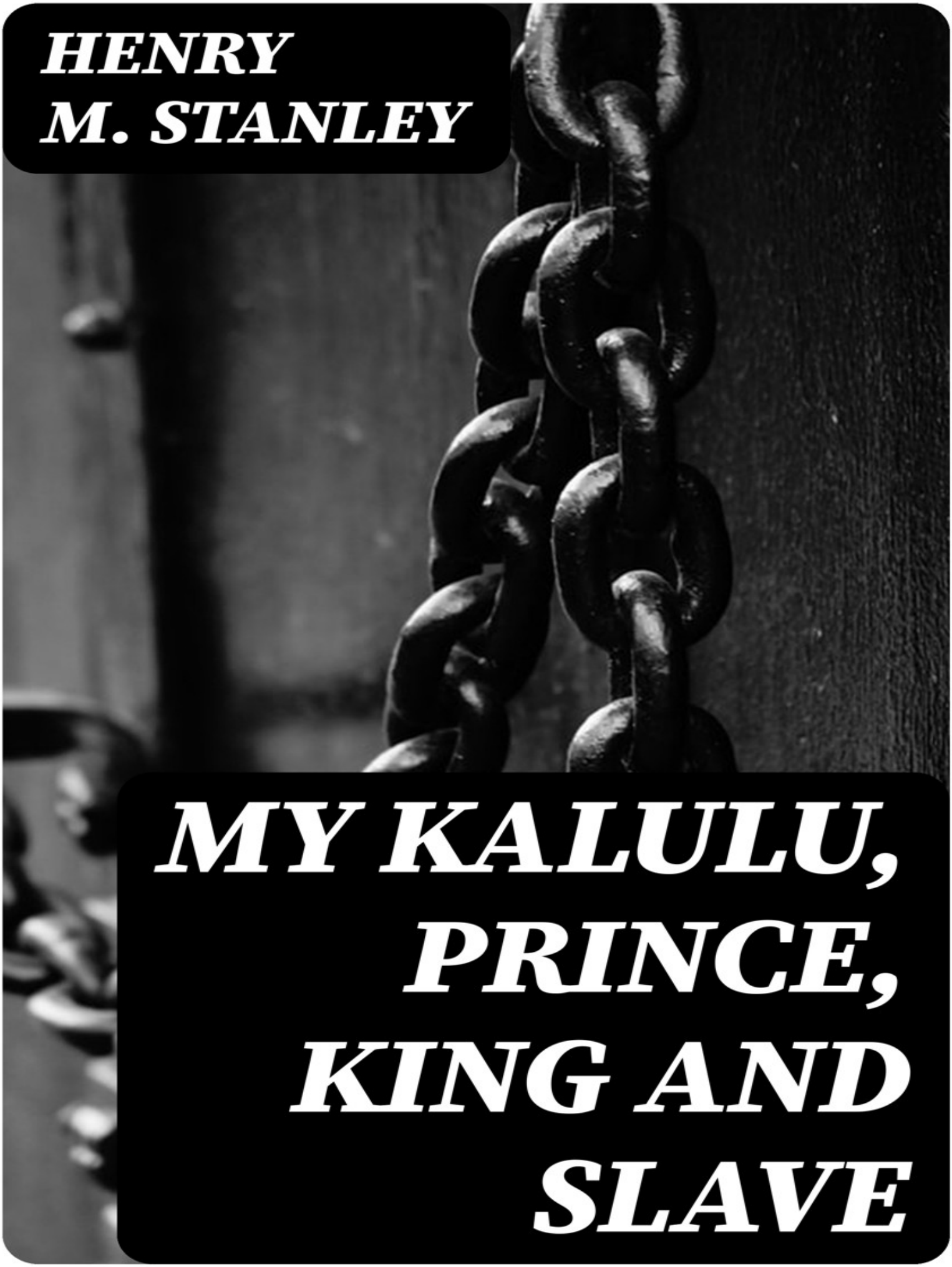
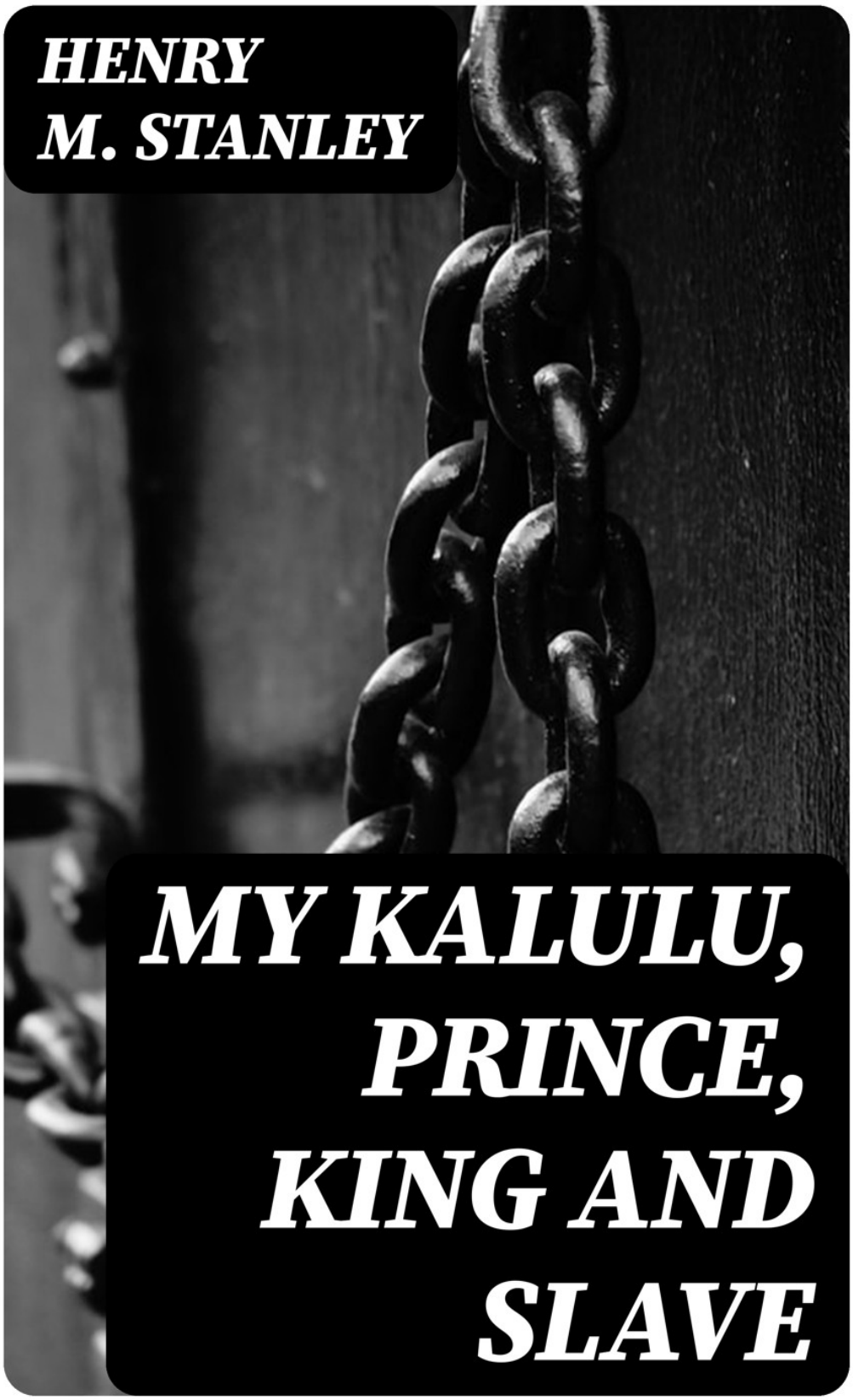


