

First

"~~First~~ they must finish their shauri", Safeni rebuked, in the tones of one who understands the ways of others.

But did he? Six natives rushed behind him, pushed him ~~and~~ aside, and before Stanley's men knew what was happening, seized ~~the~~ the oars of the "Lady Alice", and ran off with them, laughing, and applauded by their fellow tribesmen further off.

"This looks ugly", Stanley said. "Without oars we are at their mercy. You are sure of their friendliness, Safeni?"

"Don't worry, bwana. They are friendly. They just want to be sure"

"Sure of what?", Stanley interrupted. "First they don't want us to land. Now they want to be sure that we can't go away, it seems".

Safeni did not answer that. He only reiterated,

"Trust me, bwana. They are friendly".

"Then let them prove it by bringing food", Saramba said, and the other oarsmen mumbled their all too understandable support.

But no food came. The natives made off inland, presumably for their dinner. Some women came to the water's edge, and laughed at the marooned party.

Safeni
 "That is good", ~~Safeni~~ said. "If hostile, they don't let women near".

"Offer them beads", Stanley ordered.

But the women rejected ~~Safeni's~~ the advances attempted by

Insert to page 155.

"Look, bwana". It was Uledi's cry.

Stanley followed the young chief's arm, and saw a brace of ducks, flying low towards them. Without a thought as to consequences, Stanley raised shot-gun to shoulder, and fired ^{both barrels}. But at the last minute the birds swung upwards, ^{and} ~~to safety~~ away to safety while Stanley was re-loading. The men in the boat groaned. Two ducks would have been little enough between them - but little was better than nothing. ~~In the peak~~

The heat was overwhelming. Some of the ~~boat~~ men lay down in the boat. For a moment Stanley's head fell forward on his chest

Safeni and Uledi, beads in hand. The women backed away, laughing grimly among themselves, and saying, *And*

~~'We no take beads from dead men'~~

Insert
~~That was hardly encouraging, and still no food came. / In the peak hours of heat, the men lay in the bottom of the boat. Even Stanley let his head fall forward on his chest~~

The loud, deep boom

~~He was awakened~~ of war drums

Stanley was

~~Gripping~~ wide awake in an instant, gripping the sides of the boat. The sleeping oarsmen scrambled on to their thwarts. Uledi was pointing inland, where a long line of natives, their faces smeared with black and white lines and figures, were cresting the hill above the beach.

"Some sort of war dance, perhaps?", Stanley suggested.

But this time Safeni's optimism deserted him. The warriors were waving their weapons and shouting in warlike fervour. Safeni, standing up in the beached "Lady Alice", shook his head mournfully, ^{admitted,} the very picture of a disappointed politician, and ~~uttered in terse understatement,~~

"Nay, bwana. Truly this is trouble". *They heard your gun. They thought it was a challenge.*

A tall warrior detached himself from the capering horde, and rushed down to the beach. Finding himself unmolested, he gathered in his arms a drum which Uledi had put on the stones to give himself more room to lie down. The warrior then ran back a little distance, turned, and shouted,

it is fight you want - then fight.
 "If ~~you be men~~ ~~prepare to fight~~"

To Stanley the words were almost a relief. *The waiting was over. The time of Safeni's superiority was over. He* ~~Safeni was no better at fighting than he - probably not so good. The Bwana~~ *was about to begin* ~~could now take control. This~~ *was* the sort of argument, however strong might be the opposition, which ~~he~~ *Stanley* understood and knew how to conduct. He jumped on to the beach and turned to his men.

cried,
 "Now we know where we are", he said. "If I try to save you," *he*
 "will you do exactly as I bid? No arguing? No hesitating?".

"Command, Bwana", Saramba said. "We will do anything. It is for our lives - and yours".

Safeni sat dumbfounded ^{at having} ~~by his~~ been tricked.

"Do you think you can push this boat into the water, over the stones?", Stanley asked his men.

"Yes, bwana".

*(with me in the stern
and with Uledi in the bows?)*

"Just as she is - fully loaded" ^h He pointed to the ~~advancing~~ warriors advancing down a grassy, tree-dotted slope.

"Before those men reach us?" The warriors were not specially hurrying. The strangers had no oars. They could not get away. ~~xxcertainlyxxbwanaxx~~ ^h "Certainly bwana", Let the war ritual be fully played out. Stanley's men answered. "Then out of the boat every man. Here, Uledi, you take

hold here. And you Saramba. And Kirango ... " He placed every man in position.

^{Got into the boat and} Then Stanley began to load his guns, saying to Safeni the while,

"You are not frightened of them?" ~~x~~.

Safeni clenched his fist. "Give me a chance, bwana. I will show them - and you - if I am frightened".

"Then take ^{some} ~~these~~ cloths - pretty they are - on your arm. Walk up the hill towards the fighting men. Open the cloths one by one, unconcerned, ^{not as} ~~xx the~~ though you were showing them to the warriors, but simply admiring them yourself. But listen hard all the while. I shall call out to you when all is ready. Then throw the cloths in front of you - and fly. If your feet are not fleet, they will be the death of you. You understand?"

"Every word. Fine, bwana. I go".

Stanley's guns were ~~ready~~ ^{beside him} ready - his elephant rifle, his double-barreled shot gun, his pistols, and two or three rifles belonging to the men. The warriors were drawing nearer, but slowly, still ~~staring~~ pointing with spears at the white man who thought a few bullets would stop them. Stanley squinted, measuring the

~~measuring the~~ distance between them and the boat, and watching Safeni approach them, unconcerned, dignified.

"Take a firm hold", he said to the men by the ^{"Lady Alice"}~~boat~~. "When I say 'push', heave with all your might. Break the boat rather than stop. It's life or death".

Safeni was fifty metres or so away. The natives wavered, wondering at this cool approach. A surrender perhaps? Taking one of the cloths from under his arm, he shook it out in front of him in leisurely fashion. Right hand close to left hip, left hand held wide, he examined the cloth. With a flick, he rolled it up, and repeated the act with a second cloth. The natives stopped, spellbound as by a conjuring act.

⌘ "Now boys, ready", Stanley said in a stage whisper. "Push", ~~towards the water the lunge~~ ^{Stimulating lunge} and he made ~~the gesture~~ of a man controlling a tug-of-war.

His oarsmen bent backs, strained arms, heaved, grunted. The boat moved, stopped, moved, gathered motion, her keel plowing and crunching through the stones. Safeni with indeed the rapidity of a conjurer seeking to deceive the eye, changed one cloth after another. But only for a few seconds did he divert the warriors' eyes from their prey. As they saw the boat moving, they leapt wildly into the air, and launched themselves down the final slope with an exultant yell.

The "Lady Alice" was half in the water. Stanley ^{sat} jumped ~~into his seat, facing the oncoming natives,~~ rifle to his shoulder. "Safeni. Safeni. Run", ~~Stanley~~ ^{he} shouted.

Dropping his cloths as though they had turned hot, gathering his toga round his dark brown knees, Safeni fled before the charging warriors - the ~~indeed like a~~ conjurer whose trick had been denounced.

The boat glided on the water, splashed ^{into the lake} far out with the ~~boatmen~~ impetus of the shoving. The ~~boatmen~~ clung to the sides, and scrambled over the gunwale, ^{helped by Stanley and Illechi. Saramba was for a time left floundering.}

Safeni, better at textile display than running, was being rapidly overhauled by a tall warrior, his spear poised. The

spear was drawn back for the ^{throw.} ~~flight~~ Safeni did not see it, he heard only the pounding bare feet behind him, the yells of the thwarted islanders. Stanley pressed the trigger. The spearman threw his arms wide, stumbled, fell on his face. The bullet went right through him, and laid low another close behind.

Safeni had reached the edge of the lake. He hesitated a moment, struggling to rid himself of his impeding toga.

"Jump in, Safeni!", Stanley shouted.

Still Safeni hesitated, naked all but a loin cloth. But as the natives closed behind him, drawing their bows, he took the plunge. The warriors shouted in fury at having lost their quarry. The "Lady Alice" was still only ~~a~~ thirty metres from the shore. As Stanley took ^{the same flourishing} Saramba by the arm, and helped him aboard, the first arrow struck the gunwale, and hung there, quivering. Another pinged into the mast. Several fell in the water. ^{was swimming} Safeni strongly, but the boat was moving further and further from the shore. A rain of arrows fell round him, but none found a mark.

Stanley took steady aim and fired his rifle into the massed bodies on the bank. Several of the boatmen, deft with firearms, followed him. ^{Half a dozen} ~~several~~ warriors fell shrieking and ^{moaning} ~~moaning~~, on the beach, or face down in the water, bloodying the lake. The others paused in their arrow fire, but did not retreat. Their interval gave the "Lady Alice" time to drift ^{virtually} ~~almost~~ out of range. Stanley and his men reloaded their guns, fired a second volley. ~~Safeni~~ ^{Safeni} came alongside, and was hauled aboard.

"Anyone hurt, bwana?", was his first question, when he had emptied his mouth of lake water.

"None, I believe", Stanley answered.

Guns again reloaded, the boatmen were for firing another volley.

"It's long range now", Stanley restrained them. "Better

to tear up the bottom boards of the boat, and use them as paddles".

But the ~~But the~~ attack was not over. The furious natives dashed along the shore to where canoes were drawn up against a tongue of land jutting out into the lake, a hundred yards from the cove where the "Lady Alice" had been molested. And danger threatened from another quarter, danger which made the boatmen show terror for the first time.

Two large hippopotami, their great mouths expectantly open, were advancing towards the drifting boat.

"Out of the ^{clutches} ~~mouths~~ of savages into the mouths of hippos", Stanley said, seeking to perpetrate one of his very occasional and somewhat weak jokes.

~~Rifle~~ Elephant rifle to shoulder, he waited until the nearest hippopotamus was a bare ten yards away. Half the boatmen, were ^{(partly torn up} ~~half-torn up~~ ~~war~~ cowering on the ~~floor~~ ^{the least} floor boards of the "Lady Alice". The rifle spoke, and the ball hit the amphibian neatly between the eyes. He disappeared. His following companion came on, but met the same deadly, point-blank aim.

Stanley ~~He~~ turned to see what was happening with the native canoes. Uledi was standing in the bows of the boat, rifle raised. He ^{warrior} fired, and toppled one ~~warrior~~ into the water.

"Good shot, my boy", Stanley encouraged. He loaded, and himself accounted for a ~~second~~ ^{canoe load} ~~warrior~~, placing ^{an explosive bullet} ~~his shot neatly~~ neatly on the water line.

Uledi fired again, missed. Stanley dropped a bowman. Uledi found his mark, and the falling warrior tipped his companions into the water. Others of the boatmen, ~~took~~ recovered from their hippopotamus ~~fight~~ fright, fired at the bobbing heads in the water, until several disappeared.

"They turn back. They turn back", Safeni shouted.

Other canoes which had put off from the shore were making

for greater safety.

A solitary voice came to Stanley's party across the water.

"Go, then - and die in the Nyanza!".

It was an injunction which seemed more than likely to be fulfilled. The ~~expedition~~ ^{men of the} expedition were in an open boat, ~~without~~ ^{tasking was out of the question,} ~~with no~~ oars, and so crowded that the sail was of use only with a following wind. They had been over two days without a bite of food, and dared not set foot ashore to search for it. Sore trials still lay ahead. They were in a dead calm ~~there was no wind~~, and the boat boards were so awkward to manage as paddles that progress was made at less than a mile an hour. The ~~calm~~ ^{calm} was succeeded by a gale they emerged from it within sight of an island another storm blew them away before they could reach it hunger made every action ^{scene} leaden, the whole ~~scene~~ and occasion seem unreal they hardly knew whether it was day or night, and when rain fell in torrents even Stanley scarcely noticed it, until it was found necessary to bale out.... it was macabre, this progress of men ~~all but~~ ^{the most} hardy of whom were ~~deadly~~ scarcely able to wield the improvised paddles, the weaker fit only to lie in the boat in a stupor

They had been seventy six hours without food before at last ~~they~~ Safeni, tough in his middle years, ^{in full possession of his faculties,} seeming to be sustained by some inner power, ~~in full possession of his~~ "Lady Alice" to the shores of an island. The bows of the boat grated on a sandy bottom. One by one, the men who could stand stumbled on to the beach, then with prodigious efforts, and slowly, dragged out their companions. All sank to the ground, except Stanley, Safeni and Kirango.

Stanley made a great effort to recover himself.

"Make a fire", he said to Safeni. "One or two of these fellows can help you". Kirango and I will find food".

"But inhabitants?", Safeni protested.

"We may as well die one way as another", Stanley said, forgetting how hard they had, little more than twenty four hours back, sought to place themselves beyond the reach of one of the hands of death.

The island proved to be uninhabited. Stanley and Kirango walked far before at last they put up a brace of ducks, about which the gun this time made no mistake. Back in the camp, several of the boatmen were found to have recovered sufficiently to go also in search of food. They returned with two bunches of bananas a quantity of and what Stanley later described as ~~a quantity of~~ "luscious berries resembling cherries". Stanley meantime had opened some coffee he had received from the Frenchman Bellefonds.

At last, they sat down to food, which might seem somewhat inadequate fare for starving men. Yet Stanley described the occasion as "one of the most delicious evenings I have ever spent".

The meal over, he lit his pipe. Then he rose with a cup of coffee in his hand, and walked beyond the little circle of feasting men. He poured the coffee on to the ground, saying,

"I name this bountiful bit of land - Refuge Island"

Chapter XV

Stanley's Revenge.

After no negligible vicissitudes, Stanley arrived back at his base camp, ~~Manza~~ ^{Kagehi}, on 6th May, 1975, without ~~having lost a~~ ^{one of his party} ~~having~~ been lost or even suffered any major injury. But the smiling faces of Kalulu and Frank Pocock which now greeted him reflected no such good fortune. ^{Those loyal henchmen were simply} ~~but simple gladness that the~~ ^{Five} ~~responsibility~~ might now be shifted to other shoulders. ~~Mabruki~~ ^{Mabruki} pegazzis had died of dysentery, as also the bullheaded chief Mabruki, whose good humoured faithfulness was such as no expedition commander could lose without painful regret.

"And where is Barker?", Stanley asked, looking round.
~~Frank~~ ^{Frank} ~~Frederick~~ Pocock and Kalulu shrugged shoulders, and averted their eyes. It was Manwa Sera who spoke up.

"Gone, too, Bwana", he said. "Fever. Twelve sunsets ago".

"Poor Frederick", Stanley commented. "Was it for that he must see Africa? Poor, decent, honest fellow".

"He good man, Bwana", Manwa Sera added.

It was a depressing ~~home~~ return from a foray which had ^{had doubted,} been eminently successful, ~~It~~ ^{It} had proved, what some geographers, ^{the waters previously seen,} that ~~thathousand miles of~~ ^{separetely} from their northern and southern extremities were indeed one vast lake. In addition, it ^{the existence of} had established ~~a~~ single outlet, at the Ripon Falls, and a single inlet, the Kagera River. Thus the theory of ~~the~~ Lake Victoria being ^a ~~the~~ main source of the waters of the Nile received support, if not final proof, and it became probable that the Kagera, or some upper branch of that river, was the ~~the~~ ^{true ultimate} source.

Desirous, now, of pursuing his investigations as far as Lake ^{Edward} ~~Albert~~, ^{set about} ~~north west~~ of Lake Victoria, Stanley ~~began to~~ ^{waterlight} obtaining sufficient ~~lake-worthy~~ canoes to convey his entire following to Mutesa's court. His efforts were punctuated by three bad attacks

of fever, which reduced his weight to under fifty kilogrammes. A friendly tribe produced, however, the requisite number of canoes, and traded him also grain, millet, maize, sesame and rice sufficient to feed the party until they reached Uganda.

"We will not rely on local supplies this time", Stanley said grimly to Safeni.

By June 20th, 1875, all was ready. The canoes were pushed out into the lake, with their loads of food and trade goods, and over two hundred people. The waters were more like a sea than a lake. Yellow sand beaches and wooded slopes ran down to the shore. Islands and promontories were dotted here and there, and the distant landscape was ~~dotted~~ ^{punctuated} with occasional rugged, jagged peaks. The vast scale of everything was impressive; the considerable heights looked like piles of sugar on an enormous tray, the age-old forests like toy plantations. Northwards, the endless ~~seeming~~ sheet of water ~~was swallowed up in the~~ ^{seemed to stream over the} horizon, taking on the colour of the sky, blue ~~now~~ ^{at first} but later under storms to turn grey and almost black. To Stanley's ears came ~~to come~~ the continuous slapping of wavelets on reeds and papyrus, the whirring of countless insects, fire-flies and crickets, the faint cry of the ibis /threskiornis aethiopica/ nesting in low bushes. Every now and then the long neck of a darter /anhinga anhinga/, greenish, glossy black, would come writhing at them through the water.

The first day's canoeing was almost idyllic, with sunset ^{integrated} seeming to explode in a glowing blaze of light which ~~was~~ lake and sky. ~~They~~ The men were mostly inexperienced with boats, and little flotilla the ~~party was still~~ was still some distance short of a group of islands on which Stanley planned to spend the night. Darkness ^(moonless, pitch black.) fell like a curtain, Stanley lit a candle, and stood up in the back of the leading "Lady Alice" to wave it as a beacon. He ^(- and seldom implemented -) shouted his usual threats of retribution on ~~any~~ the occupants of

Safeni was with Stanley in the Lady Alice. The other chiefs and more experienced men - Ulechi and his brother Shumari, Mwawa Sesa, Radoi, Saramba and Kiungo, were ^{placed in} charge of canoes.

any canoe which fell out of line. Progress was slow, but for two or three hours comparatively certain and without incident. Then, suddenly, a muffled splashing, and cries of ...

"The boat Bwana Mkuba the boat"

Stanley turned to Safeni,

Steer

"~~Turn~~ towards the sound", he ordered; and to the oarsmen,

mean

"Hurry, fellows - it may ~~be~~ life or death".

He strained his eyes to see ahead. Safeni skilfully ~~av~~ avoided one or two canoes proceeding forward.

See,

"~~See~~ Bwana", he pointed.

Dark objects were bobbing on the water round them, the heads and two women ~~of men~~ from a foundered canoe. One by one, they were dragged aboard the "Lady Alice". Last of all came Kirango, who had been in charge. He threw himself on his knees at Stanley's feet, begging that he should not be beaten.

"Where is your cloth, your ammunition, and the 400 lbs of grain you carried?", Stanley asked sternly.

Kirango, hands on the gunwale, peered hopelessly over the side, into the opaque, all-swallowing waters of Lake Victoria.

Safeni had turned the boat, and the oarsmen were bending their backs to regain position at the head of the convoy. Before they were in the lead, the same cry was heard anew -

"The boat oh Bwana the boat".

Kalulu

Once more they steered for the spot, ~~Stanley~~ ^{*Stanley*} tearing pages from a book ~~he~~ ^{*he*} had been reading in the afternoon, and lighting ~~it~~ ^{*it*} them to constitute a flare. More heads of struggling, floundering men and women, more floating bales of cloth, another upturned canoe. The men and women and the cloth were crowded into the "Lady Alice", but more grain and five guns ~~lay on the bottom of the lake.~~ ^{*were lost.*}

"If we get only a slight breeze", Stanley commented to Safeni, too concerned for ^{*the, of the rest*} safety to berate Saramba, the commander of the lost canoe, "we shall be in the same case as the others".

"And who will pull us out?", Safeni asked gloomily. "I can drown if I must - but to be supper for a hippotamus", and he shuddered.

~~Stanley was feeling concern for the onward progress of the~~
~~(And what would happen if another canoe overturned? The Not~~
~~expedition with a depleted number of canoes.) He cupped his hands~~
 another man could be taken aboard the "Lady Alice." ~~He~~ ^{Stanley} cupped his hands round his lips and bawled out,

"If your canoes are in danger - throw grain and beads overboard. Cling yourselves to the canoe. Wait for help. We will come to you. Have no fear".

His warning was but just in time. Again the panic cry arose,

"~~Bwana~~ Bwana, the canoe is sinking. Quick, come here. Bwana, we cannot swim".

~~again~~ ^{made} Safeni ~~turned in the direction~~ ^{the "Lady Alice" follow} in the direction of the cries. But even as he did so, from the other side came splashings, panic shouts,

"Come to us, bwana, or we die. Bring the boat, bwana".

The little flotilla was becoming dismayed. The canoes they had bought were proving rotten, unfit for anything but brief fishing forays. Stanley faced the prospect of ~~losing~~ losing not only his water transport but his stores and half his people as well.

"You still in canoes", he shouted, "follow me to the islets as fast as you can. And you who are in trouble - cling to your canoes until we return. Cling for your lives".

As Safeni turned the boat northwards, and Stanley urged the oarsmen to greater efforts and the surplus passengers to remain still, so that the "Lady Alice" should not ship water, he heard the cry,

"But hippopotamus, bwana"

He had to ignore it. There was no alternative.

The event was made slightly less terrifying by the moon

coming up. It showed Stanley the island just ahead of them. But still the piteous cries reached him -

"Bwana bring the boat"

"We sink, bwana"

"We drown"

"Hippopotamus"

The passengers were unceremoniously driven ashore on the island. There was no time to investigate it. Then the goods were heaved on to the land.

"Back as fast as we can go", Stanley urged his boatmen.

The moonlight now showed them the way, and two canoes speeding past them to the island.

"Unload quickly, and follow us back", Stanley shouted to them.

"It is what we intend", came the cheery voice of ^{Frank Pocock} ~~Uledi~~.

"We will follow you, bwana," ^{Uledi} ~~Manwa Sera~~ echoed from the second canoe.

The rescue work was soon going apace. Uledi, with his brother Shamuri, soon came to join in, followed by ^{Pocock's} ~~Manwa Sera's~~ *Kalulu worked like a woman pulling her washing out of a stream.* canoe. *to safety.* Every man and woman was safely dragged out of the water.

The cry of "Hippopotamus" had expressed the Negros' fears rather than the actuality. But five ^{leaky} canoes were left floating bottom upwards. A case of ammunition, 1200 pounds of grain, and five guns lay on the bed of the Lake.

There was nothing for it that night but to make fires, get supper, and sleep. ^{Frank Pocock} ~~But Stanley, and his ex~~ and the chiefs held a conference.

"How do we proceed?", Stanley asked.

Manwa Sera suggested that one party travel on the shore, and as many as ~~as~~ possible, including the ~~men~~ women, in the canoes.

"Our welcome is too uncertain", Stanley objected. "I do not wish to risk a fight. I shall want all our askaris a little

later". On that cryptic warning he did not now elaborate.

"Then the only way is to go forward in relays", ^{Pocock}~~Safeni~~ said.

That is surely ~~sexixthinkx~~ right", Stanley agreed. "I will ^{go} ahead in the morning, Frank, with such canoes as we have. You will stay here. ^{I will find} ~~until the can~~ a camp site, and send the boats back for you".

"It will be slow, Safeni commented, "but it must be so".

For two or three days, they proceeded in this ~~slow~~ ^{frustrating} limping fashion. Stanley was all the time becoming more abstracted, more inclined to shout at his men, as though some scheme was occupying his mind, and delay fretting his nerves. But he told no one, not even Frank Pocock what was biting him. Only, one morning before he led the advance party from the shore, he said, thoughtfully, *to Kalulu,*

"We must be very near Bumbireh".

Then, when the canoes returned to Pocock to take forward the second load, Uledi, in charge of them, said,

"Bwana very happy. Kabaka Mutesa has ~~sent~~ sent war canoes to search for him. We meet them. Chief Sabadu in command".

When Pocock joined his commander, he found his mood one of elation. With the help of Sabadu's threats, ^{delivered in the dreaded name of Mutesa,} a mainland tribe had been recruited as allies to the Bwana Mkuba. Stanley pointed to the canoes of the tribe, ^{with some of Sabadu's men aboard.} paddling towards Bumbireh Island,

"That's strategy", Stanley said.

"To achieve what?" ^{he} Pocock asked.

~~Pocock knew better than to question him. So he had to wait~~
~~"Time will show," Stanley answered, and walked away,~~
~~to know just what the strategy involved.~~

A few hours later the tribesmen returned.

"They've got him", Stanley said, standing on the shore, watching the canoes approach.

Pocock could no longer restrain curiosity.

"Got whom?"

"Shekka, self-styled king of the ^uBumbireh~~x~~. It was his

people we fell foul of coming back from Buganda, when Safeni did his act. I told you about it".

"Are you taking Shekka to Mutesa?"

Time well show" was again
"You'll see was all Stanley's answer".

Shekka and two of the elders who had taken part in the *two months or so back* ~~at the previous meeting~~ *lakeside* shauri to which Safeni had been bidden were led ashore, Sabadu's warriors acting as escort.

"It was easy", they said. "He came down to the ~~shore~~ *lakeside* at our approach. We made a dash ashore, grabbed him and the other two. We were back in mid-stream before his warriors realised what was happening. One of our men was killed by an arrow. But it was easy".

Stanley interviewed Shekka, who insisted that when, after their previous meeting, Stanley's gun had been heard, he had thought that some of his people were being attacked. Hence his mass retaliation. Stanley brushed the explanation aside as an excuse. He had made up his mind what he would do, and was not to be put off by any *even though it might* tribal king's story, ~~even though it might~~ *what had been* happen to accord with Safeni's on-the-spot estimate of the situation.

the Union Jack fluttering in Kalulu's hands in the bows,
The next morning, he was early in his bath. *Kalulu was ordered* He proceeded to load all his guns, Frank Pocock was ordered to gather such of the expedition's askaris as had *firearms* guns. These, with Mutesa's *the Union Jack fluttering at his bows* men set out in the canoes, led by the "Lady Alice", in which *Kalulu stood up in the front* and Shekka, his ~~hands~~ *whilst* bound, *sitting* between Stanley and Safeni. Pocock was left behind.

"This is not your quarrel", Stanley explained.

"You must look after the camp", Stanley explained. "Besides, ~~this is not your quarrel~~".

