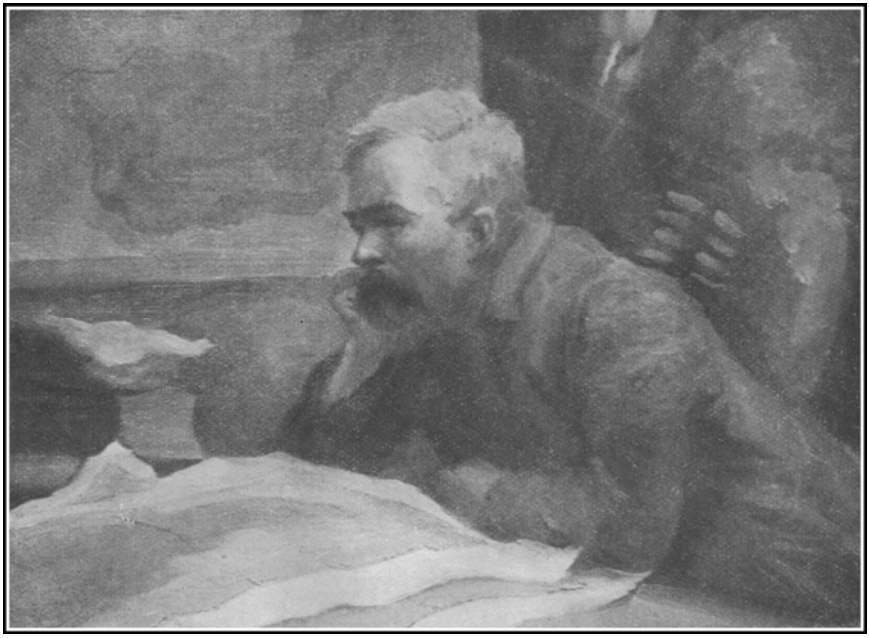
THE STORY OF H. M. STANLEY



SIR H. M. STANLEY

THE CHILDREN'S HEROES SERIES

THE STORY OF H. M. STANLEY

BY

VAUTIER GOLDING

WITH PICTURES BY L. D. LUARD

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PROEM

TO SWEETHEART JOAN

Smile yet again, my sweetheart Joan,
  Ere night and Nursie's doom
Shall leave these orphan'd eyes alone
  To chase the twilight gloom;

Good-night! Another dawn shall speed
  That we in ardour blest
May follow brave Uleydi's lead,
  And find the hidden West;

And as, with tender lip and chaste
  Beyond this earth's alloy,
For one brief time you bid me taste
  The dear Madonna's joy,

Lend me your innocence to pray
  The thing her babe has told,—
That, though the head be Autumn grey,
  The heart be never old.

VAUTIER GOLDING.

Bournville, *Sept. 1906*

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

THE good folk of Denbigh, in North Wales, proudly claim their town to be the birthplace of the great explorer, Sir H. M. Stanley. Close by the ruin of its old Castle, they point out the little Welsh cottage where his life began; and thus they tell the story of his childhood before he left his country and changed his name.

He was born in 1841, and baptized in Tremeirchon Church as John Rowlands, which is the English way of writing the Welsh name Rollant. His father, John Rollant, a farmer's son, died when the wee child was only two years old; and his mother, who afterwards became Mrs. Jones, left him to the care of a nurse.

From that time a good and kindly woman, Mrs. Price, was a second mother to the child, and she brought him up with her own children happily enough. Her husband had charge of the Denbigh bowling-green; and while he worked at the well-kept lawn, his sturdy little foster-son ran about all day in the open air. Every one tried as much as possible to be kind to him,

and the simple and homely peasant life made him grow up hardy, active, and strong.

When at length he was old enough to leave his new home, he was sent to a boarding-school at St. Asaph. His foster-brother, Richard Price, carried the little fellow there on his shoulders, while a former nurse, Harriet Jones, went part of the way as an escort. St. Asaph was farther than John had ever yet been, and the way there must have seemed a long and strange pilgrimage to his childish mind. No doubt in after years, when he made his own toilsome way through prairie, forest, and desert, he gratefully remembered the kind folk who tried to make his first journey as easy and happy as could be.

