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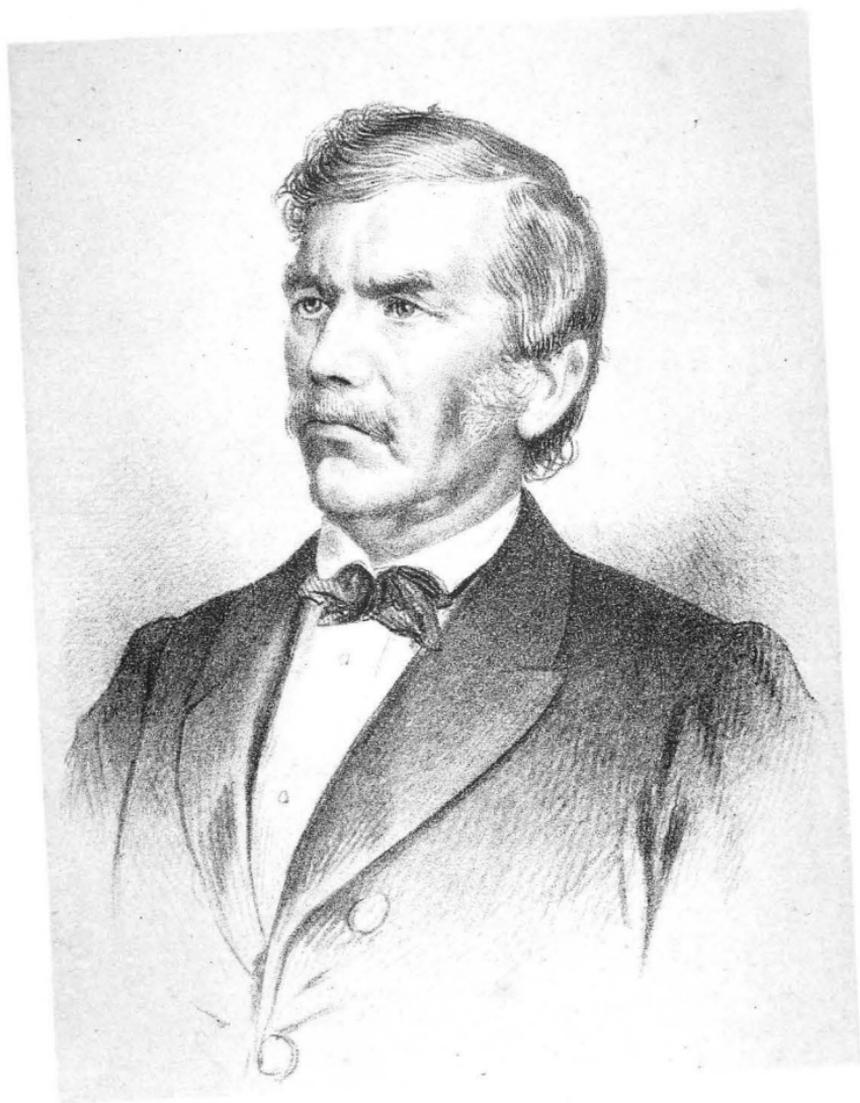


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David Livingstone

THE  
LIFE & EXPLORATIONS  
OF  
DR LIVINGSTONE.



LIVINGSTONE'S MEETING WITH STANLEY

ADAM & COMPANY  
LONDON & NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.

THE LIFE  
AND  
EXPLORATIONS  
OF  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.

*COMPILED FROM RELIABLE SOURCES.*

ADAM & COMPANY,  
14 IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW,  
LONDON.

WHEN the report of the death of Dr. Livingstone reached this country, many people refused to credit the melancholy intelligence. He had so often been given up for lost and mourned as dead, his countrymen were at first reluctant to believe that the grand old man would never more be seen amongst them.

Ever since the indomitable Stanley took his last look of the great traveller,—who, although for nearly six years he had been wholly cut off from civilisation, still lingered, self-exiled, until his work should be completed,—the interest in his movements had not abated. From the Congo or from the Nile,—according to the opinions formed as to the further course of the mysterious Lualaba, whose gathering waters he had followed from the uplands which divide the African central valley from that of the Zambesi, to a point within a couple of hundred miles of the hitherto supposed headwaters of the Nile,—intelligence of his movements had been looked for with an impatience which shows how strong an impression this remarkable man and his extraordinary career have made upon the public mind.

The life of this truly great man, from its childhood to its close, is a living lesson which the youth of our country cannot take too closely to heart. The child and boy who, while undergoing the drudgery of twelve hours' daily labour in a factory, found time and means to educate himself for the noble office of the Christian Mission to the heathen, is as interesting and instructive a study as that of the grown man, whose determined will and untiring effort have made us familiar with more of the formerly unknown regions of

the earth than any previous explorer of ancient or of modern times.

The present narrative—mainly designed for the young, and that large class of modern readers who have neither the time nor the opportunity for becoming acquainted with the many sources from which it has been gleaned—has been written in brief intervals of leisure during the past eighteen months. It claims to be nothing more than a condensed outline of a memorable story, the full details of which are either shut up in Books, beyond the reach of the many; or, locked up in files of Newspapers; or, buried in the Reports of the Geographical Society—this latter, a source totally inaccessible to the general reader.

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THE LIFE AND EXPLORATIONS  
OF  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS. EDUCATION. ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN AS A  
MISSIONARY.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre near Glasgow, in 1813. He was the son of humble but respectable parents, whose simple piety and worth were noticeable even in a community which, in those days, ranked above the average for all those manly and self-denying virtues which were, a few generations ago, so characteristic of the lower classes of Scotland. Humble and even trying circumstances did not make them discontented with their lot, nor tend to make them forget the stainless name which had descended to them from a line of predecessors whose worldly circumstances were hardly better than their own.

In the introduction to his "Missionary Travels and Researches" in South Africa, published in 1857, Dr. Livingstone gave a brief and modest sketch of his early years together with some account of the humble, although notable family from which he sprang. "One great-grandfather," he tells us, "fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings, and one grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that

cluster of the Hebrides thus spoken of by Sir Walter Scott :—

‘ And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.’

“Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in ‘The Tales of a Grandfather,’ and other works. As a boy I remember listening with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders languishing among the Turks.”

The reverence of your true Highlander for his ancestors, and his knowledge of them and their doings for many generations, has been frequently the subject of mirth to the Lowlanders or Sassenachs, as they are termed by the Celts ; but in such instances as that of the family of which we are treating, such feelings are not only virtues, but are the incentives to bold and manly effort in the most trying circumstances. Livingstone tells us that his grandfather could rehearse traditions of the families for six generations before him. One of these was of a nature to make a strong impression on the imaginative and independent mind of the boy, even when almost borne down with toil too severe for his years. He says, “One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence ; and it is related that, when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him, and said, ‘Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to

dishonest ways it will not be because it runs in our blood ; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you : Be honest ! ”

With pardonable pride and some covert sarcasm, Livingstone points out that at the period in question, according to Macaulay, the Highlanders “were much like Cape Caffres, and any one, it was said, could escape punishment for cattle stealing by presenting a share of the plunder to his chieftain.” Macaulay’s assertion was true of the clans and bands of broken men who dwelt near the Highland line ; but even in their case these cattle-lifting raids hardly deserved the designation of pure theft ; as even up to the middle of the last century they looked upon the Lowlanders as an alien race, and consequently enemies whom it was lawful to despoil. The conduct of the needy and ambitious nobles who drove them from their native haunts where their fathers had lived and hunted for centuries, with a view to possessing themselves of their inheritance, too often furnishing a sufficient excuse for the deeds of violence and plunder which figure so prominently in the annals of the country down even to the days of George II.

Like most of the Highlanders, his ancestors were Roman Catholics, but when Protestantism got fairly established in Scotland, the apostacy of the chief was followed by that of the entire clan. Livingstone says, “they were made Protestants by the laird (the squire) coming round, with a man having a yellow staff, which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterwards, perhaps it does so still, by the name of ‘the religion of the staff.’”

In the olden time, religion to them was only secondary to their devotion and attachment to their chief, and never seems to have taken any firm hold of their imaginations. The country was poor in money, and the priests they were familiar with were poor and ignorant ; and within the

Highland line there were no splendid edifices or pomps of worship to rouse their enthusiasm, so that the abandonment of their old mode of worship was no sacrifice.

With the breaking-up of the clans and the introduction of industrial occupation, and the teaching and preaching of devoted adherents of the new religion, the minds of the Highlanders were moved, and for many generations and even at the present day the Presbyterian form of worship has no more zealous adherents than the people of the Highlands of Scotland. The man with the yellow staff was, in all likelihood, one of the commissioners sent out by the General Assembly to advocate the cause of the new religion among those who were either indifferent or were too remote from Edinburgh to be affected by the deadly struggle for supremacy which was going on between the old creed and the new religion.

Towards the end of the last century, finding the small farm in Ulva insufficient for the maintenance of his family, Livingstone's grandfather removed to Blantyre, where he, for a number of years, occupied a position of trust in the employment of Messrs. Monteith & Co., of Blantyre Cotton Works, his sons being employed as clerks. It formed part of the old man's duty to convey large sums of money to and from Glasgow, and his unflinching honesty in this and other ways won him the respect and esteem of his employers, who settled a pension on him when too old to continue his services.

Livingstone's uncles shared in the patriotic spirit which roused the country during the war with France, and entered the service of the king; but his father having recently got married settled down as a small grocer, the returns from which business were so small as to necessitate his children being sent to the factory as soon as they could earn anything to assist in the family support. David Livingstone was but ten years of age, in 1823, when he entered the mill as a

“piecer,” where he was employed from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, with intervals for breakfast and dinner. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this early introduction to a life of toil would have been the commencement of a lifetime of obscure and daily trial. Let us see how David Livingstone bore and conquered the cruel circumstances of his boyhood, and made for himself a name which is known and respected throughout the civilised world, and is accepted by the savage inhabitants of Central Africa as conveying to their mind all that is best in the character of “the white man.”

Between the delicate “piecer” boy of ten and the middle aged man who returned to England after an absence of sixteen years, in December 1856, with a world-wide reputation, there was a mighty hill of difficulty nobly surmounted, and we cannot attach too much importance to the mode in which he conquered those difficulties and hindrances, which, but that they are mastered every now and again in our sight by some bold and daring spirit, we are almost inclined to think insurmountable. It is a true saying, that every man who has earned distinction must have been blessed with a parent or parents of no mean order, whatever their position in society. What his ancestors were like we gather from his own brief allusion to them; and the few remarks he makes regarding his parents and their circumstances, supplemented by some information procured from one who knew them, enable us to give a picture of his home surroundings, which will assist materially in estimating the courageous spirit which carried the delicate and overworked boy safely through all his early toils and trials.

To the mere observer, Livingstone's father appeared to be somewhat stern and taciturn and an overstrict disciplinarian, where the members of his family were concerned; but under a cold and reserved exterior he sheltered a warm heart, and his real kindness, as well as his truth and

uprightness are cherished in the memories of his family and his intimates. He was too truthful and conscientious to become rich as a small grocer in a country village; while his real goodness of heart induced him to trust people whose necessities were greater than their ability or desire to pay, to the further embarrassment of a household his limited business made severe enough.

He brought up his children in connection with the Church of Scotland, which he left and joined an independent body worshipping in Hamilton, some miles distant, after they had all grown up. Speaking of the Christian example he set before his family, his famous son says, "He deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that, the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" He was a strict disciplinarian, and looked with small favour on his son's passion for reading scientific books and works of travel; but his son had much of his own stubborn and independent temperament where he supposed himself to be in the right, and sturdily preferred his own selection of books to "The Cloud of Witnesses," "Boston's Fourfold State," or "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity." His refusal to read the latter work procured him a caning, which was the last occasion of his father's application of the rod.

As is the case of many a young man in like circumstances, his father's importunity and unfortunate selection of authors fostered a dislike for merely doctrinal reading, which continued until years afterwards, when a perusal of "The Philosophy of Religion," and the "Philosophy of a Future State," by Thomas Dick, widened his understanding, and gratified him by confirming him in what he had all along believed, "that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly to each other." Both his parents had taken much pains to instil the principles of Christianity into his mind,

but it was only after becoming acquainted with the writings of Dr. Dick and others, that their efforts bore fruit. The depth of his religious convictions may be conceived from the sacrifices he has made in his evangelistic labours, but his strong understanding has saved him from becoming a sectary or a bigot. While there is no more earnest-minded or devoted servant of Christ living, there is none so liberal and so large-hearted in his acceptance of all honest and God-fearing men who strive to do good, whatever their creed may be.

His father died in February 1856, at the time when his son was making his way from the interior of Africa to the coast, on his return to England, "expecting no greater pleasure in this country than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory." The applause of the best and the highest in the land, in the social circle, or in the crowded assembly, with hundreds hanging on his every word, was as nothing compared to the long talks he had looked forward to with the kindly though stern father he had not seen for so many years; but it was not to be. He has small notions of the strength of filial affection in the heart of such a man who cannot sympathize with him in his sorrow and disappointment.

His mother, a kindly and gentle woman, whose whole thoughts were given up to the care of her children and the anxieties consequent upon narrow means, was the constant instructor of her children in religious matters. Her distinguished son tells us that his earliest recollection of her recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—"that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet." Her loving and kindly nature acted as a valuable counterpoise to the strict and austere rule of the father, and kept alive in the hearts of her children a love and respect for all things sacred, which an enforced study of dry theological books might have endangered or destroyed.

The little education which the "piecer" boy of ten had received, had aroused within him the desire for more, and the genuineness of the desire was proved by the purchase of a copy of "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin" with a portion of his first week's earnings. For many years he pursued the study of Latin with enthusiastic ardour, receiving much assistance in this and other studies at an evening school, the teacher of which was partly supported by the intelligent members of the firm at Blantyre Works, for the benefit of the people in their employment. Livingstone's work hours were from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. School hours from eight to ten, and private reading and study occupied from ten to twelve, when it was often necessary for his mother to take possession of his books in order to get the youthful student to bed. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four were given up to toil and self-improvement, a remarkable instance truly, of determined effort on the part of a mere boy to acquire knowledge which his hard lot would almost have seemed to have placed beyond his reach.

Even when at work, the book he was reading was fixed upon the spinning-jenny so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed in his work. At sixteen years of age, he tells us that he knew Horace and Virgil better than he did in 1857. Notwithstanding the limited leisure at his disposal, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the scenery, botany, and geology, of his district. In these excursions he was accompanied by his elder and younger brothers, John and Charles. The former of these afterwards settled in Canada, and became successful in business; the latter was educated for the ministry and laboured for several years in the United States. In 1858 he joined the expedition headed by his brother, and with him explored the Zambesi and its tributaries, a considerable portion of the narrative of that expedition being written by him.

At nineteen years of age Livingstone was promoted to the

laborious work of a cotton spinner, and while the heavy toil pressed hard upon the young and growing lad, he was cheered by the reflection that the high wages he now earned would enable him from his summer's labour to support himself in Glasgow during the winter months while attending medical and other classes at the University, to attend which he walked to and from his father's house daily, a distance of nine miles. He never received a particle of aid from any one, nor did the resolute youth seek, or expect such, well-knowing that his difficulties and trials were no greater than those of dozens of his fellows who sat on the same benches with him in the class-rooms. The religious awakening which we have already alluded to, which occurred when he was about sixteen years of age, inspired him with a fervent ambition to be a pioneer of Christianity in China, and his practical instincts taught him that a knowledge of medicine would be of great service in securing him the confidence of the people he was so desirous of benefiting, besides ensuring his appointment as a medical missionary in connection with a society of that name recently formed in his native land.

At the conclusion of his medical curriculum he had to present a thesis to the examining body of the University, on which his claim to be admitted a member of the faculty of physicians and surgeons would be judged. The subject was one which in ordinary practice required the use of the stethoscope for its diagnosis, and it was characteristic of the independence and originality of the man, that an awkward difference arose between him and the examiners, as to whether the instrument could do what was claimed for it. This unfortunate boldness procured him a more than ordinarily severe examination, through which he passed triumphantly. Alluding to this in after-years, he drily remarks that "The wiser plan would have been to have had no opinions of my own." Looking back over the years

of toil and hardship which had led up to this important stage in his career, and looking forward to the possibilities of the future, he might well say that "It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe."

Writing in 1857, he tells us, that on reviewing his life of toil before his missionary career began, he could feel thankful that it was of such a nature as to prove a hardy training for the great enterprises he was destined afterwards to engage in, and he speaks with warm and affectionate respect of the sterling character of the bulk of the humble villagers among whom he spent his early years.

The outbreak of the opium war with China compelled him reluctantly to abandon his cherished intention of proceeding to that country, but he was happily led to turn his thoughts to South Africa, where the successful labours of Mr. Robert Moffat were attracting the attention of the Christian public in this country. In September 1838, he was summoned to London to undergo an examination by the directors of "The London Missionary Society," after which he was sent on probation to a missionary training establishment, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cecil, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. There he remained until the early part of 1840, applying himself with his wonted diligence to his studies, and testifying his disregard for hard labour by taking his full share of the work of the establishment: such as grinding the corn to make the household bread, chopping wood, gardening operations, etc., etc.; part of the training at Chipping Ongar being a wise endeavour to make the future missionaries able to shift for themselves in the uncivilised regions in which they might be called upon to settle.

At Chipping Ongar he indulged his habit of making

long excursions in the country round ; and on one occasion he walked to and from London, a distance of fifty miles in one day, arriving late at night completely exhausted, as he had hardly partaken of any food during the entire journey. From his earliest years, up to his attaining manhood, his training, both mental and physical, had been of the best possible kind to fit him for the great career which lay before him ; which may be said to have had its commencement when he landed at Cape Town in 1840.



## CHAPTER II.

ARRIVES AT KURUMAN. VISITS THE BECHUANA TRIBES.  
RESOLVES TO SETTLE AMONG THE BAKWAINS. MARRIAGE.  
JOURNEYS TO THE ZOUGA RIVER. THE BAKWAINS AT-  
TACKED BY THE BOERS.

A REGULARLY ordained worker in the Christian field, and a well instructed doctor and surgeon, with an enthusiastic love for the work he was engaged in, after a brief stay at the Cape, he proceeded, in accordance with the instructions he had received from the Missionary Society to Kuruman, with the view of establishing a mission station still further to the north, where ground had not yet been broken.

At Kuruman and neighbourhood he found Moffat and his coadjutors hard at work, and remained with them a few months, familiarising himself with their mode of operations, visiting and making himself acquainted with the Bechuana people, their manners and customs, language and country, with a view to settling amongst them, the chief of one of the Bechuana tribes being favourable to his projects.

In his second preparatory excursion into the Bechuana country, he settled for six months at a place called Lepelóle, completely isolating himself from European society, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language. Deeming that this was to be the scene and centre of future labours, he commenced his preparations for a settlement among the Bakwains, as that section of the Bechuana people who inhabit the district round Lepelóle was named. When these arrangements were almost completed, he made a journey, principally on foot, to the north, and penetrated within ten days' journey of the lower part of the river Zouga; and if discovery had been his object, he might even

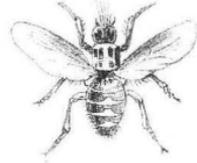
then have discovered Lake Ngami. At this time the great traveller's slim appearance gave little token of the hardy endurance which was to enable him afterwards to undergo months and years of toilsome journeyings in regions never before visited by civilized man; but this trial trip proved the pluck and stamina which were to stand him in so good stead in many undertakings of much greater magnitude.

Returning to Kuruman, intelligence followed him that the Bakwains, among whom he had made up his mind to settle, had been driven from Lepelóle by the Barolongs, a neighbouring tribe, so that he was obliged to set out anew in search of another locality in which to establish his mission station, when he fixed upon the valley of Mabotsa. Here he had an extraordinary adventure with a lion, which, from the singular nature of his experiences, merits insertion here. Several lions had been carrying destruction among the cattle of the natives, and Livingstone went with the people to assist in the extermination of the marauders. The lions were traced to a small wooded hill, which the people surrounded, and proceeded to beat through the underwood with the view of driving the prey into a position where the shooters could see and fire at them. Livingstone, having fired at one of the animals, was in the act of reloading, when he heard a shout of warning from the people near. "Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all

the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native schoolmaster), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in my arm."

Sechele, the chief of the tribe of Bakwains, to which tribe Livingstone attached himself, was a remarkable man, as had also been his father and grandfather before him; the latter was a great traveller, and the first that ever told his people of the existence of a race of white men. During his father's life, those two extraordinary travellers, Dr. Cowan and Captain Donovan, lost their lives in his territory, and were supposed to have been murdered by the Bakwains until Livingstone learned from Sechele that they had died from fever in descending the river Limpopo, after they had been hospitably entertained by his father and his people. At that time the country was rich in cattle and pasturage, as water was more abundant. The country in Central and Southern Africa is so rapidly undergoing a change through the drainage caused by the disruption of the soil carrying off the water at a much lower

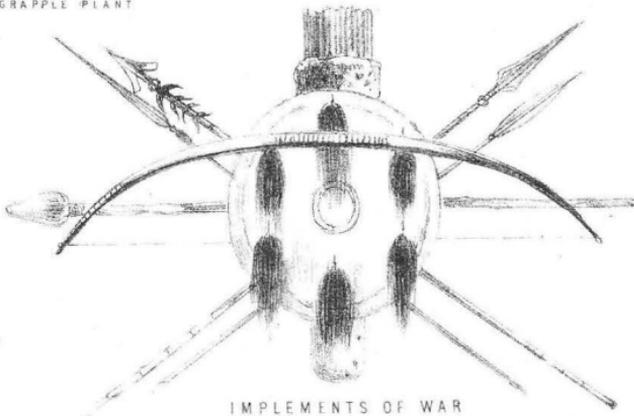
NATIVE HEAD DRESSES



THE GRAPPLE PLANT

THE PELELE

THE TSETSE FLY



IMPLEMENTS OF WAR

level, that vast districts, now almost desert, were rich in cattle, and populous with human beings, within the memory of people then living.

The father of Sechele was murdered when he was a boy, and a usurper proclaimed himself the head of the tribe. The friends of the children applied to Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, to reinstate them, and punish the rebels. This he successfully accomplished ; and between him, and his subject tribes, and Sechele, there was much friendly relation in consequence, which ultimately led to Livingstone's visiting Sebituane's country, and making the acquaintance of perhaps the wisest native ruler he came in contact with in all his wanderings.

The government of the Bechuana tribes is patriarchal : the chief is the head of the tribe, and a father is the chief of his family. Round the hut of the chief are the huts of his wives, those of his relations, and the leading men of the tribe ; and round the hut of the father are ranged those of his family, when they take up house. Kinship is as minutely defined and is as much a matter of pride with the natives of South Africa, as among the inhabitants of the highlands of Scotland.

The first time Livingstone held a public religious service, Sechele listened with much attention ; and on receiving permission to ask questions regarding what he had heard, inquired if Livingstone's forefathers knew of a future judgment. On receiving an affirmative answer, and a description of the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, before whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away, etc., he said, " You startle me ; these words make all my bones to shake ; I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time yours were ; and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner ? They all passed away into darkness, without knowing whither they were going."

So eager was Sechele to learn to read, that he acquired a knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of Livingstone's residence at Chounane. Mr. Oswell, who, as we shall see, afterwards joined Livingstone in his expedition to Lake Ngami, taught him arithmetic. After he was able to read, nothing gave him greater pleasure than the getting Livingstone to listen to his reading of the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book; and he would frequently say,—“He was a fine man—Isaiah; he knew how to speak.” Sympathising with the difficulties encountered in converting his people, he offered to convert them in a body; and could hardly be made to understand Livingstone's objection to making Christians in a wholesale manner through the agency of whips made of rhinoceros-hide. Thinking of the difficulties in the way of being baptized and making an open profession of his belief in Christianity, more especially as regarded the number of his wives, the putting away of all of whom, save one, would get him into trouble with their relatives, he frequently said, “Oh, I wish you had come into this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs.” At his own request, Livingstone held family worship in his hut, in the hope that it might induce his people to become attached to Christianity. But as the country was at that time suffering from a long-continued drought, which was attributed to the chief taking up with the new religion, few attended save the members of his own family. Speaking of the influence of the example of a chief in all other things, he said, bitterly, “I love the word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me.” No doubt if he had become a drunkard or a plunderer of other tribes, he would have had plenty of followers, so powerful is evil example.

When he applied for baptism, Livingstone asked him, since he knew his Bible, and his duty as laid down therein, how he was to act? He went home and sent all his superfluous wives to their parents, with all the goods and chattels

they had been in the habit of using, intimating that he had no fault to find with them, but that he only followed the will of God. Crowds attended to witness the baptism of Sechele and his family, many of them shedding tears of sorrow over what they termed the weakness of their chief in forsaking the ways of his forefathers. Notwithstanding that he made few converts, Livingstone had the satisfaction of seeing that the influence of himself and his devoted and energetic helpmate—he had married a daughter of Robert Moffat's in 1844—was attended with temporal results in introducing a higher tone of morality among the people. This influence was so strong as to have prevented war on no less than five distinct occasions.

The drought which afflicted the country shortly after Livingstone settled among the people, and after they had removed to the Kolobeng,—a stream forty miles distant from the previous settlement, where an experiment in irrigation, under the direction of Livingstone, was tried with much success for a time, until the parent stream became dried up,—was popularly believed to be the result of the evil influence of the missionary over the mind of the chief, the more especially as he had previously been a believer in *rain-making*, and had a high reputation among his people as a *rain-doctor*. After his conversion and baptism, he forswore the medicines and incantations with which he had previously charmed the rain-clouds to descend upon the land; and as this was attributed to Livingstone's influence, and the people were starving for want of food and water for months, it proved a great hindrance to the good work amongst them.

Notwithstanding their dislike to the new religion, its preacher and expounder lived amongst them in the most perfect safety. He possessed the secret of ingratiating himself with these savage Africans in a higher degree than was ever before known; and, whether staying for a time among

the various tribes, or passing through their territory, the respect with which he has been treated is the most remarkable feature in his career. This noble, resolute, and God-fearing man went amongst them for their good, and that only; and interfered with nothing that did not lie directly in his path of duty. With his own hands he built his hut, tilled his garden, and dug his irrigating canals. The wild animals needful for the food of his household fell to his own gun; and the fruits of the earth were of his own gathering in. During all his years of labour in South Africa, his mission cost the inhabitants nothing; while they received much in higher ideas of justice and right, and in improved skill in husbandry and in the construction of their houses. Whatever were their feelings as to the religion he taught, the man himself was above the suspicion of evil, and went in and out amongst them, a genuine representative to their minds of manliness, truth, and justice.

His noble wife was no less popular. Her training as the daughter of Robert Moffat made the trials of her life no sacrifice to her. In dealing with the women and children she was most valuable, and there cannot be a doubt that the fact of his being married, and living a happy and contented domestic life amongst them, had a great deal to do with the influence he possessed over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious Bakwains. As a blacksmith and a carpenter his skill was superior to theirs, and he never hesitated to doff his coat and give any of them the benefit of his labours when skill was required, wisely receiving some service which they could render him as a set-off. In this way a feeling of mutual dependence was fostered and encouraged, in which no notion of charity had a part.

In speaking of their daily experience, he tells us that they rose about six o'clock. "After family worship and breakfast . . . we kept school—men, women, and children being all united. This lasted until eleven o'clock. The

missionary wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. On three nights of the week we had a public religious service, as soon as the milking of the cows was over, and it had become dusk; and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. These services were diversified by attending upon the sick, and prescribing for them, giving food, and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, ensures a reputation which procures favour for the gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies: there if anywhere love begets love." Everything they required had to be manufactured by themselves. Bricks to build his house were made by himself in moulds made of planks sawn from trees he felled in the forest. The abundant forest furnished plenty of materials for roofing, doors, windows, and lintels. The corn was ground into meal by his wife, and when made into dough was baked in an extempore oven constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan placed in the centre

of a fire. A jar served as a churn for making butter. Candles were made in moulds from the tallow of various animals. Soap was made from the ashes of a plant called *salsola*, or from ordinary wood ashes. Shut out from all communication with civilization, the toil and care demanded in supplying these very necessities did not appear a hardship. He says, "There is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on seeing conveniences spring up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty striving housewife's hands."

The good done by continuous labour of this kind, undertaken in so noble and self-denying a spirit, is incalculable. If the grown-up men and women resisted his persuasion, and held coldly aloof from his teaching of the gospel, their respect for him induced them to permit their children to attend the various religious and secular classes taught by him and his devoted wife. The seed sown in these young minds before the superstitions of their elders had taken root, will in time bring forth an abundant reward for the earnest labour expended, while their general comfort will be greatly enhanced by the superior knowledge acquired from him, in husbandry and other peaceful avocations.

In a new country just beyond the pale of civilization, always advancing as law and order are extended, reckless and adventurous men, most of whom are fugitives from justice, establish themselves, and prey upon the savage tribes who are unable to defend themselves from their cruelty and exactions. A band of such men, under the leadership of a Mr. Hendrick Potgeiter, had established themselves as far into the interior as the Cashan Mountains, on the borders of the Bechuana territory. At first they were warmly welcomed by the Bechuanas, because they had conquered and expelled a Caffre chief, who had exercised a cruel authority over the neighbouring tribes. Their joy was

shortlived as they found that the Boers, as Potgeiter and his followers were called, compelled them to do all their manual labour without fee or reward. These men looked with no favourable eye on the doings of Livingstone, when they found that they could neither frighten nor coerce him. The teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God, was most distasteful to men who lived upon the enforced labour—the slavery in fact—of the tribes around them. When threats had no avail, they circulated reports that he had with him quantities of firearms, and that he was assisting the Bakwains to make war against their neighbours. As they could make nothing of Livingstone, they sent a threatening letter to Sechele, commanding him to surrender to the Dutch, and acknowledge himself their vassal, and to stop English traders from proceeding into the country. This last was the true bone of contention. Possessing a better knowledge of the value of skins, ivory, etc., than the Bechuanas, they wished to close the country against any traders but themselves.

Sechele, notwithstanding the risk he ran in quarreling with them, sent them a bold and resolute reply:—

“I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends. I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like.”

The Boers had broken up and sacked several mission stations, and conquered the tribes which gave them shelter, carrying away men and women as slaves. But Livingstone and the friendly Bakwains escaped until he was absent on his first journey to Lake Ngami, when four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechele, and slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away over two hundred children as captives. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely until nightfall, killing eight of the Boers, when they retreated to the mountains. Under the pretext that Livingstone had

taught them to defend themselves, and was consequently responsible for the slaughter of their fellows, his house was plundered, his books and stock of medicines destroyed, his furniture and clothing, and large quantities of stores left by English gentlemen, who had gone northwards to hunt, were carried off and sold to pay the expenses of their lawless raid. The reason so few of the Boers were slain in this as in other similar expeditions in which they indulged, was because they compelled natives they had conquered and enslaved to take their places in the front, while they fired upon the people over their heads in comparative safety. In speaking of the determined opposition of the Boers, Livingstone says, "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who has been most successful in resolution,—they or I."

During the continuance of the drought, the Bakwains suffered great privations, which Livingstone and his wife shared. The wild animals leave a district in such circumstances, and the domestic animals that are not killed and eaten to sustain life, die of hunger and thirst. Everything that would sell was disposed of to tribes more favourably situated, in exchange for corn and other necessities. The country round was scoured by women and children for the numerous bulbous plants which could sustain life, while the men hunted for wild animals in the neighbourhood of the infrequent fountains, where they came to slake their thirst in their wanderings over the arid and sun-dried country.

Sometimes when a herd of antelopes, zebras, quaggas, etc., were discovered in the neighbourhood, they were surrounded, and driven with shouts into a V shaped enclosure, at the end of which a huge pit was dug, into which they fell and were despatched with spears. The meat was equally divided among the people, Livingstone coming in for his share with the rest. But for the frequent recurrence of such lucky hauls as this, the sufferings of the people from an

exclusive and scanty vegetable diet must have been extreme.

Livingstone was mainly dependent upon his friends at Kuruman for supplies of corn during this trying period, and on one occasion they were reduced to use bran as a substitute, which required three labourers' grinding powers to render it fit for baking into cakes. Supplies of all kinds were so irregular, that they were fain to put up with locusts on many occasions, and while not very partial to such a diet, he preferred them to shrimps, "though I would avoid both if possible."

A large species of frog, called *matlemetto* by the natives, when procurable was greatly relished, especially by his children. During the continuance of dry weather, this frog remains in a hole which it excavates for itself in the ground, out of which it emerges during rain, assembling in numbers with such rapidity that they are vulgarly supposed to come from the clouds along with the rain. At night they set up a croaking in their holes, which assisted Livingstone materially in hunting for them when the cupboard was innocent of more preferable flesh meat.



### CHAPTER III.

THE KALAHARI DESERT. DISCOVERS LAKE NGAMI. VISITS SEBITUANE. DEATH OF SEBITUANE. DISCOVERS THE ZAMBESI.

ON the first of June, 1849, Livingstone started on his long contemplated journey, to settle the existence of Lake Ngami and visit the numerous tribes occupying the intervening country. He was accompanied by Messrs. Murray and Oswell, two enterprising Englishmen, who, in addition to the mere love of adventure, were anxious to be of service in extending our knowledge of the geography of Central Africa. Just before starting, a number of people from the lake district came to Kolobeng, with an invitation from their chief, Lechulatebe, to Livingstone to visit him. These gave so glowing an account of the wealth of the district near the lake in ivory and skins, that the Bakwain guides were as eager to proceed as the strangers were.

The Kalahari desert, which lay between the travellers and the goal of their hopes, covers a space of country extending from the Orange River in the south, latitude  $29^{\circ}$ , to Lake Ngami in the north, and from about  $24^{\circ}$  east longitude to near the west coast. It is not strictly speaking a desert, as it is covered with coarse grass and several kinds of creeping plants, with here and there clumps of wood and patches of bushes. It is intersected by dry water-courses, which rarely contain any water, although at no distant period they were the channels by which the superabundant waters caused by the rains farther north found their way to some parent stream, fertilizing the country in their passage. But for the number of bulbous plants which are edible, human life could not be sustained in this, now arid region. The more prominent of these are a scarlet-coloured cucumber; the *leroshua*, a small

plant with long narrow leaves and a stalk no thicker than the stem of a tobacco pipe, springing from a tuber from four to six inches in diameter, which, "when the rind is removed, we found to be a mass of cellular tissue, filled with a fluid much like that of a young turnip." The *mokuri* is a creeping plant, to which are attached several tubers as large as a man's head. The water melon is the most important and abundant of these edible plants, vast tracts being literally covered with it in seasons when the rainfall has been larger than ordinary.

Animals of various kinds abound in seasons of plenty, and are at all times to be met with in considerable numbers. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the eland, the gnu, and many other varieties of antelopes, associate together in herds, and are preyed upon by lions, hyænas, jackals, and leopards. Smaller varieties of felines, snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous, are plentiful, and feed on the various rodents which are numerous in all dry districts in Central Africa. Ants and several varieties of ant-eaters abound. A large caterpillar, which feeds during the night on the leaves of a kind of acacia-tree called *mivato*, and buries itself in the sand during the day, is dug for by the natives, and roasted and eaten. But for the want of water the passage of this vast tract of country would be comparatively easy, but as days frequently passed without so much as a single drop being found, the privations of Livingstone and his companions, and the oxen which drew their waggons, were severe in the extreme. No white man had ever succeeded in crossing it before, but the resolute men who now attempted it were not to be daunted by difficulty.

Tribes of Bushmen, whom Livingstone imagines to be the aborigines of South Africa, inhabit the desert, and a tribe of Bechuans, called Bakalahari, who had been driven into the desert by the more powerful tribes of their own

nation, live in the desert, and enjoy that liberty which was denied them in more favourable circumstances. The Bushmen are nomadic in their habits, never cultivating the soil but following the herds of game from place to place. Their only domestic animal is a breed of wretched dogs which assist them in hunting.

The Bakalahari cultivate the scanty and inhospitable soil, and grow melons and other tuberous plants, and breed goats and other domestic animals. They settle at a distance from water, which diminishes the chance of visits from unfriendly Bechuans. The water is carried by their women from a distant well or spring, and is stored up in the shells of the eggs of the ostrich and buried in the earth. The Bakalahari and the Bushmen hunt the various wild animals for their skins, which they exchange with the tribes to the eastward for tobacco and other luxuries, spears, knives, dogs, etc. Some idea of the extent of the business done, and the abundance of animals in the desert, may be formed from the fact that twenty thousand skins were purchased by the Bechuans during Livingstone's stay in their country, and these were principally those of the felidæ. The Bakalahari are mild and gentle in their habits, and are frequently tyrannised over by the powerful tribes of the Bechuans with whom they deal. The Bushmen, although mostly inferior to them in every way, are treated with more respect, their ready use of the bow and the poisoned arrow securing them from pillage and annoyance.

Water, being the scarcest and most valuable commodity in the country, is carefully hidden, to preserve it from any wandering band who might take it by force. Livingstone's method of conciliating them, and gaining their good opinion, was by sitting down quietly and talking to them in a friendly way until the precious fluid, which no amount of domineering or threatening could have brought forth, was produced.

The progress of the party was necessarily slow, as they

could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the waggons in many places sank deep into the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass crumbled to dust in the hand. Hours and days of toilsome journeyings were sometimes rewarded by the arrival at a spring, where the abundant water fertilised a small tract around, in which the grass flourished rank and green, affording a welcome meal to the horses and oxen after they had slaked their burning thirst at the spring, although often for many hours the eyes of the party were not gladdened by the sight of such an oasis, their hope almost died within them, and men and cattle staggered on mechanically, silent and all but broken in spirit. After being refreshed the three travellers would enjoy a few hours hunting at the game which was always abundant at such places, and start with renewed vigour and high hopes as to the accomplishment of their purpose, in striking contrast to the despair and dread which had been their experience only a few hours previous.

Sekomi, a powerful chief, who had no wish to see the white men pass his territory, and open out a market direct in ivory and skins with the tribes of the interior, tried hard to dissuade the travellers from proceeding further on their journey; but the fearless men he had to deal with were not to be turned aside from their purpose.

The travellers came upon several great tracts of salt-pans which lay glittering in the sun, showing so like lakes, that on sighting the first one Mr. Oswell threw his hat up into the air at the sight "and shouted a huzza which made the Bakwains think him mad. I was a little behind, and was as completely deceived by it as he, but as we had agreed to allow each other to behold the lake at the same instant, I felt a little chagrined that he had, unintentionally, got the first glance. We had no idea that the long looked-for lake was still more than three hundred miles distant." These mirages were so perfect that even the Hottentots, the horses,

and the dogs, ran towards them to slake their burning thirst.

After reaching the river Zouga their further progress was easy, as they had only to follow its course to find the object of their search, into which it poured its waters. Sebituane had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, an injunction which did not appear to be needed to ensure them kindly treatment at the hands of the Bayeiye, as they were called. On inquiring from whence a large river which flows into the Zouga from the north came from, Livingstone was told that it came "from a country full of rivers—so many that no one can tell their number." This was the first confirmation of the reports he had previously received from travelled Bakwains, and satisfied him that Central Africa was not a "large sandy plateau," but a land teeming with life and traversed by watery highways, along which Christianity and commerce and the arts of peace would in the future be conveyed to vast regions never as yet visited by civilized man. From that moment the desire to penetrate into that unknown region became more firmly rooted in his mind; his enthusiastic hopes found vent in his letters to England, to his friends and correspondents.

On the 1st of August, 1849, Livingstone and his companions went down to the shore of Lake Ngami, and the existence of that fine sheet of water was established. It is almost a hundred miles in circumference, and at one time must have been of far greater extent, and it was found to be about two thousand feet above the level of the sea from which it is eight hundred miles distant. Finding it impossible, from the unfriendliness of Lechulatebe, chief of the Batauana tribe, to visit Sebituane, as he had intended, the travellers passed up the course of the Zouga, the banks of which they found to be plentifully covered with vegetation and splendid trees, some of them bearing edible fruits.

Wild indigo and two kinds of cotton they found to be abundant. The natives make cloth of the latter, which they dye with the indigo. Elephants, hippopotami, zebras, giraffes, and several varieties of antelopes were found in great abundance. A species of the latter, which is never found at any distance from watery or marshy ground, hitherto unknown to naturalists, was met with in considerable numbers. Several varieties of fish abound in the river, which are caught by the natives in nets, or killed with spears. Some of these attain to a great size, weighing as much as a hundredweight.

The second journey to Lake Ngami was undertaken in April, 1850, with the view of pushing up the Tamunakle, a tributary of the Zouga, to visit Sebituane. Sechele, Mrs. Livingstone and her three children accompanied the intrepid traveller on this journey. Just as he had arranged with Lechulatebe to furnish the necessary guides, and to undertake the protection of Mrs. Livingstone and the children during his absence, the latter were seized with fever. As several of their attendants were seized at the same time, the attempt was given up as hopeless at this time, and the party, after recruiting in the pure air of the desert, returned to Kolobeng.

On the occasion of the third and successful journey, undertaken with the view of meeting Sebituane, his wife and children accompanied him as before. Shobo, a bushman, undertook to be their guide; but losing his way, he lost heart and refused to proceed, finally disappearing altogether. Driving on at random, the travellers, knowing that stream was near by the number of birds they saw, and the fresh spoor of the rhinoceros, unyoked the oxen, and they, knowing the signs, pushed forward until they came to the Matàbe, a tributary of the Tamunakle. Before reaching the stream the whole party suffered greatly from the want of water, and it almost seemed as if his children were doomed

to perish before his eyes. This was all the more hard to bear as a supply of water had been wasted by one of the servants. His wife looked at him, despair at the prospect of losing her children in her eyes, but spoke no word of blame. Here the travellers made the acquaintance of that terrible insect, the tsetse, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is of a brown colour, with three or four bars of yellow in the abdomen. Its bite is fatal to the horse, the ox, and the dog. Within a few days the eyes and nose of the bitten animal begin to run, and a swelling appears under the jaws, and sometimes on the belly. Emaciation sets in, and at the end of three months, when the poor beast is only a mass of skin and bone, purging commences, and it dies of sheer exhaustion. Man, and the wild animals which abound in the district, the goat, the mule, and the ass, enjoy a perfect immunity from its bite.

On the banks of the Chobe the travellers came across a number of Makololo men, and learning from them that their chief, Sebituane, was absent twenty miles down the river Chobe, Mr. Oswell and Livingstone proceeded in canoes to visit him. He had marched some two hundred miles to welcome the white men into his country. On hearing of the difficulties they had encountered in their endeavours to reach him, he expressed his satisfaction at their having at last succeeded, and added: "Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind; I have oxen, and will give you as many as you need."

In their ignorance they thought little of this; but the death of forty of their oxen, although not severely bitten, too surely attested his better knowledge.

The great chief Livingstone had so long desired to see was a tall, wiry man, with a deep olive complexion. He belonged originally to the south of Kuruman, where his warlike and undaunted bearing (for he was not born a

chief) procured him a small following of bold men, who retreated before the cruel raid of the Girquas in 1824.

The Bakwains and others of the Bechuanas made war upon him, and drove him to desperate shifts; but his courage and genius stood him in good stead through innumerable difficulties, and forcing his way through the desert of Kalahari, he maintained for a long period a desperate struggle with the Matabele, who were then led by a chief called Moselekatse, a warrior almost as renowned as himself, for the possession of the country between the Zouga and Zambesi. His frank and manly bearing, and his kindness and benevolence to his people, and the strangers who trusted to his hospitality, secured him the affections of his own people, and of many of the tribes which he conquered.

After he had subdued all the tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, his strong desire to open up communications with the white men led him to the country of the Zambesi, fighting and conquering every tribe in his line of march. No wonder he was adored by all who came in contact with him. Livingstone tells us that, "when a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and, mixing them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, of a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants included, a present, his

praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart; he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him," says Livingstone.

He was much gratified at the confidence reposed in him by Livingstone, in leaving his wife and children with him, and promised to convey him to his head-quarters, where they might locate themselves. But this was not to be: these great men but met to part, and that for ever. The intrepid chief whose liberal notions had enabled Livingstone to push thus far into the interior of the country, was stricken with inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days' illness. On the Sunday afternoon on which he died, Livingstone visited him, taking his boy Robert with him. "Come near," he said, "and see if I am any longer a man: I am done." Arrived but recently amongst them, the great missionary must have felt cut to the heart that he dare not deal as he would have wished with him. He feared to attempt to arrest his malady in case he might be blamed for causing his death if he had not succeeded in curing him. He could only speak of the hope after death, and commend him to the care of God. His last act was characteristic of the unselfish kindness of the man. Raising himself from his prone position, he called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Maunku [one of his wives], and tell her to give him some milk."

The death of Sebituane was a severe blow to Livingstone. Had he lived, much that he was to do which proved difficult, notwithstanding the friendliness of his successor and his people, might have been earlier and more easily accomplished had that noble and enlightened chief lived to second his efforts and possibly share in his journey. "He was," Livingstone says, "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before, and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard

before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly the Judge of all the earth will do right."

According to his wish, Sebituane was succeeded in the chieftainship by a daughter, to whom Livingstone and his party applied for leave to settle and travel in the country, which was granted. In company with Mr. Oswell, Livingstone discovered the Zambesi in the end of June, 1851, at a point where it was not known previously to exist. The sight of that noble stream, even in the dry season, flowing majestically eastward, with a breadth of from three to six hundred yards, must have filled Livingstone's mind with the hope of the near approach of the time when commerce and Christianity would flow into the heart of the country along this great natural highway.

As the Makololo between the Chobe and the Zambesi live on the low marshy grounds in the neighbourhood of these rivers and their affluents, as a protection from their numerous enemies, the question of where a mission station could be settled was a serious one. The healthy regions were defenceless and not to be thought of in the then state of the country. So there was no help for it but to move south once more, and after shipping his family for England, return to complete the work which no mere personal considerations would have stopped at this juncture.



## CHAPTER IV.

### ATTACK ON KOLOBENG BY THE BOERS. STARTS ON HIS GREAT JOURNEY.

**T**HIS, the longest journey he had yet undertaken, and during which for many months his safety was to be a matter of painful speculation to his friends and the thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the civilised world who had been watching the doings of the intrepid missionary,—extended from the south coast to St. Paul's de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast; and from thence across the continent to Killimane, in Eastern Africa. The preliminary journey to the north-west point of the country of the Makololo, previously visited, consisted of 1500 miles, which was accomplished in a waggon drawn by oxen. Before reaching the Orange River, he encountered a vast herd of spring-boks. They were supposed to come from the Kalahari desert, and he guessed their number at from forty to fifty thousand in all. Scarcity of water and grass in most cases induce these extraordinary migrations (although antelopes can subsist without water for very long periods); but in many instances no reason can be assigned for them. The passage of such vast herds through a district marks a season of riotous plenty, as it means abundance of animal food for a time, and a large supply of skins to sell to the traders.

At Kuruman, Livingstone was delayed for a fortnight by the breaking of a waggon wheel, which prevented him from being present with Sechele and the friendly Bakwains at Kolobeng, when the long-threatened attack of the Boers, already alluded to, was carried into effect. Previous to this,

Sechele had sent his children to Mr. Moffat to be educated.

The news of the attack of the Boers was bought by Mabasele, Sechele's wife. She had herself been hidden in a cleft of rock, over which a number of Boers were firing. Her infant began to cry, and terrified lest this should attract the attention of the men, the muzzles of whose guns appeared at every discharge over her head, she took off her armlets as playthings to quiet the child. She brought Mr. Moffat a letter, which tells its own tale; nearly literally translated it is as follows:—

“Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, although I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Girquas from passing (northwards). I replied: These are my friends, and I can prevent no one (of them). They came on Saturday and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men; and the mother of Baloriling (a former wife of Sechele) they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of waggons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own wagon and that of Macale, then the number of their waggons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters (certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north) were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Robus Hae will convey her to you.

I am, SECHELE, The son of Mochoaale.”

The report of this disaster raised such a panic among the Bechuanas that he could engage no one to accompany him from any of the neighbouring tribes. At last, in conjunction with George Heming, a man of colour, who was on his way to the Makololo country, with the view of opening up a trade with them, half a dozen servants were procured. "They were," he says, "the worst possible specimens of those who imbibe the vices without the virtues of Europeans; but we had no choice, and were glad to get away on any terms."

At Motilo, forty miles to the north, the travellers met Sechele on his way, as he said, to submit his case "to the Queen of England." He was so firmly impressed with a belief in the justice of Englishmen, that they found it impossible to dissuade him from making the attempt. On reaching Bloemfontein, he found the English army just returned from a battle with the Besutos. The officers were much interested in Sechele, invited him to dinner, and subscribed a handsome sum amongst them to defray his expenses. He proceeded as far as the Cape, when, having expended all his means, he was compelled to return to his own country without accomplishing his object.

If anything had been required to show that the Dutch Boers on the frontier were actuated by selfish interests only, the fact that they were so assured of their ability to chastise the Bakwains for receiving Livingstone and other Englishmen, permitted them to wait over the Sunday before attacking them, at Sechele's request.

This journey was not altogether in vain, as on his return he adopted a mode of punishment he had seen in the colony—the making criminals work on the public roads—and became the missionary to his own tribe. So popular did he become, that within a very short period numbers of the tribes formerly living under the Boers attached themselves to him, until he became the most powerful chief in the district.

It is facts like these which enable us to form a true idea of the influence of the teaching of a noble-minded and self-denying man like Livingstone among the tribes of Central Africa. A larger fall of rain than ordinary having taken place, the travellers found little difficulty in crossing the hem of the Kalahari desert. Water melons and other succulent herbs were abundant. They met an English traveller, Mr. J. Macabe, who had crossed the desert at its widest part, his cattle on one occasion subsisting on the water melons for twenty-one days. Macabe had, previous to Livingstone's discovery of lake Ngami, written a letter in one of the Cape papers, recommending a certain route as likely to lead to it. The Transvaal Boers fined him five hundred dollars for writing about "onze velt," *our country*, and imprisoned him until it was paid. Mr. Macabe's comrade, a Mr. Maher, fell a victim to the hatred engendered by the Boers. A tribe of Barolongs having taken him for a Boer, shot him as he approached their village. When informed that he was an Englishman their regret at the misadventure was extreme.

On his way to the north, Livingstone found his old friends the Bakwains suffering severely from the destruction of their property and the plunder of their cattle. Notwithstanding that Sechele had given orders that no violence was to be offered to the Boers during his absence, a band of young men had ventured out to meet a party of Boers, and as the latter were in a minority, they ran off leaving their waggons, which the young men brought in triumph to Letubamba, the head-quarters of the tribe. The Boers were alarmed, and sent four of their number to sue for peace, which was granted on their returning Sechele's three children, which Schloz, the Boer leader, had apprehended as slaves. One of them had three large unbound open sores on its body, caused by falling into the fire. This, and the general appearance of the poor children, spoke eloquently of the treatment they had received.

At Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, the travellers were heartily welcomed by Sekeletu, the son of Sebituane, who had succeeded to his sister. Mamoschisane, had found it impossible to carry out her father's wishes; and this could hardly be wondered at, since one of them was that she should have no husband, but use the men of the tribe or any number of them she chose, just as he himself had done by the women; but these men had other wives, and as Livingstone dryly puts it, in a proverb of the country, "The temper of women cannot be governed," and they made her miserable by their remarks. She chose one man who was called her wife, and her son the child of Mamoschisane's wife; but disliking the arrangement, after her father's death she declared she would never govern the Makololo. Sekeletu, who was afraid of the pretensions of Mpepe, another member of the family, urged her to continue as chief, offering to remain with her and support her authority in battle. She wisely persisted in her determination to abdicate, indicating Sekeletu as her successor. "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house."