The little fleet of canoes ~~xx~~ *approaching near to* were soon in sight of Bumbireh island, at the very sight of which Stanley's jaw set hard, and he laid a gun across his knees. Shekka threw himself on to the floor of the boat, grovelling before the Bwana Mkuba, begging

for the lives of his people. Stanley, determined to show no weakness, pushed the king over with the butt of his rifle, then told Safeni to pick him up.

"I shall do what it is necessary to do", was all his answer.

The ~~Bumbireh~~^{Bumbireh} came crowding down to the bank in their hundreds, shouting for their king, ~~it was~~ just as Stanley had ~~planned it~~^{that they should}. That solid mass of black flesh incited his anger further, raised in him something like a lust for blood. ~~He had~~

"Steer to within thirty yards of the shore", he told Safeni.

The canoes followed the "Ladyx Alice". ("Tell them they are ^{Shekka.} to surrender," Stanley ordered ~~Safeni~~^{Safeni})

But the king who would grovel for the lives of his people scorned to dishonour ~~would not dishonour~~ them for his own. He shook his greying, curly head.

"Then the consequences be on you", Stanley said.

Immediately, he stood up in the boat, ordering ^{those of his} ~~his men~~ men who had ~~guns~~^{firearms} to use them.

"Fly, fly for your lives", Shekka yelled to his people.

Stanley fired the first shot, to be followed by a salvo ^{score} from his own men and Mutesa's warriors, too. A ~~dozen~~ or more ^{Bumbireh} of the ~~Bumbireh~~ fell. But their king's warning saved hundreds, who had on the instant fled, making a ~~very~~ difficult target, moving away from the guns.

~~Safeni~~ ^{made as though to shout} Shekka ~~opened his mouth~~ again. Safeni struck him on the mouth, and ^{the} king of the Bumbireh toppled into the water.

"Leave him there", Stanley said, as some of the boatmen stretched out hands to help the king aboard.

Shekka struck out for the shore. Stanley's eye followed ~~th~~ him, and saw an ominous, ~~bulky~~ square, bulky nose not far behind. He put a bullet just above the ^t nose. The bulky figure sank. The king swam on. And Stanley ordered his men to go closer in. ~~to the shore~~

6 - dot.

"A poor bag, so far", he said to Safeni. "But when Shekka lands, they will crowd to the banks. That will be our opportunity".

Shekka was wading on to the beach. Stanley held his men's fire, but kept the boats moving inshore. The natives, fearing an attempt to retake their king, ~~fired~~ shot arrows at the attackers, but they fell harmless into the water. *(Kahulu actually leaped over the water and caught one in his hand.)* Stanley sharply turned the "Lady Alice" broadside to the shore. ~~The~~ Sabadi's canoes imitated the manoeuvre, and as they came into line at the same time that the Bumbireh were welcoming their king, Stanley ~~fired~~ let go with all his fire power. The natives dropped by the score, screaming and yelling. Terrified by mass slaughter, ~~the natives~~ ^{they} (Shekka among them) turned and raced inland, taking cover behind trees, seeking the safety of rising ground. A hail of bullets from a second volley followed them, striking down the laggards.

"It is enough", Stanley said with satisfaction. "I have got my revenge. Perhaps they will be more hospitable the next time a white man comes this way".

He led his flotilla out into the Lake. ~~Truly, his methods~~ ^{fled} were not those of Livingstone, who himself had ~~fled~~ from a similar senseless massacre perpetrated by Arabs at the town of Nyangwe, west of Lake Tanganyika, and as a result of it intensified his pleas for suppression of the slavers. ~~It~~ ^{deliberate,} The ~~affair with~~ punitive assault on the Bumbireh was one of the blackest blots on the record of Henry Morton Stanley. Whether their ~~previous warlike approach~~ ^{warlike welcome to his} first visit to their island was prompted by his own thoughtlessness or not, there could be no justification in such senseless, vindictive folly as the introduction of terror methods against a primitive people desiring only to be left alone to their pastoral pursuits. It made ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ^{hypocrisy} of Stanley's Bible reading, and his protestations about the white man's duty to "civilise"

~~African~~

he

When ~~Stanley~~ told the story to Frank Pocock, the young man whistled, and said,

"That will make an outcry in England".

"I am not concerned with outcries", Stanley answered, insensitively forgetting that he had expressed a desire to re-establish his name among his detractors. "I go about my business in the way that seems to me necessary".

Necessary? ^(that massacre) That ~~it~~ was necessary, it would have been hard to convince Livingstone, who himself had fled from a similar horrifying blood bath perpetrated by Arabs at Nyangwe, west of Lake Tanganyika, and as a result of it ^{had} intensified his pleas for the suppression of the slavers - enemies of civilisation.

The deliberate, punitive assault on the Bumbireh was ^{certainly} not necessary. It was one of the blackest spots on the record of Henry Morton Stanley, despite the challenging defence which he wrote in his book "Through the Dark Continent": "The savage only respects force, power, boldness and decision" He ^{had no} desired ~~nothing more of the Bumbireh, & only revenge.~~ ^(he needed nothing of them; his motive was only revenge) ~~Whether their~~ ^{need to subdue} warlike welcome to his first visit to their island was prompted by his own thoughtlessness in firing at duck or not, there could be no justification for the introduction of terror methods against a primitive people ^{themselves} desiring only to be left alone to their pastoral and cultivating pursuits. It made hypocrisy of Stanley's Bible reading, and his protestations about the white man's duty to "civilise" Africa.

The entire second traversing of Lake Victoria was to prove a waste of time and effort. Arrived at Rubaga, ^{in August} Stanley found Mutesa in no condition to assist him in his onward journey to Lake Edward. The Kabaka was heavily engaged in preparations to subdue ~~to~~ a rebellious subject tribe, the Wavuma. He had to wait until New Year's Day, 1876, before ~~the~~ Mutesa had conquered his

enemies, and was able to appoint a force two thousand strong to advance with him to Lake Edward. But, not engaged in the concerns of their own people, the warriors ^{sent with him} proved unreliable, unwilling to fight in a cause they could not comprehend against ~~in-~~ ^{the march proceeded towards} tribesmen who became increasingly hostile as ~~they march towards~~ Lake Edward. Finally, the Chief given charge of Mutesa's warriors came to Stanley.

"Why must we ^{go on} ~~go on~~, and die?", he asked.

"Because I wish to reach Lake Edward", Stanley answered.

"And if you get to the ~~great~~ lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of getting there?" the Chief asked.

That was not a question easy for an explorer to answer to one who could not be expected to understand his point of view.

"It must be enough that it is my wish to get there", Stanley said.

"But that is not enough for us", the Chief persisted. "My men will go no further. They will die for the Kabaka, but for no one else".

The next morning the Chief led his warriors eastwards, in the direction of Lake Victoria. Stanley had no option but to abandon, for once, a project. In angry frustration, he who had been leader, now followed. But not as far as ~~Uganda~~ ^{Before} Buganda. ~~At~~ Lake Victoria was reached, ~~the lake side~~, the expedition turned southwards, marching without major interference ^{to} ~~until Ujiji was reached~~. The Arabs remembered Livingstone's friend, and gave him a cordial welcome.

Frank Pocock now once more found himself base commander, left behind while Stanley, with Safeni, Uledi, Manwa Sera and nine others made a ~~37~~ 51-day tour of Lake Tanganyika. Their greatest trials were bad storms, which tossed the "Lady Alice" like a cockleshell, and many times threatened to tip her crew into the water. The shore natives, however, were for the most part friendly, and the circumnavigation - ~~the second of Stanley's~~

major objective objective which Stanley had set himself was and
freshwater
which proved the Tanganyika to be the longest Lake in the world,
450 miles from
~~xxxxxxmilesxx~~ southern to northern extremity - was made without
feature of the coastline for the
loss, or even sickness. Stanley had diligently recorded every
benefit of the cartographers. he had now

In two years, Stanley had now achieved two of his geographi-
cal objectives, enabling Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, formerly
ill-defined blobs on the map, to be placed with certainty and
drawn with some accuracy. But the most formidable task still lay
the tracing of the course of the River Lualaba. Living-
ahead - ~~to xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx~~ stone had believed, or forced himself to believe, because he
~~xxxxx the Nilex or xxxxxxxx the Nilex or even the Congox~~
desired that it should be so, that the Lualaba was the Nile. But
he had been plagued by doubts. "I am oppressed", he had written,
"with the apprehension that after all it may turn out that I have
been following the Congo".

Lualaba - Nile or Congo? That was the question which Stanley
if not always willing
and his gallant followers now set out to answer, moving westwards
furthest
towards Nyangwe, the ~~furtherest~~ point down the river which Living-
stone had reached.

Chapter XVI
Bloodshed on the Lualaba.

The Arabs of Nyangwe strongly advised Stanley against an attempt to follow the course of the River Lualaba. The tribes along the banks were reported fierce and intractable, the river itself dangerous, in places scarcely navigable. Traders in slaves and ivory would not enter those lands for profit - why, they asked, uncomprehending, should anyone be so foolish as to risk his own and other lives just in order to see where a river went to. Did it make sense?

To Stanley it more than made sense. It was a challenge he could not resist, even though his men were reluctant and he was (The expedition's own other two boats had been lost on Lake not able to obtain a single canoe to supplement the Lady Alice, Victoria.) He brushed aside all horror-filled tales, all warnings of the loss of life his party must sustain. Opposition, danger ~~tax~~ - those he maintained were the normal concomitants of exploration. Rates of pay to pegazzis and askaris took such risks into account. And for himself - he had ~~set himself~~ a task and would complete ^{it} or perish.

One Arab trader there was, and he the richest, most influential of them all, (perhaps the greatest slave trader the world has ever known, who, though he too tried to dissuade Stanley from a venture he thought doomed to failure and devoid of worthwhile object, was fascinated by the explorer's persistence, by his very stubbornness and devotion to his mission. He had at his call virtually innumerable natives, endless stores, unlimited resources. Stanley fastened on to him like a leech, sitting day after day in his house in Nyangwe ^{urging} ~~trying to persuade~~ him to accompany him at least part of the way down the river.

This man was Mohammed bin Sayed, generally known as Tippu Tib, a nickname acquired from an affliction of the eyes which made him constantly blink. Tippu Tib was tall, dark-skinned, black-bearded, handsome, with gleaming white teeth beautifully

Insert 1 to page 175.

- a friendship and trust which, in view of the nature of the man, may be taken as some indication of the purposes of the explorers and their financial backers.

Insert 2 to 175.

his inhuman disregard for the
Stanley's morality as an explorer, ~~is nowhere more clearly~~
peoples who lived on the
~~revealed than in his~~ banks of the Lualaba and in other parts
of Africa which he penetrated, is nowhere more clearly revealed
than in his accepting the assistance of this smalmy bandit, who
made no secret of his vile trade and the methods he employed in
prosecuting it.

regular, a dominant figure who dressed in the heart of Central Africa like a wealthy Arab in Zanzibar - spotlessly white toga, brilliant red fez, ^{hilt} dagger gleaming with jewels and wrought in filigree. He ~~was~~ intelligent, thoughtful, an able organiser, ruthless in the achievement of his aims, cunning in his deceptions. He expressed admiration for European civilisation, and eagerly helped all white men he met - even Livingstone, bent though ~~the~~ ^{Doctor had been} ~~was~~ on destroying the slave trade, source of Tippu Tib's wealth. ^{suave, polished} This Tycoon of the heart of Africa, with a splendid house in Zanzibar which was the terminus of a network of caravans operating to the borders of the Congo, was the scourge of the natives. Some forty years old when Stanley first met him, he was one quarter Negro and three quarters Arab by blood. The Negroid ~~features~~ facial features had come out in him. The basis of his fortune was his own-devised ^{low-cost} method of obtaining slaves and ivory. He would enter a new territory and make friends with one tribe, offering to help them in their feuds with neighbours. Having subdued surrounding ~~tribes~~ tribes, he would with great show of justice apportion the captured slaves and ivory as between himself and his ally. Then, he would pick a quarrel with the ally, turn on him and destroy him, take ^{the} ~~the~~ rest of the slaves and ivory, together with a "bonus" from the latest victim, and make the slaves carry the ivory back to Zanzibar. His principal expenditure was on musket balls and powder. He and his raiders killed thousands of men, women and children and sold thousands more into ^{bondage} ~~and~~ ~~ness~~ which only death could end. His slogan was "in Africa the gun is king" - and the aim of the gun was ^{more} ~~was~~ wealth for Tippu Tib.

This was the man whose cultured, polished manners won for him the friendship and trust of European explorers. ^{INSERT 1} This was the man whom Stanley at last persuaded, ~~to~~ in return for a payment of 5000 dollars, to ^{with} ~~take~~ 700 followers ^{and} ~~and~~ accompany him for at least sixty marches down the River Lualaba. ^{INSERT 2.} Tippu Tib hoped,

by accompanying the white man,

from which to abduct his human plunder,

Behind them Stanley's pegasais, with bundles on their heads on shoulders, quailed by flaming Arhais, in the rear

to open up new regions for his nefarious trade, but also he was genuinely desirous of seeing this intrepid Anglo-American explorer in action.

On November 5th, 1876, an array of close on a thousand men, women and children marched almost due north out of Nyangwe, following the course of the enigmatic river which ^{for tennweary months} was to be their constant and menacing companion, ^{off at least some of them} ~~for tennweary months~~ swallowing up those who took with it the slightest liberty. Beside Stanley, carrying his gun, strode the now tall and lithe Kalulu. Close behind were ^{Then came the carriers of the sections of the "Lady Alice".} Safeni and the increasingly responsible Uledi. ^{In the rear} of Stanley's ^{men} ~~own party~~ came Frank ~~Pocock~~ and Manwar Sera, with ^{and} behind them the long file of Tippu Tib's warriors. One of the great epics of African adventure had begun.

The expedition swung singing and chanting on its way through open, easy country for the first day of their march. But the very next day ~~their troubles began.~~ They reached the gloomy forest of Mitamba. Entering, the expedition was almost at once brought to a halt. In front of them was thick, matted ^{packed} ~~thick~~ vegetation jungle, the ~~undergrowth~~ ^{thick} beneath the tall trees impenetrable, ~~thick~~ fronds choking the way between giant trunks. Tippu's men with axes were called up from the rear, set to cutting a path through the solid mass of overgrowth and undergrowth. That day, they advanced barely five miles.

The following day they did no better. Three quarters of the party spent most of the time standing or sitting, waiting for the minority to free a path. Stanley fretted and fumed, urging the hatchet men to greater efforts, more rapid work. But the jungle got thicker, and the work of clearance slower still. The overgrowth was so thick that it shut out not only the light, but the air too. Breathing became a succession of gasps. Struggling over felled trees, tearing aside uprooted brush was itself a heavy, ~~with~~ exhausting toil. But slashing and cutting at the

impeding lushness of tropical abundance - that became ^{in the airless heat} a strang-
ling task. In the first week, the expedition got only forty
miles from Nyangwe.

Tippu Tib went to Stanley's tent.

"This is senseless", he urged. "My men cannot go on. You
are courting death for yourself and your people".

"I do not think of death", Stanley answered. "That possibi-
lity is ever with me - like the beat of my heart, ^{— wherever I am} I think only
of my task".

"Your task may be important to you", Tippu Tibx allowed.

"But I must tell you that to me it is nothing. I see no profit
in this journey - for you or for ~~me~~ ^{me}.
diplomacy

Stanley essayed ~~flattery~~

"But my European friends will think highly of you if you
help me - scorn you if you fail me".

"And will their good opinion benefit me, or their scorn
harm me?", Tippy Tib asked.

"They are in principle against slavers", Stanley answered.
"But if you are known to help Europeans - they will forgive you
much".

"I am still uncertain of the value of their forgiveness, or
the want of it", Tippu Tib demurred.

"It has been known", Stanley said, "for men of wealth and
position to be given high preferment when the white man's
soldiers, and missionaries, and ^{politicians} ~~governors~~ follow where the ex-
plorers have blazed the path".

"And what sort of position", Tippu Tib began.

"There are Governorships of provinces", Stanley interrup-
ted, carefully watching for the effect of his words. "Very
often rich trading concessions, too. Important decorations,
even knighthoods".

So the discussion went on for two hours. Tippu Tib resis-

ted. Stanley cajoled and tempted. And at last Tippu agreed to go on for ~~at least~~ another twenty marches.

"But we can no longer carry that boat of yours", Tippu Tib insisted.

"My men carry that - not yours", Stanley objected.

"But my men have to cut twice as wide a path because of it", Tippu explained.

Rather than risk upsetting his escort, Stanley conceded the point.

"Then I will take the 'Lady Alice' on the river", he said, "and you must command the land force".

The former boat crew was gathered together, with ~~Safeni~~ ^{Uledi} this time as coxswain, ~~Safeni~~ ^{Safeni} ~~xx coxswainxx and Uledi~~ (being required to help Frank Pocock and Manwa Sera on the shore. Kalulu took Uledi's former place in the bows of the boat.

For some time the natives of whose ferocity they had been warned kept severely out of sight. At the end of one day's marching and sailing, Tippu Tib, who had found a village near the meeting point urged Stanley to accompany him to it.

There was ^{not} a native in sight either in the long street flanked by conical, ~~str~~ grass roofed huts, or in the dwellings themselves or the yards where ^{hungry} ~~xx~~ cattle ^{and goats} ~~were~~ ~~xx~~ lowed and cried. The villagers had fled at the news of the approach of so large a caravan. But the street was ~~xxxxxx~~ decorated at intervals with human skulls. The huts and yards were littered with gnawed human bones.

"Have your men seen this?", Stanley asked.

"Only a party of scouts. They called me to see", Tippu Tib replied.

"And my men?" Stanley persisted.

"Not to my knowledge".

"Then I beg you not to tell them", Stanley said, *though he realised that every man in the column would soon know.*

Insert to page 179.

But Tippu Tib himself, who acquired tens of thousands of slaves by treachery and massacre, who dragged his acquisitions, male and female, from tribe and family and own established ways of life to sell them into a life-long bondage of toil and humiliation - this bully Tippu Tib, craven at heart, was terrified at the thought of the reprisals which might be taken against him.

"But you see what we are marching into", Tippu said.

"It is no more than I expected", Stanley answered, and strode out of the village.

Tippu Tib shrugged his broad shoulders. There was no arguing with this white man, no use in demonstrating ~~to~~ him his danger. He was indifferent to it. (INSERT)

More and more often now Stanley caught sight of black heads ^{the "Lady Alice"} peering at ~~them~~ from hide-outs in bushes or behind great trees. More and more often Tippu Tib's scouts reported that an arrow had struck a tree between ^{two of them} ~~this man or that~~. But they caught not a man. More and more often they heard shots mingled with a ^{harmonious} strange cry, which sounded like "Ooh-hu-hu" ~~which was~~ too much like the "Hehu-a hehu-u-uu" of the Bimbireh to make for comfort. On one occasion when Tippu Tib and the land force ~~were late for~~ ^{failed to} arrive at the evening camp, Stanley left four of his men under Uledi, and went back upstream to search. As he returned, he found his little camp being ^{assaulted} ~~attacked~~ from war canoes with spears and arrows. But at his approach, the attackers made off, leaving one of their number face downwards in the mud, victim of Uledi's bullet.

There were other skirmishes as the natives gathered numbers and courage. But more menacing at this time was an outbreak of smallpox which necessitated twelve burials in the river in ten days. The dieing commonly begged ^(that their corpses might) ~~to~~ be consigned to hippopotamus and crocodile rather than be buried where cannibals might exhume them. Ill fortune was accompanied by good. Six abandoned canoes, damaged but repairable, were found on the shore. After renovations, they were used to give the sick greater travel ^(Frank Peacock took to the water as commodore of the hospital flotilla.) comfort than was possible in the jungle on land. One of the ^(of which Kulu had been given charge) hospital canoes overturned in a rapid, ~~but~~ The occupants were ^{four} saved, but ~~six~~ precious rifles were lost. ~~Kulu, as his own pleading, was given another canoe.~~

Almost every day, when cruise and march were done, Tippu

Tib appealed to Stanley to abandon his project, to turn back to Nyangwe before he lost all his expedition, and faced death himself. But Stanley's days of turning back, ^{his days of} ~~of abandoning~~ deserting were past. He believed in his role and his ~~destiny~~ ^{destiny}. He would not be deterred. ^{So} ~~And~~ still they marched north, with the river sometimes taking a bend ~~some six weeks after~~ in an easterly direction, so that Stanley began to wonder whether Livingstone had been right, whether the Lualaba was the Nile.

Some six weeks after they had left ^{Nyangwe} ~~Nyangwe~~, the "Lady Alice" and the five which remained of the renovated canoes entered a region ^{It was near} ~~called~~ known as Vinya-Njara. ~~The day was~~ mid-day, the heat overpowering. *pe water party had lost touch with Tiffin Tib.*

"Steer close in", Stanley said to Uledi beside him.

The little flotilla followed the Bwana Mkuba, ^{peering} ~~searching~~ into the dense green jungle for a possible camp site. ^{All eyes were} ~~They were~~ concentrated on the shore. All of a sudden - a scream of pain. Stanley ^{guard} ~~saw~~ turned sharply to see a ~~man~~ standing up in one of the canoes falling, and tugging at an arrow plunged deep in his chest.

"Row and paddle for all you are worth", Stanley shouted.

The "Lady Alice" and the canoes shot forward, Stanley still ^{aching} ~~seeking~~ the shore. They came to a small clearing, and Stanley gave the order to land and secure the boats. *Kalulu keeps ashore, and tied up.*

All who were well enough were set to gathering brushwood and constructing a barricade, ^{at once} ~~which would itself be somewhat~~ *protected by trees and long grass.*

protected and endangered "Take you a party of askaris, Uledi", Stanley ordered. "Do a bit of scouting. If you see natives, delay them with your rifle fire, try to draw them away from the camp. Give us time to complete the defences".

It was such a task as Uledi, becoming seasoned in adversity and struggle, found most congenial. He liked to feel that he had the confidence of the Bwana Mkuba.

*was made
making maximum use of trees and tall
bushes which would hamper the attackers
throwing of spears, and check attempts
to rush the position.*

~~Frank Pocock toiling with the Negros while Stanley directed.~~
The labour on the fortifications was speeded up ~~in an~~
they were

hour, ~~Stanley was~~ able to recall the scouts, who had seen a few natives, fired a few shots, but been unmolested by any major body of men. Yet hardly were they back behind the defences

*(Shouting a new familiar cry -
"Away from our country. We do not want you".)*

Stanley had manned his barricade with the forty men who were fit enough to manage a rifle or throw a spear. The sickx were herded ~~xxxx~~ in the middle of the kraal. Pocock, Uledi, Saramba, Kirango took leading positions in the defence. Kalulu was beside Stanley, Safeni watching over the "sick bay".

A flight of spears landed in the kraal. One sick woman and one man were wounded. Stanley steadily fired his gun, and the others, becoming seasoned after more than two years of travelling and fighting with him, followed his example, at first with more or less calm. Kalulu loaded rifles for Stanley, so that he was able to keep up a continuous fire.

Ooh-hu-hu, Ooh-hu-hu"
"Ooh-hu-hu-hu", the battle cry was raised again and again, as *as close as they dared* the spearmen ran ~~in~~ to the barricade, discharged their spears, and got away.

The trees and long grass which aided the defenders also
conceal So fierce and impetuous became the charges, that the ~~xxxx~~ *served to hide the attackers. They provided a difficult target.*
~~guns of Stanley's men were almost pressing against black chests.~~
But ~~except in highly skilled hands.~~ the defenders
Spears are an inaccurate weapon to throw. Few of ~~Stanley's men~~
beyond the kraal ~~the heap of the natives~~
suffered injury. But ~~the outside of the kraal~~ black bodies was
~~was constantly seen dragging away casualties.~~
~~growing.~~

The air was a wild cacophony of nerve-racking sound - the shouts of the attackers, the booming of their war horns, the thumping of their drums, the crack of the rifles of Stanley's men, the screams of the women and children and wounded. And still the waves of assault, constantly ~~replied~~ ^{replied}, as constantly returned.

Some of the defenders became unnerved. They could see no end to this save massacre. They tried to run back from the bar-
make
ricade, to ~~xxxx~~ for the river.

"Club them!", Stanley cried, himself beating a would-be deserter to the ground ^{with the butt of his gun}. The fellow crawled back to the barricade.

Frank Pocock did as Stanley ^{ordered} ~~bid him~~, and Kalulu neatly tripped up one who had dodged past Stanley. The terrified fellows returned all to their places, and a new, effective volley ^{emerged from the trees} ~~halted~~ a native rush before it had ~~got into its stride~~. But still the attackers came on.

The defenders were becoming exhausted, their guns hot. ~~When~~ ^{rolling} ~~tapp tapp~~ At dusk, a long, dismal blast on the war horns, a sharp ~~tapp tapp~~ of drums, echoing through the jungle, ordered a retreat. But there was no peace, no safety in the kraal. From no great distance, the war horns continued to moan and every now and then a poison tipped arrow fell among the weary explorers, sticking quivering in the earth.

All were too tired to eat. They threw themselves down where they had fought, and those of the sick who could walk offered them drinks to their very lips.

"They must not sleep", Stanley insisted.

"It will take an earthquake to keep them awake", Pocock said.

"Then pray for an earthquake", Stanley replied.

But Kalulu knew it was not necessary to wait for an unlikely earthquake. He took with him to the water's edge Saramba and Kipungo, all three ^{of them} with earthenware pots, which they filled. Then they circulated among the Zanzibaris, pouring the water on the head of any man who dozed.

Stanley ^{moved slowly round} ~~circulated~~ round and round inside the kraal, peering ^{at} ~~into~~ the ^{inky blackness} ~~inkyx moonless blackness~~ ^{scarcely lit} ~~luminated~~ into which, for the density of the overgrowth, ~~the~~ a full moon could scarcely penetrate.