HENRY
M. STANLEY

MY KALULU, PRINCE, KING AND SLAVE


HENRY
M. STANLEY
MY KALULU,
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SLAVE

Henry M. Stanley

My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave

A Story of Central Africa

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"My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave"

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Chapter One.

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About four miles north of the city of Zanzibar, and about half a mile removed from a beautiful bay, lived, not many years ago, surrounded by his kinsmen and friends, a noble Arab of the tribe of Beni-Hassan,—Sheikh Amer bin Osman. (Amer bin Osman means, Amer, son of Osman.)

Sheikh Amer was a noble by descent and untarnished blood from a long line of illustrious Arab ancestry; he was noble in disposition, noble in his large liberal charity, and noble in his treatment of his numerous black dependents.

Amer’s wife—his favourite wife—was the sweet gazelle-eyed daughter of Othman bin Ghees, of the tribe of the Beni-Abbas. She was her husband’s counterpart in disposition and temper, and was qualified to reign queen of his heart and harem for numerous other virtues.

Frontispiece.

KALULU.

Though few Arabs spoke of her in presence of her husband, or asked about her health or well-being—as it is contrary to the custom of the Arabs—still the friends of Amer knew well what transpired under his roof. The faithful

slaves of Amer never omitted an opportunity to declare the goodness and many virtues of Amina, Amer's wife.