Sekeletu was afraid of Mpepe, whose pretensions were favoured by the Mambari tribe and the half-caste Portuguese, who carried on the slave trade between the tribes in the interior and the dealers in human flesh on the coast. All their hopes of being able to carry on their trade lay in the success of his rebellion. Previous to Livingstone's arrival at Linyanti, a large party of Mambari had arrived there; but on the receipt of intelligence that Livingstone was approaching, they fled so precipitately as not even to take leave of Sekeletu. A marvellous evidence truly of the moral influence of England, even when only represented by one resolute man, on savage men who are seldom amenable to anything save superior force. The Mambari retreated to the north, where

several half-caste slave traders, under the leadership of a half-caste Portuguese, had erected a stockade. Through the aid of the fire-arms of the slave traders, Mpepe hoped to be able to make himself the head of the Makololo; while they, in the event of his being victorious, expected to be rewarded by the captives he might make in the course of the struggle.

Here and elsewhere the religious services were held in the *Kolla*, or public meeting place, under the trees near the chief hut, and were always well attended. The meetings were called at Mabotsa and Kolobeng by the chief's herald. As many as seven hundred frequently attended these meetings. At Kolobeng, Sechele's wife frequently came in after service had begun, as if to draw attention, not to her dress, but to *her want of dress*. Sechele, in great displeasure, would send her out again to put on some clothing. As she retired she pouted, and looked the very picture of feminine annoyance. If a woman found that another woman was seated upon her dress, she would give her a shove with her elbow, which the other would return with interest, until several others would join in the fray, the men swearing at them all to enforce silence. If a child cried, it was enough to set a great many of the audience into a fit of laughter; it seemed to them the perfection of a joke for a squalling child to interrupt the grave and earnest missionary.

Mpepe, determined to strike the first blow, had armed himself with a battle-axe, avowing his intention of striking Sekeletu down on the occasion of their first interview, trusting to his being exalted to his position as chief, during the panic which would inevitably take possession of the Makololo on his death. At Livingstone's request, Sekeletu accompanied him on a journey, with the view of ascending the river they had discovered in 1857, and when they had got about sixty miles on their way they encountered Mpepe. At their first

interview Livingstone sat between them, and was unconsciously the means of saving the life of Sekeletu. Some of Mpepe's friends having informed Sekeletu of his murderous intentions, he despatched several of his attendants to his hut, who, seizing him by the arms, led him about a mile from the encampment, where they speared him. This summary settlement of a grave political difficulty thoroughly established Sekeletu in his position, and removed what could hardly have failed to become a serious hindrance to the carrying out of Livingstone's cherished schemes. Mpepe's men fled to the Barotse, a tribe living in the district Livingstone and Sekeletu were on their way to visit; and they, considering it inadvisable to go there during the commotion excited by that occurrence, returned to Linyanti for a month, when they again set out for the purpose of ascending the Leeambye from Sesheke. They were accompanied by a large number of attendants, who are thus described:—"It was pleasant to look back along the long extended line of our attendants, as it twisted and bent according to the course of the foot-path, or in and out behind the mounds, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the wind. Some had the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, hussar fashion, and others great bunches of black ostrich feathers, or capes made of lion's manes. Some wore red tunics, or various coloured prints, which the chief had bought from Fleming; the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to carry their shields; while the *machaka*—battle-axe men—carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and expected to run all the way." Sekeletu was closely accompanied in marching by his own *mopato*, or body-guard of young men about his own age, who were selected for the personal attendance and defence of the chief, and seated themselves round him when they encamped.

The Makololo were rich in cattle, and the chief had numerous cattle stations all over the country. In journeying, as on this occasion, his attendants were fed by the chief, an ox or two being selected from his own herds, if there were any in the neighbourhood; if not, the headman of the nearest village presented one or two for the purpose. The people of the villages presented the party on their arrival with draughts of the beer of the country and milk. As elands, antelopes, and other kinds of game were frequently met with in the plains between Linyanti and the Leeambye they never wanted for food. The party struck the Leeambye at a village considerably above Sesheke, where it is about six hundred yards broad. After crossing to the north side of the river several days were spent in collecting canoes. During this interval Livingstone took the opportunity of going in pursuit of game to support the party, and to examine the adjacent country. The country is flat, diversified with small tree-covered mounds, which are too high to be covered by the floods during the rainy season. The soil on the flat parts is a rich loam, and this and the abundant floods during the rainy season enable the natives to raise large supplies of grain and ground-nuts. Vast numbers of a small antelope, about eighteen inches high, new to naturalists, named the *tian-yane*, are found on these plains, together with many of the larger antelopes, including a new or striped variety of the eland; buffaloes and zebras were found on the plains, so that there was no difficulty in the way of providing for so large a party.

This journey was undertaken by Livingstone and Sekeletu with the object of finding a healthy spot for establishing the head-quarters of the Makololo within friendly or defensible territory. The low-lying and swampy districts they had been compelled for purposes of safety from their numerous enemies to occupy, was exercising a fatal influence on the physique and the increase of the tribe. Fevers were common.

Livingstone himself had suffered severely from an attack, and the intelligent chief and the headmen of the tribe were wise enough to understand the value of the counsel of their missionary friend, when he advised the removal of the bulk of the tribe to a more elevated and healthy locality. Such a position had to be sought for beyond the reach of the annual inundations, which for a period transformed the course of the river for miles into lakes and swamps; as when the waters subsided, the miasma arising from the wet soil and the rotting vegetation under a tropical sun made the district a hot-bed of fever and dysentery. Coming from the comparatively cold and hilly region of the south, the Makololo suffered more severely from the effects of the climate than the various tribes of Makalaka Sebituane had found living in the district, and made subject to his rule. From choice they lived in the neighbourhood of the river; and their agriculture is entirely dependent on the annual floods. They cultivate *dura*, a kind of grain, maize, beans, ground-nuts, pumpkins, water-melons, and cucumbers; and in the Barotse valley, along the course of the Leeambye, the sugar-cane, sweet-potato, etc., are added to the agricultural produce, the fertility of the soil being increased by rude efforts at irrigation.

Having collected thirty-three flat-bottomed canoes, capable of conveying one hundred and sixty men, the imposing flotilla, rowed by Makalaka men, who are more skilful watermen than the Makololo, moved rapidly up the broad waters of the Leeambye; the great explorer enjoying an exhilaration of spirits natural to an adventurous man, who, first of all his countrymen, passed up this noble stream, and who saw clearly the great and important part which a magnificent natural highway like this would play in the civilizing of the numerous tribes of Central Africa. At many places the river is more than a mile broad, its surface broken by islands, small and large. The islands and the banks are

thickly covered with trees, among which are the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds, and the lofty palmyra, with its feathery mass of foliage towering over all. Elephants and the larger species of game were very abundant, but in consequence of the presence of that destructive insect, the tsetse, the villagers on the banks had no domestic cattle. The inhabitants of the valley of the river here are known as Banyete, and are, from their skill in making various utensils, the handicraftsmen of the neighbouring tribes. They make neat wooden vessels with lids, wooden bowls, and, after Livingstone had introduced the idea of sitting on stools, they exercised their taste and ingenuity on the construction of these in a variety of shapes. Wicker baskets made of the split roots of trees, and articles of domestic and agricultural utility in pottery and iron, were also among the products of their skill. Iron ore is dug out of the earth, and smelted, and fashioned into rude hoes, almost the only implement of husbandry known at this period.

The Banyete never appear to have been a warlike people. War is either caused by slavery or the possession of cattle; and as the slave-dealers had never reached their peaceful habitations, and the tsetse rendered the possession of cattle impossible, they had lived secure from the ambitious and selfish designs of more powerful and warlike tribes. Tribute was regularly paid to Sekeletu in the simple articles constructed by their industrial skill, and in exchange they lived contented and happy under his protection. When the river is low a series of rapids make navigation difficult for considerable distances, but they met with no serious obstacle until they reached the falls of Gonye, where the river, narrowing into a space of seventy or eighty yards wide, falls a distance of thirty feet. There they had to carry the canoes for about a mile over land.

At this place Livingstone heard of a tradition of a man who took advantage of the falls to lead a portion of the

river over the level country below for the purposes of irrigation. The garden was pointed out, and though neglected for generations, they dug up an inferior kind of potato, which they found to be bitter and waxy. If properly cultivated and irrigated, Livingstone appears to think that the valleys through which the great rivers and their affluents flow might be made as productive as the valley of the Nile, to which that of the Zambesi bears a striking resemblance. The intelligent and generally peaceable character of the tribes visited by Livingstone in Central Africa is a guarantee that with the introduction of agricultural implements, and the humanising influence of contact with civilization, such a desirable state of matters may speedily follow the opening up of the country for purposes of legitimate trade with Europeans.

The valley of the Barotse, a district inhabited by a people of that name, subject to the Makololo, which extends west to the junction of the Leeambye and Leeba, is about one hundred miles in length, and from ten to thirty miles in width, with the Leeambye winding down the middle. The whole of this valley is inundated, not by local rainfall, but by the flooding of the river, just as the Nile valley is flooded by the overflow of that river. The villages of the Barotse are built on mounds, which are at a sufficient elevation to be secure from the annual floods. These mounds are for the most part artificial, and are said to have been raised by a famous chief of the Barotse, named Santuru, who planted them with trees, which gave a grateful shade besides adding to the beauty of the scenery. As this valley is free from the dreaded tsetse, the Barotse are rich in cattle, which find abundant food in the rich pasturage. At the approach of the floods they retire to the high grounds, where food is less abundant, and fall off in condition. Their return on the subsidence of the river is a season of rejoicing among

the people, because the season of plenty has returned once more.

In one of the Barotse towns Mpepe's father lived, and as he and another man had counselled Mamochisane to kill Sekeletu and marry Mpepe, they were led forth and tossed into the river. On Livingstone remonstrating against this off-hand shedding of human blood, Nokwane, who had been one of the executioners on this occasion, as well as in the execution of Mpepe, excused the act by saying, "You see we are still Boers; we are not yet taught." Surely a terrible sarcasm coming from a savage on the doings of civilized men! At Naliele, the capital of the Barotse, which is built on a mound raised by Santuru, the party were visited by some of the Mambari. The pure Mambari are as black as the Barotse, but many of them were half-caste Portuguese, and could read and write. The head of the party Livingstone believed to be a true Portuguese. Mpepe had given them full permission to trade in his district, and they had not been slow to take advantage of the permission in exchanging the commodities they brought with them for slaves, assuring the people they were only to be employed by them to cultivate the land, and that they would take care of them as their own children. The notion that they were taken and sold across the sea was new to these simple people, and the lesson taught by Livingstone could not fail to be useful in circumscribing the abominable traffic among them and the other tribes he visited on his way to the west coast. Santuru was once visited by the Mambari, but he and his headmen refused them permission to buy any of his people. The Makololo in expelling them from the country quote this as a precedent.

Finding that Katonga, as the high ground beyond Naliele was called, was extensive, and free from the annual inundations, Livingstone visited it, but although

exceedingly beautiful, and abounding in gardens of great fertility, cultivated with much care by the Barotse, it was found to be equally unhealthy with the low ground. The view from Katonga is thus described: "We could see the great river glancing out at several points, and fine large herds of cattle quietly grazing on the green succulent herbage, among numbers of cattle-stations and villages which are dotted over the landscape. Leches (a kind of antelope) in hundreds fed securely beside them, for they have learned only to keep out of bow-shot, or two hundred yards. When guns come into a country, the animals soon learn their longer range, and begin to run at a distance of five hundred yards." As the current of the river was here about four and a half miles an hour, a sure sign of a rapidly increasing rise in the country, Livingstone determined on pushing still further up the stream in search of a healthy location which he might make his headquarters.

Leaving Sekeletu at Naliele, he proceeded up stream, the chief having presented him with men and rowers, and also a herald to announce his arrival at the villages with proper effect, by shouting at the top of his voice, "'Here comes the lord, the great lion,' the latter phrase being *tau e tōna*, which in his imperfect way of pronunciation became *saw e tōna*, and, so like the great sow, that I could not have the honour with becoming gravity, and had to entreat him, much to the annoyance of my party, to be silent." At all the villages the party met with a hearty welcome, as being to them messengers of peace, which they term "sleep." After pushing his way to the junction of the Leeba with the Leeambye, and failing to find a suitable spot for a mission settlement, the party descended to Naliele, but not before Livingstone had made a guess that there lay the high road to the west coast, and that its head waters must be within a hundred

and twenty miles of the Coanza, which would lead them down to the coast near Loanda. The Coanza, as he afterwards found, does not come from anywhere near the route to Loanda.

The following extract from "The Missionary Travels" will give some idea of the abundance of large game in this region, and their want of fear of man. "Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before our fire one evening, within gun-shot; and herds of splendid elands stood by day without fear at two hundred yards distance. They were all of the striped variety, and with their forearm markings, large dewlaps, and sleek skins, were a beautiful sight to see. The lions here roar much more than in the country further south. One evening we had a good opportunity of hearing the utmost exertions the animal can make in that line. We had made our beds on a large sandbank, and could be easily seen from all sides. A lion on the opposite shore amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could, putting, as is usual in such cases, his mouth near the ground, to make the sound reverberate. . . . Wherever the game abounds, these animals exist in proportionate numbers. Here they were frequently seen, and two of the largest I ever saw seemed about as tall as common donkeys; but the mane made their bodies appear rather larger."

Coming down the river to the town of Ma Sekeletu (the mother of Sekeletu) they found Sekeletu with his mother. After a short stay, the party started on their voyage down the river, and reached Linyanti after an absence of nine weeks. This being the first visit paid by Sekeletu to this portion of his dominions, the travellers were received with the utmost enthusiasm everywhere, the headmen of the villages presenting him with more eatables and drinkables than even his numerous followers could devour, notwithstanding their wonderful powers in that way. The en-

thusiasm of the people usually wound up with an extraordinary dance, which Livingstone describes: "It consists of the men standing, nearly naked, in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamp heavily twice with it, then lift the other, and give one stamp with that; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction; and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigour. The continued stamping makes a cloud of dust around, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood. If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate even as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain; but the grey-headed men joined in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration stream off their bodies with the exertion. . . . The women stand by clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances into the circle composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires."

The effect the experience gained in this journey had upon him, and the reflections induced thereby, are indicated in the following extract. "I had been," he says, "during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarreling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effect of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported

to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits which, to a casual observer lie beneath the surface, and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them."



## CHAPTER V.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE. ASCENDS THE LEEAMBYE  
AND THE LEEBA. ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE. TWO  
FEMALE CHIEFS. VISITS SHINTE.

AS Sekeletu and the headmen of the Makololo were as alive to the advantages which would accrue to them from the opening out of trade with the west coast, as Livingstone was for these and higher purposes which they could not comprehend, every assistance was rendered which could help the traveller in carrying out his bold and daring attempt to make his way across the country. A *picho*, or conference of the headmen of the tribe presided over by the chief, was held to discuss the adventure, and the best way of assisting in it. One of the old men, who was famed as a croaker, said, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments already smell of blood." This foreboding had no influence over Sekeletu or any of his men; they were too much accustomed to hearing his prognostications of evil from every enterprise; and it was decided that a band of twenty-seven picked men, principally Barotse, they being best acquainted with the tribes to the west, should accompany Livingstone, as the contribution of the chief and his people towards the accomplishment of an object so desirable to all.

In answer to the question, whether, "In the event of your death, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unhealthy and unknown country of enemies?" He replied that none of his friends "would blame them, because he would leave a book with Sekeletu, to be sent to Mr. Moffat in case I did not return, which would explain to him all that had happened until the time of my departure." This book was a volume of his journal, and

months afterwards, when the Makololo were despairing of ever seeing or hearing anything of him again, it was delivered, along with a letter, by Sekeletu to a trader, to be delivered to Mr. Moffat. No trace of this journal could be found on his return, which was a matter of much regret, as it contained valuable notes on the habits of wild animals, etc.

The following illustrates admirably the spirit which animated this extraordinary man when ready to start on his dangerous enterprise. "The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world thus came before me in a pretty plain matter-of-fact form ; and it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children, to break up all connection with earth, and enter on an untried state of existence ; and I find myself in my journal pondering over that fearful migration which lands us in eternity ; wondering whether an angel will soothe the fluttering soul, sadly flurried as it must be on entering the spirit world, and hoping that Jesus might speak but one word of peace, for that would establish in the bosom an everlasting calm. But as I had always believed that, if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care, as I was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will ; and considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be the plundered party than one of the plunderers."

Wisely resolving that his baggage should be so limited in quantity as not to excite the cupidity of any unfriendly tribe, he took with him only three muskets, a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, with the necessary ammunition, a few biscuits, several pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee, a beverage greatly relished by the natives. Of wearing apparel, independent of what they wore, a small

tin canister was filled with shirting, trowsers, and shoes, to be donned when the party should reach the neighbourhood of civilization, and another supply in a bag was for use during the journey.

Another tin can contained a stock of medicines. A third contained his books, consisting of a nautical almanac, Thomson's Logarithms, and a Bible; and a fourth box contained a magic lantern, a sextant and artificial horizon, a thermometer, a chronometer watch with a stop for seconds, and a small but powerful telescope, with a stand capable of being screwed to a tree, and two compasses; one of them for the pocket, were carried apart. A small gipsy tent to sleep in, a blanket, and a horse-rug, from the simplicity of the other impedimenta, might be termed the luxuries of the baggage roll. As the country so far as explored by him abounded in game, he trusted to his good rifle and double-barreled gun for furnishing the bulk of the food required; but in case of having to pass through a country where these were not plentiful, twenty pounds of beads of the value of forty shillings, were set apart for the purchase of such necessities in the way of food as they might require. In addition to the absolutely necessary baggage, the party carried with them four elephants' tusks belonging to Sekeletu, by the sale of which they were to test the worth of the market on the coast.

Surely never was so formidable a journey undertaken with so little preparation in the way of mere personal comfort and convenience; but the want of hundreds of these things usually supposed to be "indispensable to travellers" undertaking journeys of trifling danger and extent in comparison, were more than made up by a large stock of pluck and endurance, and the courage and resolve which are born of an enterprise which had for its object no thought of personal interest or aggrandisement, but was undertaken in the noblest spirit, for the physical and spiritual welfare of the savage tribes of Central Africa.

Scouts were sent to examine the country to the west, to discover an outlet from Linyanti by a nearer route than the one taken on the previous journey, but none could be found free from the plague of tsetse, and such as were defiled by the existence of the slave trade; and a passage through these for an expedition, the leading material purpose of which was the extinction of this detestable traffic, was out of the question. The expedition started for the Chobe on the 4th of November, 1853, and commenced their voyage down that river at the island Manuku, where Livingstone had first met Sebituane. Here Sekeletu and several of his principal men, who had accompanied them thus far, took leave of them, wishing them success. After paddling at the rate of five miles an hour for forty-two hours, they reached the Leeambye, and proceeding up the river, they reached Sesheke on the 19th of November.

Moriantane, a brother-in-law of Sebituane, the chief of the various tribes in and around Sesheke, supplied Livingstone with milk, honey, and meal, and sent scouts up the river to the villages he was to stop at, enjoining the headmen to have food ready for him and his party. The chief and large numbers of the people assembled in the open air to listen to a religious address from Livingstone. The audiences were very attentive, and appeared anxious to profit by the instruction received, betraying their interest by asking explanations of those things which were beyond their comprehension. Moriantane acted as a kind of amateur beadle in keeping order, on one occasion hurling his staff at some young man he saw working with a skin instead of listening to the speaker.

In their passage up the river abundance of food and fruit were provided, several of the latter are worthy of notice. A fruit about the size of an orange, contains a number of seeds or pips imbedded in layers of a pleasant juicy pulp; from the pips and bark are derived a variety of nux vomica,

from which strychnia is extracted. A fruit called *mobola*, being about the size of the date, when stripped of the seeds and dried forms a very palatable dish, with a flavour of strawberries; when dried it can be preserved for a considerable period. The most palatable fruit of the district is called the *mamosho*; it is about the size of a walnut. These fruits, which in the Leeambye valley grow on trees, some of them attaining a great size, are found in the Kalahari desert, where they exist as small herbaceous plants. In the well-watered country, plants which in the dry regions of the south are mere shrubs, become great trees; illustrating in a remarkable manner, the effect of the drying up of the numerous water courses in regions once as rich in vegetation as the valleys of the Zambesi and its tributaries. A number of his attendants, with the baggage and oxen of the party, marched by land, the canoe party regulating their advance to suit theirs.

As the trees were putting on their fresh green leaves, the banks of the river were much more beautiful than on the occasion of his previous visit. In case of accident from the attack, or the sudden uprising near them, of the hippopotami, they hugged the banks, often passing under the grateful shade of giant trees, among whose branches the ibis, turtle-doves, and many other birds were perched, careless of the near neighbourhood of the canoes and their occupants. Plovers of various kinds wheeled overhead raising a great clamour. One of these, from its hard metallic cry called *setula-tsipi*, or hammering wire, is the bird famous for its friendship with the crocodile of the Nile, which it invariably accompanies, boldly entering its terrible jaws, and finding in the entrance water insects which attach themselves to the roof of the mouth of the brute, causing it much annoyance. It is provided with a spur on its shoulder (the top of the wing) about half an inch in length, which it uses as a weapon of defence. This bird and its habits were known to Hero-

dotus, and up till twenty years ago the account was looked upon as fabulous, when Mr. St. John actually witnessed it feeding within the iron jaws of the huge reptile. In places where the banks are steep, several species of birds build their nests in holes which they dig with their bills. Among these, the most notable is the bee-eater, a pretty little bird, a species of sand-martin, and several species of kingfishers, one of them as large as a pigeon.

Song birds in endless variety, some of them new to science, enlivened the passage of the river, and flocks of green pigeons rose from the trees as they passed. In some districts several species of canaries were as common and as destructive to garden produce as sparrows. The natives tame them, and keep them in wicker cages; their notes are clear and sweet. Tame pigeons were also common. This love for birds would appear to have been initiated by Santuru in the Leeambye valley, who kept a great many tame animals; among others, a couple of hippopotami, ungainly pets enough.

The *boomslang*, a species of tree-snake, feeds upon small birds, the noise and chattering of a number of birds fluttering round a tree usually indicate its presence. The birds are unable or unwilling to keep aloof from the dangerous proximity of this reptile, which with its body coiled round a branch, its head and about a foot of its neck erect, quietly waits until one of them, more reckless than the rest, comes within reach of its spring.

The snake-bird, so called because in swimming the whole body is submerged, and only the head and neck appear above water, floated about them. The fish-hawk and the pelican preyed on the finny tribe on the shoals, the former sometimes relieving the pouch of the latter of its occupant when its ungainly bill was temptingly open. Guinea fowls were common on the banks, while snipes, herons, spoon-bills, scissor-bills, flamingoes, cranes,

geese, and various other aquatic birds, were met with in great numbers, especially in the uninhabited districts. Vast shoals of fish descended the river with the floods, the rainy season having set in. These are taken by the natives in the shallow creeks, in baskets, nets, and by clumsy hooks. When not eaten fresh, they are preserved by smoke-drying for future use. Several species of mullet are very abundant, and are the most in favour for food. Crocodiles and iguanas, a species of lizard, the flesh of which is greatly relished by the natives, plunged into the water at the approach of the canoes; while in creeks and shady parts hippopotami floundered about, the females carrying their young upon their backs.

Elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, zebras, etc., were abundant on land, and as a consequence lions and other carnivora were common.

When nearing Naliele, Livingstone heard that a party of Makololo, headed by Lerimo, an under chief, had carried out a successful foray against Masiko, a son of Santuru, the chief of a tribe who had settled with his people to the north of Naliele. This expedition was undertaken with the full sanction of Mpololo the uncle of Sekeletu, and head chief of the district. Some prisoners had been taken and several villages destroyed. As this was in the direction Livingstone was going, and as Sekeletu had strictly forbidden that such forays should be undertaken, he determined, in the name and by the authority of Sekeletu, to condemn the transaction and compel restitution of the prisoners, Livingstone undertaking to conduct the latter, sent to Masiko with an apology for the occurrence.

At Ma Sekeletu's town he found Mpololo himself, and being supported by the mother of Sekeletu, he succeeded in getting the captives returned, and an apology sent to Masiko. A fresh foray, for which a number of men had been collected, was abandoned; and through the influence

of Livingstone a cowardly warfare, undertaken for the purpose of plunder, was prevented, and a knowledge of the peaceful and wise designs of Sekeletu disseminated, which could not fail to be of much value to the comfort and happiness of the district.

Mosantu, a Batoko man, was despatched to Masiko with the captives of his tribe, with a message that he (Livingstone) was sorry to find that Santuru had not borne a wiser son; Santuru loved to govern men, but Masiko wanted to govern wild beasts. Several captives belonging to other tribes further to the north were taken with the party.

Passing up the placid Leeba he saw a tree in flower which brought the pleasant fragrance of hawthorn hedges back to memory; its leaves, flowers, perfume, and fruit, resembled those of the hawthorn, only the flowers were as large as dog-roses, and the "haws like boys' marbles." On the banks of the Leeba and Leeambye, and further to the north, the flowers are distinguished for their sweet perfume; a pleasant contrast to those further south, which either emit no smell, or only a nauseous odour.

Crocodiles were very numerous; and as it was the season for hatching, large numbers of young ones, from a foot long and upwards, were met; the little creatures biting savagely at the spears with which his attendants impaled them. The natives search for and eat the eggs when they are fresh, so that an increase of population would greatly diminish the number of these dangerous reptiles. They feed on fish and the smaller species of game which come to the water to drink; now and again picking a child, a woman, or a man off the banks, or seizing them in the water when bathing. The natives have little dread of them; and when armed with a knife or javelin, go into the water and attack and kill them. One of Livingstone's attendants in swimming across a creek was seized by one; but being armed with a javelin, he wounded it severely behind the shoulder, and escaped

with a severe teeth-wound in the thigh where the brute had seized him.

In the south, when a man has been bitten by a crocodile he is shunned by the rest of his tribe as being unclean ; but in the north no such custom is known, as they voluntarily hunt it for the sake of its flesh, which they eat.

At the village of Manenko, two Balonda men visited Livingstone, and informed him that one of his party was believed to have acted as a guide to Lerimo during his foray in the district. Having a captive boy and girl with him whom he was conducting back to their people, to show that neither he nor Sekeletu had anything to do with the fault of inferior men, they were so far satisfied that his intentions were peaceable, and departed to report the conversation to Manenko, the first female chief they had come across. After waiting two days an answer came from this African amazon, accompanied with a basket of manioc roots, that they were to remain until she should visit them. Other messengers arrived with orders that he should visit her ; but having lost four days in negotiations, he declined going at all, and proceeded up stream to the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo. Here one of the party picked up a bit of a steel watch-chain ; and its being there was explained by the information that it was here the Mambari crossed in going and coming to Masiko.

Among other articles of commerce the Mambari bring Manchester goods into the valley of the Leeba and Leeambye, which seem so wonderful in the eyes of the simple natives that they cannot believe that they are the work of mortal hand. No explanation satisfies them. "How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully? Truly, ye are God!" It was impossible for them to understand the hard and prosaic toil endured in the manufacture of similar fabrics for years by the white man who stood before them— toil sweetened by the opportunity the remuneration for it

gave him to prepare himself for the great work he was to accomplish on their behalf, a work which to the worldly and unthinking brought no adequate reward for his early sufferings and toils.

Sheakondo, chief of the village of the same name at the mouth of the Lonkónye, visited the bivouac of the party with two of his sons. The people who accompanied him had their teeth filed to a point, by way of beautifying themselves. They were tattooed and marked on the body with stars formed by the skin being raised in small cicatrices. They wear little or no clothing, and anoint their bodies with butter or ox-fat, and when these fail them, with oil they extract from the castor-oil plant. Sheakondo, who appears to have been a fine specimen of an unsophisticated savage, seemed awe-struck when told some of the "words of God." The elder of his wives presented some manioc roots, begging for butter to anoint herself in exchange, which was given to her; and, as she had little clothing and was not very clean, he says: "I can readily believe that she felt her comfort greatly enhanced thereby." The younger and more favoured wife also begged for butter; and she had numbers of iron rings on her ankles, to which were suspended small pieces of sheet-iron, which made a tinkling as she walked mincingly in African style—simple ornaments which appeared to give her a great deal of pleasure. Livingstone dryly remarks, "The same thing is thought pretty by our own dragoons in walking jauntily."

Wending their way up stream, they arrived at the village of another female chief, Nyamoana, the mother of Manenko and the sister of Shinte, the greatest Balonda chief of the Leeba district. Nyamoana gave Livingstone an audience. She was seated alongside of her husband, on skins, on a raised couch, surrounded by a trench. Round this trench sat about a hundred of her people of all ages, the men armed with bows, spears, and broad swords. After a

palaver, Livingstone drew their attention to his hair, which was always a subject of curiosity in the district. They imagined it a wig made of a lion's mane, and could hardly believe it to be hair. He explained to them that his was the real original hair, "Such as theirs would have been, had it not been scorched and frizzled by the sun." In proof of what the sun could do, he uncovered his bosom, and showed them the contrast between its white hue, and his bronzed face and hands. As they go nearly naked and exposed to the sun, this practical lesson enabled them readily to grasp the idea of a common origin for whites and blacks. This was a familiar illustration of Livingstone's in addressing the natives.

Nyamoana's people were very superstitious, and it was here that he first saw evidence of the existence of idolatry. It was a human head rudely carved on a block of wood. His watch and pocket compass were scanned with much curiosity; but although invited to look at them by her husband, the chief appeared to be afraid of them, and could not be persuaded to approach near enough to see them.

On expressing his intention of proceeding up the Leeba, which appeared still to come from the direction he wished to go, Nyamoana urged him not to do so, as there was a cataract in front, and the Balobale, whose country lies to the west of the river, might kill the party. As the Balobale were unfriendly to the Makololo, his attendants joined with her in urging that they should proceed by land, and visit her brother Shinte. In the midst of the discussion, Manenko appeared upon the scene, and, throwing her influence into the scale, carried the day against the further ascent of the river.

Manenko was a tall, well-formed, hardy, and masculine woman, about twenty years of age; a profusion of ornaments and medicines, supposed to act as charms, being suspended about her person. She scarcely wore any clothing, and her

body was smeared with a mixture of fat and red ochre, as a protection against the weather. When asked why she, who could procure plenty of clothing, went about in a state of nudity, she replied that it was necessary for her as chief to show her indifference to the weather. She was a splendid pedestrian, and on a march made her attendants and companions glad when she proposed a halt. Livingstone's attendants succumbed at once to the strong will of this female ruler; and Livingstone himself, though resolute and inflexible in carrying out his own purpose in his own way, was compelled to give way to her wishes. What could he do when, approaching him, she put her hand on his shoulder in a motherly way, and said, "Now my little man, just do as the rest have done"?

As the tribes in the districts where he now found himself had no cattle, the party suffered severely from the want of food. All they had had for several days was a small dole of manioc roots every evening from Nyamoana. This was the state of affairs when Mosantu arrived from his visit to Masiko, accompanied by an imposing embassy, consisting of his under chiefs, who brought a fine elephant's tusk, two calabashes of honey, and a large piece of blue baize, as presents. He sent his expressions of pleasure at the return of the captives, and at the prospects of a peaceful alliance with the Makololo.

An ox was given by Livingstone as a return for his gifts; but the poor under chiefs were so hungry, that they wished to kill and eat it. On asking his permission to do this, he was reluctantly compelled to decline, as he had nothing he could send instead, and had no food to offer them.

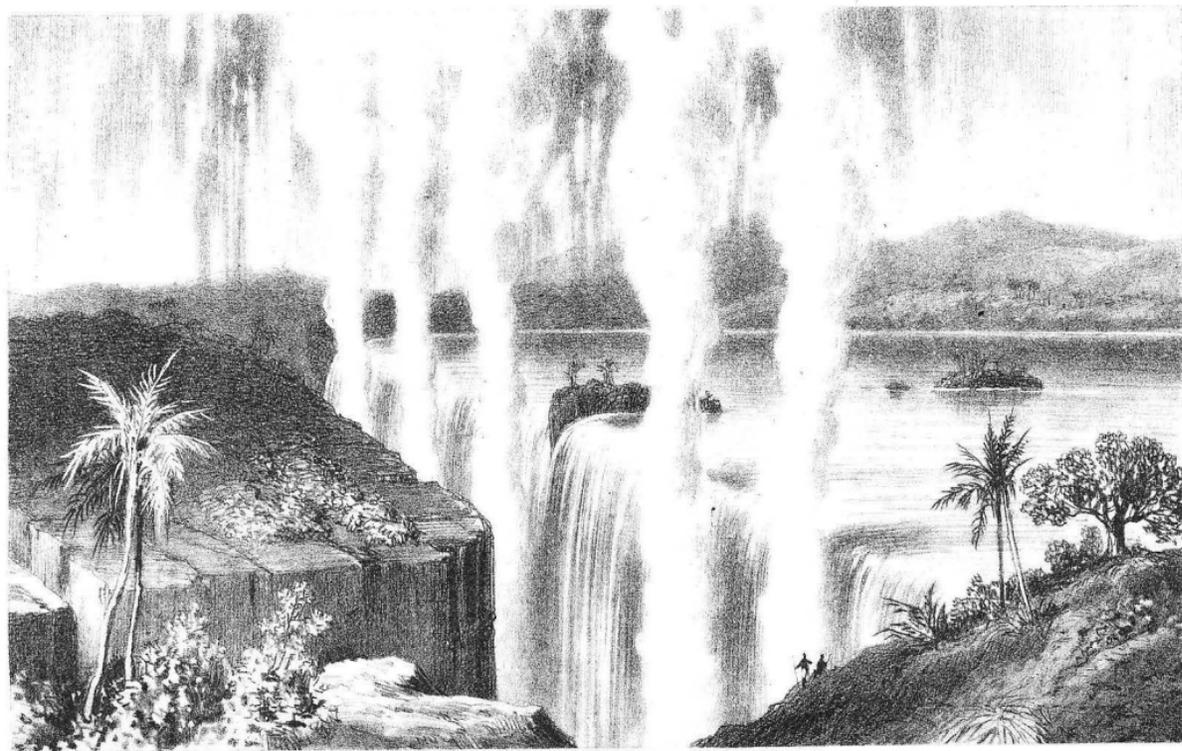
Manenko and her husband Sambanza, accompanied by a drummer, whose duty it was to thump regularly on his drum, in order to acquaint all people they might meet with the fact that a personage of importance was coming, started to escort Livingstone and his party to Shinte's town. The

rain poured in torrents, notwithstanding that her husband endeavoured to stop it by various incantations and vociferations. Manenko marched on unconcernedly at such a rate as made it difficult for the men to keep up with her. Livingstone being still weak from fever, which was aggravated by the low diet of the last few days, was on oxback, the indomitable Manenko walking by his side, keeping up a lively conversation. All suffered from want in this journey; the bulk of what they had was begged from the inhabitants of the villages they passed, and they were a sad contrast to the Makololo, for on several occasions they were refused even the scantiest supply. Even when Manenko herself went to beg something for Livingstone on one occasion, she only managed to procure five ears of maize, notwithstanding that the head man of the village was a subject of her uncle's.

In the forests they came upon artificial beehives, which are formed by removing the bark whole from a tree, which is then sewn up, closed at both ends, and after a hole is perforated in it for the bees to pass in and out by, it is hung upon a tree. The bees, finding so suitable a place for the deposit of their honey and wax, take possession of it, and at the proper season their store is removed. In this way all the honey and wax exported from Loanda are collected. A piece of medicine is attached to the tree, and proves a sufficient protection. Their idolatry is the result of fear only; and their dread of consequences keeps the people honest under such circumstances.

To the west of the Leeba, Livingstone and his men found it useless to follow the fluttering flight of the bee eater, a pretty little bird, as all the bees of the district were artificially provided with hives; and he would not permit any of the hives to be destroyed.

Great quantities of edible mushrooms were found in the forest, and as they were pleasant to eat, some of them even



THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI

when raw, they proved a great blessing in their present half-starved condition. Some of these grow to a great size—as large as the crown of a hat, and several of them are of colours unknown to Europe, one being dark blue. In this district he first saw signs of the insecurity of life and property. The huts were closed with upright stakes, which were removed and replaced as the inmate went in or departed. The dealings with the Mambari in slaves, and the over-reaching nature of their bargainings, had introduced a lower state of morals than that he found prevailing among the Bechuanas and the Makololo, where theft and over-reaching were all but unknown in their transactions with each other, and the relations between man and man were conducted with primitive simplicity and justice. In all ages and at all times, wherever slavery exists and is fostered by white men, the vices of civilization, without its virtues, become rampant.

Kabompo, Shinte's town, stands in a pleasant green valley with a limpid brook running through it. The town was embowered in trees, and the huts were well built, and had square walls (the first he had seen), and circular roofs. The streets were straight, and each hut had its patch of ground, in which tobacco, sugar-cane, and bananas were carefully cultivated, and was surrounded by a straight fence of upright poles a few inches apart, with grass, or leafy branches interwoven between. Outside these fences trees of the *Ficus indica* family, which they hold in veneration, form a grateful shade. Two native Portuguese traders, and a large number of Mambari were in the town, dealing in their wares, and trading in human flesh. For the first time most of his men saw slaves in chains. "They are not men," they exclaimed, "who treat children so."

Shinte gave Livingstone a grand reception in the Kotla, or place of assemblage. About a hundred women were present; this was the first occasion in which he had seen

women present in the Kotla on a formal occasion. A party of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the marimba, filled up the intervals with music. The marimba "consists of two bars of wood placed side by side, here quite straight, but farther north, bent round so as to resemble half the tire of a carriage wheel; across these are placed about fifteen wooden keys, two or three inches broad, and fifteen inches long; their thickness is regulated according to the deepness of the note required; each of the keys has a calabash beneath it; from the upper part of each a portion is cut off to enable them to embrace the bars, and form hollow sounding-boards to the keys; and little drumsticks elicit the music. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear."

After a man had imitated "the most approved attitudes observed in actual fight, as of throwing one javelin, receiving another on the shield, springing to one side to avoid a third, running backwards and forwards, leaping, etc. Sambanza (Manenko was indisposed) and the spokesman of Nyamoana, stalked backward and forward before Shinte, giving him a full and true account, so far as they knew, of the white man and his object in passing through the country, recommending him to receive him well and send him on his way. Several speakers among his own head men also delivered orations, the women bursting into a plaintive melody between each. This over, Shinte stood up, and the reception was at an end. The power and standing of Shinte among the Balonda chiefs was borne out by the numbers present, there being about a thousand people and three hundred armed men.

On this occasion no communication passed between Livingstone and Shinte. By some mistake, the former was permitted to take a seat at a considerable distance from the latter; and the one being too dignified to approach

his guest, and the other imagining that all was according to etiquette at Kabompo, they parted without exchanging a word ; but it was remarked by his attendants that Shinte scarcely took his eyes off Livingstone during the interview. Next day Livingstone was commanded to visit him, and found him frank and straightforward ; he was about fifty-five years of age, about the middle height, and of dignified bearing. After discussing Livingstone's plans, he signified his approval of them. After the business was over, Livingstone inquired if he had ever seen a white man before. "Never ; you are the very first man I have seen with a white skin and straight hair ; your clothing, too, is different from any we have ever seen."

On receiving a hint that "Shinte's mouth was bitter for want of tasting ox-flesh," Livingstone presented him with one to his great delight, recommending him to trade in cows with the Makololo, as his country was so well adapted for them. On his return Livingstone found that this shrewd savage had followed his advice. When Manenko, who was busy preparing a hut and court-yard suitable to her pretensions, heard that the white man had presented her uncle with an ox, she was very wroth. "This white man belonged to her. She had brought him, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinte's," and ordering her men to bring it, she had it slaughtered, only sending her uncle a leg, with which he appeared to be quite contented. She evidently had her own way with him, as with all others with whom she came in contact.

The magic lantern was a never-failing source of interest and instruction everywhere ; the simple savages never tired of looking at the pictures, many of them travelling miles to see them ; chiefs and people inquiring minutely as to the meaning of every picture. As many of them were illustrations of Scripture subjects, he found it a ready means of introducing them to Bible truths. A kind of beer or mead

is largely drunk among the Balonda, and many cases of intoxication,—a thing unknown further south,—were observed. Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, got hopelessly tipsy on one occasion, and staggered towards the hut of his wife ; and although, as Livingstone says, she “had never promised ‘to love, honour, and obey him,’ she had not been ‘nursing her wrath to keep it warm,’ so she coolly bundled him into the hut, and put him to bed.”

At their last interview, Shinte presented Livingstone with a string of beads, and the end of a common sea-shell mounted with string, “which is considered in regions far from the sea of as great value as the Lord Mayor’s badge in London. He hung it round my neck, and said, ‘There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship.’” For two such shells he afterwards found a slave could be bought, and five of them were considered a handsome price for an elephant’s tusk worth ten pounds. After furnishing him with guides, and a stock of provisions, they parted with mutual good wishes, each being serviceable to the other to an extent of which Shinte had little idea.



## CHAPTER VI.

### VISITS KATEMA'S TOWN, IS HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

THE great explorer was now in regions where his knowledge of the language of the Bechuans and the Makololo was of no service to him ; and he speaks bitterly of the inconvenience and drawbacks of speaking through an interpreter.

From Kabompo to Katema's town, Livingstone and his party passed across a country rich in woods and fertile plains, the latter covered from a depth of a few inches to several feet with water, the result of the incessant rains which fell daily. In this vast plain the rivers which unite to form the Zambesi take their rise. The people at the various villages were very friendly, presenting Livingstone and his party with abundance of food, and even striving who should have the pleasure of entertaining them. The people were very superstitious, their superstition taking the form of a dread and terror of some being or beings unseen, and supposed to be near and dangerous. In the forests medicines were found fixed to the trees as charms, human faces cut out of the bark, and propitiatory gifts hung in the branches, and bundles of twigs, to which every passer by added his or her quota, all designed as offerings to the unseen powers, who drew them by fear and not by love.

Several remarkable chiefs and head men were met and conversed with during this stage of the journey. Mozinkwa, a head man of Katema's and his wife (he had only one), were far above the ordinary run in intelligence. They had a large and well-kept garden, hedged round. The hut and

courtyard were surrounded by a living and impenetrable wall of banian trees. Cotton grew round all the premises. Plants used as relishes to the insipid porridge of the district, castor-oil plants, Indian brignalls, yams, and sweet potatoes were carefully and successfully cultivated. Several large trees planted in the middle of the yard, formed a grateful shade to the huts of the family, who were fine specimens of the negro race at its best. Livingstone was much touched by the worth and kindness of this family, and amongst other things promised to bring the wife a cloth from the white man's country on his return ; but alas ! before his return she was dead, and Mozinkwa and his family had forsaken their pleasant huts and gardens, as a Balonda man cannot live in a spot where a favourite wife has died.

In speaking to these people on religious subjects, he found that nothing made so much impression upon them as the fact that the Son of God came down from heaven to die for men, and really endured death in our stead out of pure love ; and to tell about God and the place from whence He had come. If this method of interesting them did not succeed, he found it impossible to move them. As human sacrifices had been at one time common among the Balonda, and at the time of Livingstone's visit still existed in a limited degree, on the occasion of the death of great chiefs, &c., they would really appreciate the sacrifice made by a great being in submitting himself to death in the place of others. Quendende was a snuff-taker, and prepared the titillating powder in a primitive fashion, the leaves of the tobacco plant after being dried at the fire were pounded in a mortar, after which it was ready for use.

Quendende, the father-in-law of Katema, a fine old man with long woolly hair reaching to the shoulders, plaited on either side, and the back hair gathered into a lump on the nape of the neck, received a visit which gratified him much. The whole party were hospitably entertained by

him, and he took much interest in all that the white man told him, and gave him much information as to the Balonda and their habits in return. Speaking of Matiamvo, a powerful chief of the district, he said that so absolute was he, that when any of the mountain traders arrived, he would select a large portion of their goods, and hand over a number of his people; or even the inhabitants of an entire village, as payment. He was a man of violent temper and appeared to have been really insane, as "he sometimes indulged in the whim of running a muck in the town, and beheading whomsoever he met, until he had quite a heap of human heads." That they have some notion of a future state is evident from the remark of an ambassador of Matiamvo when he was rebuked for his cruelty, and told that he would be judged in company with those he destroyed. "We do not go up to God as you do; we are put into the ground."

Katema received the party seated on a sort of throne, with about three hundred of his principal men around him, and thirty women, said to be his wives, seated behind. The main body of the people were seated in a semi-circle about fifty yards distant. Intemese, the chief guide sent with Livingstone by Shinte, in a speech, gave the history of the white man, his doings and intentions. Katema placed twelve large baskets of meal, half a dozen fowls, and a dozen eggs before them, telling them to "go home, and cook and eat, and you will then be in a fit state to speak to me at an audience I will give you to-morrow." Katema is described by Livingstone as "a tall man, about forty years of age, and his head was ornamented with a helmet of beads and feathers. He had a once snuff-brown coat, with a broad band of tinsel down the arms, and carried in his hand a large tail made of the caudal extremities of a number of gnus," which had charms attached to it.

He had a great idea of his own importance, and did not

fail to give Livingstone the benefit of it on the morrow. "I am the great Moéne (lord) Katema, the father of Matiamvo. There is no one in this country equal to Matiamvo and me; I have always lived here, and my forefathers too. There is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place where you encamped. I never killed any of the traders, they all come to me, I am the great Moéne Katema, of whom you have heard."

Livingstone presented him with several small articles, apologizing for the smallness of his gift, and asking him what he should bring him from the coast, hinting that it should not be bulky. Everything (he said laughing) of the white people would be acceptable, and he would receive anything thankfully; but the coat he had then on was old, and he would like another."

Unlike the chiefs farther to the south, he had a herd of cattle, reared from two he bought from the Balobale when he was young. They were fine animals, almost white, and as handsome and nearly as active as Elands. As he did not milk them they were in a semi-wild state; and when he wanted to kill one it had to be stalked and shot.

Livingstone explained to him how to milk them. The Balonda are remarkable for a formal etiquette which will not permit them to eat meat prepared by others, or to eat in the presence of strangers; and when an inferior meets a superior he drops on his knees and puts handfuls of dust on his breast.

Here several of Livingstone's people suffered from fever, and he had another attack himself. These frequent seizures had reduced his strength, but had not impaired in the slightest degree that resolute and iron will which allowed nothing to interfere with the great end he had in view. Before he was quite recovered he was on the move again accompanied by three guides given by Katema. While

here and at Shinte's town they had wanted for nothing the people had to give, and they were able to return the compliment; as while there they killed an ox, a share of which was a great boon to people who seldom tasted flesh meat. The want of cattle throughout a district so admirably adapted for them, on account of the abundance of grass and water, and its freedom from tsetse struck him as singular.

Pushing on through flooded plains and dank forests, the party reached the narrow end of Lake Dilolo, which at its widest is about three miles broad, and is about seven miles long. Livingstone's weak state rendered it undesirable that he should examine it carefully, even although this only involved a few miles of travel. The frequent attacks of fever from which he had suffered made him anxious to loiter as little by the way as possible. His passionate desire was to reach the coast; and the only dread which seemed to possess him was, that he might succumb before accomplishing his purpose, in which case his long and toilsome journey would have been useless to mankind. On reaching the unflooded higher lands beyond the plain, Livingstone discovered to his joy and surprise that he now stood on an elevated plateau which formed the water-shed both of the northern and the southern rivers. The streams running north fell into the Kasai, or Loke, and those to the south united to form the Zambesi (under the names of the Leeba and Leeambye), the upward course of whose waters he had followed with so much ease and comfort.

Here the valleys were deeper and more beautiful than any he had yet seen, their steep sides were seamed with water courses; and as each of these valleys was drained by a running stream, the growth of the trees was not impeded by the accumulation for months annually of stagnant water. Many of these trees grew to a great height: sixty and eighty feet of clean straight trunk ere the branches were reached being not uncommon. The ground underneath was covered

with a luxuriant crop of green grass, through and over which beautiful flowers of all colours stood out and perfumed the air.

Turning westwards through such scenery as this, Livingstone found himself among tribes who owed allegiance to Katema, and whose dealings with the Mambari had taught them to give nothing to strangers out of friendship. Gunpowder or calico was demanded for everything; and as he had none of these to spare, and as his last parcel of beads was about all he had to traffic with for the long and arduous journey still before him, he began to dread that the expedition was doomed to suffer more from hunger than it had yet done. Kangenke, a chief whose village is near the Kasai, although not inclined to play the generous host, readily furnished guides, enabling the party to proceed at once. They crossed the Kasai in canoes, the men pointing out its course, saying, "Though you sail along it for months, you will turn without seeing the end of it." The Kasai and its affluents unite and form the Congo, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean four degrees to the north of Loanda, whither the expedition was bound, so that its course was long enough to give these untravelled savages a high notion as to its unknown extent. Speaking of the stream where the party crossed it, Livingstone likens it to his native Clyde, which in its lower reaches above Glasgow is richly wooded.

Food was now getting scarce, as none could be got unless in exchange for something out of their little store. One of the guides caught a blue mole and two mice, which he dressed for his supper, a distinct indication that larger game was scarce, or not to be had. Since his entrance into the country of Balonda the sight of herds of game and even single individuals had become few and far between; and these had become so shy from being hunted, that there was no chance of getting within gun-shot of them without horses and

other hunting appliances which he had not got. The weakness caused by the frequent attacks of fever, and the bad setting of his shoulder, which had been shattered by the lion which attacked him at Chounane, left him hardly able to carry or hold his gun straight. Katende, a chief, sent a message to Livingstone that he must give him either a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell, before he would be allowed to pass; to which demand an explanation of his circumstances, and one of his remaining shirts, was sent, together with a message that if he liked he might come and take anything else, in which case he would reach his own chief naked and have to account for it by telling that Katende had taken them. The shirt was detained, and a little meal and manioc and a fowl sent in exchange to the famishing band.

They passed onward without seeing Katende, and reached a river with a wooden bridge across it, which Livingstone was surprised to find in the possession of a "pikeman" who demanded toll—a functionary he had not expected to meet with so far from the confines of civilization. A payment of three copper bracelets secured the passage of the party. For days their route was across a country intersected by valleys through each of which flowed a flooded stream, more or less difficult to cross. In passing one of these Livingstone lost his hold of the tail of an ox, and swam unassisted to the other side, to the great joy of his men, who leaped into the water to save him. They had not known till then that he could swim, and expressed their satisfaction and contempt for future difficulties of a similar nature by saying, "We can all swim. Who carried the white man across the river but himself?"

Livingstone's men, who had accompanied him from the Leeambye and the Chobe, and passed through so many miles of country not half so fertile as the region they had been passing through for days, expressed their astonishment

at the want of cattle and the non-cultivation of the soil, especially as the country was about as thickly peopled as their own. He came to the conclusion that when wild game was abundant in the district it had been afflicted with tsetse, and that now, on account of the introduction of guns etc., these becoming scarce, the insect plague had ceased, a state of matters of which, up to that time, Shinte, Katemo, and Matiamvo, were the only chiefs who had had the wisdom to take advantage.

The travellers were now in the country of the Chiboque, a people who, through their connection with the Mambari had imbibed a passion for plundering all strangers by way of toll for the right of passage through their country, which subjected the party to much danger and inconvenience. Wishing to be on good terms with Njambi, a chief of some consequence, the hump and ribs of an ox they had slaughtered were sent to him. The gift was accepted, and a present of food was promised next day, which resolved itself into a small quantity of meal and a demand for a man, an ox, a gun, some powder, or cloth. About mid-day the young men of the tribe began to gather round the party; and as they were overheard remarking that they had only five guns, it was evident they intended plundering and perhaps murdering them. Livingstone's men stood on the defensive, while the young Chiboque brandished their swords and pointed their guns at Livingstone, who sat quietly on a camp stool with his double barrelled gun across his knees.