~~At last~~ At last he detected a dark form, dragging itself forward ^{through tall grass} on all fours towards the stockade. Following suit, Stanley him-

self dropped on to knees and hands and crawled to where Uledi was pouring water over a sleepy askari. A whispered conversation, and Uledi put down his water jar.

Silently, Uledi signalled to two ~~xxx~~ ^{askaris} of the guards of the ~~canoe~~ he commanded to follow him. They crossed the kraal to the side opposite ~~where the native~~ ^{to that where the native} was seeking to approach. They forced a small opening in the stockade, to avoid attracting attention, and cautiously scouted through the undergrowth, tearing ~~arms~~ ^{arms} and knees on a hundred thorns, in the darkness putting Every man behind the stockade was alert, watching. hands into vast anthills. Uledi got behind the native who was just putting up a hand to grasp the stockade - perhaps to attempt to breach it, perhaps to plunge a spear into an unsuspecting defender. He leapt on the fellow's back, plunging with a murderous dirk. His two companions hurried to his aid. There was a loud rustling of leaves and branches.

"Fire a fusillade.", Stanley shouted. "Keep them off until Uledi is safe".

It was blind firing at the spot whence the rustling had seemed to come. A party of natives could be heard dashing into the open. A shower of arrows fell into the kraal. But Uledi and the askaris got their wounded prisoner safe behind the barricade, and angry shouts came out of the darkness.

The rest of the night was sleepless ^{quiet} ~~quite~~, except for the occasional arrow, pinging into the stockade, or scattering ~~the~~ ^{such} ~~sick~~ of the sick as could move. *(And made good use of the natural cover.*

Dawn showed the defenders' ^{battle} casualties to have been but three. Stanley had well spaced his defenders, and well protected his sick flesh wounds. But three "hospital cases" had died of small-pox while being defended from death by poisoned arrow.

"What have we for breakfast?", Stanley asked Frank Pocock.

"Bananas", ^{came} ~~was~~ the terse reply.

"Have them roasted", Stanley ordered. ^{fellows} "They can make a fire in the shelter of the river bank."

"Our food supplies are in general poor", Pocock said. "I hope Tippu and the main body will turn up soon. ^{They} ~~There~~ should be enough ~~of them~~ to drive ~~the~~ our nocturnal guardians away".

"Another night like that", Stanley added, "and not one of the sick will survive. I'd better ^{Safeni in} take ~~the~~ 'Lady Alice', and try to find a better hide-out".

Less than a mile down the river, he found more than he expected - a whole native settlement, a series of villages lining the river bank.

"The homes of the disturbers of our night's rest", Safeni said.

"Then we'll soon be doing the disturbing", Stanley answered, and urged his boatmen to hurry back to the camp.

"Every man into the canoes", he ~~There he~~ ~~leaped into the canoes~~ cried. "We are moving".

"Where to, Bwana?" ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~the cannot move~~

"We die, Bwana"

"We cannot move, Bwana"

Some of the ~~the~~ sick were so sick that they ~~were~~ ^g would have been glad to die - if only they might have peace. ^{- seventy two of them, *} But they were carried ~~to~~ in all, more ill and less - to, the canoes. The flotilla began to drop downstream. Arrows

fell in the water round them, but the natives were, ^{fortunately} not very accurate in their shooting. ^{built above a steep bank with no} Opposite the first village, ~~of the~~ landing place ~~settlement~~, Stanley called for ~~the~~ all who were able to follow him. He leapt ashore, clinging to reeds and grass, and heaved his way up the cliff. A pistol in each hand, Kalulu at his heels, he led a rush into the village street.

Emptiness! Not a man or woman in sight! Not a child or a beast! No store of provisions! Only a single village street, ^{houses on either side} some three hundred yards long, ~~the house~~ built so close together that the backs presented a defensive wall against an attacker.

~~xxx~~ Stanley halted only a few seconds, while his followers caught up with him, and while he assessed the situation.

mboko - dot.

"Take ten fellows with axes, Frank", he said. "Cut down trees enough to block each end of the street. Uledi, take five men and scout on the landward side. Saramba - watch the canoes with another five men".

Pocock and his men were already hacking at vast trunks. Stanley called the rest As soon as one was cut down, ~~the rest of the party~~ of his men to heave it into position. One end of the street blocked, the sick ^ywere brought ashore, and made as comfortable as possible in huts.

"Saramba, you are responsible for keeping a guard on the canoes", Stanley ordered. "Karango - place five men in high trees. See that they keep a keen eye open for attackers crawling through that long grass".

Their preparations, fortunately for them, were unmolested. The dismal horns sounded, the drums beat, but no warrior appeared. The last block tree had been dragged into position, ~~before they~~ the last defender allotted on rooftop and at barricade Critical 2, ~~heard meaningful~~ his ^{perilous} post before the meaningful,

"Ooh-hu-hu" echoed through the jungle beyond the tall grass. wall of trees the painted, shield-bearing Out from among the ~~elbow growing trees~~ yelling attackers burst in a determined wave, to be halted, thrown into confusion, fusillade by the defenders' ~~volley~~ ^{noties'} of bullets. The ~~spears~~ were thrown wild, falling harmlessly against the backs of their own houses, against the solid road blocks. They turned and scurried back ~~in~~ under cover, followed by a ~~fx~~ second volley.

Stanley, Kalulu as usual acting as loader, stood on ~~the~~ a flat roof, ~~erecting~~ ^{from which he} had a panoramic view of the battle.

A second wave of warriors rushed from the jungle, as eager as the first, and bending low, so that most of the first volley aimed at them by men inexperienced ^{in handling} ^{in a crisis} with firearms went harmlessly over them. They rushed at the backs of the houses, at the barricades, throwing their spears. Three of Stanley's men were pinned to their roof tops. Another volley of musketry made the

fearful of the fire-spitting gun muzzles.
 attackers waver, Some bent down to succour their wounded and
 dieing.

Stanley shouted to the men nearest him on the housetops.

"Down, fellows. And follow me".

He scrambled to the ground, and led a party, some twenty
 strong through a gap in the wall of housebacks.

"Kneel", he cried, "and fire".

warriors closed their ranks, but before they
 The wavering ~~warriors~~ ^{warriors} already ~~uncertain~~ ^{uncertain} what to do,
 spears, they were
 could throw their ~~spears~~ ^{spears} ~~another~~ ^{another} overwhelmed by point blank
 fire. They broke and fled, leaving their wounded on the sun-
 baked grass. The men of the expedition
~~Stanley's men~~ started to chase after them. But
 Stanley raced in front, and waved them back. Not a man who had
 entered the jungle would have come out alive.

Creeping in again
~~Returning to~~ (through the housebacks, Stanley was ^{met} greeted
 by a smiling Uledi. He had made a sally on his own, further
 along, and caught another prisoner.

The sortie party were ordered back to the rooftops.

"Arrange a ration of bananas", Stanley said to Pocock.

For an hour, ~~the~~ all the fit men kept up their watch. But
 Sending Uledi out again with scouts,
 no further assault was made. ~~Posting look-outs in the trees~~
~~again~~, Stanley set about strengthening the defences of his strong-
 hold. All the weeds and tall grass were cut down within a hund-
 red yards of the houses on the jungle side. This was to protect
 against a crawling attack. Next, at each end of the street, a fifteen-foot
 high marksmen's ~~next~~ ^{platform} was constructed, to hold ten men.

to be changed every four hours,
 When night came, a guard was posted, and the rest of the
 men of the ~~expedition's~~ expedition were ordered to rest in the huts, guns
 to hand. Only Stanley, Uledi and Kakulu got no sleep. They
 circulated constantly, waking the frequently nodding guards. ~~E~~
 No night attack was made, but arrows pattered constantly on the
 roofs, and more than once Stanley's ^{little} patrol had narrow escapes.
*He himself pondered the non-appearance of Tipu Tib.
 Perhaps he had defected, turned back to Njangwe?*

In the morning, a new onslaught was received and repulsed by the picked men in the marksmen's nest. But a ^{different kind of} new threat arose. The melodious "Ooh-hu-hu" was heard from the river. Stanley ~~ran~~ climbed to a roof above the waterside. War canoes packed with some six hundred men were approaching, about half a mile up-stream.

"Gather me twenty men - at the northern barricade", he ordered Kalulu.

He watched the canoes form in line, and start a rush down-stream towards the village. Shinning down from his rooftop, he shouted for Pocock.

~~led his twenty men into the bushes along the water line~~ ~~as he~~ "Beat off any attack on the jungle side", he said. "and ~~did say~~ ^{may Tipu come soon, or the best we can do will not save us}".

Then he led his twenty men into the bushes along the water line. No sooner were they positioned, than there came a yell from the jungle. A flight of arrows landed ^{houses} on the village. At almost the same moment, the canoes ran alongside the high bank opposite the village.

"Fire", Stanley ordered.

His men were surprisingly steady in the face of such tremendous odds. Several of the attackers fell into the water. The rest took ~~no~~ no notice. They leapt ashore, fastened themselves on to the bank, ten or more of them rolling into the river every time the defenders' guns spoke. ^(again and again)

^{"This is our country. We will drive you from it; the natives called."}
From the village, ~~too~~ came the regular crackle of rifle fire. Stanley knew that Pocock, ^{too}, must be hard pressed. But each must stand his ground - and hope that their land party ^{might be in time to intervene.}

Despite their heavy casualties, the water force reached the top of the bank. Again, a number of them were toppled backwards. ^{When Tipu arrived, he would find only 100 headless corpses.} But Stanley knew the end was near. The attackers were too many to be turned back by even the most determined rifle fire. Coolly they paused, and fitted arrows to their bows. They drew the strings, while Stanley ordered yet another volley. At that

~~moment~~

^{or, if he delayed much longer, a loss of ground}

[There came a wild yell - a yell of rage, of frustration, of terror - from the jungle side. It died away. The men from the canoes dropped the arrows they were fitting to their bows. They leapt down the bank, ^{pushed their canoes} ~~into the water~~ out into the water. The wild yell from the jungle was followed by a shout of triumph from the village itself - then a mighty fusillade from five times the guns Stanley had had at his disposal.

He rushed at the head of his unscathed party back to the barricade, there to be greeted by - Tippu Tib, beautifully dressed, calm, smiling, hand outstretched.

Double Space

^{We have} "Four killed ^{and Sabeni} and thirteen wounded", Stanley said to Tippu Tib, ~~and~~ Frank Pocock as they gathered, some little time later, to consider what was to be done. "Your men are in good heart?"

"Just the reverse", the Arab answered. "We have had little food for three days. We have several times lost our way. Carving a path through the jungle has exhausted all".

Stanley surveyed the well dressed plumpness of the slave trader, but hid his thought.

"I can take my men no further", Tippu went on, but Stanley cut him short.

"Unless we can outwit these fellows none of us will go either on or back. Let us give our minds to that. We will argue about other matters later".

~~The defeat~~
~~"That is of the Vinya Njara is not a difficult matter",~~
 Tippu said suavely, but coldly. He had gone as far as he was willing to with, or in the wake of, this crazily stubborn white man. "They have great courage. They cover a wide area and can call on great numbers. They will return again and again until we are all speared or starved. If we start

ropes ~~Saramba~~ ^{Kalulu, as look-out,} peering through the trees Four canoes cut free, pushed out into the stream, to drift down to where Frank Pocock waited for them a pause in the tumult round the camp fire Stanley held his breath the ^{tom} toms and the dancing started again the other canoes sent downstream the men of the "Lady Alice" back ~~in~~ on the water.

They dropped downstream to where four more canoes lay. Again Stanley ~~and~~ ^{and Kalulu} Uledi (went ashore, and got safely back. Further down still, they came on the main body of the canoes - twenty six in a large group, the water gently lapping their sides, their gunwales bumping one against another. This was a haul. The dancing and the tom toms had stopped. But the sound of sleepy voices could still be heard round the fires. Every one of the canoes was safely cut free.

The "Lady Alice" was ~~taken~~ across stream to the far bank, and there her crew bent hard over their oars.

"Will Frank have caught them all?", Stanley whispered his thought to Uledi.

"A hard job, 'Bwana", the coxswain answered.

Hard it was, but Pocock was ^g managing it. Twelve canoes were strung behind the "Lady Alice", and towed back to the village stronghold. Frank Pocock held the rest, until ~~S~~ Stanley returned. By five o'clock in the morning, the expedition was in possession of thirty eight sound, first class canoes. Barely an hour later, cries of rage, shouts and sounding drums betokened the natives' discovery of their loss. And within a further hour, a small party came to the northern barricade and asked for a shauri.

Fifteen canoes were returned to the natives, and beads and wire paid for the rest. Food was produced by the ^{people} ~~men~~ of the river.

"And will you promise not to attack us?", Stanley asked.

"We will not attack", their spokesman agreed. ^{territory} "But our

is small. We cannot speak for our brothers further down the river. We advise the white man and his company to return up the river".

"Some of his company intend to do so, anyhow", Tippu said.

When the shauri was over, Stanley challenged the Arab slaver.

"Your agreement leaves you still eight marches. That may see me through the ~~waxxt~~ most dangerous part of the journey. Do you really intend to desert me?"

"My men will go no further", Tippu Tib answered.

"And you?", Stanley persisted.

admire
"I ~~axxxt~~ you", Tippu Tib said. "But I see no good to be gained by ~~dixing~~ with you on such a mission. I must return and look to my caravan routes".

Stanley knew that this time it was no use arguing. ~~He~~ His own men had already promised to go on, Uledi swearing that ~~desired to part friends xixif part he must~~ ~~He summoned axemilex~~ if no one else would go, the crew of the "Lady Alice" alone would ~~and offered his handx~~

take Stanley to wherever the river might lead.

~~You have done more than I had any right to expectx~~ ~~he~~
~~concededx~~

The expedition, in fact, had now less need of the Arab and his warriors. They had canoes to carry all their party on the water. little knowing what still lay ahead, the Stanley ^{hoped} for a rapid passing down the river, ~~He~~ toils and terrors of the jungle set aside. ~~little knew what still lay ahead.~~ He desired to part friends - if part he must, ^{so} He summoned a smile, and offered his hand.

"You have done more than I had any right to expect", he conceded.

It was Christmas Day, 1876.

Chapter XVII

A New Kind of Danger

Stanley, Frank Pocock, Kalulu, Safeni, Uledi and others of the expedition were all standing round one wizened old woman, the sole inhabitant of a native village they had just entered, after a sharp encounter. She showed no signs of fright. She sat still, her ^{legs} ~~legs~~ wide apart, her arms folded under her ^{dried up, sagging} ~~empty~~ breasts.

"You won't harm me", she said with a broken toothed grin. "You're not the first lot to come here. Others have taken young men away, plump young girls. But no one touches me". She chuckled wickedly. "I am all skin and bone she went on", pointing to the lined ^{drooping} and ~~sagging~~ parchment which covered the bone frame of her jet black face.

Safeni understood her drift. "We don't eat human flesh", he answered. *who until Safeni spoke had not grasped the old woman's meaning,* Frank, ~~slower of comprehension,~~ frowned. Stanley remained impassive.

"Then what do you eat?", the old woman asked, roused for the first time. Safeni ~~Stanley~~ outlined the expedition's diet, which for long had consisted mostly of bananas. The country had yielded little game, and the struggle to ward off persistently hostile tribes had ^{given} kept ~~Stanley~~ ^{more all the} ~~him~~ ^{even} busy (shooting ~~than~~ he wanted).

"We do not understand people who eat human flesh", ^{the Ruanda} Stanley ~~the white man~~ said. "Why do you eat it?"

The ~~old~~ old woman grinned as a nurse might at a child who asked why people eat potatoes.

"You say you eat cattle, the flesh of prairie and jungle beasts", she said. "If a herd of such comes into view, do you not ~~eat~~ kill and eat?"

"Of course", Safeni agreed. "I have just told you so".

"Then, to us, you are a herd of cattle", the old woman said.

"She is crazy", the Bwana Mkuba commented, and turned away.

Frank was smiling. "I suppose it all depends on what you're used to, brought up to", he said.

It had not been long after the expedition had parted from Tippu Tib and the Vinya-Njara - ultimately helpful - before they had again found the banks of the widening river swarming with hostile natives, ^{intoning} ~~showing~~ their blood-curdling battle cries, their ~~jet black~~ bodies painted and adorned with feathers and animal skins, threatening death to anyone who landed. Battles had inevitably ensued, and now the flotilla of canoes - some of them bearing names such as 'Livingstone', 'Mirambo', 'Mutesa', 'Mabruki', 'Herald', 'Telegraph', and 'Bennett' - were bulwarked against spears and arrows by captured shields.

But the time had come when the canoes needed a different sort of protection - ^{Such as their crews could not devise -} ~~such as man has not yet devised~~, against cataracts, rapids. Two of them ^{had been} ~~were~~ passed, at the cost of terrible toil, and some lives. In each case, the tribesmen had had first to be driven away. Then the Zanzibaris ^{had been} ~~were~~ divided into two parties, one to work by day, the other by night. The night workers ^{had been} ~~were~~ lighted by bundles of dried palm branches and cane, smeared with gum frankincense, and tied ^{had} to trees as torches. A path ^{had} to be cut through the jungle, the stores and all the boats carried forward, new bomas or defensive stockades erected at intervals for the safety of the women, children and sick. It had taken seventy two hours of unremitting, exhausting toil to get round the second cataract.

After the two cataracts - rapids. Stanley ordered the canoes to beach on the edge of an island. He looked over the broad stretch of water, near half a mile wide, swollen by tributaries ^{heavy falling rain throwing up splashes,} coming in from the east, ^{and} A chain of small lakes and backwaters, floating islands of grass, made the shore in places seem indeterminate.

"Like cataracts - like rapids", Frank Pocock said. "I suppose we carry round again".

The fellows have
~~They~~ had enough of carrying for a time", Stanley said.

And they ^{know} nothing of shooting rapids", Pocock reminded.

"Does any one of us?", His leader asked. It was a statement rather than a question. "We have to learn ^{that} ~~everything~~ by experience, as we have had to learn everything else".

"And by loss of life, probably", Frank said flatly, without dramatic emphasis, but prophetically. *He shook rain drops from the edge of his sun helmet.*

Stanley took the "Lady Alice" to reconnoitre the rapids. The current was swift, variable, treacherous. The water dropped over the falls with ^a throwing up roar, ~~and a mist~~ a mist of spray. Just above *a landing place* ~~another beach~~ that point was ~~a small island~~ *in mid-stream, a number of vicious-looking rocks jutted above the surface.*

Returning to his ~~party~~ flotilla, the leader announced,

"With canoes loaded with baggage and our people, we shall never get over the rapids alive. ~~But~~ There is nothing for it but to carry again. It is hard for you all, but it is the only way. ~~We will try to lighten the burden, though.~~ The stores must be carried, and those of the sick who cannot walk. But the canoes we will try to float through".

"That will save the heaviest portage", Frank added, cheerfully accepting the inevitable.

The "Lady Alice" ^{each with only three men.} shepherded down the first six canoes. They reached the ~~beach~~ *landing place* above the rapids safely, and began to establish and secure a camp. The Bwana Mkuba went back for the next six, the leader this time being Zaidi, the chief. They came close to the camp, which was opposite a small island. *The "Lady Alice" ran in to the landing place.* Zaidi checked his canoe too sharply. It wobbled a minute, then turned turtle. In the next canoe were Uledi and Manwa Sera.

"My God! They're gone", Stanley exclaimed.

But Zaidi appeared, clinging to the upturned canoe. His two companions swam to the island, where Uledi and Manwa Sera took them

off.

Zaidi's peril was still great. He had no means of stopping his canoe which, twisting in the ~~boiling~~ ^{boiling swirling} ~~swirling~~ current swept on towards the rapids. It was dead in mid-stream, just about to drop into the boiling cauldron below. It struck ~~there~~ a narrow, pointed rock, and split clean in two. One half went into the maelstrom, to be dashed to pieces.

The natives watching from the nearby beach cried out in horror. Stanley stood silent, his mouth open, his fists clenched, his body leaning forward, ~~half fascinated, half terror-stricken.~~

The other half of the canoe ^{was} wedged against the rock by the force of the current. And to that half Zaidi still clung. With the strength of despair, ~~xxxsuperhuman effort~~ he heaved himself up on to the rock, his feet slipping on the wet surface. ~~There he perched, shivering, looking terrified round, his cries for help drowned by the crashing of the falls.~~ ^{in the rain}

Stanley came out of his trance.

Quick.

"~~Kukik~~. To the jungle. Rattans for a cable".

While Zaidi sat perched on his rock, shivering in the rain, and his friends' shouts of encouragement, looking terrified round, his cries for help/drowned by the crashing of the falls, the rattan rope was made, tied to a small canoe, which was cautiously lowered downstream. Nearer, ~~x~~ nearer to Zaidi, whose eyes were fixed on the canoe, his body leaning dangerously forward, hands slightly raised. A few more yards, and it would have struck the rock. But the rope snapped. Zaidi slumped back on his rock, head on arms, while the canoe bounced past him, over the rapids, to be smashed and pounded to splinters.

~~xx~~ "And those are the waters ² ~~we~~ thought to float the canoes over", the Bwana Mkuba said, *self-accusing*.

Zaidi was barely twenty yards from the shore. But he might as well have been two hundred. Poles tied to creepers and thrown towards him fell short.

*must
gambol
in rain*

Frank Pocock, trying everything he could think of, and failing, was becoming desperate.

"We cannot let him sit there and die a lingering death before our eyes", he said. "The fellow will throw himself into ~~broken spirited~~ ^{announced} the water, ~~desperate~~".

Zaidi was in no panic. But he sat on his rock with the look ^{at the stake,} ^{faggots} of a man waiting for the ~~flames~~ to be lit, the flames to lick around him.

Stanley was making another attempt. A second canoe, three rattan ropes, an inch thick, ninety yards long, strengthened with tent guys.

"Go steadily at it", the leader urged. "This must be well done. We've got to get him off this time. The rope must be strong enough to take the strain of two elephants pulling in opposite directions".

The bow, the stern, and the side of the canoe - a rope fast-
to be held by a party of those ashore.
ened to each, Then a fourth, one third of the length of the others, ~~dragging astern~~ for Zaidi to grab.

"Who will risk his life in the canoe?", Stanley asked.
~~stepped forward, followed by,~~ ^{a Zanzibari}
~~Drank~~ Uledi, Manwa Sera, Saramba, Kalulu and ~~one of the~~
named Mazouk, one of the crew of the "Lady Alice", a powerful fellow, young but eager. Uledi and Mazouk were chosen.

The canoe was carried further upstream, then allowed to run down ~~down~~ towards the rapids, controlled by the ropes. Nearer, nearer. Zaidi again leaning ^{ed} forward, hands half raised, almost afraid to hope. The canoe was abreast of the rock. Mazouk took ^{up} the shorter cable to heave it to Zaidi's outstretched hand.

"Confound it! The current has taken it", Stanley exclaimed.

The canoe had been swept wide of the rock, perilously near to the edge of the cataract. The men ashore heaved on the ropes. They held. The canoe was drawn back to shore. Zaidi shrugged his shoulders, fatalistically.

Five times the re-directed canoe went wide of the rock. Five times the ropes held, so that it was pulled back. Five times Zaidi glimpsed life, only again to stare death in the face.

A sixth attempt.

"Now, throw", Stanley shouted, knowing he could not be heard, but the words ^{were} pressed out of him by the tenseness of the moment.

The canoe was ten yards from the rock. Uledi threw - the rope struck Zaidi on the arm. He grabbed it. Gingerly, his bare feet gripping the jagged rock, ^{the chief} ~~he~~ lowered himself into the water. Instantly he was caught in the eddying current.

"He's over", Stanley shouted.

Zaidi had disappeared ^{below} ~~over~~ the falls. The rope remained taut. He was clinging tenaciously to it. The men on the bank heaved with all their might. Others leapt to help them. They made ground. The rope was still tight. Zaidi's head appeared above ~~above~~ the falls. He was dragged back against the current.

~~They~~ "We'll get him now", Pocock panted, swinging his body to encourage the men on the rope, like a trainer with a tug-of-war team.

A loud report. Another. The cables attached to the bows and side of the canoe snapped. The men on the stern cable made a super-human effort. They held the canoe. Zaidi ~~is~~ was still above the falls. But the drag was too much for a single cable. The third broke, and the canoe raced towards the ^{noise some} ~~edge of the~~ falls.

"They'll all be lost!", Stanley cried, agonised.

^{Then} But fortune took a hand. The canoe was swept round the far side of an islet, ^{came to the shore} dragging Zaidi after it, clinging wildly to his only chance of life. The canoe swung against ^a rock. Uledi and Mazouk leapt out on the instant, heaving desperately on the rope, managing to drag Zaidi up beside them.

The exhausted, terrified chief sank down on the rock, like a run-out athlete.

"Now there are three, in as bad a position as one was before", Safeni commented, gloomily.

In the agitation of the attempted rescue, hardly anyone had noticed that the sun had gone down. In a matter of minutes it would be dark. Near the equator there is practically no dusk. Nothing more could be done until the morning. The rain, at least, had stopped.

Uledi, Zaidi and Mazouk faced a sleepless night of terror.

All knew how little chance there was of rescue even when dawn though they were but a few yards from land. came, Their attempts to keep up courage with conversation failed. The roar of the churning water, the crashing of the fall on the rocks below drowned all ~~so~~ other sound, reminding them only of what awaited them should a foot slip, should an attempt to save them fail.

At first light, Stanley and Frank were driving their men out again to the jungle, to search for rattan to make ropes, protected by an armed party. A stout line was made and, after several attempts, thrown to the islet across the ~~xxxxx~~ strip of water, narrow but swishing to the falls with such power that no swimmer could withstand it. Next, three light cables, each with a weight at the end, were thrown to the marooned men.

The stout line was attached by Uledi round a vast, immovable boulder.

"I will make the first attempt", the courageous fellow said.