On reaching the school, Richard Price handed over his charge and said good-bye, and John Rowlands was left to make his own way in his new surroundings. It was a severe change to come from the special love and care of his cottage home, and then to find himself just one in a crowd of boys who did not mind in the least whether he was happy or not. John, however, soon learnt how to look after himself. He was ready and keen in his work, and his pluck and vigour made him a leader among his schoolfellows. On the whole, his life at St. Asaph seems to have been a happy one, though his quick temper and masterful ways often made trouble for him.

After ten years at St. Asaph John went, at the age of sixteen, to be a pupil teacher under his cousin, who kept the National School at Mold. This arrangement, however, was not a success. The cousin appears

to have been ill-natured and spiteful, and he tried in a mean way to put upon John more than his fair share of work. The boy's temper rebelled against such treatment, and there was a quarrel, which John ended by walking out of the house to fight his own way in the world.

To be alone on the highway, without a home, without a friend, and with only a few pence in his pocket, was a grim and serious plight for a lad of sixteen. John Rowlands, however, does not seem to have had any trouble at all in making up his mind what next to do, for he at once took the road to Liverpool. He had heard and read of young emigrants who had gone, poor and unknown, to America, and had come back rich and famous; and he determined to see if he could not do the same.

It was a long and weary tramp; and, at the end of it, there was no hope of a warm welcome, a good meal, and a comfortable bed. The great town of Liverpool, too, was large enough to swallow a hundred Denbighs; and its long streets of large buildings struck a cold and cheerless gloom into the heart of the lonely outcast. He asked his way through the town to the docks; and there he wandered about and watched the shipping at the wharves and in the Mersey tideway, till hunger and fatigue drove him back into the streets. Here a few pence bought him all the food he could afford; and then, when the dead of night made all things quiet, he stole up a side alley and slept in the shadow of a deep doorway.

Next morning he again went down to the docks, and found a trading ship about to start on her return voyage to New Orleans, with a number of emigrants on board. It was, of course, quite out of the question for John to pay his fare as an emigrant, and he wistfully watched the forlorn and homesick exiles troop over the gangway to their cramped and comfortless quarters on the lower deck. One or two of them were carrying in a single bundle all they had in the world, and John felt that even these were better off than himself. Then an idea struck him, and he asked some of the sailors if any more hands were wanted for the ship's crew. They took him to the captain, who liked the look of him, and said he might come on board as a cabin-boy and give work instead of money for his passage to America.

John thought himself in luck's way, though at first he could hardly believe it true. Soon, however, the ship was cast loose and hauled off the quay; then her bows slowly swung round to seaward, and she moved down the tideway, across the Mersey bar, and out to the open sea. In a few hours John saw the blue hills of his native land sink out of sight in the distance, and then he began to feel that he had lost a home.

The ship pitched and rolled as she plunged over the waves; and John, who was ordered here there and everywhere to do all kinds of drudgery, found it hard to keep his feet. But, however he felt, his work had to be done; and, though he often wished himself ashore, he struggled pluckily on. In reality he was better off than the emigrants. His work kept his mind off his

own woes; and thus he soon found his "sea-legs," while many of the others lay groaning about the deck.

As the voyage wore on he became more used to the new life, and his work seemed easier. He was a quick and clever lad; and, by the time the ship was off the mouth of the Mississippi, he had become quite a handy sailor. Here they were taken in tow by a steam tug, which hauled them a hundred miles upstream, among the twists and turns and mudbanks of this most dangerous river. Sometimes they would be heading due north, and then in a few minutes they would come round a bend and go straight to the southward. The deep water was now on one side of the stream, now on the other. The mudbanks, too, were always changing and shifting, so that the least mistake of the pilot might run them aground. The river ran through a land of plains and forests so vast that John's little homeland valley might easily be lost in them. It was indeed a new world to him; and among other strange sights, he now for the first time saw negroes at work in the plantations, driven by white men with whips.