The resolute and calm demeanour of the party had its effect; and the chief consented to take a seat along with several of his head men beside Livingstone to talk matters over. He complained that one of his men, Pitsane, had spat upon one of the Chiboque, and that the matter might be settled by the present of a man, an ox, or a gun. It was no use explaining to them that the offence was a pure

accident, they were determined to have all they could get, and after a bunch of beads and a large handkerchief had been given, they were more clamorous than ever. Feeling certain that he and his men could give a good account of these plundering savages, but being determined to avoid bloodshed unless driven to extremity, Livingstone maintained his coolness, which had its effect upon his men as well as upon the Chiboque. Before the chief and his counsellors were aware of it, they found themselves cut off from their people and surrounded by Livingstone's party. This induced a more friendly understanding, and taught them unmistakably that any attempt at force would be met with a most formidable defence. Being desirous of satisfying them as far as possible, a tired ox was given to the chief, who promised to send food in return,—but all he sent was a small basket of meal and a few pounds of the flesh of his own ox. As they could now depart, Livingstone forbore remonstrating against the shabby treatment they had received, and pushed on.

For several days he suffered severely from fever, being scarcely able to sit upon his ox, and when quite prostrate from its effects, a mutiny arose among his men, who were dissatisfied on account of some presents he had made to his guides and chief men, who had become disheartened, and whose goodwill and courage were so necessary to the safety of the expedition. Having explained the matter to them, and promised to slay an ox at the next village they reached, he imagined that harmony was restored. Some time after, on recovering from a stupor induced by fever, he found matters in a worse state than ever. Feeling how necessary it was that order should be restored, he staggered from his bed armed with his double-barrelled pistol, and, partly by threats and cajolery, restored amity amongst them. Several days afterwards, the exactions of the Chiboque and the dangers with which they were

daily beset sapped the courage of his men, and they demanded to be led back to their homes, as they saw no hope of being able to reach the coast. After using all his power of persuasion without avail, he announced his intention in the event of their deserting him, of proceeding to his destination alone. This had the desired effect, some of them made answer: "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

Those who had accompanied him all the way, said "they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and they would die for me." At every step of his journey we are called upon to admire the wisdom and courage of this heroic man. On many occasions the slightest indiscretion or rashness would have ruined the expedition by exciting the jealous and suspicious nature of the savage tribes; and when real danger threatened, his cool and resolute bearing—offering no violence, but showing unmistakably that if such were absolutely necessary it would be forthcoming—saved him frequently from plunder and a violent death. A man like this, who knows his own powers thoroughly, and possesses the unusual faculty of commanding himself, his passions and feelings, in all cases, illustrates our highest idea of what "a leader of men" should be. To such men few undertakings, however dangerous, are impossible; their courage and honesty conquer the stranger, while their followers cannot help imbibing these qualities to an extent which make them capable of efforts they would have shrunk from under inferior guidance.

The travellers passed rapidly through the remainder of their route to the Quango, avoiding villages, as the visiting of these only led to delays, no food being procurable without making sacrifices of their now scanty necessaries. On passing a village, swarms of children would rush out, and run

for long distances alongside of them, viewing them with wonder. They suffered greatly from hunger; but the near prospect of reaching Portuguese territory and finding friends, kept them up, and induced them to strain every nerve to reach it as speedily as possible.

On the 30th of March, when so weak from fever and hunger that he had to be led by his men to prevent his falling, Livingstone looked down from the high land upon a valley about a hundred miles wide, through which the broad Quango wound its way to the north-west. This great valley is nearly covered with dark forest excepting along the course of the river, which gleamed here and there from the midst of the green meadows which extend a considerable way from its banks. On the further side lofty mountains rose indistinctly through the haze, while the high ground from which he viewed the magnificent scene was about a thousand feet above the level of the stream. Weary and worn with want and disease, one cannot adequately imagine the feelings of this remarkable man, as he surveyed the magnificent valley below, and had his eyes refreshed and his blood exhilarated by the sight of blue mountain summits, after hundreds of miles of travel through a country all but flat. Beyond that broad stream lay friendly territory! A few days more of trial and difficulty and he would be among a people who would aid him in the completion of his great enterprise, and esteem it an honour to supply him with the comforts and necessities of which he stood so much in need.

The chiefs of Bashinje, a people on the east bank of the Quango, made themselves as troublesome as possible, as Livingstone would neither give them a man nor one of the tusks belonging to Sekeletu. Everything they had possessed, save the tusks and his instruments, was gone, and their clothes were hanging about them in tatters. The chief, a young man of pleasing countenance, visited Livingstone, who showed him his watch, which so excited his fear

and wonder that he declined to see the magic lantern and his pocket compass. Hunger and the near prospect of succour had made the whole party determined to march on, even if they should have to cut their way through these unfriendly people. In answer to the threats and demands of the chief, he was told firmly that they "should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities, the blame before God would be his;" and Livingstone's interpreter added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" meaning, "You have never killed any white man, and you will find one more difficult to manage than you imagine."

Arrived at the Quango, another Bashinje chief insisted upon having an ox, a man, or a gun, before he would permit them to be ferried across. Livingstone's men stripped off the last of their copper rings and gave them to him; but he still insisted upon a man. While in the midst of this difficulty, a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abreu, who had crossed from the other side in search of beeswax, made his appearance, and joined with Livingstone in inducing his men to go down to the river bank. There Cypriano succeeded in arranging matters with the ferryman, and to their great joy they found themselves in Portuguese territory. They passed with light hearts through the tall grass, which in the valley of the Quango is frequently over six feet in height. Three miles to the west of the river they came to several neat square houses, before which many cleanly looking half-caste militiamen, part of Cypriano's command, stood and saluted them.

Livingstone's tent was pitched in front of Cypriano's dwelling, and in the morning his men were graciously presented with pumpkins and maize, while Livingstone was entertained to a breakfast in his dwelling, of ground nuts, roasted maize, and boiled manioc roots, with guavas and honey as a dessert. "I felt sincerely grateful," says Livingstone, "for such a

breakfast." Several of Cypriano's friends joined them at dinner, before partaking of which, each guest had water poured on his hands to wash them, by a female slave.

One of the guests cut up a fowl with a knife and fork, the only set in the house, so they all partook of the fowl with their fingers, their hands being washed at the conclusion of the dinner as at the commencement.

During the few days they remained with Cypriano, he killed an ox for their entertainment, and stripped his garden of its produce to feed them; nor did his kindness end here, as he furnished them with as much food as would serve them during the four or five days' journey to Cassange.

All these half-caste militiamen could read and write; they were Roman Catholics, but knew nothing about the Bible. The militia are quartered among the Bangala, the people of the district, on account of their having, at one time, made themselves troublesome to the Portuguese traders—killing one of them. When the government of Angola had reduced them to obedience, the militia were established amongst them to enforce their good behaviour. These militia receive no pay, but maintain themselves by trade and agriculture.

As the party had crossed several streams and had marched for miles among wet grass which grew two feet over their heads, they had a very forlorn appearance as they entered Cassange, the farthest east Portuguese settlement, and presented themselves to the gaze of civilized men. The first gentleman Livingstone met asked him for his passport, "and said it was necessary to take me before the authorities. As I was in the same state of mind in which individuals are who commit a petty depredation in order to obtain the shelter and food of a prison, I gladly accompanied him to the house of the commandant, Senor de Silva Rego. Having shown my passport (letters of recommendation from the Chevalier Du Prat, of Cape Town) to the gentleman, he politely asked me to supper; and as we had eaten

nothing except the farina of Cypriano, from the Quango to this, I suspect I appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table." One can readily sympathise with him, when he adds, "Had they not been present, I might have put some in my pocket to eat by night; for after fever the appetite is unusually keen, and manioc is one of the most unsatisfying kinds of food." One of the guests, Captain Antonio Rodrigues Neves, took the worn and exhausted traveller to his house with him, where he remained during his stay, and presented him with a decent suit of clothing. This kindly man also furnished food for the famishing party.

The Portuguese traders in Cassange numbered about forty, and were all officers in the militia; they were exceedingly kind to the coloured people about them,—their half-caste and full-coloured clerks and assistants in the business sitting at table with them. None of them had European wives with them, but most of them had families by native women, whom they treated with every kindness and consideration, and seldom or never desert them, but provide for them as if they were legitimately born.

At Cassange the tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold, and as two muskets, three small barrels of gunpowder, and English baize and calico sufficient to clothe the whole party, with several large bunches of beads, were received for one tusk, Livingstone's companions were quite delighted, as in their own country they only received one gun for two tusks. Another tusk was sold for calico with which to pay their way to the coast, as it is the chief currency of the district, and the remaining two were sold for money to buy a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda.

Livingstone was astonished to find that the traders at Cassange had an accurate knowledge of the country and the courses of the rivers far to the east, although this information had never appeared on a European map.

The commander handsomely sent a soldier with the party as a guide to Ambaca, entertained Livingstone to a farewell dinner, and presented his companions with an ox to regale themselves with. The merchants accompanied him some distance in hammocks carried by slaves, and having given him letters of introduction to their friends in Loanda, they parted with mutual expressions of good-will. Livingstone's guide was a man of colour, a native of Ambaca, and a full corporal in the militia. He was attended by three slaves, two of whom carried his hammock, in which he always reclined in state on entering and leaving a village; the third slave carried a box which contained his dishes, clothing, and writing materials, for he could both read and write, as nearly all his brethren could. Although a pure native himself, when he lost temper in dealing with any of his slaves, he called him a "negro," as if he meant it as a term of reproach.

Crossing the high lands which bounded the Quango valley to the west, Livingstone found no difficulty in procuring abundance of food from the inhabitants of the numerous villages in exchange for pieces of calico and beads. The rains and night dews brought on another attack of fever; and a considerable portion of the journey was made in pain and misery. The skin of his body became abraded in various places; and his strong courage almost failed him even when the hour of his success was so near at hand.

Arrived at Ambaca, Livingstone was hospitably entertained by the commandant, who recommended wine for his debility; and here he took the first glass of that beverage he had taken in Africa. While sleeping in the house of the commandant he was bitten by an insect called the *tampan*, a kind of tick, which ranges in size from a pin's head to a pea. It invariably attacks the parts between the toes, sucking the blood till quite full. Its bite is poisonous, and causes a sensation of pain and itching, which passes up the limb until it reaches

the abdomen, when it causes purging and retching. When these effects do not follow, fever often sets in, which frequently results in death. Before starting, the commandant gave them two militia soldiers as guides, to replace their Cassange corporal, who left them here; and provided the party with as much bread and meat as would serve them until they reached the next station. With characteristic liberality, Livingstone tells us that the ability of so many of the people of Ambaca to read and write, "is the fruit of the labours of the Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries, for they taught the people of Ambaca; and ever since the expulsion of the teachers by the Marquis of Pombal, the natives have continued to teach each other. These devoted men are held in high estimation throughout the country to this day. All speak well of them; and now that they are gone from this lower sphere, I could not help wishing that their own Roman Catholic fellow Christians had felt it their duty to give the people the Bible, to be a light to their feet when the good men themselves were gone."

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the journey. The Portuguese, without exception, treated the party with the utmost consideration and kindness, which was all the more gratifying to him on account of his debilitated condition. Parties of Mambari were met who did not seem pleased at finding Makololo men so far from their native Zambesi, and so near a market where they would discover the true value of their elephants' tusks. They tried to induce them to return, by repeating the legend that the white men lived in the sea, and that harm would happen to them. But Livingstone's companions were now proof against such fables; and although full of wonder and doubt as to the new world they were about to enter, and the treatment they might receive, they determined to stand by him to the last.

On catching their first glimpse of the sea, the astonishment of his companions was boundless; speaking of their first

sight of it, on their return to their friends, they said: "We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished, there is no more of me.'"

There was only one Englishman in Loanda, which has a population of twelve thousand souls,—Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade,—and he gave his countryman a warm welcome. He had sent an invitation to meet him on the way from Cassange, whence intelligence of the arrival of an Englishman from the interior of Africa,—a region from which no Englishman had ever before come,—had reached Loanda; but it had missed him on the way. After partaking of refreshments, and noticing how ill his guest looked, he conducted him to bed. "Never shall I forget," says he, "the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep, and Mr. Gabriel, coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

He had achieved his purpose: the mystery of South Africa was solved. Instead of being a vast barren desert, he had found it to be a populous and fertile region, watered by splendid streams, navigable for hundreds of miles, abounding in game of all kinds, and inhabited by tribes capable of benefiting from the civilizing and humanizing influences of honest commerce, and the teaching of the Gospel. What are the triumphs of arms compared with the great work this heroic man had achieved? On these vast fertile plains, there is room for millions of human beings living peaceful and industrious lives. Is it too much to hope, that within a period not very remote, the tribes of South and Central Africa will have become all that he believes them capable of becoming, and that they will hold in reverence the undaunted Englishman who first introduced them and their country to the civilized world?

Livingstone and his party started from Linyanti on the 11th of November, 1853, and reached Loanda on the 31st of May, 1854, the journey thus occupying something more than six months, during which period none of his friends, either savage or civilized, heard anything of him. He had disappeared into the wilderness; and, like many more daring spirits, it was supposed that he had fallen a victim to the climate or the cruelty of some savage chief. Not the least remarkable fact connected with his journey was, that he had not lost a man in the long and toilsome journey; and, as we shall see, he was equally fortunate in returning.

Instead of burning and parched plains, he had found, as he had shrewdly suspected he would, that, with the exception of a portion of the Bechuana country and the Kalahari desert, the vast country between the confines of civilization at Kuruman and St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast, and from all he could see and learn of the northern watersheds, equally vast districts to the north of his line of march,—were seamed with rivercourses which poured their waters into magnificent streams which found their way to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and were for many hundred miles of their course navigable for flat-bottomed vessels. The long rainy season gave to the earth a fertility which the abundant animal life of these districts could not master; and the tall grass lay rotting on the ground in the flooded districts, a tangled mass impeding the progress of the traveller, the dense swathes of which were used by the various species of antelopes for hiding their young from their numerous enemies.

The introduction of improved agriculture and European merchandise, together with moral and religious instruction, is only required to make this region the home of millions of happy and contented human beings. The annual inundations, which for a period submerge the low-lying plains, the stagnant water, from which proceed deadly fevers, with proper skill

and appliances could be made the regenerator of the country. Irrigation would carry the superabundant water to vast tracts of land at present unproductive, and the increase in the herds of cattle would eat up the vegetation which at present, for a certain period of the year, lies rotting in the sun. Save in the immediate neighbourhood of the rivers and swamps the natives are subject to fewer diseases than Europeans. In return for the comforts and industrial appliances of civilized life they could give cotton, indigo, skins, ivory, etc. ; and a legitimate and mutually helpful trade of this kind with the civilized centres of the world would do more in ten years towards the suppression of the traffic in human flesh than all the money Great Britain has spent for this object since the abolition of slavery in her dependencies.

Of wild animals, birds, and insects, he found no lack ; and in each of these departments of animal life his observations enabled him to add several new species and varieties. Game being abundant, the different species of African felines were numerous and frequently met with. Lions, leopards, tiger-cats, hyenas, jackals, and herds of game, were always to be found in the neighbourhood of water. With the exception of the attack on one of his men by a crocodile in crossing a creek in the Leeambye, and a bite received by another from a non-poisonous snake near the Leeba, the party did not suffer any inconvenience from the *feræ naturæ* of the district.

This great district he found as thickly populated as the Bechuana country by tribes ranking high among savages in intelligence, who, in the main, led peaceable and blameless lives,—cultivating their gardens, feeding their cattle, catching the fish in the rivers, and hunting the game of the plains, and cherishing traditions of wise and distinguished forefathers of their tribes. To the west, through their connection with the slave traders of the coast, and the evil

passions which invariably follow this inhuman traffic, he found a people who had lost the peaceful and patriarchal simplicity of their brethren of the interior; but amongst them he found wise and intelligent chiefs and head men, with whom it appeared to him easy, given the opportunity of bringing the proper teaching and experience before them through missionary and commercial effort, to introduce a purer and nobler life.

Livingstone speaks somewhat contemptuously of the courage and appearance of the lion. He likens its appearance in its native haunts to that of a large dog; and says, that if met in the day it slouches off until it reaches some distance, when it increases its progress to a gallop. It never attacks a man boldly, and only does so when it can pounce on a man unseen. It only becomes the aggressor when wounded or brought to bay, and then its attack is formidable, as is that of much smaller members of the feline order. The Bengal tiger he considers to be a much more powerful and terrible animal. A single lion has no chance with a buffalo, which defends itself, or boldly attacks the lion with its head and hoofs. The true king of the African wilderness is the rhinoceros. The elephant, which cares no more for the near neighbourhood of a lion than it does for an antelope, strides away on the approach of the rhinoceros. The formidable horn,—or horns, for some varieties have more than one,—which adorns its snout, in an attack is plunged into the body of the animal it engages; and as it can split up a tree of a foot diameter with this terrible weapon, the consequences of a thrust from it to the larger animals may be readily imagined. The buffalo, when wounded, is a dangerous antagonist to the hunter, as its rush is both sudden and resistless. The herds are accompanied by a bird called the ox or buffalo bird, which flies around them, settling on their backs, and feeding on the ticks which swarm amongst their hair, or the larvæ of insects

which are embedded in their skins. Elephants were met with in prodigious numbers, and their presence and that of the zebra and the quagga on the sandy plains, was always hailed with joy as indicating the near neighbourhood of water.

In addition to the various species of antelopes known to us which roam in vast herds on the African plains, many of them appearing to be almost independent of water,—the handsome eland, the fierce-looking gnu, the beautiful and elegant koodoo, the springbok, with its gazelle-like limbs and stout body, countless herds of which scour the plains from place to place, and many others,—Livingstone met with several hitherto unknown varieties and species. In the neighbourhood of the Zouga he met with a new species of water-buck, called the leche, with fine ringed horns bending outwards and inwards like those of the water-buck of the Bechuana country. The chest, the belly, and a patch round the eyes are nearly white, the body and upper parts are light brown, while the limbs are of a darker hue than the body. The male has a light brown mane. It is never seen above a mile from the marshy ground in the neighbourhood of rivers, and it is only found in the central districts of the country. Another water-bok, called the nakong, he also found in Central Africa. It is more clumsy in its build and is larger than the former species. Its great length of foot (nearly twelve inches) enables it to walk with ease in the boggy morasses which it frequents. It has very handsome twisted horns, and is of a greyish brown colour. When the natives hunt it, it takes to the water, and as it only keeps the point of its nose above the surface it is somewhat difficult to catch. In the valley of the Leeambye, great numbers of a beautiful and graceful antelope, standing about eighteen inches high, were met with. The natives name it *tranyáne*. It is of a brownish red colour, the under parts being white. It is a very timid animal unless while it is rearing its young, when it will do

battle with a man if he should approach it. A new variety of eland, differing only from the one already known in the light coloured stripes down the sides and across the body, was also discovered in the Leeambye valley. In the interior the antelopes were so tame, and their beauty and graceful appearance made so much impression upon Livingstone, that he felt serious compunctions about shooting them, even when they were required for food for his party. This feeling prevented him from killing any of them wantonly, although if a mere love of slaughter in the name of sport had been his object he might have shot hundreds of them.

The number and variety of rodents, both land and aquatic, furnish food for the smaller felines, and several species of snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous. Of these, several varieties of pythons are common, one of which attains a great size. It is known as the fatal python. The smaller antelopes fall victims to this species. A species of cobra, known as the naji of Egypt and the puff adder, is much dreaded. Livingstone had a narrow escape from a poisonous snake on one occasion. Having trampled upon it in the dark, it wound itself round his leg. The vigour of his leap, caused by the fright, fortunately shook it off before it could fasten its fangs in his limb.

Several varieties of mice were very abundant. One raises little haycocks over its burrow, long stretches of the Kalahari desert being dotted with them. Its shallow burrows are so plentiful, and so near the surface, that walking is a matter of difficulty. Several small species of snakes are always numerous near these mouse colonies.

Hippopotami, crocodiles, and various kinds of lizards were numerous. Land turtles were plentiful, and were greatly prized. The ostrich was common on the sandy plains to the south. It is hunted by the Bushmen for its flesh and its fine plume of feathers. Its eggs are eagerly sought after, and are accounted a great delicacy. The shells we have already

spoken of as being used for holding water in the Kalahari desert. The secretary bird stalked about in the dry, arid plains, searching for the snakes on which it feeds. The sacred ibis, several varieties of cranes, herons, spoonbills, fish-hawks, kingfishers, etc., abounded along the main rivers. The beautiful jacana, with its long claws, darting nimbly over the broad leaves of aquatic plants, appeared to be walking on the water. Pigeons and turtle-doves, canaries, honey birds, and a vast variety of other feathered songsters, made the lone forests vocal with their music. Weaver birds sewed the long leaves together with the threads of the spider's web to form their nests; and the small bee-eater and various species of martins flashed over the broad rivers, darting in and out of their nests in the bank.

Several varieties of ants were abundant everywhere, the vast plains being dotted with the conical mounds raised by this curious and industrious creature, some of them attaining to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, and double that in width at the base, even trees growing plentifully upon them, and native huts finding a secure foundation upon their firm surfaces.

Spiders abounded, both in the north and the south, of every conceivable colour, shape, and size. Among the Bechuanas, a black hairy spider, about an inch and a quarter long, had a curious process at the end of each of the foreclaws like that at the end of the tail of the scorpion. When the insect seizes a hold of any living object with these claws, an irritating poison is exuded. Several leaping spiders are found all over the country; they leap upon their prey from a distance of twelve inches. The most common variety is of a reddish hue, and is about an inch and a half in length.

The most singular species is called *selali*. It burrows in the ground, making a perpendicular hole about the size of a shilling, which it covers with a door of about the same size, working on a hinge. This door, which on the under

side appears to be made of silky white paper, is covered with sand on the upper side, which is attached to it by a viscid substance it exudes from its body.

A yellow-spotted spider, over an inch in length, makes a web a yard square, which it suspends from the branch of a tree. The lines of the web are as thick as common thread. Another novel variety weaves a large number of webs at right angles to each other. These are so numerous and so crowded together as frequently to hide the tree or hedge to which they are suspended.

Livingstone was bitten on the brow and hand while in the Balonda country by a poisonous black spider, an inch and a quarter in length, which woke him during the night by crawling over his brow. On raising his hand to wipe it off, it bit his brow and hand severely, causing considerable inconvenience for a time.

The scavenger-beetle is a very useful animal to the Bechuana tribes. It feeds on animal excretions and all kinds of carrion. It rolls away the round pellets of antelope and goat dung, and having taken it to a soft spot, digs the loose earth from below it until it is sunk below the surface. It then deposits its eggs in the mass; and when the larvæ are hatched, they feed upon their nests until they are able to shift for themselves.

Ant-eaters, four-footed and winged, are numerous. The ant-lion has much the appearance of our dragon-fly, but is larger. It forms a pitfall on a route likely to be used by ants, into which they stumble and become a prey to it. Another insect, about an inch and a half long, having somewhat the appearance of an earwig, feeds on ants. Thrusting its head into a hole, it moves the forceps in its tail with a quivering motion; and when an ant approaches to gratify its curiosity, it is snapped up by the forceps.

Several varieties of ant-eaters proper, with their strong claws, break open the ant-hills, and lick up the insects with

great rapidity with their extensile tongues. The point of the tongue exudes a viscid substance to which the ants adhere, which greatly facilitates the work of destruction. The ant-bear is the most singular-looking of the ant-eaters. Its body is round as a ball, and covered with a thick hairless skin, the head is small, and the snout elongated. The tapering tail is so thick at the base as to appear to be an extension of the body. The fore limbs and claws are very strong. A full-grown specimen will weigh a hundred pounds. It has no teeth, and is a harmless creature ; although, when attacked by the smaller felines, it proves more than a match for them, if it manages to get its strong limbs and claws round its assailant's neck. Its strong skin prevents it from receiving very serious damage at the first onset.



## CHAPTER VII.

STAY AT LOANDA. STARTS ON RETURN JOURNEY. DR. LIVINGSTONE AGAIN ATTACKED WITH FEVER. THE MAKOLOLO SUFFER FROM SICKNESS. DESCENT OF THE LEEBA AND LEEAMBYE. ARRIVAL AT LINYANTI.

AS Livingstone's illness was of so serious a nature as to require a considerable period of rest and treatment, he remained at the house of Mr. Gabriel, where he was treated with every kindness and attention; nor was the comfort and well-being of his attendants forgotten. Mr. Gabriel presented them with red caps and striped cotton jackets, in which costume they were presented by Dr. Livingstone to the bishop, who was acting as provisional governor. The bishop, who took a warm interest in Livingstone and his attendants, gave the latter the right of a free passage to Loanda whenever they might wish to return. Two British ships of war, engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, having come into the harbour, their commanders, Captain Skine and Commander Bedingfield, invited the party to visit their ships. Nearly the whole of them went, although filled with misgivings as to what might befall them. The kindness of the sailors, who gave them a share of their dinners, put them at their ease. The firing off of a cannon gave them a high idea of the power and determination of the countrymen of Livingstone in their endeavour to put down slavery. The size of the ships filled them with amazement. "It is not a canoe, it is a town," they said of the brig of war; "and what sort of town is this which you must climb up into with a rope?"

The respect in which Livingstone was held by every one in authority increased their reverence for him, and added to their own importance as the servants and companions of a

man of so high an authority among white men. This tended to increase their devotion to him; and as this and the other wonders they saw did not lose in the rehearsing to their friends on the Chobe and the Leeambyè, the influence of Livingstone among the tribes of Central Africa was greatly increased.

Compassionating Livingstone's emaciated condition, Captain Bedingfield, of H.M.S. *Pluto*, who was returning to England on board the *Forerunner*, an African mail steamer, in consequence of the shattered state of his health, which had suffered through a long and arduous service on the coast, offered him a passage home. This kind offer Livingstone, true to his idea of duty, was compelled to decline. The twenty-seven subjects of Sekeletu had come thus far with him on the understanding that he should take them back again to their own country if that were possible. In addition to this, he felt that the long land journey through swamps and forests from the Leeba to the Quango, made the passage from the centre of the continent to the west coast one of extreme difficulty; and he had already begun to dream of a more easy route down the valley of the Zambesi to the east coast, which he could explore on his return to Linyanti.

During his convalescence, his attendants of their own accord employed themselves in gathering firewood in the neighbouring forest, which they sold in the town. Through the interest of Mr. Gabriel, who was delighted with this evidence of their industrious habits, they were employed in unloading a coal vessel, which had come from England, at sixpence a day. In speaking of this to their friends on their return, they endeavoured to convey some idea of the size of the vessel by stating that "they had laboured every day, from sunrise to sunset, for a moon and a half, unloading, as quickly as they could, stones that burn, and were tired out, still leaving plenty in her." The money they earned was spent in purchasing clothing and ornaments to take

back with them to their own country; their good sense being shewn in selecting plain, strong calico, instead of the more coloured and flaring fabrics.

Through the intelligent kindness of the authorities and merchants at Loanda, the expedition left that place handsomely provided with comforts and necessities. The authorities sent a colonel's uniform and a horse for Sekeletu, and gave suits of clothing to all the men. The public subscription among the merchants provided two donkeys, in the hope of introducing the ass into districts where its insensibility to the poison of the tsetse would make it invaluable as a beast of burden. His man-of-war friends provided Livingstone with a good new tent, manufactured by the crew of the *Philomel*. Livingstone provided each man with a musket, and procured a good stock of ammunition, beads, and cotton cloth. They set out on the 20th of September, 1854, having remained at Loanda nearly four months. Their baggage was as heavy as it was valuable; and they were much beholden to the bishop, who furnished them with twenty carriers, to assist them to the nearest station, and ordered the commandants of the districts they had to pass through to give Livingstone and his party all needful help.

The hard dry ground tried the feet of his attendants severely; and on account of this, and an attack of malaria, from which several of them suffered, their progress was slow. Towards the middle of December, they reached the estate of Colonel Pires, which is situated to the south of the Lucalla, one of the tributaries of the Coanza, in the district of Pungo Andongo, where he learned to his great sorrow and regret that the *Forerunner* was lost, and that his despatches, journals, and maps, had gone to the bottom with her. It was matter for congratulation to him that his friend, Captain Bedingfield, was among the saved; and with characteristic energy he set to work, while under the hospiti-

able roof of Colonel Pires, to rewrite his journal. Colonel Pires had two estates, and was the most energetic and successful planter of the district. His slaves, in consequence of being so well treated, might readily, from their zeal and efficient service, have been taken for free servants. Through his exertions the district has become the garden of Angola, producing abundant crops of figs, grapes, wheat, butter, cheese, etc., etc. Coming to the country as a servant on board ship, Colonel Pires, by his skill and perseverance, had become the richest merchant in the country. He could number his cattle by thousands, and, if need were, could defend himself and his property with several hundred armed slaves, who would have fought for him with willing devotedness.

The fort and village of Pungo Andongo are situated in the midst of a group of rocky columns, several of which are over three hundred feet in height, and about one hundred feet in width at the base. As the village is situated in an open space in the centre of these rocks, and is only reached by narrow and circuitous roads, commanded by the rocks, it must have been a place of great strength when the country was in an unsettled state under the Jingas, the original possessors of the country. This warlike tribe, which was driven out of their territory by the Portuguese, have settled farther to the north, where they maintain an independent existence.

Crossing the Coanza and several of its tributaries, they reached Tala Mungongo, where they made a short stay, and suffered from a plague of red ants, which were so numerous and so formidable that slaves were obliged to sit up all night burning fires of straw round the slaughtered carcass of a cow, otherwise they would have devoured it. They march in a compact band, several inches wide, and attack man and every animal crossing their track with determined pugnacity. The stinging pain caused by their bites is com-

pared by Livingstone to that produced by sparks of fire falling upon the bare skin. They perform considerable service in devouring any carrion they come across, and by eating the white ants, rats, and mice, small snakes, and even the large pythons, when they find them in a state of surfeit. They do not form hills like the white ants, but construct their nests in burrows at some distance from the surface of the ground.

At Cassange he was again hospitably entertained by Captain Neves; and during his short stay he finished the re-writing of his journal, and to his great joy received a packet of the *Times* newspaper, which gave him, among other news, "an account of the Russian war up to the terrible charge of the light brigade. The intense anxiety I felt to hear more may be imagined by every true patriot; but I was forced to live on in silent thought, and utter my poor prayers for friends who, perchance, were now no more, until I reached the other side of the continent." When he next came within reach of news from home, the Russian war was ended, and the Indian mutiny was the absorbing topic of interest and dread among his countrymen. This complete isolation from all news from the civilised quarters of the world was not the least of the trials to which his adventurous career exposed him.

But for the prevalence of fever, which perhaps improved cultivation might tend to diminish, Livingstone speaks of Angola as being "in every other respect an agreeable land, and admirably adapted for yielding a rich abundance of tropical produce for the rest of the world." He further says that, "had it been in the possession of England, it would now have been yielding as much or more of the raw materials of her manufactures, as an equal extent of territory in the cotton-growing states of America. A railway from Loanda to this valley (the Quango) would receive the trade of most of the interior of South Central Africa."

Livingstone's men, during this passage through Angola, collected better breeds of fowls and pigeons than those in their own country. The native tribes of Angola are very superstitious; and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Portuguese government, practise many of their inhuman rites,—notably the ordeal for witchcraft, which consists in the accused party drinking the sap of a poisonous tree, which almost invariably proves fatal.

After partaking of the hospitality of their good friends in Portuguese territory, they bade adieu to civilised society, and crossed the Quango, reducing the ferryman's charge from thirty yards of calico to six, their more prosperous appearance and better armament having its effect in expediting their progress where they had previously suffered so much. Sleeping on the damp ground during the incessant rains brought on a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which delayed their journey for twenty days, as the faithful Makololo would not stir during his weak state. Petty chiefs endeavoured to extract handsome presents for permission to pass through their small territories, but experience had taught them to put them at defiance, the wisdom of which course was shown when the party were attacked in a forest by a chief and his braves, who were repulsed so effectually as to make them glad to be permitted to depart with whole skins.

As the Makololo suffered from sickness, their progress was slow,—about two-thirds of their time being taken up with stoppages to recruit or to collect provisions. Making a detour to the south the party came in contact with several tribes who had not been contaminated by connection with slave traders; amongst these they procured abundance of food on reasonable terms. The men were great dandies, the oil dripping from their hair on to their shoulders, and every article of clothing was saturated with it. They amuse themselves with various kinds of musical instruments of most primitive manufacture, and never go out save

armed to the teeth ; their guns and bows ornamented with strips of the hides of the various animals they have shot. Ladies tend pet lap-dogs with as much care as their civilised sisters, with a better excuse for their peculiar taste in pets, as they are fattened for eating. Flesh meat is so scarce with them that they were always pleased to give something in return for the smallest piece of ox flesh. Rats, mice, lizards, and birds, are so diligently hunted and trapped for food, especially the latter, that they were seldom seen. Parasitic plants were so plentiful, that in many places a man had to precede the party in the forests armed with a hatchet to cut a passage. The luggage on the backs of the oxen was frequently entangled by them and thrown to the ground,—the same fate frequently overtaking the leader of the party himself. Provisions were exceedingly cheap,—a fowl and 20 lbs. of manioc meal costing a yard of calico, worth three-pence. From the Quango valley the party had been accompanied by Paseval and Favia, two half-caste slave traders. It was instructive to notice that they could not carry on their peculiar traffic without paying heavy black-mail in the shape of presents to every petty chief whose village they visited ; nor could they trust their native bearers who seemed to consider it the right thing to plunder them on all occasions. They were compelled to wink at their irregularities, as the safety of their merchandise was entirely in their hands.

Kawawa, a Balonda chief, being balked in his endeavours to extract black-mail from the party, sent forward four of his men to the ferry across the Kasai, with instructions to the ferrymen that they should not be carried across the stream, which was about a hundred yards broad and very deep, unless they got a man, an ox, a gun, and a robe. At night, Pitsane, who had seen where the canoes were hidden among the reeds on the opposite side of the stream, secured a canoe, in which they all passed safely across to the chagrin of the

ferryman and Kawawa's messengers, who could hardly guess how they had managed to cross, as the canoes were all safe on their side of the stream,—Pitsane had replaced the canoe after it had done its work, and swam across to join his comrades, some beads being left in it as payment for a small quantity of meal got from the ferryman on the previous day. In their mortification at being so completely worsted Kawawa's people shouted across to them, "Ah, you are bad!" to which the Makololo returned for answer, "Ah, ye are good! and we thank you for the loan of your canoe."

The country before them might now be considered as friendly territory in which the simple inhabitants could be trusted to assist them in their onward progress, and whose generous kindness would render less serious their exhausted stores of baggage and ornaments, which had disappeared through the exactions of the unfriendly chiefs and tribes through which they had passed since crossing the Quango, and the payment for provisions during the long delays caused by the ill-health of the party. The goods and ornaments the Makololo had received in presents or had purchased out of their earnings at Loanda had nearly all gone, together with the iron they had purchased for Sekeletu. The open plains of the Balonda country were comparatively clear of water, save in low-lying spots, and as the vegetation was less dense than they had found it farther to the east, their progress was more easy. Animal life became more abundant as they proceeded, giving cheering token of the land of plenty to which they were approaching:—vultures sailed overhead; swifts and several varieties of swallows flitted about; wild ducks and other water-fowl were seen in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood of the streams and pools; small herds of the larger game, rendered very shy in consequence of being regularly hunted by the natives, were frequently seen; and jet black larks made the air musical with their song in the early morning. The plain was

radiant with flowers ; one he specially noticed which grows in such numbers as to give its hue to the ground. The variety of colour of this flower was remarkable. A broad band of yellow on being closely examined would resolve itself into individual flowers, exhibiting every variety of colour from the palest lemon to the richest orange. A hundred yards of this rich carpeting would be succeeded by another broad band of the same flower of a blue colour, made up of every variation of that tint from the lightest to the darkest blue, and\*even purple. The colour of the birds was as variable in this and other districts as that of the flowers.

On the second day's journey from the Kasai, Livingstone suffered from his twenty-seventh attack of fever ; and after an exhausting journey he reached Lake Dilolo, "the sight of the blue waters," he tells us, "and the waves lashing the shore, had a most soothing influence on the mind, after so much of lifeless, flat, and gloomy forest. The heart yearned for the vivid impressions which are always created by the sight of the broad expanse of the grand old ocean." Livingstone's old friend, Katema, entertained the party most hospitably, presenting them with a cow and abundance of meal. According to promise, Livingstone presented him with a cloak of red baize, a cotton robe, a quantity of beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. Katema had come from his hunting ground to meet the party, to which he returned after his interview with Livingstone, leaving instructions with his headman to attend to their wants, and provide them with a guide to the Leeba.

At Shinte's town the party were most hospitably entertained by that intelligent chief ; and Nyamoana, his sister, who had changed the site of her village in consequence of the death of her husband, treated them with every kindness and gave them the loan of five small canoes in which to

proceed down the Leeba. His companions also bought several light sharp-prowed canoes for hunting animals in the water. Manenko was unable to visit the party in consequence of a burn in the foot, but her husband, Sambanza, came instead, and as an earnest of good-will performed the ceremony called *kasendi*,—Pitsane and Sambanza being the parties engaged. The hands of the parties were joined, and small incisions sufficient to cause bleeding made in the hands, on the pits of the stomachs, the right cheeks, and the foreheads. Drops of blood were conveyed from the wounds of each on a stalk of grass and dipped in beer,—the one drinking the beer mixed with the other's blood. During the drinking of the beer members of the party beat the ground with clubs and muttered sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. This ceremony constitutes the parties engaging in it blood relations, each being bound to warn the other of impending evil, even if it involved the disclosure of an intended attack on the tribe of the other by his own chief. After the ceremony they exchanged presents,—Pitsane getting an abundant supply of food and two shells, and Sambanza receiving Pitsane's suit of green baize, faced with red.

Below the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye the party met some native hunters, well provided with the dried flesh of the hippopotamus, buffalo, and the crocodile. They stalk these animals among the reeds with a cap made of the skin of the head of an antelope, with the horns attached, and the breast and shoulder skin, or with the neck and head attached, of a species of crane. By adopting these stratagems, they get within bow shot of the animal they wish to kill. They presented Livingstone with three fine water turtles, one of which had upwards of forty eggs in its body. The eggs and flesh of these turtles are most excellent, and were joyfully accepted by the party. Here Livingstone had a narrow escape from a bull buffalo, which

charged him at full speed. In rounding a bush the animal exposed his shoulder into which he sent a bullet. "The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded past me into the water, where he was found dead."

At Libonta they were received with every demonstration of joy and thankfulness for their return. For months they had been given up as dead; such a scene of kissing and hand-shaking ensued, as made Livingstone glad when they were all quietly seated in the kotla to hear their report of their adventures. Wisely declining to do this himself, Pitsane enlarged for a whole hour on the wonders they had seen, and the adventures they had come through. The members of his party had with pardonable vanity throughout all their trials preserved a suit of white European clothing with red caps, which finished the admiration of their friends. Next day they had two religious services in the kotla, where Livingstone "addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease." The men presented them with two fine oxen, and the women brought abundance of milk, meal, and butter. They explained the total expenditure of their means in the return journey, as a reason for their giving nothing in return; and the good Libontese answered,—“It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep (peace).”

All the way down the Barotse valley they were received with the same enthusiasm, and as generously treated. At Chitlane's village they were invited to collect a colony of yonubi linkololo, a long-legged bird about the size of a crow, which breeds among the reeds on the banks of the Leeambye. There were a hundred and seventy-six of them. When roasted they make capital eating. All along their route it was a continuous feast of joy—the donors partaking with the party of the meats they furnished.

At Sesheke Livingstone found several packages which

had been sent up the river to him by Mr. Moffat, who had made a long and fatiguing journey in search of him. In these, which had been carefully kept by the Makololo in a hut on an island in the river, as they feared witchcraft on the part of the Matabeles (their enemies) who had brought them, he found English newspapers and magazines, and some preserved eatables. Amongst other information the papers contained, was the explanation by Sir Roderick Murchison, after a study of Mr. Barnes' geological map, and discoveries made by Livingstone and Mr. Oswell, of the peculiar conformation of the continent of Central Africa. Speaking of this wonderful prediction of the physical characteristics of a country of which he had no knowledge, save that supplied by induction, Livingstone says, "There was not much use in nursing my chagrin at being thus fairly cut out by the man who had foretold the existence of the Australian gold before its discovery, for here it was, in black and white. In his easy chair he had forestalled me by three years, though I had been working hard through jungle, marsh, and fever, since the light dawned in my mind at Dilolo. I had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that I should be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than flanking hill ranges."

Arriving at Linyanti in September, Livingstone found his waggon and goods standing where he had left them more than twelve months before, not an article had been touched, although they all possessed great value in the eyes of the Makololo. Chief and people were loud in their demonstrations of joy at his unlooked-for return. A great meeting was held to receive their report and the presents sent from the governor and merchants of Loanda. The wonderful story of their adventures lost nothing in the telling at the hands of the Makololo who had accompanied him; and the presents sent to the chief filled them with unbounded admiration. Sekeletu was proud of his colonel's uniform,

and when he donned it at the first religious service held after their arrival, his splendid suit attracted more attention than the sermon. The two donkeys were greatly admired, as they promised to be the parents of a flock of domestic animals of great value. They had borne the long journey with that patient and untiring endurance so characteristic of their species, and enjoyed the abundant vegetation of their new home.

Having been so long separated from his family, and having come through so many trials and difficulties, which left him feverish and enfeebled, no one would have blamed him if he had harnessed his oxen to his waggon and departed for Kuruman or the Cape, to rest and recruit before attempting another journey. But this was not in accordance with Livingstone's sense of duty. His popularity gave him hopes of being able to make an impression on the Makololo by his religious teaching; and their kindness, and their confidence in him made him desirous of serving them in other ways. The road to Loanda was long and difficult; and so much of it passed over land inhabited by unfriendly tribes, that he felt this was not the proper outlet for the merchandise of Central Africa. For months his mind had wandered down the course of that greatest of African rivers, the Zambesi, to the east coast; and the more he thought over the matter, the more he became convinced that this was the proper route, and that it was his duty to settle the point without delay.

He was all but destitute, and was indebted to the faithful Makololo for everything he required while amongst them; and he could not carry out his intention of passing to the coast without their aid in men, oxen, and material. Nor were these wanting. Explaining to Sekeletu the method of preparing sugar, he asked him if he could purchase a mill for him in the east coast. On his replying that he had nothing with which to buy a mill, Sekeletu and his councillors

said, "The ivory is all your own; if you leave any in the country, it will be your own fault." Sekeletu then gave him an order for a sugar mill, "and for all the varieties of clothing he had ever seen, and especially a Mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass wire, etc., and any other beautiful thing you may see in your own country." As he had found the two horses left with him when Livingstone started for Loanda of great use, especially in hunting, he was anxious to have more; which Livingstone expected to be able to get for him at the nearest Portuguese settlements.

The mother of Sekeletu, who had joined her son at Linyanti, prepared a bag of ground-nuts, by frying them in cream with a little salt, as a sort of sandwich for the journey; and every one seemed anxious to contribute something for the use of the party. One hundred and fourteen men, principally volunteers, were selected to accompany him and carry the ivory, with which they were to pay their way to the coast, and purchase the articles they meant to bring back. Sekwebu, who had been captured by the Matebele when a boy, had travelled along with the tribe in which he was captive to the country near Tete, and was intimately acquainted with the country on both sides of the Zambesi and the dialects spoken, was appointed head of the expedition. Mamire, a chief who had married the mother of Sekeletu, since Livingstone's departure for the west coast, a man of great wisdom and prudence, on bidding him farewell, said, "You are now going among a people who cannot be trusted, because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they have ever heard before; and Jesus will be with you, and help you, though among enemies; and if He carries you safely, and brings you and Ma-Robert back again, I shall say he has bestowed a great favour upon me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit, and be visited by, other tribes, and by white men!" Mentioning his inability to pay the men who would accom-

pany him, this good and sagacious man replied, "A man wishes, of course, to appear among his friends after a long absence, with something of his own to show; the whole of the ivory in the country is yours, so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it."

As the wives of many of his attendants had given their husbands up as lost and taken to themselves other husbands, Livingstone had some difficult questions as to possession to decide. In cases where the man had only one wife, he decided without hesitation that she should go back to the original husband; but when a man had more than one, he declined to decide what should be done, in case it should be thought that he favoured polygamy. Some of the men consoled themselves for the loss of their wives by taking others.

Soon after his arrival a picho was held to consider the propriety of settling in the Barotse valley, to be nearer the west coast for purposes of trade with the new market the expedition had opened up to them. At this "picho" Sekeletu said, addressing Livingstone, "I am perfectly satisfied as to the great advantages for trade of the path which you have opened, and think that we ought to go to the Barotse, in order to make the way for us to Loanda shorter; but with whom am I to live there? If you were coming with us, I would remove to-morrow; but now you are going to the white man's country to bring Ma-Robert (Mrs. Livingstone); and when you return you will find me near to the spot on which you wish to dwell."



## CHAPTER VIII.

START FOR THE EAST COAST. THE VICTORIA FALLS. THE  
BATOKA TRIBES. REACHES ZUMBO, A DESERTED PORTU-  
GUESE SETTLEMENT.

ON the 3rd of November, 1855, Livingstone and his fellow-adventurers, accompanied by Sekeletu with 200 of his followers, who were to accompany them as far as Kalai, on the Leeambye, started from Linyanti. The whole party were fed at Sekeletu's expense,—the cattle for the purpose being taken from his cattle stations, which are spread over the whole territory owing him allegiance. Passing through a "tsetse" district when dark, to escape its attacks, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which thoroughly drenched the party. Livingstone's extra clothing having gone on, he was looking forward ruefully to the prospect of passing the night on the wet ground, when Sekeletu gave him his blanket, lying uncovered himself. He says, "I was much touched by this little act of genuine kindness. If such men must perish by the advance of civilisation, as certain races of animals do before others, it is a pity. God grant that ere this time comes they may receive that gospel which is a solace for the soul in death!"

On the island of Kalai, they found the grave of Sekote, a Batoka chief, who had been conquered by Sebituane, and had retreated to this place, where he died. The ground near the grave was garnished by human skulls, mounted on poles, and a large heap of the crania of hippopotami—the tusks being placed on one side. The grave was ornamented with seventy large elephants' tusks, planted round it with the points inwards, forming an ivory canopy; and thirty more were placed over the graves of his relatives. As they neared

the point from which the party intended to strike off to the north-east from the river, Livingstone determined to visit the falls of Mosioatunya, known as the falls of Victoria since his visit. He had often heard of these falls from the Makololo. None of them had visited them, but many of them had been near enough to hear the roar of the waters and see the cloud of spray which hangs over them. The literal meaning of the Makololo name for them is, "smoke does sound there."

He visited them twice on this occasion, the last time along with Sekeletu, whose curiosity had been aroused by his description of their magnificence. Just where the sounding smoke, of which Sebituane and the Makololo had told him, rises up for several hundred feet into the sky, and is visible for over twenty miles—a spectacle of ever changing form and colour—the mighty stream, about a mile in width, plunges in a clear and unbroken mass into a rent in the basaltic rock which forms the bed of the river and the low hills which bound the river in front and on either side for a considerable distance of its course. This chasm is from eighty to a hundred feet in width, and of unknown depth, the thundering roar of the falling waters being heard for a distance of many miles. The throbbing of the solid ground, caused by the immense weight and force of the falling water is felt at a great distance from the tremendous chasm in which the great river is engulfed.

After a descent of several yards, the hitherto unbroken mass of water presents the appearance of drifted snow, from which jets of every form leap out upon the opposite side of the chasm. For about a hundred feet, its descent can be traced, when it reaches the seething surface of the water below; from which arises, in jets of water like steam, a dense smoke cloud of spray which, descending on all sides like rain, wets the on-looker to the skin, and maintains a constant green verdure within the reach of its influence.

The depth of the narrow chasm, which draws off such a vast volume of water, must be very great. At one place it has been plumbed to a depth more than twice that of the pool into which the St. Lawrence falls at Niagara. The great smoke clouds are formed by five distinct columns of spray which ascend from the gulf to a height of from two to three hundred feet. Three of these columns—two on the right, and one on the left of Garden Island, which overlooks the falls, appeared to Livingstone to contain as much water in each, as there is in the Clyde at the fall of Stonebyres during a flood. The waters are drained off at the eastern end of the falls by a prolongation of the rocky chasm, which pursues its way, with little variation as to breadth, in a zigzag course through the mass of low hills for over thirty miles, when the tormented waters break into the plains and spread out to their former width, to be here and there narrowed by the several rapids which interrupt its navigation, in some cases even to the light canoes of the bold and skilful Makololo and Batoka men.

The scene round the falls is exceedingly beautiful. The banks and islands are covered with vegetation, through which the giants of the African forest rear their lofty crests. The baobab, each of whose arms would form great trees, the palmyra, with its feathery leaves, the mohonou, in form like the cedars of Lebanon, the cypress-like motsouri, and other varieties of trees similar to our own oaks, elms, and chestnuts, stood out clear against the background of smoke cloud, which during the day glowed in the sun, and was surmounted by magnificent rainbows, and at night shone with a yellow sulphurous haze, shadowed by clouds of pitchy blackness, as if belched from the crater of a burning mountain. No wonder the ignorant natives looked upon this scene, so grand and so terrible in its beauty and majesty, as the abode of their God Barimo; it was the highest manifestation of the

power and grandeur of nature with which they were acquainted. The untutored savage worships power and mystery; and here these were presented to him in a form which could not fail to impress his imagination.

Previous to the formation of the immense fissure into which the Zambesi falls, the plains above must have been the bed of a vast lake, and its whole course from the falls upwards, previous to Livingstone's visit, had been popularly supposed to be a parched desert. The great traveller notices that while he was engaged in resolving this, a writer in the *Athenæum*, dealing with the previous discoveries and guesses as to the extent of this river, placed its source in the neighbourhood of the falls, on the edge of a great desert, and made its upper waters, the Leeba and the Leeambye, turn sharply to the south, and lose themselves in the arid wastes of the Kalahari desert; so difficult is it to get mere theorists to give up a long-existing notion. To this writer a central desert must exist, and all other physical facts, however new and strange, must conform to it.

Taking leave of Sekeletu and his followers, the party pushed northwards through the Batoka country. This powerful and numerous tribe had been conquered and decimated by Sebituane and the Matabele until vast tracts of fruitful hill and plain, in which the larger game abounded, were almost devoid of human life. The Batoka people are a low type, and are of a cruel and vindictive disposition, probably fostered by the wars they have been forced to wage against more powerful tribes. They have a barbarous habit of knocking out the front teeth in the upper jaw, which gives to their faces a hideous expression. They explained that they did this in order to look like oxen, and not like zebras, which they hold in detestation.

In the valley of the Lekone, a considerable river which falls into the Zambesi below the falls, they rested a day at the village of Moyara, whose father had been a powerful

chief, with many followers and large herds of cattle and goats. His son lives among the ruins of his town, with five wives and a handful of people, while the remains of his warlike and more powerful father are buried in the middle of his hut, covered with a heap of rotting ivory. Bleached skulls of Matabele, evidences of his power and cruelty, were stuck on poles about the village. The degraded condition of the Batoka among the more powerful tribes was exemplified by the fact that a number of them were introduced into his party by Sekeletu to carry his tusks to the nearest settlement, where they could be sold by Livingstone.

The open plains and the short grass and firm ground made travelling a luxury compared with their experiences in going to the west coast, and the party marched on in the highest spirits. Fruit trees, yielding edible fruit, were abundant; several of them were similar to those they had seen on the coast near Loanda. Large regiments of black soldier ants were seen; they are about half an inch in length, and march in close column headed by leaders, which are considerably larger than the others. They prey upon the white ants, which are stung by the leaders, inducing a state of coma, during which they are carried away to be eaten by the marauders. When disturbed in their march, they utter a distinct hissing or chirping sound. But for the black ants, the white ants would increase to an alarming extent, and make the country a desert by eating up everything vegetable. The white ants perform several useful functions:—the soil, after being manipulated by them in forming their houses and nests, becomes exceedingly fertile, and they remove all decaying vegetation, just as the black ants do all putrid flesh and excrement.