A light cable round his waist, he launched himself on to the rope, like a cable car. His head was just above ^{the surface} water, but the swirling water dashed him in the face, dragged at his limbs. Hand-over-hand, jerking his body upwards from time to time to breathe, he moved towards safety. By a clutch of willing hands he was hauled ashore. Fifty excited Zanzibaris gathered round him, but he broke away, to stand beside Stanley and Frank, encouraging the next venturer - Zaidi.

After all his appalling trials, Zaidi was at last safe, throwing himself flat on his back, panting with exhaustion.

Mazouk, the youngest of the three, stood a moment trembling on the brink of the torrent. He threw a despairing glance at the Bwana Mkuba, beckoning him from the shore. He launched himself into the water, heaved himself forward hand over hand. ^{His right} ~~One~~ hand slipped. For a moment he ^{clung} ~~clung~~ desperately ^{with the left} ~~by the other~~, ~~the~~ his fingers being forced open. He got the ^{right} ~~other~~ hand back on the rope. But he was unnerved. He could not ~~force~~ compel himself now to let go with either one hand or the other. He hung suspended in the racing, eddying water. No man could long remain stationary in that maelstrom. He must keep moving, or be carried away. A splendid rescue so nearly accomplished, and so nearly spoiled, Stanley's ~~was~~ feelings were a mixture of fury and alarm.

"Pull away, you fool! Be a man", the leader shouted.

Perhaps something of the Bwana Mkuba's cry reached the boy's ears. He launched a desperate struggle, controlled himself, moved slowly, inch by inch until - the hands of cheering friends pulled him up the bank.

The long, tense hours at last over, white men and black of a sudden realised that they were desperately hungry, utterly worn out. But there could be only a brief rest for food.

"Even the canoes cannot be floated over. There can be no question about that", Stanley said. "Frank, you'd better take Manwa Sera, Kizango, Shumari and a dozen or so others, to recon-
noitre ^{to below} ~~expath round~~ the rapids. We shall have to cut a path again".

No hostile natives molested the ~~marx~~ jungle cutting and the march. But, as though nature begrudged the expedition comfort, they were beset by red ants. Millions of the tiny insects turned red the green of leaf and grass. They bit black skins and white with ideal impartiality, until every man and woman was blistered by their attacks.

When the river was reached again, and the ants left behind,

new attacks by warriors were launched. ^{Sharp}~~Sharp-pointed~~ cane splinters were buried point upwards in their path as they struggled with their burdens of stores and canoes round cataracts. One morning they woke to find that an attempt had been made to catch them like wild beasts - in a net.

"It reminds me of the old woman's words", Frank Pocock grinned. "To them we are nothing but meat".

(- the seven together or later to be called Stanley Falls.)
At last they passed their seventh cataract. Prisoners taken in their battles had told them that there were but seven all told. So the expedition set sail again on a river a mile wide, their spirits exulting in the ~~the~~ supposition that now at last they would need to land only for food and rest.

But the conflicts with the shore-dwellers continued. "As day after day passed", Stanley wrote in "Through the Dark Continent", "We found the natives increasing rather than abating in their wild rancour and unreasonable hate of strangers. At every curve and bend they 'telephoned' along the river their warning signals; the forests on either bank flung hither and thither the strange echoes; their huge war drums sounded the muster for resistance. Reed arrows, tipped with ^{poison}~~poison~~, were shot at us from the jungle as we glided by".
(- "hate of strangers", "muster for resistance" -)
In his choice of words, Stanley seems to have expressed his sense of his expedition's being of a ^{military}~~militar~~ character, a forced intrusion. And so it proved. For where missionaries and anti-slavers followed in the tracks of Livingstone, Stanley's ^{fighting}~~marches~~ were the prelude to bloody acts of colonisation.

No wonder that Amina, the ^{leader} wife of one of the Zanzibaris, said to the ~~Bwana Mkuba~~ as she lay dying in an abortive attempt to give birth,

"It is a bad world, bwana, and you have lost your way in it".

Insert to page 201.

Stanley's method of exploration compelled them. Where Livingstone had travelled with a handful of servants and porters, and a minimum of stores and arms, looking rather like the leader of a Sunday school ^{excursion,} ~~excursion~~ Stanley marched with all the panoply of preparedness for battle. While Livingstone had only occasionally prompted native cupidity to rob him, Stanley's ^{belligerent-} ~~offensive~~ ap

Verste

Chapter XVIII

Battle, on the Water.

Surely Stanley did not entirely agree with Amina. But ~~he~~ equally surely he was beginning to have his doubts. He wrote in his notebook ^{about} at this time: "Livingstone called floating down the Lualaba a foolhardy feat. So it has proved, indeed, and I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by any man; ~~it~~ still, as we persist in floating down according to our destiny, I persist in writing, leaving events to an all-gracious providence".

There might be some doubt about the "graciousness" of providence, but there was no lack of events. ^{Surely} On February 1st, 1877, the expedition, with its slightly reduced number of canoes, was paddling its steady way down stream, with the usual waterside accompaniment of ^{warnings} ~~threats~~ against landing, of war drums and war horns, of threatening gestures and an occasionally sped arrow.

Where the River Aruwimi, one of the ~~Congo's~~ largest affluents, flowed into the Congo, Stanley ordered the boatmen of the "Lady Alice" to rest on the oars while he studied ~~thex~~ the tributary, as far as he could see. The sight that met his eyes quickly drove away ^{any possible} all geographical speculations. Lying in wait was the largest flotilla of ^{war} canoes which he had yet seen.

"Frank, go ahead and lead our canoes in line", he shouted at the top of his voice, hands cupped round his mouth. Then, to all the Zanzibaris he added, "Paddle for your lives".

"And we, bwana?", Mazouk asked, from his place in the "Lady Alice".

"We are the rearguard", the leader answered. "We wait till ^{the rest} all ~~our canoes~~ are in front of us".

One by one, the canoes shot ahead, ^{making} ~~falling into~~ line behind Frank Pocock. But the ^{occupants of the} ~~fleet~~ of war canoes ^{were} ~~was~~ not idle. As soon

as they had seen Stanley's little fleet, with a man standing gun in hand in the bows of each unit, they had let out a great yell, and had begun to ply their paddles. ^{now perhaps half a mile further down stream,} The Bwana Mkuba watched the pursuers turn from the Anuwimi mainstream, close on a into the ~~main broad mainstream~~ mile wide. The war canoes were vast in size, ^{impelled} ~~driven forward~~ by fifty or more stalwarts with driving their paddles with practised skill.

"We shall never get away", ^{the leader} ~~he~~ said to Uledi at his side. "We must fight - and trust to our firearms to demoralise them".

Stanley sent the next canoe ^{in front} ~~ahead~~ of him dashing ahead, to tell his ^{men} ~~little fleet~~ to check speed, ^{form} ~~and make~~ a battle line across the broad river, ^{and drop anchors.} The manoeuvre was hardly completed when ^{of fifty four war vessels,} the great flotilla bore down on them. "The Lady Alice" was ^{further upstream,} fifty yards ~~nearer to them~~ ^{her accompaniments} than the ~~expedition's~~ ^{war vessel} canoes.

The enemy were led by a monster canoe, paddled by eighty men, forty on each side, their bodies bending in sweet unison, on their arms gleaming white ivory bracelets, their throats giving voice to a swelling battle cry. In the bows of this 'flagship' a platform was raised, bearing ten young warriors, their heads decorated with crimson and grey feathers. In the stern eight more paddles - extra long, ^{with} ~~their~~ ivory balls on the tops of the handles - steered the 'Man o' war'.

Uledi, finger on gun trigger, was surveying the rest of the hostile fleet.

"Two thousand men, if there's one", he said.

The war cry of the ^{'flagship'} ~~leading canoe~~ was taken up by the similarly decorated warriors in the other fifty three giant canoes.

The 'flagship' made straight for the 'Lady Alice', beating the water into a foam as it came on, its prow throwing up jets of water to left and right.

^{Zanzibaris} The ~~men of the expedition~~ ^{forty} were standing in their canoes, ^{between them, the rest with spears.} guns at the ready, ~~(The shields had been raised round the sides to protect the women and children, and the sick.~~ Frank Pocock

Insert to page 203.

pseudo-religious,

For all the sentimental verbosity which, as a practical ~~journalist~~
appealed to the hypocrisy in
journalist knowing what ~~sauntered the consciousness of his~~ his
bourgeois readers, he poured into his books, Stanley was utterly
ruthless, a gangster mentality, caring nothing for human life,
deliberately choosing to fight his way through strange country
rather than to seek the friendship and co-operation of the
natives. He enjoyed killing, exulted by the power of the bully
which an elephant gun in his hand gave him over Africans armed
only with spear and bow.

CRAFT

with an impressive bulwark of black shields, into Sera had swung his ~~canoe~~ ^{craft} in position on the right flank. Manwa ~~swam~~ was on the left, ~~every~~ ^{with} one of his men with a firearm.

Seem~~ed~~ ^{ing} determined on ramming, the "Lady Alice" Stanley shouted at the top of his voice, but the chanting of the natives ^{prevented} ~~made~~ his words from carrying beyond the ears of the men in his own boat.

"Stand firm as iron. Wait till they are right upon us. Don't fire all at once. Make sure that every shot takes a man. Your gun is your friend. Nothing else can save you".

The daily, plodding march, the floating down the river, left Stanley feeling frustrated, irritated. He did not take Livingstone's scientific delight in the variety of organic life around him. ^{as in organizing an expedition,} But in battle, he rose to great heights - calm, capable, quick-thinking, fearless. ^{INSERT}

When the ~~giant canoe~~ ^{'flagship'} was within a few yards of the "Lady Alice", it ~~swerved~~ swerved suddenly, with the precision and expertise of a well-handled ocean gunboat. As its occupants discharged spears and arrows, Stanley's boatmen fired their first volley. One of the Zanzibaris doubled up, slipped into the water with a groan. Six of the attackers threw their arms ~~it~~ into the air with yells of pain. ^{defending} The flotilla leader paddled along the line of ~~defensive~~ canoes. Those behind it turned to follow ~~it~~. The battle was strung out right across the river. The air was dark with spears and arrows. The din of the guns and the shouts of the combatants echoed to and fro between the afforested ^{river} banks ~~of the river~~.

Reaching ~~reaching~~ Frank on the expedition's right flank, the giant canoe swung away again upstream, followed by the rest of the ^{natives'} flotilla. Black heads bobbed in the water, and were ruthlessly picked off by Stanley and his Zanzibaris.

Some two hundred ~~x~~ yards ^{away} ~~upstream~~, the fleet of canoes turned again and began to re-form. They were ragged in their movements,

Insert to page 204.

Neither of the white men gave a thought to the blood they had shed, to the aggressive, violent nature of their intrusion where they were not wanted, where the natives knew by instinct that their presence heralded an alien, oppressive rule. The feelings of Stanley and Pocock were quite the reverse, leader's account of the battle tersely, brutally expressed by the ~~leader~~ in words surpassed in bestiality by no 20th century Nazi, in words which for once tore aside the pharasaical, ~~xxx~~ imperialist mask of dedication to the interests of God and Man:

"Our blood is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we hate the filthy, vulturous ghouls who inhabit it".

That was Stanley self-stripped, naked and unashamed, Stanley the pitiless killer, mentor of all subsequent imperialists who followed his blood-bespattered path from Zanzibar to the Atlantic Ocean.

perhaps a trifle shaken by their losses and their failure to break the line of intrusive canoes. [Stanley was uncertain whether his men would prove steady enough to resist another onslaught. It would need only a few men to panic, only a single canoe to break line and race downstream, for the whole expedition to be swept into the river. *His best chance now lay in attack.* ~~It seems, too, that he welcomed the opportunity which he thought he saw to inflict heavy casualties, for~~ *In his account of the battle, written in the present tense, he declared* ^{for once} ~~he declared~~ uncovered his feelings, and with them, perhaps, something of his character:

"Our blood is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we hate the filthy, vulturous ghouls who inhabit it".

The Bwana Mkuba signalled to his canoes to raise anchors and attack. They swept up the river towards the disorganised collection of war ^{craft} ~~canoes~~. The move proved effective, although Stanley shed less blood than he seems to have hoped. The natives were unprepared to receive a determined onslaught with firearms against their bows and spears. Their leader ordered a retreat. The Zanzibaris sped after them, chased ^{ten times their own} ~~them ashore~~ and numbers ashore, and into the jungle.

Greeting Frank Pocock with a handshake of congratulation, the bloodthirsty friend of the gentle Livingstone said,

"Our greatest success, Frank. Our fellows are becoming seasoned fighters".

of naval as well as military tactics
"And you a master ~~tactician~~", Frank smiled.

- INSERT -

Further down the river, they entered the region of Rubunga - and a respite. 2 Elaborately tattooed natives welcomed them, and eagerly traded food for beads and wire. Returning from a visit to a village, ^{Uledi} ~~before~~ announced,

"They say they have never before seen a white man - but I have seen among them four muskets".

The river was now flowing almost due west; and Stanley became convinced that the Lusaka-Congo had nothing to do with the Nile.

the outposts of the white man
 "Then we must be approaching civilisation at last", Safeni commented with grim realism, "for ~~civilised~~ ^{white} men have weapons better able to kill than savages".

The Zanzibaris supposed that proximity to civilisation must mean proximity to a coast, which would mean the end of their journey. They were jubilant at the thought. *in private to Frank*
^{expressed} But the Bwana Mkuba ~~had~~ reservations ~~in private to Frank~~.

"All very well if the natives are friendly. But if not - we lose our advantage. The shields on the canoes are all very well against arrows and spears. But if our advance is threatened by guns?"

Stanley's fears were at once justified and exaggerated. Beyond Rubunga, the expedition entered the country of the Banga-
^{later} ^{black} la, a people later destined to provide most of the ~~Belgian~~ soldiers and police ^{recruited by} ~~for~~ the colonising Belgians in the Congo. *Now,* ^{They} ~~were~~ did not welcome the intruders. They attacked ^{expedition,} ~~them,~~ again ^{more than sixty of them,} in war canoes, each with an average of five muskets. Three men of the 'Lady Alice' were wounded in the first affray, two in Frank's canoe. ^{Luckily,} ~~But~~ the natives had no proper bullets. They loaded their muskets with jagged pieces of iron and copper - effective at short range but without penetrating power to pierce the protective shields. *on and off,* Even so, the battle lasted ^{almost} a whole day before the natives withdrew.

A few weeks later, the expedition ~~this was the expedition's~~ ^{a figure} ~~thirty~~ entered on their thirty-second ~~and last fight~~ with the natives of the Congo - in itself some expression of the anger the alien intrusion aroused. ~~But not to go where he was not wanted was no part of Stanley's philosophy. His mission was his all. Who suffered in his fulfilment of it concerned him little.~~ ^{had} Seventy people ^{the thirty} died on the expedition during the covering of 1235 miles from Nyangwe. Of those thirty three had been killed in battle. Barely thirty men had avoided a wound at some time or other. One of ^{the thirty} ~~those~~ was the

Bawana Mkuba himself, though always in the forefront of the fighting, the most dangerous positions. In part, Stanley attributed his passing unscathed to his white skin, arousing a curiosity which, "stronger than hate or bloodthirstiness arrested the sinewy arm which drew the bow, and delayed the flying spear". When danger was most intense, he sat or stood stock still, inviting scrutiny. That required consummate courage. "It was unpleasant to sit and feel oneself the target of so many guns", he wrote later, "but it was the wisest plan. In part, too, Stanley attributed his escapes to supernatural protection; he expressed a belief that a mission had been divinely allotted to him, and that he would be favoured until it was accomplished. It was megalomania, but it gave him the confidence to become the most successful explorer of what to Europeans were the mysteries of the Dark Continent.

Though the hostility encountered, the recurrent fights, restricted the time available for close geographical, ^{zoological,} ~~study & art~~ and anthropological study - even had Stanley been equipped for such - there were occasions when interest was stirred by something other than a difficult crossing of a river, or an opportunity for ^{blood} vengeance on the "filthy, vulturous ghouls". After one tribe had been chased ashore and through their villages, Kalulu reported to Stanley that he and the party with him had found a meskiti, or temple, abundant with ivory.

"Lead me to it", the Bwana Mkuba said, ^{and} ~~He~~ took Frank Pocock with him.

The two white men were soon ^{standing amid} ~~dwarfed~~ by thirty three colossal tusks of ivory, supporting a large, circular roof which sheltered a four-foot idol, dyed bright violet with ^{Sandstone} ~~tincture~~ of camwood, ^{Baphia nitida} the eyes, hair and beard black. In the meskiti and the nearby villages were indications of a local culture far more advanced than any hitherto encountered. There were beautifully carved,

ten-foot paddles, long ivory war horns, ceremonial spears six feet long, and tipped with iron, great knives on red belts of buffalo and antelope skin, ingeniously carved stools, staffs, masks, and flutes.

Stanley's mood when he saw these treasures of native art and craft was vindictive. He gave an order hardly calculated to endear him to humanists then or now. His Zanzibaris were handling the possessions of the absent tribe with covetous appreciation. On former occasions, Stanley had forbidden anything to be touched in deserted villages. But these items were of value.

"Take what you want", the Bwana Mkuba said. "Had they defeated us, they would not only have torn the stores from our porters' backs, they would have gnawed the flesh off our bones".

The delighted Zanzibaris fell on the vast quantities of carvings, weapons, tools and utensils. In a short time, they had stripped the temple and the village houses.

The choicest treasures were sequestered ^{For} Stanley and Frank Pocock, the white invaders.

Chapter XIX
Cataracts of Death.

that

Three days after ~~the~~ thirty-second fight with the resentful inhabitants of the shores of the Congo, the expedition reached a point where the river swelled out into a large flood.

"That we shall call Stanley Pool", Frank Pocock suggested.

They found now that by no means all the cataracts were behind them. ^{Below} ~~Beyond~~ Stanley ^{Pore} stretched ~~no less than~~ over thirty. Stanley titled them Livingstone Falls, but it was a name which brought little good fortune to any but Stanley himself. ~~The Bwana Mkuba was indeed strengthened in his conviction of preservation by divine power - perhaps for massacres and pillage?~~

Accidents piled on accidents. A Zanzibari dislocated a shoulder; another was severely concussed. The canoes were taken ~~as close~~ their closest to each cataract, in order to avoid ~~portage~~ as much portage as possible. They were manoeuvred through the water, with skeleton crews, by means of rattan ropes held by men on shore. ~~Even so~~

Just above the third cataract, Stanley established a base on a broad strip of sand lining a small bay, and began working the canoes down to it. Several arrived safely. Then a canoe with two men was carried away by a rapid current which ran round a narrow point of land jutting out into the water close above the landing beach. Miraculously, the canoe stayed upright, and, driven ~~reached~~ helplessly forward below the cataract, reached the opposite shore to that on which Stanley was above it. Nothing could be done ~~for them.~~ They ~~for~~ ~~even after~~ had to be left to whatever fate awaited.

The rest of the canoes came down one by one. Sole occupant ~~the last but one,~~ of a small craft, was young Soudi, the boy whose brother had been killed hunting food in the starvation period near Ituru. ~~Next~~ His canoe, too, was caught in that same treacherous current running ~~The rattan ropes holding it snapped,~~ out from the jutting point of land. The boy struggled hard to command his craft, but as he swept past Stanley, he shouted,

"I am lost, Bwana".

Stanley and ~~Zanzibaris~~ watched the day's second catastrophe,

The river was now flowing south west, so that Stanley felt sure that the Soudi canoe would be beyond Atlantic Ocean, ~~and~~ his reach.

(and Soudi)

the hapless men

awe-struck, fascinated. Over the edge of the cataract leapt the canoe. It bounced down from terrace to terrace, whirled round like a top, was caught by heavy, steady waves, and driven first to one side then the other. Soudi could do nothing but kneel in the bottom of the canoe, clinging to the sides with both hands. Another wave struck his craft, splashed over the bulwarks, ^{drenching} ~~inun-~~ ^{still} ~~dated~~ the boy. The canoe kept upright, above water, ^{and} swept behind an island. Frank Pocock looked hopelessly at the leader, saying quietly,

"Another good lad lost".

A single canoe, the largest of all, named 'Crocodile' remained upstream. The Bwana Mkuba sent Kalulu running along the bank to the point whence the canoes had been starting their perilous descent to the brink of the falls.

"Warn the men", Stanley said, "to take special care rounding the point. There, the current is swiftest, most treacherous".

The seven Zanzibaris waiting to take the canoe down needed no warning. They were already terrified into inactivity. Seven men sat in the large canoe, shivering, though the sun blazed down on them.

"We will not go", they said. "We would rather carry it".

"Poltroons", Kalulu cried, and leapt into the canoe. "Push us away from the bank", he called to the men on shore.

It was all too quickly done. The men on the rattan ropes had not got a proper hold. The ropes ran through their hands, trailed in the water behind the 'Crocodile'. With a cry of despair from its crew, the craft raced towards the point, got caught in the off-shore current and was driven into mid-stream. Heavily weighted, the furiously plied paddles availing nothing, the canoe glided smoothly, ~~for the~~ straight for the middle of the falls.

Stanley, watching, was this time more than fascinated.

(Virté)

empty, keel uppermost.

Kalulu and the seven men were never seen again.

Stanley's exacerbated feelings were little soothed by the mourning wails which rose from the Zanzibaris in camp that night. It had been a day of horror. Eight men were known to have been drowned. Soudi was presumed lost. The two men who had made the opposite ^{bank} ~~shore~~ must be expected to have fallen into the hands of ~~shore~~ riverside inhabitants. ~~Kxx~~ Kalulu and Soudi, always gay, full of life, resourceful both, had been general favourites. Stanley named the cataract Kalulu Falls.

While his mourners raised their voices in funereal dirges, in his canoe, the boy Soudi ~~was~~ in fact still being carried, in complete darkness, through the roaring torrent between the cataract he had shot and the next. A cross current ~~xxx~~ dragged him close to a rock, which he grabbed. He leapt ashore, and managed to pull his craft up after him. In the very act of doing so, he felt his arms pinioned from behind. He was thrown to the ground by half a dozen natives, tightly bound, and dragged to the nearby village. The next day, he was tied to a post in the middle of ^{single street} the ~~village~~, and men, women and children came to gaze in admiration at the fine young slave who had been taken. Soudi faced them manfully, but wondered ruefully whether they had anything else ~~Stanleyx meanwhile~~ ~~forx~~ for dinner.

Stanley, meanwhile, had ordered a day of ~~rest~~ ~~and~~ preparation for carrying the remaining canoes round the falls. The work went on in silence. It ^{now} ~~was~~ known that what, to the Zanzibaris, seemed like innumerable cataracts still lay ahead. Perhaps not a man would reach the end of them alive. ^{If one} ~~Eleven~~ cataract could spell out death for eleven men

There came a crackling of the undergrowth beneath the tall, ^{bodied} big-~~headed~~ trees standing slightly back from the beach. The Zanzibaris looked up from their tasks, ^{right} ~~on~~ hand, automatically

Stanley ^(in an instant) feeling for their weapons. ~~But~~ ^{He} ~~They~~ ^{was} at the ready, ~~loaded~~ rifle pointed towards the sound. ~~xxxx~~

Out of the bushes stepped - a smiling Soudi, followed by the two men who had first unintentionally and fortunately shot ~~x~~ the cataract.

Soudi told his story. One of the men who had come to see him tied up in the village had raised a hullabuloo. He had seen the boy with the white man who had the stick which belched smoke. The white man would punish them, kill them all with that magic stick. From end to end of the village had echoed a cry to ~~return~~ ~~xxxx~~ release Soudi. The boy's bonds had been cut, he had been fed on goat meat, and put back in his canoe, with fervent prayers that he should not tell his master that he had been bound a prisoner.

The lad had felt his position in the canoe to be ~~litter~~ safer than his position in the village. ^{as he had} ~~He~~ sat wondering what to do next. ~~When~~ there had come up to him the other two who had survived the descent of the terraced falls. Together, the ^{had} three managed, by herculean efforts, and with many ^{desperate} ~~desperate~~ moments, to drive the canoe across the turbulent waters to the opposite bank. Thence they had walked to the camp.

That evening, mourning for the eight certainly lost was converted into joyous dancing and celebration for the three who were found.

The next alarm involved the 'Lady Alice' and Stanley himself. Several cataracts were passed. Frank Pocock went ahead with a few askaris and the women and children to establish camps. Stanley stayed behind to manoeuvre the canoes or carry them along the track Frank had marked. In one of those spells of manoeuvring, however, it was the 'Lady Alice' which was caught in a whirling current. The controlling ropes were dragged out of the hands of the men ashore. Stanley, Uledi and the full crew of

the leader's craft found themselves in the centre of the churning ^{waters} ~~torrent~~, their oars useless in a narrow torrent rushing between tall cliffs. Stanley's feelings were inscribed on memory by the sharp point of impending death, to be recorded later in his diary:

"Never did the rocks assume such hardness, such solemn grimness and bigness, never were they invested with such terrors and such grandeur of height, as while we were the cruel sport of the brown-black waves, which whirled us around like a spinning top, swung us aside, almost engulfed us in the rapidly subsiding troughs, and then hurled us upon the white, rageful crests of others".

In the midst of his own trial, the white "father" pitied the ~~terror~~ ^{terror} which must, ~~have~~ but a few days ago, have gripped his black "son" before he had been plunged to his death.

Down the river the "Lady Alice" was chased and tossed, for two miles in a few minutes, on past the camp site established above the falls. Suddenly, Uledi gripped Stanley's arm. His lips moved, but the noise was such that Stanley heard no words. Added to the crashing and splashing of the torrent was a deep rumbling noise. The river around them heaved upwards, as though driven from below by a powerful spout of air. The "Lady Alice" rose on to a water mound.

"Pull on your oars for all your lives", Stanley shouted, bending forward to the very ear of the leading boatmen.