A young European, chancing to ride on one of Prince Majid's horses by the estate of Amer, one afternoon, casually obtained a glance at the sweet face of Amina, which made such an impression on his mind that he continually dwelt upon it as on a happy dream. Some of this young European's phrases deserve to be repeated in justice to the Arab lady whom he so admired. "She was the most beautiful woman my eyes ever rested upon. I felt a shock of admiration as I caught that one short view of her face. I felt a keen regret that I could see no more of the exquisite features of her extraordinary face. If I were a painter, I know I should be for ever endeavouring to preserve a trace of the divine beauty of that Arab woman; my brush would ever hover about the eyes in a vain hope that I could transmit to canvas the marvellously limpid, yet glowing look of her eyes, or near the finely chiselled lips, tinting them with the rubiest of colours, or ever trying to imitate the pure complexion, yet always despairing to approach the perfection, one glance indelibly fixed on my memory."

Around Amer’s large roomy mansion grew a grove of orange and mangoe trees. The fields of his estate numbered many acres, well-tilled and planted with cinnamon, cloves, oranges, mangoes, pomegranates, guavas, and numerous

other fruit-trees; they produced also every variety of vegetable and grain known on the Island of Zanzibar. By dint of labour, and personal exertion, and superintendence of the proprietor the estate was considered to be one of the most flourishing on the island. A sacrifice of a large amount of ready money had so improved and embellished the mansion, that the oldest inhabitant who remembered Osman, Amer's father, hardly recognised it as the house of Osman. A large marble courtyard, in the centre of which stood a handsome fountain of the same costly stone, was one of the many additions made to the house by Amer after the demise of his father. Marble troughs outside the mansion had also been erected for the use of the Moslemised slaves, that they might wash their feet and hands before attending the prayers in the mesdjid (Chapel or church) of the mansion, which were rigidly observed with all the ceremonies usual in Moslem temples.

Amer, the son of Osman, had but one son, called Selim, by his favourite wife Amina. Not less dear to him was this boy than was his wife. In the boy's handsome features, large glowing black eyes, and clear complexion he saw what he had received from his lovely mother, and in the boy's graceful vigorous form he recognised himself, when at his age he looked up to his father Osman as the paragon of all men upon earth.

ON THE STRAND NEAR ZANZIBAR.

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Selim’s age, when this story begins, was a few months over fifteen; and it is at the usual evening symposium, which takes place near the even sloping beach of the little bay in front of Amer’s mansion, that we are first introduced to one of the heroes of our story.

It is near sunset, and a group composed of Amer bin Osman, Khamis bin Abdullah—a wealthy African trader just returned from the interior of Africa, with an immense number of ivory tusks and slaves—Sheikh Mohammed, a native of Zanzibar, a neighbour and kinsman of Amer; Sheikh Thani, son of Mussoud, an experienced old trader in Africa; Sheikh Mussoud, son of Abdullah, a portly, fine-looking Arab of Muscat; Sheikhs Hamdan and Amran, also natives of Zanzibar, though pure-blooded Arabs—were seated on fine Persian carpets placed on the beach, near

enough to the pretty little wavelets which were rolled by the evening zephyrs up the snowy sand to hear distinctly their music, but still far enough from them to avoid any dampness.

Close to this group of elderly and noble-looking Arabs was another consisting of young people who were the sons or near relatives of each of the Arabs above-mentioned. There were Suleiman and Soud, nephews of Amer bin Osman, gaudily-dressed youths; there was Isa, a tall dark-coloured boy, son of Sheikh Thani; there were Abdullah and Mussoud, two boys of fourteen and twelve years respectively, sons of Sheikh Mohammed, whose complexions were as purely white as black-eyed descendants of Ishmael can well be; and lastly, there was the beloved son of Amer, son of Osman—Selim, whose appearance at once challenged attention from his frank, ingenuous, honest face, his clear complexion, his beautiful eyes, and the promise which his well-formed graceful figure gave of a perfect manhood in the future.

Selim was dressed in a short jacket of fine crimson cloth braided with gold, a snowy white muslin disdasheh, or shirt, reaching below the knees, bound around the waist by a rich Muscat sohari or check. On his head he wore a gold-tasselled red fez, folded around by a costly turban, which enhanced the appearance of the handsome face beneath it.

While all eyes are directed west at the dark-blue loom of the African continent away many miles beyond the greyish-green waters of the sea of Zanzibar, Amer, son of Osman, remarks to his friends in a musing tone:

“I have sat here, close to my own mangoes, almost every evening for the last twenty years looking towards that dark line of land, and always wishing to go nearer to it, to see for myself the land where all the ivory and slaves that the Arab traders bring to Zanzibar come from.”

Directing his eyes towards Khamis bin Abdullah, Amer continued:

“And never has the desire to leave my house and travel to Africa been so strong as this evening, when thou, Sheikh informest me that thou hast brought with thee 600 slaves and 800 frasilah (a frasilah is equivalent to 35 pounds in weight) of ivory from Ufipas and Marungu. It is wonderful! Wallahi! Five hundred slaves if they are tolerably healthy are worth at least 10,000 dollars, and 800 frasilah of ivory are worth, at 50 dollars the frasilah, 40,000 dollars, nearly half a lakh of rupees altogether, and all this thou hast collected in five years’ travels. Wallahi! it is wonderful! By the Prophet! —blessed be his name—I must see the land for myself. I shall see it, please God!” and as he finished speaking he began to wipe his brow violently, a sign with him that he was excited and determined.