The Batoka, like the Makololo and other inland tribes, smoke the *mutokwane*, a species of hemp, which produces a kind of intoxication, which sometimes leads to a fit of

mad frenzy. So strongly are they addicted to this practice, that even Sekeletu and his head men could not be persuaded by Livingstone to abandon it.

Buffaloes, antelopes, elephants, zebras, and lions and other felines abounded in the district crossed by them during the early part of their journey. In consequence of being little disturbed, the larger game were very tame. Livingstone shot a bull buffalo among a herd. When wounded, the others endeavoured to gore it to death. This herd was led by a female; and he remarks that this is often the case with the larger game, as the leader is not followed on account of its strength, but its wariness, and its faculty of discerning danger. The cow buffalo-leader, when she passed the party at the head of the herd, had a number of buffalo birds seated upon her withers. By following the honey-bird, his attendants procured abundance of honey.

The ruins of many towns were passed, proving the density of the population before the invasion of the country by Sebituane, and his being driven out of it by the Matabele and other rival tribes. At the river Dila they saw the spot where Sebituane had lived. The Makololo had never ceased to regret their enforced departure from this healthy, beautiful, and fertile region; and Sekwebu had been instructed by Sekeletu to point out to Livingstone its advantages as a position for their future head quarters. Beyond the Dila they reached a tribe hostile to the Makololo, but, although they assumed a threatening attitude, the party, owing to Livingstone's courage and firmness, passed through unharmed. Save on this occasion, the Batoka were most friendly, great numbers of them coming from a distance with presents of maize and fruit, and expressing their great joy at the first appearance of a white man amongst them. The women clothe themselves much as the Makololo women do, but the men go about *in puris naturalibus*, and appeared to be quite insensible to shame. The country got more populous

the farther east they advanced, but their curiosity and kindness did not increase. Food was abundant; the *masuka* tree was plentiful, and its fruit was so thickly strewn about the ground that his men gathered and ate it as they marched. Everywhere among these unsophisticated sons of nature, who had all they wished for in their genial climate, plentiful herds, and abundant crops of maize and fruit, the cry was for peace. Before the advent of Sebituane the country had been swept by a powerful chief named Pingola, who made war from a mere love of conquest; and the memory of their sufferings had entered deep into their hearts. A sister of Monze, the head chief of the tribes in the district they were now traversing, in expressing her joy at the prospect of being at peace, said, "It would be so pleasant to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing them with a spear."

Monze visited the party wrapped in a large cloth, and rolled in the dust, slapping the outside of his thighs with his hands,—a species of salutation Livingstone had a strong repugnance to, especially when performed by naked men; but no expression of his feelings tended to put a stop to it. Monze gave them a goat and a fowl, and a piece of the flesh of a buffalo which had been killed by him, and was greatly pleased with a present of some handkerchiefs; and the head men of the neighbouring villages also visited them, each of them provided with presents of maize, ground nuts, and corn. Some of these villagers had the hair of their heads all gathered into a mass, and woven into a cone, from four to eight inches in width at the base, ending in a point more or less prolonged.

As buffaloes and elephants were plentiful, one was now and again shot, so that the party seldom wanted flesh meat. A party of his men on one occasion slaughtered a female and her calf with their spears, native fashion. The mother had much the appearance of a huge porcupine, from the number of spears sticking into her flesh when she at last fell

exhausted by the loss of blood. This was a needlessly cruel method of recruiting their stores of food, and Livingstone did not encourage it; although he found shooting the larger game for food both trying and hazardous, as he could make little use of his right arm, which had been fractured by the lion when among the Bakwains. His skill was very much impaired, and was provokingly enough at its lowest ebb when meat was most wanted.

They had now got into a district where rains were frequent, and so much had they been spoiled by the beautiful dry weather and level country they had passed through, that at first they invariably stopped and took to shelter when it fell.

On the 18th of December they reached the Kafue, the largest tributary of the Zambesi they had yet seen. It was about two hundred yards broad, and full of hippopotami. Here they reached the village of Semalembue, who made them a present of thirty baskets of meal and maize, and a large quantity of ground nuts. On explaining that he had little to give in return for the chief's handsome gift, he accepted his apologies politely, saying that he knew there were no goods in the country from which he had come. He professed great joy at the words of peace which Livingstone addressed to him, and said, "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hope of eating and sleeping in peace." The preaching of the gospel amongst these people gave them the idea of living at peace with one another as one of its effects. It was not necessary to explain to them the existence of a Deity. Sekwebu pointed out a district, two and a half days' distance, where there is a hot fountain which emits steam, where Sebituane had at one time dwelt. "There," said he, "had Sebituane been alive, he would have brought you to live with him. You would be on the bank of the river, and by taking canoes, you would at once sail down to the Zambesi, and visit the white people at the sea."

The country they were now in was diversified by hills, and every available piece of ground in the valleys in the neighbourhood of the villages was carefully planted. The gardens near the river are surrounded by pitfalls, to prevent the inroads of the hippopotami, which are very numerous and quite tame, showing no fear when any of the party approached them. As they required meat, they shot a cow hippopotamus, and found the flesh tasted very much like pork. The range of hills amongst which they now were, rose from six to nine hundred feet above the level of the river, and these were but the outer and lower fringe of a higher range beyond. From the top of the outer range of hills, they had a splendid view of the surrounding country. The course of the Kafue, through hills and forests, could be followed towards its confluence with the Zambesi, and beyond that lay a long range of dark hills; above the course of the Zambesi, floated a line of fleecy clouds. Elephants, zebras, and buffaloes were met with in vast herds, which showed no dread of their approach. They also saw large numbers of red-coloured wild pigs.

As they approached the Zambesi, the ground became more and more thickly covered with broad-leaved brushwood, and water-fowl rose out of the pools and streams and flew overhead in large numbers. On reaching the king of African rivers, they found it much larger than above the falls, and flowing at the rate of four and a half miles an hour. When Sekwebu was a boy, this region was thickly inhabited, and all the natives had plenty of cattle. The return to it of the larger game had introduced the dreaded insect, "tsetse," which rapidly destroyed them.

Every village they passed furnished two guides, who conducted them by the easiest paths to the next. Along the course of the Zambesi, in this district, the people are great agriculturists—men, women, and children were all very busily at work in their gardens. The men are strong and robust,

with hands hardened by toil. The women disfigure themselves by piercing the upper lip, and inserting a shell. This fashion universally prevails among the Maran, which is the name of the people. The head men of the villages presented the party freely with food, and one of them gave Livingstone a basinful of rice, the first he had seen for a long time. He said he knew it was white man's meal, and refused to sell a quantity unless for a man. Strange that his first introduction to one of the products of civilisation should be simultaneous with that of a hateful commerce, fostered by a race holding themselves so much superior to the savage tribes of the interior through which they had passed, who held it in abhorrence.

Previous to Livingstone's arrival in this part of the country, Sinatomba, an Italian slave-dealer, who had married the daughter of a neighbouring chief, had ascended the river in canoes with fifty armed slaves, and carried off a large number of people and a quantity of ivory from several inhabited islands. At the instigation of his father-in-law, several chiefs assembled their followers and attacked him as he descended the river, defeating and slaying him and liberating his prisoners. Selole, a great chief, hearing of the approach of a white man with a large following, imagining that this was another Italian slave-trader, or Sinatomba himself risen from the dead, made great preparations for attacking the party. A timely explanation of the object of their journey put matters to rights at once. At Mburumba's village his brother came to meet them, and in explanation of the delay caused by the threatened attack, told them that the Italian had come among them, talking of peace as they did, and had kidnapped slaves and bought ivory with them, and that they were supposed to be of the same calling. As they had been unsuccessful in hunting the day before, an elephant having got clear off with from seventy to eighty spears fixed in his flesh in addition to the last dozen of Livingstone's bullets,

he said, "The man at whose village you remained was in fault in allowing you to want meat; for had he only run across to Mburumba, he would have given him a little meal, and, having sprinkled that on the ground as an offering to the gods, you would have found your elephant." Among these tribes, the chiefs are all supposed to possess supernatural power.

Mburumba did not visit the party himself, and, although he sent presents of meal, maize, and native corn, the conduct of his people was very suspicious, as they never came near them unless in large numbers, and fully armed with bows and spears. The party were suspicious of the intentions of the guides sent by Mburumba to take them to his mother's village; but they reached their destination in safety, and were hospitably treated by Ma-Mburumba, who furnished them with guides, who conveyed them to the junction of the Loangwa and the Zambesi. As the natives assembled in great force at the place where they were to cross the Loangwa, they were still in dread of being attacked; but whatever were their reasons for this formidable demonstration, they were allowed to pass safely to the other side.

Beyond the river they came upon the ruins of stone houses, which were simply constructed, but beautifully situated on the hill-sides commanding a view of the river. These had been the residences of Portuguese traders in ivory and slaves when Zumbo, which they were now approaching, had been a place of considerable importance as a Portuguese trade settlement. Passing Zumbo, they slept opposite the island of Shotanaga in the Zambesi, and were surprised by a visit from a party with a hat and jacket on from the island. He was quite black, and had come from the Portuguese settlement of Tete, which they now learned to their chagrin was on the other side of the stream. This was all the more awkward, as he informed them that the people of the settlement had been fighting with the natives

for two years. Mpende, a powerful chief, who lived farther down the river, had determined that no white man should pass him. All this made them anxious to cross to the other bank of the river ; but none of the chiefs whose villages lay between their present position and Mpende's town, although in every other way most friendly, dared to ferry them across, in dread of offending that powerful chief.

All but unarmed as they were, and dependent upon the kindness of the people through whose country they were passing, their progress being retarded by the feebleness of their tsetse-bitten oxen, there was no help for it but to proceed and trust to Providence for the reception they might receive from the dreaded chief who was at war with the Portuguese in their front. Trusting in the purity of his motives, and that dauntless courage, tempered with discretion, which had never deserted him, Livingstone passed on, the fear of what awaited him in front not preventing him from admiring the beauty of the country and its capability under better circumstances of maintaining a vast population in peace and plenty. Nearing Mpende's village, where a conical hill, higher than any he had yet seen, and the wooded heights and green fertile valleys commanded his admiration, he all but forgot the danger of his situation, until forcibly reminded of it by the arrival of a formidable number of Mpende's people at his encampment, uttering strange cries, waving some red substance towards them, and lighting a fire on which they placed chains, after which they departed to some distance, where armed men had been collecting ever since daybreak.

Fearing a skirmish, Livingstone slaughtered an ox, according to the custom of Sebituane, with the view of raising the courage of his men by a plentiful meal. Although only half-armed, in rags, and suffering from their march, yet inured as they were to fatigue, and feeling a confidence in their superiority over the Zambesi men, notwithstanding

all drawbacks in comfort and circumstances, Livingstone had little fear of the result if fight he must; but in accordance with his constant policy, he was bound to accomplish his object in peace, if that were possible. His men were elated at the prospect of a fight, and looked forward to victory as certain, and the possession of corn and clothes in plenty, and of captives to carry their tusks and baggage for them. As they waited and ate the meat by their camp-fire, they said, "You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men."

By the time breakfast was dispatched, Mpende's whole tribe was assembled at about half a mile distance from their encampment; spies, who refused to answer any questions, advanced from among the trees which hid the position of the main body up to the encampment of the party. To two of these Livingstone handed the leg of an ox, desiring them to carry it to Mpende. This brought a visit from two old men, who asked Livingstone who he was. "I am a Lekoá" (Englishman), he replied. "We don't know the tribe," they said; "we suppose you are Mozunga (Portuguese), with whom we have been fighting." As the Portuguese they knew were half-castes, Livingstone bared his bosom and asked if they had hair and skin like his. "No," they replied, "we never saw skin so white as that. Ah! you must be one of that tribe that loves the black man."

Through the intercession of one of these men, Sindese Oaleá, the head man of a neighbouring village, Mpende, after a long discussion with his councillors, was induced to believe Livingstone's story, and to treat him and his party with great generosity and kindness. Sekwebu was sent to the chief with a request that he might be permitted to buy a canoe to convey one of his men who was ill. Mpende said, "That white man is truly one of our friends. See, how he lets me know his afflictions." "Ah!" said Sekwebu, "if you only knew him as well as we do who

have lived with him, you would understand that he highly values your friendship, and that of Mburuma, and as he is a stranger, he trusts in you to direct him." He replied, "Well, he ought to cross to the other side of the river, for this bank is hilly and rough, and the way to Teté is longer on this than on the opposite bank." "But who will take us across if you do not?" "Truly," replied Mpende, "I only wish you had come sooner to tell me about him; but you shall cross." And cross they did, leaving the place in very different spirits from those with which they had approached it.

The people here and lower down the river he found well-supplied with cotton goods, which they purchased from the Babisa, a tribe farther to the east, who had been doing all the trade with the interior during the two years the war with the Portuguese had lasted. Beyond the range of hills to the north lived a tribe called Basenga, who are great traders in iron ore; and beyond them again, in a country where the Portuguese had at one time washed for gold, lived a people called Maravi, who are skilful agriculturists, raising in addition to corn and maize, sweet potatoes, which grow to a great size in the fertile soil of the district, and which they have learned to preserve for future use by burying them in the ground, embedded in wood ashes. The ground on the north side of the river appeared to be much more fertile than that on the south. In many places he found evidences that coal was abundant.

A little way down the river they arrived opposite an island belonging to a chief called Mozinkwa; here they were detained by heavy rains, and the illness of one of the Batoka men, who died. He had required to be carried by his fellows for several days, and when his case became hopeless they wanted to leave him alone to die; but to such an inhuman proposal Livingstone could not of course give his consent. Here one of the Batoka men deserted openly to

Mozinkwa, stating as his reason, that the Makololo had killed both his father and his mother, and that he would not remain any longer with them.

Towards the end of January they were again on their way; and early in February, as his men were almost in a state of nudity, Livingstone gave two tusks for some calico, marked Lawrence Mills, Lowell, U. S. The clayey soil and the sand-filled rivulets made their progress slow and difficult. The sand rivers are water-courses in sandy bottoms, which are full during the rainy season and dry at other times, although on digging a few feet into the bed of the stream, water is found percolating on a stratum of clay. "This," Livingstone says, "is the phenomenon which is dignified by the name of rivers flowing underground." In trying to ford one of these sand rivers,—the Zingesi—in flood, he says, "I felt thousands of particles of coarse sand striking my legs, and the slight disturbance of our footsteps caused deep holes to be made in the bed. The water . . . dug out the sand beneath the feet in a second or two, and we were all sinking by that means so deep that we were glad to relinquish the attempt to ford it before we got half way over; the oxen were carried away down to the Zambesi. These sand rivers remove vast masses of disintegrated rock before it is fine enough to form soil. The man who preceded me was only thigh-deep, but the disturbance caused by his feet made it breast-deep for me. The stream of particles of gravel which struck against my legs gave me the idea that the amount of matter removed by every freshet must be very great. In most rivers where much wearing is going on a person diving to the bottom may hear literally thousands of stones knocking against each other. This attrition, being carried on for hundreds of miles in different rivers, must have an effect greater than if all the pestles and mortar mills of the world were grinding and wearing away the rocks."

The party were now in a district where a species of game-law exists. If an elephant is killed by a stranger, or a man from a neighbouring village, living under another chief, the under half of the carcase belongs to the lord of the soil, nor must the hunter commence to cut it up until the chief claiming the half, or one of his headmen, is present. The hind leg of a buffalo, and a large piece of an elephant must be given in like circumstances to the occupier of the land on which they were grazing when shot. The number of rivulets and rivers enable them to mark out their territory with great exactness. In this district the huts are built on high stages in the gardens, as a protection from the attacks of the spotted hyena and lions and elephants.

Before leaving the land of a chief named Nyampungo, who had entertained them hospitably, Livingstone's men killed a bull elephant, and had to wait a day until some of the chief's people came to superintend the cutting up and secure his half of the animal. Nyampungo's men brought with them a basket of corn, a fowl, and a few strings of handsome beads as a thank-offering for having killed the elephant. While they were cutting up and cooking the carcase, a large number of hyenas collected round them at a respectable distance, "and kept up a loud laughter for two nights. I asked my men what the hyenas were laughing at, as they usually give animals credit for a share of intelligence; they said that they were laughing because we could not take the whole, and that they would have plenty to eat as well as us."

Speaking of the birds of Central Africa, he says, "These African birds have not been wanting in song, they have only lacked poets to sing their praise, which ours have had from the time of Aristophanes downwards. Ours have both a classic and a modern interest to enhance their fame. In hot dry weather, or at mid-day, when the sun is fierce, all are still; let, however, a good shower fall, and all burst

forth at once into merry lays and loving courtship. The early mornings and the cool evenings are the times for singing."

In the Mopane country they met with numbers of a red-beaked variety of hornbill, which builds its nest in an aperture in a tree. When the nest is built the female retires into it, while the male covers the orifice with clay, all save a narrow slit for the introduction of air and for feeding her, which the devoted bird does until the eggs are hatched. As the female is very fat at such times, the natives search for their nests, and capture and eat them. Lions were abundant, and were treated as privileged animals by the natives, no one attempting to hunt them, as it is supposed that when a chief dies, he can metamorphose himself into a lion.

At the village of a chief called Monina, Monahin, one of Livingstone's men, disappeared during the night. As he had been ill for some time and had complained of his head, Livingstone imagined that he had wandered in an insane state, and been picked up by a lion. They prowled about the native settlements at night with great boldness, making it dangerous for any one to be about after dark. He had proved very valuable to Livingstone, and he felt his loss greatly. The general name of the people of this district is Banyai; they are ruled over by several chiefs, the government being a sort of feudal republican. The people of a tribe, on the death of their chief, have the privilege of electing any one, even from another tribe, to be his successor, if they are not satisfied with any of the members of his family. The sons of the chiefs are not eligible for election among the Banyai. The various chiefs of the Banyai acknowledge allegiance to a head chief, Nyatewe, holding the supreme position at the time of Livingstone's visit. This custom appears to prevail in South and Central Africa; and if the chief who wields supreme power is a wise and prudent ruler, the result is highly beneficial.

Among the Banyai the women are treated with great respect, the husband doing nothing that his wife disapproves. Notwithstanding this, a barbarous custom prevails amongst them if a husband suspects his wife of witchcraft or infidelity. A witch-doctor is called, who prepares the infusion of a plant named *goho*, which the suspected party drinks, holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. If the infusion causes vomiting, she is declared innocent; but if it causes purging, she is held to be guilty, and burned to death. In many cases the drinking of the infusion causes death. This custom prevails, with modifications, amongst most of the tribes of Central Africa, and is found as far west as Ambaca. When a Banyai marries, so many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents; and unless the wife is bought in this way, the husband must enter the household of his father-in-law and do menial offices, the wife and her family having exclusive control of the children. The Banyai men are a fine race; but the superior courage and skill Livingstone's men displayed in hunting, won the hearts of the women; but none of them would be tempted into matrimony, where it involved subjection to their wives.

Several of the chiefs through whose villages they passed occasioned some trouble by disbelieving the statement of Livingstone, that he was unable to make presents. A powerful chief, Nyakoba, who sympathised with their condition, gave them a basket of maize, and another of corn, and provided them with guides to Teté, advising them to shun the villages so as to avoid trouble. This they succeeded in doing till within a few miles of Teté, where they were discovered by a party of natives, who threatened to inform Katolosa, the head chief of the district, that they were passing through the country without leave. A present of two tusks satisfied them, and they were allowed to depart.

Within eight miles of Teté, Livingstone was so fatigued as to be unable to go on, but sent some of his men with his letters of recommendation to the commandant. About two o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of March, the encampment was aroused by the arrival of two officers and a company of soldiers sent with a supply of provisions for the party by the commandant. As Livingstone and his men had been compelled for several days to live on roots and honey, their arrival was most timely. He says, "It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.' The pleasure experienced in partaking of that breakfast was only equalled by the enjoyment of Mr. Gabriel's bed when I arrived at Loanda. It was also enhanced by the news that Sebastopol had fallen, and the war was finished."

Major Sicard, the Portugese commandant at Teté, treated Livingstone and his men with the greatest generosity. He clothed himself and his men, and provided them with food and lodgings, declining to receive several tusks which were offered in compensation. As the most of his men were to be left here, Major Sicard gave them a portion of land on which to cultivate their own food, and permission to hunt elephants,—the money they made from the tusks and dried meat to be used for the purchase of articles to take to Sekeletu on their return.

Had Livingstone set out on his journey several months earlier he would have arrived in the neighbourhood of Teté during the war between the natives and the Portuguese, when he would have had little chance of escaping with his life. His arrival was not unexpected at Teté, as through Lord Clarendon and the Portuguese minister, Count de Lavradio, the Portuguese authorities on the Zambesi were

warned of his expected appearance. A short time previous to his arrival, some natives came down the river to Teté and said, "alluding to the sextant and artificial horizon, 'that the Son of God had come'; and that he was 'able to take the sun down from the heavens and place it under his arm.' Major Sicard then felt sure that this was the man mentioned in Lord Clarendon's despatch."

As Livingstone was in a very emaciated state, and fever was raging at Kilimane, the point on the coast to which he was bound, he was easily induced to remain at Teté for a month, during which he occupied himself by making several journeys in the neighbourhood, visiting a coal-field, etc., etc. The village of Teté he found to consist of a large number of wattle-and-daub native huts with about thirty European houses built of stone. The place had declined greatly in importance through the introduction of the slave trade. In former times considerable quantities of wheat, maize, millet, coffee, sugar, oil, indigo, gold dust, and ivory were exported, and as labour was both abundant and cheap the trade was profitable. Livingstone says, "When the slave trade began, it seemed to many of the merchants a more speedy mode of becoming rich to sell off the slaves, than to pursue the slow mode of gold-washing and agriculture; and they continued to export them until they had neither hands to labour nor to fight for them. . . . The coffee and sugar plantations and gold-washings were abandoned, because the labour had been exported to the Brazils." The neighbouring chiefs were not slow to take advantage of the impoverished state of the Portuguese and half-caste merchants of Teté. "A clever man of Asiatic and Portuguese extraction, called Nyaude, had built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and Zambesi; and when the commandant of Teté sent an officer with his company to summon him to his presence," they were surrounded and bound hand and foot. The commandant "then armed the whole body of



MURCHISON FALLS

slaves and marched against the stockade of Nyaude," but before they reached it, Nyaude despatched a strong party under his son Bonga, who attacked Teté, plundered and burned the whole town, with the exception of the house of the commandant and a few others, and the church and fort. The women and children having taken refuge in the church were safe, as the natives of this region will never attack a church. The news of this disaster caused a panic among the party before the stockade of Nyaude, and they fled in confusion, to be slain or made captives by Katolosa the head chief of the district to the west of Teté.

Another half-caste chief, called Kisaka, on the opposite bank of the river, near where the merchants of Teté had their villages and principal plantations, also rebelled, and completed the defeat and impoverishment of the Portuguese. "An attempt was made to punish this rebel, but it was unsuccessful, and he has lately been pardoned by the home government. One point in the narrative is interesting. They came to a field of sugar-cane so large that 4,000 men eating it during two days did not finish the whole. Nyaude kept the Portuguese shut up in their fort for two years, and as he held the command of the river, they could only get goods sufficient to buy food by sending to Kilimane by an overland route along the north bank of the Zambesi." The memory of one man's sufferings in this affair evoked the following from Livingstone,—“The mother country did not, in these ‘Caffre wars,’ pay the bills, so no one became rich or blamed the missionaries. Major Sicard from his good character had great influence with the natives, and put a stop to the war more than once by his mere presence on the spot. We heard of him among the Banyai as a man with whom they would never fight, because he had a good heart.” No doubt the influence of this good and generous man helped Livingstone and his party in their march through the districts which had so recently been disturbed.

In consequence of a sudden change of temperature, Major Sicard and Livingstone and nearly every person in the house suffered from an attack of fever; Livingstone soon recovered, and was unremitting in his attention to the others. His stock of quinine becoming exhausted, his attention was drawn by the Portuguese to a tree called by the natives *kumbanzo*, the bark of which is an admirable substitute. He says, "there was little of it to be found at Teté—while forests of it are at Senna, and near the delta of Kilimane. It seems quite a providential arrangement, that the remedy for fever should be found in the greatest abundance where it is most needed. . . . The thick soft bark of the root is the part used by the natives; the Portuguese use that of the tree itself. I immediately began to use a decoction of the bark of the root, and my men found it so efficacious that they collected small quantities of it for themselves, and kept it in little bags for future use."

On the 22nd of April Livingstone started on his voyage down the river to Kilimane, having selected sixteen men from among his party who could manage canoes. Many more wished to accompany him, but as there was a famine at Kilimane in consequence of a failure of the crops, during which thousands of slaves were dying of hunger, he could take no more than was absolutely necessary. The commandant sent Lieutenant Miranda with Livingstone to convey him to the coast. At Senna, where they stopped, they found a more complete ruin and prostration than at Teté. For fifteen miles from the head of the delta of the Zambesi, the Mutu, which is the head waters of the Kilimane river and the only outlet to the Zambesi, was not navigable, and the party had to walk under the hot sun. This together with the fatigue brought on a severe attack of fever, from which Livingstone suffered greatly. At Interra, where the Pangaze, a considerable river, falls into the Mutu, navigation became practicable. The party were hospitably entertained by Senhor

Asevedo, "a man who is well known by all who ever visited Kilimane, and who was presented with a gold chronometer watch by the Admiralty for his attentions to English officers." He gave the party the use of his sailing launch for the remainder of the journey, which came to its conclusion at Kilimane, on the 20th of May, 1856, "which wanted only a few days of being four years since I started from Cape Town." At Kilimane, Colonel Galdino Jose Nunes received him into his house, and treated him with marked hospitality. For three years he had never heard from his family direct, as none of the letters sent had reached him; he had now the gratification of receiving a letter from Admiral Trotter, "conveying information of their welfare, and some newspapers, which were a treat indeed. Her Majesty's brig, the *Frolic*, had called to inquire for me in the November previous, and Captain Nolloth of that ship had most considerately left a case of wine, and his surgeon, Dr. James Walsh, divining what I should need most, left an ounce of quinine. These gifts made my heart overflow. . . . But my joy on reaching the coast was sadly embittered by the news that Commander M'Lune, of Her Majesty's brigantine *Dart*, in coming into Kilimane to pick me up had, with Lieutenant Woodruffe and five men, been lost on the bar. I never felt more poignant sorrow. It seemed as if it would have been easier for me to have died for them, than that they should all have been cut off from the joys of life in generously attempting to render me a service." In speaking of the many kind attentions he received while at Kilimane, he says,—“One of the discoveries I have made is that there are vast numbers of good people in the world; and I do most devoutly tender my unfeigned thanks to that gracious One who mercifully watched over me in every position, and influenced the hearts of both black and white to regard me with favour.”

Ten of the smaller tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold

to purchase calico and brass wire for the use of his attendants at Teté, the remaining twenty being left with Colonel Nunes, with orders to sell them and give the proceeds to them in the event of his death or failure to return to Africa. Livingstone explained all this to the Makololo, who had accompanied him to Kilimane, when they answered, "Nay, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekeletu." Their mutual confidence was perfect; they promised to remain at Teté until he returned to them, and he assured them that nothing but death would prevent his rejoining them. The kindness and generosity of the Portuguese merchants and officers have already been alluded to; these were continued to his men during his absence, and the young King of Portugal, Don Pedro, as soon as he heard of their being in his territory, sent orders that they should be maintained at the public expense of the province and Mozambique, until Livingstone should return to claim them. Their kind attentions gladdened his heart.

After waiting about six weeks at Kilimane, the *Frolic* arrived, bringing abundant supplies for all his needs, and £150, to pay his passage home, from the agent of the London Missionary Society at the Cape. The admiral at the Cape sent an offer of a free passage to the Mauritius, which Livingstone gladly accepted. As six of the eight of his attendants who had accompanied him to Kilimane had, by his instructions, gone back to Teté to await his return, while the other eight who had accompanied him as far as the delta of the Zambesi had also returned, only two were left with him when the *Frolic* arrived. One of these was Sekwebu, who had been so useful throughout the journey that he determined to take him to England with him, so that he might be able to tell Sekeletu and the Makololo what sort of country England was, and further increase the confidence and trust already reposed in him and in his countrymen generally. The other one begged hard to be

permitted to accompany them, and it is a matter for regret that the expense alone prevented Livingstone from acceding to his wishes. There was a heavy sea on when they crossed the bar to the *Frolic*, and as this was Sekwebu's first introduction to the ocean he appeared frightened. On board ship he seemed to get accustomed to his novel situation, picked up a few words of English, and ingratiated himself with the crew, who treated him with great kindness.

During all this time there was, although unnoticed, a strain upon his untutored mind, which reached its climax when a steamer came out to tow the *Frolic* into the harbour at the Mauritius. The terror at the sight of the uncouth panting monster with its volume of smoke culminated in madness, and he descended into a boat alongside. On Livingstone following him to bring him back, he said, "No! no! it is enough that I die alone. You must not perish; if you come I shall throw myself into the water." Noticing then that his mind was affected, Livingstone said, "Now Sekwebu, we are going to Ma-Robert." This had a calming effect upon his mind, and he said, "Oh, yes; where is she? and where is Robert?" (Livingstone's son). The officers proposed to put him in irons for a time; but Livingstone, fearing that this would wound his pride, and that it might be said in his own country that he had bound him like a slave, unfortunately would not consent to this. "In the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred; he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down hand under hand, by the chain cable. We never found the body of Sekwebu."

At the Mauritius, Livingstone was hospitably entertained by Major-General C. M. Hay, and was induced to remain some time to recruit his shattered health. On the 12th of December, 1856, he arrived in England after an absence of seventeen years, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company generously refunding his passage money, when made

aware of the distinguished personage they had had the honour of carrying. On the day preceding his arrival the *Times* informed the country that—"The Rev. Dr. Livingstone had arrived at Marseilles from Tunis, on the 6th inst., and was then in good health; his left arm is, however, broken and partly useless, it having been torn by a lion. When he was taken on board the *Frolic* on the Mozambique coast, he had great difficulty in speaking a word of English, having disused it so long while travelling in Africa. . . . He is rather a short man, with a pleasing and serious countenance, which betokens the most determined resolution. He continued to wear the cap which he wore while performing his wonderful travels. . . . He never spoke of his travels except in answer to questions."



## CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVES IN ENGLAND. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION. DEPARTS AGAIN FOR THE ZAMBESI. ARRIVES AT THE KONGONE MOUTH OF THAT RIVER. PASSES UP THE ZAMBESI.

AT Cape Town, a meeting was held on the 12th of November, 1856, for the purpose of taking steps to express the public sense of the eminent services rendered to science, civilisation, and Christianity by Dr. Livingstone. Sir George Grey, the governor, who occupied the chair, said:—"I think no man of the present day is more deserving of honour than Dr. Livingstone,—a man whom we indeed can hardly regard as belonging to any particular age or time, but who belongs rather to the whole Christian epoch,—possessing all those qualities of mind, and that resolute desire at all risks to spread the gospel, which we have generally been in the habit of attributing solely to those who lived in the first ages of the Christian era. Indeed, that man must be of almost apostolic character, who, animated by a desire of performing his duty to his Maker and to his fellow-men, has performed journeys which we cannot but regard as altogether marvellous." The Bishop of Cape Town, the judges, and other government officials took part in the proceedings, which were of a most enthusiastic character. The meeting resolved to enter into a subscription for a testimonial to the great traveller, which Sir George Grey headed with a donation of £50.

In England, curiosity had been excited by the appearance of short paragraphs in the newspapers treating of his discoveries, but it was not until the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 15th of December, on which occasion the Society's gold medal was presented to the distinguished traveller, that the magnitude of his discoveries and the

heroic character of the man came to be properly understood. Next day the London Missionary Society honoured him with a public reception in Freemason's Hall, and in the evening he was entertained at a dinner by the Society at the Milton Club, Ludgate Hill. Both gatherings were attended by a numerous and distinguished assemblage. At the latter, Mrs. Livingstone was present in the gallery, and received a share in the ovation with her husband.

A great meeting was held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of raising a fund towards presenting a testimonial to Dr. Livingstone. Upwards of £450 was subscribed in the room. Addresses poured in upon the great traveller from all quarters. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred the degree of D.C.L. and LL.D. on him respectively. In his own country—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, etc., presented him with the freedom of their corporations, and entertained him at banquets, etc., etc. His appearance and manner on the platform at this time were thus described in the *Nonconformist* newspaper:—

“A foreign-looking person, plainly and rather carelessly dressed, of middle height, bony frame, and Gaelic countenance, with short-cropped hair and moustachios, and generally plain exterior, rises to address the meeting. He appears to be about forty years of age. His face is deeply furrowed, and pretty well tanned. It indicates a man of quick and keen discernment, strong impulses, inflexible resolution, and habitual self-command. Unanimated, its most characteristic expression is that of severity; when excited, a varied expression of earnest and benevolent feeling and remarkable enjoyment of the ludicrous in circumstances and character passes over it. . . . When he speaks, you think him at first to be a Frenchman; but as he tells a Scotch anecdote in true Glaswegian dialect, you make up your mind that he must be, as his face indicates, a country-

man from the north. His command of his mother tongue being imperfect, he apologises for his broken, hesitating speech, by informing you that he has not spoken your language for nearly sixteen years; and then he tells you, as but a modest yet earnest man can, concerning his travels.

. . . His narrative is not very connected and his manner is awkward, excepting once when he justifies his enthusiasm, and once when he graphically describes the great cataract of Central Africa. He ends a speech of natural eloquence and witty simplicity by saying that he has 'begun his work, and will carry it on.' His broken thanks are drowned by the applause of the audience."

The press was not slow to acknowledge the greatness and importance of the discoveries he had made, nor stinted in its admiration of the manner in which he carried out his self-imposed task. The *Star* said, "We believe that along the whole line of eleven thousand miles which he traversed in Africa, the name of Dr. Livingstone will awaken no memories of wrong or pain in the heart of man, woman, or child, and will rouse no purposes of vengeance to fall on the head of the next European visitor that may follow in his footsteps. His experience has utterly belied the truculent theory of those who maintain that barbarous and semi-barbarous nations can be influenced only by an appeal to their fears, and that the safety of the traveller consists in a prompt and peremptory display of force. . . . Dr. Livingstone, clothing himself in a panoply of Christian kindness, passed unscathed among the warlike African tribes, and won them to an exhibition of a noble generosity of character towards himself and his companions." The "leader" wound up an eloquent tribute with the following:—

"For seventeen years, smitten by more than thirty attacks of fever, endangered by seven attempts upon his life, continually exposed to fatigue, hunger, and the chance of perishing miserably in a wilderness, shut out from the know-

ledge of civilized men, the missionary pursued his way, an apostle and a pioneer, without fear and without egotism, without desire of reward. Such a work, accomplished by such a man, deserves all the eulogy that can be bestowed upon it. For nothing is more rare than brilliant and unsullied success."

Dr. Livingstone remained in England until the 10th of March, 1858, in the interval publishing his "Missionary Travels in South Africa," a task which he found so irksome as to induce him to say that he would rather cross the continent of Africa from coast to coast once more than write another book. Finding that his freedom of future action might be encumbered by his continuing his connection with the Missionary Society, he separated himself from it. His pay as a missionary was too small for the calls upon him as a son, a husband, and a father; and he concluded, not unnaturally, that funds would be forthcoming, through the aid of Government or otherwise, to enable him to continue his efforts for the opening up of the interior of Africa for legitimate commerce and the suppression of the slave trade. "While I hope to continue the same cordial co-operation and friendship which has always characterised our intercourse, various reasons induced me to withdraw from pecuniary dependence on any Society. I have done something for the heathen, but for an aged mother, who has still more sacred claims than they, I have been able to do nothing; and a continuance of the connection would be a perpetuation of my inability to make any provision for her declining years."

Lord Palmerston, who was then at the head of Her Majesty's Government, readily assented to rendering assistance to enable him to prosecute his researches on the Zambesi River. Lord Clarendon then held the seals of the Foreign Office, and under his auspices a mission was formed and means furnished to enable Dr. Livingstone to

provide himself with efficient assistance and equipment for the proper prosecution of his new enterprise. His brother, Charles Livingstone, who had joined him from the United States, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. R. Thornton, were appointed his assistants. A small steamer constructed of steel, and christened the *Ma-Robert* in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, was constructed for the navigation of the Zambesi.

The party proceeded to the Cape on board Her Majesty's Colonial steamship, *Pearl*, where they were joined by Mr. Francis Skead, R.N., as surveyor, and arrived off the mouths of the Zambesi in May. The real mouths of the Zambesi were little known, as the Portuguese Government had let it be understood that the Killimane was the only navigable outlet of the river. This was done to induce the English cruisers employed in the suppression of the slave trade to watch the false mouth, while slaves were quietly shipped from the true one; this deception being propagated even after the publication of Livingstone's discoveries, in a map issued by the Portuguese colonial minister. The *Ma-Robert* was put together and launched, and four inlets to the river, each of them superior to the Killimane, discovered and examined. The four mouths are known as the Milambe, the Luabo, the Timbwe, and the Kongone, the latter being selected as the most navigable.

Dr. Livingstone's manly exposure of the deception practised by the Portuguese Government for the purpose of encouraging the slave trade, excited the wrath and jealousy of the Portuguese Government, who have vainly endeavoured to throw discredit upon his discoveries. This feeling was not shared by the local authorities, who were really ignorant of the existence of the true channel, and showed their appreciation of his discovery by establishing a fort at the mouth of the Kongone.

Steaming up the channel, the natives retreating in terror at their approach, the party had an opportunity of admiring

the fertility of the soil, and the abundant animal and vegetable life with which the delta abounds. The delta is much larger than that of the Nile, and if properly cultivated would, Livingstone thinks, grow as much sugar-cane as would supply the wants of the whole of Europe. The dark woods of the delta "resound with the lively and exultant cries of the kinghunter, as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank. . . . The magnificent fishhawk sits on the top of a mangrove tree digesting his morning meal of fresh fish, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near."

"The mangroves are now left behind, and are succeeded by vast level plains of rich dark soil, covered with gigantic grasses, so tall that they tower over one's head, and render hunting impossible. Beginning in July, the grass is burned off every year after it has become dry. . . . Several native huts now peep out from the bananas and cocoa-palms on the right bank; they stand on piles a few feet above the level of the low damp ground, and their owners enter them by means of ladders." The native gardens were in a high state of cultivation—rice, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, onions, peas, cotton, and sugar-cane being freely cultivated. The natives they met with were well fed, but very scantily clothed. They stood on the banks and gazed with wonder at the *Pearl* and the *Ma-Robert*, one of them, an old man, asking if the former was made out of one tree. They were all eager to trade, coming alongside the

steamers in their canoes with fruit, and food, and honey, and beeswax, and shouting, "*Malonda, malonda!*—Things for sale."

When the water became too shallow for the passage of the *Pearl*, she left the party, Mr. Skead and a Mr. Duncan, who had accompanied them from the Cape, returning with her. A number of the party were left on an island they named Expedition Island, from the 18th of June until the 13th of August, while the others were conveying the goods up to Shupanga and Senna. This was a work of some danger, as the country was in a state of war,—a half-caste chief, called Mariano, who ruled over the country from the Shire down to Mazaro at the head of the Delta, had waged war against the Portuguese for some time previous to their visit. He was a keen slave-hunter, and kept a large number of men well armed with muskets. So long as he confined himself to slave-hunting forays among the helpless tribes, and carried down his natives in chains to Kilimane, where they were sold and shipped as "free emigrants" to the French island of Bourbon, the Portuguese authorities did not interfere with him, although his slave-hunting expeditions were conducted with the utmost atrocity, frequently indulging his thirst for blood by spearing large numbers of helpless natives with his own hand. Getting bolder, he began to attack the natives who were under the protection of the Portuguese, and then war was declared against him. He resisted for a time; but fearing that he would ultimately get the worst of it, he went to Kilimane to endeavour to arrange for peace with the governor; but Colonel da Silva refused his proffered bribes and sent him to Mozambique for trial. When Livingstone's party first came in contact with the rebels at Mazaro, they looked formidable and threatening; but on being told that the party were English, they fraternised with them, and warmly approved of the objects of the expedition.

A little later, a battle was fought between the contending parties within a mile and a half of Livingstone's party; and on landing to pay his respects to several of his old friends who had treated him kindly on the occasion of his former appearance amongst them, he found himself among the mutilated bodies of the slain. The governor was ill of fever, and Livingstone was requested to convey him to Shupanga; and just as he had consented, the battle was renewed, the bullets whistling about his ears. Failing to get any assistance, Livingstone half supported and half carried the sick governor to the ship. His Excellency, who had taken nothing for the fever but a little camphor, and being a disbeliever in Livingstone's mode of treatment, was after some difficulty cured against his will. A little after this, Bonga, Mariano's brother, made peace with the governor, and the war came to an end.

For miles before reaching Mazaro, the scenery is uninteresting, consisting of long stretches of level grassy plains, the monotony of which is broken here and there by the round green tops of stately palm-trees. Sandmartins flit about in flocks, darting in and out of their holes in the banks. On the numerous islands which dot the broad expanse of the stream, many kinds of waterfowl, such as geese, flamingoes, herons, spoonbills, etc., are seen in large numbers. Huge crocodiles lay basking on the low banks, gliding sluggishly into the stream as they caught sight of the steamer. The hippopotamus "rising from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labour of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up straight and yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monstrous bassoon."

The Zulus or Landeens are the lords of the soil on the right bank of the Zambesi, and take tribute from the Por-

tuguese at Senna and Shupanga. Each merchant pays annually 200 pieces of cloth of sixteen yards each, besides beads, and brass wire; and while they groan under this heavy levy of black mail, they are powerless, as a refusal to pay it would involve them in a war in which they would lose all they possess. In the forests near Shupanga, a tree, called by the natives *mokundu-kundu* abounds; it attains to a great size, and being hard and cross-grained, is used for the manufacture of large canoes. At the time of Livingstone's visit, a Portuguese merchant at Kilimane paid the Zulus 300 dollars per annum for permission to cut it.

Livingstone's old friends, Colonel Nunes and Major Sicard, received the traveller and his party with much goodwill, causing wood to be cut for fuel for the steamer. The wood used for this purpose was *lignum vitæ* and African ebony; the engineer, knowing the value of them at home, "said it made his heart sore to burn woods so valuable." The india-rubber tree and calumba root were found to be abundant in the interior; and along the banks of the river, indigo was growing in a wild state. The *Ma-Robert* turned out a failure, the builder having deceived Livingstone as to her power, etc. It took hours to get up steam, and she went so slowly that the heavily-laden native canoes passed more rapidly up the river than she did. One can hardly think with temper on a misadventure like this, and can readily sympathise with his feeling of annoyance when he found that for all practical purposes she was worse than useless. Near the mouth of the Shire, Bonga, with some of his principal men visited the party; and in addition to assuring them that none of his people would molest them, presented them with some rice, two sheep, and a quantity of fire-wood. Within six miles of Senna, the party had to leave the steamer, the shoal channel not being deep enough for her draught. "The narrow winding

path, along which they had to march in Indian file, lay through gardens and patches of wood, the loftiest trees being thorny acacias. The sky was cloudy, the air cool and pleasant, and the little birds, in the gladness of their hearts, poured forth sweet strange songs, which, though equal to those of the singing birds at home on a spring morning, yet seemed somehow as if in a foreign tongue. We met many natives in the wood, most of the men were armed with spears, bows and arrows, and old Tower muskets; the women had short-handled iron hoes, and were going to work in the gardens: they stepped aside to let us pass, and saluted us politely, the men bowing and scraping, and the women, even with heavy loads on their heads, curtsying—a curtsey from bare legs is startling!”

On an island near Senna they visited a small fugitive tribe of hippopotami hunters, who had been driven from their own island in front. They are an exclusive people, and never intermarry with other tribes. These hunters frequently go on long expeditions, taking their wives and children with them, and erect temporary huts on the banks of the rivers, where they dry the meat they have killed. They are a comely race, and do not disfigure themselves with lip-ornaments, as many of the neighbouring tribes do. Livingstone gives the following description of the weapon with which they kill the hippopotamus:—“It is a short iron harpoon inserted in the end of a long pole; but being intended to unship, it is made fast to a strong cord of milola or hibiscus bark, which is wound closely round the entire length of the shaft and secured at its opposite end. Two men in a swift canoe steal quietly down on the sleeping animal; the bowman dashes the harpoon into the unconscious victim, while the quick steersman sweeps the light craft back with his broad paddle. The force of the blow separates the harpoon from its corded handle; which, appearing on the surface, sometimes with an inflated bladder

attached, guides the hunters to where the wounded beast hides below until they despatch it."

The *Ma-Robert* anchored in the stream off Teté on the 8th of September, and great was the joy of the Makololo men when they recognised Dr. Livingstone. Some were about to embrace him ; but others cried out, "Don't touch him . you will spoil his new clothes." They listened sadly to the account of the end of Sekwebu, remarking, "Men die in any country." They had much to tell of their own doings and trials. Thirty of their number had died of small-pox ; and other six, becoming tired of wood-cutting, went away to dance before the neighbouring chiefs. They visited Bonga, the son of Nyaude (not the brother of Mariano), who cruelly put them to death. "We do not grieve," they said, "for the thirty victims of small-pox, who were taken away by *Morimo* (God) ; but our hearts are sore for the six youths who were murdered by Bonga." If any order had been given by Don Pedro for the maintenance of the Makololo men during Livingstone's absence, it never reached Teté ; and they were dependent on their own exertions and the kindness of Major Sicard, who treated them most generously, and gave them land and tools to raise some food for themselves.

At Teté, the party took up their abode in the Residency House, and received the most generous hospitality from Major Sicard and all the Portuguese residents. A singular case of voluntary slavery came under Livingstone's notice here. Chibanti, an active young fellow, who had acted as pilot to the expedition, sold himself to Major Sicard, assigning as a reason that he had neither father nor mother, and that Major Sicard was a kind master. He sold himself for three-and-thirty yard-pieces of cloth. With two of the pieces he bought a man, a woman, and a child ; afterwards he bought more slaves, and owned a sufficient number to man one of the large canoes with which the trade of the river is

carried on. Major Sicard subsequently employed him in carrying ivory and other merchandise to Kilimane, and gave cloth to his men for the voyage. The Portuguese, as a rule, are very kind to their slaves; but the half-castes are cruel slave-holders. Livingstone quotes a saying of a humane Portuguese which indicates the reputation they bear:—"God made white men, and God made black men; but the devil made half-castes."

Near Teté, a seam of excellent coal, of twenty-five feet in thickness, was visited and examined. Coal and iron are common in the lower Zambesi, the latter being of excellent quality, and quite equal to the best Swedish. The existence of these minerals must play an important part in the regeneration of the people and the cultivation of this vast and important district.

The party visited and examined the Kebrabasa Rapids, and found them very formidable barriers to the navigation of the river. They are so called from a range of rocky mountains which cross the Zambesi at that spot. The river, during the dry season, is confined to a narrow channel, through which the water forces itself, boiling and eddying within a channel of not more than sixty yards in width, the top of the masts of the *Ma-Robert*, although thirty feet high, not reaching to the flood-mark on the rocky sides. The whole bed and banks of the stream are broken by huge masses of rock of every imaginable shape. The rapids extend for upwards of eight miles, and could only be passed by a steamer during the floods. The march along the banks of the river among the rocks, which were so hot from the heat of the sun as to blister the bare feet of the Makololo men, was most fatiguing. Several miles above these rapids is the cataract of Morumbwa, where the river is jammed into a cavity of not more than fifty yards in width; and the fall of the cataract is twenty feet in a slope of thirty yards. During floods it is navigable, the rapids being all but obli-

terated through the great rise in the river, the rocks showing a flood mark eighty feet above the level of the stream.

Finding it impossible to take their steamer through the Kebrabasa Rapids, the party forwarded from Teté, to which they had returned, information to that effect to the English Government, requesting that a more suitable vessel for the ascent of the river should be sent out to them. In the meantime, they determined on ascending the Shire, which falls into the Zambesi about a hundred miles from its mouth. The Portuguese could give no information about it, no one ever having gone up it for any distance, or found out from whence it came. Years ago, they informed him, that a Portuguese expedition had attempted to ascend it, but had to turn back on account of the impenetrable masses of duck-weed which grew in its bed and floated in shoals on its surface. The natives on its banks were said to be treacherous, thievish, and bloodthirsty; and nothing but disaster was predicted as the end of such a foolhardy expedition.



## CHAPTER X.

ASCENDS THE SHIRE. FRIENDLY NATIVES. DISCOVERS  
LAKE SHIRWA. CONTACT WITH SLAVE-HUNTERS.

**D**R. LIVINGSTONE and his party had come all the way from England to explore the district, and were not to be lightly turned aside from their object ; so, early in January, 1859, they boldly entered the Shire. They found for the first twenty-five miles that a considerable quantity of duckweed was floating down the river, but not in sufficient quantity to interrupt its navigation, even in canoes. As they approached the native villages, the men assembled on the banks, armed with bows and arrows ; but it was not until they reached the village of a chief called Tingane, who had gained considerable notoriety by his successful prevention of the Portuguese slave-traders from passing farther to the north, that they met with anything like serious opposition. Here five hundred armed men were collected, who commanded them to stop. Livingstone boldly went on shore, and at an interview with the chief and his head men, explained the objects of the party and their friendly disposition. Tingane, who was an elderly, well-made man, grey-headed, and over six feet high, withdrew his opposition to their further progress, and called all his people together, so that the objects of the exploring party might be explained to them.

Following the winding course of the river for about two hundred miles, their farther progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, to which the party gave the name of "The Murchison," in honour of the great friend of the expedition, Sir Roderick Murchison. In going down stream, the progress of the *Ma-Robert* was very rapid; the hippopotami

keeping carefully out of the way, while the crocodiles would make a rush at the vessel as if to attack it, coming within a few feet of her, when they sank like a stone, to reappear and watch the progress of the unknown invader of their haunts, when she had passed.

Although narrower than the Zambesi, the Shire is much deeper and more easily navigated. The lower valley of the Shire is about twenty miles wide, and very fertile; the hills which enclose it on either side are covered with wood, in many cases to their summits, some of which are at an altitude of 4000 feet above the level of the sea. They visited one of the loftiest of the hills, called by the natives Morambala. On the wooded sides of this mountain Dr. Kirk found thirty species of ferns. In the forests near its base, monkeys, antelopes, rhinoceroses, and several varieties of the larger birds were abundant. "A hot fountain boils up on the plain, near the north end. It bubbles out of the earth, clear as crystal, at two points, or eyes, a few yards apart from each other, and sends off a fine flowing stream of hot water. The temperature was found to be 174° Fahr., and it boiled an egg in about the usual time." Two pythons coiled together among the branches of a tree were shot, the largest was ten feet long. Their flesh is greatly relished by the natives. The people who dwelt on the mountain slopes, here and elsewhere on the lower Shire, were found to be a hardy and kindly race. They cultivate maize, pumpkins, and tobacco in their gardens on the plains, and catch fish in the river, which they dry for future sale or consumption. On the occasion of a future ascent of the river, the party found that many of these hardy mountaineers had been swept away in a slave raid by Mariano.

In the middle of March they started for a second trip up the Shire, when they found the natives altogether friendly, and anxious to sell them rice, fowls, and corn. Within ten miles of the Murchison Cataracts they entered into amicable

relations with a chief named Chibisa, whose career had been of a very warlike character, which he excused and explained by stating that the parties with whom he had fought had all been in the wrong, while he was invariably in the right. He was a true believer in the Divine right of kings. "He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died, and left him the chieftainship; but directly he succeeded to the high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head, and down his back; he felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom; and people then began to fear and reverence him."

Fortunately his people were of the same mind, for they bathed in the river without dread of the crocodiles, after he had placed a medicine in it to prevent their biting them.

Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and several of the Makololo men left the steamer and the other members of the party at Chibisa's village, and proceeded overland to lake Shirwa, the inhabitants of the district through which they passed presenting a hostile appearance. Through a misunderstanding their guide took them first to an extensive marsh, which they christened Elephant Marsh, from the large number of those animals they saw there. Afterwards they pushed on without guides, save when some idiot from a native village joined them, and accompanied them a considerable way on their march, when no sane member of the tribe would consent to guide them for love or money. The people who occupy the district beyond the Shire were called Manganja, and were distinguished for their bold and independent bearing. Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, while keeping themselves prepared for any attack, were careful to give no cause of offence, and so managed to avoid getting into any serious difficulty with this warlike people, to the disgust of the Makololo men, who were anxious to give them a taste of their quality.

On the 18th of April they discovered Lake Shirwa.

The water was brackish, and in it were enormous numbers of leeches, the attacks of which prevented them obtaining the latitude by the natural horizon, which they hoped to do on a sand-bank at some distance from the shore. Several varieties of fish, hippopotami, and crocodiles were abundant in the waters of the lake. The lake was found to be 1800 feet above the level of the sea. It was reported to be from 60 to 80 miles long, and of an average breadth of 20 miles. Lofty mountains, whose height was supposed to be about 8000 feet, stand near its eastern shore; and on the west is a long ridge, called Mount Zomba, with a height of about 7000 feet, and a length of about twenty miles. In returning to the steamer they changed their route, and passed through a country peopled by friends of Chibisa, who did not interfere with their progress. They found their quartermaster, John Walker, ill of fever; and having cured him, they sailed down into the Zambesi, reaching Teté on the 23rd of June.

As their provisions were almost exhausted, the chief members of the party proceeded down the river to meet some of Her Majesty's cruisers of the Kongone; and here they were compelled to beach the *Ma-Robert* for repairs. Besides being a bad sailer, she leaked so that the cabin was constantly flooded, the water coming not only from below, but through the deck whenever it rained. The damp caused by this state of affairs was very prejudicial to their health, and also caused the destruction of many botanical specimens, occasioning much worry and loss of time in replacing them with others. After receiving a supply of provisions from Her Majesty's brig *Persian*, the party returned to Teté, and started on their third ascent of the Shire. On this occasion they examined a lagoon, called "the Lake of Mud" in the language of the natives, in which grows a lotus root called *nyika*, which the natives collect; when boiled or roasted, it resembles our chestnuts, and as it is common throughout South Africa, it is extensively

used as food. These lagoons and marshes, which are common in the course of the great rivers of South Africa, mark the spot where extensive lakes existed when the waters passed off to the sea at a higher level than they do at the present day.

As the miserable little steamer could not carry all the men they required in this more extended expedition, they were compelled to place some of them in boats, which were towed astern. Unfortunately one of these capsized, and one of the Makololo men was drowned. At Mbona, where the people were eager to sell any quantity of food, the party were entertained by a native musician, who drew excruciating notes from a kind of one-stringed violin. As he threatened to serenade them all night, he was asked if he would not perish from cold. "Oh no," he replied; "I shall spend the night with my white comrades in the big canoe; I have often heard of the white men, but have never seen them till now, and I must sing and play well to them." A small piece of cloth bought him off, and he departed well content.

On the banks were many hippopotami traps, which "consist of a beam five or six feet long, armed with a spear-head or hardwood spike covered with poison, and suspended by a forked pole to a cord, which, coming down to the path, is held by a catch, to be set free when the animal treads on it. . . . One got frightened by the ship, as she was steaming close to the bank. In its eager hurry to escape, it rushed on shore, and ran directly under a trap, when down came the heavy beam on its back, driving the poisoned spear-head a foot deep into its flesh. In its agony it plunged back into the river, to die in a few hours, and afterwards furnished a feast for the natives. The poison on the spear-head does not affect the meat, except the part around the wound, which is cut out and thrown away."

In the Shire marshes, in addition to abundance of the large four-footed game, water fowl of many kinds were seen in prodigious numbers. "An hour at the mast-head unfolds novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favourite tree, rest scores of plotuses and cormorants, which stretch their snake-like necks, and in mute amazement turn one eye and then another towards the approaching monster. The pretty ardetta, of a light yellow colour when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often showing us where buffaloes are, by perching on their backs. Flocks of ducks, of which the kind called *soriri* is most abundant, being night feeders, meditate quietly by the small lagoons, until startled by the noise of the steam machinery. Pelicans glide over the water catching fish, while the scopus and large herons peer intently into the pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose springs up and circles round to find out what the disturbance is, and then settles down again with a splash. Hundreds of linongolos rise from the clumps of reeds or low trees, in which they build in colonies, and are speedily in mid air. Charming little red and yellow weavers remind one of butterflies, as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendant nests, chattering briskly to their mates within. . . . Kites and vultures are busy overhead beating the ground for their repast of carrion ; and the solemn-looking, stately-stepping marabout, with a taste for dead fish, or men, stalks slowly along the almost stagnant channels. . . . Towards evening hundreds of pretty little hawks are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragon-flies and locusts. . . . Flocks of scissor-bills are then also on the wing, and in search of food ploughing the water with their lower mandibles, which are nearly half an inch longer than the upper ones."

Beyond the marshes in many places the soil is saline, and the natives procure large quantities of salt, by mixing the earth with water in a pot with a small hole in it, evaporating the liquid as it runs through in the sun. Livingstone noticed that on these saline soils the cotton grown is of a larger and finer staple than elsewhere. When the party arrived at Chibisa's village, they found several of the men busy cleaning, sorting, and weaving cotton. This was a sight which greeted them in most of the villages on the Shire; and as cotton can be grown there to any extent, there can be no doubt that, once slavery were put down and legitimate commerce introduced, the course of this fine river would become a thriving and populous district, as food can be grown to any extent, and there is plenty of grass for innumerable herds of cattle.

On the 28th of August, Livingstone and his three white companions, accompanied by two guides and thirty-six Makololo men, left the vessel in charge of the remainder of the party, and started in search of Lake Nyassa. A short march up a beautiful little valley, through which flowed a small stream, led them to the foot of the Manganja hills, over which their course lay. Looking back from a height of 1000 feet, the beautiful country for many miles with the Shire flowing through it excited their admiration; while as they approached the summit of the range, innumerable valleys opened out to their admiring gaze, majestic mountains rearing their heads in all directions. This part of the journey was exceedingly toilsome, but the uniform kindness of the inhabitants and the beauty of the scenery made up for their exertions. Among the hill-tribes women are treated as if they were inferior animals, but in the upper valley of the Shire, they found that women were held in great respect, the husband seldom doing anything unless the wife approves. A portion of the valley is ruled over by a female chief named Nyango. On reaching the village

the party went to the *boalo*, or spreading-place, under the shade of lofty trees, where mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually placed for the white members of the party to sit upon. Here the grand palaver was held, at which their objects and intentions in visiting the country were discussed with due gravity and form.

The inhabitants of this district are very industrious, in addition to cultivating the soil extensively, working in iron, cotton, and basket-making. Each village has its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths. The axes, spears, needles, arrowheads, bracelets, and anklets are excellent, and are sold exceedingly cheap. Crockery and pottery of various kinds are also largely manufactured; and fishing-nets are made from the fibres of the *buaze*, which grows on the hills.

The use of ornaments on the legs and arms is common, but the most extraordinary custom is that of the *pelele*, worn by women. A small hole is made in the upper lip, and gradually widened,—the process of widening extending over several years,—until an aperture of from one to two inches is rendered permanent; into this a tin or ivory ring is forced until the lip protrudes a couple of inches beyond the nose. “When an old wearer of a hollow ring smiles, by the action of the muscle of the cheeks, the ring and lip outside it are dragged back and thrown over the eyebrows. The nose is seen through the middle of the ring, and the exposed teeth show how carefully they have been chipped to look like those of the crocodile.” No reason was given for this monstrosity, excepting that it was the fashion. The prevalence of such a hideous custom, is the more to be wondered at, as the Manganja are a comely people, intelligent-looking, with well-shaped heads and agreeable features.

They brew large quantities of a kind of beer. “The grain is made to vegetate, dried in the sun, pounded into

meal, and gently boiled. When only a day or two old, the beer is sweet, with a slight degree of acidity, which renders it a most grateful beverage in a hot climate, or when fever begets a sore craving for acid drinks." It is pinkish in colour, and of the consistency of thin gruel. It takes a large quantity of it to produce intoxication; but as they must drink it rapidly, as it will not keep for any time, intoxication among the Manganjas is very common—whole villages being often found on the spree. It apparently has no baneful effects upon them, nor does it shorten life, as the party never saw so many aged people as they did while amongst this people. One aged chief, Muata Manga, appeared to be about ninety years of age. "His venerable appearance struck the Makololo. 'He is an old man,' they said; 'a very old man; his skin hangs in wrinkles, just like that on elephants' hips.'"

They very rarely wash, and are consequently very dirty. An old man told them that he had once washed, but it was so long since that he did not remember how he felt; and the women asked the Makololo, "Why do you wash; our men never do?" As might have been expected, skin diseases were common. They believe in a Divine being whom they call Morungo, and in a future state; but where or in what condition they exist, they do not know, as although the dead, they say, sometimes return to the living, and appear to them in their dreams, they never tell them how they fare, or whither they have gone.

Lake Nyassa was discovered a little before noon on the 16th of September, 1859, with the river Shire running out at its southern end in  $14^{\circ} 25'$  S. latitude. The chief of the village near the outlet of the Shire, called Mosauka, invited the party to visit his village, and entertained them under a magnificent banyan-tree, giving them a goat and a basket of meal. A party of Arab slave-hunters were encamped close by. They were armed with long muskets and were a villainous

looking set of fellows. Mistaking the country of the white men they had met so unexpectedly, they offered them young children for sale; but on hearing that they were English, they showed signs of fear, and decamped during the night. Curiously enough, one of the slaves they had with them recognised the party; she had been caught by Her Majesty's ship *Lynx* at Kongoné along with several others. She said, "that the Arabs had fled for fear of an uncanny sort of Basunga" (white men or Portuguese).

Several great slave-paths from the interior cross the upper valley of the Shire. The chiefs are ashamed of the traffic, and excuse themselves by saying that they "do not sell many, and only those that have committed crimes." The great inducement to sell each other is, that they have no ivory and nothing else with which to buy foreign goods: a state of matters which the Arab traders know how to take advantage of, as they want nothing but slaves and the food they may require when on the hunt. Nothing but the establishment of legitimate commerce can be expected to put a stop to the slave traffic in such circumstances as these. The sight of slaves being led in forked sticks excited the indignation of the Makololo, and they could not understand why Livingstone did not allow them to set them free, by force if necessary. They said, "Ay, you call us bad, but are we yellow-hearted like these fellows? why don't you let us choke them?" These slave-sticks were about three feet in length, with a fork at one end into which the neck is thrust. The stick is retained in its position by putting a piece of stout wire through the ends of the fork, which is turned down at either end. The price of slaves near Lake Nyassa was four yards of cotton cloth for a man, three for a woman, and two for a boy or girl. When flesh and blood cost so little as an absolute purchase, free labour could be bought at a price which would make the rearing of cotton, corn, etc., a

profitable speculation if a proper means of communication with the coast were opened up. Water carriage by the Shire and the Zambesi exists all the way, save for a distance of forty miles at the Murchison Cataracts; and from the character of the country, the making of a road for this distance would be no serious difficulty. At the time of Livingstone's visit, cotton, of which the Manganja grew considerable quantities for their own use, was worth less than a penny per pound.

The tribes on the Upper Shire were suspicious and less hospitable than those in the lower valley. Many slave-trading parties had visited them with as much pretensions to friendliness as Dr. Livingstone and his party, only to abuse their confidence. As every care was taken to do nothing that could give offence, they were slowly but surely won over to a belief in the friendly intentions of the red men, as they termed Livingstone and his white friends. Lake Nyassa, as he proved on his second visit, was about two hundred miles long, with a breadth of from eighteen to fifty or sixty miles at its widest parts. It is narrowest towards its southern end, and has somewhat the boot-shape of the Italian peninsula.

The party returned to the steam-boat after a land journey of forty days, very much exhausted from eating the cassava root, which in its raw state is poisonous, but when boiled twice, and the water strained off, has no evil effect. The cook not knowing this had served it up, after boiling it until the water was absorbed; and it was only after it had been tried with various mixtures, and the whole party had suffered for days from its effects, that the cause was discovered.

At Elephant Marsh on their return, they saw nine herds of elephants; they frequently formed a line two miles long.

From Chibisa Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae with guides, went

overland to Teté, and suffered greatly from the heat on the journey, arriving there very much exhausted, after the steamer with the members of the expedition had arrived and gone down to Kongone, as it was necessary to beach the vessel for repairs, as she leaked worse than ever. Off Senna, Senhor Ferrão sent them a bullock which was a very acceptable gift. At Kongone they were supplied with stores from Her Majesty's ship *Lynx*; but unfortunately a boat was swamped in crossing the bar, and the mail bags, with despatches from Government and letters from home, were lost. It is easy to sympathise with Livingstone's distress at this most unfortunate accident. "The loss of the mail bags," he says "was felt severely, as we were on the point of starting on an expedition into the interior, which might require eight or nine months; and twenty months is a weary time to be without news of friends and family. After returning to Teté, where they stayed some time enjoying the hospitality of the Portuguese merchants, Livingstone and his companions, before proceeding inland to visit the Makololo country, sailed down the Zambesi with Mr. Rae, who was about to return to England to superintend the construction of a successor to the *Ma-Robert*, which was now more than useless for the purposes for which it was intended. At Shupanga, Sininyane, one of the Makololo, exchanged names with a Zulu, and ever afterwards only answered to the name of Moshoshoma. This custom is common among the tribes on the Zambesi. After exchanging names the parties owe to each other special duties and services ever afterwards. While at Kebrabasa, Charles Livingstone was made a comrade for life,—names not being exchanged—of a hungry native traveller to whom he gave some food and a small piece of cloth. Eighteen months afterwards, the man having prospered in the interval, he came into the camp of the party while on their journey into the interior, bringing a liberal present of rice, meal, beer,

and a fowl, saying, that "he did not like them to sleep hungry or thirsty." Some of the Makololo took the names of friendly chiefs, and others took the names of famous places they had visited; the assumed names being retained after their return to their own country.

While anchored in the river the party suffered from the visits of certain animals and insects. Mosquitoes of course were plentiful at certain seasons in the low-lying districts, but other tormentors were of a novel description. Livingstone gives a graphic account of some of them from which we quote:—"The rats, or rather large mice of this region, are quite facetious, and, having a great deal of fun in them, often laugh heartily. . . . No sooner were we all asleep, than they made a sudden dash over the lockers and across our faces for the cabin door, where all broke out into a loud he! he! he! he! he! he! showing how keenly they enjoyed the joke. They next went forward with as much delight and scampered over the men. Every evening they went fore and aft, rousing with impartial feet every sleeper, and laughing to scorn the aimless blows, growls, and deadly rushes of outraged humanity. . . . Scorpions, centipedes, and poisonous spiders were not unfrequently brought into the ship with the wind, and occasionally found their way into our beds; but in every instance we were fortunate enough to discover and destroy them, before they did any harm. . . . Snakes sometimes came in with the wood, but oftener floated down the river to us, climbing on board with ease by the chain-cable, and some poisonous ones were caught in the cabin. A green snake lived with us several weeks, concealing himself behind the casing of the deck in the day time. To be aroused in the dark by five feet of cold green snake gliding over one's face, is rather unpleasant however rapid the movement may be. Myriads of two varieties of cockroaches infested the vessel; they not only ate round the roots of our nails, but even devoured and

defiled our food, flannels, and boots ; vain were all our efforts to extirpate these destructive pests ; if you kill one, say the sailors, a hundred come down to his funeral !”

At Senna and Teté he noticed a singular service in which domesticated monkeys were engaged. He had been speaking of the opportunities the merchants at these places allow to slip of creating a thriving legitimate commerce ; he says—“ Our friends at Teté, though heedless of the obvious advantages which other nations would eagerly seize, have beaten the entire world in one branch of industry. It is a sort of anomaly that the animal most nearly allied to man in structure and function should be the most alien to him in respect to labour, or trusty friendship ; but here the genius of the monkey is turned to good account. He is made to work in the chase of certain ‘ wingless insects better known than respected.’ Having been invited to witness this branch of Teté industry, we can testify that the monkey took it kindly, and it seemed profitable to both parties.”



## CHAPTER XI.

START FOR LINYANTI. CUTTING UP AN ELEPHANT. THE  
"GO-NAKED" TRIBE. THE VICTORIA FALLS. FIND  
SEKELETU ILL.

AS Livingstone felt bound in honour to revisit Sekeletu and take back the men who had accompanied him from that chief in his wanderings, together with the merchandise he had purchased for his use with the tusks entrusted to him, the party started from Teté for Linyanti, on the 15th of May, leaving ten English sailors in charge of the ship until their return. As many of the men had taken up with slave women they did not leave with much good will, and before the party had reached Kebrabasa Cataracts, thirty of them had deserted. Before starting, Livingstone had paid them in cloth, etc., for their services in the expedition, being anxious that they should make as good an appearance as possible when they reached Linyanti. Many of them had earned a good deal during their stay at Teté, while Dr. Livingstone was absent in England; but as they unfortunately picked up a good many of the evil habits of the natives round Teté, they had squandered all they possessed. It is disgraceful to think that these unsophisticated sons of nature should have come so far to see and meet civilized people with such results. Not only were the slave and half-caste population drunken and immoral, but the Portuguese merchants with few exceptions were no better.

A merchant at Teté sent three of his men with the party to convey a present for Sekeletu, two other merchants gave the loan of a couple of donkeys, and Major Sicard sent them men to assist them on their return, when, of course, their attendants would be reduced, should the Makololo men

elect to remain, and no one volunteer to accompany them on their return down the river. In order to escape the exactions of the Banyai tribes, the party proceeded up the left bank of the river. At several of the villages, on their way up the Zambesi valley, they saw and conversed with *pondoros* as men are called who pretend to be able to change themselves into a lion or other animal. Strangely enough, this power appeared to be believed in by the people; even the wife of the *pondoro*, during the period when he retired into the forests to change his shape, leaving food for him in a hut in the forest prepared for him, the change to the brute form apparently not destroying or altering the human appetite. These excursions usually last until the *pondoro* has discovered some animal just slain by a lion, when he returns to his village and leads them to the carcase, taking credit to himself, of course, for having killed it during his transformation.

Near the village of a chief called Sandia, six of the Makololo shot a cow elephant. In this district, the chief claims one half of any game killed on his ground. This right was to some extent waived, the head man of the hunting party superintended the cutting up of the brute and apportioned the pieces—"the head and right hind leg belong to him who killed the beast, that is to him who inflicted the first wound; the left leg to him who delivered the second, or first touched the animal after it fell; the meat around the eye to the English, or chief of the travellers; and different parts to the head men of the different fires, or groups, of which the camp is composed; not forgetting to enjoin the preservation of the fat and bowels for a second distribution." The cutting up of the carcase is a scene of wild excitement. "Some jump inside, and roll about there in their eagerness to seize the precious fat, while others run off screaming, with pieces of the bloody meat, throw it on the grass, and run back for more; all keep talking and shouting at the utmost pitch of

their voices. Sometimes two or three, regardless of all law, seize the same piece of meat, and have a brief fight of words over it. . . . In an incredibly short time tons of meat are cut up, and placed in separate heaps around." The following is the method of cooking the elephant's forefoot, which the white members of the party had for breakfast on the following morning. "A large hole was dug in the ground in which a fire was made, and when the inside was thoroughly heated, the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with the hot ashes and soil. Another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night. . . . It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow . . . Elephant's trunks and tongues are also good, and, after long simmering, much resemble the hump of a buffalo, and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough, and, from its peculiar flavour, only to be eaten by a hungry man." The natives eat enormous quantities of meat when they have the opportunity.

"They boil as much as their pots will hold, and eat until it becomes physically impossible for them to stow away any more. An uproarious dance follows, accompanied with stentorian song; and as soon as they have shaken their first course down, and washed off the sweat and dust of the after performance, they go to work to roast more; a short snatch of sleep succeeds, and they are up and at it again; all night long it is boil and eat, roast and devour, with a few brief interludes of sleep. Like other carnivora, these men can endure hunger for a much longer period than the mere porridge-eating tribes." As game was abundant, the weather excellent for camping, and the route known, travelling was not an unpleasant task. Flocks of guinea fowls and other birds, were met with daily; and, as they were in good condition, and their flesh excellent, the party enjoyed a variety of flesh meat.

In camping the men took it by turns to cut grass for the

beds of the three Englishmen,—Dr. Livingstone being placed in the middle, Dr. Kirk on the right, and Charles Livingstone on the left. Their bags, rifles, and revolvers were placed near their beds, and a fire was kindled near their feet. A dozen fires were kindled in the camp nightly, and replenished from time to time by men who were awakened by the cold. On these grass beds, with their rugs drawn over them, the three Englishmen slept soundly under some giant tree, through whose branches they could look up to the clear star-spangled moonlit sky. Their attendants slept between mats of palm leaves, which were sewn together round three sides of the square, one being left open to enable the man to crawl in between the two. These sleeping bags are called *fumbas*, and when they were all at rest within the encampment, they had the appearance of sacks strewn round about the camp fires.

Before going to sleep the natives amused themselves with songs and political discussions, carried on with a warmth and eloquence worthy of an English debating club. About five o'clock in the morning the camp was astir; the blankets were folded and stowed away in bags; the *fumbas* and cooking pots were fixed on the end of the carrying sticks, which were borne on the shoulders. The cook received the cooking utensils used for the Englishmen. After a cup of tea or coffee, the whole party were on the march before sunrise. At nine, breakfast was prepared at a convenient spot. In the middle of the day there was a short rest, and early in the afternoon they pitched their camp—the white men going a-hunting if food was required, and examining the neighbourhood. Their rate of progress was about two and a half miles an hour as the crow flies, and their daily march lasted about six hours. After several days of this, the natives complained of being fatigued, even when well fed with fresh meat. They lacked the stamina and endurance of the Europeans.

In the Chicova plains, a chief named Chitora brought the party a present of food and drink, because, he said, "He did not wish us to sleep hungry : he had heard of the doctor when he passed down, and had a great desire to see and converse with him ; but he was a child then, and could not speak in the presence of great men. He was glad that he had seen the English now, and was sorry that his people were away, or he should have made them cook for us." Here and at other places they noticed that the natives filtered their water through sand, even although at the time the water of the river was clear and limpid. During the flood as the water is polluted with all sorts of filth collected near the native villages, the filtering process is very necessary.

The white men were objects of curiosity, and at first of terror, in every village they entered ; but the two donkeys rivalled them in the interest they excited. "Great was the astonishment when one of the donkeys began to bray. The timid jumped more than if a lion had roared beside them. All were startled, and stood in mute amazement at the harsh-voiced one, till the last broken note was uttered ; then, on being assured that nothing in particular was meant, they looked at each other, and burst into a loud laugh at their common surprise. When one donkey stimulated the other to try his vocal powers, the interest felt by the startled natives must have equalled that of the Londoners, when they first crowded to see the famous hippopotamus."

Here they examined seams of excellent coal, and found lumps of it which had been brought down from the near hill ranges by the brooks, and astonished the natives by showing them that the black stones would burn. They stated that there was plenty of it among the hills. Some of the chiefs wore wigs made of the fibrous leaves of a plant called *ife*, allied to the aloes ; when properly dyed these wigs have a fine glossy appearance. Mpende and his people, who were objects of some dread to Livingstone and his companions in

their descent to the coast, were now most friendly: the chief apologising for his want of attention to the traveller and his party as they passed on their way to the coast. Several Banyai chiefs sent their head men across the stream to demand tribute, but the travellers were glad to be in a position to resist such exactions. Halting near the village of a chief named Pangola, he demanded a rifle in exchange for the food they needed, and refused to trade on any other terms; fortunately several of the party managed to shoot a waterbok, which rendered them independent of the greedy savage, who was intensely mortified at seeing them depart without his having traded with them in any way. He cried after them as they passed on their way, "You are passing Pangola. Do not you see Pangola?" But the whole party were so disgusted with him that they would not deal with him on any terms.

Passing the ruins of the once flourishing Portuguese settlement of Zumbo, which is beautifully situated in the midst of fertile plains watered by two splendid rivers, the travellers moralised on the worse than utter failure attending the establishment of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa. "Not a single art save that of distilling spirits by means of a gun-barrel, has ever been learnt from the strangers; and if all the progeny of the whites were at once to leave the country, their only memorial would be the ruins of a few stone and mud-built walls, and that blighting relic of the slave-trade, the belief that man may sell his brother man; a belief which is not of native origin, for it is not found except in the track of the Portuguese." Beyond the ruins of their churches at Zumbo, there is nothing in the habits and beliefs of the people to tell that Christianity was once taught there. At Teté, Senna, and Kilimane, where the Jesuits have still establishments, although shorn of their original splendour, their want of success is in deep contrast to the good done among the people of Ambaca, which

is still perceptible after several generations. Maintaining a footing in the country only on the sufferance of the Zulus and other native tribes, it is a matter of deep regret that the Portuguese government should be permitted to stand in the way of the elevation of a people, and the civilization of a vast territory.

Between Zumbo and the falls, game of all kinds was so abundant that their native attendants got fat, and became fastidious in their eating, declining antelope and preferring buffalo flesh and guinea fowl. The natives were curious and hospitable at all the villages they passed, and their bold and fearless bearing told that they were now beyond the range of the operations of the slave-traders. Families were frequently met marching in single file,—the man at the head, carrying nothing save his arms, his wives and sons and daughters following with their scanty household utensils and comforts. These parties always came in for a share of the white men's abundance of flesh meat. Around the foot of the great tree of audience at every village, or suspended from its branches, were collections of buffalo and antelope horns and skulls, the trophies of the chase. The travellers remarked, that "at these spots were some of the most splendid buffalo heads we have ever seen: the horns after making a complete circle had commenced a second turn. This would be a rich country for a horn-fancier."

The only thing edible they wanted in the central plains was vegetables; now and again they got a supply of sweet potatoes, which allayed the disagreeable craving which a continuous diet of meat and meal had induced. After crossing the Kafue, the party got amongst a people of Batoka origin, and belonging to the same tribe as several of the attendants who had left Linyanti with Livingstone. Here they were told that Moselekatse's (Sebituane's great enemy) chief town was almost three hundred miles distant, and that the English had come to him and taught him that

it was wrong to kill people, and that now he sent out his men to collect and sell ivory. It was refreshing to find that news of this description had travelled so far. The Bawee, a people who go entirely nude, or clothed only in a coat of red ochre, were very friendly. The party tried to discover the reason for their going naked, but could only learn that it was the custom; the habit was only confined to the males, the women being always more or less clothed. They felt no shame, nor could any feeling be aroused by laughing and joking at their appearance. "They evidently felt no less decent than we did with our clothes on; but whatever may be said in favour of nude statues, it struck us that man in a state of nature is a most ungainly animal. Could we see a number of the degraded of our own lower classes in like guise, it is probable, that, without the black colour which acts somehow as a dress, they would look worse still."

Leaving the bank of the Zambesi for a time, the party travelled through the Batoka highlands, where the free air of the hill side was most invigorating and beneficial, especially to Dr. Kirk, who had suffered from fever. The country, although very fertile, is thinly populated, Sebituane and Moselekatse having ravaged it in their numerous forays. The Batoka are a peace-loving and industrious people; they were so hospitable that it would have pained them if the party had passed without receiving something. Very frequently they prepared their camp for them,—smoothing the ground with their hoes for their beds, collecting grass and firewood, erecting a bush fence to protect them from the wind, and carrying water from the distant well or stream.

Once they were visited by a noble specimen of the Go-nakeds, clothed only in a tobacco pipe, with a stem two feet long wound round with polished ivory. "God made him naked," he said, "and he had therefore never worn any clothing."

Great quantities of tobacco are grown in the Batoka country, which is famed for its quality; they are inveterate smokers, but always had the politeness to ask the white men's permission before smoking in their presence. Above Kariba the people had never before been visited by foreigners. The chief of Koba, on being asked if any tradition existed among his people of strangers having visited the country, answered "Not at all; our fathers all died without telling us that they had seen men like you. To-day I am exalted in seeing what they never saw"; while others, in a spirit worthy of Charles Lamb, who threatened to write for the ancients, because the moderns did not appreciate him properly, said, "We are the true ancients; we have seen stranger things than any of our ancestors, in seeing you."

At Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages which owed allegiance to Sekeletu, the party distinctly saw the smoke of the Victoria Falls, twenty miles distant. Here the native attendants heard news from home. Takelang's wife had been killed by Sekeletu's head man at the Falls, on a charge of witchcraft; Inchikola's two wives, believing him to be dead, had married again; and Masakasa was intensely disquieted to hear that two years before his friends, giving him up for dead, had held a kind of Irish wake in his honour, slaughtered all his oxen, and thrown his shield over the Falls. He declared he would devour them, and when they came to salute him would say, "I am dead; I am not here; I belong to another world, and should stink if I came among you." The Batoka wife of Sima, who had remained faithful to him during his absence, came to welcome him back, and took the young wife he had brought with him from Teté away with her without a murmur of disapproval. At night, when the camp was quiet, Takelang fired his musket and cried out, "I am weeping for my wife; my court is desolate; I have no home!" ending with a loud wail of anguish.

Dr. Livingstone and his English friends had news also to

receive of a painful character. An attempt to establish a mission at Linyanti under the Rev. F. C. Helmore had failed. The mission originally consisted of nine Europeans and thirteen coloured people from the neighbourhood of Kuruman. Of these, five Europeans, including Mr. Helmore and his wife, and four natives died within three months, and the survivors retreated disheartened from the region which had been so deadly to their devoted companions.

The various head men of Sekeletu having been holding forays among the Batoka, had to be lectured by Dr. Livingstone,—a discipline which they took in good part, excusing themselves by endeavouring to prove that they were in the right, and could not avoid fighting.

On the 9th of August, 1860, the party reached the Victoria Falls, and Dr. Livingstone and his two companions were rowed through the rapids to Garden Island, to obtain a view of the falls. The canoe in which they sat was owned by Tuba Mokoro, which means "Smasher of canoes," a somewhat ominous title, which his success and skill on the present occasion belied. The party had to embark several miles above the falls, and were strictly enjoined to maintain silence. For a considerable distance the river was smooth and tranquil, the beautiful islands, densely covered with tropical vegetation, adding to the pleasure felt in the rapid and easy movement of the craft. Near the falls the surface of the river got broken by rocks, which, as the water was then low, protruded their heads above the stream, breaking the current into boiling and foaming eddies, which it required all the skill of the boatmen to pilot their way through. "There were places where the utmost exertion of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapids, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times it seemed

as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water ; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steerman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided smoothly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. . . . We were driving swiftly down, a black rock, over which the foam flew, lay directly in our path, the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment ; Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place, to bale out the water."

At the falls they met an Englishman, a Mr. Baldwin, from Natal, who had reached them,—his only guide for the greater part of the way being his pocket compass. He had anticipated the arrival of his wagon by two days. Mashotlam had ferried him across the stream, and when nearly over he had jumped out and swum ashore. "If," said the chief, "he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound there, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us, therefore, we said, he must pay us a fine." Mr. Baldwin was, when Dr. Livingstone and his friends met him, contentedly waiting the arrival of his wagon, so that he might pay the fine.

On reaching Sesheke, where Sekeletu was, Dr. Livingstone found matters in a bad way with the Makololo. Sekeletu was suffering from leprosy, and had withdrawn himself from the sight of his people. A long-continued drought had almost destroyed the crops, and the country was suffering from a partial famine. The illness and inactivity of Sekeletu had induced chiefs and head men at a distance to do as they pleased, which meant too often the ill-usage of their imme-

diate dependants, and the plundering of neighbouring and friendly tribes.

On the arrival of the party an unbroken stream of visitors poured in upon them, all desirous of paying their respects to Dr. Livingstone, and to tell him the haps and mishaps which had befallen them during his absence. All were in low spirits. Sekeletu, believing himself bewitched, had slain a number of his chief men together with their families; distant friendly tribes were revolting; famine was upon them, and the power of the Makololo was passing away. These forebodings were only too soon realized. In 1864 Sekeletu died; and in the struggle which ensued for the succession, the wide kingdom his father had conquered and ruled over, with a wisdom rare among his peers, was broken up.

They found Sekeletu sitting in a covered wagon, which was enclosed in a high wall of reeds. His face was slightly disfigured by the thickening and discolouration of the skin where the leprosy had passed over it. He had a firm belief that he had been bewitched. As the doctors of his own tribe could do nothing for him, a female doctor of the Manyeti tribe was endeavouring to cure him at the time of their arrival. After some difficulty she allowed the white men to take her patient in charge, and under their treatment he all but recovered.

The two horses left by Dr. Livingstone in 1853 were still alive, notwithstanding the severe discipline to which they had been subjected. Sekeletu had a great passion for horses, and about a year before the arrival of Livingstone and his friends from Teté, a party of Makololo were sent to Benguela on the west coast, who had purchased five horses, but they had all died on the journey, through being bewitched as they believed, and they arrived with nothing to show for them save their tails. The merchants at Benguela had treated them kindly, and made them presents of clothing and other articles. As they had only

recently arrived, and their clothes were comparatively unworn, they proved, when arrayed in their best, to be as well if not better dressed than Livingstone and his white friends. "They wore shirts well washed and starched, coats and trousers, white socks, and patent leather boots, a red Kilmarnock cowl on the head, and a brown wide-awake on the top of that." They and the travelled natives who had come from Teté fraternised, and held themselves to be something superior on account of what they had seen; but, as in more enlightened regions, there was not wanting a party who believed in ignorance. "They had seen the sea, had they? and what is that? nothing but water. They could see plenty of water at home—ay, more than they wanted to see; and white people came to their town—why then travel to the coast to look at them?"

Sekeletu was well pleased with the articles brought for him. The sugar mill had been left at Teté, being too bulky to be carried with them. On the arrival of a proper steamer for the navigation of the Zambesi, he was informed it would be sent up as far as the falls. In his ignorance as regards the power of artillery, he asked if cannon could not blow away the falls, and allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke.

Two packages containing letters and newspapers from Kuruman were lying at Linyanti, and a messenger was sent for them, who returned with only one (the other being too heavy for him), within seven days, during which time he had travelled 240 miles.

As Dr. Livingstone wished to get some more medicine and papers out of the wagon he had left at Linyanti in 1853, he determined to proceed there himself. On his arrival he found the wagon and its contents untouched from the time of his departure in 1853, and everything in its place. This illustrates the trustworthy character

of the Makololo, which was still further exemplified by the discovery of one of the books of notes he had left with Sekeletu on his departure for the west coast in 1853. It will be remembered that fearing he was dead, Sekeletu had given the books, together with a letter addressed to Mr. Moffat, to a native trader, and that nothing further had been heard of them. On being told that the trader, to whom they had said they had given the books and letters, had denied having received them, Seipone, one of Sekeletu's wives, said, "He lies; I gave them to him myself." The trader afterwards went to Mosilikatse's country, and his conscience having bothered him it is presumed, "one of the volumes was put into the mail-bag coming from the south, which came to hand with the lock taken off in quite a scientific manner."

In the wagon Livingstone found the supply of medicine he had left there untouched, and it was a melancholy reflection that Mr. Helmore and the other members of his mission should have died there, with the medicines they needed lying within a hundred yards of their encampment. In returning to Sesheske he heard of a lion being killed by the bite of a serpent. Animals were frequently the victims of poisonous snakes, but he seldom heard of their attacking human beings. While generally accepting the leading truths of Christianity, there were some habits and superstitions which they found it difficult to shake. The belief in witchcraft and sorcery was deeply rooted. They said, "They needed the book of God; but the hearts of black men are not the same as those of the whites. They had real sorcerers among them. If that was guilt which custom led them to do, it lay between the white man and Jesus, who had not given them the book, nor favoured them as He had the whites." As to cattle-lifting from their weaker neighbours, they said, "Why should these Makalaka (a term of contempt for the blacker tribes)

possess cattle if they cannot fight for them?" The pithy border creed—

“ . . . the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can,”

was universally understood in its naked simplicity; and despite their general ignorance, they could reason very ingeniously.



## CHAPTER XII.

DESCENDS THE ZAMBESI. ARRIVAL OF BISHOP MACKENZIE.  
LIBERATES A BAND OF SLAVES. DEATH OF BISHOP  
MACKENZIE. ARRIVAL AND DEATH OF MRS. LIVING-  
STONE.

THE party left Sesheske on the 17th of September, 1860. Leshore and Pitsane (the latter the factotum of Dr. Livingstone in his journey to and from Loanda), and several Batoka men being sent with them to aid them in their journey, and bring the merchandise left at Teté, and a supply of medicine for Sekeletu, who was then nearly cured of his loathsome complaint. Although he and his people were suffering from famine, Sekeletu had been generous in his treatment of Dr. Livingstone and his companions; and when they left he gave them six oxen for their support until they reached the country below the falls, where food was more abundant. The party passed down the valley of the Zambesi, sometimes by land and sometimes in canoes—the latter being either bought or borrowed, or freely loaned for their use without reward, according to the friendly or unfriendly character of the proprietors. Below the junction of the Kafue with the Zambesi, they met a half-caste ivory hunter named Sequasha, who, along with a large number of armed slaves, had been hunting elephants since they passed up the river. He told them that his men had killed 210 elephants during the trip. This Sequasha was an unscrupulous villain. Shortly before this he had entered into a league with the head man of a chief Mpangwe, near Zumbo, to kill the chief. With a picked party of slaves armed with loaded muskets, he visited the unsuspecting chief, who received him kindly; and while he was ministering to their wants, the chief and twenty of his people were shot in cold blood. For this

diabolical service he received ten tusks, and the head man usurped the place of his murdered chief. Sequasha carried a plentiful supply of wares with him to purchase tusks and food, and among other articles he had a quantity of American clocks, which got him into trouble with a tribe of Banvai. He set them all a-going in the presence of the chief, who was greatly frightened at the strange noise they made, and imagining that they were intended to bewitch himself and his people, it was decided that he should pay a heavy fine of cloth and beads for his imprudence.

They again met Sequasha at Senna, when he confessed to having brought down 25,800 lbs. of ivory. At Teté he was afterwards cast into prison, the reason given being his disorderly conduct in the interior—the true reason being the desire to share a part of his wealth. He was soon after set at liberty.

At the Mburuma Rapids the party had a striking instance of the presence of mind and devotion of the Makololo. While passing the most dangerous of the rapids, the two canoes filled with water, and were in danger of being swamped, when of course the whole party must have perished. Two men without a moment's hesitation leaped out of each of the canoes, and ordered a Batoka man to do the same, as "the white men must be saved." "I cannot swim," said the Batoka. "Jump out then, and hold on to the canoe?" Swimming alongside, they guided the swamping canoes down the swift current, to the foot of the rapid, and then ran them ashore to bale them out.

In one of the Kebrabasa Rapids, Dr. Kirk's canoe was swamped, the occupants scrambling ashore with difficulty; but unfortunately a chronometer, a barometer, and his notes of the journey and botanical drawings of the fruit trees in the interior were lost. The river was very low and crocodiles were numerous. On one occasion as they were

dragging the dead body of a hippopotamus behind one of the canoes they rose in such numbers and tugged so hard at the huge carcase that they had to cut it adrift to save the canoe from being swamped. On another occasion one of these monsters seized a water-buck, which had been wounded by a shot, and dragged it into the river. The poor buck made a desperate resistance and succeeded in freeing itself, when another crocodile gave chase, but a ball aimed at it drove it to the bottom. At many places in the interior stockades were erected to preserve the women from the attacks of crocodiles while taking water from the river. At Teté and Senna, where many slave women were seized by crocodiles, no such precautions were taken (even although Livingstone offered a subscription towards the expense). The lives of slaves were too valueless to occasion either thought or trouble for their preservation to men otherwise humane.

After the accident to Dr. Kirk's canoe, the party passed the remainder of the rapids on foot, through a rough and trying country, which greatly fatigued the whole party, one of the two donkeys they had with them dying from sheer exhaustion. Although the natives are very partial to the flesh of the zebra and the quagga which are a sort of second cousins to the donkey, they would not eat its flesh. They said, "It would be like eating man himself, because the donkey lives with man, and is his bosom companion."

The party arrived safely at Teté on the 23rd of November, after an absence of a little over six months. The two English sailors had enjoyed excellent health, and behaved themselves admirably during the absence of the party. Their gardening operations turned out a failure. A hippopotamus had paid the garden a visit and eaten up all the vegetables, and the sheep they had ate up the cotton when it was in flower, the crocodiles devoured the sheep left with them, and two monkeys they purchased ate the eggs of

the fowls, and in turn the natives relieved them of all care of the latter by landing on the island during the night and stealing them. They were more successful in bargaining with the natives for food; their purchases were all made on board the steamer, and when more was demanded than the market price, they brought a chameleon out of the cabin, an animal of which the natives have a mortal dread, and thus settled the matter at once, by clearing the deck of the exorbitant traders.

One night they were roused by hearing shrieks of distress, and on rowing to the spot found a woman in the jaws of a crocodile. Rescuing her with the loss of a leg below the knee, they took her on board, gave her a bottle of rum, bandaged the leg, and carried her to her hut in the village. Next morning they found the bandages torn off and the unfortunate creature left to die. "I believe," remarked one of the sailors, "her master was angry with us for saving her life, seeing as how she had lost her leg."

Starting for the mouth of the Kongone, where they expected to meet some English cruisers with supplies and the new steamer they had ordered, they were compelled to abandon the *Ma-Robert*, as she would keep afloat no longer. They reached the mouth of the Kongone on the 4th of January, 1861, and found that the Portuguese had erected a custom-house there, and also a hut for a black lance-corporal and three men. The party took up their quarters in the custom-house. The soldiers were suffering from hunger. The provisions of Dr. Livingstone's party were also becoming exhausted, but as large herds of water-bucks were found in a creek between the Kongone and East Luabo, they were not put to any serious strait during the month they waited for the arrival of a ship. From drinking the brackish water, and eating the fresh pasturage which is saline near the coast, the flesh of the antelopes was much sweeter and more tender than in the interior, where it is so

dry and tough that the natives, who are not over-fastidious, refuse to eat it for any length of time. The eggs of the pelican and the turtle were found in abundance, and together with several varieties of fish assisted in giving a little variety to their limited *cuisine*.

They found some natives pounding the woody stems of a poisonous climbing plant, and hanging it up in bundles. Having staked off a portion of the stream with bushes to prevent the exit of the fish, the poison was poured into the water and either killed the fish or stupified them, so that they were easily secured.

On the 31st of January, their new ship the *Pioneer* anchored outside the bar, but owing to the state of the weather she did not venture in until the 4th of February. Shortly after two of H.M.S. cruisers arrived, bringing with them Bishop Mackenzie, and the Oxford and Cambridge Missions to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. The mission consisted of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape; and as Dr. Livingstone and his party were under orders to explore the Rovuma, about 700 miles to the north of the Zambesi and beyond Portuguese territory, they were somewhat at a loss what to do with them. If they acceded to Bishop Mackenzie's wishes and conveyed them at once to Chibisa's village on the Shire and left them there, they dreaded that as they had no medical attendant they might meet the fate of Mr. Helmore and his party at Linyanti. It was at last arranged that the bishop should, after accompanying his companions to Johanna, where they would await his return with H. M. Consul, Mr. Lumley, go with the expedition on board the *Pioneer* to the Rovuma, in the hope that by this route access might be found to Lake Nyassa and the valley of the Shire.

The *Pioneer* anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February, which they found to have a magnificent natural harbour and bay. They sailed up the river for

thirty miles, though a hilly and magnificently wooded country, but were compelled to return as the river was rapidly falling in volume, and they were afraid that the ship might ground altogether, and have to lie there until the next rainy season. Soon after reaching the sea, fever prostrated the bulk of the crew, and the command and navigation of the ship devolved upon Dr. Livingstone who was quite equal to the occasion. He drily remarks that, "The habit of finding the geographical positions on land, renders it an easy task to steer a steamer, with only three or four sails set, at sea; when, if one does not run ashore, no one follows to find out an error, and where a current affords a ready excuse for every blunder." After calling at Johanna for the bishop's friends, they sailed for the mouth of the Zambesi, and steamed up that river to the Shire, up which they ascended as far as Chibisa's village, the ship being dragged over the shallows with extreme difficulty. She drew five feet of water, which rendered her quite useless for the navigation of either of the three great rivers which flowed through the tract of country they were accredited to during the dry season.

On arriving at Chibisa's, they learned that war was raging in the Manganja country; and that on the following day a slave party, on its way to Teté, would pass through the village. "Shall we interfere," was the question asked of each other. On the one hand there was the risk to be run, if they did, of irritating the authorities at Teté, where the principal portion of the private baggage of the party was stored, and which might be confiscated in retaliation. On the other hand, Dr. Livingstone and the whole party were indignant that his steps should be followed by slave parties, who had never entered the country before, and called themselves his children and followers, while they extended the range of the accursed traffic, which he had gone through so much privations to put down. The decision, as might

have been expected was that they should run all risks, and do what they could to stop the traffic.

“A long line of manacled men and women made their appearance; the black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exulting notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest; so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps, and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party alone remained; and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late commandant at Teté, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied, he had bought them; but on our inquiring of the people themselves, all save four said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely in our hands, and knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true; but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere

children about four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, 'The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat; what sort of people are you? where do you come from?' Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. . . . One woman had her infant's brains knocked out, because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was despatched with an axe, because he had broken down with fatigue."

The number liberated was eighty-four in all; and on being told that they were at liberty to go where they pleased, or remain with the mission, they chose the latter. During several days following many more captives were liberated, their drivers running from before the face of the white men, Months afterwards at Teté, several merchants, all of whom were engaged in the slave trade, remarked to Dr. Livingstone that he had released some of the governor's slaves, to which he replied that he had liberated several groups of slaves in the Manganja country.

Leaving the rescued slaves, the party started to visit the Ajawa people, who were carrying war and slavery among the Manganja, and came upon them in the act of sacking and burning a village, where Dr. Livingstone and his friends had been previously entertained by the peaceful inhabitants, so many of whom were then engaged in weaving cotton, that they jestingly called it "the Paisley of the hills." After engaging with the bishop in fervent prayer, the party advanced to demand a parley. The poor Manganja seeing them shouted out, "Our Chibisa is come;" Chibisa being well known as a great general and conjurer. The Ajawa ran off yelling, War! war! and refused to listen to them; but, rallying and forming themselves into a body, they began to shoot at them with their poisoned arrows, until the party were reluctantly compelled in self-defence to fire upon their assailants, who fled, shouting back that they would follow

and kill them while they slept. This was the first occasion on which, in all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone had felt compelled to use force ; and it was with sad hearts that he and his companions returned to the village they had left in the morning, having failed in their attempt at conciliation, and had been compelled reluctantly to take a step which might subject them to much blame and misconstruction at the hands of lukewarm friends and the secret enemies of the cause they had at heart.

As the bishop had made up his mind to settle among the Maganja at Magomero, he felt naturally indignant at the idea of the people in his charge being swept away into slavery in hordes, and proposed that they should at once follow the triumphant Ajawa, and drive them out of the country, and liberate the captives they might have in their possession. All were in favour of this course save Dr. Livingstone, who saw clearly what would be the result if a Christian missionary took such a step as this, and he cautioned them not in any circumstances to interfere by force in any of these wars, even although called upon by the Manganja to go to their assistance in their extremity. It is necessary to mention this, because many people ignorantly blamed Dr. Livingstone for having given him different counsel. The site chosen for the mission settlement was on a small promontory, formed by the windings of the little clear stream Magomero. It was completely surrounded by stately trees. The weather was delightful, and provisions were cheap and abundant ; and when Dr. Livingstone and his friends left them to proceed to Lake Nyassa, the bishop had commenced to learn the languages, Mr. Waller was busy superintending the building operations, and Mr. Scudamore was getting together the members of an infant school. They were full of hope and ardour, and saw nothing before them but success in the noble work they had sacrificed home and comfort to accomplish.

The disastrous end of the mission may as well be told here. After labouring for some time with much acceptance among the neighbouring tribes, and being anxious to discover a nearer route to the Shire, Messrs. Proctor and Scudamore, with a number of Manganja carriers, left in December to explore the country for a new route. Their guides misled them, and they found themselves in a slave-trading village, where the threatening aspect of the people boded mischief. Warned by a woman that if they slept there they would be all killed, they prepared to leave, when the Anguro followed, shooting their arrows at the retreating party. Two of the carriers were taken prisoners, and the two missionaries, barely escaping with their lives, swam a deep river, and made their way with great difficulty to Magomero, where they arrived exhausted with their exertions.

The wives of the two carriers pleaded with the bishop that, as their husbands had been made captive in his service, he should rescue them from slavery. It appeared to him to be his duty to do this; and on asking the Makololo who had remained with him to assist in the expedition, they joyfully assented, as they held the natives of the lower Zambesi in contempt, and knew of no better way of settling a difference with them than by a resort to force. There can be no doubt that had the bishop given them leave to do as they pleased, they would have cleared the country of the offenders; but he restrained them, which gave the delinquents an opportunity of escaping. The offending village was burned, and a few sheep and goats taken. The head man being afraid to retain the captives any longer liberated them, and they returned to their homes. As this expedition was undertaken during the rainy season, and the missionaries got frequently wet, their health was seriously affected—Mr. Scudamore never recovered it, and the bishop and Mr. Burrup suffered from diarrhoea. Notwithstanding the state of

their health the two latter started for Chibisa. The rivulets were swollen with the rains, which made their progress very slow. As none of the Manganja men would take them down the river during the flood, the Makololo canoe men agreed to do so. The canoe was upset, and clothes, provisions, and medicines were unfortunately lost. The bishop was seized with fever, and was faithfully tended by the Makololo in a hut on an island at the mouth of the Ruo, from which miserable shelter they saved him from being ejected by the chief of the district. For three weeks they waited on him with the utmost attention, when he died ; Mr. Burrup, who was ill of fever, staggering out and repeating fragments of the burial service over his remains, as they laid them in a grave dug on the edge of the forest.

Taking Mr. Burrup in a canoe as far up the river as they could, the Makololo then formed a litter of branches and carried him to Magomero, where he died shortly afterwards. Mr. Scudamore and Dr. Dickinson were dead, and all knowledge as to their fate was in the possession of the faithful Makololo, who had seen the end, and in the contents of a paper written by Mr. Burrup and left, along with other papers, with the chief of Malo, to be given to the first Englishman who should ascend the river. All that now remains of the mission, undertaken and entered upon with such high hope, and carried on for a time with enthusiastic zeal and success, is but the mounds of earth by the banks of the Shire which mark where the bodies of its brave leaders sleep the last sleep.

A few weeks afterwards, Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, together with Dr. Kirk and a large party, including Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup, went up the Shire, to join the mission as they hoped ; and, although they were close by the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, they could hear nothing from the chief of Malo of the mission. He was in all likelihood afraid that he might be blamed for his death. At Chibisa's,

the faithful Makololo told them the sad news they had come so far to hear. This information awakened fresh anxiety as to the fate of the others; so, leaving the ladies with Dr. Ramsay and the Makololo, Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk pushed up into the hill country, where they met the survivors of the mission party at a chief's called Soche. Captain Wilson had a severe attack of fever, and the whole party were so exhausted that there was nothing for it but to return to the boat, and sail sadly down the river to the *Pioneer*. On the 4th of April, the *Gorgon* sailed for the Cape, taking with her all the surviving members of the mission who had only arrived in January, save one.