They could not hear him, but his urgency communicated itself to them. They pulled a few frantic strokes. The boat slid down before ~~off~~ the mound subsided and began that fatal circling which the Bwana Mkuba had dreaded. They had somehow negotiated a huge whirlpool. ^{Lower first} But their danger was hardly diminished. The "Lady Alice" shot over the edge of the falls. The drop proved to be slight.

"Try to row", Stanley shouted at his loudest.

The terrace above which they were floating was broad. Aided by Uledi's skilful steering, the boatmen managed to work their craft to shore. Rapidly controlling his reaction of exhaustion, ~~Stanley~~ the Bwana Mkuba smiled.

And "Well done, my lads." ~~There is~~ turning to Uledi, ~~he added~~ "There is no doubt what we shall name that bit of water".

"Lady Alice Falls", Uledi said promptly.

"Had we not been with the Bwana Mkuba", Saramba added ~~But~~ solemnly, "we should all have been drowned".

Whether the Zanzibari had referred to ~~Stanley~~ the leader's skill, or to his men's belief that he bore ~~he~~ charmed a life was all the same to Stanley. In either case, the remark fed his ~~belief~~ confidence in himself.

Double Space

It was 22nd April before the last cataract ^{*of Livingstone Falls*} was reached, thirty four miles of journeying having taken them thirty seven days. This last cataract, called Inkisi, was the worst, to be circumvented only by carrying the canoes over a small mountain. Negotiations with a friendly local tribe secured the hire of six hundred natives in exchange for forty cloths. Even so, the colossal task took two weeks, at the end of which all were exhausted. A few days' rest was therefore ordered, though the leader was straining to go forward, sniffing journey's end, which ~~had he known it~~ had anyone known it, indeed, ~~was but two hundred miles away.~~

During the respite, Frank Pocock ^{*loboiling on badly ulcerated feet,*} was set to making some sort of check of the expedition's remaining stores. Stanley was becoming doubtful whether they ~~Stanley with a long face~~ had enough native currency left to buy food from ^{*Shore-dwellers generally peaceable but*} natives who were ~~becoming~~ increasingly exacting in their demands. After some hours' of checking and examining, Frank came to Stanley with a long face.

"Everything else seems to be more or less alright", the man

whom the Zanzibaris called the ^{young}~~little~~ 'young Bwana' said, "but we're a devil of a lot of beads short".

"What? Some confounded thief?", Stanley said. "And we've gone without meat when it was available, in order to save beads. Find out who he is".

"I already know", Frank said, "and it is sad, sad knowledge".

"Tell me", Stanley said peremptorily.

"You will not like what I have to tell", Frank still demurred. "I would not have thought it possible. You will hardly believe it".

"Stop this beating about the bush", Stanley said angrily. "I will believe anything except that it was ... it was you or Uledi".

"I would almost rather tell you that it was myself", Frank shook his head. "Because it was the bravest, the most capable, the most devoted of your followers *" Stanley's eyes stared, his lips dropped apart. "Yes", Frank went on. "It was Uledi".

"Whoever told you that is lying - out of jealousy", the leader objected. "You're a fool to believe them".

"I would gladly that you should call me fool if it is not true", Frank said. "You had better call Uledi, and ask him".

Uledi, hotly and with a wealth of gesticulation, denied the charge. But perhaps too hotly, with a little too much gesticulation. Anyhow, Stanley was uneasy.

"We ought to see his belongings", ^{Frank}~~Uledi~~ suggested.

"Go with him and

~~The leader sent~~ (have them brought here", the leader agreed. ^{Stanley} ~~he~~ ^{resentfully} added, "You seem very anxious to convict Uledi".

"Without justice, there will be injustice", Frank answered tersely, and followed ~~Uledi~~ ^{conservatively of the 'Lashy' alias} the still protesting Uledi.

The bulk of Uledi's belongings proved to be considerable.

Insert to page 215.

the method he employed
Perhaps in ~~what followed~~ the leader
felt ~~that~~ there lay the best chance of saving
Uledi without giving offence to the others.
Perhaps it was a mark of his really desiring
that they should share fully with him in a
matter of discipline. Perhaps it ^{demonstrated} ~~demonstrate~~
his feeling for them a deep affection which he showed
in few other ways.

Too considerable. It included enough beads to buy two days' rations for the entire expedition.

The Bwana Mkuba was dejected. Kalulu dead, and Uledi a thief. But he remained calm.

Insert ^{all} "Call ~~us~~ our people together", he ordered Frank, quietly.

When the Zanzibaris, ~~men~~ women, women and children, were gathered, Manwa Sera, Safeni and Zaidi - all chiefs were set apart. In another group stood the crew of the 'Lady Alice', Uledi's friends. "Uledi, himself a chief, in whom I have put great trust",

the Bwana said, "has been found out in an act of stealing. The theft is bad. What is worse is ^{that} theft endangered the life of every one of us. You needed the beads, I needed the beads, to buy food, to keep us alive until we reach the sea. Stealing from us was like laying a trap in our path. It saddens me beyond measure to say this. But justice demands it".

Stanley paused. There were murmurings among the Zanzibaris, some against Uledi, some in his defence.

~~Safeni~~ Manwa Sera, chief of the chiefs, Safeni, wise old diplomat, Zaidi, courageous warrior - I ask you three, what is a just punishment for this treacherous deed?"

The ~~three~~ chiefs conferred briefly among themselves ~~while~~. Uledi, chastened now, stood with shoulders hunched, head lowered, hands folded over his abdomen. The Bwana Mkuba strode up and ~~down~~ down, smacking the tops of his high boots with a leather thonged whip.

~~Though~~ Manwa Sera was the chief of the chiefs, it was Safeni who was deputed to speak for them.

"Had this deed been done by any other man", he said slowly, looking with paternal severity on Uledi, "we should have said that only death ~~could wipe it out~~ ^{by drowning in the} river could wipe it out. But this is Uledi, whom you love, and all our people look up to as courageous, resourceful, kindly. In consideration of his great values, ~~we~~ revealed ever since we left Zanzibar many, many

moons ago, we recommend that he be soundly flogged, and allowed to live."

Uledi raised his head, threw a glance of hope at the other chiefs. Stanley ^{nodded,} ~~nodded~~ gave a sigh of relief, ^{and turned} ~~nodded~~ to the crew of the 'Lady Alice'.

"You who have worked closest to this ... this ... this thief, since we ^{started} ~~started~~ this voyage, which has proved so terrible for us all, down the River Congo - what do you say to the recommendation of your chiefs?"

Saramba spoke up at once.

"Please, Bwana, please. If Uledi, the lion of the 'Lady Alice' must be whipped - let the blows be not severe".

Everything was going as Stanley would have wished it. He turned to Uledi, ~~Uledi~~ and said,

"You must be feeling very small. To have robbed these who ^{risked exposing them even to starvation.} plead so hard for you, to have ~~endangered their very lives~~

Uledi hung his head again, but said no word.

The Bwana now turned to Uledi's brother, Shumari, and another Zanzibari, his cousin, Saywa.

"What say you that I should do with your thieving kinsman?"

"If he must be flogged, let half his stripes be given to me", Shumari begged.

"And half to me", Saywa said. Then the cousin threw himself on his knees in front of Stanley. "The Bwana is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is some-
Perhaps if
thing written. ~~We know~~ the Bwana looks into his books he may see something in them about Uledi. How Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganyika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how has saved many others from the river; how he has worked harder than any three other men on the canoes; how he has been the first to listen to the Bwana's voice, always; how he has been the father of the men of the 'Lady Alice', and many other things"

It was enough. Stanley could not have let Uledi go scot free if by so doing he had lost the loyalty of the rest of his people. Yet he himself still had confidence in Uledi, saw the theft as a deplorable but isolated lapse. *The popular voice delighted him* X. The leader appeared to ponder for some time before saying,

"Very well. Uledi by the voice of the chiefs, representing you all, is condemned. But Shumari and Saywa have taken his punishment on themselves".

Uledi spoke at last, also going on his knees.

"No, Bwana. That cannot be! The fault is mine. The punishment, too, is mine".

Stanley smiled at his faithful coxswain.

"Uledi is set free - and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned".

But Saywa was not the only person to have noticed that the white master wrote things in a book. The local natives were unfriendly yet, to ^{the astonishment} ~~Stanley~~ of all, there came a day on which a long line of warriors approached the camp. Stanley went out with Safeni to meet them. *Frank was by now unable to stand, so had had his feet become. He cheerfully sat cross-legged, mending clothes & making bags.*

"When men come armed to friends, it is hard to understand their meaning", Safeni said to the chief of the warriors.

"We have a complaint to make", the chief replied. "We come armed in case our complaint should not be heard".

"The Bwana always hears complaints", Safeni said. "Speak. You will find understanding in the Bwana".

"We have seen the white man writing in a book. That is very bad. It means that our goats will die, our land will dry up, our women will be barren. The white man must destroy the book".

The warriors raised spears and shields, shouting as one man, "Destroy the book".

Safeni opened his mouth to speak, but his leader raised a silencing hand, and said one word,

"Wait".

With slow deliberation, brows knit, lips compressed, Stanley walked ~~from the warriors back~~^{back} to his tent, leaving Safeni facing the warriors. On his notebooks depended his capacity to write, when he should at last get back to Europe, a detailed account of his historic march. There could be no question of surrendering them. Yet the Zanzibaris were in poor shape for fighting - worn out, dejected, their numbers sadly depleted - and at a fatal disadvantage in the face of men armed and ready at a moment's notice to shower death upon an adversary.

A ~~smile~~^{faint} smile crossed Stanley's face as he entered his tent, ~~he murmured~~^{murmuring,}

~~"The hand must save the situation"~~^{beloved pages} ~~he murmured~~

The Bwana took from his baggage a large, well worn book. He turned it over in his hands ~~He fondled it affectionately~~. regretfully for a moment, murmuring again,

"The best of friends must part".

Hoping to save the book, Stanley, showing ~~to~~ to the natives, said ~~asked~~,

"It is harmless. But I will do with it what you will".

"It is a fetish", the native chief said. "The Bwana must burn it".

Again the warriors waved their weapons, ~~the~~ echoing,

"Burn it". Quickly they gathered ~~the~~ ^{alight.} ~~twigs~~ and had a fire

With a show of reluctance, Stanley walked over to it. He turned and looked questioningly at the chief. But the panted warrior returned the look - impassive.

The Bwana Mkuba

~~Stanley~~ tossed his copy of Shakespeare's Plays into the flames.

Double Space.

Two miles downstream was Massassa Falls, and just beyond ~~when the expedition started marching south west again~~ that - Zinga Falls. Stanley decided, when the expedition moved ~~Frank Beckett had to be carried~~ ^{accompanied by Safeni,} on after its brief rest, to march overland, ^{try} to the Zinga Falls area, select a camp site, and ~~seek~~ to make friends with the

natives. Uledix, meanwhile, was to take a stout canoe and reconnoitre the ~~Massassa~~ ^{river below, above} Massassa.

"You know enough about this river now", the Bwana Mkuba warned the coxswain of the "Lady Alice", "not to take ~~any~~ any chances with it".

Stanley's shauri with the natives issued happily. One of the chiefs boasted that he had seen the great water - the sea.

"Can you take me to ~~a~~ point where I can look over the Zinga area?", the white man asked his new friends.

They took him on to a high rock. The whole of a vast falls area ~~are~~ lay like a sand-tray model in front of him. Stanley raised his field glasses, and scanned the river ~~between Massassa and~~ Zinga Falls. ~~His hands gripped the glasses tightly, and he~~ ^{There came into the vision of} ~~leaned forward, xxxxxxxxx picked up~~ in the lenses a long, dark object ~~xxx~~ being tumbled about by a raging current just above the Zinga Falls. ^{The leader's} ~~His~~ hands gripped the glasses tight, and he leaned forward as he realised that he was looking at an upturned canoe, with several men clinging to it.

"Uledi! Uledi! What have you done?" The cry was wrung involuntarily from the Bwana Mkuba.

~~Meanwhile~~ Uledi had been doing what he had been told, but with a complication. Just as ^{his reconnaissance} ~~the~~ ~~partoned~~ ~~head~~ canoe had been ready to push out towards the Massassa, Frank Pocock had crawled to the river bank, and told Uledi to make room for him.

"This is not a journey for the ^{young} ~~little~~ Bwana", Uledix protested. "Only really fit men this time".

Manwa Sera came to the water's edge, gently took Frank by the shoulder and said,

"We wait for them, ^{young} ~~little~~ Bwana".

"You wait. I do nothing of the sort", Frank retorted, his usually even temper frayed by the pain of his ulcerated feet.

Uledi had no option but to take the sick man aboard.

The canoe dropped down towards the boiling ~~Zinga~~ ^{Massassa} Falls. Five hundred yards short of it, Uledi steered for the shore, found a small cove, and secured the canoe. Then he clambered over rocks until he stood above the Falls, all its terrible, whirling waters crashing beneath him.

^{Frank} "Little Bwana, it is impossible to shoot those Falls. No canoe or boat can do it and live", the coxswain announced when he returned.

Frank was ^{experienced} ~~trained~~ with boats. Many a time during the perilous journey down the Congo it had been the second white man's skill which had saved half-a-dozen canoes. But usually his native caution overcame ^{Frank} recklessness. Now, ~~he~~ seemed determined to show that a sick man could be as good as a fit one.

"Don't tell me stories. ^{Higher up, we've shot falls that} ~~We shot the Massassa, and these~~ Falls don't ^{were worse than these} ~~rear as badly as these.~~" Here, you, Shumari and Mazouk. You go and have a look. Tell me what you think. God, I wish I could go myself".

The two young Zanzibaris returned shaking their heads. But still Frank was not convinced.

"You fellows are ^{afraid of water} ~~scared with water~~. Little ripples look like waves to you". Frank thoughtlessly stamped a foot, and cried out in pain.

"Little Bwana", Uledi said. "Neither white man nor black can ^{go low} ~~beyond~~ where we are, and live. You are not just to say we are afraid". The coxswain held ^{up his} ~~out~~ ten fingers. "More than that number of lives I have saved on this river. How can it be said I fear water?"

"This ^{is} your reconnaissance", Frank answered. "I cannot order you. If you go, and take me with you, I will agree you are not afraid. If you don't go, I cannot ~~and~~ and I shall always think you were afraid".

Uledi shrugged his shoulders. It was such a challenge as only a coward or a man of great moral courage could have denied.

"We will show you, ^{Young} ~~Little~~ Bwana, that ~~a~~ black men fear death as little as you".

"A man can die but once", Frank said, sullenly.

"Enough. Take your seats", Uledi ordered his canoeists.

"Now you're behaving like men", Frank cried, and thumped Uledi on the back.

Quickly ~~they~~ they were borne into mid-stream.

"Get across to the far side", Frank advised. "I see smooth water there".

The effort was made. But it put the canoe broadside on to the current. There was not distance enough to enable them to move in a diagonal, at a small angle to the ~~stream~~ direction of the flood. The canoe was battered up ~~to~~ almost to the edge of the Falls. Uledi struggled to turn the prow forward. It was a last desperate effort to ^oshoot the cataract. A hopeless effort.

Half turned forward, half broadside on, the ~~canoe~~ craft leapt ^{outwards} down into the abyss, pivoted round, whirled into the abyss. A spinning, twirling whirlpool ^{caught it} ~~caught~~ them, ^{sucked} ~~sucked~~ the canoe and its eleven men under, belched up a spout of water as though in salute, then ^{vomited} ~~threw~~ up the canoe, into the burning sunshine. Several men were somehow clinging to it. ~~As~~ ^{useless} The whirlpool flung the canoe away, as ~~jet~~ jetsam, Uledi, gripping the canoe for life counted those who were with him. Eight. But the ^{Young} ~~Little~~ Bwana"?

Close by the upturned, derelict, helpless craft another spout of water shot up, carrying in its ^{crown} ~~mouth~~ the head of Frank. He moaned, but for a moment remained afloat. Uledi heaved himself away from the canoe, struck out with powerful arms towards the man who had discovered his theft. The ^{canoe} ~~coxswain~~ ~~bounced on to wards the Zimba Falls, the man still clinging~~ ~~had only one thought in mind.~~
 to it struggling to drive it to wards the shore.
 Uledi had one purpose, alone, had only one thought in mind.

"Now I can prove to the ^{Young} ~~Little~~ Bwana ^{whether} ~~whether~~ I am afraid".

With the thought, he was sucked once more into the depths by the satanic whirlpool.

Stanley, meanwhile, had sent some of his men running to the shore with a rope. It seemed that the men on the upturned canoe saw the rescuers. They abandoned their uncontrolled craft, and struck out for the shore. Behind them, another head came to the surface, and swam powerfully after them.

"Only Uledi swims like that", Stanley thought.

One of those whom Stanley had sent with the rope came racing back to him.

"Bwana! Bwana! Eight are saved. But three are lost".

"Why were there eleven in the ~~boat~~ canoe?", Stanley asked at once.

"I know not Bwana, but but but Bwana, ^{Uledi} the ^{Young} ~~Little~~ Bwana is lost".

clambered from the flood behind the others and
Uledi, utterly exhausted, was carried to Stanley to tell his tale in broken gasps.*

Chapter XX

Achievement

"If you do not stay with me, still I will cling to the river until either I die in it, or come to the great water".

Thus Stanley to his now mutinous followers, two days after Frank's death. There had been no violence. The Zanzibaris had simply stated, through Safeni and Manwa Sera, that rather than go further they would remain and work for the local natives. The death of the "young Bwana" had depressed them to the point of despair. ^{Barely} Only one third of those who had left Zanzibar behind them Bwana Mkuba over two and a half years earlier ^{had} survived. The pegazzis and askaris became sullen and listless, convinced now that all would die. If death came today, instead of tomorrow, so much the better, so much the less pain and ¹hardship to endure.

It said much for the attachment to Stanley of those who had suffered so much by following him that when ~~they~~ threatened to leave them, they silently took up their loads and struggled forward. Passage round the next two cataracts cost them another man's life, and another canoe. But there was no more mourning. Lucky he who had been gathered to his fathers.

The expedition's currency became shorter and shorter. The nearer they came to the sea, the more ^{local} the natives demanded for their food. Less and less, day by day, did every man and woman eat, until their ribs stuck out through their skins.

"Only a little while longer", Stanley encouraged. "Now, we are only a few miles from the ocean, where white men will care for you, feed ~~for~~ you, honour your having made this tremendous journey with me".

The Bwana Mkuba knew that his announcement was premature. But it was the only way to put some heart into his miserable followers. Indeed, they became jubilant, summoned up their

sapped resources to celebrate ~~in jubilation~~. But it was a jubilation itself underscored by tragedy.

"Ah! Bwana! El hamd ul Illah! We have reached the sea". It was Safeni who came running ^{a brightly plumed parrot on his shoulder,} shouting to the Bwana Mkuba. "We are home! We are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and hostile natives. Say ^{good} ~~God~~-bye to me, ^{Bwana} ~~God~~. Wish me well. I am starting now. To run all the way to the sea to tell your white brothers you are coming".

Before Stanley could soothe the clearly deranged formercoxswain of the "Lady Alice", Safeni ^Y the parrot still clinging to his toga ^Y had run off into the jungle.

"Run after him! Find him! Bring him back", the leader shouted to Manwa Sera, Zaidi, and Uledi.

Realisation had only just dawned - that the once wise, diplomatic Safeni had lost his reason. The chiefs beat the jungle north and south and east and west. But Safeni was never seen again.

^{hungry} ^{trying to steal food}
Three ~~Zanzibaris~~ ^{were captured by natives, ~~xxxxxx~~} There was not enough currency in the "treasury" to ransom them. They had to be left behind. And there was yet another casualty.

The point of sailing down the Congo in the "Lady Alice" and the canoes had been not only a question of saving portage. Indeed, the need to carry the boats round the cataracts made them a burden rather than a help. Now, there was no ^{shadow of} ~~longer any~~ doubt that the river which they had started out from Nyangwe to follow as the Lualaba was indeed the Congo. There was no longer any need to follow every yard of the water. The boats could ~~now~~ be left behind.

The gallant "Lady Alice", therefore, was perched on top of a pile of rocks and left to rot.

"Churlish treatment", Stanley ^{said} ^{the boat he} aloud to ~~his~~ ~~beloved~~ had him-

self designed, "after you have borne me for nearly five thousand miles[†]". He turned to the river, ^{saying} ~~adding~~ "How many good helpers you have wrested from me".

1877
By 2nd August, ^{the} expedition was indeed only a few miles from Embomma /now Boma/, where they would find food, and white ^{The conviction} ~~welcomers~~. ^{it presented} ~~it~~ ^{lifted} up all hearts, but ~~it~~ ^{had} its own problems, too. The natives laughed at the proffered beads, and wire and cloth. They had more than enough of such things. They would give food only in exchange for - rum. How would the ^{Scarcely the 116} ~~116~~ people ^{forty of them were} who still remained be ~~drag~~ able to drag themselves, starving, through a few more days of marching. Their only hope, Stanley ^{was to send a messenger who would not be hampered by} ~~thought * he had no Frank now with whom to discuss his problems~~, the women and children, the remaining stores, with ^{written} a request "To any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma" that help might be sent out. A native Chief agreed, after some haggling, to send a guide and ~~Stanley~~ the Bwana Mkuba sat down to ~~writer~~ sketch in words the expedition's desperate plight: "The supplies must arrive within two days or I may have a ^{fearful} ~~desper~~ time of it among the dieing. The letter was signed "H.M. Stanley, Commanding Anglo-American Expedition for the Exploration of Africa", and below was added a postscript: "You may not know me by name. I therefore add - I am the person who discovered Livingstone in 1871".

Uledi, Shumari and Soudi were chosen to go with the guide in the attempt to save their friends from starvation at the very threshold of ^{forward} ~~achievement~~. Those left behind struggled ^{forward} slowly, increasingly slowly, ~~forward~~ through the land where the word civilisation meant that a man ~~who~~ could purchase the needs of life only with rum.

In two days, Uledi and his companions were back, bringing food - on which a feast was promptly made. In still another two days - on 9th August 1877[†] - four white men came out from Embomma to welcome the heroes of the scarcely credible journey. ^{Of the}

men and women *been recruited in*
 356 ~~men, women~~ who had ~~marched out of Bagomoyo on 16th November,~~
 1874, only 114 entered Embomma, and almost half of those had
 either to be carried, or could just barely drag one foot in
 front of another. Who would choose to travel with Stanley, who
 Stanley himself had turned grey in the 33 months,
 and looked at least ten years ~~older~~ ^{more} than his 37 years?
~~Who would choose to travel with Stanley?~~

And even now, surrounded by plenty, treated to all the delicacies which the East Coast of Africa, still only basically developed, could provide, many who had survived a thousand battles, privations, and contests ~~trials and privations~~ with nature, died of listlessness when suddenly they had nothing to do and nowhere to march to. The wife of the poor, deranged Safeni died on the very day ^{on} which the ship carrying the members of the expedition arrived at last at Zanzibar. ^{By her death,} ~~By that time,~~ the number of survivors was reduced to a mere 82, and that figure included six children born on the great march. Of the thirty six women who had braved the rigours of the journey, only twelve returned. Justly did Stanley pay tribute to his gallant followers:

"For me 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, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and the hour of need they had never failed me". It was an epitome which distilled the essence rather than served up the pulp - and rightly so.

And what ^{had} "these poor ignorant children" and their leader achieved? In few words - more, than any other expedition which
^{geographically speaking,}
^{Central}
 had ever set out to explore Africa. All the essential questions had been answered: The Luababa joined the Congo and flowed across Africa into the Atlantic. The Nile rose in Lake Victoria, with perhaps an ultimate source in the River Kagera, among mountains 6000 feet above Lake Tanganyika. The exact outlines of the two great lakes / Victoria and Tanganyika ⁵ could now be traced on the map, together with a belt of "known territory" across

twenty five degrees of longitude.

So much for ~~benefit to~~ ^{the values of} Stanley's stupendous performance to world geography. The reverse side of the medal was yet to appear. The ~~great powers of the world~~ ^{potentialities of Central} Africa for exploitation - too often a synonym for plunder and oppression - had been ~~laid~~ ^{laid} at the feet of the great powers of ~~the Old World and the~~ ^{Europe - Britain, France, Germany, Belgium.} ~~Now~~ (Seventeen years later, those powers had laid claim to almost every square yard of the territory which the natives had so ~~hotly~~ ^{hotly} defended against the intrusion of a white explorer and his "poor ignorant children".

Double Space.

It was January 1878 before Stanley, having paid off his Zanzibaris and settled his affairs in the Sultan's island, arrived at Marseilles. Emaciated, his constitution all but wrecked, the explorer sat down to write "Through the Dark Continent", a two volume ~~of~~ work of more than a thousand pages which he completed in ~~four~~ ^{as} a little over four months. In his writing, he was ~~as~~ ^{as} assiduous, as dogged, as in his travelling. Seeking rest, he next ~~visited the~~ ^{sampled the} delights of Trouville, Deauville, Dieppe and Switzerland. But their sweets turned sour in his mouth. He did not know how to relax.

Crossing to England in September, he received the usual mixed welcome. Leading Geographical Societies conferred their honours on him, ~~learned~~ ^{and he} journeyed the length and breadth of the country lecturing on the commercial possibilities of the country he had opened up. The United States Senate and House of Representatives passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Henry Morton Stanley. King Umberto of Italy sent him his portrait, with a complimentary inscription. The Khedive of Egypt sent him a medal. ~~The press of~~ ^{Some newspapers in,} the Old World and the New sang his praises in superlative terms, and owners of waxworks hastened to make up tableaux showing the hero of the hour surrounded by wild

beasts and cannibals!

But there were incidents in the great exploration on which his enemies pounced. In the British Parliament a Member denounced him for his vengeful attack on the Bumbireh natives; the Aborigines Protection Society ^{censured} ~~attacked~~ him for the looting of the ivory meskiti. These were ^{just} ~~fair~~ reservations to make in the midst of the paeons of praise. Unfair was the whispering campaign which asked how it was that no white man who entered Central Africa with Stanley ever came out.