“What I have spoken is God’s truth,” said Khamis bin Abdullah, “and Allah knows it. But there are many more wonderful countries than Marungu and Ufipa. Rua, several days further toward the setting of the sun, is a great country, and few Arabs have been there yet. Sayd, the son of Habib, has been to Rua, and much further; he has been across to the sea of the setting sun, and has married a wife from among the white people who live at San Paul de Loanda. Sayd is so great a traveller, I should fear to say

what land he has not seen. Mashallah! Sayd, I believe, has seen all lands and all peoples. He says that ivory is used in Rua by the Pagans as we use wooden stanchions or posts to support the eaves of our houses, that ivory holds their huts up, and he believes great stores of it are known to the savages, where some of their great hunters have killed a large number of elephants, and have left the ivory to rot, not knowing how valuable it is, or where a great herd of elephants have perished from thirst or disease. However the knowledge came to these people, or whatever the cause which left such a store of ivory in that country, Sayd, the son of Habib, is certain that there is an unlimited quantity of this precious stuff in Rua, and that we can make ourselves richer than Prince Majid, our Sultan, if we go in time, before the report is common among the Arabs. What money I have made this time on my last trip is so small, compared to what I might have realised, that I mean to try my fortune again in Africa shortly, Inshallah!—please God! I intend going to Rua, and if thou, Amer bin Osman, hast a mind to accompany me, I promise thee that thou wilt not repent it."

"Amer bin Osman," replied Amer, "goes not back on his word. By my beard, I have said I shall go, and, if it be God's will, I shall be ready for thee when thou goest. But tell us, son of Abdullah, what of the Pagans of Rua, and those lands near the Great Lakes? Do they make good slaves, and do they sell well in our market? Yet I need hardly ask thee, for I have two men whom I purchased when young, about twenty years ago, who I believe are more faithful than any slave born in my house."

“Good slaves!” echoed Khamis. “Thou hast said it. Finer people are not to be found, from Masr to Kilwa, than those of Rua and the lands adjoining. And clever slaves, too! Those Pagans make the best spears, and swords, and daggers found in Africa. Indeed, some of their work would shame that of our best Zanzibar artificers. Near a place called Kitanga—where that is I don’t know, but Sayd, the son of Habib, can tell—there is a hill almost entirely of pure copper, and from this hill the people get vast quantities of copper, which they work into beautiful bracelets, armlets, anklets, and such things. Nothing to be seen in Muscat even can equal the work the son of Habib has witnessed.”

“Mashallah!” cried Amer, delighted; “thou makest me more and more anxious to go to the strange land. A hill of copper!—pure copper! The Pagans must really be a fine people, and rich, too. If it were only possible to catch two or three hundred slaves of the kind thou speakest of, I might be able to laugh in the face of that dog of a Banyan Bamji, and old Ludha Damha himself could not hold his head higher than I could then. I owe the dogs a turn, for the heavy usury they exacted of me when I needed much ready money to make my courtyard and fountains. But the women, noble Khamis, thou hast said nothing of them. Tell us what kind of women are seen in those rich lands.”

“Ah, yes, do tell us of the women,” chimed in two or three others, who had not yet spoken.

“I have seen but one of the women of Rua,” answered Khamis, “and she was the wife of the son of Sayd, the son of Habib, a tall, lithesome girl of sixteen years or so. Her lower limbs were as clean and well-made as those of an antelope.

She walked like the daughter of a chief. Her eyes were like two deep wells of shining moving water. Her face was like the moon, in colour and form. Oh! the colour was almost as clear and light as thy son Selim's, Amer. She was beautiful as a Peri-banou—God be praised!"

"Thy tongue runs away with thee, Khamis," cried Amer, in a slightly offended tone, "or hast thou imbibed too much of the strong drink of the Nazarenes, for the celebration of thy late success? Light-complexioned women, of the colour of my son Selim's face! Where art thou, Selim, son of Amer, pride of the Beni-Hassan? Thou chief's son by birth and blood, and apple of thy father's eye! Come hither."

"Behold me, my father, I am here," said Selim, who had bounded lightly to his feet, and now stood before his father, after kissing his right hand for the affectionate terms lavished on him.

"Speak, son of Abdullah; behold, my boy, and regard his colour, which is like unto that of rich cream. Is he not as white as any Nazarene? and wilt thou repeat what thou hast said about the Pagan wife, of Sayd's son?"