On the 6th of August, 1861, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and Mr. Charles Livingstone, started for Nyassa, with a light four-oared gig, and attended by a white sailor, and a score of natives. They found no difficulty in hiring people to carry the boat from village to village, and as they had the means of crossing the streams they met with, were quite independent of the humours of the various chiefs and head men, with whom, on a previous occasion, they had had to bargain for being transferred across the streams. The course of the river was followed closely so as to avail themselves of the still reaches between the rapids for sailing, and when they had passed the last of them, they launched their boat for good on the Shire. The upper portion of the river is so broad and deep that it is roughly spoken of by the natives as a portion of the lake. At one point in the upper reaches of the river Lake Shirwa is only a day's journey distant; within a recent period they must have been connected. The native land party passed thousands of Manganja living in temporary huts, who had been compelled to fly before the bloodthirsty Ajawa.

The cooler temperature on the broad and deep waters of the lake was very enjoyable after the stifling heat on the river, which in its upper reaches is enclosed in an almost im-

penetrable belt of papyrus and other water plants ; but they were very nearly shipwrecked in a tremendous storm which burst upon them almost without warning. "The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests driven into spray, streaming behind them. . . . Had one of these white-maned seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us, for they came on with resistless fury ; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us they broke in foam, but we escaped. . . . We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor ; did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, we would call Nyassa the Lake of Storms."

At no place in Africa had Dr. Livingstone found the population so dense as on the shores of Nyassa. In some parts there was almost one unbroken succession of villages, and the inhabitants lined the shores of every bay, looking in wonder on a boat being propelled by sails. Whenever they landed they were the objects of untiring curiosity. The people are industrious agriculturists and fishers, and appeared to enjoy plenty of everything. No fines or dues were exacted from the explorers, nor presents demanded. The northern dwellers on the lake during a portion of the year reap a singular harvest. At the proper season clouds as of smoke from burning grass hang over the lake and the adjacent country. These clouds are formed of countless myriads of minute midges, called by the natives *kungo*, which means a cloud or fog. The natives gather these insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, which they eat as a relish to their vegetable food. "A *kungo* cake, an inch thick and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us ; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts."

The lake swarmed with fish, which the native fishermen catch in nets and basket traps and with hook and line. The principal fish, called the *sanjika*, a kind of carp, grows

to a length of two feet. Its flesh was delicious, better than that of any fish the party had tasted in Africa. Fine watermen as the Makololo were, they frankly confessed that the lake fishermen were their superiors in daring and skill.

Their nets were formed from the fibres of the *buaye*, and their clothes were manufactured from cotton grown by themselves, or from the fibres of the bark of a tree which is abundant in the district. The fishermen presented the party with fish, while the agricultural members of the community gave food freely. The chief of the northern parts, a tall, handsome man named Marenga, gave them largely of food and beer. "Do they wear such things in your country?" he asked, pointing to his iron bracelet, which was studded with copper and highly prized. The doctor said he had never seen such in his country, whereupon Marenga instantly took it off and presented it to him, and his wife also did the same with hers. On the return of the party he tried to induce them to spend a day with him drinking beer, and when they declined he loaded them with provisions.

Near Chilanda, one of the slave crossing-places, the white members of the party were robbed, for the first time in Africa, while they slept: quantities of wearing apparel and other things being taken. On the northern shore of the lake a tribe of Zulus known as Mazitu had settled, and were carrying on the slave trade with terrible rigour, sweeping away the helpless people like sheep. They had frequently attacked Marenga and his people; but the thickets and stockades around their villages enabled the bowmen to pick off the Mazitu in security, and they were driven off. Many of the Mazitu were settled on islands in the lake, from which they emerged to plunder and make captive the peaceable inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Long tracts of country were passed through where "the population had all been swept away; ruined villages, broken utensils, and human skeletons, met with at every turn, told a sad

tale of 'man's inhumanity to man.' The extent of the trade done in slaves in the Nyassa district may be gathered from the fact that 19,000 slaves alone pass through the custom-house of the island of Zanzibar; and those taken out of the country form only a small section of the sufferers, as many thousands more are slain in the slave raids, and die of famine after having to fly from their homes." The exploration of the lake extended from the 2nd of September to the 27th of October, 1861, and was abandoned for a time because they had expended or lost the most of their goods. The party frequently suffered from the want of flesh meat, although from the great size of the game, they frequently had much more than they could use, in which case the natives gladly accepted the surplus. On one occasion they killed two hippopotami and an elephant, "perhaps in all some eight tons of meat, and two days after they ate the last of a few sardines for dinner." The wretched and ruined Manganja, although all their sufferings were caused by the demand for human flesh, sold each other into slavery when they had a chance. In speaking of a native of this tribe who sold a boy he had made captive in a hostile raid, Dr. Livingstone speaks of "having seen a man who was reputed humane, and in whose veins no *black* blood flowed, parting for the sum of £4 with a good-looking girl, who stood in a closer relationship to him, than the boy to the man who excited our ire; and she being the nurse of his son besides, both son and nurse made such a pitiable wail for an entire day, that even the half-caste who had bought her relented, and offered to return her to the white man, but in vain." It is so long since our Government washed its hands, at an immense cost, of this iniquitous traffic, and it expends so much annually to put it down on the coast of Africa, that the knowledge that such things can be done by civilized men comes with a shock upon us. Surely the wonderful trials

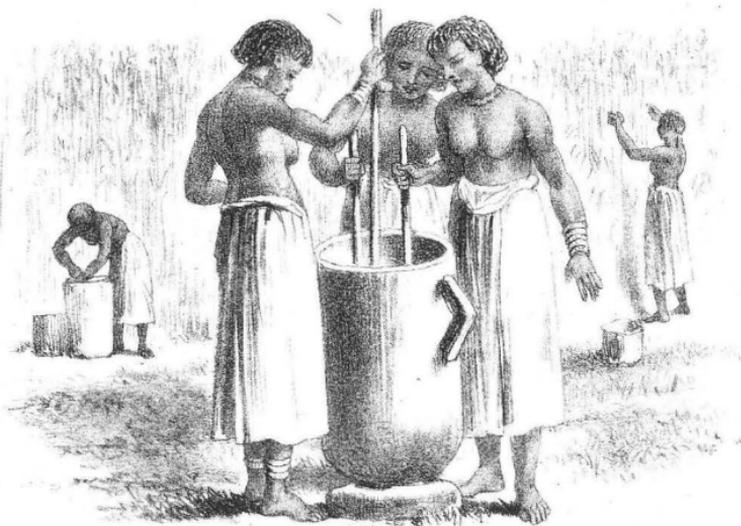
Dr. Livingstone has come through in his campaigns against this detestable traffic will not have been suffered in vain ; and the knowledge of such crimes against humanity will be the prelude to their extinction !

Arriving at the village at the foot of the cataracts, the party found it in a much more flourishing condition than when they passed up. A number of large huts had been built, and the people had a plentiful stock of cloth and beads. The sight of several fine large canoes, instead of the old leaky ones which lay there before, explained the mystery :—the place had become a crossing-place for the slaves on their way to Teté. Well might the indignant members of the expedition say that “nothing was more disheartening than the conduct of the Manganja, in profiting by the entire breaking up of their nation.”

The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, and on the 14th, Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, who had only just joined him, visited them ; as they started on their downward voyage, they “gave and received three hearty English cheers, as they went to the shore and we steamed off.” This was the last they saw of these devoted men, as they soon after perished in the manner already related. The ship having run aground about twenty miles below Chibisa’s, they were detained five weeks, until the river rose sufficiently to float her off ; and during their detention, the carpenter’s mate, a fine healthy young Englishman, died of fever, being the first death of a member of the expedition, although they had been three years and a half in the country.

At Mboma’s village they heard that the notorious Mariano had been allowed to leave Mozambique in order to collect a heavy fine which had been imposed upon him after trial, for his crimes. He had immediately taken to his old trade, slavery, and had depopulated a large tract of country on the right bank of the river. While expressing

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WOMEN BEATING SORGO

indignation at his conduct, and sending an expedition against him, which he defeated, the leader of it being sent back loaded with presents, the party had no doubt that the Portuguese officials at Mozambique were quite aware of his intentions before he started, and were in all likelihood sharing in his ill-gotten gains.

Sailing down the Zambesi, they anchored in the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi; and on the 30th of December H. M. S. *Gorgon* arrived, towing the brig which brought Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, and Mrs. Burrup; the former had come out to join her husband, while the latter were on their way to join their friends at Magomero, where they arrived, as we have already seen, too late to see their friends alive.

The progress of the *Pioneer* with the party, and a portion of the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, a vessel which Livingstone had had specially built for river navigation, in pieces of a size which one man could carry on board, was so distressingly slow, in consequence of the machinery having been allowed to get out of order, that Livingstone and his friends determined to land and put the pieces of the *Lady Nyassa* together at Shupanga, while Captain Wilson, Dr. Kirk, and Dr. Ramsay, and Mr. Sewell of the *Gorgon*, and the mission party went forward in the gig of that ship.

During the unhealthy season several of Dr. Livingstone's party suffered from fever, and about the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by that disease; and notwithstanding that she received every attention which affection and skill could render, she died on the 27th of that month, and was buried on the following day under the shadow of a giant baobab-tree, the Rev. James Stewart, who had shortly before come out to inquire into the practicability of establishing a mission in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, reading the burial service. The gallant seamen of the *Gorgon* mounted guard for several

nights over her last resting-place. It is impossible not to sympathise with the stricken husband, who thus lost the wife of his early years, who had shared in so many of his trials and difficulties, just when he was reunited to her after a separation of nearly four years. Beloved and revered as she was by white men as well as by black, the party who stood under the wide spreading branches of the baobab-tree must have been a sad and melancholy one. One comforting reflection there was,—she died among dear and loving friends, and not alone among savages, like Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, whose death was so soon to overwhelm with grief two companions of her voyage out, who little dreamed when they sorrowed for her that the dear ones they had come so far to see had already been consigned to the grave by savage, although friendly, hands.

When the *Lady Nyassa* was put together at Shupanga, she was launched in the presence of a large assemblage of natives, who had come from far and near to witness it. They could not believe that being of iron she would float, and their astonishment was great when they saw her glide lightly and gracefully in the water. The figure head, which was the head and bust of a female, was pointed to as a wonderful work of art. As it was now well on in June, and the river was at its lowest, it would be impossible to sail up the river until December. The party proceeded in the *Pioneer* to Johanna to obtain a supply of provisions and other requisites, and some draught oxen to carry the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* past the Murchison Cataracts. Mr. Lumley, H. M. Consul, forwarded their views in every way, and gave them six of his own trained oxen, used in his sugar plantation.

In the interval which must elapse before they could sail up the Shire, the principal members of the expedition, with a number of native assistants, proceeded to explore the Rovuma, as Dr. Livingstone was not without hopes that

a better way to Lake Nyassa might be found by ascending this river; but their hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Rovuma was found to contain a much smaller volume of water than many of the tributaries of the Zambesi. Shallows were numerous, and snags formed by the sinking of large trees in the mud during the subsidence of the floods, rendered the navigation difficult even for the boats of H. M. S. *Orestes*, which had been lent to the party for the ascent. Ninety miles from the mouth their further progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, and there was nothing for it but to return to Johanna, and proceed to Lake Nyassa by the valley of the Shire.

The lower part of the Rovuma valley was found to be very sparsely populated, and of no great breadth, the hills lying close to the river on either side. Sixty-five miles up the stream they arrived at an inhabited island, and after some difficulty they managed to open friendly relations and purchased food from the natives. Here not only the females, but many of the young men wore the *pelele* or lip ring. Farther up the stream, at the temporary village of an armed band of slave-traders, an attempt was made to arrest their further progress unless a toll was paid. Rather than proceed to extremities, Dr. Livingstone gave them thirty pieces of calico, which so excited their cupidity that they fired a volley of musketry and poisoned arrows at the party, fortunately without effect. A few shots fired at them drove these bloodthirsty cowards into the forest, and secured the party from any further attack.

The people in the neighbourhood of the cataracts were found to be peaceful and industrious, and friendly in their disposition. They are called Makoa, and are known by a cicatrice on the brow, in the form of a crescent, with the horns pointing downwards. The hills on either side were lofty, and seemed to be the outlying spurs of a wide range on either side. Coal was found in such circumstances as warranted the party in believing that it existed in abundance in the valleys.

## CHAPTER XIII.

DREADFUL RESULTS OF A SLAVE RAID. DR. LIVINGSTONE RE CALLED. JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION BEYOND LAKE NYASSA. STARTS FOR HOME. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

I N January 1863, the *Pioneer* steamed up the Shire, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow ; and she had not breasted its waters for many hours before the party came upon traces of the wholesale ravages of the notorious and bloodthirsty Mariano. A little more than twelve months before, the valley of the Shire was populous with peaceful and contented tribes ; now the country was all but a desert, the very air polluted by the putrid carcasses of the slain, which lay rotting on the plains, and floated in the waters of the river in such numbers as to clog the paddles of the steamer. Once they saw a crocodile make a rush at the carcase of a boy, and shake it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, while others rushed to share in the meal, and quickly devoured it. The miserable inhabitants who had managed to avoid being slain or carried off into captivity, were collecting insects, fruits, and wild fruits, anything in short that would stave off starvation, in the neighbourhood of the villages where they had formerly enjoyed peace and plenty. They were entirely naked, save for the palm-leaf aprons they wore, as everything of any value had been carried off by the slave stealers. The sight of hundreds of putrid dead bodies and bleached skeletons was not half so painful as the groups of children and women who were seen sitting amidst the ruins of their former dwellings, with their ghastly famine-stricken faces and dull dead eyes. These made up such a tale of woe and misery that those who were dead might be deemed fortunate in comparison with the survivors, who instinctively clung to the devastated spot they had once called home, and those who had been led into

life-long captivity. . . Everywhere dead bodies were met with. In the huts when opened the mouldering corpse was found "with the poor rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow ; the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons."

Mr. Thornton rejoined the party on the Shire, bringing with him supplies for the mission and the expedition party, after successfully assisting Baron Vanderdecken in a survey of the Kilimanjaro mountains, and the ascent of the highest member of the range to a height of 14,000 feet, discovering at the same time that the height above the level of the sea of the highest peak was 20,000 feet. These mountains above 8,000 feet are covered with perpetual snow. The present mission was to examine the geology of the district in the neighbourhood of the cataracts ; but before he had well begun his arduous labours he was attacked with fever, and died on the 21st of April.

While busily making a road through the forest to connect the lower Shire with the upper, beyond the Murchison Cataracts, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone, after repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, were compelled to leave for England ; the undaunted chief of the expedition remaining at his post, although he had had a severe attack of fever. Before they had completed their arrangements for passing the cataracts, a despatch arrived from Lord John Russell, then minister for foreign affairs, withdrawing the expedition. As the descent of the river could not be made for some time, Dr. Livingstone determined on a journey to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, selecting five of the Makololo men, who had settled near Chibisa's, and several of the Johanna men and natives on the spot, making in all twenty native assistants, to accompany him. In attempting to ascend the cataracts in boats, one of these with valuable stores in it was lost through the foolhardiness of several Zambesi men, who were desirous of

showing that they could manage her better than the Makololo.

As a punishment, the Zambesi men were sent back to Chibisa's for provisions, cloth, and beads, Dr. Livingstone determining to go on on foot. The bold explorer managed to penetrate through a hitherto unvisited country, to a point a hundred miles to the west of the lake. At the different villages he was well received, after his intentions were made known. In many places he found evidence of the ravages of the Ajawa, and the inhabitants were in daily dread of a slave-stealing raid being made upon them, and naturally looked with suspicion on an armed party, headed by a white man. The country was very populous, and exceedingly beautiful, showing every variety of scenery to be found between the level plain and the summits of the mountain ridges, at a height of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The party were the recipients of much kind attention from the great bulk of the simple inhabitants of the district through which they passed; and again and again Dr. Livingstone had proofs both of eye and ear, that the native tribes in the interior, who have not suffered from the introduction of the slave trade, lead comparatively blameless and industrious lives. It was a refreshing sight to see men, women, and children preparing the ground for their crops, or clearing the latter of weeds, which were carefully gathered and burned, as in highly farmed England; or grinding their corn in the stone mill, which consists all over the districts he had visited, "of a block of granite, or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square, and four or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock, about the size of half a brick, one side of which has a coarse surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the larger and stationary stone. The workwoman kneeling, grasps this upper millstone with both hands, and works it backwards and forwards in the hollow

of the lower millstone, in the same way that a baker works his dough, when pressing it and pushing it from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the movable stone; and while it is pressed and pushed forwards and backwards, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus at first bruised, and then ground in the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat spread for the purpose."

Before being ground, the corn is pounded in a large wooden mortar, exactly similar to that used by the ancient Egyptians. The pestle is about six feet long, and four inches in thickness. By this process the husk is removed from the grain; and that it is a tedious process we have the authority of Solomon, who thought that it took more vigour and trouble to separate "a fool from his folly" than to remove the hard husk from the wheat.

"A chief named Muazi presented Livingstone with a basket of unground corn; and on his hinting that he had no wife to grind it for him, the chief's buxom spouse archly said, 'I will grind it for you; and leave Muazi, to accompany and cook for you in the land of the setting sun.'"

Everywhere he was struck with little touches of human nature, which told him that blacks and whites in their natural ways were very much the same. Sleeping outside a hut, but near enough to hear what passed in the interior of it, he heard a native woman commence to grind in the dark, about two o'clock in the morning. "Ma," said her little daughter, "why grind in the dark?" After telling her to go to sleep, she said, "I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers, which will make you a little lady." And no doubt the little child went to sleep quite contented, just as an English girl would, under like circumstances.

Their greatest luxury was beer, of which they drank considerable quantities, generally in a hospitable kind of way, inviting their neighbours to share in the jollification. Under

such circumstances they politely praise the quality of the liquor provided, a common saying being that it was so good, "the taste reaches right to the back of the neck."

The merchants or traders of the district are the Babisa. They are distinguished by a line of horizontal cicatrices, down the middle of the forehead and chin. They collect the ivory from the Manganja and the Ajawa, and carry it to the coast and sell it, bringing back European manufactures, beads, etc., in return for it, and deal in tobacco and native iron utensils. Some of the natives to the west of the lake were very tall and strong; many of them were a good way over six feet in height, and six feet was common. On reaching Lake Nyassa on their return journey, they found many of the inhabitants living in hiding among the reeds by the margin of the lake; temporary huts being erected on the flattened reeds, which were so thick and strong as to form a perfect, though yielding floor, on the surface of the lake. They had a miserable half-starved appearance, agriculture being out of the question while they were living in constant terror of a visit from slave-trading bands. No one would sell any food unless in exchange for some other article of food, for the simple reason that they were starving, many of them dying from sheer want.

Before the party got back to the ship they were caught in the rains; sometimes it came on at night, with unpleasant results, when the party were asleep with no shelter but the umbrageous foliage of some giant tree. Livingstone says, "When very tired a man feels determined to sleep in spite of everything, and the sound of dripping water is said to be conducive to slumber, but that does not refer to an African storm. If, when half-asleep, in spite of a heavy shower on the back of the head, he unconsciously turns on his side, the drops from the branches make such capital shots into the ear, that the brain rings again." Curiously enough, the keen bracing air of the highlands had a deleterious effect on the Zambesi

The party reached the ship early in November, and found those they had left there in good health. The exploring party had travelled 800 miles in a straight line, which gave a mileage of twelve and a half per day, but taking the windings into account, Livingstone put their rate of advance down at fifteen miles, a wonderful progress truly in an unknown country. An Ajawa chief, named Kapeni, waited upon them, and gratified Livingstone by saying that he and most of his people were anxious to receive English missionaries as their teachers. The effect of this was marred by intelligence which reached him shortly afterwards, that Bishop Tozer, Bishop Mackenzie's successor, after a short stay near the mouth of the Shire, on the top of Mount Morambala, had determined to leave the country. In descending the river they heard that Mariano, the infamous slave-stealing half-caste, had died of debauchery some time previous.

A number of natives, old and young, who had been attached to Bishop Mackenzie, some of whom had also been with his successor, pleaded to be taken with the party. Livingstone took them on board, and got them, with the exception of seven men and ten boys he kept with him on board the *Lady Nyassa*, a passage to the Cape on board H.M.S. *Orestes*. H.M.S. *Ariel* towed the *Lady Nyassa*, with Livingstone and his party on board, to Mozambique, during a dreadful storm, which knocked the little vessel about in such a way that it was a miracle she was not lost with all on board.

The *Lady Nyassa* steamed from Mozambique to Zanzibar; and as Livingstone had determined to dispose of her, he started in her on a voyage of 2,500 miles for that purpose to Bombay, which he accomplished in safety, arriving there on the 13th of June, having left Zanzibar on the 16th of April, the heroic explorer acting as navigator, his crew consisting of three Europeans, viz. a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter, and seven native Zambesi men, and two boys. Considering

that the three European members of his crew were laid aside for a month each, and his native Zambesi men had to be taught the duties of the ship, and the *Lady Nyassa* was a tiny light craft constructed for lake and river navigation, the feat of sailing her across the Indian Ocean was not the least marvellous of the many daring undertakings he has successfully carried through. When they steamed into the harbour of Bombay, he says "the vessel was so small, that no one noticed our arrival." His appearance in civilized society after such a fashion, must have been as unexpected and wonderful as his turning up among the Portuguese in the West, after travelling from the Cape right across country through regions till then wholly unknown. The two native boys, who were about sixteen years of age, named respectively Wakotani and Chuma, were left with Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, to be educated.

Dr. Livingstone arrived in England in the year 1864, and busied himself with the preparation of his narrative for the press, and thinking over further efforts to be made for the amelioration of the condition of the natives of Central Africa. It was quite clear to him that no help in this direction must be looked for from the Portuguese government, which, in spite of the utter valuelessness of their possessions on the east coast of Africa, seemed to wink at the devastation and depopulation of the country by slave dealers, and threw every obstacle in the way of any one anxious to acquire information regarding the tribes bordering on their territory, and the introduction of legitimate commerce amongst them. The horrors Dr. Livingstone had to make us acquainted with then, and those which, though dead, he is still telling us after having been lost to his country and friends for years, cannot fail to raise such a storm of indignation throughout the civilised world, as will hasten the end of the frightful traffic in human beings, which is carried on under the protection of the Portuguese flag.

## CHAPTER XIV.

STARTS A THIRD TIME FOR AFRICA. HIS REPORTED MURDER.  
EXPEDITION SENT IN SEARCH OF HIM. LETTERS FROM  
HIMSELF. AGAIN LOST TO VIEW. MR. H. M. STANLEY  
FINDS HIM AT UJJI.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone arrived in England, the discoveries of Captain Speke and Major Grant were the subject of almost universal interest among the intelligent public; and he had not been long amongst us, when the enthusiasm those had excited, and the cravings for further knowledge of the regions about the head waters of the Nile were further indulged by the discoveries of Sir Samuel Baker. Lakes, hill ranges, and populous native settlements were slowly filling up the great blank patch in the centre of the vast continent of Africa, which for centuries had been assumed to be a vast sandy desert, a second and greater Sahara. From the known regions of Southern Africa Livingstone had, in his several expeditions from 1852, when he marched across the Kalahari desert and discovered Lake Ngami, down to his leaving the Zambesi on the conclusion of his last series of explorations, laid down rivers, lakes, mountain ranges, and native settlements, over a tract of country vastly more extensive than was ever explored by a single individual, in the history of discovery and adventure. His discoveries in the south, and those of his contemporary explorers farther to the north, had settled the fact beyond dispute, that the centre of Africa was peopled by tribes mentally and industrially capable of elevation, if the iniquitous slave-trade was suppressed, and legitimate commerce with civilized nations introduced amongst them; and that they inhabited regions rich in vegetable and animal life, and watered by magnificent rivers and streams, which filled the minds of thoughtful men with the hope of seeing

opened within a reasonable time, new corn, cattle, cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, coal, and iron-producing regions of so vast an extent, as to render the European continent independent in the future of the exhaustion of her present stores, through the demands of a population, daily increasing in number and in wealth.

Between Speke and Grant's and Baker's discoveries and Livingstone's in the south, there was still a vast tract of country of which little or nothing reliable was known. Further investigation, and a due consideration of the character of the newly-explored regions, led thinking men to doubt and question the fact that Captain Speke had traced the Nile to its head quarters, when he watched it flow a noble stream from the Victoria Nyanza Lake. These doubts and questions soon resolved themselves into actual belief that the head waters of the river of Egypt must be carried as far south, and farther south as some thought, than Lake Tanganyika.

Livingstone having a strong opinion that such was the case, and that the northern and western watersheds were not far removed from the point to which he had penetrated to the west of Lake Nyassa immediately before his return, was not the sort of man to leave this question for long a mere matter of opinion or probability. Early in 1865, after he had recruited his health and superintended the publication of his explorations on the Zambesi, the Shire, and the Rovuma and Lake Nyassa, he began to make preparations for a new expedition, which should push its way into the interior of the country by the Rovuma, and thence northwards as his experience should direct.

The council of the Royal Geographical Society seconded his aspirations, engaging him to undertake a fresh expedition to solve the problem of the direction taken by the outflow from Lake Tanganyika, and the country between it and Lake Nyassa. Earl Russell happily connected it with the

public interest by renewing his appointment as H.M. Consul to the tribes in the interior; and Mr. Young, one of his oldest friends, advanced £1000 in furtherance of the objects of the expedition.

On the 14th of August Dr. Livingstone left England to carry out this programme, proceeding direct for Bombay, where he had left the *Lady Nyassa*, seven Zambesi men, and the two boys who had been connected with the Oxford and Cambridge mission on the Shire, the latter having been left in the interval in the charge, for educational purposes, of Dr. Wilson, the well-known missionary. He was pleased to find that they had conducted themselves well, and could both read and write, and that they were anxious to be baptized into the English Church, which was done before their departure with him on his new expedition. In addition to these faithful and tried followers, a native havildar, several sepoy, and several Suahili lads, from the Nassick School, Bombay, and a number of men from the island of Johanna, were enlisted as assistants. These latter were headed by a man named Moosa, whose name became painfully familiar throughout the world, as we shall see further on. Thus accompanied, Dr. Livingstone sailed from Zanzibar for the Rovuma, on the 28th of March, 1866. A letter to his friends, written when about to start from the coast, and a despatch, dated 18th May, sent to Zanzibar for the English government from Ngomano, which stated that he then stood on the threshold of the unexplored, comprehended all that was known of his movements until Moosa and the other Johanna men returned, bringing a circumstantial report that he had been slain in an encounter with a band of natives (Mafite) and Zulus. According to their account, the party had left Kampoonda, on the shore of Lake Nyassa, and had travelled five days, the Johanna men, with the exception of Moosa (it was necessary one at least should be near to give credibility to the story), were at a considerable distance behind,

carrying the loads. The party was weakened by the dismissal of the sepoys, and the desertion of several of his attendants. The following is from the despatch sent by the British resident at Zanzibar :—

“ Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mafite were coming ; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there among the trees, and he had just gained the party, and had sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell (by an axe-cut from behind). Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed into the deeper forest. . . . Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus, who were killed under his sure aim ; here and there lay some four dead fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright ; he had no other wound but this terrible gash ; it must have gone, from their description, though the neck and spine, up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him.”

This story, circumstantial in all its details, was accepted as true by all, save a few friends of Livingstone's, chief among whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. E. D. Young, and the Rev. Mr. Waller, who had been for some time with Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi. So firmly persuaded were these sagacious men of the falsehood of the report brought by the Johanna men, mainly from an accurate knowledge of Livingstone's method of dealing with the natives in Africa, and the fact that none but Johanna men had returned to tell the tale, and that none of them was missing, that they at once set about organising an expedition to discover the truth ; the district of his reputed murder to be reached by

way of the Zambesi and the Shire in a small vessel, to be built for the purpose. Mr. Young was appointed leader of the expedition, and with him were associated Mr. Henry Faulkner, formerly a captain in H. M. 17th Lancers, Mr. J. Buckley, an old shipmate of Mr. Young's, and Mr. John Reid, a mechanic. The expedition was originally organised and provided for by the council of the Royal Geographical Society, and was warmly encouraged and assisted by the Admiralty. A boat was constructed of steel, in sections weighing only 50lbs. each, for convenience of land carriage past the Murchison Rapids on the Shire; and in this the members of the expedition were to be rowed by natives up the Zambesi and the Shire. The boat was christened the *Search*, she was placed on board the Cape mail steamer, the *Celt*, which sailed from Plymouth on the 10th of June, 1867, reaching Table Bay on the 12th of July.

In their instructions from the council of the Geographical Society and the Admiralty, they were enjoined, if possible, to complete their mission, and return to the coast by or before the end of November, when one of H.M.S. cruisers would arrive about that time to take them off. On the 27th of July, the *Search* and two whale-boats, which they intended to take with them to assist in carrying their necessary *impedimenta*, which was comprised within the smallest bulk that a knowledge of their necessities could manage, was launched from the deck of H.M.S. *Petrel*, and accompanied by two of the cutters of the ship, in which were several officers, they safely crossed the bar of the Kongone, and landed on the delta; where they completed their final arrangements, such as engaging native rowers, etc. They started at 8 a.m. on the 6th of August, and proceeded up stream, and for a time the search party were lost to view.

In the meantime reports had reached Zanzibar, through various channels, that a white man had been seen to the west of Tanganyika, in the country of the Marunga. The

information was brought by a native slave, who picked out the traveller's photograph from many others as being the white man he had seen. Rumours of a similar kind arrived at Zanzibar, and tended greatly to allay the feeling of pain and uncertainty which had been caused by his reputed death.

All doubts of the falsehood of the Johanna men were set at rest by the arrival of Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner of the Livingstone search expedition, at the Cape, on the 17th December, 1867; bringing intelligence that they had met with natives on the banks of Lake Nyassa, who had seen Livingstone after the Johanna men had deserted him, and who had been employed in carrying his baggage twenty miles to the north-west of Maksoira's village, which again was ten day's journey from the point at which the Johanna men had deserted him, and returned to spread a report of the death of the great traveller, to cover their own cowardly and treacherous conduct in leaving their leader to his fate. One of the natives at Marenga's town, where Livingstone had been generously treated by the chief of that name, had a knife, and another had a spoon, which the "white man" had presented to them. Proceeding to Mapunda's village, in search of still further information, the mother of that chief showed them a Prayer-book, containing the name of one of the doctor's followers, who had been left behind on account of lameness. As this boy, Waik-tanee (who was reported by the Johanna men to have deserted), was absent with the chief, Mr. Young and his party had no opportunity of examining him. As, in addition to the information received from so many sources, all the natives who had seen Dr. Livingstone as he passed through, recognised his photograph among a number of others, they had no doubt but that their mission was accomplished, and the dauntless explorer had passed onwards to settle the question of the head waters of the Nile, and work his way home by that

river. After waiting for a considerable time at the mouth of the Kongone, the search party were taken off by H.M.S. *Raccoon*, when they had the satisfaction of having their information corroborated by the native intelligence we have already alluded to as having arrived at Zanzibar, that Livingstone was alive and well long after the date up to which they had traced his actual presence, and his more than probable safety for some time after, Marenga being certain that if any disaster had befallen him within several months' journey of the spot, he would have heard of it.

This Marenga appears to have made a strong impression on Mr. Young. When he first met him, he says, "I found myself in the presence of a fat, jovial-looking old fellow, the very picture of good living and good humour. Without further ado, he seized me by the hand and shook it most violently, clearly demonstrating not only his respect for my countrymen, but also for their mode of salutation." When Moosa and his companions returned to Marenga's village, after deserting Livingstone, he upbraided them with their desertion of him. They said, "They were merely Arabs who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be some limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested motives in assisting a traveller, and having, as it were, torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must now go back to the coast." Marenga belonged to the Babisa, of whom we have already spoken as being the traders of the district round Nyassa. He was a horrid polygamist, and what is more, evidently maintained his numerous wives in peace and harmony. Mr. Young says, "With great satisfaction he introduced us to forty of his young wives who, although not fair, and far under forty in years in any case, were as sleek as good living and

*pombi* (beer) drinking could make them. Their reverence for their liege lord was excessive, and he could not stir without his least want or wish being anticipated by one or other of them." Speaking of the expedition of Mr. Young, and its successful termination, in a letter to the members of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison says, "To put together a boat constructed in sections, to find a negro crew for the navigation of the Zambesi, to put the boat together and have it carried up thirty-six miles along the sides of the cataracts (the Murchison Cataracts) to the river Shire, then, after navigating the waters until the fate of Livingstone was clearly ascertained, to take the vessel to pieces and convey it to the Zambesi, and again to reconstruct it and sail down the Zambesi, and finally bring it and the party safe back to England without the loss of a single man—this, indeed, is a real triumph." Mr. Young has published an account of the expedition, entitled, "The Search after Livingstone," and Captain Faulkner has published a work under the title of "Elephant Haunts," etc., which gives an interesting account of the animal life of the districts through which they passed, and his sporting adventures among them.

The first accounts of his movements by the traveller himself, reached the country in the shape of a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, about the 20th of April, from which we make the following extracts. It is dated the country of the Chipeta, which is far to the north-west of the point to which the search expedition traced him, and was written on the 10th of November, 1866. "It has been quite impossible to send a letter coast-wise ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave-traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bugbear to them. Eight parties thus ske-daddled, and last of all my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them by a member of a ninth

party who had been plundered of his slaves, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nassick boys. The fear which the English name has struck into the slave-traders has thus been an inconvenience. I could not go round the north end of the lake for fear that my Johanna men at sight of danger, would do then what they actually did at the southern end; and the owner of two dhows now on the lake kept them out of sight, lest I should burn them as slavers, and I could not cross in the middle." Rounding the southern end he got up Kirk's range, and among Manganja not yet made slave-sellers. "This was a great treat, for, like all who have not been contaminated by that blight, they were very kind; and, having been worried enough by unwilling sepoys and cowardly Johanna men, I followed my bent by easy marches, among friendly, generous people, to whom I tried to impart some new ideas in return for their hospitality. The country is elevated and the climate cool. One of the wonders told of us in successive villages was that we slept without fires. The boys having blankets did not need fire, while the inhabitants being scantily clad, have their huts plastered inside and out, and even use moss to make them comfortable. Our progress since has been slow from other and less agreeable causes. Some parts have been denuded of food by marauding Mazitu or Zulus; we have been fain to avoid them, and gone zigzag. Once we nearly walked into the hands of a party, and several times we have been detained by rumours of the enemy in front.

"*January, 1867.*—I mention several causes of delay, I must add the rainy season is more potent than all, except hunger. In passing through the Babisa country we found that food was not to be had. The Babisa are great slave-traders, and have in consequence little industry. This seems to be the chief cause of their having no food to spare. The rains, too, are more copious than I ever saw

them anywhere in Africa; but we shall get on in time. *February 1.*—I am in Bemba or Loemba, and at the chief man's place, which has three stockades around it, and a deep dry ditch round the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast of it to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard lines; and I would not complain if it had not been for gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded, I filled the pot with a first-rate rifle given me by Captain Warter, but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called *macre*, which passes the stomach almost unchanged. The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine box which your friends at Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up." Several of his attendants acting as carriers had made off with the box, his plates and dishes, and most of his powder and two guns. "This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie; but I shall try native remedies, trusting Him who has led me hitherto to lead me still. We have been mostly on elevated land, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea. I think we are now in the watershed for which I was to seek. We are 4,500 feet above the sea level, and will begin to descend when we go. This may be put down as 10 deg., 50 min., 2 sec. We found a party of black half-caste armed slaves here, and one promised to take a letter to Zanzibar, but they give me only half a day to write. I shall send what I can, and hope they will be as good as their word. We have not had a single difficulty with the people, but we have been very slow. Eight miles a day is a good march for us, loaded as the boys are; and we have often been

obliged to go zigzag, as I mentioned. Blessings on you all."

The next communication from Livingstone was addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison, and was read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 29th of April, 1868. It is dated February 2nd, 1867. We give extracts from it, cutting out parts referring to matters dealt with in the preceding letter. From the end of July to the middle of September, Livingstone remained at Mateka, about fifty miles from Nyassa on the Rovuma side. He says, "There are at least a thousand houses in the town, and Mateka is the most powerful chief in the country. . . . He was anxious that some of the liberated boys (Nassick boys) should remain with him, and I tried my best to induce them, but in vain. He wished to be shown how to make use of his cattle in agriculture; I promised to try and get some other boys, acquainted with Indian agriculture, for him. That is the best point I have seen for an influential station, and Mateka showed some sense of right. When his people went, without his knowledge, to plunder at a part of the lake, he ordered the captives and cattle to be sent back. This was his own spontaneous act, and it took place before our arrival; but I accidentally saw the strangers. They consisted of fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, thirty head of cattle and calves. I gave him a trinket in memory of his good conduct, at which he was delighted, for it had not been without opposition that he carried out his orders, and he showed the token of my approbation in triumph."

Leaving the shores of the lake he endeavoured to ascend Kirk's range; "but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads, that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau peopled by various tribes of Manganja, who had never been engaged

in slaving; in fact they had driven away a lot of Arab slavers a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi, but Katosia is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau; the Chipeta live more on the plains there; the Echewa still farther north. We went among a very hospitable people, until we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north and all but fell into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zigzag course, we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 21 min. west of Chimanga's, crossed the Loangwa, in 12 deg. 45 min. south, as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa, at the southern limit of 11 deg. south. The hills on one part of it rise to a height of 6,600 feet above the sea. . . . We had now (on the plains) a good deal of gnawing hunger, as day after day we trod the sloppy dripping forests, which yield some wretched wild fruit and lots of mushrooms. A woman collected a load of half a hundred weight; after cooking they pound them into what they call porridge; but woe is me! they are good only for producing dreams of the roast beef of by-gone days. . . . When we got to the Chambeze, which is true to the character of the Zambesi, in having abundant animal life in its waters, we soon got an antelope on its banks. We crossed it in 10 deg. 24 min., it was flooded with clear water, but the lines of bushy trees which showed its actual banks were not more than forty yards apart.

“We arrived here (at Bemba) on the last day of January; it is a stockaded village with three lines of defence, the inner one having a deep dry ditch round it. I think, if I am not mistaken, we are on the watershed between the Chambeze and Loapula. I have not had any time to take observations, as it is the rainy season, and almost always cloudy; but we shall rest a little here and get some flesh

on our bones. Altitude about 4,500 feet above the sea. The Loapula is said to be a very large river, but I hope to send fuller information from Tanganyika. . . . The chief here seems a jolly, frank person; but unless the country is insecure, I don't see the use of his lines of circumvallation. He presented a cow on our arrival, and an elephant's tusk because I had sat upon it.

"I have had no news whatever from the coast since we left it, but hope for letters and our second stock of goods (a small one) at Ujiji. I have been unable to send anything either; some letters I have written in hopes of meeting an Arab slave-trader, but they all skedaddled as soon as they heard the English were coming."

News reached England early in October that Livingstone was on his way to the coast, and was, at the time of their transmission, within a few miles of Zanzibar, but on the 20th and 23rd, word reached London from Dr. Kirk, that he had letters from him dated from Marenga, a district south, and in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika, in latitude 7 deg. 55 min. south, and longitude 30 deg. east, near Ujiji, a district and an Arab station on Lake Tanganyika. This letter was very brief, and had been written in the months of October and December, and gave a satisfactory account for the delay in his progress to the north. He had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, and waiting for the close of a native war before proceeding to Ujiji; and he told the Arab messenger, that after exploring Tanganyika, he meant to return to Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk reported when sending this information, that provisions, medicines, letters, etc., etc., had been sent to Ujiji to meet him, some time previous to the receipt of his letters.

On the 18th of January, 1869, a letter appeared in the *Times* from Horace Waller, one of Livingstone's old comrades during a part of the Zambesi expedition, that from letters received from Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar, nothing had

been heard of Livingstone for a long time. After cautioning the public to be in no anxiety on that account, he says, "Dr. Kirk informs me that Moosa (the chief of the Johanna men who deserted him) has been handed over to him at Zanzibar from Johanna. Finding that he had already passed eight months in heavy irons, the authorities very humanely considered this time sufficient for the reflective powers of the mischievous scamp to reconsider the merits of truth and falsehood ; so Dr. Kirk set him free."

On the 19th of April, news arrived in England that Livingstone had reached Zanzibar, and was on his way to England. His old friend Sir Roderick Murchison published his doubts of the truth of this, and as in many other cases where the great traveller was concerned, the veteran geologist was correct. A report of Dr. Livingstone having been murdered, and another of his being in captivity, having got into circulation, was causing much anxiety in the public mind. Sir R. Murchison wrote in the *London Scotsman* on the 6th of September, as follows:—after explaining that a long time must elapse, in consequence of the district into which he had entered, before we could expect to hear from him, he says, "It is, therefore, I think, quite unnecessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of his captivity. But, whatever may be the speculations entered into during his absence, I have such implicit confidence in the tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and Herculean power of Livingstone that, however he may be delayed, I hold stoutly to the opinion that he will overcome every obstacle, and will, as I have suggested, emerge from South Africa on the same western shore on which he appeared after his first great march across that region, and long after his life had been despaired of."

Sir Roderick Murchison was partly right once more. Livingstone was not on his way home nor thinking of it ; for on the 24th of October, 1869, a telegram was received

in this country, to the effect that Dr. Kirk had received a letter from him, dated July 8th, 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, in which he said, "I have found the source of the Nile between 10 deg. and 12 deg. south." The great traveller wrote in good health and spirits, and it was cheering at the same time to be told that a caravan which had recently arrived at Zanzibar, reported him at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, and that the road between them was open.

The letter was addressed to Lord Clarendon. We give the following extracts: "When I had the honour of writing to you in February, 1867, I had the impression that I was then on the watershed of the Zambesi, and either the Congo or the Nile. More extended observation has since convinced me of the essential correctness of that impression; and from what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10 deg. and 12 deg. south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Raptita is probably the Rovuma. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and north-west of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation; but if your lordship will read the following short sketch of my discoveries, you will perceive that the springs of the Nile have hitherto been searched for very much too far north. They rise about 400 miles south of the most southerly portion of Victoria Nyanza, and, indeed, south of all the lakes except Bangweolo, leaving the valley of the Loangwa, which enters the Zambesi at Zumbo. We climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. This upland may roughly be said to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 square miles. It is generally

covered with dense or open forest ; has an undulating, sometimes hilly, surface ; a rich soil ; is well-watered by numerous rivulets ; and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west ; but I have found no part of it under 300 feet of altitude. The country of Nsango, situated east of the space indicated, is also an upland, and affords pasturage for the immense herds of the cattle of the Basango, a remarkably light coloured race, very friendly to strangers. Nsango forms the eastern side of a great but still elevated valley. The other or western arch is formed by what are called the Kone mountains, beyond the copper mines of Katango. Still farther west, and beyond the Koné range or plateau, our old acquaintance the Zambesi, under the name of Jambasi, is said to rise. The southern end of the great valley between Nsango and the Kone range is between 11 deg. and 12 deg. south. . . . As we advanced, brooks, evidently perennial, became numerous. Some went eastwards, to fall into the Loangwa ; others went north-west to join the river Chambeze. Misled by a map calling this river, in an off-hand manner, 'Zambezi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name ; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile. It is an interesting river as helping to form these lakes, and changing its name three times in the 500 or 600 miles of its course. . . .

"The Chambeze runs into Lake Bangweolo, and on coming out of it assumes the name Luapula, and flows north, past the town of Cazembe, and twelve miles below it enters Lake Moero. On leaving Moero, . . . it takes the name Lualaba, and passing on north-north-west form Lake Nlenge, in the country west of Tanganyika."

Here follow a number of surmises as to the course of the river running out of Nylenge which were exceedingly interesting at the time, but are now forestalled by information

derived from personal observation, with which we will deal further on. The summing up of his opinion as to the destination of all the water flowing to the north by numerous channels is worthy of weight in the light of what he has actually determined, and was about to further establish when left by Mr. Stanley, the persevering and courageous correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who had the good fortune to connect the great traveller once more with civilization. He says :—" My opinion at present is, if the large amount of water I have seen going north, does not flow past Tanganyika on the west, it must have an exit from the lake, and in all likelihood by the Loanda. . . . On the northern slope of the upland, and on the 2nd of April, 1867, I discovered Lake Liemba. It lies in a hollow with precipitous sides, 2,000 feet down. It is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. . . . It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands, men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, from 12 to 15 feet broad, leap down the steep bright clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams fifty miles from its confluence, and found it, at a ford, 294 feet . . . thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hardened sandstone flag, in September. The last rain had fallen on the 12th of May. . . . The Lonzu drives a large body of smooth water into Liemba; this body of water was ten fathoms deep. Another of the four streams is said to be larger than the Lofu; but an over-officious head man prevented me from seeing more of it and another than

three mouths. The lake is not large; from 18 to 20 miles broad, and from 30 to 40 long."

Livingstone was unable, a war being then raging, to settle the question whether the lake was connected by its effluent or not, with Lake Tanganyika, which he strongly suspected. Afterwards, according to intelligence received through Mr. Stanley, he found that his surmise was correct, and added one more link to the chain of evidence that he was among the head waters of the Nile. The war, which interrupted his forward progress in the direction he wished to proceed, was the result of a quarrel between the chief of Itawa, and a party of ivory traders. On going 80 miles in a direction to avoid the disturbed district, he came upon the Arab ivory traders, and on shewing them a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, they supplied him with provisions, cloth, and beads; and after a tedious interval of three months, he was mainly instrumental in patching up a peace between them and the Itawa chief. "I was glad," he says, "to see the mode of ivory and slave-trading of these men. It proved such a perfect contrast to that of the ruffians of Kilwa, and to the ways of the atrocious Portuguese from Teté." After peace was declared, he visited Masama, the chief of Itawa, and examined Lake Moero, which he found to be 60 miles long, and from 20 to 50 miles broad. From thence he visited Cazembe, and was very hospitably treated by the chief of that name, with whom he stayed forty days, on account of the rains having flooded the country and made progress impossible. Cazembe's town, which has been three times visited by Portuguese, "stands on the north-east bank of the lakelet Mojeve; this is from two to three miles broad, and nearly four long. It has several low reedy islets, and yields plenty of fish, a species of perch." He was very desirous of visiting Lake Bangweolo at this time, and would have attempted it in spite of the rains, but "not having a grain

of any kind of medicine, and as fever without treatment produced very disagreeable symptoms, I thought that it would be unwise to venture where swelled thyroid glands, known among us as Derbyshire neck and elephantiasis (seroli), prevail." Getting tired of his inactivity, he went northwards towards Ujiji, "where," he says, "I have goods, and I hope letters, for I have heard nothing from the world for more than two years; but when I got within 13 days of Tanganyika, I was brought to a standstill by the superabundance of water in the country in front." His description of wading across swollen rivulets, flooded plains and morasses, gives a vivid idea of the courage and resolution of the man. The paths among the long grass were even more trying than these. He says:—"The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path, which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged and fell over the ankles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and bursting, emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging; the last mile was the worst, and right glad we were to get out of it, and bathe in the clear tepid waters and sandy beach of Moero. In going up the bank of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents thigh deep, then a river 80 yards wide, with 300 yards of flood on its west bank, so deep, we had to keep to the canoes, till within fifty yards of the higher ground, then four brooks from five to fifteen yards broad. One of them, the Chungu, possesses a somewhat melancholy interest, as that on which poor Dr. Lacerda died. . . . His latitude of Cazembe's town on the Chungu being 50 miles wrong, probably reveals that his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed; and any one who knows what that implies, will look upon his error with compassion. . . . The state of the rivers and the country made me go in the lightest marching order. I took nothing but the

most necessary instruments, and no paper except a couple of note-books and the Bible. On unexpectedly finding a party going to the coast, I borrowed a piece of paper from an Arab, and the effects, unavoidable in the circumstances, you will kindly excuse. Only four of my attendants would come here; the others, on various pretences, absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope that by making the country and the people better known, I am doing good; and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally, I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence, which now forms part of the belief of all the more intelligent of our race: my efforts may be appreciated in good times coming yet."

After speaking of the care which he had always taken to give the position of places with the utmost accuracy, and the compliments paid to the success with which he had done this on the Zambesi and the Shire by scientific men, he says:—"Well it is not very comforting, after all my care and risk of health, and even of life, it is not very inspiring to find 200 miles of lake tacked on to the north-west end of Nyassa; and then 200 miles perched up on the upland region, and passed over some 3,000 feet higher than the rest of the lake! We shall probably hear that the author of this feat in fancyography claims therefrom to be considered a theoretical discoverer of the sources of the Nile." After stating several instances in which his positions had been unwarrantably changed, he says, "The desecration my positions have suffered, is probably unknown to the Council; but that is all the more reason why I should adhere to my resolution to be the guardian of my own observations until publication. I regret this, because the upsetting of a canoe, or any accident happening to me, might lead to the entire

loss of the discoveries. My borrowed paper is done, or I should have given a summary of the streams, which, flowing into Chambeze, Luapula, Lualaba, and the lakes, may be called sources. Thirteen, all larger than the Isis at Oxford, or the Avon at Hamilton, run into one line of drainage, five into another, and five into a third receptacle—twenty-three in all. Not having seen the Nile in the north, I forbear any comparison of volume.”

In a postscript he says, “Always something new from Africa. A large tribe live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The ‘writings’ thereon, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards.” That Dr. Livingstone should have been able to write a communication such as this, bristling with facts carefully detailed, under the circumstances indicated, is as wonderful as the resolute endurance and courage necessary to their collection.

The next information received from Dr. Livingstone was contained in a letter sent to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, and was published in the *Times* of December 13th, 1869. It is dated Ujiji, May 30th, 1869, and is as follows:—“This note goes by Musa Kamaals, who was employed by Koarji to drive the buffaloes hither, but by over-driving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in herding, they all died before he got to Unyan-yembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods, and got a share of them; and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way back to Zanzibar. He has done nothing here. He neither went near the goods here, nor tried to prevent them being stolen on the way. I suppose that pay for four months

in coming, other four of rest, and four in going back would be ample, but I leave this to your decision. I could not employ him to carry my mail back, nor can I say anything to him, for he at once goes to the Ujijians, and gives his own version of all he hears. He is untruthful and ill-conditioned, and would hand over the mail to any one who wished to destroy it. The people here are like the Kilwa traders, haters of the English. Those Zanzibar men whom I met between this and Nyassa were gentlemen, and traded with honour. Here, as in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slavery is a source of forays, and they dread exposure by my letters. No one will take charge of them. I have got Thani bin Suelim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a check on Ritchio, Stewart & Co., of Bombay, for 2,000 rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the headman to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no assistance in procuring carriers; and, as you will see if the mail comes to hand, I sent to Zanzibar for fifteen good boatmen to act as carriers if required, eighty pieces of meritano, forty ditto of kinitra, twelve farasales of the beads called jasain, shoes, etc., etc. I have written to Seyd Majid begging two of his guards to see to the safety of the goods here into Thani bin Suelim's hands, or into those of Mohammed bin Sahib.

“As to the work done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered, from 500 to 700 miles south of Speke and Baker, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows from latitude 120 deg. south is so large, I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well

as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika, Ujiji, Chowambe (Baker's) are one water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this district, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika; if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar, I earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men. £400 to be sent by Mr. Young must surely have come to you through Fleming Bros. A long box paid for to Ujiji was left at Unyanyembe, and so with other boxes."

In this letter we have the first indications of dissatisfaction with the way assistance was being sent to him by Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, of which we have heard more from Mr. Stanley and from the traveller himself. It was natural that the lonely man who had not had any communication with the world for so long a period, and who had been travelling in unknown regions dependent upon chance for the necessities of living, should feel a bitterness at the want of success in relieving him. That he misjudged his old and tried friend Dr. Kirk, he himself will be glad to acknowledge when he knows the circumstances, we may feel assured. Dr. Kirk mentions in a note published along with this letter, that stores and letters had been sent on the 7th of October, and that no time would be lost in sending the articles now required by the explorer. To the unsettled state of the country and the dishonesty and carelessness of the people he was compelled to employ to succour Dr. Livingstone, are due the failure of these efforts, and not to any neglect on the part of Dr. Kirk.

