

# The Victorians

## Stanley's journals - finding Dr Livingstone

*An extract from the journals of Henry Stanley*

At last the sublime hour has arrived; our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realised! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the 'white man with the grey beard'.

'Unfurl the flags, and load your guns!'

'We will, master, we will, master!' respond the men eagerly.

'One, two, three, - fire!'

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery. Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say: 'Good morning, sir!'

Startled at hearing this greeting I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, and I ask:

'Who the mischiefs are you?'

'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.





'What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming.'

'Yes, sir,' and off he darted like a madman.

By this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the Doctor had come out to await my arrival.

I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the 'white man with the grey beard'.

I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob - would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive me; so I walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