"Khamis, the son of Abdullah, debauches not himself with the strong drink of the foolish Nazarenes. I lie not. I said I have seen a daughter of the Warua whom Sayd's son has taken for wife, and she is almost as light in colour as thy son, Selim, and far lighter than the face of the boy, Isa, son of Sheikh Thani."

"Wonderful! Wallahi!" echoed the group. "It is most wonderful. We shall all go to obtain wives from the Warua."

"Then, kinsmen and friends," cried Amer, "Khamis speaks the truth, and speaks of wonderful things. Is it

agreed that we go to Rua with the son of Abdullah, to get ivory, slaves, and copper, and light-coloured wives?”

SELIM. *To face page* 10.

“It is,” they all replied, so deeply impressed were they with what Khamis had said.

“I am glad to hear it, my friends,” said Khamis; “but ye must now agree, before we break up, as the sun is fast setting, upon the day of departure. I cannot wait long, because I am nearly ready, but I am willing to wait a few days, if ye will all promise to be ready by the new moon, twenty-four days from this evening. Ye must also promise to take as many of your slaves as ye can, that we may make a strong party. Tell me, Sheikh Amer, how many of thy people armed canst thou take with thee?”

“Who?—I? I can take two hundred well-armed servants, besides my two faithful fundis, Simba and Moto, as they are called by the slaves, who are worth an army by themselves, and—”

“Let me go, my father,” cried Selim, seating himself on the carpet close to his father’s knees, and looking up to his face with eager, entreating eyes, “I can shoot. Thou knowest the new gun which thou didst send for to London, in the land of the English, and which the good balyuz (Balyuz is an Arabic word for consul, or rather ambassador) taught me how to use. The balyuz told me the other day that I would be able to shoot better than he could, by-and-by. I can shoot a bird on the wing already with it. Give thy consent, and let me accompany thee, father. I will be both good and brave, I promise thee.”

“Hear the boy!” said Amer, admiringly. “A true Bedaween could not have spoken otherwise. But why dost thou wish to leave thy mother, child, so soon?”

“My mother will regret me, I know, but I am now strong and big, and it is not good for me to remain in the harem all

my life. I must quit my mother some time, for work which all men must do."

"And who gave thee such ideas, son Selim? Who told thee thou wert too big to remain with thy mother?"

"The other day I went out with Suleiman, son of Prince Majid, and the young son of the American balyuz—I can't pronounce his name—to shoot wild birds. The young American boy, who is smaller than I am, and already thinks himself a man, though he is no bigger than my hand, laughed at me; and when I asked him why he laughed, he said to me, 'Truly, Selim, thou appearest to me to be like a little girl whose mother bathes her in new milk every day to preserve her complexion. I cannot understand the spirit of an Arab boy which contents itself with looking no further out-doors than within sight of a mother's eyes.' These are the words he spoke to me within hearing of Suleiman, Majid's son, who also laughed at me, while I felt my cheeks were red with shame, they tingled so."

"Tush, boy! What is it to thee what the thoughts of a forward Nazarene lad are? Thou art not of his race or kin. But I must own to ye, my friends," said Amer, turning to the elders, "that the youths of the Nazarenes (Nazarene is the Arabic term for Christian) are bolder than ours, though they do not possess higher courage or loftier spirit than our own children. Who would have thought that such large independence could hide within the little body of the American balyuz's son? That small child cannot be twelve years old, yet he talks with the wisdom of a man. All the Nazarenes are wonderful people—wonderful! Who are stronger, richer than the Nazarenes of England?"

“Ah, but, father,” said Selim; “do you not think the Nazarenes are accursed of God, and of the prophet Mohammed—blessed be his name? The American boy told me the Arabs are wicked, and are accursed of God. Said he to me that same day in hearing of the Sultan’s son, as if he was not a bit afraid of the consequences, ‘The Lord God makes his anger known against the Arabs by refusing knowledge and the gifts of understanding unto them, because they are wicked, because they go forth into Africa with armed servants a-plenty to destroy and kill the poor black people, and to take slaves of parents and children, whom they bring to Zanzibar to sell for their own profit.’ Is he not an unbeliever, father?”

“Peace, Selim; let not thy tongue utter such words against the true believers, though they may have been said by a young dog like that. Cast them away from thee entirely, and let not thy father hear thee utter aught against thine own race and kindred. To the unbelievers God has said, ‘Woe unto them; they shall be the prey of the flames.’”

“But, father, thou art not offended with me? Thou hast not yet given thy consent to my going with thee and my kinsman.”

“Dost thou know, my child, that the Pagans are fierce, that they have great spears and knives, and will cut that slim neck of thine, and perhaps eat thee without compunction?” asked Amer, smiling.

“I fear them not,” answered Selim, tossing his head back proudly. “When did a son of the great tribe of Beni-Hassan show fear? and shall I, the son of a chief of that tribe—the

son of Amer bin Osman—look upon the faces of the Pagans with fear in my heart?”