At New Orleans, John said good-bye to his shipmates and went ashore to seek his fortune. He was not long in finding work as a clerk in a merchant's office, and he soon showed that he was well worth his place. His employer, whose name was Stanley, had no children of his own; and he took such a fancy to John that he adopted him as his son. John Rowlands now changed his name to Henry Morton Stanley, and was looked upon as heir to his new father's fortune.

But the merchant died without making his will; and his relations, who divided his property among themselves, turned their backs upon his adopted son. Thus young Stanley, as John Rowlands must now be called, was once more left to make his own way.

Just at this time a civil war broke out in America. The Northern States were determined to unite together and to put down slavery in their land. The Southern States wanted to manage their own affairs and to keep their slaves. Young Stanley, who had grown accustomed to see human beings driven to labour like cattle under the whip, fought on the side of the South.

He served in the ranks of General Johnston's army till its defeat at Pittsburg in 1862, when he was taken prisoner with many of his comrades. While the convoy of captives filed past the bend of a river, Stanley suddenly broke away, dashed down the bank and plunged into the water. Shot after shot from the escort splashed the water in his face, but he swam across and escaped into cover unharmed. Then he made his way to the sea and worked for his passage home to North Wales.

After staying awhile with his mother, he went as a clerk under an uncle in Liverpool. But his roving spirit soon grew weary of office work, and once more he worked his passage over to New York. Here, he enlisted as a seaman in the navy of the Northern States, and was soon fighting against his former friends. In one month he was made clerk to the flag-

ship *Ticonderoga*, and in four months he became the admiral's secretary.

One day he swam under fire to fix a rope to a ship which had been deserted by the enemy, and for this he was made an ensign. Thus when peace was made he returned to Wales as a naval officer, and once more saw his mother and friends. Once more too, but for the last time, he signed his name as "John Rowlands" in the visitors' book at Denbigh Castle, showing that he had not forgotten his old home. He also remembered his schooldays, and gave all the boys at St. Asaph's a generous treat.

Not long after this he left the United States navy, and in a short while became a war correspondent to the *New York Herald*. He was sent to Abyssinia with the British force under Napier; and he managed to send news of the victory at Magdala to the American papers a whole day before the battle was reported in London.

Stanley was now nearly thirty years old; but though his life had been spent in hard work and plucky adventure, it was still rather changeful and aimless. Soon, however, he was to find a brave and unselfish hero, whose nobler spirit laid hold of Stanley's nature and drew him to the work that brought him honour and greatness.

CHAPTER II

THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE

ABOUT the end of the year 1870 all the world was wondering what had become of the famous explorer Dr. Livingstone. The people of America, who had just done away with slavery in their own land, took a particular interest in this great man's work against the slave trade in Africa, whence their own supply of slaves had come. As no one had heard of him for two years, many began to think he must either be dead or in great distress from sickness and want of supplies. Stanley had often talked over the chances of finding him, and thought it quite possible. White men were so scarce in Africa that it was easy to trace them by hearsay from the natives. The main difficulty lay in the dangers and hardships of the journey, and in the trouble of finding honest and faithful bearers.

At this time James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, telegraphed for Stanley to meet him in Paris; and in a very short while it was arranged that an attempt should be made to find Livingstone. Stanley was first sent on a wonderful tour through Persia to Bombay, and thence to Zanzibar on the east coast of

Africa, with orders to spare no expense in the search. He arrived at Zanzibar early in January 1871, and immediately began to get together the men and materials for the expedition. He soon engaged two white sailors, Farquhar and Shaw, and he was also lucky enough to find six of the faithful blacks who had been with Captain Speke at the head-waters of the Nile. These men said they would "go anywhere with one of Speke's brothers"; and their leader, called Bombay, quickly found eighteen more to make up an armed escort for the caravan.