Once more the cloud of mystery and darkness enveloped

the fate of the great traveller, and surmises and reports as to his probable fate tended towards a general belief that in some unknown region in the far interior, the greatest traveller and discoverer the world has ever seen, had become the most distinguished of that long roll of martyrs who had perished in their dauntless endeavour to penetrate the secret recesses of a country all but impregably guarded by disease, pestilence, and the cruel jealousy of savage tribes. The anxiety of the public regarding the fate of the traveller was shared in by the Government. In May, 1870, £1,000 was sent to the consul at Zanzibar, to be expended in efforts to discover and relieve him. On the 25th of January, 1871, hope was again excited that we might soon hear tidings from himself of a much later date than the last received, by the arrival of a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Dr. Kirk giving extracts from a letter received from an Arab chief, Sheik Said, of Unyanyembe, dated 16th of July, 1870. The chief says, "Your honoured letter has reached, and your friend (Livingstone) has understood it. The people (a party with a caravan from Zanzibar) arrived in good health, and are going on to Ujiji to our friend the Doctor. The news of him is that he has not yet returned from Manemis (Menama, or Manyema, the Arabic word is spelt in three different ways), but we expect him soon, and probably he and the people with supplies will reach Ujiji at the same time." As Sir Roderick pointed out, this was the first indication we had received that the explorer had made a lengthened journey to the west of Tanganyika, which, taken together with the probability that letters sent by him had been destroyed by jealous Arabs, accounted for his long silence.

Early in May this intelligence was corroborated by the arrival of news from Shirif Basssheikh bin Ahmed, the Arab sent from Zanzibar and Ujiji in charge of stores for Dr

Livingstone, dated November 15th, 1870, that he had been visited a few days previously by a messenger from the people of Menama (or Manyema), with letters from the Arabs staying there, and one from "the Doctor," the letters being dated October 15. The messenger had told him that the Doctor was well, although he had been suffering, and that he was at the town of Manakosa, with Mohammed bin Tharib, waiting for the caravans, being himself without means, and with few followers, only eight men, so that he could not move elsewhere or come down to Ujiji. Shirif further stated that he had sent twelve men, with a quantity of goods, ammunition, quinine, etc., etc., on to him, and that he awaited the explorer's further orders at Ujiji.

The intelligence that a war had broken out between the Arab colony in the district of Unyanyembe and a powerful native chief between Ujiji and Kasagne, which was being carried on with the utmost fury on both sides and effectually closed up the road to the coast, added to the public anxiety. For the first time since his departure on his adventurous mission in February, we have the mention of the name of a young gentleman, a Mr. Stanley, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who had been despatched by the proprietor of that great journal from Paris, with orders to find out Dr. Livingstone, or bring back tidings of his safety or death at whatever cost. In a letter to Earl Granville, dated Zanzibar, 22nd September, 1871, Dr. Kirk says :—

"Letters just received by special messengers, who left Unyanyembe about a month ago, inform us of a sad disaster that has befallen the Arab settlement there, and that will in all likelihood stop the road to Ujiji and Kasagne for some time to come. All accounts agree as to the main facts; but naturally letters written by Mr. Stanley, an American gentleman who was on the spot, are the most

circumstantial and reliable. . . . A chief whose village was one day's journey distance on the main road to Ujiji and Kasagne, fell under the displeasure of the Unyanyembe Arab settlers ; and his place was attacked, in due course, by a force of about 1500 muskets. Seeing that he could not hold the blockaded village, he retired with his followers, and formed an ambush for the return of the attacking party, when laden with ivory and other booty. The result was disastrous to the Arabs, and a great many were killed, including ten or twenty of the leaders, men of good family here. The Arab retreat soon became a rout, and much property was lost.

“Fortunately, Mr. Stanley, who was weak and ill from fever, managed to return to Unyanyembe ; but he was abandoned by the Arabs, whose conduct he speaks of as cowardly in the extreme.” In announcing to the members of the Geographical Society that the Council had determined to address the Foreign Office, asking its assistance in an effort to succour Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison said : “It appeared to the Council and himself now that the hope which we had of communicating with Dr. Livingstone through Mr. Stanley, the American traveller, must for the present be abandoned ; and it had become, consequently, their duty to cast about for some other means of reaching him.” We all know that the result of the determination of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society was the getting up of a formidable expedition to march into the interior, and find news of the great explorer, dead or alive. As the Government refused to advance any money to assist in covering the expenses of the expedition, it was left for the Society and the public to furnish the means, and within a few weeks ample funds and an efficient party were ready to start for Africa.

Early in 1872 this expedition was being organized at Zanzibar, under the guidance of Lieutenant Dawson, who

was assisted by Lieutenant Henn, Mr. New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, a son of the great explorer. As the public felt satisfied with the zeal and abilities of the English heads of the Search and Relief Expedition, the public excitement subsided. No one appeared to hope for anything from the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, and gradually its existence came to be overlooked or forgotten. Even Dr. Kirk, who had opportunities of seeing its leader and his careful preparations, never dreamed that Livingstone would ever be heard of through his exertions.

Meantime the indefatigable Mr. Stanley was fulfilling the duty entrusted to him, with a zeal and determination which nothing could conquer. We have heard how he was stopped in his forward course to Ujiji by a war which had broken out between the Arab settlers of Unyanyembe and a powerful chief named Mirambo, whose country lay in the direct line of march from Unyanyembe to Ujiji. Mr. Stanley and his native soldiers took part in the war for a time, until he found that, from the cowardice of the Arabs, and their foolish method of fighting an astute and wary foe, the safety of his expedition was in danger, and that even if the Arabs succeeded in conquering Mirambo, to await this would occasion the loss of months of valuable time. He determined on at once proceeding on his journey, after getting his people together with great difficulty, as they had been completely demoralized by the dreadful slaughter of the Arabs by Mirambo, through the ambush he had laid for them, already alluded to in Dr. Kirk's letter to Lord Granville. After several days' march he reached Kwihara; and as the country swarmed with fugitives, who reported that Mirambo was thundering in their rear, threatening the whole country with fire and sword, Mr. Stanley thought the time had come when he must prepare for the worst. He says: "First of all, a lofty bamboo was procured, and planted on

the roof of our fortlet ; and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters. Then began the work of ditch-making and digging rifle-pits all around the court or enclosure. The strong clay walls were pierced in two rows for the muskets ; the great door was kept open, with materials ready close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight ; watchmen were posted on tops of the house ; every pot in the house was filled with water ; provisions were collected sufficient to stand a siege of a month's duration ; the ammunition boxes were unscrewed, and when I saw the three thousand bright metallic cartridges for the American carbines, I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this furore of war be ended without much trouble.

“ Before 6 P.M. I had 125 muskets and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives ; and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality, impregnable and untakeable. All night we stood guard ; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames ; all the Wanganmezi and Wanguana houses were destroyed ; and the fine house of Abid-bin-Sulermain had been ransacked, and then committed to the flames. Mirambo boasted that ‘ to-morrow ’ Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumour that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed, with the ivory and cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer. And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man ; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and

that impels me on. There is a journal afar off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye. I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji, then perhaps to the Congo river."

Clearly here was a man who was not to be turned aside from his purpose on small or even great occasion. He had been sent to find Livingstone, and find him he had determined upon, if he was alive. When Mr. Stanley arrived at his next camping-ground—Mkwenkwe—he found that his attendants, who had gone before to make preparations, had deserted in a body, and returned to Kwi-hara. To make matters worse, he was suffering from fever. The awkward position in which he found himself roused his indomitable pluck, and enabled him to throw off the fever which oppressed him; and the men who stood true to him having collected the scattered fugitives, after a couple of days' rest he continued his march. After reaching Kasegera, two of his followers deserted. When brought back, he had them tied up and flogged, and then fastened them together with a chain. This mode of treatment he found to be quite successful in quelling insubordination; he says in regard to it: "I was determined to try a new method, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before my eyes; and I am happy to say to-day, for the benefit of all future travellers, that it is the best method yet adopted, and that I will never tread in Africa again without a good long chain. A few days after this, Shaw the Englishman broke down, partly from illness and partly from fear, and was sent back to Unyanyembe."

The following extract gives a graphic picture of the country he was marching through:—"We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy, undulating waves, the land stretched before us—the new land which no European knew—the unknown mystic land. The view which

the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another, is one of the most disheartening which can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, were the lengthy rectilinear ridges clad in the same garb—woods, woods, woods; forests, leafy branches, green and yellow, and dark-red and purple; then an undefinable ocean, bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all round shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest, higher than their neighbours, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest, and the same horizon, day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove, from wandering over a world without a halting-place, return, wearied with the search."

At Uganda Mr. Stanley had an interview with a friendly chief, Mamanyara, "a tall, stalwart man, with a pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati round his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country. Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked, and as quickly answered; and the ice being broken, the chief being as candid as I was myself, he grasped my forefinger and middle fingers, and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifle were things so wonderful, that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his were, would task my powers. The chief roared with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger; he clasped their fore and middle fingers, vowed that the Musungu (white man) was a wonder, a marvel,

and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it before? 'No,' as solemnly as before. Is he not a wonder? Quite a wonder—positively a wonder."

Pushing onwards, he made the acquaintance of the honey bird, and while in timbered country never lacked the agreeable addition of honey to their meals. The honey bird "is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren. When it sees a human being it becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips and flies from branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird hopping about, and hears its sweet call, 'Sweet—Sweet—Sweet!' If he is a Wokonongo (a native tribe given to honey-hunting), he follows it. Away flies the bird on to another tree; then springs to another branch nearer to the begging man, as if to say, 'Shall I—must I come and fetch you?' Another, assured by the advance of its friend, rushes off to another tree, coquets about, and sweets his call rapidly—sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding the traveller for being so slow; and so on, until at last the treasure is found and secured. As the honey bird is a very busy little animal, while the man secures his treasure of honey, he holds himself ready for another flight, and to discover another treasure."

The following illustrates the trouble he had in maintaining discipline among his own followers. A man of less courage and nerve must either have laid down his life there and then, or have been compelled to abandon the expedition for a time, if not for altogether. Three hours' journey from the banks of the Gombe, where they had rested for three days, his men halted, and refused to proceed. The rapid marching was beginning to tell upon them, and they wished to remain encamped several days, where, from the quantity of game about, they could rest and enjoy abundance. Ever since he had left Kwihara, Stanley had been possessed by a feverish eagerness to push forward, and was

in consequence in no mood to submit to any needless detention. We will let him tell what happened in his own words:—

“As I was walking up to see what was the matter, I saw the guide and his brother sitting on an ant-hill, apart from the other people, fingering their guns in what appeared to be a most suspicious manner. Calling Selim, I took the double-barrelled smooth-bore, and slipped in two charges of buckshot, and then walked on to my people, keeping an eye, however, upon the guide and his brother. I asked Bombay to give me an explanation of the stoppage. He would not answer, though he mumbled something sullenly, which was unintelligible to me. I looked on the other people, and perceived that they acted in an irresolute manner, as if they feared to take my part, or were of the same mood as the party on the ant-hill. I was but thirty paces from the guide, and, throwing the barrel of the gun into the hollow of my left hand, I presented it cocked at the guide, and called out to him, if he did not come to me at once I would shoot him, giving him and his companions to understand that I had twenty-four small bullets in the gun, and that I could blow them to pieces. In a very reluctant manner they advanced towards me. When they were sufficiently near, I ordered them to halt; but the guide, as he did so, brought his gun to the present, with his finger on the trigger, and, with a treacherous and cunning smile which I perfectly understood, he asked what I wanted of him. His companion, while he was speaking, was sidling to my rear, and was impudently engaged in filling the pan of his musket with powder; but a threat to finish him if he did not go back to his companion, and there stand till I gave him permission to move, compelled this villanous Thersite to execute the ‘right about’ with a promptitude which caused commendation from me. Then facing my Ajax of a guide with my gun, I next requested him to lower

his gun if he did not wish to receive the contents of mine in his head; and I do not know but what the terrible catastrophe, warranted by stern necessity, had occurred then and there, if Mabruki (bull-headed Mabruki, but my faithful porter and faithfulest soldier) had not dashed the man's gun aside, asking him how he dared level his gun at his master, and then throwing himself at my feet, prayed me to forgive him. . . . When Mabruki's prayer for forgiveness was seconded by that of the principal culprit that I would overlook his offence, I was able to act as became a prudent commander, though I felt some remorse that I had not availed myself of the opportunity to punish the guide and his companion as they eminently deserved. . . . However, as Bombay could not bend himself to ask forgiveness, I came to the conclusion that it were best he should be made to feel the penalty for stirring dissensions in the expedition, and be brought to look with a more amiable face upon the scheme of proceeding to Ujiji through Ukonongo and Ukawendi; and I at once proceeded about it with such vigour, that Bombay's back will for as long a time bear traces of the punishment which I administered to him, as his front teeth do of that which Speke (he had been a servant of Speke's) rightfully bestowed on him some eleven years ago."

After a time the character of the scenery changed, and this, together with rapid movement, and the almost certainty that Lake Tanganyika would be speedily reached, had the effect of raising the spirits of every member of the expedition. This is his description of the country within fourteen days of the great lake, on whose shore he hoped to find the object of his search:—

"Here and there were upheaved above the tree-tops sugar-loaf hills; and darkly blue, west of us, loomed a noble ridge of hills which formed the boundary between Kamiramba's territory and that of Utendi. Elephant tracks

became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mivara, with its lengthy slope slowly declining westward, the vegetation became more varied, and the outlines of the land before us more picturesque. We grew satiated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on the trees. There was the Mbember, with the taste of an over-ripe peach; the Tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in their flavour; the Matonga, or nux vomica, was welcome; and the luscious Singive, the plum of Africa, was most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked, long past their season and beyond eating.

“Guinea-fowl, the moor-hen, ptarmigan, and ducks, supplied our tables; and often the hump of a buffalo, or an extravagant piece of venison, filled our camp-kettles. My health was firmly re-established. The faster we prosecuted our journey, the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine.”

Pushing onwards, their proximity to the Tanganyika lake was evident from the number of streams all trending towards that goal of their hopes. The neighbourhood of these streams was thickly covered with brushwood, and the vicinity of these was dreaded by his followers, and not without cause. He says: “The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard, lion, and wild boar, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys, while being driven to water along a narrow path edged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal’s neck; and it would have made short work of it, had not its companions set up a braying chorus that might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to the limp

stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath, and prowled about a well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful clamour without intermission until morning."

He has a different story to tell of the southern portion of the same region. He says: "The fairest of Californian scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests; now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well-watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the river; and, behold, exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque, and pretty,—all within the scope of vision, whichever way one may turn. And to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across three degrees of longitude, and nearly four of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.

"Ah me! what wild and ambitious projects fill a man's brain as he looks over the forgotten and unpeopled country, containing in its bosom such stores of wealth, and with such an expanse of fertile soil capable of sustaining millions! What a settlement one could have in this valley! See, it is broad enough to support a large population. Fancy a church spire where that tree rears its dark crown of foliage, and think how well a score or so of pretty cottages would look, instead of those thorn clumps and gum trees!

"Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle, and fields of corn spreading to the right and left of this stream! How much better would such a state of things become this valley, than the present deserted and wild aspect! But be hopeful; the day will come, and a future year will see

it, when happier lands have become crowded, and nations have become so overgrown, that they have no room to turn about. It really wants an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila, to lead their hosts to this land, which perhaps has been wisely reserved for such a time."

Leaving this unpeopled paradise behind them, the party had several weary days' march over a country as rocky and sterile as the Sierra Nevada, which, in its rocky hills, and dry, stony watercourses, reminded Mr. Stanley of the country round Magdala. Their provisions were all but exhausted, and they were suffering from thirst, and footsore and weary, when they reached the village of a son of the chief of Uzogera, where they were hospitably entertained. From this point the country improved at every step, although many difficulties had yet to be overcome, the principal of which were the heavy tributes exacted by warlike chiefs for leave to pass through their territory. Mr. Stanley's account of a natural bridge, across which the expedition passed with safety, cannot fail to be interesting. "Fancy," he says, "a river as broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over with water-plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that, only a few yards higher up, an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves, and sixteen tusks of ivory had been suddenly sunk for ever out of sight. As one half of our column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the outwork of grass waving on either side, and between each man; in one place like the swell of the sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled

and undulated, one wave after another. As we all got on it, we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet, and a circular pool of water was formed. I expected every minute to see them suddenly sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without further accident."

At last their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the broad and swift Malagarazi, an affluent of Lake Tanganyika. The goal was nearly won; a few days' march, and the mighty lake of Central Africa would be spread out before their gaze. The principal Sultan of Revinza, the country bordering on the Malagarazi, was Kiala, the eldest son of Uzogera. The command of the river gave him great power as a levier of black-mail from travellers passing through his country, which he used to the uttermost. After much higgling, Stanley had to give 92 yards of cloth for the privilege of passing through his country. The tribute for passing the river had still to be settled, and after a long and stormy discussion this was arranged. "Finally," he says, "seven doli (28 yards of cloth) and ten pounds of Sami-Sami seeds were agreed upon; after which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish, and deep. Yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for crocodiles, crocodiles cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long tapering heads dotted the river everywhere; and though I amused myself pelting them with 2 oz. balls, I made no effect upon their numbers.

“Two canoes discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river, when the story of Captain Burton’s passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which now commenced. About twenty or so of the chief’s men had collected, and backed by them he became insolent. If it were worth while to commence a struggle for two or three more doli of cloth, the mere firing of one revolver at such close quarters would have settled the day; but I could not induce myself to believe it was the best way of proceeding, taking in view the object of our expedition. And accordingly, this extra demand was settled at once with as much amiability as I could muster; but I warned him not to repeat it; and to prevent him from doing so, ordered a man to each canoe, and to be seated there with a loaded gun in each man’s hand. After this little episode we got on very well. . . . We then drove a donkey into the river, having first tied a strong halter to his neck; but he had hardly reached the middle of the river when a crocodile beneath seized him by the neck and dragged him under, after several frantic but ineffectual endeavours to draw him ashore.”

More and yet more pillage in name of tribute had the party to undergo, and several days’ hard and toilsome marching over a rough hilly country. At last they are at “the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi (a native tribe) said we would obtain a view of Lake Tanganyika. . . . On arriving at the top, we beheld it at last from the spot whence probably Burton and Speke looked at it, ‘the one in a half-paralyzed state, the other almost blind.’ Indeed, I was placed at the right; and as we descended, it opened more and more into view, until it was revealed at last into a great inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south, without bounds, a grey expanse of water.”

After feasting their eyes on this longed-for prospect, they hurry on with eager footsteps, three hours of rapid marching appearing to their excited imaginations to occupy only a fourth of that time. The supreme moment had come at last; the American flag is flung out to the breeze; muskets are loaded and fired off in hot haste to rouse the little town of Ujiji, which as yet knew nothing of the strange and unexpected visitors now at its gates. "The natives of Ujiji, . . . and I know not where else, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means, this fusillading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos (how do you do's) shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hand and ask anxiously where I come from. But I have no patience with them—the expedition goes far too slow; I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled? Suddenly a man, a black man at my elbow, shouts in English, 'How do you do, sir?' 'Hallo, who the deuce are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions, he is running like a madman towards the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands, without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a great triumphal procession. As we move, they move; all eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt, the journey is ended for a time, but I alone have a few more steps to make. There is a group of the most respectable Arabs; and as I come nearer, I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it; his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth; and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' and he says, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus.*"

## CHAPTER XV.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AS FOUND BY MR. STANLEY—EXPEDITION TO NORTH END OF LAKE TANGANYIKA—ACCOMPANIES MR. STANLEY TO UNYANYEMBE. STANLEY SENDS NEWS OF HIS SUCCESS. SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

THE following description of Dr. Livingstone, as he appeared to Mr. Stanley at Ujiji, will now have an additional interest, if that be possible, if the heroic traveller is really no more. He says: "Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome with a most unpretending binding. Within, the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus, outside, Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the mobility of prime age, just enough to show that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very grey. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with grey over the temples; otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone show indications of being worn out; the hard fare of Louda and Manajenia have made havoc in their rows. His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking, he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round visor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to

resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally.

“ . . . The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone, which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure; but what he had was mine and his. The wan features, which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the grey beard and stooping shoulders, belied the man. Underneath that aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter; the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Varden, and Gordon Cumming were always the chief actors. ‘You have brought me new life,’ he said several times, so that I was not sure but there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits; but as I found it continued during several weeks, I am now disposed to think it natural.

. . . Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man, a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with owning all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is trouble-

some, and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmans even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man, and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and has made him—to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters. . . . Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ear insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately, viz. natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address in the Kirawahili language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.”

Mr. Stanley stayed with Livingstone for a considerable period; and before they left for Unyanyembe, at which place Dr. Livingstone was to await stores and assistance from Zanzibar, they set off for the head of the Tanganyika to settle the question as to whether the Rusizi is an influent or effluent of the lake,—a question which was greatly exciting the minds of Geographers at home.

“It took us,” says Mr. Stanley, “ten days’ hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a distance of nearly 100 geographical miles from Ujiji; the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Ūrundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward; the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearance impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be

drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks which rise abruptly out of the lake, a most wonderful scene would be presented to us. We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from 5000 to 7000 feet deep, with the large island Ubuari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it, for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is nearly 3000 feet deep. . . . Until we were close to this brake we could not detect the slightest opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldly up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was, vanished at once and for ever before that strong brown flood, which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should ever be able to ascend ; but after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling, the river broadened, and a little higher up we saw it widen into lagoons on either side."

One of the questions left for Livingstone to settle was the outlet from Tanganyika, and whether it is or is not connected with the Nile drainage by some other channel.

After this expedition, Stanley, accompanied by Dr. Livingstone, started on the march back to the coast. Dr. Livingstone, as we have previously stated, was to accompany him as far as Unyanyembe, there to await stores, etc., which Mr. Stanley undertook to see despatched from Zanzibar in safe and competent custody. Livingstone declined to return. He said, "I would like very much to go home and see my children once again ; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or

with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

When Mr. Stanley got within communicating distance with the coast, the intelligence he had to give of his doings was as startling as it was unexpected.

It was on the 3d of July 1872, the civilised world was startled by news of the finding of Livingstone at Ujiji,—the place to which so many caravans and messengers had been sent from Zanzibar, with results as to the succour of the great traveller, as we had too good reason to fear, of a very ineffectual description. In addition to the assurance of his being alive, we had news of his having been in the far west among friendly tribes, exploring the western division of the great watershed of Central Africa, of the extent of which he had already informed us in his letter to Lord Clarendon of July 8, 1868.

The news of his safety did not come to us in the shape of a telegram of a few lines by way of Bombay,—tantalizing us with the scantiness of its information, and the dread that in a few days, like many others, it would be contradicted,—but reached us in the form of a succinct narrative of the meeting of Mr. Stanley and the explorer at Ujiji, their companionship together for several months, a brief account of his discoveries, and an intimation that Mr. Stanley was the bearer of letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone for the Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and personal friends. As many of the most sanguine believers in his ultimate safety had begun to have grave doubts that Livingstone's great career had ended, as that of many a brave predecessor in African discovery had, the joy and satisfaction felt at the certainty of his safety was of the warmest description.

When people had time to think calmly about his safety, and the startling nature of the discoveries which he had

made, while lost to our view in the recesses of the interior, a feeling of wonder arose that he should have been discovered and succoured by a private individual, a young man at the threshold of his fourth decade, the correspondent of a newspaper, whose only experience of Africa, prior to this great feat which has associated his name for ever with that of the greatest and most successful explorer of ancient or modern times, was gained in company with the expedition sent by the English Government for the rescue of the English prisoners at Magdala. Caravan after caravan, laden with stores, and accompanied by men intended to be of service to the traveller, had been despatched by Dr. Kirk, H.M. Consul at Zanzibar,—the Government and the Royal Geographical Society aiding him in his endeavours to discover and succour the man in whose fate the whole civilised world was interested—in vain.

As we have seen, an imposing expedition under the auspices of the Geographical Society, and handsomely provided with means by subscriptions from private individuals and corporate bodies, had left this country, and was then popularly supposed to be on its way towards the unknown region where its mission could be fulfilled.

That Livingstone's safety should be determined, and his wants supplied, at the cost of the proprietor of a New York newspaper, and through the pluck and daring of one of his subordinates, who went at his bidding to look for Livingstone in Central Africa, just as he would have gone to collect news in any of the great centres of European civilisation, was a singular way of accomplishing a great object, sadly puzzling for a time to many; and fears were entertained that the whole was an audacious canard, on which only a Yankee journalist would dare to venture. By and by, as the original intelligence came to be supplemented, it became apparent that not only was his story true, but that this young journalist was one who, in de-

termined courage and resolute perseverance, was in every way worthy to take his place among the heroes of African discovery and travel. When James Gordon Bennet, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, made up his mind that an effort should be made to find Livingstone, and assigned the task to Mr. Stanley, it fell into the hands of a man capable of carrying it into successful execution. No doubt, if some Englishman or American of fortune had done this thing from a love of adventure, or some higher impulse, our ideas of the fitness of things would not have been outraged; but there are hundreds of capable and adventurous men who cannot afford to indulge in heroic impulses of this nature, and it was a fortunate thing for Livingstone, and a matter of congratulation on the part of civilised mankind, that Mr. Bennet had such a man on his staff, and had the wisdom to know that *he* was the man who could carry out his wishes, if these were possible.

If a life of varying vicissitude and arduous journeyings be a good preparation for travel in Central Africa, Mr. Stanley had undergone a training remarkable for one of his years. Born in Denbigh in North Wales, he emigrated to New Orleans while still in his teens. He joined the Confederate army, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, on the 6th of April 1862. While being conveyed to prison, he managed to effect his escape in a way which showed the bold daring of the man. Seizing a favourable moment, he burst through the armed escort, and plunging into a deep and sluggish stream, swam safely to the other side, notwithstanding that a dozen bullets were sent whistling about his ears. He got clear away, and went back to England for a few months. Returning again to the United States, he enlisted in the Federal navy, and was present at the capture of Fort Fisher on the 15th January 1865. After the war he became connected with the *New York Tribune*, and acted as special correspondent

with General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowa and Cheyenne Indians. In returning from this mission to the Far West, he, along with a companion of kindred spirit, disdain the lumbering stage route, accomplished nearly 700 miles of their return on a raft down the river Platte as far as its junction with the Missouri. In a short time after this, Mr. Stanley and two companions turned up all but naked and totally destitute at the American Consulate in Constantinople, having been robbed and maltreated in an attempt to penetrate into the interior of Asia Minor. Getting back to New York, he was engaged by Mr. Bennet of the *New York Herald* as special correspondent with the British Military Expedition to Magdala in Abyssinia. For several years afterwards his time was occupied in representing that great American journal in various European capitals, and at the opening of the Suez Canal. Immediately prior to proceeding to Africa in search of Livingstone, he accomplished a journey even more perilous, as regards danger to life and limb, than his more famous expedition to Lake Tanganyika. This was nothing less than a journey from Constantinople, through Asia Minor, Persia, and India, to Bombay, with only a single servant as companion. Not the least remarkable part of this wonderful exploit was its moderate cost. He tells us that the entire expenditure, including outfit, was only £164. As he is still under middle age, we may yet hear of some equally daring exploit, as boldly conceived, and as successfully carried out, as the journey from Constantinople to Bombay, and that from Zanzibar to Ujiji and back.

## CHAPTER XVI.

LETTERS OF DR. LIVINGSTONE. INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.  
THE SLAVE TRADE IN CENTRAL AFRICA. GEOGRAPHICAL  
CONCLUSIONS, ETC.

THE story of Dr. Livingstone's wanderings to and fro over the vast extent of country, the watershed of which, according to his belief, goes to form the Nile and the Congo, cannot be better told than in his own words. Letters to Mr. James Gordon Bennet, and to Lords Clarendon and Granville, successively Foreign Ministers in the English Government, supply ample materials, and tell the story of his trials and difficulties, and the geographical conclusions he had arrived at up to the period of Mr. Stanley's meeting with him, in a far more graphic and telling manner than any paraphrase of ours could pretend to do. In his first letter to Mr. Gordon Bennet, he records his thanks for the great service rendered to him by that gentleman:—

“If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves, sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woful sights I had seen of ‘man’s inhumanity to man,’ reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say, that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I

found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot; and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, said 'that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.' After that, the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, it is out of the question.

"Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' And off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are

usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling: the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics, riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and copies of *Punch* for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866—and information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1000 to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired; and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last."

Dr. Livingstone's despatch, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, gives the best summary of his geographical conclusions we have under his own hand. We give it entire:—

"I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ultimo, and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than 400 miles beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in body and mind by being forced back by faithless,

cowardly attendants, that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend; but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyanyembe, when entrusted to the care of the Lewale or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates, and give in this as much as I can recall.

“I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $12^{\circ}$  south latitude, and from 4000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between 6000 and 7000 feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over 700 miles in length, from west to east. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable; that is, it would take a large part of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the head of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down, the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four large lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which in pre-historic times abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas ‘Melapo;’ in the north, by

Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river-beds in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches; and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the numbers of lichens, which make the upland forest look like the mangrove swamps on the coast.

"In passing over sixty miles of latitude, I waded thirty-two primary sources from calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge; this would give about one source to every two miles.

"A Suaheli friend, in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into  $11^{\circ}$  south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in  $12^{\circ}$  south. I tried to cross it in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here, the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. 'They would come back for me in a few days truly,' but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft if they should leave me in this wide expanse of water; and being 4000 feet above the sea, it was very cold: so I returned.

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, 150 miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the

Luapula ; yet lakes are in no sense sources, for no large river begins in a lake. But this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara,—which, according to Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza,—gives out a large river, which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that, of the three or four lakes there, only one, the Okara, gives off its water to the north.

“The ‘White Nile’ of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb’s Lualaba, of from 2000 to 6000 yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

“Mounts Kena and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped ; but they are so far from the sources and send no water to any part of the Nile, they could never have been meant by the correct ancient explorers, from whom Ptolemy and his predecessors gleaned their true geography, so different from the trash that passes current in modern times.

“Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about 600 miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interest-

ing of the whole. I have a very strong impression, that in the last hundred miles the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not, like all the rest, from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound; and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the north-east of the mound becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain, rising on the north-west, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the south-west, Palmerston's, becomes the Liambia or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue, and falls into Zambesi in Inner Ethiopia.

“More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years; but had I left when the money was expended, I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave-trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinates of their last so-called expedition, I learnt that it was believed that the Luapula went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran. Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley

flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up-hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your Lordship will approve, that makes me remain and, if possible, finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage down, I have a sore longing for home; have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts, and an endless succession of beautiful man; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge outflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

“Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke’s mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza, he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, ‘20,000 square miles of water,’ confused by sheer immensity.

“Ptolemy’s small lake ‘Coloc’ is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north; its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash or Neibash is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

“These three or four lakes, which have been described

by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between 400 and 500 miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them farther and farther from the sources they sought. But for devotion to the foregone conclusion, the sight of the little 'White Nile,' as unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west, down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

"The next explorer, Baker, believed as honestly as Speke and Grant, that in the Lake River Albert he had a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came farther up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between 600 and 700 miles short of the *caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile Slave Trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

"When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one should come after me and find sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.

"But all that can in modern times, and in common modesty, be fairly claimed, is, the re-discovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about B.C. 600. He was not believed, because he reported that

in passing round Libya he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine.

“The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region; for in the second century of our era he gave, in substance, what we now find to be genuine geography.

“The springs of the Nile, rising in  $10^{\circ}$  to  $12^{\circ}$  south latitude, and their water collecting into two large lacustrine rivers, and other facts, could have been learned only from primitive travellers or traders,—the true discoverers of what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know, and longed in vain.

“The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb’s Lualaba, in the centre of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least 180 miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west, of about 120 miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to north-east, receives the Lomame, or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for, assuming Speke’s longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

“The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika 2880 feet high. Respect for Speke’s memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same; but from the habit of writing the *Annum Domini*, a mere slip of the pen made

him say 1844 feet. But I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling-points; and they make Tanganyika over 3000 feet, and the lower part of Central Lualaba one inch lower, or about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro.

“Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick’s branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the smaller eastern arm, which Speke, Grant, and Baker took to be the river of Egypt.

“In my attempts to penetrate farther and farther I had but little hope of ultimate success; for the great amount of westing led to a continual effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile; and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

“The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

“The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of ‘not proven.’ They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many

of them far down Lualaba are very pretty ; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

“The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema, seems to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gun-shot on a goat was shown, in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship: they looked up to the skies, and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down ; and afterwards, when the traders tried to force a passage which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi's followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity ; and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the firearms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would ever leave their country.

“There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear,—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos,—there is no political cohesion ; not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere very honest. When detained at Bambarre, we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages, to prevent them being all stolen by the Zanzibar slaves ; the slave-owners had to do the same.

“Manyema-land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as ‘lambas’ or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the ‘Muale’ palm.

“They call the good spirit above ‘Ngulu,’ or the Great

One; and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, 'Mulambu.' A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes."

The following graphic account of travel in Manyemaland, which occurs in a despatch to Lord Granville, gives a striking picture of the country and the difficulties of travel:—

"The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light grey granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant-walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with moisture, which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom; but the mud, mire, or (*scottice*) 'glaur' is grievous: thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way, one may waddle a little distance along; but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In

other cases, the Muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass-cloth is woven, and called by the same name, 'lamba,' has taken possession of the valley. The leaf-stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off and block up all passage, save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.

"Every now and then the traders, with rueful faces, stand panting; the sweat trickles down my face; and I suppose that I look as grim as they, though I try to cheer them with the hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephant's enormous weight; the deep hole is filled with mud; and one, taking it all to be about calf deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flaps on to a seat, soft enough, but not luxurious; a merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, though I have no other reason for it than that it is better to laugh than to cry.

"Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges: a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon, it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow, the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as

bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by Manyema 'kintefwetefwe,' as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous, the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake.

"The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes, ox-like, on the ground. The trees are so high, that a good shot-gun does no harm to parrots or guinea-fowls on their tops; and they are often so closely planted, that I have heard gorillas, here called 'sokos,' growling about fifty yards off, without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our cushat dove. Here the 'soko' sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it; but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as to build a house, and not go beneath it for shelter."

In a despatch addressed to Earl Granville, dated Ujiji, Nov. 14, 1871, Dr. Livingstone exposes the fact that the slave trade in Central Africa is mainly carried on for the benefit of British subjects. He says:—

“In my letter dated Bambarre, November 1870, now enclosed, I stated my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing paper, intended to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyanyembe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banians of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent, he pilfers from his employers, be they Banians or Arabs; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most; and as the subject of a Sultan who entrusted him because he had no power on the mainland to supersede him, he robs his superior shamelessly. No Arab or native ever utters a good word for him, but all detest him for his injustice.

“The following narrative requires it to be known that his brother, Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid, is equally notorious for unblushing dishonesty. All Arabs and Europeans who have had dealings with either speak in unmeasured terms of their fraud and duplicity. The brothers are employed in trade, chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar.

“It is well known that the slave trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banians advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading, or rather murdering; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast, the Arabs sell the slaves. The Banians pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents. As a rule, no travelling Arab has money sufficient to undertake an inland journey.

Those who have become rich imitate the Banians, and send their indigent countrymen and slaves to trade for them. The Banians could scarcely carry on their system of trade were they not in possession of the Custom-house, and had power to seize all the goods that pass through it to pay themselves for debts. The so-called Governors are appointed on their recommendation, and become mere trade agents. When the Arabs in the interior are assaulted by the natives, they never unite under a Governor as a leader; for they know that defending them, or concerting means for their safety, is no part of his duty. The Arabs are nearly all in debt to the Banians, and the Banian slaves are employed in ferreting out every trade transaction of the debtors; and when watched by Governors' slaves and Custom-house officers, it is scarcely possible for even this cunning, deceitful race to escape being fleeced. To avoid this, many surrender all the ivory to their Banian creditors, and are allowed to keep or sell the slaves as their share of the profits. It will readily be perceived that the prospect of in any way coming under the power of Banian British subjects at Zanzibar is very far from reassuring."

Leaders of slave parties often resort to massacre with the view of inspiring a dread of their power, and to ensure the rapid capturing of slaves during the confusion thus created. Dr. Livingstone gives a terrible narrative of an attack upon the unoffending Manyema:—"On the 13th of June, a massacre was perpetrated which filled me with such intolerable loathing, that I resolved to yield to the Banian slaves, return to Ujiji, get men from the coast, and try to finish the rest of my work by going outside the area of Ujijian bloodshed, instead of vainly trying from its interior outwards.

"Dugumbe's\* people built their huts on the right bank

\* Dugumbe was an Arab trader.

of Lualaba, at a market-place called Nyangwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, [they] were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him, and make an impression in the country in favour of their own greatness by an assault on the market people, and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves. Tagamoio, the principal under-trader of Dugumbe's party, was the perpetrator. The market was attended every fourth day by between 2000 and 3000 people. It was held on a long slope of land, which down at the river ended in a creek capable of containing between fifty and sixty large canoes. The majority of the market people were women, many of them very pretty. The people west of the river brought fish, salt, pepper, oil, grass-cloth, iron, fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, in great numbers, to exchange with those east of the river for cassava grain, potatoes, and other farinaceous products. They have a strong sense of natural justice, and all unite in forcing each other to fair dealing. At first my presence made them all afraid; but wishing to gain their confidence, which my enemies tried to undermine or prevent, I went among them frequently, and when they saw no harm in me, became very gracious. The bargaining was the finest acting I ever saw. I understood but few of the words that flew off the glib tongues of the women, but their gestures spoke plainly. I took sketches of the fifteen varieties of fish brought in, to compare them with those of the Nile farther down, and all were eager to tell their names. But, on the date referred to, I had left the market only a minute or two, when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market-place, but had refrained, attributing it to ignorance in new-comers, began to fire into the dense

crowd around them; another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods; the men forgot their paddles; the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprang into the water. The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island a mile off; to gain it, they had to turn the left shoulder against a current of between a mile and a half to two miles an hour. Had they gone diagonally with the current, though that would have been three miles, many would have gained the shore. It was horrible to see one head after another disappear, some calmly, others throwing their arms high up towards the Great Father of all, and going down. Some of the men who got canoes out of the crowd paddled quick, with hands and arms, to help their friends; three took people in, till they all sank together. One man had clearly lost his head, for he paddled a canoe which would have held fifty people straight up-stream, nowhere. The Arabs estimated the loss at between 400 and 500 souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of thirty canoes, which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One lady refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them, next day, home; many escaped and came to me, and were restored to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's band began their assault on the people on the west of the river, and continued the fire all day. I counted seventeen villages in flames, and next day six. Dugumbe's power over the underlings is limited, but he ordered them to cease shooting; those in the market were so reckless, they shot two of their own number. Tagamoio's crew came back next day

in canoes, shouting and firing off their guns as if believing that they were worthy of renown.

“Next day about twenty head men fled from the west bank and came to my house. There was no occasion now to tell them that the English had no desire for human blood. They begged hard that I should go over with them and settle with them, and arrange where the new dwellings of each should be. I was so ashamed of the bloody Moslem company in which I found myself, that I was unable to look at the Manyema. I confessed my grief and shame, and was entreated, if I must go, not to leave them now. Dugumbe spoke kindly to them, and would protect them as well as he could against his own people ; but when I went to Tagamoio to ask back the wives and daughters of some of the head men, he always ran off and hid himself.

“This massacre was the most terrible scene I ever saw. I cannot describe my feelings, and am thankful that I did not give way to them, but by Dugumbe’s advice avoided a blood feud with men who, for the time, seemed turned into demons. The whole transaction was the more deplorable, inasmuch as we have always heard from the Manyema, that though the men of the districts may be engaged in actual hostilities, the women pass from one market-place to another with their wares, and were never known to be molested. The change has come only with these alien bloodhounds, and all the bloodshed has taken place in order that captives might be seized where it could be done without danger, and in order that the slaving privileges of a petty sultan should produce abundant fruit.

“Heartsore, and greatly depressed in spirits by the many instances of ‘man’s inhumanity to man’ I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body, and it is no over-statement to say that almost every step of between 400 and 500 miles was in pain. I felt as if dying

on my feet, and I came very near to death in a more summary way. It is within the area of bloodshed that danger alone occurs. I could not induce my Moslem slaves to venture outside that area or sphere. They knew better than I did. 'Was Muhamad not the greatest of all, and their prophet?' "

The natives to the west of Lake Tanganyika are, according to Livingstone, a naturally intelligent and well-favoured race, and exceedingly friendly and well-disposed towards strangers, until they have lost confidence in them through cruelty and ill-usage. The following "lights and shades" of African life are painfully interesting. He says:—

"Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast at Zanzibar, and elsewhere—are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow-men. But the low retreating forehead, prognathus jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast negroes, always awaken the same feelings of aversion as those with which we view specimens of the 'Bill Sykes' and 'Bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk; but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the continent are fair average specimens of humanity. I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded with the finely-shaped heads. Insama himself, who had been a sort of Napoleon for

fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others; he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bilbous' below the ribs. I don't know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good few English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

"Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Ornaments are scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on 'women's rights'? But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour; and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to oneself to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazembe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the top of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth;

and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know, go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take *Punch's* motto for Cazembe, 'Niggers don't require to be shot here,' as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense. Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe.

"An Arab, Said-bin-Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do when the natives have no guns, Said-bin-Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran at all indiscriminately in a large district. Let it not be supposed that any of these people are, like the American Indians, insatiable, bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed, or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ra Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reason-

ableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relations kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilised or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture, and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured, and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said-bin-Habib, close to the point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the River Lualaba out of Lake Moero; and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the differences between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gang by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere; but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, in seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat. I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not usually cruel; they were callous—slavery had hardened their hearts.

“ . . . I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country,—Lunda or Londa,—of which Cazembe is chief in general. They were loaded with large,

heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree, or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women having in addition to the yoke and load a child on the back, have said to me on passing, 'They are killing me! if they would take off the yoke, I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with the loads.' One who spoke thus did die; and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I interceded for some, but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was gently blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted. The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. 'Hallo!' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state.' And I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, 'Yes, we are going away to Manga (abroad in white man's land) with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death. And we shall return to haunt and kill you.' The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man of at least 104 years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of

being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered,—

‘Oh, oh, oh !  
Bird of freedom, oh !  
You sold me, oh, oh, oh !  
I shall haunt you, oh, oh, oh !’

The laughter told not of mirth, but of tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter.”

No slave hunters or traders had ever entered the Manyema country until about the time of Dr. Livingstone’s visit, consequently “the value of ivory was quite unknown. Indeed, the tusks were left in the forests, with the other bones, where the animals had been slain ; many were rotten, others were gnawed by a rodent animal to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. If civilly treated, the people went into the forests, to spots where they knew elephants had been killed either by traps or spears, and brought the tusks for a few copper bracelets. I have seen parties return with so much ivory, that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed. The Manyema were found to be terrified by the report of guns : some, I know, believed them to be supernatural ; for when the effect of a musket-ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

“Many of the Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light-coloured and lovely : it was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resembled the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious ironfounder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, ‘Oh, if we had Manyema wives, what pretty children we should get!’ Manyema men and women are vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority

they had acquired through wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, 'Were it not for firearms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.' If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look woefully scraggy. But though the 'inferior race,' as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals. . . .

"The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months it yielded between one hundred and twenty fold. . . . Maize is so abundant, that I have seen 45 loads, each about 60 lbs., given for a single goat. . . . The villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and sokos or gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to me why they should be cannibals. . . . They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributed to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain. . . .

"The Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far in

order to have something to sell. All are dressed in their best—gaudy-coloured, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee. When 2000 or 3000 are together, they enforce justice, though chiefly women; and they are so eager traders, they set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other. The Bazenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish for farinaceous food with the women on the east of the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishery. The Manyema have told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities, the women passed through from one market to another unharmed; to take their goods even in war was a thing not to be done.”

Sometimes the great traveller met with a cold reception, from his supposed connection with Arab slavers and robbers. “In going west of Bambarre,” he says, “in order to embark on the Lualaba, . . . I found myself among people who had been lately maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your back up. The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head traitor’s name, to look at my colour, and see if it were the same as his, she replied with a bitter little laugh, ‘Then you must be his rather!’ The most the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and show us out of their district.”

At Bambarre Dr. Livingstone was laid up with ulcers on

his feet for over six months. He says: "I found continual wading in mud grievous: for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. If the foot is placed on the ground, blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever. The people were invariably civil, and even kind; for, curiously enough, the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally, because they never made slaves."

Sometimes Livingstone had a narrow escape with his life, from being found in company with traders who had ill-used the Manyema. On his way to Bambarre, he says, "We passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema, who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birth-place. As all the Arabs have been enjoined by Seyed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough; but there were no Europeans to see it. 'The maltreated men' (Manyema who had been wronged by the traders) now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest with vegetation so dense,

that by stooping down and peering towards the sun, we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the rank vegetation was a spear thrown from the shadow of an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it. This detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind ; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an ant-hill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down towards me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming, 'Peace, peace ! you will finish your work in spite of all these people, and in spite of everything !' I, too, took it as an omen of good, that I had three narrow escapes from death in one day. The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear ; and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now ; but in running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies, all eager to signalize themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiment entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not."

The real slave dealers are thus exposed by Dr. Livingstone :—"The Banian British subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave trade :

their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slaving, of the nature of which every Banian is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called 'butchee.' Banian trading is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow-subjects. The cunning Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on their Arab agents. . . . It is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji slave 'trade' at all,—the captives are not traded for, but murdered for; and the gangs that are dragged eastwards to enrich the Banians are usually not slaves, but captive free people. A Sultan anxious to do justly rather than pocket head-money, would proclaim them all free as soon as they reached his territory. . . .

"I cannot say that I am altogether free from chagrin in view of the worry, thwarting, baffling, which the Banians and their slaves have inflicted. Common traders procure supplies of merchandise from the coast, and send loads of ivory down by the same pagazi or carriers we employ, without any loss. But the Banians and their agents are not their enemies. I have lost more than two years in time, have been burdened with 1800 miles of tramping, and how much waste of money I cannot say, through my affairs having been committed to Banians and slaves, who are not men. I have adhered, in spite of losses, with a sort of John Bullish tenacity to my task; and while bearing misfortune in as manly a way as possible, it strikes me that it is well that I have been brought face to face with the Banian system, that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India, who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly or mosquito, are

virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocence compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. . . . The Banians, having complete possession of the custom-house and revenue of Zanzibar, enjoy ample opportunity to aid and conceal the slave trade, and all fraudulent transactions committed by their agents. . . . Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Sambetti; thence resuming the south-west course to cross the Chambezi, and proceed along the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude 12 degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From them it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. . . . About ten days north-east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days N.N.W., will take to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomame, and into Webb's Lualaba, and home."

How much of this programme he had successfully carried out up to the time of his reported death, we will not know until his papers are received. It is gratifying to be able to say, that the misunderstanding in regard to his old friend Dr. Kirk was cleared away previous to the last time of our hearing from him. Of the work of exploration still to be done he spoke cheerfully and hopefully. He says: "I know about 600 miles of the watershed pretty fairly; I turn

to the seventh hundred miles with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the watershed, with the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may have only dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on the division of labour in dreaming, and each discovered one or two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far, I went two years and six months without once tasting tea, coffee, or sugar; and except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort; and have come to believe that English roast-beef and plum-pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beef-steaks and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation, on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy!"

A brief outline of Dr. Livingstone's journeyings, and their results, so far as known, will enable the reader to understand a little more clearly what he has been about since he entered Africa for the third time in 1866. From the Lake Nyassa district until he left Cazembe's country, he was travelling in regions to some extent known to us through his own previous explorations, and those of Portuguese travellers. Beyond Cazembe's country, either to the north or the west, lay a vast extent of country totally unknown to Europeans, and of which even the most intelligent native knew only, and that imperfectly, a narrow hem of from fifty to a hundred miles in extent. Cazembe was first made known to us by Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Livingstone found the present ruler of Cazembe to be a most kingly

savage. He describes him as a tall, stalwart man, wearing a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print, and worn in many folds in the form of a prodigious kilt, the upper part of his body being bare. The statement of the traveller, that he was going north in search of lakes and rivers, filled him with astonishment. "What can you want to go there for?" he said. "The water is close here! There is plenty of large water in this neighbourhood!" Cazembe had never seen an Englishman before; and notwithstanding that he could not understand this water-seeker, and very possibly thought him wrong in the head, or, as Livingstone puts it, that "he had water on the brain," he gave orders to his chiefs and people that the traveller was to be allowed to go wherever he had a mind, and treated him with much consideration.

Cazembe's queen, described as a fine tall woman, paid the traveller a visit, and evidently intended to give him a striking idea of the honour done him. She was decked out in all the finery her wardrobe could muster, and was armed with a ponderous spear. Following her was a body-guard of Amazons, also armed with spears. His royal visitor and her retinue, and their dress and accoutrements, did astonish the stranger, but not in the way intended. He burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which disconcerted the royal lady for a moment; but recovering herself, she joined heartily in the laugh—which was re-echoed by her attendants—and then fled from his presence until she had recovered the dignity and gravity becoming so great a queen. The Portuguese assertion, that the river he found running to the north, and named the Chambezi, was one of the main branches of the Zambesi, cost him many a month of tedious and unprofitable wandering. Although he was not long in forming doubts as to the truth of this conclusion, the similarity in name made him cautious in accepting his own notions regarding it. Up and down and across its

course he wandered like an uneasy spirit, until at last the conclusion was forced upon him, that it flowed to the north, and could be none other than the head waters of the Nile.

Striking away to the north-east of Cazembe's country, he came to a large lake called by the natives Liemba, from the country of that name which borders it. Following its winding shore to the northwards, he found it to be a continuation of Lake Tanganyika. Returning to the southern end of the lake, he crossed the Marungu country, and reached Lake Moero; and finding its chief influent the Luapula, he ascended its course to the point where it flows out of Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, a lake as large as Tanganyika itself. The most important feeder of this lake he found to be the Chambezi, so that all doubts as to the course of that river were set at rest. In the hitherto untrodden land to the north, this great and constantly increasing volume of water pursued its winding course; and he braced himself up to the effort of tracing it to a point where, under some other name, it was already well known to geographers. From this lake, Livingstone, in the first place, went to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find stores awaiting him, and where he could recruit himself for the accomplishment of the arduous task he had set himself to accomplish. From his letters we already know how sadly he was disappointed in his hopes of material help from Zanzibar. While waiting there among rascally Arab traders and their slaves, and equally rascally natives corrupted by their association with those worthless representatives of the civilisation he had been cut off from for nearly three years, he longed to explore the shores of Tanganyika, and settle the question of its effluent; but Arabs and natives alike were so bent on plundering him for every service rendered, he was compelled to abandon his design. Although worn in body, and scantily provided with stores and followers, he determined, in June 1869, to march

across country until he should strike the great river which he knew flowed northwards out of Lake Moero. At Bambarre in Manyema land, as we know, he was laid up for six weary months with ulcerated feet. So soon as he had recovered he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days' journey struck the main artery of his line of drainage—the Lualaba, a magnificent lacustrine stream, with a width of from one to three miles. This great stream pursues so erratic a course, flowing northward, westward, and even southwards in wide loops, that he was frequently fairly at fault as to its ultimate course. Sometimes he thought he was working away at the Congo, but at last he was completely satisfied that its course was northward. After following it up to its outlet from Lake Moero, and confirming its consequent identity with the Luapula and the Chambezi, he retraced his steps, and saw it lose itself in Lake Kamalondo. As many of the great streams on the watershed were named Lualaba by the natives, he christened the stream which flows from Lake Moero to Lake Kamalondo "Webb's Lualaba," to distinguish it, and also to do honour to one of his oldest friends, Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

Several days south-west from Kamalondo, he discovered another lake called by the natives Chebungo. This he named "Lake Lincoln," in honour of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States during the war of Secession. Its principal affluent he named "Young's Lualaba," in honour of another fast friend, Mr. Young, of Paraffin oil celebrity; "Sir Paraffin," as Dr. Livingstone humorously designates him. The waters of Lake Lincoln pass into the Lualaba by the river Loeki or Lomame.