“Then thou shalt go with me, were it only for those last words. But fear not, Allah will care for thee,” said Amer, solemnly laying his broad hand on his son’s head.

“Let us end this before the sun sets,” said Khamis impatiently, watching the descent of the sun. “How many men canst thou take with thee, Sheikh Thani?”

“Thani has a son—Isa,” answered that worthy trader. “Thani is poor compared to Amer, but he can call round him fifty well-armed slaves, who will stand by him to the death.”

“That is answered well, and Isa is a likely lad, though his skin is dark; but he has the soul of an Arab father in him. I see we shall have a glorious company; and thou, Mussoud?” said Khamis, to that florid-faced chief, who was proud of his intensely black and handsome beard, “How many canst thou muster?”

“About the same as my friend Thani,” replied Mussoud, caressing his beard. “All my people are Wahiyow, docile, and good; and, if cornered, brave. They will follow me anywhere.”

“Good again!” ejaculated Khamis, evidently pleased. “And thou, Sheikh Mohammed?” he asked of the chief so named, who had a terrible reputation in the interior among the Wafipa and Wa-marungu, and of whom many tribes stood in awe,—“how many of thy people wilt thou take to Africa this time?”

“Well,” said Mohammed, in a deep voice, which resembled the bellow of a wild buffalo, “for such a grand project as this I think I can take one hundred men from my

estate; my head men can take charge of the rest with Bashid, my brother, very well. I shall also take these young lions—Abdullah and Mussoud—with me, to teach them how to catch slaves and claw them, as I have done often."

"Thanks, father," replied the grateful youths, who as soon as they had said these words looked up slyly to Selim, who smiled appreciatingly at his boyfriends.

"Sultan, son of Ali," said Khamis, "thou art a strong and wise man. Wilt thou be one of us?"

Sultan, son of Ali, was a man of about fifty, or perhaps fifty-five, of strongly-marked features, who had keen black eyes. Strong and wise, as Khamis bin Abdullah had said he was, indeed no one looking at him would doubt that he was one of the best specimens of a hardy Bedaween chief that ever came to Zanzibar. Besides, Sultan had been an officer of high rank in the army of Prince Thouweynee of Muscat, who had often eulogised Sultan for his daring, obstinacy, forethought, and skill in handling his wild cavalry. He was still, as might be seen, in the prime of mature manhood, which age had not deteriorated in the least.

Sultan answered Khamis readily. "Where my dear friend Amer bin Osman goes, I go. Shall I remain at Zanzibar eating mangoes when Amer, my kinsman, is in danger? No! Son of Abdullah, thou mayest count me of thy party for good or for evil, and I can raise eighty slaves to shoulder guns for this journey."

"Good, good," the Arabs said, unanimously. "Where the stout son of Ali goes, the road is straight and danger is not known."

“Well,” said Khamis bin Abdullah, “we have now four hundred and eighty men promised; I will take with me a hundred and fifty men with guns, and I dare say Sheikhs Hamdan and Amram and a few other friends will bring the force up to seven hundred. Isa, son of Salim, Mohammed son of Bashid, Bashid bin Suleiman, tall young men, and kinsmen to me, have already agreed to follow my fortunes. A large number of Arabs is always better than a few. I have one thing more to say before we rise to prayers—the sun is just sinking, I see—Ludha Damha, the collector of customs, has told me that if a strong party went with me he would let us have any amount of ready money at 50 per cent, annual interest, which is half the usual price he asks—the old dog! —and if any of you desire money, go to him for your outfit, for I will speak to him to-morrow morning and give him your names.”

“That is well-spoken, by my beard,” said Mohammed. “I was thinking that we could not raise money under 100 per cent, interest from the Banyan usurer.”

“Very well, indeed,” added Amer bin Osman. “Ludha Damha must be sure of a speedy return to let his money go so cheap. My mind is now perfectly made up; and, friends, the sun has set and we must to prayers.” Saying which Amer rose—a signal which the Arabs readily understood.

After the usual salaams, courtesies, and benedictions had been uttered, the Arabs departed each to his own home, at a slow and dignified pace, while Amer and his son Selim retired into the mesdjid of their own mansion.

When Amer and Selim had ended their evening prayers, and had left the mesdjid or church belonging to the

mansion, Selim asked, pulling at his father’s robe:

“Father, I see my mother at the lattice; may I go and tell her that I am to go with you to Africa?”

“Ah, poor Amina! I forgot all about her,” said Amer, stopping and speaking in a regretful tone. “Selim, my son, this is sad. Amina will never permit thy departure. It would break her heart.”

“But I must go sometime from home, father. Why not now? With whom can I be safer than with thee? I am not going with strangers, nor am I leaving my kindred. I am going with thy kindred, thy household, and thyself. What can my mother object to?”