The natives of Central Africa did not understand the use of money; and therefore, in order to buy food for his men, Stanley had to take with him many coils of brass wire, many pounds of beads, and hundreds of yards of calico and cloth. These, with the camp stores and baggage, and also with two boats, twenty donkeys, two horses and some goats, were all collected together by the end of the month and landed at Bagamoyo on the mainland. Here Stanley expected to get bearers to carry his supplies, but now his troubles began. One Arab promised faithfully to send him all the men he wanted, but after waiting fifteen days Stanley found out that the rascal had not the least intention of keeping his word. Stanley was helpless to find them himself and was almost in despair, when he heard of a young Arab who was to be trusted. His new friend soon collected about 160 bearers; and, acting on his advice, Stanley sent off his company in five small caravans with spaces of a few days between them.

At last on March 21, after spending six weeks at Bagamoyo, Stanley and Shaw with all the animals

started in the last and largest caravan. On reaching the river Kingani the men and stores were ferried across in native canoes, while the animals swam over with a rope round their necks to guide them towards the landing on the opposite bank. The river was full of hippopotami, and often one of them would thrust his massive head above water, and blow a cloud of spray from his nostrils; then, after a puzzled look at the kicking and plunging donkeys, he would take a deep breath and dive again out of sight.

After leaving Kingani the heat grew intense, and the flies of many kinds became a plague. The men suffered much from these torments, but the poor animals, who could not protect themselves, were bitten till the blood dropped from their coats. The deadly tsetse-fly was among them, and soon one of Stanley's horses died, and was buried outside the camp. Next day the native chief of the district demanded a fine, because the dead horse had been put in his soil without his leave. Stanley refused to pay the fine, but offered to dig the horse up again and to make the ground as it had been before. The chief now asked to be friends, for he saw that his trick would not get him any cloth or beads, and so the matter ended. A few hours later Stanley's other horse died too, and there was no trouble about its burial.

Near Msuwa the caravan had to pass through ten miles of jungle, so thick that the track was in places like a small tunnel, with roof and sides lined with sharp and crooked thorns of all sizes. The men could only pass in single file, and they went crouching along to save both themselves and their packs from being cut

and torn by the cruel spikes overhead. About this time a bearer, named Khamisi, deserted and slipped off into the jungle with his pack. As soon as he was missed two of the escort were sent to track him down. They followed his trail into a village, and found him tied to a tree in terror of his life from the natives, who were just making ready to kill him. On seeing the rifles of the two men, the natives released Khamisi and gave up his goods, and he was taken back to the caravan. Most people would have thought his narrow escape from death to be punishment enough; but Stanley, who was harsh and often cruel to his men, had him flogged with a donkey-whip.

On nearing Simbamwenni Stanley met an Arab trader, who told him that Livingstone had been at Ujiji nearly two years ago on his way to Manyema; this showed how slowly news travelled in the country. Still it was something to know that Livingstone was at that time alive and well enough to travel.

A few days later Stanley lost his cook, a black man called Bunder Salaam, who, for the fifth time, was caught helping himself to his master's private store of food. He had been forgiven four times, but now his hands were tied, and Stanley ordered Shaw to flog him with a whip. In addition to this, but intending only to frighten him, Stanley gave orders that the cook, with his donkey and baggage, should be turned out of camp, and be left to take his chance of reaching home alive. But as soon as the poor man's hands were loosed, he dashed away at full speed, and nothing could call him back. Stanley was now very sorry for what he had done, and he had the donkey tied to a

tree, hoping that the cook would return and overtake the caravan.

They then went forward, but mile after mile was passed without a sign of the missing man. Stanley began to grow anxious, and sent men back to look for him. These men found that the donkey had been stolen by some natives, whom they also suspected of murdering the man. But though the donkey was afterwards recovered, they could find no trace of Bunder Salaam.

The rainy season had now broken upon them, but, luckily for them, it lasted only three weeks instead of the usual six. The valley of the Makata River lay before them, and the torrents of African rain had turned it into swamp and flood for a stretch of thirty miles. For two days they struggled through mire and marsh, or splashed through water till they were nearly worn out. Next day from the top of a mound they saw before them five miles of unbroken flood, reaching to the mountain range which flanked the valley. It was like a large lake, with trees, bushes and clumps of grass growing here and there in the water.