The explorer himself brushed aside such reprobations. He was concerned now with the advantages to Europe which might be extracted from his discoveries. Besides ivory, Central Africa had rare woods, ores, palm oil, valuable nuts and other natural resources which, he said, would well repay investment and the dangers and labour of extraction. The Congo basin - 1,425,000 square miles in extent - comprised a tract of land comparable in extent and economic possibilities with the Mississippi or the Amazon. The River itself, three thousand miles long, and pouring twelve million cubic feet of water into the Atlantic every second, was a vast source of power. To Stanley, the obstacles to be overcome were no more than a challenge. He planned to cut around the cataracts and rapids, first a waggon road and later a railroad. A train of military garrisons would protect "trading" stations ~~and steamers~~.

British financiers and the British Government at first dubbed his dreams quixotic. But King Leopold II of Belgium assembled a number of interested parties from England, Germany, France, Holland and his own country. They formed a ~~xxxx~~ Comité d'Étude du Haut Congo, and invited Stanley to advise them. The one-time reporter on the 'New York Herald' was received by King Leopold, and in January 1879 was on his way back to Africa,

accompanied by several white assistants - Americans, English, Dutch, Belgians, and Frenchmen.

This was a purely colonising venture to which Stanley devoted all that energy and singleness of mind which characterised ^{every one of} ~~all~~ his undertakings. For five years he laboured ~~to~~ ~~establish what later became known as~~ the Belgian Congo - building roads, establishing settlements, carrying stores up and down the Congo, round the cataracts, over the mountains. The roads were to be built of crushed rock, so that they would stand up under heavy loads in all weathers. The natives knew nothing of how to crush the mighty stones which were dragged and rolled into position. Stanley himself took up a sledge hammer and taught them just the sizes of rock that he wanted. From that he earned a new name, which in all his future years in Africa was to stick to him - Bula Matari /Breaker of Rocks/.

~~xxxx~~ We need ^{not} concern ourselves here to follow the details of work which was to bear fruit in the establishment of the Belgian Congo, of the construction ^{of the road} which was to prove ^{over the years} a via dolorosa ^{in the cause of} ^{intro-} ~~to~~ thousands of natives martyred ~~by the colonists~~ ^{the} introducing "civilisation" of mine owners and financiers, a road which might be said to lead straight to the grave of Patrick Lumumba.

Not only Negroes suffered and died in that blood-spattered cause. Six Europeans died in the five years of Stanley's unrelenting struggle; thirteen more were invalided home. Stanley watched their coming and going without emotion. To his assistants the job was back-breaking toil unalleviated by any glamour. To Stanley ~~it~~ ^{there} was a crusade. Between such points of view ~~there~~ ^{be} ~~their~~ ^{no} could ~~be~~ reconciliation. A Belgian officer, Lt. Bracconnier, ~~we~~ wrote of his chief: "No one can admire Stanley's qualities more than I. He is a man of iron full of dogged will But he has one fault, he is not so unselfish as he might be. He is far too inconsiderate of his European fellow workers, and more esteemed than liked. He treats his white companions as though

he were a little king - lives apart, never 'Chums' with them, and at certain moments would think it justifiable to sacrifice any one of them to his own safety. I never asked him for reasons. Sometimes he would say to me ^{Braconnier,} ~~xxxxxxx~~ strike your tents, we move in ten minutes'. Had I been foolish enough to say 'Where are we going?', he would have answered, 'Mind your own business, not mine'. I have watched him smoking under his tent, knowing all the time his officers had no tobacco, and it would never occur to ~~them~~ him to offer them a fill. You must live with him a long time to understand him. However long you might know him, I doubt that you would ever become his friend."

Stanley ^{presented himself} ~~presented himself~~ in a different light, ^{forced} ~~though~~ by their strictures on to the defensive. "Being of an open temper and frank disposition, and always willing to hear what my officers or men had to say, though as a leader of men I could not hob-knob with my officers, they ought to have found no difficulty in understanding me".

When later Stanley married, his wife said that he sought the love of his fellowmen more than he sought fame. It may well be thought that he conducted such a search in a strange manner. But his wife, of course, never accompanied him on one of his 'crusades' into the heart of Africa.

End of Part III

Stanley. Extra Chapter.

Chapter XXI

Overt Imperialism.

"August 15, 1879. Arrived off the mouth of the Congo. Two years have passed since I was here before, after my descent of the great river in 1877. Now, having been the first to explore it, I am to be the first who shall prove its utility to the world. I now debark my seventy Zanzibaris and Somalis for the purpose of beginning to civilise the Congo basin".

"Utility"? "Civilisation"? In the five years following the penning of those ^{words} ~~years~~, Henry Morton Stanley was to show what he and his backers among west European monarchs and financiers meant by them.

From England, he had sailed to Zanzibar, where he had recruited sixty eight of the natives, three quarters of whom had accompanied him on his previous expedition. He had been assisted notably by a young Danish sailor, Albert Christopherson, the army sergeant type ~~to him~~ ^{such as} Stanley favoured. Their recruits included Uledi and also, as personal servants, another Mabruki and a Dualla.

The task on which Stanley and less than a hundred followers were now engaged was the building of a chain of garrison stations on the banks of the Congo, the opening of a road through the cataract region, and the placing of boats on the navigable parts of the river. The ultimate object was the extraction of the wealth of of the vast Congo basin, using the ^{natives, the real} ~~local owners~~ of the land, as cheap labour to assist the plundering. For the result of Stanley's fine piece of exploration - however brutally executed - was to be that Africa was to become a theatre of European expansion.

Germany, success in the Franco-Prussian war still swelling its head, was seeking markets and colonies. France, humiliated

at Sedan, was looking towards a colonial empire to re-establish lost prestige. Great Britain and Portugal were roused by threats to what they considered their African interests. And Italy was anxious not to be left out of the race for possessions in the newly explored continent. But most ambitious of them all, at the beginning, was King Leopold II of Belgium, who first formed a so-called international African association for the further exploration and development of Africa and then, at the correct tactical moment, threw off his mask and had himself named personal ruler of the Congo, *an act to which Britain and America, by giving it formal approval, made themselves parties.*

It was as the representative of King Leopold that Stanley now began a series of what were euphemistically termed "negotiations" with the tribes inhabiting the ^{Southern banks} ~~Congo basin~~ of the Congo. Faced by the power of European governments, what chance had the tribal chiefs in such "negotiations"? Was it likely that they even understood that in giving Stanley's mission facilities, they were giving away their children's birthright to ruthless colonisers who would bend and lash those children's backs, subject and enslave them, overturn their way of life, rob them of all they possessed, in return for rum and syphilis? The so-called purchases of land were in fact assumptions of a sovereignty to be maintained with the bullet and the whip.

Over four hundred of such "treaties" were made, the foundations of the ~~now~~ notorious Congo Free State. What did the word "Free" mean? Certainly not freedom for the natives. Freedom rather for all European nations to navigate and trade - again euphemistic words, meaning, in fact, "pillage". And to justify it, Stanley and King Leopold and the other European beneficiaries spoke piously of the barbarous depravity of the Africans. David Livingstone, to whose memory Stanley paid hypocritical lip service, had other methods of dealing with witchcraft, superstition, and

inter-tribal strife.

In the matter of treaties and concessions, Leopold, and his emissary, Stanley, were not to have it all their own way. Other vultures were hovering - and ~~jumping~~ diving on the prey.

On November 7th, 1880, Stanley was in camp some two hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo. He was sitting in his tent, writing letters to Europe urging them to send him more effective white assistants than those he had so far received. Suddenly, the tent flap was unceremoniously thrust aside. Lutete Kuna, one of the local natives whom Stanley had "persuaded" to work for wages, rushed in and thumped on to the table beneath a ^{black} heavy thumb a piece of paper. Looking up at the man in surprise, Stanley took the paper, and then read:

"Le Comte Savorgnan de Brazza".

"Where did you get this?", Stanley asked.

"Man - tall white man", the native panted.

"Where?"

"Village - not far". Kuna waved an arm vaguely ^(towards the north).

"I don't know him. Never heard of him", Stanley said.

"Frances - says he is Frances", Kuna persisted, still agitated. "He kept firing at tree - gun shoots many times. No stop to load".

"What he did he do that for?", Stanley asked.

"Don't know. All white men to shoot at trees. I think to kill bad spirit".

Stanley was not interested in Lutete Kuna's anthropological observations.

"What else happened?", he asked.

"I told him I with you. Then he give that piece paper. Tell me carry it to you."

"Do you think he is coming to me?"

"Don't know - but think so", Kuna answered.

Stanley dismissed the native and went on with his writing. An hour ^{later}, there was a commotion in the camp. Stanley went to his tent door. A tall, handsome man, ten years his junior, was ~~xxxxxx~~ striding towards him, surrounded in a semi-circle behind by fifteen Gabonese Negros, all armed with Winchester repeating rifles. The Frenchman came forward with outstretched ~~xxxxx~~ hand.

"I am proud to meet you", he said. "I have heard, as has all the world, of your work".

Stanley could not be otherwise than hospitable to a strange white man on the River Congo. He entertained ^{de Brazza} ~~xxxxxx~~ and attempted to ascertain by discreet questioning what was his object in those parts. De Brazza would say no more than that he had crossed the French colony of Gabon from Libreville, and struck the Congo some considerable distance above where Stanley now was. He ~~now~~ wished to move down to Boma, and make his way home. He was self-confident, even self-satisfied.

It seemed an inconclusive tale, but Stanley could get no more out of his guest, who stayed two days in the camp and then, with an admonition that Stanley would need five times as many men as he had if he was to accomplish his task, moved westwards. Stanley bade him a cordial farewell, and gave him supplies to help him on his way to the sea. But he stood looking speculatively after the ~~the~~ Frenchman, wondering why he ^{had} seemed so pleased with himself and yet had included in his explanation nothing that seemed to ^{call for any} ~~justify and~~ special congratulation.

King Leopold's emissary was soon to be enlightened. ~~When,~~ Further up the river, he sought to make treaties on the northern bank for lands and unmolested passage. ^{But} De Brazza had been there before him - ~~conducting similar~~ ^{conducting, under pressure of} the Winchester repeating rifles and the threat of force they represented,

"negotiations" ~~which~~ similar to Stanley's, but the result of which was that the tribal chiefs were placed not under Belgian but ^{under} French "protection". De Brazza and Stanley represented two arms of ^{European} the scramble for African plunder. The true meaning of the "treaties" negotiated by both men, ^{the nature} ~~was~~ ~~that~~ of their conception of "civilising", was made clear to the world when, under an agreement dated 23d April 1884, France was accorded ~~the~~ prior right to "purchase" the lands leased by Stanley in the Congo basin in the event of Leopold's consortium being unable for any reason to exploit them. "Utilising" and "civilising" meant, in fact "annexation".

The first piece of road which Stanley was ^{engaged} in building, with his mixed bag of European helpers, ^{and} all of whom, except Christopherson, he execrated as useless, ^{and} with his Zanzibaris and such natives as he could press into assisting the rape of their country, was from Vivi, where the first station was established, to Isangila. The fifty miles which separated those two places embraced the first set - up-river from the sea - of cataracts and rapids. No mere path over the rocks and through the forest would do. The road would have to stand up to heavy loads in seasons wet and dry. It was to be founded on crushed rock with ^{thin} a covering of clay.

Faced with the problem of breaking vast rock boulders into small pieces of stone, Zanzibaris and Congolese alike were at a loss. They had never done such a thing, seen such a thing done, or thought it possible. Stanley therefore martialled them all on a part of the projected road where they could stand above him on rocky eminences and watch his demonstration. With his usual sense of the dramatic moment, he strode into the area on which his workers looked down. He ordered a large rock boulder to be hauled in front of him. From Uledi he took a heavy sledge hammer. For a moment he stood with the hammer

in front of him, and said,

"Watch carefully. I am now going to show you all how you must do this work".

There was a murmur half of doubt, half of anticipated admiration. Christopherson stepped quickly for^{ward} from his position behind Stanley, where other Europeans were grimacing one to another, deploring their leader's self-dramatisation, and muttering remarks to the effect that men who were expert at stone breaking had usually been in prison. ~~When~~ the Danish sailor leaned for ward to take ^{away} up the sledge hammer, ^{but} Stanley stayed him.

"~~But~~ I am taller", Christopherson protested.

"But I am leader", Stanley answered.

He swung the sledge hammer in a low arc, and smashed the rock boulder. He swung it again, ~~it~~ to make smaller the larger fragments. The murmuring from the natives was now all approval.

Stanley called one of his Zanzibaris, and told him to do the same as he had done, with a ^{high} new boulder. The man swung the sledge hammer ^{high} above his head. Stanley checked him, took the hammer away, and again demonstrated that low arc swing, the head of the implement never rising above his shoulder.

"Like that", he explained. "Not above the head. If the hammer slips, you will be stunned, if not killed. Keep it low, and the worst you can do is crush a toe".

He broke several more boulders, and guided the efforts of a number of his workers who came to emulate him. In the evening, he asked ^{Uleledi} ~~Mebraki~~ what the men had thought of the demonstration.

"They call you Bula Matari", the ^{Zanzibari} ~~servant~~ explained.

Stanley smiled with pleasure, for the name meant "Breaker of Rocks". And by it he soon became known throughout the Congo

basin.

The Vivi-Isangila road took almost a year to build, and Stanley estimated that he personally covered on foot 2350 miles, ~~tr~~ persistently traversing and re-traversing its route. While Stanley walked, supervised, sought to patch up quarrels among flicking flies from their necks as they stood watching the his white assistants, the Zanzibaris and natives swung their sledge work, hammers and machetes, breaking the boulders, hewing down the trees, tearing away the stubborn scrub. The damp heat was terrific, wearing down the strength and flesh of the stoutest. The food for the workers was beans, goat meat and sodden bananas. The white men had brought with them packing cases loaded with delicacies, spirituous liquors, tobacco. But all ~~alike~~ suffered terribly. Before this first short stretch of the road was finished, twenty two Zanzibaris and natives had succumbed to illness or accident; six of the white men had died, and thirteen had had to be invalided home. Stanley was unmoved by the death roll - except to complain of diminishing man-power. What were a few lives - black or white? - as compared to the reputation of Henry Morton Stanley, as compared to the insistent demands from Europe that a way must be opened up for the plundering of west central Africa?

From Isangila the road was pressed on to another station established at Manyanga. Stanley then set about developing his pride - Leopoldville, finished in the early part of 1882. At that time, the present capital of the Congo consisted of an impregnable block-house, a village with broad streets, gardens growing bananas and vegetables, storehouses stocked to support the garrison and Stanley's workers in their further labours. There was a broad ^{promenade} ~~promenade~~, intended by Stanley ^(for use) by the "civilizers" who should follow him from Europe, a promenade for their Sunday afternoons, with a view of river, cataract, mountain and

forest. There, they might smile to themselves and congratulate one another on the splendid opportunity opened up for them by Henry Morton Stanley to make quick fortunes, ~~fertilised by native toil and blood.~~

Less than a year later, after Stanley had made a brief trip to Europe to urge in person on his backers the need for a better type of European assistant than he had so far received - Albert Christopherson always excepted - he found that the man left in charge of Leopoldville had allowed the storerooms ^{to} ~~the~~ ~~xxxx~~ fall empty, the gardens to become overgrown with weeds, the native houses to crumble, the boats to rot. And hostile natives ⁱⁿ the region, realising perhaps the way in which they had been tricked, were laying virtual siege to the station.

This annexation of the Congo basin, this mission of "utilisation" and "civilising", this act of ^{banditry} ~~banditry~~ which for over seventy years was to place the Congolese people under an alien heel and even after such a lapse of time to see them, though nominally freed, not liberated from the menace of west European guns and the chicanery of the denizens of high finance, this, Stanley's most despicable adventure cost him one trouble after another.

His European assistants showed what ~~ix~~ sort of "utility" and "civilising" had brought them to the Congo. They quarrelled over rank and status. An engineer on a steamer protested that he was given inferior rank to the expedition's general accountant. Men in charge of larger boats refused to eat at the same table as men in charge of smaller ones. Several threatened to write their complaints to French, Belgian and English newspapers. Undoubtedly, most of them were incompetent. A certain Lieutenant Braconnier stood by and watched an inexperienced young Austrian officer with six Zanzibaris enter an overloaded boat, which fifteen minutes later sank and drowned all

hands. And later he contrived to upset a boiler waggon on a steep hill and to put it and himself out of action.

Some of the trouble with the Europeans was certainly Stanley's incapacity for leading educated men. The same Braconnier, when at last, after putting up with him for three years, Stanley sent him home, wrote of his former commander: "No one can admire Stanley's qualities more than I ~~xxxxxx~~ He is a man of iron. ... full of dogged will But he is far too inconsiderate of his European fellow-workers, and more esteemed than liked. He treats his white companions as though he were a little king - lives apart, never 'chums' with them, and at certain moments would think it justifiable to sacrifice any one of them to his own safety Sometimes he would say to me, 'Braconnier, strike your tents, we start in ten minutes'. Had I been foolish enough to say, 'Where are we going?', he would have answered, 'Mind your own business, not mine'. I have watched him smoking under his tent, knowing all the time his officers had no tobacco, and it would never occur to him to offer them a pipe ... However long you might know him I doubt that you would ever become his friend".

Some certainly did not want to become Stanley's friends. While he was building Leopoldville, the officer left in charge at Vivi simply packed up and went home, repudiating his contract without even a letter of resignation, or a message to his commander. Even Christopherson, the favourite, left when his contract expired. To his officers' criticisms, subsequently published in newspapers and books, Stanley retorted: "One is not likely to be hard with persons who perform their duties; but it is difficult to be mild, or amiable, with people who are absolutely incapable, and who will not listen to ^{admonition} ~~remonstrance~~ without bristling with resentment".

Apart from Christopherson, two only of his assistants seem

to have pleased him. They were two Belgian army officers given the task of establishing a station right on the Equator, seven hundred and sixty miles from the Congo mouth. Lieutenants Vangele and Coquilhat built themselves a house of clay, fitted it with window frames and doors, equipped it with home-made chairs tables and stools, and even hung curtains. For their men they built clay barracks, drained, and added gardens as well as barns for fowl and goats. In the former Equator station, ~~the~~ ^{now the} city of Coquilhatville, ~~the~~ name of one of its founders lives to this day.

These two young men evidently enjoyed their work, and suffered no qualms of conscience concerning the operation in which they were engaged, and the sustained act of plunder they were helping to prepare. But the trickery and bullying of the natives, the annexation of their lands, the break-up of their way of life -- ~~all in the interests of making a few European financiers rich~~ -- so preyed on the mind of an Austrian marine officer, Mons. Luksic, that he shot himself through the head.

To Stanley's troubles with his white assistants - he insisted that he had little with his Zanzibaris and the native wage-earners, but he was liable to talk to them pistol in hand - was added his own serious illness. In one bout of fever, he had his tent moved out of the swampy regions to the top of a hill two hundred feet above river level. There on one day he took twenty grains of quinine dissolved in hydrobromic acid. He felt no beneficial ~~effect~~ ⁺. The next day he took thirty grains of quinine - and for six days lay more or less unconscious, knowing only that Mabruki and Dualla, his servants, were as tender as female nurses in their attendance on him. He became so weak that he could ^{not} sit up or even raise his arms. He made Mabruki and Dualla hold him up while he took a fifty grain dose of quinine.

Two days later, he became convinced that he was going to

die. His bemused brain caught only at the thought that death would mean failure in his mission. How would the foolish, incompetent Braconniers complete the building of the road, maintain the garrison stations, make a land fit for European financiers and men of commerce to ~~be~~ bleed of its resources? He must appeal to ~~them~~ all his followers. He must make one last effort to succeed. If his body was too weak for action, he must provoke and inspire and frighten his people by words. They must make the Congo road his monument.

"Fetch all the Europeans and Zanzibaris to me", he whispered to Mabruki. And to Dualla: ^{Roll up the tent walls} "~~Open the tent.~~ Then mix me sixty grains of quinine in hydromic acid and a little Madeira wine".

This desperate dose consumed, Stanley heard the rush of feet outside his tent. Raised into a sitting position, he found the Zanzibaris ^{arranged} sitting in a semi-circle round the open tent, ^{with Uledi a little in advance of them}. The European officers stood at the foot of his camp bed. Christopherson stepped forward, and took his hand. Stanley strove against the drugging effect of the quinine. With a slow, grinding effort, painful to witness, he managed to say one single coherent sentence. That achievement seemed to relieve him, though his voice had been so weak that only Christopherson, Mabruki and Dualla had heard it. His eyes staring, he suddenly cried out quite loudly,

"I am saved", and fell back unconscious on his pillows.

The Europeans looked at one another, with grimaces showing that they thought they would soon have no commander. But Stanley after twenty four hours awoke, weak but - for the first time - hungry. Ten days later he was sitting in a chair outside his tent. And soon after, his recovery was completed by the news that a large reinforcement of ^{labourers} recruits ~~had~~ gathered by his agent in Zanzibar had arrived. *Bala Matari was as dogged in the face of death as in all other crises.*

After five years' work, the physical result of Stanley's organising and slave-driving efforts stood in the shape of a line of garrison stations step by step for fourteen hundred miles up the River Congo. He had built roads and a small stretch of railroad, as well as ~~five~~ ^{five} placing steamers on the navigable parts of the river. An elaborate political and commercial organisation had been created, and traders were opening up posts for their nefarious work, and the pillage operation was receiving the blessing of Stanley's God ^{from the lips} ~~in the shape~~ of nominally holy men working in missions. On 10th April, 1884, the United States, to be shortly followed by ~~other~~ European Governments, recognised King Leopold's international front organisation as the governing power in the Congo. As to what the Congolese thought about it - no one, of course, asked them. They could show their resentment only in brief outbursts with bow and club against the "trading" stations, to be massacred in reply by the machine guns of ~~the~~ civilisation.

On July 1st, 1885, the formal ~~this was Stanley's monument~~ proclamation of the sovereignty of King Leopold of Belgium over the Congo was made at Boma. Large parts of the northern bank, ~~remained~~ annexed by de Brazza, remained under French sovereignty. The Portuguese managed to extract possession of ^(a small stretch of) the south bank of the river. But in a race with British agents for unappropriated areas, Leopold managed to secure the highly mineralised region of Katanga.

Leopoldville, ^{Stanleyville} ~~Brazzaville~~, Katanga - these are names which have come of recent years to ~~have~~ ring in our ears with the strident, blood-lusting voice of military and economic imperialism. That voice, ^{it has brought to} ~~they~~, and all the misery ~~involved for~~ the Congolese people, are the real monuments to the work of King Leopold, the European financiers, and Henry Morton Stanley. "Utility"? "Civilisation"? ^{as understood by} Those words, too, ~~have their monument~~ Stanley and his backers,

have their monument in the road he built - a via dolorosa to tens of thousands of natives martyred in the interests of financiers and mine owners, a road which might be said to lead straight to the grave of Patrick Lumumba.

 Koniec Czesła III.

Pommemorowac nast. rozdzialy

The Rescuer Rescued.

"I am still waiting for help, and that from England". The man who wrote those words on 22nd July 1886 bore at the time the name of Emin Pasha, Governor, in the name of the Khedive of Egypt, of the Sudan Province of Equatoria. He was hemmed into his province by the forces of the Moslem Mahdi, who claimed to be the Imam of God, the destined dispenser of justice and equity throughout the world.

Emin Pasha had been born in 1840 in none other than ~~Russ~~ Poland's Opole, then known as Oppeln, and christened Edward Schnitzer. He was a physician, botanist and ornithologist, who spoke French, German, English, Italian, Turkish, Arabic, Persian, demotic Greek, and several Slavonic languages for good measure. When he ^{his mistress,} ~~xxxx~~ had fled ~~German~~ ~~administered~~ leaving her behind in German administered territories, the Sultan of Turkey had appointed him medical officer at a little town on the Adriatic, then called Antivari /today Yugoslav Bar/. After that, he had gone to Cairo, and been considered by General Charles Gordon - Governor General of the Sudan in the name of the British dominated Egyptian Government - to possess exceptional gifts as an administrator. Schnitzer had embraced the Moslem faith, changed his name, and been appointed Governor of Equatoria.

After ~~the~~ Gordon had been killed in Khartoum, and the Egyptian Government had abandoned the Sudan, Emin, at Wadelai on the west bank of the Upper Nile, found himself the focus of the animus of the Mahdi, who had overrun with his sincerely nationalist, but fanatically religious followers the other Sudanese provinces governed from Cairo.

Emin Pasha had with him, in the little whitewalled, white housed town, which he had done something to fortify, a garrison of some ten thousand Egyptian and Sudanese soldiers, formerly paid by the Egyptian Government. But the Mahdi's forces, fully mobilised, could total some hundreds of thousands of fierce warriors to whom death was a patriotic cause. So that when Emin's appeal reached Europe, hard on the news of the death of General Charles Gordon, consciences were pricked. What Emin wanted was in fact completely misunderstood. It was thought that by the word "help" the beleaguered German Pasha meant "rescue". What in fact he meant was political and military support which would not extricate him, remove him from his beloved botanical collections and studies, but enable him to remain where he was, preferably as Governor of an English colony maintained by English arms.

What was now considered in England was a relief expedition of a somewhat special kind. Emin Pasha had done well, from a European point of view, in Equatoria. He had carefully cultivated the ivory, Coffee and cotton trade in his province, put it on a profit-making basis. He had exported thousands of carefully prepared skins of birds and animals, thousands of specimens of plants, all accompanied by scholarly notes. The museums as well as the potential investors of Europe knew him well, and wanted, for their own advantage, to help him. Ornithologists, hydrologists, geologists, philologists and anthropologists - all were interested in his work. He had sent out details of previously unknown phenomena concerning the migrations of birds on the Upper Nile, about the rainfall and geology, the languages and customs of tribes.