The river which, issuing out of Lake Kamalondo and flowing to the north, was, he now found, the central or main line of drainage, and he named it the Lualaba proper. Although sick and worn, he followed its course as far as 4 degrees south latitude, and found that it entered another

lake, named Uyangwe. From his letters we know how the brave and dauntless traveller was compelled to turn back when so near to the termination of the quest he had suffered so much in following up thus far, and fall back to Ujiji, with but little hope of succour arriving there from the coast. But help was at hand. He had barely settled down to what he feared must be a weary waiting for help, when Mr. Stanley made his appearance, and so unexpectedly, that he was all but face to face with his deliverer before he even knew that any traveller with a white skin was in search of him.

What the result of his explorations after parting with Mr. Stanley at Unyanyembe may be, we do not at present know. At that time, the great traveller appeared to have no doubt but that the Chambezi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba, were none other than the Nile; and that these were connected by a series of lakes and shallow lakelets with Petherick's White Nile, which issues out of the Bahr-Ghazal. The great lake in 4 degrees south latitude into which Dr. Livingstone found that the Lualaba flowed, Mr. Stanley conjectures may be the lake discovered by the Italian traveller Piaggia. If Dr. Livingstone be correct in his conclusions,—and we know that he is not a rash theorizer,—the Nile is the second longest river in the world, and flows 2600 miles in a straight line, or 700 miles farther than we had previously supposed.

Many people recognise in Lake Tanganyika the true source of the Nile; others adhere to the notion that it is connected with the Lualaba, and is one of the feeders of the Congo; while others think that it is connected with neither of these great rivers, but finds an outlet for its waters to the eastward into the Indian Ocean to the south of Zanzibar. A lively notion of the difficulties of African travel may be formed from the fact that Burton and Speke were in its neighbourhood for three months, and Livingstone and Stanley for even a longer period, and yet neither of them can

tell where its effluent is, or in what direction it flows. Dr. Livingstone speaks positively to a northward flow of the waters of the lake; but, as we have seen, the only river towards the north as yet known is the Ruzizi, and it flows into the lake and not out of it, as had been previously supposed. As for a great portion of its circuit the mountains slope down into the lake, which is very deep, even close inshore, an outlet would very easily escape the notice of any one sailing round it. Nothing short of a land circuit will satisfactorily clear up the direction of its waters. Lake Tanganyika is believed to be from three to four hundred miles in length, by about sixty miles in breadth at its widest part; and on the map it has very much the shape of a Wellington boot, with the foot turned eastward. It will be evident, from what we have to say further on, that Dr. Livingstone has settled the question of the Nile fountains; but as to the absolute settlement of the question whether the Lualaba shall be hereafter named the Congo or the Nile, we cannot at present speak. Our present scanty information as to his later movements adds nothing to our previous stock of information on that vexed point.

Geographers at home have not hesitated to theorize, and have almost unanimously gone counter to Dr. Livingstone's declared impression as to the further course of the Lualaba. With wonderful unanimity, they throw aside the belief of the man who has suffered so much in acquiring it, and insist that the Lualaba must be the Congo. We shall be curious to hear what they will say for themselves if it should turn out, as we believe it will, that he who had the best means of coming to a conclusion was right, and that they who could only theorize were wrong.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SIR BARTLE FRERE'S MISSION. EXPEDITIONS SENT TO ASSIST DR. LIVINGSTONE. HIS DEATH. SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY, ETC.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S letters, received through Mr. Stanley, drew such a frightful picture of the horrors of the East African slave-trade, that our Government determined to use its powerful influence with the Sultan of Zanzibar for its suppression. Sir Bartle Frere was sent on a special mission to Zanzibar in November 1872, with ample powers accorded to him for bringing strong pressure to bear on the Sultan in enforcing and carrying out the wishes of the English Government. The United States Government gave its hearty co-operation, and we have every reason to believe that the objects of the mission have been completely attained. About the same time, two Central African expeditions, for the relief and assistance of Dr. Livingstone, were fitted out in this country, and sent, the one to the east and the other to the west coast, with orders to converge, by way of the Congo and Zanzibar, on the scene of the traveller's last labours. Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., took the command of the East Coast expedition, and Lieutenant Grandy, R.N., took command of that of the West Coast. No intelligence has as yet reached this country from the latter from any unknown regions. Lieutenant Cameron's expedition unfortunately got into difficulties, through the accidental shooting of a native by one of his followers. He was detained at and near Unyanyembe on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the bad health of the European members of the party. All of them had suffered from repeated attacks of fever, and were much debilitated in consequence. A grandson of Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law,

Mr. Moffat, the well-known missionary, a very promising young man, fell a victim to fever at an early stage of the journey; and recently, Lieutenant Cameron had to report the melancholy intelligence of the suicide of Dr. Dillon—another valued coadjutor—while in the delirium of fever.

Towards the end of January, a telegram from Zanzibar reported the currency of a rumour there, that Dr. Livingstone had died near Lake Bangweolo. On the 11th of February, a despatch to the Foreign Office from H.M. Acting Consul at Zanzibar, stated that letters received from Lieutenant Cameron, dated October 22, 1873, confirmed the report. "It appears," writes the Acting Consul, "from the information given to Lieutenant Cameron by the Doctor's servant Elevant Chumah, that Livingstone proceeded from Ujiji to the middle of the northern shore of Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), and that, being unable to cross it, he retraced his steps, and rounded it to the southwards, crossing, besides the Chambese, three other rivers which flowed into the lake. He then went (so far as Lieutenant Cameron is able to make out) in search of the ancient fountains of Herodotus, eventually turned to the eastward, and crossed the Luapula. After marching for some days through an extremely marshy country, in which, sometimes for three hours at a time, the water stood above the waists of the travellers, the Doctor succumbed to an attack of dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten or fifteen days. During this trying journey, two of his men died, and several deserted. The remainder, 79 in number, disembowelled the corpse, and embalmed it as well as they were able with salt and brandy. On nearing Unyanyembe, Chumah, with a few others, started ahead in order to procure supplies, as the party was nearly starving, and the remainder, with the body, were reported to be distant from ten to twenty days' march from Unyanyembe at the date of Lieutenant Cameron's letter. It will be seen, on reference to Dr.

Livingstone's last communication to your Lordships, dated 1st July 1872, that the account given by the Doctor's servants of his latest movements, agrees in the main with the route sketched out by the traveller himself before leaving Unyanyembe. His intention was to go southwards to Ujiji, then round the south end of Tanganyika, and, crossing the Chambese, to proceed west along the shore of Lake Bangweolo. Being then in latitude 12 degrees south, his wish was to go straight west to the ancient fountains reported at the end of the watershed, then to turn north to the copper mines of Katanga, and, after visiting the underground excavations, to proceed to the head of Lake Lincoln, whence he would retire along Lake Kamolando towards Ujiji and home. He distinctly stated that it was not his intention to return northward through the Manyeme (Manyema) country; and as he estimated the duration of the journey from Ujiji and back again at eight months, it is not unreasonable to infer that the design had been completely carried out, and that Livingstone was on his homeward journey when attacked by the disease to which he fell a victim. This supposition is rendered more probable by the fact, that when the Doctor left Unyanyembe, he was well supplied with stores and provisions, and that he is reported by his servants to have been nearly destitute at the time of his death. . . . As a mark of respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone, the flag-staff of this agency was kept at half-mast from sunrise to sunset on the 5th of January. This example was followed by His Highness the Sultan, by Her Majesty's ships of war then in harbour, the Briton and the Daphne, and by the consular representatives of other foreign powers in Zanzibar, from all of whom I received letters of condolence on the death of this eminent explorer and distinguished servant of the Queen."

Many people were unwilling to believe the story of Dr. Livingstone's death, even when told so circumstantially, and

so implicitly credited by Lieutenant Cameron and the European officials at Zanzibar. He had been so frequently reported as dead, and had turned up again, patiently and devotedly carrying out his self-imposed task, that it was difficult to believe that the great traveller and distinguished Christian missionary had perished when his work was all but concluded, and the civilised world was waiting eagerly for the opportunity of showing him how high was the respect and admiration which his life of heroic self-sacrifice had evoked.

We have reason to believe that the members of his own family in Scotland, hoping against hope, had refused to accept the report of his death as final. The brief letter addressed by Lieutenant Murphy to Dr. Kirk, and dated the 20th of January last from Mpuapwa, ten days' journey from the coast, in which he states that he was bringing the body of Dr. Livingstone to Zanzibar, extinguished the last ray of hope which had hitherto afforded some comfort to those near and dear to him.

When Lieutenant Murphy left him, Lieutenant Cameron, although suffering from long-protracted illness, and deserted by many of his followers, was preparing to start for Ujiji for the papers left there by Dr. Livingstone.

Official instructions have been sent to Zanzibar that his body is to be sent to England immediately on its arrival there. It is understood that Dean Stanley has spontaneously offered a resting-place for the remains of our great countryman in Westminster Abbey. In that Valhalla of the greatest and best of England's sons, there is no name more worthy of the nation's honour than that of David Livingstone.

No higher encomium on the character of Dr. Livingstone and the genuine value of his achievements can be passed now or in the after-time, than the devotion of his native followers. In circumstances of no common trial and difficulty, they

have borne the body of their loved leader across more than a thousand miles of all but pathless country. No doubt Livingstone himself would give the directions which have resulted in the preservation of his body, with a view to satisfying his family and the world as to the fate which had befallen him ; but the carrying out of his last instructions in the face of hunger and fatigue for many months, is a striking instance of love and fidelity on the part of these ignorant men, which it is to be hoped will not be allowed to pass without substantial reward.

To his infinite honour, Mr. Gladstone, within a couple of days of his resigning the highest office under the Crown—in circumstances when he might have been supposed to be thinking of nothing save the inconstancy of the party he had so earnestly served for five years—recommended Her Majesty to grant a pension of £200 per annum to the family of Dr. Livingstone. We need hardly say that the recommendation was immediately acted upon.

The following account of the surviving members of Dr. Livingstone's family will not be without interest to the reader :—

His mother died in 1865. Dr. Livingstone took frequent opportunities of acknowledging the debt he owed to the Christian example set him by his parents. Speaking at a banquet held in his honour in Hamilton in January 1857, he said : “ A great benefit which his parents had conferred on him and their other children was religious instruction and a pious example ; and he was more grateful for that than though he had been born to riches and worldly honours.” Although a strict disciplinarian, and somewhat stern in his manner towards his children, Dr. Livingstone's father earned the respect and affection of his family in no common degree. He was proud of his sons, and the positions they attained ; and more especially was he proud of his son David, as a great missionary and successful explorer

of hitherto unknown regions. The regret felt by Dr. Livingstone on his return to this country, that his father was not alive to hear the stirring story of his adventures, was reciprocated by the longing which filled the mind of the old man on his death-bed to see once more his distinguished son. The *Hamilton Advertiser* of January 10, 1857, speaking of Mr. Neil Livingstone, says :—

“ Among his last words were, ‘ O Davit, come awa, man, that I may see ye before I dee.’ The old man’s favourite walk in the later years of his life was to the woods near the ancient Roman bridge near Bothwell, also a frequent resort of the Doctor’s when a youth, and where he had carved his name, and the polemical war-cry of the day, ‘ No State Church,’<sup>1</sup> on the bark of a tree,—wood-cuts which it was his father’s delight to decipher. The letters ‘ D. L.’ have grown with the growth of the tree, and broadened by the lapse of time, as has the fame of their owner.”

The family of Neil Livingstone erected a tombstone to the memory of their parents in the Hamilton Cemetery. The inscription on it is one of the most touching we remember ever to have seen. We cannot resist giving a copy of it :—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE  
OF NEIL LIVINGSTONE  
AND AGNES HUNTER ;  
AND TO EXPRESS  
THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD  
OF THEIR CHILDREN,  
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES,  
AND AGNES,  
FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

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<sup>1</sup> At that time the Voluntary Controversy was agitating the churches in Scotland, and the “ Ten Years’ Conflict,” which ended in the disruption of the Church of Scotland, was at its height. In his manhood, no man was more tolerant as to the question of “ Creed ” than Dr. Livingstone. To him all men were truly “ brethren ” who honestly and uprightly followed after Christ and His commandments.

Of this family, the two best known to the general public are dead.

Dr. Livingstone's eldest brother John is still alive. He emigrated to North America in early life, and settled at Listowel, twenty-five miles from Niagara Falls, as a farmer and storekeeper. He is a man of energetic character, and has done much towards the improvement of a large tract of country all but unreclaimed when he entered it. Like all the other members of his family, he is respected for his humble and unobtrusive piety, and for his uprightness and worth as a man of the world. An indefatigable representative of the *New York Herald* visited and interviewed him in 1872, and treated the readers of the *Herald* to a graphic account of the old gentleman and his surroundings, when Mr. Stanley and his discovery of Livingstone were attracting universal attention.

Charles, Dr. Livingstone's younger brother, and his loved companion in the brief holiday hours of his boyhood, was educated for the ministry, and was for a good many years pastor of one of the New England Presbyterian churches. He shared the adventurous spirit of his brother Dr. Livingstone, and, as we have seen, accompanied him on his second expedition to the Zambesi. Returning to England, he was appointed one of H.M. Consuls to the West Coast of Africa, — a position which gave him much opportunity for doing good to the heathen, which he embraced with great zeal and success. Last year, his health having broken down, he started on his return to England, but died on the passage home. Dr. Livingstone's sisters Janet and Agnes removed with their parents to Hamilton in 1841, where they still reside. They are both unmarried, and are held in much respect by their neighbours for their Christian character and genial worth.

Dr. Livingstone's family have resided principally in Hamilton since his departure on his last expedition in 1866.

His eldest son, to use his father's words in a letter to Sir Bartle Frere written in 1868, "wandered into the American war," and must have been killed, as he has never been heard of since the close of one of the early battles before Richmond. His second son, Mr. Thomas E. Livingstone, represents a large commercial house in Alexandria. His third son, Mr. W. Oswell Livingstone, is at present completing his medical education at Glasgow University. His eldest daughter, who was a great favourite of her father, and to whom he entrusted the custody of his papers sent home by Mr. Stanley, resides in Hamilton, where her younger sister is at present receiving her education.

Up to the present time, the Livingstone family have done honour to the injunction of their progenitor recorded at page 12. At a time when the morals of his neighbours were of a somewhat loose description, he did not on his death-bed tell his children to strive to be distinguished, or to become rich, but *to be honest*, as all their forefathers had been. The generations of his successors, with whom the achievements of Dr. Livingstone have made us acquainted, have more than obeyed the dying counsel of their Highland ancestor. To honesty they have added godliness, and from among them has come the man of all others in this nineteenth century who will stand highest with his countrymen for the noblest human characteristics—self-denial, intrepidity, and love to God and his fellow-men. His life from early manhood has been a continual sacrifice offered up for the material and spiritual welfare of a vast people, of whose existence in the mysterious heart of the African continent modern commerce and Christian missions were previously unaware.

That he should have died on his homeward journey, after nearly a quarter of a century of successful exploration in hitherto unknown countries, is a dispensation of Providence to which we must reverently bow. His fate forms one more

instance in the annals of heroic effort and self-sacrifice, where the human instrument of God's great purpose has been removed in the very hour of success, when rest and peace, and human rewards and acknowledgments, were awaiting him at the close of his stirring conflict. Though weary, worn, and broken in body, we may readily believe that his undaunted spirit remained to him at the last; and he would be thankful to God, that to him had been given a rare opportunity of preaching the gospel of his Master to thousands of benighted heathens, who had never before heard of their Redeemer. This, and the certainty that, as a result of his labours, the introduction of Christianity and peaceful commerce, and the suppression of slavery among the millions of Central Africa, would be only a question of time, would reconcile him to the laying down the burden of his life far from home and kindred, among the people he had striven so nobly to serve. Of late years, the magnitude of his contributions to our geographical knowledge has all but made us forget that he was *a Christian missionary to the heathen*. From early boyhood this was his cherished ambition, and from his own published accounts, and through Mr. Stanley, we know that he never lost an opportunity of going about his Master's work.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ACCOUNT OF LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE, ETC.

THE following brief account of the last moments of Dr. Livingstone has reached us as the last sheet of this narrative was going to press. It was sent by the correspondent of the *New York Herald* at Suez, and reached England on the 29th of March:—

“The Malwa (Peninsular and Oriental steamer) arrived off Suez at eleven on Saturday night, having Mr. Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright on board, with the body of Livingstone.

“The great traveller had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past, although well supplied with stores and medicines, and he seems to have had a presentiment that this attack would prove fatal.

“He rode a donkey at first, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), in Bisa Country, when he said to his followers, ‘Build me a hut to die in.’ The hut was built by his men, who first of all made him a bed. It is stated that he suffered greatly, groaning night and day. On the third day he said, ‘I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.’

“His followers did not speak to or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, however, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majuahra, his servant, was present. His last entry in the diary was on April 27. He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized, he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his

death these men consulted what to do, and the Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were, however, afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death; and the secretary therefore removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence to ensure privacy. Here they opened the body, and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on the tree as follows:—

‘DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED ON MAY 4TH, 1873,’

and superscribed the name of the head man, Susa. The body was then preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for twelve days. Kitumbo was then informed of Livingstone's death, upon which he beat drums, fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. The Nassick boys then journeyed to Unyanyembe in about six months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone's son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a few bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon were together there. The latter was very ill, blind, and his mind was affected. He committed suicide at Kasakera, and was buried there.

“Here Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone's clothing, papers, and instruments accompanied the body. It may be mentioned that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala he said, ‘I am going home.’

“Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, is on his way home, and has letters handed to him by Murphy from

Livingstone for Stanley, which he will deliver personally only. Chumah remains at Zanzibar.

“Geographical news follows. After Stanley's departure the Doctor left Unyanyembe, rounded the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and travelled south of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, crossed it south to north, then along the east side, returning north through marshes to Ilala. All papers are sealed and addressed to the Secretary of State, in charge of Arthur Laing, a British merchant from Zanzibar. Murphy and Cameron remain behind.”

Surely this is one of the most affecting stories ever told ! Feeling that the marvellous physical power which had hitherto sustained him had at last given way, he turned his face homeward with feverish eagerness. But the end had come, and he knew it, and set himself to die among his followers as became a hero and a Christian. We are indebted to a daily newspaper<sup>1</sup> for suggesting how like a passage of Scripture the narrative of Jacob Wainwright, his negro follower, reads : “He rode a donkey, but subsequently was carried, and thus arrived at Ilala beyond Lake Bemba, in Bisa Country, when he said, ‘Build me a hut to die in.’” The melancholy order was obeyed. “The hut was built by his men, who first made him a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning day and night. On the third day he said, ‘I am very cold ; put more grass over the hut.’” And then we are told of the silent behaviour of his followers in the face of the grim enemy of man. They “did not speak to or go near him.”

The language of savage tribes, when speaking under strong feeling, is frequently characterized by remarkable force and beauty ; and here was a tragedy which had so moved his humble and ignorant follower, that in narrating its incidents he rises to the height of graphic simplicity.

The *Times of India* (received March 30th) publishes the

<sup>1</sup> *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, March 31st.

following, in despatch from its correspondent at Zanzibar, dated February 11 :—

“Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy proceeded to Zanzibar with the remains of Dr. Livingstone, but a most melancholy misfortune happened on the way. Dr. Dillon, nearly blind and worn out with fever, committed suicide on the way down. He shot himself through the head, pulling the trigger with his toe. I reiterate my former statement, that, in regard to this expedition, it is simply a march to death. They had, at the very least, a six or seven years’ march before them. All the funds at their command were expended, and before six months they were short of supplies. The expedition is virtually broken up, unless Lieutenant Cameron is possessed of superhuman endurance.”

The letters received from Dr. Livingstone, and published up to the time of going to press, were all written in a most cheerful spirit. As yet, no letter written after the shadow of death had begun to fall upon him has been given to the public. The most interesting letter is that addressed to Mr. Gordon Bennett, giving as it does so graphic an account of the daily life of a Central African family ; we reproduce the bulk of it :—

“I fear that a portion at least of the sympathy in England for what simple folks called the ‘Southern cause’ during the American civil war was a lurking liking to be slaveholders themselves. One Englishman at least tried to put his theory of getting the inferior race to work for nothing into practice. He was brother to a member of Parliament for a large and rich constituency, and when his mother died she left him £2000. With this he bought a waggon and oxen at the Cape of Good Hope, and an outfit composed chiefly of papier-maché snuff-boxes, each of which had a looking-glass outside and another inside the lid. These, he concluded, were the ‘sinews of war.’ He made his way to my mission station, more than a thousand miles inland, and then he found that his snuff-boxes would not even buy food. On asking the reason for investing in that trash, he replied that, in reading a book of travels, he saw that the natives were fond of peering into looking-glasses, and

liked snuff, and he thought that he might obtain ivory in abundance for these luxuries. I gathered from his conversation that he had even speculated on being made a chief. He said that he knew a young man who had so speculated; and I took it to be himself. We supported him for about a couple of months, but our stores were fast drawing to a close. We were then recently married, and the young housekeeper could not bear to appear inhospitable to a fellow-countryman. I relieved her by feeling an inward call to visit another tribe. 'Oh,' said our dependant, 'I shall go too.' 'You had better not,' was the reply, and no reason assigned. He civilly left some scores of his snuff-boxes, but I could never use them either. He frequently reiterated, 'People think these blacks stupid and ignorant; but, by George, they would sell any Englishman.'

"I may now give an idea of the state of supreme bliss, for the attainment of which all the atrocities of the so-called Arabs are committed in Central Africa. In conversing with a half-caste Arab prince, he advanced the opinion, which I believe is general among them, that all women were utterly and irretrievably bad. I admitted that some were no better than they should be, but the majority were unmistakably good and trustworthy. He insisted that the reason why we English allowed our wives so much liberty was because we did not know them so well as Arabs did. 'No, no,' he added, 'no woman can be good—no Arab woman—no English woman can be good; all must be bad;' and then he praised his own and countrymen's wisdom and cunning in keeping their wives from ever seeing other men. A rough joke as to making themselves turnkeys, or, like the inferior animals, bulls over herds, turned the edge of his invectives, and he ended by an invitation to his harem to show that he could be as liberal as the English. Captain S—, of H.M.S. *Corvette*, accepted the invitation also to be made everlasting friends by eating bread with the prince's imprisoned wives. The prince's mother, a stout lady of about forty-five, came first into the room where we sat with her son. When young she must have been very pretty, and she still retained many of her former good looks. She shook hands, inquired for our welfare, and to please us sat on a chair, though it would have been more agreeable for her to squat on a mat. She then asked the captain if he knew Admiral Wyvil, who formerly, as Commodore, commanded at the Cape Station.

It turned out that, many years before, an English ship was wrecked at the island on which she lived, and this good lady had received all the lady passengers into her house, and lodged them courteously. The Admiral had called to thank her, and gave her a written

testimonial acknowledging her kindness. She now wished to write to him for old acquaintance sake, and the Captain promised to convey the letter. She did not seem to confirm her son's low opinion of women. A red cloth screen was lifted from a door in front of where we sat, and the prince's chief wife entered in gorgeous apparel. She came forward with a pretty, jaunty step, and with a pleasant smile held out a neat little sweet cake, off which we each broke a morsel and ate it. She had a fine frank address, and talked and looked just as a fair English lady does who wishes her husband's friends to feel themselves perfectly at home. Her large, beautiful jet black eyes riveted the attention for some time before we could notice the adornments, on which great care had evidently been bestowed. Her head was crowned with a tall scarlet hat of nearly the same shape as that of a Jewish high priest, or that of some of the lower ranks of Catholic clergymen. A tight-fitting red jacket, profusely decked with gold lace, reached to the waist, and allowed about a finger's breadth of the skin to appear between it and the upper edge of the skirt, which was of white Indian muslin, dotted over with tambourine spots of crimson silk. The drawers came nearly to the ankles, on which were thick silver bangles, and the feet were shod with greenish yellow slippers, turned up at the toes, and roomy enough to make it probable she had neither corns nor bunions. Around her neck were many gold and silver chains; and she had earrings not only in the lobes of the ears, but others in holes made all round the rims. Gold and silver bracelets of pretty Indian workmanship decked the arms, and rings of the same material set with precious stones graced every finger and each thumb. A lady alone could describe the rich and rare attire, so I leave it. The only flaw in the get-up was short hair. It is so kept for the convenience of drying soon after the bath. To our northern eyes, it had a tinge too much of the masculine. While talking with this chief lady of the harem, a second entered and performed the ceremony of breaking bread too. She was quite as gaily dressed, about eighteen years of age, of perfect form, and taller than the chief lady. Her short hair was oiled and smoothed down, and a little curl cultivated in front of each ear. This was pleasantly feminine. She spoke little, but her really resplendent eyes did all save talk. They were of a brownish shade, and lustrous, like the 'een o' Jeanie Deans filled wi' tears; they glanced like lamour beads'—'lamour,' *Scotticè* for amber. The lectures of Mr. Hancock at Charing Cross Hospital, London, long ago, have made me look critically on eyes ever since. A third lady entered, and broke bread also. She was plain as compared with her sister houris, but the child of the chief man of those parts. Their complexion was fair

brunette. The prince remarked that he had only three wives, though his rank entitled him to twelve.

“A dark slave woman, dressed like, but less gaudily than her superior, now entered with a tray and tumblers of sweet sherbet. Having drunk thereof, flowers were presented, and then betel-nut for chewing. The head lady wrapped up enough for a quid in a leaf, and handed it to each of us, and to please her we chewed a little. It is slightly bitter and astringent, and like a Kola-nut of West Africa, and was probably introduced as a tonic and preventative of fever. The lady superior mixed lime with her own and sister’s—good large quids. This made the saliva flow freely, and it being of a brick-red colour, stained their pretty teeth and lips, and by no means improved their looks. It was the fashion, and to them nothing uncomely, when they squirted the red saliva quite artistically all over the floor. On asking the reason why the mother took no lime in her quid, and kept her teeth quite clean, she replied that the reason was, she had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was a Hajee. The whole scene of the visit was like a gorgeous picture. The ladies had tried to please us, and were thoroughly successful. We were delighted with a sight of the life in a harem; but whether from want of wit, wisdom, or something else, I should still vote for the one-wife system, having tried it for some eighteen years. I would not exchange a monogamic harem, with some merry, laughing, noisy children, for any polygamous gathering in Africa or the world. It scarcely belongs to the picture, which I have attempted to draw as favourably as possible, in order to show the supreme good for the sake of the possible attainment of which the half-caste Arabs perpetrate all the atrocities of the slave-trade; but a short time after this visit, the prince fled on board our steamer for protection from creditors. He was misled by one calling himself Colonel Aboo, who went about the world saying he was a persecuted Christian. He had no more Christianity in him than a door nail. At a spot some eighty miles south-west of the south end of Tanganyika, stands the stockaded village of the chief Chitimbwa. A war had commenced between a party of Arabs numbering 600 guns and the chief of the district situated west of Chitimbwa, while I was at the south end of the lake.

“The Arabs hearing that an Englishman was in the country, naturally inquired where he was, and the natives, fearing that mischief was intended, denied positively that they had ever seen him. They then strongly advised me to take refuge on an inhabited island; but, not explaining their reasons, I am sorry to think that I suspected them of a design to make me a prisoner, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes, the island being a mile from the land.

They afterwards told me how nicely they had cheated the Arabs, and saved me from harm. The end of the lake is in a deep cup-shaped cavity, with sides running sheer down at some parts 2000 feet into the water. The rocks, of red clay schist, crop out among the sylvan vegetation, and here and there pretty cascades leap down the precipices, forming a landscape of surpassing beauty. Herds of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes enliven the scene, and with the stockaded villages embowered in palms along the shores of the peaceful water, realize the idea of Xenophon's Paradise. When about to leave the village of Mbette, or Pambette, down there, and climb up the steep path by which we had descended, the wife of the chief came forward, and said to her husband and the crowd looking at us packing up our things, 'Why do you allow this man to go away? He will certainly fall into the hands of the Mazitu [here called Batuba], and you know it, and are silent.' On inquiry, it appeared certain these marauders were then actually plundering the villages up above the precipices at the foot of which we sat. We waited six days, and the villagers kept watch on an ant-hill outside the stockade, all the time looking up for the enemy. When we did at last ascend, we saw the well-known lines of march of the Mazitu—straight as arrows through the country, without any regard to the native paths; their object was simply plunder, for in this case there was no bloodshed. We found that the really benevolent lady had possessed accurate information. On going thence round the end of the lake, we came to the village of Karambo, at the confluence of a large river, and the head man refused us a passage across; 'because,' said he, 'the Arabs have been fighting with the people west of us; and two of their people have since been killed, though only in search of ivory. You wish to go round by the west of the lake, and the people may suppose that you are Arabs; and I dare not allow you to run the risk of being killed by mistake.' On seeming to disbelieve, Karamba drew his finger across his throat, and said, 'If at any time you discover that I have spoken falsely, I give you leave to cut my throat.' That same afternoon two Arab slaves came to the village in search of ivory, and confirmed every word Karamba had spoken.

"Having previously been much plagued by fever, and without a particle of medicine, it may have been the irritability produced by that disease that made me so absurdly pig-headed in doubting the intentions of my really kind benefactors three several times. The same cause may be in operation when modern travellers are unable to say a civil word about the natives; or if it must be admitted, for instance, that savages will seldom deceive you if placed on their honour, why must we turn up the whites of our eyes, and say it

is an instance of the anomalous character of the Africans? Being heaps of anomalies ourselves, it would be just as easy to say that it is interesting to find other people like us. The tone which we modern travellers use is that of infinite superiority, and it is utterly nauseous to see at every step our great and noble elevation cropping out in low cunning. Unable to go north-west, we turned off to go due south 150 miles or so; then proceeded west till past the disturbed district, and again resumed our northing. But on going some sixty miles we heard that the Arab camp was twenty miles farther south, and we went to hear the news. The reception was extremely kind, for the party consisted of gentlemen from Zanzibar, and of a very different stamp from the murderers we afterwards saw at Manyema. They were afraid that the chief with whom they had been fighting might flee southwards, and that in going that way I might fall into his hands. Being now recovered, I could readily believe them; and they, being eager ivory traders, as readily believed me when I asserted that a continuance of hostilities meant shutting up the ivory market. No one would like to sell if he stood a chance of being shot. Peace, therefore, was to be made; but the process of 'mixing blood,' forming a matrimonial alliance with the chief's daughter, etc., required three and a half months, and during long intervals of that time I remained at Chitimbwa's. The stockade was situated by a rivulet, and had a dense grove of high, damp-loving trees round a spring on one side, and open country, pretty well cultivated, on the other. It was cold, and over 4700 feet above the sea, with a good deal of forest land and ranges of hills in the distance. The Arabs were on the west side of the stockade, and one of Chitimbwa's wives at once vacated her house on the east side for my convenience.

"Chitimbwa was an elderly man with grey hair and beard, of quiet self-possessed manners. He had five wives; and my hut being one of the circle which their houses formed, I often sat reading or writing outside, and had a good opportunity of seeing the domestic life in this Central African harem, without appearing to be prying. The chief wife, the mother of Chitimbwa's son and heir, was somewhat aged, but was the matron in authority over the establishment. The rest were young, with fine shapes, pleasant countenances, and nothing of the West Coast African about them. Three of them had each a child, making, with the eldest son, a family of four children to Chitimbwa. The matron seemed to reverence her husband; for when she saw him approaching, she invariably went out of the way, and knelt down till he had passed. It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows:—Between three and four o'clock in

the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the first human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold, which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Some Psange smoker lights his pipe, and makes the place ring with his nasty screaming, stridulous coughing. Then the cocks begin to crow (about 4 A.M.), and the women call to each other to make ready to march.

“They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not yet have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be efficacious. The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black loamy soil near the banks of rivulets. This they prefer for maize and dura (*holcus sorghum*), while for a small species of millet, called mileza, they select a patch in the forest, which they manure by burning the branches of trees. The distance which the good wives willingly go to get the soil best adapted for different plants makes their arrival just about dawn. Fire has been brought from home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground. All the bushes also fall to his share, and all the branches of tall trees too hard to be cut down are filed round the root, to be fired when dry. He must also cut branches to make a low fence round the plantation, for few wild beasts like to cross over anything having the appearance of human workmanship. The wart-hog having a great weakness for ground-nuts, otherwise called pig-nuts (*Arachis hypogæa*), must be circumvented by a series of pitfalls, or a deep ditch, and earthen dyke all round the nut plot. If any other animal has made free with the food of the family, papa carefully examines the trail of the intruder, makes a deep pitfall in it, covers it carefully over; and every day it is a most interesting matter to see whether the thief has been taken for the pot. The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seem to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to

the land he may cultivate ; the more they plant, the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost exclusively on the women; and the males are represented as atrociously cruel to them. It was not so here ; nor is it so in Central Africa generally. Indeed, the women have often decidedly the upper hand. The clearances by law and custom were the work of the men ; the weeding was the work of the whole family, and so was the reaping. The little girls were nursing baby under the shade of a watch-house perched on the tops of a number of stakes about twelve feet or fourteen feet high ; and to this the family adjourn when the dura is in ear, to scare away birds by day, and antelopes by night.

“ About 11 A.M. the sun becomes too hot for comfortable work, and all come under the shade of the lofty watch-tower, or a tree left for the purpose. Mamma serves out the pottage, now thoroughly cooked, by placing a portion in each pair of hands. It is bad manners here to receive any gift with but one hand. They eat it with keen appetites, and with so much relish, that for ever afterwards they think that to eat with the hand is far nicer than with a spoon. Mamma takes and nurses baby while she eats her own share. Baby seems a general favourite, and is not exhibited till he is quite a little ball of fat. Every one then takes off beads to ornament him. He is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and one may see poor mothers who have no milk mix a little flour and water in the palm of the hand, and the sisters look on with intense interest to see the little stranger making a milk-bottle of the side of the mother's hand, the crease therein just allowing enough to pass down. They are wide-awake little creatures, and I thought that my own little ones imbibed a good deal of this quality. I never saw such unwearied energy as they display the livelong day, and that, too, in the hot season. The meal over, the wife, and perhaps daughter, goes a little way into the forest and collects a bundle of dry wood, and with the baby slung on her back in a way that suggests the flattening of the noses of many Africans. Placing the wood on her head, and the boy carrying her hoe, the party wends home. Each wife has her own granary in which the produce of the garden is stowed. It is of the beehive shape of the huts, only the walls are about 12 feet high, and it is built on a stage about 18 inches from the ground. It is about 5 feet in diameter, and roofed with wood and grass. The door is near the roof ; and a ladder, made by notches being cut in a tree, is used to enable the owner to climb into it. The first thing the good wife does on coming home is to get the ladder, climb up, and bring down millet or dura grain sufficient for her family. She spreads it in the sun ; and while this is drying or made

crisp, occurs the only idle time I have seen in the day's employment. Some rested, others dressed their husband's or neighbour's hair, others strung beads. I should have liked to see them take life more easily, for it is as pleasant to see the negro reclining under his palm as it is to look at the white man lolling on his ottoman. But the great matter is, they enjoy their labour, and the children enjoy life as human beings ought, and have not the sap of life squeezed out of them by their own parents, as is the case with nailers, glass-blowers, stockings, fustian-cutters, brick-makers, etc., in England. At other periods of the year, when harvest is home, they enjoy more leisure and jollification with their native beer called 'pombe.' But in no case of free people, living in their own free land under their own free laws, are they like what slaves become.

"When the grain is dry, it is pounded in a large wooden mortar. To separate the scales from the seed, a dexterous toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted out, and then the dust is tossed out by another peculiar up-and-down half-horizontal motion of the vessel, difficult to describe or do, which leaves the grain quite clean. It is then ground into fine meal by a horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied, and at each stroke the flour is shoved off the farther end of the nether millstone, and the flour is finished. They have meat but seldom, and make relishes from the porridge into which the flour is cooked, of the leaves of certain wild and cultivated plants; or they roast some ground nuts, grind them fine, and make a curry. They seem to know that oily matter, such as the nuts contain, is requisite to modify their otherwise farinaceous food, and some even grind a handful of castor-oil nuts with the grain for the same purpose. The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep. They have considerable skill in agriculture, and great shrewdness in selecting the sorts proper for different kinds of produce. When Bishop Mackenzie witnessed their operations in the field, he said to me, 'When I was in England and spoke in public meetings about our mission, I mentioned that, among other things, I meant to teach them agriculture; but now I see that the Africans know a great deal more about it than I do.' One of his associates, earnestly desiring to benefit the people to whom he was going, took lessons in basket-making before he left England; but the specimens of native workmanship he met with everywhere led him to conclude that he had better say nothing about his acquisition,—in fact, he could 'not

hold a candle to them.' The foregoing is as fair an example of the every-day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa as I can give. It as truly represents surface life in African villages as the other case does the surface condition in an Arab harem. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more towards the east coast, who have been much visited by Arab slaves, are said to be in a state of chronic warfare, the men always ready to rob and plunder, and the women scarcely ever cultivating enough of food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slavery tends. Captain Speke revealed a state of savageism and brutality in Uganda of which I have no experience. The murdering by wholesale of the chief Mteza, or Mtesa, would not be tolerated among the tribes I have visited. The slaughter of headmen's daughters would elsewhere than in Uganda ensure speedy assassination. I have no reason to suppose that Speke was mistaken in his statements as to the numbers of women led away to execution—two hundred Baganda. People now here assert that many were led away to become field-labourers; and one seen by Grant with her hoe on her head seems to countenance the idea. But their statements are of small account as compared with those of Speke and Grant, for they now all know that cold-blooded murder like that of Mteza is detested by all the civilised world, and they naturally wish to smooth the matter over.

“The remedy open to all other tribes in Central Africa is desertion. The tyrant soon finds himself powerless. His people have quietly removed to other chiefs, and never return. The tribes subjected by the Makololo had hard times of it, but nothing like the butchery of Mteza. A large body went off to the north. Another sent to Tete refused to return; and seventeen, sent with me to the Shire for medicine for the chief, did the same thing. When the chief died, the tribes broke up and scattered. Mteza seems to be an unwhipped fool. We all know rich men who would have been much better fellows if they had ever got bloody noses and sound thrashings at school. The 200 of his people here have been detained many months, and have become thoroughly used to the country, but not one of them wishes to remain. The apparent willingness to be trampled in the dust by Mteza is surprising. The whole of my experience in Central Africa says that the negroes not yet spoiled by contact with the slave-trade are distinguished for friendliness and good sound sense. Some can be guilty of great wickedness, and seem to think little about it. Others perform actions as unmistakably good with no great self-complacency; and if one catalogued all the good deeds or all the bad ones he came across, he might think the men extremely good or extremely bad, instead of calling them,

like ourselves, curious compounds of good and evil. In one point they are remarkable—they are honest even among the cannibal Manyema. A slave-trader at Bambarre and I had to send our goats and fowls up to the Manyema villages, to prevent their being all stolen by my friend's own slaves. Another wide-spread trait of character is a trusting disposition. The Central African tribes are the antipodes of some of the North American Indians, and very unlike many of their own countrymen, who have come into contact with Mahomedans and Portuguese and Dutch Christians. They at once perceive the superiority of the strangers in power of mischief, and readily listen to and ponder over friendly advice.

“After the cruel massacre of Nyangwe, which I unfortunately witnessed, the fourteen chiefs whose villages had been destroyed, and many of their people killed, fled to my house, and begged me to make peace for them. The Arabs then came over to their side of the great river Lualaba, dividing their country anew, and pointing out where each should build a new village and cultivate other plantations. The peace was easily made, for the Arabs had no excuse for their senseless murders, and each blamed the other for the guilt. Both parties pressed me to remain at the peacemaking ceremonies; and had I not known the African trusting disposition, I might have set down the native appeal to great personal influence. All I had in my favour was common decency and fairness of behaviour, and perhaps a little credit for goodness awarded by the Zanzibar slaves. The Manyema could easily see the Arab religion was disjoined from morality. Their immorality, in fact, has always proved an effectual barrier to the spread of Islamism in Eastern Africa. It is a sad pity that our good ‘Bishop of Central Africa,’ albeit ordained in Westminster Abbey, preferred the advice of a colonel in the army to remain at Zanzibar, rather than proceed into his diocese and take advantage of the friendliness of the still unspoiled interior tribes to spread our faith. The Catholic missionaries lately sent from England to Maryland to convert the negroes might have obtained the advice of half a dozen army colonels to remain at New York, or even at London; but the answer, if they have any Irish blood in them, might have been, ‘Take your advice and yourselves off to the battle of Dorking; we will fight our own fight.’ The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore told these brethren that they would get ‘chills and fever;’ but he did not add, ‘When you do get the shivers, then take to your heels, my hearties.’ When any of the missionaries at Zanzibar get ‘chills and fever,’ they have a nice pleasure trip in a man-of-war to the Seychelles Islands. The good men deserve it of course, and no one grudges to save their precious lives. But human nature is frail! Zanzibar is much more unhealthy than the mainland; and the Govern-

ment, by placing men-of-war at the disposal of these brethren, though meaning to help them in their work, virtually aids them to keep out of it.

“Some eight years have rolled on, and good Christian people have contributed the money annually for Central Africa, and the ‘Central African Diocese’ is occupied only by the lord of all evil. It is with a sore heart I say it, but recent events have shown to those who have so long been playing at being missionaries, and peeping across from the sickly island to their diocese on the mainland with telescopes, that their time might have been turned to far better account. About 1868 there were twelve congregations of native Christians at the capital of Madagascar. These were the results of the labours of independent missionaries. For some fifty years the Malagasse Christians showed their faith to be genuine by enduring the most bitter persecutions; and scores, if not hundreds, submitted to cruel public executions rather than deny the blessed Saviour. The first missionaries had to leave the island; but the converts, having the Bible in their own tongue, continued to meet and worship and increase in secret, though certain death was the penalty on discovery. A change in the Government allowed the return of the missionaries, and a personal entreaty of Queen Victoria to the successor of the old persecuting Queen of Madagascar obtained freedom of worship for the Christians, and peace and joy prevailed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts thereafter sent some missionaries to Tamatave, which may be called the chief seaport for the capital, where many heathen lived, and the energetic Cape Bishop slyly said that they were not to interfere with churches already formed; but the good pious man at once sent the touching cry back to London, ‘Let us go up to the capital.’ Sheer want of charity makes me conjecture, that if we had twelve native churches at Unyanyembe, or Ujiji, or the Tanganyika, the ‘Bishop of Central Africa’ would eight years ago have been in here like a shot, and no colonel’s advice, however foolish, would have prevented him. It is not to be supposed that the managers of the Society named felt that they were guilty of unchristian meanness in introducing themselves into other men’s labours, while tens of millions of wholly untaught heathen were equally within their reach. These things are due from want of kind consideration. A similar instance of bad manners occurred at Honolulu a few years ago. Mr. Ellis, the venerable apostle of the Malagassie, was working at Honolulu towards the beginning of this century, when some American Presbyterian missionaries appeared searching for a sphere of labour. Mr. Ellis at once gave up his dwelling, church, school, and printing press to them, and went to

work elsewhere. The Americans have laboured most devotedly and successfully in Owyhee, as Captain Cook called it, and by them education and Christianity were diffused over the whole Sandwich group; but it lately appeared that the converted islanders wanted an Episcopalian bishop, and bishop they got, who, in sheer lack of good breeding, went about Honolulu with a great paper cap on his head, ignoring his American brethren, whose success showed them to be of the true apostolic stamp, and declaring that he, the novice, was the only bishop, the only true bishop, and no mistake.

“Of all mortal men, missionaries and missionary bishops ought manifestly to be true gentlemen; and it does feel uncomfortably strange to see our dearly-beloved brethren entering into their neighbours’ folds, built up by the toil of half a century, and being guilty of conduct through mere non-consideration that has an affinity to sheep-stealing. It may seem harsh to say so; but sitting up here in Unyanyembe in wearisome waiting for Mr. Stanley to send men from the coast, two full months’ march or 500 miles distant, and all Central Africa behind me, the thought will rise up that the Church of England and Universities have, in intention at least, provided the gospel for the perishing population, and why does it not come? Then, again, the scene rises up of undoubtedly good men descending to draw away stray sheep from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, at Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, rather than preach to the Bamabake heathen, or to the thousands of Malagasse in Bembatook Bay, who, though Sakalavas, are quite as friendly and politically one with Thovas at the seat of Government. And then the unseemly spectacle at Honolulu. It is a proceeding of the same nature as that in Madagascar, but each process has something in its favour. ‘The native Christians wanted a bishop.’ Well, all who know natives understand exactly what that means, if we want to cavil. ‘An intelligent Zulu’ soon comes to the front. I overheard an intelligent, educated negro aver that the Bible was wrong, because an elephant was stronger than a lion, and the Bible says, ‘What is sweeter than honey? what is stronger than a lion?’ But I did not wish to attack the precious old documents, the ‘Scriptures of truth,’ and his intelligence, such as it was, shall remain unsung. The excellent bishops of the Church of England, who all take an interest in the ‘Central African Mission,’ will, in their kind and gracious way, make every allowance for the degeneracy of the noble effort of the Universities into a mere chaplaincy of the Zanzibar Consulate. One of them even defended a *lapsus* which no one else dared to face; but whatever in their kindheartedness they may say, every man of them would rejoice to hear that the Central African had gone into Central

**Africa.** If I must address those who hold back, I should say: Come on, brethren; you have no idea how brave you are till you try. The real brethren who are waiting for you have many faults, but also much that you can esteem and love. The Arabs never saw mothers selling their offspring, nor have I, though one author made a broad statement to that effect, as a nice setting to a nice little story about 'A Mother Bear.' He may have seen an infant sold who had the misfortune to cut its upper teeth before the lower, because it was called unlucky, and likely to bring death into the family. We have had foundlings among us, but that does not mean that English mothers are no better than she-bears. If you go into other men's labours, you need not tell at home who reared the converts you have secured; but you will feel awfully uncomfortable, even in heaven, till you have made abject apologies to your brethren who, like yourselves, are heavenward bound.

"Having now been some six years out of the world, and most of my friends having apparently determined by their silence to impress me with the truth of the adage, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' the dark scenes of the slave-trade had a most distressing and depressing influence. The power of the Prince of Darkness seemed enormous. It was only with a heavy heart I said, 'Thy kingdom come!' In one point of view, the evils that brood over this beautiful country are insuperable. When I dropped among the Makololo and others in the central region, I saw a fair prospect of the regeneration of Africa. More could have been done in the Makololo country than was done by St. Patrick in Ireland; but I did not know that I was surrounded by the Portuguese slave-trade, a blight like a curse from heaven, that proved a barrier to all improvement. Now I am not so hopeful. I don't know how the wrong will become right, but the great and loving Father of all knows, and He will do it according to His infinite wisdom."

There is little to add to what is already told of the last hours of the great traveller. For the last few days of his life he wished to be alone, and conversed with none but his two head men; but all his followers came to the door of his hut every morning to greet him. More than once they had to fight before they could pass on their way with the body. The donkey on which he rode at the last was killed by a lion on the way to the coast.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Matwa*, having the body, arrived in the Solent between six and seven

o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 15th April. Dr. Moffat, the famous African missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone; W. Oswell Livingstone, the second surviving son of the great traveller; Henry M. Stanley; the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and fellow-traveller of Dr. Livingstone; Mr. A. Laing, of Zanzibar; Mr. W. F. Webb, of Newstead Abbey; and Mr. James Young, had been in Southampton since the preceding Saturday, for the purpose of receiving the body. Messrs. Webb and Young are the gentlemen whose names have been so happily associated with the great river the Lualaba by Dr. Livingstone, in gratitude for the many friendly services they had rendered to him, and to the great work to which he dedicated his life.

Several of the above gentlemen, accompanied by Admiral Hall, entered a tug-boat belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and steamed down the Solent to meet the *Malwa*. Getting on board, they were received by the officers of the ship, and the eldest son of the late traveller, Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who had joined the *Malwa* at Alexandria. Jacob Wainwright, a negro follower of Dr. Livingstone, a squat little fellow, barely over five feet in height, was warmly greeted by all. He remembered Mr. Stanley, although the change in his dress and appearance puzzled him for a moment. He was rescued from slavery by Dr. Livingstone, in the valley of the Shire, on the occasion of his second visit to the countries of the Zambesi and the Shire, when a mere boy, and was left, along with several other African natives, at the Nassick School near Bombay, where he was carefully educated. When the Livingstone search expedition under Lieutenant Dawson was projected, towards the end of 1871, Jacob Wainwright offered to accompany it, and was at Zanzibar when the arrival of Mr. Stanley, who had successfully relieved the great traveller, rendered the expedition unnecessary. Mr. Stanley engaged

him, and sent him on to Dr. Livingstone along with the men and stores for which the latter was waiting at Unyan-yembe. The friends of the deceased were conducted to the room where the body had lain during the voyage. "This apartment," says the correspondent of a London paper, "had been draped round with Union Jacks, and the coffin covered with the Company's flag. With bared heads the deputation stood round as the chief officer unlocked the door, and then, as each peeped into what really looked like a neat little mortuary chapel, it was impossible not to feel that the gallant sailor could not have done better with the means at his disposal. . . . The short, bulky external coffin was found to be roughly made of some native wood, stained black, with a few uncouth attempts at ornamentation, though, no doubt, the best that could be done at Zanzibar. There was an inner coffin, it was said, of soldered zinc."

In the streets, a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation, the friends of the deceased, the deputation of the Geographical Society, and the various public bodies in the town, accompanied the hearse containing the remains to the railway station, where a special train was waiting to convey it to London. While the procession was in progress, the church bells rang a muffled peal, and the Hants Artillery Volunteers fired minute guns from the platform battery. At Waterloo Station a hearse and three mourning carriages were waiting to convey the body and the friends of the deceased to the Geographical Society's rooms in Savile Row.

In the course of the evening the body was examined by Sir William Fergusson, who identified it as that of Dr. Livingstone from the ununited fracture on the left arm, caused by the bite of a lion thirty years ago, an account of which will be found at page 23.

On Saturday the 18th of April the remains of Dr. Living-

stone found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, the procession and entombment of the body being witnessed by thousands of spectators. The ceremony within the Abbey was witnessed by a vast number of people, many of whom are the leaders in science, literature, art, politics, etc. Representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, and other parts of Scotland were present. The grave is situated in the centre of the west part of the nave. Through the cloisters the coffin was reverently borne at a very slow pace, Mr. Thomas Livingstone and Mr. Oswell Livingstone bearing the foremost ends of the pall. Dr. Moffat, Mr. Webb, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Waller, and the Rev. Mr. Price and Jacob Wainwright, brought up the rear. Following behind all was Kalulu, Mr. Stanley's boy. The funeral service was read by Dean Stanley. The pealing of the organ and the beautiful rendering of the musical portion of the service by the choir added greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the service. On the pall were placed wreaths and *immortelles*, one of which was sent by Her Majesty.

When the body was lowered into the grave, those present were permitted to see the coffin as it lay in its narrow bed. It bears the plain inscription :—

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

BORN AT BLANTRYE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

19TH MARCH 1813 ;

DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,

4TH MAY 1873.”

On the Sunday following the funeral, the lesson of Dr. Livingstone's life was enforced from thousands of pulpits throughout the country. In Westminster Abbey special services were held. In the afternoon, Dean Stanley preached to a crowded congregation, and alluded at some length, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to the services rendered to humanity by the great deceased.