The bearers now began to throw down their burdens, and said the water was too deep; but Stanley lashed some of them into the flood with his whip, and the rest soon followed. It was terrible work plunging onward, often up to the shoulders, with burdens on their heads; cutting and tearing their feet on stones and thorns, as they groped for a footing beneath the muddy water, expecting every moment to sink out of their depth. At last the struggle was over, and they

reached high ground exhausted but happy. It was the worst bit of their journey, and it left its mark upon all; for after their soaking and fatigue, fever broke out among the men, and the animals began to die off one by one.

They now crossed the beautiful slopes of the Usagara Mountains to the valley of the river Mokondokwa; and at a village, called Kiora, they came up with the third caravan. Farquhar, its leader, had been wasting the cloth and beads in feasting himself and his men, and was now lying dangerously ill in a hut. Stanley made the two caravans into one, and, on May 11, pushed forward across a stretch of wilderness to Lake Ugombo. For five days they went over bare hills and dry plains, covered only with cactus, aloes, coarse grass, thorn scrub, and dwarf trees. The lake itself seemed the haunt of hundreds of wild creatures. The marsh along its shore was everywhere marked with the spoor of hippopotamus, buffalo, zebra, giraffe, kudu, and antelope. All kinds of waterfowl fluttered in the reeds and flew over its surface, while doves cooed in the trees, and guinea-fowl screeched in the cover.

Not long after leaving the lake another man, Jako, deserted, and two days were lost in finding him. He was tracked to a hut, where the natives had made him a prisoner, and asked a reward for his capture. Stanley gave them a gift, and chained Jako with the other runaways like a gang of slaves; and then the caravan moved on to Mpwapwa.

The hillside here was beautiful and bracing and food was in plenty, and Stanley therefore decided to

have a three days' rest. In spite of its many delights there were two great drawbacks to comfort in the place, for the earwigs and white ants were a plague. The earwigs invaded Stanley's tent by hundreds; they covered his baggage and camped in his hammock by the dozen; they crawled over his food, into his pockets and boots, under his clothes, and about his face. In short, they seemed to think it their duty to examine anxiously not only all he possessed, but every square inch of each thing. The white ants came in battalions, and the amount of matting, cloth, and leather that they could eat, even in an hour, was almost beyond belief.

Farquhar was now too ill to travel, and was left to the care of a friendly chief, with Jako for a nurse. The donkeys were reduced to ten, and four of these were unfit for loads; but Stanley was lucky enough to find twelve new bearers. He now joined two Arab caravans, and together they crossed the Marenga wilderness, where they were without water for thirty-six hours, and came into the Ugogo country.

Here they had to pay tax to every chief whose borders they passed. The Sultan of Mvumi was a most grasping man. Stanley sent him a present of six pieces of cloth, and a messenger at once came back to demand forty more. Stanley chafed at this greed, but was forced to pay. Six more were then demanded and paid. Still another message came, and, after paying three more pieces, Stanley was allowed to go onward.

Leaving Mvumi on May 27, after losing five donkeys in one night, they made their way to Matambaru; and then passed through another stretch of

dense jungle in single file by a dark and narrow path. Here a bearer sank down with sickness and fatigue, and his caravan passed on and left him. He died before the last caravan had gone by, and some of them stopped to bury him.

At Nyambwa the natives had never seen a white man, and they crowded round Stanley in such numbers that they blocked the way. Stanley at last caught one of them by the neck and thrashed him; and though the others mobbed him for a long way with hoots and curses, they kept out of the way of his whip.

Soon after this they reached the Kiti defile, and crossed the range of hills to Tura by a steep and rugged path. On the way another bearer dropped out of the ranks, and was left to die. At Shiza Stanley had a bullock killed for a farewell feast; and then, on June 23, they marched into Unyanyembe, 185 days after leaving Bagamoyo. Stanley now took up his quarters at Kwihara, one mile from the chief Arab town Tabora, and he began to prepare for the march to Ujiji.