'The great python Africanus' was one of his discoveries. The women of some tribes, he ^{reported} ~~found~~, befriended the viper, keeping as a pet in their ~~it in their houses~~ huts, rubbing it with fat, and pouring fat down its throat. There were other tribes which used ^{poisoning} snakes to

bite antelopes which came to the water holes, and thus provide meat; they ^{snakes} were secured at strategic points by a cord passed through a hole bored in their tails.

Emin's province was large, and even though he had to feel himself beleaguered, with the Mahdi's men gathering round his frontiers, he sailed his steamers up and down ^{his sector of} the Nile, experimenting in the spinning of cotton, building boats in riverside dockyards, collecting and classifying his specimens, cultivating maize and vegetables, amassing a vast store of ivory, thought at the time he wrote his appeal for help to be worth £60,000.

That ivory, with the other possibilities of Equatoria which Emin had dangled before ~~the noses~~ of European cupidity, made a much more resounding noise in the ears of Philanthropic English, French and German business men and politicians than did the personal plight of the diligent scientist. Some £20,000 was quickly collected /including £10,000 from the British-dominated Egyptian Government/, to fit out an expedition. And who was the man to lead such an expedition, the most likely to triumph over all obstacles, the least inclined to let a little matter of slaughter ~~be~~ stand in the way of extracting £60,000 worth of ivory?

When Henry Morton Stanley, the Bwana Mkuba, Bula Matari, set out from England in January 1887, it was, indeed, supposed that he would ^{preserve Emin} ~~rescue~~ Pasha from the fate which had befallen his superior, General Charles Gordon. But he had other ^{loomed} missions, too, which may or may not be thought to have ~~waxed~~ larger in the eyes of his backers. He was to prepare the ground for setting up a chartered company to exploit the dominions of the mainland of the Sultan of Zanzibar. For King Leopold of Belgium, he was to explore the possibilities of annexing Equatoria to the Congo. Emin was to be offered sops to ^{win him} support ^{for} both

these projects - a seat on the Board of the British East Africa Company, continued Governorship of Equatoria in the name of the Belgian Government. Then there was the matter of that ivory ...

[Stanley kept a wary eye on his own economic interests, also, requiring the ^{nine} ~~many~~ white men who accompanied him each to sign an agreement that they would ~~not~~ write and publish nothing until six months after the leader's own account of the destinies of the expedition had appeared.

Stanley's preparations were made with his usual thoroughness, ~~with~~ and with his usual emphasis on arms and ammunition - including a Krupp machine gun and a heavy cargo of rifles and ~~ammunition~~ ^{bullets}. The best of stores, including a plethora of delicacies, were ordered from London's luxury ^{provision merchants} ~~stores~~. Nine gentlemen-chosen volunteers were ~~chosen~~ from hundreds of applicants to accompany him.

The white contingent and its stores set out for Zanzibar. It was not intended, as might have been expected, to cross Africa ^{westwards} to Lake Albert. Stanley's plan involved doing his recruiting in Zanzibar - where he was known and where, among others, he picked up Uledi again - taking ^{his pagazzis} ~~them~~ by sea round the Cape to the mouth of the River Congo, and then marching right across Africa from west to east, picking up the isolated Emin Pasha on the way. The reason he gave for ^{choosing} ~~which was~~ ^{which was} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~improbable~~ ^{improbable} a route was that ~~thought~~ it would prevent his Zanzibaris from deserting, since throughout their marching they would be homeward bound. It was little enough justification for a plan which clearly, on past experience, meant a far greater casualty list. ^{Considerable numbers of people in Stanley's own day, and far more} ~~And it was~~ ~~still less worthy~~ ~~by some who pointed out~~ since, noticed that the route likely to be the most costly in human life was that which would most please King Leopold of Belgium, ^{therefore} ~~and further~~ the leader's own interests.

The Sultan of Zanzibar approved - for a consideration - the ~~xxxx~~ British plans for the exploitation of his mainland domains. The world's mostx notorious ^{Stanley's old accomplice,} slave trader, ^{for a monthly salary,} the suave, cultivated Tippu Tib agreed, to become Leopold's Governor on the upper reaches of the Congo, and to supply porters to carry ammunition to ~~assist~~ Emin and bring out the ivory. ^{INSERT -} ~~to assist ...?~~

Emin Pasha, meanwhile, was attempting to gather around him the little garrisons scattered allx over his territory. No doubt thinking that ~~an Emin~~, cut off from a country - Egypt - which no longer even claimed him as its Governor of Equatoria, ^{Emin} ~~was~~ harmless and bound ~~xxx~~ sooner or later to make an escape, the Mahdi appeared in no hurry to step up his pressure on ~~Equatoria~~ ^{the borders}. He contented himself with a war of nerves, ~~sufficiently effective to~~ Egyptian and ~~fatalistically to a~~ Sudanese soldiers, their ~~make his intended prey write to a friend, "We have hung our harps upon the willows"~~ wives and children, upon the willows had food enough, room in which to manoeuvre, but absolutely nothing to do. Idle, aimless days, waiting for the delayed onslaught, the blood-curdling battle-cries, the hordes of sabre-sweeping, white robed sons of the Imam, wrought a terrible havoc of disintegration. ~~The Governor who had adopted~~ ~~fatalistically, the~~ ~~leader the~~ Viewing his situation with the fatalism of the characteristic of ~~fatalistic faith of the Moslems wrote to a friend, "We have hung~~ the faith he had adopted, the Governor and commander of this ~~our harps upon the willows, and sit by the waters of Babylon"~~ ^{in words which were} decaying community wrote to a friend, ~~"We have hung with what was~~ (perhaps more psychologically realistic than botanically and geographically accurate, "We have hung our harps upon the willows, and sit by the waters of Babylon".

It was the end of April 1888x, before Emin Pasha received news of the proximity of ^{his rescuer} Stanley, and part of his expedition. Camped on the shore of Lake Albert, a bare day's journey away ^{one of Emin's lakeside stations} ~~from Kaddala~~, ^{an} Stanley had sent ~~one of his officers~~, Captain Mountenay Jephson, in a steel boat, to invite the Pasha to a meeting.

The ornithologist and botanist Governor of Equatoria set

Insert to page 235.

~~This single act, this selection of the Axak slaughterer,~~
~~oppressor and exploiter~~ of the African tribes, a man whose
power of violence was a threat to imperialist plans in the
Congo, tells us all we need to know of Stanley's utter inhumana-
nity and hypocrisy. It cancels out all his pious rantings and
callings upon ^{his} God - unless indeed, as is not improbable, he
worshipped his God only as a killer more implacable than him-
self. This act ~~was~~ the pattern and symbol of subsequent im-
perialist methods in the Congo. For Tippi ^{Tib's followers} ~~him~~ had recently
made ^{themselves} ~~himself~~ a nuisance at Stanley Falls, where ^{they had} ~~him~~ ~~axaks~~ driven
out the European garrison. Stanley's idea, therefore, was to
bribe the suavely corrupt Tippi tib into turning his guns against
the natives in the interests of western imperialism.

Insert to page 235.

Tippu Tib was in the end to fail Stanley, to fail his European assistants, to contribute to the deaths of hundreds of the natives they lashed and drove across Africa at the pistol point. That only served Stanley right, for he deliberately chose as Governor of the upper reaches of the Congo a man whom he knew for a bloodthirsty ~~trickster~~ ^{trickster} blinded by his own riches and his passion for power and wealth. Tippu Tib had himself told, without a blush, the story of how he had come to rule over a large district in Central Africa called ^{Manyuema} ~~Manyuema~~. From a renegade native, he had heard of fabulous quantities of ivory to be obtained there. Tippu ~~had~~ ^{made much of his} informant, and extracted from him details of the manners and customs of the tribe. What fired his vicious imagination was the story of the daughter of a chief ~~of the tribe~~ who had long ago been carried off by a neighbouring tribe and not heard of since.

Tippu gave his informant enough money to drink himself to death in Zanzibar, and set off for Manyuema. There, he first astounded the natives by his knowledge of their tribal secrets, the genealogy of their chiefs. Then he played his trump card: he was, he said, the son of the chief's captured daughter, and thus the grandson of the present chief, Kasongo. Tippu was deeply versed in the arts of deception and creating illusion. Kasongo, an old man ~~believed him~~ wearied of strife, grasped eagerly at the opportunity to hand over all his territory and responsibilities to this younger, obviously able man. Tippu promptly celebrated his success by rounding up all the ivory - some six thousand kilograms - and despatching it to Zanzibar. Then he proceeded to use his stolen territory ~~as~~ as a base of attack on other tribes, whose ivory he plundered and whose men and women he bludgeoned into slavery.

This single act, this selection as Governor of the upper reaches of the Congo, of the slaughterer, oppressor and exploiter

off eagerly to meet the man who had struggled through appalling jungle, incessantly attacked by ~~raw~~ natives resentful of his trespass, become white of hair and debilitated by fever in the effort to reach ~~him~~ Wadelai before the Mahdi should make up his mind to swoop. With only part of his expedition accompanying him, with ^{little} ~~no~~ ^{left} ammunition to give Emin, with no capacity for effecting a rescue, ~~Stanley~~, ~~who~~ ^{the Bwana Mkuba} who had once been accused of being found by rather than finding Livingstone, ^{now} ~~now~~ indeed needed rescuing, if only from starvation, by the man he had come to rescue.

Owing something, perhaps, to ~~the~~ ^{apt} Stanley's ~~self~~ ^{apt} megalomaniac aptitude for self-dramatisation, there has become attached to conceptions of his journeys the atmosphere of epic piled on epic. Certainly the ^{march} ~~journey~~ - twice as long as would have been the overland route from Zanzibar - which he imposed on himself and his followers ^{160,000} ~~in the search for him, 150~~ worth of ivory, the acquisition of a vast territory, the exploitation of rich east African lands, and incidentally for Emin ~~had~~ ^{had} proved the most punishing mission he had ~~yet~~ yet undertaken.

^{Bula Matari} By the time, ~~he~~ ^{half the 1500} reached the shores of Lake Albert, ~~his men~~ ^{were already dead, and their rest} were scattered over 700 miles of perilous jungle Zanzibaris with whom he had set out were already dead, and the rest were scattered over 700 miles of perilous jungle. Accident, battle, sickness and starvation had been his daily companions. But with his usual relentless determination he had struggled forward through forest where daylight never penetrated, ^{through where} and which ^{The clearings were perhaps even} ~~he himself described thus~~ (more fearsome) ^{the forest with its} than ~~than~~ the viper-infested undergrowth and fronds as thick as a man's thigh, twisted with ^{the} ingenuity of a spider's web. ^{than the jungle.}

"As one steps out of the shadow of the forest", Stanley wrote of these clearings in his record, "~~In~~ Darkest Africa", "he has to climb first along the trunk of a great tree for 100 feet, he then turns at right angles along a great branch for a few feet.

After a few paces on the ground, he finds himself in front of a fallen tree three feet in diameter or so, which has to be climbed, when he finds himself facing the outspreading limbs of another big tree, among which he must creep, and twist, and crawl to get a footing on a branch, then from the branch to the trunk. He ascends an inclined trunk until he is 20 feet above the ground. At this dizzy height one needs judgment and nerve. After a good deal of delicate balancing, one begins a cautious descent along the steep incline and so on for hours, the hot, burning sun and the close, steamy atmosphere of the clearing forcing the perspiration in streams from his body. ~~ixhave~~

"I have narrowly escaped death three times during these frightful gymnastic exercises. One man died where he fell..... It is a most serious sight to see a caravan laden with heavy burdens walking over this wreck of a forest, and timbered clearing. Streams, swamps and ditches are often twenty to twenty five feet below a tapering, slippery tree which crosses them bridge-like. Some men are falling, some are tottering, one or two have already fallen, some are twenty feet above the ground, others are on the ground creeping under logs".

Not all was gloom, however.
~~After a day of such progress~~

"The sun shone, and we saw its light through the woods, which brightened the shades, converted the tree-shafts into marbly-grey pillars, and the rain drops of the past night into sparkling brilliants; cheered the invisible birds to pour out their songs; inspired parrot flocks to ventx gleeful screams and whistlings; and roused hosts of monkeys to activity and the shy chimpanzees to sport".

With the coming of evening, the clouds gathered day by day, the thunder echoed through the forest, lightning threw down or split from top to bottom giant trunks, and the rain fell as though emptied from buckets in the sky.

(They frequently plundered the plantations of the pygmies.)
A principal problem in the great forest was food. For

days on end, white men and black sustained themselves on forest berries, which Stanley, in somewhat general ^{journalistic} terms, lacking the botanical precision of a Livingstone or an Emin, described in his account of the journey. "We owe most to a fine, stately tree with small leaves. Its fruit lies in pods about ten inches long, which contain four heart-shaped beans called Makwemé, an inch and a quarter long by an inch broad and half an inch thick. The bean has a tough, clove-coloured skin, which when cut shows a reddish inner skin. When this latter is scraped away, the bean may be bruised, mashed, or boiled whole".

It was only after weeks of such travelling and foraging for unaccustomed food that the expedition emerged on to a rolling plain, "green as an English lawn". For a moment or two, every man stopped in his tracks, as though obeying an order, though no such order had been given. Then, with analogous spontaneity, they broke into a run. Mile after mile of gently undulating country lay ahead, studded with hills, shaded with belts of trees. Breathlessness forced a halt in the headlong dash, and Stanley was able to look round. "Birds, so long estranged from us, sailed and soared; antelopes and elands /taurotragus oryx/ stood on a grassy eminence, gazing and wondering, and then bounded upward and halted snorting their surprise; buffaloes lifted their heads in amazement at the intruders on their silent domain, heaved their bulky forms, and trooped away to a safer distance".

By the time that idyllic scene was reached, Stanley's temper was as high as his ^{vitality} ~~temper~~ was low. Such of his white officers as ^{had not died} ~~were not dead~~, or been left behind somewhere, or turned back and gone home, hated him to a man. One had been berated, in front of English-speaking Arabs, as a "God-damned son of a sea-cook"; to another ^{a young military man,} ~~another~~ Bula Matari had sworn that he would write home and break his army career. Native porters had

Insert to page 239.

One of the officers, Major Edmund Barttelot, wrote to his brother-in-law, "The harder we worked, the glummer Stanley looked. After a long march, no smile from him or word of any sort, except 'You have lost a box', or some sneer of that sort." Another, James Jameson, Stanley's said that no matter what ~~xxx~~ helpers did, it was sure to be wrong.

been told to take no orders from white men other than the ^{impeded the progress} ~~issued such~~ Bwana Mkuba himself, and to tie up any who ~~issued such~~ impeded the progress.

Insert And the ~~for~~ porters themselves had been severely disciplined, with punishments of up to 300 lashes, for misdemeanours, ~~on the march~~.

There had been moments of relaxation, as well as the harsh journeying through the forest, the hunger, the storms, the anger of Bula Matari. On one occasion a chief put on for the expedition an exhibition war dance. ~~Half a score of drums, large and small, were beaten by half a score of accomplished performers, who kept admirable time. The volume of sound must have been heard for miles.~~ "The leaders, adorned with white cocks' feathers, had arranged thirty three lines of thirty three men, ~~each~~ as nearly as possible in the form of a perfect and solid and close square. Most of the men had but one spear each, others possessed two, besides their shields and quivers, which were suspended from the neck down the back.

"The phalanx stood stock still with spears grounded until, at a signal from the drums, the commander's deep voice was heard breaking out in a wild, triumphant chant, and at a particular uplift of note he raised his spear, and at once there rose a forest of spears, and a mighty chorus responded, and the phalanx was seen to move forward, and the earth around my chair, which was at a distance of fifty yards from the foremost line, shook as though there was an earthquake. I looked at the feet of the men and discovered that each man was forcefully stamping the ground, and taking forward steps not more than six inches long.....

"The thousand heads rose and dropped in unison as the chant increased or lessened in energy. When the men shouted with their faces turned upward and their heads bent back to give the fullest effect to their voices, the chant appeared to me to suggest an expression of quenchless fury, wrath and exterminating

war; it appeared to fill every soul with the passion of battle. Then every eye of the onlookers glowed, and their right arms with clenched fists were shaken on high as though their spirits were thrilled with the martial strains; but as the singers lowered their heads, and the chant descended into a mournful murmur, we seemed to feel war's agony, and grief, and woe, and to think of tears, and widows' wails, and fatherless orphans' cries, of ruined hearths and a desolated land. But again as the solid mass of warriors, steadily drawing nearer, tossed their heads backward, and the bristling blades flashed and clashed, and the feathers gleamed and gaily rustled, such an energising storm of sound broke out that we saw only the glorious colours of victory and felt only the proud pulses of triumph."

~~"Right up to my chair the host of chanting natives advanced, and the front line lowered their spears thrice in salute and thrice lifted them, and then the lines, one after another, broke into a run, spears clenched in the act of throwing, staffs quivering, war-whoops ringing shrilly~~"

The chief who put on the dance thus described by Stanley must have been a good psychologist. Few displays could have been better calculated to appeal to his warlike temper, his ruthlessness, his dedication to ~~civilising missions~~ ^{missions of civilisation, under the shadow} ~~at the point of a~~ bullets. Krupp gun and a shipload of ~~rifles~~.

Stanley had indeed driven himself and all associated with him at a murderous pace across three quarters of Central Africa. He was hardly pleased therefore, hardly well rewarded, by finding a beleaguered Governor of Equatoria who daily went about his normal avocations, nightly pored short-sightedly over his botanical specimens, and indeed appeared to be in no particular difficulty. Far less difficulty than Stanley - fever-ridden, hungry, debilitated, half his companions lost.

~~Emin Pasha proved to be slender, rather above middle height,~~

Two men could hardly have been more diametrically opposite in temperament than the well-fed rescued, who desired only to stay where he was, supported by whatever ^{European} ~~government~~ Government had interest enough to maintain a Governor of Equatoria, and the destitute rescuer, anxious to use the botanist to further the plans of his imperialist backers. Emin, of a precise and cautious intelligence, passive, subtle, studious, indecisive, evasive, given to compromise, fatalistic; Stanley, ambitious, strong in physique and determination, impatient of fine shades of meaning, contemptuous of collectors and scholars, going straight to the point in every conversation, as he went bull-headed for his objectives when he set out on a mission.

(— on April 29th, 1888 —)

The first meeting between these two incompatibles was purely formal and exploratory. ~~Stanley found Emin Pasha to be slender, above middle height, with thin face, dark beard, and deep-set eyes which, straining to overcome weakness, seemed hard, even furtive.~~ ^{Emin with some Egyptian officers,} ~~He brought to meet the journalist-explorer, Gaetano Casati, and Italian Captain of Bersaglieri. Both these~~ ^{Europeans} ~~men~~ were dressed in spotless white suits, and wore red fezzes on their heads.

thin, travel-stained, clothed almost in rags,

Stanley ^(and his time presuming nothing) shook hands all round, without knowing which was the Governor of Equatoria, ^{party - a} Then one of the ~~party~~ ^{party} a slender man, of medium height, with thin face, dark beard, and deep-set eyes which, straining to overcome weakness seemed hard, even furtive - spoke up in excellent English:

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. Stanley".

"Ah, you are Emin Pasha", Stanley answered, ~~presuming nothing~~ ^{into my tent} ~~this time.~~ "Do not mention thanks, but come ~~in~~ and sit down." ~~It~~ ^{Ever a man for} ~~is in dark suit here~~ a gesture, Bula Matari then ~~opened~~ produced and ordered to be opened five bottles of champagne which ~~he~~ his men had borne for thousands of miles at the risk of their lives.

But it required more than champagne to bring Emin Pasha to a decision about anything. In their first two meetings, ^{the rescuer} Stanley could not bring his man ^{even} to discuss his intentions. It was a strange sort of "rescue" indeed. The man who had "waited for help" was in no hurry to be helped in the only way Stanley could help him. ^{Emin} He liked the green and pleasant land where, even though he could gain obedience only by cajoling, he was the titular governor. Many of his soldiers had established harems at Wadelai. And he doubted the ability of Stanley's men to get the Egyptians and Sudanese down to Zanzibar. He played for time, and Stanley became increasingly irritated, though he, too, for once had to suppress his irritation, for ~~the~~ ^{his} expedition relied on the Pasha for supplies.

Almost a whole month of Emin's ~~in~~ indecision ^{passed,} - should he ^{wait a little, and he would see,} leave Equatoria, or should he stay and await events, ^{passed.} At last, - Stanley, at least could wait no longer. He had left ^{to whatever fate might be decreed for them} a rear-guard, and encampments of sick men who had been ~~unable~~ ^{able} to march no further, hundreds of miles down the track ~~to~~ ^{bring them to} in the direction of the west coast. He must gather them up, and ^{make Albert} ready to set out eastwards. So he decided to leave Jephson ^{abandon Wadelai to the Mahdi,} with Emin Pasha to persuade the ~~garrison~~ ^{garrison} to leave, while he and his one remaining white assistant, Thomas Parke, the expedition's surgeon, set out once more, ^{there and back,} through the appalling jungle. Bula Matari had no doubts as to what this ^{double} retracing of ^{the eve of his departure from Wadelai,} steps would involve. On 23d May, ^{he} wrote in his diary:

"The Zanzibaris entertained the Pasha and his officers to-night with a farewell dance.....It is certain that some of them will take their last look of the Pasha tomorrow".

^{to save one man} Was it ~~for~~ ^{for} Emin Pasha, the unwilling to be rescued, that so many lives had to be sacrificed? Or was it the call of ivory, the cupidity of the British East Africa Company, ~~the~~ ^{the} Belgian imperialism?

He had been "waiting for help"; he seemed content to go on waiting for what, Stanley was not the man to understand.

Chapter XXIII
Success - at a Price in Blood
~~Among the Little People~~

To the pygmies, averaging from a metre to a metre and a third high, the Great Forest held none of the terrors which so oppressed the white organisers and Zanzibari carriers of the Emin Pasha rescue expedition. They were as much at home among the tangle of fallen trunks, the opaque undergrowth, the silent, creeping death represented by vipers, ^{as were} the chattering monkeys, the padding wild cats, ~~the~~ the myriad ants.

They did not make their homes ^{small round huts, roofed with a variety of dried vegetation} in the clearings. They burrowed deep into the jungle fastnesses, setting their villages always at the crossing of tracks. A hundred yards up every such track they set a sentry house, just large enough for two men. When danger threatened, they rushed to the attack with their poisoned arrows, their barbs set in the path to pierce the unwary foot; they sent scouts to warn their full-sized fellow-inhabitants of the ~~app~~ shadows of the approach of intruders.

~~For this service, they and for providing the fur and meat of wild animals, the pygmies received from the agricultural natives of the clearings free access to plantations and gardens.~~
^{in the clearings and on forest tracks,}
 (By sinking pits, cunningly covered over with sticks and leaves, ^{pygmies} they caught elephants, buffalo and antelope. By spreading nuts over a cord ~~to which a cord~~ attached to a and plantains ~~beneath a roof attached to a wall attached~~ roof above the bait, they ~~caught~~ took chimpanzees and baboons; as soon as ^{an} ~~the~~ animals touched the food, the cord moved, and the roof collapsed, entrapping the quarry. There was also a trap in the form of a bow, which when sprung closed round the neck of civet cat, skunk, or mongoose.

Bird ~~xxx~~ catching, for the feathers, and honey collecting, to make poison, were other regular occupations of the pygmies.

All the ~~skins~~ furs, hides, meat and ivory ~~they traded~~ ^{they traded} ~~the pygmy~~ with the settled agricultural natives for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. The only domestic animals which they themselves kept were a fine breed of goats, for milk, and ~~the~~ scavenger mongrel dogs.

It was a busy life, a full life, in which the pygmies harmed none who did not threaten their ways. But the intruder was assailed from every side, attacked on his march and while he slept, in his waking and his sleeping, by courageous little warriors who discharged venomous arrows, poison-tipped spears from trees and hollows and undergrowth, into which they afterwards seemed to melt.

So it was when Stanley and his men passed by. The sentries in their huts at perimeters of the villages gave their ^{signals} ~~warnings~~. Like fire before wind, the warning spread. Something like a great trampling beast was striding through the forest, the forest of the pygmies and the agricultural natives of normal man size. He must be shot at, entrapped, taught that this was no place for strangers. The pygmies and the ~~villagers~~ ^{settled} villagers had their way of life. They desired that none should disturb it.

Stanley and ^{his} ~~his~~ party of Zanzibaris had struggled back towards their stragglers. On 24th May, 1888, Stanley had made what was perhaps the most important discovery of the whole expedition. To his astonishment, he had seen, ~~at~~ between Lakes Albert and Edward, just north of the Equator, a towering, snow-topped mountain range - the fabled Ruwenzori, ^{rising to peaks 16,500 ft. high,} the "Mountains of the Moon", the ultimate source of the Nile, Homer's ^{legendary} ~~Lunae~~ ^{Montes,} ~~long supposed to~~ ^{long supposed to} by geographers to exist, but never before ~~sited~~ ^{located}.

The Bula Matari despatched to Emin Pasha a messenger, announcing the geographical triumph. The Governor of Equatoria sent

back ^{congratulations} ~~back~~ couched in characteristically generous terms: "I shall try hard to get a glimpse of the new snow mountain ... It is wonderful to think how, wherever you go, you outdistance your predecessors by your discoveries". Generous, but also rhetorical. On the route which Stanley followed, through the Great Forest which he himself had written on to the map, he had no predecessors.

There was little time to gloat over the success. The war drums of the pygmies began to reverberate through the forest. Stanley^{ey} and his men felt like Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

They made progress, but at painful cost. The poisoned arrows, the barbs in the tracks, the pitfalls, the silently sped spear took their toll of ~~xx~~ life, and made the Zanzibaris feel that they were under constant attack by some unseen power. Occasionally, one of the little people was caught. Uledi the prisoner-taker ^{captured} ~~brought in~~ one who was known as ~~the~~ Queen of the Pygmies. "She was brought in to be seen by me", Stanley wrote, "with three rings of polished iron round her neck, the ends of which ¹ were coiled like a watch spring. Three iron rings were suspended to each ear. She is ^{of} a light brown complexion, with broad, round face, large eyes, and small but full lips. She is of a quiet, modest demeanour, though her dress is but a narrow clout of bark cloth. Her height is about four feet four inches, and her age may be nineteen or twenty." A Queen, it seems, in the sense of a modern Beauty Queen.