“Thou art right, Selim—thou art right! She cannot object. Our slaves, our kindred are going—but—but—poor Amina, she will be left alone. Go, Selim, tell her kindly. It will pain her.” And Amer turned shortly away, as if he had sudden and important business in another direction.

Selim, on the other hand, bounded lightly away, arrived at the great carved door of the mansion, ran up the broad stairs, and made his way to the harem, or the women’s apartments, where Amina reigned queen and mistress.

Few boys of Selim’s age could have approached their mother with the earnestly-respectful manner with which Selim approached Amina. I doubt even if the Queen of England’s children ever observed such courteous respect towards their august parent as Selim observed now, and as most well-bred Arab boys do observe always toward their parents.

Selim left his slippers outside, and lifting the latch quietly, walked in with bare feet, and, approaching his

mother, kissed her right hand, and then her forehead, and at her invitation seated himself by her side, and suddenly remembering the all-important secret he had to communicate, looked up to his mother, with his handsome features all aglow.

“Mother, canst thou tell me what I have come to say to thee?”

Amina looked for an instant fondly on her son, and then answered with a smile—

“No, my son. Hast thou anything very important to tell me?”

“Very important, mother,” and he pursed his lips as if he would retain it for a long time before imparting it, and as if it were worth some trouble of guessing.

“I wish thou wouldst not task my skill of divination too much. Thy face tells me thou art happy with it, but it does not assure me that I shall be equally happy. I divine only on the Küran, and though thy face is innocent and without guile, yet it is more difficult to read than the Küran. Tell it me, Selim, I pray thee.”

“Then, my mother, I am going with my father to Africa!”

“To Africa, child! To Africa! Where is that? Thou dost not mean the mainland, surely?”

“Yes, I mean far away into the interior of the mainland,” replied Selim, still looking at his mother smilingly.

“To the interior of Africa!” cried the poor woman in dismay, her face assuming the hue of sickness. “Why, what can thy father want in Africa?—he was never there before. What can he want there now?”

“He is going to Africa with Khamis bin Abdullah, Sheikhs Mohammed, Thani, Mussoud, Sultan, Amran, Hamdan, and many others, to a far country called Rua, to buy ivory and slaves, and come back rich.”

“Going to Africa! To get rich! Oh, Allah!” cried out Amina, in accents of unfeigned surprise, mixed with emotion. “And thou art going with him—thou, a child? Art thou going to get rich too?”

“I am to accompany my father and kinsmen, not to get rich, but to see the world, and learn how to be a man, to shoot lions, and leopards, zebras, and elephants, with my new English gun.”

“Cease thy prating, child; thy tongue runs at a fearful rate. Thou shoot lions and leopards! Thou! Why thou art but a baby, but lately weaned! Thou and thy father must be dreaming!” said Amina sharply, and with an attempt at a sneer.

It was a brave attempt on the part of a nearly heart-broken woman, who would fain suppress the cry of anguish that struggled to her lips, but as she said the last words, one glance at Selim’s face showed to her that such tactics, would never answer. The eaglet had been taught that wings were made to fly with. The boy had been rudely laughed at, and his latent manliness aroused, by the son of the American consul, who had sneered at him. Selim had found that a head was on his shoulders which teemed with daring thoughts; that he had arms to his shoulders, and legs to his body, made on purpose, as it were, to execute such thoughts as the head conceived. With the culmination of such knowledge fled unregretfully the pleasant days of the

harem, the memories of his romps with the girls, days upon days of effeminate life.

Achilles was found out by the sight which he obtained of some war weapons. Selim had found out that he was a boy by a sneer. Charming as was his mother's company, happy as he had been with his feminine playmates, proud as he had been of his golden tassels and embroidery, fond as he had been of being loved and embraced as an entertaining young friend by little girls of his own age—all these experiences became inane and stupid compared to the overpowering consciousness he felt that he was a boy, and might in time become a strong man. A man! perish all other thoughts and memories, feelings, and reminiscences save those which tend to lead him to the goal of manhood, which he has set himself to reach by a journey to Africa, to the land of cannibals and lions, leopards and elephants, to the land of adventure, undying fable, and song.

"Mother," said Selim, removing his turban and *fez*, as if his head-dress compressed the grand thought which filled his brain, "my childhood is passed. I have been thoroughly weaned from all things belonging to a child. I am now a strong boy, and in five years I shall be a man. Allah made the world, and made it to grow. It has been growing ever since it was made. Allah made infants; infants grow if they live; they become boys—boys become men. When I was an infant I had no understanding nor strength. Thou, my mother, didst point out to me my nourishment. I flourished on it, and in time was weaned. In a little time my strength availed me to put my own food into my own lips. I flourished on that food, and I became stronger still. Later I understood

language, and answered thee with childish love and affection. I romped in the harem, and was happy. Then I was permitted to go out of doors unattended by my female attendant. I bathed in the sea. I learned to swim, and acquired games which boys learn one from another. I learned to ride on horses; I learned to shoot, and day by day I was getting stronger in body and limb, and with my strength has begun to grow my thoughts. These thoughts are thoughts of manhood, of duty; and the business of life, which I am beginning to learn, is serious. Mother, dear mother, my health required, when I was strong enough to enjoy out-of-door life, that I should run about and leap. Mother, my happiness demands that my thoughts should be humoured as my strength was. I find I am made of two parts —body and mind. Neither may be longer neglected—both must be humoured, or I die. If my body is not exercised out in the open air—if I be imprisoned in a harem, I shall become dwarfed. I shall not grow. If my mind is not exercised by seeing, and talking with many people—if I see no more than my mother and my mother's slaves—my mind cannot grow. I shall know nothing, and I shall become a fool. I, the son of Amer, the son of Osman, will be sneered at. It may not be, dear mother. I must go away, and learn the lesson of a man's life."

"But, my dear son," said Amina, entreatingly, for she had been astonished and amazed at the amount of logic which the boy, to her surprise, had put forth in his statement. "Consider, thou art yet young, and that thou mayst wait awhile yet before journeying to that horrid land of negro savages. What canst thou find there to learn? Seeing lions

and leopards, and elephants and ugly crocodiles, will not ripen thy mind. Surely thou art cruel to think of leaving me alone here—both my lord Amer and my son at one time!”

“Nay, my mother, what I shall see in Africa will be new and strange. The sight of new and strange things is like the lessons which the good Imam used to give me at school from the Küran. Every day I shall see something new, and every day I shall grow in wisdom and experience; and my mind will be enriched by each new thing, and in time will become a store of wisdom, to be applied to my advantage in affairs of life. Thou art surprised that I talk so, mother. I have been talking with wise white men. The consuls, who know everything, have been dropping strange ideas to me every day, not because I asked them, or that they dropped them for my benefit. Being permitted to play with their children, I have been in their presence while they were conducting their business, and the amount of wisdom the white men know is wonderful. Great thoughts—too great for me to understand—dropped from their mouths—from one to another—just as those pearls which thou dost play with are passed from thy right hand to thy left.”

“It is well, my son. I have heard thee through. Thou art already older by many years than I took thee to be yesterday. Thou mayst tell my lord Amer how Amina received thy news. I will have something more to tell thee, before thou goest to Africa,” and Amina arose to leave the apartment for another, humbly, and with her head bowed down.

“My mother,” cried Selim, springing up, and seizing her hand, which he conveyed respectfully to his lips, “be not

offended. It is not my doing, but Allah’s, and Allah’s will be done!”

“Ay, truly! Allah’s will be done!” said the poor mother, embracing him, but with more restraint than usual.

We are now compelled to leave each of the Arabs engaged to accompany Khamis bin Abdullah to Rua in search of ivory and slaves to make his preparations as he best knows how. It is not our duty to peer too closely into the small details of this business of preparation. It absorbs all one’s time, and we feel sure if we troubled them to give us too minute an account of the manner in which they get along, some impatient expressions might escape to our regret. Therefore we think it better to leave each Arab alone, to the cunning of his own devices, to his calculations, and purchases, to his ever-recurring vexations, to the fatigue and anxiety which belong to the task of fitting out; merely observing, as we pass by, that each Arab purchases such beads, of such colours, as he thinks proper, such cloth as he deems suitable for his market, so much powder and lead as will sufficiently provide his men for the defence of his goods, should such be ever necessary, so many guns as he has men, such luxuries in the shape of crackers and potted sweets, sugar, tea, and coffee, as the chief of the caravan deems it necessary to take. “Nothing in excess, but enough of every necessary thing,” is the golden rule adopted by all people about penetrating Central Africa.

The Arab chiefs and their followers, though they generally take a long time to prepare a caravan, were in this instance, however, much to our pleasure, punctual to the day named, and at the beginning of the new moon of the

sixth month of the year of the glorious Hegira 128-, or the year of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ 186-, the ships containing the expedition and the vast amount of stores requisite for the consumption of a large and imposing caravan for about three years, set sail in the morning from the open harbour of Zanzibar, for the port of Bagamoyo, on the mainland, distant twenty-five miles.

Let us wave our snowy handkerchiefs to the travellers, for we have one or two young friends who accompany them. Let us wish them a cheery *bon voyage*, and a happy issue out of their enterprise, if it so happen that the Lord of Moslems and Christians looks down upon its purpose with favourable eye. Let us at least bear them good will until they have forfeited our good opinion by acts contrary to Christian charity and the good will to all men which that most loving God-Man, Jesus, preached unto us.

Chapter Two.

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