A male pygmy, four feet high, copper coloured, wearing a bonnet like a biretta, decorated with parrot feathers, ^{stimulated} ~~caused~~ Stanley to ^{reflect} ~~ponder~~ on the history of ~~the~~ the little people: "Think of it! ^{Forty} ~~Twenty-six~~ centuries ago the ancestors of this little man were known as pygmies, ^{and the famous battle} ~~their battle with~~ between them and the storks was immortalised by Homer. On every map since

Hekaetus' time, 500 years B.C., they have been located in the regions of the Mountains of the Moon. When ~~xxx~~ Mesu led the children of Jacob out of Goschen, they reigned over Darkest Africa undisputed lords; they are there yet, while countless dynasties of Egypt and Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome, have flourished for comparatively brief periods, and expired".

At last, the Great Forest, with its defending army of dwarfs, ~~the expedition~~ took to canoes, was left behind, and Stanley came upon his rearguard, who were supposed to have received porters from Tippu Tib, and followed after him. But as Stanley, sent to rescue Emin Pasha had had in the end to be rescued by him from starvation, so now, the rearguard which was to have brought succour to Stanley had ~~now~~ itself to be succoured.

At about nine o'clock on the morning of 17th August, the canoes were paddling down the Congo, noticing the devastated ~~at~~ waterside villages, the mark surely of the activities of Tippu ~~the master slaver~~ Tib, ~~appointed~~ ^{and Stanley his agent} Governor of the Upper Congo by King Leopold of the Belgians. Near the village of Banalya, Uledi suddenly stood up in his canoe, pointing to the shore. ^{Raising} ~~extending~~ his telescope, ^{a flag.} ~~eyes,~~ Bula Matari, saw a stockade, and the crescent and ~~star on~~ ^{Stanley} a red ground - the Egyptian flag. ~~He~~ jumped to his feet, shouting,

"It is our boys. Hurry, hurry".

A group of men walked slowly down to the riverside as the canoes approached the shore. Stanley had looked to find five white officers with his rearguard - Major Barttelot in command, James Jameson, John Troup, Herbert Ward, and ex-[~]Segeant William Bonny.

To the water's edge, to hand Stanley out of his canoe came Bonny.

"Well, Bonny, how are you? Where is the Major?# Sick, I suppose?"

"The Major is dead, sir".

"Dead. Good God. How dead? Fever?"

"No, sir. He was shot".

"By whom?"

"By Tippu Tib's people".

"Good heavens! Well, where is Jameson?"

"At Stanley Falls".

"What is he doing there, in the name of wisdom?"

"He went to obtain more porters".

"Well - Mr. Ward? Mr. Troup?"

"Mr. Ward is at Bangala" /a thousand miles further down the river/

"Bangala! Bangala? What can he be doing there?"

"Yes, sir. He is at Bangala, and Mr. Troup has been invalided home some months ago".

These verbal exchanges perhaps do not sound very realistic. But they are as Stanley reported them to have taken place.

Of the several hundred men left under the five white officers, with instructions to follow Bula Matari as soon as Tippu Tib should supply promised porters, ~~almost half were dead or had deserted.~~ ~~little more than half remained alive~~ ^{almost half were dead or had deserted.} Tippu Tib had failed to provide the porters. Perhaps by that time, Stanley was beginning to understand something of the nature of the slave trader whom he had made an accomplice in his rape of ^{Central} ~~the~~ African peoples. Jameson, though the fact was not yet known, was already dead of malaria. Ward had been ^{by Barttelot} ~~ordered~~ to remain at Bangala.

It was a tale dreary enough to have driven ^{to despair any} ~~the~~ leader of an except Henry ~~the~~ expedition ~~to despair~~ Morton Stanley, the Breaker of Rocks. Of ~~in~~ his first depression he wrote: "I scarcely know how I endured the first few hours. The ceaseless story of calamity vexed my ears. A deadly stench of disaster hung in the air, and the most repellent sights moved and surged before my eyes. I heard of

murder and death, sickness and sorrow, anguish and grief, and wherever I looked the hollow eyes of dying men met mine".

Meanwhile, the backers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition in London, Paris, Berlin and Brussels waited for news of £60,000 worth of ivory, of the prospects of the British East Africa Company, and the hopes of annexing Equatoria to the Belgian Congo. They called themselves philanthropists, yet lost no sleep over ^{involved in} ~~these~~ the deaths ~~which~~ the attempt to implement their plans.

Stanley soon roused himself. He had his mission to fulfil, and the world would be waiting for his account of his journey. He set about reorganising what was left of his rearguard, and on 31st August started back through the great forest.

^{Casati,} Emin Pasha, and Mountenay Jephson had been experiencing their own troubles. Those whom the Governor was supposed to govern had risen in revolt. Emin had gone to the former capital of the province, Dufilé, to try to persuade ~~his~~ Egyptian and Sudanese troops left there to withdraw to Zanzibar with Stanley, when that expedition leader should return. The troops had thought it might advantage them more to capture Stanley, and what they supposed would be his considerable store of luxuries. So they began by seizing the Governor, and ^{his two white companions} ~~Stanley's~~, and keeping them in confinement for three months.

Ironically, it was the forces of the Mahdi who, indirectly, set Emin free. Thinking they saw their opportunity for a rapid coup, they closed in on Dufilé, and demanded that the garrison surrender. The soldiers murdered the Mahdi's envoys, released the Governor, and fled south to await Stanley's return not with threats but with pleas to be evacuated.

Stanley arrived back at Lake Albert in December, 1888, to find Emin in a situation more to the liking of the leader of a rescue. His soldiers and subjects in revolt against him, the Governor, Stanley thought, must now do as he was told. So he

~~told~~ ^{gave} him ~~he had~~ just twenty days to be at the south end of Lake Albert, whence they would begin the march to Zanzibar. But he had misjudged his man. Emin said that if those were the orders - then it was "Thank you - but good-bye".

It was February before the Governor who had proved unable to govern without the support of Cairo and, indirectly, London, appeared in Stanley's camp. Stanley then had to agree to await a few more weeks. Maddening weeks they were, in which Emin's followers straggled down to the camp, bringing with them and expecting to have carried by the expedition's pegazzis all their worldly possessions. Stanley - no believer in unnecessary personal discomfort - had limited himself to two loads of belongings. Emin Pasha appeared with 200 loads, Casati with eighty, Egyptian officers with forty. By the middle of March, there were 1037 loads waiting to be carried to Zanzibar~~x~~, including furniture, grinding stones, earthen jars and similar~~x~~ items unthinkable to be carried to the Indian Ocean. It is difficult to escape the supposition that Emin was pulling Stanley's leg. If so, he can have had little satisfaction of his jest.

It was decided that 10th April was the final day for leaving the shores of Lake Albert. By 5th April, Emin was still wavering as to whether he should go, and leave behind many who had expressed a desire to stay, wavering as to just how many of his presumed followers would actually march on the appointed day. It was too much for Stanley. He sent companies of his armed askaris to assemble all Emin's people, disarmed them, and threatened with death anyone who stole a weapon. Then he said to Emin: "Now, Pasha, will you be good enough to tell your officers that ~~xxx~~ they are under my command. I will stand no nonsense. My duty is to lead them to safety. That I will do, but I must have implicit obedience".

To the point of leaving on 10th April, Stanley got his obedience. The 1500 mile journey to the coast began, and lasted

eight months, during which every human obstacle was swept aside ^{by} the power of the ^{Krupp} ~~Maxim~~ gun, and the hundreds of supporting rifles of Stanley's men.

Rescuer and rescued were by now almost entirely estranged. Emin Pasha kept himself apart and aloof, devoting his attentions to Farina, his half-Abyssinian daughter, who was carried in a hammock just ahead of the donkey on which the former Governor rode. Emin made no attempt to placate the irate Bula Matari. He was sagacious enough to know that, having got him out of Equatoria, Stanley had to put up with his whims. For was he, Emin Pasha, not the principal exhibit of the expedition? The other aims in the pursuit of ~~more imp~~ ~~for~~ which so many lives had been lost might be more important to Stanley's backers. But they were not publicised ~~aim~~ aims. To the newspapers the expedition would be counted a success only if Emin were brought out alive. Stanley knew it. ~~And~~ Emin knew that he knew it, and made the most of his knowledge.

Near the coast, at the end of November 1889, the column was By that time, Germany had done much to establish itself in East Africa. met by a German party on the way to meet them. Emin then had confirmation that his estimate of his own importance was right. He had become a celebrity. ^{Newspaper reporters accompanying} ~~considering that in xxf~~ the Germans were as interested in the escaped Governor of Equatoria as in the man who, in bringing him out, had lost ~~all told some seven~~ ^{of} hundred ^{lives}, and caused, no doubt, the death of ~~ix~~ at least ^{that} twice ~~the~~ number among the natives who resisted him.

The British East Africa Company was ~~xxxx~~ established; King Leopold did not get Equatoria; and as to the £60,000 of ivory, all sources are silent, perhaps with the silence of uneasy consciences.

This pseudo-rescue expedition ended, as so much of it had proceeded, in tragi-farce. At Bagomoyo, on the day of the wanderers' arrival, Major Wissman, leader of the German party, gave a banquet in honour of Emin, and, in second place, of the

man who had battered his way across Africa from west to east.
The banquet
 It was held on a ^{broad} veranda above the German Officers' mess. Palm branches and German flags provided the decoration. The band from a German cruiser in the harbour played throughout the meal, to which had been contributed delicacies not only from the officers of the German relief party, but also from English and German ships, and from the stores of the English, Italian and German consuls. Champagne flowed as though from a main tap.

In the street below, the Zanzibaris celebrated with drum and ^{chorus} flute, and native dancing. dishes had been

When the ~~banquet~~ was cleared, Major Wissman rose to propose the toast of Emin Pasha, Gaetano Casati, Henry Morton Stanley, and the officers of the expedition. Stanley, the first to reply, was careful to avoid any reference to the main objects of his expedition. "Our thoughts were of a brave Governor", he said, "guarding his province with tenacity, courage and wisdom Emin is here, Casati is here, I and my friends are all here; ~~where~~ wherefore we confess that we have a perfect and wholesome joy in knowing that, for a season at least, the daily march and its fatigues are at an end".

A strange speech which, as reported by Stanley himself, made no reference to the hundreds of those he at other times called his friends ~~who~~ and who were not there, but buried in jungle and ^{river} ~~plain~~, or lying, their vulture-picked bones turning to chalk in the sun, on the rolling plains.

Emin then rose - to speak ^{in carefully chosen, polished} ~~like the polished scholar he was~~ terms of his gratitude to those who had sent out the expedition, and to his countrymen who had welcomed him as a hero. In better humour than Stanley had ever seen him, the Pasha then walked up and down the tables exchanging epigram and quip with every guest at the table - consuls, naval commanders, judges, missionaries, in addition to those so recently arrived from ^{the interior} ~~the darkest Africa~~.

Stanley, listening eagerly to Major Wissman's accounts of battles in which he had engaged in his country's attempts to annexe for ~~the~~ itself a share of the African spoils, did not notice that Emin Pasha, ^{after} ~~moved from~~ his last conversation, had left the veranda.

Suddenly, a boy in the service of ~~the~~ Bula Matari dragged at his sleeve and whispered in his ear,

"Bwana, Bwana. The Pasha has fallen over the veranda into the street".

Stanley pushed back his chair and hastened down, to find at the spot where Emin had fallen, only two small pools of The short-sighted perhaps because blood. Emin, had missed his for so many years he had lived in single-storey houses, ^{appeared to have} ~~had~~ missed his footing on a balcony That is the official version of the accident. and fallen fifteen feet. He had already been removed to a German hospital, whither his rescuer hastened.

"Guided upstairs, I was shown to a bed surrounded by an anxious-looking group. I saw the Pasha's form half undressed extended on the bed, wet bandages passed over the right side of the head and the right eye. A corner of the wetted lint was lifted up, and I saw that the right eye was closed by a great lump formed by swollen tissues, and discovered that the lint was crimson with blood oozing ~~flowing~~ from the ear".

In a few days, the Pasha was about again. But by that time Stanley had crossed from Bagamoyo to Zanzibar. ^{To Stanley's} ~~He had sent his~~ own sent to surgeon, to assist the German doctors in their treatment of Emin, it was ~~but the~~ made abundantly clear that his attentions were not welcome. ^{received}

In Zanzibar, Stanley ~~heard~~ no word from Emin Pasha - indeed, he never heard from him again. ^{Such otherwise} ~~perhaps~~ scarcely explicable conduct justifies speculation on the real nature of the accident, and

Emin's estimate of it. Is it not possible that one of the Pasha's ~~one~~ disgruntled and rebellious followers took the opportunity of the former Governor's being slightly in liquor to push him over the

balcony, seeing in him an unwanted European coloniser? Is it not possible, also, that Emin, who had before shown his dislike of and who knew how few of those who crossed Bula Matari ever left Africa, Stanley, attributed the "accident" to his inspiration?

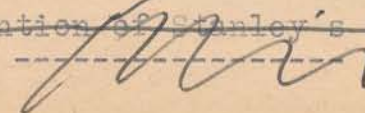

Emin Pasha brushed aside the offers of the British East Africa Company, and took service with the German Administration, leading an expedition to colonise the areas round Lake Victoria and Lake ~~At~~ Albert. In the autumn of 1892, he rescued some slaves, and captured the Arab slavers. Shortly afterwards, he was sitting in his tent, ^{over recently collected} poring ~~over~~ botanical specimens. Several Arab chiefs pushed aside the curtain, and strode into the tent.

"Pasha, you must die", their leader said.

Four men threw him to the ground, and cut his throat.

Stanley, meanwhile, ^{had} ^{ed} ^{common} ~~was~~ tasting once more the fruits of fame - ~~in~~ gusts of applause punctuated by pertinent criticism. He was hailed, ~~as the~~ when his book "In Darkest Africa" appeared, as the greatest living explorer. But there were realistic ^{critics who} ~~voices which~~ sat down and ~~pointed out~~ struck a balance sheet. Seven hundred of those who had set out with Stanley from Emin Pasha - dead. Of the ten thousand garrison of Equatoria - 260 reached Cairo. Emin, the nominal object of the expedition ^{at} abandoned in Bagomoyo with "right eye closed" (Casati, Emin's aid - clenched his fists whenever Stanley's name was mentioned.) by a great lump" and "blood oozing from the ear". To those to whom ivory and trading concessions were not the alpha and omega of humanism, it appeared that the expedition had been anything but a success.

~~"In Darkest Africa" was an instant success. It bore further testimony to the indomitable will and capacity the man who had ~~author~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~author~~ ~~to~~ once made fulfil a habit of desertion, to fulfil his mission. Books subsequently ~~published~~ written and the published letters of Bartelot and Jameson by the surviving white officers, drew less than flattering pictures of their leader - emphasising his ruthlessness, his megalomania. Casati, the Italian, was in after years said to ~~clench his fists at the mention of Stanley's name.~~~~

A storm broke about Stanley's head on the subject of the rearguard, which had deteriorated so terribly in Stanley's absence. in a letter to the London "Times" placing the blame The leader turned and rent his officers, ~~inxx letter to the~~ on and especially them, ~~in xxxxxxxx~~ *(books subsequently written by the* on Barttelot and Jameson, both dead and unable to defend themselves. Not that the surviving white officers, ~~in~~ *the dead,* ~~books subsequently written,~~ or the published letters of Barttelot and Jameson spared Bula Matari; they all emphasised his ruthlessness, his megalomania.

Yet Stanley paid his tribute - a little ^{equivocally} ~~indirectly~~ perhaps - to them in the final paragraph of his "In Darkest Africa": "Good-night Pasha, and you, Captain Casati! Good-night, Gentlemen of the Relief Committee! And Good night to you, oh my Companions! May honours such as you deserve be showered upon you."

*in the cemetery at
Perbriht near her
Surrey home*

Epilogue
~~Chapter VIII~~

"I Want to Go Into the Woods"

In her widow's weeds she stood before a vast block of seeing but not reading the rough letters granite, ~~twelve feet high, four feet across~~ she had caused to be inscribed on it. ~~She~~ At fifty, she was still a beautiful woman, possessed of a mature calm which added dignity to her tall figure, high forehead, Grecian nose, wide but ~~finely~~ *stubborn* ~~chiselled~~ mouth, deep, perceptive brown eyes. Beside her, a small boy, also dressed in black, held one of her hands, though he looked round a trifle wistfully, as though seeking a possibility of escape from a scene of finality not calculated to appeal to restless childhood. Down the woman's smooth, rounded cheek, a solitary tear wended its unhurried way.

She had been married late, ^{at} thirty six years old. Her husband, who ^{in his} ~~xxx~~ ~~now~~ lifetime had set up monuments of achievement as solid as the granite block, had been forty nine. She had ^{though she had} admired him, ^{it} ~~seen~~ his need, fulfilled ~~it~~ of her understanding and intelligence.

All men, at that time, had treated him as being what his African name implied - Bula Matari, Breaker of Rocks. They had not drawn out the human being in him. He had tried ~~the~~ to play the role they had cast him in. And he, by the vicissitudes of his early youth, had had his channels of communication with the hearts of men cut off. He had been respected and admired by many, loved by none, made virtually no friends. ~~They~~ Men had said he was cold, aloof, impenetrable, more resistant than the rocks he had shown the natives of the Congo how to break.

But she had been a woman. ^{had known} She ~~knew~~ the story of his early life, his rejection by his mother. She had divined that what he needed had been a mother's love and care. And that she had set herself to give him. Not that it had been difficult ~~to~~

to love him. The love had been there, alright. She had had only to transmute her late-in-life passion into a maternal watchfulness. She had ^{had} her reward.

A year after their marriage ^Y on 12th July 1890, in Westminster Abbey, where English kings are crowned and English heroes and men of letters laid to rest ^Y he had been away on a lecture tour, and had written to her words which were more to her than the erotic whisperings which other women saw as the pearls of their husbands' affection. "It is a relief at last to be able to 'speak my mind', not to be chilled and have to shrink back. Between mother and child, you know the confidence and trust that exist; I never knew it; and now, by extreme favour of Providence, the last few years of my life shall be given to know this thoroughly. Towards you I begin trustfully to exhibit my thoughts and feelings Professing belief ... yet inwardly doubting I shyly reveal this and that, until now, when I give up all, undoubting, perfect in confidence".

when she had first read them, those words had been to her triumph. To them
~~to these words, the woman now in mourning had clung, would~~
~~(enshrining in them later, awful doubts.)~~
She had clung, would cling to the end of her life, ~~When she had first read them,~~
~~they had been her triumph. Now, they were her consolation.~~
~~Without them, she would have doubted, after the last few weeks.~~

After their marriage, he had returned to Africa only as a guest at the opening of the railway in Southern Rhodesia. He had spent his time on lecture tours to the United States, Australia, New Zealand. Mostly, she had accompanied him. The explorer who had travelled thousands of miles through Central African jungle, across tropical plains, ever in danger from poisoned arrows, speeding spears, whirling cataracts, charging wild animals - the same had fallen in a Swiss meadow and broken his ankle. Amid primeval dangers, he had been self-sufficient. In the so-called civilised world, he had needed the protecting care of a mother. She had got him into Parliament,

stimulated powerful friends to get him a knighthood, born him the son who now stood somewhat impatiently beside her. Constantly, she had nursed him through recurrent bouts of malaria and gastritis, legacies of his travels. She felt she had had every right to think she had done all a loving wife could do.

In the winter of 1898, she had helped him furnish a country house, south of London, and had entertained ~~the~~ with him a stream of visitors curious to meet the great explorer. They had renovated the house, changed rooms, made additions, laid out the grounds, named a lake "Stanley Pool", a stream "Congo", and fields after districts of Central Africa. There, in his little empire, she thought that at last the whisperings which had threatened to take him from her, back to the scenes in which his fame had been made, had been stilled. She had thought her success as the wife of a retired man of action complete, that she had made him supremely happy.

A new tear forced its way through a half-closed eyelid as she remembered the events which had led to the onset of doubt. In the spring of 1903, the shadow of death had fallen on him. For a year, he had lain in bed, paralysed by a stroke. In April, 1904, pleurisy had supervened. He, as well as she, had known that this time the end was near. ~~When~~ When she had come to him one afternoon, after he had been dozing, he had asked, without preliminaries,

"Where will they put me?" She had looked at him bemused, uncomprehending. "When I am - gone?", he added.

The shock of the spoken ~~word~~ truth had made her pause, to She knew it was useless to temporise. collect herself. Then she had answered, bravely she thought,

"Surely - where they laid Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey". But she had not been able to hide her distress, and he had sought to console.

"It must come to all of us to die. ~~It~~ The only wonder

is that death, having seemed so many times to have had me in
clutches
his ~~clutches~~, should have let me go so long."

She had realised that he had misunderstood her distress.

"But I want to be near you when my turn comes", She had explained. "And if you lie in the Abbey, that cannot be".

His next words had shown her ^{desire for} ~~that~~ fame, rather than her devotion, stood first in his consciousness.

"Yet it is right that I should lie in Westminster, with Livingstone. I found Livingstone".

After that conversation, he had seldom been coherent. ~~Yet~~ The ^{few} ~~words~~ ^{had} ~~he~~ uttered filled her with increasing pain. On 9th May, he had several times said, with deep sighs,

"O, I want to be free! I want to go to the woods - to be free".

Africa called the man in his death agony. That was understandable. ^{had he felt free} But only in Africa, only shooting his way down untravelled rivers, through untracked jungle, over virgin plains, ^{(opening up new sources of wealth for European}

^{Financiers?} From what, now, did he want to be free? Had the life for him she had so carefully fashioned been a constriction on him?

"O, I want to be free" Her husband's heart cry came back to her now, and devastated her own heart.

The ~~next~~ day after he had repeated those words, as London's great clocktower, Big Ben, had boomed out the strokes of six in the morning, the man to whom she had devoted herself with no less dedication than he had brought to his missions - had died, apparently quite peacefully, just.

The Dean of Westminster Abbey had denied him his dream, and unknowingly granted her hers. It was not thought right that her husband should lie alongside perhaps the only man he had in all his life revered - David Livingstone. The lion should not be allowed to lie down with the lamb.

She had had his body cremated. Then she had had a struggle

(Perhaps the Dean was granted a vision - of Livingstone the kindly,
defending all he met on his explorations, and standing the violent
shooting. Killing with a Krupp machine gun, establishing the bases of
oppression and exploitation).

with herself. He had wanted to be free, to go back to the woods. She had had it in her power to grant his wish. She could take his ashes to Africa, and scatter them beside his beloved River Congo. But her dream was to lie beside him, when her turn came to die. Ineffectually striving to close her ears to the echo of his words - "I want to be free, to go back to the woods" - she had organised the search for the vast block of granite before which she now stood, twelve feet high, four feet across, weighing six tons. Beneath it she had laid his ashes. Beneath it she, too, would one day creep.

He had wanted in life to be free. Had she denied him? He had wanted in death to be free. Had she denied him? She thrust the thought aside, now consciously spelling out the rough letters ~~inscription~~ she had caused to be inscribed -

H E N R Y M O R T O N

S T A N L E Y

B U L A M A T A R I

1841-1904

A F R I C A

The waif from Wales, the ^{one-time habitual deserter,} ~~explorer of Central Africa~~ the reporter who had become the most successful explorer of his time, the man who presumed, the Bwana Mkuba, the Breaker of Dorothy Tennant, daughter of Charles Tennant MP, Stones, must lie where his wife-mother desired that he should lie - beneath a stone fashioned by the ages and coloured by time.

~~xxxxxxx~~

T H E E N D

the number of inscriptions

Bibliography.

~~Stanley's~~ New York. 1872.
How I found Livingstone. ~~Henry Morton Stanley~~
Through the Dark Continent. New York. 1878.
In Darkest Africa. New York. 1890.
~~My~~ Autobiography /Ed. Dorothy Stanley/. ~~Stanley's~~ New York. 1909.
All the above are works by H.M. Stanley.

The Life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot. /Walter George Barttelot,
Ed./ London. 1890.

The Years in Equatoria and the Return with Emin Pasha. Major
Gaetano Casati. London. 1891.

Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator. London. 1890.

With Stanley's Rear Column. J. Rose ~~Troup~~ Troup. London. 1890.

My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard. London. 1890.

The Last Journals of David Livingstone. /Horace Waller. Ed./
London 1874.

The Man Who Presumed. Byron Farwell. Longmans. London. 1958.

The White Nile. Alan Moorehead. Hamish Hamilton. London. 1960.

A. S. Mountney Jephson

This book ies Stanley's own
~~xxxxxx~~ relies less than many biographies on ~~the records~~

published records of his journeys. I have taken the now more
and more widely held view that the eye-witness is not necessa-
rily the best historian, or the personal record necessarily the
most accurate source. From all available material, I have
rather sought to reconstruct the character of the man, and
the scene of his labours, giving my own rather than my subject's
interpretation of events, though without, of course, either
creating events or suppressing what might be important to
understanding.

What does emerge with crystal clarity from a reading of
the voluminous writings of David Livingstone and Henry Morton
Stanley is that where to Livingstone his fellowmen, except for
his unobtrusive native servants, tended to be a mere distrac-
tion from his study of geographical, zoological and anthropo-
logical phenomena - always excepting his passionate opposition
to the slave trade - to Stanley, nature was little more than an
aid or an obstacle - generally the latter - to his achievements.
Livingstone's writings are scholarly material for scientists;
Stanley's are somewhat verbose journalism.

*Herbert
Ward.*